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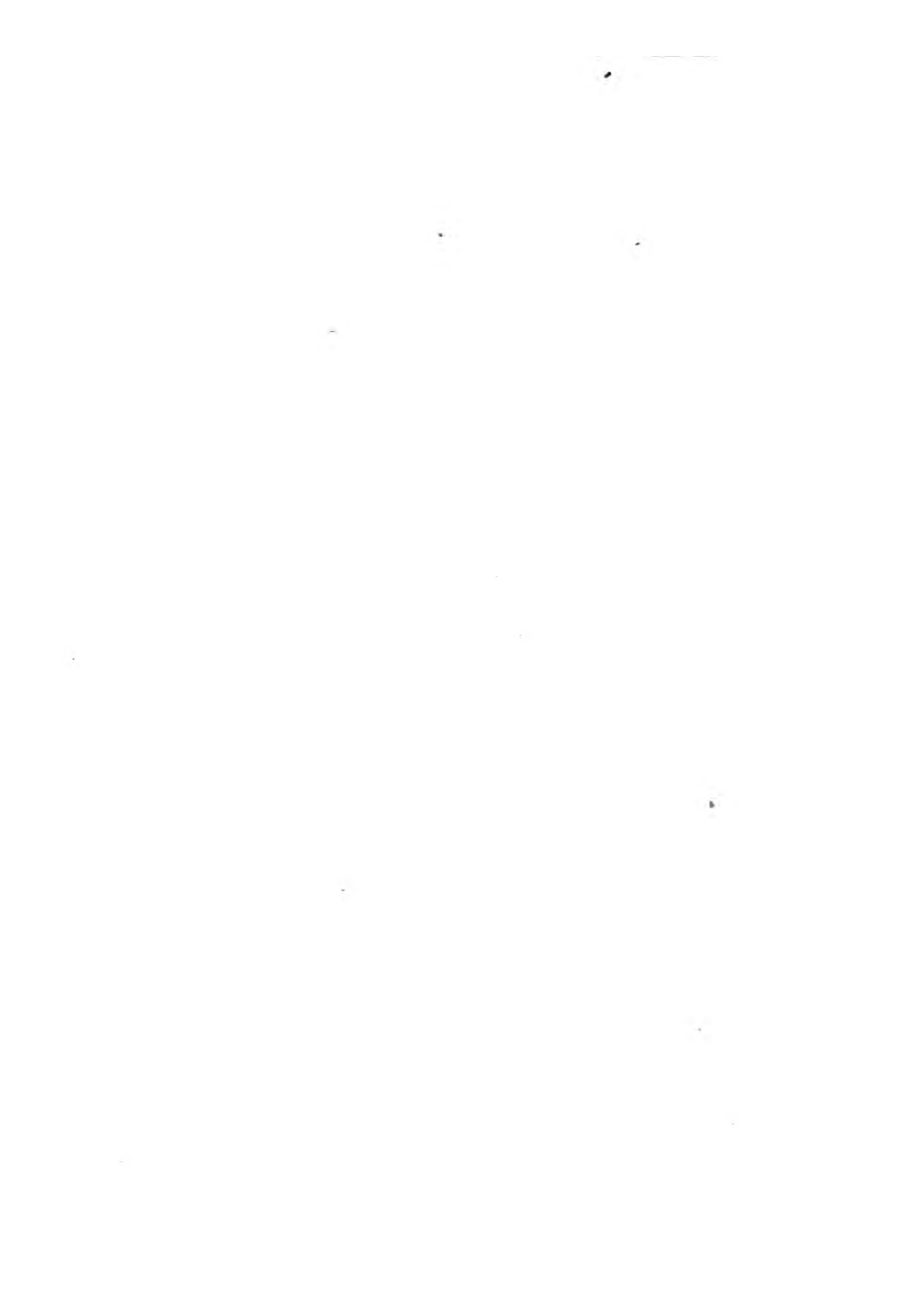
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THE
COURT MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING

Original Papers,

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS,

AND

FINELY ENGRAVED

PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, AND COSTUMES,

FROM PAINTINGS BY EMINENT MASTERS.

VOL. II.



FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1833.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1833.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, (LATE T. DAVISON,)
PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. II.

- No. I.—Portrait of Lady Nasmyth, from a Miniature by Mrs. J. Robertson.
Landscape View of Chatsworth, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R. A.
Three Coloured Figures of Female Costumes.
- No. II.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Kennedy Erskine.
Portrait of Son Altesse Royal La Duchesse de Berri, from a Painting by Sir T. Lawrence.
Three Coloured Figures of Female Costumes.
- No. III.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Countess of Tankerville, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
Landscape View of Eaton Hall, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R. A.
Two Coloured Figures of Female Costumes.
- No. IV.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Ramsay, from a Miniature by A. Robertson.
Three Coloured Figures of Female Costumes.
- No. V.—Portrait of Mrs. Musters, from a Painting by More.
Landscape View of Blenheim, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R. A.
Two Coloured Figures of Female Costumes.
- No. VI.—Portrait of Lady Graham, from a Miniature by Mrs. J. Robertson.
Three Coloured Figures of Female Costumes.



THE 3rd of the Series of the Female Portraits

engraved by Thomas Bewick, and the design by William Verelst

The 3rd of the Series of the Female Portraits

Published in the Great Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1785, by Thomas Bewick, and the design by William Verelst

Printed and sold by T. Bewick, in Pall Mall, London.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR JANUARY, 1833.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF LADY NASMYTH.

MARY, LADY NASMYTH, the subject of our present memoir, is the third daughter of Sir JOHN MARJORIBANKS, Baronet, of Lees, in the county of Berwick, and was married in the year 1826, to Sir John Murray Nasmyth.* The antiquity of the House of MARJORIBANKS is attested by the early records of Scotland; and the history of that country makes honourable mention of several of its members as representatives in the Scottish Parliament. The family bore originally the surname of JOHNSTON; at what period it

assumed its present designation cannot now be ascertained: the Johnston Arms continue, however, to be its ensigns. The name is derived from the lands of "Matho Marjorie Bankis," so denominated in the charter, by which King ROBERT BRUCE conferred, in dower, upon his daughter Marjory, the Barony of Matho.

THOMAS MARJORIBANKS sat in Parliament for Edinburgh in 1540, and was subsequently appointed one of the Senators of the College of Justice. The lineal descendant of this learned person,

EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, Esq. of Hallyards, espousing Miss Lock, was father of

JOHN MARJORIBANKS, Esq., of Hallyards, who wedded Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Ronald Campbell, Esq., of Kames and Balerno, and was succeeded at his demise by his eldest son,

EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, Esq. of Hallyards, who inherited the estate of Lees, in the county of Berwick, which previously descended to a younger branch of the family, and had been possessed in right of his mother by James Pringle, the last survivor of the Pringles of Torsonce. Mr. Marjoribanks espoused Grizzle, daughter of Archibald Stewart, Esq.,† and had issue,

JOHN, (Sir,) his successor.

* Sir John Nasmyth is representative of an ancient and influential family, in the county of Peebles.

MICHAEL NASMYTH, Chamberlain of the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, a bold and faithful adherent of the ill-fated MARY STUART, arrayed under her Majesty's banner at Langside, was lineal ancestor of

SIR JAMES NASMYTH, of Posso, who was created a BARONET of Nova Scotia, 31st July, 1706. The grandson of this gentleman,

SIR JAMES NASMYTH, third Baronet of Posso, wedded, in 1785, Eleanor, second daughter of John Murray, Esq. of Philiphaugh, in the county of Selkirk, representative of one of the most eminent and ancient families in North Britain, being the sixteenth in a direct male line from Archibald de Moravia, a potent Scottish Baron, whom King Edward I., in 1296, compelled to take the oath of fealty. By this lady, Sir James had SIR JOHN MURRAY NASMYTH, the present and fourth Baronet, and five daughters, viz.

Elinor Margaret,

Jane Anne.

Mary Christian, married to the late Captain James Dalrymple Hamilton.

Harriet.

Charlotte, married to David Anderson, Esq., of St. Germans.

VOL. II.—NO. I.

† This gentleman, who was provost and M. F. for Edinburgh, during the rising of 1745, was committed to the Tower in that eventful year, tried for high treason, and acquitted.

Campbell, a director, and twice chairman of the East India Company.

Stewart, M. P. for Hythe.

Edward, a partner in the firm of Coutts & Co.

James.

Matilda.

The eldest son and heir,

SIR JOHN MARJORIBANKS, twice Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and M. P. for the county of Berwick in 1818 and 1820, was created a BARONET, 6th May, 1815. He wedded, 15th April, 1791, Allison, eldest daughter of William Ramsay, Esq., of Barn-ton, in the county of Midlothian, and has issue,

EDWARD, born 14th January, 1792.

William, born 15th December, 1792, a captain in the naval service of the Hon. East India Company, who married Mary, eldest daughter of Henry Stone, Esq., banker, of the city of London.

Charles, born 15th July, 1794, in the East India Company's Civil Service.

David, born 2d April, 1797, a merchant in London.

Janet, married in 1816, to Robert Shuttleworth, Esq., of Gawthorp Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by whom (who is deceased,) she has an only daughter, JANET SHUTTLEWORTH, heiress to her father. Mrs. Shuttleworth wedded, secondly, Frederick North, Esq., of Rougham, in the county of Norfolk.

Rachael, married in 1823, to Josiah Nesbit, Esq.

Agnes, married to Sir Edward Poore, Baronet, of Rushall, and has issue.

MARY, LADY NASMYTH.

Susan, married, in 1824, to Charles Craigie Halkett, Esq., of Hall Hill, and Dumbarnie, both in the county of Fife, and has issue.

THE SUN AND MOON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EBERT.

MOON.—O Sun, ere thou closest thy glorious career,
(And brilliant thy wide course has been,) Delay and recount to my listening ear,
The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN.—I saw, as my daily course I ran,
The various labours of busy man;
Each project vain, each ev'prise high,
Lay open to my searching eye.
I entered the peasant's lowly door,
I shone on the student's narrow floor;
I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,
And on the proud warrior's coat of mail.
I shed my rays in the house of prayer,
On the kneeling crowds assembled there;
In gilded hall and tapestried room,
And cheered the dark cold dungeon's gloom.

With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And peace bestowed where joy was gone.
In tears upon the face of care,
In pearls that decked the maiden's hair,— }
I shone on all things, sad and fair. }
But few the eyes that turned to Heaven,
In gratitude for blessings given;
As on the horizon's verge I hung,
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

MOON.—Thou risest in glory, my journey is o'er;
Alternate our gifts we bestow;
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore
The Source whence all benefits flow.

SUN.—Thou comest, O Moon, with thy soft-beaming light,
To shine where my presence has been;
Then tell me, I pray thee, thou fair queen of night,
What thou in thy travels hast seen.

MOON.—I shone on many a pillowed head,
On greensward rude and downy bed;
I watched the infant's tranquil sleep,
Composed to rest so calm and deep:
The murderer in his fearful dream,
Woke starting at my transient gleam.
I saw, across the midnight skies,
Red flames from burning cities rise;
And where, 'mid foaming billows roar,
The vessel sank to rise no more:
I heard the drowning sailor's cry
For succour, when no help was nigh.
On mountain path, and forest glade,
The lurking robber's ambuscade,
I shone,—and on the peaceful grave, }
Where sleep the noble and the brave. }
To each and all my light I gave;
And as my feebler silver ray
Vanished before the dawn of day,
In vain I lent my willing ear,
One word of gratitude to hear.

SUN.—We still travel onward our task to fulfil,
Till time shall be reckoned no more;
When all shall acknowledge the Sovereign Will,
That made them to love and adore.

MADHOO ROW, A TALE OF MALABAR.

ONE of the most profitable sources of revenue to the East India Company, in their Eastern possessions, is derived from the monopoly of tobacco, an article considered as an absolute necessity by the Hindoos, and the consumption of which is consequently greater than can be imagined. When the soil will admit of it, the poorest *ryot* portions off a corner of the land he rents, for the cultivation of this odious and tooth-colouring weed. Long ere the day dawns, the glow-worm lights of hundreds of cigars are seen dancing through the streets of the villages; and if it were not for the well-known effect of the leaf upon the nasal nerves, the Anglo-Indian, as he steals out thus early for his morning ride, might romantically conjure the lights into a few lingering fire-flies retiring to their "home of rest," which is generally found among the leaves and tender shoots of the feathery bamboos which skirt the villages.

At one of the principal stations in that far-away land, where the worldly wealth of man is pretty accurately ascertained by the deficiency of his liver, or the depth of mulligatawney colouring in his complexion—the exclusive right of sale of tobacco for the year 18—, had been rented to Ragavah Chitty and Velepah Moodily, two rich native merchants. According to the written agreement entered into by them with the local government, it was understood that they had the power of employing any number of *peons**, for the prevention of smuggling, that they might deem necessary. Even in England this power is sometimes abused, and is frequently the cause of the most dreadful affrays; but in India, where the distinction of *caste* holds such strange sway over the mind of the idolater, and the unlimited use of *bang*† is rather encouraged, the unlawful acts that have been perpetrated by revenue peons in the service of private individuals, under the pretext of detecting smugglers, is hardly to be credited; particularly when it is considered that they are under the jurisdiction of English law, and are subject to the same punishment that ever should await the murderer.

As soon as government had obtained from Ragavah Chitty and Velepah Moodily secu-

rity for the payment of their rent, the subject of the following sketch was selected by them as the most desirable person to command a body of peons, amounting to between two and three hundred, which was raised for the prevention of smuggling. Madhoo Row had long been known to the police as a most desperate and reckless character; proud of being a Mahratta, despising every other caste but his own, possessing all the qualities of his countrymen, brave, crafty, and overbearing; ready to commit every sort of violence and excess, and far more willing to wield the sword in a bad cause, and live upon plunder, than have recourse to the honourable and ample means which he possessed through his family. Over the undisciplined body intrusted to him, and which included men of every faith, he possessed a power that was as wonderful as it was alarming; the bigoted Bundoola, the brave Rajpoot, the marauding Pindarrey, the crafty but daring Mahratta, Hindoos of the highest caste, even the proud Mahomedan,—all were subservient, and ready to execute his slightest wish. As he was now quite independent of the police, and still smarting under several checks his lawless life had experienced, he rather sought to brave the government officers than to conciliate them; to show his own power, more than to serve his employers. He never moved abroad without an armed body of these revenue peons attached to his person. His Arab horse was caparisoned as if it belonged to a native nobleman; shouts were raised by his followers as he passed through the villages, and where respect was not shown to him by the inhabitants, houses were ransacked, under the pretence of discovering contraband goods, caste, sex, and feelings were disregarded, and property, sometimes life, fell a victim to his remorseless and cruel spirit. Complaints were made to the magistrates; by perjured witnesses he refuted them. Admonitions were offered; they were spurned. His employers were advised by government to check his daring career; he soothed and deceived them by promises, which were too easily listened to by those who were well aware that they, in a great measure, benefited by acts which improved the sale of their property, and struck terror into the heart of the smuggler. Once had Madhoo Row been brought to the bar on a charge of murder, and it was only owing to

* An armed servant.

† A kind of coarse opium, made from a small plant, called in Tamul, *ganger chadey*.

a doubt existing in the surgeon's mind (one of the witnesses produced on the trial) as to whether the deceased died of the wounds received from the prisoner, or in consequence of his native medical attendant being deficient in knowledge, that the life of this daring culprit was preserved: this the jury specified in their verdict, and this the judge made known to Madhoo Row upon his discharge, beseeching him to beware in future; and concluding his address in the following impressive words:—"Prisoner, you are at liberty; but, ere you leave the court, let His word sink deep into your heart—whose word is law to the Hindoo as well as to the Englishman: '*He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*'"

The last words of the judge were still ringing in his ears, and an impression of gloomy foreboding had settled upon his manly and expressive countenance, as he stood under the shade of some far spreading banyan trees near his home, unconscious of where he was. This was a much loved spot; for often on the calm night had he sat and listened to the outpourings of the heart of one who, on his account, had sacrificed her caste, character, and family; he was all in all to her, and she loved him with the warmth and fondness of a woman; even then she watched him, had followed him, and had waited long and patiently to attract his attention. The neighing of his favourite steed Ulmas* startled him from his reverie, and now that an opportunity offered itself, she stretched forth her clasped hands towards his feet, a gesture expressive of respect, and said, "*Dandam aya*, (health to my lord,) may Luchsmi Sita, who loves you, approach?" The single word "*Asirvadam*," (benediction,) with a slight wave of the hand, betokened compliance, and the next moment the timid but lovely Hindoo was in the arms of the dreaded Madhoo Row.

"The steps of my flower of Arulit† are prosperous!" said the chief; "but whence comest thou, my Sita, and why those looks of alarm? You see me free;" then in a smothered tone of bitterness, he added, "Aye! free as the hunted tiger, whom all men are panting to destroy; but by Mari Ammat‡, by Kali§, may their souls burn in Naraka¶; my enemies shall rue this day. Tremble not, my

own; *you* I would not harm; you are my world, the *Swarga** to which my thoughts turn; the only thing I love."

"My soul, my life," she replied, "praise be to Parumahl for preserving you; my eyes are again made bright by your presence; long has your place been empty. I am now from the Pagoda at Meilapoor, where I made a vow to Iswaran to make over to her temple all I possess, if I was again permitted the happiness of beholding those blessed feet which are the true flowers of Niluphar†; happiness is mine from this moment. Do not think I have not watched you since you left yonder hated city, and longed to cheer the heart of sorrow by the tongue of consolation; but fear fell coldly upon me, for it is against your caste for woman to venture on your thoughts."

"Feared! caste! what words are these, my Sita? dust be upon my house! Am I to make no sacrifice for you—who have given up the brother you loved—a caste even greater than my own—and for whom? A hated, despised"——

"Hush, beloved Madhoo Row; have you so soon forgotten your flower of Aruli, who is less than the least? Still I am guilty, dearest, for long ere you reached the areka grove that bounds the Lotus Lake, your steps were watched, and the earth you had pressed became a book, whereon my eyes pored, trying to read your thoughts; but come and rest, while I pluck sweet Mogray flowers and luscious Champa, for an offering to the God that hath restored thee to me."

Luchsmi Sita was the orphan daughter of a rigid and respected Brahmin, and was left at the age of sixteen in the charge of a brother, a few years older than herself, who was as strict and proud of his caste as he was fond of his sister: his love almost amounted to romance, and was unlike what is usually expressed by the Hindoos, who display little or no affection for their relations, unless from motives of interest, or when they really are in distress; and then relief is granted more from the knowledge that it is required of them by their religious tenets, than from that love (I might say instinct) which springs from the heart, and strengthens the ties of blood and relationship.

When Anuntia (Luchsmi's brother) was not employed in prayer or at the temple, he taught her botany and astronomy, acquirements in

* Ulmas signifies Diamond of the Desert.

† One of the trees sacred to Vishnu; the ninth Avatar.

‡ Names of the goddesses of destruction, who delight in all bloody sacrifices.

§ The name by which the Hindoos designate the infernal regions.

* Heaven.

† The Niluphar is the lily of the lakes, and considered by the Hindoos as the most beautiful of flowers.

which most of the natives of India, particularly the Brahmins, profess great proficiency. The more common attainments of reading and writing, by the laws of their religion females were not permitted to learn; such knowledge being supposed to belong exclusively to the *devadasi*, dancing girls, or slaves of the gods who are in the service of the temple—bred up for the most profligate purposes, and known to be of the most dissolute and abandoned habits. Her brother and her flowers were all Luchsmi Sita knew, all she cared for; her days were passed after the simple manner of her country: she was strict in the performance of her religious duties, and attentive to the customs of her caste. Regularly as the first rays of the morning sun touched the golden dome of the Iswaran Pagoda, this beautiful Hindoo, with the other Brahminy girls of the village, was seen ascending the 100 steps of the magnificent stone *Thir Kolum**, which extended to the very entrance of the temple, bearing on their heads the bright *lotas*, or brazen vessels, destined to contain the *thirtham*, or holy water, required for the performance of *poojah*† during the day. The same tasteful but simple description of dress was worn by all—a long piece of plain or coloured muslin, the end of which is rolled several times round the waist, whence it flows in graceful folds to the ankle; the other end is drawn tastefully round the bosom so as to cover the back also, and serve as a veil; this is then all kept fast by a silver or golden zone, an inch and half in breadth, gradually increasing towards the centre. Having bathed and performed her morning devotions, as is the custom of the country, Luchsmi Sita would return, and as she passed through the little garden of her home, she would watch for a time the growing of her flowers, feed her birds, and sometimes seating herself in her favourite bower, listen to the wild and strange tales of other years from her old and faithful attendant. In the evening she was in attendance at the temple, where, having heard her brother expound the Vedas and the Shastras, she would again return to her loved spot of flowers, where, to add to the charms of the calm night, the golden Champa, sacred to Brahma, mingled its feverish and overpowering scent with that of the pure and delicate Mogray, with which the Hindoo girls adorn

their hair. The Mampoo, too, was there, great Camdeo's arrow, with its honey-breathing sighs; heart-burning Nagkeser, and the tender Sitaphals. Here for hours would she sit, breathing the perfumed air, and gazing on the starry sky without another heart to turn to and meet her feelings. This life was too much made up of sighs and sameness, to please the wild romantic mind of the fawn-eyed Sita. She loved her birds and flowers, it is true, but she loved far more to listen to the tale of wars from Rama's page; of the wild mountain chief of olden times; of Rajpoot warriors, who for the sake of obtaining the *hur-mala* (garland of marriage) from some high-born damsel, performed such feats, as even at the relation of them would cause the sparkling blood to leave the light transparent olive of her cheek, and her bright eyes to be suffused with tears of excitement. One evening, after her old and faithful attendant had finished the tale of the brave *Bala Ruksha* and the maid of the *Moothe Jhorna* (pearl-dropping stream,) she turned to her, and exclaimed in a voice of enthusiasm, "Oh! why, Maiya, is our race so fallen; why does not some brave chieftain unsheath the tulwah, and earn a name great as Mount Maru?" "Hush, my girl," replied the old nurse, "*nama Sivaya*, (praise be to Siva,) these days are passed. What need have we of war or warriors, now the *Sheemei Veleikar**, who resemble the Chintamani†, are our rulers. If the Moslem was on the musnud, our homes, our temples, might then require defence; but now the tulwah, the sankh, or the matchlock of Boondi would never be mentioned or heard of, if it was not for the daring Madhoo Row."

"And who is he, Maiya, that ever at his name you turn round, as if expecting his presence, and sink your voice?"

"Narayana preserve me," said the old woman, "he is as powerful as the giant Ravana, equals Rama in feats of arms, and his power pervades the fourteen worlds."

"*Chi! Chi!* (Fie! Fie!)" replied Sita, "fear causes you to exaggerate. In this, the *Satya Yuga* (age of peace), your hero can have no opportunity of displaying his uncommon prowess. Describe him to me, and I will judge if he is worthy of being ranked amongst the young heroes of the olden times."

* *Thir Kolum* is a tank or pond of great extent, paved with granite, with frequently a small island in the centre, on which is built a temple subject to the chief one of the village.

† *Poojah* signifies worship.

* *Sheemei Veleikar*, a name given by the Hindoos to the English, meaning, I believe, "white men of the island."

† An imaginary stone noted in Hindoo Fables; it is supposed to procure everything that is good.

"Sita dear, question me no more; the *drishti dosham* (the evil influence) is upon me. Narayana preserve me; by the sacred herb Dharba, what thou askest portends evil. I have never seen the being I named, but have heard the village damsels speak in raptures of his face, his figure, his graceful horsemanship, his noble bearing, his prowess and feat of arms. Often, they say, does he pass through our village, the jewelled turban high above his followers, and looking prouder than any native prince."

"By great Camdeo*," Sita replied, "he deserves to be one if he is really such as is reported. Why is he not a Brahmin? that I might love and worship him."

"Forbear! forbear!" whispered Maiya; "he is a Mahratta, and scorns all castes."

Three months from the time of this conversation taking place, Luchsmi Sita was in another home, under circumstances for which there was no excuse but the strongest infatuation in favour of a being, who to the world appeared cruel and remorseless. For the hated and stigmatised Madhoo Row she had sacrificed her caste, her brother, and her home. Should she be deserted by him who was now all in all to her, her punishment would be the most severe that a Hindoo could suffer; for, by expulsion from her caste, in consequence of her frailty, she would become debarred from all intercourse with her fellow-creatures; she would be bereft of her friends and relations, who would rather forsake her than share in her miserable lot, which would certainly be the consequence of their commiseration. Wherever she should appear, she would be scorned and pointed at as an outcast; and if she sank under this grievous curse, her body would be suffered to rot in the place where she died. Such was the fate that awaited the beautiful Hindoo, if any unforeseen event should snatch from her arms him whom she loved better than life; and such a misfortune seemed not unlikely to occur, when she thought of the affrays in which he was almost hourly engaged, and the narrow escapes which a moment before he sank to sleep he had so painfully described. With that gloomy foreboding, which a sense of danger impresses upon the excited imagination, often would she lie awake restless and unhappy; and in the deep stillness of the night, when only the breathing of the adored one by her side was to be heard, she would conjure to eyes dimmed with tears the memories of her

childhood: the little garden of her "own old home," which was once her world, would then appear deserted—her flowers withered; the birds, which so often had nestled in her bosom, pining for food. Her brother—he who had loved and watched her, was there; but oh! how changed—how worn, how bowed with sorrow. Sometimes she fancied she saw him dressed as a Vana-prastha Brahmin (penitent of the desert,) having forsaken his home and renounced all intercourse with mankind, in hopes, by continual prayer and purification in solitude, to atone in some measure for her crime; sometimes she saw him sick and exhausted on a pilgrimage to Kasi*, fraught with the same charitable intention. Then would she stretch forth her clasped hands towards Chandriah's † light, that streamed through the small casement of the room, and pour forth a prayer to her for assistance; till at length, sick and exhausted, her long dark eye-lashes, burdened with tears, would force her eye-lids to close, and she would gradually sink into a feverish sleep, too soon to be disturbed by Madhoo Row's preparation for his departure.

One night, being more than usually excited by the fears she had herself created, she remained awake until the dawning of the day, when she knew Madhoo Row had determined to leave the house bent upon an attack upon the smugglers. While he was in the act of priming a pair of English pistols which he possessed, she said, in a gentle tone: "Since you have sworn, dearest Madhoo Row, to be revenged for the death of your friend and comrade, Purneah, who fell in the last encounter with smugglers at Meilapoor, the lizard ‡ has not once chirped, and thrice have I heard the death foreboding Anda || scream. Indeed the *drishti dosham* is upon us; for my sake, dearest, forego your excursions for a day." "I cannot, Sita, for my life. This evening is the festival of Gauri, and my spies have just been here to inform me, that the band of smugglers I spoke of to you are to halt during the heat of the day in the great tope, near the village Singlandapooram, and taking advantage of the rejoicings and processions that take place this evening in celebration of our Goddess Parvati, intend introducing into their several store-houses some

* The Hindoo name for Benares.

† Name for the moon, and worshipped as a goddess.

‡ The chirping of the lizard is always considered a fortunate omen, and no negotiation or ceremony is undertaken unless it is heard.

|| *Anda* is a species of night hawk.

* One of the names for the Hindoo Cupid.

thousand maunds of tobacco. I must be abroad to prevent this; it is my duty, and nothing shall make me swerve from it."

True to his word, and regardless of Luchsmi Sita's protestations, he sallied forth, and ere the last glimmer of twilight had expired, was waiting with a chosen body of peons at the corner of one of the principal streets of Triplicane, through which he knew both the processions from the temple and that of the smugglers must pass. Long had he waited, impatient and excited, and still no signs of the smugglers. His appearance at this moment was truly picturesque: his shawl turban richly embroidered with gold, was fastened round his black-bearded chin by several strings of pearls, braided upon a piece of cloth in such a manner as to protect his cheek from a sword cut: a thick and quilted tunic, of the same shawl pattern as his turban, was kept close to his figure by a crimson and gold sash, and loose Moorish trowsers, also thickly quilted, completed the dress.* The same description of dress, but of coarser material, was worn by his followers, who stood around, close to his horse, which was gaily caparisoned, the stirrups and bit being of silver, and a collar of embossed silver plates encircling his neck, which, as he curveted impatiently, clashed with a martial sound.

At the conclusion of the festival of Gauri, a shapeless statue is erected in every village, composed of paste or grain. It is intended to represent the goddess Gauri or Parvati, the wife of Siva, and being placed under a sort of canopy, is carried about through the streets with great pomp, and receives the homage of the inhabitants, who flock to render it their adorations. Once had the procession passed the place where Madhoo Row and his followers were standing, and was about to do so again on its return to the temple for the performance of further ceremonies. Even on its first appearance, they did not suffer it to pass without some jeering remarks, both on the image and its attendants; but on this second interruption, as *they* considered it, they felt more inclined to stop its progress and create a riot, than to wait any longer for the expected band of smugglers. Unfortunately, just as the procession approached, one of the fireworks struck Madhoo Row's horse, which immediately reared up, and then bounding forward, rushed, notwithstanding an attempt was made to stop him, close to the image, and threw down one of the officiating Brah-

mins. Even by accident, for one of an inferior caste to assault or even to touch a Brahmin, is considered a crime which only the greatest penance can efface; but now that an outrage was committed, as they thought intentionally, and by one who had ever treated the religious ceremonies of the Hindoos with contempt, there were no bounds to their astonishment and rage. One Brahmin, who was nearest to him that had been injured, called down "Siva's curse upon the Pariah Mah-ratta," an indignity the disappointed and excited Madhoo Row immediately resented. Calling *koloo, koloo*, (slay, slay,) in a tone of frenzy to his followers, he rushed upon the unhappy offender, and struck him to the earth, and then, jumping from his horse, followed up his savage attack by repeatedly cutting his victim with his sword, while he was lying on the ground; at length he remounted his horse, and rode off to join his companions, who had pursued the frightened procession to the temple. In consequence of the command given by Madhoo Row, many had suffered by the attacks of his followers, but not one so severely as Anuntya, (for he it was who had fallen beneath the sword of Luchsmi's lover,) who was found some hours afterwards lying, apparently lifeless, on the spot where he had first been attacked by his savage foe. When he was taken to the English hospital, it was found that both his arms had been completely dismembered, and that his legs, in consequence of the dreadful wounds he had received, would most likely require amputation, if the fever produced by his situation could not be allayed: this proved to be impossible, and before a fortnight had expired, the unfortunate sufferer was a helpless trunk, without the power of moving or putting food into his mouth. As soon as it was known to the police authorities, who was the cruel author of the Brahmin's misfortunes, steps were taken for the apprehension of Madhoo Row, an undertaking which, from his known reckless and daring character, required the greatest caution and bravery; these qualities were not wanting in the police magistrate, who, in the most praiseworthy manner, undertook to accompany the police peons in search of the offender. In none of his accustomed haunts was he to be found, and they were beginning to be apprehensive that he had absconded, when word was brought that Luchsmi Sita had been observed carrying fruit and rice into the areka Tope*, which was only a short distance from

* This quilting, &c. is proof against any sword cut.

* Areka is the betel nut, which is so much enjoyed by the natives of India. Tope, any cultivated wood.

his home. Suspecting that a careful watch would be kept during the day, the police authorities determined, in order to ensure success, to postpone their approach until the night-fall, when the proprietor of the tope had consented to point out the different paths through which the object of their pursuit might escape. About twelve o'clock at night, the party, consisting of nine men, approached the tope. As had been pre-concerted, six peons were stationed at the different avenues, while the two remaining accompanied the magistrate towards the centre of the tope; it was then dark, and the sea breeze blowing freshly through the trees, prevented their footsteps from being heard. Just as they had entered the wood the moon rose bright and full, and enabled them, as they moved cautiously on, guided by the light that came occasionally through the thinner branches overhead, to distinguish for some distance before them. Sometimes they fancied the gleaming firefly a taper hastily extinguished; their tread fell softer, and their hearts beat quicker; but the instant return of the dancing insect, even brighter than before, proved how easily their excited imaginations had been deceived. Sometimes, in the plaintive moaning of the wind through the branches of the *cassirina* trees, they fancied they heard the low sweet tones of Luchsmi Sita warning him she loved. Sometimes the low chirping whistle of the night-hawk made them think they had been betrayed, and that it was a signal for attack and murder.

A quarter of an hour of this close search had hardly passed, when the magistrate, who was in front of the other two, raised his left hand with the palm turned towards them, betokening them not to advance, and with the other, which held a sword, he pointed to where the moonbeams, coming obliquely through an opening in the thick foliage, ran in a bright stream for some distance under the covering into a much thicker part of the wood, which would not have been visible if the light had not fallen in that direction. On every other side the darkness was intense, and only assisted in more plainly disclosing that one spot where the objects of their search were; it seemed as if the finger of heaven pointed out the abode of guilt, and smiled upon their futile attempts to escape. At the first glance only Luchsmi Sita was to be seen; but on a more careful examination, the dreaded Madhoo Row appeared reposing by her side, while she, poor girl, having thrown her *chadda* or veil over his face and body, to protect him from the

annoying attacks of insects which swarm the woods in this tropical clime, sat like a startled fawn, watching for any danger that might threaten him. The light streamed full on her beautiful face, the expression of which varied at every movement of her graceful head, as she turned slowly from side to side, in hopes of catching the slightest noise; her large bright eyes glistened with excitement, rendered more striking by the shade that fell on them from her long dark lashes; the full lips of her small mouth were partially withdrawn from over the whitest teeth, to assist her breathing, which now appeared to come heavily from her panting bosom. One wild scream, which rung through the wood, too plainly told the tale that all her watchfulness had been in vain, and that Madhoo Row was in the power of those whose authority he had so long braved and despised. The limbs which a moment before lay slackened in languid repose, were nerved with sudden agony, to strive for life. The pulses that beat so calmly, while his hand lay locked in her's, throbbed to bursting: a sick faintness seized him; his imagination became confused from the sudden change; but there was still the certain knowledge of danger, which, either from an imperfect recollection of his situation on a similar occasion, or from some other cause, made him recur on the instant to the words of the judge on his former trial, "*he that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*" Ere the morning dawned, he was in prison, chained, and in darkness. Still did that devoted girl attend him; when he slept, it was her lap which formed his pillow; it was her hand which fanned the air to keep him cool; it was her voice which cheered him when he awoke; and when hungry, it was her hand which dressed and brought his food, her mournful eye that watched him still.

The trial commenced; there were few witnesses to call, but the evidence produced before the grand jury was known to have been so conclusive, that no hope of life, it would have been supposed, could have presented itself to the prisoner; yet, when he appeared at the bar, the daring manner in which he pronounced "*nán shaiyâh mât-tane*" (I am not guilty,) seemed to prove that he at least had confidence in the saying, "while there is life there is hope:" and when it was considered that death in its most terrible form hovered over the unhappy culprit, his proud firmness appeared strange and unnatural, and obtained for him that involuntary respect, which

a manly and fearless manner always produces on the mind. During the whole of the trial, he stood with his arms folded and his eyes fixed upon the witness box, occasionally turning to answer the questions of the interpreter who stood near the judge. His dress was, on this occasion, precisely that of a high caste Hindoo : a plain white turban; his tunic of the finest and whitest muslin, with the red and gold sash; and over his shoulders was carelessly thrown a shawl of the richest pattern; the Moorish trousers were thrown aside, and the saffron-coloured cloth worn by the Brahmins was wrapped in folds round his legs; the only ornament he wore was a diamond ring, of immense size and value. The first witness that was to be called, and the principal one, was the victim of his ferocious attack. Immediately the jury had been impanelled, Anuntya was summoned; all eyes were for a moment turned to the part of the court where he would enter, and then as quickly withdrawn to watch what effect his entrance would have upon the prisoner. For a moment there was a dead pause, and then a confused low murmuring expressive of pity and horror at the spectacle which presented itself. Borne in the arms of three men appeared the wretched limbless Anuntya; as it was impossible to place him in the witness-box, he was brought, by the permission of the judge, and seated upon the table where the barristers were. A more pitiable object cannot be conceived; he could not have been more than twenty-eight years of age; of a mild and most pleasing expression of countenance; beautiful features; and, to judge of what remained, his frame, although slight, must have been particularly well made. What was he now? A mere trunk; the body alone remained. Here was one of God's creatures, young, in health, and universally esteemed, in a moment, by the hand of a fellow being, deprived of all the enjoyments that this life can afford. He was unable to make the slightest movement without assistance; even his food it was necessary should be placed in his mouth by another person. And when it is considered that he was a Brahmin; that the cause of his suffering was produced by an individual of a lower caste; that he was quite unable to perform the many daily duties required of him by a superstitious religion, upon which he firmly believed not only his well-being in this world but his future state depended, an object more worthy of pity cannot be imagined. Yet even in this state there were wretches

found who deliberately and willingly undertook to put to death this defenceless creature, if he did not swear in the most sacred manner to abscond, and not appear at the trial of Madhoo Row; such was the power that this man possessed over the minds of some of his followers! Fortunately the police authorities were apprized of this circumstance, and took care to lodge Anuntya in a secure home, where he could not be again molested, and could have his food dressed by trust-worthy persons; for when he first arrived even in *this* place of refuge an attempt was made to poison him.

As soon as Anuntya had been sworn, according to the custom of the country, by swallowing the *Toooloshey**, and repeating the oath spoken by the *Pandarum*, the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. N—— arose, and desired him to turn to the prisoner, and swear that he was the man who, on the night of Sept. 18—, had reduced him to his present unhappy state. The intense excitement in the court at this moment is not to be described; crowded as it was, a pin might have been heard to fall; the loud booming surf, that broke every half minute with a sullen crash upon the shore, within twenty yards of the building, did not appear to affect the crowd with the least fear that the slightest whisper would be lost. Every eye was fixed either on the prisoner or the witness, every nerve upon the stretch; their breathings even restrained to catch the answer to the question upon which life or death—everything depended; whether Madhoo Row should meet with his due deserts, or again be permitted to go abroad and commit excesses, which kept the country around in perpetual alarm. Either from fear, or recollection of what he had suffered, perhaps from the strangeness of his situation, Anuntya, when he had slowly turned his calm, mild countenance upon the prisoner, did not appear immediately to recollect him, and although there was not a word uttered, not a whisper breathed, nor a look changed, and everything remained in the same intense silent excitement, still a spectator felt that there was an indescribable sensation excited in the court, which, if not counteracted in some way, would burst forth in loud expressions of disappointment. In a kind encouraging voice Mr. N—— again repeated the question, through the interpreter: "Witness, do you recognise the prisoner at the bar?"

* The leaf soaked in water of the *Toooloshey* Sheddey, one of the sacred shrubs, which is excessively bitter, and is always administered by the *Pandarum* (or priest) to any person about to take an oath.

At this moment the anguished sobs of the unhappy Luchsmi Sita, who was known to have accompanied Madhoo Row to the court house, were distinctly heard amidst the sullen roar of the surf; a few eyes were turned to see whether the judge was likely to make any remark on this interruption to the general silence, but his thoughts appeared fixed upon what was to be the answer of Anuntya, who shrank when he heard the tones of distress, and immediately, as if possessed with a peculiar feeling of dislike to the cause of them, in a clear hurried tone replied, "*Am, aiyah, arandan,*" *yes, sir, that is the man.* Every one present again breathed freely, the excitement was at an end; everything had fallen out as every body had said, every body had thought, and every body had wished; they were not mistaken in their judgment, and they were satisfied. The remainder of the evidence elicited from this witness was a mere repetition of what has already been related. He spoke of the feast of Gauri; of the procession; the place where Madhoo Row and his followers were standing, on their first circuit of the village of Triplicane; mentioned the display of fireworks which it was their custom to exhibit on such occasions; described the prisoner's dress; and in the most clear and satisfactory manner, the rush of his horse, and the way in which his companion was thrown down; avowed the expressions he had made use of towards the prisoner; and lastly, directed their attention to the shoulder of the right arm, which he stated was the cut which he first received, and which brought him to the earth; he had no recollection of what took place afterwards. Although the writer of this kept his eyes fixed on the prisoner during the whole of this interesting examination, in hopes of observing some change, some quiver of the muscles about the face, when his eyes met those of his victim, and when Anuntya recognised him, there was not the slightest appearance either of pity or remorse. He stood calm and erect, his arms folded, and his head a little lowered on his breast, watching the witness as a tiger does its prey, with his large eyes gleaming brightly and fiercely from underneath his dark and heavy brow. When asked, at the conclusion of Anuntya's examination, whether he had any question to put, he replied "None, I never saw the witness before to my knowledge;" the observation was not heeded, and the trial proceeded. The witnesses that followed merely spoke to his identity, and to his being the person that attacked Anuntya. Dr. L——

who was the last witness for the prosecution described the state in which the poor Brahmin was brought to the hospital, and of his being obliged, in consequence of the dreadful wounds he had received, to amputate the sufferer's legs, one of which, in addition to the sword cuts, appeared to have been greatly injured by the hoofs of a horse, which it was concluded was Madhoo Row's. The prosecution here closed, and the prisoner was asked what he had to say in his defence. Without unfolding his arms he turned to the interpreter, and for the first time during the trial raised his eyes towards the judge. He commenced by denying the charge, stating that he was not the person who had committed the assault for which he was brought to the bar; that it was a conspiracy against his life in consequence of the strict manner in which he had fulfilled the duties required of him by his employers, the tobacco renters. He appealed to the magistrate, if smuggling had not greatly diminished since he had been employed in its prevention, and if a great number of idle persons were not in consequence thrown out of employment, who looked upon him as the principle cause of their misfortunes. "These, these are the men," he said, "that have perpetrated the crime; and to wreak their vengeance, as well as to escape punishment, they have accused me. It is well known that I was at my house on the eighth of September, and did not attend at the feast of Gauri as has been stated. When I find credit given to such men—men who are known to be my enemies, of a different caste, and who by my conviction will be enabled to return to their old trade of smuggling, I am not surprised at the little chance there appears of my being acquitted. I feel I am alone; that I have no one to defend me; that your lordship already sides with the world against me. Go not with the stream; enquire the character of the different witnesses, and they will be found more capable of committing the crime of which I am accused. If Anuntya was brought to the earth, as he states, by the first blow, delivered by a man on horseback who rushed suddenly upon him, how is it possible he should be able to speak with certainty as to the person? many of my countrymen wear the same description of dress, and on a dark night in a crowded procession, it is not easy to distinguish one from another. Mighty sir, you who possess all good qualities, protect your slave from the enmity of the world. I am a poor man, and place my trust in you; it is said Englishmen are just—let it appear

so ; my life, my soul rests upon your shadow, may it never be less ; peace be upon you ; *Innam nan yenna cholloo?* what more can I say ? ”

His defence was delivered in a clear, manly tone, in his own language, and translated by the interpreter to the court as he proceeded. Hopeless as was his case, he made no appeals farther than those which are used by his countrymen on every occasion, and are the result of manners more than feeling ; he rather appeared to glory in his unfriended state, and to have more confidence in a frank, bold denial of the charge brought against him, than in a cringing, supplicatory address. When he had concluded, Sir ——— observed, “ Prisoner, you state in your defence, that on the night of September—you were at home and did not attend at the feast of Gauri, in the village of Triplicane ; have you any witness to prove the truth of your assertion ? ” After a short enquiry it appeared that Luchsmi Sita was the only person he could produce to prove an alibi. The poor girl had followed Madhoo Row to the court-house, and had made her way through the immense crowd that had collected round the doors, but finding she was not able to approach near enough to the bench to hear the trial, had sunk down exhausted and dispirited within the court, but sufficiently near the bar for her sobs to be distinctly heard between each crash of the surf, the sound of which was made more impressive and sullen by the contrast. On being informed that she was required to give her evidence before the judge, she arose apparently wild and distracted, ignorant of what they asked, but willing to execute any order that might be given. Some friend whispered to her, that she was required to speak in favour of her lover ; immediately her tears were wiped away, her face brightened with a smile to think how well she could perform such an office, and how bright the result might be. She hastily arranged her dress, and the muslin *chadda* * was thrown gracefully over her dark bright hair, which was arranged (together with her dress) with that care which respect to him she loved and the forms of her religion required : it was parted in the centre of her well-shaped forehead ; and the two ends being brought round, were rolled into a ball, and placed over the left ear, and the ball covered with a circular plate of ornamented gold, slightly hollowed out to receive it. Her scarlet muslin dress was tastefully disposed in folds about her person, and kept fast by a plain broad

gold zone round her small waist : on her arms, which were bare beyond her shoulders, she wore a profusion of gold and jewelled bangles ; and when she moved, the tinkling gold ornaments that encircled her well-turned ankles, rang with a musical sound. Having been placed in the witness-box, and sworn according to the custom of her country, a few unimportant questions were asked to give her encouragement. Until then she had kept her head down, the veil partially covering her face ; but when they asked whether she was acquainted with the prisoner, her veil fell as she looked up, and disclosed the most beautiful face that the writer of this narrative ever beheld : her large swimming fawn eyes were wild and tremulously bright with excitement : the dark, straight, pencilled eyebrows, which extended far over each temple, and assisted in giving effect to the most delicately chiselled nose, were now slightly raised with surprise at the question, and served to increase the interesting expression of the countenance of this lovely Hindoo. For a moment she gazed upon the prisoner, who returned her pitying look with an appealing expression, and then, turning to the judge with eyes suffused with tears, answered boldly in the affirmative.

Her look and tone were immediately changed to those of pride and confidence, as if she gloried in acknowledging the prisoner, and felt certain that no danger could await him, if she spoke boldly and all *she* knew in his favour. She little knew, poor girl, to what Madhoo Row had summoned her to swear : there had been no schooling, no pre-concerted plan ; her being called upon to give evidence was as unexpected by herself as it was by the prisoner. His defence (if it could be so called) was the thought of the moment, resulting from the strict examination of the witnesses produced upon the trial, and from the fact having been acknowledged, both by the judge and the counsel for the prosecution, that a great deal too much had been said to the prejudice of the prisoner elsewhere. When in prison he had scorned and laughed at employing any one in his defence ; and appeared to look forward to the result of his trial, if not with confidence, certainly without fear. He saw his danger now ; it was impossible Luchsmi Sita could prove the alibi, and of this he was aware, and of the injury her strict examination would most likely do his cause. But he was saved the pain of having himself publicly convicted of making a false defence, by an occurrence as painful as it was unexpected. Luchsmi Sita, not appearing precisely acquainted with the

* Kind of veil.

charge brought against the prisoner, having only heard from him that in an affray (which she had concluded was with the smugglers,) a man had been severely wounded, Mr. N—determined, before he commenced the examination, to make her acquainted with the principal circumstances relative to the trial; he therefore proceeded, in a distinct tone, to restate the case, without uttering a word to prejudice the court against the prisoner; to all of which Luchsmi Sita attentively listened. But when the victim of Madhoo Row's attack was pointed out to her, she was observed to make a slight start; her whole frame trembled, her eyes appeared almost to start from their sockets, and to become fixed and horror-struck upon seeing Anuntya: for an instant she stood with her lips apart, gasping for breath, and then, as if nature made one desperate struggle to free itself, she gasped forth in a loud convulsive sob, "*yen tammeyah!*" (my brother) and sank upon the ground. She was immediately borne out of the court, apparently lifeless. The poor girl's expression of speechless terror appeared to have been communicated to every one present; not a word was spoken; the judge sat motionless; the counsel for the prosecution still stood with his eyes bent upon the spot where the witness a moment before had stood. Some looked towards the unhappy Anuntya, who, it appeared, had been in some measure prepared for this disgraceful disclosure, having recognised his sister upon her first appearance; others attentively surveyed the prisoner, who appeared, for the first time during his trial, deeply affected, although he did his utmost to conceal his feelings; but the deep sigh which came struggling heavily from his breast, and the parched lips, which his tongue vainly attempted to soften, too plainly showed the state of his mind and body: his eyes, expressive of the strongest concern, had followed the inanimate body of Luchsmi Sita as it was carried out of the court; but when it was no longer visible, he again folded his arms, and surveyed the court with a sullen, revengeful look. After a time, life again appeared to return to those present, and the awful silence which had followed this painful scene was broken by the judge, who, after a few questions, began, in an impressive but subdued tone, to sum up the case: this he did with great care and impartiality, recapitulating the whole of the evidence that had been adduced upon the trial; explaining at considerable length the nature of the new law*, under which the

prisoner was tried; and considerably bringing forward those points to the notice of the jury, that appeared in the slightest degree to bear favourably upon the case of the unhappy man. In conclusion, he implored the jury not to allow any reports which they might have heard elsewhere, to have the slightest influence in determining their verdict—a verdict on which depended the life of a fellow-creature, against whom, he was sorry to confess, there existed a very strong feeling. "Dismiss this feeling," said the judge in those impressive words which I shall never forget, "and I charge you, as you will one day answer it at the bar of the last judgment, where you, and I, and all must appear, deliver your verdict according to conscience and truth."

The event of the trial must already have been anticipated. The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty.

* * * *

It was late on the morning after the trial, when the unhappy Luchsmi Sita came to her senses, and found herself in a low mean room, in the house of her old and faithful nurse, Maiya, by whom she was attended. She had recovered several hours previously from that perfectly lifeless state, which had followed the painful recognition of her brother in the court-house, but had still lain apparently insensible of the cause of her afflictions: sometimes she would rise suddenly, and leaning on her hand, gaze wildly about the room; and then, as if forgetting the motive of the exertion, sink slowly back upon her bed, muttering to herself prayers for Madhoo Row's speedy return, whom she appeared to think, as in days gone by, was abroad engaged in performing the duties allotted to him by his employers. Throughout the whole night the kind attendant of her youth watched by the poor girl's side, delicately avoiding any remark that might affect her feelings, but soothing her by kind words, and anxious to seize upon any opportunity that might present itself, for commencing a conversation upon any subject, however indifferent. After various unsuccessful attempts, poor old Maiya at length brought some cold rice for her mistress to eat, and as she presented it, spread on a plate formed of several leaves of the sacred tree *ravi**, (which is supposed to procure

* It was immediately after the passing of Mr. Peel's Act.

* So sacred is this tree, (called Arassamura in Tamil,) that it is thus addressed in prayer:—"Thou art the king of trees; thy root resembles Brahma; thy branches are like Siva; thou grantest peace, the remission of sins, and a blessed world after death, to those who have honoured thee in their lives by the ceremonies of the cord and of marriage; to those who have offered thee sacrifices, have gone round about thee, and have honoured thee. Destroy my sins, and grant me a happy world after death."

peace of mind,) she repeated the following extract from the celebrated *Yagar-veda* * :—
 “ If he that is pure or not pure, in whatever trouble he may be, thinks upon him who has the eyes of Niluphar †, he shall have peace, and be pure within and without.” Luchsmi Sita bowed her head, and did not refuse the proffered food, although she appeared to take it without considering what she was doing. After a short time, she slowly raised her sad but beautiful face, and looked enquiringly at the old attendant, who immediately saw, by her change of countenance, that she was recognised; for a moment the poor girl stared wildly, then rubbed her eyes to make sure she was not dreaming, and dropping her hands listlessly by her side, looked down as if trying to recollect herself; after a short pause, her wretched state appeared suddenly to flash across her memory, and she burst forth in a tone of anguish and severe distress—“ *Narayana Nama* (Vishnu preserve me)—woe is me! what ashes have fallen upon my head!—my eyes are dim. O, *Marana Davi*! ‡ why thus afflict my heart—my house is desolate. In the name of God, and in the name and for the feet of my Guru §, assist your slave! Maiya, is it you? may your shadow never be less—may prosperity ever enter your door. Tell me, as you hope to enter *Satyakola* ¶, tell me, dearest Maiya, that my brother—my poor mutilated brother, is safe.”

“ Praised be to Vishnu, dear Sita, Anuntya is safe; has even enquired after you, and would have visited his sister, but the tongue of unkindness whispered that admission into the *Vaikuntha* (or Paradise of Vishnu), would be denied, if he ventured to hold converse with—”

“ The impure, you would say, Maiya; the disgraced, one who has suffered expulsion from her caste, with whom no one will eat or offer even a drop of water, though she waste away like the *Karssura* ¶. Dust be upon my heart—may my tongue burn—I have spoken false; is there not Madhoo Row who resembles the *Chintamani*, and possesses all good qualities. Speak Maiya, tell me, let me hear that he is well—only say that he lives—one word—oh, Swami! ** Swami! is it so? *Nama Sivaya* (hail to Siva!)—my face has become black—woe is me! my breath is not to be borne. Hail, *Kesava*, may the sun, may the sove-

reign will pardon the sins I have committed by my will, by my memory, by my hand, by my feet, by my breasts! * *Eiyoh! eiyoh!* † the world is dark—the sky has no sun—why hast thou forsaken me? what evil have I done that thou leavest me at this untimely age? what did I leave undone? who henceforward will take thought for me? woe is me!” In such pathetic and broken appeals did the wretched girl give way to her feelings, sometimes breaking forth into violent screams, at others pouring forth torrents of reproaches against the gods who, she said, had deprived her of all that she valued in the world. Suddenly she became calm and silent, and stood for some time as if considering; then turning to Maiya, who had tried unsuccessfully every method of consolation, she enquired, in a calm tone, the situation of the *shoodookadoo* ‡ where the body of Madhoo Row would be burnt, and having received a satisfactory description, rushed out of the house. As the spot where this ceremony was to take place was not far distant, she was soon there, with her beautiful dark hair flowing loosely about her person, her large bright eyes glaring with the wildness of despair. She rushed through the crowd, apparently unconscious of what she was doing, and would have thrown herself upon the pile of her lover, which had already been burning some time, had she not been restrained by the European police authorities. Such a sacrifice, no doubt, would have been acceptable to the friends of Madhoo Row, as it would have been considered a sufficient expiation for his sins; as it was, they were highly incensed by her intrusion, it being considered a bad omen, and peremptorily forbid that a woman should witness the burning of the dead; by some she was even cursed, as their anger was doubly excited by the knowledge that she was an outcast, scorned by friends and relations, and expelled from her caste. Such is the effect of the bigoted idolatry of the Hindoos. When the wretched girl was foiled in this attempt to put an end to her sufferings, and perform a sacrifice that would expiate the sins of her lover, her mind and strength, gave way, and she fell apparently lifeless near the blazing pile, where only the ashes of him she had so faithfully loved in life remained.

The tale is told. A few days afterwards the body of the unhappy girl was found in the *Thir-Kolum*, or sacred lake, near her own old home.

* One of the daily prayers of the Hindoos.

† He who has the eyes of Niluphar is Vishnu.

‡ Goddess of Death.

§ Guru signifies Priest.

¶ *Paradise of Brahma*, and signifying world of truth.

¶ *Karssura* is the Indian Camphire.

** Lord! Lord!

* Part of one of the prayers of the Hindoos.

† Exclamations invariably used by the Hindoos when in grief or pain.

‡ The name given to the piece of ground appropriated for the burning of the dead.

GOETHE.

BY MRS. BURKE.

JOHAM WOLFGANG GOETHE was, without exception, the most extraordinary writer of his age; and, as such, we cannot refrain from offering our humble tribute to his memory. To develop the peculiarities of his genius, little understood in this country; to examine the design and character of the forty volumes already published of his works, is no undertaking for us. The length of enquiry, and the metaphysical discussion required in such a task, would be as unsuited to our pages, as some parts of his productions are unfit for female perusal. But we do wish to endeavour briefly to give our readers some general idea of Goethe's peculiar and immense influence over the literature of his country; an influence continuous through all his own fluctuations of views and opinions; and for this purpose we shall speak of some few particulars of his life, and of some of his leading works.

In versatility of genius, supremacy of influence, and prolonged enjoyment of such influence, Goethe may be compared with Voltaire; but in all, except wit, he was immeasurably his superior. If Voltaire wrote upon as many and as various subjects as Goethe, he treated them all superficially, whilst the German was thoroughly master of every one upon which he touched, even the most scientific. The lively Frenchman, as head of a school, long ruled, a despotic sovereign, over the tastes and opinions of his countrymen, and, through them, of Europe. But he had previously adopted the principles of the school which afterwards acknowledged him as its head, and that school has already disseminated those principles: or, it might better be said, the writers of that school found the French court and its imitators throughout France, throughout Europe, profligate, immoral, and irreligious, not from erroneous reasoning, but either from a wish to disbelieve a future state of retributive justice, or from the vanity of assuming a superiority to vulgar prejudice; and these writers, swayed perhaps by the same, especially the latter, motive in the path they chose, and seeing the easiest road to literary success, gave a pretended philosophical sanction to the crude infidel notions that had been idly sported. Thus Voltaire ruled absolutely, because he humourous and flattered the inclinations and prejudices of his slaves.

Nothing of the kind applies to Goethe, for

nothing in him was assumed, or even modified relatively to others. Every thought and word was stamped with his own strong individual nature or idiosyncrasy, and that idiosyncrasy, although peculiar, was intensely German. He was profound in knowledge, in feeling; profound even in his imagination and wit; and if his writings unhappily too often breathe an immoral or irreligious spirit, even these faults arose in him from conforming to every impulse of his own nature, not from a desire to captivate the presumptuous or the vicious; and he may at least be acquitted of endeavouring to disseminate noxious principles. His own, bad and good, were the result of deep, if ill-directed, study and meditation.

Thus much as to Goethe's predisposition, as contra-distinguished from Voltaire's. Now as to his influence.

Goethe found his countrymen, literate and illiterate, enthralled by a blind admiration of every thing French—French manners, French clothes, French books, French opinions, and even French words; for the German language was in those days scouted in Germany, as unfit for well-bred persons, and French was the universal medium of polite* intercourse, until French conquest under Napoleon produced a sudden and violent re-action. Despite this *Gallomania*, Goethe, from the moment he began to write, wrote in a spirit as German as his language; and from that moment, although French was still talked, and worn, and mimicked, in the drawing-room, the library became essentially German.

The circumstances of Goethe's birth were of all others those that might least have appeared to have promised a bold and original genius. He was the son of a wealthy and respectable citizen of the free imperial city of Frankfort. These free imperial cities, such as they had come down even to the nineteenth century from the middle ages, are now no

* This may be well exemplified by an anecdote, for which we are indebted to an old lady who recollected the occurrence. Upon the presentation of a German ambassadress to Queen Charlotte, her majesty, pleased with an opportunity of speaking her native tongue, addressed the *presentée* in German, and was answered in French. Again the queen spoke German, again was she answered in French; and again, and again; until the royal interlocutor somewhat impatiently asked, "Why do you answer me in a foreign language, when I speak to you in our own?" When the pattern of German politeness replied, still in French, "Your Majesty knows we never speak German in good company."

more. Another generation, and they and their peculiarities will be altogether forgotten. Nay, even in the present, few English readers probably have any very distinct idea upon the subject, wherefore a word or two of explanation may not be unacceptable.

The free imperial cities of Germany were so many tiny republics, federally connected with the German, or, more properly, the Holy Roman Empire. As members of the empire, they had voices in the deliberations of the Imperial Diet, at the assemblies of which they were represented by their deputies. As free states they were governed by elective municipal officers, analogous to our mayors and aldermen. But these republican towns were no scenes of anarchical liberty or democratic licence. They were ruled by an endless and inflexible code of laws. The civic magistrates, of innumerable gradations, and the rich citizens, from whose body they were chosen, held themselves as incalculably superior to the humbler classes of their undignified fellow-citizens, or subjects rather, as could the baron of sixteen quarterings to the *serf* upon his estate: and amongst themselves they stood as stiffly upon their respective ranks and precedencies; they were as hopelessly shackled by the bonds of hereditary decorum, as all the barons in the empire, with all their sixteen quarterings together. Moreover these burgher dignitaries repaid with at least equal contempt, and infinitely more aversion, the contempt and aversion entertained for them by the nobles and petty princes, their immediate neighbours; so that in a very pretty German novel (of which we unluckily forget the name, but think it was one of August Lafontaine's), the course of true love between the son of a rural baron and the daughter of a city *bürgermeister*, is yet more inveterately thwarted by burgher than by feudal pride.

Now it was in one of the better houses of a city thus constituted, that Goethe, in the year 1749, opened his eyes upon the dull light dimly reflected from opposite walls, across a narrow street, through the small casement windows of an old-fashioned room. And in such a scene, amidst all the trammels of traditional formalities, of obstinate prejudice, unsoftened by general intercourse, and afterwards amidst the pedantic routine of an unimproved German university, did his mighty genius develop itself!

Do we state this to make our hero a sort of miracle? By no means. Whilst we think much of the action of external and extraneous circumstances upon the growing mind, we are no believers in the omnipotence of the

schoolmaster. We hold that to mediocrity only is superlative excellence of education important, and that the nascent master-spirit is merely cramped by incessant tuition. It is the rose-bush or the jessamine that needs the gardener's care to prevent distortion, or prostration on the earth, the giant oak shoots straight up, heavenward, unfashioned, unnoticed even, in his forest, until the strength of his stem, and the luxuriant magnificence of his foliage, attract universal admiration. Now we find enough in the scene of Goethe's childhood to counteract the narrow views of his direct instructors, and to explain at least one early bias of his mind.

Frankfort is rich in feudal recollections and remains, both in matter and in form. There are, or were, for we know not how much may have survived the Holy Roman Empire, walls, and fortresses within fortresses, of the olden time. There resided the Frank monarchs of the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties; there was the Roemerburg where so many emperors had been crowned, and where, in his fifteenth year, Goethe witnessed the solemn coronation of Joseph II. as king of the Romans. Thither, too, did the yearly fairs bring the natives of distant eastern climes with their unwonted garb and rare merchandise; who, on their arrival, were formally met and ushered into the city by a burgher cavalcade; the continuation of a practice begun when merchants dared not move unescorted by warriors pledged for their safety, and the free imperial city would admit no foreign escort within her domains. We leave it to the reader to consider how much and how variously all this must have stirred the imagination of the yet unconscious poet. Then for the gathering of knowledge that should enrich, for the cultivating of those faculties that should govern, a powerful imagination, Goethe's father took one very effective step. He was a stern man, a lawyer, who sought to make his son a lawyer, (how many poets by the way have been fugitives from the banners of law!) and he never permitted any thing once begun, however worthless, not the most trivial book, to be laid aside unfinished.

Is there not in what we have said of Frankfort enough to awaken a poetic mind? Is there not an evident explanation of Goethe's love for German antiquities, as also for Oriental subjects? One word more in elucidation of another peculiarity of his mind and writings. Goethe appears to be deficient in that peculiar reverential feeling towards women which has distinguished the German

or Gothic branch of the great human family, from the days of Tacitus downwards. He never, with the almost single exception of Iphigenia, gives elevation of character to his women. He paints them often sweet and good, sometimes impassioned, but never intellectual, never lofty in virtue or in vice; and those whom he describes, we think, the most *con amore*, are notable housewives. And in confirmation of this opinion, we may quote a little poem of his addressed to a friend who had complained that he could not put Goethe's poems into his daughters' hands. The poet answers, were your daughters properly employed, the one with the kitchen, another with the linen, the third with the garden, &c. the immorality of my poems would be harmless, since they would not have time or wish to read them. Now whence this un-German feeling as to women? Goethe's first two loves were two low-born, uneducated, but innocent girls.

We are now to speak of the influence of Goethe's character upon his works, and of that of his works upon the reading and writing world; but, as we originally said, very shortly and generally.

Of course every author writes according to his character as well as according to his opinions; but this does not describe the overpowering influence of an author's idiosyncrasy upon the creations of his genius, which the Germans term *subjectiveness*, in opposition to *objectiveness*, or the natural impression of external objects upon the mind. The terms are borrowed from grammar (the subjective and objective cases), but may best be explained by examples. Shakspeare wrote objectively; we cannot, from the various characters he has delineated, guess at his own. Lord Byron wrote subjectively, stamping every hero, and every scene he touched, with his own temper, passions, and prejudices. But Lord Byron's subjectiveness is self-evident, by the uniformity of colouring it gives his works. Goethe's, though quite as powerful, is not so immediately apparent, since the fluctuations of his feelings and opinions produced great variety in the style of his productions.

Goethe's first publication, at least of any note, was *Die Leiden des Jungen Werthers*, The Sorrows of Werter. It was always known that Werter was partly composed upon the history of the author's friend, Jerusalem; but not till the appearance of his Autobiography was it suspected that his own adventures and private feelings impelled him thus to commemorate and idealise poor Jerusalem's

fate. Goethe himself had been in love (a fourth or fifth passion) with a betrothed Charlotte, and had moreover been seized with an inclination, all but irresistible, for self-slaughter. And it should seem that the only way he could devise to save his own life, was thus to satisfy his suicidal appetite by deputy, and kill himself, without pain or inconvenience, in the person of Werter. The novel is said to have instigated others to the crime from which it preserved its author. How that may have been we know not, but this we know, Goethe, at twenty-two years of age, in the year 1771, by this publication at once founded a school; for Germany was forthwith inundated with novels whose heroes and heroines, even when killing themselves, or otherwise yielding to temptations, were too diligent in analysing their unbridled passions and incurable sorrows to awaken a very lively sympathy in any but metaphysical readers, and the disease spread, though less virulently, into France and England.

The next work that asks our notice, is *Goetz von Berlichingen*, best known in England, we believe, as Goetz with the Iron Hand; the evident offspring of Frankfort associations. The feudal times, since they had passed away, had been despised as coarse and ignorant; but this vivid picture of their bold features and simple manners, of the forcible extinction of the *Faustrecht*, which the reader, who deems "fisty-cuff law" a vulgar translation, may English as the law of the strongest, at once changed the current of opinion. *Ritter spiele*, and *Ritterromane* (Chivalry, Plays, and Romances), forthwith supplanted every other style, save the philosophically sentimental (for, be it observed, many of Goethe's schools managed to co-exist), and we have even heard it whispered, that the bent of Sir Walter Scott's genius was derived from Iron-handed Goetz.

Goethe now visited Italy, where his profound study and ardent admiration of ancient sculpture produced the fancy that all works of art, especially tragedies, should partake of the tranquil character of the plastic art. In this classic style he wrote Iphigenia in Aulis, a beautifully sentimental version of the old story, well suited to the new view; and, in the same tranquilly plastic fashion, he moulded the unplastic, untranquil Italian frenzy of the poet of the south, Tasso, into a drama. Forthwith up started a classic school throughout Germany.

Then came the much-admired *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, or Apprenticeship. This novel has been translated, and the reader who

recollects its incessant philosophical disquisitions upon all manner of subjects, scarcely interrupted by the slender thread of story, connecting them, need hardly be told that it possesses the tranquil plastic character. But to this it superadded a novelty which founded another school. Here Goethe first, philosophically and poetically, portrayed the vicissitudes of the artist's life and his professional education as a subject for romance, or novel; and Germany now swarms with artist-novels.

We have been assured, that as he advanced in years, Goethe became religious. For his own sake we hope he did, and we incline to believe it for two reasons. One is, that we trust powerful minds are likely to end by adopting religious opinions; the other, that such a change explains the wildness and mysticism pervading *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*, or Years of Travel. In Germany, be it observed, religion is mysticism. This continuation is as different as darkness from light, from the cheerful reality, the active human nature, that charmed the fancy in the *Lehrjahre*, despite its faults; and of

the wild mysticism in question we see much in the few German novels that have lately fallen in our way.

Here let us close this little sketch, for of *Faust* we would not speak. It founded no school,—it could not,—for who should attempt to imitate it? Besides, it so fearfully develops the whole mind and character of its author; his depth of feeling, his abundance of knowledge, his intellectual mastery, his extravagance of fancy, his richness of imagination, and his cynicism; including that bitter satire which too often springs from mental superiority unsupported and unregulated by religion, or by high moral principle, that to say more of it than these few words, would necessarily involve us in every thing we originally professed our resolution to avoid.

We must not, however, omit to mention, ere we conclude, that Goethe's fame and genius early gained him the friendship of the Grand Duke of Weimar, which, happier than Voltaire, he never forfeited; and with whom his influence was not limited to matters of taste, literature, or even philosophy.

MY COUSIN GEORGIANA.

"Oh she loved the bold dragoons,
With their broad swords, saddles, bridles, &c."

OLD SONG.

"She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars."
SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV.

THERE was not a finer woman in England than my cousin Georgiana. She had a dark eye and a white hand, a good figure, pretty ankle and well turned arm; and in consequence of the latter gift of nature, had patronised Dizzi and Bochsa, until her performance on the harp might have excited the admiration and envy of King David himself. When I add, that Georgiana possessed a very respectable independent property, my readers will, I am sure, place implicit credence in my assertion, that, had I not been aware of her positive determination never to marry a civilian, I should long since have sought to convince her of the euphony of my patronymic, and have used my best powers of eloquence to induce her to change her maiden denomination of Georgiana Dashwood, into the more musical and matronly one of Mrs. George Frederick Augustus Higginbottom.

But I knew her predilection for the "dear delightful military," and, therefore, to spare her the pain, and myself the mortification consequent upon a refusal, I did not *pop*.

Her admiration of the "gallant defenders of their country," as she called all the military of her acquaintance, whether regulars, militia, volunteers, or yeomanry, was in fact a passion. She talked of them, she dreamed of them, she lived but for them. Her inclination was evident in her conversation, in her costume, and more especially in the fitting up of her boudoir, where, in the place of puling love-sick poets, and pastoral valleys sacred to love in cottages, battle-pieces and grim-visaged warriors graced the walls.

It was indeed the *beau ideal* of the boudoir of a colonel's lady, and such Georgiana hoped one day to see it. Consequently, her flirtations were innumerable and incessant;

her list of lovers was but another version of the army list; an army list, as it were, upon the peace establishment. But I will do Georgiana the justice to say, that she was discreet in her advances; that she displayed good generalship in her attacks on the hearts of the warriors. In fact, the intensity of her admiration was regulated by the rank of its object; her love for a captain was great, but for a major, *major*.

What an event in the life of our martial-spirited heroine was a field day! What a day to be marked with a white stone, was a review. Then, as regularly as if she belonged to the staff of the general in command,

"The lady left her peaceful dwelling,
And rode her forth a colonelling."

And after a long and sportive warfare with the heroes under review, in which eyes, sighs, sandwiches, and champagne, were marshalled against crosses, orders, and Waterloo medals, she returned home to dream of little Cupids rendered decent by uniforms, and furnished with epaulettes instead of wings, and regulation small-swords instead of arrows.

Year after year passed in this unprofitable way, and in spite of the ingenuity with which her plans were laid, Georgiana regularly returned to her winter quarters, without succeeding in the grand object of her campaign—namely, winning a husband. The subalterns were afraid to look up to her, the colonels and staff officers too proud to look down upon her, and for some seasons she remained without an offer. At length an Irish major, who claimed acquaintance with her on the strength of having served in the fortieth, whilst her cousin Charles was in the thirty-ninth, ventured to throw himself at her feet in the character of her avowed admirer, and would certainly have been accepted, and raised by the hand of the modern Bellona, but that with the peculiar modesty, so inherent in natives of what O'Connell *once* called "the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea," he accompanied his protestations of love by enquiries, which the lady deemed too minute, into the nature of her property. Georgiana's delicacy was offended, (a fact which excited considerable

surprise in the mind of the major,) and accordingly she reversed the order in which the word of command is generally given, and before the bold Milesian had completed his "address," in hopes to "stand at ease" in the good opinion of the fair damsel, she commanded him first to "halt," and then to "march" out of the house.

The major was disappointed, and so, to tell the truth, was the lady. The fates seemed to wage war against her wishes.

"So to a coat of regimental red
She never *was*, but always *to be wed*."

And she was one and thirty, or to use her own expression, she had had "her majority" ten years, before she got the command of a husband and a household.

When she did, spite of all her protestations never to marry a civilian, the fortunate winner of her hand was not a soldier. She had failed in fixing the affections of one of those avowed slayers of their fellow-creatures, and was fain to accept the addresses of a somewhat kindred spirit, who busied himself only with intestinal wars, and received his commission not from the Horse Guards, but from Lincoln's Inn Fields. In short, Georgiana Dashwood, the maid who loved the military, condescended as a *dernier resort* to marry a surgeon.

Many and merry were the jokes which were perpetrated on the occasion, at the different mess-tables throughout the kingdom, as soon as the Post and the Court Journal communicated the news. But one alone shall here be immortalised.

"So Georgiana Dashwood is married at last," said a pert cornet of the ———, then quartered at Brighton. "What regiment?" enquired one of his lisping and well-mustachioed *compagnons de guerre*, to whom our heroine's propensities seemed familiar.

"No regiment," was the reply; "although she always said she would marry a soldier, a surgeon is the lucky man."

"Faith, then," said Georgiana's old attaché, the Irish major, who happened to be present; "faith then, hasn't she kept her word, by marrying *one of the lancers*?"

T.

LOVE.

FIRST Love is like the Violet,
Which shuns the searching eye;
It loves the shade, and rudely plucked,
Will fade away and die:
But e'en in death, and fading bloom,
Breathes fragrance from its early tomb.

The Love we know in after years
Is like the full-blown Rose,
Careless who sees its heart's deep core,
Proud of the tints it shows.
Each passer-by a leaf now claims,
Till but a scentless stem remains.

AUGUSTA.

THE PROPHECY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

"He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy."
HENRY THE EIGHTH.

It was the morning of the montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior colleger, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the pageant of the day. Morley, his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry collegers proceeded in regular array to Salthill, where the captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence, flourished a flag as preliminary to the busy proceedings of the morning. After this ceremony had been duly performed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of authorised robbery, stopping every passenger from the prince to the bargeman, and demanding *salt*, an Etonian synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of his path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness rather than amenity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard, which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew high upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck of beauty was indeed upon his lineaments, but they were neverthe-

less noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.

The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of grey cotton, carefully gartered with white ribbons, and he was shod with a short buskin which reached just above the ankle. He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motley's the only wear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colours which composed it. Morley remembered to have heard that a person had been frequently seen in the neighbourhood who was supposed to be mad, and who it now occurred to him precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded *salt*.

"*Salt?* what mean you?"

"Money."

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from rich and poor alike."

"*Exact!* thou art then both publican and sinner."

"Come, wilt thou depose thy tribute?" and he extended the mouth of a richly embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable Sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg? Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy livery belies thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave's serving man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee; but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape's serving monkey." The blood rushed to Morley's cheek in a tor-

rent. "I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!"

"I beg not, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse thy demand—thou art not a very formidable assessor."

"Then force should compel it." The stranger smiled scornfully. "Come, disburse; a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation: we take anything but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fie upon your custom. You rob!—aye, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well—I say it at all risks, and in good current English,—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your school-fellow, and purchase an honourable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalised larceny in his behalf, with the devil's requital. A word to the wise—if thou'rt a fool, why thou wert born no better than thy kind, and wert therefore born to be fooled."

"What mean you?"

"I mean, in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush to help to mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom thou art graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain."

Morley was staggered. He felt his heart throb with indignation, but was absolutely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it at once so commanding and uncommon, associating, too, with it, as Morley did, an idea of insanity, that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills, and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed. Morley tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long

hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinal, like the sibyl leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was sottish enough to do a silly thing, merely for the sake of realising the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, can'st thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be? 'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus, 'too much learning has made thee mad.'"

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the tremour within. There's lie written upon thy face; 'tis marked as legibly as coward upon thy heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is *unblushingly* contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throb of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitters of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out.' They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as 'the gall of asps' within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering. Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now controul, exclaimed—

"Stay; one question more before we part. As I am to be unhappy, is my life to be long or short?"

"Let me see thy palm." He took Morley's hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, "Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birth-day; death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon it—but we must all die; what matters it when?"

Saying this he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto buoyant spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still

he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true, of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavours to disguise.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that I can have anything to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why then should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his integrity or to doubt his love."

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to beware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced, and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in *statu pupillari* at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought, that such a *trifling accident* could in any way operate upon Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in

spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been anything but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might after all be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly, however, after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man, who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumoured deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely three-and-twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life,

that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not controul it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since even the sacred scriptures represent the hour of death as a matter hidden amongst the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birth-day, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year, however, rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very unchequered life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. *She* had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be *assured* of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was ever present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one-and-twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil: on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully expected to see it realised. His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birth-day at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection.

A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were only now a few hours to the conclusion of this long-dreaded day, and the *almost* impossibility of anything like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly:

"My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birth-day; there you are, alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left Morley's cheeks; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, "he has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet." Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly re-awakened had, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eye-lid, showed that there

was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote sullenly upon Morley's ear like the wail of the dead. He started, his cheek grew paler, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and, for a moment, he sunk back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should repair to the drawing-room, in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind. Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his soul to be so easily dislodged. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection; maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humour, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded, and shortly after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She, however, at length succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great de-

pression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she flattered herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly throwing on her dressing-gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a

moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bed-side, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not *counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birth-day*. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

CHARLES EDWARD AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

"He reached, with his devoted few, the wild and desolate vale of Gortuleg about sunset. His appearance was afterwards described by a person who lived to an advanced age, and who, being then a girl, was listlessly gazing down the glen, when it became suddenly filled with horsemen riding at a furious pace. Impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland superstition, are only visible between one wink of the eye and the other, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would cause the strange and magnificent apparition to disappear."—*History of the Rebellion in Scotland, 1745.*

SEE where they come with furious speed,
 Along the wild and lonely vale!
 No voice, no sound of man or steed—
 They sweep as sweeps the rushing gale.
 No shadows on the ground they cast,
 Their's is no tardy mortal band;
 Tidings they bear, with eager haste,
 To the glittering realm of Fairy-land!
 Their plumes are streaming on the breeze,
 A white rose on their helms I see,
 As darting through the yielding trees
 They gleam between the light and me.
 Be fix'd my eyes—close not awhile,
 Nor let the pageant fade away,
 That seeks my senses to beguile
 With all its seeming brave array.
 Ha! still 'tis here, and nearer now
 The gallant horsemen spur amain;
 But on each cheek, and on each brow,
 Are traces as of mortal pain.
 Even thus, amidst the gloomy wood,
 The phantom knight pursues his way,
 Onward through brake, and dell, and flood,
 His train their restless lord obey;

Even thus their brows are stamp'd with care,
 Even such their features of despair! *
 Their swords—what stains bedim each blade!
 Can those be drops of fairy dew?
 Their scarfs—alas! the tartan plaid,
 Soil'd, torn, and dyed a crimson hue!
 Hide, hide my eyes, the dreadful sight,
 No dream, no vision ye behold;
 But warriors, urged to desp'rate flight,
 How vainly true—how vainly bold!
 The fatal truth I see—I know;
 'Tis he, fair Scotland's cherish'd flower,
 Who pass'd this vale not long ago
 In all the pride of youth and power.
 Upon his crest sat honour crown'd,
 Beauty and joy were on his brow;
 Not yet the year has mark'd its round—
 Where are his glittering prospects now?
 All vanish'd in Culloden's fight,
 All scatter'd by a whirlwind's blast,
 All fled, as from my straining sight
 He and his band like shades are past!

L. S. C.

* See the Legend of *Hellequin* and his phantom family.

CHATSWORTH,

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

BEFORE we proceed with our description of Chatsworth Hall, it will be interesting to our readers to have a few particulars laid before them of the celebrated family of Cavendish, by whom that splendid edifice was erected, and to whom it has ever since belonged.

It is well known that, after the custom of the Normans, surnames were generally taken from towns, offices, &c., and were not often assumed till the reign of Edward II. This family, accordingly, acquired its name from the lordship of Cavendish in Suffolk, obtained in marriage, by Roger, a younger son of the ancient family of the Gernons; whose son took the name of Cavendish.

It were not uninteresting, did our space permit, to take a retrospective view of the Gernons, a family of great note in Norfolk and Essex, descended from Robert de Gernon, a famous Norman, who assisted William the Conqueror in his invasion of this kingdom. John Cavendish, the eldest son of the above Roger de Gernon, arrived to the dignity of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Edward III.; and in the succeeding reign of Richard II., was made Treasurer of England, and commissioned to suppress the insurrection at York. During this year a rising took place in many parts of England, but particularly in Suffolk; the mob, consisting of fifty thousand, being chiefly incensed against the Chief Justice Cavendish, (his son, John Cavendish, having given the finishing stroke to Wat Tyler, in Smithfield,) dragged him to the market-place in Bury, and there murdered him.

The achievement of John Cavendish is thus related by an old historian. "For William Walworth, mayor of London, having arrested him, he furiously struck the mayor with his dagger, but, being armed, hurt him not; whereupon the mayor, drawing his *basclard*, grievously wounded Wat in the neck; in which conflict, an esquire of the king's house, called John Cavendish, drew his sword and wounded him twice or thrice, even unto death."

We trace from this period, to the reign of Henry VIII., the family of the Cavendishes employed in various important offices, and severally distinguished in all.

Sir William Cavendish, who may be appropriately termed the founder of the now

noble houses of Newcastle and Devonshire, was the son of Thomas Cavendish, who held an official situation in the court of exchequer. From him it is probable he attained that knowledge which enabled him to assist so ably and meritoriously in the great work of the Reformation. Indeed, the eminent talents displayed by him, and the zeal which he exhibited upon that occasion, obtained for him the favour of his sovereign, Henry VIII. In addition to some valuable grants of abbey lands, and his preferment to offices of less honour and dignity, he was, in 1546, made Treasurer of the Chamber, knighted, and admitted of the privy council.

The widow of Sir William Cavendish, Elizabeth, the heiress of Hardwicke, who afterwards married George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, amassed the greater portion of the Cavendish wealth. She gave, during her lifetime, immense estates to her three sons—Henry Cavendish—William, afterwards created Earl of Devonshire—and Sir Charles Cavendish, the father of William, Duke of Newcastle. But an enormous accession was made to the Devonshire rental, by the Burlington property got in Ireland by the great Earl of Cork, during the reign of James I., and by the remnants of the Clifford family in Yorkshire.

In 1694, William, the fourth earl, was created Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. This nobleman and his successors have respectively held important offices in the state, and have been successively lords lieutenant of the county of Derby.

Chatsworth is now the property of his great grandson, William Spencer, the sixth duke and ninth earl of Devonshire.

Chatsworth, or, as it is called in the Domesday survey, Chetesworde, doubtless takes its name from Chetel, one of its Saxon owners mentioned in that survey. William Peveril, "of the Peak," whose family has been immortalised by our great Novelist, held it for the king when the survey was taken.

The manor of Chatsworth belonged, for several generations, to the family of Leche. Chatsworth was sold by Francis Leche, the then representative of that family (which has long become extinct) to the family of Agard, of whom it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish. Soon after his purchase of the

estate, he pulled down the old Hall, and began to build a spacious mansion, which was finished by his widow, who made it her occasional residence during her union with her fourth husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury.

This nobleman, to whom the custody of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots had been confided, kept his prisoner in Chatsworth Hall, where she resided many months. It was also the residence of the great Cecil Lord Burleigh, during the period of an attempted negotiation between Queen Elizabeth and Mary; and in 1577, we find that the queen wrote with her own hand to thank the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury for their magnificent entertainment of her favourite minister, the Earl of Leicester, at Chatsworth.

Chatsworth old hall is additionally interesting in an historical light, having been occupied as a fortress, in the civil wars, both on the side of the king and the parliament.

Dr. Kennet, in his *Memoirs of the Cavendish family*, after relating the circumstance of the prosecution of the first Duke (then Earl) of Devonshire, by the Court of King's Bench, for striking Colonel Culpepper in the king's presence, for which he was fined 30,000*l.*, adds, "it was under this load of difficulties that he first projected the new glorious pile of Chatsworth, as if his mind rose upon the depression of his fortune." And, indeed, no expense was spared on the part of the duke, in the erection of, first, the south side of the building; second, the east side of the quadrangle, and lastly, after some years, the two remaining sides of the noble edifice; thus rebuilding and entirely completing, in about twenty years, at a prodigious cost, one of the noblest structures in England. And although the building itself was of enormous expense, yet it was the least charge, when the gardens, water-works, statues, pictures, and the finest specimens of art that could be obtained in Europe, are taken into account. It was completed in 1787.

There is nothing to confirm the truth of the tradition, that the apartments devoted to Mary Queen of Scots were preserved when the present edifice was erected. It is certain, however, that the rooms, bearing the name of the royal prisoner, are situated on the exact site of those inhabited by her; and the bedroom is furnished with the same tapestry and bed.

Chatsworth Hall forms nearly a square, comprising a court on the inside, in the middle of which is a fountain, and on the north and south sides a colonnade. The south front is 190, and the west front 172 feet in length.

The house is built in the Ionic order, with a flat roof, surrounded by a balustrade. The entrance is on the west by a flight of steps, from a terrace, extending the whole length of the building. The front, facing the garden, is magnificent, and the motto of the family, "*cavendo tutus*," in large letters, is placed under the cornice of the frieze; so that the letters, widely set, extend the entire length of the front.

In all old castles, the rule of having the state apartments very high, and generally on the third story, was invariably observed. This is remarkably the case at Chatsworth, and also at Belvoir Castle (both comparatively modern structures); which being erected on the site of ancient castles, have been formed on a similar principle.

Chatsworth House is most beautifully situated, standing near the foot of a steep and well-wooded hill; beneath which, at a short distance, flows the Derwent. This lovely river runs through the park in a luxuriant valley, bounded by the Peak Mountains. At the summit, and on the point of the hill, behind the hall, stands an ancient tower about ninety feet in height, called the Hunting Tower; from the top of which it was formerly usual for ladies to behold the diversion of hunting. Within a moat, by the river side, is another tower, called the Bower of Mary, Queen of Scots: reported to have been her favourite resort during her stay at Chatsworth.

Chatsworth Hall was termed, on its completion—and is still considered—the first of the seven wonders of the Peak, thus concisely recorded by Hobbes*, the celebrated philosopher of Malmsbury, in a Latin verse, of which the following is a rude translation:—

"A wondrous house, high mountain, horrid pit,
Two fountains, and two caves, Peak has in it."

Dr. Leigh, in his *Natural History of Derbyshire*, thus describes Chatsworth:—"Chatsworth, like a sun in an hazy air, gives lustre to the dusky mountains of the Peak, and attracts a general congress to be spectators of its wonders. The passage to it is of an easy

* Hobbes was tutor to William, the second Earl of Devonshire, and was a resident in his family for many years. The old philosopher divided his time pretty equally between recreation and study; the former of which he found in an early walk; and the latter he pursued with the accompanying sedative—a pipe. During his sojourn with this illustrious family, he made "*The Wonders of the Peak*," the subject of a poem in Latin verse, wherein Chatsworth is particularly, and with much fidelity, depicted and celebrated.

Charles Cotton also wrote "*The Wonders of the Peak*," an English poem; in which he, in like manner, declares his admiration of this splendid building.

ascent; the gate adorned with several trophies; the hill composes a stately square; from which, through a gallery upon stone stairs, so artfully contrived, that they seem to hang in the air, you have a prospect of a most beautiful Chapel and Hall, full of choice and curious paintings; the one containing the History of Cæsar, stabbed in the Senate; and the other, a lively and admirable draught of the resurrection; both performed by Signor Vario, that great master of the art. The chambers are noble and great, most richly inlaid with the choicest woods, and compose a very stately gallery; at the upper end of which is the Duke's closet, finely beautified with Indian paint, and the various figures of birds, as they are drawn by the native Indians. Here also stands a stately looking-glass; which, when you approach it, reflects the whole gallery back again, and so deceives the sight, that the walk seems to continue, though you are at the end of it. The next curiosity is the gardens, which are very delightful, pleasant, and stately, adorned with exquisite water-works; as, first, Neptune, with his sea-nymphs, who seem to sport themselves in the waters (let out by a cock in several columns), which appear to fall upon the sea-weeds. Second, a pond where sea-horses continually rowl. Third, a tree, exactly resembling a willow, made of copper, of which, by the turning of a cock, every leaf continually distils drops of water, and so lively represents a shower of rain. Fourth, a grove of cypress, and a cascade; at the top of which stand two sea-nymphs, with each a jar under her arm, from whence the water falling upon the cascade, whilst they seem to squeeze the vessels, produces a loud rumbling noise, like the Egyptian or Indian cataracts. Fifth, at the bottom of this cascade is another pond, in which is an artificial rose; through which, by the turning of a cock, the water ascends and hangs suspended in the air in the figure of that flower. Sixth, there is also another pond, wherein is Mercury, pointing to the Gods, and throwing up water. Seventh, besides these things, there are several statues of Gladiators, with the muscles of the body very lively displayed in their different postures. This pile is not completely finished, though the late Duke of Devonshire was continually making additions to it for twenty years; but, as 'tis, 'tis a magnificent structure, and suitable to so great and illustrious a family."

Among the artists employed in this man-

sion was Verrio, mentioned in our extract, the well known Italian painter. Caius Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor and statuary, the father of Colley Cibber. Gibbons, the celebrated carver in wood, whose magic chissel could give to flowers and fruit, carved from the hardest wood, the apparent softness and grace of nature. And Watson, many of whose works are hardly less exquisite than those of his master. Verrio, besides many other efforts of his pencil, painted the great chamber, the staircase, and altar piece; which last is perhaps the best specimen of that master. Cibber executed the two Sphynxes, the statue of Neptune in a fountain, the two figures of Faith and Hope, on either side of the altar, and the statues of Pallas, Apollo, and a Triton. He also made the four Sea-Horses, the Triton having been finished before, to complete the design.

There has been much dispute as to whether Gibbons was ever employed at Chatsworth. Lord Orford, however, not a mean authority in these matters, says, "At Chatsworth are many ornaments by Gibbons, particularly in the chapel: in the great ante-chamber are several dead fowls over the chimney, finely executed; and on a closet door a pen, not distinguishable from real feather."

Samuel Watson, a native of the Peak, was no unworthy pupil of such a master. Many of his works executed at Chatsworth have been mistaken for those of Gibbons, and vie with them in point of excellence.

The water-works were constructed by Grillet, a French Artist.

Perhaps no better idea can be given of the general effect of grandeur and beauty of this "Palace of the Peak," than by quoting the following lines from Charles Cotton's poem:—

"But here I may not dare to go about
To give account of every thing throughout;
The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,
Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,
And rooms of state; for should I undertake
To show what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
The pictures, sculptures, carving, garving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing, as in building."

In addition to many other distinguished personages who have been, at different periods, inmates of Chatsworth, we should mention, that in 1768, the King of Denmark was there; and that in 1816, the present Emperor of Russia, then the grand Duke Nicholas, was splendidly entertained by the present Duke.

During this last year, also, it has been honoured with a royal visit in the persons of the Princess Victoria and her august mother.

CRITIQUE ON THE EPIC POEM, ENTITLED, "A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO."

"Lady!—a fearful bride thy son hath wed!"
GIAOUR.

BEFORE we proceed to analyse the poem which forms the subject of the following disquisition, it will perhaps be advisable to hazard a few remarks on the conjectures which naturally arise as to the possible date of the performance; on what occasion it was written, and to whom the authorship is to be attributed. From the language of the poem, as well as from the passage at the commencement, I do not imagine it to be of very great antiquity; but the precise era of its composition must, I fear, be left a matter of uncertainty: if, however, we are willing to suppose that an interpolation has corrupted the text in the solitary instance alluded to, we may safely carry it back to any given period of our annals, as the events narrated are precisely those which might occur in any of the stages of civilised society; and being true to nature, and replete with the interest which the passions and feelings of mankind, when fully developed, never fail to impart, the poem may claim our sympathy connected with the actions of the wisest and the greatest in our land. But considering the work merely with reference to the text, as we now find it in the greater part of the printed copies, it cannot even then be set down as a production entirely modern; the usages and manners are not exactly those of the present day, and are characteristic of a remoter period. The occasion on which it was written, must of course remain equally hid from our knowledge, while we speculate upon the period to which to assign it. Some authors have traced it to a national and political source, and have even gone so far as to ascribe its production to the thirteenth century; considering the poem a satire upon St. Louis (designated under the sobriquet of a "Frog," while under the tutelage of his mother, Blanche of Castile; though from what corresponding adventures in his eventful life they pursue the parallel, I am at a loss to determine. Others, again, who view every object through the medium of polemical enquiry, have conceived that the schisms of the church, the progress of the reformed religion, and the fate of new creeds were typified under the vicissitudes which befal the leading personages of the poem. But this specu-

lation I hold to be as unfounded as the preceding; and these writers have, I fear, done little more than involve themselves in perplexing queries, without arriving at any just conclusion. The third great point of enquiry has never yet been examined. Many opinions have been formed on the date and *motus* of this remarkable poem, but none have ever sought to ascertain the name of the authors. Innumerable commentators, whose labours have darkened the countless pages of controversy, have ascribed a thousand causes as the original; have dealt with peculiar emphasis on every passage or reading susceptible of a political or theological interpretation: but very vague have been the attempts to attribute the work to any particular individual. For my own part, having attentively considered the subject, and examined every authority which I thought could throw a light on the question, I have arrived at the following conclusion:—That the poem is the production of a writer, bearing either his own, or the assumed name of "Rowley." When we remember the forgeries of Chatterton, we are apt to become suspicious of a name which recalls the celebrated imposture of the last century; but this Rowley I take to be neither the pseudo monk of the fifteenth century, nor either of the dramatic authors of that name of the time of Charles the First; indeed, the Christian name of Anthony sets the last supposition entirely at rest. If he be a *real* Rowley, and I see no reason to doubt his being so, it is most likely that he flourished during the reign of the son of the ill-fated king above alluded to: or, admitting the name to be fictitious, the conjecture which ascribes the poem to this period, acquires a greater degree of strength, when we remember that "Rowley" was the nickname of the merry monarch himself; and from hence we may easily infer that Buckingham, or Sedley, or Etherege, or some other of the wits about the court, penned the satirical effusion at the expense of their sovereign, whom they covertly introduced as the Chorus of the Drama, hypocritically lamenting the errors into which the wild freaks of his youth had led him, and proceeding from one degree of vice to an-

other, still under the guise of one, who, lamenting the sins of his past life, is content with this maudlin contrition alone, and concludes his career in the same graceless manner in which it began. I confess I am inclined to favour this latter opinion, though in doing so I abandon my author's identity.

"But whither would conjecture stray?"

It is time for us to consider the poem itself. It commences in a bold and lofty style, and, in the true spirit of the Epic, enters at once "*in medius res*."

"A frog he would a wooing go."

Here, at one masterly stroke, the hero is set before us, portrayed in all the energy of youth, and the fire of young blood:

"As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer."

We may fancy him a rich young heir, just emancipated from the trammels of tutelage; "lord of himself," with the discovery yet to be made of his "heritage of woe" in store. Flushed with conscious pride, he gaily embarks on the world's glittering current, and closes his ears to the voice of grave remonstrance:—

"Whether his mother would let him or no."

This line describes his domestic relations; he is not alone in the world: an aged mother, who has watched his gradual advance from infancy to manhood, who has cherished him through many untoward events, and marked with pleasure the expansion of his mind, and the development of his frame, now trembles with maternal solicitude, as he is about to step across the threshold of life, and enter its wide arena. She mildly desires him to pause ere he ventures rashly on the unknown track; she describes the syren arts which are ever ready to entrap unwary youth, and conjures him to consider well before he commits the irrevocable act. She appeals to him by the ties of their relationship, and declares, in the language of Volumnia,

"—There is no man i' the world,
More bound to his mother."

But vainly she urges: the demon of self-will asserts his dominion; and despite her prayers, her tears, and her entreaties, he resolves to go forth—

"Whether his mother would let him or no."

May we not imagine at such a moment the tenderness of her maternal feelings giving way to a spirit of vaticination! As he despises her prayer, she raises her hands

and eyes to heaven, while she prophetically assures him—

"The Gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs."

But he has passed the Rubicon; he has made his election, and unmoved he quits his mother's presence. The Gods are not blind to his impiety. He prepares himself for conquest, and assuming his gayest attire, he sallies forth:—

"Off he set with his *opera hat*."

It was this passage which furnished us with matter for the remark at the commencement of our essay, relative to the genuineness of the line. If, as we are led to believe, the poem was written during the reign of Charles the Second, the interpolation by some modern editor has caused an evident anachronism, as the beavers termed opera hats were not introduced till the year 1759. But the meaning of the passage is by no means obscure. He was armed point-device for victory; with a fine person adorned by all the advantages of dress, he seizes his Opera hat and becomes irresistible! Although a proverb but of recent manufacture, there is none more true than that of "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*;" and in vice this is more especially the case. He has rejected his mother's advice, and finds himself in the situation which the bard so feelingly describes:—

"With none to check and few to point in time,
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime."

The mission on which he departs is unhallowed, and straightway the Tempter furnishes him with an accessory to the sin he meditates:—

"And on the road he met with a rat!"

Ominous conjunction! unnatural alliance! Beware, Ranunculus*; such friendship bodes thee little good. How admirably has the poet contrived to show us, in a single line, the dangerous position in which the hero is placed. He goes forth to triumph in the career of gallantry, and who does he encounter to spirit him further to the act? A crafty rat, a very Sinon—of a character proverbial for wiles and deceit; one of those bully-rooms, all whisker and braggadocio, cheater, dicer, and swaggerer:—

"A whoreson upstart apocryphal Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather."†

This cutpurse extends towards him the hand

* Cicero, Div. i. 19.

† Ben Jonson's Alchemist.

of attraction; the unwary youth accepts it and is undone! The designing rat, like an old routier, beckoned his young companion on.

"Soon they arrive at Mouse's Hall."

Like most of the fraternity who live by the exercise of their wits, who roam upon the highways seeking whom they may devour, this hirsute Mephistopheles has a partner in confederacy. A visit to a pretended relation is the ostensible purpose of their journey. The *Sieur 'Le Rat'* affects to be ignorant whether the fair Dalilah is at home; he approaches as if by chance.

"They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call," and accompany the action by a direct enquiry,

"Pray Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"

Observe well the answer, calculated to impress an unsophisticated mind with the belief of the simple virtues of the inmate:—

"Yes, kind Sirs, I'm set down to spin!"

Well did she calculate with whom she had to do; the vicious will sometimes assume a virtue if they have it not, and the temptress knew that the semblance of industry would operate powerfully in her favour. She puts on, therefore, the air of the Roman matron; instead of being discovered revelling in luxury and idleness, she betakes herself, like Lucretia, to her housewifery occupation, and when the gallants enter:—

"— nocte sera deditam lanæ inter lucubrantes, ancillas in medio ædium sedentem inveniunt." *

It is to be lamented that an hiatus should occur in the poem just here, or we should doubtless have seen, after the introduction of the thoughtless youth, how the barriers of reserve were gradually broken down, and the outworks of decorum demolished. We may, however, *infer* this, for fortunately the next passage throws a light on the subject. Here the bully-ruff, Captain Rat, shows himself in his true colours; with a swaggering air, he throws himself into a chair, and with a big voice exclaims—

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer, That Froggy and I may have some good cheer!"

Remark the familiarity which vice engenders; his acquaintance with "*Sir Cranion*" was scarcely a day old, and already he had adopted the freedom of address which boon companions exhibit towards each other. How clearly is the demoralising influence of vice made apparent in this stanza. It need not

now excite our wonder to find the party "carousing pottle-deep." Many a health is drunk; and emboldened by the wine or beer, the amorous visiter requests the fair hostess to add to the enjoyments of the evening, by the harmonious exercise of her vocal powers:—

"Pray Mrs. Mouse, will you give us a song?"

And note well the contrast between the neophyte and his preceptor in vice; the former, not yet quite free from his rustic politeness, modestly requests so great a favour, while the thirsty rat breaks in with the following rude and characteristic observation:—

"Let the subject be something that's not very long."

We may imagine the song which the lady chose; like the daughter of Glendower addressing Mortimer,

"— she bids him
Upon the wanton rushes lay him down,
And rest his gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth him;"

and we may also imagine how enraptured "the monarch o'er the syren hung," as he listened to her melody. It is now the fair one's turn to entreat a similar display on her lover's part:

"Pray will you give us a song, Mr. Frog!"

Who is there that cannot vouch for the accuracy of the picture, the close observance of nature in his reply:—

"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog!"

A proof that he could sing, if he would, for none presume upon the plea of hoarseness, unless they are conscious of possessing superior musical powers. And hoarse enough he doubtless was; late hours, hard drinking, wet nights, and riotous companions—the angel Inafil would croak if he were to do the same. It may, however, be presumed that this denial was only made to excite to farther entreaty; but a lacuna here unfortunately prevents our learning more of the nature of their revels. But when we consider the characters of the individuals assembled, compounded of knavery, credulity, and artifice, when we remember the lateness of the hour, the excitements of wine and music, it requires little stretch of imagination to believe that gambling was not forgotten. Whatever their occupation, it is evident that now came in the secret of the night, and we can fancy the obstreperous machinations of the bully-rook, as he throws the die or drains the flagon, and the reckless gaiety of the enamoured *Ranunculus*, exclaiming—

"Fore Heaven, a more excellent song than the other,"

* T. Livius, lib. i. cap. lvii.

as he listens to the bewitching tones of the seductive *Mustella*. But mark the sequel:—

"Ruin from Man is most concealed when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow."*

In the midst of their revelry the hand-writing appears on the wall!

"As they were thus a merry-making,
A Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in."

Oh, fatal irruption! oh, dire event! but oh, just visitation! See how the wicked are discomfited! Behold what a picture of confusion and dismay!

"The cat she seized the rat by the crown."

Without pause or stay, like the demon-statue embracing the reprobate and infidel Don Juan, the chief delinquent is seized and hurled to perdition; the female accomplice is speedily involved in the same fate. The myrmidons of justice rush on with destroying rage:—

"The kittens they pulled the little mouse down!"

How quaintly the poet describes the condition of his hero:—

"This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright!"

But the ruling passion is strong, even in his extremity. Already has fashionable life imparted the cold chill of selfishness to his character; in the midst of this wild disorder, he forgets the misfortunes of his quondam friends, and remembers only the loss he should sustain, were he to leave behind him the chief ornament of his person:—

"So he took up his hat, and,—"

unable to repel a faint touch of bacchanalian humour,

"—he wished them good night!"

laughing in his sleeve at his escape, and rejoicing in the dispensation which rendered him obnoxious, as food, to either cat or kitten. Perhaps, too, a thought of the security he en-

joyed in his native marshes, might cross his mind at this moment; away, therefore, he flies, but with unsteady footsteps, and a brain heated by the effects of his midnight orgies; he arrives at the brink of a stream, and plunges in the wave, to cool his feverish limbs, and recover from his debauch. But the climax of events is at hand.

"As he was crossing over a brook."

We pause as we read, in momentary expectation of some scene of horror! the blood curdles by anticipation! a new actor appears before us. "A lily-white duck" comes sailing, like some huge kraken, or snow wreath,—the catastrophe is at hand!

"Audivere, Dii, audivere, Lyce!"

The vengeance of the gods is at length arrived!

"A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up."

The curtain falls upon the scene;

"He dies, and makes no sign."

How feeling is the moral couched in the concluding stanza:—

"So here's an end of one, two, and three,
The rat, the mouse, and the little froggy."

The uncertainty of life; the empty joys of the world; the overwhelming punishment which awaits the guilty: how clearly are they all conveyed in these two simple lines. As we peruse them, we sigh over the frailties of our nature, and drop a tear to the memory of the departed!

"If they were guilty their lives paid for wrong;
A heavy price must all pay who thus err
In some shape, let none think to shun the danger,
For soon or late guilt is his own avenger!"

And as we muse upon their fate, "striking our pensive bosoms," we assent to the pathetic exclamation of the recording bard,

"Heighho! says Anthony Rowley."

* Young.

MAX.

ADIEU.*

WHY speaks such grief that little word,
Why draws it e'en a tear;
It tells of parting from the lov'd,
From those we hold most dear.

Even hardened hearts can scarce suppress
Affection's deep-drawn sigh,
When lingering o'er the mournful hour
Which bursts each dearest tie.

The heart, as mem'ry flings its dream,
Now heaves th' unbidden sigh;
The tear that ne'er has risen there,
Now trembles in the eye.

Adieu! Alas, how sad that word—
'Tis sorrow's darkest hour,
When all the loving and the lov'd
Must feel its mournful power.

* By a young lady not yet twelve years old.

THE ART OF NOVEL WRITING.

BY PROFESSOR J. J. PARK.

ON rejoining my friends, I found them still in *brooding* discussion of the phenomenon of the present age, *novel writing*.

"Persons," said Evelyn, "who have no judgment which is properly their own, and whose perceptions, even, are merely the echoes of common opinion (and such persons form nine-tenths of mankind), have no idea that, in this walk of art, we are living in an era as extraordinary and memorable as that which elsewhere, and in another line, produced the works of Correggio and Raphael; an age which probably will never return, while its productions will be imperishable. Still less are they aware that, for the last twenty years and upwards, prose works of imagination have been really assuming a power, as agents in the great work of moral improvement, in the gradual re-modelling of the human character and sensibilities, compared with which, all direct moral *instruction*, or what is so called, is becoming trifling and contemptible. And they who can only see the workings of Providence in those narrow and conventional tracks, in which they have been *taught* to recognise it, or to fancy it, would not even understand you, if you were to tell them that your main hopes, in this age of accumulating problem as to the prospects of mankind, are built upon the extraordinary and almost miraculous character of moral instrumentality, which has been stamped upon the major part of this important section of public instruction; while the tendency of almost every other influential agency of modern times has been at least equivocal, if not pernicious."

"I suspect," said Falkland, "that they would even question the soundness of your morality if you were to attempt to open their eyes."

"With some persons," rejoined Evelyn, "all morality consists in abstaining from the seven deadly sins. They forget that crimes are, comparatively, the remote incidents of human life; and that its *main* material is composed of propensities, of habits, of sensibilities, of perceptions, and of delicate and complicated duties, relations, and dependencies; while its main value consists in the model upon which all these are formed and executed, and its accurate adjustment to the circumstances and position of the individual. Mere didactic instruction is too general to

apply itself to these, while it fails to realise the actual incidents and scenes upon which character is to be *enacted*; and hence, as the vulgar phrase is, 'it goes in at one ear and out at the other.'

"But I was directing my attention rather to the wondrous mystery of *art*, which the higher order of these works exhibit; for it has been a favourite hobby of mine to attempt to analyse and discover the secret of their formation, as a painter would pore into the mysteries of a first-rate Titian or Salvator Rosa. The *highest* productions of art, however, are always inscrutable to the bystander; and it is only when we come down to second-rate genius, that its mode of working can be detected, or that you can discover the secret of the *handling*. And here, I think I could give a beginner some hints.

"The first essential is to get your mind, imagination, and memory, thoroughly imbued with the particular element of life in which your scene is to be laid; and if this be one foreign to your own experience, or of a past time, you can only do that by extensively reading, and concentrating your mind upon the historical or illustrative literature of the place or period. In this operation, a person of very extensive reading can *track* most of our first novelists; and it is sometimes amusing to observe from what very trivial, as well as recondite sources a clever writer will draw materials. In the third volume, for instance, of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, you may track its talented author throughout the whole of Jeannie Deans's journey to London, in the Appendix of Local Proverbs, &c. to Grose's Provincial Glossary. But see the richness of effect, which such a mind as his gave to these common-place vulgarities.

"I should add, that to the successful effect of *some* of our modern novel writing, much more depends than most people are aware of, upon what may be called the *intonation*, or the key, in which the writer pitches his narrative. Writers are, in this respect, like church organs: each has some key, in which he harmonises best. The peculiar sentiment of each man's soul has an answering tone in style; and unless he happen to hit this, the full effect is not given. A major key will not express the sentiment which is conceived in a minor one, nor will a sharp key always do the work of a flat one. There is a *time*,

too, in style, and a disposal and arrangement of the *rests*, upon which much of the success of *effect* depends."

"Can you give any strong illustration of your particular meaning?" enquired Falkland.

"I know not that I could do better than refer to the '*Lights and Shades of Scottish Life*.' Nearly the whole effectiveness of that writer's productions—genius being given—may be stated as dependent upon the peculiar pitch or key in which he has *set* his compositions, and its precise adaptation to the *tone* of his sentiment. Although this tone is not strictly true to the verity of life, yet aided by its perfect correspondency to his style it produces great effect, and is admirably adapted to a combination of *sweetness* and *pathos*. But nerve or raciness is quite out of the question; and the sweetness is of a nature that palls after a time.

"I think if any one will take the trouble to impregnate his mind and his ear with the particular *pitch* of this writer, and will sit down under that state of impregnation, he will find it not very difficult to produce *something* of his effect by that aid only, without having any resort to Covenanters or Cameronians; and I have the tone so strongly upon my ear at this moment, that if you will trouble yourself to hold the pen, (which you wield so rapidly,) for ten minutes, I think I could myself exemplify it by an off-hand specimen."

Amused at the idea, Falkland caught up an album from the table at which they were sitting, and rapidly took down the following sentences:

"The attachment of Malcolm and Ellen Graham was of a more intense and romantic order than ordinarily characterises the affection of first cousins. Perhaps, the familiar intercourse, from youth upwards, which persons in so near relationship commonly enjoy, and the homely knowledge of each other which that intercourse affords, causes the mantle of love to descend upon them rather in the sober mood which blesses the friendship and intimacy of married life, than in that idolatrous allegiance and subjection of the heart, in which the existence of these two individuals was wrapped up and enveloped.

"The attachment of Malcolm Graham to Ellen, I should perhaps have said; for though the devotedness and fidelity of Ellen Graham to him with whom she had exchanged vows was such, that had anything befallen Malcolm she would undoubtedly have sunk into a state of stricken heartedness, from which

the world and life would never have wholly recalled her; yet there was a moral altitude, and an unearthly tone in the spirit of Ellen Graham, which, while it rendered still more idolatrous and reverential the love of her betrothed cousin, perhaps excluded much of the dominion of passion from her own emotions towards him.

"Ellen Graham was not a methodist. Her piety represented God, perhaps, more as an object of undefinable love and aspiration, whose constant presence was at once a certain protection from harm, and an invincible obstacle to wrong doing, than as a being with the terrors of whose wrath, or the sunshine of whose grace, she was familiarised in all the terms of the dictionary. But it cannot be denied that her pure and uplifted thoughts were directed towards that heaven, which she contemplated as the certain and actual abode of two loved parental images, (one of *pure idea*, and the other of long-known and treasured experience,) quite as often as to any of the scenes of actual existence which were passing around her, and in which she bore her part.

"The attachment of Malcolm and Ellen Graham was recognised and approved by all their kindred; but so long a succession of casual obstacles had occurred to prevent their nuptials, that they had both been brought in some measure to regard each other as though they were all that they would ever be to one another, rather than as persons about to commence a career of joy and union, to which all their thoughts were tumultuously carried. The tremors of expectation had been so often and so long deferred, that their minds had settled into a sort of fixedness with regard to each other, which found its food and its life in a species of religious contemplation—I am afraid I must say adoration,—of the abstraction which mingled itself with all the thoughts of each.

"Ellen Graham indeed was not, at any time, one of those persons, whose recognised connexion with a young man of her own age and sphere of life would have filled with those ideas, which occupy the private thoughts of most young females about to be married. She never pictured herself hanging in graceful *whiteness* upon a husband's arm, along the walks of a watering place, and amid the gaze of whispering promenaders. Still less did her thoughts dwell on opening house, and hiring servants, and purchasing costly furniture, and all the other prerogatives of a newly married woman. It was quite certain that she had never discussed

"the wedding order," and that none of her female friends had ever detected her in raising enquiries upon occult points of housekeeping. Let not Ellen Graham be misunderstood. To the duties, the requirements, and the enjoyments which her situation would have occasioned, she would have been found ready and susceptible; but she had contemplated the married life rather as the unavoidable and natural result of that affection and congeniality which made separatedness an infliction, and as a career of mutually inspiring virtue and energy, than as a source of novel advantages, or increased importance.

"In the breast of Malcolm Graham—and in what *man* about to be married to the object of his affections is it otherwise?—the thoughts of the approaching "mystery of joy and union" had been much more complicated and had even rioted in detail. The last images of the night's wanderings, and the first of the morning's wakings, had been of that ecstatic period in the life of man, when all the tumults and anxieties of courtship passed and obliterated for ever, he beholds himself the loved and recognised possessor, guardian, and companion of the angel spirit, and the tender form which he has sought and won. The boundless confidence, the entire repose, the solid, fearless joy, the glowing consciousness; all had been the deep and treasured contemplations of his secret hours; and in the power of thought, solitude had been to him a joy and a virtue. But these energies of the heart had been as it were exhausted in the lapse of years of remediless delay; and the streams of affection, thus cheated of their fulfilment, had taken a tone more superstitious; and the heart had found its solace in abstractions not less intense, but perhaps less true to the actual realities of human life.

"While these years of 'hope deferred' had been passing over the heads of Malcolm and Ellen Graham, trial and heart-breaking had fallen sudden and heavily upon the family, in which Ellen had found her home from the hour of her widowed father's departure. To these, his best-loved kindred, she had been consigned by him, not as a burthen, but as a gift; of which he had known the value too well to deem that others could ever prize it less. Much as the worth of Ellen Graham had been felt in the days of prosperity and enjoyment, it was now that sorrow and perturbation had come upon them, that the strength and power of her character was really perceived, and that she was found to

be the rock to which they clung in the shipwreck which surrounded them.

"Mr. Jervis, of Jervis Wood, was a man, the natural structure of whose mind disposed him rather to borrow a tone from some higher pitched spirit, than to strike out his own course, and evidence his own stability of character amid the contending influences and commotions of life; and his present wife, although a woman of greater native strength, had broken down in a manner almost unexampled since the last calamity that had befallen them, the loss of *her* only child, and Mr. Jervis's only son, a midshipman in the Navy, who, after three years of much promise in the service, had sunk under a Mediterranean fever in his way home from the Dardanelles. After the first paroxysms of maternal agony were over, Mrs. Jervis had evinced a collectedness of manner, and had borne a calm, though tearful eye, which convinced every one that she would endure the blow with that fortitude of which her known character raised the expectation; but whether it was that nature had been over-strained in the effort, or from whatever other cause, within a month after the arrival of the fatal news, an unlooked-for change was manifest in Mrs. Jervis; and her family observed with surprise, that her energy and determinateness of character had sunk into a sort of inactive listlessness, from which she was with difficulty roused. And now that the period had arrived, when the vigour of a strong and supporting spirit was more than ever needed in the household at Jervis Wood, that mind which had hitherto been instant and energetic in every passing interest of her family, was secretly wandering in those ocean depths where the shrouded relics of her sailor-boy lay alone—alone—amid the waves.

"Mr. Jervis beheld this change with the alarm of a man, who knew the human heart too well not to be aware that it boded far more of permanent and irretrievable broken-heartedness, than the more violent and tumultuous forms of grief; and he wisely determined to adopt that which he believed to be the only available of human means for stemming this collapse of the feelings,—the introduction of a succession of new images and incidents. For this change of scene he unfortunately wanted no pretext.

"His sister, Mrs. Fraser, had since the death of her husband, who was a small heritor of the Island of Kaasay, not over-burdened with wealth, been placed by an awful dispensation of Providence, in a position of

anxiety and affliction, which had already called on Mr. Jervis to make a hurried visitation to her residence on that island. An only daughter, a girl of fervid feelings, and romantic in the secrecies of her heart as the hills and shores among which she had lived, had fallen in the way of the master of an Hebridian trader, whose vocation brought him occasionally to Kaasay, and his manly figure and bold spirit had obtained a mastery over the mind of Annipple Fraser, which he was too much of the rover and the sailor of fortune to refuse to improve. The timely observations and cautions of a neighbour, who knew the doubtful character of the man, enabled Mrs. Fraser to throw her maternal protection between Annipple and the invader of her peace: and though high spirited and intense, her daughter was yet too much under the habitual and natural influence of a mother, to resist her injunctions to hold converse with this man no more. In order to break off the connexion, she was induced also to make a summer visit to the house of a relation at Anoch, a village in Glenwollison, on the main land. But in this instance, the measure anxiously taken by Mrs. Fraser for her daughter's safety, defeated its own object; for the sloop, George, having a quantity of rum to send on shore at Glenely, and its master having business to transact with the inn-keeper at that place, who acted as agent for the neighbouring proprietors, came to an anchor there, and was detained upwards of a week by a north-western wind from proceeding in working up the narrows. During this unlucky period, Captain Duncan Macrae, who had roamed up the country to Glensheals, the valley inhabited by the clan whose name he bore, met with Annipple Fraser upon the banks of the loch which stretches up from Glensheals towards Glenwollison, and where she had probably wandered to indulge those strange sensations of her heart, which the late events of her life had given birth to. The meeting was prolonged, was repeated; and in a few days Mrs. Fraser received a messenger from the alarmed and anxious family at Anoch, to acquaint her that her daughter, after having been absent an unusual length of time for two successive days, had wholly disappeared on the third, and that no tidings whatever could be obtained of her in the surrounding neighbourhood.

"Perhaps, of all meetings of interdicted love, none are more dangerous or more seductive than those of wholly unexpected casualty. Remote from the domestic and habitual associations of *home*; a strange

country; a society to whom we have no rivets, and in whom our interest is merely that of the day; a heart void and vacant from absence of nature's accustomed kindlings: all these circumstances conspire to give a mastery to the power of the affections, and to make a lover the whole world, and the forgetfulness of the whole world, to an ardent female who is fated to meet him at such a time. Poor Annipple Fraser, then only in her twentieth year, and whose strength lay rather in her affections than in her prudence, had, alas! learnt this lesson of the human heart too experimentally.

* * * *

"Do you yet catch my *intonation*," said Evelyn, pausing to allow Falkland to rest upon his oars.

"Excellently well," said Falkland; "there is an entire correspondence between the *air* in the orchestra, and the scene on the stage; between your characters and your style: and I plainly see that one word of burlesque or the broad familiar, still more one touch of low reality, anything about the dog's-meat man, or even the twopenny-postman, would spoil all. It is a prose epic *sui generis*, the skill of which consists in the selection of certain *points* only of life and character, and colouring them highly, but tenderly; while everything else—all the mechanism, all the work-day material of life—is studiously kept out of sight: and yet, what is produced is veritable of its kind. It is not mere poetry. The style, if I understand it rightly, consists in an excess of the plaintive and the tender, *kept down* by the absence of everything ambitious and dashing in composition; and it partakes therefore of what persons, who make a demand for those articles, would call the namby-pamby."

"Nothing can be more exact than your analysis. Those who have a touch of the *sentimental*, and those who have real and delicate feeling, admire this kind of tone vastly; but those who have neither, treat it with contempt, as puling, sickly, out-of-life, and imbecile—as the cockney school of North Britain; and like that of the Southron, only fitted for 'maids whose very souls peep out at their bosoms, as it were, and who love the moonlight stillness of the Calton Hill.' It is capable, however, of some scenic force, without departing from its characteristic tone. This may be heightened by a certain dexterity in the management of *pauses*; a mechanism which the dreaminess of the style well admits of."

After meditating a few minutes, he resumed:

"If you will suppose yourself to have travelled an unmeasured distance over my story ; to have got Annipple Fraser restored to her mother, a half harmless, but uncertain and moody maniac ; the Jervis family still at Kaasay ; and Malcolm an unexpected visitor, weather-bound by an evening storm, and, for stress of accommodation, prevailed upon to allow Ellen Graham to be a sharer of the maniac's pillow, to yield him a couch in the adjoining chamber ; I think I could give you a touch of that too. Let me see,—we will suppose him to have retired, with some anxiety and dislike to the proposed arrangement, and with a determination not to close his eyes or ears, and that determination strengthened by overhearing some equivocal attempt at moody contention set up by the maniac, whom the strife of the elements seemed to have infected with a correspondent discordancy.

"The night passed on ; deep stillness again prevailed ; and Malcolm, relieved from the tremor of anxiety under which he had lain gasping, peacefully yielded to a sort of reverie, in which, as will sometimes happen at such seasons, the more vivid imagery of his life passed before him, and he, as it were, re-enacted those scenes in which his heart had been most deeply touched. The whole history, too, of his intercourse with Ellen, and the solitary moments in which she had breathed into his heart the out-pourings of her ardent and exalted spirit : all passed again before him.

* * *
* * *
"The night passed on——
* * *
* * *

"Malcolm was recalled to external sensibility by a slight dragging of the clothes at the foot of his bed. It was repeated. He started upwards on his pillow ; and the first rush of consciousness which entered his mind was, that he HAD SLEPT—had slept too deeply ; for the dawn was arrived, and a sickly dubious light was spread over the chamber.

"The gush of condemnation and anxiety, which the sight of this dawning brought over his frame, was immediately succeeded by a reiterated drag at the bed-clothes. It could be no delusion, for he perceived them move under his arm, as if pulled at from below. He started upright in the bed, and instantly saw the figure of the maniac, crouched in some strange contortion on the floor at the bed's foot, the clothes of which she pulled as if to call his attention to something.

"Her head alone was on a level with the bed-clothes ; and, with a grin of mixed complacency and malignity, she glowered at Malcolm where he lay, and whispered loud, 'I've done it.'

"The door into *that* room stood open ; and by the same pale light appeared, on the farther side, a bed, the upper half of which was visible through the door frame as Malcolm lay. In that bed lay Ellen Graham, her head reclining downwards from the pillow ; and that white neck was all uncovered, and was whiter even than it was wont to be, and that whiteness looked unfirm and tremulous ; and from side to side there was a gaping, red-lipped wound, from which the blood had been carefully washed : and it was evident that she had been dead for some time."

"Enough," said Falkland, "you have given me a bad night and a bad dream already."

SONNET.

METHOUGHT, upon a sullen ocean tost,
The batter'd hull of an old vessel lay,
Drifting to rearward darkness far away ;
Till, presently, a gallant shallop crost
Th' horizon's line, and at a moment's cost,
Shot to the wreck with streaming pennons gay ;
Some left it and were sav'd, while others, gray
With madness, clung to ruin and were lost.

'Tis well, quoth I, awaking, as the bell
Filled with a merry peal the morning clear,
This vanish'd dream of mine should surely tell
The fortunes of the old and coming year.
Our joys are on another voyage bound,
And with the last year's wreck our sorrows drown'd.

A YEAR OF HONEY-MOONS.

BY CHARLES DALTON, ESQ.

January.

I HAVE informed the reader that I was married in Scotland, on the first of January, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one (I love to write the words at full length). Harriet and her aunt had been on a visit there to some relations, and I joined them, and brought my charmer away. The indifferent formality of the ceremony, and the presence of total strangers, enabled me to go through the task with proper self-possession; nor indeed should I have been deficient in that respect anywhere, for something of the like reasons. But on coming away to the carriage, I seemed to forget everything but my happiness; nor was Harriet, whose words were almost inaudible, and who, with her hand trembling in mine, relied on me for self-possession enough for both of us, in a more collected state. All that I remember is, that I was delightfully acquiescent with every thing. I mechanically paid everybody treble what was expected, and believe I should have given my hat away, had any one chosen to ask me for it. Somebody saying that it was fine weather, I replied, "By all means:" and Harriet, receiving a knock and an apology from a great girl, who came running into the door-way as we were leaving it, said "I am much obliged to you."

These mishaps were maliciously told us by our good aunt, when she came to town. She had not overlooked the smallest particular connected with the day, down to the very shoes of the officiator's daughter; and indeed astonished me by the extent of her information. She was an excellent soul; but having so much knowledge, and wanting a little more, she did not always know what to do with the knowledge she had. She had harangued me so long that morning, upon affairs of love and marriage, and the difference of Scotch and English customs, that happening to speak of novels, I was tempted to object to the formality of Sir Walter Scott's heroines, and said I should have felt it an absolute indelicacy to marry them. This she could not comprehend; and, notwithstanding what I had been just before observing, she exclaimed, not without some look of alarm, "Dear me! Then I suppose, Mr. Dalton, you could not at all have put up with such people as Sophia Western, or Miss Darnel, or

Amelia, or Mr. Coventry's ladies; much less any in Mr. Bage's, or Madame Riccoboni's novels?" I saw it would lead us into an awkward discussion to undeceive her, so I parried the question. She would not, however, let the subject drop, but plagued poor Harriet with it for near an hour; and I never saw my charmer's sincerity or address put so hard to the test, or come off with more delightful colours.

I did not feel in a real world, till I got into the post-chaise, and was fairly on the road home with my bride. Everything else seemed a dream and an impertinence.

* * *

(Here a thousand reflections are left out.)

I shall not say what pictures we drew of our present and future felicity, and our past secret feelings towards each other. Our spirits required a poise; and we resorted to poetry and the landscape. Poetry was prose, compared with our feelings. Harriet was versed in all the romance of the road, and we lived in succession with the borderers, and the hermits, and Robin Hood, and the babes and robin red-breast, and Milton's Arcades; for every fresh county, or sight of a county, or quarter of the compass, brought its story with it. I dare say we lived in this sort of company each day, for an hour. In the evening, when we thought it was a little after dark, we found ourselves arrived at a seven o'clock dinner, and our first stage for the night. Our house of reception was one of those delightful solid old inns, which are made out of ancient private houses, with thick walls, warm oak wainscots, huge old screens, noble mantle-pieces, fine ample stair-cases, and a mixture of large and little rooms, with seats in the windows, and a great tree here and there to look upon. There was a glorious fire on the hearth, and a carpet like a double one to one's feet. A brief and elegant dinner was quickly displaced by tea, with little cups, that looked as old as the time of Lady Suffolk. Mistress Millet, aunt's own woman, and Tom Hand, my valet, an hereditary secret keeper, piqued themselves upon saying nothing about a wedding-day; and after tea, arose a good, handsome tempest out of doors, just enough to put an end to all noise but its own, and only noisy enough to make winter-music at

intervals, and to seem as if it bound the fine, old, stout house closer together, and all that it contained.

* * *

(Here a thousand pages are omitted.)

The poets are understood to know more about love than other people, and very fine things they have said about it; but I am not aware of any one of them who has done justice to a bridal. Indeed, it is not to be expected they should. The world is not honest enough to hear them; or perhaps a little spice of the "ineffable," or the "*dicere nefas*," is necessary to our human conceptions of happiness. The angel in Milton,

With a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,

parried the enquiries of Adam himself, in his state of innocence, relative to the love-making in heaven. Take all the passages, however, from the poets who have touched upon the subject, whether professed amatory poets, or epical, or philosophical, or in whatever spirit of gaiety or sentiment they wrote—Homer, Theocritus, Catullus, Ariosto, Boiardo, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Thomson, Burns, Ramsay, Shelley, Keats, and a hundred others,—and the imagination may arrive at some faint glimpse of a remote notion of the borders of the felicity of an espousal. Some afford a hint of the vivacity, others of the gravity, others of the pride, the dignity, the religion. For no happy feeling, of whatsoever sort, grave or gay, is missed in a genuine love. I once heard a red-faced fellow in a tavern (Lord S.) compare a kiss with a bottle of wine, and laugh it to scorn in comparison. "What is the touching of a lip," quoth he, "to the real, solid, masculine, manifest satisfaction of a bottle of good port?" and having said this with an air of logical triumph, he tossed off another glass, and then stamped the foot of it on the table, and smacked his lips with a "Hah!" as if he had settled the matter for ever. A man of gallantry might with equal good argument have reversed the question, and smacked the lips of the bar-maid. But the truth is, his lordship should first have taken out of the bottle of port almost all that gives value to it—genuineness, sociality, its effect on the spirits, &c. A man of pleasure of this sort is not competent to his own appellation. All the lips he has known have been lips and nothing else; at least to him. There was no love in them, and consequently little in the kiss. Now, a lip that has love in it, has heart and soul, and a certain portion of grace and imagination; and a true

lover, in kissing the lip, kisses all these qualities. A fellow like this stupid lord, talks of a peach without flavour in it, or without sense to perceive the flavour, and then says, "What is a peach?"

Allow me to say, that the greatest of our old poets, probably out of sense of their inability to say enough, have overlaid their bridal narrations with too much "pomp and circumstance." Spenser's famous *Epi-thalamium*, full of beauties, is too loud and splendid, and calls for too many witnesses, like our white ribbonds and public marriages. There are too many "angels" at his altar, and too much clergyman; and he sets the bells ringing too ostentatiously. He makes even the church-organ "*roar*," (which is a fine daring word too, and with great truth in it); but he is so full of his triumph, that, upon the principle of extremes meeting, the very excess of his worship and humbleness becomes a part of it. We may say to him, as Villanor, in the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, says to one who is describing the charms of a young beauty with pertinacious minuteness: "Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!" He invests his bride with all sorts of beauty, and glory, and superiority, purely that he may sacrifice her the more victoriously to his will. It is a fine poem, and by no means to be "curtailed," as Dr. Aikin would have had it; but there is more of the pride than of the felicity of a wedding in it; and I will venture to add, without using the word in a bad sense, more of sensuality than affection. The virtue he most insists upon in his bride is her modesty, which he pampers like an epicure. The angelical hierarchy and his earthly happiness are brought too much together; yet with how much beauty! The following picture is a mixture of Rubens and Raphael:—

"Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her *with his two happy hands*,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimson dyde in grayne:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring."

The evening star rises with all its beauty in the following lines:—

" Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love ?
How slowly do the hours theyr numbers spend ?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
Haste thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home
Within the westerne fome ;
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of reste.
Long though it be, at last I see it *gloome* ;
And the *bright evening star with golden creast*
Appeare out of the west.

" *Fayre childe of beauty ! glorious lampe of love !*
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo
ring."

I must give another passage, exquisitely
Spenserian. It is a quintessence of him :—

" Now day is deon, and *night is nighing fast*,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall bower ;
The night is come, now soon her disaray
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does ly,
In proud humilitie !
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke."

Having ventured to qualify my praises in this matter, of a poet whom I reverence, I will grow still bolder, and hazard an objection to the bridal in *Paradise Lost*. This, also, has too much angelic circumstance about it ; and we can never fairly rid ourselves of the important event hanging upon the fate of the married couple. They are crushed between the weight of heaven and earth. Milton writes about love and beauty like a proper poet ; but, with reverence be it spoken, something of the Puritan is superadded ; something too much of the " head matrimonial," the lord and master. The " school-master " had begun to walk " abroad," in his time, and Adam is a little too much of one. There is a bit of the celestial pedagogue in him. I am afraid Milton talked somewhat too much in the same style to his first wife, who ran away from him. There is a time for all things. It has been thought strange that Apollo, the god of poetry, was the most unsuccessful wooer in Olympus ; but if he always talked as he did to Daphne, about his knowledge and his physic, it is no wonder.

*Inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
Dicor, &c.*

Metamorph. lib. I.

What pleasant poet is it, who writing on this passage, says,

As he spoke the word *physic*, she darted outright ;
At the dreadful word *physic*, she hastened her flight.

I fear that Sir John Suckling's honest *Ballad on a Wedding* was thought more to the purpose by the gravest ladies of that time, though the change of manners will not allow a quoter to make much use of it in this.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck ;
And to say truth, (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight.

* * * * *

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

We are not to think the possessor of this lip could not talk as fine sense, or listen to it, as any woman in the land, or be as truly loving and affectionate. Nay, we may suppose it the more. One good quality is apt to imply another. Harriet has just such a lip, with a little chin under it, and a dimple ; and may I never think of a bee again when I look at it, if I ever heard more sensible things uttered by any female in town. Certainly I never heard half so many affecting ones or playful. Her mouth is so expressive, that I know by the least movement of it what sort of thing she is going to say, even if I do not see her eyes. If I see those at the same time, and they look at me, she is apt to forget what she was going to say.

I will finish these quotations with a homely, I should rather call it a domestic copy of verses, written by an amiable man, (Dr. Cotton the physician,) which are excellent of their kind, and sufficiently suggestive to a good, handsome imagination ; nor will I apologise, to the highest circles, for the cat or the tea-kettle. I could mention " Squares " and " Places," in which it would be necessary to excuse these appendages of a fire-side fifty years back : but fire-sides of true refinement do what they please in these matters. I have drank tea as early as seven o'clock, with Lady L.—, made out of a kettle on the very fire before us, when, if I had gone a little further eastward, and said I liked such a thing, I should have been asked if I had come out of Wapping.

" The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea ;
Palemon in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possest,
And was his new made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast
Sat toying by his side.

Stretched at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid,
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand be gently press'd;
She stole an amorous kiss,
And blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,
I ask no other heaven."

I should grudge these quotations about other people's happiness, even on such a subject, if I had not enjoyed them a thousand times with Harriet. I have told the reader, that one of the great secrets of our happiness is the enjoyment of many things in common, poetry, music, painting, riding and walking, &c. Each of us felt that the other's presence and love were sufficient for happiness, but each had a diffidence as to the power of making it so, and was willing to aid the attractiveness of love with whatever else is loveable. Even Angelica and Medoro in Ariosto, who are a personification of young love and its absorptions, wandered forth into the woods, and invested themselves with the charms of nature.

"Se stava a l'ombra, o se del tetto usciva,
Avea di e notte il bel giovine allato:
Mattina e sera, or questa or quella riva
Cercando andava, o qualche verde prato.
Nel mezzo giorno un antro li copriva, &c.

"In doors and out of doors, by night, by day,
She had the charmer by her side for ever:
Morning and evening they would stroll away,
Now by some field, or little tufted river.
They chose a cave in middle of the day."

Our landscapes in January are not like those of a southern summer. But nature never fails those who do not fail her; and my bride and I no sooner got home, than we continued our daily exercise. Our house, being near the Regent's Park, commands both town and country, so that we could go to either as we pleased; but we generally chose the country. If it was fine, we enjoyed the clear frost, and the warm looks of the farm-houses with their hay-stacks: and we noticed the birds, and the trees, (always beautiful, even with the leaves off,) and the red holly berries. If the weather barely allowed a walk or a ride, we made a merry boast of our courage; and I delighted to see

Harriet wrapped up in her furs, or even returning home with her lovely curls dabbled with wet. Oh, ye common-place, effeminate, inactive voluptuaries! How little do you know what you are about; or what a sharpness and swiftness of delight exercise puts into the blood! Besides, I had her arm in mine all the way; she was a part of me; and she occasionally pressed my arm to her side, with a stolen look such as only true love can give. If on horseback, I had the pleasure of taking care of her, for she is not a bold rider: only she says, that when she is on horseback with *me*, she seems to be "included in my security." In fact, she looks so; and dances away on the saddle as confidently as the best. The motion sometimes forces her to raise her voice in speaking, in order that I may hear her; and among the innumerable charms which affection helps us to discern in those we love, I have noticed what a peculiar beauty there is at such times in the elevation of a voice naturally soft and low. The sound comes dancing to my ear across the road, as the sight of her does to my eyes. I have observed, that people on the footpath sometimes give a smiling look of admiration, and seem to think how happy we are. The poet truly says of one of his heroines—

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

But with regard to the lowness, he should have added, "except occasionally on horseback."

As we said little at first of our return to London, our friends left us almost entirely together for several weeks; and partly out of a dislike of proclaiming ourselves we scarcely went into town. Our time passed much in the following manner. We had not yet chalked out any system. Harriet had her music, and books, and works to attend to, and I my books and writing; for not being of any profession, and having found the inconvenience of it, I had long been getting together materials for a volume of criticism upon such subjects as had pleased me at the University. The feelings already alluded to had made each of us resolve, in a half-conscious way, to prosecute our respective occupations without intermission; but somehow they came to nothing. We were always going to begin; and did, in fact, do so; we began, and re-began: but I know not how it was, the time fled, and we found ourselves together again, almost as soon as we parted. After breakfast, having seen to the house-

hold arrangements for the day, we looked at the garden and green-house to see how the crocuses, lilacs, lilies of the valley, roses, hyacinths, arbutus, hollies, and pyracantha, went on; and this took us more time than we expected. Harriet then touched her piano-forte, or drew, or took up a book, or worked, and I went to my study; but one of us had some question to ask, or some little notice of the weather, or a book to recommend; and this, besides the time it took in going backwards and forwards, led to other questions which required discussion; and so the hour came for going out, and then I was obliged to put up my papers, because health was the first thing to be attended to; and so we went out:—and then came dinner; and after dinner we did not profess to work: and then came tea; and then a book, one page of which sometimes took us up a wonderful time; and then came a duet; and so the days went round and round, and it required an effort of reflection to recollect that all the world was not made up of idleness, and happiness, and being grateful for it.

Christmas and Twelfth-night we absolutely forgot. Harriet's maid reminded her of the latter, and we sent out, and got a huge cake, just as the shops were about to close; for we love old holidays: so we gave it to the

servants to make merry with, first having cut off a good lump, over which we were as merry as they, though there were but two of us.

I laughed at the notion of our being king and queen by ourselves, without having a court; but my charmer said she would be no queen, she would be *Viola*, in the play of *Twelfth Night*, and I should be the duke. "Oh ho!" quoth I, insolently, "a pretty *Viola* you for 'concealing' your love, and having a 'green and yellow melancholy.'" "No," said she, "it shall be the play with a new reading, all happy, and only pretending to concealment, in order to be more candid;" and then shaking her curls at me, with the greatest mixture conceivable of archness and tenderness, she repeated:

"My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship."

Next day, the servants were very grateful, and said so many things about our "thinking of them," that Harriet blushed. Dear soul! she amply deserved their praises; for one of the great reasons why I love her, is, that she thinks of others as well as of myself; thus paying me the highest of all compliments—that of individual preference, in the midst of an unbounded sympathy.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.*

BY THE RT. HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

DEAR NAT,

Leave off wine, ale, and spirituous liquors,—to bed betimes, and rise early,—addict yourself to society;—in short, follow the example of yours truly,

R. B. S.

Be your disorder fix'd or chronic,
In either case your cure's a Tonic.
Instead of drawling, be laconic;
But what can aid the change? a Tonic!
Corinthian piers scorn mass-Ionic,
Yet noble nerves require a Tonic!
Tho' no great songster—be harmonic,
Your voice and ear both need a Tonic!
Reply in verse—in verse adonic—
Then I shall know you've ta'en a Tonic!

* This advice was given to one whose habits and tastes nearly resembled those of the writer, and formed a complete practical contradiction to the rules herein laid down for his benefit.

MONA WATER.

BY MRS. NORTON.

OH, Mona's waves are blue and bright
 When the sun shines out, like a gay young
 lover;
 But Mona's waves are dark as night,
 When the face of Heaven is clouded over.
 The wild wind drives the crested foam
 Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
 And booming echoes drown the voice—
 The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side
 The wrathful waves were up and beating,
 When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,
 With anxious brow and hurried greeting.
 He bade the widowed mother send,
 (While loud the tempest's voice was raging.)
 Her fair young son across the flood,
 Where winds and waves their strife were
 waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
 "Oh! yet delay—delay till morning,
 For weak the hand that guides our bark,
 Tho' brave his heart—all danger scorning."
 Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:—
 "The safety of my fortress tower
 Depends on tidings he must bring
 From Fairlie bank within the hour.

"Seest thou across the sullen wave
 A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
 That flag a message sends to me,
 Of which my foes are little dreaming!
 Thy boy must put his boat across,
 (Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
 And bring me back, with care and speed,
 Three letters from the light-browed stran-
 ger."

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;
 Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;
 And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:
 "I do but pay a vassal's duty;
 Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,
 See how the boat the tide is spurning;
 The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
 And thou shalt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
 Over those waves—the snowy crested—
 Now like a dart it sped along,
 Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested.
 And ever when the wind sank low,
 Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
 As long she watched, with straining eyes,
 That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed—
 Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,
 That one so young should brave alone
 The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
 And once again his snowy sail
 Was seen by her, that mourning mother;
 And *once* she heard his shouting voice—
 That voice the waves were soon to smother!

Wild burst the wind—wide flapped the sail—
 A crashing peal of thunder followed;
 The gust swept o'er the water's face,
 And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!
 The gust swept past—the waves grew calm—
 The thunder died along the mountain;
 But where was he who used to play,
 On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
 Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
 And bitterly she wept for him,
 The widow's son, who had no brother!
 She raised his arm—the hand was closed—
 With pain the stiffened fingers parted,
 And on the sand those letters dropped,
 His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
 Remorse and pain and grief seemed blend-
 ing;
 A purse of gold he flung beside
 That mother o'er her dead child bending.
 Oh, wildly laughed that woman then!
 "Glenvarloch wad ye dare to measure
 The holy life that God hath gi'en,
 Against a heap of golden treasure?"

"Ye spurned my prayer—for we were poor—
 But know, proud man, that God hath power
 To smite the King on Scotland's throne,
 The chieftain in his fortress tower.
 Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;
 We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;
 And cold he lies, for whose young sake
 I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back the cheerful voice
 That used to win my heart from sorrow?
 Will silver warm his frozen blood,
 Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?
 Go back, and seek your mountain home,
 And when ye kiss yere fair-hair'd daugh-
 ter,
 Remember him who died to-night,
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water!"

Old years rolled on—and fresh ones came—
 Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
 But naught could bar the sickness out
 That stole into fair Amie's bower.
 The o'er-blown flow'et in the sun
 Sinks languid down and withers daily,
 And so *she* sank—her voice grew faint,
 Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak-floor,
 As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
 And from her sweet and serious eyes
 Seldom they saw the dark lid lifting.

"Bring aid, bring aid," the father cries;
 "Bring aid," each vassal's voice is crying;
 The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
 Her pulse is faint, her life is flying

He called in vain, her dim eyes turned
 And met his own with patient sorrow;
 For well she knew, that fading girl,
 How he must weep and wail the morrow.
 Her faint breath ceased—the father bent
 And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter,
 What thought he on?—The widow's son,
 And the stormy night by Mona's water!

The above ballad is founded on an incident which took place in the days when the chieftain of a clan was the most despotic of all rulers. It was told me by an old ferryman, who religiously believed "fair Amie's" death to have been the consequence and punishment of the chief's tyranny towards the widow's son.

THE CAPTAIN.

I WAS sitting in the Coffee-room of an Inn at Hastings, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and a pint of Madeira, when the entrance of a stranger dissipated the short reverie into which I had fallen. "Waiter," quoth he, as he walked up the room, "the coach starts at nine precisely, and, therefore, my fine fellow, you must please to give me notice of its arrival, for if I should, by any chance, be disappointed—beware revenge! Better you had never breathed this vital air than answer my fell wrath." The waiter departed with an incredulous smirk, and the stranger, who had uttered the above fearful threat with the cool unconcern of an oracular presence, began to hum an air and to arrange his neckcloth at the glass; the swell of such air being augmented or diminished exactly in accordance with the folds and windings of the cravat, and terminating in a graceful shake on the completion of that arrangement.

During this short period, however, I had been strictly scrutinizing the appearance of this mysterious person. He was a man somewhat below the ordinary size, and apparently between forty and fifty years of age. His face was of a copper complexion, and garnished with a pair of exaggerated whiskers which, like his redundant head of hair, seemed to have sustained some injury in an escape from recent and devouring flames. There was a singed aridity in both, as of a blighted furze bush. His eyes had all the restless activity of bullets, and his promontory of a chin was sustained by the neckcloth above-mentioned, which meandered round his neck in an infinite multiplicity of windings, and at length fell down over his

waistcoat with all the prodigality of a cataract.

While I was thus engaged in examining this strange being, he approached, and offering me his snuff-box with much courteousness, took a seat at the same table. "Charming view of the sea," said he, "splendid prospect—ocean, ocean—nothing like ocean; what does the poet say—splendid poet, Byron?—what says he of ocean? Let me see, he likens it—to a horse, is it? No—yes—to a horse, certainly; says he, 'I'll lay my hand upon thy mane'—glorious burst that—as though it were the mane of a horse, you perceive—'I'll lay my hand upon thy mane.'" Here he attempted to describe the action by clenching one hand upon the table in a convulsive manner, while he snatched an enormous pinch of snuff with the other.

As I was not a little amused by this original, I rather encouraged than repulsed his advances towards conversation—an encouragement not at all necessary; for I found, ere long, that the main difficulty would be to impede his progress; and my endeavours to stem the current of his discourse, were as vain as those of one who should attempt to turn the course of a cannon-ball with a bodkin, or to blow against the falls of Niagara.

"You are drinking Madeira, I perceive," he remarked, "I shall be happy to join you, not that I drink much now-a-days. I have abjured it long ago, ever since my last duel. You must have read the account of it in the papers—Trigger and Storks? No? I'll tell you how it occurred. It was after dinner at the mess, one evening; the wine had circulated pretty freely, and there was a great

deal of conversation. Lieut. Storks, amongst others, was violent—rampant, as I may say, in his conversation. He was always a fiery little fellow—fine fellow, though—but extremely absurd—ignorant, woefully ignorant. He would have it, that Virgil was a Latin poet, and that Galileo was not a Swede; and went so far, upon my attempting to set him right on these points, as to call me a presumptuous and ignorant coxcomb. You enquire, I perceive, what I did upon this provocation? Threw the contents of my wine-glass into his face; that was all—I give you my word.

"The next morning Major Fireball burst into my room, and shaking me by the shoulder, vociferated—'Trigger, you must fight. Honour calls.' 'Fight, my dear fellow,' said I, starting up in bed, 'fight? fight for what, with whom?' No apology received—never make apologies in the army—compelled to fight a man who could take off a pin's head at twenty paces."

"Well, Sir, you went out, of course?"

"Went out, Sir, of course; and winged him, Sir—winged him, by Heaven."

"How, Captain, then he fired in the air?"

"Fired in the *hair*, rather, my dear boy, ha! ha! shaved off my left whisker, I assure you. Do you know, there is one thing I never could avoid doing. I did it in this same business with Storks. I have heard some of our old fighting colonels and majors laugh at the notion; but I assert, Sir, that no man ever feels a bullet whizzing past him but he bobs, Sir, he bobs. When I first went into a field of battle, I stuck my head firmly between my shoulders, and said I to myself, hang me if I *do* bob; but I could not help it—no man can help it. You hear a ball spinning past you on the left—you bob—thus;—another comes whizzing on the right—you bob—so:—must bob—depend upon it."

I thought this a favourable opportunity of expatiating on the Captain's courage, more especially exemplified, I thought, in the modesty with which he detailed his exploits; and the frank avowal he had made of his bobbing propensity.

"Courage, my dear fellow, courage," he interposed, "is of two qualities, negative and positive—and of two descriptions, animal and moral. I enjoy both in perfection. Now, I'll tell you a circumstance that does not seem, at first sight, to reflect much credit on my courage—my animal courage: but mark the moral intrepidity—pray discover the noble bravery—a contempt of custom. You must know, Sir, I was at one time paying certain little delicate attentions to a young

lady—fine girl—noble creature—with as pretty a four hundred a year as man could desire to see in a quarterly course of payment. Well, Sir, there was another—a hated rival—countenanced by the mother, a venomous old basilisk, killing to look upon—you know the sort of person I speak of. In the mean time I was creating an interest in the right quarter—mark me—making the post-office echo with my sighs, and casting sheep's eyes out of a calf's head, as the poet says, ha! ha! This, of course, was gall and wormwood to my rival, but honey and treacle to me. Now, Sir, to the point at once. We came to high words, and what do you think he did?"

"I cannot possibly say."

"But guess."

"Cannot conceive."

"He kicked me, Sir; kicked me down stairs, out of the house, with anything but a light, although a fantastic, toe."

"Kicked you! my dear Sir, but surely—"

"I bore it," interrupted the Captain; "I bore it with heroic fortitude,"—rubbing his chin with much complacency.

"But you demanded satisfaction afterwards, no doubt; nothing but blood could expiate—"

"Pish! my dear Sir, I see you know nothing of the laws of honour. Do you think I could consent to meet a man who would be guilty of kicking a gentleman down stairs. My dear Sir!—only reflect—don't you see it would be impossible to put such a man upon a level? Don't you see the thing at once?"

While I was debating this point within myself—in which, sooth to say, I discovered more discretion and common sense than madness and courage—and was inclined to rank the Captain rather as a philosopher than a hero, he burst out again.

"Talking of kicking reminds me of a strange adventure—ha! ha! I shall never forget it. The landlord of the house where I once lodged—furnished apartments, first floor, all that sort of thing—was discoursing one night of ghosts, and expressing a superstitious dread of those mushroom species of mockery—which I firmly believe to be the shadows of the dead rambling about to divert ennui, seeing that their owners have no longer any occasion for them;—well, Sir, his wife, a wicked jade, full of spirits, gay as a lark, was pleased to doubt my courage in these matters, whereas, Sir, I despise the thing altogether. I have seen hundreds of them, of all sizes, ever since the wound in my

head at Badajos—a large assortment of them, I say, ghosts and ghostlings, sprites and spectres. Two or three nights after this, I was awakened by a slight noise. I listened; all dark, all still; presently the door opens, in steps a terrific figure, head blue as a pill; in short, a stick of locomotive starch. I had my snuff-box in my hand—can't do without a pinch of snuff in the night, aimed it at his blue pill of a head, knocked out its eye, egad—not particular to a *shade*; sprang out of bed, gave it a kick, over the banisters it went, and was found on the mat at the foot of the stairs in ruins."

"But, Captain, you alarm me; who was this creature?"

"Oh! my dear Sir, all right. The people of the house picked it up, and it turned out to be the landlord. Three months before they got him into decent repair again. Fatal speculation in unprofitable schemes! The absurd fellow had been instigated by his wife to the experiment, and was nearly sent to the other world for his pains, to set up ghost on his own account—ha! ha! ha!"

"But we military men," said the Captain, altering his tone to a mournful and deprecating cadence; "we are subject to a great many annoyances and vexations, of which the great mass of society is unconscious; and, indeed, I believe it to be pretty generally the case with us fellows of frolic and wit, who are formed for the delight of mankind; they won't let us do as we please by any means, and the consequence is, we please nobody. Now, your poets"—(I shuddered, for I, too, am of the tuneful throng!)—"ill used creatures, those poets; they usually sing in cages, I fear—those muses, the three times three of poets without wine, are most economical ladies, and give very little away; and the bard who sits down in anticipation of a bay leaf, egad, has much more cause to expect a bailiff. Just so with me. Now, I am cooped up with a most insufficient stipend, a most iniquitous income—what's to be said? My half pay does not suffice to pay anything at all; I mean that a man on half-pay should only be expected to pay half: what do you say to that? I'll tell you, Sir, an expedient of mine—wonderful sagacity—the most perfect presence of mind perhaps ever exhibited. I had been long obtruded upon by duns; a kind of periodical pestilence with which I am afflicted—until, at length, the vehemence of the disorder settled itself down into a confirmed brace of bailiffs, who kept watch opposite my house all day long. What do I do, think you? The street door of my next

neighbour is a bright yellow—I steal out in the night and paint it all over a dark green, the colour of my own. What is the use of that, you ask; this, Sir, this. The next morning comes the bailiff—i'faith, Sir, keeps a sharp eye on my neighbour's door, and actually lays his electric paw upon the owner—a bank-clerk proceeding into the city; and, in spite of shrieks and asseverations, bears him away from his domestic circle, of which he was so brilliant a segment; while I march off to my agent, receive my pay, and start into the country without beat of drum."

"Excellent, indeed, Captain, a most excellent device; but, tell me—why couldn't you have made your escape during the night, without the necessity of the painting process?"

"Oh! my dear friend, it was not convenient, you know—not convenient. By the by, I met my friend the bank clerk a short time ago."

"Indeed? what did he say to the trick you had practised upon him?"

"Nothing—nothing in the world; he merely told me never to '*darken his doors*' again—ha! ha! ha!"

"Your philosophy, I perceive, Sir," said I, "seems to be almost on a par with the fertility of your invention. You are evidently a man of vast mental resources; nothing appears to daunt or to depress you. You have dipped, come now, confess it, you have imbibed golden maxims of prudence and conduct from the ancient philosophers?"

"Hang the ancient philosophers," quoth the captain, "a fig for the ancient philosophy—everything I do is unpremeditated; every thing I do is the result of

'A plain heroic magnitude of mind,'

as the poet says. I don't like those fellows who study philosophy. I remember a friend of mine once invited me to spend a few days with him in the country. Well, Sir, this person was a philosopher, 'a modern Pythagorean,' he called himself—believed in the transmigration of souls, and all that. It was the shooting season. I walked out one morning with my gun—brought home a pheasant—fine bird as I ever saw in my days. A tremendous uproar took place when I entered the hall with the bird in my fingers. Would you believe it?—the fellow insisted upon it that I had brought down his grandmother! pshaw! don't tell me a word about philosophy after that. Ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment, to my great relief—for the

wine he had drunk was evidently mounting into the Captain's head—the waiter entered, and gave him to understand that the coach was at the door.

"Say you so," shouted the Captain, flinging the remaining wine down his throat, "then I'll go and besiege the roof of it forthwith. Good night, my dear fellow," seizing me by the hand, "come and see me in London; Captain Trigger—one of the best fellows in the world—Artichoke, Covent Gar-

den: a glorious knot of us meet there o' nights—don't forget."

And away went the Captain, leaving me to the vainly uttered wish, that my pen-and-ink powers of outline were, if only for this one occasion, comparable with the burin of Retsch—so should the reader be presented with a breathing portraiture of one whose full developement might task the powers of a Jonson or a Fletcher.

OMEGA.

TEARS.

THERE are few things more beautiful than tears, whether they are shed for ourselves or others; they are always the meek and silent effusions of sincere feeling. I say nothing of angry tears, though, I believe, such are sometimes shed; they are but a counterfeit coin, and not the genuine gold. Let us hope they are seldom called forth. But how many noble thoughts and warm emotions, which elevate our human nature, have frequently found, and are daily finding, their vent in tears, and could do so in no other way! All strong passion, in its first and mightiest movements within us, is necessarily voiceless; and if there were no kindly channel by which its exuberance might gain an escape, Reason herself might sometimes have cause to tremble. But as the summer rain falls gently on the flower, which was fast dying in the burning noon, the dew of tears is sent down to us from heaven to refresh and animate the overcharged soul. And while tears are thus delightful in their influence, so their use is unlimited, and their fountain open to all. They are for every rank and situation in life: for the young and for the aged; for the wealthy and for the indigent; for the virtuous and for the wicked; for the happy and for the sad: to no scene are they foreign; they are natural, and therefore lovely in all. Oh, blessed tears! the liveliest joy is made holier and better by your influence, and by your power is the deepest woe beguiled of half its pain!

The sight of the tears of others may call up in the mind, even of those who are careless of their cause, many varied thoughts.

When we see tears on the blooming cheek of childhood, we think of the vernal shower-drop glittering on the tinted leaf of the first rose-bud of May, that will soon be chased by a burst of returning sunshine. When we see tears in the eyes of the warrior youth, whose soul burns almost too intensely with patriotic zeal for the liberty of his father land, our sympathetic spirit already beholds the grandeur of the battle array, and the fearless soldier struck down and dying with the glory of victory in his very grasp. When we see tears on the countenance of the young and gentle bride, as mid the breathings of the parental blessing she looks her last on the dear familiar faces and scenes of her early innocent years, we feel that here, as it were, all the poetry of romance, and all the truth of reality are mysteriously mingling together; and that the being before us stands as if between two worlds, like a beautiful bird yet lingering on the confines of one country, while her plumage is spread for her flight into another! But when we see tears on the face of withered age, tears perhaps of holy feeling, while the eye of him who sheds them is fixed upon the page of the Sacred Book, more solemn ideas naturally present themselves to the mind: from the pains and disappointments of the present earthly scene, our wishes and our hopes are insensibly taught to rise in silent contemplation to that region where youth is unfading, and "where all tears shall be wiped from every eye."

GERTRUDE.

Edinburgh, 1832.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Lights and Shadows of German Life.
2 vols.

THIS is a collection of the most amusing and original stories we have met with for this many a month. In our critical capacity we are obliged to read so many novels, and so often, be it said, to find the one in plot, characters, and language, so much a counterpart of the other, that we are peculiarly sensible of the charm of novelty, and won by gratitude to speak warmly of those authors who, by possessing that charm, make our task a pleasant one; delighting our imaginations while we exercise our judgment upon them for the guidance and benefit of our readers. But the stories now before us have not only this rare merit; they are replete with incidents, scenes, and characters, that will dwell upon the mind they have amused, and elicit enduring trains of philosophic and moralizing thought. They are occasionally rich in the deep metaphysical traits of the German school, but without its puzzling obscurity and mysticism; two or three of them have in some places the conciseness, wit, and satirical point of Voltaire's sparkling romances, but without their heartless, depraved ribaldry, and Mephistophilean mockery of all that is sacred or virtuous. We rise from their perusal with our hearts warmed for our fellow-men, and with our love and interest increased for this world; which, such as it is, it behoves us to enjoy and make the best of, in expectation and humble hope of a better. And this we maintain is a more desirable and more improving result than the moral nausea that falls on the heart, however much the wit and imagination may have been captivated, after the reading of "Candide," or "L'Ingénu," or those other perilous master-pieces of the French school.

The tales, which are ten in number, are freely translated from the German of Zschokke, Pichler, Spindler, and Stahl—names that stand high on the list of living or recent authors in Germany, by one who has shown himself very capable of seizing their sense, and transfusing their spirit into his own language. His style is flowing and idiomatic. The titles of the tales are attractive and well applied. They are "The Military Campaigns of a Man of Peace"—"The Fugitive of the Jura"—"The Red-coat of Prague"—"Black Fritz"—"The Old Starosty"—"The Rival Pearls; or, The Traveller Malgré-lui"—"Circumstantial Evidence"—"The White Greyhound"—"The Magic of Time," and "It is very Possible."

There is not one of these but will carry the reader delightfully onward from its opening to its last page. Those which are more remarkable for conciseness and point are, "The Military Cam-

paings of a Man of Peace"—"The Red-coat of Prague" (a truly wonderful little story, with one of the most masterly and thorough illusions to be found in the range of works of this class); "Circumstantial Evidence" (a tale of domestic terror with a most unexpected denouement), and "It is very Possible." Of an entirely different character from these, and sharing in the picturesque and wild romance of that enchantress of our early years—Mary Anne Radcliffe, is the story of Black Fritz, a bold and generous chief of banditti, in the mountains of Bohemia. This cannot fail becoming a great favourite. To conclude, we repeat, that all the tales have merit; and we feel confident that the "Lights and Shadows of German Life" will be one of the most popular works of this season.

Turner's Annual Tour.

THIS last and most stately of the family of the Annuals, completely eclipses them all. It is a gem of art, or a string of gems! It contains no less than twenty-one engravings, by our best landscape engravers after the truly great Turner—the first living landscape-painter in the world—the rival or the superior of the immortal Claude himself (to whom his inferiority in colouring is not here visible), in composition and endless variety of effects.

Even speaking in soberness of criticism, William Turner is one of the wonders of this age. His originality, his pictorial mind, seems inexhaustible. Since somewhere about the good year 1812, when we first turned our attention to art, and began "to do a little in that way" ourselves, we have seen some thousands of his matchless works, through which was lavished such wealth of composition, combination, and effect, that, highly as we thought of the source from which it flowed, we deemed it must finally be dried up, and that Turner must at length repeat himself. But, no! he has gone on, and still goes on, fresh, vigorous, varied, and *new* as ever, shedding the undying soul of art—the very essence of poetry, over almost every scene he touches.

The views in the present "rare tome" are on the Loire, a river rich in beauty, flowing through some of the fairest regions of old France—regions so often visited by our wandering countrymen, a circumstance that alone ought to secure an extensive sale for this work. And who indeed, that has seen the rising and the setting sun on those lovely waters, the stately bridges which cross them, and the ancient towers and towns that rise on their banks, but will be transported to have his recollections revived, or those scenes brought again before his delighted eyes, with that truth and magic which only Turner and nature can give?

We must condense our praise, and quit this subject, on which our enthusiasm is not assumed, but flows from our heart of hearts. Turner's Annual Tour, from the exquisiteness of the designs and the perfect style in which they are engraved, is not merely the most beautiful, but the *cheapest* book of the day. It were a disgrace to the taste of this wealthy land, should it fail in amply rewarding those engaged in its publication.

The plates are accompanied by stories, and by the account of a tour, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, the talented author of "The Romance of French History."

Bellegarde; the Adopted Indian Boy. A Canadian Tale. 3 vols.

THIS is an interesting, melancholy story of love, war, and sorrow, in Canada—itsself a romantic and interesting country, which still offers immense resources to novelists and other writers.

In the present tale, which is of simple construction, the author conveys considerable information concerning a country he seems well acquainted with, and some of his scenes are animated, and may prove novel to many of his readers. We would particularly instance that of the annual departure of the adventurous Canadian hunters of the "North-West Company," to whose daring and almost inconceivable journeys and exertions luxury is so much indebted, though she is apt to think so seldom of them, even while the skins of the wild animals they pursued and killed, give the greatest warmth and comfort to her body, and to her attire one of its choicest ornaments.

"The ermine of the judge's robe," says our author, "the swan-down boa, that vies in whiteness and softness with the fair neck and shoulders it partly conceals, the bear-skin cap of the fierce grenadier, are all derived from this source." And again, "Our fair readers, when they envelope their delicate forms in a fur pelisse, little suspect whence it comes, how it is obtained, or upon what an extensive scale of destruction, peril, and individual privation, the commerce of peltry has been carried on for nearly half a century."

The account of the domestic economy and common progress of an industrious couple settling in the back woods of America, from their rude log-hut to their comfortable and even stately mansion, is also correct and interesting, and calculated to remove many of the misrepresentations and prejudices of a recent writer on the United States.

Besides his good, solid information, we are induced, by passages of noble and glowing feeling like the following, to recommend "Bellegarde" to the notice of our readers.

"Were there nothing in the essence of incredulity worse than the annihilation of hope, and the grandeur of our destiny, the necessity of seek-

ing happiness ought to lead us to adopt a more comforting, a more consoling doctrine; which, to say the least of it, is as easy of belief as that which the school of 'the patriarch of Ferney' has disseminated for the misery and despair of its disciples. It is of this discarded and calumniated credulity, that science and civilisation are the fair fruit; that has produced whatever is nearest to perfection in literature and the fine arts; that has left us monuments to attest its divine inspirations in the poems of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, and Milton; in the Parthenon, the Temple of Ephesus, the Church of St. Peter. Had Raphael been a cold materialist, could he have given to the portrait of the Virgin that expression which artists call *divine*? Had Cleomenes only felt that he was employing his chisel in making the statue of an Athenian woman, would the block of marble have taken the form, the inimitable form of the Venus de Medici? Could incredulity produce the Jupiter of Phidias, the Apollo of Belvidere? No; incredulity has no higher conceptions than a canal, a bridge, a highway, and a tomb! It sees only the *palpable half of man*, and perishes with the creature of its own creation."—Vol. iii. p. 36.

The Solitary. A Poem. In Three Parts. By Charles Whitehead.

WE took occasion, in the November Number, to say a few words of high but sincere, unbiassed praise in favour of Mr. Whitehead's poem, and now keep our promise by offering a few more observations.

Should the extracts we have already given not have proved, in our readers' estimation, sufficient to justify our qualifying Mr. Whitehead as one possessed of great originality, and of the true and fervid spirit of poetry, we trust that the verses we shall now add will gain them to our opinion.

We admit the existence of faults in "The Solitary," but they are the faults of inexperience, and, in some instances, are in themselves evidences of the poet's genius, being nothing more than imagery too lavishly thrown together, and of feeling carried beyond its proper depth. But too much imagery and too much feeling are "faults on the right side!" It is with the poet's mind as with the movement of a watch; it is easy to repress its speed if it go too fast, but difficult to increase its speed if it go too slow. Mr. Whitehead's now bounds along its course, and the discipline of time and experience will regulate its velocity.

It was said by a cotemporary periodical of distinguished talent, that the author of "The Solitary" must be mad; we can only say that we wish to God he would bite some of our living bards, for his is a madness which, we confess, we should like to see a little more prevalent.

We now proceed to our extracts.

It is in this exquisite, feeling manner, that Mr.

Whitehead describes an air by Weber, and the beautiful being who sang it.

"That strain still haunts me—wonder ye? 'twas,
wrought

By the pale German with melodious pain;
He who in blissful agony of thought,
Wrung from the o'ertask'd torture of his
brain

Such dreams as fill the heart and thrill the
vein;

How deep a symphony of peace profound
Usher'd the graceful coming of the strain;
A harbinger to celebrate around
Th' inauguration of a joy-apparell'd sound.

"And she who sang—how sweetly from her lips,
How proudly did it woo the listening air,
As though it might its very self eclipse,
Kiss'd into music by a mouth so fair.
For she was beautiful beyond compare;
Lovely as morning's earliest, loveliest glow,
And pure as Heaven-directed fountains are,
Or snow before it reach the fallen snow,
Or the starr'd sky above to mortal gaze below.

"Inbreathed Grace, enamoured of her air,
Still tended her when she was least attended;
Meek Charity, and Meekness soft, were there,
Twin sisters, in one zone of beauty blended.
* * * *

Passing from Music to her fair sister Poetry,
we offer to our reader's admiration the following
verses, descriptive of the poet's aspirations:

"Not for herself, nor for the wealth she brings,
Is the muse woo'd and won, but for the deep,
Occult, profound, unfathomable things,—
The engines of our tears whene'er we weep,
The impulse of our dreams whene'er we sleep;
The mysteries that our sad hearts possess,
Which, and the keys of which, the muse
doth keep;
Oh! may the trust her young disciple bless,
Whene'er she yields her gifts in faith and
gentleness!

"To kindle soft humanity—to raise,
With gentle strength infus'd, the spirit bow'd;
To pour a second sunlight on our days,
And draw the restless lightning from our
cloud;
To cheer the humble, and to dash the proud;
What heav'n withholds more largely to supply,
And fringe with joy our ever-weaving shroud;
Besought in peace to live, and taught to die;
The poet's task is done—Oh, Immortality!"

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library.
Vol. X.

WE have already twice had occasion to recom-
mend this admirably conducted publication, and
hope our voice, though weak, has contributed in
some degree to the procuring of that notice and pa-
tronage which it so eminently deserves. Its object
is to convey, in a popular form, the information

VOL. II.—NO. I.

collected by travellers, and a knowledge of the
vast, varied, and wonderful world we inhabit; and
hitherto the task has been intrusted, not to
meagre-minded makers of abridgments and con-
densations, but to men eminent by their litera-
ture, science, travels, and experience.

The present volume contains the travels of the
truly great Baron Humboldt, and is in itself a
mine of valuable and most interesting informa-
tion, embracing the "expanse of the Atlantic
ocean, with its circling currents;" "the magnifi-
cent vegetation of the tropical regions;" "the
elevated table-lands of the Andes, crowned by
volcanic cones, whose summits shoot high into
the regions of perennial snow;" "the varied as-
pect of the heavens in those distant lands—the
earthquakes that have desolated populous and
fertile countries,"* and other matters equally
calculated to attract and to fix attention. The
last chapter in the volume contains an account
of the Baron's journey into Asiatic Russia and
the confines of China, from which he has but
lately returned.

The fame of the Baron Humboldt has extended
indeed to every part of the civilised world; and
with the learned and the scientific, among "*color
che sanno*," no name is more familiar or more
respected.

Paris; or the Book of the Hundred
and One.

THIS is a very admirable translation of de-
cidedly the best literary work that has appeared
of late years in France.

"The history of the original," to use the
words of the able translator, "is both curious
and interesting. After the failure of M. L'Advo-
cat, the great Parisian publisher, the most dis-
tinguished literary men in France offered their
gratuitous aid, in any way that might be thought
most likely to restore his broken fortunes—a libe-
rality that does honour to the age. The outline
of the plan suggested, was a series of papers
descriptive of Paris, Parisian manners and soci-
ety; and from the fact, that *one hundred and one*
writers immediately subscribed their names as
contributors, originated the title of the work."

This touching history will of itself be a recom-
mendation to the sympathies of our readers; and
when they are told that the names of Paul de
Cock, Chasles, Fouinet, A. Dumas, Roche,
Droumeau, Bazin, Charles Nodier, Mademoiselle
Elise Voiart, the Count de Peroynnet, the unfor-
tunate ex-minister of Charles X., now a prisoner
in the castle of Ham, and of others—the most
distinguished of the literati of France—are in the
list of contributors, we are confident they will
take up the volumes of "*The Hundred and One*"
with anxious pleasure; which indeed they must
have felt from the mere enumeration of such
"bright, particular stars," without any reference
to, or knowledge of the interesting circumstances

* Preface.

H

under which they were brought to shine together, and to produce one intellectual galaxy.

The united labours of so many authors of different sentiments and styles offer a delightful variety, and such complete pictures of the French capital, and its society of all classes, as could not have been produced in any other way. These volumes have all the lightness, elegance, playfulness, and wit, of the far-famed "*Hermite du Chaussé d'Antin*," with infinitely more feeling and pathos, and with none of the political exaltation, deep-rooted national prejudices, and bitterness of that work. We consider the absence of these last-named feelings, as subject of wonder and especial praise in the present moral condition of France, where politics absorb the public mind, and the noise of contending parties must incessantly invade the retirement of the muse, and jar upon the strings of her lyre. Whenever any political allusions are made by "*The Hundred and One*," they are moderate, mild, generous, and philosophic; and we must say here, we have been captivated by the mode in which one of the writers (M. Chasles), at a moment like the present, renders a tribute to M. de Chateaubriand—a man who, whatever may have been his political inconsistencies and follies, has always been possessed of the nobility of genius, and generosity of heart. Where every article has merit, we will not descend to invidious distinctions or preferences, but dismiss the work with the assurance to our readers, that such of them as have lived in Paris, will find many of their recollections pleasantly revived, and become possessed of many traits and details which may have escaped their observation; and that such of them as have not been there, or only for a short time, will acquire a very correct notion of the French capital from the perusal of the '*Book of the Hundred and One*.'

We have said the translation is an admirable one. It is so in the strict sense of the word. The translator has shown himself more intrinsically acquainted with all the modern idioms, technicalities and niceties of the French language, and at the same time sufficiently master of his own, to find equivalents for them all, and to render them all into good idiomatic English. This is a rare, and, as must be known to every one who has tried his hand at translation, a most difficult thing to do, and we insist, that the task of a translator, when thus executed, is deserving of much higher praise than his modest labours obtain him from the world.

In these three volumes, it would be difficult to detect a decided gallicism, or even a French word that has a word to represent it in English; and on this head, we particularly recommend this truly British adaptation of a foreign work to nine out of ten of the writers of modern novels, who seem to think that constructions foreign to the genius of our language show vigour and originality, and that our masculine English is so wanting in copiousness, that they must hermaphrodize it with French.

Family Classical Library. No. XXXVI.
A. J. Valpy.

THE volume of this Library, so useful to all who are not proficient in the difficult languages of ancient Greece and Rome, which has last reached us, contains translations of no less than six of the immortal tragedies of Euripides, by the learned Potter, whose versions indeed merit the praise bestowed upon them by the *Bibliographical Miscellany*, being "always faithful and sometimes elevated." Volumes like these, at four shillings and sixpence each, are admirably cheap!

The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare.
With a Life, Glossarial Notes, and one hundred and seventy Illustrations, from the Plates in Boydell's Collection.

WE gladly embrace the opportunity of registering, as an humble addition to the general praise it has already received, our commendation of this cheap and elegant edition of our Shakespeare, which is now publishing in monthly volumes. The plays, the annotations, which are lucid and concise, and the historical digests prefixed to the plays, are all exceedingly well arranged. The text has the correctness which is found in all the works from the press of Mr. Valpy.

Plays. By Mrs. A. M'Taggart, Author of "*Memoirs of a Gentlewoman*." Second Edition. 2 vols. A. J. Valpy.

THOUGH we cannot entirely echo the praises (published in these volumes, with the productions to which they relate) of Mr. Galt, who once undertook the task of introducing to the world's applause the dramatic pieces rejected by the Theatres, and those whose authors feared a similar contumely; still we confess they contain several happy dramatic positions, considerable delicacy of feeling, and power of reaching the heart. The sentiments are all such as may emanate from a "gentlewoman;" and though conveyed in the profane form of plays, be read by all sober and religious families. To hint at a comparison with Joanna Baillie, as Mr. Galt does, is absurd, but Mrs. M'Taggart's merits are considerable; and, wishing her blank verse were better, we take our leave of her with much respect.

Panorama of Stirling.

THIS is one of the most attractive panoramas we have seen. It is rich in historical recollections, bringing at once to the bodily and mental eye scenes which are hallowed in our memories by their ancient renown. The view which this grand picture represents is perhaps unequalled in Scotland, and Mr. Burford has done it ample justice, by the admirable manner in which he has employed the resources of his art to bring it in all its natural and vivid beauty before the beholder's eye. It is impossible to speak too highly in its praise.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Speaker.—It is rumoured that his Majesty, with the kind consideration of saving to the country, for the present, the late Speaker's retiring pension of 4,000*l.* per annum, has made it his personal request to Mr. Manners Sutton that he would resume the high office in the new Parliament; and that such is consequently to be the case.—*Standard.*

Royal Academy.—On Monday evening, the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, the distribution of prizes for the intermediate year (the grand distribution being only biennial) took place, when the following rewards were adjudged:—

To Mr. Frost, a silver medal, and copies of the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best copy in the school of painting.

To Mr. Hartnall, a silver medal, for the second best copy.

To Mr. Novello, a silver medal, for the best drawing from the life.

To Mr. Branden, a silver medal, for a drawing of the principal front of the Bank.

To Mr. Horsley, a silver medal, for the best drawing from the antique.

To Mr. Pickersgill, a silver medal, for the best model from the antique.

Steam Carriage.—The steam carriage constructed by Messrs. Heaton, of Birmingham, made a short journey on the Hales Owen road on Friday, in order try the power of a new boiler in generating steam, and which, we understand, performed its office most satisfactorily. The lack of steam, which is an evil hitherto common to all the locomotive steam carriages when put to considerable speed for some distance, appears now to be obviated; and the performance of a long journey in reasonable time by these carriages cannot remain much longer an uncertainty. The carriage started from the manufactory in Shadwell Street, and proceeded up Great Charles Street Hill at the rate of five miles an hour. It afterwards increased its speed, and on its way to Hazlewood went frequently at the rate of ten miles an hour. Its average rate of travelling, however, seemed to be about eight miles per hour; and this it performs with great safety and certainty on all roads.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

Murder.—There are two or three painfully interesting circumstances which appeared in evidence at the inquest of the unfortunate Maddox family, lately murdered in the county of Wexford, which have not hitherto been noticed by the provincial or Dublin papers. A son and daughter of Maddox escaped the fury of the miscreants at first, by pretending to be servants of the family; but when at some distance from the house, the daughter hearing the cries of her father, rushed back, exclaiming, "Oh, my God! are you going

to murder my father?" Poor thing! she fell a victim to her filial affection,—she was immediately shot by one of the savages who surrounded the house. The policemen came out of the house, under promise of protection; but, as soon as they appeared outside, they were fired at. One escaped in the confusion uninjured; the other, who was mortally wounded, ran some distance, leaped over a fence which few athletic men would have attempted, but after running a short distance further, he fell from weakness and loss of blood. His comrade, perceiving the condition he was in, ran to his assistance. The unfortunate man, on seeing him, cried out, "Are you shot?" and on receiving an answer in the negative, exclaimed, "Fly then for your life; don't stay; it's all over with me." The survivor, having secured the poor fellow's watch, money, and ammunition, then made good his retreat.—*Dublin Express.*

Siege of Antwerp.—The Lunette of St. Laurent has been taken by assault. The following is from the *Times*—

"When the sap was prepared for the descent into the fosse, three modes presented themselves to take the fort. One was to attack the gorge by a strong force, by which there was a probability of great loss. The opening of the breach by the artillery would be so much lost time; and the third mode, which was suggested by General Haxo, and which was in unison with the principle on which the siege was conducted, was to place a mine in the flank of the lunette. This last was adopted, and executed with brilliant and fortunate results.

"On the 10th, a raft was constructed under the blindage near the fosse. During the night, fourteen workmen of the engineers, led by an officer, crossed the fosse, and fastening themselves to the left flank of the fort near the *sailant*, they remained there five hours, during which every means that art could suggest produced no other effect than that of removing two bricks.

"The difficulties were such, that in the day following it became a matter of deliberation, whether they should not resort to the more certain, though more tedious, process of opening the breach with the artillery. General Haxo persisted; and at six o'clock in the evening of the 11th, the engineers crossed the fosse a second time, still unobserved by the besieged in the fortress; who, by a lucky chance, could not enfilade this fosse, which is not under any guns but those of the city itself.

"The firing of the besiegers against the Citadel was besides at this time extremely quick, in order to turn off the attention of the garrison. To give you an idea of its rapidity, I need only state, that on this night 77,000 cartridges were consumed. After a hard labour of several hours, and the em-

ployment of petards, the men at last succeeded in destroying a coating of brick, and a thick layer of cement, by which they attained their object. An excavation was soon made, into which the miners entered. Thus these resolute men remained lodged in the very flank of the lunette from the 12th to the 13th; and during this time they had dug to the depth of thirty feet under the platform of the fort. The excavation was in the form of a T, in the upper part of which there were three magazines. Yesterday evening, each of these magazines was charged with 500 kilograms (1,000lb English) of powder. The remainder of the night was employed in filling up the excavations with a considerable number of sacks of earth.

"It is now said, that at nine o'clock the officer commanding the lunette had a suspicion of what was going on, and communicated these suspicions to General Chassé, who sent him answer that he must be mistaken. Be that as it may, about four o'clock this morning, everything being prepared, the train of the mine was fired. The soldiers then retired within the second parallel, and in half an hour after, a violent explosion, followed by an eruption of stones, several of which fell at our side, announced that a practicable breach had been effected. The first detonation was followed by a second, occasioned by the explosion of a small magazine of shells and grenades, which had the appearance of a brilliant discharge of fireworks. The garrison of the lunette took the explosion as the effect of a bomb."

A breach was formed by this explosion, which was almost immediately entered by the besiegers; and thus, with little or no loss, they made themselves masters of the lunette of St. Laurent.

English Theatre at Paris.—This speculation, under the management of Miss Smithson, seems to droop; although from the popularity of that lady among the French, much might reasonably have been expected from it. But good actresses do not always make good managers of theatres.

The French papers speak very highly of Mr. R. Jones, whom Miss Smithson engaged for a few weeks, and who is the prop of the establishment. Even the French *Figaro*, so literally sarcastic and so difficult to please, expresses its delight at the elegant and humorous acting of Mr. Jones, whom the *Journal des Debats*, the best critical journal in France, also terms "acteur élégant et de bon ton," and "acteur remarquable."

The truth is, we have often regretted that Mr. Jones was not permanently retained at one of our national theatres; for we say without hesitation that, in his particular line, he is without a rival,

except perhaps in his London namesake, over whom, however, he has great intellectual superiority.

Miss Smithson has been much applauded, as usual; but we think it a great error in judgment, to select the turgid and preposterous tragedy of Rowe (*Jane Shore*), to make her début this season before a French audience.

Dreadful Murder.—On Sunday morning, the 16th of last month, a most horrible murder was discovered on the premises of Messrs. Williams and Son, soap-boilers, Compton Street, Clerkenwell. It appears that when the carters called about eight o'clock that morning to feed the horses, they rang the bell of the yard for the clerk, who resides on the premises, to admit them; but after repeatedly ringing and receiving no answer, they effected an entrance through an adjoining house; and finding the counting-house door open, they entered, and discovered the body of the clerk lying on his back, his skull most frightfully fractured, and his blood and brains strewn about in all directions. There were no fewer than fourteen blows traceable on the skull: the right arm was also fractured, and the wrist dislocated. The poker was found under the fireplace, bent nearly to a right angle, and covered with hair and blood. A young man named Newland, formerly in the employ of Messrs. Williams, was taken up on Wednesday, but nothing was proved against him to warrant his detention. Government has advertised a reward for the discovery of the murderer.

Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held before William Adye, Esq. one of the Coroners for Wilts, on Monday the 17th instant, at the Black Dog Inn, Standerwick, on the body of Thomas Ford, of Short Street, near Chapmans-lane, Wilts, weaver; who fell a victim to the attack made upon the unarmed supporters of Mr. Thomas Sheppard, at the nomination of the candidates for Frome on Monday the 10th instant. It appeared in evidence, that the unfortunate man being wholly unarmed, as all Mr. Sheppard's supporters were, was, in the forenoon of the day of nomination, in the market-place of Frome, severely beaten and kicked in the lower part of the bowels. He was removed to his home, and attended by medical men both from Frome and Westbury. He lingered in great suffering until Thursday morning last, when he died. The result of the *post mortem* examination was laid before the Jury; from which it appeared, that one of the smaller intestines was burst, and had mortified. The Jury returned a unanimous verdict of "Wilful Murder, by some person or persons unknown." *Devizes Gazette.*



T. A. Dean, sculp.

THE SPIRIT OF THE
 FATHER AND SON, IN THE
 TEMPLE OF THE FATHER

THE SPIRIT OF THE FATHER AND SON, IN THE
 TEMPLE OF THE FATHER

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1833.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF LADY AUGUSTA KENNEDY ERSKINE.

LADY AUGUSTA KENNEDY-ERSKINE is the fourth daughter of his Majesty, and the widow of the Hon. John Kennedy (second son of the present Marquis of Ailsa), who assumed the additional surname and arms of ERSKINE, upon inheriting the estates of his maternal grandfather, John Erskine, Esq., of Dun, in the county of Angus. Her ladyship was married on the 5th of July, 1827, and has three children, WILLIAM-HENRY, Wilhelmina, and Augusta-Anne. Her husband died at Pisa, in 1831.

The family of KENNEDY yields to few of its native country, in the splendour and antiquity of its descent. So far back as the twelfth century, DUNCAN DE CARRICK enjoyed extensive estates in the county of Ayr, and was a personage of great influence and power. He was great-grandfather of

SIR GILBERT DE CARRICK, Knt., who is designated, in an arbitration deed between himself and the nuns of North Berwick, which had been referred to Robert Bruce and the Bishop of Glasgow, "Gilbertus de Carrick, miles filius Rolandi," &c., and his seal is appended, exhibiting the same shield of arms as the house of Ailsa bear to this day. His son,

SIR GILBERT DE CARRICK, Knt., obtaining from Malcolm Earl of Lennox, a charter of the lands of Buchmonyn, KENNADY, &c., assumed the latter designation as his surname. This potent laird, who lived about

the middle of the fourteenth century, was father of

SIR JOHN KENNEDY, whose grandson,

SIR JAMES KENNEDY, wedded the Lady MARY STEWART, relict of George Douglas, Earl of Angus, and daughter of ROBERT III. King of Scotland. Sir James obtained from his father-in-law, in 1405-6, a charter of confirmation of the bailiary of Carrick, the royal grant bearing "*delecto consanguineo suo Jacobo Kennedy militi*;" and further acquired from the same monarch the lands and barony of Dalrymple. By the princess Mary Sir James had two sons;

1. GILBERT, his heir;
2. JAMES, Bishop of St. Andrews, and founder of St. Salvador. This distinguished prelate, one of the most eminent in the Scottish annals, was appointed, during the minority of James III., a Lord of the Regency, and exercising in that elevated station, his talents, probity, and political skill, acquired an authority before unknown to any churchman in Scotland. His lordship died 10th May, 1466, much and universally regretted for his wisdom, munificence, and patriotism.

The elder son,

SIR GILBERT KENNEDY, Knt., was elevated to the peerage of Scotland, in 1452, as Lord Kennedy; and in eight years after was constituted one of the six regents of the

kingdom. His lordship espoused Catherine, daughter of Herbert Lord Maxwell, and was grandfather of

DAVID KENNEDY, third Lord, who was advanced, in 1502, by JAMES IV., to the Earldom of Cassilis.* This nobleman, accompanying the king to the fatal field of Flodden, fell there with his royal master, Sept. 9th, 1513. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

GILBERT KENNEDY, second Earl of Cassilis, who espoused the Lady Isabel Campbell, daughter of Archibald, Earl of Argyle, and had, *inter alios*,

GILBERT, his heir,

QUINTIN, abbot of Crossregal, a person of singular piety and great austerity of manners, who, in 1562, held a disputation of three days with the celebrated John Knox, on the subject of the sacrifice of the mass. He was canonised by the Pope.

Gilbert, second Earl of Cassilis, was assassinated in 1527, in endeavouring to rescue James the Fifth from the Earl of Angus, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

GILBERT KENNEDY, third Earl. This distinguished person, who commenced his education at the University of St. Andrews, and completed it at Paris under the tutorship of the accomplished George Buchanan, played a distinguished part in the eventful era in which he lived. In 1554 he filled the office of High Treasurer of Scotland; in 1557 had a chief command in the army destined to invade England; and in the following year assisted as a deputed Scottish Peer at the marriage of the ill-fated Mary Stuart with the Dauphin of France. Upon the latter occasion, those deputies having offended the French Court, his Lordship, with his colleagues, is supposed to have been poisoned during his progress homeward. His preceptor Bucha-

nan records, in the history of Scotland, the virtues and premature fate of the Earl, and in an epitaph (published in his works) countenances the report of his murder:—

"Occidit insidiis fallaci exceptus ab hoste."

This unfortunate nobleman was direct ancestor of

JOHN KENNEDY, eighth Earl, at whose decease issueless in 1759, the family honours were claimed by and allowed to his kinsman,

SIR THOMAS KENNEDY, Baronet, of Cullean, a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Cullean, second son of the third Earl. His Lordship died unmarried in 1775, and was succeeded by his brother,

DAVID KENNEDY, tenth Earl, at whose demise without issue, in 1792, the honours reverted to his relative,

ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, eleventh Earl, a distinguished naval officer, who died in 1794, leaving by his second Countess, Anne, daughter of John Watts, Esq., of New York, a son and heir,

ARCHIBALD KENNEDY, K.T., twelfth Earl, who was advanced to a Marquisate in Sept. 1831, and is the present MARQUIS OF AILSA. His Lordship wedded, the 1st June, 1793, Margaret, second daughter of John Erskine, Esq., of Dun, in the county of Angus, and has had issue,

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Cassilis, who married, in 1814, Eleanor, only daughter and heiress of John Allardyce, Esq., of Dunotta, and died in 1832, leaving several children by this lady, who died in the same year.

JOHN, who assumed, as stated above, the surname of Erskine, and wedded the Lady Augusta, daughter of the King; he died in 1831.

Anne, married, in 1821, to Sir David Baird, Bart, of Newbyth.

Mary.

Margaret, married to Thomas, present Earl of Newburgh.

Alicia Jane, married to Col. Jonathan Peel.

* The lands of CASTLYS, in the county of Ayr, had been obtained by the earl's ancestor, Sir John Kennedy, temp. DAVID II, in marriage with Mary, daughter of Sir John Montgomery.

AN UNPUBLISHED EPIGRAM ON MADAME DE MAINTENON.

A. D. 1698.

(From a MS. Collection of Songs and Epigrams in the British Museum, in 8 vols. 8vo, Bib. Reg.)

Au Dauphin de la France, à voir comme tout va,
 "Mon fils," disait Louis, "que rien ne vous étonne
 Nous maintiendrons notre couronne;"
 Le Dauphin répondit, "Sire, Maintenon l'a."

SHAKSPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HIS OWN GREATNESS.

BY THE LATE WM. GODWIN, ESQ., JUNIOR.

OF all the popular fallacies that are rife in the world of letters, in my opinion there is not one so fallacious as that which asserts that Shakspeare was ignorant of his own greatness; and yet, like other errors that I could name, it is now enwrapped in the venerable gaberdine of antiquity, on the rusty reputation of which it passes from mouth to mouth unquestioned and unresisted. It may on this account be perhaps thought presumptuous in me to venture for a moment to attempt to overturn the dictum: but in fighting this battle, I take Shakspeare himself for my Ithuriel spear, and Nature for my Palladian shield; and, like an errant of old, trust that the weakness of my arm may be more than counterbalanced by the potent magic that has been expended on my panoply.

Truth is mighty, and will prevail. I am sure that the assertion of our poet's unconsciousness is contrary to analogy and to reason: I believe that it is contrary to the facts that remain to us of his life. If I can prove these two positions, the field will be won.

The great, and indeed the only, argument urged in support of the sophism I have to combat, is the fact that Shakspeare published no edition of his plays, but risked them to the care of chance and of posterity. The logic that has been built upon this datum is, that if the poet had been conscious of the ineffable splendour with which he has illumined his dramas, it was in the course of things impossible, that he could be content to let them pass down the stream of time without tending their outset under the guardianship of his own paternal eye.

This argument I admit to be plausible on the first glance; but when we come to examine it, we shall find that it omits a world of facts, and that it is adverse to the laws of nature and of truth.

In the first place, it is a matter of record that Shakspeare rewrote many of his plays—amongst which may more particularly be mentioned, *Hamlet* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. That is not the act of a man who writes merely for profit, and with a view to supply the popular demand of the day. It rather betokens a painstaking examination of the original document; a consciousness that the full energy of the mind has not been lavished on its formation; and a resolution

“to lay on load” and forward it to that pitch of excellence which lies germinating within the brain of the author.

In the second place, this sophism takes no account of the fact that Shakspeare was not only an author, but a manager. In our own day, Mr. Morris of the Haymarket will give a dramatist an extra sum to secure the non-publication of a play, in the expectation that that stipend will be repaid him by bringing to his theatre those to see who would, in the event of publication, have been satisfied with staying at home to read. But if this is a business-like policy in the present age, how much more so was it in the time of Elizabeth, when, to the great mass of the people, the playhouse afforded almost the only intellectual food within their reach? It may be said, that this argument is only effective so long as Shakspeare remained a manager, and that there was nothing to prevent his giving his plays to the world, so soon as he had retired from the theatre, and taken up his abode in his native town. This, I acknowledge, would be sound reasoning, if we were quite safe as to one or two facts. But when we remember that our poet derived his chief profits from his managership, it becomes a self-evident proposition, that when he retired from that office, the good-will of it was valuable as a property, and was sold accordingly to his successor: this brings us to the next step: he who succeeded naturally inquired—whence arose the profit?—and again it becomes self-evident, that much of it must have been derived from the exclusive possession of the manuscript dramas of the poet. Is it not then more than probable, that these very manuscripts became a matter of barter, and that Shakspeare was bound down by agreement to non-publication?—There is also another consideration which may suggest itself to our mind. Shakspeare was by no means an old man when he retired to Stratford, or when he died, which happened in a few years afterwards. On the contrary, he was in the very vigour of intellectual existence; and it seems to be no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that it was within his intention to devote his Avonian hours to the perfecting of those works which, from his previously re-writing so many, I am justified in saying he had most

nearly at heart. My own idea is, that, it being extremely probable that his hands were tied for a certain time by agreement with his managerial successor, he was waiting for the lapse of that period, when death overtook him, and deprived the world of that final polish to the cluster, the intrinsic diamonds of which he had already bestowed.

In the third place, even supposing that I am wrong in my conjecture, that Shakspeare deemed it a matter of business not to print his dramas while he was a manager, and that subsequently he was prevented by bond from their publication, it by no means follows that their non-publication arose from any doubt as to their merits. Rather than pin our faith on such an abortion of the truth, it will surely be more easy to imagine that the constitution of his mind was such, that, rolling in its own inexhaustible mines, it was lavishly careless of the veins already exposed to the world, conscious that the great source from which all these were derived was still undrained. The greatest prodigals are those who deem their treasure unconsumable; and because a man is careless of his greatness, it does not follow that he is ignorant of it. Themistocles, being requested at a feast to play on the lute, replied—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town a great city:" and so Shakspeare, perhaps, for ever wrapt in the consciousness of his power to convert a score of blank leaves into an immortal drama, contented himself with leaving his immortalities in the hands of the world, persuaded that they contained that within, which would force mankind to struggle for their preservation.

In the fourth place, the argument that is presented to us in support of Shakspeare's ignorance of his own strength, entirely omits all notice of the fact that is furnished by Shakspeare himself in his sonnets. With respect to dramatic productions, it is to be observed, that they afford an author little or no opportunity of speaking in his own person: it is true that he may put his own real sentiments in the mouth of one of his characters; but from that moment they become the sentiments of that imaginary person, and there is no mark by which we can more specifically identify them with the creed of the poet himself. We shall therefore for the most part look in vain for Shakspeare's opinions in Shakspeare's plays: syllogism and sophism to a certain extent may guide us; but at all events our conclusions (and scanty they will be) must be the deductions of argument, and not the dogmas of fact.

But when we come to the sonnets, we find ourselves in a very different situation. Here the poet speaks in his own person, states his own opinions, and pours forth the language of his own heart; and more especially is this the case with Shakspeare, as his sonnets, we are told, were rather written for the luxury of private friendship than for the strictness of public observance.* If, then, we there find our poet over and over again proclaiming that his verse shall be immortal and his muse everlasting, is it not monstrous to assert, in the teeth of his own words, that this was a man who lived and died in ignorance of his own scope of intellect? Am I right? or am I wrong in my statement?—Let us turn to his sonnets. In the eighteenth sonnet, these are the last six lines.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

The whole of the 55th sonnet is dedicated to the same thought:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents,
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
E'en in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment, that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

The last six lines of the 81st sonnet are perhaps still more strong:—

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes, not yet created, shall o'er read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse;—
When all the breathers of this world be dead,
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouths of men.

After these examples it will be unnecessary to quote others in the text; and I therefore content myself with referring to them in a note.† I think that the three I have already given are amply sufficient to shew that Shakspeare fully appreciated his own

* "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous honey-tongued Shakspeare: witness his Venus and Adonis; his Lucrece; his sugred sonnets among his private friends."

Meres' Wit's Treasury, 1598.

† See also sonnets xvii. xix. xxlii. liv. lx. lxiii. ci. cvii. and cxvi.

genius, and knew that he had a right to exclaim

Oh, let my books be then my eloquence.*

Thus much then for the facts that are omitted in the arguments of those who would contend that Shakspeare was ignorant of his own greatness. I have now to endeavour to show that it is a position adverse to the laws of nature and of truth.

Self-appreciation is an essential part of our very existence, as is manifest when we observe how every mental passion, more or less, owes its origin to that very *principium*. One man seeks revenge, because his self-consequence has been injured; a second is ambitious, because it will add to his self-consequence; a third boils over with hatred towards a fellow-being, because he stands between him and his self-consequence. And yet Shakspeare, who knew all this better than any man that ever breathed, is of all others selected as the one who had no self-appreciation; he, who is the Simeon Stylites of the literary world, and has built for himself a pillar whereon his fame resteth in elevation eternal, is represented by this sophism as grovelling in the dust. So far from this forming any portion of my creed, I believe that

"While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness†."

There is another point of view in which this argument seems to be irresistible. It is "familiar as household words" to remark of any of his greatest plays—Hamlet, for instance—that every time we read it we discover fresh beauties in it; but it is clear as an axiom, that all these (not to say many more, as yet undiscovered) were manifest to the poet the moment he wrote them. It is on these beauties that we build our adoration; and on these, therefore, must he have built a consciousness of his own greatness, unless we are to pronounce him to be, as Goldsmith by Horace Walpole in the last century, "an inspired idiot."

A philosopher of the present day, in speaking of self-complacency as necessary for the perfect fruition of the seeds of our mind, illustrates his argument with the case of Columbus's discovery of America, and Homer's composition of the Iliad. I will quote his concluding remarks, as they seem to me to bear with great effect on the matter now before us. Having shown that it was impossible for Columbus to retract without disgrace from his undertaking, after he had once

drawn the eyes of Spain to his proposal, the writer observes—

"It is not so in writing a poem. The author of the latter may stop wherever he pleases. Of consequence, during every day of its execution, he requires a fresh stimulus. He must look back on the past, and forward on what is to come, and feel that he has considerable reason to be satisfied. The great naval discoverer may have his intervals of misgiving and encouragement, and may, as Pope expresses it, 'wish that any one would hang him.' He goes forward, for he has no longer the liberty to choose. But the author of a mighty poem is not in the same manner entangled, and therefore to a great degree returns to his work each day, 'screwing his courage to the sticking place.' He must feel the same fortitude and elasticity, and be as entirely the same man of heroic energy, as when he first arrived at the resolution to engage. How much then of self-complacency and self-confidence do his undertaking and performance imply!

"I have taken two of the most memorable examples in the catalogue of human achievements: the discovery of a new world, and the production of the Iliad. But all those voluntary actions, or rather series and chains of actions, which comprise energy in the first determination, and honour in the execution, each in its degree rests upon self-complacency as the pillar upon which its weight is sustained, and without which it must sink into nothing*."

If this argument is sound, Shakspeare must be eminently included in it; and my only quarrel with the doctrine is that it does not go far enough. It seems to me that self-complacency extends far beyond those actions "which comprise energy in the first determination, and honour in the execution." Instinct teaches all created things their peculiar superiority: the peacock spreads his golden fan; the swan disports his graceful neck; and the nightingale makes the woods all melody with his tuneful voice; and so, if we ascend to mankind, we perceive that each embeds himself in his own individual excellence. He, therefore, who excels the most, carries his self-complacency with the greater elevation. Think you Phidias tooled his Parian marble with the same dull sensations that the pauper breaks his Kentish rag to pave the public highway? or did Raphael stand before his easel in the same spirit in which a bricklayer whitewashes a ceiling?

* Sonnet xxiii.

† Wordsworth.

* Godwin's Thoughts on Man.

Rely upon it, Shakspeare knew his own greatness even more than we know it. The raciness of Falstaff, the soliloquies of Hamlet, and the third act of Othello, were precious to his soul; and self was not absent when he exclaimed,

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

One word in conclusion. In thus endeavouring to relieve the poet from a charge of dull unconsciousness; in thus endeavouring by Shakspeare's own words to prove Shakspeare's knowledge of his own greatness, I trust that I have not fallen into the error of which Macbeth speaks, and been imitating

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—"

My object has been to release our Poet from the popular fallacy of being ignorant of the rank of his own marvels, and not to embarrass him in "Vanity Fair." To those, therefore, who would harp on the latter, in revenge for being driven from their stand on the former, I would suggest this opinion of Lord Bacon: "Neither had the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and Plinius Secundus, borne her age so well, if it had not been joined with some vanity in themselves: like unto varnish, that makes ceilings not only shine, but last. But all this while, when I speak of vain glory, I mean not of that property that Tacitus doth attribute to Mucianus—'Omnium, quæ dixerat feceratque, arte quâdam ostentator:' for that proceeds not of vanity, but of natural magnanimity and discretion; and in some persons is not only comely, but gracious."*

* Bacon's Essays.

THE DAW AND THE GUDGEON.

BY RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ. R. A.

THERE swam in a river green,
A gudgeon without a roe,
And a daw on the bank was seen,
Exceedingly like a crow;

These two had become acquainted
By some strange accident,
And the mind of each was tainted,
With a little discontent;

Each envied the other's lot,
And long'd for an equal station;
And each some crotchets had got
In her head, about reformation:

So they met in sad divan,
To state the relief they needed;
I do not know how they began
But I'll tell you how they proceeded.

I might have been earlier there
But caution was necessary
To get close enough to hear,
For the daw was extremely wary;

So creeping on hands and knees,
Under cover of the bushes,
And the stumpy hedgerow trees,
At length I was hid in the rushes.

'Twas a subject of great regret,
Any part of the scene to miss,
And it keeps me still in a fret;
For though in a case like this

Most people are so licentious,
They'd invent for the fish and the bird,
Yet I am too conscientious
To write more than just what I heard.

Now this is a quality,
Which I trust all readers will prize;
For it's very easy to see
That the world is too full of lies:

They have reached e'en the playhouse bills,
Which used never to cut such capers;
And they're found in those oracles,
The veracious daily papers.

But these being party lies,
Caring nothing about detection,
Occasion no more surprise,
Than the squibs at an election.

I don't think I shall stay to report
The lies so sprightly and witty,
Which flutter about the court;
But I'll name one or two of the city:

There are stockjobbing lies to gull
The simple, each day in the year;
Some lies are to make a bull!
And some are to make a bear!

Now when this poem's translated
Into every foreign tongue,
How much it will be debated,
Their literati among,

What sort of things they were
Which are meant in the verse foregoing ;
Whether really bull and bear ;
Or emblems of growling and howling.

Some will think it the bear of Greenland,
And that it must be white :
And make a voyage to Finland,
To set the matter right.

But those who are well aware
Of my ancient Saxon descent,
Will affirm that the old brown bear
Must be the bear that is meant :

One will suppose when he hears
That our people dislike emigration,
That we 're raising a race of bears
To diminish the population !

And this thought will receive a colour
From the measures scientific,
Which, to many people's dolour,
Have made reptiles so prolific

In our gardens zoological,
Where scorpions and centipedes,
And the serpents, whose bite is fatal,
Are now as plenty as weeds ;

And they 're rearing these tropical devils,
As an evening paper states,
To rid us of greater evils
By lowering the parish rates !

Some will at large discourse
About Apis the Bull Egyptian ;
And one will harangue till he 's hoarse,
Concerning our Smithfield subscription,

Which is raised for giving prizes
To the best of the Devon breed ;
They don't care so much for the size, as
The shape, and the fat, and the feed :

One will glance at the Bull Hindu,
Brought hither by Ram Roy Rajah ;
And another conclusively show,
I mean Taurus and Ūrsa Major !

Then an author of high renown
In one of these translations,
Will assert that in London town
We're re-making the constellations !

Then the Pope will issue a bull
To stop the disquisition ;
And do all that he can to pull
Me into the Inquisition.

Thus, for the want of a little tact
In the learned societies,
This poem on matters of fact
Will become the parent of lies !

Now I know that these verses of mine
Are in syllables very uneven ;
Some stretching to eight or nine,
Some only to six or seven :

But whenever I'm found to swerve
From the rules which critics mention,
I here beg leave to observe
That 'tis always by intention ;

For the parties of whom I indite,
Though very sensible creatures,
Could neither read nor write,
And of course knew nothing of metres.

The people who lived most with 'em,
Declare, as they pass'd their time,
They could know nothing of rhythm,
And very little of rhyme.

Undoubtedly, once a week,
The daw, had she stay'd in the steeple,
Might have heard the poor children squeak
To the bass of the grown-up people ;

But her ear was correct, and soon
She found such singing past bearing ;
And when they got quite out of tune,
Why she got quite out of hearing.

'Twas not strange that their way they miss'd,
With a teacher like poor old Morgan* ;
For the parish had no organist,
Because it, in fact, had no organ.

But the gudgeon, the whole year long,
Heard nothing instruction could give her,
Except the blithe ploughboy's song,
When his team approach'd the river ;

And to listen she often tried,
When he stopped on the nearest sod ;
But still fled, as fear magnified
His whip to a fishing-rod.

'Twas therefore quite marvellous
That they spoke in verse at all ;
And those who the point discuss,
Must acknowledge their errors are small.

Now if I had polish'd the part
Of this poem, which I was to write,
With all my usual art,
I should never have made it unite

With the lines so simple and rough,
Of my friends of the stream and the bank,
Which had seem'd like Norwich stuff
Mix'd up with the robes of rank.

So all that I have sought
In these lines, whether short or long,
Is just that the natural thought
Should go trippingly off the tongue.

But now to return to my tale,
From which I've been sadly straying :
When I reach'd my snug post in the vale,
Thus the poor daw was saying:—

“ Why, in the beginning of May,
Came a terrible storm of wind,
And blew all our young ones away,
And the deuce a one could we find !

* The Parish Clerk.

To be sure, my husband and I
 Soon made up another nest,
 And, with the new brood, we try
 All we can to forget the rest.

But, oh! the cramps and the pains
 Brought on by sitting so long!
 And you know my husband's strains
 Can hardly be called a song!

Then think what a life we lead,
 In rearing our callow charge!
 Four hungry things to feed,
 Whose mouths are so monstrous large!

Caw! caw! they go all the day,
 Beginning as soon as 'tis light,
 And then I am up and away,
 To get 'em the earliest bite.

While you, without trouble or care,
 Deposit your eggs in the sand,
 And the genial summer air
 Soon hatches them all to your hand!

And as soon as they're hatch'd they find,
 By swimming, a food to their wish;
 Oh, Jupiter! to my mind,
 No life like the life of a fish!

Said the gudgeon, "Don't talk of that,
 Am not I here in the river,
 Among fish both round and flat?
 And rest can I get never!"

"If I go to sleep in the mud,
 Sly comes the slippery eel!
 If above in the clear I scud,
 There's the pike with his teeth of steel!"

"Three thousand of my poor souls
 Have passed his ravenous maw!
 And the miller eats us by shoals!
 But who ever eats a daw?"

"Thus encompass'd by many foes,
 And the worst of them all is man,
 If I snatch but a short repose,
 I dream of a frying-pan!"

"Hush! hush!" said the Daw, "I perceive,
 A little way up the stream,
 A sort of a boat, I believe,
 But not one of those drawn by steam."

"'Tis the miller's punt! Oh fly,"
 Said the fish, "we are both beset,
 There's a gun in the punt I can spy,
 And it's never without a net!"

There was not a moment to moan,
 Both fled in a dreadful pother,
 For splash went the net at the one,
 And bang went the gun at the other!

Quoth the daw, when far away,
 "That gudgeon is now in a dish,
 And never again by day
 Or night, shall I envy a fish."

Said the fish, "I'm safe in the reeds,
 But as for my friend so sable,
 She'll be nail'd, though for no misdeeds,
 To the door of the miller's stable!"

"Or thrown to a cat for the fun
 Which his ugly brats delight at;
 Or left to bleach in the sun,
 And breed maggots for me to bite at."

"Alas! when properly scann'd,
 I find by the end of this matter,
 They have evils as great on land,
 As any we feel in the water."

Now this true and pithy tale
 Should be read at every table;
 And if any one finds the *morale*,
 That one may call it a fable.

THE ORATOR.

HIGH in a hall, by curious listeners filled,
 Sate one whose tongue seem'd steeped in poesy;
 So choice his diction, that 'twas plain he willed
 His hearers all should prize, as well as he,
 The glorious works of art which stood around—
 The statues chiselled by the tasteful Greek—
 The Shepherd-boy, whom Dian once did seek—
 Dian herself—Laocoon, serpent-bound.
 The witching pictures which with these did vie,
 Touched by a Raffaele's or a Titian's hand,
 He eulogised in terms so just and bland,
 His speech compelled me ask one standing by,
 "Who is that eloquent man?" He turn'd his ear,
 "'Tis Muster Robins, Sir, the Auctioneer."

W. J. T.

THE GIRL OF KOUTOKEINO.

A STORY OF LAPLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR ISLAND."

THEY who have traversed the dreary wastes of Lapland, full well remember the huts of Koutokeino. The busy merchant or passing stranger who has left the gloomy thicket of Skovbredden, views with rejoicing the lonely cots and log-built parsonage which yield him his first shelter from the rushing of the snow drift. Yet it is a lonely spot, and while the blast of the hurricane sleeps a solemn dullness reigns. The boundless trackless solitudes which reach from Alp to Alp and vale to vale, till the dwarf birch fails, and the cloudberry gives its fruit no longer, stretch around the village. The frozen river, the deeply bedded trees, the icy hills, and snow-embosomed plains, present the silent landscape.

On a bleak dark day in January, when the sky threatened heavily, and the wind began to prophesy in sullen tones, a party of travellers set out from Koutokeino on their route to Alten. But though the journey promised cold and suffering, they were bound on a joyous errand, and many were the reindeer which sped forward on that morning to the scene of a Lapland wedding. And the herd went forth sportive and healthful amidst the shouting of the drivers; their bells rang merrily, and their clicking hoofs sent out the well-known sound which is heard from afar. There were also, besides the peasantry, the faged*, two merchants of Alten, and an English wanderer, who had come up from the very borders of the Euxine, and had trod with safety the wilds of Siberia. The pulk† of the Englishman, was open, after the custom of the native Laplander, and he had in vain been urged to travel in the closer sledge which the merchants commonly made use of. His deer too was fresh and vigorous, and though he had securely skimmed along the Russian snows, the weather had been favourable, and the country as yet smooth and free from danger. But he who dares the peril of a northern winter, and treads within the Arctic circle, must stand prepared for change. The moon shone brightly on the glittering waste, and gleamed cheerfully on the spangled mountains when the group set forth, but, nimbly as they started, they had not reached the passes of the Solivara heights

before the cold advanced, and the snow deepened, and the mist hovered in the distance. The light now declined, the precipices were at hand, the fog was hastening onwards, and the deer were at their fullest speed. The party, however, had gained the summit of the hills before this march of night, but they had scarcely gazed upon the deeps below, when the heavens became darkened, and the eastern stars, to which their anxious eyes had often turned, were seen no longer. The dense cloud had shadowed all, but the speed of the journey was unrelaxed. The *wappus** tarried not. The Laplanders flanked the sides of their deer. It was a race in the night along the frozen Solivara, the highest of the Finmark Alps. The bellowing of the tempest increased the terrors of the time, for in these distant lands, the fatal snow-drift succeeds often to the shrouding mist. There was a general halt. The descent of the mountain presented a formidable danger. The guide, though a well-travelled native, had forgotten the usual pass. But it was determined to go forward, and the least headlong path along the mighty chain was eagerly sought for. The pulks were again put in motion, and the deer approached the gaping declivity. There was no delay. Each driver fastened the rein tightly round his arm, and trusted to his beast. The sledges flew like the lightning. It was still dark, and neither moon, nor star, nor northern flash appeared to mark the track. Deer, carriage, traveller, and guide were hurried on in equal confusion. The master of the pulk lost his power, the animal, tangled in the trace, his footing; but whilst man and beast were struggling in the snow, the sledge dashed down the height, dragging along its inmate, and rolling like a ball. Every one was in dread of his neighbour. The sheriff's pulk dashed against that of his nearest countryman, and there might now be seen driver upon driver, deer by the side of deer, and sledge upon sledge in the general overturn. Loud shouts sounded on all sides, and "Wappus!"—"wappus!"—was echoed by the routed assembly. But the wappus was himself in jeopardy, and some moments went by before the guide

* Sheriff. † Sledge, like a canoe or cockboat.
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* Guide.

could detach himself from his own pulk in order to give the needful aid. Happy were the fogged and his fellows, when, safe from storm, and frost, they pushed their jaded cattle into Alten. The peasant's heart was joyous as he beheld once more the *gammes** of his country, and looked forward to the brandy bumpers of the wedding. The sheriff blessed himself as he looked upon his dwelling circled by stately firs, and the merchant was cheered by the sight of the well known *fiord*† where his ships and riches lay. It was indeed Alten with its glassy waters, its rocks towering above the flood, its tall birches, and tufts of pine with naked summits in the distance high surmounting all.

The nuptial rites had begun before the arrival of the party from Koutokeino. The chapel, two Finmark miles from Alten, had been early crowded with Laplanders, and the holy ordinances of marriage and the sacrament were administered with the customary solemnities. Each Lap was arrayed in his best attire, and paid an attention to the Norsk service (of which he understood not one word)—which would have done honour to our English congregations. Conspicuous amongst the assembly were the bride and her spouse. The first with her blue *koften*‡ gaily trimmed with divers colours, her ribands streaming from her head, and hair banded by a golden fillet—the bridegroom with his blue frock also, set off with red and white embroidery. The day passed on joyfully; the shops of the merchants were crowded by natives, who quaffed brandy till their money would hold out no longer; and the very strippling girls clubbed together to gain their jovial glass. But the grand festivity was reserved for the evening. The supper, to which the people of the neighbourhood were invited, was given in a large outhouse lent for the purpose by the traders of the place. The deep vessels filled with savoury venison, such as man's heart delighteth in, were already emptied by the frequent fingers of the guests, and the brandy was in like manner drawing nearly to a close, when the fogged arrived with his mountain party. He had set off in a boat with haste from Alten, and having called at the house of the *giest-giver**, lost no time in reaching the scene of rejoicing. A fresh present of brandy renewed the mirth, and the worthy sheriff, while he smiled on the happy group before him, could not help reflecting

that a plenteous bowl of punch was awaiting his own bidding at the habitation of the general host. But suddenly, amidst the greeting and *puurists** of the newly-come Laplanders, a buzz was heard throughout the room, and the countenance of the fogged fell. Where was the English stranger? He had been rather behind, and the magistrate had pressed briskly forward. He was in the open pulk, and by chance might have got out, in which case, if left by his deer, his situation would be critical. Where was the wappus? The guide was once more loudly called for, and he admitted, that, at the last halt, he had not noticed the Englishman. "The deer," said the wappus, "was mettlesome, but the foreigner was wilful, after the manner of his countrymen." "He may still come," said the fogged, but the speaker's look but ill agreed with the words which tottered on his lips.

The party were in confusion, for the Laps respect the rites of hospitality, and they felt that their guide had deserted the stranger in the hour of danger. But no one moved from his place, and the missing traveller came not. The sheriff forgot his flowing bowl, and the brandy lingered on the table.

Amongst the numerous guests who had helped to celebrate the wedding, and partake the cheer, was a Lapland girl of Koutokeino. Her countenance beamed intelligence which nature had denied to her kinsfolk, and she had been listening to the story which went round with an eagerness which promised action rather than idle pity. "And shall we leave the stranger to perish in the snow?" said the maiden, glancing at her neighbours with indignant heroism, "Shame, Laps of the mountain!—Utterson!" continued she, calling to a youth who sat near her. The appeal was not in vain. A lad of twenty, one of those bold fishers who dare the sudden tempests of the polar main, started up, wrapped his mantle round him, and obeyed the voice which summoned him. "Utterson!" said the girl once more, "we must go back instantly and seek this poor stranger." The youth made no reply, but drawing his deer-skin still closer, hastened to the door. The sheriff followed with a numerous concourse, and the boats quickly brought them back to Alten. "Now let us have our sledges, and go forward," said the maiden, again appealing to the courage of the fisherman. The deer were yoked, and the reins fixed, the damsel's pulk being fastened behind that of Utterson, and others were preparing their cattle

* Huts.

† Firth.

‡ Frock.

§ The person who furnishes entertainment for all strangers.

* Lapland expressions of friendship.

to aid the search, when the Englishman's sledge was observed at a distance with the animal in its traces, but no driver to welcome his companions. "Then the worst has indeed happened," cried the fogged, "and poor Montague is cast upon the wilderness. It is of no use, my friends," he added, looking mournfully towards Utterson and his associate. "Hopeless, indeed!" exclaimed the fisherman, seeming as though he would unharness his ready beast. "But hopeless as it may be, it must be done," replied the girl of the mountains, "and let those who fear desert the wretched outcast, and leave him to the mercies of our frost." There needed no more. The pulk was instantly put forwards, and many were the hardy peasants who went forth in quest of the stranger. The fogged himself could not resist the chance, forlorn as it was, and he dashed on to the rescue amongst the foremost of the group.

The storm had now ceased, and the brilliant lights of the firmament resumed their glory. All nature seemed to welcome the kind work of benevolence which was in progress. The beauteous Aurora danced above the travellers, and shot forth its varied flames with arrowy swiftness. The wind was no more, and the deer sprang rapidly across the shining wastes. The herd had now reached Skovbredden, a birchen thicket between Alten and Koutokeino, but there was no vestige of the Englishman. It was determined to halt for the night, and a council was held. The fogged declared he should return to Alten in the morning; and even Utterson himself allowed the uselessness of further search. The maiden alone was unmoved, and by her look seemed to upbraid the wavering fisherman for his retreat. The supper of stewed venison being now hastily despatched, the party turned their deer loose, and went to rest, some in sacks, some on pillows of snow, others beneath the coverlet of the newly-risen drift.

But the maid of Koutokeino slept not. She sat by the fire sullen and sorrowful, and as the glare of the flame blazed on high, she could not help casting a wistful eye abroad, as though the dreary thicket contained one other inmate than those with whom she journeyed. Full of these anxious thoughts, she rose and left the sleepers, whose forms looked giant-like as they lay stretched in the brightening gleam. The cold was still intense, but clad closely in furs, she ventured beyond the bivouac, and went to that part of the thicket which lay towards her own village. In a moment her attention was arrested. An

object, hid for the most part beneath the snow, attracted her eager view. It was no buried hut, for there were no habitations in that direction; nor was it the birch, whose stunted top so often peeps above its icy bed. The mind of the Lap misgave her, and she hurried to the spot; but no sooner had she put forth her hand than she started back in amazement. It was the touch of the well-known *rehn-pæsk**, the winter garment of her country. In an instant she roused the slumbering travellers, and led them to the place where, beyond doubt, a body was now lying, and in another moment it was disinterred from the clinging snow. The high shoes, the broad belt which held the *pæsk*, the squirrel tippet, and the lofty cap, proclaimed at once the traveller of the north. "It is the Englishman," cried the fogged, grasping his brandy-cask, and advancing towards the stranger. The damsel stepped forward, and put her hand upon his breast. "It is warm, and he still lives," exclaimed the girl with triumph. But no time was to be lost, for the frost had already seized its victim, and he, whose deer had fled from its too venturesome master, had laid himself down to die. A few more minutes, and he had been a stiffened corpse, bleaching in the Alpine blast. But the snow and the brandy did their usual marvels, and while Utterson was redeeming himself in the eyes of the Koutokeino maiden by chafing the helpless limbs, the fogged was pouring his drops of life into a bosom which soon heaved to thank him for his zeal. The sad story was soon told. The young and unruly deer (as had been foreseen) threw its driver from the open pulk, and bounded on to Alten. To pursue it was vain, and the wretched traveller had with difficulty returned to the wood of birches, where hope, and strength, and spirit, had yielded to the fiercest cold of Lapland.

In a week after his return to Alten the Englishman had recovered. He sent instantly for the girl to whom he held himself indebted for his life.—"Maiden," said he, "to repay you for this great kindness, I might try to do great things. I might—as some of my countrymen have done by yours—I might take you to England, I might marry you for this generosity. But I will not snatch you from your kindred, your friends, your home." The tears flowed from the cheeks of the Mountain Lap at the mention of her home. "Tell me," continued he, "what can be done for you?" The girl made no

* Rein-deer cloak.

reply, but beckoned to some one from without, and Niel Utterson immediately appeared: They made an obeisance to the traveller. "My friends," said the Englishman, "this is dealing nobly by me,—I understand it well—" He paused for a moment. "Will 100 dollars be of service to you?" "One hundred dollars," exclaimed Utterson, briskly, "will make me the master of 200 deer, and with care"—added he, turning to his companion, "we may be the richest of the mountain Laps." "Take them, my

friends"—said the Englishman, "and may God's blessing rest upon you." "Tak, tak,"* repeated twenty times, were the hearty acknowledgments for this gift, whilst the donor could only say *welbekomme†* and bid them a kind farewell.

Utterson and his betrothed hastened to the house of their pastor, and in a few days there were well-founded rumours of another Lapland wedding.

* Thanks.

† Welcome.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

WERE men and women the spontaneous produce of the earth, as some persons believe mushrooms to be, it would be easy to conceive that their character, mental and corporeal, should depend upon soil and climate. But this spontaneous generation, which has been doubted even of the fungous species, has, except by Dr. Darwin, scarcely been asserted of the human race for the last thousand or two of years; and how the members of one family, the offspring of one pair, should be thus stamped with permanent differences by variety of longitude and latitude, is incomprehensible to weak intellects. The fact can however, hardly be disputed, when, to take a single well-known instance from amongst many, we see Cæsar's description of the Gauls in his Commentaries, so appropriately applicable—allowing for the changes inevitably introduced by the progress of civilisation, and the institution of Christianity for Druidism—to the modern French; and that, notwithstanding the influx of German Franks to modify their Celtic nature. But, fortunately for the reader and writer, it is not the business of the Court Magazine to perplex its pages with metaphysical inquiries into the How and the Why of admitted facts; therefore, leaving it to the profounder portion of the periodical confraternity to explain the influence thus strangely exercised over the human character, we will occupy ourselves more amusingly with seeking in history for illustrations of the existence of such influence.

Let us begin with the south-western extremity of Europe, and consider what are the peculiarities that have always distinguished the Spaniard. He is impassioned, but that

quality he shares with the inhabitants of all southern climates. He is more especially temperate, valiant, boastful, arrogant, punctilious, vindictive, bigoted, self-willed, self-sacrificing. Some of these qualities are found amongst other nations, and separately they may be referred to various influential causes, moral, political, or physical; but, collectively, we derive them all, good and bad, from one master passion, pride. Pride teaches the Spaniard to disdain enjoyments that must be purchased by the smallest forfeiture of dignity or of self-esteem, and to sacrifice every earthly consideration, even the tenderest of the natural affections, to the fulfilment of a promise, as it prompts him never to forgive the slightest injury. It is needless to lengthen this enumeration. The reader addicted to such speculations can pursue them without our aid, and we proceed to illustrate what has been said, by selecting a few anecdotes from the old Spanish historians. The first that presents itself is an incident from the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, or to conform to the Spanish nomenclature, Fernando and Isabel, which places the punctiliousness of Spaniards in various lights, trifling, noble, and criminal, but in every one clearly deducible from the single principle of pride.

In the year 1481, Queen Isabel held her court at Valladolid, where she sojourned on her way to rejoin her consort in Aragon. She was attended by many fair and high born ladies, who, in the language of the day and country, were served or courted by numerous noble *caballeros*,—a courtship which, having no reference to marriage, must, at least under the austere chaste Isabel, have been a mere

piece of platonic gallantry. Amongst others, the beautiful Donna Teresa * Capata was thus served by Don Fadrique Henriquez,† son to the *Almirante* of Castile, a youth for whom a brilliant marriage was even then in negociation with a Sicilian heiress, the Condesa de Medica—of such wealth and distinction that she had been thought of for king Fernando, prior to his union with the Princess of Castile: and the equally beautiful Donna Clara Manuel received the homage of Don Ramiro Nunez de Guzman, Senor de Toral, a Leonese nobleman, who had recently left a lovely and beloved affianced bride, Donna Maria de Quinones, daughter to the Conde Luna, in her father's castle.

The presence-chamber was full. Don Ramiro knelt on one knee before Donna Clara, in earnest discourse. A little beyond them stood Donna Teresa, whom her *caballero* could only reach by passing betwixt the first-named pair. Don Ramiro courteously rose to make way. Don Fadrique stepped between him and his *dama*, but there paused, bent his knee, and entered into conversation with Donna Clara. To this act of gross rudeness he was impelled by a wish to retaliate upon the Le senor *caballero* the mortification he had occasioned to the Conde de Benalcázar, the husband of Don Fadrique's sister, and a favoured *servi'dor* of Donna Clara, until the newly-arrived Senor de Toral had obtained the preference. Don Ramiro, deeply as he felt the insult, bore it silently, from respect to the queen. But now, the crowd pressing forwards, drove him upon Don Fadrique, who, presuming upon Guzman's previous endurance, called aloud to Garci Laso de la Vega, her majesty's *maestro de sala*, to prevent such troublesome ill-breeding; and when that also passed unnoticed, threatened to have the clownish Leonese threshed. Don Ramiro's decorous patience was by this time exhausted; he retorted upon Don Fadrique, and high words were exchanged.

The transaction had not passed unnoticed. The presence-chamber and the adjoining council chamber rang with the quarrel. The

haughty *almirante* complained to the queen of the offence offered to his son; and her majesty inquired of the *maestro de sala* what had really occurred. She learned that Henriquez was the aggressor, and ordered both disputants into temporary confinement; assigning to Don Fadrique a kinsman's house as his prison, and committing Don Ramiro to the custody of Garci Laso de la Vega.

The next day Isabel, summoning the *almirante* and the *maestro de sala*, and two or three elderly nobles to her presence, commanded them to reconcile the youthful gallants. The *almirante* demurred, and requested that they might be allowed to settle their dispute themselves; but the queen told him that she would not suffer Don Ramiro, who had been insulted, to be overborne by the superior wealth, power, and connexion of the Henriquez. The *almirante* at length reluctantly submitted, and pledged his word that no offence whatsoever should thenceforward be given to the Senor de Toral by his son, himself, or any one belonging to him. Whereupon Isabel sent a message to Don Ramiro, charging him to rest satisfied, his life and honour being under her royal safeguard; and requesting that he would be the first to salute Don Fadrique when they should meet. Both young men were then released from their durance.

Don Ramiro scrupulously obeyed the queen's commands, and saluted his late antagonist when they met at the palace gate. Don Fadrique, with punctilious courtesy, returned his greeting. All the Henriquez family treated him with studied politeness; and for two or three days the reconciliation appeared to be complete, if not cordial. At the end of that brief period the scene changed. A party of Don Fadrique's servants and followers, well armed and mounted, waylaid Don Ramiro, surprised him during a solitary ramble with his brother, Don Pero Nunez de Guzman, struck him several blows with the shafts of their spears, and galloped off. The Guzmans, being unarmed, could no more defend themselves against their brutal assailants, than they could on foot pursue horsemen.

The rage and despair of the outraged *caballero* are not to be described, nor could the burst of universal sympathy produced by the event, soothe his pangs. The whole court visited him; the president of Castile professed, by message, his sense of the insult offered to a spotless noble; the queen's indignation was unbounded, and Don Fadrique fled from her wrath. But the ignominy of blows could not

* In order to avoid perplexing such as may like to see this story in Garibay, from whom we take it, we should state that three of the ladies mentioned being Donna Marias, we have now christened the two of least importance.

† The family of the Henriquez were of the royal blood, descending from Don Fadrique, one of Alfonso II.'s sons by Donna Leonor de Guzman, and was as legitimate as the reigning branch, which descended from Henrique de Transtamar, another of those sons. But the *Almirante* was more closely connected with Fernando, the then king; Donna Juana Henriquez, the second wife of Juan II. of Aragon and Navarre, and Fernando's mother, being his sister.

be thus alleviated, and Don Ramiro, the scalding tears of agony rolling down his cheeks, left the court, accompanied by his brother, and retired to Toral, there to meditate the means of expiating, by avenging, his wrongs.

Isabel meanwhile sought to supersede the necessity for sanguinary measures on the part of the Guzmans, by giving Don Ramiro public and ample satisfaction. She immediately sent for the *almirante*, and thus addressed him: "Since when, Senor *Almirante*, is it a Castilian usage for *caballeros* to outrage their sovereign? Behold the queen of Spain insulted and beaten! Behold the royal majesty degraded! Your son, presuming upon your relationship to the king, has broken my commands along with your own word. But I shall teach both father and son to repent such foul dealing."

The *almirante* endeavoured to palliate his son's guilt, but the queen turned a deaf ear to his excuses, and called for her horses. The attendants prayed her to observe that the rain was falling in torrents; but she, regardless of all save the violation of her safeguard, mounted, and followed only by the *almirante* and one or two servants, set forward for the Henriquez castle of Simaneas, where she imagined the offender might have secreted himself. Her usual attendants, and the young nobles who formed her court, mounted upon hearing of her departure, and hurried after her; but so rapidly did she pursue her way, that they almost despaired of overtaking the royal equestrian. They did succeed, however, and she appeared before Simaneas at the head of a gallant band.

Upon her arrival, the queen demanded the person of Don Fadrique Henriquez; and when the *alcayde* denied his being there, ordered Don Alonzo de Fonseca to search the castle. He obeyed, but found no traces of the offender. She then required the *almirante* either to deliver up his son, or to surrender his two castles of Simaneas and Rio Seco into her hands, as pledges for his future appearance. The *almirante* protesting his ignorance of his son's place of concealment, gave up the castles; and Isabel, leaving Fonseca in charge of Simaneas, returned with her train to Valladolid.

Vexation, fatigue, and exposure to the inclement weather, had disordered the queen; and the next day she kept her bed. But when respectfully questioned touching her malady, she said nothing of such mere physical ailments, answering, "I am suffering the pain of the blows struck yesterday by

Don Fadrique, in violation of my plighted word." The *almirante* seeing the vehemence of her resentment, durst no longer rely upon his high rank, and delivered up his son in exchange for his two castles; humbly beseeching her majesty to accept this submission in atonement of an act of juvenile indiscretion, and to forgive Don Fadrique. But Isabel's anger was not to be so lightly appeased; and she sent the youthful kinsman of her consort to the castle of Arevalo, where she commanded the *alcayde* to keep him a close prisoner.

All this appeared insufficient redress to Don Ramiro, who held the stain upon his honour only to be effaced by the blood of his insulter. He would not present himself as a disgraced man before the eyes of his affianced bride, and, shut up at Toral, he brooded over the means of obtaining satisfaction. His first idea was to tear Don Fadrique out of the hands of the *alcayde* of Arevalo, and he despatched a confidential friend, Don Gonzale de Prado, to explore the strength of the castle, and ascertain the feasibility of the project. But Arevalo was strong, the *alcayde*, aware that Guzman could not as yet be satisfied, upon his guard, and Don Gonzalo reported the scheme to be hopeless.

The principal offender being thus beyond his reach, Don Ramiro turned his thoughts to taking vengeance upon the father, who, if he had not actually sanctioned the ruffianly conduct of his son, had at least been, in legal phrase, an accessory after the fact. Guzman now despatched another trusty friend, Don Alvaro de Valderas, to court, to inquire into the daily habits of the *almirante*, and discover how he might be best surprised; violence and treachery being accounted, it should seem, the proper modes of avenging an outrage so ungentlemanlike as that Don Fadrique had perpetrated. A village not far from Valladolid had been named, where, upon an appointed day, Valderas should meet his friends to concert ultimate measures. Through innumerable difficulties, surmounted by his invincible determination, Don Ramiro, journeying by obscure paths, conducted his party; but reached the place of meeting only to learn the frustration of his hopes. Valderas had imparted the object of his mission to Garci Franco, whom, his eldest son having lately married Donna Isabel, Don Ramiro's sister, he deemed a certain assistant. But Garci Franco was a courtier, and sought the *almirante's* patronage by revealing the design. He gained his reward, and the Guzmans returned gloomily to Toral.

Here they were visited by a royal messenger. The *almirante* informed the queen of the meditated outrage, and she, in consequence, sent to demand Don Ramiro's promise, that he would attempt nothing further against the uncle of Fernando. Isabel was then on the point of proceeding to Aragon; and Guzman pledged his word, as required, for the period of her absence, and for twenty-five days after her return to her own dominions, reserving to himself full liberty to act subsequently as his honour might require. The queen was so well pleased with this limited obedience, that, ere she quitted Valladolid, she rewarded it by banishing Don Fadrique to Sicily. But as a fair and wealthy bride there awaited the offender, such an exile was little satisfactory to Don Ramiro, and he implored Isabel's permission to engage Don Fadrique in single combat ere he should leave Spain. She replied, that was no question for a woman's decision, and he must forbear until the king's return from Aragon; when Fernando would assure his honour, and, should all other means appear insufficient, compel Henriquez to meet him in duel.

Don Ramiro scrupulously observed his promise; but he spent the time during which he had bound himself to inaction, in preparing for the hour when he should again be free. His horses and servants were carefully trained and exercised. He himself performed a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Salvador at Oviedo, where a jubilee was in celebration, for the purpose of either putting his enemies off their guard by appearing engrossed with his devotions, or imploring the benediction of heaven upon his projects—possibly for both purposes combined. Upon his return home, Don Ramiro found at Toral his uncle Don Pedro de Guzman, whom he had invited thither to assist in his deliberations. A duel with a man who had trampled every law of honour under foot in his conduct towards Don Ramiro, was held a mere *pis aller*, and the preferable object was to make the father pay for the son. The brothers had intended putting the *almirante* to death; but the uncle dissuaded them from so sanguinary a course, recommending simple and overt retaliation in kind. It was then resolved to thresh the *almirante*, or perish in the attempt.

Still Don Ramiro was determined that his conduct should in every respect contrast advantageously with Don Fadrique's; and he remained quiet, not only during the time for which he had promised, but for some days beyond the specified twenty-five, after the king and queen's return from Aragon. Then

he sent forward his friends and servants by several roads, to avoid observation, appointing a rendezvous at the village of Rueda, in the immediate neighbourhood of Medina del Campo, where the court then was. He himself rode alone with Valderas. At Rueda they all met, and remained concealed till nightfall; then entering Medina del Campo under shelter of the darkness, reached the great *plaza* in front of the palace unnoticed. Here Don Ramiro placed his company in ambuscade under the portico of an adjacent church, and quietly awaited the appearance of his intended victim, who was, as he knew, with other noblemen, in attendance upon the sovereign.

At length the palace-gates opened, and the *almirante*, accompanied by the Marquez de Astorga, and attended by a train of servants bearing torches, came forth. The Guzmans and their troop rushed upon them, and by the suddenness of the surprise, notwithstanding the vigorous resistance of the *almirante's* numerous party, effected their purpose. They inflicted upon the king's uncle such dishonouring blows, as Don Ramiro had endured from Don Fadrique's myrmidons.

Don Ramiro was now satisfied. The lights had been extinguished in the contest, and darkness favoured the retreat, as it had the entrance of the assailants. Don Ramiro had secured the key of the bridge gate; and his company had no sooner passed out, than, locking the barrier, he flung the key into the river. He thus gained a great advantage upon his pursuers, and riding hard, they reached Toral in safety.

Here Don Ramiro left the care of preparing for defence to his uncle and brother, and hastening to Leon, visited the monastery of San Domingo, where his ancestors were buried. There, before a large concourse of persons, he declared that he had never ventured to look at the graves of those great men since the affront put upon him; but that now, his honour being vindicated, he came to avouch himself once more their worthy descendant. Thence he repaired to the Conde de Luna's castle, to visit that betrothed bride from whose presence he had similarly banished himself, whilst he held himself a dishonoured man. He was joyfully welcomed by Donna Maria.

From this happy visit he was recalled by the advance of the royal forces to besiege Toral. But Isabel's displeasure at the late outrage committed under her very windows, seems to have been tempered as well by her

sense of the wrongs Don Ramiro had originally suffered, as by his strict fidelity to his engagements; and when Don Pedro, who had not been personally concerned in the assault, interfered, she readily agreed to a compromise. Don Ramiro's crime was referred to a court of justice; and his person and estates were provisionally committed to the care of his kinsman, the Conde de Feria, who was to be duly forewarned of the impending sentence. Accordingly, when the proceedings drew to a close, notice was given to the Conde, and Don Ramiro escaped into Portugal. His estates were sequestered.

In Portugal Guzman remained some years highly honoured by the king. At length the *almirante* died, and was succeeded by Don Fadrique. This impetuous *caballero* had now

grown older, and it is to be hoped wiser. He was probably conscious of the gross impropriety of his own conduct, whence so much mischief had arisen, and he opened a negotiation with Donna Maria de Osorio, Don Ramiro's mother, who in consequence visited the court, and solicited the Queen's compassion for her exiled son. Isabel was not inexorable, and gradually remitted Don Ramiro's punishment. He was first allowed to return to the Conde de Feria's domains; then to return to Leon and complete his long deferred nuptials. Finally, his estates, which on his return had been made over to his mother, were restored to him, and the only permanent mark of royal displeasure at his violent mode of redressing his insulted honour, was a prohibition never to appear at court.

THE SKELETON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes!
Open locks, whoever knocks."

MACBETH.

THE wind howled fearfully. The spirit of the storm moved upon the face of the deep, while a pall seemed to be hung between it and the sky. Not a star was seen in the heavens. The rack rolled dark and ominously below, while the blasts roared loud and menacing above. A single boat was on the wide waters, bravely contending with the rising surges, which threatened every moment to engulf her. Not a word was uttered by the sturdy rowers. In silence and in darkness she ploughed her perilous way, while they strained at their oars as if it were a matter of life and death. The only light visible through the intense obscurity, was that produced by the continual clashing of the billows or the regular dash of the oars. Onward they urged their sturdy bark, vigorously, yet warily, without exchanging a word, while at every momentary cessation of the blast, the fierce hush of the waters as they rolled hissing onward to the shore, seemed vocally as it were to command that silence which was so strictly obeyed by the boat's crew. The waves continued to rise as the boat advanced, for the storm was increasing rapidly, and every now and then rolled in a heavy volume over

her side, nearly swamping her, and absolutely drenching the hardy adventurers who were anxiously urging her towards the land. A man was constantly employed in baling her; still the deepest silence prevailed—not a syllable was exchanged—until a faint light suddenly appeared from the shore, now evidently at no very great distance, when one of the men turned his head towards the helmsman and said, "to larboard." "Ay, ay," was the immediate and only answer, and their exertions were instantly redoubled. The light was but faintly seen through the murky atmosphere in which they were absolutely shrouded. The boat laboured heavily through the billows which reared their foaming crests above her, with an aspect alarmingly menacing. She was deeply laden, and rose sullenly on the broad surges as they lifted her heavy hull upon their liquid bosoms.

She gradually neared the shore, when the light became every minute more distinct, still not a word was uttered. The wind continued to increase, and the waves to rise, until the danger was fearfully imminent; nevertheless, the daring crew, as steady in the hour of peril as resolute of purpose under any



NEW ALPHABET FOR KIDS

AND THE ALPHABET FOR KIDS.

By the Author of the

NEW ALPHABET FOR KIDS, &c.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

"BEHOLD a second Margaret of Anjou! No fatigue, no caprice of fortune, no adversity can damp the ardour or darken the energy of her mind. She has encountered difficulty and danger, has been exposed to peril and imprisonment, and has, indeed, met death more than half way, to place upon her son's head the crown that belongs to him by the claim of legitimacy, and which has been bequeathed to him by so many illustrious ancestors."

In these terms one of her biographers speaks of the Duchess de Berri; and be it said, without the suspicion of party spirit, that in this unfortunate lady, to the highest and best affections of woman are joined a magnanimity, a heroism, and a grandeur of mind, that have been too often falsely supposed to appertain exclusively to the other sex.

Caroline Ferdinande Louisa, Duchess de Berri, was born at Palermo on the 5th of November, 1798, being an only child by the union of Francis Xavier Joseph, Duke of Calabria, and Prince Hereditary of Naples, with his first consort, Marie Amélie, Archduchess of Austria. Her father became King of Naples under the title of Francis the First. During his exile Louis XVIII. devised, and on recovering the French throne, appointed an ambassador to negotiate a marriage between his nephew, Prince Charles Ferdinand, second son of Charles, Count d'Artois, and the young Princess of the Two Sicilies. Accordingly, on the 24th April, 1816, the union was solemnised at Naples, and, in the following June, the royal pair, amid great pomp and public rejoicing, made their grand entrance into Paris, the ceremony being again performed on the 17th of the same month, at the church of Notre Dame. This day, which gave promise of an heir to the French throne, was signalised by fêtes and festivity; considerable sums were distributed to the poor; pardons granted to prisoners; and promotion, honours, and advancement given to those in civil or military employments. The hopes of the people were destined to suffer disappointment, at least for the present, the Duchess de Berri giving birth to a daughter, baptized by the name of Louise Marie Thérèse, on the 21st September, 1819. The Duchess upon this occasion is said to have foretold the birth of a Duke de

Bordeaux in the following year. But other events were to intervene.

On Sunday, February 13, 1820, the Duke de Berri, accompanied by the Duchess, attended the opera, whence, about eleven o'clock, the latter, feeling fatigued, proposed to retire. The attendance of the guards under arms being dispensed with, one sentinel alone remained outside. The Duke, having waited upon her to the carriage, and expressing a desire to witness the last act of the ballet, was still standing under the portico, and about to re-enter the theatre, when, suddenly, a man thrusting himself before the guard, laid one hand forcibly on the left shoulder of the Prince, and buried a poniard deep in his side. The Duchess, hearing her husband cry out that he was assassinated, broke from her attendants, and flew to his assistance. In a moment, the blood of the unfortunate Prince, as he drew the dagger from his side, gushed over her, as she supported him. The attendants and others pursued the assassin, while Comte Mesnard, the Prince's friend in exile and chief equerry, carried him into the lobby. Prompt assistance being procured, but in vain, the Prince felt that he must die, and implored religious consolation. The Duchess remained with him through every affliction, and alone seemed to retain her presence of mind. The members of the Royal Family, summoned to the dreadful scene, found the unhappy Prince lying, weltering in his blood, on a camp bedstead, hastily procured for the purpose, and placed in a small apartment at the back of his opera box, his wife kneeling by his side. But one circumstance, above all others, seemed to weigh upon his mind. In his last moments, he desired to see his two little English children, the offspring of a connection formed during his exile in England. He confided truly in the generosity, dignity, and tenderness of one who was never to desert her affection or to belie her virtues. On beholding the children, the Duchess clasped them to her bosom, calling them her children; and presenting the Princess to them, she caused the little creatures to embrace one another. But one more trait of magnanimity, ere we close the scene of that eventful night. The Prince, growing worse and worse, desired to see the King. It was

five o'clock in the morning when Louis arrived. "My uncle," said the dying man, "let me kiss your hand for the last time. Grant me," he continued earnestly, "the life of *that* man." The King, deeply affected, answered evasively. "The King does not say yes!" sighed the Prince; "pardon, and I die in peace!" And in his prayers he cried, "Pardon, oh my God, for him who has done this deed."

Towards morning he expired. So died the Duke de Berri, the last prince in a direct line of the Bourbon family, and, like the first king of that lineage, destined to die by the hand of an assassin. He was buried at St. Denis, and his heart was deposited in a marble cenotaph at Rosny, where, in 1820, his widow founded a hospital for invalids and poor children.

On the 29th of September, seven months after the murder of her husband, the Duchess de Berri gave birth to a son, christened by the name of Henry Charles Ferdinand Dieudonné D'Artois, Duke de Bordeaux. This event, so grateful to the rest of France, appears to have given but little satisfaction to certain members of the Orleans family; for on the very following day a protest appeared, as disgraceful as absurd, and by some attributed to the Duke of Orleans himself, wherein the legitimacy of the new heir was questioned. We extract from this document one very curious extract. "His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans is convinced that the French nation and all the Sovereigns of Europe will be sensible of the dangerous consequences to be apprehended from a fraud so audacious and contrary to the principles of legitimate monarchy. France and Europe have already been victims to the usurpation of a Bonaparte. It is certain that a new usurpation on the part of a pretended Henry V. would bring the same calamities upon both."* Another circumstance, antecedent to this, must be mentioned. The Royal Family were one evening alarmed by the explosion, as of a small piece of artillery, beneath the windows of those apartments particularly devoted to the use of the Duchess. The motive was clearly ascertained to be an attempt to destroy, by a premature accouchement, the lineal succession: the criminal was, how-

ever, taken in a second attempt of the same nature, and sentenced to death; but, through the intercession of the Duchess herself, the sentence was commuted. Let us proceed at once to the eventful 25th of July, 1830.

It is known to everybody, that Charles X., on coming to the throne, granted to the public press a liberty which at last, degenerating into license, sapped the foundation of his throne. Political dispute at length succeeded in creating so formidable an opposition, so nearly revolutionary, as to paralyze the energies of the ministry who, to avert the danger menacing the throne, submitted to His Majesty the adoption and publication of an ordinance, dissolving the chamber, and suspending the liberty of the press. This and similar fatal ordinances became in the eyes of his enemies the signal of insurrection. Immediately after their publication, Paris became a scene of confusion. Suffice it, that in three days Charles had lost his kingdom and his crown, and abdicated in favour of the Dauphin. The King privately quitted St. Cloud for Trianon, and thence, accompanied by a guard of escort, proceeded to Rambouillet, the Duchess de Berri attending, attired in the costume of a man. He addressed, it appears, in a few days, a letter to the Duke of Orleans, who had been chosen Lieutenant-general of the kingdom, expressive of a determination on his own part, and on that of the Dauphin, to relinquish all claim to the throne in favour of the young Henry V. In the mean time the Duke of Orleans had discovered that the crown fitted his own head.

On beholding the tri-coloured flag floating above the capital, the spirit of the Duchess de Berri awoke. She would have returned alone with her son to Paris, and have presented him to the people as their king, but, overruled, she embarked for England with the rest of the Royal family, and was finally settled at Holyrood House. They had not, however, been there long, before a proposition was forwarded to them to the effect that, if they would formally renounce all claim to the throne of France, a certain yearly payment should be transmitted to them, wherever they chose to reside. This proposition the Duchess de Berri, on the part of her son, rejected with scorn. Determined to accomplish something, and meeting with some opposition to her desire of taking the young Prince with her, she resolved alone to effect a movement in his favour, even in the heart of France itself. This scheme seems afterwards to have been partly abandoned, as we find her secret

* It is stated, with what truth we cannot take it upon ourselves to assert, (for our authority is, we fear, too strongly a partisan,) that this very protest was publicly cried and sold in the streets of Paris during "the three days," as a political engine, no doubt, to alienate the citizens altogether from any involuntary affection for the House of Bourbon.

emissaries actively employed in the western and southern provinces, an envoy at the court of Spain, and ultimately herself in Switzerland and Provence, and at Nice, where she was assured of the devotedness of certain provinces to her cause. But a counter-revolution is more difficult to effect than a revolution itself.

The period of her stay in Piedmont, Switzerland, and Provence, from her first embarkation from this country, appears to have been nearly a year. She left England about June, 1831, and in the latter end of May in the following year, she turned her steps to La Vendée, partly, perhaps, as a present asylum, but chiefly as the soil in which the seeds of insurrection would most quickly and vigorously shoot forth. Whatever justly-grounded fears of the disposition of the rest of France the Duchess de Berri might have entertained, she could not for a moment doubt the loyalty and enthusiasm of the Vendéans. They have more than once shown themselves the resolute defenders of legitimacy. But many things conspired to render their assistance at this juncture almost hopeless. The recent failure of the movement at Marseilles, which, however her partisans may deny it, must have originated and been set on foot by the Duchess de Berri, together with the vigilance of the government, which had despatched emissaries in pursuit of her track, were of themselves sufficient to paralyze the efforts of a single woman, destitute of any efficient friends, or those subsidiary aids without which no revolution can be ever begun.

Meanwhile, the Duchess de Berri was welcomed in La Vendée with enthusiasm. The personal qualities of the adventurous princess, her heroic courage, and undaunted resolution, were all calculated to impress a people in whom these qualities are united in an extraordinary degree. And, if we are to believe the report of her friends, her bearing during her five months' sojourn in La Vendée was well worthy of admiration for its courage; however, in other respects, it may be deplored, as inciting to bloodshed and unavailing rebellion. We extract a passage from one of her biographers. "This admirable woman, and noble princess, whose memory shall not die, gave proofs, at every exigency, of the most astonishing heroism and courage. Partaking the dangers and privations of her brave defenders, we have seen her, in the midst of them, extended on the damp ground, covered only with her mantle, seeking an instant of repose; then, suddenly waking,

like a new Joan of Arc, she was to be found wherever her presence was necessary, issuing orders which betrayed such an extraordinary knowledge of the art of war as few women have attained. Now, with a profound intelligence, or wonderful sagacity, arranging her plans of operation, and now, with a noble confidence, and a touching resignation to the will of heaven, submitting to the sacrifices and sorrows prepared for her."

The most remarkable event in the Vendean insurrection was the attack on the Château de la Pinicière. This old château, scarcely more than a farm in appearance, was defended for the space of a whole day by fifty-three men, the greater number unused to arms or the horrors of war, against six hundred troops of the line, and a strong detachment of the national guard. On the first attack, the assailants were repulsed; the national guard fell back, the line was abandoned; but though repulsed, the loss they sustained urged them again to the contest; when, after several ineffectual attempts, a practicable breach was effected. The château was by this time in flames; yet the besieged disputed the ground step by step, and foot to foot; the ruins were cast upon the heads of the besiegers, but in vain; and the besieged perished in the flames.

Nothing more conclusive can be stated of the events passing in La Vendée at that period. Suffice it, that since then, many movements were made by those disaffected to the present government in the towns of Perpignan, Grenoble, Lyons, and Paris, and also in Bretagne.

The present is hardly the place to argue the expediency of the several movements made by the Duchess de Berri and her party in favour of the young Henry, much more to dispute the moral propriety or turpitude of the steps she deemed it proper to adopt. We must, however, decidedly condemn the policy of so active a movement at this period:—the time was not come. After the signal failure of her projected insurrection at Marseilles—after having witnessed the indisposition of the inhabitants of the north to adopt her cause—and seeing the very feeble support which it was in the power of the Vendéans to afford her—she might have concluded, we cannot but think, that the cause of Henry V. was for a long time to come, if not for ever, hopeless.

Meanwhile, the arrest of Messrs. De Chateaubriand, De Fitz James, and Hyde de Neuville, the Duc de Bellune, Monsieur Berryer, and others, took place, all under

suspicion of being friendly to the claims of the young prince; and, at the same time, a requisition from the Procureur Général was put forth, importing that "La dite Duchesse de Berri" having rendered herself guilty by "a participation in the plot discovered at Marseilles on the 30th of April, the view of which was to destroy or change the government, or the order of succession to the throne; or to excite a civil war by arming, or causing to be armed, the citizens one against the other; which plot constitutes the crime of treason by the articles 89, 90, 91, of the Penal Code,"—goes on to state that the Duchess de Berri, by such participation, has rendered herself amenable to the law. It is therefore requested that she be given up.

At the same time, the freedom with which the Duchess de Berri had been so long permitted to go about the country, exciting everywhere to civil war, having been adduced by the enemies of the government, as one of the most conclusive evidences of Louis Philippe's scheme of a third restoration, M. de Montalivet, the then minister of the interior, offered 1,500,000 francs reward to whosoever would arrest the Duchess de Berri, and deliver her up. But by a miracle she escaped for a short time.

At length, the government having received an intimation of the place of her retreat (but from what source is not known), the Duchess de Berri was arrested at Nantes on the 7th of November last. Her object in going thither appears to have been to make preparations for the purpose of proceeding to Toulon, where she flattered herself the great majority of the inhabitants were in her interest, and would enable her to become mistress of the place.

The manner in which a discovery took place of the retreat of the Duchess, was quite accidental. At the back of a chimney in the house in which the Duchess and her three companions lay concealed, was a large plate of iron, which turned round on a pivot, and formed a double entrance to a small closet behind. There was very little space, and no window in this closet. The authorities of Nantes had received such information as left no doubt that the Duchess was concealed in the house in which she was, in fact, found. Accordingly, a military force of 1200 men, and double the number of national guards, proceeded at six in the evening of Wednesday the 6th of November, to command the avenues of, and the approaches to, the house in question. Although a strict search was made in every conceivable quarter of the house, she was no where to be

found. Three gendarmes were placed in each room for the night, as a precaution, and a minute search was proposed to be made in the morning. In one of the upper rooms, the gendarmes, finding themselves cold, got some wood, and lighted a large fire in the very fire-place behind which the Duchess and her companions were, with much difficulty, contained. For eight hours they resisted the heat; but finding themselves in danger of suffocation from the smoke, they called to the gendarmes to extinguish the fire instantly, which being done, and the back of the chimney opened, they all came forth, more dead than alive, from the horrid torture they had endured so long.* The Duchess, accordingly, declared herself; and desired one of the gendarmes to seek General D'Erlon, Commander in Chief of the garrison of Nantes, to whom alone, she said, she would surrender. On his arrival, the Duchess and her three companions, viz. Mademoiselle Kersabiec, and Messrs. De Menars and Guibours, surrendered themselves. At ten in the morning they were conveyed to the fortress of Nantes, and their capture was made known in that city by proclamation; and communicated at the same time to the government by telegraph.

It is said that amongst the letters found amongst the effects of the Duchess, were several addressed to her by the kings of Bavaria and Saxony, the Prince Royal of Prussia, and his brother, Prince Augustus, the Elector of Hesse Cassel, the Duke of Nassau, the Duke of Mecklenburgh, and Don Miguel.

On Friday, November 9, orders were transmitted by telegraph to the authorities of Nantes, immediately to send off the Duchess de Berri by sea to the Castle of Blaye, in the department of the Gironde. She was, accordingly, conveyed thither without delay. On the same day, an announcement of a project of law to be presented to the chambers for the disposal of the Duchess de Berri, appeared in the *Moniteur*. The ministers had

* The sufferings of the Duchess and her three companions, during the time they were shut up in their hiding place behind the chimney, must have been extreme. They remained there fourteen hours in a standing posture, during eight of which the fire was several times lighted, and made their situation dreadful. They managed, however, to endure the heat, suffocating as it must have been; but towards morning, the smoke began to work into their closet, and this they found impossible to bear for any length of time. The Duchess declared, after coming out, that a part of her person, which had been necessarily made to press against the iron door, forming the back part of the fire-place, was absolutely baked.

not, at that time, definitely settled the course to be pursued.

On the 17th of November, Viscount Chateaubriand addressed a letter to the unfortunate Duchess, ardently requesting the honour of being permitted to be her counsel; and, following up the request, made application, in conjunction with M. Hyde de Neuville, to the government, to be allowed to defend her; which was refused.

It has been well remarked that, on the capture of the Duchess, one of three courses could alone have been pursued: either to try her by the existing laws; or to bring in a law of exception to dispose of her person; or, lastly, as they did with Charles X., to escort her out of the kingdom without a law.

The difficulties of this case appear to have been felt by the French ministry. On the 5th of January of the present year, a motion respecting the Duchess de Berri was brought before the Chamber. "According to the letter of the law of last spring," says M. de Broglie, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his opening speech, "the Duchess de Berri ought, immediately on her arrest, to have been re-embarked and conveyed out of France; according to the spirit of that law, she ought to have been restored to her family, because the law contains no penal sanction."*

* In the spring of last year the ministry passed an act for banishing the whole family of the Bourbons from the soil of France, but attached *no penalty to their return!*

The project, on the present occasion, so far as we have been able to understand it, is to supersede altogether the written law, which is insufficient for the disposal of this case, and to create a procedure out of the emergency itself. There are several obvious objections to a trial, either in Paris or the provinces. Her possible acquittal, on the one hand, either from respect to her sex, or sympathy with her misfortunes; on the other, the probability of renewed disturbances should the verdict be against her. Again, the embarrassment in which it would place Louis Philippe, either to pardon the royal culprit, or to execute the sentence against one so nearly connected with him, originally a foreign princess, and never a subject of his own. These objections all conspire to the rejection of a criminal trial before the Peers, or the Court of Assize.

Thus, then, the matter stands for the present. The Duchess de Berri remains immured in the strong castle of Blaye, where, indeed, since her capture, she has been treated with the respect becoming her high rank. Whatever future measures may be taken with respect to her, we feel assured that the King of the French and his Government, will bear in mind the motives that have actuated her in her recent efforts for the honour of her son; and that they will be lenient to one whose sex, whose high rank, and whose royal descent, have not been able to preserve her from sorrow and misfortune.

A WISH.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

WHERE the wondrous and glorious cloud-tracts be,
In their burning and transparent glory,
Would I walk in mists of light with thee,
Leaving this old world, bleak and hoary.

Yet from this dimmest of dim spheres,
Would I bear some few most precious things,
Beloved 'midst childhood's smiles and tears,
Though tainted *now* by life's dark springs.

A colour from the empurpled flower;
A music from the whispering shell;
A sparkle from the rainbowed shower;
A perfume from the blossomed dell.

And art thou so beloved, oh earth?
Can links of life's long chain be dear?
Then I'll not leave thee, place of birth,
Even for the loveliest stranger sphere!

THE CHÂTEAU DE BLAYE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

——— "The strange fate
That tumbles mightiest sov'reigns from their thrones."———

BYRON.

At this season of the year, when the leafless trees and faded verdure attest the dreary reign of winter, the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures press upon our minds with greater force, and our sympathies are more than usually excited. We feel now, if our hearts are formed to feel, that penury, and want, and sorrow, are at their greatest need; that the poor, who endure their annual lot of deprivation, and the rich, who, for the first time, feel its power, are subject to its heaviest infliction. The face of nature is changed, the bosom of the earth is closed, the gushing streams which danced in the summer's sun are frozen, the melody of the woods is silent, all external signs of joy and gladness are flown, and their only place of refuge is the human breast! Who then, at such an hour, can behold the habitation of sorrow, and refuse his sympathy to the sufferer? who can mark the traces of misery and affliction, and close his eyes and his heart to the emotions which these must excite? If such are our feelings, when no definite object arises to claim our compassion, how much more is that sentiment increased, when those for whom we lament are fallen from their high estate, are pining in sickness and in sorrow, are suddenly shut out from the enjoyment of splendour and affluence, and are compelled to cast their lot with the meanest of mankind, and drain with them the cup of misery to the dregs! Of all the accidents that flesh is heir to, the loss of liberty is the sorest;

"We better brook the loss of brittle life."

In the midst of our hopes, soaring perchance beyond their authorised flight, with all our perceptions keenly alive to the enjoyment of our wishes, to be reclaimed from the fruition of those hopes, to be checked by the cold hand of adversity, and cast out into the darkness of captivity, are evidences of a fate which may, indeed, claim our commiseration!

These sentiments, such as have been often recorded, were uppermost in my mind, when lately, in the month of December, I traced

my steps along the right bank of the Gironde. The last time I beheld its shores, the vintage was at hand, the blue waves of the river rippled before the breeze, and the purple harvest shed a glow over the scene, which one might well have wished eternal! A few months only have gone by, and mark the change! I will not recapitulate it! But my purpose in visiting this spot was not to speculate upon the accustomed varieties of the season, and hence to indulge in moral reflections; I had an end in view which gave me wider scope, and more immediate cause for meditation. A recent event had rendered the ground on which I stood *once more* an object of attraction. The descendant of a long line of illustrious princes, the adopted daughter of a throne, and the mother of one whose birthright was a crown, had added another link to the long chain of misfortunes which bound her to the family of France,—the Duchess de Berri was a prisoner! I was still far off, and could already discern the dark outline of the fortress in which she was immured, and the sight of these turrets caused a melancholy feeling of apprehension. Whatever may be the assertions of the party, who in all improvement see only destruction, in all change the extermination of good, we may, even in these "revolutionary times," congratulate the world on a milder interpretation of the penal code. We have lately seen, when popular excitement was at its height, that the demand for justice was not the cry of blood, and though we remember with a shudder the fate of the royal captives of the Temple, and the solitary prisoner of Vincennes, we feel assured that such stains will not again deface the annals of an enlightened country. But it is not at the moment when we first contemplate the situation of fallen royalty, that we calculate the probabilities of escape; we are more prone to entertain the apprehension, that, like the animals which having once tasted blood can never again forbear it, the shrine of royalty, once desecrated, can never claim another worshipper!

After a lengthened ride from Bordeaux, the eminence on which the upper town of Blaye is situated, came full in view. I beheld before me the ancient citadel, whose original foundation is referred to the time of the Romans, and of which the poet Ausonius, a native of Bordeaux, makes mention in these terms:—

"Aut iterarum qua glarea trita viarum
Fert militarem ad Blaviam."

The position, and the estimation in which it was held, justified also the designation which it bore of "*Blavia bellicosa*." When the realm of Gaul no longer acknowledged the Roman sway, the castle of Blaye again became famous under the Merovingian dynasty. In the year 570, this spot became a place of royal sepulture. Charibert, the grandson of the first Christian king, travelling to Saintonges, to claim the lordship of a disputed territory, was taken ill, and conducted to Blaye, where he died. Gregory, of Tours, whose prejudices as an ecclesiastic may fairly be supposed to have influenced his opinion, asserts that the cause of his death was expressly owing to divine interposition, as a punishment for his seizing upon certain lands which belonged to the Chapter of Tours; he adds, in confirmation of his statement, that when Charibert had sent his servants and retinue on before to establish themselves on the lands which he claimed from the church, the horses having eaten of the hay which had been stalled, became (like Duncan's) mad, broke their bridles, and fled wild through the country. The hostility which the historian evinces was a feeling of *esprit du corps*, for the king had previously drawn upon himself the displeasure of the church, partly owing to the irregularity of his private life, and the slight regard which he paid to the observance of the sacrament of marriage, and partly to the free spirit which destituted one bishop, and refused the see to all but the individual of his choice.*

* The first wife of Charibert, named Ingeburge, of equal age with the king, and no longer possessing the beauty which first attracted him, was abandoned for one of her attendants, *Merofede*, the daughter of a person of mean condition. Charibert repudiated Ingeburge, and espoused the latter; but her death very shortly ensuing, he immediately married Marcovefe, the sister of his second queen, and a nun; and in consequence of having trespassed within the pale of consanguinity, and violated the monastic law, was excommunicated by St. Germain, a penalty less formidable then than it subsequently became, when the system of papal interference was fully established. The bar, however, remained in force till the death of Marcovefe.

Notwithstanding the obloquy to which his memory was consigned, but which seems scarcely warranted by the general tenor of his life, his bones were honourably interred in the fauxbourg of Blaye, in the church of St. Romain; and here for a thousand years the successors of Clovis were allowed to rest, till the rage of fanaticism devastating alike the sacred pile and the regal monument, scattered his ashes to the winds, and left no vestige to say "that once a monarch slept below."

It may serve to give an idea of the spirit which actuated the contending parties, each fighting for the *cause of religion*, to quote from *De Thou* an instance which illustrated the civil wars of the reign of Charles the Ninth.

"The Protestants, ranged under the banners of the Prince de Condé, required no excitement from their ministers to take up arms; from all parts of the kingdom they drew together to his assistance. Terror preceded them; pillage, fire, and massacre, desolated the country over which they passed, and the principal objects selected for vengeance, were the clergy. Jacques de Crassol, Baron d'Acier, raised in Languedoc and Dauphiné no less than 25,000 men. The standard which he bore was of green silk, on which was embroidered a hydra, whose hundred heads were differently represented as cardinals, bishops, and monks, all about to be destroyed by the powerful club of Hercules. This emblem, displayed at the head of a band of men already burning with enthusiasm and religious zeal, was an exhortation to each soldier to signalise himself by similar exploits. In consequence, every thing which bore a resemblance to Roman Catholic worship became the object of their rage and fury. They demolished churches, razed monasteries to the ground, and put to the sword priests, monks, and even nuns. One, a chief amongst them, named *Briguiemont*, took a savage pleasure in mutilating the priests whom he had slain, and made a collar of their ears, strung together, which he wore as an ornament."* According to Brantome, the Catholic soldiery were no less ferocious. The result of this warfare was fatal to the church of St. Romain. The Protestants surprised the citadel of Blaye in 1568, and committed the greatest ravages; and a short time after, the town was re-taken by the leaguers, and subsequently besieged by the

* Vide Anquetil. *Esprit de la Ligue*.

royal forces under the Mareschal de Matignon, an attack which was withstood successfully.

But the days of romance also claim our attention in recording the annals of Blaye. It was here, during the reign of a sovereign, under whom the glory of France attained a height which knew no parallel till the modern Cæsar led his eagles to victory, that the flower of French chivalry found his latest home within the precincts of this ancient place. The result of the fatal battle of Rousesvalles is too well known: Roland fell by the treachery of the Pyrenean mountaineers, and Charlemagne was unable to avenge him. Well had it been for him if on that day the assertion of the bard who sung his imaginary exploits, had been a true one:—

“Trar sangue da quel corpo a nessun lece;
Che lo fere e percote il ferro in vano.”

But, alas! the warrior was not invulnerable, he fell, with many other chiefs of note, and his body was borne to the Château de Blaye, where his sword Dusindana, and his magic horn, were long preserved in token of the event.*

These relics are now no longer visible, but the memory of the hero is preserved in all the languages of romance—in ancient chronicle and in modern rhyme. The latest who has sung his praise is the bard whose loss we have so recently deplored, and who knew so well how to gild the warrior's epitaph with the meed of praise, while he recorded the dying moments of our own “Black Edward,” saying his last at the set of sun on “Blaye's empurpled shore.” Peace be with them all, Paladin, Prince, and Minstrel.

The records of Blaye are silent again for the lapse of centuries, till the reign of Louis XI. whose policy, though crooked and unprincipled, had yet one beneficial object in view, and was rarely averted from works of utility.

Perceiving the importance of its situation with reference to the commerce of Bordeaux, he caused the castle to be rebuilt in the year 1475, and fortifying the small island which lies midway opposite in the channel of the river, he established a toll for all inward-bound vessels, at the same time exacting the delivery of all arms, guns, and offensive

weapons, which were deposited in the castle till their return.

The last additions which were made to the strength of the town of Blaye, were the work of Louis XIV., who caused the present citadel to be constructed in 1689; and at the same time added to the fortifications of the small island in the Gironde, the battery called *Le Pâté*, and built the fort *Médoc*, on the opposite side of the river; thus rendering the position secure. The town itself has little to render it worthy of note, save the ancient church of St. Romain, to which was formerly attached a monastery of the order of St. Augustine. The Benedictine monks also possessed another abbey, dedicated to St. Sauveur. The town is divided by a small tide-river into the upper and lower divisions; the former of which alone contains anything to interest the traveller, and here our attention is fixed on a royal prison. It is here that “*La bonne Caroline*” is confined—the modern Joan of Arc—the heroine of destituted legitimacy! The last time it was my fortune to see her, was on the occasion of the grand fête given by Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, at the Palais Royal, about two months before the Revolution. The principal guest that evening was her father, the king of Naples; there also were present, the ex-king, the dauphin, and a long retinue of illustrious nobles. What has become of all the gay assemblage?

“Mais ou sont les neiges d'Autaun?”

Ferdinand sleeps with his fathers—the descendant of Henri Quatre and St. Louis is a banished wanderer—his court and the peers who surrounded his throne are voluntary exiles—the splendour of their state is gone, the bright hopes which inspired them are vanished—and she, whose kind heart least deserved the reverse of fortune, and whose spirit best sustained her in her hour of adversity, is enclosed within the circuit of a prison! Let us hope that her captivity may not be of long duration; and, if the words of one* whose fate was a sad one, may be recorded: let her friends recal the philosophic moral of his verse:—

“The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great, but cometh to an end,
No hap so hard, but may in time amend.”

D. C.

* Before the “three days,” two helmets were shown in the Musée d'Artillerie, at Paris, in the Place St. Thomas Aquin, which, according to tradition, were those of Roland and Oliver. It is possible that they may have again done knightly service, and, honoured by recent scars, still grace the walls of the armoury.

* Robert Southwell, an English Jesuit, born 1560, executed 1595.

THE MINIATURE.

Look on this picture.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DIAPER GARNET was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently introducing his thumbs into the arms of his waistcoat, casting an eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around; and, in short, betraying evident comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addition to a constant flow of high spirits, and an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jeweller's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem Mrs. G., many others of inferior value and lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the recommendation of plate, what could possibly thwart his advancement in life?

His thoughts had been occupied all the morning by a review of the flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound sayings of his master, old Agate, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent church-yard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. He remembered, with a triumphant smile, (for he had now discarded them) his juvenile faults, vices, and indiscretions; he conjured to memory that auspicious day when, twitching from its congenial cotton one of his own wedding rings, he insinuated it on the left hand fourth finger of his Lucy; and, above all, he had the eye of retrospection upon those three per cents transferred into his own name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, just over the way.

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have sworn that he deserved these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and cherubic countenance, as he warbled a soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeously dressed in an open blue coat, a velvet waistcoat enriched by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He

was going presently to the exhibition with Mrs. Garnet.

The approach of a young lady dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's young Dream," and brought signals of recognition into his visage. "Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "'tis a world since I saw you! how is your excellent father?" Miss Lucy satisfied him upon that point.

"Mother?"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, all's well," retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner. A dreadful accident happened just now. Oh! there are many lives lost by cabs—this was a young man, very fine young man too; here's his card—'Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg.' But what ails you, my dear Miss Penfold; you turn pale—sit down—that's right—hilloa!—what the deuce!—fainted, by the Lord?"

With these words Mr. Garnet leaped over the counter, and sought to restore the young lady by the application of salts. As he hung over her, he could not help thinking that he had never seen her look so charming before. Miss Lucy Penfold was, certainly, a very pretty girl, but Garnet had tender recollections that rendered her additionally interesting. He had once sighed for her, and sighed in vain. A desperate thought crossed the threshold of his brain. He quailed at the idea of welcoming it. "Eh? what? shall I? Mrs. G.'s not in the back parlour. No one will be the wiser. I'll snatch a kiss."

Just as he was about to perform this felonious feat, Miss Lucy revived, and murmured, in a faint voice, but with a trembling emphasis, "Did you say, Sir, that the young gentleman was killed?"

"Killed, Miss!" said Garnet, striving to recover a composure, which the surprise of her revival had in some measure disturbed; "killed, Miss!—young gentleman?—ey—Fogg—oh, no—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. No, I said dreadful accidents *did* sometimes happen; but, you're so susceptible. Miss Penfold, pray be

calm;" and he attempted a glance of tender interest at the invalid with one eye, while he sought to include, with the other organ of vision, a prospect of the back parlour.

"And now, Miss Lucy," resumed the indiscreet goldsmith, "that you are a little composed, pray take the protection of my arm to your father's; nay, I will not be refused."

"Well, since you are so very kind," said the young lady, "and as I'm still very weak, I will defer the business I came about, and accept your offer:" and the pair slowly departed from the shop.

CHAPTER II.

"I'LL teach Mr. Garnet to pay attention to ladies in the shop," exclaimed a pretty little woman as she issued from the back parlour, with a roguish smile upon her small lips. "I do believe the man was going to kiss the young person. Oh these men! Well he shall never hear the last of it. I'll take care of that—but what's this lying upon the ground?"

It was a miniature portrait of a young gentleman in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white kerchief, and somewhat ostentatious frill; his hair neatly curled for the nonce, and his eyes directed sideways, as though he were looking for the frame; in which ornament, however, the picture was deficient.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Garnet, sitting down on the shop stool, and leaning her hand on one knee, "a very nice young man indeed. I wonder who he can be; how different from Mr. Garnet! Certainly," she resumed, after a pause, looking obliquely at the picture with her head on one side, the more critically to examine it, "certainly, G.'s face is that of a griffin by the side of this—he shall smart for this morning's impudence, the little villain." So saying, and carrying the painting with her, Mrs. Garnet retired again to the back parlour.

Presently, in runs Mr. Garnet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and drawing his watch from his fob. "My dear Lucy, are you ready," said he, with forced vivacity, for his conscience smote him, as he dropped his head through the opening door of the back parlour, "we shall be too late for the exhibition."

"Not in such a hurry, Mr. Garnet," said his wife, calmly, "we are too late as it is, I'm sure. Pray, Sir, come in." Garnet crept forward with the look of a culprit.

"Who was that young lady in the shop this morning, Sir?"

"Who—in the shop—this morning," faltered the goldsmith; "ha! ha! ha! that's a secret, Mrs. G.—a little private affair of my own," added he, with a rueful pleasantry, as though, by gaily avowing a secret intrigue, he should ward off suspicion; "a secret, I say, not to be divulged," rubbing his hands, and winking his eye knowingly.

"Then you should keep your secrets better, Mr. Garnet, that's all I know," said the lady; "you think I didn't see you kiss the girl, I suppose. Ah! Mr. G., Mr. G."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Garnet," cried the jeweller, with a cool confidence worthy of a better cause, yet inwardly quaking at this unexpected discovery, "really you make such strange charges; you're such an eccentric woman;" hardly conscious of what he uttered; "you are such a little quiz, you know you are, ar'nt you now?" and here he attempted to pinch her waist coaxingly, and began to dance about the room to hide his confusion.

"Well, well—it's no matter, Mr. Garnet, it is a happy thing for me that I have a consolation elsewhere," said Mrs. Garnet, pouting, and looking tenderly, at the same time, at something which she held in her hand. "What have you got there, my dear," cried Garnet, with renewed nerve and vigour of speech—"a lock of my hair, eh? Come, come, you must not shear off Sampson's hair by stealth, thou fond Dalilah."

"It cannot concern you what I have in my hand," returned the wife, kissing the precious treasure fondly.

"Nay, now, I insist upon seeing what it is, Mrs. Garnet—resistance is vain—ha! a portrait!"

"Yes, a portrait, Sir."

"Really, Madam, this is very indiscreet, not to say culpable," said Garnet, seriously—"I never had a portrait taken—Let me look at it. The portrait of some fellow, I'll be sworn."

"Why, Lord bless me! Mr. Garnet, how you tease," exclaimed the lady, with provoking coolness—"as though it could signify to you whose portrait it is. I have had other beaux in my time, you may be sure."

"The beaux may go to the devil!" cried Garnet, with a look of defiance, exploring the remotest corners of his pockets, and striding about the room in a fury.

"For shame, Mr. Garnet, to mention the devil in my presence," simpered the lady, without lifting her eyes from the portrait at which she was fondly gazing.

"I will see it!" shouted the jealous

jeweller, as, like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, which

"Moves altogether, if it move at all,"

with a simultaneous spring, like a tiger, he obtained possession of the miniature. "Pretty doings! pretty doings! upon my word," exclaimed he, with a hysteric chuckle—"this is excellent, upon my word—ha! ha! ha! upon my life it's good—not three months married, and—capital!—ruin and misery—glorious!—despair and madness—" and the overpowered little man rushed madly into the shop with the portrait.

CHAPTER III.

"I CERTAINLY was a great fool," said Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg, a young gentleman of imposing appearance, as he stood musingly at the front of the Royal Exchange, "to quarrel with Lucy as I did, and to fly in the face of old Penfold, by beating him at cribbage;—besides, that trip to Margate was in every respect ruinous; and now I find the door shut in my face, and the servant inaccessible to silver. I'll go down to the little goldsmith who helped me up, after my fall from the cab—he may, perhaps, assist me."

So saying, our soliloquist walked down the street, and soon found himself in Garnet's shop.

That distracted man was seated on a stool behind his counter, upon which both his elbows rested—his head having fallen into his extended hands. He was busily engaged in examining something before him. "I am come, Sir," said Fogg, with respectful politeness, "to thank you for your kind attention to me. I am the ex-cab passenger of this morning."

"Sir," sighed the goldsmith, slowly raising his head, "the unfortunate are ever entitled to such services as—ah! what?" and he fell to a second scrutiny of the counter, and then, tilting himself back upon his stool, leaned against the edge of a glass case behind him, and pushing his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, gazed with a woe-begone countenance at the stranger.

"May I ask, Sir," said the other with surprise, "what you have been, and are gazing at with, permit me to say, such lack-lustre expression?—a portrait?—by Heavens! my portrait! How came you by this? Speak, goldsmith; where did you get it? Confess, jewel-setter, confess."

"Where did I get it?" returned Garnet, in a deeply moral tone, as though it were a prelude to a religious discourse, shaking his

head, and pointing to the door of the back parlour—"there!—my wife."

"Your wife!" shrieked the other, falling upon the shop stool with all the immobility of the national debt, and, like that incubus, as though he were never to be removed.

"My wife, I say," repeated Garnet, beating his forehead—"Lucy, there, reluctantly gave it up to me."

"Lucy!" screamed Fogg, burying his face in his hands—"lost, for ever lost."

"Lost, for ever lost," echoed the goldsmith, "my good Sir, *do* take your elbows off that glass case; if it *should* give way, they'd play the deuce with the brooches below: lost!—then there's a pair of us—God bless my soul!"

"Please, Sir," said a man, as he entered the shop, pulling off his hat, and smoothing two inches of straight hair on his forehead—"you promised to wait upon Mrs. Deputy Tomlins at three—it is now half past—"

"By the by, and so I did," cried Garnet, as he bustled from his stool, and drew a small case from a drawer. "I'll be with her instantly. Pray, Mr. Fogg, don't stir till I return—this matter must be investigated," and seizing his hat, and throwing up his eyes and hands, he darted from the door.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg remained for a considerable period buried in profound grief;—at length, raising his head, he murmured, with a vindictive pressure of his teeth together, "Ass that I was—idiot—incurable fool—to go to Margate—on pleasure, I think I said to myself—on pleasure, ha! ha! and left my Lucy to be snapt up by a mercenary and morose brooch-seller. But why, why do I reproach myself? Is she not to blame? Is not perverse Penfold culpable? Then welcome revenge! Come hither, immense Roland, for a prodigious Oliver: the thought pleases me; yet how?—But why?" he resumed, deviating into another train of thought, "Why do I sit here like a fool?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Sir," answered a boy, who had been called to mind the shop during the absence of Garnet, looking from under the enormous brim of a hat, six sizes too large for his small skull.

"Peace, mysterious cub, peace," cried the distracted one, eyeing him with a baleful look—"I am ill—faint—weak and woe-begone;"—then sitting bolt upright upon the stool, and elevating his eyes, he turned round as on a pivot, till his face fronted the glass door of the back parlour. "In there, in there, boy," darting his finger before him—"a glass of water might be procured?"

"Pray, Sir, walk in," said Mrs. Garnet, who had been eye-piercing through the corner of the cambric blind for a considerable time, and now opened the door—"you seem unwell—pray come in and rest yourself."

"Ten thousand pardons—but I am indeed indisposed," cried the bereft, as he tottered into the parlour.

"I fear, Madam," said he, when he had swallowed a glass of water, "that I give you much trouble; but an announcement on the part of your brother has so agitated me."

"My brother, Sir!" interrupted Mrs. Garnet, calling up from the depths of memory a little boy who had died of the measles twelve years before—"my brother! what do you mean?"

"Your brother, Madam, I repeat," answered Fogg impatiently, "just now stepped out to Mrs. Deputy Tomlins—has agitated me by a communication—he is blest with the possession of a lovely wife."

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Garnet, with a soft smile, which, however, was instantaneously exchanged for a visage of extraordinary gravity as she recognised the original of the portrait, and noted the strange manner in which he confounded relationships. The wildness of his eyes, also, favoured the idea that he was a recently self-emancipated maniac.

"Has he been married long?" said Fogg, with an alarming start, as a torturing reminiscence shot through his brain.

"Oh, no, Sir! a very short time indeed," said the trembling wife, a vision of the incurable department of St. Luke's intruding itself into her mind.

"But why do I ask these idiot questions?" he continued querulously; "my dear madam, you are goodness itself to listen to my ravings; permit me, when I am more calm, to call and repeat my acknowledgments of your kindness;" then seizing her hand and kissing it, "farewell!" he cried, and opening the door, stumbled over the couchant form of Garnet.

That blighted goldsmith was, indeed, drawn up into a compendious mass of concentrated misery. His hands were tightly clenched upon his stooping knees, his neck sunk between the shoulders with the lax pliability of a turtle's; and the one open eye was endeavouring to peer through the blind with a ten-argus power of vision. "Wretch!" he gasped, as the other tumbled over him, but further utterance was denied him.—"Wretch! ah! you say true, I am indeed a wretch," said Fogg, rising, with a grim smile,

"but you—oh! how much the reverse!—too happy in the possession of such a wife;" and he retired shuddering from the shop.

CHAPTER IV.

GARNET thought verily that his lot was too much for man to bear; and, accordingly, applying to a closet just behind him, he drew forth a bottle, and directed the neck to his mouth, leaning leisurely back that a sufficient portion of the cordial might find its way to his inner man. While in this constrained posture, he was interrupted by the entrance of somebody into the shop, and turning round, and hastily replacing the cork, the presence of Miss Lucy Penfold greeted him. "Oh! my dear Mr. Garnet, pray tell me," said that young lady, "do you know the gentleman who just left your shop?"

"I do, Miss—I do," answered he with unnatural emphasis, setting down the bottle in the closet, "his name is Fogg—a fog that has obscured my sun of happiness for ever; look there, look at that room—it contains my wicked wife."

"Your wicked wife, Sir!" said Lucy confused; "what do you mean? you surely are not so foolish as—"

"I have discovered all!" he roared. "I have discovered an attachment subsisting between Fogg and my wife!"

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Garnet," cried the young lady, sinking upon the stool—"you do not mean—"

"I mean revenge," said he, clenching his teeth and hands.

"Oh! for mercy's sake, Sir, do not talk so; it is I who am the most miserable of human beings,"—and she sunk back faintly.

"God bless my soul!" cried Garnet, "why you are not going to faint again, I hope—you're subject to fainting fits, I fear;"—and he scrambled to the closet and seized the bottle; but, finding that the young lady was recovering, he stealthily placed it to his own lips in a trice, and returned—"What's the matter, Miss Lucy, what is the matter?" he whimpered, wringing his hands, "I have trouble enough of my own, Heaven knows; surely"—and lifting his head, he met the reflection of his own face in a glass opposite. A thought flashed across him—he drew up his shirt collar. "Surely," he continued in a softer tone, "this concern cannot be for me.—Oh! might I hope that in that bosom?"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried Miss Penfold, weeping, and pushing him from her.

"Oh! yes, yes, yes," returned he,—“say yes, then at least I shall be blest.”

"You will, will you, Mr. Garnet," cried a voice with terrific shrillness in one ear, while the other was seized upon and wrung excruciatingly; "these are your sly ways, are they? to pretend jealousy of me, in order to cover your own designs. Oh! Mr. Garnet, Mr. Garnet"—and here his partner fell into a passion of tears.

"Something strikes me that I shall go distracted," said Garnet, hopelessly, raising his spread palms to his head, and sitting down upon the stool—"Oh, misery!"

"Misery, indeed," retorted his wife, sobbing with convulsive sighs, "you have made me miserable, you know you have."

"There now!" cried Garnet, appealing to Miss Lucy, as he sprung from the stool with his extended hands sticking out from his sides like the fins of a fish, "did you ever hear the like? the woman has lost all sense of shame; didn't I see the man kiss your hand through the blind? didn't I see it, I say, with this eye?" shooting his finger towards the organ in question.

"And didn't I see you this morning, Mr. Garnet—now, confess—through the very same blind—"

"Hush! hush! woman," interrupted Garnet, solemnly, "you know not what you say, deserted alike by reason and virtue."

"I am sorry, Madam," said Lucy, interposing, "that there should be any misunderstanding, but I trust that I am in no measure the cause of it."

Mrs. Garnet made no answer, but retired into the parlour.

"I came, Mr. Garnet," she continued, "about a trifle which I fear I must have lost; nothing was picked up in your shop this morning?—not that it is any longer valuable to me."

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Lucy," answered Garnet, not heeding the question. "Picked up?—yes—information that has distracted me."

"Good morning, Sir; I hope to find you calmer when I see you again:" and the young lady departed.

"Calmer! yes, in the stiffness of death, perhaps," murmured Garnet, with a bitter grin.

"Mr. Diaper Garnet," said his wife, coming forward, with red eyes, a white handkerchief, and a severe placidity of countenance, "we must part; your unjust suspicions of me, coupled with your own shameful proceedings, render it absolutely necessary that we should part."

"Ha! ha! this is *too* much—this is *too* much, upon my soul," chuckled Garnet with a stifling, and in a fearfully guttural, tone—"ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" and now reason seemed to be taking an eternal leave of him, but that, as he tossed his head back with the last interjection, it came in contact with the edge of a glass case, with a crash that threatened the cleaving in twain of his skull.

"What need of this violence, Mr. Garnet?" resumed his wife, alarmed at his forlorn aspect; "we can never more agree on this side the grave; it is better, therefore, that we should separate."

"Oh! hour of woe! that it should come to this," groaned the goldsmith, physical and mental pain struggling for the mastery. "Go in, Mrs. G., and we'll talk of it presently. You are right, we never can be happy again:" and when his wife was out of sight, he fell into a fit of tears.

CHAPTER V.

IN the meantime, Fogg had betaken himself to a chop-house in the neighbourhood, and there (for even despair has an appetite) solaced himself with a beef-steak. He, however, found himself, in half an hour, opposite Garnet's shop. "Yes, I will see her for the last time,—I will learn from her own lips the reasons of her cruelty and desertion of me, and then leave this hated country for ever." So determined, he drew himself up before the shop window, and examined with a vacant eye the gold pins and bracelets. Garnet observed him, as he stood at the back of the shop bathing his afflicted head with an embrocation of vinegar. "Oh! I am looked upon as a mere cipher in my own house, that's quite clear—the deuce take the fellow's impudence—he's coming in—well, I'll confirm my suspicions at all events—I will not wrong Mrs. G. rashly," and under the counter dived the goldsmith. Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg now walked in, and tapping at the door of the back parlour, was admitted. "I am come, madam," said Augustus, in a melancholy tone, "for a purpose which true lovers must applaud, to take a last farewell of your sister-in-law—lead me to her."

"My sister-in-law!" cried Mrs. Garnet; "Oh! Sir, do leave me; you have been the innocent cause of much misery in this family. Your unhappy infirmity can alone excuse—"

"Madam," interrupted Fogg, "where is Mr. Garnet's wife—fate shall not hinder our final interview."

"She is here, Sir, I am Mr. Garnet's wife."

"Gracious heavens! what mystery is this?—Propitious powers!—who then is the young lady I met coming into the shop this morning?—Oh! joy unutterable."

"I know not who she is," said Mrs. Garnet; "but this I know, that, in consequence of her, I am the most miserable of women."

"How, Madam?" cried Fogg, "what horrible mystery is this?—explain."

"Must I confess my husband's shame, and my own despair?" cried the lady, in a state of doubtful perturbation.

"Do, Madam, by all means, I entreat—let Garnet's disgrace be made manifest, or any thing, rather than my suspense should continue."

"There is something wrong, then?"

"Something wrong? Madam, you tremble—"

"An unfortunate and guilty attachment between Mr. Garnet and that young person."

"Ha!" bellowed Fogg, seizing a pair of scissors which lay on the table; "where are the unprincipled pair—even this small instrument would suffice,"—and he stalked about the room opening and closing his weapon with demoniac violence; "but oh! why do I rave? forgive me, best of women! that I have put you to the torture of confessing this degrading fact," and he fell upon one knee before her—"Ha! what noise was that?" Rushing to the glass door, the pair were just in time to behold Garnet, as he rose up, strike his head against the counter, over which he scrambled, and rush from the shop.

"Is Miss Lucy within?" cried Garnet, panting, as the door of Penfold's house was answered, in obedience to his peremptory knocking.

"She is, Sir."

"Send her here instantly."

Miss Penfold, who, alarmed at the extraordinary noise, was loitering on the stairs, approached. "Put on your bonnet and shawl, and come with me," said Garnet.

"Really, Mr. Garnet, after this morning's —"

"Pho, pho, nonsense," said he, "you're wanted, I say;" then lowering his voice to a whisper, and putting his fore-finger to the side of his nose—"they're there."

"Who are there, Sir? I do not understand you."

"My wife and —," and he swelled up his cheeks as though he would fain enact Boreas, "and Fogg!—come!—come!" Miss Penfold made no further objection, but suffered herself to be hurried by the excited goldsmith to the scene.

"Ha! ha! have we caught you?" cried Garnet, with a triumphant shout, as he dragged Lucy after him. "Miss Lucy Penfold, look there, I beg of you; here's a caution to wives and families."

"Unheard of audacity!" said Mrs. Garnet, "to bring her into the very room with us! look, Sir, do you see? Do you mark the perfect shamelessness of the guilty parties?" Fogg did indeed look and see, but he seemed to be curiously examining vacancy.

"Come, come, this won't do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it's discovered."

"It is, indeed," retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, Sir, I look to this gentleman for redress and protection:"—turning to Fogg.

"From me, Madam," said Fogg, upon his knee, "expect that love which ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another."

"Say you so?" quoth Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy.

"Deign, Miss, to receive assurances of my affection; and if this portrait will avail to impress —"

"My portrait again, by heaven!" cried Fogg.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found —" said Mrs. Garnet.

"Lost and found! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," springing into his wife's arms. "My dearest Mrs. G., but how is this?"—explain Fogg—dear Fogg, explain. Do you know Miss Lucy Penfold?" Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"Oh, your most obedient! I see how it is;" and the joyous goldsmith danced about the room—"let's be merry"—and he drew out the decanter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and we'll all go together this evening to old Penfold."

"Well, there never was such an extraordinary mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all in simultaneous concert with the goldsmith.

OMEGA.

A YEAR OF HONEYMOONS.

BY CHARLES DALTON, ESQ.

FEBRUARY.

It was fine to see how my charmer and I triumphed over the bad weather of February. We treated it with a pleasant spite. We had our revenge of it. The worse it was out of doors, the better we made it within. Ours was truly the "sunshine of the breast," none the worse for a good fire, great thick curtains, huge cushioned sofas, books, music, pictures, and good health. When I looked through the window, and found the whole scene before us a mass of rain, mistiness, chillness, and mud, I would turn to Harriet with her warm heart in her warm dress, and think of the blessed climate I had within doors. Some such dialogue would then ensue as the following:—

"It is impossible to go out to-day, Harriet?"

"Impossible, Charles."

"Impossible even to take the carriage:—the horses would suffer."

"And the coachman."

"He would. We'll take our walk then in doors, shan't we?"

"That will be just the thing."

"People might oftener walk in doors if they chose. It is very healthy; it is *exercise*, you know."

"Yes; and so *convenient*, Charles."

This word "*convenient*," the reader must know, is a piece of insolence in Harriet. She means that I can walk in doors with my arm round her waist, which I have sometimes complained I cannot do abroad. So I punish her for it.

Our walk is only through a suite of three rooms; but two of them are long: all are hung with paintings; and part of the delight of our promenade is to enjoy the paintings as we go, and live in their scenery. By this means we take excursions into Italy and Arcadia, and call upon some divine friends, who have eyes and expressions of countenance, equalled only by one of their visitors; and to whom we have been introduced by Giorgione, Guido, and others. I am not rich enough to possess more than two or three originals of the great masters; but we have many excellent copies, some of them by the masters themselves when they were young; and with these, and the landscapes around them, we are as intimate as if they were old friends, and Italy was next door. Our paintings are like windows, through which we look

upon a bluer climate; or rooms with their partition walls thrown down, and bringing us in company with some of the noblest and most beautiful of their inmates. The only fault, as far as concerns our walk, is, that we sometimes stop too long; and that some sweet speech, or natural remark of Harriet's, makes me forget every prospect before me, but that of her true, sweet face.

Then, of an evening, during this dreary month, we used to read the most beautiful descriptions of summer time and rural enjoyment in the poets, not because we needed them, for we needed nothing; but partly out of a pretence that we did so, partly because so intoxicating a love as ours was too good to drink every moment, and partly from a feeling already mentioned, of a pleasant wilful spite to the bad weather. Sometimes it was I that read, sometimes Harriet; but, merry as she is, the dear creature's voice would falter too often in some of the passages. There is a famous one in Thomson, in which she could not get further than the word "*beings*."

"But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their *beings* blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power;
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence.

We persevered, however, in going out when the weather allowed us no real excuse. I thought, besides the reasons before mentioned, that a certain manly respect for the exercise was proper on my side, and that Harriet would think the better of me for it; and, for her part, she had a similar instinct for the preservation of health and its graces. Out, therefore, we went, as in January,—often, when we met not a single *out-of-doorer* besides, at least none equally bent upon exercise for its own sake. We spared the servants and horses, when we did not spare ourselves. In the milder days of February there are some glimpses of Spring, which we did not fail to notice. We hailed the "*pale primrose*," in sunshine almost as pale. We agreed that it was a pity the *lamium purpureum* in the hedges had no better English

name than the "dead nettle," and that it was foolish to give pretty things disagreeable appellations. A word with no meaning but one, may be as uncouth of sound as it pleases, provided it belong to something pleasant; but why associate melancholy ideas with agreeable objects?—We felt grateful for the warmth of the crocus in the cottage-gardens; and loved the new daisies; and vindicated the claim of the elder-tree to a more general admiration. The sight of the first buds on the trees was a treasure to us. We saw the whole Spring and Summer in them. Harriet made such a panegyric on the hue of the crocus, when she first saw it, that we fell into some very pretty, poetical, pictorial, classical, romantic talk upon Hymen and the ancient poets, and his saffron or crocus-coloured vest; and I will venture to say there was not a bit of pedantry in our discourse, though I quoted Latin and Greek. Love and learning go well together, provided there is as much love in the learning, as learning in the love. My charmer, as I conversed about Hymen and the crocuses, and gradually got into other loving quotations full of tenderness and domestic pleasure, felt the truth of this maxim so strongly, that she resolved to become acquainted with both languages, and read their most beautiful poems under my direction, in order, as she prettily said, that there might be "*no heart in a meaning*, into which she could not thoroughly enter with me." But we agreed to say nothing about the new accomplishment, unless questioned on the subject, or to very select people who could give her credit for remaining as much a woman as ever, and wearing as unaffected *stockings*! So we are very particular on this point, and I must hereby give notice, that this part of my present writing is a kind of *stage-whisper*, to be heard by none but such as have a right to hear it; people who have too much merit of their own to be jealous of a little addition to the stock of others, and who can distinguish the *graces* from the *airs* of scholarship. Harriet was already a good Italian as well as French scholar, of the lighter sort; and if her stockings are now somewhat blue, I can assure the reader it is the tenderest and handsomest blue in the world,—the sweetest violet-colour in Theocritus. The greatest ignoramus of a man need not be afraid of her company; for she is too good-natured to mortify any one knowingly; and her accomplishments she keeps for those who like them. She is of opinion with myself, that women who are unpleasant in consequence of a little unusual scholar-

ship, would be as unpleasant, perhaps more so, without it; and that it is as bad a symptom to grow less agreeable, from an acquaintance with the beauties of the ancient poets, as it would be for a young face to look the less attractive for being adorned with the roses and vine-leaves of which they speak.

Behold us then, on one of the worst days in February, varying our usual occupations with a sudden heap of *Excerpta* and *Delectables*; and Harriet, half in jest, half in earnest, with a pretty mixture of confidence and misgiving, and a breath in her voice, saying "*Amo, I love*," and "*Vocative, O*." We soon, however, exchanged that plan for Jacotot and other maturer systems. We talked of Eloisa, and Madame Dacier, and other ladies who united learning with love; and, I must confess, got on very slowly. It is but of late that my friend reckons herself able to encounter a reasonable Idyll or Anacreontic, with a dictionary by her side: and she can manage a bit of Anacreon better than Horace; for after a little trial of Latin, we resolved upon making our serious commencement with Greek, which, we are convinced, is the more loving as well as the wealthier language. The Latin, however, has pretty pickings; as, for example, the following, which I made haste, among others, to lay before my pupil for her opinion.

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Illo purpureo ore suaviata,
Sic, inquit, mea vita, Septimille,—
Huic uno domino usque serviamus,
Ut multo mihi major acriorque
Ignis mollihus ardet in medullis.
Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem.

It is part of a bridal picture in Catullus. There is a beautiful version of it by Cowley; but as I cannot remember all his lines, I must piece them out with inferior ones;—

But she her purple mouth with joy—

(The ancient *purple* is to be taken for the quintessence of the modern *red*.)

But she her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Kissed his reeling hovering eyes,
And "Oh my love, my life!" replies,
"So may our constant service be
To this divinest deity,
As with a transport doubly true
He thrills your Acme's being through."

She said; and Love, on tip-toe near her,
Clapped his little hands to hear her.

My charmer took a dislike to Ovid for his "artifice," and "want of heart." Her dear honest nature had not yet enabled her to suspect that there could be a sort of professional sincerity in a writer, apart from a more native impulse; and that Ovid, like so many good-natured men after him, often wrote

verses for the mere sake of enjoying his reputation, and meant nothing but to be a poet and wear laurel. I merrily completed her disgust at the time, by quoting the beginning of Dryden's translation of one of his elegies, addressed to a married lady:—

Your husband will be with us at the treat ;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.

The plain-spoken, malignant force of this second line forced her to laugh out of pure astonishment and indignation.

I remember this circumstance particularly well, because, in a minute or two, after a thoughtful silence, she rose up to lead me into one of our promenades up and down the room; and in something which she said, introduced the mention of the word, "husband," in a tone of especial tenderness, as if to relieve it from the insult put upon it by the two court poets, Ovid and his translator. And it was just after she uttered this, that, in casting my eyes out of the window, I saw something which induced me to break gently away from her with a pretended gravity, and say, "Are you aware, madam, that this affection of ours is very unbecoming, and that we have no longer a right to be happy."

She looked a little startled in spite of her consciousness of its being some jest, and said, "How so, pray:—if you please, Mr. Dalton?"

"Madam," quoth I, "it was at this precise time of day, five weeks ago, by a certain ceremony in Scotland, that I was made the happiest man on earth; and here is your aunt's carriage at the gate, bringing her to tell us that our honeymoon is over by full seven days, and, therefore, it is becoming in us to receive visits, and be proper married people, and not pretend to be happier than our neighbours."

"Was it, Charles?" cried she: "then I will say of that day, in the words of the sonnet we were reading last night,—

Benedetto sia il giorno, e l' mese, e l' anno,
E la stagione, e l' tempo, e l' ora—

may, I must say in plain English,—May God for ever bless the day, and you, and both of us, and all the world!"

It is thus that, in some of her most affectionate moments, the gratitude which she feels to heaven for the pleasure of loving, breaks out into a blessing on all the creation.

I took her overflowing heart to mine, which she had filled with a flattery so delicious; and she had scarcely recovered from her transport when her aunt came in, dressed in the height of punctilious visitation, and after vainly essaying to pay some formal compliment, threw her arms about her neck with "my dear, dear, Harriet," and burst into a

mingled passion of gaiety and tears. Had she been less amiable, we should have had a great deal of these tears, for she felt the loss of her niece's company, and was prone enough by nature to indulge herself in the luxury of self-pity. But an excellent breeding, of the old school, had taught her, on these occasions, to see fair play between what was due to herself and to others; and she quickly fell into the old track, and was as much at home as if she had been in her own house. Still there was a slowness of understanding about her, that did not enable her to see into the nicety of matters quite as well as the generality of her kindred; and Harriet was accustomed at times to manifest a little confusion in her society, as she did at this moment; which made her aunt observe, "Well, child, you do not think me in a hurry, I hope. It is now a good five weeks since dear Mr. Dalton took you away; and you know you are now ranked among old married people, and need not object to seeing all the world."

"Dearest aunt, I am sure I am most heartily glad to see you, and I am sure that you know it."

"Do I not?" (with a kiss of great tenderness), "and it is a blessing to me, I am sure, to think you are so well matched, for she is a very good girl, is she not, Mr. Dalton? and very well behaved, and quite after your own heart, and will make a most exemplary—" "mother," she was going to say; but Harriet playfully clapped her hand upon her mouth, and said, "you will make me blush, dear aunt, if you praise me so much."

Blush she did, indeed, already, enough to make her aunt stare. The truth is, that neither the word "mother," nor any other connected with it, had yet been mentioned between us. We had seemed, somehow, too blithe in our very tenderness, to think of it with reverence enough; and had instinctively waited in silence for the proper time.

Yet from these and other evidences of what may be called *seasonableness* of nature, which prompted Harriet to speak or be silent according as the occasion warranted, I discovered, that Mrs. W. had set her down for "a very good girl and affectionate, but cold:" and it seems that I partook largely of the same suspicion, and that the discourse about the heroines of novels, mentioned in my last, had completed it. The good lady was full of conventional decorums, and would have been shocked at what she thought the least real impropriety; but between friends, especially females, she was apt to be a little freer of her thoughts than occasion demanded: and if

this communicativeness was not responded to, she set down her own coldness, which enabled her to talk so, to the account of the more genial persons who kept their thoughts for those to whom they belonged.

As our good kinswoman broke up the regularity of our tête-à-tête life, and took us abroad, and brought us our visitors, I will take this opportunity of observing, that Harriet manifested an exquisite propriety of feeling in her new state before strangers, and in company. Not because she studied it, but because the habits of behaviour partly occasioned in her by the very inferiority of her aunt's understanding, and partly by the moral grace of her own happy, harmonious nature, made her do so without effort. Nothing could be more touching to me, than her conduct to myself before others. And I hope I deserved it, by doing my best to shew how well it was understood by me. She neither fell into the idle and perilous mistake of treating me with an affected indifference or superiority, and allowing herself to use undervaluing language about men and marriage; nor was she at all formal or prudish; neither did she proclaim her triumph or her self-will, and make others participators in the interior of her feelings by turning privacy into publicity, and thus spoiling and rendering equivocal the lovingness of fond looks. She paid me the compliment of dividing attention to me with others, secure that neither she nor I should doubt the reality of the preference: and when her attention was more immediately directed to myself, so

perfectly beautiful and womanly was the respect without the ostentation of it, the sweet gravity in general, and the cordial, and happy, yet somehow unparticular delight when I said any thing which pleased the company, that her very abstinence from any more special manifestation of her love became the counterpart of her reverse of it at other times: and my heart was often melting within me (as the rogue knew) when people were least suspecting anything of the matter. The only way in which her feelings would sometimes escape her, so as to hazard the discovery of a nice observer, was in the depression of her voice towards the close of her speeches, if she had to say much to me: and I do not deny, that, now and then, if there was no possible chance of detection, she would contrive to lay her hand upon mine in passing, or whisper something that would rather have surprised Mrs. W.

Thus did Harriet behave to me in the second, third, fourth, and fifth month of our union, and thus does she behave to me now, in the thirteenth. And thus, therefore, grew our year of honeymoons, which I undertake to say were better and better if possible, as the year advanced; for the more I knew of her heart, the more reason I had to love it; or, rather, the more it answered the expectations I had formed of it as a lover.

But I am obliged to break off here, much against my will; for I was going to take her to the theatre, to hear some music.

A FAREWELL TO WALES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear—
Farewell! and a blessing be with thee, green land!
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain-air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand!
From the love of my spirit around thee 'tis shed,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

I bless thee—yet not for the beauty that dwells
In the breasts of thy hills, on the waves of thy shore;
And not for the memory, set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
Green land, poet-land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet gleams up from thy skies,
For thy peasant-hearths, burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my home, holy land of my dead!

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.
London: Edward Moxon. 1832.

It will no longer be borne that a man like Mr. Hunt shall be at the mercy of metropolitan mountebanks and northern blockheads, by whom he has been so long and so unceasingly assailed. But that the malignant virulence with which he has been pursued has continued so long, is partly Mr. Hunt's own fault. When a man has written his poem, he is bound in honour and justice to himself, not only to stand by it through all hazards, but to defend it against all odds, even to the edge of doom. Silent contempt we take to be only expedient when it is self-contempt. If a ruffian enters our study, and we affect sleep or the gout in both legs, what wonder if he rifle our pockets, and fling our wig in our face; whereas, if he encounter us "all alive and kicking," or about to kick—with cuffs reversed and auxiliary cudgel—behold! what a sudden descent of the stairs, or distracted vaulting of the balustrade!

Here then, we have presented to us in a final form the few partial patches of sunshine that have chequered, and not ungracefully or without warmth, Mr. Leigh Hunt's literary life. And here (for we shall have no future opportunity) we would fain have entered at some length into a critical examination of these poems, and have stated our objections to some of Mr. Hunt's fanciful deviations, at the same time that we gave our cordial and hearty praise to such touches of exquisite feeling and beauty as, we really believe, are not always perceptible to the common reader. But the whole truth is not to be spoken at all times; and justice is but a sorry mockery when she comes lagging with her severe scale in the wake of insult and oppression. Besides, the greater part of that to which we should have excepted is not to be found in this volume.

Mr. Hunt's poetical soul is not a half, but a one-sided soul. He has no sympathy with the great, the majestic, or the terrible. He delights in the small,—we do not say mean—the minute, and the lovely. He prefers peering in the grass to overlooking the wide campaign or the tumultuous ocean. The nine with Mr. Hunt consist of six Muses, and "the Graces three." The Hartz forest is to him a gloomy impertinence; a mountain a monstrous impostor; and the great desert in his eyes "all barren." We venture to say that he loves Theocritus more than he admires Eschylus; that he prefers Comus to the *Paradise Lost*; and that Faustus and the Duchess of Malfy would not stand a moment against the Faithful Shepherdess.

In spite of all this, Mr. Hunt is a poet, and a true one. His sphere is not great, but he is great

in it. It is a faëry ring, not an enchanter's circle. He can fascinate—sometimes delude and lead astray—but he cannot conjure. Mr. Hunt appears to be conscious of this, for he says in his preface: "The truth is, I have such a reverence for poetry, pre-eminently so called (by which I mean that which posterity and the greatest poets agree to call such), that I should not dare to apply the term to anything written by me in verse, were I not fortunate enough to be of opinion that poetry, like the trees and flowers, is not of one class only; but that if the plant comes out of nature's hands, and not the gauze-maker's, it is still a plant, and has ground for it. All palaces are not houses, nor every shrine a cathedral."

It was Lord Byron, if we mistake not, who said that "never were so many fine things spoiled as in Rimini," at once the most exceptionable and beautiful poem Mr. Hunt ever wrote. His Lordship was very near the truth at the time that poem was originally published; but it is astonishing of what a marvellous improvement a poem is susceptible, by a little judicious alteration of phrase, and a vigorous expulsion of an author's pet passages. There are now as many fine things as ever in Rimini, and nothing spoiled. We shall give a passage at all hazards, in spite of the anticipatory seizure of some of our contemporaries. It is a description of the scenery on the bride's journey to Rimini:—

"Various the trees and passing foliage here—
Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
With briony between in trails of white,
And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark,
Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark.
And still the pine, long-haired, and dark, and tall,
In lordly right, predominant o'er all.

At noisy intervals, the living cloud
Of cawing rooks breaks o'er them, gathering
loud,
Like a wild people at a stranger's coming;
Then hushing paths succeed, with insects humming,
Or ring-dove that repeats his pensive plea,
Or startled gull, up-screaming towards the sea,
But scarce their eyes encounter living thing,
Save, now and then, a goat loose wandering,
Or a few cattle, looking up aslant
With sleepy eyes and meek mouths ruminant;
Or once, a plodding woodman, old and bent,
Passing with half-indifferent wonderment,
Yet turning, at the last, to look once more,
Then feels his trembling staff, and onward as before."

We leave Mr. Hunt's poems to the appreciation of a world which, at least, seems disposed to do him justice. There is more genuine poetry in this volume, with less artificial or prosaic alloy, than it has been our fortune to meet with for a very long period.

The Invisible Gentleman. By the Author of "Chartley the Fatalist," "The Robber," &c. &c.

"EVERY body," to use our clever author's own words, "pronounced Bernard Audrey" (the hero of the present tale) "to be the most fortunate of all fortunate fellows." And such in good reason he may be reputed, for Master Bernard was rich, healthy, one-and-twenty, and the "*riamato amante*" of a lovely girl—the sweet Alicia Storer, who was almost as rich as himself. Indeed the "happy day" was almost fixed, and the course of true love was running as smooth as heart could wish, when the indiscreet lover wished to possess the faculty of rendering himself invisible, that he might glide into every room and secretly hear what his enchantress, Miss Alicia, might be talking about, &c. &c. One fine summer morning he repeated this wish three times, after this fashion.—"I should like to know what they are now talking about;" "I wish I was invisible;" "What a glorious thing it would be! I do, indeed, wish I could be invisible!" "The number three," says our author, whose words are always better than our own could be, "has long been celebrated for its potency, both for good and evil; and no sooner had the third wish passed his lips than he heard a short cough not many yards from the place where he was sitting." The cougher who approached him is described in the following awful indistinctness:—"He was altogether a person of very singular appearance, elderly, thin, and remarkably pale, even to a degree of whiteness, which prevented the features of his countenance from being distinctly visible; eyes, nose, lips, and even his hair seemed to partake of the same want of tint." After one or two short introductory sentences the white-faced old gentleman observed, "You are wondering who I am, I dare say, and perhaps can't understand how I got admittance here, when I tell you I have neither acquaintance nor business with Mr. Storer. But the fact is, that I am in possession of a most wonderful secret, by means of which I go just wherever I please. All places are open to me; no person can prevent me from passing even into the presence of royalty, where indeed I often stand without the knowledge even of the king himself."

"Oh! oh!" thought Master Bernard, "here's a stray member of a lunatic asylum!" he however said to the pale-faced gentleman, "Sir, yours must be a most valuable secret, and doubtless has been the result of deep study;" for he wished to humour him whom he thought a maniac. "Not exactly," replied he of the indis-

tinct features; "I acquired the secret in the space of less than a minute, and in that time could communicate it to any one of common understanding, if I thought proper." They go on talking, Bernard still believing his interlocutor to be mad, and he so managing the discourse that he makes Bernard again repeat the wish for invisibility three several times. "He then began rubbing his hands and giggling like a delighted child, for about half a minute, when he suddenly checked himself, and gravely said, 'You shall be in possession of your wish immediately; but you must lend me your ear!'"

"'I am all ear,' replied Bernard with an affectation of profound respect, and then he sat in a listening attitude to hear, as he supposed, one of those whimsical and ingenious theories which the strong and shattered mind amuses itself in weaving during the absence of that directing and mysterious principle called reason."

"'That is not what I mean,' said he of the invisible secret, taking two small boxes from his waistcoat pocket, and opening one:—'I must rub some of this ointment on the tip of your left ear. Don't be alarmed; you will not experience the smallest inconvenience; and it is absolutely necessary in order to make you perfectly master of my secret and power.'"

After some demur as to trusting a thing "so useful and ornamental as an ear in the hands of a deranged person," Bernard Audrey submits, and the old gentleman anoints both his ears with the gentle handling of a professed aurist, after which he puts his ointment of invisibility into his waistcoat pocket, and says:—

"'Your wish, sir, is now accomplished. You can be invisible whenever you think proper. You have nothing else to do than to pull your left ear whenever such is your desire, and instantly you will become imperceptible. And not only you, but every article you carry about you, either of dress, use, or ornament. When you are tired of remaining unseen, just pull your right ear, and you will in a moment find yourself as perfectly visible as you are now. There—that's the whole of my secret. I said that I could teach it in half a minute. You've got it now, and I've no more to say—so I wish you a good morning.'"

The pale-faced sage disappears more suddenly than he had appeared, and Bernard thinks the secret is all moonshine, until he pulls his left ear. He immediately stood transfixed with astonishment. He saw the trees, the shrubs, and the gravel walk, on which he felt that he was yet standing; but he could behold no part of himself, though he moved his hands before where his face ought to be, and stretched out one of his legs, and then laid hold of different parts of himself, as if to ascertain whether any of his members were missing.

"'Can it be possible!' he exclaimed. 'This is indeed something not hitherto dreamt of in our philosophy!' and a shivering, uncomfortable sensation came over him, at the conviction that

the pallid individual by whom he had been anointed was no lunatic after all, but, too probably, one endowed with a very considerable deal more cunning than himself." And this indeed he soon found to his cost. The mystic unction, the "dono infelice," the fatal gift of invisibility entails on him such a succession of mishaps and miseries as no man ever endured; it destroys the firm-set fabric of his happiness from roof to foundation stone; and Bernard Audrey, in a very short space of time, from the most fortunate becomes the most unfortunate of fellows. His mistress, the sweet Miss Alicia Storer, discards him as one connected with "a certain gentleman who shall be nameless," and though there had been no compact, though he had not, Faustus-like, sold himself to the —, he by degrees tells so many lies to conceal his mysterious faculty, and to extricate himself from the never-ending scrapes in which it involves him, that he almost qualifies himself for a pashalic in Gehenna, and is cut by all his friends as a Jew or Turk.

The adventures follow each other with delightful rapidity and variety, and wild as is the source from which they spring, they are in themselves characterised by nature and verisimilitude. The latter is indeed one of the principal charms of the work, and is sustained not merely by simplicity of style, but by general conception and management of character. "These things," says our author, quoting from old John Bunyan, "are a similitude," but while we read them, they become realities. We are fain to confess that this altogether impossible story has carried us along with greater interest than any other narrative, however possible and probable, that we have lately read. Some of the scenes are ludicrous in the extreme, but though verging on pantomime extravagance and buffoonery, are kept with great judgment on the right side of the line. Occasionally there is a deep and thrilling touch of pathos which we feel not a bit the less acutely, because the trouble and woe of the parties have originated in the familiar and somewhat laughable act of pulling an ear. None but a person of genius could achieve this—and such the author of "The Invisible Gentleman" decidedly is.

We have not space for further extract; but informing our readers that the story winds up most happily in the union of sweet Miss Alicia Storer, with the reclaimed and no-more-invisible Master Bernard Audrey, very warmly recommend it to their perusal.

The Ghost Hunter and His Family.

THIS is an Irish tale of ghosts and goblins, (all satisfactorily accounted for!) abbey churchyards, smuggling, love, and murder; by the very popular author of "The O'Hara Family." It is written with that author's usual force and effect, which are always enhanced by the impressive, the domestically horrid or awful nature of the subjects he selects for his narratives. He has,

indeed, wrought out his fearful tale with prodigious power, and the interest is sustained so perfectly throughout, that the reader must use a mighty effort to tear himself from the fascination of these pages, before he could relinquish the volume without coming to the end. The characters stand out identically from the pictures into which they are thrown. There is a life and energy about them, which few so well as Mr. Banim know how to impart, and though they are many of them somewhat out of the order of common life, they strike as much by their perfect verisimilitude as by their spirit and vigour. The mother of the family is a beautiful portrait; indeed, to our minds, we never met any character, even in the immortal Scott, more happily delineated. Nothing but a profound knowledge of human nature, and a high intellectual appreciation of its beauties, could have enabled the author of this delightful volume to produce such an admirable illustration of it. "The Ghost Hunter and His Family" is in truth altogether a most spirited performance; and, we think, will afford Mr. Banim's admirers as much amusement as any of his preceding tales.

As we have already said, his characters are admirably drawn, with an exquisite feeling of nature about them. Randal Brady, the father, is as fine an old Irishman as we could wish to be acquainted with; and we are of opinion, that his son Morris, "The Ghost Hunter," is also a very faithful delineation. The scenes, in general, are powerfully worked up, and have a wild sort of picturesqueness and *Irishness* in them, that cannot fail to captivate the reader's fancy.

The Comic Annual for 1833.

OUR friend, Thomas Hood, is as comic this year as ever! We know few things so exhaustless as his pun and fun, except William Turner's landscape effect and composition, at which we lately expressed our wonderment. We need not quote from a book which every body will read, over and over again, from title page to "finis," and merely beg to enregister our special admiration of the following most humorous and laughable articles:—

"An Unfavourable Review," "Some Account of William Whiston," "Shooting Pains," "Sketches on the Road," "Our Village, by a Villager," and "A Public Dinner," for the perfect accuracy of which, as persons who have suffered similar inflictions, we can vouch. The *Wood Cuts* are all funny; that of "Vote for *Wood*," is admirably so.

Life of Frederick II., King of Prussia. By Lord Dover.

THIS historical work, so creditable to the head and heart of its noble author, has already reached a second edition; and from the interest of the subject, and the style and spirit in which it is treated, we augur that it will obtain many other impres-

sions. Among the numerous memoirs of Frederick, surnamed "The Great," we know of none so concise, complete and animated, as Lord Dover's; which condenses the information scattered through an almost alarming quantity of tomes, treatises, correspondence, essays, &c., in two very portable and pleasant volumes. Besides industry and discriminating taste in collecting his materials from a vast variety of sources,—adopting only what tends to make out the character of the extraordinary man and his contemporaries, with the state and progress of society, and rejecting trite and uninteresting details, and important pictures of what had no importance in itself, his lordship has shown himself to be possessed of what we may call "historical sagacity," to a rare degree, which is instanced in the ways by which he hunts down the truth between conflicting authorities, possesses himself of the feelings and motives of men, and reconciles what might appear like hostile contradictions.

We are particularly grateful to him for having saved us the fatigue of interminable campaigns, and tediously detailed battles, which historians have too much delighted in, and which, lengthy as they may be, are never likely to be correct unless written by a military man—and then they can only amuse or instruct military men.

From his peculiar and unhappy boyhood to his old age and irreligious death, the life of Frederick is extraordinary and most interesting. The anecdotes of him and of the persons of his own family, and about his court, which Lord Dover has selected, will delight all our readers. Every body has heard of the prison-breaking Baron Trenck—the bold, the handsome lover of the Princess Amelia, Frederick the Great's youngest sister; but, as far as our observation goes, most persons seem to have but a confused notion of his character, and the circumstances of his eventful life, which form one of the most interesting episodes of his lordship's history. Our limits forbid us the pleasure of copying it, but we will give one extract from the sad story of Trenck's royal and unhappy mistress.

"The object of the Swedish Ambassador, who was sent to Berlin to negotiate a marriage with a princess of the house of Prussia, was to obtain the hand of the Princess Amelia for the Prince of Sweden. That princess was strongly imbued with feelings of attachment for the religious tenets in which she had been educated; which were those of the Calvinists. She regarded with horror the change from Calvinist to Lutheran, which would have been necessary had she accepted the hand of the heir to the throne of Sweden. In this dilemma, she opened her heart to her sister Ulrica, and demanded her advice to enable her to avoid the marriage. The princess Ulrica, having first ascertained the fixed determination of her sister never to consent to the condition of changing her religion, counselled her to make herself as disagreeable as she possibly could to the Swedish envoy; to show the greatest

haughtiness when in his presence; to treat him herself with perfect contempt; and to endeavour to appear as capricious and as domineering as possible. This conduct, which the princess Amelia pursued, had the desired effect. The Swede turned from her, and began to observe the princess Ulrica, whose conversation and manners presented the most studied contrast to those of her sister. At length he demanded the hand of the princess Ulrica for the prince of Sweden. His offer was immediately accepted by Frederick, and with equal readiness by the princess herself. This acceptance on the part of Ulrica, astonished and irritated Amelia. She thought her sister had deceived her, and that she had given her the advice which she had acted upon, in order to secure for herself the station which had been destined for another. Though the princess Ulrica seems really to have acted with fairness in this transaction, her sister never forgave her; and it was while smarting under the feelings of humiliation and vexation at the treachery which she thought had been practised upon her, that she first regarded Trenck with the eye of favour. Her state of mind rendered her peculiarly susceptible of feelings to which she turned both for consolation and vengeance. It was, as has been previously mentioned, at one of the fetes for the marriage of the princess Ulrica, that the intimacy between Trenck and the princess Amelia commenced, and which ended so fatally for both. Upon Trenck it brought a long and most cruel imprisonment, and upon his royal mistress, evils of a still more dreadful kind. The princess Amelia appears to have been endowed by nature with personal beauty, with abilities, and with the gift and the wish to please. Shortly after her separation from her lover, she became suddenly and prematurely old and decrepit. Her beauty gave place to wrinkles; she was almost blind; her limbs were paralytic, and her utterance became so much embarrassed, that it was with difficulty she could be understood; her head shook violently, and her legs could not support her body. Her mind also became as much altered as her person. Instead of being the life of society, from the graces and amenities of her disposition, she became solitary in her habits, and bitter in her temper. Always decrying others, and always rejoicing in the calamities which befel them. With regard to her bodily infirmities, she is supposed, by taking poisonous drugs and other means, to have inflicted them upon herself in the perverseness of despair at her own sad fate. It is related, that her eyes being weak, her physician advised her to hold them over the steam of a very powerful liquid. Instead of attending to these instructions, she rubbed her eyes violently with it, and the consequence was, that almost total blindness ensued, and that her eyes ever afterwards had a most distorted appearance, and as if they were actually starting out of her head. She lived in this wretched state for many years, and died shortly after her brother Frederick, who always

showed her a much greater degree of attention and even of fondness, than he was accustomed to bestow on the rest of his family."—vol. ii.

Lays and Legends of the Rhine. By J. R. Planché.

THIS is a new and very graceful edition of a work that has obtained well merited popularity, and the praise of those (like Walter Scott and others) whose approbation is fame. On their first appearance, in 1827, the "Lays and Legends" were dedicated to Sir Walter Scott; "on the eve of their republication," to quote Mr. Planché's own words, "the intelligence arrived of the death of that great and good man. Upon the Rhine, his intellectual existence may be said to have terminated, and the humble garland of wild flowers culled upon its banks and honoured by his acceptance, living, is now, with the profoundest sorrow, veneration, and affection, laid upon his grave." This melancholy and graceful tribute will conciliate our readers' admiration and patronage for Mr. Planché, who is, in all things, one of the most amiable writers of the day. As such, and as an elegant and spirited lyric poet, we most cordially recommend his volume to all who are not already in possession of it. It is enriched with lithographic illustrations by G. Jones, from Drawings by Haghe, sketched on the spot, at different parts of the Rhine—of which noble river, and of our friend and author (in his own graceful rhymes) we take our *congé*.

"Adieu, thou noble Rhine! adieu,
Thy scenes for ever rich and new:
Thy cheerful towns, thy gothic piles,
Thy rude ravines, thy verdant isles;
Thy golden hills with garlands bound,
Thy giant crags with castles crown'd."

Italian Exile in England. By Count Pecchio.

THIS is a bad translation of a very clever work, "*Osservazioni semi-serie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra*," which we were the first to notice in that country. A mightier organ than our own afterwards sounded its praises, and we suppose it was then deemed that a translation of it might prove a profitable speculation—and such, indeed, it might have proved, and highly acceptable to such of the reading public as could not enjoy the Italian original, had it been executed well. But, as it is, it will give a very defective idea of what we and our superiors of the *Quarterly Review* praised so highly. It has been *done*, and that we should think very hastily, by somebody who is imperfect in Italian, and incapable of catching and transfusing into English, the spirit, lightness, elegance, and wit of Signor Pecchio's original. The mistranslations are numerous and ludicrous. Two may serve as an example.

At page 35, where Pecchio is stating that, in the winter, there is a difference of two degrees of heat, between the crowded part of London and

the West End, a fact, which he says he has not verified, but can hold as probable from the immense number of chimneys he has seen along the Strand; the translator renders the Italian word *cammini*, (here meaning *chimneys*,) by *avenues*, and thus makes nonsense of the whole sentence. And at page 461, where he is describing an unexpected meeting at the house of an English Quaker with four Canadian Chiefs, who styled themselves kings, and wore chains, and orders, or decorations, at their breasts, the word *patacche* signifying "orders," or decorations, is translated "Spanish dollars!" thus "their dress of many colours, covered all over with chains and Spanish dollars."

Besides these gross mistakes in the meaning of words, there is an all-pervading mistake of style in the translation, which is Italian put into English words, without any attention to the construction, the idiom, or genius of our language; in short, the whole affair is a capital mistake.

The Art of Singing, dedicated to Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent. By I. P. Le Camus. London, 1832.

IN our last, want of space prevented us from saying all that we wished of this admirable work. The art of singing—by which we mean, the art of embodying the power and passion of poetry in the music of the human voice—has always presented so many difficulties, that few have been able to conquer them. It is impossible to raise emotions in those who listen to vocal music, unless warmth, enthusiasm, and good taste be accompanied by a perfect intonation; and it is in this point that most singers fail. The power of singing in tune has often been lost from a vicious mode of teaching, and many splendid voices have been spoilt by injudicious masters.

It is known to every tyro that a good intonation can be acquired only by a persevering practice of holding notes; and many singers carry this practice so far as to neglect, until it is too late, the power of rapid and perfect execution, to which a good intonation will always lead if the voice be properly directed. Of this we have a striking instance in Donzelli, who has one of the most perfect tenor voices ever heard, and yet whose want of distinct utterance, and whose slovenly execution, prevent him from imparting to his audience that exciting thrill which it is the province of the poetry of art to communicate to such minds as can feel its beauties. Tamburini, on the other hand, joins to a full-toned bass voice, and an extraordinary power of *sostenuto* notes, the most rapid and distinct execution; an agility equal to that of the lightest *soprano* voices. This gives him a power of effect to which Donzelli can never attain.

This difference has arisen from the different modes of study which these celebrated *artistes* pursued in early life; and the result shows to which the preference ought to be given.

We have still another observation to make on the subject of intonation. The only instrument which can be used in the singing classes, is the piano-forte, which, from its imperfect construction, is apt to mislead the ear of the pupil, when used to accompany the voice in unisons. The notes sounded by the voice, should therefore, when struck upon the instrument, be distant from the unison, and make only a slight impression upon the singer, so as to guide him without making his voice warp to an imperfect sound; otherwise his note will be out of tune, like that on the piano-forte. Too much attention cannot be paid to this, nor too great pains taken to accustom the pupil to hold notes in perfect tune, whilst accompaniments rich in harmony and design, representing the effects of the orchestra, are played upon the instrument by the master. With such practice as this, instead of the meagre accompaniments used by the generality of masters, the singer makes his debut in front of the orchestra, with his ear well drilled to all its possible combinations.

M. Le Camus, in the work before us, has brought the above principle to bear, in a form as attractive to the pupil as it is skilful in its arrangements. Without swerving from the simplicity of an elementary work, he has adorned even the most ordinary exercises and ornaments, with a beauty of accompaniment, and a power of effect, which, without at all embarrassing the pupil, must direct his thoughts and feelings constantly towards the higher and more intellectual branches of the art he is studying. The *cantabili* of his vocalisations are delightful, and, as we before stated, so are his harmonies and accompaniments. His exercises for two, three, and four voices, claim equally our admiration; and the beautiful variations with which the work terminates, form the last lesson of an accomplished vocalist.

It would be impossible for a pupil of good capacity to study M. Le Camus's work, as it ought to be studied, without acquiring, besides perfect intonation and agility of voice, taste and expression. His exercises might likewise be of great use to instrumentists, particularly to amateurs, who have not much time for practice, and whom these melodies, whether as solos, duets, trios, or quatuors, would render familiar with the higher powers of the art.

We are convinced that M. Le Camus's *Art of Singing* will be patronised as it deserves to be; for our parts, we consider it the most perfect work of the kind ever produced.

We shall notice next month a quartette for two violins, tenor and violoncello, and a fantasia for piano-forte, flute, and violoncello, by the same author.

Recollections of a Chaperon. Edited by Lady Dacre.

For *edited* is here to be read or understood

written. Lady Dacre has long been known for her love of, and proficiency in, the fine arts; her intimacy with the literature of several foreign nations besides that of her own country; her genius for poetry, particularly displayed in exquisite versions from the Italian of Petrarca; her general acquirements, and her fine taste, which has been felt and acknowledged in what is decidedly the most intellectual and refined society of the aristocracy of England.

She is universally esteemed as one of the most accomplished women of the present age, and has secured by her pen a name which will not pass away with the society to which she has been an ornament. We do not remember before to have heard of her ladyship as a writer of novels or tales; but when we saw the present work announced, we expected its appearance with impatience, being convinced that nothing but what had great merit in it could proceed from such a source. The volumes have reached us at last; and we can most conscientiously say, we have found them to contain all and more than we expected. They consist of five tales, of a domestic but most interesting nature—"The Single Women of a certain Age," "Milly and Lucy," "Warene, or the Piping Times of Peace," "An Old Tale, and Often Told," and "Ellen Wareham." The characters, the incidents, the construction of these narratives, are delightfully varied. They abound with quiet, easy, society-like wit, and elegant humour to make us smile, with pathos to make us weep, with remarks on human nature admirably acute and just, which ought to make us all turn our eyes within, and improve our hearts and intellects.

The first tale, in the character of Fanny Elm-sley, a generous, noble girl, who sees the man she loves—the only man she could ever love—won from her by her own cousin, and then not only conceals her heart-blight from them and all the world, but devotes herself to their and their children's happiness, presents us with one of the most touching portraiture that fancy ever depicted. But no! it is not, it cannot be, the work of fancy—it is too *real*, too living and suffering a thing! Lady Dacre must have copied it from the life.

In the second narrative, the story of the poor English nurse in the wilds of Canada is equally pathetic and natural. We almost despair of the heart, not merely of *her*, but of *him*, who can read it through with a dry eye.

We need not, however, enumerate one by one the treats contained in this intellectual banquet; but, assuring our readers that the whole are of a very high order of excellence and beauty, we recommend to them the immediate perusal of the entire work. Nothing has appeared for a long time which mothers may so appropriately recommend to their daughters as the accomplished Lady Dacre's "Recollections of a Chaperon."

A Manual of the Baronetage of the British Empire; comprising a Correct List of the existing Members of the Four different Orders of that Noble and Hereditary Institution, &c. &c. &c. By R. B.

In this small and very elegant volume is compressed all the necessary information on the subject on which it treats—the result of long

and patient research. The engraved arms exhibited as models by which to charge those of the respective orders, have never before been either as *accurately*, or as elegantly emblazoned. Together with the other ornaments incidental to the work, they present a beautiful specimen of heraldic engraving and typography. The volume is such as will at once be of use, and an ornament in the boudoir of the fashionable world, where, we doubt not, it will immediately find its way.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Court.—The return of the Court to St. James's Palace is positively fixed for the 22d of February. The Queen's drawing-rooms for the season are already announced: the days specified are, 25th February (Queen's birth-day), 21st of March, 18th April, 16th May, 28th May (King's birth-day), and 20th June.

Dutch Treaty.—The answer of the King of the Netherlands to the proposals of France and England has been received. The terms which he proposes as the basis of a treaty are the following:—

“The free navigation of the Scheldt, with a moderate duty.

“The free passage of the Rhine and Meuse, according to the tariff of Mentz.

“The payment of 8,400,000 florins, by Belgium, as its share of the interest of the debt, with further provisions for its final settlement.

“The reduction of the Belgian army to a peace establishment, with a promise that satisfactory arrangements will be made for the reduction of his own.

“The evacuation of the forts in the Scheldt in three weeks after the ratification of the treaty, and a reference of the question of Luxembourg to the Five Powers and the Confederation.”

Ministerial Circular.—Copy of the ministerial circular to the members of the House of Commons, on the opening of the session:—

“Downing Street, 8th Jan. 1833.

“Sir,—Parliament will meet on the 29th instant, and immediately proceed to the election of the Speaker. The other business of the session will not, however, commence till the beginning of the following week. I have taken the liberty to give you this information, and, at the same time, beg leave to request your early attendance, as matters of importance must be brought under the consideration of the House at the commencement of the session.

I have, &c.

(Signed) ALTHORP.”

New Dukes.—The King has been pleased to direct letters-patent to be passed under the Great Seal, for granting the dignity of Duke of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,

unto George Granville, Marquis of Stafford, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Duke of Sutherland, in that part of the said United Kingdom called Scotland.

The King has also been pleased to direct letters-patent to be passed under the Great Seal, for granting the dignities of Baron and Duke of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto William Harry, Marquis of Cleveland, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the names, styles, and titles of Baron Raby, of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham, and Duke of Cleveland.

Also for granting the dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto Charles Callis Western, Esq., and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Western, of Rivenhall, in the county of Essex.

The King has also been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon Rear-Admiral Charles Conyngham, Military Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

Jewish Constables.—At the London Adjourned Sessions, on Saturday last, the Lord Mayor having observed two men taking the oaths of constables with their hats on, inquired the reason, and was informed that they were Jews.

The Lord Mayor asked how it was that they took a Christian oath?

The officer replied, that they converted the oath into a Jewish one, by using at the end of it, “So help me God, as a true Jew!” instead of “true Christian!”

The Lord Mayor—“I am not satisfied, by any means, with the validity of such an oath, and shall not allow it to be taken. How can the words of an oath, officially administered, be changed?”

The officer said, the Jew constables were in the habit of taking the oath according to the form just mentioned, and the Recorder had considered it quite sufficient. The Jews who presented themselves were beadle of the Synagogue, appointed to prevent the peace from being broken there.

The Lord Mayor said, he had never before heard that Jews were allowed to vary the forms of an oath, and postponed the swearing until after Tuesday next.

A gentleman appeared to excuse the absence of another gentleman.

The Lord Mayor—"What is the reason the person who is summoned is not in attendance to do his duty?"

Apologist—"Because he is not able, my Lord. I came here as his representative."

The Lord Mayor—"But why does he not come himself?"

Apologist—"Because he really can't, my Lord. The fact is, my Lord, *he is not living*."

The Lord Mayor—"Why did you not say so before? That objection is surely quite enough."

Apologist—"The gentleman is not living, my Lord; he is dead."

Recorder—"You may stand down, sir. *He is excused*."

Fire at Liverpool.—The Liverpool papers contain an account of a dreadful fire which broke out in New Quay on Monday night. It began in the paint-store of Messrs. Croston, which was filled with oil, turpentine, resin, pitch, tar, and naval stores. In a short time it extended to the neighbouring warehouses, which were filled with merchandise of various descriptions, principally cotton, grain, naval stores, and oil. There was a great want of water, which it is said has been the case at every large fire in Liverpool for the last eight years. The fire extended to the bonded warehouses on the opposite side of Lancelot's Hey, destroyed a mass of warehouses in the direction of Old Hall Street, and by half-past three in the morning had reached Union Street. At four o'clock the front of the warehouses in Lancelot's Hey fell forward into Union Street, with a tremendous crash, burying several persons in the ruins. Colonel Jordan, the inspecting field-officer of the district, had both his legs broken: one has since been amputated, and his friends hope that he may yet survive. His anxiety to keep other people out of danger, induced him to stay too long within reach of the falling ruins. Property to the value of 250,000*l.*, at least, is estimated to have been destroyed by this awful fire. The vessels in the Prince's Dock were in imminent danger during its progress. So intense was the heat from the burning pile, that those which lay opposite to the space ravaged by the flames were only saved from destruction by the incessant use of water, which kept their rigging, decks, &c. wet. The sails of several were unbent; the flakes of fire which fell on the shipping nearly setting the rigging in flames. The loss of life is not likely to be so serious as was at first feared. The body of one man only has been found, and hopes are entertained that he will prove to be the only person actually killed on the spot. The insurance effected on the property destroyed does not exceed 140,000*l.*

Sporting Exploit.—A silver cup has been

presented to Richard Postlethwaite, Esq., of Broughton, for actually destroying all the foxes in an extensive district on the borders of Cumberland and Lancashire. However ungrateful it may sound to the ears of sportsmen, Mr. Postlethwaite's exploit has been in the highest degree beneficial to the farmers in that rocky district. About twelve months ago, the neighbourhood was overrun with those ravenous animals, and the complaints of their devastations were daily and numerous. They devoured the lambs, strangled the poultry, and worried the rams—a pack of wolves in the olden time could hardly have been more destructive. Mr. Postlethwaite's blood was at length roused, and he opened the campaign against these marauders. He collected a few hounds, and, though small, he had soon reason to be satisfied that they were neither deficient in strength nor spirit. Candour obliges us to add, that Mr. P. was not particularly nice in observing the laws of the chase; for, considering that in war all stratagems are lawful, he made no scruple of shooting or knocking the enemy on the head whenever he could by such means accomplish his object. In less than eight months he destroyed, principally with the hounds, no less than twenty-nine foxes; and the neighbouring farmers, grateful for the deliverance, and sensible that Mr. P.'s exertions were inspired not so much by love of the sport as by a desire to effect a useful object, determined to present him with some lasting memorial of their gratitude. A silver cup was purchased and presented to him on New Year's day, at the Griffin Inn, Broughton-in-Furness, and a supper provided for the occasion, to which a numerous party sat down.—*Whitehaven Herald*.

Assault.—A charge of assault was brought by Goddard, the officer, against a Jew prize-fighter, named Aby Belasco, who was retained by the proprietors of the gaming-house, No. 60, in the Quadrant.

Goddard stated, that, according to the plan of operations for making good an entry into the gambling-house previously determined on, Ballard was to go up first, and secure the iron door at the top of the staircase; after which, on a signal being given, witness was to follow. As witness was about to go up stairs, he met Belasco, whom he desired not to attempt to stop him or to resist, as the officers were prepared, and had also a warrant. Belasco instantly threw his arms round him, and held him for a few seconds, calling out to those above to keep the iron door.

Belasco, in defence, said that Goddard came upon him so suddenly that he did not recognize him; and he laid hold of him, as was his duty, to prevent him from going up stairs.

Mr. Conant—"Were you acting as porter there? Mind you need not make the admission unless you please."

Belasco—"Yes, I was acting as door-keeper."

Mr. Conant—"Had you express orders to exclude the officer?"

Belasco—"I had orders to exclude everybody I did not know."

Mr. Conant—"What, don't you admit strangers?"

Belasco—"I don't admit improper persons."

Mr. Conant—"What do you mean?"

Belasco—"Why, them as doesn't appear like gentlemen."

Mr. Conant and Mr. Dyer having concurred in considering the assault proved, directed the defendant to put in bail, two housekeepers in 20*l.* each, and himself in 40*l.*

The Regulations.—In the county of Kildare,

parties have of late marched through the country by night, taking arms and dealing their vengeance on all who take land over the heads of the old occupiers. Rossmore Lodge, on the Curragh, and the houses of Mr. Martin and Mr. Davis, adjoining, were plundered of their arms a few nights since. On the 9th instant, a young man named Brohill, who had taken some of the Duke of Leinster's ground near the town of Kildare to farm, contrary to "the regulations," was shot dead: his brother also was beaten to death. It is said that manufactures of gunpowder are numerous in the county.

THEATRES.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.

THIS elegant little theatre was opened on the 24th of last month, when Miss Kelly exhibited, before a very distinguished and crowded audience, her consummate skill in her most difficult and intellectual profession. The nature of the entertainment has been explained at length in the daily papers, so that we shall direct the few remarks to which our limited space confines us, to Miss Kelly's qualities as an actress, and these we look upon to be of the very highest order. Though she has been honoured with a considerable share of public patronage, we confess we do not consider that she has been appreciated in a degree equal to her merits, for we look upon her at this moment to be the first actress in Europe, if we consider the extent, nay, the universality of her powers, of which she has lately afforded the most extraordinary and triumphant proofs. We speak advisedly when we mention her as the first actress in Europe, for though she is cotemporaneous with Pasta—the great and sublime Pasta—to our minds she transcends her. If she does not always attain to so high an elevation,—to which the fine person and figure of Pasta have most essentially contributed—her scope is a much more extensive one, and her conception more abstractedly true and intellectual. If Miss Kelly's sphere is not so high as Pasta's, she is higher in it; besides, as we have said, it is far more extended, and therefore calls for a far greater variety of powers. If she does not dazzle us by grandeur of attitude and imposing vehemence of gesticulation,—if she does not besiege our judgments and take them by storm by sudden raptures of emotion and astounding surprises; she nevertheless makes her sure way to the feelings by those natural touches of exquisite tenderness, which are communicated to them, like that mysterious fluid to the animal frame through the electric chain, and strike irresistibly upon the heart through the moral sympathies. Miss Kelly's acting is the finest

upon the stage: she is not great by starts—she does not dart into the clouds like a skyrocket and scatter her splendid scintillations for a few moments, and then fade into obscurity until some other impetus is given again to dazzle for the instant and again to fade; but she takes a steady flight, like the mother eagle towering in the consciousness of her strength, and only closing her wings to rest from her labour, and to renew her flight with the same strength of wing and the same consciousness of power. She is never a moment out of her part, but is perfectly absorbed in it, and so complete is this absorption, that her very identity is lost sight of, and so admirably is the assumed identity sustained, that we only see the character, not the actress. It is this perfect merging of the natural in the assumed—it is that rare power by which the feelings and emotions of an imaginary being are made identical with our own, and felt, and communicated as if they were really felt, that constitutes the great charm of Miss Kelly's acting. There are many clever women now upon the stage, among whom we may fairly number Mrs. Yates and Ellen Tree,—but they are mere actors; they do well what thousands and as thousands have done well before them. They are pretty women, and thus our judgments upon the greater are frequently beguiled by our admiration of the less. They are clever, we admit, but only clever: they aim at astonishing before they have learned to please. Thus it is that they frequently mistake extravagance for sublimity, vehemence for power, and manual activity for theatrical energy. They start into motion as if they were galvanised, rant as if the acmé of the stage sublime were a shout, a stamp, or a bringing together of the hands into vehement collision, and execute a sort of strutting march with their little neatly shod feet, as if it were absolutely indispensable that they should call especial attention to the symmetry of those delicate members. They are everlastingly remind-

ing us of what has been done before, being mere copyists from sundry originals; and thus throw those varieties of colouring into the characters represented by them, which they derive from those originals; so that they frequently represent them without coherence, by changing the character as often as they change the scene. Even Fanny Kemble has this besetting sin. Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. H. Siddons are her prototypes, and by blending the excellencies of each, she fancies she presents us with an original creation. But no! Fanny Kemble is deficient in originality; she unquestionably has power; she frequently throws a splendid light upon the scenes in which this power is displayed, but it is a reflected light—reflected from the surpassing influence of one mighty and unapproachable in her vocation, and from the milder radiance of another, elegant, indeed, and intellectual in hers, but by no means standing in the van. It will, indeed, be readily admitted that Fanny Kemble is a clever, though we deny that she is, or ever will be, a great actress. In what she does, she takes us too much out of the character, and carries us too frequently to the sources whence she derives the hues which she flings over it; besides this, she throws her own likeness too prominently into every thing she portrays; thus robbing it at once of its own especial and appropriate verisimilitude. This is an error into which Miss Kelly never falls, or rather it is an incapacity for original and exact delineation which belongs not to her; she, on the contrary throws herself as it were out of herself, and as if by the mystical process of transfusion, seems to possess the soul of another being, working with all the truth and exactness of nature those fine tissues of emotion and feeling, which never can be perfectly understood and represented unless the actor and the character be made identical; thus it is that Miss Kelly does not merely represent, she embodies. Her characters are no longer portraits, but living realities; she does not watch for the opportunity of *making points*, catching the audience by surprise, and startling them out of a doze by some extraordinary display of manual dexterity or vocal exertion:—No! her great merit consists in the sustained vitality which she imparts to her impersonations, bringing them out into most vivid distinctness, and enduing them all with such a life as stamps upon them the image of sterling truth. If it should be, as we believe it has been, objected, that Miss Kelly seldom attains to a high elevation in her art—that she does not rise up to the true poetry of acting; to this we reply, that it is always her object to represent nature as it is seen and felt by the million, and as it is recognizable by the million; not as it is beheld through the prism of the poet's imagination, heightened by hues which may be

beautiful to the contemplations of men, though little familiar to their experience. The mere poetry of acting we take to belong more to fiction than to nature, above which it is as much elevated, as the poetry of the former is above the plain but impassioned language of the latter: and to our minds, the poetry of acting is, therefore, a far easier acquisition than the chaste, but severe representation of Nature. Pasta has, indeed, most poetically touched the characters which she represents with such prodigious, and sometimes with such appalling energy. It will not be denied that she pours through all the avenues of moral and physical perception, sublime images, of the fearfully organised mind of the impassioned Medea. But with all Pasta's prodigious power of execution, it comes upon us only as a splendid effusion of art; we admire the exquisite skill of the artist, but still feel it to be only a fiction. Now I would ask, if the sublimest efforts of the Italian have not been exceeded in intenseness of effect by those natural and recognised emotions, which have been so exquisitely developed in Miss Kelly's representation of the Miller's Maid, and many characters of a similar kind, in which her pathos is so pre-eminent, and her delineation, for tenderness and truth, without a parallel at this moment upon the stage!

Let any one who is disposed to question Miss Kelly's claim to the high praise which we have bestowed upon her, witness the performance of her *Dramatic Recollections*, and we feel satisfied that he will admit them to be the most perfect delineations of character ever exhibited; and when we consider their number and variety, together with their following in such rapid succession, we are absolutely amazed at the marvellous versatility and quickness of conception displayed in these most extraordinary performances. In these however she can only partially develop her powers and display the rich resources of her mind; because, as she represents but one character in the scene, the spectator is frequently called upon to supply, by his own imagination, the interlocutors who are supposed to bear a part in it: the illusion therefore cannot be perfectly sustained, so that the actor is thus seen to a disadvantage in consequence of the illusion being so perpetually dissipated by a non-entity being addressed as a living representative; for it is only through the medium of this illusion uniformly supported, that actors are seen as they can alone be seen to be justly appreciated. But we repeat that with all the disadvantages attending such a representation, and they are absolutely insurmountable, Miss Kelly has, by her late unparalleled effort, fully established the fact that she is at this moment the greatest actress on the stage.



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Engraved by G. Kneller from a drawing by M. R.

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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR MARCH, 1833.

ILLUSTRATED MEMOIR OF CORISANDE-ARMANDINE-LEONICE-SOPHIE, COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE.

CORISANDE-ARMANDINE-LEONICE-SOPHIE, Countess of Tankerville, the lady whose portrait graces the present number, is daughter of the Duc de Gramont, and grand-daughter of the Duc de Polignac. Her ladyship espoused, in 1806, Charles Augustus Lord Ossulston, (who became Earl of Tankerville at the decease of his father, in December, 1822,) and has had issue,

CHARLES, Lord Ossulston, born in 1810.

Emma, married in 1830 Viscount Fitzharris, son of the present Earl of Malmesbury.

Harriet-Olivia, who died an infant in 1824.

The illustrious house of GRAMONT springs directly from SANCHE-GARCIE D'AURE, Viscount de l'Arboust, Lord of Montalban, and of Salles, who attended King Charles the Sixth, with nineteen esquires, to the conquest of Guienne, in 1405. This nobleman espoused, in 1380, Bertrande de Tussan, daughter of the Chevalier Bernard, and had issue,

1. MANAUD, who succeeded his father as Viscount de l'Arboust, and was great grandfather of John d'Aure, who inherited the Viscounty de l'Arboust, upon the demise of his elder brother. He married in 1553, Aubriette de Lortez, daughter and heiress of Corberan, Lord of Lortez, and left at his decease an only child and heiress ISABEL, who wedded Bernard d'Arstorg, Lord of Montbartiez, and conveyed to that family the Vis-

county of L'Arboust, and the Lordships of Curdaillac, Lodes, &c.

2. SANCHE-GARCIE.

3. Gerald, Bishop of Lombes.

4. Bertrande, married to Pierre-Armand, Baron de Castlebajac.

The second son SANCHE-GARCIE D'AURE, Lord of Haut-Faget, and Seneschal of Bigorre, was slain at the siege of the Château de Garris, in Navarre. He married in 1417 Anne Viscountess d'Aster, and had two sons, Tristan, Bishop of Aire, and

JOHN D'AURE, Viscount d'Aster, his successor. This nobleman, one of the gallant companions in arms of the chivalrous FRANCIS the FIRST, served with high reputation during the whole of the war in Italy. His Lordship wedded in 1525, CLARE DE GRAMONT, sister and heiress of John Lord of Gramont, and was succeeded at his demise by his only son,

ANTHONY D'AURE, Viscount d'Aster, who assumed the name and arms of the house of GRAMONT. This eminent person, who was Governor and Lieutenant of the kingdom of Navarre, acquired great renown in the war against the emperor, at the capture of Calais, and in several other important expeditions. At the commencement of the religious conflicts, he sided with, and rendered especial service to, the Huguenots, being then high in favour with the Queen of Navarre. Laying subsequently aside, however, his protestant mantle, the Viscount became a most faithful

and useful servant to King Henry the Third. He married in 1549, Helen de Clermont, only daughter of Francis, Lord of Traves and Toulangeon, by whom he left a son and heir,

PHILLIBERT DE GRAMONT, Count de Gramont and de Guiche, Viscount d'Aster, Governor of Bayonne, and Seneschal of Bearn, who espoused Diana, Viscountess de Louvigny, *La Belle Corisande d'Andouins*, and was succeeded at his decease, (being slain at the siege of La Fere, in August, 1580,) by his son.

ANTHONY DE GRAMONT, Count de Gramont, de Guiche, and Viscount D'Aster, Viceroy of Navarre, Governor and hereditary Mayor of Bayonne. This nobleman, a distinguished soldier, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, signalised himself on different occasions against the Huguenots. In 1594, he was at the siege of Laon, and in the following year assisted at the battle of Fontaine Françoise. He married first in 1601 Louise de Roquelaire, eldest daughter of Anthony, Lord of Roquelaire, Marshal of France; and, secondly, in 1618, Claude, daughter of Louis de Montmorency, Baron de Bouteville. By his first Countess he had ANTHONY, his heir, and Roger, Count de Louvigny, killed in a duel in Flanders. By his second, the chivalric

PHILLIBERT, *Count de Gramont*. This distinguished personage entering into the military service of his country, was in many of the campaigns of CONDÉ and TURRENNE. Having subsequently, however, devoted himself to a lady, known to enjoy, in an especial degree, the favour of Louis the Fourteenth, he was obliged to retire from the French Court; whence directing his course to England, his gallantry, politeness, and wit, assured him a most gracious reception from our joyous monarch, King Charles the Second. The celebrated memoirs of this nobleman, from the pen of Anthony, COUNT HAMILTON, (his brother-in-law,) have delineated, with an exquisite and faithful pencil, the chief characters of those gay and licentious times. The Count de Gramont wedded Elizabeth*, daughter of Sir George Hamilton, and died in 1707, leaving an only surviving daughter, CLAUDE CHARLOTTE, married to Henry Howard, Earl of Stafford.

The Count De Gramont died in 1644, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

ANTHONY DE GRAMONT, Count de Guiche and de Louvigny, Sovereign of Bidache, &c., who was created in 1633 DUC GRAMONT and PEER OF FRANCE. Having early adopted the profession of arms, he took a prominent part in the martial reign of Louis the Fourteenth. In 1641 he was presented with the baton of Marshal, and in a short time after sent Ambassador Extraordinary to the Diet at Frankfort. The Duc, who is mentioned by a contemporary historian as the "ornament of the French Court," espoused, in 1634, Frances Margaretta, daughter of Hector de Chivré, Lord of Plessis, and had, with other issue,

ARNAUD, Count de Guiche, Lieutenant General of the Armies of the King—one of the gallant warriors who immortalised the era of Louis the Fourteenth. This eminent Commander distinguished himself at the siege of Valenciennes, at the capture of Dunkirk, but, above all, at the memorable passage of the Rhine, where, exhorting his troops to follow, he was the first to plunge into the stream. He wedded in 1658 the daughter of Maximilian Duc de Sully, but predeceased his father, without issue, in 1675.

and

ANTHONY DE GRAMONT, Duc de Gramont, Count de Guiche, who succeeded his father, and was likewise a military officer. At his decease in 1720, the estates and honours devolved on his son,

ANTHONY DE GRAMONT, Duc de Gramont, Field Marshal of France. This nobleman had a command in the army opposed to MARLBOROUGH, and was present at the battles of *Ramillies* and *Malplaquet*. He married in 1697 Marie Christine, daughter of Anne-Jules, the Marshal Duc de Noailles, and dying in 1725, was succeeded by his elder son,

LOUIS-ANTHONY ARMAND DE GRAMONT, Duc de Gramont, Colonel of the Gardes Françaises, Governor and Lieutenant-General of Navarre, who wedded, in 1710, Louisa Frances, daughter of Louis d'Aumont de Crevant d'Humieres; but dying without male issue, the hereditary honours of the house of Gramont devolved on his only brother,

LOUIS DE GRAMONT, Duke de Gramont, Governor of Navarre, &c. From this nobleman, who espoused the daughter of Charles-Armand, Duc de Biron, and fell at the head of his regiment, the French guards, on the celebrated field of Fontenoy, sprang the Duc de Gramont, who married the daughter of the Duc de Polignac, and was father of *Corisande-Armandine*, present Countess of TANKERVILLE.

* This lady, whose personal graces and mental accomplishments are the theme of unbounded panegyric in the "Memoirs de Gramont," had previously refused the Duke of Richmond, Jermyn, nephew of the Earl of St. Albans, and Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

Earldom of Tankerville.

The Earldom of TANKERVILLE in Normandy, was granted by King Henry the Fifth to Sir JOHN GREY, Knt. for his services in the French wars, and was forfeited by his grandson Richard Grey, third Earl of Tankerville, by that nobleman's adhesion to the Yorkists, in the thirty-eighth of Henry the Sixth. It would, under any circumstances, however, have then been lost by the separation of the dukedom of Normandy from the English crown. The title was subsequently revived on the elevation of Forde Grey, third Lord GREY of Werke, to an Earldom, in

1695, when he was created Viscount Grey, of Glendale, and Earl of TANKERVILLE. This nobleman espoused Mary, daughter of George, Lord Berkeley, and had an only daughter, the Lady MARY GREY, who married Charles Bennet, second Lord Ossulston. The Earl died in 1701, when the honours conferred on himself expired; but the Earldom of Tankerville was again revived in the person of his son-in-law, Lord Ossulston, who was created in 1714, Earl of TANKERVILLE. His Lordship was great great grandfather to the present Earl.

 THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I KNEW, I knew the end would come,
 And thou hast willed, and we must part,
 But, oh! tho' banished from thy home
 Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.
 No; vainly wide with all its storms
 Between us rolls the distant sea,
 Though many a mile divide our forms,
 Thy *soul* shall still be full of me!

When the glad daylight shall arise,
 And wake to life thy troubled breast;
 Oh thou shalt miss the laughing eyes
 That hung enamour'd o'er thy rest;
 When from the midnight blue and deep
 The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
 The night winds in their rushing sweep
 Shall bring thee back the thought of me.

And thou shalt shrink before my name,
 And sigh to hear the lays I sung;
 And curse the lips that dare to blame
 Her, whom thine own reproaches wrung.
 Thy life is charm'd! a weary spell
 Shall haunt thy spirit day by day;
 And shadows in thy home shall dwell
 Of scenes for ever past away.

Years—chilling years—shall slow glide by,
 And find thee lonely, joyless, still;
 And forms *more* fair shall charm thine eye,
 But have no power thy heart to fill.
 Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
 The sudden pang that none may see,
 Shall darken on thine altered brow,
 Thou'lt answer *them*—but think of *me*.

When languid sickness numbs each limb,
 Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,
 And weary eyes, with watching dim,
 To visit thy forsaken bed.
 Go, rove through every clime on earth,
 And dream thy falsehood sets thee free;
 In joy, in pain, in love, or mirth,
 I still will haunt thy memory.

THE LOST ELECTION.

NOTHING is more curious, and at the same time more melancholy, than the revolution which takes place in our minds when we first begin to reflect, as it were, independently, and without reference to the opinions and prejudices of those amongst whom we have been fostered and brought up. There is a period in every man's life, at which he seems to pause, and take a survey of the past and the future—at which his head seems to clear, and his heart to expand—and at which, for the first time, he sees every thing under a new light. We seem hitherto only to have dreamed, and now to awake; to wake to much of triumph and expectation—to more of mortification and sorrow; and let this period be early or late, according to the quick or slow development of differently constituted minds, the impression is alike to all; and resembles—not the slow dawning of the tardy day to one who has watched for its morning—but the broad and sudden burst of light on the eye of a startled sleeper. I know not how others have felt with regard to this moral phenomenon; this first spreading of the soul's wings; but *I* look back with irrepressible regret to the days when I allowed others to think and decide for me; when my revered tutor had not taken the form of “a quiz” in my eyes, nor my father that of a very stupid, prejudiced, and irritable old man: when my dear, dear old maiden aunts (whom I never again shall be able properly to appreciate) agreed “never to quarrel before the dear child, for fear of weakening their authority;” and spared *me*, their occasional visiter, the petty jealousies—the ludicrous bickerings—the bitter sayings—which they never would spare one another.—when my uncle the admiral was a hero, whose fame was beyond Nelson's—and our old gamekeeper a second Robin Hood.

“Ah! happy days, once more who would not be a boy!”

My awe of my father has long changed into a determination to humour his prejudices, and bear with his occasional harshness, for the sake of his real kindness at other times. My respect for my tutor into wonder at my past blindness—my love for my maiden aunts into an instinctive shrinking from their society. I have long perceived the admiral to be the most drunken and common-place of

“excellent officers;” and only refrain from informing against the gamekeeper, on account of his good nature to me when a boy. But these were household prejudices; trivial in themselves—though painful in their extinction. I had others, far dearer, because apparently more intangible—fine—lofty, though, I confess, exceedingly vague ideas about the glory of Britain; the beauty of the white cliffs of Dover; the superiority of our navy; the blessing of trial by jury; the respect paid by foreign nations to

“The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze;”

and the perfect representation of the English people, together with their born and natural right to choose their own representatives.

Some of these prejudices, or prepossessions, still exist, and long may they continue; for they were instilled by my mother, whose advice I still respect,—for she never made a parade of her authority—whose opinions still seem wise, because she never affected wisdom; but there is one which has been unfortunately shaken. I may have been a very dull, or a very obstinate lad; but, for a very, very, long time, I persisted in believing an election to be the most glorious display of eloquent patriotism on the part of the candidates; and of disinterested and intelligent decisions on the part of the electors, that a man could have the good fortune to witness: and this even *before* the Reform Bill.

Alas! that I should have seen with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears, in the election for the borough of M—, a complete contradiction of all the hoarded prejudices of my boyish days. It was early in December last, that my friend Welford called at our retired place, near the village of Haslemere, and astonished me by his utter incapability of thinking or speaking of any thing but “the approaching contest,” between Francis Mordaunt, the poor descendant of a long line of papa and mamma Mordaunts, some of noble rank, and all of noble blood; and Tower Puggins, a most respectable gentleman in the mercantile line, who, if he could not be accused of being

“The tenth transmitter of a foolish face,”

handed down (involuntarily) a copy of some *ci-devant* Puggins, and “gave the world assurance of a man.”

Welford talked, argued, and stormed; he loved the race of Mordaunts—had seen the proposed candidate eating pap in his nurse's arms—was a man of weight and influence in the borough for which the Hon. Francis was standing; and had exerted that influence to the utmost in his favour. My father asked him to take a glass of brandy and water after dinner. Silently he assented—silently he poured it out; and then angrily exclaimed, "Nothing but claret drunk, sir! nothing but claret drunk—why Puggins's committee have uncorked more claret in three weeks, than has been drunk in the borough for three years."—"Poor fellow!" said my father, looking stealthily in Welford's face. I added, interrogatively, "It must be a great annoyance to Mrs. Welford, the noise and worry of an election?"—"He's a monied man, sir—a monied man—that's what it is—the people's heads are turned; but I have every hope of Mr. Mordaunt's success—of his eventual success." My friend paused—my father dropped into his after-dinner doze. I sipped my brandy and water, and wondered at the interest people contrive to take in other people's affairs. My friend again broke silence; long and loud he talked. My father continued to sleep. I continued to sip. My head grew a little drowsy; and my intellects a little confused. I heard occasionally the words "Puggins—Mordaunt;"—"Mordaunt—Puggins;" and visions of a boxing-match on Haslemere common, which I had lately witnessed, floated before my eyes; but the combatants were unaccountably represented by the candidates for M——. I was roused by a strong and energetic pressure on my wrist; and an exclamation, in which "go" was the only audible word—"Go—go it!" shouted I to the imaginary boxers; and I woke to find Welford grasping my arm; his heart was full; his tumbler was empty; he was endeavouring to persuade me to accompany him to M——. "You have never seen any thing of the sort," argued he, "and it is high time you should; besides the presence of two or three gentlemen of the county among Mr. Mordaunt's friends, will gratify him, and have, perhaps, a good effect on the townsmen. You may consider my home as your own, while you stay; and my wife will try to make you comfortable; do go!" Welford's kindness—the brandy and water; and the recollection of Mrs. W. with a complexion like a china rose, in a dark blue dress, so overcame me, that I nearly wept, as I returned the pressure of his "iron hand;" and

promised to depart with him the next day, if my father could spare me.

Late the next evening, we accordingly reached the scene of action. Through the dim December mist, I could only see that the walls were covered with hand-bills; and the streets thronged with people, who, at another time, would have been quietly in bed, or smoking their pipes by their own fire-sides. Long after I had retired for the night, the pattering feet of restless voters—the drunken songs—or still more disagreeable drunken brawls in the street—startled me into wakefulness. At last a voice said, "Macbeth shall sleep no more," though not precisely in those words; but (as nearly as occasional hiccups would permit me to judge) in the following fragment:—

A tower of strength Tower Puggins shall be,
And shall kick up his heels at the enemy!
And when we gets *him* at the top of the poll,
Franky Mordaunt down in the mud may roll!
Tower Puggins is all that the 'art could desire;
He's free—and he's——

just as I was listening with the greatest attention for the expected list of Mr. Puggins's good qualities, a scuffle took place below my window, and the singer's voice descended to plain prose. "You say—*Puggins for ever!* you varmint, you!"—"I woan't!" responded a yet more drunken voice, half choked by the pressure of the speaker's fingers on his throat. "You woan't! I'll make you." "You shaunt."—Another struggle—a fall—"Now you cry—*Puggins for ever!* you drunken beast."—"Murder!" growled the fallen hero. "Not murder; you need n't go for to cry that; cry, *Puggins for ever!*" A rattling in the Mordauntian's throat made me fling up the window in time to hear him struggle with a sentence, which sounded like "Puckr-r-rigins-f-ver!"—"Get away from under my window!"—shouted I. "Who are you for?" was the sole answer. "Get away, I tell you."—"Are you for Puggins or Mordaunt?" screamed both assailants. "I do n't care a curse for one or t'other," said I, thoroughly exasperated; "get away, and let me go to sleep, or I'll send for the police." A handful of mud from the Pugginite, immediately followed by another from the Mordauntian, punished my rash confession; and much colder and damper than before I opened my window, I got into bed, to make a twentieth attempt at rest.

The morning was ushered in (if possible) with more confusion than the night had closed. I proceeded to the breakfast-room, and found my lovely Mrs. Welford looking as like a china rose as ever; and decorated

with blue knots. The young ladies of the house ditto; and a Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt, cousins to the candidate for M—, also profusely adorned with the same colour. Mrs. Mordaunt was a middle aged, obstinate looking woman, and wore her blue, neither with the graceful gaiety of the girls, nor the smile between kindness and compliment of my admired rose. No; she seemed merely *determined* to wear what her maid called, *all that blue*, without reference to her own satisfaction, or that of others. She had a blue gown, a blue shawl, a blue bonnet, and it is even affirmed she had blue stockings! but, on so short an acquaintance, it was impossible for me to determine this point.

There was a restless expression in her small and quick brown eye, which made me somehow conjecture that she thought it possible they might all look "very blue" before night, independent of their colours. I glanced from her to Welford; and on his brow also I spied something which made me feel insecure. I knew him to be as clever and clear-headed in judgment as he was eager and warm in his efforts for his friends. "Has any thing gone wrong?" whispered I. "Not positively," answered he; "but six of our voters have found they have business at Portsmouth."—"Dear, how unlucky!" exclaimed I; "business at Portsmouth! but could they not put it off for a couple of days?"—"Put it off," said Mrs. Mordaunt, contemptuously, "they are gone in two postchaises from the *Rose and Laurel*!" I remained for an hour ignorant of the meaning of the emphasis laid on the last words. At the expiration of that time, I discovered that "the *Rose and Laurel*" was Tower Puggins's house; his house of entertainment for man and beast (*i. e.* for man sober and man drunk); and the place where his horses and grooms put up. I understood—I saw—I comprehended—and not being accustomed to the feelings and opinions of Mr. Francis Mordaunt, I expressed to him my ardent desire that he could persuade six Pugginites to start for Portsmouth from the *Mordaunt Arms*, which was *our* house. "Sir," said the indignant candidate, "I had rather lose three elections!" I thought him unwarrantably touchy—so I said no more.

At this moment the door opened, and a very lovely, timid-looking person appeared, whom I discovered in a moment by the universal eagerness with which she was greeted, to be the candidate's bride. Her hair was raven-black, and hung in glossy curls round a face whose natural complexion of tinted alabas-

ter was deadened to marble paleness by indisposition. She sat down, apparently fatigued with the effort she had made to join us at so early an hour, and raised her large loving eyes to her young husband's face, as if to read the chances of his election there. He was about to answer the tacit enquiry, when Mrs. Mordaunt exclaimed, "How beautifully you are dressed, Mrs. Francis, where *did* you get that blue and white scarf?"—"I hardly know," responded the little bride. "To tell you the truth," added she, laughing, "I sent my maid out very early yesterday on a ramble through the town, and she looked in at every shop window till her taste was satisfied." The maid, who was rich in such taste for scarfs was summoned, and declared she had bought the admired article at Mr. Oxley's. "Mr. Oxley's! Good heaven!" exclaimed Welford. "Dear me!" echoed the rose—"Damnation! what fools women are!" muttered the elder Mr. Mordaunt, while the younger fondly pressing his bride's hand, murmured, "Never mind, my own Fanny, you did not know." The expression of anger, consternation, and anxiety on every body's face, brought a pink flush into the pale cheek of the invalid. "What have I done?" said she, "does it signify where I bought it?"—"Signify, my love! to be sure, nothing ever was so vexatious; there is not a man more bitter against us in the town, turncoat that he is; his father was my grandfather's shoe-boy. But for my father's kindness, he would not today have the power of giving six votes against me; but no matter—here John! Mary! Betsey! Thomas! some of you!—run down to Mrs. Bradbury's, and request her, in Mrs. Francis Welford's name, to send scarfs, of her own selection, for *all* the ladies here—there, I think that will do," added he, with a relieved air, "and then you must just take off that confounded thing, and put on the one she sends."—"But, dear Francis," remonstrated the bride, "the thing only cost twelve shillings—*can* it signify?—it would be such a pity not to wear it after Fanchon's trouble to get such a very very beautiful pale blue;" and she looked affectionately at the folds of the scarf as it hung over her graceful arm. The gentlemen pulled out their watches and declared they must hasten into court to hear the candidates proposed. The ladies were still discussing the merits of Mrs. Francis's toilette, when John, Thomas, Mary, and Betsey, who had *all* run down the town to repair the Oxleyism by a purchase at widow Bradbury's, *all* came back again, breathless with hurry, and bring-

ing—no welcome shawls, but a little square-folded, thimble-sealed, angry-looking letter, which, being opened and read aloud, was found to contain the following display of English composition and electioneering dignity:—

"Mrs. Bradbury presents her compliments to Mrs. F. Mordaunt, and begs to say, that she could not think of demeaning herself to send what Mrs. F. M. has already made a purchase of at Mr. Oxley's over the way, and therefore begs Mrs. F. M. to excuse the scarfs, &c., they not being coming. Mrs. Bradbury doesn't mean any disrespect to the family in not sending the articles, by no means; but thinks when Mrs. F. M. is a *little older*, she will learn that it takes a great deal to get a friend, but very little to lose one; and can't think why Mr. Oxley was preferred to the old house, who have always, *TILL NOW*, stuck by the Mordaunt family: but remembering people should do as they want to be done by, and not forget and insult old friends, considers themselves entirely at liberty from henceforth."

"That's *four*!" exclaimed Francis Mordaunt, "No, *seven*," said Welford gloomily—"seven, if you count her nephews, the Wells's and the Bradburys together—seven."—"Seven what? Four what?" said the little bride, while the tears rose to her eyes at the irrepressible vexation visible on her husband's countenance. "Seven votes my love—seven votes lost!"—Exclamations of wonder, anger, sorrow, &c. mingled together, and the party hurried off to the Town Hall, while I calculated what difference the six gentlemen, who had business at Portsmouth, and the seven offended Bradburys, would make in a supposed majority of thirty-three. I was satisfied that twenty would equally secure Mr. F. Mordaunt's return, and entered the court with a light heart.

While the Town Clerk was reading the writ, and going through the necessary preliminaries, I gazed round me "to see what I could see," and enquired of Welford all that I wished to understand. There were four candidates for the borough; two to come in and two to be disappointed. I looked at them all. There was an old, portly, respectable country gentleman, who looked contentedly round, and now and then leaned over the barrier to speak to one or other of a series of stout-built young men, strongly resembling a family of large puppies with black and tan muzzles. These I discovered to be the old gentleman's sons. There was a fine soldier-like, middle-aged gentleman, who did *not* look contented; who had refused to nurse the people's darling

baby Reform, and who was consequently exceedingly unpopular in a borough which originally stood in schedule B.; but being afterwards allowed "to stand as it was," felt completely satisfied with Lord John Russell's Bill, and its various amendments.

The old gentleman, Mr. Wareham, was I found sure to be elected, and the soldier, Colonel Ainslie, sure *not* to be elected, so I thought no more of *them*; but turned my attention entirely to Tower Puggins, between whom and Mr. F. Mordaunt was to be "the tug of war." Tower Puggins was a short, undistinguished looking individual, with a complexion naturally red, and at present between heat and agitation deepened to the colour of new copper. He looked, as one of his *friends* remarked on another occasion, as if he had just come from superintending the cookery of his own dinner. His political career, such as it was, had been varied by many of "the chances and changes of this mortal life." He professed always to act up to his principles; but then his principles were those of his party, and he had not always belonged to the *same* party. It was whispered, indeed, that he had changed four times, as they do in that intellectual game of "puss in the corner." The last obvious variation was his presenting himself as a "reform candidate;" after making several excellent and plausible speeches *against* reform in the House, and opposing his majesty's ministry, (God bless them!) so energetically before the elections, that when, *after* this election, a large purple flag, with "Puggins and Reform!" printed on it, flapped in the faces of some distinguished statesmen who were passing through M——, one of them could not repress an ejaculation, which, if translated by O'Connell into "lady language,"* would probably be found to mean "D——n his impudence!"

Au reste, Tower Puggins was not a dull or an uneducated man, but his talents were what is termed of the middling order—so indeed was every thing about him; he was of a middling height—belonged to the middle orders of society—had a middling good reputation—a middling fortune—made middling speeches—even his looks were, as the bar-maid at the Rose and Laurel expressed it, "middling well, and well enough."

Well, there stood Puggins; and he spoke to the unwashed populace, and told them that

* Vide the debate on the Address in the House of Commons, in the course of which O'Connell having been called to order for applying the term "bloody" to the King's speech, professed himself ready to use *lady language*, and inquired if there was any objection to the word "brutal."

he stood before them the same as he had ever been—that since the age of nineteen, when they first knew him, he had not changed—(he meant he had not grown,)—that he was steady to his principles—was the greatest reformer of the three reform candidates—and then he talked of retrenchment, as if he would have wrung all the salaries from all the public men, and bought broth and mutton for the poor with the proceeds. And the people cheered him heartily, for they knew the words reform and retrenchment meant something beneficial and agreeable, and they did *not* know that there were ever any political changes, except a change of Ministry. And the Hon. Francis Mordaunt spoke, boldly and briefly, and had *his* portion of cheers—and mentioned *his* steadiness of principle, and asked, like the unhappy Masaniello—“What have I done, my people—(not to be murdered like that royal fisherman, but)—to be turned out?” They wanted reform, and he had voted for reform—this he explained clearly, and several hurrahs supported the assertion—but did they not also cheer Tower Puggins’s assertions?

And Mr. Wareham spoke, and the five black and tan muzzles turned towards him with respectful approbation, and distant visions of future M. P. ships—and with regard to *his* speech, “seeing was believing,” for it was impossible to hear—but I was told that he was so determined in his principles that he never listened to any debate in the House, for fear it should shake them, but slept through it all, and was awakened to give his vote on *the right side*.

And Colonel Ainslie spoke, which was a pity, for few would listen, and few understood any thing more than that he was defending opinions, which they; a portion of England’s people, had pronounced incorrect.

Then, when I thought the speeches were concluded, to my great surprise, several other minor actors appeared and harangued, some better and some worse—some, very good sense in very bad English, and others, a great deal of nonsense in tolerable grammar. A very passionate grocer flounced, and stormed, and bullied, and seemed more determined to speak, in proportion as the company seemed less inclined to hear him, and amid uproar, riot, confusion, hooting, and suffocation, we left the court to prepare for the polling.

That was a weary business, though to me it seemed more familiar and interesting than the preceding ceremonies, on account of my acquaintance with Hogarth’s celebrated pictures. I was irresistibly reminded of these

when I saw an old man, stone blind, led up the steps to vote, and several brought from the hospital, to exercise their right, perhaps for the last time. Here again my inexperience was taken by surprise. I had seen the Wells’s and irate Bradburys go to the poll. I had heard them distinctly state that they voted for Tower Puggins and Mr. Wareham—that, we were already prepared for; but what was my astonishment when Welford came angrily up to me, and said, “there are the three Eweses have voted slap against us—had their positive promise—never knew such rascals in my life,”—and he passed on to the next polling place—and immediately afterwards, Francis Mordaunt himself addressed me with, “Where’s Welford?—There’s no depending on these fellows—widow Hart’s son has just given a plumper to Puggins.”—“Aye,” said some one in the crowd, “if Mr. Puggins can afford to give fifteen guineas a piece for Mrs. Hart’s geraniums, t’ant no wonder,” and a general groan from the Mordauntians, followed by a temporary scuffle with the Pugginites, immediately around them, succeeded the speech. “Five other votes gone! My young friend could only come in by a majority of fifteen. Well, that would be sufficient!”

Mopping ourselves with our silk handkerchiefs—hot, angry, and tired, we returned to Welford’s house for some luncheon, and having drank all the wine which was produced, and answered the anxious inquiries of the ladies as to how the day was going, we again sallied forth—again to meet with an agreeable surprise. Mr. Wareham had been Francis Mordaunt’s colleague in the last Parliament, and was that sort of acquaintance technically termed “a friend,”—it was this probably which caused Francis Mordaunt to quote the old proverb, “*protect me from my friends, and I will protect myself against my enemies*,” as he pointed to several hand-bills which were being paraded through the street, pasted on the walls, and even put up on the Town Hall itself, and on which were inscribed in large letters—

“Mr. Wareham’s committee disclaim all coalition with either of the other candidates.”

There was but *one* candidate to whom he could be supposed naturally to lean, and that one, as he read the first placard, said, and said truly, “my election is as good as lost.” From that hour, Tower Puggins became, according to the words of the laudatory song I had heard on the first night of my arrival, “a tower of strength”—and when evening closed in, it found Puggins with a majority of thirty over his opponent, and the rival bands

striking up at one and the same time—"He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribands," and, "See the conquering hero comes!"

A few hours of the next morning decided the fate of the borough of M—— for the present Parliament, leaving its interests in the hands of Wareham and Puggins.

More speaking followed—the candidates who were returned humbly thanked their friends; and the candidates who were rejected did precisely the same, with the sole difference that the former congratulated their party on their own success, and the latter condoled with their supporters, on their defeat. The passionate grocer again endeavoured to obtain a hearing, and again failed; there was hooting, cheering, noise, and suffocation, and the whole thing was over, as I supposed. Again I was destined to be enlightened. I found Mr. Mordaunt's committee had refused permission to Tower Puggins to be chaired, the consequence of which was, that Mr. Wareham, the five

black and tan muzzles, and some wives and children, who had come on purpose to see the show, returned with their ribands on, to put them by for another day. Tower Puggins returned to his lodgings to eat his dinner previous to his departure for the metropolis; and in the meantime, the disappointed voters of the Mordaunt party, insisted on drawing Mr. Francis Mordaunt in his carriage two miles out of the town. I was very much surprised (and so was Puggins) at this method of taking a defeat; but the little bride was half consoled, when, on her husband's return from a procession which bore a great resemblance to a troop of ants collected round a dead beetle, she flung her arms round his neck, and said, "After all, love, you see *you* were the popular candidate, in spite of the lost election."

I returned home to meditate on all I had seen and heard, and wonder the people who voted knew so little what they were voting for.
C. E. N.

ST. KEVIN AND THE ATHENÆUM.

BY MISS HAMILTON.

I.

UPON a rock, as legends tell,
St. Kevin built a narrow cell,
All desolate and bleak;
Resolv'd that woman's baneful smile,
Should never more his heart beguile,
Or lonely dwelling seek.

II.

The bachelors of modern days
Have much improv'd St. Kevin's ways
Of virtuous self-defence,
Mid lofty chambers deck'd with gold,
Their meditations now they hold,
In chairs of great expense.

III.

Dry roots and herbs were Kevin's fare,
French cooks the food for clubs prepare,
French wines the cellars fill;

Poor soul! he only told his beads,
Five newspapers each member reads,
And ev'ry playhouse bill.

IV.

Around the mirrors wax-lights blaze,
That on themselves the club may gaze
With gratified affection;
And there the members take their stand—
Amongst the learned of the land
There should be some reflection!

V.

Yet finding each precaution vain,—
Where will not woman entrance gain?
This order they have giv'n—*
"Let damsels, who, for *us* have sigh'd,
Come here and view us in our pride
One ev'ning of the seven."

* Standing order of the Club.

SHAKSPEARE'S VIOLATION OF THE UNITIES.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN ESQ., JUN.

IN choosing this subject I am somewhat apprehensive of having two accusations brought against me;—the one, that the question is for profounder heads than mine;—the other, that the labour is already, to a certain extent, done to my hands.

But with respect to the first, although none can be more conscious than myself of the danger of touching on the same ground as that which has been so well argued by Schlegel, and Metastasio, and De la Motte, I have the same feeling, on this matter, which Hazlitt expresses on the more general subject of Shakspeare's dramatic powers, when he states that, as a countryman of the poet, he felt pained that it was necessary to refer to a German critic for the fullest inquiry into Shakspeare's qualities. With respect to the second, I will only say that, if it be true, as Schlegel remarks, "that the Unities have given rise to a whole Iliad of critical wars," I may the better hope to be forgiven for offering to run a single tilt in defence of Shakspeare's violation of them.

The Unities, according to the modern scholiasts, are those of action, time, and place:—these they pretend to derive from Aristotle; but with how much reason, I shall have occasion, by-and-by, to inquire. Before I come to that question, however, it will be as well to ascertain what these unities mean, more especially as there has been considerable dispute in the world of letters as to the signification of the unity of action—those Unitarians, who fight under the same banner in other respects, frequently not being able to agree upon this, the very premises of the argument.*

Aristotle's definition of the unity of action is this:—"We assume that tragedy is the imitation of a perfect and entire action, which has a certain magnitude; for there may be a whole without any magnitude whatever. A whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and end. The beginning is that which is not necessary after another thing, but which, from its nature, has something after it, or arising out of it. The end, on the contrary, is that which in its nature is after another thing (either necessarily or

usually); but after which, there can be nothing. The middle is that which is itself after another thing, and which has another thing after it."

Now, considering how much intellect has been expended in Quixoting the windmill of a unity of action out of this *materiel*, it is a great pity that the passage I have just quoted should so strongly exhibit the qualities of inaccuracy and vagueness, as to operate as a most fatal drawback to its gospel. In the first instance, the Stagyrte sets out by informing us that "there may be a whole without any magnitude"—a new discovery, whether in ethics or mathematics, and one that comes with but an ill grace from the tutor of Alexander, who wept at Philip's victories, lest the whole should be vanquished, and no magnitude left for him on which to exercise his prowess.*

Nor is the vagueness less apparent, for immediately after telling us that a whole has no magnitude, he follows it up by giving the twin brother of this inessential nothing a beginning, a middle, and an end; and concludes the argument by a tripartite definition—a sort of logical Cerberus—for the purpose of proving that the beginning, the middle, and the end, are the beginning, the middle, and the end.

But the edifice that has hereon been erected is far more extraordinary. In this passage, say the Unitarians, lie the germs of the dogma—that unity of action consists in taking one act, and one agent of that act, and producing one effect, the natural offspring of that previous unity of action. But if this constitutes the real unity of action (for which, in its true sense, no one is a more strenuous advocate than myself), I wish to know what interpretation they propose to put on the words of Aristotle, which in the *Poetics*

* Schlegel makes a sort of apology for this blunder, by observing, "Aristotle immediately states in explanation that he means, by the magnitude, what is essential to beauty; a certain measure, which is neither so small as not to allow us to distinguish its parts, nor so extensive as to prevent us taking the whole in at one view. This is, therefore, merely an external definition of the beautiful, derived from experience, and founded on the quality of our organs of sense, and our powers of comprehension;"—all which means, that either the definition has proceeded on mistaken grounds, or that that which was intended to be a definition, is afterwards recalled by the author, and declared to be no definition at all.

* Boileau has been much celebrated for giving his definition of the unities in one line:—
"Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli."

follow close on the former quotation?—"With respect to the essence of the thing, the composition will be the more beautiful, the more it is extended without prejudice to its comprehensibility." If the unity of action of these critics admits of only one act, and if their unities of time and place limit the scene to one revolution of the sun and one circumscribed spot of the earth, this second passage from the *Poetics* is a mere absurdity;—for how can the essence of the thing be extended, when the very frame-work is pinched into the most Lilliputian admeasurement? But, on the other hand, when this opinion is examined with an unprejudiced eye, and when it is weighed by its own intrinsic intention, does it not rather come upon us in the shape of a Sibylline leaf, as though the Greek philosopher had a foretaste of the creative power of our English poet; so finely has that described and this performed the very core of "the essence of the thing." Look at *Macbeth* and at *Lear*?—Is the comprehensibility of the design injured by the extension of the subject?—Or, rather, is not the high and subtle purpose of the author actually made more comprehensible by that very extension, of which these false Aristotles so loudly complain.

The other two unities insisted on, are those of time and place; and these also are said to be derived from the same Greek lawgiver. But Aristotle, in fact, lays down no rule for a strict unity of either time or place. Every word that he has on the subject is this:—"Tragedy endeavours, as far as possible, to confine its action within the limits of a single revolution of the sun, or nearly so." And yet, upon such slender ground as this, Voltaire insists that a drama must, in scenic imagination, occupy no more time than it does in fact; while Dacier, following on the same side, makes a still bolder assertion, and pronounces, "A tragedy, to be perfect, ought not to occupy either more or less time in its action than in its representation; for only then can it be in exact resemblance of the truth. The Greek tragedians have always practised this*."

Some one, I forget who, has a pleasant remark, that for a person to be accounted wise in this world, it is only necessary to look grave, and say nothing. It is a pity that Dacier did not act on this hint; for never

was there a more lamentable blunder made than to say—"the Greek tragedians have always practised this." I shall presently have occasion to show, when I come to speak of the Greek Trilogies, that, theoretically, they never have done so: but even practically, and taking each Greek play by itself, the violation of this doctrine of Dacier is by no means of rare occurrence. In the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles, we have a most remarkable instance—stronger, perhaps, than can be found in any English classic play. At verse 632 in the *Trachiniae*, Lichas sets out to carry the poisoned robe to Hercules upon the Cenean promontory, and at verse 734, Hyllus arrives with an account of its terrific effects; so that here, during the recital of 102 lines, we have a journey of 120 miles performed, besides an allowance for such lapse of time as may have been consumed in the enacting of the tortures of Hercules, and the death of Lichas. After so strong a specimen as this, it will not be necessary to quote other cases; and I shall therefore content myself with referring those who are curious on the subject to "*Metastasio's Treatise on the Poetics of Aristotle*," where a considerable number of examples are given, and where the commentator observes—"To be convinced that the Greeks never thought of subjecting themselves in their dramatic imitations to this newly invented, impracticable measure of time, it will be enough to open any of their tragedies, even almost by chance*."

Thus, then, it appears that these French critics, (for they are the chief dignitaries of this false church of poetry,) who seek to countenance their own narrow arguments with the mask of the Greeks, are holding out false colours to lure those whom a veneration for the ancient godheads of tragic genius would render loth to do other than bow before the shrine. It is not, however, by false attributes that a true religion makes its impressions; and these modern schoolmen who have been groping about amid the *Poetics* of Aristotle, culling a sentence here and a sentence there, to be glossed over with their own conclusions, may be likened to Lord Peter, who, when he could not find "shoulder-knots" in his father's will, picked the word letter by letter from various parts, till the whole of its spelling was complete†.

* "Por esser convinto che mai non han sognato i Greci d'esser soggetti nelle loro imitazioni drammatiche a cotesta novellamente immaginata, impracticabile misura di tempo, basta aprirli quasi a caso dovunque si voglia."

† These dramatic Unitarians have the pleasantest way of thriving in their arguments. They say, if

* "Une tragédie, pour être parfaite, ne doit occuper ni plus, ni moins de temps, pour l'action que pour la représentation; car elle est alors dans toute la vraisemblance. Les tragiques Grecs l'ont toujours pratiqué."

But the Unitarians tell us that they have reason on their side, as well as authorities. Let us see, then, whether the former weighs more in the balance than the latter. Their two great arguments in favour of the observance of the unities are, that they tend to preserve the necessary probabilities of the play, and that they concentrate the mind of the audience, so as to enable them to enter more entirely into the intention of the poet.

I will take the latter of these arguments first, because it is capable of the shorter answer; and if I should succeed in extracting the sting of it, there will then only remain the former to demand our attention.

I fully admit that the circumstances of every drama should extend no further than the mind of the auditor is able to embrace; but it is quite another thing to say that the unities form that precise limit. No one objects to Boccaccio's Decameron, or to Ovid's Metamorphoses, on the score that they contain narratives that extend in their duration beyond the time occupied in reading them: the only question is, whether the tale is so clearly developed, and so carefully disencumbered of useless details, as to present an unbroken and comprehensible chain of events to the reader, tending to prepare the way for the catastrophe. I am of course aware that a distinction may be taken between the narrative and the dramatic forms of composition: but, though there is such a distinction, it is not admissible here, where I am only speaking of the convenience of duration, and merely endeavouring to show that a drama may extend beyond its period of representation without distracting the attention of the auditor. The question of the propriety of such extension belongs to the argument founded on the probabilities. Let me also mention the instance of an epic poem. There the Unitarians themselves admit that time may be made to fly at the poet's bidding, and that the roll of years is no detriment to the skill and merit of the author. Why then is the poet of the drama placed under a ban from which his brother of the Epos is exempt? Why is the one confined to the earliest bud-dings of time, while the other is allowed to revel in its maturest and most luxuriant foliage? The Unitarian answer to this is, that it is necessary to engage the understanding

of the audience; but when we consult our own recollections, and there find an acknowledgment of how truly we have been able to follow the many-year course of king Macbeth's ambition—the gradually developed sorrows of England's ancient sovereign, and the slow and unwilling conversion of Othello from love to jealousy, we can hardly, in looking at this matter-of-fact proposition, which the Unitarians would wrap in Aristotle's shroud, do otherwise than exclaim with Æsop's fox, "What pity 'tis, that so fine a mask should have so little brains."

But the main argument of those who stickle so much for the unities, and the only one much deserving of attention, is, that they tend to preserve the necessary probabilities of the drama. By confining the dramatist, they say, to just so much time as his production itself will fill up, we have presented to us a living picture of so many incidents, all of which may be true, because they naturally proceed from one action, are confined to one place, and occupy the very time that elapses, while we are gazing on them.

But if this position is good for any thing, it is a position which ought to prevail throughout; and those who insist on the unities, should likewise be as clamorous for a strictness of language, and for a real unity of place and time. To what would this bring us? Strictness of language would banish for ever the lofty flights of poetry with which the dramatist heretofore has loved to overcome his audience, and excite their special wonder: a real unity of place would exclude from these northern shores the classic tales of Greece and Rome—the gallant chivalry of sunny Spain, and the love-awakened strains of luxurious Italy: and a real unity of time would for ever shut against each succeeding age the dramatic annals of the past; for a strict accordance with verisimilitude would require, not only that the speech of a lord should be such as the Marquis of Londonderry might utter—not only that a play produced in London should have its scene of action laid in London—but also that the date of the story should be coeval with the period in which it was represented. Nor let it be said that there is aught of exaggeration in this; or, at least, if there is, it is the Unitarian's exaggeration, not mine. Indeed, it may be generally remarked, that there is a terrible want of consistency in the doctrines of these champions of precision, who, like the critic in Tristram Shandy, decide upon the merits of genius by the second-hand of a stop-watch: and, although it may be said, in an-

unity of time is necessary, unity of place must be. I grant it. But "our lively neighbours" jump to the second position without being at the trouble to prove the first. They steal the *argumenti principium*, and then cry "Io Pœan," with as much justice as Colonel Blood might have called himself King of England, when he stole the crown and sceptre from the Tower.

swer to the observations I have just made, that, because one sin has been committed, that is no justification for the commission of another; at least I have a right to contend, that those who are such violent enthusiasts for the proprieties, have no right to stop short in the middle of their career, and slink away from the just sequel of their self-imposed labour.

But still the question remains—Is any thing added to the necessary probabilities of a drama by the observance of the unities? Is the credence of the auditor augmented by finding the action of the play confined to one spot, and brought within the parenthesis of a few hours? To ascertain this, we must advert to the sensations attendant on the representation of a play. The visiter to a theatre confessedly enters the building for the purpose of beholding a fiction, and having the feelings of others, for the most part, imaginary persons, made corporal to his senses. He, therefore, comes with a certain allowance already set forth in his mind, while the dramatist, on the other hand, has prepared his offering under a certain warranty of faith guaranteed by the other party. This warranty, though tacit, is binding; and as Dr. Johnson has well observed with respect to the play of Anthony and Cleopatra, if the spectator is content to be taken in the first instance out of England into Alexandria, it is no very difficult task for him afterwards to submit to be transported from Alexandria to Rome. The danger, I confess, appears to me to be on the other side, lest we should unnecessarily check the full invention of the poet*. The imagination of man, when instinct with the true soul of poetry, loves to revel wild amid all that the extreme outline of nature can allow; and therefore to say unto him on a rule of art, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," while the encouraging smile of nature is beckoning him onward, is placing the law of man in opposition to *her* law, without whom no poetry can exist, and no truth be elicited. Development is the right hand of nature: she rejoiceth in delineating the fine and minute fibres of a leaf; she delighteth in particularising the feathers on the wing of a sparrow; and in like manner the dramatist, her votary, seeks to give expression to each delicate ramification of the human passions. But this the unities forbid: their observance hurries us to the effect to the

detriment of the cause; and for this reason, as long as morals are dependent on causes, morals, the aim of all just dramatic writing, must suffer. They are but idle Rosicrucians who would draw gold from this alembic of the unities, instead of seeking it in its indigenous mines of nature and of truth.

Having thus run through the arguments of those who would insist on the necessity of the observance of the unities in dramatic writing, it may be proper, before I conclude, to point out how far unity has been preserved by the Greek tragedians, and how far our Shakspeare has observed the same principle.

The great difference between a dramatic and any other work is, that the former has but a moment wherein to make its several impressions; while the latter, coming before us in the shape of a book instead of a scenic illusion, may be studied at leisure, and considered and reconsidered before a final decision is pronounced. The primary object of the dramatist, therefore, must always be to shape his details in such a manner, that they may appear to form the natural links of an easy chain of circumstances, so that the spectator may never be at a loss to understand at the very moment of action what each object is intended to convey. This being the case, care must be taken that the persons introduced on the stage have a direct or sinister bearing towards the crisis that awaits us at the last scene, and that they all tend towards the prime landmark of the representation. This is what I understand by unity of action; and this unity has been observed by no one more sincerely than by Shakspeare with the exception perhaps of his English historical plays, where he has rather aimed at giving an animated and amusing sketch of some of the principal events of each king's reign. But this unity of action consists of two parts; a unity of *de facto* action, and a unity of mental action; and, as far superior as the mind is to the body, so far is the unity of mental action superior to the unity of *de facto* action; besides which, the former necessarily includes the latter, though the latter may exist without the former.

It is in this mental unity of action that Shakspeare shines so illustriously, astounding the reader by the subtlety and vast comprehension of design with which he conducts the purpose of the soul from its earliest birth to its final consummation. Take, for instance, Timon of Athens—one of the most purely intellectual of all his plays. That which is falsely called the "poetical" justice of the drama may be said to terminate with the

* Diderot's observation on this point is worthy of our attention: "Plus d'unité, peu d'action, point de d'intérêt."

watery feasting to which he invites the mouth-friends of his prosperity. But the poet's object was to pourtray the disgust of a sensitive mind at the falseness of the world; and, in the richness of his imagination, he has gone on filling the cup of character, even to its very epitaph. And yet, if this play was to be submitted to the Boileaus or the Voltaires, we should no doubt be told that it violated the unity of action; forgetting that we have precisely the same thing in the *Antigone* of Sophocles: there the *de facto* action of the piece is the funeral honours which Antigone resolves to pay her brother's corpse, in spite of the interdict of the tyrant Creon; but the mental action is the firm purpose of her soul, which is displayed as fully after she has succeeded in rendering the funeral rites as before. Nor let it be said that *Antigone* was a play of doubtful quality; for we have it on record, that the Athenians were so pleased with it, that on its first representation they presented Sophocles with the government of Samos, and caused the tragedy itself to be represented thirty-two times in succession.

The same remark holds good with all Shakspeare's finest productions. In *Macbeth*, the single mental action is the Scot's ambition—not the murder of the rightful king: in *Hamlet* it is the morbid madness of the Prince of Denmark—not the death of the traitor uncle: in *Julius Cæsar*, it is the patriotic integrity and regenerative ardour of Brutus—not the destruction of the Roman usurper. And yet, in all these instances, though months or years are occupied, the audience has no time to count their lapse, but is hurried irresistibly onward by the mystic wand of the magician until the crisis is accomplished.

I have already alluded to the trilogies of the Greek dramatists; and they will, on this occasion, be useful to us for the purpose of ascertaining how far a real observance of the unities obtained in Athens. According to the accounts which have reached us, the dramatic poet, who contended for the prize was required to produce three dramas for the same day, each of which was acted in succession, and the judgment taken on the whole. The consequence of this was, that though each separate drama of the trilogy had a distinct plot of its own, the whole three were, nevertheless, connected together, by means of a common fate pervading the result of each. Thus, in the only perfect trilogy, that the devouring hand of time has spared us—the *Orestiad* of Æschylus—

are combined the three dramas, *Agamemnon*, *Electra*, and the *Eumenides*: the first of these delineates the murder of Agamemnon by his wife Clytemnestra and her paramour; the second, the murder of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra by Orestes, her son; and the third, the pursuit of Orestes by the Furies for the murder of his mother; and the final expurgation of the matricide by the gods. Here, therefore, though we have three distinct *de facto* actions, we have only one mental one, which is the power and determination of the gods to punish the crimes of men. The death of Agamemnon is attributed, by Clytemnestra, to his own sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia; the death of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus is in avengement of the death of Agamemnon; and the torture of Orestes by the Furies is in retribution of his having raised his hand against his mother's life; till at the close of the trilogy a nice line is drawn in favour of the son, who by one and the same act proved both his piety and his wickedness. I have already shown that it is a mistake to say that the Greeks preserved the unities of time or place. We here see that, through the medium of a trilogy, the unity of action, commonly so called, was equally infringed: and I therefore think that we may now come safely to the conclusion, that our own arch-poet, Shakspeare, can no longer justly be said to be in collision with the most illustrious of his predecessors on the question of the unities.

Such other differences as there may be between them, it is no part of this essay to dilate upon; and I would therefore merely observe, that to say there can be no improvement upon the Grecian model, because we borrow our form and outline from it, is as preposterous as to say that the Greeks themselves could not improve upon the Egyptian style of architecture, because from that country they took their earliest hints in the formation of a column, or the moulding of a cornice. The mind of genius is progressive: it almost intuitively imbibes that which is already extant; and then launches into new creations of its own. No one says the Thespian cart was the acmé; no one asserts the vagabond stage, rife with a monkish mystery, was the consummation. Why then are we to pronounce that that which was an improvement upon these, may not in its turn be improved?

Above all, let us beware how we clog the aspirations of genius with the fetters of foregone rules. No man can lay down laws for

the track of a comet: it performs its own incalculable course, in spite of the *dicta* of astronomers. Even so does genius; and those who would inflict rules upon it, beyond the one single law of nature, are of that unimaginative order, who would make poetry a science;—as there are those who would shackle music, and prevent a Freischütz;—or dogmatise painting, and discard a Rembrandt.

Shakspeare is not for such men as these. Let them make them laws for Phaeton—not for Phœbus. Our poet is peculiarly and in his own right the child of nature*. He felt that the soul of man does not reckon by minutes; but as the eye sees all, and the ear hears all within their orbit, so the soul can embrace the largest circle of any individual passion. Let these Unitarians, if they will, pass Plato's law of banishment on our dramatist!—he shall be led forth from their rectangular precincts, garlanded with flowers more sweet than even those his own Ophelia gathered, and carrying in his train the true

and the honest-hearted, as Coriolanus was followed by the optimates of the city, when sent into exile on an unjust sentence. Let these prosaic scholiasts cry "Athens to the rescue," till they are hoarse! The poets of Athens will not battle on the side of those, who use their ancient and valuable authorities as Ulysses did the Æolian bag of winds—opening but a corner to waft them forward, well knowing that the discovery of the whole would drive them at one burst back to the point from which they started. The Greeks, it is true, discovered the spring of the drama, which may be likened to the head of the Nile: in their time, and since, onward it came rolling, like that river, through fertile and luxuriant lands; till at last it remained for the arch-navigator Shakspeare to arrive at the very Delta of the stream, and to hurry his readers impetuously into the vast and boundless ocean of all that is poetical and sublime.

"Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules our stage;
Bold to design, all powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew in every dress:
Great above rule—and imitating none—
Rich without borrowing—Nature was his own."
MALLET.

* "If ever any author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature."
—POPE.

TO-MORROW.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTA NORTON.

I.

WHATE'ER the grief that dims the eye,
Whate'er the cause of sorrow,
We turn us weeping to the sky,
And say, "We'll smile to-morrow."
And when from those we love we part,
From Hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
"We'll meet again to-morrow."

II.

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our heavy eyelids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when that morrow too is past—
(A yesterday of sorrow—)
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last
With visions of to-morrow!

A PEEP AT AN ANGLO-INDIAN, OR COURSING IN INDIA.

THERE is a land where elephants and rice flourish, precious stones are monopolised by the ears of the male sex, Cashmere shawls, kincobs, and Benares turbans, are as plentiful as palm trees; where curries were invented, and the mullagootawney only to be made; where the Anglo-Indian dissolves and re-dissolves, parts with his liver, and evinces his attachment to the gold he is striving to obtain by the adoption of its colour; and in this land, by the side of the murmuring sea, not many degrees from the equator, there is a spot where a great number of the Anglo-Indian persuasion are congregated together; and it is not to be wondered at that, in a strange and distant country, where the days and nights are nearly equal throughout the year, amongst a race different in colour, religion, and habits, and where the sun will not submit kindly to the exertions of the Europeans while he is present, that the customs and amusements adopted by our countrymen should become different to what we are accustomed to in England.

Of Horace Twisdale, who is to form the subject of this sketch, little need be said, farther than to show his situation at the time of writing this. He had been in the service of the East India Company about thirteen years, had been employed in different parts of the Peninsula, had seen some service, and was viewed favourably by the local government. He had his faults, as who has not? and, amongst the many, a weakness for display was not among the least. He had also a greater consideration for the present than was warranted in an exile, who is supposed to think, work for, and look forward to nothing else but his return to England, and the wherewith to remain there. His house, which was the resort of all the young men of the station, was situated close to the Palar River; it was a square-built dwelling, spacious and convenient, and a specimen of the kind of building that is so well adapted to and so frequently found in that part of the world. Both on the ground floor, and to the upper rooms, there was a deep verandah, extending about twelve feet beyond the walls, which surrounded the house on every side, and was supported by double pillars made of brick, and covered over with the beautiful chunam*

* Chunam is a composition of burnt shells, pounded very fine, made into a thick paste with water and a kind of coarse sugar made the from cocoa nut tree.

polish, which has exactly the appearance of marble; in place of glass to the windows, and pannels of wood to the doors, there were Venetian blinds, through which the air was admitted equally well when the doors and windows were shut as when they were left open. The archways between the pillars were fitted up with green purdahs*, which hung outside, attached to the roof of the verandah, and were made of long painted rattans, doubled and kept together by thick twine, and capable of being rolled up at pleasure by means of ropes and pulleys, attached to pegs fixed in the gravel road below. During the day, when the breeze was cool, the windows and doors were all thrown open, and the purdahs let down, which protected the inmates from the dazzling glare of the sun, made the house delightfully cool, and gave it the appearance from within of being surrounded by a sheet of green shot silk. The floors were covered with polished chunam, in black and white squares, which had the look of a marble pavement, and made the rooms cool and pleasant at all times. The principal apartments were elegantly furnished, and much after the fashion of those in England; heavy punkahs, the length of the room, hanging from the ceiling, were certainly an addition, and there were numerous couches and ottomans, the comfort of which in some measure made up for the naked appearance of the windows, which are always without curtains, for fear they should harbour insects.

It was evening. Horace Twisdale had just parted with some friends, and shown his brother, who had arrived from England that morning, to his room. He was sitting smoking his hookah in a lounging attitude, upon one of the couches that had been drawn into the verandah off the dining room, that he might better enjoy the sea-breeze that blew fresh and cool. It was here that his guests generally assembled after dinner, and it was a most enviable spot when fitted up for the evening. At a short distance from the couch stood a tall dark-bearded native; his small white turban was low and flat; and the long muslin tunic extending almost to his ankles, with the large Persian sleeve and the loose Moorish trowsers, showed his dress to be that of a Mohammedan and a native of Bengal.

* A kind of curtain.

He was standing with his arms folded, watching the glowing *gool** that was burning in the highly ornamented silver cup attached to his master's hookah. The light blue smoke which had been issuing with a "bubbling cry" for some time from the mouth of the smoker, while the *chillum*† lasted, suddenly became changed to a dull dark colour, and it was evident the lungs of Twisdale were affected by inhaling only the charcoal, for he immediately roused himself from his dreamy state, and exclaimed in that laconic drawling and unconciliating tone peculiar to the dwellers in our Eastern possessions,

"Hookah bedar!‡ another chillum! call my head servant."

"Your slave has heard," was the reply made by the native already described, as he salamed, and with a stately step withdrew from the presence of his bed-inclined master. A few minutes afterwards Mootooswami, a shrewd, handsome Hindoo, stood before the little great man, waiting until the presence (Huzzoor) had puffed away a few of his immaterial thoughts, and enjoyed the first fruits of his refreshed pipe—"Mootooswami!" (bubbled forth a voice as if proceeding from the hookah bottom, where the water appeared more than usually agitated by the exertion of preparing his lungs, which in so hot a climate were never intended to bestow their powers upon a word of so many syllables,) "I think I shall go out coursing in the morning," (with a long puff that appeared completely to have exhausted his powers of breathing,) and the beautiful gold mouth-piece set with precious stones, and attached to the variegated snake, was thrown carelessly upon the rich Persian carpet, as the languid master sank back upon a luxurious ottoman, and prepared himself in this improved posture to finish his orders for the following morning; which certainly would have been unintelligible to any but an Hindoo servant, who, if he is worth his rice, is supposed to know (what is even difficult to the party most concerned,) his master's mind intuitively. "Coursing in the morning, Mootooswami—call very early—brother desirous to see our mode of hunting—see that every body is prepared—does the *chabook-suwar* wait?—call!"

* *Gool* is the charcoal made from burnt balls of rice, and placed above the chillum, to set light to it.

† *Chillum* is what is put into the cup of the hookah to smoke, and is made of rose leaves, tobacco, plain-tain, fruits, and sugar, formed into a paste with rose water.

‡ The name of the servant that has charge of the hookah.

Ishmael Khan, a slight-looking, active Mussulman, soon appeared dressed in the complete costume of an English groom, with the exception of his turban, which no consideration will induce a well-conducted Moham-medan to lay aside; having salamed, and respectfully made his report of how the horses had eat their *gram**, he stood waiting his master's wishes, which were quickly made known.

"At four o'clock, let the horses be saddled, and taken to the *meidan* (plain), on the other side of *Siva Mallei*, (the hill of Siva)—you are to ride the black horse—Ablis accompany them—enough."

The head dog-boy (*kootah-wallah*) next received his orders to take three brace of Arab greyhounds, and one of English, and follow the horses. Being a pariah, he was obliged (whilst listening to the commands of his master,) to stand at a considerable distance with his hands over his mouth, in case his breath should taint the room or the presence. Another yet has to appear, whose scanty dress, dark skin, and scull-cap, with the old match-lock, shows him to be a *shikary-wallah*, and his only employment is to find out and report where any game is to be found.

"In the morning show foxes—it is sufficient—go;" were the words addressed to him by his master as he left the room to retire to bed.

About four o'clock, after they had taken some coffee, Horace Twisdale and his brother Edward started for the hunting ground. It being too dark to ride, one went in the palanquin, and the other in a tonjon. After little more than an hour's run, (as travelling in a palanquin is called,) during which time they had gone upwards of five miles, they came to the spot where the horses, dogs, and servants had been directed to await their arrival. It being still dark, it was useless for them to get on their horses, so they drew nigh each other, and stood leaning over the top of the palanquin, watching the point of the heavens where the sun would rise.

"How strange every thing appears to me," said Edward to his brother; "you, whom I recollect without a servant in England, are now surrounded by numbers. How surprised our friends would be if they could see your mode of living! Do tell me how many servants are necessary to keep up the establishment which you possess?"

"For a man in my situation a great many, I believe, Edward; but the expense is much

* A kind of pea, which is boiled and given to the horses instead of corn.

less than you would suppose, from the circumstance of the price of labour being so small, and the wants of the natives so few; rice and vegetables are almost the universal food, and a piece of uncut cloth the only dress.

"In my pay, I should think I had upwards of seventy servants, and if I included the government peons, and those attached to my cutcherry or office, who also are obliged to attend me to whatever part of the district I go, the number would amount perhaps to one hundred and fifty. I will enumerate the personal servants to which your English ear is unaccustomed: in the first place, you will be surprised to hear that in my stables alone there are twenty servants, which are indispensably necessary, having ten horses, each horse requiring a *ghora-wallah*, or horse-keeper, and a *gans-wallah*, or grass-cutter; then there are *oont-wallahs*, to attend upon my camels; *Lascars* to take charge of and pitch my tents; *kootah-wallahs* to clean and exercise my dogs; *gharee-wallahs* to drive my bullock carts; two *dhobee-wallahs*, or washermen, one for my linen, the other to wash everything made of silk; a tailor, or *durzee*; a *chuckler*, or man who works in leather, to mend my harness; a *mussoolchee*, or flambeau bearer; a *chittery-wallah* to carry my umbrella; and lastly the thirteen bearers you see before you to carry my palanquin: with the exception of my *hookah-bedar*, cook and butler, these last are by far the most expensive servants I have, and they only receive seven rupees, or thirteen shillings per month each: they are a fine set of fellows, very honest and faithful, and make the best nurses for children in the world."

"But surely, Horace, you do not require them in that capacity?"

"Oh no! otherwise, in addition to the servants I already have, there would be *ayahs**, *ammass*, *tunney-ketches*, and more for what I know; I am merely speaking of the caste in general, which belongs to different parts of the coast to the north of the Kistnah river. There is one custom peculiar to this caste which appears to me a most sensible and natural arrangement; it is, that wherever they go, although it may be hundreds of miles distant, their wives never accompany them; they are left behind in their own country, and are visited by their husbands once in the year, and that only for a short period; and yet there is no class of Hindoos more affectionate and considerate in their nature, and few wives more sensible of their husbands' merits."

* Maids, nurses, water-women.

"But tell me why they make that groaning noise when they are carrying a palanquin, as if they were in pain?"

"Oh! you *griffin**, Edward, it is nothing more than the repetition of different Gentoo expressions, most generally the words '*Naw-hohum! hoh! hoh!*' meaning, I believe, (going, go, go,) which they continue repeating together in a sing-song whining tone, in order that they may all keep step, otherwise the palanquin would be shaken, and the inmate made uncomfortable, as he is lying at his length, supported by pillows; six at a time carry the palanquin, three behind and three before, and the remaining six run by their side ready to relieve them. They frequently vary the words, and in the selection indulge their humour at the expense of the individual they are carrying: when it is a very fat man, their whining is at first low, then gradually louder, now almost amounting to a scream, then low again, but still with the same droll expression three keep repeating '*Kadoopoo vadoo*,' (fat paunchy-man), to which the remainder quickly reply, '*adoogoo pettoo*,' (carefully step,) and then again relapse into '*Nawhohum, hoh! hoh!*' At another time, the joke may be, '*Munchedy chickny vadoo*,' (nice lean man,) which is answered in a cheerful tone by '*jildy nawhohum! hoh!*' (quickly going, &c.)"

"But how do they escape," asked Edward, "some gentle admonition from the object of their impudent remarks?"

"All their jokes are generally said in such a mumbling whine, that they are hardly ever understood; sometimes, in the same singing tone, they describe to each other, in short sentences, the appearance of the country, and the nature of the ground they are going over; '*adavi konedar*,' (bushes and hills), '*mittoo pullum*,' (smooth and rough), '*adooshoo niroo*,' (mud and water); but it is impossible to describe to you the strange effect this kind of laconic wild chanting has on a long journey, when it never ceases for a moment, day or night."

"But tell me, Horace, is this luxurious and delightful mode of conveyance in general use?"

"Oh yes; throughout India we have no other way of travelling; but as to the luxury and delight of it, I think you will change your mind after a night's trial; the average rate of running any distance I should think was full four miles an hour, and that is extraordinary, when you consider that the same

† An Anglo Indian term of reproach to a person unacquainted with the customs of India.

set of bearers will frequently carry you fifty miles without a halt. How it would astonish the perambulators of St. James's-street to witness the well-covered bones of Lord — extended at his *breadth* in a palanquin, and borne quickly over the smooth pavement by twelve Hindoo bearers, all armed with spears. Their ludicrous whining chaunt of '*Kadoopoo vadoo, adoo goo pettoo*,' (fat paunchy-man, carefully step) adding greatly to the strangeness of their appearance, and the peculiarity of their dress, which is generally a red turban, a white tunic plaited from the waist, and extending to their ankles, with a very broad red sash, encircling their bodies several times, which acts as a support to their backs, as well as confines the ends of their dress, which are turned up and tucked in at the waist to avoid the dirt, and to allow their legs to be quite free when they are running. But come, Edward, let us mount, the day begins to dawn, and in this country we have not long to wait for the sun."

As it grew lighter, the giant form of Siva Mullei rising several thousand feet above the plain, and extending itself on one side for many miles, gradually appeared to lay aside the dark uncertain covering it had assumed ere objects were discernible, and to stand forth distinguished by "a coat of many colours;" the whole mountain appeared thickly wooded, and in different places broken and diversified by frowning rocks,

— jamjam lapsura, cadentique
Imminet assimilis —

deep ravines, and caverns, which formed secure shelter to every kind of wild animals, while here and there huge masses of granite struggled forth in a thousand fantastic forms from amongst the beautiful shrubs which spread themselves in every variety of colour over the sides of the mountain. To the left, bounded by distant blue hills, was an extensive plain, covered with the long arid spear grass; this was here and there relieved by a few straggling cocoa-nut trees, and now and then by a strip of rice cultivation, or a small piece of water. Occasionally, the level of the plain was broken by deep rugged ravines, which in the rainy season formed a channel for the waters that came tumbling and roaring from the mountains: these were quite dry at this time, and were pointed out by the *shikarry-uallah* as the most likely place to find a fox.* Towards one of these, accordingly, Horace Twisdale and his brother

turned their horses' heads. The *ghora-wallahs*, who generally run by the side of their master's horses, were desired to remain behind with the other servants; only one brace of greyhounds held in the slips by a *koottey-wallah*, accompanied the two sportsmen.

"Keep a sharp look out and do not expect," said the elder Twisdale to his brother, as they moved slowly along, "that a fox will be poked out for you from under a bush, as hares are out of their forms in England; look well over this stony ground on all sides, and at some little distance—the instant you observe Reynard stealing over the plain—dash forward—halloo to the dogs which shall immediately be slipped—offer up a short prayer—look at nothing but the brush and ride like the devil—as soon as the dogs view the fox, your task of introducing them is at an end—for their desire of becoming more intimately acquainted equals yours—Hush! the *shikarry wallah* makes a sign and whispers something in his broken jargon.

"*Sahib, dekhoo sahib*," (Master! look, master!) "over him little hill;" sinking his black grinning face between two naked shoulders, and with his fore-finger close to his nose pointing to a small rise in the plain, "plenty much I see"—"Much, what, you ass?" was the encouraging reply, made in the same audible whisper, but with strong emphasis on the two first words, the satisfactory answer to this was, "One, two, eight thousands I see, leetel big, leetel small, master haste—make come, very good *shikar* (hunt) make—oh! him very fine *hern*! (antelope) opening his bright black eyes and showing his white teeth, which extended from ear to ear, as he at length made known what it was that had attracted his attention.

"Pshaw! you great big fool, what do I want with antelopes—they are always in the way,"—then, turning to his brother, he said, "every thing is fish that comes to that black fellow's net; but wait a moment, Edward, until those spotted gentlemen have bounded past, otherwise, if the dogs get sight of them, there will be no keeping them quiet. See how stately that old buck follows the herd, one moment standing to stare at us, and the next tossing his wreathed black horns in defiance, and then trotting on to join his companions as if he also thought that discretion was the better part of valour. Herds of these beautiful animals collect upon these wild plains,

* In India, this animal is of the same species, shape, and colour, as the English fox, but a great deal smaller, more delicately made, and is very beautiful. It is

supposed to feed upon the land crabs and field mice, which abound, or perhaps more easily fall a prey to their cunning enemy, where the country is free from every description of cover.

(where hardly a human being is ever seen excepting a few *kolesay-wallahs* (charcoal-burners) on their way to the mountains to procure wood); they are one of the great annoyances in our Indian coursing, from the certainty, if they are seen, of their drawing off the attention of our dogs and making them eager to pursue them."

"But why do you not shoot one," observed Edward, "or let your dogs slip at them? I have no doubt they would give a capital run."

"It is very easy talking," replied his brother, "but they are too sly and cunning in the one case, and much too swift of foot in the other; we sometimes, as in Persia, pull them down by the assistance of relays of dogs, which I dare say requires explanation. When we have ascertained where a herd of antelopes are to be found, we station in different parts of the plain at very great distances from one another, a number of men, each holding a brace of greyhounds, ready to slip when an opportunity shall offer, and when an antelope has been started, and the dogs that have been in pursuit become tired, the nearest relay at the time is immediately slipped, and so in succession until the poor animal is caught. Now that the herd we have just seen has passed, let us proceed and make up for this interruption as soon as possible."

They continued their search in silence, their spirits raised by the expectation of a run, and each anxious to be able to give the view halloo before the other. The good humoured *shikarry-wallah*, not in the least disconcerted by his late rebuff, was seen creeping along, trying to detect with his quick eye any fresh prints of a pad in the strips of sand that were occasionally met with in the ravine; and the active young *kootay-wallah*, as he ran by the side of his master's horse using every exertion in his power to keep in the dogs, which were straining their leather slips to the utmost. Sometimes they moved along in a slouching listless way, with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, panting with the exertions they had a moment before been making; at another their long necks and heads were on a sudden quickly raised, and with their bright eyes peering over the plain, and their ears pricked, they appeared ready to spring forward at the slightest noise. The silence of the party still continued, as they went over the plain anxious and breathless, hoping every moment to see the wary object of their search start up from before them. Once or twice their eyes had for an instant been deceived by the hasty swoop of the solitary brown kite, as it pounced upon its cowering prey. On they went; not a sound was

heard save the tread of the horses' feet upon the hard ground, and occasionally the call of the wild peacock and jungle-fowl from the hills which were now some distance behind them. Suddenly there was a start—a look—it is, it is a fox—the well known thrilling cry of "Tally-ho!" from Edward roused the whole party—"Him very fine *lhomerey*—plenty fun for master make," cried the overjoyed *shikarry-wallah* as he looked towards his master, who, at this moment, "gave his bridle hand a shake," stuck in the persuaders, and followed his brother, screaming to the frightened dog-boy "*Chore day!*" (let go.) Away sprang the dogs, who were quickly by the side of the first horse which was going best pace; once or twice they looked up as they went along, to see the direction their leader's eyes were taking; it had been a long lay-in, and for a few moments the dogs were quite abroad:—"Another stride or two," said Horace Twisdale as he came up and laid himself alongside his brother, "and they must view him. It is as I said, up the rise Reynard could not help being seen. Whoop! dogs, tally-ho, tally-ho!" Away sprang the dogs together like an arrow from a bow, keeping neck and neck, as if they were still in couples; for a half mile straight on end they continued in this way, gaining every moment upon the brush, and going a pace that would have pleased even the late Lord Forester. "Now observe," said Horace Twisdale to his brother, as they went along together, "the wonderful quickness with which that little animal will turn—there!—it is quite unlike the jumping twist of the hare and much more effective; there again, one would have thought that brown dog* *Hemdum* must have had him—now watch how that white bitch *Dood†* will be disappointed in her throw—see she is almost touching the fox—positively, I think she has him—no—and how that turn has thrown the dogs out—Whoop dogs! whoop! Again they overtake him—again they close upon him—they have both wind and foot of him, and one of the dogs must have poor Reynard in their next dash—again they are thrown out—but the turns I see are weaker and more frequent. Once more they are all three together—one turn more—another—still he escapes—but see *Dood* is making herself up for one desperate push—she gains upon him—look how forward she gets before she makes her throw—it is made—and the fox is ours."

* *Hemdum*, signifies *one breath*, as those who have read that most amusing work, "*Zohrab*," may have observed.

† *Dood*, signifies *milk*.

THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

THE evening was dark and chill. Gertrude Fielding strolled pensively along the avenue that led to her home, a neat parsonage house in the parish of —, of which her father was the vicar. Ideas at once ominous and dispiriting poured rapidly through her mind as she approached the door. A throe of the fiercest anguish was felt at her heart when she directed her thoughts onward to the morrow, which was to see her a bride—but of whom? Of a man whom she absolutely loathed, yet had consented to espouse, in order to evade the frightful alternative of a father's curse.

Her affianced suitor was a man of immense wealth, but old, ungainly, and without a single virtue to balance these two latter disadvantages; while she was poor indeed, but young, beautiful, and innocent. Her sordid parent had readily embraced the offer of a wealthy debauchee, calculating, in the selfishness of his ambition, that such a connexion would confer upon himself an importance from the coveted enjoyment of which his narrow means had hitherto debarred him, and prove at the same time a stepping-stone to the advancement of his younger children, of whom he had several, and of which his quiver was not yet full. Poor Gertrude was to be immolated upon the altar of interest, a shrine upon which far worse than pagan sacrifices are frequently offered. She looked forward to the moment which was to unite her to a withered but wealthy sensualist, with a feeling little short of feverish disgust. She repaired early to her chamber, her temples throbbing, and the whole mass of her blood bounding through her frame, as if the "great deep" of the heart was "broken up," and a deluge was pouring through every vein, and threw herself upon her bed with a sigh so deep and poignant, that it seemed as if the very soul had been suddenly forced from the fair tenement in which it was enshrined, by one fierce convulsion of concentrated agony.

The stars were bright in the heavens, but her destiny was dim and clouded. They seemed only as heavenly mockers of earthly woe. She had ceased to weep, to sigh, to murmur. Her sufferings were too acute for tears, for sighs, for murmurings; her's were the silent, unseen, absorbing agonies of despair. She did not sleep, or, if her senses

were for a moment "lapped in oblivion," frightful dreams interrupted her slumbers, and she started from her pillow with the perturbation of bewildered horror, which too plainly told the intensity of her soul's emotions.

On the following morning, pale and unrefreshed, with forebodings that struck like so many ice-bolts through her heart, she descended to the parlour, where a tolerably splendid breakfast was provided for those friends who had been invited to the wedding, and who very shortly after assembled. The bridegroom was the last to make his appearance, but his bodily infirmities might have been fairly pleaded as his excuse; still he did not take advantage of a plea so extremely natural in an aged beau, though not very flattering either to his bride's choice, or to his own discretion. Gertrude was dressed without a single ornament except a white rose in her hair, which she wore at the express desire of her mother; and though the suitor had presented her with sundry jewels and various expensive trinkets, they remained in their cases, to her worse than valueless, as they were mementos of a sacrifice that would taint the pure spring of her existence, and make it henceforth gush from its troubled fountain, charged with the bitters of "gall and wormwood." Her eyes were dim with weeping. She saluted her friends mournfully, while her father affected a boisterous mirth that strikingly contrasted with the deep solemn gloom which was fixed upon his daughter's cheek, like an icicle upon the opening primrose.

When the bridegroom was announced, Mr. Fielding darted towards the door to assist him from his carriage, from which he descended with some difficulty, and a few grimaces, and then hobbled into the room with all the decrepit agility of threescore and six, augmented by a life of early debauchery and continued indulgence. He was dressed with the elaborate gaiety of a confirmed "man of the town;" his legs, which from the inclination of his head towards the horizon, formed almost a right angle with his upper man, were forced into a pair of light web pantaloons that showed to a miracle the prodigious preponderancy of skin and bone over flesh and blood. He shuffled towards the bride with a disgusting chuckle of delight, and courteously kissed her

forehead; but she shrank from his contaminating touch with an instinctive loathing, and was about to evade the revolting caress, when her father's frown checked her. She passively submitted to the endearments of the senile representative of manhood with whom she was doomed to link her destiny.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the bride's father. Pale, yet with a firm step and calm self-possession, she approached the altar, but when she was required to repeat the solemn declaration of conjugal fidelity and affection, her voice faltered, and, in spite of the natural energy of her resolution, she could scarcely articulate the customary obligation. She had, however, wound up her lacerated spirit to a pitch of determination which enabled her to go through the awful ceremony, though as soon as it was finished, the tension of her mind, which had been too high, was instantly relaxed, and she fell back overcome by her feelings upon the cold stones of the chancel. The poor emaciated bridegroom hobbled about in a paroxysm of distress, attributing to any cause but the right, what he termed her extraordinary emotion. A little water and hartshorn soon restored the unhappy Gertrude to consciousness and to misery. With a trifling exertion of her moral energies, she shortly recovered her self-possession, signed for the last time her maiden name in the parish register, and left the church with a heart less heavy than when she entered it, as the die was now cast, and the climax of agony had been endured.

She returned to her father's house, took a melancholy farewell of her family, and entering a splendid carriage drawn by four blood bays, set off with her venerable husband for his magnificent mansion in a distant county. It was anything but a lively journey. The exertion of travelling seemed to affect the old gentleman greatly, for he had only arrived the night before at the town of —, about six miles from her father's vicarage, and so long a journey had sadly discomposed his shattered and attenuated frame. In spite of his professed joy at the possession of a young and beautiful bride, he frequently complained of fatigue, of stiffness in his limbs, and expressed a querulous desire to be at his journey's end; while Gertrude, little disposed to take part in a conversation of any kind, much less in one which had his inconveniences alone for its subject, and feeling besides little sympathy for the dilapidated piece of humanity to which parental authority had forced her to ally herself, sat silent, and absorbed in a reverie of moody anticipations. The husband, not

suspecting the cause of her silence—for his vanity was always a sad bar to his judgment when his own qualities of whatever kind, whether mental or physical, were the objects of it—attributed her reluctance to assert her woman's privilege to timidity, or to that maidenly bashfulness natural, as he deemed, to a girl educated in the country, and therefore utterly unfamiliar with the usages of fashionable life. But his guess was immensely wide of the mark, for neither timidity nor bashfulness were features in Gertrude's character. As they travelled with extreme expedition, on the evening of the next day they arrived at the end of their journey, when the bride was ushered into the splendid mansion of which she was to be the future mistress, and which rivalled in magnificence the noblest establishments in the kingdom.

Time soon wore off the edge of disquietude, and by degrees Gertrude, now Mrs. Delorme, became reconciled to her condition. That she could be happy was impossible, but the pangs of mental suffering became at length so blunted, and her sensibility so deadened, that, though she had ceased to enjoy, she had also ceased to suffer. Her life was one dull, dead calm, neither convulsed by the desolating storm, nor refreshed by the gentle breeze. Her only hope of amelioration to the uniform insipidity of her condition lay in the prospect of an eventual release from the easy, indeed, but spiritless bondage to which she was for the present doomed. Her eye was never lighted by a smile, and that lovely glow which used to spread such a rich suffusion over her fair cheek had ceased to mantle there, while the sober melancholy, nay the almost severe gravity, of her aspect, was looked upon by her husband in the uxoriousness of dotage, as an indubitable manifestation of that conjugal discretion, which, to a man of his advanced years, was in a wife a thing "most devoutly to be wished."

Old Delorme had a nephew, of whom he professed to be extremely fond, the son of an only sister long since dead, from whom he inherited a good property, and looked forward to his uncle's decease for a considerable augmentation, which his venerable relative had always led him to expect. He was a remarkably handsome youth, of gentle manners and easy address. His habits were regular, and he was much respected by his friends. His uncle reposed the greatest confidence in his discretion and integrity, scarcely did any thing without consulting him, and relied upon his honour as implicitly as he did upon his own sagacity. The presence of this

youth, though at first by no means a welcome circumstance to the deadened feelings of Mrs. Delorme, at length seemed to chequer the gloominess of her condition with a faint ray of satisfaction, and dissipated by degrees that morbid heaviness of thought and reflection to which, upon her arrival at her new abode, she had unreservedly given way. Her spirits, however, had been too violently shattered ever to resume their wonted elasticity. They were not, after a dislocation so terrible and complete, to be brought back again into their former channel of easy, unapprehensive gaiety; nevertheless young Theodore's presence afforded some relief to the dull uniformity of a scene, where, to her warped and saddened spirit, everything was overspread with the sullen hue of misery; indeed her situation would have scarcely been endurable but for his presence; still she felt a void in her existence which she knew not how to fill up. She was occasionally visited by her parents and sisters, yet she was anything but happy. Her husband grew more and more peevish as his days increased and his infirmities multiplied, until he became absolutely intolerable. Will it be wondered at that she looked forward to her release from such a state of domestic thralldom with a restless and impatient anxiety?

Gertrude at length gave promise of becoming a mother; this, however, seemed to awaken no joy in the old man's bosom; all the springs of sensibility were dried up within him, and left it a barren wilderness, prolific only in the rank growth of cankered passion and swinish selfishness. His heart was callous to any refinements of feeling; not that the frost of apathy had so completely chilled it as to render him insensible to the blessings of an heir; but he appeared to be the prey of dark suspicions, which he did not indeed openly express, but which were more than indicated in his manner and conduct. He was so morose and sullen, that his wife approached him as seldom as possible, which only augmented his constitutional peevishness and irritability. She was, however, happily soon released from the torments of his jealousy. He died suddenly one evening of apoplexy after a debauch, in which he was accustomed but too frequently to indulge, leaving her a widow after she had been just five years a wife. All her late husband's property was left to her, his nephew not being so much as named in the will.

Here, indeed, was a change in her destiny, but the worm had gnawed at the root of her happiness too long for it ever again to shoot

forth with its former strength and luxuriance. It was a scathed trunk, alive, indeed, but blasted. She was left mistress of thirty thousand a year at the age of four and twenty, with an only child; still she was not happy. The fountain of joy was tainted at the source—the canker of grief had reached the very core of her heart. A blight seemed to have passed over her womanhood. The smile had faded from her cheek with its bloom, and she had ceased to find any relish either in society or in domestic enjoyments. She looked upon her child with an indifference, bordering upon apathy, which spoke not much for her maternal solicitude, nor the acuteness of her sensibility. This, however, had been so seared, as to leave her almost callous to the more exquisite sympathies of her sex.

Theodore had quitted the house as soon as his uncle died, and the widow was left to that seclusion which was now no longer unwelcome to her, but which, though preferred, under certain states of mind, to the bustle of intercourse, has nevertheless no charms to soothe a warped spirit, but only “ministers to a mind diseased” its own gloom and asperity. She soon, however, became dissatisfied with the stately mansion in which she had been so long immured, surrounded as it was with all that wealth could purchase to render it delightful, but which to her never presented any thing save one continued scene of “splendid misery.” She determined, therefore, to quit the country, where scenes of continued and bitter recollection had become absolutely odious to her, and take up her final residence abroad.

It appeared strange to every one, that so young and lovely a woman should shut herself out almost from human intercourse, and resolve to exile herself from her family and friends in the very prime of youth, and while her beauty, though faded rather from sorrow than the influence of years, was still predominant. But the secret springs which actuate human motives and determinations are frequently inscrutable, even to ourselves, and Mrs. Delorme, if it were in her power, appeared not disposed to resolve a question which was evident to no mind but her own. A mystery seemed to hang over the youthful widow, which no one was able to unravel, and in spite of the surmises that grew every day more and more rife in the neighbourhood, she ordered notices to be circulated announcing the immediate sale of the estate and family mansion of her late husband. In the course of a few weeks they fell into the hands of a new proprietor, and the young widow

with her child left this country for the south of France, to seek in a foreign land that repose of spirit which had been so long denied her in her own. But, alas! she found it not. The wound had gone too deeply beyond the surface to be cicatrised—the desolation had been too complete to be removed under a brighter sun. There was evidently some secret cause of discontent, of melancholy, of wretchedness, which no one could penetrate, and upon which she was herself gravely and solemnly silent. The increasing austerity of her manner had something in it more awful than repulsive, and she excited the sympathy of all, though she sought the confidence of none.

Nismes was the place finally fixed upon by her for her future destination, as it was more retired and less visited by her countrymen than other towns. Here the same asperity of character, by which she had lately been distinguished, continued, and in fact visibly increased with her years. She declined all communication with her relatives, to whom it was reported, and by them believed, that soon after she settled abroad her child had died, and she had devoted herself to a life of religious seclusion. She was never seen to smile. Her boy grew rapidly, and as he advanced in years, gave promise of a quickness of capacity that might finally lead to distinction. Though she appeared to treat him with sufficient indifference, she nevertheless paid particular attention to his education. He had all the advantages that the town and neighbourhood, in which she resided, could supply. He was a handsome youth, buoyant in spirits, and determined in character, which his mother did not discourage; in fact, whether from indolence or indifference was not evident, she sought not to divert the natural bias of his disposition, but left it to the direction of its own impulses, and thus the qualities of the mind and heart, both good and evil, grew unchecked by parental discipline into rapid and varied luxuriance; so that he acquired an ardour of temperament which frequently hurried him into rash adventures, though he as frequently gave proofs of the generous warmth of his feelings by the most sanguine displays of benevolence.

Henry Delorme finished his education by availing himself of the last benefit of a German university. He was now a young man of one-and-twenty, vigorous in constitution, of acute understanding, and of a generous, though somewhat indomitable disposition. He absolutely adored his mother, who, in his partial judgment, was incomparable both

in mind and person. She was now three and forty, still handsome, in spite of the secret sorrow to which she had appeared to be so long a prey. The mind's disease was not communicated to the frame; it was merely indicated in the latter by an habitual paleness and grave repose of the features, from which they were never seen to relax. She saw no company, and though she affected no sort of austerity, she could not conceal that she felt it, and there continued that unaccountable mystery in her whole deportment, which gave rise to the perpetual whispers of curiosity, and even provoked the surmises of superstition. Such as had been at first anxious to court her society, at length absolutely shunned it, from an idle apprehension that the "dark lady," as she was called, for she always wore mourning, might have a nearer communion with "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," than was altogether seemly in a good Christian. Harry's home was, therefore, somewhat dull; but so ardent was his attachment to his mother, that he overlooked every personal inconvenience for the sake of administering to her comfort, and endeavoured to relieve the uniform dullness of his home by all those "appliances and means" which a tender solicitude suggests to an affectionate heart.

About this time an accident occurred, which, in its issue, led to the explanation of Mrs. Delorme's habitual reserve, and mysterious gravity of deportment. One day she was walking—

"As was her custom in an afternoon,"

in a retired part of the town, accompanied by her son, when, upon turning the corner of a street, she suddenly and unexpectedly met Theodore Mackenzie. At the sight of one whom she was so little prepared to meet, she started; her lips became ashy pale, and she nearly fainted in her son's arms, who bore her to a neighbouring shop, where, after a while, she recovered, when he accompanied her home. Though she soon resumed her wonted serenity, it was evident that she had been deeply agitated. Henry, knowing her inflexible reserve, and her nervous irritability, when any attempt was made to dissipate it, forbore to question her, though he was painfully anxious to ascertain why the sight of an apparent stranger should have produced such a powerful effect upon her usually imperturbable temperament. He was extremely uneasy, and the more his mind dwelt upon the circumstance, the more anxious did he feel to resolve the question. It was some-

thing higher than mere curiosity that actuated his feelings. Affection for his parent was the mainspring of every action which had any reference to her, and knowing that to ask an explanation from her would render her uneasy, and probably excite her anger, he determined at once to seek the party who had been the cause of her disquietude, and demand the explanation from him. With this view, without the least intimation of his intention, either by word or gesture, he repaired to the principal hotel of the town, where he ascertained that a Colonel Mackenzie had arrived the preceding day; and, upon being ushered into that gentleman's apartment, he immediately recognised in him the person, at the sight of whom his mother had become so strangely agitated. Upon seeing Harry, there appeared to be a supercilious expression upon the Colonel's countenance, while his manner was neither courteous nor conciliatory. It has been already said that young Delorme was naturally impetuous, and that his mother was at once the pride of his heart, and the centre of his affections. The most transient thought that conveyed the least imaginable imputation upon her, would have been to him, at any time, an excitement and an agony, but doubly so at this moment, when he felt that some disagreeable mystery hung over the parent on whom he so fondly doted, which she was evidently anxious to conceal.

Upon observing the cold and scornful smile which curled Mackenzie's lip, as he haughtily motioned to his visiter to be seated, Harry Delorme paused, and fixed his dark eye steadfastly on his, while every drop of blood rushed from his face, and left it pale as marble. Mackenzie quailed not at the glance, but returned it with a look of still more withering scorn. Young Delorme could no longer controul the passion which he had hitherto but imperfectly smothered, and demanded, in no very measured terms, an explanation of what had just occurred to the lady with whom he had been in company.

"What right have you to ask that question?"

"I am her privileged protector," was the reply.

"Her *privileged protector*!" This was no sooner uttered than Harry, roused by the tone of bitter sarcasm in which it was delivered, paused not a moment, but struck the offender violently in the face. The interview terminated in an agreement to meet on the instant

at a convenient spot in the neighbourhood, and settle their dispute at the point of the sword. There was little time for preparation, and as both were greatly excited, no explanation was either demanded or given, and both repaired to the appointed spot, actuated by the most hostile determination. Delorme spoke not a word to the friend who accompanied him, yet the heedless celerity of his progress—the dark flush upon his cheek, and the wild glare of his eye but too plainly indicated his untractable sternness of purpose. His mind was absorbed in the contemplation of what might be the terrible issue of the encounter. Harry Delorme was an expert swordsman; and, as he had been the person challenged, he had a right to a choice of weapons; but when the parties reached the ground, upon Colonel Mackenzie representing his utter want of skill in the management of the sword, his adversary agreed to decide the matter with a pair of pistols with which the challenger was provided. He knew himself to be a tolerably expert shot; and, therefore, considered that he could not stand much at a disadvantage with his opponent.

The ground was now measured by one of the seconds, while the principals seemed to eye each other with that mute, calm scrutiny, too silent for words, and too terrible for description. Nine paces were at length measured, when the parties took their respective stations. At the word fire, both discharged their pistols, when Colonel Mackenzie fell instantly dead. He did not utter a groan; the ball had entered the right temple, and passed quite through the brain. The moment Harry saw the fatal issue of his rashness, he was overcome with sudden remorse. In an instant all his resentment subsided, his heart melted, tears streamed over his cheeks, and he would have sacrificed any thing, but his parent's honour and his own, to have restored the unhappy man who had so wantonly provoked him to the deed of blood. He felt that the rashness of a moment would render him miserable for life, and, moreover, that this rashness had prevented the explanation which he so anxiously sought, and was now only to be obtained from her who alone could make it, but from whom he felt the most invincible reluctance to seek it. He went home in a state of mind to be conceived only, not described. By this time the evening had set in, and his mother had been somewhat uneasy at his absence. She perceived upon his entrance that he was agitated, but with her usual indifference, however

merely remarked that she had expected him home earlier, then left him to his reflections and his remorse.

The fatal event was, of course, soon known, and it very shortly reached the ears of Mrs. Delorme that her son had killed an officer in a duel. She instantly entered his chamber, where he was seated upon the bed, bathed in tears. There was a slight quiver on her lip and a hurried movement in her gait as she entered, which struck her son as a thing so unusual with her, that he started from the bed, hurried to her side, and eagerly demanded the cause of her visit.

"Harry," she replied, with that sort of deep deathly calmness which precedes the

earthquake, "I hear you have been the principal in a fatal duel."

"Alas, mother, it is but too true!"

"What is the name of the unfortunate man?"

"Colonel Theodore Mackenzie."

At the mention of the well-remembered name, the countenance of Mrs. Delorme became absolutely ghastly—every drop of blood receded from her lips—her eyes fixed upon her son's with an expression of speechless horror, when, after the pause of a few moments, in which the whole mass of his blood seemed frozen in his veins, she exclaimed, in a voice of terrific solemnity—"THEN YOU HAVE MURDERED YOUR FATHER."

STRAY RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

LATE CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

THE life of every man who has raised himself conspicuously,—whether by science, art, arms, or enterprise,—above the great mass of his cotemporaries, has been considered, until the late breaking up of our old social feelings, and high national recollections, in the sacred light of public property. Society at large, throughout all the past, has, by a sort of conventional agreement, consented that whosoever rendered himself supereminent in any given department, should no longer be permitted to retain individuality, but put on, as it were, ubiquity, and in every circle throughout the land, become an object of household attachment—one, about whose commonest feelings there should be felt a solicitude, and with whose every-day actions it should be desired to be familiar. This was immortality,—at least all that the term implies as referable to man in relation to man in this present limited and imperfect sphere,—the "*volitare per ora virorum*," which the illustrious Latin, and the thousands besides, whose names will ever shed a track of splendour through time, proposed when he attempted the arduous way which raises above the level of the earth. There was, however, when done, but a little generosity, and not a little selfishness, in this;—a shadow of justice, as regarded the receiver, a substance of wisdom in those who bestowed. Our ancestors were wiser and politer in their day and generation, than

even we who style ourselves the children of light. The gentle courtesies, the applause and honour, easily given, and not without grace, which devoutly repaid the toils, privations, and achievements of him who received them, were also the—not empty—popular breath which filled the canvass of the youthful aspirant after fame and distinction, which got him fairly out of the shoals and shallows of his natural indolence, and launched him forth upon that "sea of troubles," which, by a law, inflexible as that of the Medes and Persians, *must* be encountered by all who would prominently illustrate their name as the general benefactors of their country and age. Thus the homage which was paid to merit, like the nobler virtue to which it is allied, blessed those who gave, not less than him who received the same: nor was it less favour to the one than profit to the other, that it should be both willingly and abundantly paid. Man, even in his noblest specimens, abstractedly speaking, is but a selfish being, bound up in his own appetites and amusements: spending life in enjoyment, with his angle, by the river's brink; daffing it aside in gaiety, with his dog and gun, upon the mountain's brow; eating and drinking, and making merry, in that round of careless, thoughtless, contented existence, which can look unmoved upon the activities and pursuits of the busy world, and "bid them pass." To

bring to bear upon such a one the claims which the necessities—not of self, but—of society, impose upon him; to overturn his happy hours of relaxation and ease; unbind the strong fetters of domestic attachments, and require him to spend himself, or be spent, for the common good: for which, to solve some profitless problem of geographical science, or to enlarge, perhaps, for a dubious policy, the commercial transactions of his native land, he is told to traverse the regions of frost and snow, or compass the sands of the torrid zone, to encounter the extremities of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, of detrition of body and prostration of mind, and be cursed with more hours of toil and difficulty, danger and distress, than ever blessed his retirement with repose and happiness and peace. It is necessary to proffer to him, not bread, for by that such a one lives not alone; but the approving smiles of the kind and beautiful, the grateful applause of the great and good, the compatriot's estimation, the universal regard. If then he accomplished his mission, and "saw safe home," it was not formerly grudged him as too much, that his path in life should thenceforward form throughout a triumphal procession, smoothed and surrounded even to its close with the kindest sympathies of that enduring esteem, which to have, was the dearest recompense which the country he had devoted his life to benefit, could possibly bestow. If, on the contrary, he went down to the tomb in the moment of victory, or amid the blighted hopes of an enterprise, nobly prosecuted, but not fully achieved, it would have been considered by them in the light of the basest of all possible ingratitude, if the tears of the entire people, in whose cause he perished, had not plentifully bewept his fall. Indeed, had all higher feelings been wanting, they felt that to deny this, the smallest tribute, whether of availing or of unavailing respect, would, without enriching themselves, make him poor indeed; and they paid therefore, with a jealous and scrupulous honour, alike to the living hero, as to him, who, after life's fitful fever in their cause, slept well, the price which they well knew that to withhold, would neutralise the best principles and energies of the age, dilute the high tone of their national feeling, and sink the character of their times into the degraded condition of petty spirits and petty men. How then does it detract from the character of the existing age, and grieve the spirits of the generous few, to think that the nation is lapsing fast from all the ennobled sentiments of

the past. That it is one of the paltry outlines of the ominous times into which we have declined, that the brightest names of the living few, whose achievements illustrate the most brilliant pages of the just closed Augustan era of the British throne, should have survived the reverence due to their transcendent services and worth!—whilst in the shallow baseness of the most degrading parsimony, or yet meaner jealousy of self-upsetting esteem, the cost is every day counted of the pittance given, or the pillars shaken of the titled rank which was bestowed, for defending in the field, or upholding in the senate, that well-ordered constitution, which has made us collectively, the greatest, the wisest, and the happiest people upon earth;—And that to awake the character of the olden times, to draw forth into usefulness and activity the aspiring breast, or mould the genius of the rising age, we are no longer permitted to point to those living monuments of our departed glory, "whose days and deeds" have filled the ears of empires, and whose memory will kindle with "wonted fire" generations upon generations yet unborn, but find it necessary to convert the tombs, under which departed greatness sleeps, throughout all the land, into mournful altars, at which the rising hopes of the age to succeed, may light the torch, which will

—— "their breasts inflame
To matchless valour, and adventure high!"

We have been led into these remarks, which find in the present day so many applications, by a wish to appropriate a few of the pages of the COURT MAGAZINE to one who was our friend. The name of Clapperton requires no further eulogium, as a public character; but there were many leaves in the volume which nature bound up in his manly form, besides those which record the enterprise which has associated his name with the greatest and boldest discoverers who have ever lived, which are worthy of perusal, and of finding a place amongst the floating recollections which tend to nurse the sensibilities of the age.

Clapperton, it is well known, owed little to the accident of birth, not that he could not trace his blood through an ancient line to its parent source, but because the *res angustæ domi* threw its chilling influence over all the buoyant period of his youth. Nature, however, had liberally given to him the arm of strength, and spirit of endurance, together with the kindest and gentlest feelings; and he fought his way, scrambling forwards through the shoals of fortune, careless of the

strokes which his youth suffered, and with a breast nerved to toil and difficulties. Yet that he was not insensible to the rubs which he met with, is manifest from the following beautiful verses which embody his sentiments long after he had been accustomed, like the elder Byron, to be "lashed by the waves, and cradled on the rock;" and which are so creditable both to his head and heart, that we cannot resist the wish, that the new aspect in which they exhibit his character, should no longer be publicly unknown.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO "ANNAN WATER."
BY CAPTAIN HUGH CLAPPERTON, R. N.

"THOU SWEET STREAM OF ANNAN."

I.

Thou sweet stream of Annan, how oft have I strayed
On thy banks, when my fancy was young;
How dear were the notes that were heard through thy glade,
And the strains which my Isabel sung!
But never again shall to me be displayed,
Thy sweet scenes of pleasure and glee,
For my sorrowful heart, like a spectre afraid
Would start thy lov'd woodlands to see!

II.

To hide the hot tear which all silently fell,
When forced from thy valleys to go;
I have rode on the billows, and whisper'd farewell
To the winds that re-echoed my woe.
With dangers I've cop'd where the savage's yell
Rings fearful on midnight's still breath;
'Gainst the cannon I've stood when the lightnings foretell
The dark rolling whirlwind of death!

III.

Yet, though spurn'd from my hopes, from my love,
and my home,
My heart's dearest stream turns to thee,
As the far-travell'd exile, whose thoughts ever roam
O'er delights which he never must see!
As a sun-beam that brightens the waves' briny foam,
One thought shall a moment dispel
Each burst of keen grief, and my spirit shall come
O'er the surge to the fair Isabel!*

It was some time after the great breaking up of our military and naval establishments upon the close of the war, that Clapperton retired to the banks of his native Annan, whose visions had thus shed an *attendrissement* over his wanderings in distant climes. And if never again were restored to him the gay scenes of glee which were associated with the remembrance of an early attachment, which had ended, as the course of true love is poetically ever alleged to do; nevertheless the bright hopes of youth had not so far passed him by upon life's stream, but that he contrived to throw off his griefs like a mourning suit—and spent in rural amusements the

most peaceful certainly—if not also the happiest years of his existence. The place which he chose to pitch his camp in had nothing to boast for its commercial wealth, or its political importance, but it was rich in the beauties of a liberal nature, and dear to the patriot bosom, as associated with many a tale in our national story. It was besides the scene of his grandfather's life, and of his father's birth, and was surrounded with the possessions of his maternal ancestors. Nor was its least recommendation that it was amply furnished with those amusements, whether of flood or field, which accorded well with the juvenile pursuits of him whose path had long been o'er the mountain wave—whose home had been the deep.

Into the bosom of this little community Clapperton carried a tinge of that romance which was a feature of his character. The frank urbanity of the sailor soon made him cordially intimate with, and a favourite of, the good burghers, most of whom had been the friends of his father and grandfather. It was here that we first became acquainted with him, and the verses came into our possession, which are given above. Here also the intercourse of years produced a friendship which, that it was so early broken asunder, we have not yet ceased to regret.

The amusement which perhaps had last engaged him upon the Canadian Lakes—the magnificent scenery of which, we have often heard him expatiate upon with all the enthusiasm of a child of nature—was the first to claim his attention upon his return home; it was that of angling. Possessed of so many sympathies in common with those of this gentle art, it will easily be understood how fishing should have become to him a constant source of recreation, and of pleasure. The localities of "Old Margery o' the mony Lochs," if but a point compared with the boundless beat which he had left behind, present a field both for lake and stream, which is seldom to be met with in the South of Scotland; and often, therefore, "by early peep of day," he would be seen brushing the dew, as—

"Perhaps down Annan's flowery holms,
By Dryfe so clear and gay,
Or where the dark brown Kinnel foams,
Or silver crooks of Æ,
He held his way,

awakening the echoes of those romantic streams with the same bugle-horn, the inseparable companion of all his wanderings, which was listened to with breathless attention upon the banks of the Quorra by the Arab and Falatah, whilst the simple natives

* These beautiful verses have been set to music by a distinguished composer, and will be published upon the same day with this number of the Court Magazine; by Monro and May, London.

thought the white-faced stranger was sending a blessing to his country and friends. They were indeed the strains of his native land, which helped to soothe many an anxious passing hour; whilst, like the apples of the Dead Sea coast, hope gilded to the sight those to succeed, which were to prove ashes and death to the taste.

There are few more delightful feelings than those experienced by a keen sportsman in returning home after a successful day's angling with his basket loaded with fish. Though a tale now which has long been told, we well remember the delight, scarcely short of extacy, which we and a school-boy party experienced upon our first occasion of killing a salmon. The nervous agitation which shook us like electricity when the first plunge threw the foaming water off his silvery shoulders, followed by the lightning submersion of the tail! The breathless shout of boys! boys! we have him!—The race to be first at the spot.—The eager directions—"hold up the top of the rod—play him against the stream! give him line!—give him line!" whilst all the while, to the music of the reel, he was playing a thousand vagaries—throwing himself here and there fairly out of the water; and coursing alike through the current and the calm. Then, after long a struggle, when we had him at length fairly flapping upon the sand, never was scene of American "*Jumpers*" better personified; a regular dancing-match of joy, for several minutes, ensued; after which, followed a general strike: we, especially, too overjoyed to delay for a moment the honours of our ovation, the others to lose, by remaining behind, their due share of merit for assisting in the capture by their presence and advice. The wheels were then wound up, the rods unscrewed, and the *spolia opima* stuffed into a basket in such a partial way that the tail, like that of the ram of Derby, was allowed to protrude as far as possible behind that all who passed us on our way might have ocular demonstration of our mighty feat! We were, as Byron says, "a boy in those days"—but few of the weightier uphill achievements of later years have surpassed in gratification that happy moment. It was with some such feelings of complacency, doubtless, that we well remember Clapperton sounding a *reveillé* at our father's door, as a summons to the family one and all to turn out and behold the contents of his basket, upon a day when he had been more than ordinarily successful. He had no such monster of the vasty deep to exhibit as the one we have alluded to—but the tails of above a dozen of the finest yellow trout had

been so arranged as to display themselves with striking effect from his jacket pockets, and the loop-holes of his basket. Whether the latter was really choke full, or the *terra incognita* made up with less edible material, we pretend not to say. The secrets of the angling art, like that of the poulterer's, but too often require stuffing. But this is a matter which it would be quite unhandsome to sift into narrowly.

And whilst, upon the topic of "*Truta-ná*," we must not overlook an incident which raised a good laugh at the time against the hero of our narrative, though, in reality, it was anything but a matter of joke to himself. In the immediate neighbourhood of the old Burgh which was his residence, a beautiful sheet of water surrounds a peninsula, upon which, embowered amid stately trees, stands the ruins of the ancient castle of King Robert Bruce, formerly the strongest fortress of the West Border, though now but the monument of a thousand spirit-stirring recollections of an iron age. The adjoining districts had been parcelled out among the king's retainers, and the descendants of these "kindly tenants" still inhabit the soil, intermarrying with each other, and preserving characteristics not less distinctive than peculiarly their own. But the immediate territory called the Mains of the Castle, together with some adjoining estates, had long formed the possessions of a family from whom Clapperton, and an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, were maternally sprung.* In this lake there is a little fish peculiar to itself; and, indeed, with only one other exception, in Switzerland, it is not elsewhere found in Europe. It is called the Vendance. How it got located there, no one can distinctly tell. Report says that it was transplanted from some sunnier clime by the orders of the beautiful Mary; over the tender recollections of which favourite spot, Scott feigns her to weep, whilst pent up in her dreary confinement in the towers of Lochleven. Whilst, on the other hand, tradition, which makes this delicate little fish bear upon its head the bleeding heart of the Bruce, seems to point to its having had existence in the lake from a much remoter period. This, however, may be pure fancy—the pretended heart being nothing more than the transparent brain—arising from that national veneration which has stamped the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of The Bruce upon so many tablets living and inanimate on his native shore. The ven-

* The ancient family of Henderson of Broadholm.

dance further is, chameleon-like, fabled to live upon air, from this circumstance, that it has never been taken by any kind of bait; nor indeed has it ever been found with any food in its stomach upon which it could be ascertained to subsist. The only mode by which, therefore, it is ever taken, is by drag-nets; and, in the warm days of July and August, it is a very pleasant pastime to superintend a fishing party, and witness the draught make its little sweep, and haul out, besides the species referred to, pike, perch, roach, bream, eels, &c., often to the extent of many hundreds at a time. Clapperton, to whom the treat was new, upon witnessing quietly a haul or two, could no longer repress his aquatic propensities, but, doffing his jacket, sallied in with the rope, wading and dragging the net after him as far as the depth would permit. And so delighted was he with the amusement, that he continued it for some hours, until the sun so strongly scorched his back, that it peeled him almost as effectually as if the cat-o'-nine-tails had got acquainted with his shoulders.

The locality of which we speak, and the high recollections which have there a local habitation and a name, lead us into a digression. In ancient times, the waters of the lake washed the foundations of the fortress. But, after its hostile purposes were done, and Peace had seated herself upon its ruins, the waters, gradually receding, left a beautiful little peninsula, which is now covered with perennial verdure. Upon this spot, on the 11th July, it is usual for the gentry of the neighbouring district to celebrate the birthday of king Robert Bruce. There, amid the monuments of time, which happily have long given place to prosperity and peace, the tables are spread, and the cup drained to the imperishable names of those heroes who best defended the independence of their country throughout the different periods of its history, until the hour when the accession of the first James, to use the expression of that pacific monarch, changed the borders of the two hostile kingdoms into the heart of an united people. It was upon the close of a summer's day, that the lady of one of Clapperton's ancestors was seated upon the margin of the lake near to the spot of which we are speaking, watching perhaps the last rays of the setting sun sinking peacefully behind the Beacon Hill, and drawing to herself in the fancy's horoscope of one shortly, for the first time, to become a mother, a like unclouded termination to the long bright day of her son and heir,—when her reveries were suddenly in-

terrupted by a pike springing out of the water into her lap. The circumstance afforded only surprise at the moment; but it came to be regarded as prophetic, with superstitious feelings, when, at the same hour and spot, several years afterwards, the child, of whom she had then been *enceinte*, was drowned. The last representative of the same branch of the family died for the cause of Charles Stewart, upon the scaffold at Carlisle. Like most of the Annandale lairds, when the rebellion broke out, he was supposed to lean to the side of the Pretender. But his sole demonstration consisted in his having put a white rose into his bonnet—the emblem of attachment to that ill-fated cause. For this he was apprehended—though so well was his innocence known to the party sent to take him, that the opportunity was several times given, and pressed upon him to escape. So conscious was he however of having done nothing that could implicate him, that he refused indignantly to avail himself of the same. And such was the policy of those evil times, that to be suspected and guilty were deemed synonymous. He fell, therefore, a martyr to the ancient loyalty of his country.

The scene of Clapperton's amusement in summer was no less the field of his sport in winter. When the warlock frost has laid a crystal bridge over the face of the waters, *curling*, a winter game which is peculiar to Scotland, calls all its votaries to the manly contest. Of the multitudinous, multifarious pastimes of the year, asks old Kit of the North, what other can be compared with it? This sport stirs the heart of auld Scotland till you hear it beating on her broad bosom. Shepherds, ploughmen, clergy, lawyers, barons, knights, esquires, all congregate to wage friendly warfare, and toss the ponderous stone along the resounding plain. Then all parties and persons amalgamate; and that reciprocity of cordiality and good feeling prevails, by which the fellowship of the olden day has, in a great measure, been kept alive to the present hour. Clapperton might, in some respects, be considered as a hereditary curler; for his grandfather, of antiquarian memory, had long held a high name upon his native ice, and had besides left a monument of his prowess, the implement of his art, in the shape of a huge grey cairn, yclept the "*Hen*," which, after having been handled by Clapperton's father and others of his family, came in course to his own *forti manu*; though his hand, better accustomed to wielding the sword, did not own altogether the science of his race in this respect.

Connected with the "*Hen*," we cannot resist giving an anecdote, which is not altogether uncharacteristic of the man. Clapperton joined in the curling campaign, at a moment when a challenge arrived from a neighbouring party, whose prowess had long been most formidable upon ice. The President of the Society, Sir James Broun, than whom a more accomplished curler never threw a stone—never particular as to the individual skill of his own players, chose him into his rink, though but a very indifferent proficient in the art. This, as might have been expected, afforded no little dissatisfaction amongst a body of men, who, perhaps, of all others, act up most tenaciously upon such occasions, to the no-respecting principle of *detur digniori*,—and that too upon the eve of a contest requiring a concentration of the experience and science of the body whose laurels were at stake. Accordingly, upon the morning of the contest, the President, upon joining his party, was surprised to see Clapperton standing aloof—having a raised look—his hands stuck in his sailor's jacket pockets, and whistling loud. He had not time, however, to get at him to inquire what was the matter, before one of the other skips came up and explained the mystery, by saying, that understanding Clapperton, and another naval gentleman had been chosen of his party, the other curlers were determined not to run the risk of encountering their opponents; unless they were both put out. Sir James, considering that a "soft answer turns away wrath," said something conciliatory, and turned upon his heel. Upon this, Clapperton, in an attitude of proud contempt, and pulled up to his height, advanced with the air and gait of the quarter-deck, to a respectful distance, when, throwing up his hand *à la mode naval*, he demanded, in a key differing from his usual one—"Am I to play to-day, Sir, or am I not?" Certainly, Clapperton, was the reply, you shall play if I play. Upon which, making a salam with his hand, as if he had received the commands of his admiral, he strided back to where his stone (the *Hen*) and besom lay; and seizing upon the former with an air of triumph, he whirled her repeatedly round his head, with as much ease apparently, as if she had been nearer to seven than seventy pounds weight. He then placed her upon his shoulder, and marched off to the loch, where, taking up a position, he walked sentry upwards of an hour before being joined by the rest. The party with whom he played were most suc-

cessful, beating their opponents hollow. It may appear singular, how so trivial a circumstance should so highly have excited him: a curler however can readily comprehend it. He played with his colossal granite some capital shots, and no doubt was not a little complacent that the skip, who, as the tongue of the trump, had tried to eject him, got with his rink thoroughly drubbed.

Clapperton no doubt looked upon this incident as one touching his honour, as much as if he had been ordered off the quarter-deck upon going into action. These curling battles being always waged with as much zest as if a sceptre was at stake. And there is not one of the players who engaged upon the celebrated occasion referred to, whose names have not become household words in their native district. His general temper, however, was mild and equable to a high degree; benevolence being almost the invariable character of his disposition. The scene of his traversing—cold and hungry—the dreary Canadian swamp with the poor sailor-boy frozen to death upon his back, will ever remain a most interesting memorial of his kindness of heart, and sympathy for the woes of others: and embodies, under the circumstances of the case, a picture of such genuine, unexampled humanity as well entitles it to be transferred to canvass, by some master's hand, as a public tribute to philanthropy *in arms*. We recollect well being present upon an occasion where his good-nature was severely tasked. It was at a meeting called together for a parochial purpose, which he lent a willing hand to forward. In the course of conversation, he, by chance, dropped an oath. A dissenting clergyman present considered the *faux pas* as requiring a pastoral reprimand. Accordingly, with a zeal which would have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, he commenced a long harangue upon the sin and shame of swearing. Poor Clapperton was sadly nonplused; but at every separate division of the lecture, he only bowed low, and repeated the words "I stand corrected."

In this respect he differed widely from his brother Charles, who possessed all the indomitable ire and pride of the Glenlyon race. The last time we ever met the latter was in the autumn of 1827, during the race week at Dumfries, when illness had vastly sobered him down. By chance he came into the same company where we happened to be. We had not seen each other for years, and our meeting was not the less cordial. Upon congratulating him upon his looks—"My

friend," said he, "I am far from being well ; but I have just been dining with Col. D. and am flushed with an extra glass." We had a long chit-chat upon various matters—and, upon parting, remarked, we will see you to-morrow evening at the Southern Meeting Ball? "No", was his reply—"A. and B. and C. will be there, naming several of the country lairds, and their names would appear before mine in the list; and I will see them *all damned first!*"

Upon an occasion when he went to visit his relations at Glenlyon, a feast was made in honour of his arrival to which a number of the neighbouring chiefs and gentry were invited. Charles probably had been spinning a long *yarn*, as the sea-phrase goes, for after the cup had freely circulated, the question, after some snorting and scratching of the head, was boldly propounded by one a little more 'for'ards' than the rest. "Auch, fat can ta Sassanach do?" "What can the Sassanach do," said Charles, rising like a whirlwind; "I'll tell you what he can do: I'll run with any of you; I'll leap with any of you; I'll box with any of you. I'll throw the stone with any of you; I'll drink with any of you; or I'll fight with any of you." Not one of them, however, durst take him up upon any one of the points proposed.

We cannot set Hugh's quiet and diffident bearing in better contrast with his brother's *fanfaronnerie*, than by relating a little anecdote here over which we have often laughed heartily together. Shortly after his return to Scotland, he was invited to an evening party in Edinburgh, where he was to meet some young ladies who had been expressly selected for presentation to the handsomest officers of the fleet to which he had belonged. When the hour of cause drew near, Clapperton, whose heart was moving pitty-patty, rigged himself out in his best, and fortifying himself with a bumper of brandy, he sallied forth, whistling as he went to keep his courage up. When he came, however, in sight of the house, his heart fairly failed him; and it was not until after two retreats upon his faithful ally, that he could at length muster confidence sufficient to pull the bell, and make his *debüt*. It must have been no slight occasion which made him resort to this expedient, for perhaps there never was a sailor who left the service, who had a stronger repugnance to drink than he.

Lander, in his affecting narrative of the last illness of his "intrepid and beloved master," when mentioning his fearless and indomitable spirit, and utter contempt of

danger and death, adds, "The negro loved him because he admired the simplicity of his manners; the Arab hated him because he was overawed by his commanding presence." Clapperton was indeed brave as he was gentle, and gentle as he was brave. His temper was even and cheerful; his disposition warm and humane. As we have already noticed, generosity was no less in him a striking characteristic. Upon his leaving the service, such was the general love and regard in which he was held by his messmates, that he had literally to divide his garments amongst them, that each might have a shred in the way of keepsake. Upon one of them going into his cabin, who had been delayed after the rest, and asking "Well, Clapperton,—what have you got for me?" he glanced his eye round the naked apartment, and seeing an old shoehorn that had escaped detection, presented it as the only relic he had to bestow. His friend objected to deprive him of so necessary an appendage of the adonising art, remarking that he would not be able to get on his shoes without it. "O," said he, "these I have on fit me easy, and, to tell you the truth, they are the only pair that are left to me!" His affectionate conduct towards the aged sister of his mother, whom he took to live with him during his residence at Lochmaben, and for whose comfort he provided after he left, even till her death, covers, like charity—not the multitude of his sins, for these he had not—but the errors which are inseparable from our imperfect condition here, and from which he neither was, nor claimed to be exempt.

Clapperton left Annandale in 1820, and spent the following winter in Edinburgh, where we passed many a pleasant evening with him in company with Udney, and another naval friend. A trait of the universal benevolence which marked his character, displayed itself towards ourself, upon our leaving college, upon the breaking up of the session 1820–21. On our route home, we proposed a walking excursion to the Tweed; and Clapperton, upon learning that we started on our journey early in the morning, for the pure purpose of protection, volunteered to escort us out of the environs of the town. It was certainly from no love of a walk that he got out of bed in a cold April morning before three o'clock. He accompanied us as far as the sixth mile-stone on our way. There we parted: and our paths diverged, never again to cross each other in time. Poor Clapperton! when we look back to that hour, and his athletic form, which promised such a length of

years, once more rises before us, how little did we think that so soon after, in a distant land, he should find an early tomb, but an undying fame.

Clapperton has left a son behind him at Lochmaben—a fine boy, and who, like his father, will be a “man of mould” fit to do a good stroke of service either in flood or field.

Should this meet the eye of any in power, it would be but an act of justice towards the ill requited services of the man who paved with his life the way for a large extension of the wealth and commerce of Britain, to lend a helping hand to one who is left almost to nature’s guardianship, and who is greatly in need of a protector and friend.

THE CAPTIVE SCHEIK.

Niebuhr relates the history of a captive in Yemen who, seeing a bird through his prison grate, was inspired to make lines, which, being heard by his keeper, and spreading from one to another till they reached the ears of the Imaum who had confined him, procured his liberty.

RIVER! whose waters murmuring stray,
 Oh! could I by thy side,
 Mark, how like joys that steal away,
 Thy waves in music glide;
 Oh! might I watch thee glittering by,
 Without these bars that mock my eye,
 As welcome, and as blest to me,
 Thy cool and sparkling waves would be,
 As those which lead to Aden’s* shore,
 Where he who drinks shall thirst no more.
 Thy course is onward, wide and free,
 When will such course return to me!
 At liberty!—how blest art thou,
 Whilst I, in fetters bound,
 Press ’gainst these bars my fever’d brow,
 And listen for a sound
 That stills one moment’s space the sigh
 Of hopeless, sad, captivity.
 And thou fair bird, whose notes arise
 Sweet as the bells of Paradise†,
 That chase the slumbers of the blest,
 Or soothe his soul to dreams of rest;
 What art thou?—from what pleasant home
 Of ceaseless music dost thou come?
 Say, if amidst the Sudru’s shade‡
 Thy nest of perfumed leaves is made;
 Art thou of those of spotless wing
 That round the throne of glory sing.§
 Or art thou come a messenger
 To bear me tender news of her
 Whose truth no absence can impair,
 Who loves, like me, amidst despair!

The dew of pearl on Yemen’s waves*
 That sparkles pure and bright,
 Ere yet in fost’ring ocean’s caves
 Its gems are form’d of light,
 Is not so pure, so fair, as she,
 So precious as her heart to me.
 But what am I!—my mem’ry now
 Would cloud the shunshine of her brow;
 My fame is past—my glory fled—
 My name enroll’d among the dead—
 Forgot by all I ever knew,
 Why should not she forget me too!
 Go, soaring bird! thy lays are vain—
 They add new torture to my chain;
 Attendant on thy notes appear
 The shades of many a buried year,
 Whose glitt’ring colours charm my sight
 Then fade and leave me deeper night.
 They show when from my desert home
 Free as my steed, I used to roam;
 How, even then, the future’s dream
 Made present good of no esteem;
 By custom too familiar grown
 I slighted joys that were my own;
 Alas! since then a life of pain
 Has proved their worth; but proved in vain!
 Oh! that I could recall the past
 Hours, days, and years, I dared to waste—
 But vain repentance, vain regret,
 My only task is to forget!
 No more I’ll seek my prison grate
 With straining eye and heart elate,
 To welcome stream and wood and plain,
 Which never may be mine again:
 I turn from scenes so bright, so dear
 And find my only world is here!

L. S. C.

* *Al Aden* or *Jannat*, the garden of Paradise. See *Koran*.

† The trees in Paradise will be hung with bells, which will be put in motion by the wind, proceeding from the sacred throne, as often as the blessed wish for music.

‡ The *Sudru* is a tree of Paradise.

§ The souls of the good dwell in the form of white birds under the sacred throne. See *Koran*.

* The *Matta es Seif* is a rain which is believed in Persia to ripen the pearls in the oyster, when it descends on the waters. It falls in the month *Nisda*.
 NIEBUHR.

EATON HALL.

THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

THE exquisitely beautiful mansion of Eaton Hall stands on the edge of an extensive and richly-wooded park, and is situated about three miles to the south of the ancient city of Chester. It was built about twenty years ago, by the present Marquis of Westminster, on the site of the old mansion, which was raised by Sir Thomas Grosvenor, in the reign of William the Third, and was a large plain brick fabric. The vaulted basement story of the old hall was, however, preserved with the external foundations, and some of its subdivisions; but the superstructure was altered and altogether refitted, and many additional apartments erected on the north and south sides; making the area of the new structure twice the dimensions of the former.

There is a view of the old Eaton Hall by Kip, in the "*Nouveau Theatre de la Grande Bretagne*," a glance at which would instantly satisfy our readers of the vast improvement which Mr. Porden, the architect of the present noble mansion, has, by his skill, been enabled to effect.

The style of architecture of Eaton Hall is Gothic: that of the age of Edward III., so exquisitely shown in York Minster, has been chiefly imitated, especially on the exterior, though the architect has sometimes availed himself of the low Tudor-arch, and the varieties of any other age that suited his purpose.

Around the turrets, and in various compartments of the balustrades, are Gothic shields, embossed in relief with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenor family, and other ancient families that, by intermarriages, the Grosvenors are entitled to quarter with their own.*

In the middle of the west front is the entrance, under a vaulted portico, large enough to admit a carriage to the steps that lead to the Hall, which is so spacious and lofty, that it occupies the height of two stories, and is arched over by a vaulted ceiling. The pavement is of variegated marble in Gothic compartments. At the end of the hall, a screen supports the gallery that connects the bedchambers on the north with those of the south side of the house, which are thus sepa-

rated by the height of the hall. Under the gallery, two open arches conduct to the grand staircase on the left and right, the state bed-room, and the second staircase; and opposite to the door of the hall, is the entrance to the saloon.

On entering the saloon, the splendour of the three painted windows is especially observable. These windows contain, in six divisions, the portraits of Gilbert le Grosvenor, the founder of the family in Britain, and his lady; of William the Conqueror, with whom he came into England; the Bishop of Bayeux, uncle to the Conqueror; the heiress of the house of Eaton; and Sir Robert le Grosvenor, who signalled himself by his bravery in the wars of the great Edward III.

The saloon is a square of thirty feet, converted into an octagon by arches across the angles. On the left of the saloon is an anti-room leading into the drawing room; and on the right, another that leads into the dining room. The windows of these rooms, glazed with a light Mosaic tracery, exhibit portraits of the six Earls of Chester, who succeeded Hugh Lupus—the first Earl, and uncle to Gilbert le Grosvenor, in the government of Cheshire, as a county palatine, till Henry III. bestowed the title on his son Edward; since which period the eldest sons of the Kings of England have always been Earls of Chester.

The dining room is situated at the northern end of the east front, and is about fifty feet long and thirty wide, exclusive of a bow containing five arched windows, the opening of which is thirty feet. In the middle window is a portrait of Hugh Lupus.

The drawing room at the southern extremity of the east front, is of exactly the same form and dimensions as the dining room, with the addition of a large window looking to the south, which commands a view of the groves and fertile meadows of Eaton, with the village and spire of Oldford peeping from above them. All the windows of this magnificent apartment are adorned with heads and figures of the ancestors of the Grosvenor family, among which are the portraits of the present Marquis and his lady. The ceiling is beautifully illustrated with all the armorial bearings of the family, blazoned in their appropriate colours; and also the arms of Egerton, Earl of Wilton, the father of the Marchioness.

* With his own coat of arms, the Marquis of Westminster is entitled to quarter the armorial bearings of sixteen other families, being descended from them by heiresses.



Designed by J. Rodenburg.

Drawn by W. Dierckx, R.A.

THE STATE OF THE MONASTERY OF WESTMINSTER.
 1844

The library is in the centre of the south front. The ceiling and the large bow window, with their ornaments, are in the same style as the rooms before described, but less rich; the book-cases, with the arches, tracery, buttresses, and battlements, are formed of English oak.

The middle window of the saloon opens to a vaulted cloister, occupying the space between the dining and drawing rooms in the east front, and affording a sheltered walk in all weathers. A flight of steps leads from the cloister to a spacious terrace 350 feet long, beautifully laid out; from whence other steps, at each end and also in the middle, descend to the gardens and pleasure grounds,—which are disposed with great taste.

The view from the terrace is rich and variegated; in the foreground, the groves, the gardens, and the greenhouse; immediately beyond them, the meads and the noble inlet of the Dee, (made by the present Marquis, in order to supply the want of a natural river,) with its pleasure yachts, form at times a lively and agreeable picture.

The principal approach to Eaton Hall is from the west, through a triple avenue, formed by four rows of limes; and it was continued to the road leading from Chester to Wrexham, (a distance of nearly two miles) and terminated by a noble Lodge, called Belgrave Lodge, built in the same style as the house.

We now proceed to furnish our readers with a short account of the illustrious and ancient family of the Grosvenors; which, whether we view it as ancient or honourable, is not to be surpassed by any family in the kingdom.

The noble family of Grosvenor is descended from a long train of illustrious ancestors, who flourished in Normandy, from its first erection into a sovereign dukedom, A. D., 912, to the conquest of England by William, surnamed the Conqueror, in the year 1066. It cannot admit of doubt that, having been held of the foremost rank in that country, and having had the government of many strong holds and castles in the duchy,—from that office of high trust, the family took its surname, which has been variously written Grosvenor, le Grosvenor, le Grosvenour, Grovenor, le Groveneur and le Grovenour.

The first of this ancient house was an uncle of Rollo the Dane, who having conquered Neustria, became Duke of that kingdom, under the title of Duke of Normandy.

Among the attendants of William the

Norman, in his expedition into this country, were Hugh Lupus, count of Avranches, and afterwards Earl of Chester, and Gilbert le Grosvenor, his nephew. Hugh Lupus, in the fourth year of the Conqueror's reign, obtained a grant of the whole earldom and county of Chester from the King, "to be holden as freely by his sword as the King held England by his crown."

Passing, however, the more immediate descendants of Gilbert le Grosvenor—the patriarch of the family in this kingdom, we find Robert le Grosvenor engaged in the crusade with Richard Cour de Lion for the recovery of the Holy Land, with whom he distinguished himself in the assault on Messina, and at the conquest of the Island of Cyprus. He assisted, also, at the siege of Acon, which, after two years, was surrendered by the famous Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, in 1191; and in the year ensuing, at the great victory obtained by Richard over Saladin, when the former became master of Jaffa, Ascalon, and Cesarea.

Another Robert le Grosvenor, afterwards knighted by Edward III., accompanied that monarch when he besieged Vannes, in Brittany in 1342, and was with him at the passage of the river Somme, and on the next day at the celebrated battle of Cressy; he was also at the siege of Calais, which continued for nearly a year.

Sir Robert le Grosvenor, the grandson of the above, is especially memorable for the famous plea which he had with Sir Richard Le Scrope, Lord High Chancellor of England, under Richard II., about his coat of arms, viz., *Azure, one bend, or.* This suit, in which Sir Richard le Scrope was plaintiff, and Sir Robert le Grosvenor defendant, was tried before the High Constable and High Marshal of England, and others commissioned for that purpose, and lasted three years.

The substance of the evidence on the part of Robert le Grosvenor, (and the testimony of a great many noblemen and gentlemen then bearing arms, was taken), was to the effect that they had seen in the chronicles, old deeds and other records, that Hugh Lupus, nephew to William, the Conqueror came into England with that monarch, and was accompanied by his own nephew Gilbert le Grosvenor, armed with the arms *Azure, one bend, or*; and that he bore the same to his death. And it was further proved, that all his descendants in a direct line had born the same arms and had worn them without molestation or hindrance down to the present contest, occasioned by the fact of

Sir Richard le Scrope being armed with the same arms in the late expedition of the King into Scotland.

It appeared, on the part of Sir Richard le Scrope, that he had in 1346, in his expedition, met with and challenged an esquire of Cornwall, of the name of Carminaw, and upon an examination before the knights and esquires present, it was proved that he (Sir Richard) and his ancestors had borne the said arms ever since the conquest of England; and on the part of Carminaw, it was alleged that his ancestors had born the same arms ever since the days of King Arthur. It was therefore adjudged, that both should continue to bear the same arms. In this cause, however, the sentence of the court was, that Sir Richard le Scrope should bear the arms as formerly, and that Sir Robert le Grosvenor should bear the same arms, but with a *Bordure d'Argent*. Sir Robert, feeling himself aggrieved by this sentence, appealed to the King, before whom the pleadings were reviewed; and at last it was decided that Sir Robert should either wear and use the arms as formerly adjudged, or else, instead of the *Bend, or*, might bear a *Garb, or*, from the arms of the ancient Earls of Chester; whereupon Sir Robert le Grosvenor adopted for his arms *Azure, a Garb, or*, and the same have been constantly used by his successors.

Among others who tendered their testimony in this celebrated suit, were John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and King of Castile and Leon; the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Grey of Ruthyn, the Earl of Northumberland, the Duke of Warwick, *Sir Owen de Glendore*, and the immortal Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry.

Raufe le Grosvenor, second son of Sir Thomas le Grosvenor, and grandson of the

above Sir Robert, settled at Eaton, in the county of Chester, and married the only daughter and heiress of that house, by which family, accordingly, Eaton Hall was originally possessed.

From this family, the present Marquis of Westminster is descended in a direct line. Richard Grosvenor, a descendant of the above Raufe le Grosvenor, was knighted by James I., and afterwards created a baronet by the same king. Sir Richard Grosvenor, the second baronet, was sheriff of Cheshire in 1644, when he raised the *posse comitatus* for Charles I. to oppose the parliamentary army commanded by Fairfax. To his unfortunate monarch, he continued in steadfast loyalty till the king's death. His estate being sequestrated, he was turned out of Eaton, and lived in a small house in the neighbourhood for many years till the restoration.

Sir Richard Grosvenor, the seventh baronet, was created Baron Grosvenor of Eaton, in the first year of the reign of George III. His Lordship was the twentieth in paternal descent from Gilbert le Grosvenor, who came to England with William I. He officiated at His Majesty's coronation as Great Cup-bearer of England, as his uncle Sir Richard had at that of George II. He was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor, in the year 1784.

His only surviving son, the present Marquis of Westminster, succeeded his father as second Earl Grosvenor, in 1802. In 1794, he married Eleanor Egerton, heiress of Wilton, being the only daughter of Thomas, Earl of Wilton. The earldom was entailed upon the second son by this marriage. Earl Grosvenor was created Marquis of Westminster in the year 1832.

MY LAST WISH.

WHEN mute the tongue which breathes the strain,
 When life's vain dream hath passed away
 With gleams of joy, and clouds of pain,
 Chequered as April's fitful day.
 Prepare for me a lowly bed,
 Far from the stranger's curious eye,
 Where youth's gay spring in gladness fled,
 There let my mouldering relics lie.
 Lay me beneath that shelving yew,
 Which blooms to fond remembrance dear,
 And be the spot but known to few,—
 The few I loved and cherished here.

THE UNLUCKY GIFT.

PATRICK MULLALY was a fine old man, who had for some *political* reason or another, emigrated from the county Tipperary in the days of his youth, and in the evening of his age was to be found working as a hedger in the neighbourhood of Leixlip. Patrick was a very clever hand at a story, and whenever "a wake" was going, he was not only sure of being invited, but also certain of getting the hottest and strongest glass of punch that was handed round to the *mourners*. It was at the early hour of two in the morning, upon one of these melancholy and merry occasions, when the girls were tired of "forfeits," and the boys of redeeming them with kisses, that "ould Pat" was called upon for a story, and a noggin of whiskey, made into the sweetest punch, was promised him, if he would tell the company something, which not one amongst them had ever heard before.

This was a request which puzzled Paddy for some time; but after taking off his old flax wig, rubbing his polished pate two or three times with a blazing scarlet cotton handkerchief, he called for a sup by way of "*earnest*," and then commenced his story in the following manner:—

"Boys and girls, I wish your very good healths, entirely, entirely,—I wish you good health all round, from wall to wall, and an inch in the wall besides, for fear I'd lave any of you out. I will now tell you a story, which I never told you before, and the rason I did 'nt mention it to you is, that it never occurred to myself, and I therefore could n't answer for the truth of it; but it happened to an old granduncle of mine, one Denis Mullaly, who I heard tell it at a bonfire in Thurles, that was had one night, by rason of some decent body being married, a parson put out of the way, a magistrate houghed, a proctor shot, or some other rasonable cause of rejoicing. My grand-uncle was a little paralytic in the right hand, you see, and he was not what you would call right in his head; but for all that, he'd know a bad shilling from a silver *tester*, as well as the best of us. Somebody or another at the bonfire, asked the ould man how he lost the use of his right hand, and this is what he tould us:—

" 'I was,' says he, 'as foolish in my day as the best of you, and amongst my other fooleries, I fell in love with one Judy M'Dermott, who lived within four fields of my cabin. Judy was a dacent, comely, hand-

some, mighty well-looking girl, but as poor as a church mouse, and, to make the matter worse, I was a great deal *poorer*. I was up to my head and ears in love wid her; and I'd have given all the world to be able to marry her.

" 'At that present time, when I was in love, I was sitting one day on the Fairy Fort, outside of the town, and thinking to myself, Oh! then, if one of the good people that goes hopping about this fort, when the moon shines, were to see my *dissolute* condition, and that one animal amongst them had in his bit of a body a heart as big itself as a blackberry, I think he would be after lending me, for two or three hours, one of them purses that is as full of yellow gold as a beehive is of sweet honey. I thought this, and not a word in the world had I said, when I heard a hammer rapping at the sole of my shoe, as loud and as hard as Lady Caher's coachman knocks at the doctor's door. 'What in the world is this,' says I, 'that would be troubling my foot?' 'It's I,' says a voice as large as a giant's, coming from under my shoe, 'and if you don't be after taking your nasty *spawdogue* of a foot off the ant-hole I am trying to get out of, may be, it would be worse for you.'—'I beg your honour's pardon,' answered I, removing my foot to another part of the field, and taking my hat off my head at the same time.

" 'What do you think, I should see, coming out of a hole in the grass, that you could hardly run your finger into, but a little, weeny, deeny, dawney, bit of a creature of an atomy, of an idea, of a small taste of a gentleman, about the thickness and length of a middle sized radish, and having a three-cocked hat, a red coat, and gold epaulets on him, like an officer; red breeches, and a pair of red boots like a jackdaw! I had my spade sticking fast upright in the ground before me, and the moment the little chap got out of the hole, he climbed up the spade, as nimble as a sailor, and when he got to the handle, he sat down straddle legs on it, as if it were a horse, and taking a little pipe out of his little pocket, he put it to his button hole of a mouth, and began smoking away; and you would think that every blast that came from him was a big hay-rick on fire. After taking two or three whiffs, and nearly blinding me with the smoke, he said, as he fixed his fiery little eyes on me, 'Good morrow, and better luck to

you Dennis Mullaly.' Good morrow, and God save you kindly,' I answered. 'If you be after saying such a word to me again, you ill-looking thief,' he roared out, and jumping up on the spade-handle in a rage, 'if you say *that word* again to me, I'll knock you into nonsense, shiver you into shavings, and smash you into smithereens.'—'Why then, I wont,' says I, 'if it pleases your reverence.'

"The creature of an atomy sat down again on the spade handle, from which his taste of legs were hanging down like two little threads; and, after taking two or three whiffs more, he again fixed on me his two little eyes, which were sparkling like the spot of burning tobacco in his pipe. 'You were wishing for something, Dennis,' said he. 'It's I that was, your reverence, and if it's not displeasing to you, I was wishing for the loan of a fairy's purse for a few hours,' I answered. 'Bad luck to your impudence!' he replied, 'will nothing less than a fairy's purse answer such a spalpeen? And supposing now Dennis I was to lend it, what would you give me in *return* for it?'—'Then to tell your honour the truth,' I said, 'I would give you my hand and word, I would *return* it to you.'—'I don't care a *thraivneen*' says he, 'for your dirty word; but will you give me your hand?'—'I will, Sir,' I exclaimed, 'I will give you my hand, that I will return the purse to you.'—'Why then may be,' said the 'cute little villain, 'you'd never be able to return it to me; but will you give me your hand on it?'

"I never saw what the viper was driving at, and without at all thinking of what I was doing, I bawled out, 'By this and by that if you lend me the purse for three hours, I do give you my hand.'

"The bit of a thief's eyes glimmered and glistened like two stars in a frosty night—he jumped up—put his pipe in his pocket, and clapped his hands to his ribs, which were no bigger than the ribs of a small gudgeon, gave a 'ho! ho! ho!' of a laugh, so loud, and so long, that I thought he would split up like a straw, that you touch with your nail. His laughing continued so long, that he at last fell off the handle of the spade. I was sure his neck was cracked, and was going to pick up his trifle of a carcase, when I saw him float to the ground, as soft, as easy, as quiet, and as gentle as a thistle down, which now soars, and then sinks to the earth with the seed it has to plant there!

"You have given me your hand,' says he, 'and here is the purse for you; it's little, I think, you'll have to brag about it.'

"Where is the purse, Sir,' said I.

"Here,' he answered, 'here, you *oma thaun*, pull the red boot off my right leg, that's the purse for you.'

"By dad, your reverence,' I replied, 'I've often heard of making a purse of a sow's ears; but never before was I told of a purse manufactured out of a leprechaun's leg.'

"None of your impudence, you born natural,' he cried out in a fury,—'none of your impudence; but pull away at my leg, as if the dickens was standing in you.'

"I got one hold of the little chap's leg, and, may be, I did n't make him screech murder.—I pulled, and pulled, until I lifted him clean off the ground, and, at last, I raised him so high, that I shook him out of his boot, as clean as you would shake shot out of a bottle.—I looked to see if he was hurt; but the instant the very end of his toe was out of the boot, you might as well expect to see a grass-hopper in snow, as to see the little gentleman in the field. There I had the purse however, and a mighty small one it was; so to see if there was any good in it, I put down my finger into it, and I found in the bottom a neat, beautiful, sparkling, glistening gold half-guinea. I took that out, and put it into my waistcoat pocket. 'That's good,' says I to myself. I put down my finger again, and I forked up another half guinea, and I put that also into my waistcoat. I put down my hand again, and there was a third; and I never stopped putting my hand into the purse, and taking out gold half guineas, until my waistcoat pocket was as full of gold as a fresh female herring is full of pea. 'Oh! Judy, Judy,' says I, 'in three hours we'll be as rich as the Archbishop of Cashel, and to be sure we won't have lashings and leavings at our wedding. I'll just go this minute into Tim Cassidy's, and buy my wedding suit.'

"That very instant, I left my work, and hurried into the town of Thurles, to Tim Cassidy's shop. Tim was behind the counter, and I ordered him to fit me out with ten suits of clothes, and send home to Judy's, the making of twenty cloaks, besides gowns, petticoats, stockings, and shoes galore. 'Ah! then, where is the money to come from?' says Tim, who was a hard, dry, crooked-nosed old codger, that would skin a flint, if it were possible.

"Where,' said I, 'sure here it is, and more when I want it'—and upon that I pulled out a fist full of half-guineas, and spread them out on the counter before him, thinking he would be wanting me to take all

that was in his shop ; but instead of that, he looked as sharp as a needle at the gold, and then asked me if I was gone crazy. 'Not a bit,' answered I, 'nor conceited either, with my riches ; and I can tell you, that where I got that gold, there is plenty more of it to be found—.' 'I don't doubt it,' he drawled out and grinning from ear to ear like a monkey, 'but mind me, Dennis Mullaly, you'll get none of my goods for such golden half-guineas as them.'—'Oh ! Master Tim,' said I, picking up the gold, and putting it back into my waistcoat pocket, 'if you don't like to make your fortune, I can't help you ; but if you were very civil now, and I did not expect it, to tell you the truth, I intended to give you twenty guineas to hurry with the clothes, for now that I am so rich, I am going to be married.'

"'Ho ! ho ! ho !' roared out Tim ; and I thought his voice was the very echo of the small fellow that gave me his boot for a purse. I hurried off to the next shop, and the man was going to kick me out, when I showed him my golden half-guineas. A third told me, if I ever went into his place to humbug him again, he would set the dogs after me—a fourth said I was mad—a fifth swore I was a robber, watching to see what I could steal, and, in short, there was no one in the entire town, who would have any dealings with me at all, at all. I lost, I'm sure, a good hour and a half, trying to get the Thurles' shopkeepers to traffic with me ; but not one of them would have any thing to say

to me. 'Faith,' thought I, 'if they won't take my gold from me, I'm no richer than I was before I got the fairy's purse—so I'll go back, get all the half-guineas I can out of the chap's little boot, tie them up in a sack, and carry it off to Clonmel, or some other decent place where the people are used to the gold coin, and get all I want for it.' I ran back to the field, and began pulling out half-guinea after half-guinea until my arm got tired ; and, at last, I had a heap of gold beside me, that was as neat, and as smiling looking, as a small cock of fresh hay. While I was gazing at it with as much pride and delight as a gossoon stares on his new frieze coat, I felt a desperate pain in my arm, and that instant the purse was snapped out of my hand by the diminutive red spalpeen that had given it to me three hours before ; and the imp said, 'You gave me your hand, and you got my purse ; Dennis Mullaly, we are now *even*, and take my word for it, you are the biggest fool from this to yourself. With that he gave me a kick in the thumb of my right hand, the very pain of which knocked me into a trance. When I wakened, I found beside me, where I had left the half-guineas, a heap of jack-stones, the tops of daisies, and a parcel of dock-weeds ! I tried with my right hand to raise the heap of stones ; but I found the arm lie as useless by my side as if it did not belong to me. To add to my misfortune, Judy was married a month afterwards. I never could handle a spade since. Boys, jewel, I was *fairy-struck* !

 TO ———.

I.

THOUGH my unwilling lips no more
Move to the music of thy name,—
Though now unus'd, as once of yore,
Thy every look of love to claim ;
Think not thine image can depart
From its decaying shrine, my heart.

II.

The brightest pennon in the mast
Of ships upon an outward sea,
Below th' horizon sinks at last,
But not my memory of thee.
Thy ever-present form denotes
The level waste on which it floats.

III.

But, as within a vase, whose sides
With painted figures are imprest,
A flower silently abides,
In perfect growth, and quiet rest,
Nor on its leaves a hue is found,
Or colour of those shapes around.

IV.

So in my heart thy memory grows,
A flower as beautiful and fair,
And from its radiant lamp bestows,
A light to break the darkness there.
That light just serves me to discern,
The lifeless figures on the urn.

THE BATTLE OF THE POACHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR ISLAND."

IT was the evening before the grand battue at Montague Hall. The owner, a rich returned Indian, and a determined foe to poachers, had treated his friends with a splendid feast upon the occasion. It was, moreover, his son's birth-day; and whilst the neighbouring villagers had been handsomely regaled at the nabob's expense, his gamekeepers, in spite of repeated warnings that Black Sam, the great captain, was abroad, had revelled deeply at Bonus's, the landlord of the green. And true enough was the caution. Sam, whom the keepers had declared, in council assembled, to be at least fifty miles off, fattening on the preserves of a distant squire, had spent the day hard by the nabob's village. He might have been seen harmless, and almost unnoticed, with his mug of ale, at a house where a vast elm stretched forth its boughs; and he calmly walked through the peopled highway, regarding the old cage with contumely, and nodding to those who dared to own his beckon. "Twill be a friendly moon to-night," said Tell, (for that was the poacher's name), as he passed on with an air of triumph to rejoin his gang.

And now the party at the hall had just adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lucy Montague, the only daughter of the Indian, presided. It was ten o'clock, and as bright as the day. It was the very moment for a carnage of pheasants, and, strange to say, Charles, the nabob's son, whispered his sister, that he fancied he heard a gun. But the formidable hint was instantly hushed. A look from Lucy silenced her brother, who felt, besides, that the keepers were surely at their post. "But where is General Parker to-night?" said one of the guests to Mr. Montague. "To tell you the truth, Rivers," replied the Indian, "I know no more than you do." "The general must have been very suddenly stopped," said the other, "for I never knew him miss an entertainment like to-morrow's. But what do I see—here positively is the general." "General," said the Nabob, "I am overjoyed to see you; what can have happened? We were just laying some terrible misfortune to your lot." General Parker whispered to his host. "Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Montague, "I consider that a sufficient excuse certainly, General." "But, Montague," returned General Parker, "surely it isn't customary to be popping all night

before the sport, is it?" "Popping—no—certainly not," exclaimed the Nabob, rather disposed to be offended, than otherwise. "Well, you may take it as easily as you please, for I never heard such a firing in my life, as when I got to Currey Green End; I think that is the name of the place." "Yes, close to Ashen Grove," returned Montague, hastily; "you didn't hear any firing there, General?" It would be very difficult to liken the paleness which overspread the countenance of Mr. Montague, to any appearance less than the hue of death itself. It was evident enough that it was no joke, nor mistake, nor had the scene of action been mistaken.

There was no long suspense. The General's tale was fully understood, and a considerable movement was observed throughout the room. Charles Montague darted forward in a moment, and the old gentleman was hurried along irresistibly by the intensity of his own feelings. The party at the hall armed themselves with guns, and whatever weapons they could find at command, and hastened towards the spot, of which the general had spoken, and where a considerable firing was now distinctly heard.

The noise of the guns, however, suddenly ceased, and Charles Montague, who led the way, proposed that they should divide into two parties. Upon this a council of war was held, and (which is not very usual upon such occasions) a speedy decision was made. It was determined that the whole party should move upon Wolf's Dell, and, as if it were to sanction their plan, a solitary gun was heard in that direction. A very slight interval of suspense was permitted them, for they had not gone many paces before they again heard firing in the wood very near them, and it was accompanied by vociferous shouting. "There they are," cried Charles Montague, overjoyed. "But not firing at pheasants, Mr. Charles," observed Rivers, who was in the foremost rank. "The guns go off too regularly for that." It was indeed a regular volley which just then saluted the ears of the advancing troop, and as they dashed through the thickets and brushwood, each heart beat with the hope of speedy victory. They were now surrounded by a tall grove, which bordered upon the Ashen Farm, and lay hard by the famous Wolf's Dell. Surmounting this, they came into a wide-spreading glade illuminated by

the moonbeams, but nothing could be seen. Again they pushed forward, and were lost in the mantling shades. Charles Montague at length tripped against something, and fell. It was a heavy substance, and though he was naturally brave, a chill went to his heart at the instant. He called for assistance, and some of the party having come up, a body was discovered lying across the footpath. "There's no life in him," cried Rivers, with a gravity to which he had been a stranger ever since his being second in a fatal duel ten years before. It was a true conjecture, and equally certain that the slain man was no gamekeeper. Charles Montague was examining his dress, and a fresh council was about to be held, when a loud splashing was heard amongst the leaves, and a person hastily rushed forward. No sooner, however, did he perceive the group, which had by this time gathered round the dead poacher (for he was no other), than he as rapidly retreated, pursued by the young heir, Rivers, and two others. They had now reached another grassy glade, when a new scene happened. Wildgoose, the head gamekeeper, and five others, were flying simultaneously from the opposite side, whilst one of their party, braver than the rest, was seen in vain endeavouring to rally them. But neither the by-gone cheer which they had been enjoying, nor the instant chance of encountering the enemy, could rouse the shattered spirits of the fugitives. Hurried away from their chirruping cups, the keepers took the field only to be scared by the first volley of their antagonists; and the terrified Wildgoose no sooner beheld Charles Montague and his friends, than he again prepared to run in the opposite direction. Retreat, however, was impossible. Twenty or thirty men, all armed, appeared on the other side, and marched forwards with unblenching strides. "Halt," said Charles Montague, rebuking his runaway servants, at the same time, for their cowardice. "Halt! who says halt?" returned a rough voice. "Stand, and lay down your arms, in the King's name," said Montague again; for it was evident enough that he had now fallen in with the whole gang. "Pshaw," said the same person, striking down a musket which one of his party had raised to the shoulder: "young man, who are you?" "I am the son of Mr. Montague, and I insist upon your surrendering," said the youth, without faltering. "Down with him then," said several voices behind the captain of the gang, who was the spokesman. The keepers had by this time rallied behind their master, with

Wildgoose in the rear. "If we wanted blood for blood, young man," said Black Sam, "we might ask for it now, for one of your cowardly fellows yonder has shot poor Saunders; but look ye, I don't thirst for life, so take heed, and leave us the field."

There was a pause. There were, at most, ten persons with Montague to oppose more than twenty, but the heir stood undaunted in the midst of the woody dale. "Will you stand by me, my friends?" said he, looking around him. "One and all," cried Rivers. Black Sam stood with folded arms in a very advanced position, with his party close at hand. "Samuel Tell," said Montague again, "and you, his people, if any such there be among you, my father has shewn himself very kindly disposed to you, and even now, if you will lay down your arms, he will forget and forgive." "Young man, beware," cried Black Sam; "that is dangerous talk." Had he been a little nearer, Montague might have seen the fall of the poacher's countenance. It was an omen of mischief in Black Sam. "There are three warnings, young Montague," said Tell; "mind this is the second; I told you to quit the field before; beware the third." He struck his gun sharply as he spoke, but no signal seemed to daunt the aristocratic leader. "It would be a pity to hurt so fine a youth," exclaimed Tell, coming a few paces forward; "give in, Mr. Charles, before it is too late." Charles Montague thought that the voice was familiar to him. "Mr. Charles," exclaimed Rivers, "let me recommend you to go back a little."

"You have said, my friends," replied the young man, "that you would stand by me. Black Sam, or whoever you may be," continued he, "once more, will you leave the field and your booty?" "That is not the third warning," replied Tell, jestingly. "Then this shall be," cried the youth, rushing forward towards the leader of the gang, who drew back a few paces, and levelled his piece. It missed fire, and Montague pushed on, seconded by his small force. The poachers were bent upon defending themselves, and advanced in their turn. The conflict became general, Black Sam having withdrawn from the grasp of the young Indian, and mingled with the combatants. The charge on the part of the army of the hall was for the purpose of capturing the marauders, whilst the latter were not merely ready to defend themselves, but had already resolved on being masters of the field, and of their bags of pheasants. But, notwithstanding

ing that the odds were so considerably in favour of the gang, and although their opponents had determined to abstain, if possible, from shedding blood, the first onset was not so fatal as might have been expected; for both parties were driven off the glade, and began their first struggle in the wood adjoining.

The last light of the moon was now waning, and the poachers stood their ground with a resistance, which transgressors of the law rarely dare to offer, unless they hold their cause to be a just one. Victory wavered, for if the plunderers of the wood-walks were firm, the high blood of the aristocrats would not suffer them to bate a step. At length, young Montague was seen slowly retreating with two or three friends before a party of about ten poachers. He fell back calmly and in good order, but it was evident that the movements of the other side were desperate. Black Sam was amongst this group, and he was seen passing forward in the foremost rank. The scuffle again became deadly, and the chief poacher grappled with young Montague. The contest between them was fierce, and for some time doubtful, but the youth at length yielded to the stern hand of Tell, who drew a pistol from his belt, and presented it to his breast. "Now yield, and call off your men," cried the leader; "or ———." He paused, but Montague refused either to yield or surrender. "This is the third warning then," cried Sam, with his hand fully upon the trigger. But at that moment it was arrested by a powerful arm,* and Montague escaped from the ruffian's grasp. The conflict too was changed, for when the squire had rallied from the sudden feeling which the expectation of instant death naturally inspires, he beheld his friends victorious at all quarters, with scarcely a wounded man, and for the most part masters of the field. There had been some more firing, and a few guns still disturbed the silence of the night, but the main body of the poachers had fled hastily from the scene of action. Wolf's Dell was the first spot which the conquerors searched. From the signs of feasting, which were scattered about the cavern, it was immediately obvious, that if the keepers had advanced upon the Dell instead of drinking at Bonus's, they would have surprised, and, perhaps, routed the whole party. And now the little troop were preparing to go across the wood again, for the purpose of removing the dead man who lay upon the footpath, when Rivers exclaimed that another had been numbered amongst the slain. Of course all crowded to the spot; and, indeed, at the edge

of the grove, and close to the place where the last struggle had taken place, there lay a body at full length, already stiffening fast beneath the frost of heaven. "Black Sam, surely," cried one of the keepers, bending over the fallen warrior, whilst he shuddered to think that his had been one of the last guns discharged.

"It is Black Sam, indeed," said young Montague. The right hand still grasped the rifle firmly, but the countenance, fierce and dark, was sealed in death. "When could this have happened?" said Rivers. Each denied firmly the possibility of having wilfully shot at Black Sam, and it was indeed quite plain that a chance bullet had smote the great leader with a fatal precision. "But let us see where the poor fellow's hurt is," said Charles Montague; "he was brave, though he did intend me a finishing stroke." "There is blood upon his breast," said Rivers, unharnessing the dead captain from the belts and sashes with which he was girded; yes, here is the wound." It was such as needed no surgeon to pronounce upon. "But what is this?" continued Rivers. It was a black apron, like those worn by blacksmiths at the forge, which struck his attention. Rivers and Charles Montague examined the dark sackcloth, and thought it strange, whilst the Indian gazed more attentively upon the countenance of the dead. A slight shade upon the side of the eye induced him to touch the bushy brow which lay so still before him. He soon found that the poacher had fought under a deep disguise, for both brow and cheek were dismantled, by the victor's rude hand, of those features which had added so much sternness to Tell whilst he lived. Montague started back in amazement, and supported himself against a tree. He was overcome with a sense of sudden discovery, and could only exclaim—"Giles Trimblett!" It was Giles indeed—the jovial, insinuating, well-conditioned blacksmith of the village; he who had so long blown the bellows, and cracked his jokes, and drunk his beer with such independence. Though not exactly venerated as a saint, Giles had yet a certain hold upon the affections of his neighbours, and though Black Sam had been a terror to the keepers for many long years, they could not help viewing with amazement and regret the corpse of their old associate.

Young Montague hastened home, full of tidings and honour, to his father; and it was soon afterwards rumoured, that the nabob had yielded to the importunities of his son, and had decreed a general abolition of his preserves.

WOODEN LEGS.

It was not many months after the battle of Waterloo, where I came off *minus* a leg, that, one morning as I was loitering over my breakfast at Stevens's, my eye was struck by the advertisement of an ingenious artist who offered to such as had need of them, new constructed, new invented, patent wooden and cork legs, so admirably made and fitted for use, that of the two, they seemed rather to have the advantage of a man's natural legs of flesh, bone, nerves and muscles. I was pondering over the advantages thus proffered by the advertiser, when I heard on the stairs the "tomp," "tomp," "tomp!" of my fellow-lodger and old friend Colonel W—, who had left one of his legs somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids of Egypt, about seventeen years before, and a minute after the old Colonel entered my room, with a loud sounding dead step on his wooden leg, which always reminded me of the stone footsteps of the statue of the Commandant in Don Giovanni, for my friend had grown very corpulent and heavy, since he had relinquished active service.

"Colonel W—" cried I, my head being still full of the advertisement, "here's good news—great news!"

"Ah! indeed," said the Colonel, who was rather laconic, and who looked at the newspaper, I held in my hand.

"Capital! capital!" continued I, laying down the paper, and rubbing my hands together—

"What! have you got your majority? Well! I think it is time, after so many years' hard service, and when a fellow has got not merely *one foot*, but a *whole leg* in the grave," rejoined the Colonel, who was not often addicted to joking; but who laughed heartily at the witticism which gave me a shooting pain all along the right side of my body. (Mem. it was the right leg the French had shot off at Waterloo.)

"No, my friend, it isn't that yet;" said I, recovering from my twinge, and rubbing my hands gaily as before.

"No!" ah then, I understand—your old uncle, down in Yorkshire, is gone to heaven at last."

"No!—you are wrong again, Colonel."

"Well! you have won a prize in the lottery?"

"No; still wrong."

"Why then, I suppose your former fair-one, that cut you with your half-pay and wooden leg, for the rich, old East India General, has run away with her husband's black footman."

"Still wide of the mark," said I, "though to be sure it is something about wooden legs—here's a clever fellow, more mindful of us than are they at the Horse Guards, who offers us such excellent stumpers as were never before known—triple joints, springs that never go wrong—improved straps,—greatest comfort to the wearer—horseback—not to be distinguished in a fashionable quadrille. Only look here, Colonel;" and I handed him the paper with my finger on the paragraph.

"Pshaw! all puff and humbug," cried he throwing down the paper contemptuously. "One may see, with half an eye, that you and wooden legs have not been long acquainted. Why man, after every affair, in which a few legs have been lopped off, some impudent fellow like this, has advertised such double improved wooden legs as would tempt one to part with one's natural one, only to have the advantage of its substitute."

"But, Colonel," said I, "here are certificates from those who have tried this man's wooden legs."

"D—n his wooden legs," replied Colonel W—, "and damn his certificates; do you think they had no certificates in former times? Wasn't I once taken in myself—and did n't the advertiser give a certificate that a wooden—no, a cork leg of his manufacturing, worn by a general officer, had been taken by the Prince Regent for his real leg, and his real leg, that was rather rheumatic, for his cork leg;—and did n't the leg I bought from the scoundrel founder with me the first time I sported it, between this very house and Brookes's."

"But, my old friend," said I, unwilling to relinquish my hopes in the new invention; "you know the mechanical sciences have been much improved of late years, and,—"

"I tell you what I know," said the Colonel,—who was no perfectibilian, but rather a statu quo-ite—"I know a wooden leg will always be a wooden leg, and there's an end of it. By the time you have worn yours as long as I have mine, you will think no more about it, or feel loth to change it

for a new-fangled one. In the mean while, instead of fooling away your money, take my advice, which will save it, and do as I do. Whenever I am travelling, and sleep upon the road, I give boots a sixpence instead of a shilling, as he has only half the trouble with me that he has with a man of two shoes or boots. This, and an economy in shoe leather, are the only advantages I have been able to find out in a wooden leg; and I think people in our circumstances have a right to make the most of them." Having thus said, and stamped his timber toe on the floor, as people at public dinners strike their hands on the table to clench the argument, Colonel W—— sat down, and poured himself out a cup of coffee.

I again took up the paper.—Laudatory paragraphs and puffs were not so numerous in those days as they have since become. The little man of New Burlington Street, had not yet improved the tactics of book-selling by cramming the columns of the daily and weekly press with accounts of fashionable novels, with the assurances that such a forthcoming work was already exciting the greatest sensation in the *beau-monde*, the secret having got abroad that the fair author-ess of it, was, if not a princess of the blood, at the very least, the wife of a peer of the realm, and with criticisms paid, like "accidents and offences," at so much the line. No! puffs were then generally confined to those to whom they seemed legitimately to belong—to quack doctors, with Van Butchell at their head; to Macassar oils, patent blackings, and now and then to a more circumscribed speculator, like my friend of the patent wooden legs. It therefore naturally happened that my eye was soon again caught by "Miraculous invention, invaluable to all those brave heroes who have fought their country's battle, and have enwreathed their brows with laurels, by losing their legs," &c.—"Well," thought I, knowing it would be vain to attempt to make my obstinate companion Colonel W—— go with me, "I will go, at all events, and see what these new wooden legs are like. I am not forced to buy, because I go to the fellow's shop—and there can be no harm in that." So I took down the advertiser's address, for which I was quizzed by the Colonel, who observed what I was doing, and, shortly after, stumped out of Stevens's into Bond Street, on my way to the Strand.

As I passed the door of Andrews's Library, I saw in the mysterious twilight that reigns in that sanctuary of light literature and plea-

sant gossip, my particular chum Major Mac K——, seated in a corner, motionless as a Chinese Joss in a pagoda, and holding in his hands the "Times," whose double-sheet fell over his outstretched wooden leg; for, like myself, poor Mac K—— was minus a real leg. So absorbed was he, that he observed not my ingress. When I looked over his shoulder on the paper, I understood at once what had so fascinated him, for there was "Miraculous Invention," and all the rest of the wooden-leg-maker's advertisement.

"There's good news for us, Mac," said I, stepping forward and putting my finger on the paragraph, "if it is n't too good to be true."

"Ah! Charles!—glad to see ye—glad to see ye!" said the Major, who, turning at once to the subject that occupied his mind, added, "but what do you think of these stumppers? The fellow promises great things, does n't he?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mac, I have also been reading his promises, and was on my way to see what his legs were like, when I saw you here."

"I suppose the advertisement is as full of lies as those of Dr. Solomon's 'Balm of Gilead'—all a hum," said the Major.

"Hem! hem!—very likely," said I, "but still there can be no harm in going to see."

"No, certainly!—none in the least—we need n't buy, you know."

"'Pon my soul, I don't care if I go with you," said Mac K—— rising.

This was just what I wanted; and after gossiping half an hour with some droppers-in at Andrews's, I continued my journey with Mac.

"If this fellow could really set me on my pins, so that I could get through a quadrille, as he promises, I should n't begrudge a few guineas," said Mac, as we were making the pleasant descent of the Haymarket, arm in arm, and wooden leg to wooden leg—for he had lost his left—I my right limb.

"If he could so joint his timber as to make riding more comfortable, I would willingly pay his price," said I; "I don't care much about dancing."

"Nor I, for dancing sake," replied Mac, "but only as it would enable me to escape from the scandals and boring of antiquated maids and chaperoning mothers, and all the treble distilled stupidity that flows from the 'wall-fruit' of a London ball-room."

"I get over that, at least in good part," said I, "for I never go to a ball until supper-time, and then it is astonishing how bore-

proof a few glasses of champagne render a man."

"That may do pretty well," said Mac; "but did it never strike you that we non-dancers are looked upon like non-voters at an election—as if we had no right to be there—if we were in the way. But stop!—here's Jermyn Street—let's call on T—, who not only wants a leg himself, but being an engineer officer, and mechanical, and mathematical, and all that sort of thing, may go with us, and tell whether this fellow's wooden legs are built on a right principle. The thought was a good one, and we stopped in Jermyn Street. T— was an excellent fellow; but like most of the mathematical men I have known, rather slow and prosy. He had not seen the advertisement; but when we told him of it, he began to explain the thousand-and-one reasons why the advertiser should not be able to make such a wooden leg as he boasted he had made, and mathematised Mac and myself, who had never got over the '*pons asinorum*,' until our patience was exhausted, our ideas were confused, and we almost anathematised him and his science. T—, however, agreed to accompany us, and give us the benefit of a lecture, (from which we prayed heaven to deliver us,) when he should have the patent invention itself before him.

"The address I had in my waistcoat pocket, led us to one of those dingy streets a little beyond Temple Bar, and as we got there, and to the door of the shop of the wooden-leg maker, the wonderful friends of our childhood, the now inactive, and almost forgotten wooden-men of St. Dunstan's church struck 'three' on the sonorous bell. We entered the shop. The advertisement had had its effect, for three other half-pay, and half-legged men were already there trying on the patent stumpers, and we had scarcely time to look around us when two more individuals in the same predicament arrived, and asked for a sight of the new wooden legs.

"While Mac and I smiled at this curious and increasing congregation, our scientific friend T— took up a specimen of the invention, and examined its principles and its construction in detail. As he was doing this, in stumped our general friend, Captain O—, of the — frigate, who had also been sent sailing east of Temple Bar by the advertisement—'Ah, Mac! are you here? and you, Charles? and you T—?' said the Captain; 'come, T—, as you are overhauling the timber-toe, and know what's what, tell us what you think of it?'

"'Its no go!' seriously said our mathematical friend, 'and I'll tell you on what principle of mechanics.' As Mac and I shrunk from a second scientific lecture, who should put his wooden leg out of a hackney-coach at the shop door but my brave comrade, Captain S—, whom I had not seen since the battle of Vittoria, where for some time we lay side by side, he with a shot in his leg, and I with a contusion which ended in nothing serious. I had not offered my hand to him, ere another wooden-leg, the owner of which I knew not, issued from the same vehicle. 'Ah, Charles!' said S—, warmly shaking hands as he recognised me; 'Well met!—well met under any circumstances!—but pray tell me what these patent wooden legs are like?'

"There's our scientific friend T— within," said I, "deciding, *secundum artem*, on the merits of the invention, and a choice collection of one-legged heroes besides. I went with the new comers into the interior of the shop. Captain S—, who knew most of them there, and was as merry a dog as ever shook hands, laughed immoderately, and counted heads. We were already eleven!—but scarcely counted, when another walked in, and then, in the course of a few minutes, another, and another, and another, until we were fifteen! Meanwhile T— was going on with his lecture on the patent wooden leg, showing, to the no small annoyance of the patentee, who evidently wished him at the devil for thus criticising his invention before so many who might have been customers, all the false principles included in its construction. I really believe the artist would have given him a leg *gratis* to get him out of his shop; but Captain S—, who was impatient, and as generous as impatient, interrupted the lecturer by saying, that, after all, the proper way of judging of the new article was to buy one and try it. T— looked at him with astonishment, which did not prevent S— from paying the price demanded, and putting on the leg *instantly*. The second step he took with it nearly brought his nose in contact with the counter—a *false step*, which the inventor attributed entirely to want of practice and attention to his rules in the wearer. No one else was at all disposed to purchase, and a general move from the shop was contemplated, when S— proposed, that, as we had all met there so curiously, we should not part so soon, but go and dine all together at some coffee-house, and make a day (*quære night*) of it.

"Well!" said Captain O—, of the

— frigate, "it is not often that fifteen timber-toes join sail. I, for one, put myself under the convoy. Captain S——'s new craft may be no clipper, but we'll launch it gaily however!"

Major Mac K—— spoke in the same sense, and so did T——, who was particularly anxious to see how Captain S——'s leg would bear him, and, in short, the whole company agreed to adjourn to the Piazza Coffee-house, and order dinner. Our march to Covent Garden as we stumped along two by two, with S—— learning to use his new leg, bringing up the rear, at a distance, was not unobserved by some cockney wits;— but never shall I forget the faces of the waiters at the Piazza, as we filed sonorously into the Coffee-room, making the wooden floor creak with our timber toes!

In somewhat more than an hour, dinner was served up in a private room. I do not remember that the dinner was very good, or the wine either, but we had good appetites, and good company made the wine excellent.

The bottle circulated freely, and having soon got to that happy point, when men never think how much more they can prudently drink, we continued until prudence and discretion were quite out of the question. I am no toper—I should be sorry to obtain the reputation of one, and must here say in excuse, that not only were several of the party thus accidentally collected, old friends, but most of us had, at some time or other, been on the same foreign service, or had visited or been quartered in the same places in different parts of the world. There were, therefore, most ample subjects for conversation, and generally of an exciting kind—and one "I remember" produced another, and one story followed another all round the table. We fought "our battles o'er again"—we drank toasts to each of them—we huzza'd at the battle of Trafalgar, but by the time we got to Waterloo, our enthusiasm and the effect of the wine was such, that Captain S—— took off his *new* wooden leg, waved it in triumph in the air, and, I believe, without a single exception, we followed his example with our old ones. After this ebullition, according to the best of my recollection, we sat down, and then that merry fellow Captain S—— proposed, in a set speech, that we should form ourselves into a club, which should meet at dinner once a fortnight during the London season, and be called the "Wooden-Leg Club." Major Mac K—— seconded the motion. Captain O—— mentioned several names that would be ornaments

to our society; but against one or two of these the mathematical T—— objected, as they had two wooden legs, and none of the original members more than one. It was therefore decided that we should erect a one-wooden-leg club, which might be imitated by the gentlemen with two, and that we should occasionally unite our forces, and dine together. This was all settled with the happy facility of ebriety, as well as my amendment, that we should be waited upon by none but wooden-legged waiters.

I may mention here, that this plan so warmly proposed and adopted, was never carried into effect, for some of "the fifteen" betook themselves to the Continent to drink their claret cheap; two or three, who were young enough, went to college, and changing the red coat for the black, became parsons; and three or four, who were rich or rash enough, married and became staid family men. We were all scattered, and never brought together again by an advertisement of patent wooden legs, or by any other circumstance.

From the length of time we sat together when we had met, it might be deemed we had some presentiment of this. The watchman had cried one, and had cried two—it must have been near three when we rose to go. And now comes the terrible part of the story! On sitting down after hip, hipping, and huzzaing to the toast of Waterloo, hardly one of us had had the precaution to secure his own wooden leg in its own proper place, and these indispensable succedaneums now lay mixed under the table in a state of confusion that might have bothered a sober man. But we were none of us sober, and, moreover, all of a sudden, in a very great hurry to get home. We pulled at the miscellaneous heap, as though we had been plucking straws from a stack, and hardly one of us got his own stumper. Captain O——, of the — frigate, who was a very tall man, caught at, and buckled on the leg of Major Mac K——, who was rather a short man; Lieutenant H——, who had lost his right leg, secured Captain P——'s, which was made for a left leg; even the mathematical T—— laced on a timber toe which had never been made for him; but worst of all, I possessed myself of S——'s new patent leg, and before I discovered my mistake, the rogue, its master, who had found it a great deal too difficult to manage even when sober, decamped with my comfortable easy-going wooden limb.

In one or two cases the mistakes were

rectified; but as for the rest of the company, they thought the wine they had drunk was sufficient to account for any unsteadiness on their timber toes, or irregularity in their movements; and away they went with whatever legs they had put under them. Rather wroth at the trick put upon me by Captain S——, I made after him with all my speed, and reached the head of Southampton-street just in time to see him throw himself into a hackney-coach, and to be thrown myself by his cranked, crabbed patent into the kennel. There was nothing left for it but to do as he had done, and secure a javey.

I awoke the next morning with a tremendous headache, and was reminded of all

that had happened by the sad sight of my new blue frock-coat, covered with mud from collar to skirt. In a minute after I heard a well known heavy "tomp, tomp, tomp," in the passage, and then saw my sarcastic friend, old Colonel W——, enter the room.

"So, ho!" cried he, as soon as he perceived the state of my garments, "you have been such an ass as to have been taken in, after all, by those patent wooden legs—have bought one—thrown away your money—got a fall, and spoilt your Stultz into the bargain!"—"Colonel W——," replied I, in a melancholy tone of voice; "I will tell you all about it—but pray ring the bell for a bottle of soda water!"

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

A Treatise on Heat. By the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S.

THIS work forms the thirty-ninth volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, and has secured that attention and admiration which its novelty, and the remarkably luminous manner in which it is written, fully deserve.

If we have not of late noticed the works edited by Dr. Lardner, volume by volume, as they have made their appearance, it is not because they have declined from the excellence for which we have several times had occasion to recommend them,—on the contrary, we have found the two series, "The Cabinet Library" and "The Cabinet Cyclopædia," uniformly good, and each volume, indeed, excellent of its kind. The present, written by the ingenious editor himself, imperatively demands our notice; and we should labour in vain to impress on our readers' minds the novelty and importance of the subject-matter, so well as Dr. Lardner has done. We therefore quote his own words:—

"While almost every other branch of physical science has been made the subject of systematic treatises without number, and some have been, as it were, set apart from the general mass of natural philosophy, and raised to the rank of distinct sciences by the badge of some characteristic title, *Heat* alone has been left to form a chapter of chemistry, or to receive a passing notice in treatises on general physics. *Light* has long enjoyed the exclusive attention of philosophers, and has been elevated to the dignity of a science, under the name of *Optics*. *Electricity* and *Magnetism* have also been thought worthy subjects for separate treatises; yet can any one who has

observed the part played by heat on the theatre of nature, doubt that its claims to attention are equal to those of light, and superior to those of electricity and magnetism? It is possible for organized matter to exist without light. Innumerable operations of nature proceed as regularly and as effectually in its absence as when it is present. The want of that sense which it is designed to effect in the animal economy in no degree impairs the other powers of the body, nor in man does such a defect interfere in any way with the faculties of the mind. Light is, so to speak, an object rather of luxury than of positive necessity. Nature supplies it, therefore, not in unlimited abundance, nor at all times and places, but rather with that thrift and economy which she is wont to observe in dispensing the objects of our pleasures, compared with those which are necessary to our being. But heat, on the contrary, she has yielded in the most unbounded plenteousness. Heat is everywhere present. Every body that exists contains it in quantity without known limit. The most inert and rude masses are pregnant with it. Whatever we see, hear, smell, taste, or feel, is full of it. To its influence is due that endless variety of forms which are spread over and beautify the surface of the globe. Land, water, air, could not for a single instant exist as they do, in its absence; all would suddenly fall into one rude formless mass—solid and impenetrable. The air of heaven, hardening into a crust, would envelope the globe, and crush within an everlasting tomb all that it contains. Heat is the parent and the nurse of the endless beauties of organization; the mineral, the vegetable, the animal kingdom are its offspring. Every natural structure is either produced by its agency, main-

tained by its influence, or intimately dependent upon it. Withdraw heat, and instantly all life, motion, form, and beauty will cease to exist, and it may be literally said, 'Chaos is come again.' Nor is heat less instrumental in the processes of art than in the operations of nature. All that art can effect on the productions of nature is to change their form and arrangement,—to separate, or to combine them. Bodies are moulded to forms which our wants or our tastes demand;—compounds are decomposed, and their obnoxious or useless elements expelled, in obedience to our wishes:—in all such processes, heat is the agent. At its bidding, the most obdurate masses soften like wax, and are fashioned to suit our most wayward caprices. Elements of bodies, knit together by the most stubborn affinities,—by forces which might be deemed invincible,—are torn asunder by this omnipotent solvent, and separately presented for the use or the pleasure of man, the great master of art.

If we turn from art to science, we find heat assisting, or obstructing, as the case may be, but always modifying, the objects of our inquiries, &c."—*Introduction*.

This part of the exposition of the general characters of heat, with some pages which follow what we have quoted, has the clearness and conciseness of philosophy, and the vividness and inspiration of poetry. The following short sentence, for example, is sublimely poetical:—

"Do we traverse the seas?—It (*heat*, the parent of steam) lends wings to the ship, and bids defiance to the natural opponents, the winds and the tides. Do we traverse the land?—It is harnessed to the chariot, and we outstrip the flight of the swiftest bird, and equal the fury of the tempest."*

After the spirited introduction, the volume goes on in short, pleasant chapters, enlivened by experiments, until every property and phenomenon have been explained, and all that is known of heat is collected and condensed. There are no mathematical symbols, nor technical terms to terrify the youthful or the unscientific, but every page is simple and perspicuous, and may at once be understood by any person of even ordinary capacity.

Schinderhannes, The Robber of the Rhine. By Leitch Ritchie, author of "Romance of French History," &c. &c.

THIS is the most spirit-stirring of all the stories we have seen from the always animated and animating pen of Mr. Ritchie. It is really (as Novels now-a-days seldom are) what its title implies it to be—the life of a Robber chief—inter-

woven in just proportions with love episodes and adventures which agreeably relieve the monotony of plunder and fighting.

It is to be remembered by our readers, that Schinderhannes, (*Anglice*, "Jack the Flyer,") the hero of the tale, is not a creature of imagination, but an historical modern character, and that the fearful deeds related of him are such as were really committed on the banks of the Rhine, no more than thirty years ago. In Mr. MacFarlane's recent work, "Lives of Banditti and Robbers," which seems throughout to be derived from authentic sources, Schinderhannes occupies a distinguished post, and his story is simply told as it was made out on the robber's trial at Mayence, from the "*Causes Célèbres Modernes*"—a compilation whose veracity is as unimpeachable as its deep interest is irresistible. The main facts there given are but slightly differed from by Mr. Ritchie, who, however, was at liberty to exercise his imagination as to details, and to complete his picture (as he has skilfully done) by making his colours agree with those that were exhibited in real life.

This said Schinderhannes, though a low fellow by birth, and a desperate robber from his youth, had some fine veins of feeling, and even of poetry about him. The first chiefly resolved themselves into an affection for one Julia Blæsis, (the handsome daughter of an itinerant musician) who frequently followed him in his perilous expeditions, drest as a man, and who was taken and tried with him. During the long trial, he forgot his own fate in hers; he avowed he had seduced her, and eloquently pleaded her innocence. He wept with joy, and thanked heaven, when he heard that her sentence was only imprisonment for two years.

When he had fallen into the hands of the French gendarmes, to express his inevitable doom, he said, that *he heard the death-bird screaming in his ear*. Some of his band seem to have had a similar disposition for figurative language. "In this last journey," says Mr. Ritchie, "his companions and fellow prisoners were his beautiful and faithful Julia, and the famous robber Fetzer. On his way a wheel broke, and the carriage stopped. "Comrade," said Fetzer, "that is like the wheel of our life, which is about to stop for ever!"

Courage and fortitude Schinderhannes possessed in a wonderful degree; when he ascended the scaffold, he looked at the guillotine, which had only been recently introduced into Germany, and coolly asked the executioner if the machine performed its office as speedily as it was said to do. The French invention worked quick that time; for it is recorded in the "*Causes Célèbres*," and mentioned, both by Mr. Ritchie and Mr. MacFarlane, that the heads of twenty of the robbers were struck off in twenty-six minutes!

We augur that Schinderhannes will, as it deserves, be a popular work.

* The carrier pigeon can fly twenty-six miles in an hour; the velocity of high wind is, at most, at the rate of thirty-five miles in an hour; steam carriages have been made to run on common roads forty miles an hour.

The Triumph of Religion, and other Poems. By John Cameron, Student of Theology.

THE worst poem in this little volume is the first; and one of the most serious objections we have to make is, that it should have been put foremost—that “The Triumph of Religion,” which only fills ten pages out of one hundred and forty-three, should have given the name to the volume, of which the best part is amatory poetry. Was this done to entrap the saints with a taking title? If so, we can conceive their surprise and disappointment, should they open the book at the love verses to Henrietta, &c.

Our young author, however, as a poet, has very considerable merit, and gives good promise of better things.

The following sonnet to the missionary Carey, has something Miltonic about it, and could not have been written save by one who had much of the essence of poetry within him.

CAREY—that hour you pass'd the Indian sea
Did voice of pious exultation swell
From Comorin to Cashmere's happy dell,
As of a people shouting to be free :—
The glories of the past already be
Hid as in th' obscurity of a veil ;
Where are the fields of Plassay and Assay,
Where British valour triumph'd one to ten,
Scattering like chaff the troops of horse and men,
She tore from India's brow the crown away ?
These struck down tyrants—tyrants new to bring—
Then put the whole Pantheon to the rout,
From triple Brama to the Juggernaut—
And gave them Jesus for a priest and king.

We shall expect to see the name of John Cameron again on the list of our northern poets; and if, meanwhile, he improve the talent of which he has here given high evidence—if he obtain more correctness of language and style, (things which are not to be obtained in a day,) we doubt not we shall hail his appearance with unqualified praise and pleasure.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, vol. 13, Don Quixote.

We are glad to see that this interesting work is not abandoned; it has fallen into new hands, and has lost nothing by the change. It is remarkably well printed, the embellishments, save the frontispiece, which is too much of a caricature, are admirable. The volume contains four hundred closely printed pages, and six embellishments, all, with one exception, excellent, for six shillings. There is a very interesting memoir of Cervantes by Mr. T. Roscoe, which at once does him great credit, and enhances the value of the publication. The merits of Smollet's translation of *Don Quixote* are too well known to need from us one word of commendation.

Information and Directions for Travellers on the Continent of Europe,
VOL. II—NO. III.

more particularly in Italy, and in the Island of Sicily. By Mariana Starke.

THIS is the eighth edition of a very useful and well-known work—corrected by recent travel and prolonged experience, and enlarged by an original and sufficiently copious account of the ancient remains, whether Etruscan, Roman, or Grecian, which contribute so much to the beauty and melancholy interest of classic Italy.

We can speak to Mrs. Starke's competence in general matters of being a guide to others in Italy, as we know she has been acquainted with that country (she must excuse us, if in making her wise we make her old) ever since the beginning of the present century; that she has frequently travelled through it since the peace, and resided months, and even years, in some of the most interesting parts of it.

Her book is just such a one as every stranger, and particularly every travelling family stands in need of; for it pilots them, not only to palaces and picture-galleries, operas and amphitheatres, ancient temples and modern churches, but to the best inns on the road, the best hotels, lodgings, &c., in the different cities; shews what is the nature of the climate of each place; the rate of expense in travelling, and in living; with many other things, which, though they may appear trifles to us when we are at home and need them not, are very capable of embarrassing and seriously annoying us in a strange land.

In short, Mrs. Starke's book is the best of all vade-mecums for Italy; and all those who are going, or likely to go to that interesting country, ought to furnish themselves with copies, and feel obliged to Mr. Murray, the publisher, for bringing out this improved edition in so portable a form, with so nice an index, and—at so cheap a price. Many persons, particularly ladies, are deterred from the journey across the Alps by the dread of banditti. These fears are almost groundless. We have ourselves been acquainted with Italy for many years; except between Rome and Naples, there was hardly ever a case of highway robbery, and the daring brigands on the frontiers of the above mentioned states were effectually put down seven years since, and have never again made head. But let us hear what Mrs. Starke, who has lately visited almost every part of Italy, says on this subject—

“Travellers may with safety frequent the high roads; and likewise penetrate into the most secluded parts of the Alps and Apennines, without the slightest probability of being annoyed by popular tumults, or plundered by banditti.”

We request therefore that all nervous ladies and timid maidens discard their fears of finding a blood-drinking brigand under the lee of every rock, and a murderous gun behind every bush; and advise them that if this dread was all that impeded their journey, to set off instantly with Mrs. Starke's travelling guide in their carriage. If there be an invalid among them, or if they travel

for health, let them also take Dr. James Clarke's valuable volume on the influence of climate, a large portion of which is devoted to Italy, where the author did not make a flying visit to write a book, but resided many years.

Illustrations of Political Economy.
By Harriet Martineau.

Afraid of frightening our fair readers by the mere mention of so rugged a science as political economy, we have hitherto forbore to speak of Miss Martineau's series of extraordinary little volumes, which are written with the view of rendering the said science intelligible—and also attractive and amusing through the media of short stories.

We have called her productions extraordinary, and they are so, in the strict sense of the word. The positions of the economists which she wishes to establish are made out with infinite precision and philosophic tact, and the narratives that contain them are admirable as mere tales—full of character, dramatic effect, energy, and even poetry. At first neglected or thought little of, they are now among the most popular works of the day, and have been wondered at and praised by all classes, from the Lord Chancellor Brougham to the humble artisan. We think she occasionally carries her doctrines into extremes, and treats of matters that we can hardly allow to be in the province of a woman; but putting aside considerations of sex, and passing over the sin of exaggeration, which does not occur often, we now think ourselves bound to recommend the perusal of Miss Martineau's series to our readers. The last number we have seen, and which is far from being the best, is the thirteenth; where the disadvantages of barter (now madly advocated by the Owenites) and the advantages of money as a medium of exchange, are developed in a melancholy and deeply interesting story of Polish exiles in Siberia.

The little volumes cost only eighteen pence each, so that Miss Martineau is not only the most amusing, but the cheapest instructor in that science, which, unfixed though it be, and cold to the heart, we suppose even our fair friends must attend to, as a woman illustrates it, and all the world talks about it.

A Compendium of Modern Geography, &c. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart, author of the History of Scotland, &c.

THIS third edition of an excellent and popular school-book, has been rendered still more worthy of patronage by the care that has been taken to introduce all the political changes in states, the geographical discoveries, and other things that

have occurred within the last few years. The plan and the style of the book are alike admirable: the present edition is beautifully got up, and costs no more than three shillings and sixpence. We recommend it to all elementary schools and families, and to young people generally.

Manual of the Baronetage.

THIS elegant little volume, noticed in our last, and to which we recur for the purpose of giving an extract, fills up the *desideratum* hitherto experienced of there being no work which, in a distinct and separate form, treated of all that relates to the subject. Within fifty-four pages, including an accurate list of the existing baronets of the three kingdoms, the author compresses information collected from a dozen sources; and concludes a work which cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to the noble order more particularly interested, with the following observations:—"It was befitting the dignity of the first monarchy in the world, where the path of honour lies alike open to all, that splendid services should meet with a suitable reward; accordingly, the immunities, insignia, and precedencies of this noble institution, though never appreciated and asserted by its members as they deserve, rest upon as assured foundations, and are secured by as well-defined grants and charters as those of any other rank or degree in the land. 'Never,' says Markhame, with feelings which we reverence not the less, that they are opposed to the degenerate and levelling character of the times into which we have declined, 'had order a founder so great, so happy, so absolute. Neither was ever any grounded upon consultations and considerations more weighty, more necessary, more religious.'—Bestowed on the olden time, upon the chosen from 'the most pryme and principall rank of gentlemen,' throughout the three kingdoms, and, eventually, upon whomsoever have most distinguished themselves in the cabinet or field, in science, or in arts, it is sufficiently illustrious for the order to say, that in our own day, it has rewarded the services of him, whose name, in an age of literature, shines forth the most conspicuous of the brilliant throng; and another, whose eloquent eulogium, as spoken in Parliament by one over whose urn admiring nations have but lately wept, was 'that Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, fertile in heroes, a more skilful warrior;' and that of the order in general, it now possesses, and ever has possessed, many names whose actions, patriotism, and worth, will mould the character of ages unborn by shedding a long tract of splendour through time."

FINE ARTS.

The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Females, including the Beauties of the Courts of George IV. and William IV.

THE portraits in the two numbers of this work that have come under our eye, are finely engraved after pictures by eminent masters. There are three to each number, with accompanying memoirs, and they are sold at half a crown!!

We recommend the publication to all such as are interested in the fine arts, the royalty, nobility, and beauty of England.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

THE succeeding numbers of this delightful

work, have continued to merit the high praise we found ourselves justified in giving to its first issue. We trust the spirited publishers will receive that *extensive* patronage which alone (seeing the cheapness of the work) can repay them their outlay.

The New Friendship's Offering.

WE can scarcely conceive a prettier present than this choice *cahier*, which contains three exquisitely coloured lithographic compositions of birds and flowers. They are done by Mr. L. Stoll, and look like highly finished water-colour drawings.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Address.—On Tuesday, the 12th of last month his majesty received the address of the Commons, in answer to his speech on opening the session of parliament. The speaker proceeded in state to the palace, accompanied by the Earl of Ormelie, Mr. J. Marshall, the mover and seconder of the address, Sir F. Burdett, Sir E. Codrington, and about forty members. The king, who was habited in a field marshal's uniform, received the address on the throne, attended by the great officers of state, the cabinet ministers &c., and the address having been read by the speaker, his majesty returned a most gracious answer and withdrew. In the evening the king and queen entertained the Duke of Gloucester, and a select party at dinner, and on the following Wednesday, their majesties left town for Brighton.

Original Compositions.—This is the title of an unpretending volume published to save a family from utter ruin. In addition to this powerful plea for patronage, to the charitably inclined, it may with truth be added that the contributions which compose this volume, are of a pure, and some of them of a high order of character. Several well known names stand recorded in the table of contents, but many of the contributors whose initials only are inserted, do not merit less commendation; of these we would point out "The Evening Hour," "The Morning Star," "The Cross of Constantine." They breathe an exalted strain of piety, and are racy and original. Though last, not least, the musical leaves demand "a note of praise." The names of Newkom, Cramer, Mendelsohn, Bertholdy; and the extraordinary talent of F. G. Ousley, Barker, Hummel, C. Klingemann, and A. Jervis, will be their own security for excellence.

Manumission of Slaves.—The Lord Chancellor has at length given judgment in the important case relative to the manumission of the slaves on the estate of the late Lord Crawford in Antigua. Lord Brougham decreed, that the slaves should be emancipated according to the will of Lord Crawford; and that they should be placed under the care of Mr. Wight, the Comptroller of the customs at Antigua; who should also be appointed the receiver of the rents of the property, with directions to use every means for the collection of the arrear of 2,500*l.* from the tenant Mr. Wight, who is at present in England, and who has had an interview on the subject with the Chancellor, has already the care of two hundred negroes, who were emancipated in 1829, and who have since conducted themselves very well. It appears that one of the reasons which have rendered the slaves on Lord Crawford's property so unwilling to remain there, is, the knowledge that they have been ill-used by the agent, who has neglected to secure the rent which was to have formed a fund for their support after manumission. This fund, the slaves were well aware, had been actually earned by their own labour.

Dr. Tate.—Earl Grey has presented the vacant stall at St. Paul's to the Reverend Dr. Tate, many years Master of the celebrated Grammar School at Richmond, Yorkshire. The new Residentiary was, we believe, tutor to part of the noble Premier's family.—*Times.*

Mr. Eliason's Soirées Musicales, First, Second and Third.—We regret that these delightful entertainments are so near their closing, the last of them being fixed for the 6th of March. This is the first time any attempt of the kind has been made in this country, and Mr. Eliason deserves every encouragement for the manner in which

these have been conducted. Every thing that could please the intellectual amateur, has been lavished upon these concerts. Among the instrumentalists whom we have heard at Mr. Eliason's, we may mention Mrs. Anderson, and Messrs. Lindley, Eliason, Platt, E. and L. Schultz, and though last, not least, that beautiful oboe player, Gratton Cooke. In the vocal department, we have heard Madame de Meric, Miss Inverarity, Mrs. H. Bishop, Miss Grayton Osborne, Mr. Bennet, Mr. Wilson, Signor Guibilei, Mr. Parry, jun., and a Mr. Machin, a young gentleman of considerable promise, with a beautiful baritone voice, and whom we particularly designate, because he is yet unknown in the metropolis as a public singer. Messrs. Chelard and Perez have conducted these elegant little concerts, and several compositions of the former have been performed at them; we were particularly struck with two of these pieces:—namely, 'The Savoyard,' beautifully sung in English by Madame de Meric, and 'The Smile,' a duett, as beautifully sung by Miss Grayton Osborne, in her elegant style, and with her young and thrilling voice, assisted by Mr. Bennett, whose claims for knowledge of his art, and for taste, feeling, and enthusiasm, stand higher, in our estimation, than nine tenths of his professional brethren.

We sincerely hope, that Mr. Eliason will receive sufficient encouragement to induce him to give another series of these entertainments.

Mademoiselle Mars and the Legacy.—The recent bequest of 80,000 francs, which, most unexpectedly, has fallen to the share of a celebrated actress, has formed, until within a few days since, a subject of much gossip and discussion, at the soirées, when, at length, the veil of mystery being cast aside, discovered to the curious world the names of Mademoiselle Mars, and the eccentric *imbraglio* of the legacy as those of the party most interested in an affair, which, certainly, savours of the romantic. A certain Marquis having, during a period of several years, been completely captivated with the charms of this distinguished actress, and finding that all his splendid offers were treated with disdain, submitted at length to his fate, and consoled himself by admiring at a distance the object he despaired of ever being suffered to approach. Thus, *aux Français*, on the night of Mademoiselle Mars' performance, was our enamoured swain to be found seated in a distant box, in regular attendance, his eyes, his ears, gratified, it is true, but his heart still enchained, whilst with each succeeding day his outward man betrayed the workings of the tyrant divinity within. A victim thus to gloomy despondency, he was one morning hastily traversing the *Rue*, when, his foot slipping, he fell upon his back, very seriously hurt. He was lifted up and conveyed to his hotel, where, stretched upon his couch in an agony of pain, and almost expiring, the ardour of his love was still not to be quenched,

and he vowed that none other but the physician in the service of Mademoiselle Mars should approach him. That gentleman was accordingly sent for, and, upon examination, he found the sufferer's case so hopeless, that he lost no time in communicating to him his situation. The Marquis received the information with fortitude; he made his will immediately, which, having done, he sank exhausted on his pillow, whence he never raised his head again. The dawn of morning found him a corpse. The will being opened, it was found, to the dismay of his relations, that he had appointed the object of his adoration universal legatee.

Female Heroism, or La Cantinière of the 25th Regiment.—There is at present existing, in the French army, a young and beautiful woman, generally known as "La Belle Cantinière du vingt-cinquième." This young female, whose countenance is the index of mildness and courage, followed her regiment to the siege of Antwerp, where she evinced so much undaunted bravery and *sangfroid*, as to call forth the astonishment and admiration of even the oldest veterans in the corps. In the heat of action, and at the most dangerous points, Antoinette Moreau was to be distinguished by the basket slung across her arm, and the flagon hanging at her belt, busily engaged in distributing her refreshing aid, whilst she received, with a smiling face, the many compliments which, with their natural politeness, her customers bestowed upon herself and the quality of her cheer. This intrepid creature was not only distinguished for her care of the wounded, but signalled herself also by various feats of heroism, and on the following occasion in particular. A sergeant, Fabre, and his company of miners, being posted at the scarp of Fort St. Lawrence, where they had remained stationed for four days, it was discovered that they were short of provisions. The raft having been withdrawn, and the exchange of fire being very fierce at this moment, rendered the attempt to relieve them extremely dangerous. Whilst, however, their comrades were discussing the feasibility of the undertaking, our heroine having overheard their conversation, resolved, without a moment's hesitation, to risk her own life in the cause, and, whilst the soldiers still remained undecided what measures to adopt, she was already *en route*, and, in defiance of every danger, reached the appointed spot. Having hastily thrown her basket of provisions among the famished men, she retraced her steps to her quarters again, and, in spite of the murderous shots and missiles around, her guardian angel, in return for her truly heroic and benevolent act, safely conducted her back to her anxious comrades, by whom she was greeted with shouts of admiration. She has since been decorated with the *croix d'honneur*, with which she was invested by the royal hands of Louis Philippe himself.



THE ENGRAVING OF THIS PORTRAIT BY J. H. BULL.

Engraved by J. H. BULL from a drawing by J. H. BULL.

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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR APRIL, 1833.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HONOURABLE MRS. RAMSAY.

THE HON. MRS. RAMSAY, the subject of this month's embellishment, is a daughter of the very ancient house of Sandilands, Lords Torpichen.

SIR JAMES DE SANDILANDS, Lord of Calder, the immediate ancestor of the family, obtained an extensive grant of lands from King David II., as a reward for his eminent services in the war with England, during the reign of that monarch. Follower in arms of the Lord Douglas, and participator in all his bold and successful attacks against the English, Sir James cemented the alliance by espousing the sister of his chieftain, the Lady Eleanor Bruce, and had a son and successor,

SIR JAMES SANDILANDS, who received the honour of knighthood from King Robert the Second, and espoused the second daughter of that monarch; by whom he had,

SIR JAMES SANDILANDS, one of the barons who attended King James I. from Durham to Scotland, when that prince obtained his freedom, and who afterwards went to England as one of the hostages for the monarch's ransom. Dying in 1434, he was succeeded by his son,

SIR JOHN SANDILANDS, Lord of Calder, whose unshaken loyalty to King James II. caused his death. He was assassinated in 1436, near Dumbarton, by one Patrick Thornton, a favourer of the faction of his enemy, Lord Douglas. Thornton was afterwards apprehended and executed, together

with his associates. From this Sir John we pass to his lineal descendant,

SIR JAMES SANDILANDS, a person of great wisdom, and of the most exemplary piety and virtue. He espoused Margaret, only daughter of Archibald Forrester, of Corstophine, and by her had two sons, John his successor, and James. The latter, on account of his eminent talents and learning, was, by Sir William Lindsay, preceptor of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, recommended to the Grand Master at Malta as a person well qualified to succeed to the preceptory, and, becoming a knight of the order, was accordingly, at the death of Sir Walter, in 1538, invested with the title, power, and jurisdiction of Lord St. John of Jerusalem in Scotland. Attached to that bold and daring opponent of the Church of Rome, John Knox, the Lord St. John embraced the reformation in 1553.* In 1560, he was employed in one of the most remarkable embassies in Scottish history. He was sent to France by the Lords of the congregation to lay their proceedings before King Francis, and his celebrated consort Queen Mary Stuart. On presenting himself at court, the Cardinal de Lorraine loaded him with reproaches, accused him of violating his obligations as a knight of a holy order, by consenting to be bearer of the propositions of heretics; and, notwith-

* The present family, however, are still members of the Catholic faith.

standing all his efforts to soothe the prelate ; notwithstanding the most assiduous endeavours to recommend himself to the Queen, and to ascertain her intentions, he was dismissed without an answer. In 1564 he resigned the revenues of the Knights of St. John into the hands of Queen Mary, and in return had a grant from that princess of the baronies of Torpichen, Listoun, &c. These being erected into a temporal lordship, he was created Lord Torpichen, with remainder to his heirs and assigns whatsoever. His lordship espoused Janet, daughter of Murray of Polmaise, but had no issue, and dying in 1596, the barony of Torpichen devolved upon his grand nephew,

JAMES SANDILANDS, second Lord TORPICHEN, grandson of Sir JOHN SANDILANDS, of Calder. This nobleman had, with other issue, two sons, both successively inheritors of his titles ;

JAMES, third Lord TORPICHEN, who died unmarried, and

JOHN, fourth Lord TORPICHEN, who dying in 1637, was succeeded by his eldest son,

JOHN, fifth Lord TORPICHEN. This nobleman protested against the engagement to march into England in 1648, and was one of the few peers who sat in the Parliament of 1649. Dying unmarried, his honours were inherited by his brother,

WALTER, sixth Lord TORPICHEN, who, dying in 1696, was succeeded by his son,

JAMES, seventh Lord TORPICHEN. This distinguished nobleman was a staunch supporter of the treaty of union between England and his native country. After serving abroad in the wars of Queen Anne, he returned,

in 1715, to Scotland, and with a party of five hundred horse and foot attacked the rebels at Seton Hall ; but having no artillery this expedition proved unsuccessful. His lordship displayed great valour at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He quitted the army in 1722 ; was by King George I. appointed one of the lords of police, and died in 1753, after possessing the title fifty-seven years. His eldest son having fallen in the field of Preston, he was succeeded by the second ;

WALTER, eighth Lord TORPICHEN, who, dying in 1765, left his honours to his son,

JAMES, ninth Lord TORPICHEN. This nobleman was an officer in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, in General Burgoyne's unfortunate expedition to America, and was one of those who piled their arms at Saratoga, in 1777, in consequence of the convention concluded between Burgoyne and General Gates. His lordship eventually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and served under the Duke of York in Flanders. He was a representative peer. Dying without issue in 1815, he was succeeded by his cousin german,

JAMES SANDILANDS, tenth and present Lord TORPICHEN, whose father, Robert, was youngest son of the seventh baron, James Lord Torpichen. This nobleman espoused, 3d of November, 1806, Margaret Douglas, second daughter of John Douglas, Esq. of Kippendavie, by whom he has issue three sons, Robert, John, and James, and one daughter,

MARY, who, on the 4th of August, 1828, espoused WILLIAM RAMSAY RAMSAY, of Barnton, Edinburghshire, Esquire.

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVE.

SEE where yon fading willow trees
 Droop o'er the wave,
 Their slight trunks bending to the breeze
 On that lone grave !
 Beneath their branches, sear and hoary,
 Lie two young soldiers in their glory,
 Whilst o'er their bodies, pale and gory,
 The night winds rave.

They both without a chant or prayer
 Sleep their last sleep ;
 No friend, no kindred eye was there
 To look and weep.
 Upon the bank of that lone river,
 Where drooping willows sigh and quiver,
 They rest till they shall rise for ever
 From the dark deep.

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

BY A. JAMES, LATE MAJOR COMMANDING 67TH IN INDIA.

THE achievements of Peter the Great, the founder of the Russian empire, his vices and his virtues—the acts of the acute and low-born Lithuanian Catherine—the wayward fortunes and policy of Paul—and the meteorous transit of Alexander, are now matters of history.

Had the vigorous mind of Peter been happily directed to the superior walks of science, in pursuit of that enlightened policy which befits the monarch—had he applied the powerful energies of his genius to the study of those more suitable, more elevated accomplishments which give lustre even to royalty, and tend directly to the improvement and welfare of a people, instead of seeking at Deptford the elements of government—that ignorance, that prostration of intellect, that moral debasement, which still so strongly characterise an empire stretching from the Baltic to the Eastern Ocean, and absolutely resting its northern frontier on the pole, would long since have been dissipated by the cheering rays of civilisation, the resistless effulgence of rational liberty, a more orthodox and dignified scheme of religion, and general advance of the human mind.

But with all his eccentricity and all his genius, Peter was a barbarian, or at best a half-educated Muscovite. He laid the foundations of education—but bad must have been the soil, or inadequate the labour of the prince, for a century has done nothing for Russia. Russia is still enveloped in the gloom of ignorance, and under the upas government of stern despotism mankind are paralysed.

Nicholas actually stands between the living and the dead. As autocrat, all depends upon himself. The destinies of Russia are in his hand—the regeneration of the empire is completely in his power. The task is glorious—for at this moment millions of Kalmucs, of Mordvines, of Finns, of Cossacs, of Kamtschatdales, of Tartars, and of Lettonians, are as blind, as deplorably destitute of all knowledge, as the poor African slave in whose liberation every nation of Europe is now so highly and so honourably occupied. Let Russia be enlightened, and the Russian serf emancipated. These are objects of primary importance, and well worthy the ambition of

a monarch, who prides himself on his liberality, and who has openly declared, “*Nous ne formons, nous ne pouvons former, d'autre vœu que celui de voir notre patrie atteindre le plus haut point de prospérité et de gloire, qui lui soit marqué par la Divine Providence.*” Let Nicholas, whom his friends represent as destined by nature and greatness of mind for universal dominion, give a practical illustration—let him show that he can perform as well as profess.

On the death of Alexander, in 1825, and formal renunciation of Constantine, the Grand Duke Nicholas assumed the purple, under circumstances honourable to his moderation and firmness.

From so young a man, so affectionate a son, so good a brother; from a prince so piously, so sedulously educated, Russia had a right to indulge high expectations, and Europe was warranted in reposing confidence on the personal character of a monarch who had ascended the throne in a spirit from which the very suspicion of inordinate ambition appeared totally excluded.

His visit to England, in 1816, does not seem to have materially enlightened his understanding or enlarged his views. It is true he did not, like Peter, spend his time in hewing out timber—he came merely *pour s'amuser*—besides, his visit was too short to enable him to acquire any knowledge of our institutions, or to investigate the elements of our glorious constitution. In 1817, Nicholas found in Prussia, what many have imagined he came to seek in this country, beauty personified, beauty in all the effulgence, in all the bloom of youth—the charming, the all-accomplished Charlotta. The *veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar was exemplified in Nicholas, for he saw and conquered, with this immense difference in favour of the prince, that his prize was a princess, Cæsar's only a kingdom!—He instantly married her. That his visit to England was in search of a wife is at least problematical, but if it were—“*O what a blow was there, my countrymen—*” or rather countrywomen!

However, there is no accounting for taste, especially Russian taste. A Russian prince not find a wife in England!—England, the land of the Graces, the modern Paphos of beauty and virtue—the isle where, *from the*

life, the mighty poet, in whose presence even Homer bends the knee, formed that splendid—that intellectual picture of woman,—

“—adorned
With all that earth and heaven could bestow
To make her amiable.—”

But if the British court could not just then offer *juvenility* sufficient to fix the heart of the Grand Duke, had we not dukes, barons, and baronets, with daughters

“—arrayed
In innocence and virgin modesty,
And blushing like the morn !”

Had it been the good fortune of the Russian duke to have chosen an Englishwoman for the future autocratix, such connexion might have greatly tended to the rapid civilisation of all the Russias. But the flattering prospect which such an union would necessarily have created, and the advantages which might have resulted from it, must now be relinquished ; and Nicholas stands before us, “high on a throne of royal state,” gorgeously seated with his fair Prussian bride, the uncontrolled ruler of the northern world—feared by his subjects, and supported by a prodigious army of four hundred thousand men. He stands before us the most despotic, possibly the most powerful, sovereign in the world—master of the lives and fortunes of all his subjects—his will, his law—whose nod consigns his nobles to death, or transports them, stript of their titles and of their property, to the melancholy dungeons of Siberia. He is all in all ; for he does not even tolerate a deliberative council. He stands before us, as Dr. Granville remarks, “in the character of sovereign, chief of the army, supreme judge,” the alpha and omega of all power. Like the commanding officer, who, having formed a grave estimate of his own importance, announced to his regiment that, as he found that neither officers nor non-commissioned officers did their duty, or, in fact, did anything, henceforth it was his intention to be lieutenant-colonel, major, captain, subaltern, serjeant, corporal, and drummer *himself* ! The authority of the czar is unbounded, and, according to Dr. Granville, so also is his munificence.

For the last seven years the destinies of the Russian empire have been wielded by this colossal, this almost omnipotent, ruler ; and where now shall we look for monuments of his wisdom, for proofs of his policy, for memorials of his humanity ?

If it be assumed that to enlarge his territories is a demonstration of talent in a sovereign, I submit that the assumption must be

rejected, unless it can be established that the welfare, the tranquillity, the prosperity of regions already too extensive for the regal grasp of even an autocrat—regions equal to all the nations of all the rest of Europe put together—regions to which, in the height of its glory, the Roman empire could hardly be compared—unless it could positively be demonstrated that the welfare of these regions, and the general happiness of the almost savage inhabitants had been advanced.

For many every-day private virtues let Nicholas take credit ; we view him as a public man, in his capacity of sovereign. He is not so barbarous as Peter, but he has neither his ability nor his tact ; nor, in the aggregate of his character as a chief, is he even equal to Alexander. With all his ambition he never will be a general ; and he has given the world no indication that he even comprehends the rudiments of rational government. In the mean time the startling fate of Poland has not tended to raise Nicholas in the estimation of Europe. On this heart-rending subject there is not a man in Christendom who does not condemn the Muscovite, and drop a tear over the ruins of that unfortunate kingdom. Justice demanded that the nationality of Poland should have been respected : but it is questionable whether any atrocity in the blushing annals of Russia—annals every page of which reeks with blood, and chronicles in letters of fire the monstrous bearing, the brutal cruelties, the remorseless edicts of its vindictive, sanguinary rulers—annals in which ambition, revenge, and all the ferocious passions of human nature occupy so vast, so prominent a place,—it is, in truth, extremely doubtful whether, since the days of Michael Fædorowitz, any deed so nefarious can be adduced as this deed of Polish desolation ! No, there is not in the horrid history of Russia a deed so foul as the recent annihilation of Poland ; the destruction of a brave, generous, devotedly patriotic, and virtuous nation, whose very name is blotted out from the map of Europe, and thousands upon thousands of whose persecuted inhabitants have been driven into Siberia, or are compelled, at this moment, to seek refuge in foreign lands—no, not one.

Compared to this wholesale tragical scene, the first act of Peter’s reign, the first exertion of his power, which records the outrageous ukase for the horrible execution of three thousand of his Strelitz guards, with a view to give security to his throne, sinks into very insignificance ! The unnatural ferocity with which he spurned his suppliant son, the

czarowitz of the empire, who, in the agony of despair, with the sentence of death ringing fearfully in his ear, absolutely expired in convulsions at the feet of the royal barbarian—these horrors, at the bare recollection of which humanity shudders,—even these will hereafter be forgotten *when Nicholas and Poland are remembered!* That one act stamps the brand of tyranny and oppression on the brow of the ruling autocrat; it constitutes an enormity which from one end of the globe to the other mankind are agreed to reprobate.

But, say his vindicators, Nicholas is a young man; so much the worse: and yet let not the admirers of despotism vainly attempt to extend the shield of youth and youthful indiscretion over a man who has now nearly reached his fortieth year!

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan."

But cruelty, like avarice, is one of those debasing passions which acquires strength by indulgence, and seldom quits us till we die. Let others magnify the ennobling virtues of the czar, England will judge him by his works. The mental faculties of Nicholas seldom—seldom! no, never rise into excellence. His very soul grovels on his throne, and there mediocrity has marked him for her own.

Of private vices he has never been suspected. Ambition is the rock on which he splits; it is his leading passion, and in pursuit of that passion all considerations of right and of justice are excluded.

What then is his character as emperor? a few hard touches give it to the life. His war with Turkey, viewed in its cause and origin, its progress and result. His abrupt and undignified secession from the London conference. His conduct towards Poland, from first to last. *Ab his disce omnia.*

The private life of the czar is represented as unostentatious, benevolent, on some occasions even beneficent; a friend to merit, a patron of learning and learned men, hospitable, and perfectly exemplary in all the duties of domestic life. But estimable as this may be, and commendable as he probably stands in his relations of father, brother, husband, friend,—all this, against the fate of Poland, sinks into very nothingness. His virtues are private and ordinary, his vices public and gigantic. Short has been the reign of Nicholas; but that he has considered the nature and construction of his government, the wants and debasement of his subjects, is not to be even imagined; for Russia is at a stand. From an impartial analysis of

even that short reign, there exists no reason to question the restless ambition of the autocrat.

Such a prince, so situated, and master of those immeasurable regions, from whose frozen loins the countless multitudes of Vandals, who overwhelmed the Roman empire, and deluged western Europe, issued; a prince whose will is shackled by no laws, and whose armies are eminently noted for their patience of labour, especially in the field, their vigour, and that physical energy which they hold in common with the brute; such a prince, taking into the estimate what he has already achieved, naturally becomes an object of suspicion.

It is true we are now at peace; and, though Nicholas has evinced neither comprehensive knowledge, nor martial prowess, still, under the circumstances of the times, the state of Persia, of Turkey, even of Austria, to say nothing of Holland,—who can tell how long these halcyon days will continue? A word, a breath, a look, and open flies the temple of Janus. No man can be so unreflecting as really to believe that Persia will presume, let the occasion be what it may, to set herself in array against a potentate whose Cossacs even the sultan found it unable, to resist? It cannot be imagined that Persia, a decrepit, worn-out state, absolutely dwindled down to "*the slippered pantaloons*," would have the temerity to oppose her feeble arms, if, determined to try his fortunes in the east, the emperor thought proper to traverse, and even levy contributions on her defenceless territories. Would not Persia consider that Nicholas has already crippled Turkey, annihilated Poland, and that even Europe looks on with symptoms of alarm?

And are we really reposing on a bed of roses? Are we so sure, so secure as to our Asiatic possessions? It is true we have a gallant British army of nearly twenty-thousand men, under the ægis of whose valour and discipline every reliance may be placed—and on the courage and fidelity of our native troops we may also safely calculate—and yet a Russian army with clouds of Cossacs in its van, may pass the Indus, and on the plains of Bengal Russia may dispute with us the dominion of the East!—It is true Nicholas is neither a Cæsar, nor an Alexander—but he is ambitious.

The advancement of learning was seriously contemplated by Peter the Great;—and some years before his death he is stated to have originated a scheme of education on a broad national principle. But how dark and dismal must have been the state of the human mind

in that savage empire at that period, for though this plan appears to have been encouraged by his successors, the progress that has been made is scarcely perceptible! I allude to the great body of the people, the hordes of barbarians, the slaves, the serfs, to the millions who have scarcely emerged from the level of the brute. The nobles, merchants, and a few others, are polished and educated; and ladies of distinction may no longer be denuded to the waist, and unmercifully lacerated with the knout; yet, Nicholas is a despot, and his subjects slaves!

If the Emperor of Russia is sincerely disposed to shed the light of education over his benighted country,—if he is resolved to raise his subjects from their degraded condition; if he is prepared honestly to do this, he must be prepared to do more; for, as knowledge is power, if he gives knowledge he must liberally resolve to meliorate the principles, rectify the springs, and amend the whole frame of his government. Enlighten the Russians and they will demand their rights, for no nation can become enlightened and continue slaves.

It is observed by Plato that great parts produce great virtues as well as great vices; and we have an illustration in Nicholas that humble parts may produce great vices without one single great redeeming virtue!

If the autocrat is anxious to efface the past, and to secure golden opinions, let him restore the Poles to their ancient laws and government. The Poles, like the Jews, are actually a nation without a country; the restoration of Poland would do more for the glory and reputation of the Russian monarch than the dismemberment of Turkey, the seizure of Greece, or even the conquest of India. A population of fifty millions who, notwithstanding the flattering reports of travellers, are still in a state of wretched ignorance and servitude, have a claim on the consideration of a prince who confessedly values himself on his patriotism as a *Knez*!

If to establish his government Peter slaughtered three thousand of his Strelitz guards, at the same time breaking the battalions and abolishing their very name, another and more honourable method presents itself to Nicholas; the best support of the throne is the gratitude of a free and enlightened people.

In viewing the Emperor of Russia, not through the medium of politics, but of humanity, the attitude he assumes will probably appear irreconcilable to the notions the world generally entertains of a member, a leading member, of *the Holy Alliance*. Louis the Fourteenth, in the plenitude of his power, in the zenith of his pride, was heard to declare that the moment he had the world *sous son pied*, not an ounce of gunpowder should be burnt in Europe without his permission. This *dictum* of the Grand Monarque was sufficiently vain and pompous; but at bottom it was clear his final object was human tranquillity. And yet Louis had not been initiated in the mysteries of the Holy Alliance! Nicholas has formed his own version and construction of the league—he seems to consider it above all things necessary, *coute qui coute*, to aggrandize his dominions at the expense of his weaker neighbours; to overawe Europe by the maintenance of a prodigious standing army; and, if possible, to Russianize the world! This, according to his understanding, is the spirit and meaning of the principles on which the Holy Alliance is founded; so that, like Louis, he too may in due time promulgate his ukase—not that no gunpowder shall be burnt, but that the manufacture of guns and gunpowder shall be abolished, except in Russia!

It is not the object of these remarks to hold up to indignation the repulsive elements of despotism; for that it is calculated to ensure the happiness of mankind is one of those monstrous positions which has been repeatedly asserted, though never demonstrated. It has been affirmed that by the army Nicholas is idolised. Be it so. From this then, and from the natural benevolence of disposition, which his admirers are pleased bounteously to ascribe to this potent monarch, and from the many royal virtues which they have discovered in him, it must be concluded that so good, so amiable, so dignified a personage, and withal so powerful, will find it very consonant with his feelings, permanently to secure the love, the veneration, the indelible attachment and loyalty of the people, by freely and generously extending to them the blessings of liberal institutions.

GEORGE ASPULL.

BY G. H. CAUNTER, ESQ.

"Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When science' self destroyed her favourite son!
 Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sowed the seed, but death hath reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
 So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart."

BYRON.

At a time when it is unhesitatingly asserted by men, whose opinions carry with them but too much weight, that the English are decidedly not a musical people—and, in truth, the backward state of music in this country would seem to justify the calumny—it may not be amiss to devote one of these papers to the greatest musical prodigy which the nineteenth century has produced in any country, and which nevertheless owes its birth, and growth, and nurture exclusively to England. In an age teeming with precocious musical talent among our continental neighbours, when infants scarcely emancipated from the nurse's arms are, in the accomplishment of mechanical difficulties on musical instruments, made to compete with the mature talent of manhood, it may somewhat startle those who deny to the natives of our island the faculty of being moved by the more intellectual combinations of "sweet sounds," when we assert that an infant musician, born and educated in England, has so far surpassed all his youthful contemporaries as to be the only one who, since Mozart, has redeemed the promise of his childhood. With the sole exception of George Aspull the infant artists of the nineteenth century have attained the threshold of manhood but to fall back into mediocrity. Their genius has never reached maturity; like the fruit which in early spring shoots forward too prematurely, only to encounter the latest blasts of the expiring winter, it has not ripened.

A remarkable instance of this is so closely connected with the first appearance of George Aspull in the musical world, that we cannot help adducing it. When, at the early age of nine years, our young countryman was preparing to display his infant powers before the public of this great metropolis, a youth named List arrived from Germany with a similar intent. He was a stripling of fourteen, possessing extraordinary powers of execution on the piano-forte, as well as the faculty of extemporaneous performance. But

his manner was cold, the beam of inspiration mantled not upon his brow, the workings of his mind could not elevate it into passion, and his display as a musical *improvisatore* was the mere consequence of his mechanical skill, for it consisted solely of the same round of common-place though brilliant passages, of the same harmonies and modulations, and it rose not superior to what might be expected from any youth of moderately good capacity, who had acquired an equal command over his instrument. George Aspull, on the other hand, possessed not the physical means of showing the same powerful and finished execution. His little hands could not reach the combinations struck with so much ease by his rival; nor had he strength of finger sufficient to effect all that his mind embraced. Still was his execution wonderful in one so young; and there was poetry in his very imperfections, for they all partook of the warmth, boldness, and truly original inspirations of a most powerful mind, strongly characterised, though in one so young. His extempore effusions were quite his own, unlike everything else; they had a power which would not have disgraced genius of maturer years, and they left those of List at an immeasurable distance below them. But how were the miraculous gifts of this infant artist appreciated? Why, the public flocked to the concerts of the young German, and the great intellectual superiority of the little English boy was thrown into the shade. But mark what followed. From that period List made no further progress, and has ever since remained stationary. Having reaped his golden harvest in this country, he retired to Paris, where he soon sunk to the real level of his talents; nor could he again reach the surface to which his extraordinary execution, as a mere stripling, had for a moment raised him. A few years subsequent to his departure from this country he composed an opera, which, upon the strength of his former reputation, was represented at the Académie de Musique, at

Paris. But it proved a failure, though strongly supported by his friends. It was crude, unconnected, and puerile; it bore no marks of surpassing merit, nor was it even warm with the glow of enthusiasm. It was soon forgotten, and its author with it; and List, now in the bloom and maturity of manhood, has dwindled into the mere music-master—into a simple teacher of the piano-forte.

Meantime, as George Aspull grew in years, his genius gradually acquired development together with his physical powers. His mind was fired with the same spark which gave life and being to the genius of a Mozart and a Beethoven. Most closely did he tread in the footsteps of those two great men; and had his life been spared, there is no doubt that he would have placed the music of England upon a footing which it requires but the first impulse of true and powerful genius to reach.

When we first heard George Aspull he had just completed his eighth year. We met him accidentally at the house of a friend, and at a period too when we were sick and weary of the jingling and immature performances of musical children. We beheld him, therefore, at first, with a sort of prejudice. But when we saw the little fellow, with his large and remarkable head, presenting a most extraordinary phrenological development, seated at the piano-forte upon the knees of a lady, and treating extemporaneously with warmth and poetry, originality, and science, a casual subject which had been given to him, we were struck with amazement and admiration. This was a true specimen of instinctive genius; its utterings were spontaneous; they could not have been taught him, for they imitated nothing before heard, and bore the identic stamp of an infant mind soaring with unfledged wings to high and noble imaginings. We have heard Hummel—we have heard most of the celebrated musical *improvisatori* upon the continent: but not one of them reminded us of the extempore strains of Beethoven so strongly as the still imperfect flights of this infant artist. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We speak only of relative genius; we do not mean to place a child upon a level with a giant; but this we boldly aver, that it is from such children as this that giants are formed.

In the cultivation of the powerful musical genius with which nature had endowed him, George Aspull enjoyed the same peculiar advantage as Mozart. He was under the constant care, guidance, and tuition of an

intellectual parent, a man of highly-gifted mind. Mr. Aspull, George's father, combines the feelings of a philosopher with the ardent enthusiasm and pure taste arising from a just perception of the beauties of art. He trained and nurtured the expanding genius of his son, like the delicate tendril of the vine, lopping off with an unflinching hand those useless and parasitical branches which shoot forth in useless exuberance, devouring the sap and producing no fruit. He devoted the whole of his time and attention to his son, watching and instructing the latter with the most incredible and patient perseverance—correcting in his performance, in his touch, in his tone, in everything, in short, which he did, whatever might bear amendment even in the minutest degree; and above all, most carefully checking the fantastic overflowings of a youthful imagination, which, however their brilliancy may deceive and captivate for an instant, are but the mere illusions of false taste.

George Aspull possessed also another advantage which Mozart had not—that of a literary education. His father, without neglecting the boy's professional tuition, took great pains to develop the other resources of his mind. Thus he was not a mere musician, ignorant in all matters beyond the scope of his art. At the period of his death he was a youth of highly-cultivated understanding, and possessed general information far beyond his years. But the poetry of his imagination led him to cultivate other arts besides his own. He had an extremely fine taste for painting and sculpture; and, though so young, he was a much better judge of pictures than many who have established their characters as *cognoscenti*. He had, besides, a great love of antiquarian research, which led him, of his own judgment and knowledge, to form a valuable collection of coins.

After hearing George Aspull as an infant, we lost sight of him for six or seven years. But during this interval he was not absent from our thoughts, and many of the leading continental composers cannot have forgotten our description of him. When we next heard of him, he had fully justified our expectations. Nothing could be more striking, nothing more truly elevated and beautiful than his extemporisations. His mind seemed to embrace, simultaneously with his subject, all the orchestral combinations of the great German school, and his inspirations were poured forth with an enthusiasm and vigour of imagination quite astounding. Even the most cramp subjects were treated with a power of

effect and sweetness of melody as striking as it was novel. There was in him a sensitiveness of perception and feeling which kindled the most thrilling emotions in the bosoms of those who heard him play. Everything he uttered upon his instrument was clear and comprehensible—all he executed was felt and appreciated; and such was his power upon the piano-forte that he startled you as he brought in vivid colouring to your imagination, the combined effects of the stringed, wind, and brass instruments of the orchestra. He had acquired a facility of modulation which we have scarcely seen equalled by the greatest masters. So delicate were his organs, that every harsh or grating combination was repulsive to him; and he had acquired the power of softening and imparting sweetness and elasticity even to the most abrupt transitions. When he modulated, all seemed graceful, flowing, and natural; yet so rapid were his changes of key that it was difficult, if he were forewarned, to detect him in any particular one. He would pass, with the most fluent ease, into all, even the most remote, as fast as any person standing by would call for them, without suffering his subject to slip from his grasp, or departing for a moment from an elegance of melody belonging wholly to himself. He would extemporise not only upon any regular subject, but upon a single bar taken at random from any piece of music, upon two, three, four, or any number of notes in the scale, or even upon a single note; and the powerful resources he developed in these performances were truly marvellous.

Nor was this all. By dint of the most assiduous and patient labour, his father had enabled him to obtain upon the piano-forte, a peculiarity of touch and tone, by means of which he could render entirely new effects upon that instrument. This he had carried so far as to imitate some of Paganini's most striking passages, and to sprinkle in his performances those vivid and innumerable points of sound which gave the idea of millions of bright stars scattered through the air by the hand of a giant magician. Incredible as it may seem, George Aspull obtained harmonic notes from his piano-forte; and a little before his death he and his father had brought a contrivance to bear, whereby the most complicated scales might be played upon that instrument in harmonics.

It is not, however, upon his merits as a mere performer, that George Aspull would have built the edifice of his greatness, had he lived to assume the station for which nature had formed him. His claims would have

been of a more lofty character, for he would have become the founder of what we have long wanted, a national school of music.

Let us not be taxed with exaggeration when we state this, for we do it under a full and earnest conviction. George Aspull was, more than any living being, qualified for this task. He had something beyond his genius; he had a most acute sense of appropriateness in whatever related to his art. His mind was peculiarly English; and its best energies were devoted to the advancement of English music, which he hoped to raise to the same level of perfection as that of Germany, and impart to it the stamp of nationality. He felt what has struck few, if any, of the composers in this country, that each language has its peculiar cadences and inflections, and must therefore have its peculiar melody; that an air adapted, for instance, to Italian words, would ill suit either the German or English. His pure and beautiful melodies, therefore, wherever he applied them to English words, were always characteristic of the genius of that language, and became identic with it. Hence they were ever appropriate, and nothing marred their effect.

This principle is well understood by the German composers. Their melodies swerve not from the peculiar inflections and accentuation of their own language. Nothing resembling either Italian melody, or that of any other country, is to be found in their dramatic and vocal music. If we compare the operas of Mozart written originally in Italian, with those translated from the German into Italian, a striking difference will be found in the character of the melodies; and on comparing the beautiful Italian *scene* by Beethoven, with his German opera of *Fidelio*, the difference will appear still stronger. With regard to our own language, it bears a certain affinity to the German, but none whatever to the Italian; therefore the music of Germany has a more powerful effect than the Italian upon the untutored English mind. But certainly the dramatic music, both of Italy and Germany, must lose their appropriateness of character, and consequently their true effect, when applied to any other languages than those for which they were originally composed; and this is the reason why the thrilling strains of Mozart and Rossini seem so cold, and so much less beautiful when represented in English at our national theatres. We may add, that our native composers commit a sad solecism in good taste when they attempt to imitate Rossini, or the Italian school, in their adaptation of melody

to English words. It is quite as bad as when they discard all but the mannered vulgarity of English song. Both the imitation of what accords not with our language, and the adaptation of what is vulgar in national melody, would be equally repudiated by true genius; the one as cold, unmeaning, and inappropriate, the other as degrading to the art.

George Aspull's intuitive perception of this principle, gave to his genius a distinct character, which would have raised him to proud preeminence as the founder of a genuine English school of music. But we are by no means blind to the difficulties he would have had to encounter, ere he reached this consummation.

We have already alluded to the mistaken assumption that the English are not a musical people. Is warmth of imagination—is the appreciation of the beauties of its workings in any art, confined to particular climes? No such thing. There is as fine a musical taste prevalent among the opulent families scattered through our island, as exists in any country. Among them are even to be found amateur composers, who might put to the blush many of our most eminent professors. We need only designate the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, Lord Burghersh, Mr. Monck Mason, and Mr. Barham Livius. We could name many others. And is not our countryman George Onslow, likewise an amateur? and has not his musical fame spread through every country of the civilised world? Moreover, the general musical taste of the British community is infinitely superior to the state of the art among us, and to the talents of its leading professors. If much false taste still prevails, it is due to the latter, under whose "guide and governance" the art is unfortunately placed. We speak, however, with exceptions; for though few there be, still there are some. This body of professors form a sort of aristocracy among musicians, crushing with the weight of their influence every bud of genius that shoots forth. They belong to a past generation, and have managed to retain the influence they possessed when the people of England were less enlightened in matters of art. There is an immensity of rising musical talent in this country; but the moment it begins to emerge from obscurity, they force it back into inaction. They mislead the public taste, propagate old and vulgar errors, and keep down every young and aspiring composer, who might either injure their monopoly, or expose their want of talent. We are, therefore, driven to the works of foreign composers, which, under the arrangements and adapta-

tions of these men, through which they reach us, produce those sickly and unmeaning effects which our sapient professors would fain force us to admire against our better judgment.

We have stated thus much as necessary to our subject; but we purpose, in a future essay, to enter at length into an inquiry on the present state of music in England.

What we have just said serves to show that George Aspull, at the outset of his professional career, would most probably have had to encounter a determined hostility from the most influential of his professional brethren. But the force of his mighty genius must ultimately have borne down all opposition; and the more so, when his talents were already known, as they have been for several years past, to many of the most enlightened families in the kingdom, who were fully competent to appreciate them. We repeat it, George Aspull must at last have carried everything before him, and established a record of his genius which time could not have effaced whilst music flourished upon earth. But he was cut off before his time, like a budding flower under the mower's scythe, and with him perished the hopes which his talents had generated. About two years since, when he was about seventeen years old, some zealous friends in the metropolis, eager that the public should appreciate him as they did, persuaded him, much against his own opinion and that of his father, to give a concert at the concert room of the King's Theatre. This was the first time he had appeared before a London audience since his infant performances eight years previously. Although labouring under indisposition, and thus deprived of a portion of his energies, he played in a manner to astonish and delight the most fastidious. With a defective orchestra, wretchedly out of tune, his own beautiful performance covered every blemish. After executing a concerto, by Hummel, in a style that would have won the unqualified applause of even that great master himself, he performed a trio of his own composition for piano-forte, violin, and violincello. This latter piece, admirable for its elegance and pathos, was nevertheless felt and done justice to only by himself. He terminated with an extemporisation on a subject handed to him by Mr. Field, who happened to be in the room. This subject, being part of a Russian air, led only to descending harmonies, and from its very monotony was extremely difficult to render interesting. Nevertheless, under his hand it acquired life and interest; and what

is more, he concluded by working it up into a fugue, without departing from its character; a *tour de force* to be appreciated only by musicians, few of whom would previously have admitted the possibility of giving it that form. Yet it was simple and beautiful—nothing strained or overdone; and the answer to each proposition, to speak technically, was graceful, flowing, and natural.

But few of the public prints deigned to notice the concert of George Aspull. The only two which did him anything like justice were the *Times* and *Athenæum*; the one a political, the other a literary journal, and both distinguished by high talent, unshaken integrity, and honest independence. The *Times*, however, was wrong in its statement that George Aspull had been a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music; the sole merit of his instruction lies with his father.

There is another journal as famed for the sarcastic virulence of its criticisms as for its ignorance in matters of art, which, when it cannot comprehend the matter, libels the person, and disgraces its columns by malevolent attacks upon private character. George Aspull fell under its lash. The cruel irony used towards the young musician was as unmanly

as it was unjust. But the shaft, under God knows what influence, was aimed with deadly intent, and it took effect. The victim was stricken to the heart. Poor George Aspull read the fatal paragraph; it checked his young ambition, and stamped discouragement upon his brow. With a broken spirit he quitted the metropolis; care fixed her canker upon his heart, and he drooped like a withering flower. His body became emaciated, and disease fed upon its life springs. An inflammatory complaint settled upon his lungs, and after a few fleeting months, a broken-hearted father wept upon the sod which covered George Aspull's grave.

We have little to add. Some compositions by this interesting youth,* remain to show what he would have been had he lived to have given his country the benefit of his genius. His death is a cruel loss to the art he cultivated, for nature is chary of forming minds like his; they appear but at distant intervals, like bright meteors, sent to warm and delight the imaginations of ordinary men.

C.

* We understand that a very interesting biography of George Aspull is about to be published by his father.—ED.

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"No conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel; nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness."

FLETCHER.

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng,
Were gather'd in one spot,
The dwellers of a thousand homes,
Yet 'midst them voice was not.
The soldier and his chief were there,
The mother and her child;
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke, none mov'd, none smiled.
Those lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by;
After that heart-sick Hope deferr'd,
They met—but silently!
You might have heard the gliding brook,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.
Your voice to whispers would have died
For that deep Quiet's sake;

Your step the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break!
What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?
How could the ever-sounding life
Among so many cease?
Was it some pageant of the heavens,
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human souls,
In reverential love?
Or did some burdening Passion's weight
Hang on this in-drawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of death?
A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,
Lay on each lonely heart;
Kindred were these, yet hermits all—
Thousands—but each apart!

THE DEAD ALIVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

"This ruin of sweet life."—SHAKESPEARE.

Who has not heard of Mount St. Bernard, its convent, its monks, its dogs, and its glaciers? It has been the theme of the fashionable traveller, who has started either from one of the universities, or from one of the squares, to see the world, for nearly the last fifth of a century. Every coxcomb who can spare time and money to visit the lake of Geneva, goes a little further, looks at Mounts Blanc and St. Bernard, and returns to England with a theme for the rest of his life.

Let me then be candid upon my own spirit of adventure, since I was guided in it by a similar ambition. On quitting Cambridge, where I graduated without honour either to myself or to the university, having the means of being idle and of seeing the world, which is but too frequently one and the same thing, I posted off to Switzerland, to explore the aforementioned lake and mountains, and in order that I might lay in a stock of conversation which should serve, upon my return to this dull land, to astonish the non-illuminati for the remainder of my days. I travelled with a friend, just as idle, and of similar views with myself. We had not been at Geneva more than a few days, ere we determined, in the true spirit of enterprise, to ascend the Mount St. Bernard, to explore the pass by which he of Carthage in ancient, and he of Corsica in modern days, the heroes respectively of Cannæ and Marengo, descended the precipitous sides of that mighty "fragment of a former world," and covered the fair plains of Italy with their victorious armies.

Oh! what a glorious thing, thought I, will it be to expatiate upon,—to tell of accidents, not "by flood and field," neither "by lake and mere," but upon the European Caucasus, where the snows are, with reference to time, eternal, and where young lords and esquires go to breathe the mountain air, full ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

My friend and I took up our temporary abode in the little village of Saint Pierre, at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, resolving to avail ourselves of the first fine day to "climb its rugged steeps." In order to give the greater character to our adventure, we determined to proceed alone; and as we were informed, upon authority which we could not for one

moment doubt, that, from the base of the mountain to the summit, there were directing posts at intervals of about every two hundred yards, we had the less hesitation in attempting the ascent without guides; more especially, too, as we were told that some enterprising spirits had successfully performed the same feat but a few weeks previously to our arrival. There is really a charming excitement in the thought of doing a bold thing, which shall provoke at once the admiration of the women and the envy of the men; for what man is not flattered at being envied by his fellow, when that very envy gains him the admiration of those converse problems in human nature which have such a mighty influence upon the actions of men, whether it be for good or for evil. I really was almost intoxicated with the bare idea that my moral exaltation in the world would be measured and fixed by my physical exaltation on the mighty Alp, and therefore determined to ascend as high as the natural impediments and my natural resolution would permit. If, thought I, Doctor Paccard and James Belmat could scale the "cloud-capt" cone of Mount Blanc,

"Where to the gelid sky,
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,"

why should not my friend and myself ascend a mountain upwards of four thousand feet lower, especially when there is such a capital resting-place as the celebrated convent, scarcely more than half a mile from the summit? Swelling with this mental imposthume, and almost wild with the thought of having my name enrolled in future times among the archives of the BRITISH MUSEUM, or the INSTITUT ROYAL, by the side of those of Paccard and Saussure, I prepared early one fine morning in September, Anno Domini 1829, to enter upon my perilous undertaking. Having had our shoes regularly spiked, according to the custom of true mountain wanderers, my friend and I left the village of St. Pierre, crossed the picturesque little wooden bridge which divides it from the base of the mountain, and with a sort of knapsack upon our backs, containing cold chicken and lemonade, we commenced our search of the picturesque.

The sun shone out in the full blaze of his glory,—the morning was bright and bracing, when we reached the foot of the mountain. Our path was soon indicated, for we found the directing posts regularly placed and precisely as they had been described to us. The first part of our progress was sufficiently easy, as the path was wide and the ascent gradual. The higher we advanced, the more beautiful the prospect became, which we occasionally rested to gaze upon with the most inconceivable delight. A prospect seen from the Alps, is especially exciting, not merely from what is actually presented to the eye, though every thing is new and prodigiously striking, but from the buoyant self-satisfaction with which it is regarded. It is contemplated with a glowing pride of heart, which imparts, so to speak, a microscopic influence to the medium through which it is beheld. Every thing is immensely magnified to the mind, though not to the outward senses, from the novelty of the surprise which it creates, and the natural tendency of the imagination when excited to exaggerate visual objects. We see before us what it has been the very sum of our ambition to gaze upon; we feel that we are standing upon a spot which it has been the pride of thousands to visit, and which thousands desire to visit in vain. We are impressed for the moment by the consciousness of a certain moral superiority that lifts us above the dull mass of our kind, and imparts an elevation and a dignity to every thing around from the powerful associations which it produces; and thus, while the eye wanders over the distant plains, we feel within ourselves the enviable self-gratulating sentiment arise—How few have seen nature in her rude but stupendous sublimity as I have! What a subject of conversation for the rest of one's life! An ascent of the Alps is indeed a scene of no ignoble triumph, and I confess I felt it at this proud moment. It was one of the bright green spots in the wilderness of my existence.

Such or similar were my reflections, and these were considerably enhanced by the circumstance of our attempting alone the somewhat perilous ascent of the Mount St. Bernard. Many had scaled its lofty acclivities with the assistance of guides, but we had adventured unaccompanied upon our arduous undertaking.

As we advanced, the path narrowed and became exceedingly rugged, but those hirsute mountain occupants, the goats, which bounded here and there upon the lower regions of the mountain, gave a sort of do-

mestic aspect to the scene which greatly diminished its increasing asperity. We pushed boldly forward, the morning still continuing fine, but a mist every now and then rising from the hills, which threw a sort of opalescent dulness over the bright beams of the sun. After about three hours' energetic walking, we paused at a small tabular plain, which crowned one of the undulations in the hill. Here we seated ourselves upon a projecting ledge of stone, and took part of the refectory which we had provided, and then, much refreshed, commenced our labours up the narrow path that conducted to the summit of the cone. At this part of our ascent we deviated somewhat from the common track, to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding prospect, which was now vastly increased in magnificence, from the circumstance of our greater elevation.

"Here, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wond'rous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise."

After four hours' additional labour, we again paused to rest ourselves, but the increased cold and rarity of the atmosphere acted strangely upon our appetites, for we felt less disposed to eat than to drink; however, we picked the bones of a second chicken, drank a couple of bottles of lemonade, and again proceeded on our way. It was now about one o'clock. The brightness of the morning had considerably declined, and we began to feel rather anxious to reach the convent. A thick haze had wrapped the peaks of the neighbouring mountains, so that all objects except those in our immediate vicinity had become quite indistinct. By this time the cold was so distressing, that it was as much as we could do to keep our limbs from becoming benumbed. Notwithstanding these trifling impediments, however, we continued our journey, and the very idea of overcoming difficulty was excitement sufficient to give us every prospect of eventual success. Some of the passes had already become exceedingly troublesome to surmount, entire strangers as we were to such extremely rugged ascents, and but for the constant guidance of the finger-posts, we should have imagined that we had deviated from the proper track. Here and there foaming torrents bounded and roared across our path, swelled by the melting of the mountain snows; frequently confusing our inexperience, and greatly increasing the difficulty of our progress. When we had attained to an eleva-

tion between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, we turned out of our direct path in order to visit an extensive glacier which here almost entirely filled up an immense ravine between the Great St. Bernard and the neighbouring mountain. When we reached the margin of this glacier, the mist, which had for some time been hovering upon the lateral projections of the hill, suddenly dispersed, and the sun poured a broad flood of light upon the glittering masses before us. It appeared as if a mountain lake, lashed into billows by the "strife of elements," had been suddenly congealed, whilst its surges were at their "loftiest swell," and fixed into impotent stillness in the very climax of its commotion. Here and there huge pinnacles of ice rose above the general level of the glacier, assuming, upon a near inspection, forms the most singular and fantastic. We found no great difficulty in passing from the margin nearly to the centre of this barrier, as the undulations were close, and the hollows between them neither deep nor formidable; but as we advanced, these hollows became considerably wider, the icy billows loftier, and of more difficult access, while they were now often separated by deep fissures, called crevasses by the mountaineers, which threatened our progress with such formidable perils, that I considered it wise at once to retrace my steps.

Abruptions from the great mass of the glacier are sometimes so sudden, that chasms are formed like the yawnings of earthquakes, and vast portions of the frozen mountain fall with a horrid crash into the gulf. To look down one of these frightful crevasses was enough to turn a stronger head than mine; and though Saussure, in his "*Voyages dans les Alpes*," recommends that the eye should be kept steadily fixed upon the precipice while you are traversing its brink, as the brain ceases to reel in proportion as the eye becomes accustomed to explore the dismal abyss beneath, I, nevertheless, could not muster sufficient resolution to gaze for more than a few moments upon those dreadful chasms, whose depths, to such a superficial scrutiny, absolutely appear interminable. The bright cerulean hue of the icy walls which shut in these bottomless pits, gradually darkening as the eye pursues its course downward, until it terminates in a Cimmerian black, positively curdles the blood of the traveller unaccustomed to explore those rugged lineaments of nature. I could not venture to gaze upon these interminable

shafts of ice without an uncontrollable sensation of terror, and though my companion would have proceeded, being of a hardier courage than myself, I determined to retreat to the brink of the glacier, which I did with my best expedition, my friend following me leisurely, examining every portion of the frozen substance with the minute scrutiny of one who was storing up in his mind matter for the display of his *virtù*, when he should return among those to whom such things as we had this day witnessed, would be subjects for surprise, at least, if not for wonder.

We now returned to the path we had quitted, to which the friendly directing-post most accurately pointed. I began once more to breathe freely, and my heart bounded with the triumph of an achievement, when its pulses were again for a few moments stilled by the sight of one of those Alpine contingencies of which it is impossible for words to convey more than a very faint idea. Our road for the last half hour had been exceedingly abrupt, and was in some places so steep, that we were absolutely obliged to climb: for a considerable distance we had wound round a lofty battlement of the mountain, the craggy sides of which hung over our path, while every few moments patches of snow fell before and behind us as if they were the gentle heralds of a more fearful precipitation. We had scarcely scaled the most difficult part of the way, when we heard a prodigious crash above, as if the whole mountain had been suddenly cleft in twain by some internal convulsion; this was followed by a strange crackling sound, so continuous and multiplied as it was by the repercussions of the surrounding hills, as absolutely for the moment completely to confuse our senses. When I heard the first crash, however, I lifted my eyes to the brow of the lofty steep which had so ominously hung over our path and to my astonishment beheld, what I supposed, in the moment of my bewildered surprise, to be the whole hill tumbling into the valley beneath. I soon, however, perceived it was only an immense mass of snow and ice that had accumulated on the rugged projections of its summit and sides; this had detached itself by its own gravity from its insecure support, and was falling upon the path we had just quitted, which it completely blocked up. In sum, we had seen an avalanche! *Mirabile dictu!* Here again was matter at once of triumph and of conversation for home display—for how few people have seen an avalanche! Had we

been ascending the higher mountain, we should have been something puzzled about our return, as every trace of the path was obliterated where the snow had fallen and an enormous barrier raised which we could never hope to surmount; but here we were under no alarm, since we had escaped extinguishment from the gelid deposit, as we knew that the convent was at no very great distance, and that there we should find no difficulty in obtaining assistance to secure our safe return. Thus certified, we proceeded with light hearts and frozen fingers, sometimes,

“Whistling as we went for want of thought,”

or like the boy in the churchyard, “to keep our courage up;” at others, pausing to look at the landscape, which, in spite of cold and fatigue, often extorted from us a simultaneous burst of admiration.

At this point of our progress we suddenly turned an abrupt angle that bore us from the edge of a precipice into a considerable glade, which sloped, with a very gradual elevation, for at least two or three hundred yards; at the termination of this recess, the path became again so steep that we were once more obliged to climb. Before, however, we reached this spot, the atmosphere had thickened to a very disagreeable density, and as we advanced it became so oppressive as absolutely to arrest our progress; we paused, therefore, upon a sort of landing-place in the ascent, for here it was almost like a natural stair though very rude and difficult to surmount, hoping that the mist would shortly disperse and leave us a free path. Alas! our hopes were vain; it increased rapidly, until at length it became so thick as to have a very distressing effect upon our respiration. It was moreover considerably inspissated by large flakes of snow, which now fell around us in such profusion that we could scarcely see. To proceed, under these circumstances, was, as I conceived, impossible, and I confess I began to feel all the natural alarms of such a situation. My companion, however, who was of a different opinion, as well as of a different temperament, expressed his determination to push forward in spite of every difficulty, but I, being less rigidly nerved, made up my mind patiently to wait the issue, though, let me avow it, my apprehension at this time began already to be a little feverish. I adopted the most absurd resolution imaginable, as it afterwards proved. I remained perfectly inactive, seated upon a stone from which I had removed the gelid crust that

had accumulated upon its small tabular surface, so that in a short time I felt the cold so extremely piercing as absolutely to cramp my limbs, while the skin of my face, which was exposed to the full influence of the atmosphere, seemed to lose its natural flexibility, becoming painfully stiff, and tingled as if it had been struck with nettles. I rose and walked to and fro, but had not the courage to climb the rugged steep before me, and the narrow indentation upon which I stood was too confined to afford much scope for exertion. I could not excite my circulation into a glow, and I felt it every moment becoming more languid. I was by this time seriously alarmed.

The mist continued to thicken, and the snow to fall in large flakes with increased energy. I began to think seriously that, instead of returning among my friends to recount the wonders I had beheld in this region of cold and sterility, I should leave my bones to whiten on this celebrated hill, and have my body preserved in snow for the discovery and physiological speculations of a future generation. As the thought entered my mind, my brain whirled, and my pulse, rallying from the languor which had hitherto kept it sluggish, throbbed with a much more than ordinary acceleration. I was really terrified, but the increasing cold, from want of reaction, began gradually to paralyse my physical energies, and I felt myself rapidly sinking, in spite of my terrors, into a state of irresistible torpor. I seated myself again upon the stone, closed my eyes in an agony of anguish of which I can pretend to convey no adequate conception, and concentrating the whole force of my thoughts upon the one awful idea of a sudden and premature death, resigned myself, though with anything but a philosophic insensibility, to my fate.

Merciful Providence! how was my heart riven when I cast my reflections towards my home, where I had an affectionate mother awaiting my return to her bosom, with all the lively anxiety of maternal solicitude. What would be her agony at learning my fate! I shuddered at these dreadful anticipations. The thought was harrowing. It was a mute anguish too big—too potent for words—too absorbing to exhibit itself by any outward expression of suffering. The scenes of my youth were now reflected back upon my memory with a vividness which seemed to bring all the bright features of the past into one dazzling focus; they blazed before my mind’s eye with a light so concentrated that my spirit could not endure its intensity;

my very soul seemed to wither under the overpowering effulgence from which it turned to the dark gulf that was opening, as I then fancied, deeper and deeper before it, with a shuddering anticipation of horror. I found, by this time, that my senses were gradually lapsing into confusion; there was an indistinctness in my recollection; still for a while the one prevailing thought of home kept a tenacious possession of my mind, but at length gave place to visions the most appalling. I saw the past, as it were, through a prism, which threw over it the most enchanting hues, but yet through a medium so dim and indistinct that every object was magnified by this very indistinctness, while the future was presented to my imagination in dark and terrific contrast, the beauty of the one adding additional force to the terrifying representations of the other.

I had long been accustomed to imbue my mind with classic recollections, and Virgil was an author on whom I dwelt with a continued feeling of delight. It happened that I had been reading the descent of Æneas into hell upon the very morning of my unhappy expedition to the Mount St. Bernard, so that the impression of the scenes described in that inimitable poem were vividly impressed upon my imagination at this disastrous moment. In proportion as the confusion of my thoughts increased, the terrors of Tartarus were pictured upon them with a vivid force of detail, by which they seemed absolutely realised. I saw the surly guardian of the dreary prison-house of the outcasts from Elysium; I saw the fiery lake, the pitchy waters of the Stygian river, the forms of condemned spirits flitting through the murky atmosphere. I fancied I heard the howlings of the damned, the dismal ululations of the triple-headed Cerberus, the shrieks of the tormented, the gibes of triumphing demons, the yells of the despairing. Alas! my wavering thoughts clung to phantoms of the most unutterable repulsiveness. Although I had become, in a great degree, comatose from cold and inaction, still my mind was absolutely quick with these embryos of horror, and similar visions continued to flit before it until it lapsed into utter unconsciousness.

How long I remained in this state I know not; but it is abundantly manifest that I was neither doomed to leave my bones to whiten on the Alp, nor to be pickled in mountain snow for the future benefit of natural history, since I am now alive to record this adventure. I have said that just before my senses left me my imagination had been engrossed

by the gloomy fictions of Tartarus. As soon as I recovered my recollection, which I did very gradually, the same dreary impressions recurred. When first I opened my eyes a dim light seemed to mock the clear perception of my senses, but the objects around me growing imperceptibly more distinct, it is impossible to describe the agony of my feelings as I gazed upon them. I absolutely imagined myself to be in hell. I listened breathlessly, and distinctly heard an odd hissing noise close to my ear; presently a vast opaque body was forced between my eyes and the light, and, for the moment, all perception of objects was entirely excluded. I felt a large moist substance applied to my face, like a piece of seethed meat drawn gently over it. It was removed for an instant, then repeated; and this continued until, in an agony of terror, I flung my head on one side, and once more obtained the power of observation; when what was my consternation at beholding the head of a huge dog close to mine, with a tongue lolling out, so long and expansive that it absolutely appalled me. I was lying upon my back and so powerless as to be altogether unable to rise. On each side of the broad forehead of this canine monster, I fancied I could discern two additional heads, not quite so vast as that from which the tongue depended, but large enough to terrify a stouter heart than mine.

I was now satisfied in my own mind, that I was an inmate of the infernal regions, and at this very moment under the dreadful guardianship of the Plutonic Dog—the Tartarean Cerberus. As this impression grew stronger, the heads seemed to expand into the most gigantic proportions, and I lay beneath the glaring eyes of my triple-headed gaoler, almost palsied with horror. He put his huge jowl close to my lips, then dropped his enormous tongue upon them, and began to lick me, until, my strength increasing with my terrors, I gave a sudden start, and projected the upper portion of my body as far from his monstrous jaws as I possibly could. At this moment he set up a howl so continuous and terrific that I thought it would have burst the very barriers of the infernal prison in which I imagined myself to be incarcerated. The dog now retreated, continuing his howl. I had by this time, in spite of my terrors which remained unabated, more leisure and opportunity to look around me. I appeared to be in an interminable dungeon, into which a dim stream of light gleamed, sufficient to render visible every surrounding object, but whence it proceeded

I could not discover. The place around me was a perfect Golgotha, strewed, not indeed with skulls, but with human heads; and this somewhat puzzled me, still my mind, fixed upon the certainty of its first impression, soon settled into the dismal belief that I was on the hither side of Styx, where soul and body were appointed to unite previously to passing that black and tideless river. It occurred to me, moreover, that Cerberus, to whose especial charge I must, as I imagined, have been entrusted, had left his portal to conduct me safe across the Stygian ferry.

Upon casting my eyes more deliberately around me, I saw a vast assemblage of human forms, all mute and motionless; some half draped in a loose cotton covering, and others entirely naked. Some glared upon me from their rayless eyes, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile;" others poured from their eyeless sockets a frightful expression of dark unvarying vacuity which absolutely made my blood curdle; some again had every feature fixed with a statue-like rigidity of lineament which but too eloquently told of life departed; while others bore but the truncated resemblance of the perfect man,—a leg or an arm, or perhaps both, having crumbled from the trunk, which was thus left in a state of hideous and loathsome mutilation. This then I imagined to be Nature's great charnel-house, where the crumbled relics of the once living form were deposited, in order to take their natural shape and dimensions, ere they passed into those penal abodes to which they were everlastingly doomed. I cannot describe my sensations as I gazed upon these frightful remnants of mortality, so utterly at variance with the poet's sublime description,—“What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.” I might indeed truly continue with the poet, “and yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?” when I saw it in such terrible deformity around me.

While I was occupied with these dismal cogitations, I was startled by the approach of three figures of grave aspect, and in as grave attire, which I incontinently took to be those awful dispensers of Tartarean jus-

tice, Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus. I shuddered at the approach of these presidents of the criminal courts in the world of outcast spirits. One of them, however, advanced, poured words of sweetest soothing into my ear, lifted me gently from the charnel floor, and, with the assistance of one of his companions, led me from this scene of most dismal phantasies. I was soon conducted into daylight. I rubbed my eyes, and could scarcely believe my senses, until I found my hand clutched in that of my friend who had accompanied me from the village of St. Pierre. Every thing was soon explained. The hell in which I had fancied myself to be, was nothing more than the BONE-HOUSE OF THE CONVENT OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

It appeared that my friend had reached this charitable asylum in safety. Upon his explaining my situation, the convent dogs were immediately despatched to the spot where I was lying insensible. I was found covered with snow, and supposed to be dead. My body was consequently consigned to the repository for the departed. One of the dogs, which had followed the melancholy procession, directed by his strong instinct, had been shut in with me unobserved by his keepers. He continued to lick me until animation was restored, when he howled, and brought three of the monks to my rescue. My terrors had magnified his two ears into two heads. These strange impressions upon my mind will be in some degree accounted for from the circumstance, that in this cold region bodies do not corrupt after death, but gradually moulder: they emit no unpleasant effluvia, remaining for years with scarcely any visible change. In the receptacle for the dead already described, there are a great number of bodies in different stages of decay, in the process of which flesh and bones gradually consume together.

My friend and I were most hospitably entertained for three days at this celebrated convent, which we left with the impression that its monks are among the most liberal, benevolent, and generous beings upon earth. We made our descent in safety to the village of St. Pierre, and shortly after this memorable adventure took our departure for England.

A YEAR OF HONEY-MOONS.

BY CHARLES DALTON, ESQ.

March.

IF the rains of February did not keep my bride and myself in doors, still less were we kept in by the glad winds of March, which dried up for us the winter moisture, and prepared our paths through the green meadows and our walks by "hedge-row elms." We had no objection to a little of that "blowing about," which in robust geniality tossed the arms of the trees, and set the new flowers dancing. Harriet felt a difficulty sometimes in retaining her look of self-possession, without colouring, when the wind set violently against her as a stranger passed, drawing somewhat too beautiful an outline of her figure; but it is part of the sweetness of her nature never to be provoked by things inanimate, or where there is no intention of offending her; and the next minute she would half laugh, half talk away her blushes, the wind, as if in its gaiety, beating back the words into her mouth, like doves into their nest.

We cared nothing for those *east* winds of which sedentary people talk, except when the air was very cutting indeed; and then for luxury's sake we had a favourite walk against a long sunny garden-wall, over which looked the scarlet-flowering maple, and the blossoms of what is called the laurel—a name profanely usurped by that glossy and handsome species of *prunus*: and in the trees inside the garden we heard the rooks in motion, building their nests. This wall (which is a resort of ours still on the like occasion; indeed I might write the account of all our months in the present tense as well as the past, and in reading how we passed our time then, you may pretty well guess how we pass it now) belongs to a large square garden on a hill, the east side of which is finely peppered when the wind sets in that way; and now and then we would go round the other three sides, purely to get a good sharp blow, and enjoy with double delight the sense of quiet and warmth on the sunny western side. Here there is a country road, a good deal lower than the path, from which it is separated by a rail as well as bank; and on the other side of the road are some more garden-walls with their gates, and an outhouse or two, with a little belfry or pigeon house, frequented by doves. It is pleasing to see how full of beauty are the earliest smiles of spring, and how well

even the leafless trees and the out-houses look in the fine weather, merely because the sun shines upon them. Indeed we have noticed the same effect in the middle of winter, especially if the twigs of the trees be of a reddish hue. A poplar in a suburb garden will show it. It is not spring alone which, in the beautiful language of the poet,

— *kindles the birchen spray.*

Shelley's Fragment from Goethe.

We have seen this bit of country road, with its railed path, its wall, its pigeon-houses, and its winter trees, present a combination of natural and artificial elegance, which would agreeably surprise many an eye that little dreams of it, for want of a hint from those who have been more fortunately instructed. And be it observed, that out-houses and pigeon-houses may be handsomely built, and in fine architectural taste. (This reminds us that we must look at Mr. Loudon's book upon Cottage Architecture, and see what he has to say on that matter.) There is a coach-house, or some building of that kind, in a lane leading from the north-western side of Hampstead Heath to a place called the Potteries (a favourite spot of ours), which, though nothing but a simple brick building with a blind face to the road, is a real pleasure to the eye, and beats all to nothing the mansion to which it belongs.

A dry-looking reader with a red face.—And so part of your "Year of Honey-moons," Mr. Dalton, is passed in looking at pigeon-houses and garden walls!

Author.—It is. We lose none of the pleasures that art or nature has made us acquainted with, and the mutual enjoyment of which serve to endear and enrich us to one another. I told you so in my introduction. Hence it is that we enjoy every moment of our existence; and by this means (*aside*), if you had known it, you might have attained to better things in life than that doubting face of yours, and that after-dinner complexion.

Part of Harriet's pleasure in our March walks consisted in her detecting the early violet, for which she would let go my arm now and then as we passed a sunny bank, and by degrees get me a good handful. She carried a phial of water in her reticule, and thus preserved them. One day she came

down to dinner with a profusion of them for a crown to her head, and with a sauciness peculiar to herself, very charming for a certain air of deference which she contrives to mix with it, thrust head and all into my face to let me see "how sweet they were." "Sweet indeed!" cried I, detaining her cheeks in my hand, and kissing the beautiful back of her neck. Whatever ornament she puts on she only makes me think the more of herself—herself the ornament of the ornament. She repays the grace she receives from it with a double return, moral and intellectual. There is the wish to please, and the exquisite knowledge how to please. I noticed on this occasion, as on a thousand others, how very beautiful is the flowing line of the throat and neck to the shoulder, especially when bending in this manner, with that gentle acquiescent look natural to a woman, and showing to perfection the contrast of its white colour, and its firmness, with the meek, floating locks. Milton seems to imply, though he does not expressly mention it, in the passage where he describes Eve sitting and leaning towards Adam "in meek surrender." And Akenside notices a neighbouring beauty—the only poet, I believe, who has:—

Hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks; disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip.

Pleasures of Imagination.

"Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn"

is a beautiful line. I have sometimes looked at a grace of this sort in a woman, I mean a beautifully-turned throat and bend of the neck, and wondered how she could have a face not entirely answering to it in sweetness of expression. But she *would* have had it, if education and pre-existent circumstances would have let her. Contradiction of appearance in offspring implies contradiction in progenitors or their fortunes.

There are moments when the very earliest indications of spring in March have something in them almost superior to the bursts of beauty in April and May. We poetical pedestrians are grateful to the first peepings of the buds, in proportion to their long absence. This is particularly the case on a fine quiet day, when the winds are silent, and the sun strikes warm upon one's cheek or shoulder; and when in some pretty secluded spot, abundant in evergreens, and not without indications of the new shrubs, you hear the thrush for the first time, or the cooing of

doves, or catch the miniature dinning of the gnats. If the bee comes in with his richer murmur, and plunges into some panting blossom, the charm is complete. It is a boast of ours that we are the first of all our acquaintances who hear the bee and the cuckoo. We may add, all the other vernal and summer voices; for there is nobody else, to our knowledge, who makes it a point to enjoy all the luxuries of nature, great and small, throughout the whole of the year. Harriet or myself, as it happens, will suddenly stop during our walks, and with finger up, and a happy face, bid the other listen. It is the first sound of the thrush, or the nightingale, or the cuckoo, the lark, or the bee; or it is the dove aforesaid, or the gnats. None of the music of nature is lost upon us; nor a picture. We reckon even the departing fieldfare a sight worth hailing. And happy is the one who first points it out: only it is sometimes "inconvenient," as my companion says; for there is such a charming mixture of luxury and innocence in her countenance when listening on these occasions, such absorption in the sound, and yet such inclusion of me in the absorption—with a pressed arm and a little closer creeping to my side—that I long to thank her with a kiss. Now lips are apt to look most beautiful in leafy and sequestered spots; but from the very love you bear them, which is mixed with an inconvenient thing called "respect," and a jealousy lest they should be lightly thought of by others, you cannot always reckon upon the safety of the salutation in consequence of the thickness of the leaves about you. The thicker they are, the more safely they may include some prying neighbour. Your Scotch heath is the place for salutation out of doors—the *Cowden Knows* or the *Bush aboon Traquair*; where there is just enough foliage or floweriness to screen you from the idea of publicity, while your eye has the range of the country round about, so that you are sure of nobody's being near. *Vide Burns, Allan Ramsay, Allan Cunningham*, and all the tribe of Scotch poets, who love a heath as surely as Horace says other poets do a wood. But I shall be anticipating my own seasons of heath and hay-field.

The first sight of human occupation in the fields is very pleasant after its long absence; such as the ploughman with his team, and the sower stalking with his basket. The unweaned lambs would be more so, but for a bitter thought which it requires further thinking to reconcile, and the meditation is painful, and to youth not very easy. Fortunately at

that time of life it makes no great impression. But as long as it lasts it is unpleasant, the more so from being mixed up with the tenderest feelings and the most common-place wants. Maternity, and innocence, and helplessness, and the permission of pain and suffering, and the homely intrusion of the thoughts of one's dinner, make up a strange and provoking perplexity of ideas. The imagination of young and gentle womanhood sees but the most affecting of these images, and the shadow of evil for a moment passes over her sunshine.

A tear bedews my Delia's eye
To think yon playful kid must die,

says the poet, in an artificial but not untouching strain. I have already said that the thoughts of motherhood had never yet been expressed between my bride and myself; nor were they now: but one day as we passed a field in which, to use the finer language of another poet (Dyer), there was many a new-born lamb, who

Tottering with weakness by his mother's side
Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet;

Harriet looked suddenly another way; and I knew by her silence there were tears in her eyes. I did not say anything; but in the evening, without laying any particular stress upon it, I read her, among others, the following passage from a greater poet, who had just made his appearance in print. Never, surely, were pain and evil more sweetly reconciled to good, or briefness of suffering to the predominance of pleasure:—

The ox
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
The horned valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringed hills,
In summer heats, with placid lows
Unfearing, till his own blood flows
About his hoof. And in the flocks,
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From flower'd furrows. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart; and then, from whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.

Poems of Alfred Tennyson.

When I had finished this lovely passage, Harriet, who had been loud and profuse in her expressions of delight at the others, said simply at this, in a low voice, "How *very* sweet!" and stooping down on my hand, kissed it. It was to thank me for all the

thoughts which she knew had passed between us on the subject, though we had not spoken, and for the relief I had afforded her by means of the poet. She is exquisite at this kind of *womanly gallantry*, if I may so call it, without degrading the feeling by the word. She never would allow from the first (indeed I never contested the point with her), that all the manifestation of courtesy, and deference, and gratitude should be on the man's side; and she says there are moments of exceeding fulness of heart, understood on both sides, when it is a grace in a woman to be foremost in manifesting her feelings. I know that from a person of her exquisite taste, it is a very exquisite compliment.

Taste is the perception of what is appropriate, and the relish consequent upon the perception. By some persons it is acquired, or greatly improved; with others it seems to be born, like the common properties of health and a good palate. Certainly there are many who study to obtain it, without much success; while others, without studying at all, say, do, and think the best things, by a certain harmonious perfection of their nature. In Harriet it is a mixture of instinct and consciousness. The shapeliness of her soul naturally inclines her to move in a right direction, and the cultivation of her thoughts makes her aware of it without vanity. She would be called romantic; but only by those who do not see far enough into the interior of good sense, and who are not aware how much reasonable pleasure is to be extracted out of a thousand things that never enter their heads for want of a little fancy. I reckon therefore that she passes her days quite as much in a round of good sense as of elegant enjoyment, the one indeed being the soul of the other. Knowing how I value the first evidence of Spring, and how I hail the very name of March, harsh and rude as it is, because the winter months are gone, and it is the "piping time" of the coming flowers, she covered our first breakfast table in the month with a profusion of hyacinths and narcissus, intermingled with roses, tulips, and violets, and surmounted with the beautiful pink blossoms of the mezereon, and some branches of maple. We hail the first new leaves of the year with quite as much, nay more joy than the flowers; because flowers we have all the year round, but green leaves we have not. There is also a very vital look in them, with their tender expanding folds, and the redness of many of them next the bough. The young crinkled leaves of the currant and gooseberry bushes, are like miniature fans put forth by invisible fairies.

It was beautiful to see my charmer with her own rosy smile and 'hyacinthine locks,' sitting looking at me through the foliage of this flowery table, like the soul of my domestic paradise; for we allow of no "curl-papers" at breakfast, nor of a cap. She knows I cannot see too much of her face and its ornaments in their natural state; and therefore she withholds them from me as little as possible. We have always some flowers on our table of a morning, and the monthly roses all the year round. Harriet says that people do not think well enough of the Chinese, considering that they found out tea for us, and that they are also, after their small fashion, a poetical, flowery people; and she looks upon the "Chinese rose" as belonging to the tea-cup, and likes to see them together. I am reminded of this Chinese turn of sentiment by a quotation she made on this morning of the first of March, when I was expressing my thanks for the manner in which she had set out the table. I observed that it was a picture of herself—"all freshness, and grace, and promise, and present joy." "Nay," said she, "it is an emblem of my fate:—you remember the passage we noticed among others in the Chinese novel: only I have had the light without the previous darkness."

The passage she alluded to is striking for the excessive piece of brightness and colour with which it terminates, and which is rendered so by this "previous darkness." It is a prose version of a Chinese bit of poetry in the novel of *Ju-kiao-li* (vol. ii. p. 254).

"These disasters were not the mistakes of fate;
These cross purposes were the result of misunderstanding.

Who would have foreseen, that from so many mistakes and disappointments
Would result, in the end, a fate brilliant as flowers?"

We have flowers on our dinner as well as breakfast table: for as nature is always profuse of her beauties, we see no reason why we should not always acknowledge her beneficence, and have some of them about us. If this is not reason enough, we have the great authority of Lord Bacon on our side, of whose dinner-table the same custom is recorded. A late noble poet said, he "could not bear to see a woman eat." It was the infirmity of his ultra-sensual turn of mind, and the debasing habit of satire. The former inclined him to see every thing grossly, and the latter to subject "the greater to the less." A true lover of a woman, when at table with her, does not think of her *eating*. He only thinks (if he thinks of the matter at all) of her health and good humour, and of the grace with which she goes through even so common a thing. They

both think just as much of it as it is worth, and no more. I confess I hate to see a woman *given* to eating. That is coming round to his lordship's inversion of the matter, and forgetting every kind of feminine grace and propriety in the indulgence of a gross will. If a lover thinks of eating or drinking at all when his mistress is before him, it ought to be either in the spirit of Fielding's Amelia, when she set one of her little suppers before her husband, and delighted to see him cheerful over it, or in that of the Greek poet so well rendered by the English:—

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not look for wine.

Real love, instead of degrading either a great pleasure or a small, can take the most common-place of enjoyments, and convert it into a ground of refined sympathy.

When my wife and I found the morning fine enough to allow of taking a long walk, and spending a good many hours in the country, we were not fond of concluding our day with town amusements, such as going to the play or the opera. At any rate, we did not like to look forward to such a termination of it, though we had no system to the contrary. We let our feelings guide us, modified by circumstances, and by the wishes of our friends. But the enjoyment of rural scenery, its tranquillity and silence, begets a wish to continue that sort of life; and as we were in the habit of staying at home of an evening, we seldom found ourselves going out, after spending a morning in the country. From the quiet and lovingness of the fields, we returned to the quiet and lovingness of our book and fireside. It was different if we rode. There is something of comparative noise and bustle and the town in horses and equipages. It seemed natural enough, that the carriage which wafted us through doubtful or bleak weather of a morning, should take us to the opera after dinner. When I knew that we were going out in this way, I sometimes made a whole town day of it; and if Harriet had nothing to do with drapers and milliners, (for though she likes to dress well, she is not fond of shopping,) I took her to my bookseller's, or the music-shop, or some exhibition. The exhibitions, however, we preferred in fine weather, when the days were at their clearest, and no fire was wanted. But great was our pleasure at taking home in the carriage some new book of poetry, (like the one just mentioned,) or some old poetry in a new edition, or some exquisite print

or etching, or new air, which had delighted us at the opera; and yet half of our enjoyment of it was pretence. We felt ourselves so sufficient to one another, and were at heart so much inclined to do without any thing but our own company, that had we given ourselves up to the impulse, we should have done nothing but walk and talk together, or sat like a pair of lovers at a stolen interview. But from a lucky instinct already explained, each of us, without running into a strain of systematic reflection on the subject, doubted the ability to confer that entire happiness, which neither doubted to receive; and thus we availed ourselves of all those collateral helps to good-will, those little external diversions, and objects of intellectual sympathy, which at once suspended the intensity of our feelings, and kept us more surely together. To this day, the neighbourhood of her cheek to mine, while we are reading the same book, makes me long to touch it; and when I catch a little of her breath upon me, as she half turns to say something, I seem to feel, with all the freshness of a first sensation, "the fragrance of her heart."

To divert the passionate state of my emotions, I would sometimes endeavour to reflect metaphysically on the nature of *love*; and it was in one of these meditations I discovered in what the highest state of it exists, which I am convinced is *gratitude for pleasure given by intellectual, moral, and personal grace, and an extreme desire to give pleasure in return for it*. The love is perfect in proportion to the perfection of these three graces in the object, or to the imagination of them in the lover's mind, or to the abstract and candid appreciation of them in the mind of the person beloved, so as to show that the nature merits to be as externally as it is intrinsically graceful. Disinterestedness of *wish* is not to be expected in a lover, because it is among the conditions of our being, (and a very delightful and useful one it is, and looks like something angelical,) that the bestowal of happiness, and consequently the very idea of its bestowal, is unavoidably connected with that of receiving it. But the lover is reasonably to be called disinterested, in proportion as he can *act* disinterestedly where the happiness of the beloved object is concerned; and doubtless that love is the truest, which can so act in the highest degree, and which can receive the greatest amount of consolation from the knowledge of the beloved person's happiness, apart from its own contribution to it. It is not everybody, I fear, that is capable of real love at all, in however small

a degree. Some portion of generosity and imagination is necessary to it; and there are people, whose ignorance or bad habits, or a nature derived from unfit or unloving parents, have rendered them so destitute of both, that they know nothing of love but the animal passion, and not even that with any admixture of grace. The rest is as unintelligible to them, as Paradise at present is to us: and by the way, it would be amusing to know what sort of idea of Paradise their's can be, supposing them to believe in it; for this degradation even of the animal passion does not allow them to include that in their sense of dignities; and they know so little of affection, except to make a tool of it, and exact it from others, that they must be equally at a loss in the more spiritual part of the conjecture. We may be allowed to guess a little. On the other hand, the capabilities of being in love are of various sorts, and of almost every degree of amount; and while nothing tends to exalt and perfect it so much as an admission of its identity with the wish to see another happy, all the perplexities and inconsistencies of it are to be accounted for and guarded against, in honourable and estimable natures, in proportion to the doubt they conceive of their own sufficiency for another's happiness, and the generosity of that doubt; that is to say, in proportion to its freedom from that impatience, which sets the will up above moral grace, and ends in caring for nothing, so that it produces a strong sense of itself and its desires; in other words, in proportion to its love of love, and not its love of power. For it is easy to desire the best things, but far less easy to deserve them; and if the desire is put stubbornly forward, and the desert not half so much cared to be made out, the end will be, that in proportion as the best things are wished for, they will be lost; and this is the way in which will is for ever defeating itself. Pitiable is the state of those whose wilfulness obscures the real portion of love which they feel; especially as the love, though great enough to torment them, is seldom sufficient to work out their cure, by leaving the reason strong enough to compare notes with it, and come to the most loving conclusion. When it does, there is no nature worthier of cultivation, or more likely to stamp a lasting affection; for, in the present imperfect condition of humanity, the very habit of pity for imperfection in others, helps to render a generous nature capable of being satisfied with the love, out of a sense of its own imperfections, provided the affection really succeeds in getting rid of what does not belong to it.

I will add one word more, in all delicacy, to this digression upon love; and that is, (agreeably to what has been hinted before,) that as the animal part of it is not to be set up as the only or more desirable portion, so neither is it to be unfeelingly or hypocritically debased into what it is not; for all impulses are good and graceful, provided they be reasonable and in good taste; and it is an impertinence and even a grossness in love, if there be not a lively sense in it of all its faculties, equally remote from an ungenial coldness and an unaffectionate self-revolution.

The opera season in the spring of 1831 was not a good one. We missed Pasta and others; and the rest of the theatres were in no good condition. But we are so fond of music, and are so willing to find ourselves sitting together in the midst of any collection of human beings, assembled for a common pleasure, that we went even to the oratorio; not the most lively of entertainments. We had the pleasure of seeing others pleased, and more think themselves pleased, and of hearing some of the divine strains of Handel and Winter,—divine whether the subject be sacred or profane; for all sweet music is like the sound of the tongues of Paradise. It seems like a heavenly language which we hear without knowing the words, and as if it must have a meaning far beyond the words

which are sometimes given to it. Love, pleasure, pity, speak to us in it beyond all question, and in their loveliest manner; and yet we know not by what secret. It is upon this principle that we understand what Mozart meant when he professed to have an indifference or contempt for "words," and did not care how poor they were. He knew that it must be very wonderful poetry indeed which should not be beaten, and *ultra*-expressed, by the mere notes of his music. No words are required to give the most enchanting and even the most definite effect (as far as particular emotion is concerned) to parts of the instrumental compositions of that great master, —to some of the overtures of Handel and Gluck, or the delicate inventions of Haydn. These beautiful echoes of our most indescribable feelings, my bride and I enjoyed with a pleasure as indescribable, sitting side by side, conscious of the enjoyment around us, and fancying a quintessence of it concentrated in our persons. And it was the same at the opera when Italian passion was pouring forth its triumph, with an intensity in every breath; or when the music seemed to wake up and to warrant the ostentatious fervour of the dance, and the castanets sounded like the very thrill of its bones.

And then our carriage wafted us to a blissful home.

[This article has been delayed by the illness of the writer. As some of our readers have been perplexed by the doubt whether the present series of papers is, or is not, sheer matter of fact, it has been thought as well to state, that they are a *fiction*; and that their object is, partly, to show how two young married persons, possessed of the comforts of life, may turn their happiness to the most lasting account; and partly to point out to the lovers of Nature and Art some of the best enjoyments within their reach, as modified by the successive seasons of the year. The author is Mr. Leigh Hunt.—Ed.]

PAUL PENRYN.

I WAS born at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire. My father was captain and part owner of the *Four Sisters*, a brig of about 250 tons, belonging to that port, and of course his family saw but little of him. He was the youngest of seven sons, of whom he was the only survivor, the salt sea having been the winding sheet of all, before I came into the world. When I was yet very young, I have still a glimmering recollection of our removal to the vicinity of a fishing village on the adjacent

coast of North Devon. I have often recalled, with a mixture of delight and anguish, the mountains, the dark cliffs, and rocky hollows of the land of my youth. Our cottage was situated near the wild sea-shore, and in a few years my brothers and myself became hardy and rugged sons of the ocean.

I should, however, except my third brother William; he was of a gentler disposition; he loved a smooth sea and a flowing sheet, rather than close-reefed canvass and bows

under. His constitution was not strong, and we told him he must be a landsman. Thus matters went on for some years; we grew in strength and in health, and had few disasters to darken our course. Meanwhile my father took Sam and me with him in the *Four Sisters*, and proud we were when we used to return home, after having been absent for a few months; and many a fair countenance blushed and sparkled as we discoursed of foreign parts, and of the wonders and dangers of the deep.

I was now first mate of the *Four Sisters*, and Sam, who was a year younger than myself, was in the *Emulous*, a barque in the American trade. In consequence of an accident which had rendered my right arm useless for a short period, I spent my eighteenth November at home. The ship was expected up the Channel, and was to be docked during the winter, so that my father would be enabled to spend some time with us. In short we all looked forward to the coming Christmas with joy.

It is a stern coast that of North Devon. From Combe eastward, especially, there is a succession of bold and romantic scenery, walled in, as it were, by gigantic and towering rocks, with now and then a break or opening of extreme natural beauty. Many narrow valleys, with generally a babbling stream flashing at their feet, open towards the shore, where the restless sea maintains an almost perpetual conflict with the rocky steep of this iron-bound coast.

One afternoon, in the November I have spoken of, I wandered out with my brother William to the beach, to watch the flood roll up the Channel. The morning had been cold and cheerless; both land and sea were alike wrapped in fog and gloom. But this had now nearly cleared away, and the sun shone out boldly, amidst the murky congregation of vapours which extended over the entire of the western horizon. I hardly remember a wilder-looking evening. The various craft in sight were rapidly running across the Channel for shelter. The wind was yet light, but came in sudden and uncertain gusts, as if it were trying its strength before some mighty onset.

We went several miles along the rocky coast. Presently the deepening furrows, and the broken swells, on the sea, which was excited by the rising wind, that now blew in heavy squalls, gave token of a coming storm. As the sea roared, and the wind blew wilder, I thought with deep anxiety about my father (for the *Four Sisters* was expected to be in

the Channel) who would inevitably be exposed to the most imminent hazard when darkness set in. The sky became rapidly overcast with clouds, which threatened entirely to eclipse the broad disk of the moon that began to rise as the night advanced. After passing a short time at a look-out house on the heights, where a number of fishermen had assembled, we returned home with heavy hearts.

The wind rose with greater violence towards midnight, and we almost feared for our security on shore, for our cottage rocked, and the slates were torn from the roof, and scattered about to a considerable distance. Just before day-break I arose, and accompanied by William, proceeded to the shore. The sea was white with foam; the sky also looked dismally; but the gale had considerably subsided. We were joined by Frank Walters, a neighbour seaman, as we went along. We had not advanced a mile on the beach, when the wreck and materials of a ship scattered over the shingles as far as the eye could reach, told their tale of ruin and disaster. It was early flood, and the mournful voice of the ocean heard at that hour, with the dim and uncertain light, had a chill and foreboding effect on our minds. We wandered a little further and the principal scene of the tragedy appeared before us. There lay part of the frame of a gallant brig—for the violence of the surf had completely beaten her sides out, leaving stem and stern hanging together as by a thread—jammed amidst the rocks, high and dry on the beach. We hastily gathered around. Part of a boat which had been staved and broken as the wreck came ashore was lying near it. It bore on its stern the fatal words—“*Four Sisters, Charles Penryn.*” But where were the human victims?—we looked wildly on the waste—the devouring sea, which burst upon the beach in endless surges, as if in mockery of the woe it had created. I can never reflect upon my sensations on that dreadful morning—the foretaste of a stormy life—without a cold thrill of horror.

We lingered so long over the wreck of the old craft, on which we looked as on the friend of our childhood, that we were not aware of the rapid approach of the tide. Our hearts were full to bursting, and it was only the remonstrances of old Frank Walters that at last aroused us to a sense of our danger. The wreck lay in a cove or opening in the cliffs, flanked by projecting masses of rock, which ran boldly into the beach on either side. To landward the heights were singularly bold and

precipitous. Indeed throughout the entire of this wild coast I do not remember any portion more formidable or more exposed. Here were we threatened to be pent up till the sea should close, slowly but surely, around us. Whether more time had passed away in our distress than we were aware of, I know not, but I never recollect so rapid an advance of the tide as on that morning. We did not at first see the real danger of our situation. A dark line of rocks extended for nearly three quarters of a mile before there was an opening of any consequence. Frank and I mounted the extremity of the eastern ledge and hastily scoured the shore.

"Must we run for it, Frank?"

"Run boy! What man ever raced with the sea in the channel with a prospect of success? why the — stone is ten feet under water before this. But it doesn't signify beating about the wind; we must bear up for some dry berth or we shall be all aback in a jiffy."

He had scarcely said this, before a wave broke against the point of rock where we were standing, with tremendous violence. We ran up the beach to the cove, which had a sandy bottom, strewn with masses of shingle, seaweed, and fragments of stones dislodged from the steep. The tide, accelerated by a stiff breeze which blew right on shore, advanced with fearful rapidity. We listened for a few minutes to the sullen roaring and dashing of the waters, as they now entered and then receded from the little holes and recesses in the rock, whilst we were discussing the various plans for our escape.

At the moment a fresh object diverted our attention. The waves bore with them in their advance something of a bulkier nature than the patches of black seaweed which had hitherto been urged forward. First a human hand was cast up amid the spray, then an arm became visible, and before we had time for reflection, a swollen and disfigured corpse floated almost to our feet.

William seized my arm. I heard him mutter the word *father*. I was speechless. The sea again swelled and rolled forward with violence, and in its revulsion carried back the dead body. Old Frank, who had been for several minutes carefully surveying the rocks, in order to determine the most accessible part, now ran to our side. The tide came roaring onwards, and bursting several feet beyond its last advance, carried the drowned man almost to the spot where we stood. It was too true;—the matted hair—the bloodless face—the sunken eyes—and the half-naked body, left but a faint resemblance of the handsome

manly sailor that had been—but it was our father. Poor William threw himself upon the corpse, and was only removed from this embrace of death, by the efforts of the old man and myself.

Several minutes again elapsed, for we were indeed panic-struck. By the time we had carried the body to a cave in the rocks, the prospect before us was most awful. The whole space within the cove, except the ledge of stones on which we stood, was filled with curling breakers. A few minutes more must rank us with the living or the dead.

There was only one chance of escape. In the least precipitous part of the cliff, were many holes and rough ledges, partly covered with sea-weed or samphire. But it required a strong head and a steady foot, as one false step would be instant destruction. Old Frank led the way. Twice the old man was on the very verge of death, but at last he gained a footing on a place of safety. The rain was now pouring down in torrents, and the breeze was fresh and squally, but it became literally a matter of life and death, for William and myself had scarcely commenced our ascent before a tremendous breaker struck the spot we had just quitted, and absolutely drenched us with spray in its recoil. However, I had youth and experience on my side, and reached the spot where Frank stood, after a severe effort. Poor William! I think I see him yet, struggling up the rocks, now clinging by one prominence, and now resting on another. If he could but succeed in scaling one part of the cliff where there was little to depend upon except the frail support of some weeds, his success appeared certain. At this point of the ascent a squall of wind swept along the shore with great violence—William lost his hold—and in another minute his body was carried to the mouth of the cove in a furious eddy; there was one cry, and all was hushed in the silence of death.

* * * * *

Many months passed away. One evening we were surprised to find my brother Sam seated in the cottage. Captain Wildman, of the *Emulous*, had left that vessel, and was to sail in a few months in a new ship under different owners. Sam was to be first-mate, and talked with great glee of the intended voyage. He proposed to remain with us for a short period, but the chief reason for his visit floated on my mind before we had been half a minute together.

I should mention that in one of those sweet little hamlets which are to be found nestling in the valleys on the coast of North

Devon, resided what is called a "small farmer," a brother of my mother. He had an only daughter, and Sam and I used to love to wander thither of an evening to visit Margaret, who would listen to all our boyish yarns about foreign parts with ardent curiosity and interest, till the twilight had deepened into darkness. The farmer was a bluff old fellow, and never failed to give his young tars, as he called us, a rally about all the nonsense we were filling Margaret's head with.

Margaret loved Sam. I saw it in every glance; and though little ever passed between us on the subject, yet that little embittered and aggravated my feelings. On the other hand, I was convinced that my brother was jealous of me, though, God help me! there was little to make him so. Matters went on thus for several years.

Sam ran over to old Winford's the morning after his return. He came back with a clouded brow, for though Margaret smiled, the old people frowned. He had always been a wild lad, of a reckless disposition; and his character seemed not to have mended since his long absence at sea. The old farmer told him that he who would win his daughter, must forsake helm and canvass, and take in hand the plough and the sickle—he met with a rough reply. Sam no doubt fancied that I had a hand in this; and long afterwards I recalled a glance of deep meaning, almost of malignity, which he gave me after his return.

However, the reception he met with rendered me not one jot the less miserable. Sam was soon obliged to leave us for Bristol, where his presence was called for by Captain Wildman.

Some time after his departure he wrote to offer me the second mate's berth in the *Firefly*, on terms of the most advantageous nature. My mother was strongly against my quitting her, but the neighbourhood became, from various causes, almost insupportable to me; I promised only to go this one voyage; and she was somewhat solaced when I represented to her that the money I gained would smooth our course for the future.

* * * * *

My feelings were strongly excited when I found the *Firefly* built for the accursed traffic in slaves. I had understood that she was going on a venture to the coast of Africa, but the purpose I had not been aware of. However, it was too late now to retract, though Sam and I had a violent quarrel—and we shortly afterwards dropped down to King's-

Road: a favouring breeze sprang up, and another day saw the cliffs of old England but as a speck upon the distant deep. The *Firefly* was a lively thing, squared away free; with the wind abaft the beam she would run away merrily before the breeze, but when hauled close up her sailing was dull and heavy.

We shipped five hundred and ten human beings on the coast of Africa after a prosperous voyage, and bore away with all sail across the Atlantic for the isles of the west. For several days the wind was fresh and fair; but one evening it suddenly subsided, and the ocean was almost unruffled. We left a long train of light behind us like molten gold, as the *Firefly* went lazily on her course. Several days succeeded of intense heat. Sails were useless; the very pitch boiled out of the seams of the ship under the influence of that blazing sun; and the effluvia from between decks became more and more dreadful. Our living freight was secured in double rows, each negro being shackled by one leg to a bar of iron that ran amidships nearly from stem to stern. They lay foot to foot, and the piteous wailing which often prevailed in this pest-house, the intensity of the heat, the sufferings they endured, and the harsh and cruel scenes that almost daily took place, had a powerful effect on my feelings. I cursed the hour when I left the shores of my native Devon; I upbraided Sam with the deception he had practised on me, and quarrels of a serious nature more than once arose between us. Meanwhile the condition of the slaves was getting more appalling. On the third day of the calm we committed ten bodies to the deep; the next day double that number were released from their sufferings; and already the galling and friction of the chains had produced festering sores in most of the number.

The weather continued without the slightest change for many days. Captain Wildman declared, that in all his experience—and he had commanded a ship two-and-twenty years—he had never remembered so long-continued a calm. The sharks had a fine feast then. They came about the ship in great numbers and with the utmost boldness, and absolutely seemed to know that a pestilence was on board. It was not long before the vitiated atmosphere by which we were so continually surrounded began to have its effect upon our own men. We committed two of the crew to the deep on the eleventh day of the calm, and several others were dying. The poor negroes too, many of whom

had been fresh and plump when they were brought aboard, were now little else but skin and bone from long-continued suffering, filth, and disease, though they were tolerably well supplied with provisions. A new and still more dreadful evil now threatened us. Our stock of water was extremely low; we were already put upon half-allowance, and if the weather continued much longer in the same state, the consequences were fearful to contemplate. It was true that death was rapidly thinning the number of the slaves, but the consumption of water was still necessarily very great.

One afternoon—it was, I think, the fifteenth day of the calm—there was at last a welcome change. A moderate breeze sprung up, and all disposable hands were employed in navigating the ship to the utmost advantage. Our captain affected to be in high spirits, and said that he should yet land three hundred prime Africans for the market, in spite of the calm. The breeze freshened considerably as the evening set in, though to our surprise there were yet none of those indications which usually precede a storm. Yet it was prudent to make all snug in case of need, and away we ran before the wind. A heavy scud overspread the surface of the deep, and the groaning of the masts, the roaring of the gale in the shrouds, for it now blew hard, and the velocity of the vessel as it rushed through the water, presented a singular contrast to the sluggish serenity of our late course. All hands were on deck, and bustle was the order of the moment.

I was standing forwards, near the larboard bow, when my attention was strongly attracted by a strange vessel which loomed very large through the scud and mist, right a-head of us.

I instantly sang out. My brother stood by my side. I gave a momentary glance towards the strange ship. Every hand was now on deck, and Captain Wildman himself took the wheel, and kept our vessel away from the strange sail. It was just in time. If I had not been at the bow we should inevitably have struck. As it was, she passed by us so closely, that we had a very distinct view of her. She was a three-masted ship of moderate burden, with a red streak and lofty bulwarks. Not a soul was visible on her deck, except a solitary individual at the wheel, who, it was averred by several of our men, never even turned his head as our helm was put up, though both vessels were in great danger. He looked like a lifeless statue rather than a living man. Stories of the Flying

Dutchman were now buzzed about on all sides; I silently observed the captain himself quiver a little. The wailings of the captives below, the clanking of the chains, and the roaring of the elements, were dismal and appalling. Suddenly the man forward exclaimed that the stranger had tacked, and was going to windward of us. The captain's suspicions were now greatly excited. He followed the example; the helm was put a-weather, we soon paid-off, and again were running eleven knots before the wind. The Fire-fly was now in her element, she was an absolute racer, and we had reason to bless ourselves that she was so, for as we bore up a-head of the stranger, an eighteen-pound shot struck us on the larboard side, narrowly missing the main-mast, and doing little injury beyond tearing and splintering the timber. We now knew what to make of him, and as he continued in close pursuit, we shotted the "long four" aft, and returned him the compliment. It was evident, however, that on this point of sailing we were decidedly superior; and we stood away, and soon lost sight of him in the fog.

As I stood at the wheel during the solitary hours of darkness, I felt a strange foreboding of evil. To add to this, my brother's conduct towards me was very extraordinary. He had recently exhibited an evident propensity for drinking. A short time before I had observed the strange vessel, he had been more than usually insulting and overbearing in his conduct, which led to a violent quarrel between us.

Morning came at last. All was anxiety on board respecting the strange ship. The view of the man at the main-top was for some time obscured by the remains of the mist; but as the sun advanced this gradually cleared away. A vessel, which was descried at a great distance, was, however, hull-down in the course of the morning.

"We shall have a gale to-night, Penryn," said the captain.

At this time the sky was clear, and there was little to indicate such an event; but at sun-set a dark cloud arose out of the bosom of the main; the sky was covered with a dense mass of clouds, as with a pall, and in an inconceivably short space of time, the storm rushed onward like a whirlwind, tearing up the surface of the ocean, and sweeping every thing before it in its desolating course. The oldest sailor could not look abroad upon the weather without a deep feeling of dread. Darkness succeeded fearfully fast. We had not, however, been idle. Almost every spar had been sent on deck; we

had a tight little ship, and therefore awaited the result with something like calmness.

I was standing near the mizen-mast, scanning the aspect of the sea, when my brother suddenly came up to me. The vessel at this time was lurching very heavily, and seas were breaking over her with a violence which rendered the safety of those on deck a matter of extreme hazard.

"Paul," said my brother, "it will be a dreadful job, but the skipper says we must lighten the ship."

I immediately comprehended his meaning.

"Never," said I; "never will I have any hand in the murder of these poor wretches. A curse will come down on all our heads, or my name's not Paul Penryn."

He made an angry reply, though I believe he was greatly averse to Wildman's designs. However, one angry word followed another, till we both became mad with passion. At last my brother struck me. I felt my blood boil. I returned the blow with a violence which made him stagger. At this instant the ship gave a heavy lurch, reeling over till her yard-arms dipped into the water. A tremendous sea struck her—I clung to a rope just in time to save myself, and then a wild and startling death-shriek was heard amidst the storm—the ship again got way on her—I was alone upon the deck. Oh God! from that hour I have never known peace!

As the Firefly bounded on her course, a loud crash was heard forward; the bowsprit had risen considerably from its place, the gammoning having given way, and the masts reeled and swayed in the blast. The ship again descended into the hollows of the waves; their wild and curling tops swept clear over us, and every hand on deck grasped firmly by the tackling as if that moment was to be his last. The foremast and bowsprit were swept away by the board, bearing with them into the foaming ocean four unhappy seamen, whose shrieks were fearfully distinct—another heave, and she bounded forward like a racehorse. I have often wondered how we got through that night. Cold, drenched, weary, and in continual fear, each minute seemed an hour. Few questions were put respecting my brother's death, for it was believed that he perished when the foremast fell.

When daylight broke, the storm had abated greatly. We gathered on the quarter-deck, a mournful little group, thinned in numbers, and broken in spirit. I felt the plague-spot upon me; my brother's last shriek resounded in my ears, and more than once I resolved to tell the captain all.

We had found it necessary to cut away the mainmast early; the ship indeed was a wreck—a leak was also sprung—and the captain now declared to the crew that she must be abandoned. "The lubberly blacks," he said, "must have a swim for it." *They were to be thrown overboard!* I opposed the cruel course; "liberate them, and give them a chance in the wreck," was the advice I gave, but in vain. The captain was very wroth.

"Have a care young man," he said, "it doesn't signify arguing the flash of flint with me."

When he went below, a fearful scene presented itself. Nearly the whole of the miserable creatures, who had been almost totally neglected for the preceding thirty-six hours, were lying dead on the deck. Worn out and exhausted by a raging fever, without water, and inhaling an atmosphere close and putrid beyond belief, their galled and lacerated bodies in continual torment as the ship rolled and heaved during the hours of darkness—human nature could stand it no longer. The few that yet existed were in a dying state. It was a mercy to release them from their sufferings.

* * * * *

I had gone below after the altercation with the captain, and turned into my berth in very weariness of soul. I fell into a deep sleep. Horrible visions passed before me, and I awoke in agony.

It was pitchy dark. The ship groaned heavily as the sea swept beside her with a sullen and mournful swell. But on board all was wild and lonely—not the smallest sound smote upon the ear, though I lay and listened with a degree of intensity, and a feeling of utter helplessness, such as I had never before experienced.

I lay broad awake for some time before I could comprehend all that had past; but I gradually recovered to a full consciousness of my situation and its horrors. I started from my berth, and groped my way upon deck. The night was profoundly calm. The moon was struggling amidst large fleecy masses of cloud that sailed lazily across the sky, and the Firefly heaved gently on the bosom of the lately agitated main. It was too true; I stood a solitary being on the waste of waters—"past hope, past help,"—without friend, or sail, or compass—the tenant of a floating charnel-house. I dared not look below; but the rank and pestilential air told its tale of horrors. The ship, too, was half full of water; she could not survive long if it came to blow hard. I felt my

brain madden, as an indistinct groan and motion amongst the chains betwixt decks spoke of the lingering agony of some wretched sufferer. I sickened, and again groped my way to my berth. Now I courted sleep. Hours passed away, but yet I lay tossing and tumbling upon my feverish bed, till I worked myself into an agony. I thought I would once more take a turn on deck, for anything was better than a continuance of such thoughts.

The light aloft was feeble and indistinct. I walked for some time backward and forward along the poop-deck; at last I became weary, and leaned on the taffrail, buried in thought. When I turned, I felt a strange consciousness, a conviction, fearful yet indefinite, that another being tenanted the quarter-deck. Under the shadow of the broken mast—and the light was exceedingly obscure—I shaped out of the darkness a figure, which became gradually distinct and

apparent—a figure, I say, which I felt was familiar—my heart leaped from its place—it was my brother. There he stood, wan and spectral, with sunken eyes like those of the dead; yet the lids seemed gradually to unclose, when the dim orbs glared upon me with a look, leaden and soul-searching, which absolutely rivetted me to the spot. My tongue clove to my jaws—my brain reeled—the ship appeared to be going down—I made a rush towards the shape—but it was gone!

* * * * *

I have but little recollection how the next three days passed away. The pestilence from below became appalling, and I believe that I fell into a raging fever. It was nearly a week before I recovered my senses. I had been taken off the wreck, wasted almost to a skeleton, several days before, by the *Lively*, of Liverpool.

VIDA.

CONFESSIONS OF A LAZY MAN.

Leave me, leave me to repose.

GRAY.

If it were not too troublesome an inquiry, and productive of much futile inconvenience to myself, I think it would be ascertained beyond dispute that I am the laziest individual in existence, or perhaps that ever did exist. There have been many arguments, which I have, at this moment, neither time nor inclination to combat, urged in favour of industry, to the prejudice and scandal of idleness; but without giving any reasons for so doing, I deny their weight or importance. There has been much unworthy homage, also, paid by bankrupt and faint-hearted sluggards to the cause of diligence and activity, which I cannot but think base and unmanly. "Ah!" sighs the supine renegade, "had I but bestirred myself in early life—had I taken advantage of my many opportunities—had I taken time by the forelock, instead of swinging like a pendulum from his pigtail—had I struck when the iron was hot instead of

"—standing with my hammer thus,
The whilst the iron did on the anvil cool"—

I might probably, ere this, have become alderman of the ward, or, perhaps, lord mayor of London."

These complaints are not only useless but irrational, absurd, and ungrateful. We

cannot eat our cake and have it too; and when we have once slain our goose and obtained its golden eggs, I know not where is the Promethean heat that can warm that anserous biped into renewed existence. Time is the great goose that I have been endeavouring unceasingly to destroy, but he is of the hydra genus, and carries the great body of his folly and imbecility under a vast number of heads. He is like the phoenix described by our great poet, and lives

"A secular bird, ages of lives,"

and eternity alone will be permitted to enjoy the giblets.

I should like to ask the unconscionable penitents above alluded to, was there no pleasure in their former life? was it no enjoyment to sit, or rather to lie still, doing nothing—thinking of nothing—feeling nothing—desiring nought? Is it not "*dolce far niente*?" Is it no blissful privilege to sit with all the world and our hands before us, and nothing upon them, not even the weight of a ring or the burden of a pair of gloves? Is it no glorious immunity to indulge and to pamper, yea, even to satiety, the immortal yearnings that do not stir, but seem spontaneously to suggest, eternal quiet and repose? Believe not that heresy.

Have not all our poets in their better moods left us glimpses of an inward but unconquerable desire of perfect and undisturbed rest? I am not going to ransack the whole body of English poetry for the purpose of proving my position—I mount no library steps—I draw no volumes from their shelves, assure yourself of that. Were there really “books in the running brooks,” I am no intellectual Izaak Walton to angle for them. The Statutes at Large might swim in shoaly security for me, and the minutest duodecimos duck and dive at their leisure. I have other fish to fry. But this is from my purpose.

What passage in Shakspeare, I should be glad to learn, is more admired, or is, indeed, more admirable, than his celebrated invocation to sleep, in Henry IV., commencing

“Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frighted thee?”

and has not one of our modern critics discovered a surpassing beauty in the following line:—

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;” and why, permit me to inquire? Doubtless because the image suggests the comfortable idea of a feather-bed, and that bright genius, himself, recumbent upon it. What says Hamlet, the most philosophical of our great bard’s creations? Revolving deeply the grave matter of life, death, and immortality, he discourses thus:—

“To die, to sleep—no more—”

and the thought pleases him. But not content with that anticipated happiness, he pushes his inquiries further, like a block-head, and the result is

“To sleep—perchance to dream, aye, there’s the rub;” yes, the rub, indeed; dreaming is but a weary occupation, for, as a modern poet says, and as I perfectly know

“That sleep’s the sweetest when we dream the least.”

In Milton’s minor poems many evidences of a bias towards supineness and inactivity are discernible. For instance, when he would fain retire from the *busy* hum of men; and when he talks of the bellman’s “*drowsy charm*.” That line in Otway always delighted me mightily, when he makes Jaffier say

“Oh! for a long round sleep, and so forget it!”

Round sleep—I like it myself—coiled like a hedgehog upon the carpet before the fire. That man had a soul! Kit Marlowe, in his play of Faustus, cannot refrain from intro-

ducing Sloth, who gives this short and sweet account of himself:—“Heigho! I was born upon a sunny bank. Heigho! I’ll not say another word for a king’s ransom.” Finally, Dr. Young, the moral poet, begins his *Night Thoughts* after this fashion:—

“From short, as usual, and disturbed repose
I wake—how happy they who wake no more!”

Observe the querulous impatience of that “as usual,” and the climactic conclusion of the second line.

I am not inclined to put much faith in the sincerity of Thomson’s laziness. He has the credit of having been the laziest of men, but I do not think that he deserves it. There were, I doubt not, Thomson’s seasons of activity. His *Castle of Indolence* is not a sincere or a well-imagined poem. I could have suggested—but no matter, I will not boast of my perfections. The persons introduced into that poem always appeared to me rather bustling people than otherwise. Eating peaches from a tree with one’s hands supporting the skirts of one’s coat, as Thomson did, was an awkward and laborious process. Have them plucked for you, say I. Nor is the popular anecdote related of the bard a whit more in his favour. It is recorded that a gentleman calling upon Thomson found him in bed, and foolishly inquired why he did not rise? The reply of the poet is altogether paltry and contemptible. “I had no motive, young man.” Could any earthly motive induce *me* to get up, unless indeed it involved a solemn guarantee of a softer couch in the immediate vicinity? Besides, Thomson altogether forgot (let me hope that he was too lazy) to dwell upon his motives for lying still.

I have great faith in Mr. Coleridge. From all that I have heard of that great man, I am inclined to feel a friendly interest in his welfare. I would extend my hand to him, were he lying in an adjacent bed. He has himself told us that he composed his fine fragment of “*Kubla Khan*” in his sleep, thereby causing the claims of occupation to give place to the demands of repose. I can picture to myself the venerable poet and philosopher in his study. My mind will only permit me to conceive him perusing the shortest and, therefore, the most exquisite pieces of our approved authors. A paper, perhaps, of the *Idler*, or the *Lounger*;—the least long of Horace’s *Odes* or *Anacreon’s*;—elegies, epigrams, an occasional *Idyll*—it should be called an idle—of *Theocritus*, or the *Ode to Tranquillity*, by his friend Mr. Wordsworth.

For my own part, I glory in what fools consider my shame. I have almost discovered the perpetual immobility. The revolution of the earth is motion enough for me, and for any reasonable man. Can any one conceive a more lamentable figure than a bustling impertinent, busy in other people's affairs or his own, and laughed at for his pains, or baffled in his projects? Who cuts the more philosophical figure of the two, the locomotive blockhead who burst into a bed-room to apprise the sleeper that his house was on fire; or the disturbed sage who, calmly addressing himself again to sleep, remarked, that when it reached the first floor it was time enough to rise? What young man ever left the university with more gratifying credentials than those conveyed in the following concise summary of his merits by one of the fellows of the college. "Sir, he had nothing to do, *and he did it.*"

Let us turn for a moment to the phenomena of animated nature. Can anything be more helplessly ridiculous than the insane saltations of a flea, the fruitless fandangos of a fly at a window-pane, the gyrations of a kitten in pursuit of its own tail, or the most absurd jumpings of a grasshopper? Nor is the analogy unfair. Is not all flesh grass? and may not, therefore, all short-lived and fretfully motional beings, be aptly termed grasshoppers? In a word, there is no denying the fact; all motion is madness. The spring of the tiger, the fall of Niagara, the eruption of Vesuvius, the ultra-activity of men—all madness and vanity. To what does the last tend? What is the most successful race of emulation? At best the attempt of a snail to keep pace with a slug. What is vaulting ambition? Merely jumping in a sack. What are the aspirings of genius? Only climbing up a pole, alas! too often, *not* for a leg of mutton. What is the use of "taking arms against a sea of troubles?" The expertest sabre-stroke but cleaves a billow; the most dead shot only "picks off" a ripple. There is no water-mark after such transient wounds. By what bleaching process can we whiten the darkness of our fate? It is but scouring the Ethiop, after all. The waste of a wilderness of bristle and innumerable bars of soap. The bankruptcy of a soap-boiler and the unnecessary bereavement of a herd of swine. The *primum mobile* itself was the daughter of rest.

I have invariably argued the point in this manner with my friend, when he has come to see me; for *I* never pay visits. I love my friend Moss, and, perhaps, for the very rea-

son that we are altogether opposed to each other in our respective notions of the duties of life and the obligations of society. I rather incline to think, however, that my regard for the man was stimulated by the pleasing peculiarity of his cognomen. Moss—it was a soft name, and suggested ideas of repose. One might lean one's elbows on his shoulders and disclose our griefs to him. I might *lay* my commands upon Moss, I might *rest* secure of his friendship. There is a great deal in these associations, if the reflecting reader would consider them. But Moss himself is the most bustling and busy of beings. He rises with the lark—I get up with the owl—an ornithological difference of taste. He *cannot* sleep after six in the morning; I *can* till six at night. He is Boreas and bellows loudly. I am Zephyr with a lisp. He is Eclipse, and runs a mile in a minute; I am the White Horse in Piccadilly, which never runs at all. A thousand like myself might live together in a millennium of silence.

"Grant but as many kinds of men as Moss,"

as the poet says, and you create a perpetual dynasty of discord.

But with all this fitful exertion on the part of Moss, he can barely contrive to keep his soul and body in a tolerably sufficing state of partnership and co-operation; whereas I, in spite of my ever-denounced and everlasting indolence, am in a situation of perfect ease and competence. The truth is, men like Moss measure their corn by another man's bushel; and oh! exhaustless granary! Because I am idle, he is to prosper. He counts his chickens before they are hatched, and no poultry-yard can be found to contain them. He reckons without his host, and adds up his ones and twos over his pint of port with much glee, and many compliments upon his own numerical dexterity, and all at once down comes unconscionable Boniface upon him with his nines and his tens and his sophistications. Were he to arrange an elopement with an heiress, ten to one but he would be, like his namesake, stuck upon the wall of the dwelling, hours before the appointed time, exposed to the dragon-watch of the guardian or the detection of the duenna. Now, were I a principal in such an affair—which, by-the-by, never could be—I need hardly say that levers and cables would be necessary to drag me to the scene of action. The sole uncle of Moss dies and cuts him off with a shilling, and a blighting explosion of spleen in his last moments, to the effect that his persevering assiduity and

unremitting attention, had been the death of him; whereas, one of my infinite number of aunts is sure to expire exactly in the nick of time, with a legacy and a well-turned compliment to her nephew on his inoffensive habits and mild serenity of nature.

But I have no further time to discuss the positive and incidental advantages of my peculiar and happy temperament. To wield a pen demands a vigorous wrist and an energetic determination of mind. I have no ambition to excel in the art of penmanship, and

no energy to engage in the practice of it. Enough for me that the price of Witney blankets, in spite of the cold weather, continues low; that the demand for sheeting is on the decline; and that easy chairs, in consequence of "sellings off," are very much at a discount. Heigho! (By-the-by, this word very inadequately expresses the prolonged but delightful yawn with which I conclude this paper, and which I give the reader full liberty to reciprocate. I am proud of proselytes.)

OMEGA.

THE LOVER'S MEMORANDUM.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

To try no more for woe or weal
 What lips can feign or bosoms feel;
 Nor watch if fraud or fondness lies
 Within the impenetrable eyes:
 To tame the passions—fiends that sweep
 The ruffled soul, as winds the deep;
 To court repose, that mental balm,
 Repose like Ocean's, cold as calm;
 To make each storm which tore my breast
 Prelude a sad and gloomy rest,
 Where joy to meet and pain to part
 No more shall soothe or sink the heart.
 If buoyant hopes be fluttering still,
 To numb their flight by memory's chill;
 To let life's tempest idly rave
 Around affection's early grave;
 And keep this breast, whose festering core
 Has felt enough to feel no more,
 An arid soil, where ne'er shall grow
 The tenderness whose fruit is woe!
 To make distrust, too dearly bought,
 Avoid the glance once fondly sought;
 And slight, as base coquetry's wiles,
 Confiding tears, or cordial smiles.
 The self-delusion, not deceit,
 The madd'ning cup no more to meet.
 Love lurks in Friendship's coldest hours,
 As snakes lie coiled in dewy flowers.
 Her friendship, when our love was fled,
 Would seem a spectre of the dead.
 Her proffered hand, whose slightest touch,
 Was language uttering once so much,
 (Paying the pangs that absence cost,)
 Would feel a corse beloved and lost.

ON POETRY.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

THERE has been great prating about the principles of poetry, from the time of Aristotle to this day; but still I suspect much remains to be said. It is the attempt "to pluck a deciduous laurel," which leads to all mischief. When we imagine the events of other men's lives, when we recollect those of our own, we in the natural course of our minds seize upon a selection of circumstances which do not give the picture with the details and alloys of reality. It is in this respect that Aristotle justly calls poetry an *imitative art*. Imitation in this sense is not inconsistent with invention. But, unfortunately, secondary poets seek another sort of invention, they seek it in extravagancies, improbabilities, and impossibilities. It is the business of genuine poetry at once to instruct us, and to make us more happy; to bring out the features on which we ought to dwell; and to associate them with just and refined sentiments. Where else in uninspired writings can we learn so much wisdom as in the writings of Shakspeare? Human life is what a rich mind and feeling heart chooses to make of it.

Among other errors is the application of this art as the mere vehicle of opinion. It ought to be made up of imagery and sentiment, which sometimes are only used secondarily by way of illustration. But its inventions are neither a representation of nature nor of art. They are childish fictions, fitted to make fools stare. Baby-houses of card and gold-leaf are as good. When so much proper matter for poetry remains untouched, it seems very perverse to occupy such objectionable ground. The probability is, that the occupation of the true ground requires so many more powers, and so much more knowledge. The trickeries of composition may be effected with a small degree of skill, if there be but some labour. To look abroad upon life, and be the mirror of all its charms, is a difficult affair. The tints are always flying, and we must catch them at the happy moments. But one is afraid to touch new objects; so we follow each other as "*imitatores servum pecus*." Thus fertile soils are left to lie waste, while we continue to vex and exhaust worn out lands! We are creatures of habit, and cannot go out of the beaten path. Genius is always simple: while others, of minor gifts, look to some-

thing far-fetched and painfully wrought, as the exhibition of brilliant powers. Conscious inspiration throws out her impressions and conceptions with easy and unforced abundance. A tale of natural life, an utterance of the unalloyed unmingled movement of the heart, requires, to make it attractive, no stimulant ambition of gaudy ornament, or exaggerated thought. Every touch seems what every one could throw out, but which is difficult in proportion as it appears easy.

There is nothing really profound or excellent in the representation of distortions, monstrosities, or gigantesque shapes. Strength is graceful and symmetrical; what it performs, it performs with facility: it despises wonders; it strikes by pure vigour. Whatever has this genuine spirit, never grows stale. Let borrowers take the matter; they cannot transfer with it the original spirit and manner. Every thing artificial may be counterfeited: not so the fruits of genius. Mechanical labour may be followed by the same mechanical process; and it is always upon the advance.

It may be asked, why the observations and developments made by genius are not equally open to all? We may as well ask, why Providence does not make all with the same shape, and born to the same condition. It is, moreover, our doom to have the film taken from our eyes only by due discipline, and due virtue. If we do not intellectualise ourselves by the culture of elevated thoughts and generous feelings, the clogs of earth will be too strong for us. We soon become heavily and oppressively embodied. It is perpetual training, perpetual conversance with ideal existences, which enables us to deal successfully with new. Matter may be measured and weighed: not so spirituality. The subtle particles of shadowy essence vanish before our grasp. Sometimes all is confusion before us; a rich chaos of light and darkness; till by slow degrees, sparks and streaks of clearness and radiance open upon us: then objects begin to fall into order, and we see their disposition, combination, and contrast. It is a state of perpetual irritation to have ideas incessantly play about us, which we cannot grasp. Yet many are content with insensate ignorance. All that is glowing and beautiful in existence, plays

upon them as the sun plays upon the impenetrable rock. They see objects bodily before them, and are content with an indistinct pleasure from the outward impression. Sometimes it may create a little movement on the surface, which immediately dies away again. They live in the stir of material suroundment. They may enjoy a species of happiness, but it is quite of a different order from that of the intellectualists.

Unhappily, the man of genius is too often like the stricken deer that is driven from the herd. Like children, they do not like that others should do what they cannot do themselves; for envy, or jealousy, seems to be the universal passion. If genius knows its own dignity, it will not be cast down. It can live in solitude as well as in the gaiety of society. It can people the woods and the deserts: but it loves glory, and the cheers of man. Without hope, and encouragement, and self-confidence, it can do nothing.

Epic, or narrative poems, embracing some part of the history of human nature, might be infinitely multiplied without exhausting or much diminishing the topics which offer themselves. And there is this advantage over detached pieces, that those parts intended to strike the reader come on him in a temperament already excited by the previous progress of the story. A natural story, pursuing the probable course of human events, would seem the most easy of construction as it is the most interesting. But experience contradicts the supposition. Nothing is more rare. Perhaps the tints of nature, which seem capable of being copied with so much facility, are too nice and, at the same time, too brilliant for imitation. Artists more easily join and patch than create; and if they create they do it coarsely; the combinations do not amalgamate. The great mass of verses which are daily obtruded upon us, and which look so rich and gaudy, are not poetry, they are a chaos of painted flowers, and shapes, and monsters of every colour and form under the sun. As we persevere to read, confusion continues to multiply; not a distinct idea, or sentiment, is conveyed: all is, not mystical, but a mist! As we enter on the productions of real genius, they send forth an instant, lively, and lucid impression, like the fragrance breathed by a natural and fertile soil the moment it is trod upon.

All the scenery and simple events of life are poetry, or subjects for poetry, in defiance of their sorrows and absurdities. Every vary-

ing tint of the sky, the daily course of the sun, wakes poetry. This is exquisitely expressed in Addison's famous version of the Psalm, "*The spacious firmament on high,*" &c. And where will more beautiful poetry be found than in the Psalms? A poetry peculiar to one nation must be faulty. A true national poetry endures long after its compositions in prose have become obsolete and forgotten. It ought to be the language of nature and of passion, and to be the reflection of life itself.

As a specimen of fine old sacred poetry take a hymn by George Wither.

"Grest Almighty King of Heaven!
And one God in persons three!
Honour, praise, and thanks be given
Now, and evermore to thee!
Who hast more for thine prepar'd,
Than by words can be declar'd!

By thy mercies I was taken
From the pits of miry clay:
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,
Helpless, hopeless too, I lay;
And those comforts thou didst give me,
Whereof no man can deprive me!

By thy grace, the passions, troubles,
And what more my heart opprest,
Have appeared as airy bubbles—
Dreams or sufferings but in jest:
And with profit it hath ended,
Which my foes for harm intended.

Those afflictions and those terrors
Which did plagues at first appear,
Did but shew me what my errors
And mine imperfections were.
But they wretched could not make me,
Nor from thy affection shake me.

Therefore, as thy blessed Psalmist,
When his warfares had an end,
And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and hymns of praises penn'd;
So my rest, by thee enjoy'd,
To thy praise I have employ'd.

Lord accept my poor endeavour,
And assist thy servant so,
In well-doing to perséver,
That more perfect I may grow;
Every day more prudent, meeker,
And of thee a faithful seeker.

Let no passed sin or folly,
Let no future fault in me,
Make unfruitful or unholy
What I offer now to thee:
But with favour and compassion
Cure and cover each transgression.

And with Israel's royal singer
Teach me so Faith's hymns to sing,
So thy ten-string'd law to finger,
And such music there to bring,
That by grace I may aspire
To thy blessed angel-quire."

GEORGE WITHER.

SAWKEY, THE BUSH-RANGER.

In those deep southern latitudes where the waters of the Lachlan and the bright Macquarie flow beyond the track of the white traveller, forests, with foliage thick as night, stretch forth their mighty branches towards the heavens. The bark tree, by whose side the noblest oak of England is a dwarf, the everlasting gum, of various hue and bulk, the beefwood, or Australian oak, lofty, yet more humble than its neighbours, the tall acacia, the cedar, the box, all unite their shades, till scarce a ray of light beams on the sunless country where they flourish. Beneath, the graceful kangaroo is seen pacing through the wood, feared by the yelping curs which hover round him, and a prey to the artful hand of man alone. The grey opossum leaps from branch to branch, the squirrel sports his glossy fur, and the flying fox (the sailor's goblin) spreads his frightful wings abroad. Such, to use the language of the native, is the *bush* of New South Wales. But desert and dangerous as are these gloomy paths, they have other inhabitants than the roving herd, or the piercing eagle. Men, as wild as the animals which surround them, make their camps in these districts of solitude. The dusky skin, with its shining copper tint, the thickly matted hair flowing towards the shoulders, the bushy beard, the girdle of bark, the long spear, and weighty club, denote the wandering tribe who range from forest to mountain, from mountain to the well watered plain. There is yet one more class who dare to dwell in these lonely wilds. Who has not heard of the bold bush-ranger? What frugal settler at Sydney or in Van Diemen's Land has not trembled at the freebooter of the wood? Reckless and resolute, the *croppy** leaves his irksome task, or convict chain, and fired by the love of lawless liberty, "takes to the bush."

It was in the Autumn of the year 1828 when a party of these marauders assembled at their usual haunt in the forest not far from Hunter's River. The weather was tempestuous and rainy, and they were making an evening meal of roasted kangaroo flesh by a cheering fire. There were about ten in company, eight whites, and two blacks, who, after having lived some time in the settlement, had suddenly betaken themselves to the notorious and dreaded banditti. The brandy was now served without stint, and the conversation

became interesting. It was proposed that each should give a short history of his life. The suggestion, offered carelessly enough, was instantly acted upon. "For myself," said one, "I was a servant in England to many a rich London churl, and to tell you the truth, I was honest enough. But one day I got hired into the family of a country squire who went to the continent, and left me with a written character. Times soon altered with me, I was one day qualified for a trip to Botany, and, not liking my new master here, rather than be flogged and chained, you see, I have taken to the bush." "My story," exclaimed a second, "is very short. Distress and want of employ made me a vagrant; I was steady enough till they sent me to gaol because I had nothing to eat, and then I learnt those lessons of liberty which I will never give up but with my life, and so, after many dangers and escapes, here you see me, 'in the bush.'" The third detailed a life of robbery from the earliest occupation of taking a silk handkerchief, to that fearful zenith when the cold assassin enters the midnight chamber ready to bathe his hands in the blood of the plundered. A happy flaw in the indictment had saved the life of this forest champion, and he was here evidently regarded as the chief of the troop. "And now, Sawkey," exclaimed the captain, addressing one of his black associates, "what brought you amongst us?" "Murry† short story, I bleve," returned the native, "I go work massa like other black fellow. One day I tee murry nice girl, and she say 'crammer‡ massa;' so I crammer massa, don you tee? Bill and me bush black," and he pointed to his companion. "Massa had you well flogged first," cried the captain "Bad dat—black fellow no nangry§, go in bush before Urokah|| jump up." Sawkey told his tale with much ease and indifference, but it was plain that the captain viewed him and his brother black with dislike if not distrust, and much whispering took place among the whites, during which the words, "despatch a dozen of such vermin" might be distinctly detected. However, it was suddenly proposed by the leader, that they should rob Timothy Jones on the following night, and the whole party being well tutored by liquor, fell into the scheme immediately. The domestic narratives now ceased, each being desirous of contributing

* The blacks call the bush-rangers, "croppies."

† Very. ‡ Steal. § Asleep. || The sun.

his advice towards the accomplishment of the mighty burglary in prospect, and in the midst of these discussions sleep overtook the bush-rangers.

Timothy Jones belonged to that class of society, in Australia, which is known by the name of "Emancipists *pure* *;" he was very wealthy, very proud of his elevation, and not a little unpopular amongst the convicts from these circumstances. His end, like that of Job, was far more prosperous than the beginning, for he had cattle, sheep, and horses in abundance, and two fair daughters whom he reared, in spite of hereditary propensities, in the way that they should go.

It is well known, that at the time of our story, the ranks or castes of inhabitants in New South Wales were maintained by the most rigid and unbending ceremonies. The emigrant *pure*, or he whose fair fame had never been sullied by a conviction at any bar of justice, rarely deigned to grace the house of a pure emancipist with his presence; whilst the latter on his side, proscribed with more than papal anathema the polluting visitation of an emancipist "impure †." In vain might the reformed convict plead his possessions and his integrity before the cold exclusionist, he might boast of his fertile pastures and enriching soil, of grants in expectation, and services repaid by thanks and promises, but in vain. If he could have counted of gifts of territory beyond the once dreaded Blue Mountains, even till you reach the envied plains of Bathurst, his plea would have availed him nothing. Stung by mortification, he formed a caste of his own, and wreaked his vengeance upon that unhappy outcast, the "impure emancipist." On no consideration could the reformed thief of the colony gain access to the table of him who had reformed in England. The latter would recoil from his fellow-countrymen as though "a toad had tumbled in his path," and an address without an introduction, (as in our own country of old,) was but the high road to insult. But, at length, money—money which can unlock the door of adamant, wrought a strange revolution in the circles. "The borrower is servant to the lender," and so it happened, that some of the emigrants *pure* had absolute occasion for slight loans from the wealthy emancipists, and the least return

they could render was to taste the feasts of their kind creditors. Amongst this latter class was Timothy Jones. He was looking out for a good market for his various properties, for his daughters in common with other valuables. He aspired to greatness, and if he could not gain over any of the "sterlings ‡" to his alliance, he might, at least entrap one of the currency lads §. On the evening after the plot of the bush-rangers, which we have already related, Mr. Jones entertained a numerous host of his acquaintance, amongst whom some emigrants *pure* were noticed, with a sumptuous ball and supper. This table was spread, (as here,) with the choicest delicacies of the season, and many morceaux unknown to the home he came from graced the board. A portion of the stately emu raised the glories of his banquet, and the kangaroo steak gave a zest to the cheer which was provided. The dancing sped with éclat, and, more than once, good Timothy conceived hopes that his snares had not been laid without effect. The talk was about spoils, and crime, in all its shades of violence, and more than all, of bush-ranging.

The terror of the woods, like children's bugbears, were re-heard with interest, and females shuddered at the thought of seeing, as they went homewards, the dreadful forest men. Sometimes a jealous look was thrown around the company, lest (for such things had happened) an unclean emancipist should have gained a lawless admittance. But Mr. Jones had been too vigilant. No lad with woollen frock and trowser daubed with the king's broad arrow had quartered on his aristocracy. The sullen straddler of the gaol-gang, with his clinking chain, was for ever banished from elegance like this. The host himself had left his country for a fault not uncommon, (as he was wont to say) in the highest life—the forgery of an acceptance. He had met with employment on his first landing at Sydney, and, of course, neither marched in the convict's file, nor bore the iron on his leg. He had assisted at the board of green cloth, which decided upon application for all tickets to the dinner which the emancipists were about to give to the governor himself, and, in a word, he was as much of an ultra as some of our exclusives, (if such a class there be,) at home.

But the time was now come when the joys of the evening were to close. The supper

* This is—convicts from England who have obtained their freedom, and have never been convicted of any offence in the colony.

† That is—one who has been convicted in the colony, but who has subsequently reformed, so as to gain his liberty.

‡ Natives of the mother country.

§ Natives of the colony.

still lingered on the board, but the spirits of the dancers were wearied, and each one thought of home and the bush-rangers. The host, however, laughed at the fears of his friends; he even offered to accompany some of the most timid to their location*, and, elate with wine and pleasure, actually set forth on his benevolent errand. The evening, however, was gusty and cheerless, and before Mr. Jones had travelled far, he was easily prevailed on to retreat towards his own fireside. But during the short interval of his absence, a very different scene was enacted in his own hospitable dwelling. An active band, far different in purpose from the lively group who had just gone forth, had been watching the movements in Mr. Jones's. They were numerous and well armed. They noted the defenceless condition of the house which the master had just quitted. They saw that their plan could be accomplished to a miracle. The rich spoils of a mighty emancipist were within their grasp. The reader needs hardly be told, that these were the famous gang of the bush. It might almost be said, that as the owner departed from his home at one door the bandits went in at another. There were two black servants on the premises; but what could they do against fourteen? The enemy was already in the camp, and the work of plunder had begun. Mrs. Jones, with her daughters, were reposing themselves after the fatigues of their entertainment. In the fulness of their satisfaction, they scarcely heeded the departure of their chief protector; the triumphs of a successful feast extinguished all other considerations, and least of all did they imagine the unceremonious *entrée* of the most formidable rangers of Hunter's River. Terror and dismay, with their usual accompaniments of course prevailed; but the captain immediately motioned to his men, (the signal for ransacking the house,) and remained behind to soothe the alarms he had created. In vain were screams uttered, and appeals for mercy made to him, he continued to maintain an immovable *sang-froid*, assuring the ladies that they were entirely safe in his hands, but that he could not venture to desert them, and, at the same time, menacing Sawkey, the black, who was lingering at the door of the apartment. The appearance of the copper-coloured bush-ranger might have created still greater terror; for though he neither rattled his spear, nor brandished his waddie†, he was duly armed according to the custom of his country. But he was hid in

the shadow, and whilst his leader continued to threaten him, the alarmed inmates of the room were too intent upon the Rolando who was addressing them, to heed the by-play which was going forward elsewhere. And thus the time was passing. The captain was calmly pacifying the women, the gang were robbing the house with impunity, and the disobedient Sawkey still lingered on the threshold of the saloon.

Mr. Jones, at length, yielding, as we have said, to the entreaties of his friends, returned to his dwelling. He was not deficient in spirit, though his habits and easy circumstances might have thrown a shade of suspicion upon his courage at such a juncture as the present. The sight, however, of his wife and daughters in the hands of a stranger whose calling was too evident, appalled the host for a moment. The black had shrunk behind, invisible as in his native forests. In an instant afterwards the master advanced, and rallying his strength to the utmost, grasped the leader as he stood carelessly surveying the elegance around him. The attack was sudden and rapid, and the bandit gave way, whilst Jones redoubled his hold, and strove to bring his enemy to the ground. Sawkey, at this moment, crept gently on hands and knees across the room till he came within reach of the combatants. But the captain, now recovered from his surprise, struggled strongly and with desperation. It was plain, that the hardy bush-ranger must inevitably prevail against an antagonist whom luxury had made short-breathed and puny. The conflict was uneven. The emancipist was thrown down with violence, and the leader, enraged by the resistance he had met with, drew forth a keen-edged tomahawk, and reared his hand without remorse to do the last deep deed of crime. But a most skilful stroke descended at the same time on the head of the murderous assailant, and he dropped instantly as though life had been extinguished without a pang. "Pose I peak with you moment," was the exclamation of Sawkey as he dealt this cleaving blow. "Black fellow murry good fellow," continued he, assisting Mr. Jones to rise, but he had scarcely given this aid, when he was himself seized by a body of men who had come, upon intelligence, to rescue the family, who, it was considered, had, beyond doubt, fallen into the hands of the gang. Some of the marauding party were already in custody, but the remainder had shown so daring a promise of defence, that they were allowed to depart without further parley.

* Place of settlement.

† Club.

On the next morning the prisoners were brought before the magistrate of the district. The captain, who had been with difficulty restored to his senses, (so great had been the blow of the waddie,) as well as the other bandits, were committed without hesitation, but the justice could not account for the singular conduct of Sawkey in levelling the captain of his own troop so unceremoniously. The black was, accordingly, called upon for an explanation. "Nebber, nebber, nebber black fellow hurt corbon* massa," exclaimed Sawkey, and he proceeded to show that the governor had sent him and his companion into the woods to discover the haunts of the bush-rangers, and, if possible, to bring them to justice. Nay, they were commissioned even to "knock them on the head," if the purpose could not be effected without such a step. Sawkey's companion had been the first to alarm the neighbourhood, and this circumstance gave great strength to the tale which had just been related; but when the sagacious black produced his letters credential, declaring his

powers and the lengths he was permitted to run in furtherance of the grand object, the magistrate could not forbear his compliments and admiration. "Bad dat†, corbon massa," returned Sawkey; "what tink of dis, pose Sawkey crammer massa Jones, white fellows (and he pointed to the prisoners) kill poor Sawkey." And true enough was the black's relation, for the captain, who was afterwards executed with one of his comrades, confessed that it was his intention to have murdered the native and his companion as soon as they had returned from the scene of plunder.

Sawkey, whose intelligence had thus well served him to interpret the whispers in the wood, is still living. He is diligently looking out for a *gin*‡, although this seems to be a difficult task, for as he says, "Black fellow tee thousand murry pretty girls."

Timothy Jones avows, that he shall never forget the moment when the faithful black let fall his waddie upon the skull of the ferocious bush-ranger.

† Let us have none of that. ‡ Wife.

* Great.

THE CHOICE.

"CHOOSE, Helen, my dear," said the fashionable Mrs. Ashley, as she placed two letters, one sealed the other opened, in her eldest daughter's hand—"you are this morning of age; you are one and twenty, and it is time you should be thinking of settling in life. I had fondly hoped, by the close of this season, with your talents, beauty, and accomplishments, something better might have turned up than the two proposals I have now to submit to your consideration and decision. For this reason, and because I wished you to be of an age when you would be entitled to judge for yourself, I have deferred till now mentioning the subject to you."

"My dear mamma," replied Helen, who till now had continued in speechless and unconscious contemplation of the letters which remained suspended in her hand, "I have no wish to marry; I am as happy as the day is long at home—why then should I leave certainty for uncertainty?"

"Because, my dear, much as I shall miss your society, a mother must make many sacrifices to what she considers her duty. You are well aware that my income is a very

limited one—that at my death it reverts to your eldest brother, of whose disinclination to assist you you have had already too many proofs. Your father had it not in his power to provide for you and your sister as he could have wished, and all these reasons make it incumbent upon me to press upon you the necessity of securing to yourself a suitable home and establishment in the event of my death."

"What, marry for an establishment, mamma!" said Helen, as she almost unconsciously gazed upon the letter which lay uppermost in her trembling hand.

"Why no, not exactly," replied her mother; "but suppose that, together with this establishment, you became possessed of a kind, good, devoted husband, you would not quarrel with the jewel, would you, because it happened to be rather well set?"

"Kind, good, devoted," sighed Helen; "I know no such jewel with the setting you seem to think so requisite; but," continued she, recollecting herself, "even if it is as you say, perhaps I may not love him—I *know* I do *not*—and you, mother, *you* will never counsel

your daughter to marry a man she does not love."

"If he is excellent you will learn to love him," replied Mrs. Ashley, who liked not the turn the conversation was taking; "and to be explicit, I hope inclination will unite with duty in leading you to that result. Your sister Mary is now ready to be introduced; you are in her way; for, though beautiful, she is not talented; and before her unassisted loveliness can be brought into play, you with your many varied gifts must vacate the field."

"Explicit indeed," thought poor Helen, as she watched the slow and measured steps with which her mother left the room: "and so I must make a choice of evils; and Charles," she continued, "what will Charles think?"

The thought seemed fraught with agony, for she cast the letters from her, and buried her face in her hands. She remained in this position for some minutes, when, as if struck with a new idea, she suddenly seized the letter she had not yet looked at. It would appear the investigation had not been satisfactory, for she as suddenly resigned it, saying as she did so,—"No, *he* has no hated establishment—*he* is a jewel which needs no setting."

She was still lost in seemingly very unquiet meditation, when her second brother, a young life-guardsman, came into the room. He seated himself on the sofa beside her, threw his arm around her waist, and looking intently at her, asked, with a voice of affectionate solicitude, what ailed her? Helen reported simply what had passed.

"Let us open the letters," said Lewis, "and then see what is to be done. If they are from people you neither do nor can love, why then you shall have neither of them. My mother needn't fret about a house for you at her decease, for you shall come and keep my house for me."

"Yes, dear Lewis; but you haven't got one yet, you know, and you hear I am in Mary's way."

"Confound Mary!" he replied; "what between her airs and her stupidity, she is enough to exhaust the patience of a Job. But now for the letters; we will hear what they have to say before we discuss this matter further."

The first was from a Sir Thomas White, who stated himself to be possessed of large estates, and still larger expectations in the shire of ————. For his birth and parentage, he referred to the parish register;

for his character, (which he modestly stated to be unimpeachable,) to a neighbouring proprietor. He concluded this most matter-of-fact production by saying, that if Mrs. Ashley succeeded in prevailing upon her daughter to accept of him, any sum in moderation, in proportion to his fortune, she liked to name, should be settled upon Miss Ashley.

"Beast!" exclaimed Lewis, "all that is wanting to make this complete is an N. B. at the end of it, desiring all answers to be post-paid. And now for the other."

This was sealed and addressed to Helen herself;—"a more gentlemanly way of proceeding," as Lewis remarked. The writer, Mr. Sutton, commenced by saying, that having obtained Mrs. Ashley's permission, he would not longer defer urging a suit, upon the success of which he felt his future happiness depended. He said his admiration of her talents was only to be equalled by his love for her excellencies, and ended by assuring her, that if she vouchsafed to listen to his proposals, a life of devotion should prove the sincerity of his declarations.

"So far so well," said Lewis, when he had finished reading it; "but then it only goes a certain length: it is true Sutton is a very good fellow, and heir certain to a peerage; but then to neutralise these advantages, he is a bit of a goose, very vain, and as yet has nearly nothing."

"He is vain," replied Helen, "but he would be liberal if he had the means, and a man with generous inclinations is surely preferable (even if he had nothing,) to Sir Thomas White with all his riches and rigid economy. Then he is so stiff and formal, with a bow too when he enters a room, that would of itself kill me in a week's time. Oh! Lewis! how I *do* hate Sir Thomas White!"

"Yes," responded he, laughing, "that is very evident; but do you think you could manage to put up with Sutton?"

"Put up with him, Lewis?" said Helen, repeating his question—"Yes—perhaps—but I can never love him. He will make the better husband of the two; my mother has given me but a very sorry choice—a choice of evils."

"Then, Helen," replied Lewis, "as I said before, you shan't have either of them. Tell my manœuvring mother you won't have any thing to do with Sir Thomas; commission her to tell him so; and then having lost all hopes and chance of him, leave it to me to outmanœuvre her with Sutton."

"Oh, Lewis! you forget our mother's temper. We may not trifle with it. I saw she

was determined this morning, and so I must submit. I will not deceive Sutton, however, I will tell him the truth; and then, if he chooses to take the hand without the heart, I must obey my mother, and take myself out of Mary's way."

Sir Thomas White was refused, and Helen told Sutton the truth, but not the whole truth. She told him she did not love him, but she did not tell him she loved another—not that it would have signified if she had; for Sutton was one of those enviably constituted people who think too much of themselves to be jealous of others (*we* maintain that it requires a humble mind to admit the feeling of jealousy), and so he answered her objections and scruples with a smile of self-satisfaction, and confidently replied,

"You will soon learn to love me though, and in the mean while I am contented." Helen only shook her head; she felt her lot was cast, and spoke not.—

Her mother was pleased with her obedience, and to reward it at last consented the marriage should not take place for six months, and also, at her daughter's particular request, denied herself the pleasure of mentioning it beyond the precincts of her own family.

"You know mother I won't be in Mary's way till spring," the gentle girl would sometimes urge—"so let us go to the country and live in peace till then."

Mrs. Ashley's singularly pretty little cottage was situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Surrey, and thither, according to Helen's wish, she and her family repaired. Wilmerton Hall, the seat of her brother-in-law, Sir Frederick Ashley, was in the immediate neighbourhood, and the *country* intimacy which subsisted between the two families was very speedily resumed. We say *country* intimacy because Sir Frederick and Lady Ashley never went to town; fond of a country life themselves, their daughters had imbibed a taste for the same quiet pursuits; besides had it been otherwise they could not have gratified them; for though their portion of this world's goods was not small, their family was large. Their eldest son was in the army, the second was a civilian in India, and Charles, the youngest, having taken his degrees at Oxford, was studying at home for the church. Giving these three sons a good outset in life, and providing for their four daughters, Sir Frederick and Lady Ashley preferred to wasting their substance in the heartless gaiety and dissipation of a town life; and though their fashionable sister-in-

law had often tried to persuade them of the barbarity of keeping so much beauty mossed up in the country, they had adhered resolutely to their own idea of right and duty. Nevertheless the most friendly intercourse subsisted between the inmates of Wilmerton Hall, and the cottage, as par excellence Mrs. Ashley's *ferme ornée* was called; and many days had not elapsed after her arrival there ere the cousins were walking and riding about together over all their favourite haunts.

Now it so happened that Charles Ashley was *the* very Charles, the recollection of whom had so disconcerted Helen the morning her mother had brought her the hated proposals. It is very true he had never told her he loved her,—but there are so many ways of making that known without *telling* it! Riding or walking by day, singing or working by night, he was always by her side, and by a thousand nameless attentions had made himself so necessary to Helen's enjoyments and happiness, that his return to Oxford, or her departure to town, in spite of all the adulation she met with there, had always been to her a cause of very vivid regret. It is also very true that it was only when she was compelled to make a choice between two men she could not bear, she had become aware of the extent of her affection for another whom she now felt she loved too much; and her first meeting with her cousin Charles after her arrival at the cottage had been attended with an embarrassment on her part which had insensibly communicated itself to him, and raised up between them a kind of barrier of formality that seemed likely to annihilate the confidence which hitherto had formed the principal charm of their intercourse, but which Helen *now* felt could *only* be indulged in at the expense of their mutual happiness.

Let it not be supposed that Helen was either so selfish or so unprincipled as to wish to endanger the future well-being of her cousin for the little gratification of the present moment. No, she was neither more selfish nor more unprincipled than those whom the world often canonises as saints, and her resolves were of the best and strongest. Nevertheless she was only mortal after all, and by slow and almost imperceptible degrees she found herself too soon settling into her old terms of intimacy with him, and too often much too completely engrossed by him to remember the precipice upon which she stood.

These moments of dreamy happiness were always followed by their hours of retributive

misery—and ere long, poor Helen's mental agony became so intense, that, unable to struggle against it, she yielded to the pressure, and sunk into a state of settled sadness, only less fearful than the mockery of spirits with which she would sometimes try to conceal it.

Love is quick-sighted—for many days had not passed before Charles became aware of the change in his cousin's manner, and determined to take an early opportunity of enquiring into the cause of it. This opportunity Helen's evil star very soon afforded him. He overtook her one fine Autumn evening strolling all alone through the grounds, and so deeply plunged in thought, that she was not aware of his proximity until he spoke to her; she started at the sound of his voice, then, with a deep blush, replied to his enquiries after her health.

"You did not use to be so fond of walking alone, Helen?"—Charles commenced, by way of leading to the subject uppermost in his mind.

"I did not say I was fond of it *now*, did I Charles?" she replied, as she took his offered arm; then continued, "the evening looked so very beautiful, so quiet, and so tranquil, that I could not resist the temptation of trying whether it would throw some of its soothing influence on me."

"Do you require a sedative then, Helen? I should have thought you stood more in need of a stimulant, though time *was* when you wanted not the aid of either."

"Yes, Charles, time *was*," Helen said with a sigh; "but *now* Time's wheel picks up, at every revolution, a fresh store of this world's cares and vexations; and even were it otherwise, you know I am growing old now, and it is but fitting I should grow sober-minded too."

"Sober-minded dear Helen, but not sad; and, if I mistake not, that is the colour of your mind just at present—you need not try to deceive me, Helen, for I have known you too long and studied you too closely to be easily misled. Tell me then the cause of your unhappiness; I am, you know, your own especially appointed Mentor."

"I have no confession to make, to my father confessor," replied Helen, trying to smile; "nothing to complain of, as I said before, except the added cares of increasing years—do you know I am one-and-twenty?" and a slight shudder came over her as she remembered her mother's birth-day present.

"But one-and-twenty, Helen, is surely no reason or apology for the great and very sudden change I see in you; don't trifle with

me; if you knew the deep, deep interest I take in you, you would at once confide the cause of your misery to one who would leave no means untried to remove it."

"Deep interest," thought Helen, "and what a reason for *my* confidence *now*!" then said aloud, "dear Charles, believe me if that cause *were* removable there is no one to whom I would so soon apply as yourself; but it is beyond the power of human agency to assist me now, I can therefore only submit, and trust to time to reconcile me to what is quite irremediable."

"Now, Helen, you are not acting like yourself. You can have nothing of any real moment to annoy you, and in thus giving way to a fancied evil you are departing from that strong good sense which has hitherto seemed to regulate your conduct."

"Yes, Charles," replied Helen with a melancholy smile; "I have always thought we were very imperfect judges of one another. You fancy I have no *real* evil of which to complain—no cause of sadness to struggle against; and yet do you know I deserve more commendation for being sometimes in good spirits, than blame for being often the reverse. The last mentioned is the least irksome to me, it is my natural state *now*; it is easier to yield to the pressure than to resist it, particularly where one feels, where one *knows* one *must* bear the burden at last."

For some minutes Charles did not reply. What he had just heard was so unlike the high-spirited and strong-minded Helen, that he began to feel convinced something must be the matter, and that of a more serious nature than he had imagined. He had from childhood loved his cousin—loved her almost without being aware of it; for it had grown with his youth and strengthened with his strength till it had become a part of his own existence; and any effort to get rid of it now would have been like the parting struggle of soul and body. Still he had never told her he loved her—he knew he was as yet too poor to marry; he felt he was in honour bound not to try to engage her affections until he could offer her a suitable home; and many a night had he dedicated to the study of his profession, cheered through its long and silent watches by the visions of the snug little parsonage which his fond fancy pictured as already in his possession, and lighted by the smiles which Helen as its mistress was to bestow upon him there, as a reward for his perseverance and self-denial. The same reasons still existed for preserving silence, yet something like an indistinct gleam

of the true cause of Helen's sadness shot across his mind, and the possibility of putting an end to the agony of suspense which it brought along with it, by at once declaring his own affection for her, was a sore temptation to Charles. One little moment he hesitated; the next he was at Helen's feet, and before she had the power to stop him, his long-kept secret was told.

"Charles," she at last exclaimed; "for the love of heaven kneel not to *me*, it is now too late, I am *given* to another!"

Three months after saw Helen become the resigned but not happy wife of Mr. Sutton. A year passed and his prediction "that she would soon learn to love him," was not a single degree nearer its fulfilment than at its commencement; he had begun too, to find out that the preponderance of talent was on the wrong side of the house; in the society which congregated around his wife he himself was often thrown into the shade, and he at last arrived at the unpleasing conviction that he was not the irresistible person he had flattered himself, and that to win the affections of a person indued with a mind like Helen's, something more was necessary than mere good nature and a pair of handsome legs.

Having by slow degrees been obliged to admit this very painful feeling of inferiority, the next step was jealousy—jealousy of those very talents and perfections of which but a short year before he had been so ridiculously vain. And now the simplest passing civility bestowed by Helen upon a more gifted individual than himself, was construed by him into an insult and a slight offered to himself. Helen very speedily became aware of the change. Hitherto, if we may so express it, her unhappiness had been *negative*, and she had mixed in society merely because it was her husband's wish she should do so; now it was *positive*, and in defiance of his express desire, she sought for that relief in crowds and excitement which she was not permitted to enjoy at home. She had married with the determination of being a dutiful wife, if she could not be a fond one; and as long as Sutton continued to trust and confide in her, there was no further sacrifice she would not willingly have made to gratify him; but when she saw that this trust and confidence were withdrawn, and that too without a shadow of reason for the suspicion with which they were replaced, she felt herself aggrieved; and broken-hearted and miserable as she was, she dared to resent the insult offered to her good principle as well as to her understanding.

Things could not long continue in this state. There is no passion so fearful in its effects, so rapid in its progress, as jealousy. It is generally the offspring of a little mind, and such being its descent, we cannot wonder at its miserable career. One day Sutton entered the drawing-room where his wife was sitting, deeply engaged in conversation with her brother Lewis. At the moment he entered she was smiling at something Lewis had just been telling her; when her husband approached, her brother ceased to speak, her smile died away, and her features settled into that expression of sad indifference they now generally wore in his society. "Secrets as usual," he sulkily remarked; then walking up to her he asked with considerable asperity, "Why *his* presence should banish the smile from her countenance, and why his approach should silence Mr. Ashley's evidently entertaining conversation?"

"Lewis had just concluded, Sutton, as you entered," Helen gently replied; "and merriment is now an exercise I am so little used to, that it is an effort to keep it up after the momentary excitement which caused it has died away."

"*Now!*" he repeated bitterly, "you have laid an emphasis on that word particularly pleasing no doubt for any husband to hear: still let me say, that if you have no greater cause for sadness than *I* give you, your merriment need not be so foreign to you. There *are* causes, doubtless, for this sudden change in your temperament; whether the fault lies with you or me, of course your own conscience can best decide."

"*My* conscience, Sutton," Helen firmly answered, "does not accuse me of either breach of confidence towards you, or want of duty to you. I told you before we married that I did not love you; I have endeavoured since, by the most severe adherence to your wishes, to make up for that deficiency. You have repaid this by unfounded jealousy and base suspicion, and if these of themselves are not cause sufficient for sadness, I leave you to judge."

Nothing appeased by the truth of this appeal, he was on the point making an angry reply, when the door-bell rang—he stalked to the window and saw Lord Conway on his beautiful Arabian at the door; he rushed to the top of the stair, and called out in a voice of fury to the servant, "not at home." Helen followed him, and saying he called by appointment, begged he might be let in; he continued resolute, and his lordship was refused admittance.

There was a smile of something very like contempt on Helen's lips, as she returned to the drawing-room and resumed her seat by her brother. This was more than in his present state of irritation her husband could stand; the storm which had so long been lowering now burst forth, and regardless of Lewis' presence he poured forth a torrent of abuse upon Helen which nothing but the consciousness of innocence could have enabled her to bear with the calmness she exhibited on the occasion. Her only fear was for Lewis; she knew how he loved her, she dreaded the violence of his temper, and it was with a face of intense anxiety she turned towards him. As yet he had been a silent spectator of this strange and unlooked for scene, but now his lips quivered, and Helen's beseeching look alone restrained him from demanding satisfaction on the spot for this unmanly attack upon his injured and much-loved sister.

Fearing to trust himself, out of regard for her he left the room; but that very evening

a brother officer waited upon Mr. Sutton with a challenge. They met next morning, when Sutton's ball lodged in Lewis's side, and at the urgent request of his second he absconded until the result should be known. Lewis, by his own particular desire, was carried to his sister Helen's house, where she watched over him night and day: it was long before the fever was sufficiently reduced to admit of the ball being extracted, and when at last the medical men ventured upon the operation, it was with many fears and few hopes as to the result. He survived it, but his lungs had been injured and he fell into a rapid decline. Helen hung over him, inhaled his latest sigh, and though she had never uttered a complaint, nor expressed a pain, she was heard by an attendant to whisper softly as she closed his long dark lashes over those eyes still turned in affection on her, "I shall not be long left to mourn, brother." And her prediction was speedily verified, for the turf had not settled over Lewis's grave, ere it was disturbed to lay Helen by his side.

LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

SAY, canst thou love? Rather, canst thou avert,
 Dear laughing girl, love's gently proffer'd pain?
 As easy the bright joyous thing thou wert
 Five years ago, for ever to remain,
 As to elude one link of his soft chain.
 Think not to fright him by the slender cost
 Of mimic frowns, or feign'd or real disdain;
 Love's not a tyrant to be safely crost,
 And fiercer glows the fire the fiercer is the frost.

Love plucks no fruit from Mammon's gilded tree,
 Nor rests beneath its shade from fortune's heat,
 But sails upon the rude unnurtur'd sea
 With steadfast course, or with unsandall'd feet
 Travels the circling earth with motion fleet,
 From morning's rise to midnight's tranquil hour;
 Whether proud hearts, or lowly bosoms beat,
 With equal warmth he dedicates his power,
 Alike in peasant's hut or lady's secret bower.

And not in rainbow wings is he array'd,
 Nor bears he in his hand a golden bow,
 Nor are his brows bound with a rosy braid;
 Silent as stillest night his footsteps go
 Alike o'er burning sands or frozen snow.
 Where'er he steps there new delight is sown;
 He smiles, and nature and her children know
 A softer, brighter glory than their own;
 Lovelier than light to earth is love's fair shadow thrown.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX:—No. I.

THE INVISIBILITY OF LONDON HUSBANDS.

TRAVELS and voyages are a favourite lecture with a large portion of the world. Every man who has been any where, prints a series of letters supposed to have been previously written to a confidential friend who never existed, describing his own adventures in foreign countries, together with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of those countries. Cawthorn, Ebers, Andrews, Bull, all have their doors besieged, and their libraries filled, by a clamorous multitude possessed with a wish to peruse the new work. The new work is perused—its author is asked to dinner, and very much stared at—and one third of the English population are edified by learning that the inhabitants of Loo-Choo wear pins stuck in a row through their underlips, or that the ladies' slippers at Aleppo are half an inch longer, and more curled at the toe, than the ladies' slippers of Constantinople; that the royal bride at Hi tong ti (in the South Sea) is not allowed to receive any friends till an heir is born to the Prince, her husband; or that the muleteers' wives, in Spain, have little bells in their ears precisely similar to those worn by the mules. "I am reading Stuart's America," exclaims a juvenile blue, whose left hand rests on a volume of "The Buccaneers," while a suspicious pink-papered book, peeping from under the sofa pillow, betrays at once the ease with which she reads three books at a time, and her intimate acquaintance with "the manners and customs" of French Society, as portrayed by Paul le Kock. (It is thought wiser, and more intellectual, to be occupied with the manners and customs of distant lands than with those of our own, or some neighbouring kingdom.) Yet I, who have never been out of Old England—who stare respectfully at the man who has journeyed over the Himalaya mountains—eaten camels' humps—or even taken a sketch of Florence from the Chiesa dal Monte—I who never travelled further than from London to Edinburgh, have often groaned at the ignorance in which half the population of England and Scotland exist, with regard to the "manners and customs" of the other moiety. Thanks to the works of the talented and unfortunate Banim—the O'Hara Tales—and some other less powerful sketches of Irish life—thanks to the incessant broils, murders, complaints, newspaper reports, and parliamentary committees,

we have a tolerable guess at the 'ways' of the upper and lower orders of the Irish; but I believe I stood entirely on unexplored ground when I compiled an ingenious work, entitled "Curious Customs in the County of Middlesex."

This was a work of great labour, which it had taken years of patient research to compile. My disappointment was, therefore, extreme, when a smiling and somewhat contemptuous refusal was returned by every bookseller to whom I offered it. Evidently, they did not believe there *were* any curious customs in the county of Middlesex!! I am not easily discouraged—I am loth to lose entirely the reward of my toils. I have, therefore, chosen a few extracts from the manuscript volume, and should they be so fortunate as to meet with attention, I shall be glad to receive subscriptions to publish the whole work.

The first singularity on my list, is the invisibility of London husbands, which struck me forcibly on my introduction into what is termed *good society*. In the country (where I have chiefly resided), man and wife are *one* to a certain degree; they have one home, one set of apartments, and are generally to be found in each other's society. If they pay a morning visit, the door is flung open, and Mr. and Mrs. so and so duly announced—if a morning visit is paid to *them*—they may be found in the same sitting room, the man lounging on the sofa reading the newspaper, the woman working at a little table; or, perhaps, if the lady has delicate health, *she* occupies the sofa, and the gentleman contents himself with an arm chair, and the society of two large dogs. If they give a little dance, or an evening party, the invitations are made out in the mutual names of husband and wife; and should one of the guests be unacquainted with the gentleman, he is immediately led up to his host with the simple preface, "This is Mr. Tomkins, my dear, of whom I spoke to you last Thursday." In London, on the contrary, I have often spent an evening in a man's house, where not only I was not introduced, but I have enquired of at least ten of the guests, and not one has been able to inform me which was the master of the house; "I believe it is that man talking to lady Sinclair;" or, "I am sure I don't know unless it was the man who sat playing whist in the

further room ;" or, "I don't know him by sight, but I'll ask Unwin"—are among the most satisfactory of the replies made to my requests for information. Even the very card of invitation is a blank, with respect to the owner of the mansion where the entertainment is to be given. "Lady Altonbury, at home—dancing." "Mrs. Dense Hamperall, at home—early." "La Princesse Carovitzzen prie Monsieur — de venir passer la soirée chez elle—Lundi 12 ;" such are the cards at this moment on my table. Yet there is a tall handsome noble-looking elderly gentleman, known by the title of Lord Altonbury—there is a singularly fat stupid bustling Mr. Dense Hamperall, and Prince Carovitzzen is an ambassador plenipotentiary! I remember being in danger of a duel in consequence of having supposed pretty Mrs. Finch a widow, and finding Finch at my elbow, just as I declared my passion ; and I once stood aghast at the rudeness of a well-looking man, who, at one of the accomplished Lady Loiter's réunions (which was filling very slowly,) exclaimed, "By Jove these soirees are *too* stupid till the rooms fill ; I shall go away and spend an hour at the club, or at lady Jane Loch's music party, and come back again." Upon enquiry, I found it was Lord Loiter who thus commented on the réunions in his own rooms.

In the country a couple walk together, or perchance the worthy husband drives his mate in a pony chaise ; but who ever thinks of asking a London husband to drive in the open barouche or britchka up and down the park ? The divine law says that man and wife are one, the English law says that all property (with exceptions for which I refer my readers to Blackstone) is the husband's ; but who does not know that the law of custom is stronger than either the divine law or the laws of Great Britain ? That a London husband is only a visiter in the drawing-room of his own house ; is seldom if ever admitted into the 'boudoir ;' and has no more right to a corner of his wife's opera box, or a place in her carriage, than any other gentleman of her acquaintance—indeed less ; for while the law of custom pronounces it proper and natural that Captain Altonby and young Mowbray of the Blues should have opera tickets in the evening, and be allowed to ride with their white gloves on the carriage side all the morning, the same law pronounces it strange, vulgar, and suspicious, if the husband leads his wife to supper at a ball, or appears as her companion on any public occasion.*

I once was very anxious to see the husband of a very beautiful woman whom I had known as a girl, who had married entirely to please herself, and was supposed to be a very happy and a very good wife (as London wives go). I called upon her two or three times a week ; I went to all her soirées, I had a ticket for the season to her opera box ; I occasionally joined her in Kensington Gardens, (for it was before the popularity of the Elephant and lesser stars at the Zoological Gardens,) in short I was a most intimate friend ; and yet it was exactly two months and four days before I saw her husband ! Sometimes I used to watch her laughing eye, for the expression of sadness and anxiety I fancied such neglect must cause ; or listened when she spoke, for that sudden tone of sharp misery which, in spite of attempted merriment, *will* sometimes strike on the ear like a funeral knell on a summer's day, and tell of wasted life, and blasted hopes, and innocent mirth departed. But nothing of this could I ever discover, only one day, when I was, as usual, admitted, a little knock was heard at the boudoir door, and a gentleman walked in with an open letter in his hand, and bowing slightly to me, addressed my fair friend thus. "Georgiana, I have just heard from my agent, who tells me Sedley House is burnt to the ground : " to which the lady responded, "Good heavens ! our pretty, pretty place ! the place where we spent our honey moon !" *Our*—and *honey moon* : it was the London husband I had been wishing to see.

I trust, while I make these remarks, that I offend no one. I trust that no pencilled brow is bending, frowningly, over the page disapproving of my comments, and highly approving of a London life. I trust that no unhappy husband (who heartily wishes himself unmarried again, that he might obtain a little more of his wife's notice, and groans in that worst species of slavery, admiration for a woman who does not care about him), I say I trust that none such are probed and galled by my observations. Let me assure both parties that I am neither condemning, nor am I eulogising the custom of keeping asunder those whom God hath joined. I have no settled opinion on the subject ; on the contrary, I think the invisibility of London

dience paid to this law, that I have occasionally seen a young couple, (just united, and really preferring each other's society to that of strangers) glance shyly across a brilliant *salon*, afraid and ashamed to show their preference by sitting near one another ; and I have sighed to think how the world's corruption would eat, like the worm in the flower, till their hearts were hollow, and the bloom of their young lives for ever departed.

* And here I may remark, that so perfect is the obe-

husbands is a subject admitting of much controversial argument. As thus : it is certain that all the old-established code on the subject of matrimony is founded on the superior intelligence, wisdom, and perfectibility, supposed to distinguish the male sex, and which I devoutly believe really did distinguish Adam, and made it proper that the first couple should be as Milton describes :—

“ He for God only—she for God in him.”

But men are sadly degenerate, and even the pious composers of the marriage ceremony would allow, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for the woman to love one who constantly neglects or ill treats his helpmate ; to honour a fool, a gamester, and a liar—to obey one whose commands seem more the result of temporary insanity than of reason and judgment, or for the man to love and cherish a creature, whose soul is in her looking-glass, and whose pledged hand is oftener clasped in that of some whispering coxcomb than in his own ; and if the husband does not love or cherish, and the wife neither loves, honours, or obeys, is it not better that two people, mutually repugnant to each other, should live as much apart as the law of custom will allow ? This is in favour of the *invisibility* of London husbands.

On the other hand it is certain, that women are affectionate by nature, and easily won by kindness—that attention without jealousy—indulgence without carelessness—firmness without tyranny—will change an indifferent or reluctant bride into a devoted and excellent wife. It is also certain, that appearing to care about your wife, prevents other men from showing how much *they* care about her. She is spared some temptations, and experiences none of that emptiness of heart which makes any excitement seem happiness, like the visions of an opium eater. This is in favour of the *visibility* of London husbands.

Alas ! for the marriage ceremony !—alas ! for the rules of right and wrong ! The pure

and simple laws which our fathers framed were made for pure and simple days, when young heart met young heart, and melted into one, and people married because they preferred one another to the whole world. Help me, Miss Martineau ! What is there in improvement and civilisation which so roughens the road of life, by placing heaps of gold in one place, and blank poverty in another ? Help me, Miss Martineau ! What is there in the present state of society which obliges young women to marry, as the easiest and most dignified manner of procuring a subsistence, and makes young men eager about heiresses, in order to discharge debts contracted on the turf ? To you, dear Madam, with your clear head and feeling heart, I leave these puzzling points, while simply keeping to my own subject, I affirm, that whatever may be the cause of interested marriages, it is because they *are* made that the invisibility of London husbands is become the law of custom. The greater part are not together as companions and helpmates, they are together because thirst of rank or riches, ambition or pique have joined them ; and they mutually rejoice in the law that allows them mutual liberty ; the man to visit his mistress or his club, the woman to flirt behind a little red curtain crossed with gilt wires, with a man perfectly indifferent to her, or guiltily loved. But one other observation strikes me at this moment. Why (under all the circumstances) are the ladies of the invisible husbands so terribly alarmed and shocked if forced into a momentary contact with late made wives, who, conscious of early error, cling sensitively to their husband's arm as the link between them and respectability ?

There are laws besides the laws of fashion, there is a tribunal beyond that of “the world.” What if they should differ ? What if it should be found after the glitter hath passed away, and the shadow of death is come and gone, that “God judgeth not as man judgeth ?”

F. C.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Aims and Ends ; and Oonagh Lynch.
By the Author of Carwell.

WE took up these extraordinary narratives with that respect and with that extreme expectation of interest and pleasure which the fair author of Carwell was entitled to ; and it often happens that a writer's previous excellence is ini-

mical to our just estimation of the efforts which succeed—that not finding all that enchanted us *then*, we doubt whether we have found what may amuse us *now* ; and then it is a principle of human nature, that over-expectation should resemble

“—vaulting ambition
Which o'erleaps itself, and falls o' the other side.”

In the present volumes, however, these influences are not felt, and after a most attentive perusal of them we can assure our readers, in sincerity and truth, that we deem them superior to Carwell; and that we have risen from them with a still more elevated notion of the author's genius than we entertained after reading her former production. We pretend to no infallibility of judgment or criticism, yet have we the conviction that, in this matter, the world will judge as we do.

The astonishing power that wrung the inmost heart—the unfathomable depth of feminine feeling—the delicacy of feminine taste exhibited in Carwell, were united with a story too domestically horrid—too awfully real. We were perhaps as much spell-bound while reading it as we have just been with the tales under review, but the impression it left upon our minds was such as could not be dwelt upon with so much pleasure or composure.

True both "Aims and Ends" (a tale of fashionable life, by one who knows what fashionable life is, and does not write from fancy or the information of ladies' maids and milliners) and "Oonagh Lynch" (a most romantic narrative) are of a melancholy cast; but their melancholy is irradiated by many lively flashes and cheerful glimpses of society, and does not harrow up our feelings beyond a proper degree. In both there is an obvious, an applicable, and a most useful moral—that old-fashioned ingredient in works of fiction so generally discarded by the writers of the day: yet why we know not. The very origin of writings of this kind was to convey, through a medium that might excite the feelings and arouse the imagination, the different results of different courses of conduct and character in the world, and to impress upon the mind, practically, as it were (for when we read a powerfully written tale, are not its characters and events realities for the time?) some great moral lesson. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela!* A moral to a novel is now looked upon as unnecessary as a hoop to a court-dress, and it seems to be the fashion if one is given, that it be a bad, or at least a dubious one. We speak, of course, generally: there are exceptions—would that they were more numerous!

Olinda Vavasour, the heroine of the first of these stories, is lovely, poor, young and imprudent, warm-hearted and ambitious, with a disposition and a necessity to love *but one* and be loved *by one*, but at the same time with a propensity to coquetry towards even those who do not interest her. The first important problem she has to solve, and on its solution rests the errors and miseries of her after life, is, whether it is better to marry a fool (of whom she must be ashamed), titled, and wealthy up to the ideas of our wealthy aristocracy, or a man of sense and character (in whom she might pride herself), with no title, and with competence instead of riches. Though she is dazzled by the scenes and conceptions prevalent in the house of her very

fashionable relative, Lady Portbury, with whom she is residing "to get off," and certainly wavers, yet she has the good feeling and sense to choose the latter condition and to prefer Mr. Preston Fleetwood, whom she respected, could love, and *did* love, with his moderate fortune and improving profession, to a vain baronet and a silly lord. But alas! her fatal love of admiration and her wilfulness, which she takes little pains to correct, lead her into a bout of coquetry with the baronet, disgust the sensitive lover—and, after all, she precipitately vows to love, honour, and obey the said lord, whom she secretly, and very soon overtly, despises. With a fool for her husband, with a she-dragon in the shape of that husband's sister for her tyrannical duenna,—with all her youth, grace, beauty, and her love of admiration undiminished, the heroine's fate in the world of dissipation and fashion may be foreseen. The reader, however, on these premises will fancy it *worse*, or at least *different* from what it was. One culpable flirtation with a gallant young nobleman, terminates with no more sin than what is included in the act of a married woman's flirting at all. After this, which is represented in some inimitably well drawn scenes, the penitent Olinda is sent down to a solitary seat in Cornwall, while her lord goes to the continent—in a diplomatic capacity, forsooth!—to amuse himself with music and a French maitresse. At first her penitence was exemplary; but in that desolate solitude, forsaken and apparently forgotten by all, it was her misfortune to meet—the curate of the parish! This gentleman, and he was a gentleman in descent, education, and manners, and had once had the important requisite of fortune, though now a poor Cornwall curate, was young, tall, very handsome, imaginative, enthusiastic, and infinitely more self-willed even than the fair recluse. Had Olinda not been married to a fool of a lord, there was still a misfortune which ought to have stood as a triple wall of brass between their rapidly-growing intimacy, for the curate was married to a very pretty, and (not to repeat the harsh term applied to Olinda's husband) a very simple, common-place girl from the Welsh mountains. Here was a man, however, who could enliven the Lady Sedley's seclusion with animated conversation, taste, and talent—a man, spite of his fallen fortunes, whose admiration was not to be thought of lightly; and the ruling passion, unchecked by experience of the past and the perilous prospect of the future, with one whose heart was as a volcano, who was a minister of religion and the husband of another, urged Olinda forward until he admired, and then madly loved her. He read poetry to Lady Sedley—Lady Sedley sang sweet songs to him, until what at first had been in her a love of admiration became something very like downright love. When affairs are in this dangerous state, by the unexpected death of a relation, who dies too suddenly to make a will, the accomplished Cornish curate, whose

home is hateful to him, and whose daily place has now been for many months by the side of the fascinating Olinda, comes at once into possession of a splendid fortune. My lord has not returned—my lady has been informed of the irregularities of his conduct abroad—of his having paid two hundred pounds to a young artist for modelling and executing in marble the hands of Madame de C—— (potent provocatives to Olinda, as every woman must admit!) And in what does all this end?

We will not injure the interest of the story by relating its denouement—all that we will say, is, that it is entirely different from the expectation of our kind readers, who will take our advice and procure it immediately, and then, our word for it, they will not pause until they reach its catastrophe.

Nor will they stop there: when they have tasted the beauties of the first story and found our encomiums just, they will be inclined to credit our assurance that the second is as good, though of a different character. We give one short extract from the first exquisitely-written story; it is a description of Olinda's place of exile:—

"An ancient and very discouraging-looking housekeeper led the way through a low, dark, stone hall into the drawing-room, which felt cold and smelt of damp.

"It was hung with green flock paper not of a very lively hue; and the gold moulding which surrounded it had long since accommodated itself to the serious complexion of the paper, and looked rather like oak than gilt wood.

"According to the established mode of carpeting rooms about sixty years since, there was a small carpet in the midst of the room, but the greater part of the oak floor, highly polished by assiduous dry rubbing, shone with a lustre dangerous to the foot that trod without due caution. Two green damask sofas with a slender share of stuffing, and pillows that looked like sausages, were placed against the wall; and the legs of the chairs and tables showed that economy of wood which seems to have actuated all cabinet makers about the year 1775. Though the room was large the furniture was scanty, and the green damask window-curtains drew up with the triple cord which modern upholsterers would be ashamed to remember; the shrunk wood-work of the windows admitted a fair portion of the damp sea-breeze, which moaned through the crevices; the grate was full of shavings; an old musical clock still struck the hour, after which it played "Nancy Dawson," "A Flaxen-headed Ploughboy," and "Malbrook;" but it was so much out of repair that parts of each tune were played in the cheerful time belonging to them, and other parts with a stammering irregularity, as if the clock was falling asleep, which made the listeners, who had any ear, quite frantic with impatience.

The pictures of three Lady Sedleys, faintly smiling on faded canvass, hung in slender gold

frames round the room; they were countenanced by their opposite husbands. She of the year 1775, who seemed to have been the latest occupant of that room, had the powdered hair and tight long sleeve of her ill-judging generation, and her costume was further completed by a pair of high-heeled shoes. The partner of her destiny had his hair in a bag, a sword by his side, lace ruffles, and gold brandenburghs hanging from the button holes of his pale blue coat; his attitude, in obedience to the most rigorous rule of the dancing-master, a book, inscribed 'Voltaire' in his hand, and a slight sneer on his countenance, may lead beholders to think him a travelled *petit-maitre* of the early part of Louis XVth's unfortunate reign."

Oonagh Lynch is, indeed, what we have described it to be, "a most romantic narrative." Its romance does not imply extravagance, and a departure from nature; it does not swallow up "the great moral lesson" which the author would inculcate, and which is summed up at the end of the story in a few sentences of impressive and even sublime language. We might analyse this tale—might quote many beautiful passages from both, but our limits are confined, and we think our humble duty is done by showing our readers what they are to expect, and claiming their attention (which we do most emphatically) to these excellent productions. There is a knowledge of human nature in them—a force of character—a graphic touch—a dramatic spirit—and a propriety of language and sentiment that cannot fail to secure them extensive popularity. Take the following letter from Oonagh's aunt, as a specimen of the two latter qualities:—

"Your sacrifice will be great, 'but, dear Oonagh, it will be but *one* sacrifice; living a worldly life will force you to make a thousand, some without merit made to selfish fellow-creatures, and some perhaps equally painful, of a less harmless character. In the cloister you will be removed from all external temptation, and no earthly misfortune can befall you. You cannot see your husband inconstant or unkind; no rivals will machinate (perhaps successfully) to take him from you, or, even if unsuccessful, awake angry and jealous feelings in your heart, and unchristian malice in your temper; you will not be doomed to lose young and promising children, or to weep over the ungrateful perversity of those who survive; and if all of them fulfil every hope of your heart, every wish of your vanity, you can witness but a short period of their career—they belong to another generation! You will not endure the estrangement of friends, or long for pomps and ambitious gratifications, which to the nun are but as the wild pageant in a dream; and you will have saved Sir Maurice Bellew from the temptation to violate a duty by bringing back to the world one who had already resolved to renounce it, and from the highest motives!"

We are sure our readers will be delighted, as we were, with the following ballad :—

"She will not drink the blood-red wine,
That sparkles bright and high ;
She sits her down to wail and pine,
The salt tear in her eye.
Will ye not drink the wine of France,
Nor yet the wine of Spain ?
Oh, better I love the wan water
I ne'er must drink again !

"The peach like fair maid's cheek is found ;
Our southern fruit is fair ;
And ye may seek all Scotland round
Nor find such fruit grow there.
I better love the bramble grey,
The blaeberry is good—
For these are fruits of Scottish brae,
And they grow in our gay green wood.

"Will ye not sleep in golden bed ;
The curtains are of silk,
Of broid'ry is the coverlet,
The sheets are white as milk ?
Oh, the heather is a better bed,
Where the north wind's blowing free ;
And I long to lay my weary head
On the swaird of my own countrie."

Lives of the British Admirals, with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England. By Robert Southey, L.L.D. Poet Laureate.

THIS valuable and interesting volume, on one of the most interesting subjects that can be selected for a maritime people like ourselves, whose national greatness and fame have sprung from the ocean and quarter-deck, is the fortieth in the series of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, and is wholly occupied by an introductory view of our naval history. To our fair friends the biographical volumes, which are to follow this, will no doubt be more amusing, but the materials collected here with Southey's usual industry and research are such as they ought not to remain ignorant of, and will find not devoid of interest. They will see from what a weak, defenceless state this island has gradually risen, and how the "Queen of the Ocean" was for ages unable to defend her own coasts and rivers from the plundering incursions of Danes and other marauders, in boats as contemptible as an Indian canoe. They will meet with many things that are very curious, and omitted in general histories. In fine, they ought to read this volume.

Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq.

THIS is another volume of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," a series of voyages, travels, descriptions of foreign lands, &c., which has hitherto been well executed.

VOL. II.—NO. IV.

Not a word from us is required to impress on our readers' minds the high interest of the subject of the present volume. Sir Walter Raleigh's fame as a bold and skilful warrior, a statesman, a navigator, and founder of colonies in America, a poet, an historian, an accomplished courtier, the friend of the immortal Spenser, the admired of Queen Elizabeth, is familiar to all, as are the romantic incidents of his life and melancholy death. He was a man of such mark in the age he lived in—an age fertile in wonderful characters—that no historian could avoid a lengthened mention of him. He has also had innumerable biographers, from Oldys to Mrs. Thomson, whose very excellent work published about two years' since, might have seemed to supersede the necessity of any future life of Sir Walter Raleigh. Mr. Tytler, however, has contrived to add to the information previously extant in books, by consulting the Raleigh MSS. in the British Museum, and various original letters and journals in the State Paper Office ; he has also cleared up some of the mysteries of his alleged offences, trial, and condemnation, rescued his character from the misrepresentations of Hume and other writers ; and, in our opinion, has done most ample justice to the memory, and produced the most complete life of Sir Walter.

Six weeks on the Loire, with a peep into La Vendée.

THIS is a pleasant account of a tour through one of the pleasantest parts of France, made so recently as last summer, on which account we would recommend it as a guide and agreeably instructive companion to such of our countrymen as may be inclined to take the same favourite journey.

The anonymous author, a lady, shows herself to be a person of good taste and feeling, of ready, if not deep observation, and of a mild and lady-like judgment. Her notions of political economy are occasionally such as would not meet the approbation of Miss Martineau, and her very favourable estimation of everything she meets in France, we cannot in justice approve of, as correct. But we remember she is a lady, travelling comfortably, as a lady ought, and under a bright summer sky, and through a smiling country. At all times we would rather see a *little* incorrectness on the amiable side, than cold, cynical, and detracting pictures, which may be, at times, correct as mathematical deductions—but which one of the gentler sex should never draw. Many of our readers, have been, no doubt, at the quiet, romantic little town of Fontainebleau. We once resided there many days to our own particular delight, and to the advantage of a family of stately swans sailing about a sheet of water in the park, whom we were accustomed to regale every day before our own dinner, with the crumbs of a two sous loaf bought for that meritorious purpose, on our way to the fine grounds, at a baker's shop, at

tended to by a pretty dark-eyed girl, not far from the gate of the old palace, and we can therefore answer for the correctness of the following description of the place.

"Fontainebleau appeared to me far more interesting as a residence than Versailles; its stately château has almost the regal splendour of the palace of Versailles, without its formality, and excels it infinitely in natural advantages.

Its stately alleys, its sheets of water, the tranquillising regularity of its parterres, are delightfully contrasted by the diversity of its "English Garden," showing the full perfection of that style of cultivation, which is indeed but

"Nature to advantage drest;"

and the forest, by which it is environed, seems as the massive frame to the highly-finished picture. The château itself, with all its clustering irregularity of additions from time to time, under different monarchs, and in different styles of architecture, carries with it the appearance of a town rather than of a single building; or, as an Englishman characteristically expressed it, of a "*rendezvous des châteaux*." The fair author tells us this picturesque palace was first built by Louis le Jeune, and then mentions some of the French sovereigns who have successively delighted to inhabit it—Saint Louis, the chivalrous, Francis I., the debonaire Henry IV., the hapless Marie Antoinette, Napoleon! She names also the foreign potentates who have lodged here as guests or prisoners—the Emperor Charles V.; the captive Pope, Pius VII.; Charles IV. of Spain; but, curiously enough, she omits all mention of the fearful tragedy enacted here by the dethroned Swedish Queen.

Orleans, Blois, Tours, and other places, are also well described. The volume is interspersed with some pretty pieces of poetry, and with views of a few of the most interesting spots on the Loire. We recommend the whole of it to public attention. The peep into La Vendée, the scene at the

time of the Duchess of Berri's mad enterprise, will be found very interesting.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex; Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, &c. &c. &c. Forming also a Guide to all the Watering Places. By J. D. Parry, M.A.

THIS work, according to the author's own confession, has been done in a great hurry. It is not, however, illdone, and as such a work was wanted, there being but few, and these rare and expensive, books on the topography, &c. of Sussex, we augur better success for it than its author seems to anticipate. It would certainly have been much better had he taken council of his hurry, and omitted much that he has inserted. The glories of the Gloucestershire militia, the misfortunes of a baker at Brighton whose house was burnt down, the charity of George IV., the dinners and sermons, lotteries and raffles, at Brighton nearly half a century ago, and numerous other details, will hardly be acceptable in any shape. The map, and the views (which are not numerous), are very well engraved.

The volume is dedicated, by permission, to their Majesties.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Don Quixote, second vol.

THIS is the only edition of Don Quixote in three volumes, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. These illustrations keep up their high character; they are admirable. We have this further to add, to what we have already said in praise of this edition, in a former number, that it is freed from those impurities which have hitherto rendered it all but a sealed book to female readers, and this too without in any one single instance, trenching upon the humour of the story. We can now safely recommend it to the most delicate lady.

The Album Wreath, Musical Scrap Book, &c. &c., in our next.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the Bible. By John Martin.

WITH deference to Elia*, we think no painter has ever given evidence of more extensive powers of imagination than Martin, not only in the work before us, but in every other production of his pencil. Imagination—and that too of a wonderful kind—shines in awful grandeur throughout his works. Imagination alone led him to create

an entirely new style, unlike, in effect, in colouring, and in composition, any thing ever before seen in painting; imagination, too, elevated him to those vast and wondrous delineations of things gone by, which seize and transfix the mind,—to those representations of the greatness of nations long since swept from the face of the earth, and who have left not a trace, not even a vestige of their past magnificence.

With regard to the two engravings before us, we can only refer to our notice of the former numbers of these illustrations of the Bible. Were we called upon to give a preference, we should be in doubt whether we admire most the delivery of

* Elia has written some essays to prove that British painters are totally without imagination. These essays were lately published in that excellent literary journal the *Athenæum*.

the infant Moses from the waters of the Nile by Pharaoh's daughter, or the presence of the Jewish lawgiver on Mount Sinai before the burning bush. Both are brilliant specimens of the great powers of the artist.

Apropos of Elia. Would he separate imagination from genius? The drift of his own arguments tend to show, on the contrary, that they are inseparable. In that case, he denies to British painters any but the mere mechanical power of the art, and would, therefore, leave to them the mere faculty of mixing and placing colours in symmetrical order upon canvass, where they are to stand for figures of men, and beasts, and trees, and rocks, and mountains, but without producing any greater intellectual excitement than the wax-work figures in Holborn, or Mr. Ross's spring perruques which imitate natural hair to the life.

But we apprehend that Elia has mistaken perception or judgment for imagination. The former is the manner in which a matter of fact is understood and appreciated; the latter is the poetry added to this understanding or appreciation. Elia's objections to Belshazzar's Feast, all hinge upon the view which the artist has taken of the fact itself which forms the subject of his picture, and how men under the circumstances represented would display the feelings produced by an irrevocable decree of Almighty God. Now all this

is solely matter of opinion; it is an effect of perception and judgment, and not of imagination. We therefore think that Elia, so far from making out his case against British painters, has only shown that he is himself subject to be led astray by imagination at the expense of perception and judgment.

We will readily concede that true genius leads to the most perfect works of art only when correct judgment is combined with a powerful imagination; and it is often a want of the former, in a greater or lesser degree, which constitutes the only blemishes of a fine work of art. But we must contend that an artist may be very deficient in perception, or in accuracy of reasoning upon any subject he may treat, and yet display brilliant powers of imagination.

Elia has instanced certain manners of treating certain subjects,—which he calls imagination, but which we take to be simple perception of matters of fact—by one or two of the old masters. But what does this prove? Why only that those masters took, two hundred years ago, the same view of the facts which they represented as Elia does at present—that his opinion is precisely the same as theirs. But does that alone prove that they were right? Will any one be bold enough to aver that Elia's opinion is to form a standard of judgment?

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Court.—The King came to town on the 13th of March from Windsor, to hold a Levee; which was attended by the Ministers of State and the Foreign Ambassadors. The Turkish ambassador had an audience to take leave of his Majesty. Among the company at the Levee, were the Earls of Shaftesbury, Aberdeen, Anherst, Verulam, and Roseberry, Lord Plunkett, and Sir Henry Hardinge. The King returned to Windsor in the evening, but again came to town on Friday. He was received at the Palace by the Duke of Cumberland. In the evening the King departed for Windsor. Both their Majesties continue to enjoy good health.

The Queen held a drawing room on the Thursday week following.

Round Towers.—The origin and use of the "Round Towers" of Ireland, have been a topic of speculation and literary controversy to writers of all countries, from the days of Giraldus Cambrensis, who flourished in the 12th century, to the present time. In their anxiety to arrive at some satisfactory elucidation of the subject, the Royal Irish Academy, in December, 1830, proposed a premium of a gold medal and fifty pounds, to the author of an approved essay, in which all particulars respecting them were expected to be explained. On the 17th of December last, they decided on the point by awarding the gold medal

and fifty pounds to G. Petrie, Esq., and a gold medal to H. O'Brien, Esq. The theories which those two gentlemen advocate, are directly opposed. Mr. Petrie's is not a new one. It is that which Montmouenci supported before, viz. that they were repositories for valuables belonging to the early Christian institutions. Mr. O'Brien has broached an entirely novel thought, carrying his researches to an era long anterior to Christianity, proving the existence of those structures before the light of Christianity ever dawned, opening up the antiquities of the whole ancient world in illustration of his hypothesis, and connecting those edifices with the celebration of certain rites, the most interesting and engrossing in the whole compass of human occupations. As to the exact nature or accuracy of his proofs, we are not at liberty yet to pronounce: his book at all events is a novelty, and it is clear that the academy divided their approbation between him and the other gentleman. We understand that both essays are to be published.

French Drama.—The new year has dawned with encouraging favour upon the theatres of the French capital, which, with the aid of the unusually great conflux of visitors at present sojourning within its walls, have lately presented crowded and, generally, delighted audiences. On the other hand, in order to meet the high demand of

novelty, every effort has been employed by the caterers for public taste to produce an adequate supply of entertainment. The "*Opera Comique*" has presented a new opera—" *Le Préaux Clercs*," which has met with a success worthy of the high reputation enjoyed by this house. The subject is another choice *morceau* extracted from the reign of Henry the Third, abounding with delightful music, rich costumes, and magnificent scenery. This splendid opera may calculate upon having a very long run. This has been followed by another piece from the same hand—" *Le Mort Francé*," which has met with similar success. The clever young author, however, M. Herold, was doomed alas! to survive their representation but for a very short space of time, his death having taken place a very short time since. "*Aux Italiens*," the public have hastened in crowds to greet an old acquaintance, Tamburini, and to enjoy the really melodious harmonies of Don Giovanni, in which he appeared for the first time. He and Rubini, secured to themselves completely the honours of the evening, and were obliged to gratify their enchanted audience with the repetition of several airs. "*Aux Variétés*," a new piece—" *L'Influence des Localités*," by M.M. Scribe and Paulin, has completely succeeded. Also by M. Scribe, a new Vauderville has been produced at the *Gymnase*, "*Les Malheurs d'un Amant heureux*," which has met with great applause; and at the "*Ambigu*," a new piece, "*Ibrahim*," attracts crowded houses.

Murder.—On Wednesday 13th March, a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned against three men, named Marshall, Evans, and Taylor, by a Coroner's Jury, which was summoned to inquire into the cause of the death of a boy named Robert Pavioir, about thirteen years old, whose body was discovered in the Regent's Park Canal with his arms broken, his head mutilated, and other marks of violence upon his body. From the evidence given before the jury, it appeared that the boy must have been seized at the door of his father's house, No. 26, John Street, Tottenham Court Road, one evening about five weeks ago; and carried away to some place where he was most shamefully abused, and afterwards thrown into the canal, to prevent his giving evidence as to the treatment he had received. The prisoners it is said, were well known to him. The evidence more directly implicated Marshall than either of the other prisoners. He pretended that he could restore the boy to his parents, and intimated first that he had been sold to a rich gentleman in the city, and afterwards that he had seen him at St. Catherine's Docks, about to sail to America. The other prisoners were companions of Marshall, and men of indifferent character.

Brutal Riot.—On the 8th of March, a riot of the most brutal description, took place at the Downs, near Hetton-le-Hole, Durham, between

the old and the new pitmen of that place, in which the Derbyshire (new) miners were eventually overpowered, and obliged to seek refuge in their houses, in the Downs Lane. The old pitmen pursuing their advantage, commenced an attack upon the doors and windows of their antagonists; the consequence of which was, that the Derbyshire miners retaliated, by firing several guns at their assailants, loaded with shot, ball, marbles, and broken spoons, by which a pitman of the name of Dodds was so dangerously wounded that his life is despaired of. Several pieces of broken pewter were extracted from his body by the surgeon. After much difficulty, the rioters were compelled to disperse. An outrage of a similar description took place at the Brick-garth, in Eastington Lane, but was not attended with such disastrous consequences.—*Newcastle Journal*.

Court of Exchequer.—Lately in this court, an attorney named Dicas brought an action against the proprietors of the Satirist newspaper, and others, to recover damages for sundry libels published against him in that paper. In his action he included Mr. Spottiswoode, the king's printer, who was the supposed proprietor of the machine by which the libels were printed; Salmon and Cunningham, whose types were used for printing them; Alaric Watts, the proprietor, and H. B. Hanshall, the printer of the Alfred Newspaper, which was also printed by the same machine. All these persons were under the necessity of defending the action, although, with the exception of Thompson and Gregory, they were totally unconnected with the libels. The counsel for the plaintiff admitted that the matter could not be brought home to Spottiswoode, Watts, or Hanshall. The jury gave a verdict of 300*l.* damages, and 40*s.* costs against Gregory and Thompson.

Mademoiselle D'Jeck's fury.—This distinguished female, when lately on a tour in the South of France, inflicted summary vengeance upon one of the people forming her escort. It appears her indignation had been roused by some act of offence on his part, and that she had resolved, when he approached her presence again, to give expression to her wounded feelings. This disposition being observed by the commander of the party, he advised the man to keep at a respectful distance; he, however, treating the warning with indifference, repeated the same offence once or twice. Darting at him like a fury, she seized him with her trunk, and flinging him into the air, he fell to the earth—a victim to her just wrath and his own daring temerity.

Madame de Montholieu.—In the literary world we have to deplore the loss of the celebrated author of *Caroline de Lichtfeld*, who died recently at the advanced age of 81. The collection of her original and translated works amount to 103 volumes. This distinguished lady expired at her seat in the Canton de Vaud, her native place.



engraved by SCHREIN from a drawing by MOORE

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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR MAY, 1833.

ILLUSTRATIVE MEMOIR OF MRS MUSTERS.

BY JOHN MOORE, ESQ.

IN presenting a portrait of the late Mrs. MUSTERS, it is no departure from our general plan of selecting for this work likenesses exclusively of our nobility, for Mrs. MUSTERS, though herself without title, was, in the strictest sense of the term, of noble blood, being the immediate descendant of the Lords CHAWORTH, a family claimed by antiquity as amongst the oldest of these islands :—

"Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honoured race."

Byron's Dream.

The descent of the Chaworths may be traced from the latter part of William the Conqueror's reign, when PATRICK DE CADURCIS, vulgarly called Chaworth, a native of Little Britany, made a grant of certain mills in Gloucestershire to the monks of St. Peter's abbey in Gloucester. He was succeeded by his son, Patrick de Chaworth, who, in the 33rd Henry II. upon the collection of the scutage of Galway, accounted six pounds for the knights' fees belonging to the honour of Striguil. The numerous successors of this feudal lord long flourished in the counties of Derby and Nottingham, and we find that about the year 1500, John Brabazon, one of the ancestors of the Earl of Meath, married a daughter of — Chaworth, and that the fifth Earl of Meath, somewhere in advance of the year 1700, married Juliana, the only daughter of Viscount Chaworth. On the ground of nobility, therefore, well may Mrs. Musters claim a place among ladies of exalted rank. But there

are other reasons why she must ever be an object of peculiar interest; she was Lord Byron's first and only love—the Mary of his poetry.

It is well known that on the part of Miss Chaworth there was never any attachment towards Lord Byron:

"She had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved."
The Dream.

He was indeed but a "clownish boy," comparatively speaking, at the period when his passion first awoke towards her. Undoubtedly, however, at one time, Lord Byron possessed the hope, if not the belief, so naturally born of his wishes, that his affection was returned. But the "death-blow of this hope," by which "his memory immortal grew," (to use his own phrases) was very early inflicted; too late, however, for his happiness, he found "her sighs were not for him," too late discovered, that, even when standing with her on the "gentle hill,"

"even then she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood,
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy and flew."
The Dream.

* Inquiry was once made of Mrs. Musters respecting this incident. Her reply perhaps it may be profane to name, since it makes sorry prose of the poetical images. At the same time, since it also evidences the power of the alchemy of genius in converting rubbish into gold, I shall risk the profanity of naming it. The reply of Mrs. Musters was that the passage must refer to the circumstance of Lord Byron having walked to "the hill" for the purpose of watching the return of Mr. Musters from the Nottingham races!

G G

In what manner he made this discovery is not probably known, but the following anecdote, which has never before been published, contains the actual circumstances under which he was separated from her as a lover. They were related by one of the individuals whom I shall have occasion to name in the course of this article.

Lord Byron and his rival in Mary Chaworth's affections, Mr. Musters, were, notwithstanding their rivalry, juvenile companions. The latter frequently invited his friend to Colwick Hall, the family residence of the Musters', not many miles distant from Newstead Abbey. On one of these occasions Lord Byron and young Musters had been bathing in the river Trent, which sweeps round the pleasure grounds of Colwick very invitingly for such a purpose. Whilst they were dressing themselves on the bank, Mr. Musters observed a ring among the clothes of his friend, and recognised it as having very recently belonged to Miss Chaworth. Accordingly he took possession of it, significantly remarking to Lord Byron, "I know the owner of this ring, and shall keep it." Vain was remonstrance on the part of Lord Byron; nevertheless he did remonstrate, saying that it was given to him by Miss Chaworth; the ring, however, was withheld. After much fruitless altercation, which may be easily imagined, mutual silence succeeded during the remainder of the time they were dressing.

On their way home Lord Byron, as if more surely to convince himself of Mr. Musters' determination respecting the ring, observed, "you will of course return it to me," the answer to which was, a decided negative. At last they arrived at the house, the ring not returned, and the companions still at strife.

Mr. Musters now, unknown to his parents or to any party, flew to Annesley, and entering its "antique oratory," was very soon in the presence of her who was the innocent cause of this juvenile quarrel. The occasion of his abrupt visit was quickly stated, the ring produced, and a lover's inquiries made concerning it. Mary Chaworth confessed that she knew it to be in Lord Byron's possession, that it became so with her permission, or rather sufferance; and that he had taken it from one of the tables, declaring, in a playful manner, his intention to keep it. Thus obtained, her's was a very careless and easy acquiescence in the loss of that which love had made so dear to Byron.

The explanation concerning the ring was

soon over, but Mr. Musters had something more at heart which he had determined to divulge. He had felt it was no longer proper that the fair object of his affections should seem to have "two strings to her bow," and, therefore, before he again parted from her, he intimated his wish that Lord Byron should be made sensible she coveted no such distinction. Mr. Musters further requested that if he (Mr. Musters) was the accepted lover (which in spite of her parents' hostility he knew himself to be) it should be forthwith made known to all parties. The request was complied with, and Lord Byron soon given to understand that he was the discarded one, though by what mode of communication I am ignorant.

And thus, as the poet expresses it, were the "bonds of loving" broken! Thus his heart was stricken, and from henceforth became eloquent with grief; whilst

" — more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye,
Were in his word—farewell!—farewell!"

Mr. Musters returned to Colwick, his absence having been neither discovered nor suspected. Dinner was announced; the parents of Mr. Musters were seated, their son, and also his friend. The seniors perceived an unusual strangeness of manner between the juniors, more particularly on the part of Lord Byron, but they knew not the cause, nor did they make any inquiry. The two friends were silent, yet *looked* unutterable things. Dinner proceeded, but the gloom of Byron increased, and at last he abruptly turned his back towards the table. Such an unaccountable climax to conduct, which had previously caused surprise, excited not a little the further astonishment of both host and hostess. It being their custom, however, in the summer-time, (which it then was,) to ride out after dinner, and thinking that their absence would afford the young people an opportunity for mutual explanation, they left them together.

Young Musters took prompt advantage of his father's and mother's absence. He began by expressing his regret, that he should have invited any person to insult his parents at their own table, adding, that, in consequence of such behaviour, the sooner Lord Byron ordered his horse, and hastened his departure to Newstead, the better. He intimated, moreover, that if he had not been his guest at home, less provocation would have ensured him a good thrashing! This latter remark roused the ire of the future poet, which he ill repressed. It escaped, however, only in

the indignation that flashed from his eyes, and in the significant and sarcastic retort:—"So, had I not been your guest, you would have thrashed me—would you?" Saying this, he retired to his chamber, and remained there a considerable time, occupied, it was supposed, in preparing to leave Colwick that very evening. Instead, however, of abruptly departing for Newstead in passion and in pride, after a while he made his appearance as usual in the drawing-room; when what was the surprise of his successful rival in love, who had so recently threatened him with personal chastisement, to hear Byron apologise for his rudeness, and candidly acknowledge with regret, that it was the result of over-excited feelings. The following morning, however, he left Colwick, and, I understand, from that moment quietly surrendered the fair conquest to the victor.

In what manner he took his leave of her, after the occurrences just related, may be gathered from "The Dream."

Although, however, young Musters and Lord Byron thus parted, let it now be remarked, that in the same spirit of magnanimity with which the future bard relinquished every pretension to Miss Chaworth, as her lover, he continued his friendship, not only to her, but also to his rival, with whom, on various occasions afterwards, he was accustomed to associate. Having mentioned this fact, I may now be pardoned for adding how ill the poet's friendship, which outlived that period, and a defeat so signal, could brook the following much more trivial transgression on the part of his friend.

It was usual for Lord Byron, with "gay companions round the bowl," to enjoy himself with his associates, at Newstead, long after midnight—the celebrated skull being the goblet which passed round amongst the revellers. Mr. Musters had never fancied this goblet, however he might have occasionally drunk from it. He expressed his disgust at last on its being again presented to him, by politely declining the proffered compliment. In consequence of this Lord Byron rang for the servant, and ordered "A bottle of Burgundy and a glass for Mr. Musters," specially, in a manner not to be

misunderstood. Perhaps Lord Byron was stricken from the height of joyous and social hilarity too unexpectedly.

"The scathing thought of execrated years"

had, probably, been too abruptly, (however innocently,) evoked, and, like the spectre of Macbeth's banquet, remained a most unwelcome guest, sickening the host with agitation. Whether it was so or not, Mr. Musters seemed never to have been forgiven, nor were either mutually social over any other cup afterwards.

To return to the subject of this sketch. It has been said, that towards Mrs. Musters Lord Byron also continued friendly, notwithstanding the bitterest of those disappointments which she inflicted upon him. The verses he addressed to her, in which he mentions her "favourite child," will show how true and fervent was this feeling; but, nevertheless, how dangerous to his own peace, he felt her presence might still become—

"near thee I can never stay,
My heart would soon again be thine."

From all indeed he has himself written on the subject, it would seem that by this early disappointment of his love, he was stricken into that eccentric and wretched career of which his own "star condemned," shook from its original orbit, and which thenceforward

"became
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet and a curse,"

was an appropriate emblem*.

But to conclude. Mrs. Musters died about two years ago, in consequence of the effects of fright, occasioned by the brutal sacking and burning of Colwick Hall. No one has lived more deservedly respected, few have died more regretted, and, to close with the words of Byron, in "The Lament of Tasso," she shall have

"One half the laurel that o'er shades his grave."

* As some proof that this remark is not mere conjecture, Moore, in his "Life, &c.," quotes part of a suppressed letter from Byron, in which the latter confesses, with reference to Miss Chaworth's marriage, that "his head was never right" afterwards.

A GLANCE AT PORTUGAL, DON MIGUEL, DON PEDRO, &c. &c.

BY A. JAMES.

IN attempting an outline of Don Miguel, I am sensible that truth will put it completely out of my power to adorn the sketch with a ray of one single virtue. In contemplating this degenerate descendant of a house immortalised in the annals of Portugal, we are startled at that ominously dismal cloud, not of glory, but of horror, which crimes the most savage have flung around the regality he has so daringly usurped. The very first glance is repulsive. Here we have the

“——darkness visible”

of the poet without one solitary virtue to relieve the sombre cast of a tyrant whose prodigious depravity is almost without parallel in the history of man. A tyrant, not only without virtue, but destitute of capacity—obeyed through fear, and universally detested.

Honour, morality, gratitude, patriotism, Don Miguel never felt, and does not even affect. And should the venal hand of adulation venture to clothe him in qualifications so incongruous, the prince, who seems to have formed a tolerable estimate of his own merits, and is daring enough to despise what he does not even profess to value, would deem himself insulted! Cruel and treacherous by nature, Miguel has not been humanized by education; and that base perfidy which, in direct violation of his allegiance, impelled him to seize the diadem, sanctified in his mind the further violation of that connubial compact, in reference to Donna Maria, which he had so solemnly entered into on his departure from Brazil.

This one primary act of moral turpitude identifies the man, and bears witness to his character. Demades compared the disorderly and lawless army of Macedon, after the death of Alexander, to the Cyclops after his eye was put out, and the ruffianly conduct of the usurper gives him equal claim to the honour of the comparison!

Whether Portugal was first peopled by the Iberians or the Celts, let those determine whose vision can pierce through the impenetrable mist in which forty ages have involved the origin of existing nations—let them in the overweening pride of visionary science, in the vanity of chronological confidence, pompously hold up the crepusculous glimmer of history, and clearly give us a sight of those

ancient men led on by their immediate ancestors, *the very sons** of that venerable patriarch who so recently had survived the convulsions of expiring nature, the mighty tempests which shook the very firmament,

“—— the fountains of the deep
Broke up,
A world devote to universal wrack.”

Let them show us these ancient men, with their wives, their sons, and their daughters, their herds and their flocks, pouring in swarthy myriads from the burning regions of Africa, or rising like a fearful exhalation over the stupendous ridges of the Pyrenees,—with all this I have nothing to do, I merely propose to offer a slight sketch of Portugal—a mere *silhouette* of Don Miguel, the soi-disant king of that country—a full face would be frightful!

In truth, though all nations can smile at the folly of the Chinese, who, without a single twitch of pyrrhonism, gravely carry back their origin not only beyond Noah, but thousands of years before the creation of man—before even the formation of those fossil monsters of amphibious growth which have been detected in the lowest strata of the earth, and which geologists affirm to have been the primitive and sole inhabitants of this planet, when, in the first stages of its creation, it was not as yet sufficiently firm and consistent for the support of human life,—still, to a certain extent, *we all rush into fable!* and unless we can try back a few centuries beyond all record, and make good our claim to something tolerably antique, “we would not care to be at all;” we should deem ourselves dishonoured—a thing of yesterday! For, in the estimation of many, it is not so much the virtues, the institutions, the religion, or morals of a people, as their *antiquity* that gives dignity to their escutcheon!

When we have passed those periods where history finds firm footing in facts, it is well observed, by Plutarch, of the remoter ages, that all beyond is full of prodigy and fiction, the regions of poets and fabulists, wrapped in clouds and unworthy of belief.

* “On ignore,” observes a learned historian, “quels furent les premiers habitans du pais; leurs historiens les font descendre de la posterité de Tubal; on ne peut guères remonter plus haut! chaque nation a sa chimère au sujet de son origine.”

Without affecting, therefore, to resolve whether the honour of the first settlement is ascribable to the Iberians, Celts, or Mauritanians, it is just to concede that ages anterior to the erection of Portugal into a monarchy by the victorious Alphonsus, until completely paralysed and degraded by the joint operation of bigotry, tyranny, and superstition, the Portuguese were a brave, a loyal, an understanding, and an enterprising people. Look at the lofty, the splendid character of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, and who would believe that the wretches who now crouch under the despotic rule of Don Miguel, had descended from a stock so daring and so illustrious?

Of that servile prostration, that afflicting degeneracy of manners, that monstrous corruption of public and private virtue, where shall the cause be sought? In the very structure of the state—in the fundamental laws of the kingdom—in *despotism*! For, under the withering shade, the miasmatic atmosphere of arbitrary power, what human virtue can flourish? *Despotism*! a *blind and bigotted Church*, and the *Inquisition*! Is not the coalition of these three powers sufficient to dissolve the very elements of social order, to extinguish the light of science, to paralyse the best energies, and all the kindlier feelings of human nature? Sufficient—they are more than sufficient; their combined operation would barbarise a world.

"The Romish church," says the celebrated Southey, "leagued itself with monarchical authority; but changing now its policy according to the times, it consecrated the despotism whereby it was upheld in its own usurpations. The effects of this double tyranny were not immediately perceived; but in its inevitable consequences it corrupted and degraded every thing to which it could extend—laws, morals, industry, literature, science, arts, and arms. In other countries, where absolute monarchy has been established, and the Romish superstition has triumphed, both have been in some degree modified by the remains of old institutions, the vicinity of free states, and the influence of literature and manners. But in Spain and Portugal almost all traces of the ancient constitution had been effaced, and there existed nothing to qualify the spirit of popery."—No—even the army had not escaped the universal degradation.

Whilst other nations of western Europe are honourably advancing under better auspices, and more liberal institutions, in knowledge, in science, in morals, the grovelling subjects

of the besotted usurper have already descended to the zero of national depravity! and, unless speedily regenerated, must soon reach that point at which the benign light of civilization is totally extinct, and the azotic gloom of grossest barbarism covers all.

The signal overthrow of the Moorish host in the eleventh century, by Alphonsus, who, triumphantly borne aloft on the laurelled shields of his army, was proclaimed king on the field of battle, and indignantly shook off the yoke of Leon, formed the groundwork of the Portuguese monarchy. That an origin so illustrious has not conduced to results more noble and estimable, may reasonably be lamented.

After a national course of brilliant achievements and exploits worthy of a great empire, under a race of kings glorious beyond all former example—comprising the better, the Augustan, the golden ages, of that interesting portion of the peninsula—when Madeira, the Canaries, the southern promontory of Africa, that long-famed *Capo Tormentoso* of the poet, when Asia and America were discovered—when Vasco de Gama planted the cross on the Brazilian coast, which, three hundred years thereafter, was destined to be the land of refuge for the royal house of Braganza—after this coruscation of glory, Portugal fell once more, though only for a time, into the hands of the ambitious Spaniard. However, the fortunes of Portugal were soon again on the ascendant; for, in 1640, the patriotic devotion of the nobles, seconded by the zeal and ardour of the people, burst their chains asunder, and generously placed the rightful heir, John, Duke of Braganza, on the throne.

"Les Portugais," as pertinently recorded by M. L'Abbé de Vertot, "nation brave, courageuse, et impatiente du joug étranger, s'en délivrèrent par une conspiration de la noblesse, le Duc de Bragance est porté sur le trône, et sans être ni soldat ni capitaine, il s'y maintient par sa prudence, par la douceur de son gouvernement, et sur tout par l'habileté et les sages conseils de la Reine sa femme."

Such was then the kingdom of Portugal, and from that era it progressively degenerated till 1807; at which period, under the revolutionary storm of the times and pressure of misfortunes, aggravated by the treacherous conduct of the imbecile Charles of Spain, who basely entered into a league with the Emperor of France for the partition of Portugal, the ruin of the monarch became inevitable. Junot was in full march for Lisbon, and so rapid, almost unexpected, were

his movements, that the royal family had scarcely time to throw themselves on board the fleet, when the French general appeared in sight, just soon enough "to see the prey beyond his reach," and the projects of the tyrant, his master, completely frustrated.

The prince has been censured for this precipitate abandonment of his kingdom—this "*dastardly*" desertion, as it has been termed, of his people; but, perhaps, unjustly. It was flight or thralldom! What means had he of resistance? Resistance, situated as Portugal then was, would have been equally rash and unavailing; it might have provoked the sacking of Lisbon and massacre of his subjects. The prince, with tears in his eyes, reluctantly embarked with his family and the insane queen, in hopes of finding in his transatlantic colonies that regal independence which he could no longer expect to maintain in his hereditary dominions.

Don Miguel, according to his solemn engagements with Don Pedro, his eldest brother, which engagements were openly avowed on his arrival in this country, in 1828, was bound to have assumed the government as regent, in the name and on behalf of the legitimate heir, Donna Maria, daughter of Don Pedro, and *de jure* Queen of Portugal. But there is no honour in Don Miguel. Dazzled by the lustre of the crown, tempted by the alluring brilliancy of the sceptre, his niece, her rights, his word—all were forgotten. He seized the diadem and fixed it on his own brow!

Since this ungracious deed, the rule of the usurper has been one unvaried scene of atrocity. Among the first victims of his vindictive fury, of his heartless cruelty, the world records with horror the most excellent, the virtuous Don P. de Mello Brainer, *ci-devant* Minister of Justice, Ambassador, &c. &c. &c., who was thrown into the dungeons of St. Julien, and there barbarously allowed to perish! But where all is crime, and ruffianism, and bloodshed—where every humane feeling is incessantly outraged by systematic savageness—where every day, every hour, is marked by violence and rapine—where the scourge, the dungeon, and the axe, are proudly emblazoned as the supporters of the sanguinary arms of the tyrant—who would not wish to drop the curtain over such horrors?

In representing Don Miguel such as he is, I have no data on which to eulogise the elder Prince of Braganza. These royal brothers command neither the love, nor excite the interest of the nation.

In June, 1828, Don Miguel, then about

twenty-six years of age, audaciously usurped the throne. Indeed it has been asserted by the vindicators of this prince, that by assuming the imperial crown of South America, Don Pedro did virtually renounce his right to the sovereignty of Portugal. But South America belonged to Portugal, which completely negatives the objection.

Adversity does not always prove the sure school of wisdom. The misfortunes which, pressing upon Portugal, had compelled the royal family to fly before the ravaging eagles of Bonaparte, and to seek an asylum in their southern colonies, were not sufficiently intense to instruct these princes in the wholesome maxims of justice and moderation, which so well befit royalty. It does not appear that Don Pedro ever possessed those qualities which were necessary to engage and to retain the attachment and respect of his Brazilian subjects, whose disturbed feelings and disaffection were but too clearly indicated by their murmurs and agitation. He did not prudently appreciate the wishes of the people, nor yet consider the signs of the times. The political horizon was overcast, clouds lowered, the lightnings flashed, long before Don Pedro was roused from his dream of everduring security, or seemed alive to the danger that was already so imminent! and, at the last, when the *coup de tonnerre* burst over his head, and he distinctly read "the writing on the wall," even then he could hardly bring himself to believe that the kingdom was indeed departing from him. Fear seized his soul, his fortitude forsook him, his dignity was totally eclipsed. Panic-struck he prostrated himself before an enraged populace. They abruptly demanded the expulsion of his ministers, and they were instantly obeyed. This weakness of the prince was fatal to his cause.

He fondly hoped that this ready compliance would have assuaged those angry passions which were now so furiously arrayed against him; that it would have dispelled the threatening tempest. He was wrong, it served only to redouble the clamour.

In the converse of his young and lovely queen, a princess distinguished for splendour of accomplishments, and elegance of manners, Don Pedro had too long and too much forgotten that a prince has duties to perform; that government is not without its cares, nor the people without their wants, their wishes, their grievances; and he discovered too late that the life of an emperor is not a life of ease and of enervating dalliance. Though active, sometimes even bustling, Don

Pedro has never been considered as a prince of the least political eminence; he does not appear to have been modelled for empire. Yet humble as are his talents, his benevolence has been eulogised, his generosity extolled, and his zeal is not disputed.

But Pedro was unfortunate; he wanted wisdom, he wanted the acumen of discrimination, he wanted a sage, and honest, and enlightened friend to direct his regal course.

The queen has been taxed, perhaps without reason, with lavish extravagance. And it may appear strange that in the land of mines and diamonds, in the midst of gold and silver, a land renowned for "barbaric gold and pearl," the income of the emperor was hardly equal to the common splendour of a throne: but this revenue, such as it was, was accounted extravagantly high, and tended to aggravate public discontent. Don Pedro, and this is a graver charge, has further been accused of marked partiality towards his Portuguese subjects. The Portuguese were every thing, the Brazilians nothing. This may have been natural, but it was injudicious. It was unwise too, and even ungrateful, considering where he was, whence he came, and how cordially his family had been received.

To this, more than to any other cause, must probably be imputed that revolution which, early in 1831, forced him violently from his throne, under circumstances which clearly indicated how completely the hearts of his subjects, even of the army, were alienated.

The people had long murmured, they now assumed a daring attitude of defiance. Again they rushed to the palace, and once more demanded the sacrifice of the ministers which the emperor had just appointed. He saw too late that the audacity of the populace had been increased by his too easy compliance with their first demand. Here, however, he resolutely made his stand, he peremptorily refused, and directed them to disperse. This refusal by the emperor was the signal for revolt. They bearded his authority, and renewed their claim. The troops were ordered to charge, and instantly threw down their arms! The act was simultaneous, and the clang in the ears of the sovereign was the *knell of departed royalty*. The troops were false, and the kingdom was lost. That army which he had pampered, on which he had abundantly lavished his favour and his smiles, in whose fidelity he deemed himself so strong, at once refused to act, and unfeelingly abandoned him, his queen, and his children, to the mercy of the insurgents.

The rebellion of the people, and the passive mutiny of the troops, left Don Pedro without resource.

At that crisis, when every thing was to be apprehended for his life as well as for his monarchy, the unfortunate prince found a sure asylum in an English frigate, which was then lying in the harbour. And as, in 1807, the royal house of Braganza fled for their lives from Portugal, so now, in 1831, they were convulsively thrown back upon their ancient dominions.

Don Pedro, urged on by the resistless, the inauspicious pressure of the moment, formally abdicated the empire in favour of his son, a child four or five years of age; and under the protection of the British flag, with his wife and his daughter, left the new world for the old.

On their arrival in England Donna Maria was so far recognised as to be received with all the honours prescribed for crowned heads! And the ex-emperor, empress, and the young queen, were graciously welcomed at Court by George the Fourth. In France the Braganza family were also complimented with royal honours. The object of Don Pedro d'Alcantara was probably to move the British and French governments to espouse his pretensions. That principle of national non-intervention, which has been so ably discussed in parliament, and which, generally speaking, is at once just and commendable, may possibly have been urged for declining to adopt compulsory measures for the ejection of a tyrant who, though avowedly an usurper, appears to have been passively recognised as king by the nation whom he has so monstrously governed—"a man," says Lord Morpeth, "who, on a fair computation, has consigned 80,000 of his subjects to exile, to proscription, to the scaffold, to loathsome dungeons, and to pestilential climates—who is the shameful usurper of his niece's throne, and the foul deserter of his brother's blood—on whom the ties of kindred and the sacred obligations of oaths are as nothing—over whom the proceedings of civilized nations, nay, the very decencies of civilized life, have no influence."

That Don Pedro, though firmly and properly resting on the legitimacy of his claims, did not rely extremely on his *popularity*, is inferred from the circumstance of his having proceeded in the first instance, not to Lisbon, not to Oporto, but to Terceira! Had the ex-emperor of Brazil been as certain of the hearts of his people as the ex-emperor of a neighbouring state, when breaking out of his

"prison house" of Elba, alone, unarmed, he boldly invaded the court of France in defiance of Louis and his peers—alone, without a gun, without a single bayonet, and confidently marched to Paris, where, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the people, he once more grasped the imperial sceptre,—had Don Pedro been under the guidance of the same spirit, it is evident his first *coup de main* would have been on Portugal.

But his tedious voyage to the Azores, his anxiety to create something that might be called an army, all this showed doubt, and did his cause no service. Besides, it gave Don Miguel time to prepare himself for the struggle, to make his arrangements, to strengthen his positions, and effectually to rally the priesthood round his throne, an advantage of the very last consequence, and which was not neglected. With a trifling armament, consisting of English, French, and Portuguese, Don Pedro, after many and long delays, landed at Oporto during the summer of 1832, with the declared purpose of wresting the crown of Portugal from the brow of the usurper. Within the walls of Oporto the power of Don Pedro is still circumscribed. He has made no advance, and it is probable he never will, unless Europe determines at

last, for the honour of humanity, the peace of the country, the prevention of slaughter, and on a broad principle of justice, to make a demonstration in behalf of Her Faithful Majesty Donna Maria de Gloria. Without such demonstration it seems evident that Portugal must still linger under those shackles which have for ages paralyzed her energies, and which the reign of Miguel is not calculated to lighten.

But should Europe raise the balance, and fairly place Miguel and his catalogue of atrocities in one scale, and in the other the rights, the innocence, the virtues of the queen, her solemn promise of a constitutional charter and liberal institutions, together with a reputation unsullied and untouched, where is the man in Europe, who, on an occasion so holy, so noble, so dignified, would not give his *viva* for the Queen?

When humanity appeals, and "*a lady is in the case*," no Englishman will pause to inquire what Vattel says about precedents! Whilst England deliberated, Poland was lost—a lamentable error pregnant with desolation, and from which has resulted the annihilation of a people whose virtues, courage, and devotion merited a better destiny.

NIGHT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

NIGHT sinks upon the dim grey wave,
Night clouds the spires that mark the town;
On living rest, and grassy grave,
The shadowy night comes slowly down.
And now the good and happy rest,
The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,
And closer to its mother's breast,
The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But *I*!—The sentry, musing lone—
The sailor on the cold grey sea
So sad a watch hath never known,
As that which must be kept by me.
I cannot rest, thou solemn night!
Thy very silence hath the power
To conjure sounds and visions bright,
Unseen—unheard—in daylight's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,
Memory of deep and bitter wrongs:
Laughter, whose sound hath died away,
And snatches of forgotten songs:
These haunt my soul;—and as I gaze
Up to the calm and quiet moon,
I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,
Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again the voice whose tone
Is more to me than music's sound,
And youthful forms for ever gone,
Come in their beauty crowding round.
I start—the mocking dreams depart,
Thy loved words melt upon the air,
And whether swells or sinks my heart,
Thou dost not know—thou dost not care!

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,
Thy languid eyelids slowly close,
Without a thought of what hath been,
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.
Oh weary night, oh endless night,
Blank pause between two feverish days,
Roll back your shadows, give me light,
Give me the sunshine's fiercest blaze!

Give me the glorious noon! alas!
What reck's it by what light I pray,
Since hopeless hours must dawn and pass,
And sleepless night succeed to day?
Yet cold, and blue, and quiet sky,
There *is* a night where all find rest,
A long, long night:—with those who *die*
Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest!

THE DUTCHMAN'S VISION.

BY THE LATE WM. GODWIN, JUN., ESQ.

MYNHEER Commerpusch Von Bummell was a lucky man. He had lived six and twenty years in that planet of the Solar System, commonly known by the name of the Earth, without any of the orbits of his private system ever having gone erratic or amiss. He had been blest with a mother; but that he might not be coddled into frowardness, she had been early called away: he was blessed with a father, a fine heavy-built burgomaster, as round as a tureen, and as capable of turtle, who usually swore in common matters by "a stiver," though now and then, to suit the importance of a subject, he would get as high as "a guilder," and who never contradicted his son, as long as he kept clear of his gouty foot and his tobacco box: and above all, Mynheer Commerpusch was blessed in having neither brother nor sister; so that when a boy, he had none to pinch or bruise him, and when a man, none to count the ducats he spent, or to watch the diminution of the common stock.

With all these blessings cut like a canal round him, we need not wonder that Von Bummell's sorrows drained off gradually from the day he was first launched into the world, till, by the time he knew how to distinguish between joy and sorrow, he had none of the latter remaining to analyse. The Dutchman's only discomfort was that he had nothing to do: he found that the florins acted the part of those famous German elves, fore-running even his very fingers' ends, and enacting his identical purpose before he could stretch forth his arm towards the handiwork. If he thought to walk, a stiver spurred him into a boat; if he determined to do a good day's work before he ate his dinner, two or three mischievous guilders flitted across his eyes, and so bedazzled him, that for his life he could not help overlooking "the dreadful note of preparation," and stumbling plump upon his knife and fork.

These *mauvaises plaisanteries* annoyed Mynheer to such a degree, that he actually once went the length of throwing his purse into the Zuyder Zee; which rash act, by the way, gave rise to such conversation among his relations and friends, that a third cousin of his (and in default of issue his heir) would certainly have gone the length of taking out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* against him, had

not Von Bummell undeniably proved that before he threw in the purse, he took out the money. And finding from this specimen, that he had nothing for it, but still to keep the tormenting guilders and stivers, he determined to find out some other way of drowning his idle hours than that already tried of drowning his purse.

Full of this resolution he set himself down to think; but as many of our readers may never have had any opportunity of seeing a Dutchman in that unusual predicament, a few words of description may not here be amiss.

For fear of the consequences arising from involuntary contractions and expansions, both of which physical phenomena are liable to occur when a Hollander's brain is put in motion, Mynheer Von Bummell took care to furnish himself with a venerable arm chair, which had been in his family a century and a half, and was famous in its day for being an exact fit for the huge frame of Mynheer Golusty Von Bummell, the *greatest* burgomaster Holland ever saw. Having taken possession of this invaluable relic, by depositing himself, thoughts and all, on its well-stuffed cushion, he translated his legs, twisted somewhat into the shape of Mercury's caduceus, on to the ridge of the right-hand-arm, by which action his upper half was thrust back, and safely ensconced in the hinder recesses of the seat. With his arms he performed sundry new and astonishing evolutions—now beating the air, and now beating his breast—at one time raising them on high, like the aspiring branches of a poplar, and at another, sinking them by his side, like the more modest foliage of a willow; to all which motions his eyes assorted—shooting out—twinkling in—ogling to the right—squinting to the left, as the thought of what he should think about led him this way or that. But while all these various parts of his body were performing their eccentricities, Mynheer Von Bummell's mouth, from which organ he had hitherto been accustomed to imbibe all his sensations, remained stationary, and in one position—open—open—open, as the sluices of his own country after an overflow, or as a prodigal's purse after a successful Jew's interview.

It was thus that Von Bummell waited for

thought, and it was thus that thought made him wait three quarters of an hour; till at length, his patience all gone, and thought none the nearer, he thus invoked:—

“Oh, slimy, stagnant, duckweed thought,
By guilders thou canst not be bought.”

To his infinite astonishment he found that he had uttered a couplet. Fate's decree was clear; he untwisted his legs, took the embargo off the arm-chair, and from that moment resolved to be a poet.

Mynheer Von Bummell's poetry however led him no further than the above couplet. He sinned that once, but never sinned again. In spite of all his efforts to perpetrate the same offence once more, the muse would not come. So for want of the real thing, he gave up making poetry, and took to reading it.

Mynheer Von Bummell now found himself in the right track: his books furnished him with ideas, and he, by a mighty effort of the mind, provided the rest. After finishing his own dear, delightful, Dutch authors, he read in the best translations he could procure, German horrors, English mysticisms, and Italian miracles.

The consequence was natural—the transition easy! Mynheer Commerpusch Von Bummell became an accomplished visionary.

The first hint his father got of what was going on was from the young gentleman announcing to him that he intended to turn merchant.

Mynheer Von Bummell the elder asked no questions: he was not in the habit of doing so; but he said “Goot!”—and the affair was settled.

Now some people may be surprised that the first act of our hero's vision should be in a warehouse. We request those people to remember that Von Bummell was a Dutchman.

Goods were purchased, clerks engaged, store-rooms opened, and all went on well for three months; but at the expiration of that time the new-made merchant happened to meet Miss Von Schwabb at a tea party: he liked her with the first cup; he loved her with the second; he adored with the third. The tea party broke up: Mynheer went home, got out all his visionary apparatus, and Miss Von Schwabb, in the course of three minutes and a half, was created a queen, while her humble servant carried on the effect of the picture by constituting himself her generalissimo and commander-in-chief.

As generalissimos never balance cash books, the cash book was left that evening to balance itself.

When Von Bummell woke the next morning, Miss Von Schwabb was still in his heart. Every minute indented her image deeper in his brain, and at her altar he resolved to sacrifice cashbook, ledger and journal. In return for this incivility, cashbook, ledger and journal sacrificed him; and at the end of three more months, the merchant was next door to a bankrupt. His father however stepped in just in time, added such spokes as the wheel required, and in a short time the trading vehicle was completely repaired, and set going again. The old gentleman, however, dropped his favourite “Goot,” and in its place substituted “Der Duyvil.” But when Commerpusch gave him to understand that he never intended to ride in that go-cart again; the burgomaster could not express his astonishment; thrice he opened his mouth with an essay to speak, and thrice he shut it, having uttered nothing.

This silence was ominous, for it caused his astonishment to work inwardly, and in thirteen days Burgomaster Von Bummell was as dead in law as Alexander the Great.

Commerpusch had sense enough to be sorry for the accident, and yet to be glad that it had saved him from a quarrel, for he well remembered his father's old favourite proverb,

“No wealth till thrifty,
No wife till fifty!”

and as he did not relish the idea of waiting four-and-twenty years for Miss Von Schwabb's charms, he was not sorry to have avoided an exposé with the old gentleman.

This however all belonged to the inward man—outwardly he was an example for all dutiful sons: he paid his sire's debts, received his dues, looked grave on all proper occasions, and when he felt dull and inclined to weep, stopped his tears by a well-timed vision of his dear Miss Schwabb. It was worth a virtuoso's while to watch the progress of these poetical effusions: one by one they raised their fair subject from a queen to an empress, from an empress to an angel, from an angel to something unutterable and inexpressible, and from something unutterable and inexpressible to “Meine vrouw Von Bummell,”—a sad anticlimax to those who are not in love, but to a faithful leman the soul, essence, and quint-essence of all climaxes.

Three months appear to have been the cabalistic number; the magic period with Commerpusch. We have already had twice to record the progress of that lapse of time, and now again, three months having passed over the old burgomaster's grave, the young

lover mustered courage to sigh soft nothings in his lady's ear. But what was his surprise, astonishment and despair, when he met with rejection in return for all the ideal honours he had bestowed upon Miss Schwabb! He would not believe his senses! Ears were false when they recorded their oral negative: eyes equally so when they reported their ocular negative. Holland flitted from before his sight; canals sunk; dykes disappeared; and, acmé of desperation! he stood on a land where the waters of mercy were swallowed in the swamp of cruelty.

In this dilemma Mynheer Von Bummell betook himself to his ancestor's arm-chair, with a bottle of poison clenched fast in one hand, and a death-dealing poniard in the other:—he looked, first right and then left, and his resolution somewhat failed him:—he thought of Miss Schwabb's cruelty, and once again he was resolved. He was not, however, of Macbeth's mind,

"If 'twere done, when 'twere done,
'Twere well it were done quickly."

but wisely concluding that this might perhaps be the last opportunity he should have for a vision, he resolved to indulge himself in that farewell luxury, and then die for Miss Schwabb.

For this purpose he shut his eyes, and then saw the following scene. All around him was one vast lake, but so glassy and unrippled was its surface, that it might have been taken for Miss Schwabb's looking-glass, had he not perceived floating on it, little Dutch-built canoes of a fantastic form, in each of which was sitting one solitary individual with a huge pipe in his mouth: but the principal feature of the picture was a clumsy brig, which occupied nearly the centre, and on board of which every rope was coiled with the nicest precision, every sail set with the most systematic regularity; yet strange to say, aloft or below, foreship or astern, not a living soul was to be seen. Mynheer Commerpusch was astonished. "How comes it," thought he, "that each little cock-boat is manned, while this gallant vessel lies at the mercy of the waters without a soul to care for her?" His attention however was presently called from this circumstance, by observing that these little boats and their cargo were arranging themselves on either side of

the great ship: this movement awakened his curiosity, and he scanned with attention the countenances of those who were the sailors, and to his astonishment he perceived that all those to the right of the vessel bore his own similitude, while those on the left were *fac-similes* of Miss Von Schwabb. "I see it now," quoth he; "that great ship is the grave; and the Schwabbs do well not to come on my side of it!" But while his eyes had been marking this difference, his nose discovered another equally ominous: the clouds that arose from the pipes of the Bummellites were wafted his way, and they smacked of the genuine Batavian flavour: it would have been odd if he had not recognised it, for he had relished that same scent from his infancy: but anon, these clouds gave way, and the smoke of the Schwabbites played round his olfactory nerves. "Faugh!" cried our young Hamlet; "it is West India returns!" and again it would have been odd if he had not recognised it, for he had detested that same scent from his infancy.

"The die is cast," cried he, arousing from his vision, "and before yon windmill shall twirl three times, I will man that tall ship myself."

At that moment a respectable looking old gentleman walked in, and in measured language said, "Mynheer Commerpusch Von Bummell, I would speak with you."

"Speak then quickly, for I have only a twirl and three-quarters to spare."

"I am the father of Miss Von Schwabb—"

"I know it," cried Commerpusch, "and for that you are welcome! Tell her, I made her live like a queen; and that I make myself die like a hero:—see, the last twirl is approaching!"

"She bade me say—"

"Death, thou art welcome!"

"No, not that; but that she thinks, if you please—"

"One half twirl ends all!"

"She has altered her mind—"

"Mynheer!" cried Commerpusch, dropping the dagger—

"And that in proper course of time, it is possible she may marry you."

"Then exit poison, and enter dinner," roared Von Bummell; "we'll just settle the preliminaries over my mutton, and then Miss Schwabb can be asked to fix a time."

SWIFT, SHERIDAN, AND DELANY.

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

THE Craft of Authorship is o'er.—Nay, start not, gentle reader. Innumerable are the pens still moving in your service—brilliant and various as the subjects they treat, the talents employed. But the genuine “live author” of the days of Goldsmith and Churchill—he who was distinguished by a rusty black coat, haggard eye, and inaccessible aërie, is now to be classed with the mammoth, the unicorn, and other species that formerly inhabited the world, but which naturalists assure us are extinct.

“Writes himself” is no longer a distinction applied in a whisper to designate a particular individual. We are a nation of authors, as the ancient Romans were a nation of kings. In imaginative writing alone, have we not peers, senators, ladies, dandies, not satisfied, as in former times, when the reputation of having written a single copy of verses, an ode to contentment, or an invocation to indifference, established a sort of brevet rank in literature for life, but laying their *annual* offerings at the muse’s shrine, or giving their experiences of life and manners in goodly volumes, of the prescribed number—three? Authors, like affiliated Jesuits, mix under every habit into every society, and embrace every class of the community; the gallant soldier, impatient of half-pay fare, changes, like Tasso, his sword for his pen, and fights his battles o’er again, in Belgian romance or Peninsular recollections. The briefless barrister, poring over the barbarous law Latin and obsolete French of a bygone age, suddenly sees light spring out of chaos, and, upon the foundation of singular customs and antique manners, erects the superstructure of an historical tale. Professionally familiarised with intricacy of plot and dramatic incident, the actor emulously seizes the pen, and embodies, in the morning, characters similar to the heroes he represents at night. Does a physician accompany his patient, an *attaché* accompany an embassy, or a traveller, loving knowledge for its own sake, visit foreign scenes, the new manners of which he has been a witness, are speedily embodied in a specious romance. Nay, even our fair British begums, those angels of the Governor-General’s balls, spurning their long-imputed indolence, and with no fear of *coup de*

soleil or *cobra di capella* before their eyes, explore the wonders of India, penetrate into the mysteries of the Harem, or, after an overland journey to Egypt, climb in unsandalled slippers to the summit of a pyramid. Then we have the American novelists, those brilliant exotics, which, excelling more in beauty of description than nice tact of society or manners, may be compared to the flowers lately imported from their climate, which strike rather by vividness of tint than delicacy of odour. All this must produce a wonderful competition in the market; but, as if that were not rivalry enough, the noble army of ghosts are in full march upon us in the shape of posthumous remains, family papers, and reminiscences *sans fin*. Happy the house that boasts among its treasures some queerly spelt memoir or diary, drawn up during the leisure hours of a time-honoured ancestor or ancestress! A modern editor would not find it as easy as Horace Walpole did to bag them, who actually carried off in triumph, with the consent of the family of Ragley, the contents of whole packing-cases of curious old accounts, until then left to the undisputed depredations of time and the cook. But exactly in proportion as pretensions to literature are more general, admiration of individual talent is less implicit. Johnson himself, were he to “re-visit the glimpses of the moon,” must sacrifice to the Graces, and Swift must find more complimentary verses for a modern beauty’s album, than those which he inserted in “a Lady’s Ivory Table Book.”

The influence, moral, political, and literary, exercised over all classes in Ireland, by the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick, formed a sort of intellectual sovereignty such as has, in modern times, no parallel. His jests were reckoned kindnesses, his satires favours, and rather than not be distinguished by “The Dean,” many an aspiring belle was satisfied to live in his verse in the most unfavourable colours. Witness his humorous poem of “Death and Daphne,” in which his aversion to “sylph-like forms” is illustrated by every exaggeration of “grim humour” that an inexhaustible imagination could suggest. Lord Orrery saw the “Skinny young Lady,” the subject of the verses, and thought her appearance so little justified them, that he took an

opportunity, while handing her down to dinner, to tell her that he had till then supposed she was the original heroine of the poem of Death and Daphne, but that he now saw his mistake, for that she did not in the least resemble the satirical portrait drawn there. "Now you think you have paid her a fine compliment," said the Dean, who overheard him, "and do not know that she would rather be *my* Daphne than the Amoret or Saccharissa of any other poet?"

Docile as Daphne were Lady Acheson and Mrs. Stopford, the venerable widow of the Bishop of that name, who often related an instance of his whimsical humour with friendly communicativeness. The Bishop, being of the Courtown family, Mrs. Stopford, from her rank and connexions, was naturally induced sometimes to appear at the balls given by the Viceroy, at the castle of Dublin, from which the Bishop, her husband, was, by the rigour of ecclesiastical etiquette, excluded. Just before stepping into her carriage to attend one of these assemblies, she entered the library where "the Dean" and her husband were together, intending to pass a quiet evening. The Dean requested her to make tea for them; and, however anxious to join her party, Mrs. Stopford complied.

The Dean was in a high vein of pleasantry; and, when he was so, his conversation was most enchanting. The hours flew like moments. Prose and verse, anecdotes and "Tales of other Times,"—perchance of his English friends, of Pope and Gay, of "Harley and St. John,"—were all put in requisition by the merry Dean to amuse the Bishop's lady, who, at length, after declaring she had never spent a more delightful evening, looked at her watch and announced the absolute necessity of no longer deferring her departure. "And why so?" asked the Dean. "Come, be a good girl; take off that inconvenient dress (the court hoop and mantua), and you shall afterwards hear my reasons." The Bishop laughed. The lady withdrew; and having complied with this arbitrary requisition, returned arrayed in her usual dress.

The Dean of St. Patrick's surveyed the metamorphosis with evident satisfaction.—"Aye, now indeed," said he, "you look like a good clergyman's wife. And have you not spent an evening more agreeably and more rationally with your husband and your husband's friend, than forming one of the gaily dressed crowd at an amusement at which a prelate cannot be present, and to which his wife has, therefore, no business to lend her sanction?"

Doctor Delany was one of the constellation of wits that reckoned Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Sheridan among their number. From the time of the Dean's settling in Ireland, Doctor Sheridan and Doctor Delany were among his most favoured friends. Dean Swift had a high value for the talents of Doctor Delany, who was a frequent guest at the Deanery House. Doctor Delany was an author, a poet, and very irritable to the attacks of criticism. On one occasion, after having expressed himself with severity concerning them, he retired to his chamber, where the subject that during the day had occupied his thoughts, long prevented him from taking rest. He was then on a visit to the Dean, at the Deanery House, which adjoined the cathedral church of St. Patrick's, in Dublin.

The Doctor had just sunk into a slumber, when he was aroused by a most brilliant light, which from some undiscoverable source illuminated the whole apartment, which at the same time was penetrated by a perfume, sweet and odoriferous as

"Th' almighty balm of th' earthly East."

In the midst a cherub form appeared, habited in robes of white. A crown of roses encircled

"That most precious hair, between
Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
Of Paradise so late had been,
It left its fragrant soul behind."

The Doctor rubbed his eyes, stared, and thought himself still dreaming as he gazed upon the radiant vision, until, contrary to the use and wont of other apparitions, it spoke first, and addressing him in measured numbers, poured forth, in a harmonious and fervid strain of poetry, a panegyric on his genius, and a prophecy of his success. Scarcely was it concluded when the celestial visitant vanished, the light faded away, and the Doctor was left in utter darkness.

This compliment from a critic of the other world, was, we must allow, equally well-timed and grateful, and if it prevented Delany's future slumbers, it at least supplied their place by visions the most delightful and intoxicating.

The next morning, at breakfast, Delany was rallied by "the Dean" on his absence of mind and taciturnity; and, as if to increase his torment, Swift took occasion, from a volume on the breakfast-table, to turn the conversation to the subject of ghosts, apparitions, and supernatural communications with the world of spirits—a creed in which Addison is known to have expressed his belief, what-

ever philosophy may say to the contrary. Still Delany was silent. The various concurrent circumstances of the light, the perfume, and the cherub-like being that had addressed him, were too palpably impressed upon his senses to leave a doubt of their reality; yet, if he related the circumstance, what chance had he of obtaining credence. He felt relieved by the entrance of Sheridan, whose facetious turn and lively humour would be sure to alter the current the conversation had taken.

Doctor Sheridan had his second daughter with him—Anne, afterwards Mrs. Sheen—then a very beautiful and clever child, and possessed of vivacity and intelligence beyond her years.

All the company were taking notice of her except Delany, who, absorbed in the supernatural occurrence of the preceding night, sat silent, abstracted, and inattentive.

At length, little Miss was requested to repeat some verses. Scarcely had she delivered the first line when Dr. Delany became attentive. Could he believe his ears? It was the very voice, the very lines to which he had listened, awe-struck, the night before. Swift observed his emotion, and said to him, jocularly, "You listen very attentively, Doctor; perhaps you have heard these verses lately." The secret could be no longer kept. A burst of laughter from Swift and Sheridan disclosed the whole mystery, and the bewildered Doctor discovered, in the interesting child, the features of his celestial visitant!

This anecdote is given here, because it is well authenticated, and is illustrative of the terms on which Swift lived with his intimate friends, at the same time that I never met with it in any life hitherto published.

Vive la Bagatelle was indeed the well-known motto of the merry Dean, and in their hours of relaxation, he and his associates indulged in every species of literary trifling.—Playfulness being an attribute of high genius, at which dullness will never cease to marvel.

Quilca, the patrimonial property of Mr. Sheridan, was rich in traditions of fairies, banshees, and spiritual warnings.

A most tragical instance of superstitious belief occurred in its neighbourhood, and as affording a striking additional evidence of the strange and unaccountable fulfilment of the wildly prefigured imaginations of the human mind in sleep, may aptly conclude this paper.

Not far from Quilca Mrs. R——, a widow lady, resided with three sons. The two younger ones, fine, gay, fearless boys, were

their mother's favourites, but James, the eldest, possessed little of her tenderness. He was of a thoughtful and contemplative disposition, and his visionary turn was nourished by the little sympathy he found from those with whom he lived. The servants, as is always the case, took their tone from their lady, and pronounced "Master James to be a poor mope, and that it was a thousand pities Master Arthur was not the eldest son." Hopeless of pleasing, James was in great danger of becoming, in reality, the character all had decided him to be. Nothing encourages so much to meritorious perseverance as the smile of partial kindness—nothing confirms waywardness and despondency like the consciousness of being already prejudged. Yet was there much to have repaid more careful culture in the visionary boy. There were the germs of a noble and devoted nature, and a heart capable of making every sacrifice for the objects of its love.

There was a little loch, or lake, on the pleasure grounds at Quilca, on which the family of Mrs. R—— frequently took excursions with that of Sheridan.

One evening that these friendly neighbours were enjoying the cool breeze on the waters together, it was observed that James could, by no persuasions, be induced to join the party in the boat, but kept watching them and walking along the waterside. The evening was delightful—the jocund laugh and song went round—and gay young voices joined in imploring James to forego his unsocial resolution. They put in, with the intention of taking him, but were again refused.

On their return home his mother reproved him with more than usual asperity for marring the merriment of the party. What could be your motive, she continued, for thus repeatedly denying yourself to the entreaties of your friends? Thus urged, pressed, and goaded by turns with solicitations and reproaches from a mother whom, although she viewed him with a prejudiced eye, he deeply venerated and loved, James held a struggle with himself, and at length, blushing and hesitating, replied, that if he had not confessed the cause of his reluctance it was because he had feared it would have been reckoned so futile as to have met with no indulgence from any judgment but his own.

He had dreamed that morning that his favourite mare had appeared to him, and had bidden him beware of the water for four-and-twenty hours.

A smile of supercilious contempt was all that his mother vouchsafed to this extraordinary communication ; and the visionary was again thrown back upon himself to curse the facility which had yielded up to a few prayers and solicitations his bosom's treasured secret. His sensitiveness to shame was exquisite, and he now felt as if, like Murat, he could have breasted the torrent, or dashed forward to death, rather than suffer the stigma of cowardice or superstition to rest upon his name. While such thoughts drove rest from his pillow, he overheard his two young brothers, in the grey of the dawn, preparing to get up and go down to the river to bathe.

He joined them—the morning sun now rose gaily, and played upon the treacherous rippling stream. It wanted but one hour of the fated time in which, even according to all laws of believers in omens, dreams, and warnings, our fated visionary would have been free to tempt its wave. But can we fly from fate? His two brothers went down first into the river. Suddenly a cry attracted the elder brother to the brink. The youngest boy had been seized with cramp, and in trying to save himself had caught hold of his other brother and was dragging him along with him. The eldest did not hesitate a moment. Omens, misgivings, all were forgotten, or if remembered at all, remembered only to be despised. He plunged into the stream, but, a bad swimmer and encumbered with clothes, he struggled in vain to reach them, and ere he could render them any assistance, sank to rise no more. Both the younger boys too

perished. When their absence from the house began to be remarked and to cause alarm, the servants hurried to the river's brink. Overwhelmed with the greatness of the calamity, they knew not how best to announce it to their widowed lady. At length an old domestic suggested to break the tidings gradually by at first announcing only the death of the two younger sons. "And where was that dreamer, James?" exclaimed the bereaved mother, in the impatience of grief; "had he been with the children they might have been saved." Her auditors were silent—too late they perceived the error that ever attends the most virtuous concealment. They could not now venture to inform her of the whole truth, and listened in terror while she wildly vented incoherent reproaches on James's selfish neglect.

A mournful calm succeeded; shut up in a darkened chamber, no food passed her lips—no sleep visited her eyes. At length a favourable change came over her; she seemed to hold a secret council with herself. Doubtless the spirit of prayer had descended to her desolate couch, and suggested peace and forgiveness to her only remaining son, as she herself hoped for mercy. In a feeble voice she beckoned an attendant to her. A relenting smile played on her wan and tear-stained cheek, and she faintly said, "Let poor James come in!"

A tearful silence was the only reply. She was at length made aware of the full extent of her bereavement. She had no longer a son!

LINES

BY CHARLES VERRAL, ESQ.

THE setting Sun! the setting Sun! how gorgeous in the west,
O'er-canopied in golden clouds, it proudly sinks to rest!
A blaze of fleeting glory gilds the sky, the land, the sea;
How lovely, yet how full of sad and solemn thought to me!
It speaks of cheerful daylight past, of darkness hastening on;
It brings to mind the gladsome hours that now, alas, are gone!
It tells of youth departing fast, of health how soon decay'd,
Of hopes that blossom'd like the flowers—that blossom'd but to fade!
It tells of mirth to sadness changed, of pleasure turn'd to pain,
Of joys that glitter'd in our path, that now we seek in vain;
It tells of beaming happiness in moody murmuring lost,
Of fervent friendship waxing cold, of fond affection crost!
It tells of love, triumphant love, that makes the heart his throne,
Then leaves his victim desolate, dejected, and alone;
It tells of those we dearly prized, whose loss we now deplore,
It tells that we ourselves shall set, and weep our friends no more.

A FEW *MORE* WORDS ON COURT FOOLS.

Ein herr der narren halt, der thut gar weislich dran.
Weil, was kein weiser darf, ein narr ihm sagen kann.

FREDERICK VON LOGAU, whom his countrymen have honoured with the title of the Silesian Martial, and whom ill-natured critics, might perhaps, quoting as a precedent the case of Coleridge versus Klopstock, pronounce to be a *very* Silesian Martial, justified the practice of keeping a fool at court by the distich which we have placed at the head of the present article; and which, for the benefit of the country gentlemen (not of the ladies, for all ladies read German now) we beg to translate as follows:—

The lord who keeps a fool does well,
For what no wise man dare, a fool can tell.

That the poet had good grounds for thus asserting the truth-telling qualities of these motley counsellors, history abundantly testifies. Witness the following anecdote, which is perhaps familiar to some of our readers.

When the French fleet of Philip the Sixth was destroyed by the English, none of the courtiers would venture to communicate the disastrous intelligence to that monarch. His court jester, however, did not participate in their scruples; accordingly, as soon as he came into the presence of the king, he cried out, "Oh cowardly Englishmen, oh faint-hearted Englishmen." "Why so?" said the King. "Because," said the fool, "they had not the heart to throw themselves into the water as our brave Frenchmen did, who all jumped out of their ships into the sea." From these words the monarch guessed the misfortune which had befallen them.

Tricomini, court jester to the wife of Louis the Fourteenth, was the person who communicated the death of the Duke d'Anjou. "You great men," said he to the monarch, "must all die, as well as the poor ones. They say that your nephew is dead."

Chicot, the jester of Henry the Fourth of France, could say whatever he pleased to the King, who took all his advice in good part. His advice deserved this attention upon the part of the monarch, for it was evidently prompted by affection, and one of the last acts of the jester's life proved how faithful he was to the liberal principles of his royal master.

Chicot was present at the siege of Rouen, and having taken prisoner the Count de Chaligny of the house of Lorraine, he delivered

him over to Henry, saying, "here is one whom I have captured." The count enraged at having been overcome by a jester, no sooner heard these words, than he struck the poor fool so violent a blow with the hilt of his sword, that it caused his death in the course of a fortnight. While confined to his bed from the effects of the blow, he proved his adherence to the party of Henry. For a priest who was an adherent to the league having been summoned to hear the confession of a wounded soldier, who was in the same chamber with Chicot, refused to give the dying man absolution, because he had served under a Huguenot king. This so exasperated Chicot, that he sprang from his bed, and but for his weakness would certainly have put the priest to death.

George, commonly called Claus Hintze, who was the jester of John Frederick, Duke of Pomerania, is also recorded to have done the state good service by the truths which he ventured at all times to communicate to his master, and Peter Brenhaut, who filled the like situation at the court of Philip the Magnanimous, landgrave of Hesse, did not hesitate to rebuke, in his jesting fashion, the vices of his patron. The landgrave complaining to him upon some occasion of a headache which he was labouring under from his too liberal potations on the previous day, Peter told him that he could furnish him with a cure. "What is that?" enquired the landgrave. "Why get rid of yesterday's debauch by a fresh one." "But then," said Philip, "I shall be worse to-morrow." "Never mind, cure that by another drinking bout." "But Peter, what shall I do, if I go on at this rate?" "What!" said Peter, "why you will become as great a fool as I am."

Frederick the First of Prussia had a worthy retainer of this class, who, for some severe speeches against an ecclesiastic of high rank, was imprisoned by the king in the fortress of Spandau. When he was released, he was speedily restored to favour; and at his death, which occurred very shortly afterwards, the ecclesiastics refused to inter his body in the church, although he had died a Lutheran. When Frederick heard this, however, he gave orders, that he should be buried among the clergy in St. Peter's church, saying, "Putz-

mann was a preacher of truth, and never even spared me, he deserves therefore to be buried in the church, where nothing but the truth ought to be spoken."

Having given these instances of the utility of court jesters, in furnishing their sovereigns with advice, which wiser men did not dare to offer, I will proceed to show another instance, and that perhaps one of the most extraordinary upon record, of the strange uses to which these knights of the bauble have been applied. The incident which we are about to relate fills a curious page in the history of Hungary, and well deserves to fill one in the book of wonders, it being neither more nor less than *the decision of a religious controversy by a combat between two professed fools*. How many such controversies have been decided by fools who have been ashamed to confess themselves what their conduct has proved them, is not here a question. So to the tale.

When the Hungarians and Bohemians in the year 1461 were opposed to each other, a meeting was arranged between Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, and his father-in-law, King George of Bohemia. A tent was accordingly erected midway between the armies, where the kings met and conversed together, not without mutual reproaches. Refreshments being in readiness, the rival sovereigns partook of them, and according to the custom of the times their two jesters were present, that by their tricks and merriments they might temporarily banish the more serious matters under consideration. Among the courtiers in attendance was Isdengo, a zealous Catholic, and Governor of Bohemia, but who was secretly inclined to the King of Hungary. He asked jokingly of the monarchs whether they would not allow their jesters to settle by trial by battle, whether the doctrines of the Catholic church or of the Hussites were preferable, when the religion of the victor should be pronounced the right one. The kings agreed to the proposal, and each exhorted his fool to bear himself nobly in the contest, and support his religion with the strength of his arm. The Hungarian, who was a Catholic, was a small made man, and was far exceeded in weight and inches by the Hussite champion, the Bohemian. Both were equally courageous, but for the reasons before mentioned, the odds, to use a sporting phrase, were in favour of the Bohemian. The papal nuncio who was present was not pleased that religion should be made an object for two fools to fight about, but in spite of his displeasure, the combat proceeded, and all present took as much interest in it, as if

the welfare of their soul and body depended upon the result. The jesters did their best and each struggled hard to gain the mastery. Now the Bohemian and now the Hungarian had the best of the battle. At length the Hungarian having gained an advantage over his huge adversary, had seized him, raised him in the air, and was about to dash him upon the ground, when a Bohemian who was standing by, put out his hand to break the fall of his countryman. No sooner, however, did he do so, than Isdengo, the umpire of the battle, dealt the Bohemian a blow with his fist. This was the signal for a general tumult: many, both Bohemians and Hungarians, licked the dust, and but for the timely interference of the two monarchs, much bloodshed would have ensued.

From this narrative which proves the existence of controvertists garbed in motley, the transition is not very violent to the fact of domestic fools being generally, if not universally retained by the wealthier ecclesiastics, either in imitation of regal state, or from enjoyment of their jests and mirth-provoking pranks. To such an extent had this custom obtained in the dark ages, that not only bishops and abbots, but even abbesses numbered amongst their retainers these professed merry-makers. Many ordinances against this custom are still in existence, having reference to far distant times, and there are many other corroborative circumstances to prove its existence in days nearer our own. In the old Dance of Death at Basle, falsely attributed to Holbein, there was a representation of an abbot, whom death had seized upon, accompanied by his jester; and in the beautiful woodcut on the same subject (in the *Imaginibus Mortis*) which there is good reason for believing are as erroneously attributed to Holbein, there is one exhibiting a Preacher who is entering the chancel accompanied by a gamekeeper with a hawk upon his left wrist, and by a fool wearing a fool's-cap decked with asses' ears.

Many of the popes had their jesters. Paul the Second is well known to have been attached to them, and Leo the Tenth is likewise represented as having taken especial delight in the company of these strangely constituted mortals. Nor were these the only successors of St. Peter, who have exhibited a like taste, for strange as the taste may be, it is one which they shared in common with the learned Benedict the Fourteenth. Cardinals, bishops, and abbots, have all indulged in a similar fondness for the society of these heroes of the bells and baubles.

Among the well authenticated instances which are upon record of the wealthy ecclesiastics retaining these motley merry-makers about their persons, is that of Cardinal Wolsey, and how great were the familiarities which this haughty prelate submitted to from his jester, the following anecdote will show.

When Wolsey was made Archbishop of York, amongst the earliest to congratulate him was his jester, who expressed his happiness at the cardinal's elevation, adding that he hoped he should one day see him elected to the papal chair; when Wolsey, whose origin was too frequently made a source of mortification to him, enquired the reason of this wish on the part of the jester, he answered him as follows:—"Saint Peter, because he was a fisherman, appointed fasts, that fish might find a better market, and as your excellency was born a butcher, you would no doubt for the good of your trade, do away with fasts and order feasts in the place of them."

There is another strange story relative to Wolsey and his fool, but whether this was the worthy who figures in the preceding colloquy does not appear.

Wolsey during his life-time erected a splendid monument which he destined for the reception of his body after his decease. While the work was in progress the Cardinal frequently visited it, and watched the labours of the artificers employed upon it. One day when he was accompanied by his jester, the latter said to him, "your excellency does well to enter this monument during your lifetime, for you will not enter it when you are dead." This strange prophecy was actually fulfilled, and Wolsey, "broken with the storms of state," was doomed to lay his weary bones at Leicester.

Those who are inclined to inquire narrowly into the history of the extraordinary race, whose qualities and uses are now under consideration, will find in it many similar instances of their supposed prophetic powers. Among others Jenny von Stockau, the Court Jester of Leopold the Pious, Duke of Austria, and Löffler the fool at the Court of Bavaria at the commencement of the seventeenth century are recorded as having been furnished with the gifts of prophecy. This idea, which probably derived its origin from the belief still existing among barbarous nations in the supernatural powers and influences of the idiot and the lunatic, has however long passed away; and such is the scepticism of modern times, that instead of looking for prophets among fools, we re-

verse the order of things, and set down all self-proclaimed prophets for fools;—and for fools too, whose metal is less attractive than that of the biting and privileged satirists, who in olden times scattered their rebukes and flashed their merriments at all who crossed their paths. How great was the forbearance shown to them, let the following anecdotes make evident.

The Bishop of Vienna complaining once to the Emperor Matthias, that the citizens neglected him and went to Hornals (a village in the neighbourhood) to hear the sermons of a Lutheran divine, requested his majesty to forbid their leaving the city. The emperor consulted his court fool, the well-known Nelle, as to what line of conduct he should adopt—"Why," said Nelle, "send the bishop to preach at Hornals, and fetch the Lutheran preacher into the city, and you may save yourself the trouble of issuing any orders upon the subject."

At the court of the Emperor Frederick the Second, a certain prince was talking very loudly and very foolishly to the courtiers present, when he was addressed by Jonas, the imperial jester, in the same style—"Hold your tongue," said the offended prince, "I never speak to a fool." "But I always do, when I see one," cried Jonas as he ran laughing out of the presence-chamber.

The fool of the Bishop of Munster once went into the fields and scattered stones over them. This was told to the Bishop, who naturally inquired the reason of this strange conduct. "Why," said the fool, "I was only sowing stones." "Sowing stones indeed, you had much better sow clever fellows." "So I would with all my heart," cried the knave, "but the land won't grow them."

The luck of fools has been at all times proverbial, and to this must be attributed in a great measure the lenity with which their "Sayings and Doings," however mischievous or malicious, were generally received. They did not however always "scape the whipping-post," and it is not judging too harshly of human nature to believe, that this punishment, which was frequently administered to these motley moralists, was sometimes cruelly and unjustly inflicted; sometimes, in fact, really for sarcasms forgotten by the poor fool, who uttered them, though still rankling in the bosoms of those whose conduct called them forth, though avowedly for some more recent and in itself trivial offence. Imprisonment as well as whipping was on some occasions awarded to them.

The fool of the Bishop of Wurzburg hav-

ing committed some indecorum, the bishop commanded that he should be thrown into prison. When the gaoler led him to the cell allotted to him, and the poor fellow saw that there was nothing but the ground for him to lie upon, he begged for a little straw. This the gaoler procured, and while busied in making it into a bed for his prisoner—the latter walked out of the cell, locked in the gaoler, and took the key to the bishop, saying—"I've had a rare deal of trouble, my lord, to lock that rascal up." "Thou knave," said the bishop, "it was you who were to be imprisoned and not the gaoler." "Why then," said the fool, "if that's the case, it is very clear that we did not rightly understand one another."

Whether the bishop's fool for this practical jest tasted "the discipline of the Porter's Lodge," does not appear, if he did his luck stood him in little stead; and this misadventure might be taken as a foretaste of the neglect into which these motley sons of mirth were doomed to fall.

Many a day has now elapsed since court or hall has resounded with the noisy laughter which their rude witticisms and uncouth raillery were wont to provoke. The world has grown wiser, if not better, than it was when motley was proclaimed "the only wear." The fool, whether court or domestic, is defunct, and his place in society is not quite supplied even by the *diner-out* by profession. True it is the punster is abroad, but though he wear motley in his brain, the fear of "twelve paces and pistols for two," makes him exercise his vocation gingerly; and the vices and follies of his hearers are not the objects against which he directs his never-ceasing double-shotted batteries. It was not so, however, with the jesters of the olden time; if they were not the equals of the present race of wits, in intellect, they were assuredly their superiors in manliness and honesty.

But the race is laid low—the ferule of the school-master has broken in twain the marrotto of the jester, whose only successor is to be found in the Sunday newspaper satirist, with "wit thick as Tewksbury mustard," and words as hot.

Every dog has his day, says the proverb, and the day of the avowed fool has long

since passed away. Now, in the eyes of this matter of fact world,

"*Pasquil's* conceits are poore, and *Scoggin's* drie,
Skelton's meere rime, once reade but now laid by,
Peele's jests are old, and *Turleton's* are grown stale;"

there is therefore little hope that the readers of the present paper would set any value upon a description of the costume usually worn by court or domestic jesters: I will therefore spare them their time and myself the trouble of particularising the cockcombs, shaven crowns, baubles, bells, and motley gear with which this class of beings were wont to deck themselves*, and conclude with quoting from Mr. Douce's learned Essay on the Fools of Shakspeare, a passage from Lodge's *Wits' Miserie*, 4to. 1599, in which the general conduct of the hireling or artificial fool is very admirably described.

"Immoderate and disordinate joy became incorporate in the bodie of a jeaster; this fellow in person is comely, in apparell courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man; his studie is to coine bitter jests, or to show antique motions, or to sing baudie sonnets and ballads: give him a little wine in his head, he is continually fearing and making of mouthes: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, out-skips men's heads, trips up his companions' heels, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the country: feed him in his humour, you shall have his heart, in meere kindness he will hug you in his armes, kisse you on the cheeke, and rapping out an horrible othe, crie God's soule Tum, I love you, you know my poore heart, come to my chamber for a pipe of tobacco, there lives not a man in this world that I more honour. In these ceremonies you shall know his courting, and it is a speciall mark of him at the table, he sits and makes faces: keep not this fellow company, for in *juggling* with him, your wardropes shall be wasted, your credits crackt, your crownes consumed, and time (the most precious riches of the world) utterly lost." W. J. T.

* Will my artistical readers allow me to hint (in a parenthesis or foot note), that the fool who is frequently introduced in the illuminations of old manuscripts, is admirably adapted by the peculiarities of his costume for figuring in historical compositions.

THE GYPSEY.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ISLAND BRIDE.

"WILL your honour do a kind turn to a poor fellow who needs a bit of Christian sympathy, but has hitherto found as little of it in a Christian land as if it were a land of savages."

I looked at the author of this somewhat quaint address with a kindly feeling, for which I could not well account, but which was confirmed the moment I scanned his person and features. He was a young man, apparently about two or three and thirty, dark as a ripe nutshell, with an eye large, liquid, and piercing, yet beaming with an expression of manly though homely urbanity. His legs were bare to the knee; he wore no coat, and the sleeves of his shirt were tucked up to the shoulders, while his neck and chest were uncovered, thus exposing to my view a figure in which the most perfect symmetry was displayed, together with a development and compactness of muscle, which indicated the union of extraordinary strength and agility. Though his countenance exhibited no sinister lines, but on the contrary an honest unequivocal expression, there was, nevertheless, a look of indomitable resolution in his clear bright eye, which led me instantly to infer, that habit had confirmed the manly daring of his nature. He was altogether a very prepossessing object.

"What can I do for you, my good fellow?" I inquired frankly.

"Why, your honour, I have been turned off the estates of all your wealthy neighbours, and last night I pitched my tent here hard by. My wife is just confined, and I only come to ask if your honour will suffer us to remain under God's own sky, and upon God's own earth, though yours by right of property, until she gets strength enough to follow me to a shelter, where, with the wild beasts of the desert, I may claim a free and undisputed inheritance."

There was a rough pathos, and a vigorous propriety of expression in this reply which interested me exceedingly, and increased the favourable impression which the man had already made upon my sympathy.

"That will I, my fine fellow," I replied, "I would not turn a dog from my door that wanted shelter, much more from my land; it

is not then likely that I could refuse such a natural and touching appeal as thine."

A tear started into the man's eye.—"I have been so little used to the expressions of that kindred fellowship, which ought to unite man to man, as in one common bond, that I am half disposed to play the woman in the very fulness of my surprise, and—I shall not be ungrateful," said he, stopping short, and dashing away a tear.

"Where is your canvass dwelling?" said I, in a tone of commiseration, which evidently increased his emotion. "Perhaps I may be of some little service to your wife, to whom, in her present condition, some of those comforts may be welcome, which you, perhaps, have not the means of procuring."

He thanked me shortly but warmly, and led the way to his nomadic tenement. In a snug corner between two hedges, upon a small piece of waste land, I found a ragged tent pitched, which was nothing more than a square piece of canvass thrown over a pole, supported horizontally by two forked sticks driven into the ground, scarcely more than five feet high, and about eight feet apart. At the further end a piece of square cloth covered the aperture, while the nearer remained open for the entrance and egress of the several indwellers. These were the Gipsy, for such he was, three children, the mother, and grandmother. The wife of the Gipsy was lying under a coarse, tattered rug upon a bed of clean straw, suckling her new-born infant, which was entirely naked, while the two other children, both girls, were seated upon the ground by their mother's side, with only a ragged shift each to cover them. The elder of the two was a bronzed dark-eyed girl, rather delicate of feature, but robust of limb, and exhibiting a promise of all the father's fine anatomical proportions, together with that delicate roundness of surface which is the chief attraction of female symmetry. She was, as I afterwards ascertained, only twelve years old; but, as is commonly the case with this race, who still maintain many of the idiocratical peculiarities of their eastern origin, she exhibited such maturity in her formation, as to make me think it high time that she should be attired in something a little less

ethereal than the primitive covering in which, with the most perfect seeming of innocence, however, she now appeared before me. The furniture of the tent was admirably calculated for expeditious removal, as the whole of it might have been packed in a hand-basket. There were a few cooking utensils scattered about in the unoccupied corner of this patriarchal abode, so insecurely covered by the canvass that the broad light of heaven exposed them to my unwilling scrutiny with all their dingy incrustations of rust and smut. A broken pitcher filled with water as high as the fracture stood in the opposite corner, while a small loaf of barley bread and a gallipot of dark dripping were placed upon a withered cabbage-leaf in the middle of the canvass hut.

I asked the poor woman how she felt. She answered cheerfully when she heard from her husband, who was evidently extremely anxious about her, that I had promised they should remain unmolested on the spot which they had chosen for their temporary abode. I put a small sum of money into the hand of the poor woman upon quitting this vagrant, but really interesting family, and, as soon as I got home, ordered such things to be sent to them as I considered might be required by the wife, and useful to the husband and the other members of the gipsy establishment. For a few days the medical man of the neighbouring town visited, at my desire, the tent upon the common; and within a week I had the pleasure of seeing the hardy mother up, and stirring about, with all her bodily energies recruited and improved.

It happened, shortly after my introduction to this poor family, that the Gipsy was apprehended upon suspicion of having stolen some poultry from the premises of a neighbouring esquire who had turned him off his estate. Conceiving that he had been taken up and committed upon insufficient evidence, I furnished him with the means of obtaining counsel's advice and assistance upon his trial, so that he was happily acquitted. A short time after, the real offender was apprehended and convicted.

Within a few days after his acquittal, the Gipsy, in whom I really took great interest, for he was one of the finest fellows I ever remember to have seen, called with his wife to thank me for my attentions; which he did with a manliness and warmth of feeling that greatly strengthened the favourable impression he had already made upon me. After this visit, he packed up his fragile habitation, together with his slender accompaniment of

baggage, and departed, I knew not whither. I confess I could not help reflecting upon the inequalities of the human condition, when I considered this poor man's situation and my own; he contented and apparently happy, without any resources but those which were supplied by his bodily energies; I, on the contrary, frequently dull and dissatisfied, with all around me that wealth could administer to the caprices of human desire. How admirably is the balance of good and evil adjusted in the destinies of the rich and poor man! The Gipsy had not only quitted my estate, but, as far as I could ascertain, the country. Years passed on, and he did not again cross my path. Business or pleasure at length took me to Paris; from thence I determined to cross the Alpine barrier into Piedmont, and pass a few months in Turin, where an old friend of my family resided. I quitted the French capital, for this city, the latter end of the summer, and after passing a few days at Lyons, proceeded on my journey with all the impatient eagerness of a novice. When entering Savoy, that country of romance and song, with which we are so fond of associating fruitful fields, luxuriant vineyards, happy valleys, and a hardy and prosperous peasantry, I was greatly surprised at the wretchedness which everywhere abounded. Misery was the prominent feature of every picture, the burthen of every song, the prevailing incubus under which the scanty population of this Alpine region writhed, or lay hopelessly prostrate. Although Savoy is picturesque beyond the conception of those who have never scaled the heights of Mont Blanc, the Great St. Bernard, Mounts Cenis, Iseran, Valaison, and Toumet, and paused in rapture upon the sublimities which they present to the traveller's eye; yet, in spite of all the attractions which it derives from those stupendous features, inseparable from mountain prospects, it still but too commonly presents scenes of the most awful bereavement, the most heart-rending destitution. Want and nakedness are visible at every step. The giant arm of misery is outstretched over the hills and valleys. The song of the mountaineer is often hushed by the stern aspect of domestic woe. You are assailed by beggars whose spare emaciated forms but too sadly tell of days of privation and nights of restlessness. The huge goitres which deform their necks, the squalid hue of their sickly complexions, the shrieks of "moody madness laughing wild," which frequently echo among the hills,—all tend to show the sad condition of the modern Savoyard. Though it was the

middle of August when I entered this celebrated duchy, still no merry groups assembled before neat and cleanly cottages, engaged in the dance or song, as fiction has so frequently represented in the valleys of Savoy, enlivened the scene with that jocund hilarity which is an earnest of rustic happiness. On the contrary, the abodes of these wretched mountaineers are, in general, miserable hovels, exposed in summer to the intrusion of all kinds of disgusting insects and still more disgusting vermin, their shattered roofs frequently admitting the drenching torrents which, even in summer, burst over the Alpine tenement; in winter, exposed, besides rain, to the frost and the hurricane, which latter sometimes so completely levels them that "there remains not one stone upon another which has not been thrown down." For the most part their windows are nothing more than apertures in the walls of different size and shape; their chimneys are mere holes in the roof, through which part of the smoke ascends, while part of it escapes through the windows, and part through the doors, which latter are usually low square openings left in the wall that faces the mountain. The inmates of these wretched abodes are as ill clad as they are miserably fed. You see them squalid with filth, as if the wholesome application of water were a luxury utterly unknown to these children of misery. Men, women, and children, some ragged and barefoot, some painfully dragging after them their diseased and unwieldy limbs, others again with their throats so frightfully swelled as to be almost hideous, absolutely haunt your path, beseeching the smallest pittance to relieve the severity of their lot.

It is indeed worth while, occasionally, to visit those portions of the civilised world where the wants of our fellow creatures, though few in the extreme, are so very scantily supplied, as it may serve to teach us more practical wisdom than the wisest treatises, or the most eloquent homilies. By comparison with what we see of human privation in our own country—I speak as an Englishman—we can form no adequate judgment of the frightful bereavements which are felt by the inhabitants of others. We hear of the light-heartedness of the gay Savoyard; we are told of the romantic lives of the troubadours or Provençaux, but no person who thus receives the fugitive hues of fiction for the stern features of reality, can have an idea of the destitute state in which the modern Savoyard is doomed to pass his days.

I was glad to quit a country which seemed

to me to exhibit every variety of wretchedness, and made the best of my way to Turin, in the hope of seeing more happiness among my species than I had witnessed among the mountains and valleys of Savoy. I was a perfect stranger in Turin, but soon discovered that there were many English in the city with whom it would be easy to associate, as the formalities of introduction are not very strictly attended to where persons of the same country meet abroad. I had a letter of credit upon a banker, who, finding that I had plenty of money and was likely to be liberal, was as attentive as such a double inducement may be supposed to have rendered him. He was by no means a prepossessing person. He had a vulgar shuffle in his gait, a sinister obliquity of vision, and never looked you in the face, except when he could steal a glance unobserved, and then one eye seemed to watch the other, lest it should be detected in a violation of the observances of a calculating and deferential humility. I passed some months in Turin without anything occurring to me out of the ordinary course of human events, when one evening as I was returning from the opera, a stranger, dressed in the costume of the country, accosted me in tolerably pure Italian. "A cold night, sir." I was at a loss what to think of the man, and simply replied "Very."

"A sad place, this Turin," continued the stranger, "full of knaves and vagabonds."

"There are knaves and vagabonds every where," I replied.

"True; but you, perhaps, have not met them elsewhere and may meet them here?"

"You mistake, I have met them elsewhere."

"Then beware lest you also meet them here."

"Why this caution?"

"Because you are a foreigner and inexperienced in Italian villany."

"I am not the novice you take me for; I am too well armed against the wiles of villany to be readily deceived."

"The fox is a cunning creature, but his cunning does not always keep him out of the trap. Take a piece of honest advice—beware of the banker."

I was confounded for the moment; the stranger repeated his warning more emphatically, then strode hastily down a narrow alley which intersected the main street that led to my hotel. It was strange! the warning, however, was not to be altogether overlooked, so the next morning I called upon the banker and explicitly related to him the adventure of

the preceding evening. He smiled sardonically, but without betraying the least symptom of emotion, observing, with great calmness, though with an evident effort at forbearance, that it was a plan adopted by a rival house to bring him into disrepute and thus secure a greater accession of business. He treated the adventure as a trifle, and I being really of a very unsuspicious temperament, was readily persuaded to look upon the warning as the trick of a commercial rival; besides I had always a peculiar antipathy to mysterious or anonymous communications of any kind.

I was frequently invited by the banker to his house, where I occasionally met some of the first persons in Turin. The man always treated me with singular attention, but there was often in his manner an evident effort to be agreeable, which was oppressive and even painful. He exhibited too an occasional abstraction while conversing with me, that clearly showed his mind was wandering to other objects of far more absorbing interest, at the very moment he was professing the most unbounded interest in my welfare. I had been introduced to him as a young man of considerable property, and this fact I had given him no reason to question, as, ever since my arrival in Turin, he had retained a large sum of my money in his hands. I considered this to be but prudent policy, having had good reason to know that the respect which a stranger obtains, especially abroad, is everywhere in precise proportion to the length of his purse; and therefore the best course he can pursue is, if possible, to show it to be a long and a full one, where he can do so without running the risk of having his throat cut for the sake of its contents.

I happened one day to mention my intention of returning to Lyons, and of visiting some of the most remarkable Alpine passes that might happen to lie within a small distance of my regular route. The banker strongly advised me to hire a couple of trusty guides, which he readily undertook to do for me, assuring me that they were persons on whom I might depend, as he had, upon several similar occasions, availed himself of their services. Leaving a large sum of money in his hands, for which he gave me a letter of credit upon a banker at Lyons, I prepared for my departure.

While I was sitting alone after dinner in the apartment of my hotel which I usually occupied, a note was put into my hands, containing these words:—"Have you forgotten, or do you mean to reject the warning of the

stranger? A hint is sufficient to a wise man; you slight this admonition at your peril."

I was exceedingly annoyed at the mysterious character of this note, and made up my mind to think it either a mere wanton trick to terrify me, or a piece of malice against the banker; and concluding that if there had really been any kindness meant towards me by the writer, he would have been more explicit. With that sullen determination, therefore, which we sometimes feel—a determination of angry recklessness—when our fears have been aroused without the cause of them having been sufficiently developed; under that irritation of mind, produced by what seemed to me the unnecessary mystery of the writer of this, as I then thought it, officious communication, I determined to proceed on the morrow, with my servant and two guides, without any regard to the mysterious warning. What the banker had stated to me respecting the rival firm, satisfied me that he was an injured man, and that I was marked out as an object to be made a dupe of at his expense. It was clear that he could have no advantage in procuring for me unfaithful guides, since he had all my money in his own hands; so that he could be no gainer either by my being robbed or murdered.

I retired early to rest; but the agitation of my mind—for it was agitated in spite of my incredulity and determination—a long time precluded repose; and at length, just as I had composed myself to sleep, my servant entered the room to tell me that all was ready for my departure.

Early in the morning, then, of a chill October day, I set out for Lyons. The weather was remarkably fine, but cold. I was accompanied by own servant, Andrew, and the two guides recommended by the banker. We travelled by easy stages, and did not commence the ascent of Mount Cenis till the following morning. As I began to ascend the barrier which divides Italy from France, I felt the cold painfully acute, but the increasing beauty of the scene, in proportion as I ascended above the champaign country, made me forget the cold, in the exciting raptures of admiration. My very body glowed with the spirit-stirring emotions of my soul, as I gazed upon the stupendous evidences of Omnipotence by which I was surrounded. Rocks towered above my head as if they had been placed there by the giants of old in order to scale the heavens; and when the eye, straining to reach the faint outline in which they terminated, painfully dwelt upon their hoary summits, their tall spires, which had never been

trodden by human foot, seemed to pierce into the skies by which they were canopied. Precipices occasionally yawned beneath my feet so fearfully profound, that the brain whirled as I ventured to penetrate into their dark and apparently bottomless depths, while the near gush of the streamlet, and the distant roaring of the cataract, multiplied by innumerable echoes, seemed the loud but eloquent applause of nature at the grandeur of her own sublimities.

After a journey of some difficulty, for we had deviated from the ordinary route, we reached a celebrated pass, which I was exceedingly anxious to explore. The path, narrow and rugged, was traced along the edge of a frightful ravine, of which the sides were so precipitous that it seemed as if the mountain had been cleft by some mighty engine of a former world, when "there were giants on the earth," which had been, either by accident or mistake, directed a little out of the perpendicular. The sides of the precipice presented two sheer walls, that looked like the inaccessible ramparts of

Two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The narrow perilous ocean parts asunder.

Many hundred feet beneath, a deep and rapid stream dashed onward over opposing rocks, and thundering along with the most deafening uproar, was lost amid the windings of the valley. Although at such an elevation above the torrent that foamed below, when I cast my eyes upward I appeared to be at the base of the mountain, and when I cast them downward I seemed to be at its summit. I stood upon the narrow ledge which had been cut from an almost perpendicular segment of the circular hill, and afforded a very inconvenient passage for two persons abreast. On the side of the precipice it was secured by a low parapet, over which the traveller might look into the struggling torrent beneath, though not without a sickening apprehension of danger; for it was so slight that it appeared incapable of resisting any sudden shock, absolutely yielding to the firm pressure of the knee, while the masses of loose and projecting rock which every now and then trembled over our heads, kept me in continual alarm, lest they should roll down and sweep me into the gulf below. Many large fragments lay upon the road, which had been dislodged from the mountain above, and dashed down by the force of the tempest, giving a fearful warning of the awful risk to which the passenger is exposed who ventures to explore these wild and inhospitable regions.

I had hitherto felt perfectly well satisfied with the attention of the two guides, who were stout active fellows, and appeared very ready to do their duty. One of them had rather an astute cast of countenance, but this was neutralised in a great degree, by a certain expression of quaint good humour, and he contrived to dissipate any unfavourable impression which the voiceless language of his features might awaken, by relating, with great emphasis and energy, those daring feats which had been occasionally performed by the hardy mountaineers. The other was a dull looking person, who spoke little: his countenance was imperturbably placid, and imparted rather the idea of stupid insensibility than of any more active quality either of mind or feeling. I had almost forgotten the stranger's warning, and, conceiving that had my guides been disposed to be treacherous they had had sufficient opportunity, now reposed in full security upon their honesty.

About noon the following day we reached an acclivity of more than ordinary length and steepness. The road wound gradually up the mountain like a serrated stair, and in many parts as it projected from the sides, overhanging the abyss beneath, appeared as if it were hung amid the clouds at so fearful a height that the heart absolutely sickened at the bare contemplation of the ascent. Here and there a solitary traveller might be seen upon the terraces above, like a moving dot upon the dark side of the hill. After a long and weary ascent, we reached a small area of nearly level ground, at the extremity of which a huge barrier of rock seemed to forbid our further progress, rising to a prodigious elevation above the plain. The industry of man, however, had subdued the rude asperity of nature. An entrance had been hollowed in the centre of the barrier, and a regular road cut with incredible labour through the very heart of the rock. It was a tunnel about twelve feet wide and ten high, continuing the length of about a quarter of a mile. The light was admitted at the apertures at either extremity. I determined to explore alone this curious excavation, while Andrew and the guides were taking their midday repast upon the green sward before the entrance. When I had penetrated some distance I fancied I perceived some one pass me. It was too dark to particularise, but the firm and heavy tread satisfied me that it was a man. I enquired who was there, but receiving no answer began to apprehend that some mischief was intended. I heard the footsteps returning at a quick pace and followed, when

I distinctly saw the figure of a man pass rapidly through the extremity of the tunnel and turn suddenly round the angle of the rock which abutted upon the hill. Upon reaching the extremity I could see no one. Knowing that it would be not only vain but perilous to search among the intricate defiles of the mountain for an imaginary robber or assassin, I returned to the guides, who had by this time finished their repast, and were prepared to proceed.

"Friend," said I to the most intelligent of the two, "do you frequently meet passengers on this part of the hill?"

"Not frequently; there are strange legends of Trolls* occupying this pass, and of ghosts as well."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I never saw one yet."

"But I have," said the other guide somewhat doggedly, "and in this hollow too. I saw one the very day on which the rich Lyonnese merchant was murdered as he was passing through this tunnel."

He spoke this with his eyes apparently fixed on vacancy, but without betraying either an emotion of terror at the thought of a supernatural visitation, or of compassion at the fate of the murdered Lyonnese. We now proceeded, but slowly, through the tunnel, and soon after we had entered, it suddenly struck me that there was a growing familiarity in the more intelligent of the two guides, which he had not hitherto exhibited, and which began to be rather disagreeable. I ordered Andrew to keep close by my side, and at the same time desired, in rather a peremptory tone, that the guides would go before. One of them observed, with a very significant emphasis, that as there was no difficulty in the road here, they should, with the signor's permission, proceed as was most agreeable

to them. There was an assumption of civility in the man's manner by whom this was spoken, but it was nevertheless clearly evident to me that I was in the power of men who had mischievous intentions towards me. They gradually lagged behind, and I whispered Andrew to be on his guard; he however felt no apprehension, as they had been extremely civil to him during the whole of the journey, and had thus contrived to lull his suspicions. When we reached the centre of the pass, Andrew, who had been backward in obeying my order, from the impression that my alarm was needless, was suddenly seized from behind and a handcuff dexterously slipped upon his wrists. Before I had time to draw a pistol I was also seized and gagged.

"Now," said one of the robbers, "give us quietly what you possess, and no harm shall happen to you, but dare attempt to balk us of our prey, and you shall sleep with the Lyonnese merchant in yonder dark hollow, which is only visited by the dead. If you remain quiet and submissive you are destined to be the prey of one who, I dare say, will exact a good ransom, but no more than you are well able to pay. Come, disburse; it is but fair that we should get a little of the plucking before you are drawn by more dexterous hands."

They now began to rifle my pockets, from which they took my keys, and leading me to the further extremity of the tunnel, proceeded to examine the richness of their booty. They were, however, greatly disappointed, finding merely a small quantity of loose cash, as I had taken the precaution of leaving my money in the banker's hands, and almost the whole of my baggage had been forwarded to Lyons by a more secure conveyance. The villains were sadly mortified, and I was apprehensive lest their disappointment should induce them to wreak their cowardly vengeance upon my person, which is a practice but too common among Alpine robbers.

To be concluded in our next.

* A word originally significant of any evil spirit, monster, magician, or evil person. The Trolls are represented as dwelling inside hills.

Keightley's Fairy Mythology.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW'S BILL.

A Dream.

It was a morning dream, and morning dreams they say never come true;
And I was glad when they told me so, for I was so vexed I didn't know what to do:
I dreamed that the gates of Hyde Park were all made secure and fast,
And that Sir Andrew's private little reform bill for reforming our Sundays was past;
There wasn't a carriage in Rotten Row, nor a horse to be seen in the ride,
But three good old dowagers, who had attempted to walk, lay fainting by the way-side,

And three or four young misses, who ought to have known better, I swear,
 In their eagerness to have "a lark" were jumping sky-high in the air;
 And a quantity of pick-pockets were hustling and doing their best,
 Not believing with Sir Andrew and Hardy Vaux*, that the day was a day of rest,
 But watching the watches of the gentlemen, who, on their parts, were all intent
 On a walking match between two youths who *said* they were members of Parliament,
 And who took advantage of the open space for a race down Rotten Row,
 All to prove the fallacy of the argument that *unwound* watches won't go.
 Then I got among the respectable folk, and I heard a fat tradesman's wife
 Say, as she puff'd along wiping her face, "I declare one's no good o' one's life!
 It's all very well for the quality folks and them to pretend to take it so meek,
 They don't know the pleasure of a 'oss and shay ven it only comes once a week;
 They never felt our little Billy's weight when they made *their* nasty bill,
 Vy the legs that 'ill carry you thro' Hyde Park von't take you to Richmond Ill;
 It's enough to provoke a saint—so it is—and I'm shot if I care a fig
 If Sir Andrew himself were to hear me say, 'I wish we were in our yellow gig.'"
 But her husband was a good sober man, and a lover of the church and state,
 And thought it his duty to be contented with everything always excepting the poor's rate—
 So he answered, "I really am ashamed of you, Sukey! don't you know it's the Lord's day,
 And arn't you forbid by the laws to drive here any more in a one-'oss shay?
 I didn't grumble when I heard the Greenwich steam packets wern't to run,
 Tho' you know there's nothing on earth I love like white bait and a good bit of fun."
 "You'd ha' grumbled tho' if you'd been me," said a fat man who was walking near,
 "Sir Andrew's bill has cost me and my family, exactly two hundred a year;
 My aunt Dickson cut me out of her will 'cause I didn't get down afore Monday—
 God bless your soul, I *couldn't*, there's no coach runs on a Sunday!
 And *now* my son Tom's sick at Brighton, and here I must lounge and wait
 Without a possibility of knowing the poor boy's wishes or fate,
 And Monday's a very inconvenient day for me to leave and go down:
 I wonder if Sir Andrew would pay the expense if I were to *post* out of town?"
 Then out spoke our Billy (a sharp little fellow six years old),
 "I say, ma! I say, pa! what's the reason, I want to be told,
 Why there never was Sundays and Lord's days, and them days, in the days of yore?"
 "There was, my love, only the House of Commons never noticed them afore."
 "Well, but now, pa, about ma's favourite pleasure, the one-'oss shay,
 We've only got to go out of the park and drive it some other way,
 And just so don't you think people who broke Sunday before Sir Andrew's bill
 Will soon find out some other place than Hyde Park for keeping the Sabbath ill?
 And people who didn't care for God a'n't likely to care for the law;
 So don't you think, Sir Andrew's bill isn't worth a stick nor a straw?"
 And in my dream, I thought that I just walked on and smiled,
 For I never saw the grown man yet who could answer a little child.



SAINT ANDREW.

* This celebrated character wrote his memoirs during his enforced residence at Botany Bay; and amongst other curious facts, assured his readers that he never picked pockets *on a Sunday*, and always discouraged the practice in others of the fraternity!



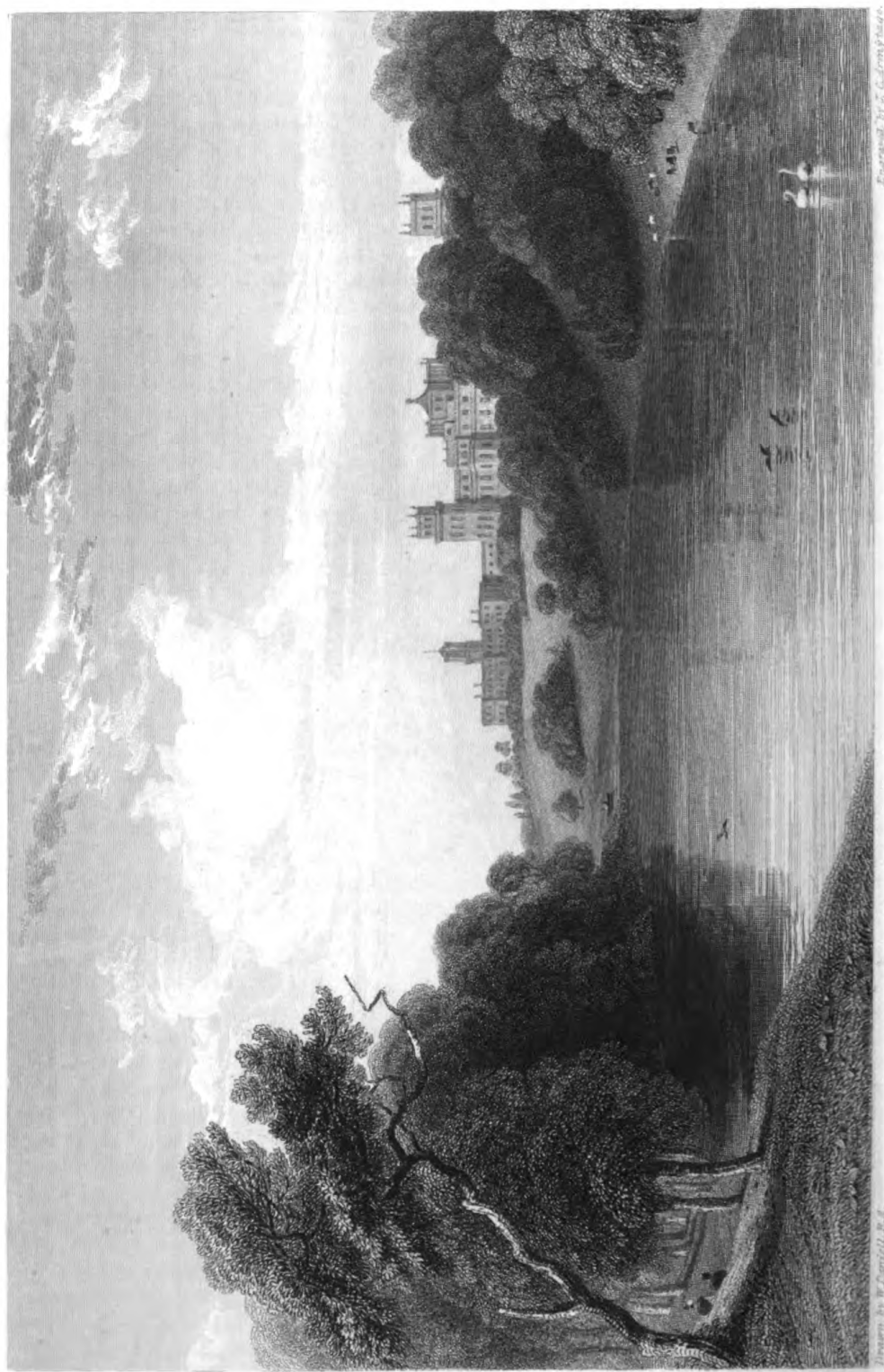
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Engraved by W. G. Smith & Co.

Designed by W. G. Smith & Co.

BLENHEIM.

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE palace of Blenheim was raised to perpetuate the signal victory obtained by John, Duke of Marlborough, over the French and Bavarians, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube.

This magnificent mansion was built in the reign of Queen Anne, by a grant from Parliament, which voted half a million for its erection; and, with the adjacent honour of Woodstock, was conferred on the Duke and his heirs for ever. The terms of the tenure whereby the estate was to be held, were, that the successive inheritors of his Grace's title should render at Windsor on the same annual days one standard or colour with three *fleur de lis* painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of grants, suits, and services due to the Crown. These terms are punctually fulfilled.

Sir John Vanbrugh was the architect chosen upon this occasion, who, with whatever justice a heaviness of design and want of pure classical taste may be ascribed to him, has in this instance succeeded in raising a fabric admirably adapted to the purpose intended; and Blenheim remains to this day a monument of British valour and British gratitude, in unimpaired strength and undiminished beauty.

This noble edifice is situated in the most beautiful part of Oxfordshire, which, if we are to give credit to the ingenious and amusing Dr. Plot, in his natural history of that shire, is not only the finest, but the most extraordinary county in England. Blenheim stands within half a mile from the borough of Woodstock, celebrated as the retreat of Fair Rosamond, and the birth-place of Chaucer; and is distant eight miles from the University of Oxford, and sixty-three from London. The country around is fertile and well wooded; and is adorned with many seats of the nobility and gentry; and the air is mild and salubrious*.

* Dr. Plot is very eloquent in praise of the air of Oxfordshire, and recites many instances of longevity in that county. Among others, in Kidlington, "Mrs. Hill was born and lived there above a century of years;" and at Oxford, "there was living a woman (commonly called Mother George) whose age was a hundred and twenty years."

The doctor, likewise, was the first to celebrate the polysyllabical echo in Woodstock Park, which in the day-time returns very distinctly seventeen syllables,

The accompanying plate representing the exterior of this magnificent structure may dispose the reader, perhaps, to take a cursory survey of its inner and corresponding beauty, to which, by permission, most gentle sir, or madam, we will now conduct you. Approaching through a superb portico you enter the hall, which lies on the centre of the north or ground front, and is supported by Corinthian pillars. The ceiling is painted by Sir James Thornhill, and allegorically represents victory, with suitable attendants, crowning the illustrious Marlborough. Thence we proceed to the bow-window room, where may be seen over the door, St. Jerome studying, by Giorgione; and, over the chimney, a most beautiful original, by Raphael, of the Virgin and Child, St. John and St. Nicholas, formerly belonging to the Capella degli Ansdei at Perugia. In this room, also, are a Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Teniers, and Wouvermans; the paintings, indeed, are of the first order. Vandykes, Nicholas Poussins, and Paul Veroneses, are to be found "thick and numberless;" while Sir Joshuas and Rembrandts are tête-à-tête in the most pleasant juxtaposition imaginable. We must not forget, while treating of the pencil and brush, to mention the "Titian Room," an apartment which adjoins the theatre, and is ornamented with a rich collection of Titians, a splendid present from Victor Asmadeus, King of Sardinia, to John, Duke of Marlborough. The "Duke's Dressing Room" inspires less interest, save with those whose sprightly imaginations can forthwith conjure up the great conqueror in his lesser moments arranging with serious care the economy of his toilet; to such we admit all places associated with greatness are important, but if, unhappily, such an one is he whom we are now chaperoning, we must beg to remind him, that our time is short, and we must therefore hurry on, or the rooms will be closed against us. The whole of the apartments are most splendidly decorated: the grand cabinet and the drawing-room superbly furnished; the first of which commands a scene the most delightful and picturesque. The library is a beautiful room. Not a little

and in the night, twenty. The book is full of pleasant marvels and astonishing facts, and is well worthy the perusal of the curious reader.

surprised would many authors be, if they could peep from the pages of their works, and find so costly a chamber dedicated to them. The dining room is a lofty, noble apartment, well worthy the exalted offices to be executed therein;—offices which, be it known, we hold to be most goodly and admirable.

A domestic intimates to us that strangers must now withdraw; but we may, if we please, walk about the grounds—we may, thereby implying, that *we* are particularly favoured, for which service we understand a certain expressive introduction of the hand into the pocket, and a more expressive extrication of silver metal from that mysterious part of our nether habiliments is expected. The gardens occupy a space of two hundred acres.

“All around

Umbrageous grots and caves of cool recess
And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd
Or held by fringed banks, in crystal lakes,
Compose a rural seat of various views.”

Here rushes, foaming and furious, a cascade; there rises, like some enchanted pile, silent and simple, the “the temple of health.” Indeed, but this is a beauteous scene. Tracing this path that winds among the trees, we come to a fountain jetting its silver waters in the air; by this, to a vale through which the river glides; by this, to an obelisk or pillar, surmounted by the statue of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. On three sides of the pedestal of the column are the acts of the British Legislature in his favour; on the fourth is inscribed this powerful eulogium:

“The castle of Blenheim was founded by Queen Anne, in the fourth year of her reign, in the year of the Christian era, one thousand seven hundred and five; a monument designed to perpetuate the memory of the signal victory obtained over the French and Bavarians, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, by John, Duke of Marlborough, the hero not only of his nation, but of his age: whose glory was equal in the council and the field; who, by wisdom, justice, candour, and address, reconciled various, and even opposite interests; acquired an influence which no rank, no authority, can give, nor any force, but that of superior virtue; became the fixed important centre which united in one common cause the principal states of Europe; who, by surpassing knowledge and irresistible valour, in a long series of uninterrupted triumphs, broke the power of France, when raised the highest, when exerted the most: rescued the empire from destruction, asserted and confirmed the liberties of Europe,” &c.

John Churchill, the greatest general, per-

haps, this country ever produced, was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, in 1650. In 1666 he entered the army as an ensign of the guards, in the first Dutch war. At the siege of Nimeguen, he so much distinguished himself as to be particularly noticed by the Marshal Turenne, who conferred upon him the flattering title of *the handsome young Englishman*. At the siege of Maestricht another opportunity offered for the display of his great gallantry and skill, and so honourably did he acquit himself, as to elicit from the King of France himself, a public acknowledgment of his services. The Duke of Monmouth, who had the command in this attack, would have lost his life but for the generous daring of John Churchill. He soon mounted into favour, and William the Third, beholding with jealousy the formidable union of two great and once hostile monarchies, France and Spain, secured his services. He was appointed ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the states-general of the United Provinces; afterwards captain-general and commander-in-chief of the forces of Great Britain. He led to the field the army of the allies. By a combination of the most surprising fortune with energies the most masterly, he speedily reduced Venloo, Stevenswaert, Ruremonde, and Liege. He forced Hay, Bonne, and Limburg, in the following campaign. The Rhine he threw open, and the Maese; and added all the country betwixt these two rivers, by the most consummate skill, movements the most rapid, tactics the most wonderful, to those conquests which he had already achieved.

It is impossible to review the career of this great man without astonishment. Opposed to forces the most perfectly supported, under disadvantages the most perplexing, he pushed his army into the very heart of their position, harassed and annoyed, fought and conquered them in a series of battles, that form one of the most brilliant passages in the history of our country. What nation can present so bright a page? None but our own, that at a later date—within the memory of most—re-enacted this rich scene of glory.

Bavaria he subdued. Ratisbon, Ulm, Memmingen, and Ausbourg, fell before him. All the usurpations of the French he struck from their grasp. From the Danube he turned his army, flushed with victory, and confident in him on whom it ever waited, to the Rhine and the Moselle; Treves, Landau, Truerback, yielded to his arms. The whole character of the war in this campaign was changed. The French came forth to invade

other states; Marlborough forced them to protect their own, and rendered doubtful even the security of that, for the safety of which they had never conceived a thought. The frontier of France was open to the operations of the triumphant allies.

But now those petty machinations—the mean devices of jealousy, which uniformly follow in the wake of greatness—the pique, the strainings of private interest against general good, beset him as of consequence. He had led his troops early in the year again to the Moselle. They who, from feelings of gratitude, were bound to assist him—those whom he had saved from the rapacious clutches of an overpowering enemy, refused to unite themselves with him. He hastily returned to the Maese, and victory, ever attendant, with him. The French, urging the army of the States General, threw up entrenchments, which they imagined impregnable. The Duke forced these entrenchments, and defeated with immense loss the army which defended them.

The effect of these victories was to give to the allies the power of urging the war on every side against the dominions of the French. With Germany they were friendly, or enjoyed, at least, a passive neutrality. The complete overthrow of the French power—the prostration of that country—its utter humiliation—the treading in the very dust of that ambition which had caused and promoted, and the severance of those sinews which had supported, the war—the bringing on the knee, France, as rapacious as powerful, was reserved for him, that illustrious man who had rescued the whole Low Countries from its dominion, and torn that much-coveted

territory from its hold. The French had already marched to the banks of the Scheldt. They were commanded by their best and most fortunate general, the Duke of Vendôme. With confidence they looked forward to the time when they should see the English victor in that situation which they themselves had had such frequent opportunities of experiencing, namely, in retreat. With pride they viewed, while they pitied their fate, the advance of the Duke's army. He crossed the river in their very presence. He attacked, and, much to the discomfiture of their plans, defeated their whole army. Night coming on concealed their flight. They neglected nothing to repair this disaster. Fresh generals, new armies appeared, contributing only, alas! to increase that glory which should put them in defiance, and, adding more to their numbers, add only to those who should participate defeat. Lisle was attacked by the Duke. The French mustered all their force. They marched. The Duke offered them battle. They relinquished the attempt, and retreated; having only advanced to witness the destruction of the town they had come to save. On the last day of May, 1709, the Duke attacked them in their camp. The battle was most sanguinary. The French fought desperately, and with their usual courage; their defeat was decisive. Douay, Aire, Bouchain, in two years shared the same fate. The French acknowledged him conqueror, and sued for peace.

These actions were performed by the Duke of Marlborough in the space of five years. The glory of them will reach the farthest posterity. Blenheim stands in noble commemoration of his greatness.

MY WIFE EMMA.

EMMA was my first love—my very first. Lord Byron and Mary Duff loved at an unusually young age; so did Dante, Alfieri and Canova, but none of these loved at so young an age as Emma and I. Except my sisters, she was the first girl I knew; I might as well try to remember where I first saw my sisters, or my own arm or leg, as our first meeting. I suppose I loved her, first, because I was not always with her as with my sisters, and next, because she was much prettier than they. The earliest I can remember of them is, that they were romping, noisy girls, with straight hair, that was for ever be-

ing put behind the ears from before the eyes, and coming again before the eyes from behind the ears—girls in trousers; but the earliest I can remember of Emma is, that she was a pretty little creature, prettily dressed, and, I dare say, I fell in love with her frock at the same time with, and as much as with, her face. Still an *ensemble* touches me. I love that perfect agreement—that understanding between the dress and dressed, which one sometimes, nay often sees; when we think that to alter the position of one hair—the situation of one shade—the chance fall of one fold—the arrangement, purposed

or accidental, of one ornament, would destroy the tone—the charm of the whole. Yet with such creatures, even while one gloats in tranced admiration, should a chance movement alter nearly every point that delighted, the charm remains unbroken—yea, unshaken; all is perfection still: let all be changed, even costume, all changes are alike, for all are perfection.

How clearly do I still see old dowager mothers, gossiping visitors, and all sorts of people at Emma's residence and mine, with heads inclining a little to the right, or to the left, or to both alternately, contemplating us with smirks and smiles, as we lolled together on one chair or stool, with our little arms round each other's waists. Then we, conscious of the cause of their smiling, would smile at them in return, and then at each other, generally giving each other, at the same time, a funny little hug. Nursemaids in caps, and fine ladies in turbans, would exclaim, "Pretty creturs! how they loves each other!" and "charming little pair of lovers!" and exquisites would arrange their curls, and lisp "most absurd attachment!" before we knew what "love," "lovers," "attachment," or scarcely any other word of our mother tongue meant; and, taught by witty parents, we called each other *wife* and *husband*, when we could scarcely articulate those or any other words.

At last we parted. Her family went abroad, and mine stayed in England, and our "absurd" little hearts nearly broke. So bitter, real, and enduring was my grief at the thought that I had lost Emma, that my parents became quite frightened, and I afterwards heard exactly the same of Emma and her's. Thus at the ages of six and five had we experienced those sweets of mutual love, and those pangs of separation to which most persons of my present age (twenty-three) look forward with a mingled and exciting feeling. I am not sufficient metaphysician to prove that manhood and womanhood could not love more intensely, or grieve more poignantly than we two children; but if the actual feelings equalled not those prepared for the especial enjoying and suffering of maturity, they were in their degree of importance and intensity, proportioned to the unripe state which suffered them. A blow may kill a child that manhood's firm-knit frame would scarcely feel.

I was twelve when we next met, and at a public school. I had never forgotten Emma, but was ever prattling and boasting that I had already chosen a *wife* who loved me.

Yes, when we next met, we had begun to know the meaning of the words "love," "lovers," "attachment," "husband," "wife." My silent remembrance of her during her absence—the uttering of her name by myself or others—spoken references to her absence—her return—our meeting—our fondness—all had ever kindled pleasure's sensations within me, and yet when in a letter from my mother I was told that Emma was really returning, I wept much; and when, in another, I was told that she was actually in town, had spoken of me, and was coming to see her brother, who was my schoolfellow, I wept more. I knew they were joy's tears, but still they were tears.

No day was mentioned for her visit. One evening of bright sunset when I had been romping outrageously in the play-ground, and, squatted on the grass, was about, with divers others, to attack with ravening appetite, a huge pile of ordinary school condiments, the produce of our united weekly pittance, some of the boys came screaming out my name, and bawling that I was wanted in the housekeeper's parlour. But for the certainty that Emma had come, I should have called out in the true schoolboy spirit, "Don't begin till I come back"—but I started, rushed, and neither stopped nor thought till I was in her presence. She was very much altered—there were two other girls of the party, and I did not at first know which was my *wife* Emma! All along the same face and style had been impressed upon my memory and heart, and such I expected now again to see; but there she stood, eleven years old, taller even than five years' growth warranted, dressed almost *en femme*, and looking at me without a smile! I could not speak directly, and did not venture to embrace or even kiss her; but I took both her hands, and soon said, "Why Emma, can this be you! my little *wife*; I begin to remember you by quick degrees." At first she did not return my squeeze or smile, but she did both suddenly, when the conviction at once struck me that she had not till that moment recognised me; that instead of the little blue and silver-jacketed child she had left, thought of, and expected to see again, there had entered and now stood before her a great untidy boy, hot, out of breath, and dusty, with dishevelled hair, and the unsightly week-day clothes of a public school, strongly contrasting, as it suddenly and painfully struck me, with the refinement and exactitude of her dress and appearance from her *coiffure* to her sandal. We did not recur at all to our former acquaintance, for her mother

and the housekeeper had silenced their clack to look at and listen to us; there we stood in foolish silence. "Come," quoth her mother, "nothing to tell your *husband* after so long an absence?" You must know, ma'am, they have long been an affianced couple—quite a settled thing, I assure you—in a few years. And you, squire, not a word to your own Emma, your little *wife*?" My very heart-strings were wrung. I tried while she was speaking to preserve a dry, if not a quiet face, but I felt the corners of my mouth and the muscles of my cheeks quivering in a manner that assured me I must be making ludicrous faces; I hated myself—and at last in spite of me, uprose that horrid *something* in my throat; I felt the water on its smarting journey to my eyes; they became covered, but I held up my face, as though admiring the cornice, to keep the tears from falling in the hopes they might not be recognised as tears; they *would* overflow, and I cursed the chance that I had not been born with weak eyes that might have excused a spontaneous watering; but down rolled the tears over my hot cheeks, some gliding off and rolling on my dusty clothes, and others impelling each other down a tortuous course into my mouth. It was a most undeniable case of crying, and the utmost my efforts would achieve was to make it a silent one. "Eh, master," exclaimed the housekeeper, lifting up her head to look under her spectacles, "crying; then I think it's high time to send you back to the play-ground. There, run along; never mind good byes"—and I positively did as she bade me!

Thus ended the interview with Emma which I had dwelt on in fond and constant anticipation for six years! I returned to the play-ground with a bursting heart. I skulked into a corner where I could hide from the companions I had left, for I felt quite certain that the attempt to swallow a single morsel would choke me—I wept as I had never wept before, and I prayed for bed-time.

My predominant feeling was the anticipation that we should shortly meet again to renew our mutual ardour without restraint, and in all its pristine freshness, and to laugh together at our late odd and unsatisfactory interview. With a boy's vanity I longed to appear before her in fine clothes, and in a coat with a tail to it; to hear her remark on my growth, and be made aware of my mental improvements and personal accomplishments, but I heard not of her again till I heard she was again abroad! and when I read the words that told me so, though the letter was

from my mother, I crumpled it up, dashed it in the dust, and then kicked it twice. I wept not now—I felt vexed and indignant—I picked up the letter, uncrumpled it, smoothed it on my knee, re-read the passage, finished the rest, and tried to reconcile myself to what actually was, and still think of Emma as my intended *wife*.

At sixteen we met again—and did not know each other! I was residing at Brussels, and, in common with all English visitors, went to the plains of Waterloo. A man, in a striped blue frock and canvass cap chaperoned us about, and I asked him if he was De Costa. "No, De Costa was shewing another party over the field," and of the said party I presently caught sight: it consisted of two gentlemen with five ladies, apparently French. My party was about equal in number, and both groups, having wandered round Chateau Goumont, and sufficiently gaped at that and the other lions, met in La Belle Alliance to refresh at nearly the same moment. So many of us quite filled the little room; some sat, some stood; I offered my chair to the only lady who was not sitting, but on her intimating that she preferred standing, I, being too much fatigued and worn out to enforce a refused attention, resumed my seat. Anon another lady suddenly turning round, seeing her friend standing, and not having heard or observed my offer, said, *sotto voce*, "On sçait toujours ces Anglais! voyez donc ce Monsieur qui s'asseoit," accompanying this speech with a sneer at me which she must have meant me to see, and at which I felt enraged that she was not a man whom I could kick for it.—This was Emma!—She continued to look at me after the sneer with a kindlier expression, till her features, as it were, began to grow into my memory. I felt that I was looking on her with no tame expression of countenance, and that she quailed not beneath my glance. I felt that I remembered her—that I knew her features but not her name. I racked my brain to remember it—and like a sudden-born meteor it burst upon me—it was she! My breath seemed to force itself through lungs of wood; yet I smiled. I could not speak, but I wished to smile her into speech. Soon I felt that she too strove hard at remembrance; and, judging by her half smile, it came: but still both were silent, and presently other of the company stood between us, and almost immediately after—so soon, indeed, that I could not look upon her face again—one of my party, looking at his watch, exclaimed that the dinner would be spoilt, and I was hustled out, almost with-

out knowing it, and hurried back to Brussels. How do the dreamy poetic plans and views of unworldly youth, thought I, as we jolted through the interminable *Soigné*, become the very mock and ridicule of our experience in the school of life's stern realities! It was while I was singing a ridiculous tune, with more ridiculous words, that had struck one of our party the night before in a vaudeville, and which he had since striven in vain to recollect, that the chilling thought uprose within me, "Is Emma married!" and yet I went on with the absurd air and absurder words. I might meet her in some public resort at Brussels—I would dare to speak, and even ask that question—but I met her not again for six years more.

In this interval I got yet more jostled with the world. I read, I wrote, I travelled, I loved. Numberless grew my friends; I acquired new and yet newer tastes, habits, ideas, feelings—and learned to look philosophically upon the world, its incidents and creatures. I never spoke of Emma, but I had not forgotten her, and knew her when we met again. It was in the King's Theatre in London, on one of Sontag's benefits. I had purchased a box, and brought with me three ladies, one of whom I adored. The box-keeper, on opening the door of my box, informed me that it was already occupied, "I must have mistaken the number." I presented the number on the corner of the card, torn off and given me by the ticket-taker. He was satisfied, and we stood in the lobby while he represented their no-right to the occupants. They refused to move, and a dowager, with a shrill voice, exclaimed that "*Mademoiselle Sontar* (as she called her) had sent them the ticket for that box herself, so that there could be no mistake." I felt my blood beginning to boil at the circumstance of my ladies, for whom I had paid, being forced to stand in the lobby, more especially as the overture was playing; so disengaging Louisa's arm from mine, I entered the box, and briefly explaining my right of possession to the gentleman of the party, said, "Without wishing to offend, I must insist that these ladies be instantly accommodated." "Moy good sar," said he, "Oi have ladies too, who most not be insulted, bot to avoid a distarbance, Oi would suggest a mutual orcommodation—the boix is large enof for both our parties." To avoid a "distarbance," and at my fair friend's joint entreaties, I waived what I considered my exclusive right, and the box was divided between us with tolerable fairness. I felt dreadfully sulky, however, at the restraining

presence of utter strangers, and also in that I was forced to stand behind the chairs in a situation which precluded my seeing aught of the stage, save by bending over and (always unintentionally) deranging the monstrous giraffes of a lady before me. At last she whispered to the "good sar," who addressed me with "If you could manage nort to annoy this lady, you would mosh obloige us." I bowed, was silent, and felt sulkier than ever. So annoyed was I, and so much did I hate my company, that I resolved to suggest our departure after the first piece. What then was my delight when our rivals, acting more quickly on the same feeling, arose at the commencement of the finale, and left us in undisputed possession. The lady whom I had so annoyed was an inexplicable time arranging her cloak and boa, and on turning round, impatient of her fumbling, I saw that it was Emma! We recognised each other at the same moment, and looked at each other exactly as we did at Brussels. I could not command a word, but—I bowed! She returned the salutation somewhat stiffly, and taking the arm of my "good sar," vanished from me again, and I entirely lost sight of her till about three months ago. Why, why, thought I, have we ever met since our first parting? I should have been content to have seen her no more, but to meet her thus! That I and Emma, whose very souls mingled into each other with their first expansion, who suffered for each other's sakes the bitter novelty of actual grief, of which the memory fadeth not, should live to *bow* to each other! World! world! thy creatures should be callous as thy stones and trees, if they should hate thee not. I thought not thus at that moment, for Louisa was with me, on whom to look was to pervade the soul with kindly thoughts.

A friend, my very dearest, invited me lately after a year's absence in Scotland, and among other interesting gossip told me that he "was gathered to the Benedicts." Stephen had been with me at two schools, and at Oxford, and was and is my favourite among men. "Have you," I asked, "ever mentioned her name to me?"

"No; but I believe you and she are old acquaintance. On my cursorily mentioning your name she spoke much of her early acquaintance with you, and expressed a wish to know you again."

"But her name?"

"Emma C——."

"Good God!"

"What's the matter?"

And I told him nearly as much as I have now written, expressing in conclusion my delight at the union of two whom I so esteemed, and more at the wish she had expressed for a re-introduction, which truly touched me to the heart.

On the two occasions recorded she had haply not known me, and it was politeness to a stranger, not coldness to a dear friend, that had chilled me. From the moment I knew they were married, had been positively married for three weeks, that she was in town, and wished again to know me, I gave her up heart and soul to my dear Stephen, as though it had been some valuable present to him from myself, the gift whereof delighteth also the giver. That she wished again to know me made a Plato of me, and made me long to see her. Had either feared a re-introduction, I should not have felt the calm happiness with which the present prospect filled me. I could trust myself, for since the meeting at the opera, a woe that had almost killed me, had left me a fixed melancholy at heart which I thought would keep out love from it like a pestilential halo. Stephen would introduce Emma as his wife to his dearest friend; the rest was a mere underplot. She would doubtless be a delightful acquaintance, and I might not be unworthy of her regard. She would find as much improvement in me as seventeen years of school, college, and better still, of private education, could warrant the expectation of.

I was to call upon her in two days—I did. Stephen received me, and bade the servant inform his mistress I was there. I own my heart bumped violently, and my cheeks glowed while I anticipated the opening of the door, wondered what the first moment of our meeting would be, and felt how very soon that wonder would yield to the certainty. The handle turned—she rustled in; gay, beautiful, young, and smiling; and, urged by sudden impulse, I, without ceremony, advanced to meet her, and, with heartfelt buoyancy, exclaimed, "My dear Emma! are we then really to know each other again after so many years, and?"—

"Why then," interrupted she, "I declare—yes—it *was* you I have twice seen. I knew this meeting would prove me right or wrong. Do you remember our seeing each other in Italy, and at Drury Lane?"

"At Brussels, and the opera?"

"Eh?—yes, yes; you're right; so it was; but really one goes to so many places, and meets so many half acquaintances!"—

"When we first knew each other, we little

thought we should ever meet without knowing each other; but"—

The door flew open, and the Miss Somebody were announced, who, it appeared, had not seen Emma since her marriage. They pounced upon her, as it were, and gobbled up her attention from me, ere it could well be said we had met, and recognised. Stephen engaged me in conversation, and I soon found that the three old maids, firmly rivetted to their chairs, as much desired to be alone with Emma as I did. I would not have yielded the point but for another engagement, so I took my leave with a smile, and a shake of the hand from Emma. But for the provoking intrusion of the three misses, I was satisfied with this our re-introduction, though the words "Italy," "Drury Lane," and "half acquaintance," liked me not, and for that reason I could not banish them. But what were they, weighed against the prospect of again being familiar with Emma. Surely an interrupted meeting was no specimen of what our re-union, I could but call it so, would be. I was uneasy till I had called again, that we might dwell together upon the tender reminiscences of our childhood. I called, and thus ran our colloquy, I beginning:—

"Our greeting the other day was cut short in its very birth. I have been longing to be satisfied that you have not forgotten old times. Stephen will not be jealous: he knows you were betrothed to me sixteen years before he married you. I, and I suppose you too, have told him what a 'double cherry' we were, and how wretched our first parting made us."

"Yes, and I was very naughty, I remember. I screamed, and cried, and beat my nurse about it; and there is a tradition that I even tore mamma's gown on the occasion. What an absurd thing, to be sure! I've often laughed at the thought of it since!"

Yes, Emma used the same word as the curl-arranging dandy of my first page. Could I too have always thought it "absurd," I should have abridged the catalogue of pangs that crowd my memory still. I made a small gulp, and continued—

"Do you remember coming to see me in the housekeeper's parlour?"

"Coming to see you! O, ay, I remember your being sent for by mamma when we came to see little Harry. Ha, ha! what a figure you were! and how shy you had grown! I didn't know you at first. What absurd things, ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, ha, ha! and our next meeting was 'On seait toujours ces Anglais.' I assure you I had already offered you my chair."

"Yes, and the next after that when you knocked my giraffe pins into my head three times. I'd have called you to account well for such treatment had I known it was you."

"Shall I apologise now?"

"No; you are forgiven."

And then we both laughed, and in my laugh, crash to eternal perdition went my every long-cherished and carefully-guarded sympathy for Emma.

The ghost of a link, when I had that day left her, offered itself as a means of rejoining my tender interest to her. From some pure and virtuous, but mistaken feeling, she had affected to turn the fervour of our early love into ridicule on account of Stephen's presence. As I had ever dwelt so fondly and faithfully on the circumstance of our early plighting and sorrows, I could not believe that those same thoughts were, and had all along been, food but for her laughter! No. It was Stephen's presence. Perhaps she feared herself and rushed to an extreme for safety. My seriousness, and evidently affected gaiety, when on my cherished theme, might have alarmed her for my, if not her own, purity of mind. Stephen had known her but for one short year, while I ——— but I would see her alone and be satisfied.

I called when I knew he was from home, and was denied. My business, I said, referred to Emma, and I would detain her only a few minutes. I desired the servant to announce my name, and was shown into the drawing-room. She came, and as I, of course, had not come unprepared, I stated that the object of my visit was to offer an opera box for that evening. She accepted it, and we began a desultory conversation. I availed myself of the first hiatus to say, "I cannot but think of the strange and peculiar circumstances under which we are again thrown into

each other's society, in connection with our childhood's companionship, and undeniably real love. To think that I should now be calling Mrs. Stephen N——, the identical girl whom I never named or thought of but as *my wife*! We are living realisations of those interesting fictions, which originated on the French stage, where "the audience are requested to imagine a lapse of twenty years between the first and second acts," and the parties meet in after life with or without their former feelings as may be, and ——"

"O, for goodness' sake, my dear *Mr. Husband*, do let us talk of something else. For ever recurring to those childish and ridiculous doings and sayings! If you will teach yourself to laugh at them, well and good, though even then the less frequently we recur to them, under present circumstances, the better, I think; but if you really do look on them in any but a mirth-exciting view, I must earnestly request once for all, that you indulge your retrospections to yourself alone, nor either by word, or even tone or look, remind me of them any more. As a plain and simple guide, since you seem to need one, as to what is or is not in good taste, remember, if you please, once for all, that I am no longer *your Emma*."

"Why, Mrs. N——, you grow quite a wag! You should write a novel—but, however, should I live to a hundred, you will gain no farther shadow of a hint for its composition from my mouth; and now allow me to ask whether you have yet visited the Colosseum?"

Thus ends the story of my first love! As the house-door shut behind me, and my cab bowled out of her street, well, thought I, in the whole range of my female acquaintance there is not one with whom—but that she is Stephen's spouse—I am less desirous of associating than with my *WIFE EMMA*.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.—No. II.

PUBLIC PRINTS AND PRIVATE CHARACTERS.

BY FREDERICK CARLETON, ESQ.

THE next singularity on my list is thus headed; and surely a most curious custom it is, (and one which has crept in within the memory of our own generation) to make private affairs and private individuals, subjects (and prettily dissected they sometimes are) for the columns of pages professedly addressing themselves to the reading public of Great Britain! When the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and the *Guardian* were given to the world, it

was with the avowed principle of endeavouring to amend the vices and lessen the follies of that day by grave rebuke or sprightly ridicule, as the occasion might seem to require. Characters were drawn to portray the faults of a class, not the peculiarities of an individual. Satire was permitted, to give zest to the censure of wise men, not to secure the indulgence of personal rancour, or to obtain the ephemeral popularity of being the first to circulate

tales of scandal. And, lastly, if an individual example *was* given, it was one marked, glaring, prominent; one which all recognised even under the feigned name in which delicacy and good feeling masked the man while they blamed his vices: one, which all felt was intended as a lesson for them to profit by, not a theme for scurrilous jests or bitter malice.

How different, thought I, as I closed a volume of the *Spectator* and looked round the dark quiet library, "how different is the present custom in the county of Middlesex. The delicacy that would conceal names—the indulgence that would spare feelings—where are they? Let the echo by the Arabian well send its reply! Personalities which disgust even the most eager among the lovers of fashionable gossip—allusions which startle friends—falsehoods which embitter enemies; these are the "food for the mind" administered through the medium of some of the public prints. Nor is it "great news! good news! glorious news!" that is thus furnished: it is not the patriot, the statesman, the soldier, whose names are as it were a part of their country's possessions, who are thus brought before the public eye; but persons of whom we can only say,

"We wonder how the devil they got there!"

It is sufficient that a man should spur his horse to a sharper pace than is ordinary through the park; that a woman should have a few diamonds more or less than her equals in rank and fortune, to make them fair game. Home is no longer a sanctuary, nor a private existence in a man's own power; the character of the mother of a family is about as safe as the life of a brooding dove from a hungry hawk who has spied her; the name of her child may be bandied about, coupled with a coarse jest or a lying report. We may wonder what first attracted the "notice of the press," (we have taken a great deal of trouble about the source of the Nile,) and how they "began to be talked about," but we wonder in vain: all we know is, that there they *are*, and there they will be, till they are fairly run to earth, or till the dogs are drawn off the scent by other game.

The law of libel is a curious and interesting subject, and I recommend it to the study of such of my readers as have leisure for the consideration of its technicalities. They will then see that gross misrepresentations, calumnies, and foul lies may be printed, sufficiently clear to part friends and ruin happiness, which are yet *not* sufficiently clear to be made

tangible by the law of libel. In a case like this, it sometimes happens, that when a man has read what brings the cold sickness to his heart, and the quivering curse to his dry lips, he crushes the paper in his hand, strikes his forehead, and forms a hurried plan of vengeance. *He* communicates with a friend, or with five or six friends, and they, *in consequence of something that is told them*, (to use the phraseology of a court of justice,) all sally forth, all armed with canes, (editors are formidable people) and they then and there heartily thrash, cuff, beat, and otherwise maltreat *the editor*, who never probably wrote one line of the obnoxious paragraph: he, finding the law of assault much more straight forward and simple in its operations than the law of libel, extracts from the pockets of his assailants, a compensation for the injuries inflicted, and so the matter ends. On the other hand, should the printed lie actually hold good as a libel *in law*, the enthusiastic and injured peruser of the paper, spends his last farthing on a successful prosecution, and procures the imprisonment of the printer and publisher, who probably never even *read* what the editor never *wrote*, and what neither of the worthy gentlemen ever contemplated being caned or incarcerated for. It is fabled of the asp, that for its poison there is no *real* remedy.

The first instance of newspaper oppression which came under my own observation, and the one which indelibly fixed this curious custom in my memory, was the case of a widowed lady, a friend of mine. Her husband, a distinguished military officer, had left her with one child, a daughter, whose sole inheritance consisted in a well-known name and hereditary beauty. For this beloved child the widow toiled, and watched, and lived. For *her* sake the loveliness which might still have charmed was shrouded in seclusion; for *her* sake privations were borne unrepiningly, and sacrifices made cheerfully; for *her* sake luxuries which others deemed necessities were relinquished, that the most expensive and careful education might be afforded. And for *her* sake only the anxious parent at length once more sought the society of "the world." Gentle, and pure, and lovely, the orphan girl was seen and admired even by those to whom gentleness, and grace, and beauty, were familiar things; and the name of the beautiful Cecilia D—— obtained the temporary celebrity which in London is so soon and so capriciously accorded. One morning I went to visit my widowed friend, and found her weeping bitterly. I was the

more affected, because her usual manner was grave and calm even in the hour of trial and difficulty. I pressed her for an explanation, and to my infinite surprise a paper was pushed towards me with the words, "Oh, Mr. Carleton, what has my child done to deserve that." I read the passage she pointed to—coarse lines on a coarse subject, headed "by Miss Cecilia D——." I urged every species of consolation, and could not help marvelling as I walked down St. James's Street to my club, what could be the motive of this attack upon the feelings of the widow and the orphan. Did those who planned the jest and penned the lines, *really* intend that the five or six hundred families who took in this paper, should believe that the article had been written by a young and innocent girl? Or did they merely please themselves in the anticipation of being able, through the medium of the press, to startle and mortify one to whom they could not personally address rude or bitter speeches? Or was it that the greedy eye might dwell on their columns more eagerly, and the malicious mind advocate the cause of their newspaper more strenuously, as the best of those which professed to give news of the fashionable world? A mystery must all the causes remain which induced the authors of that short paragraph to insult or injure one who had never offended them!

Since then I have become accustomed to the practice of inserting false names in real anecdotes, or inventing anecdotes of real persons; I have seen it borne with various degrees of patience—bitterly resented—timidly feared—carelessly laughed at—and, in some few cases, *triumphed in*; as affording a notoriety not otherwise to be obtained. Week after week the same names appear, coupled with the same sort of jests, or the same sort of slander; week after week the dear people in the country continue to read with implicit faith (on Sundays more especially, oh, Sir Andrew Agnew!) the supposed enormities which their town friends are committing,

and to feel shocked and pained at the information thus given of their misconduct; and week after week, and year after year, the patient and industrious readers of the middling class, continue to curse the vices of the aristocracy as described in their beloved authorities, the public prints, till some tea-drinking old woman in the village next Stansbury Park, declares she wouldn't sit in the same room with Lady Stansbury *after what she has heard of her doings in London*;—till the fussy grocer of some country town thinks himself able to write the life and memoirs of the late member's lady, together with her intrigues with all the celebrated characters of the day; and the shop-keeper volunteers to describe exactly at what gaming-house young Lord Stapleton lost enormous sums, (which are probably still safe in the hands of his bankers), and how many horses he keeps at Melton, (where he has never yet had a single chance of breaking his neck, having only past through it *once*, asleep in his dormouse, on his journey from Jack Barnaby's grouse moors, in Scotland, to his hotel in the city of London).

Alas! my dear friends, I was once as easily gulled as you. I used to believe unhesitatingly, that the Duke of Wellington was once refused admittance at Almack's by the haughty lady patronesses, because he came at ten minutes past the appointed hour for closing the doors. I used to sit on Sunday mornings with hot toast and butter in my mouth, the papers for the day in my hand, and surprise and horror in my mind at what I read there; but I am wiser, and would that I could persuade you of what I am so thoroughly convinced myself; viz., that all these printed reports respecting private individuals are more or less lies; that you are all more or less laughed at for believing them—and that the collecting, inventing, printing and publishing them, is merely one of the "Curious Customs of the County of Middlesex."

F. C.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

WEEP not, sad matron! what hath Jesus said?
 "Suffer that little children come to me."
 Their's is the house where tears no more are shed;
 The glorious realm, whence death and sorrow flee.
 Press not those lifeless fingers to thy heart,
 Nor call it *thine*—that pale insensate clay—
 Free let the young and innocent soul depart,
 And face its Maker in eternal day.
 His is the gift for which thy heart hath felt—
Thine but the marble shrine wherein the Spirit dwelt!

OUR RECTOR.

BY MISS MITFORD, AUTHOR OF "OUR VILLAGE," &c.

I AM no politician, no reasoner upon church and state, the evil or the good of their connexion, a connexion pretty ancient, as far as words go, and tolerably convenient, at times, to both parties, in spite of the jangling which may have occasionally occurred in this as in other unions.

Of late years, however, there has been a prodigious change in the body clerical. The activity of the dissenters, the spread of education, and the immense increase of population, to say nothing of that "word of power," Reform, have combined to produce a stirring spirit of emulation amongst the younger clergy, which has quite changed the aspect of the profession. Heretofore, the "church militant" was the quietest and easiest of all vocations; and the most slender and lady-like young gentleman, the "mamma's darling" of a great family, whose lungs were too tender for the bar, and whose frame was too delicate for the army, might be sent with perfect comfort to the snug curacy of a neighbouring parish, to read Horace, cultivate auriculars, christen, marry, and bury, about twice a quarter, and do duty once every Sunday. Now times are altered; prayers must be read and sermons preached twice a day at least, not forgetting lectures in Lent, and homilies at tide times; workhouses are to be visited; schools attended, boys and girls taught in the morning, and grown-up bumpkins in the evening; children are to be catechised; masters and mistresses looked after; hymn-books distributed; bibles given away; tract societies fostered amongst the zealous, and psalmody cultivated amongst the musical. In short, a curate, now-a-days, even a country curate, much more if his parish lie in a great town, has need of the lungs of a barrister in good practice, and the strength and activity of an officer of dragoons.

Now this is just as it ought to be. Nevertheless, I cannot help entertaining certain relings in favour of the well-endowed churchman of the old school, round, indolent, and unbiassed, at peace with himself and with all around him, who lives in quiet and plenty in his ample parsonage house, dispensing with a liberal hand the superfluities of his hospitable table, regular and exact in his conduct, but not so precise as to refuse a Saturday night's rubber in his own person,

or to condemn his parishioners for their game of cricket on Sunday afternoons; charitable in word and deed, tolerant, indulgent, kind, to the widest extent of that widest word; but, except in such wisdom (and it is of the best), no wiser than that eminent member of the church, Parson Adams. In a word, exactly such a man as my good old friend the rector of Hadley, who has just passed the window in that venerable relique of antiquity, his one-horse chaise. Ah, we may see him still, through the budding leaves of the clustering China rose, as he is stopping to give a penny to poor lame Dinah Moore, stopping and stooping his short round person with no small effort, that he may put it into her little hand, because the child would have some difficulty in picking it up, on account of her crutches. Yes, there he goes, rotund and rosy, "a tun of man," filling three parts of his roomy equipage; the shovel hat with a rose in it, the very model of orthodoxy, overshadowing his white hairs and placid countenance; his little stunted post-boy in a purple livery, driving an old coach-horse as fat as his master, whilst the old white terrier, fatter still, his pet terrier Viper, waddles after the chaise (of which the head is let down, in honour, I presume, of this bright April morning) much resembling in gait and aspect that other white waddling thing, a goose, if a goose were gifted with four legs.

There he goes, my venerable friend the Reverend Josiah Singleton, rector of Hadley-cum-Doveton, in the county of Southampton, and vicar of Delworth, in the county of Surrey. There he goes, in whose youth tract societies and adult schools *were not*, but who yet has done as much good and as little harm in his generation, has formed as just and as useful a link between the rich and the poor, the landlord and the peasant, as ever did honour to religion and to human nature. Perhaps this is only saying, in other words, that, under any system, benevolence and singlemindedness will produce their proper effects.

I am not, however, going to preach a sermon over my worthy friend—long may it be before his funeral sermon is preached! or even to write his éloge, for éloges are dull things; and to sit down with the intention of being dull,—to set about the matter with malice prepense (howbeit the calamity may some-

times happen accidentally), I hold to be an unnecessary impertinence. I am only to give a slight sketch, a sort of bird's-eye view of my reverend friend's life, which, by the way, has been, except in one single particular, so barren of incidents, that it might almost pass for one of those proverbially uneventful narratives, *The Lives of the Poets*.

Fifty-six years ago, our portly rector, then, it may be presumed, a sleek and comely bachelor, left college, where he had passed through his examinations and taken his degrees, with respectable mediocrity, and was ordained to the curacy of St. Thomas's Parish, in our neighbouring Town of C—; and where, by the recommendation of his vicar, Dr. Grampound, he fixed himself in the small, but neat first floor of a reduced widow gentlewoman, who endeavoured to eke out a small annuity, by letting lodgings at five shillings a week, linen, china, plate, glass, and waiting included, and by keeping a toy-shop, of which the whole stock, fiddles, drums, balls, dolls, and shuttlecocks, might be safely appraised at under five pounds, including a stately rocking-horse, the poor widow's *cheval de bataille*, which had occupied one side of Mrs. Martin's shop from the time of her setting up in business, and still continued to keep his station uncheapered by her thrifty customers.

There, by the advice of Dr. Grampound, did he place himself on his arrival at C—; and there he continued for full thirty years, occupying the same first floor, the sitting room, a pleasant apartment, with one window (for the little toy-shop was a corner house) abutting on the high bridge, and the other on the market place, still, as at first, furnished with a Scotch carpet, cane chairs, a Pembroke table, and two hanging shelves, which seemed placed there less for their ostensible destination of holding books, sermons, and newspapers, than for the purpose of bobbing against the head of every unwary person who might happen to sit down near the wall; and the small chamber behind, with its tent bed and dimity furniture, its mahogany chest of drawers, one chair and no table; with the self-same spare, quiet, decent landlady, in her faded but well-preserved morning gown, and the identical serving maiden, Patty, a demure, civil, modest damsel, dwarfed, as it should seem by constant curtsying, since from twelve years upwards, she had not grown an inch. Except the clock of time, which, however imperceptibly, does still keep moving, every thing about the little toy-shop in the market place at C—, was at a stand still. The very tabby cat which lay basking on the hearth,

might have passed for his progenitor of happy memory, who took his station there the night of Mr. Singleton's arrival; and the self-same hobby horse still stood rocking opposite the counter, the admiration of every urchin who passed the door, and so completely the pride of the mistress of the domicile, that it is to be questioned—convenient as thirty shillings, lawful money of Great Britain, might sometimes have proved to Mrs. Martin—whether she would not have felt more reluctance than pleasure in parting with this, the prime ornament of her stock.

There, however, the rocking-horse remained; and there remained Mr. Singleton, gradually advancing from a personable youth to a portly middle-aged man; and obscure and untempting as the station of a curate in a country town may appear, it is doubtful whether those thirty years of comparative poverty, were not amongst the happiest of his easy and tranquil life.

Very happy they undoubtedly were. To say nothing of the comforts provided for him by his assiduous landlady and her civil domestic, both of whom felt all the value of their kind, orderly, and considerate inmate; especially as compared with the racketty recruiting officers and troublesome single gentlewomen who had generally occupied the first floor. Our curate was in prime favour with his vicar, Dr. Grampound, a stately pillar of divinity, rigidly orthodox in all matters of church and state, who having a stall in a distant cathedral, and another living by the sea-side, spent but little of his time at C—, and had been so tormented by his three last curates—the first of whom was avowedly of whig politics, and more than suspected of holding Calvinistic doctrines in religion; the second a fox-hunter, and the third a poet—that he was delighted to intrust his flock to a staid, sober youth of high church and tory principles, who never mounted a horse in his life, and would hardly have trusted himself on Mrs. Martin's steed of wood; and whose genius, so far from carrying him into any flights of poesy, never went beyond that weekly process of sermon-making which, as the doctor observed, was all that a sound divine need know of authorship. Never was curate a greater favourite with his principal. He has even been heard to prophecy that the young man would be a bishop.

Amongst the parishioners, high and low, Josiah was no less a favourite. The poor felt his benevolence, his integrity, his piety, and his steady kindness; whilst the richer classes (for in the good town of C—, few were

absolutely rich) were won by his unaffected good-nature, the most popular of all qualities. There was nothing shining about the man, no danger of his setting the Thames on fire, and the gentlemen liked him none the worse for that; but his chief friends and allies were the ladies—not the young ladies, by whom, to say the truth, he was not so much coveted, and whom, in return, he did not trouble himself to covet, but the discreet mammas and grandmammas, and maiden gentlewomen of a certain age, amongst whom he found himself considerably more valued and infinitely more at home.

Sooth to say, our staid, worthy, prudent, sober young man, had at no time of his life been endowed with the buoyant and mercurial spirit peculiar to youth. There was in him a considerable analogy between the mind and the body. Both were heavy, sluggish, and slow. He was no straight-laced person either; he liked a joke in his own quiet way well enough, but as to encountering the quips, and cranks, and quiddities, of a set of giddy girls, he could as soon have danced a cotillion. The gift was not in him. So with a wise instinct he stuck to their elders; called on them in the morning; drank tea with them at night; played whist, quadrille, casino, back-gammon, commerce, or lottery tickets, as the party might require; told news and talked scandal as well as any woman of them all; accommodated a difference of four years' standing between the wife of the chief attorney and the sister of the principal physician; and was appealed to as absolute referee in a question of precedence between the widow of a post captain and the lady of a colonel of volunteers, which had divided the whole gentility of the town into parties. In short, he was such a favourite in the female world, that when the ladies of C— (on their husbands setting up a weekly card club at the Crown) resolved to meet on the same night at each other's houses, Mr. Singleton was, by unanimous consent, the only gentleman admitted to the female coterie.

Happier man could hardly be, than the worthy Josiah in this fair company. At first, indeed, some slight interruptions to his comfort had offered themselves, in the shape of overtures matrimonial, from three mammas, two papas, one uncle, and (I grieve to say) one lady, an elderly young lady, a sort of dowager spinster in her own proper person, who, smitten with Mr. Singleton's excellent character, a small independence, besides his curacy in possession, and a trifling estate (much exaggerated by the gossip fame) in

expectancy, and perhaps somewhat swayed by Dr. Grampound's magnificent prophecy, had at the commencement of his career, respectively given him to understand, that he might, if he chose, become more nearly related to them. This is a sort of dilemma which a well bred man, and a man of humanity (and our curate was both) usually feels to be tolerably embarrassing. Josiah, however, extricated himself with his usual straightforward simplicity. He said, and said truly, "That he considered matrimony a great comfort, that he had a respect for the state, and no disinclination to any of the ladies, but that he was a poor man, and could not afford so expensive a living."

And with the exception of one mamma, who had nine unmarried daughters, and proposed waiting for a living, and the old young lady who had offered herself, and who kept her bed and threatened to die on his refusal, thus giving him the fright of having to bury his inamorata, and being haunted by her ghost—with these slight exceptions, every body took his answer in good part.

As he advanced in life, these sort of annoyances ceased, his staid sober deportment, ruddy countenance and portly person, giving him an air of being even older than he really was; so that he came to be considered as that privileged person, a confirmed old bachelor, the general beau of the female coterie, and the favourite marryer and christener of the town and neighbourhood. Nay, as years wore away, and he began to marry some whom he had christened, and to bury many whom he had married, even Dr. Grampound's prophecy ceased to be remembered, and he appeared to be as firmly rooted in C—, as St. Thomas's Church, and as completely fixed in the toy-shop as the rocking-horse.

Destiny, however, had other things in store for him. The good town of C— was, to its own misfortune, a poor place, an independent borough, and subject, accordingly, to the infliction (privilege, I believe, the voters are pleased to call it) of an election. For thirty years—during which period there had been seven or eight of these visitations—the calamity had passed over so mildly that, except three or four days of intolerable drunkenness, accompanied, of course, by a sufficient number of broken heads, no other mischief had occurred; the two great families, Whig and Tory, who might be said to divide the town, having entered, by agreement, into a compromise to return one member each; a compact which might have held good to this time, had not some slackness of attention on the part of the Whigs (the Blues, as they

were called in election jargon) provoked the Yellow or Tory part of the corporation, to sign a requisition to the Hon. Mr. Delworth, to stand as their second candidate, and produced the novelty of a sharp contest in their hitherto peaceful borough. When it came, it came with a vengeance. It lasted eight days, as long as it could last. The dregs of that cup of evil were drained to the very bottom. Words are faint to describe the tumult, the turmoil, the blustering, the brawling, the abuse, the ill-will, the battles by tongue and by fist, of that disastrous time. At last the Yellows carried it by six; and on a petition and scrutiny in the House of Commons, by one single vote; and as Mr. Singleton had been engaged on the side of the winning party, not merely by his own political opinions, and those of his ancient vicar, Dr. Grampound, but also by the predilections of his female allies, who were Yellows to a man, those who understood the ordinary course of such matters were not greatly astonished, in the course of the ensuing three years, to find our good curate rector of Hadley, vicar of Delworth, and chaplain to the new member's father. One thing, however, was remarkable, that, amidst all the scurrility and ill blood of an election contest, and in spite of the envy which is pretty sure to follow a sudden change of fortune, Mr. Singleton neither made an enemy nor lost a friend. His peaceful unoffending character disarmed offence. He had been unexpectedly useful too to the winning party, not merely by knowing and having served many of the poorer voters, but by possessing one eminent qualification not sufficiently valued or demanded in a canvasser. He was the best listener of the party*; and is said to have gained the half-dozen votes which decided the election, by the mere process of letting the people talk.

This talent, which it is to be presumed he acquired in the ladies' club at C. and which probably contributed to his popularity in that society, stood him in great stead in the aristocratic circle of Delworth Castle. The whole family was equally delighted and amused by his bonhomie and simplicity; and he in return, captivated by their kindness as well as grateful for their benefits, paid them a sincere and unfeigned homage, which

trebled their good-will. Never was so honest and artless a courtier. There was something at once diverting and amiable in the ascendancy which every thing connected with his patron held over Mr. Singleton's imagination. Loyal subject as he unquestionably was, the king, queen, and royal family would have been as nothing in his eyes compared with Lord and Lady Delworth and their illustrious offspring. He purchased a new peerage, which in the course of a few days opened involuntarily on the honoured page which contained an account of their genealogy. His walls were hung with ground plans of Hadley House, elevations of Delworth Castle, maps of the estate, prints of the late and present lords, and of a judge of Queen Anne's reign, and of a bishop of George the Second's, worthies of the family. He had on his dining-room mantel-piece, models of two wings, once projected for Hadley, but which had never been built, and is said to have once bought an old head of the first Duke of Marlborough, which a cunning auctioneer had fobbed off upon him, by pretending that the great captain was a progenitor of his noble patron.

Besides this predominant taste, he soon began to indulge other inclinations at the rectory, which savoured a little of his old bachelor habits. He became a collector of shells and china, and a fancier of tulips; and when he invited the coterie of C. ladies to partake of a syllabub, astonished and delighted them by the performance of a piping bullfinch of his own teaching, who executed the Blue Bells of Scotland, in a manner not to be surpassed by the barrel organ, by means of which this accomplished bird had been instructed. He engaged Mrs. Martin as his housekeeper, and Patty as his housemaid, set up the identical one-horse-chaise in which he was riding to-day, became a member of the clerical dinner club, took in the *St. James's Chronicle* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and was set down by every body as a confirmed old bachelor.

All these indications notwithstanding, nothing was less in his contemplation than to remain in that forlorn condition. Marriage after all was his predominant taste; his real fancy was for the ladies. He was fifty-seven or thereabouts, when he began to make love, but he has amply made up for his loss of time, by marrying no less than four wives since that period. Call him Mr. Singleton indeed, why his proper name would be Doubleton. Four wives has he had, and of all varieties. His first was a pretty rosy smiling lass just come from school, who had

* A friend of mine, the wife of a county member, who was very active in canvassing for her husband, once said to me, on my complimenting her on the number of votes she had obtained, "It was all done by listening. Our good friends the voters like to hear themselves talk."

known him all her life, and seemed to look upon him just as a school-girl does upon an indulgent grandpapa, who comes to fetch her home for the holidays. She was as happy as a bird, poor thing, during the three months she lived with him—but there came a violent fever and carried her off.

His next wife was a pale sickly consumptive lady, not over young, for whose convenience he set up a carriage, and for whose health he travelled to Lisbon and Madeira, and Nice, and Florence, and Hastings, and Clifton, and all the places by sea and land, abroad and at home, where sick people go to get well. At one of which she, poor lady, died.

Then he espoused a buxom, jolly, merry widow, who had herself had two husbands, and who seemed likely to see him out; but the small pox came in her way, and she died also.

Then he married his present lady, a charming woman, neither fat nor thin, nor young nor old, not very healthy, nor particularly sickly, who makes him very happy, and seems to find her own happiness in making him so.

He has no children by any of his wives; but has abundance of adherents in parlour and hall. Half the poor of the parish are occasionally to be found in his kitchen, and his dining room is the seat of hospitality, not only to his old friends of the town and his new friends of the country, but to all the families of all his wives. He talks of them (for he talks more now than he did at the C. election, having fallen in the gossiping habit of "narrative old age") in the quietest manner possible, mixing, in a manner the most diverting and the most unconscious, stories of his first wife and his second, of his present and his last. He seems to have been perfectly happy with all of them, especially with this. But if he should have the misfortune to lose this delightful person, he would certainly console himself and prove his respect for the state, by marrying again; and such is his reputation as a sober, excellent husband, especially in the main article of giving his wives their own way, that, in spite of his being even now an octogenarian, I have no doubt but there would be abundance of fair candidates for the heart and hand of our Rector.

L I N E S

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. CAMPBELL, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF COLONEL HARVEY, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

OUR bright hopes have vanished—her young heart is broken!

Her pale lips are closed, and their last words are spoken!

Dissolved all the fond ties so lately that bound her
And blighted each joy that seemed ripening around her!

So the east-wind goes forth 'mid the gardens of spring—

So the withering Simoom shakes death from his wing,

And the smooth lake that cradles our frail bark to-day,

Chafed to madness, ere midnight may sweep o'er our clay!

Frail are we! while our pleasures but lead to a pall,

And hope, love, and beauty, the soonest of all!

Could the tears of thy kindred—the husband who shared

All thy heart, and thy hopes, and thy life, but have spared

Thy being's brief loveliness!—how had they striven

To retard but one hour the stern mandate of heaven!

In vain! for death's signet sat pale on thy brow,

And their hopes, one by one, fell like leaves from the bough!

Thou hast past from our eyes, like a bright summer cloud—

From thy brief happy day—from thy home to thy shroud!

When thy days were the sweetest, thy young hopes the highest,

And the goal of earth's happiness glimmered the nighest,

With the rose on thy cheek, and thy forehead so fair,

Unwasted by sorrow, unfurrowed by care!

In an hour that announced thee a *mother*! then drew

The dark veil of death 'twixt thy child and thy view!

Thou art gone!—But the tempest that levelled the *tree*,

One *tendril* has spared, to remind us of thee.

Remind us! what pain as we dwell on the word!

Again thy loved accents in hers will be heard;

Affection will cling to the treasure bequeathed,

And tell her, long hence, where thy last words were breathed!

B

A YEAR OF HONEY-MOONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

April.

THE reader will be pleased to bear in mind that, although for reasons given in our last number, it has been thought proper to append a different name to the present series of articles than the one which has hitherto been seen; yet, nevertheless, and anything that may appear to the contrary notwithstanding, I, the young, ingenuous, and most bridal writer, Charles Dalton, am precisely the same Charles Dalton that I was before—the chosen of the heart of Harriet B., and one who will no more give up my identity with him than I would a dozen worlds. Homer speaks of divine shepherds and god-like cow-keepers. Now authors are, in this respect, god-like; that, as the deities of old sometimes had two names, one for earth, and one by which they were known in heaven,

["In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,"]

so a writer is often called among men by an appellation very different from the one which he bears in his loftier sphere of the unknown; and thus it is, that although I acknowledge to the trivial name under which the Editor of this magazine has thought fit to manifest my terrestrial condition, whereby some might take me to be nothing but a writer of a "certain age," nor worth a lady's eye, nor abounding in felicities, I am, in the heaven of my imagination, a fine young fellow of some six or seven-and-twenty, healthy, handsome, accomplished, swift of spirit and strong of body, and possessed of everything really desirable under the sun. "I hope here be proofs." And so no more of that matter.

What does the reader think that Harriet had the face to do to me on the first of April, the moment I sat down to breakfast?

Reader. First of April—I see it.

Ah, but *how*? She had too much taste to make a fool of her husband in a really ridiculous manner; she respected both him and herself too much: and yet she would forego none of the privileges of playfulness. She even contrived to pay herself a compliment, out of an exquisite instinct of converting a pretended joke upon me into a congratulation—a loss of dignity into a gain.

What, therefore, does my lady, as soon as she has taken her chair, but get up with a little hurried air of affected gravity, go to a

chiffonier, open and shut it so as to make me hear the sound, and then coming behind me, with a tap on the shoulder, ask me what I thought of this "new honey she had brought me?"

I turned round, and received a laugh and a kiss, with the inquiry, if I knew what I was *on the first of April*?

"The wisest man in England," quoth I, "as sure as I am the happiest. Nay, Harriet, this, I must say, is a complete failure; I never knew you make a failure before; but when you begin, I suppose you must do every thing completely. You propose to make me a fool, and you bring me the very bond and seal of my charter to the title of wise."

I waive the pretty compliments we proceeded to bandy with one another, and also the divers instances in which I had my April-day revenge. Our discourse fell upon bees, and then upon April, and then on the bees again; and we never had a breakfast more full of mirth and poetry. Harriet said that people did not do enough honour to the works of the bees, in thanking them for their honey only; for they gave them tapers for their love-letters, and lights to read them by. And hereupon she became poetical upon the subject of wax, describing its beauty and purity, and saying that it was the "fit *second* manufacture of such fairy creatures. It is proper," continued she, "that the beings who make honey should make wax; it is the only kind of insipidity they could condescend to, and is turned into twenty elegant things. There is the *seal* as well as the taper. To think that I should forget *that*! And the bee himself often furnishes a device for the seal. Come now, Charles, I will prove your words, and make you a *complete* case out of this. I meet with some fine honey in my walks and send you a pot of it with a note. The note, of course, is on the subject of honey, and therefore of the bees; I seal it with a substance made by the bees; the taper that helps to make the seal, is of a substance made by the bees; and the seal is stamped with a bee's likeness. No; my case is not complete after all, for the pen ought to have been connected with bees, and the paper."

"It is complete, Harriet," said I, "though not in the way you designed it. It is a specimen of that complete sincerity, and desire

for truth in small matters as well as great, which is one of the things for which I love you, and which makes you sweeter than all the sweets you can describe. But not having seen so much of France and Italy as I have, there is one application of this waxen elegance of yours which has not made so strong an impression upon you, though you have witnessed it in catholic chapels. You see to what I allude—the use of it on catholic altars, where those huge waxen pillars (for such they are rather than candles) lighted with the beautiful mystery of fire, and flaming away in a world of devotion and music and sublime paintings, are understood to typify the seraphical ministrants before the divine throne, burning with love. You remember the Italian poem on bees, out of which we read some pages one day last June, in the little hay-field near the Pines. The catholic poet, be sure, has not forgotten this and similar uses of wax by his fellow worshippers, though he mentions it in a way to startle a protestant's ear, describing the tapers as things made in honour of "God's image"—

Odorate cere
Per onorar l'immagine di Dio.
RUCCELLAI.

"Ah!" said Harriet, "I remember one word in particular that struck me in that poem, and your saying how modern it was, and how impossible for a pagan to have written it—it was *angelette*. I remember the whole line; he calls the bees

"Vaghe angelette de le erbose rive*."

"Say it again," quoth I.

She repeated it in one of her pretty saucy styles, between self-derision and display; and I pelted a rose at her lips across the table, because they spoke the Italian so well. If one cannot reward people for charming us, one must punish them. There is no alternative. The feeling must be vented somehow.

The imagination sometimes has involuntary caprices of association, not unfounded in truth. April, compared with March, always appears to me a female contrasted with one of the rougher sex; and compared with May, she is a female dressed in white and green, instead of white, green, and rose-colour. Her fingers also seem as cold as they are delicate, and she is slender compared with the buxomness of her sister. In other words, she is a personification of her slender stock of green, her blossoms, her chillness, her lilies of the

valley, and her white clouds and rains. She has colours, it is true, in her garden—the jonquil, the stock, the glowing peony, and many others; and there is the rose always. But a lover of nature is accustomed, in his first thoughts of a new season, to paint to himself its appearance in general; its skies, fields, and woods, before its gardens. I confess I think I ought to admit blue and yellow among my April colours, on account, not merely of the skies, but of the charming profusion of primroses and wild hyacinths to be found in the woods; but these do not appear on the *face* of things; they are *in* the woods, and you must go there to find them. A mock-heroic poet would call them "April's under-petticoat."

What an exquisite carpet these and the other wild flowers of the season make, in a wood at all worthy of the name, with a good mossy ground! Harriet and I, who are not rich enough to have large grounds of our own, are acquainted with all the sylvan places within twenty miles of London; and in this particular April, we went several days in succession to a spot called Combe Wood, near Wimbledon, which was the nearest for our purpose, and there enjoyed the blue and yellow tapestry to our eyes' content, and eat divers pretty little dinners at an inn in the neighbourhood. I shall beg the reader's company to one of these dinners by and by, in the course of the summer, as I take them to be highly sensible things and deserving imitation: but at present I must content myself with saying that they are the reverse of everything pretending and public, and can be adapted to the cheapest capacities, provided there be no real spirit of stinginess in the parties. The fortunes of the Daltons are just good enough to afford them a few handsome luxuries, and therefore we order certain of them at the inn, quite as much to gratify the people of the house as ourselves. But I am surer of nothing upon earth than I am of this, that I could have a room to myself in one of these inns, and eat a chop and a potato with Harriet, and be as happy, and make the waiter as satisfied with me to boot, as if I had come in a carriage and four. The reader shall have my secret when time serves. In returning from one of these excursions, we saw, for the first time, the swallow, darting about with that incredible velocity of his, that apparent *weight* of swiftness (for there seems as much weight in his plunge as speed in his circuit,) which gives the look of him, as he passes, such a remarkable union of substance and evanescence. The idea of a knife is not

* Sweet little angels of the grassy brooks."

more cutting than that of his wings. Spenser must have taken from him his feeling of the "sharp-winged shears," which he gives to one of his angels. A tropical-blooded friend of ours, who does not stop to explain his phrases, or to suit them to the colder consideration of our northern criticism, calls the swallow "a pair of scissors grown fat."

But a more wonderful bird comes in April than the swallow, the nightingale. How different from the other! He all so public, so restless, and so given up to his body; this all so hidden, so stationary, so full of soul! We hear him to singular advantage where we live. I verily believe that our's is the last house, near the metropolis, to the garden of which he comes. It is an old practice of mine, taught me by my father, who was a studious cultivator of what he called "nature's medicine," to open one of my chamber windows with the dawn of light, and so let in upon my last slumbers the virgin breath of the morning. Never shall I forget the first time I heard the nightingale in company with the dear creature who is the delight of my life. The tears come into my eyes to think of it. Is this from effeminacy? from weakness? Oh, God, no! It is from that secret sense we feel in us of the power of man to perceive and appreciate the wonderful beauty of the universe, mingled with an unconscious regret of our mortality—of the weakness and shortness of our being, compared with the strength of our affections. But far was a tear from my eyes at the time. The fullness of the sweet burthen of beauty was on us, without the weight. Harriet heard the nightingale first. "Hark!" said she. The sound was not to be mistaken. It was one of those passages of his song, not the finest, but still exquisite and peculiar, in which he chucks out a series of his duller notes, as if for the pleasure of showing how rich he is in the common coin of his art, as well as the more precious. I rose and opened the window. The most divine of all sounds rewarded us; that low, long-drawn, internal, liquid *line of a note*, the deepest and sweetest ever heard, for which it seems as if the bird resorted to the innermost core of his soul, and meditated, as he drew it along, over I know not what celestial darkness of delight. It is the meeting with the extreme of pleasure—with the gratitude which melancholy only can express. The sound mingled with our waking dreams, and heaven and earth seemed to enfold us in their blessing.

Mr. Coleridge, in one of those sallies of his genius, in which he has so often startled and

instructed one's common-places, informed the world some time ago that it was wrong to designate the nightingale by the title "melancholy," there being "in nature nothing melancholy," and the song of the bird being full of quick, hurried, and lively notes, anything but sorrowful; in short, he concluded, we ought to say, not the melancholy but the "merry nightingale."

I regret that I have not his beautiful lines by me to quote.

The critics, at Mr. Coleridge's direction, inquired into this matter, and pronounced him in the right; and it is now the fashion to say, that the talk of the melancholy of the nightingale is an error, and that he is a very gay, laughing, merry fellow, who happens to be out of doors at night like other merry fellows, and is not a whit more given to pensiveness.

Nevertheless, with submission, I think that the new notion is wrong, and that the nightingale of Milton,

Most musical, most melancholy,

is still the real nightingale, and that the old opinion will prevail. Not that the bird is sorrowful, as the ancient legend supposed, though many of his notes, especially considering the pauses between them, which give them an air of reflection, can never be considered as expressing pleasure by means of gaiety, much less mirth. There is no levity in the nightingale. We know not what complication of feelings may be mixed up in the mystery of his song; but we take it for granted, and allow, that upon the whole it expresses a very great degree of pleasure. I grant that to the full. But the truth is, that this pleasure, being not only mixed up with an extreme of gravity, as I have just been showing, but bringing with it an idea of loneliness, and coming at night-time, when the condition of the whole universe disposes us to meditation, the very pleasure, by the contrast, forces us more strongly upon the greater idea of the two; and hence the effect of the nightingale's song has been justly pronounced to be melancholy. It may be allowed to Mr. Coleridge, that in some very energetic and comprehensive and final sense of the assertion, there is "nothing melancholy in nature," although to our limited faculties there may seem to be enough of it to contend with, as the world goes; but upon the same principle, melancholy itself is not melancholy, and so we come round again to the natural opinion. Shakspeare has made one of his characters in the Merchant of Venice account partly for the reason why music, generally speaking, produces a serious impression.

"I'm never merry" (says Jessica to Lorenzo) "when
I hear sweet music."

"The reason is" (says her lover) "your spirits are
attentive."

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood :—
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music catch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music."

And such, no doubt, is partly the case with
all creatures capable of attending to musical
sounds. But with the human being, the
consciousness is mixed up with a thousand

unconscious feelings to the effect already
mentioned. There falls upon them a shadow
of the great mystery of the universe. If a
party of glee-singers were to become aware
of a nightingale singing near them at one
o'clock in the morning, and upon a pause in
his song were to strike up a jovial catch by
way of answer, they would be thought in bad
taste, and a parcel of simpletons. The feel-
ing, in any real lover of music, would be
serious—voluptuous, if you please, and en-
chanting, but still full of the gravity of
voluptuousness—serious from its very plea-
sure.

SUMMER.

THE Spring's fair promise melted into thee,
Fair Summer, and thy gentle reign is here :—
Thy emerald robes are on each heavy tree,—
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear ;
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unbounded west,
Are burthened with the breath of countless fields ;
They teem with incense from the green earth's breast
That up to heaven its grateful odour yields,
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird
By Nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene, the sun-illumin'd heart
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
When through its bars the morning glories dart,
And forest-anthems in his hearing swell :
And like the heaving of the voiceless sea,
His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
Oh, Summer! in my inmost soul arise
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
And the bland air, with its soft melodies,
Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagles' plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
And the impure, unholy thoughts, that cling
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride ;—
I would soar upward on unfetter'd wing,
Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Philadelphia, 1833.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Puritan's Grave. By the Author of "The Usurer's Daughter."

WE have not the most distant idea as to who is the gifted writer of this tale, but be he who he may, we acknowledge a debt of gratitude to him, for rarely have we met with one that has so pleasantly captivated our attention and awakened our better feelings. From the time we took the tale in hand, we were unable to lay it down. We read the whole of the three volumes through at a sitting. All this enchaining interest is excited by a management by no means wonderful—by incidents, not crowded on each other, or conceived for effect, or placed in melodramatic contrasts, but simple, natural, and domestic, the one following as the direct consequence of the other, and the whole combining to work out a beautiful narrative by precisely such means as we see the agents of events in real life. Nor is the language of that energumenic character, which is supposed by some authors to be the most apt to arouse and keep awake attention—incorrectly supposed to be so—as every thing in nature requires relief, and as we sleep spite of the peals of thunder, if the storm continues long, particularly if the loud rumble be unaccompanied by the brilliancy of lightning. The language, and the style throughout, are remarkably unambitious and subdued. They are precisely such as suit the subject and aid the magical illusion of the characters and story. The principal of these characters are the members of the family of a Puritan minister of the time of Cromwell and Charles II.: the story is written, as it were, in the person of a devout man of the same period, and same sect—hence the characters are made to speak in the quaint scriptural style prevalent in that age, and the events are narrated in the simple, touching, and beautiful idiom of our translation of the Bible, in as much as that idiom can be appropriately applied to mundane affairs. We consider the author's skill in this respect as most admirable and rare; for some whom we might name, who have attempted this, have produced what is nothing less than an indecent parody of the scriptures; others have thought they kept true to the costume of language, (if we may venture on such an expression), and made out the character of a Puritan, if they made him continually repeat some chosen scriptural sentence or exclamation; and others, still more offensive, have thickly strewed quotations from holy writ in nearly every chapter of their fictions, without any attention to the unseemliness of such things being placed in juxtaposition with merely earthly doings and passions—with the modern wit or modern ribaldry of the novel writer. But here the verses of the

Bible are charily introduced, and indeed never quoted, except when deep affliction hallows the scene, and when it is perfectly natural that those who are described as having religion on their hearts should have it on their lips.

Far too much ridicule has been thrown upon that class of Christians, who, whatever may have been the extravagance of some of their notions, combated with a noble courage against the aggressions of tyranny, and were the vanguard of the champions who secured for us the inestimable benefits of civil and religious liberty. We are at this day enjoying advantages derived from their very faults or mistakes. We therefore think our author has performed a meritorious task in making some of the Puritans objects of sympathy instead of derision, and in showing how much moral worth, sincere devotion, and enlightened tolerance, was compatible with the character of a sectarian of that order. We believe the world is pretty generally agreed that one of the most exquisite characters ever drawn or conceived by the imagination of man, is that of poor Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, a clergyman of the established church. Now, our author's Puritan preacher approaches it in excellence, and very much resembles it. Though elicited in different ways, there is the same single-mindedness—the same simplicity under prosperity, in both; and in adversity the sectarian minister is as sublime as the orthodox churchman. This is high praise, but not given without due consideration of the value of the terms we employ. Anne Faithful, the daughter of the Puritan, is another beautiful creation; so full of feeling, so susceptible of tender passion, and yet so amenable to her father's authority or advice—always so ready to sacrifice the idols of her heart on the altar of religion and of moral right! We have not often met with a character we could so appropriately recommend to the study of our young female friends, as this dear Anne Faithful. Henry St. John, her lover, and unfortunately a cavalier, is also a fine fellow—not represented with all the perfections of a romance hero, but partaking of the vices of the times and of his situation in society; all of which vices are gradually corrected by experience and sorrow, until his heart, purified by long suffering, has become a fit offering to his generous and purely-minded mistress.

Love scenes are proverbially dull to those who are not actors in them. There are some, however, in these volumes that are deeply interesting. One of them is the parting scene in the churchyard in vol. i., and another in vol. iii., where the gentle, but, in this instance, heroic Anne, gives up all claims to Henry's heart in favour of another, whom she deems he is bound to support

and marry, and they part, with no hope of seeing each other again on earth, saying, "Farewell! till we meet in heaven!"

The scenes of passionate filial affection—of the almost supernatural exertions Anne Faithful makes to discharge a debt, and release her poor father from prison—that where she takes the fatiguing walk to the attorney's, and finds that the money she has so hardly earned is still insufficient to procure her parent's discharge—that, where after a day of exertion and disappointment, she reaches his place of confinement too late to be admitted, and unrepentingly kneels down by the prison walls, with her hand upon her brow, her sorrows become prayers—and looks up to God for strength, for patience, and for hope—all these and various others are eminently beautiful and touching.

Acute observations on life, and moral hints of practical utility, quaintly and pleasantly expressed, are not wanting to increase the value of this work. Occasionally, too, there are little outpourings of poetry, quite in character with the style of the age, like the following:—

"Blessings are like birds, which hop about us with their wings folded, and we do not see the beauty of their plumage, but when they spread their wings for flight, then we see all the brilliancy of their colour, and the gracefulness of their form."

We take leave of these delightful volumes with regret, but we hope we have said enough to impress on our readers the very high estimation in which we hold them.

Polish Tales. By the Authoress of "Hungarian Tales."

Mrs. C. Gore is indisputably one of the best of the several excellent female writers of the day. She has written much—at times unequally, but never dully, and

"Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux."

Her present work consists of one long and two short tales, with the following pleasant titles:—"The Confederates of Lubionki," "The Mill of Mariemont," and "The Pasioka, or Bee-farm."

The scenes of these pleasant narratives are fixed in Poland, or at the Russian Court, and many characters, famous or notorious in modern history, such as the northern Semiramis, the Empress Catharine, the Poniatowskis, the Czartoryskis, the depraved ambassador of Great Britain, Sir Charles Williams, and others of the same stamp, figure in them. It was reasonably to be apprehended at a moment like this present, when the bravery and misfortunes of the Poles have produced a general sympathy for them, with a general exaggeration of all their good qualities, and of all the bad qualities of their enemies the Russians, that our fair author should not have been able to free herself from the prevailing spirit of hyperbole and misrepresentation. She has

done this, however, and we are glad she has, for we are of opinion that no cause can be permanently and effectually served, save by the exposition of truths and the confessions of faults committed. If a thoroughly good and a thoroughly bad character be each rare, still more rare is an intrinsically virtuous and an intrinsically vicious nation. It is an amusement only fit for children to depict, as some writers have lately been doing the people of Poland, as a people of Paladins, and the population of Russia as a population of Ogres. Far be it from us the attempt to extenuate the mighty iniquity of the partition of Poland, and the cruel vengeance recently wreaked by Russia on those who had a right to struggle for their nation's independence, and who were only wrong in mistaking their time and means, and in beginning their revolution by midnight assassinations. But we would draw our reader's attention to the facts, that the masses of these two nations are equally in a state of semi-barbarism—that in the one as in the other, the people are serfs, and few, save the nobility, have, or have had, anything like education or political rights; that, instead of being widely different, the Russians and the Poles have strong points of resemblance to each other, derived from their common descent from the great Slavonic race, and the common use of the widely-spread Slavonic language, so slightly modified by each, that, with a very little trouble, they can understand one another. We would also observe, that the ruin of Poland is attributable to the absurd system of elective monarchy, in which her nobles persisted to the last. Under this system, every noble of the first order *might* become king, or he might see the crown voted to a relative or a friend; and dazzled by such a prospect of personal aggrandisement, few of them were ever patriots enough to think of the continual civil wars and miseries inflicted on their unhappy country. Indeed these ambitious Poles were not only infamous for their intrigues at St. Petersburg, and other foreign courts, to obtain favour and patronage, but were themselves the first to introduce foreign armies into their native country, to support their respective claims or parties in cases of contested elections; and for a series of ages the election of nearly every king was contested by arms. Innumerable other vices involved in the Polish constitution—which seems to have been framed by the very Demon of Discord—rendered it the unhappiest country of Europe, and a nuisance to all its neighbours; nor did they cease until Poland was laid a helpless victim at the feet of the unjust partitioning powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

The most oppressive despotism that ever ground a nation is preferable to constantly recurring anarchy. But for this anarchy, which was as inseparable from her form of government as heat from fire, or cold from ice, Poland would at this moment have occupied the post among nations which Russia holds. She would have

been the great power of the north. She has lost that splendid opportunity, and the most sanguine can hardly expect it will ever return!

Mrs. Gore has very admirably described the intrigues at the court of Catherine, and the utterly immoral manner in which her Polish lover Stanislaus Poniatowski paved his way at St. Petersburg to the throne of his own country. All this is borne out by authentic history! The blunders of immediate-emancipationists, and the ill-directed plots of the Polish peasants, are also well described in one of her interesting tales. Throughout she has done justice to all parties, and shown an acquaintance with the manners and feelings of the country she describes, and of the country itself, which is surprising, while it is instructive. At the same time the stories are animated in the extreme, abounding in variety of characters, in spirit-stirring adventures, or touching scenes. Her style is too well known to require commendation at our hands; it is always lively, graceful, and lady-like. Our estimation for her talents generally, has been increased by the perusal of her "*Polish Tales*," which we cordially recommend to the public. They will give the novel reader much information concerning a country that is very little known.

The Naturalist's Library: Ornithology. Vol. I.: Humming Birds.

THIS is a beautiful, an excellent, and a surprisingly cheap volume. It contains no less than thirty engravings of the different species of one of the loveliest and the minutest of the feathered tribe, all admirably coloured; concise and clear descriptions of them, with a well-written life of the great naturalist, Linnæus, into the bargain; and all this, and the very perfection of printing and paper, for *six shillings*!

This Library is edited by Sir William Jardine, well known from his edition of *North American Ornithology*. If it continue as it has commenced it cannot fail of splendid success.

An Introduction to the Study of English Botany; with a Glossary of Terms. Illustrated by thirty-seven Plates. By George Banks, F. L. S.

This is the second edition of another excellent work on another delightful branch of natural history—that rich and varied science whose subjects are incessantly presenting themselves to the observation of our senses, and are too generally most culpably neglected. The truth is, our indolence has been terrified by hard names, involved and never-ending classifications, and the absence of spirited engravings to speak to the senses, and of clear, unencumbered descriptions to strike and to remain upon the memory. Works like the present, and some others, in different departments of the same science, must certainly tend to disseminate knowledge, by making the acquisition

of it easy and pleasant; and we feel it our duty to recommend all such, as they appear, to the attention of our readers.

Can any subject be better adapted to our fair friends, than the gentle study of botany? Let them see with what winning eloquence our author recommends his favourite pursuit, and let them bear his words in mind, at this delightful season of the year, when nature, casting off her winter *dishabille*, is arraying herself in her most beautiful toilette of springing leaves and budding flowers.

"When man was exiled from that blissful garden where every tree was 'pleasant to the sight or good for food,' and doomed 'to eat the herb of the field,' where it grew amidst 'thorns and thistles,' necessity made him a botanist. He learned to separate the nutritious from the noxious; and when pain and sickness assailed him, he sought the balsam and the balm. The science of economical Botany, teaching us to supply our wants from the stores of vegetable nature, has been known in all ages, and is diffused over every quarter of the world. But nature is beautiful no less than benign. The lowliest herb that fringes her green mantle is a work of wonder; and it is to contemplate such works as these, that Botany, apart from its economical purposes, invites us.

"If it be objected that no practical benefit arises from the science thus considered; if it be said that this sort of Botany is of no use, the reply should be, that as air and exercise are salutary to the body, it is useful to encourage a taste for a pursuit which tempts its votaries abroad. The sports of the field are applauded on this account; but these are the privilege of a few; of those who are among the rich, and who are blessed with health and strength and the full tide of spirits which the rude exercise demands; but the gentle charm which calls the Botanist into the fields and woods, operates upon the tender and dejected, as well as the robust and joyous; and many a valetudinarian, who has wanted an inducement to walk, would have found it in the pursuit of botany. It is moreover to be urged, that a taste for simple pleasures is salutary to the mind; that men who love to contemplate the works of nature, learn to look with less longing eyes upon the enticements of the world; and that the most eminent of naturalists have been found among the most amiable of men."—*Introduction*.

Wordsworth, in his magnificent Sonnet, beginning—

"The world is too much with us,"

Exclaims,

"Little we see in Nature that is ours!"

This is too true; but let us recall our hearts, of which we have made "a sordid boon," and apply our faculties to remove the veil of ignorance that prevents our enjoying and appropriating so much that is wondrous and beautiful!

Etymological Guide to the English Language. Being a Collection, alphabetically arranged, of the Principal Roots, Affixes, and Prefixes, with their derivatives and compounds.

WE warmly recommend this comprehensive and admirable treatise, of only a few pages, to all young students, and to such of our fair friends as are terrified by the voluminous etymological works of Crabbe and others.

Without any acquaintance with the learned language, they will here find the derivation and value of innumerable words and syllables that are inseparably mingled in our composite idiom, and of constant occurrence even in our most familiar conversation, though frequently perverted from their proper meaning through want of a *very little* attention.

If those to whom we address ourselves—and we might add many of maturer years, and many even of the sex supposed to be the more learned—would place this miniature volume on the table when they write or read, they would soon derive from it the correction of numerous little errors or inadvertencies, and acquire that familiarity with the broad features of etymology without which it is impossible to write or speak correctly. We call the attention of all who are charged with the elementary education of youth to this volume. The subject of which it treats has been too much neglected or handled, in too crabbed and difficult a manner. It is the production of John Wood, esq., a Scotch gentleman of family and fortune, who has for many years taken an active part in the popular education of his country, not giving it merely his advocacy and pecuniary support, but labouring himself in the seemingly humble, but really noble vocation of schoolmaster to the poor children of Edinburgh, for whose use the book has been written. If there be any who, in ridiculous pride, could despise the volume on the last-mentioned ground, let us inform them that we have attended the scene of Mr. Wood's meritorious exertions (the Edinburgh Sessional School), and have found the children there, in consequence of Mr. Wood's system, of which the matter in the volume under notice forms a prominent part, better acquainted with the etymology of their language and its general construction, than most of our young men who have received what is called a "classical education"—aye, and gone through one of the universities to boot.

As this valuable *libretto* has come quietly into the world without announcement or puff, its author modestly thinking that its use would be confined to the Sessional Schools, it is necessary for us to mention that it is published by Wardlaw, Edinburgh; by Duncan, and by Whittaker and Co. London. We are thus particular, because we think it supplies a deficiency that has existed too long.

The Musical Scrap Book. Edited by Finley Dun.

THIS very cheap selection of music is published, in numbers, at Edinburgh, where the tasteful and talented editor now resides and teaches his science. Mr. Finley Dun lived long in that land of song, Italy, where, to our knowledge, his musical acquirements, and correct taste, were thought so much of that he was not only admitted as an excellent critic among the *conoscenti*, but frequently consulted by some of the best composers of the day. He had, indeed, secured the advantages of the best musical instruction the country could afford, ending with that of "the last of the Romans," the inimitable Crescentini. This might be sufficient assurance that a collection made by him would be different from the hum-drum "monotony in wire," so often inflicted on the British public in works of a like nature: and, in fact, as far as it has gone, Mr. Dun's publication has been excellent. It consists of songs, ballads, romances, ariettes, &c., (*original* as well as selected) for the voice; and of polonaises, quadrilles, waltzes, &c., for the piano-forte. Some of the popular Sicilian and Neapolitan airs will be found to be delightfully novel and well set.

Britannia Saxonica. By W. Collen.

THIS work will be found to be an admirable aid to the reader of our early history. In fact, the tables of the kings and kingdoms of the Saxon *Ocarchy* were a desideratum which it has most satisfactorily supplied. The work is accompanied by a well engraved coloured map of England, with the boundaries of the eight kingdoms, the four great roads, and the Saxon names of places. The genealogical tables reflect great credit on the author's industry and research, and we warmly recommend his book as a most valuable companion to Sharon Turner's history of the Anglo Saxons.

MUSIC.

The Album Wreath.

For the small sum of one shilling, this little periodical gives an excellent engraving, the music of a song, and abundance of pretty poetry, the whole upon paper of various hues. It is elegantly got up, and, from the talent it contains, is well worthy of patronage.

Quatuor for Two Violins, Alto, and Violoncello, by J. B. Le Camus.

Fantasia for Pianoforte, Flute, and Violoncello, by the same.

THESE are good, sterling compositions, abounding in science and pleasing melody. As their passages, though brilliant, are not beyond the scope of amateurs, we think they will meet with the encouragement which they deserve.

Sonatas for the Violin by Paganini, with Piano-forte accompaniment, by C. Hill.

As studies for the violin, nothing can be better than these little pieces. They contain the ordinary difficulties effected by Paganini, with great beauty of style and melody. We would recommend them to every violin player. Mr. Hill's accompaniments display taste, judgment, and science, and add greatly to the interest of these compositions.

Qual Grata Odor, a Scena from the Operetta of Amore e Psiche, by G. Liverati.

Bella Psiche mio ben. Recit: and Duetto, from the same Operetta.

Son finite omai le pene. Terzetto, from the same Operetta.

SIGNOR Liverati has long been known in this

country as a composer and a useful master of singing and composition. He came to England before the complete destruction of the old dramatic music of Italy, and has retained much of the taste of the school of Cimarosa, united with the modern system of instrumentation. He has resided many years among us, and, as a master, has been of great use to our school of singing. As a composer Signor Liverati has certainly not been appreciated according to his deserts. Some of his operas evince considerable genius; and that of Gastone e Bajardo, which we heard some dozen years since at the King's Theatre, would have been very successful but for the slovenly and disgraceful manner in which it was got up and performed. The operetta of Amore e Psiche, written expressly for Signor Liverati's pupils, and privately performed by them, is full of merit; and from it are extracted the three pieces before us, which we earnestly recommend to every lover of pure Italian music.

The Village Bells, a Ballad. Words and Music by Hawkins D'Alton, Esq.

He died, a Ballad. By the same.

FROM the title of esquire at the end of this gentleman's name, we presume he is an amateur; we therefore shall not be severe upon his music. Only we recommend him never to jerk the first syllable of a word, as he has done in imitation of some of our native composers; it is vulgar and incorrect. We likewise advise him in future not to accentuate such words as "on" and "against." His poetry is weak and common-place.

Friendship. The Poetry by a Young Lady; the Music by Henry R. Bishop.

THE music of this ballad is very sweet and pretty; but it is not upon such productions as this that Mr. Bishop has founded his great reputation.

GOSSIP ON MUSICAL MATTERS.

WE rejoice that the German Operas are to commence in a few days at Drury-lane Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Chelard and with the same performers, aided by the additional talents of Madame Malibran, as gave such satisfaction at the King's Theatre last year. Mr. Chelard and Mr. Eliason, who is engaged as first violin at the German Opera, intend to give a grand dramatic concert on the 3rd of June, at the Hanover Square rooms; the orchestra to consist of upwards of a hundred performers, and much of the music to be of an entirely new character—new at least in this country. We sincerely hope they will succeed, as both of these gentlemen are ornaments to their art, the one as a great master,

the other as an elegant and graceful performer on the violin. Pixis is just arrived from Paris with a pupil of his, a young lady with a fine contralto voice, and of whose powers fame speaks highly. George Osborne, the piano-forte player, is also arrived from the French metropolis. This young artist has made wonderful progress since he was here last, and may now be considered at the very top of his profession. He has brought with him some of his new compositions, which denote genius of the highest order. To these arrivals we may add those of Madame Malibran, and that beautiful violin player, De Beriot. Madame Devrient is expected every day; so is Paganini.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Court.—The King and Queen have paid repeated visits during Easter week to the Earl of Sefton, at his residence, Stoke Farm, near Windsor; where also Lord Brougham and Viscount Melbourne have been spending the Easter holidays. Their Majesties received much pleasure from the inspection of Lord Sefton's fine flower-beds and hot-houses, which form the principal attraction of Stoke Farm at the present time.

Captain Gronow.—A person named Leveridge lately applied, to Mr. Dyer, at the Marlborough Street Office, for a warrant to apprehend Captain Gronow, the member for Stafford, for attempting to commit a felony. Mr. Leveridge, it appeared, had been one of Captain Gronow's electioneering agents at the late contest for Stafford, and he had received a bill from the Captain, payable at Coutt's, for 42*l.*, in part of his expenses. The bill was dishonoured; and although frequent application had been made to Captain Gronow for payment of it, Mr. Leveridge complained that he could get no money. At length his wife, who is a remarkably powerful, Amazonian woman, called at the Captain's residence to demand payment. She was introduced to him, and he asked to see the bill: as soon as she produced it, he endeavoured to snatch it out of her hand; and it was for this attempt "to steal" the bill that the warrant was applied for. Captain Gronow appeared on Monday to answer the charge. He said that, on the occasion alluded to, he merely wished to read the bill, and that he had used no violence whatever. The charge was dismissed as unsupported by evidence, and being in itself excessively improbable. A great deal of abusive language passed between the parties.

Rowland Hill.—The venerable and worthy, though eccentric preacher, Rowland Hill, has at last "gone the way of all flesh." He died on the 11th of April, at his house in Blackfriars Road: his age was eighty-nine. Mr. Hill's physical powers had been long declining, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the last moment of his life; he sunk under a gradual decay of nature, and died without a groan. On Monday morning (the 8th instant), he preached for the last time to an immense audience, composed principally of the boys belonging to the Sunday School Union, whom he had been in the habit of addressing on every successive Easter Monday, for some years past. On Tuesday morning, he expressed a desire to address the girls connected with the same schools, which was also his accustomed practice; but being very unwell, he was dissuaded from it by his friends; and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Wait, officiated in his

room. During the morning of that day, he found it necessary to lie down in his bed, from which he never rose more.

Steeple Chace.—The steeple chace between the Earl of Eglington and Mr. Edington lately took place, and excited a very great degree of interest among the members of the sporting world, both of "high and low degree." The ground marked out for the race was from Barnwell Hill, over the country to a point on the opposite side of the Powburn, an oblong course of four miles. In all five races took place betwixt ten horses, *bond fide* the property of Lord Eglington and Mr. Edington of Glasgow. Gentlemen riders; fifty sovereigns aside. The first, second, third, and fifth races were won by Lord Eglington's horses; the Earl riding the first and third for himself, and Mr. Gavin Hamilton riding the other two for him. The fourth was won by Mr. Edington's horse, rode by Mr. T. Annesley. The speed was very great; the four miles being performed in some of the races in less than fifteen minutes.

Earthquake.—About a quarter past eight in the evening of Sunday se'nnight, a shock of an earthquake was felt at Horsham. At some houses the shock was much more perceptible than others. Many persons thought that a principal beam had given way; and others that some person was in their houses. In the shops the articles seemed falling; and the scales were put in motion. Many were engaged examining their premises in the utmost alarm. Mr. Hurst's hall-bell rung. At Denne the pictures moved, and a bird fell from the perch in the cage. At Sir T. Shelley's and Mr. Tredcroft's they were much alarmed. We were among those who knew nothing of it till the morning.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

Dr. Priestley.—A numerous and highly-respectable meeting of nearly two hundred gentlemen of Birmingham and its vicinity, was lately held at Dee's Royal Hotel, Birmingham, to celebrate by a public dinner the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Priestley. The Reverend John Corrie, President of the Birmingham Philosophical Society, was in the Chair. Several excellent speeches were made by the Chairman, and the other Dissenting ministers of Birmingham and the neighbouring towns. The great change in the feelings of the people since the time of the Church and King riots which drove Priestley across the Atlantic, was especially pointed out; and the late meeting in London, held for the purpose of doing honour to his scientific acquirements and discoveries, and which was attended by so many eminent men of science, was adduced as a gratifying proof of the increasing liberality of the age. The memory of Priestley was drunk in silence:

and Mr. Joseph Parkes, in returning thanks, paid a just and warm tribute to his virtues as a public and private man. He said that

The purity of Dr. Priestley's personal character and his private virtues were never even questioned by a virulent press, or the tongue of slander. He was indebted to his own single exertions, unaided by factitious circumstances of birth and fortune, for his distinguished literary eminence and scientific reputation. To use the language of the Roman, Dr. Priestley was "born of himself," and could boast no aristocratic lineage—he was essentially a self-educated man, who had derived no advantages from academical education. His own zealous love of truth and science raised him to celebrity. Mr. Corrie, and the recent meeting of the first men of science in London, had done ample justice to his promotion of science and philosophy. Mr. Parkes would not involve the unanimity of the meeting by an ill-timed or illiberal allusion to Dr. Priestley's particular political or religious opinions; but it was due to that illustrious man to say, that truth was the great and single object of all his intellectual exertions—that the freedom of discussion and opinion which he claimed for himself he desired to extend to all mankind—and that he boldly maintained civil and religious liberty, in the most unrestricted sense, to be the right of all men in all countries. The war of opinion which burst out on the first French Revolution involved the characters of many great public men in temporary prejudice and persecution, but the political opinions of Dr. Priestley were now the practical views of the present generation; and to him was especially due the merit of exciting public attention to the injustice of the civil disabilities of the Protestant Dissenters, now so happily erased from the Statute-book of England.

The memory of the Reverend Robert Hall was drunk in the course of the evening; and the Reverend Mr. Berry, who spoke to the toast, as a friend of Mr. Hall, related the following anecdote of that eminent man.

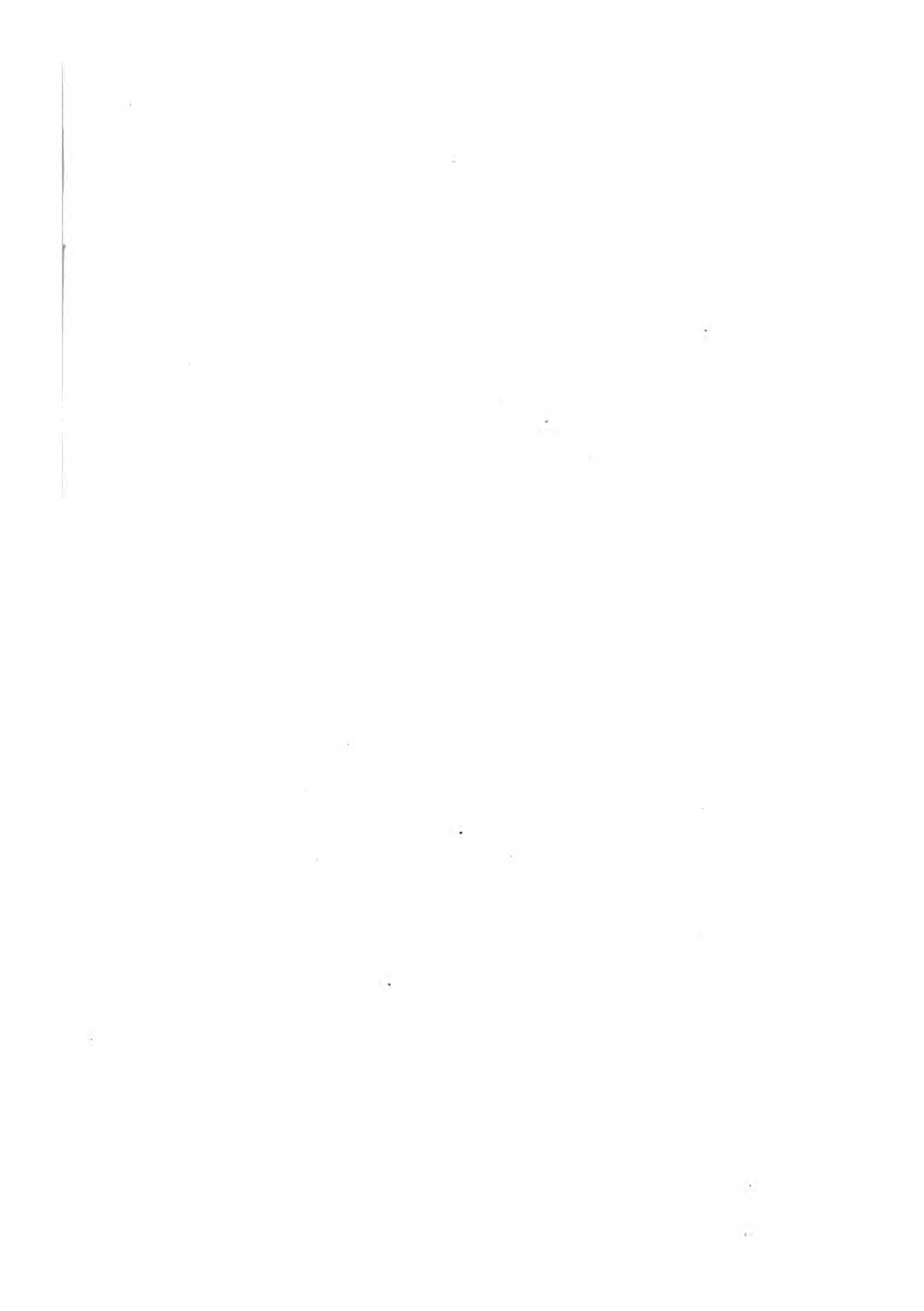
"Travelling with the venerable and learned Andrew Fuller, in a coach from Bristol to London, the conversation turned on political topics. Mr. Hall was told that there was a probability of speedily obtaining a Reformed Parliament; on which he said, 'Sir, I should think nothing of walking a thousand miles barefoot, to be beheaded at the end of my journey, if so desirable an end could be accomplished.' (*cheers*). To which Mr. Fuller humorously replied, 'I think, brother Hall, you would walk mighty slow.'" (*Laughter and cheers.*)

Strange Case of Manslaughter.—A lad about seventeen years of age, son of Mr. Hayward, a

shopkeeper, of Moretonhampstead, has laboured for some time past under a disease of the eyes, to relieve which an issue had been made in his neck. A girl, about fifteen years of age, had been accustomed to dress it; and was doing so on Sunday week, in the kitchen of the house. When she had finished the operation, she observed to the lad Hayward, "What wry faces you make up while I am dressing your issue;" at the same time imitating him. To this he replied in a surly tone, "If you mock me again, I am d—d if I don't shoot you." The girl repeated her mimicry; when he instantly took a loaded pistol from his pocket, and shot her. The ball entered the poor girl's head at the corner of the eye, and lodged in the back part of the skull; she lay in great agony for some hours, when death put a period to her sufferings. The scoundrel was permitted to be at large on the Sunday and Monday, not having been taken up until Tuesday; when a coroner's inquest was held on the body of the unfortunate girl, by Mr. Gribble, of Ashburton; and the Jury, after an investigation of four hours, returned a verdict of "Manslaughter." He was accordingly committed to Devon County Gaol on Wednesday, whence he has since been liberated under a bail of 1,000*l.*, in two sureties of 500*l.* each.—*Western Luminary.*

A Knavish Taxgatherer.—The inhabitants of Lambeth have for many years been most grossly overcharged by the collector of the king's taxes, who has lately absconded from his residence in the Waterloo Road. Several of the parishioners suspected that they were called upon to pay more than the amount of the actual assessment upon their houses. An investigation was consequently entered upon; and it has been stated that four hundred different charges can be brought against the delinquent, the penalties upon which amount to 45,000*l.* Scarcely an inhabitant has escaped being thus defrauded of from ten to twenty shillings, and in many cases more, annually, for very many years past. The collector held his office twenty years; and his surcharges, during that period, have averaged 2,000*l.* per annum.

A Hard Case.—When Mr. Watson Taylor left England, he was indebted to several of his tenants at Erlstoke—to some for malt, to others for coals, and to others for money actually advanced to pay his servants' wages—all of whom were promised that their demands should be allowed in their respective rents. Those, however, who have now the management of the property do not feel themselves authorised to fulfil this promise; and one tenant, a few days since actually had his horses seized for payment of his rent, while 200*l.* remained due to him from his landlord.





THE LADY OF THE LAKES

By the same Author as the 'LADY OF THE LAKES'

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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR JUNE, 1833.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY GRAHAM.

FRANCES, LADY GRAHAM, whose portrait forms the embellishment of this month, is the daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craigforth Ness and Ardkinglass in Stirlingshire; and wife to the Right Honourable Sir James Graham, Bart. of Netherby, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Member of His Majesty's Privy Council.

The house of Callander of Craigforth, from which Lady Graham paternally descends, ranks among the most ancient in Stirlingshire. During the reign of King James the Sixth, one of the lairds of Craigforth served with distinction in the continental wars of that period, and his father having been the royal armour bearer, he received a considerable sum from the Scottish monarch upon his accession to the English throne, which enabled him to make considerable additions to the family property of Craigforth. The grandfather of Lady Graham, the late John Callander, of Craigforth, was a man of considerable literary attainments, and devoted a great part of his time to the study and enjoyment of the fine arts. As a writer, his name is known by the dissertations which he published on *Paradise Lost*, and on some of the works of King James the Fifth. Mr. Callander wedded Mary, eldest daughter of Sir James Livingstone, Bart., whose mother was the daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglass. This Sir James Campbell entailed the estate of Ardkinglass on Sir James and Lady Livingstone, on condition of their

assuming the name and arms of Campbell. Mr. Callander died in 1798, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

JAMES CALLANDER, Esq., who, in 1810, on the demise of Sir Alexander Campbell, the only son of his uncle, Sir James Livingstone, Bart., inherited the estates and title of Campbell, of Ardkinglass, and became Sir James Campbell.

Sir James wedded, thirdly, Lady Elizabeth M'Donnel, youngest sister of the Marquess of Antrim, by whom, (who died in 1797,) he has issue,

Alexander James, a Major in the British service;

Randal Mac Donnel;

Caroline, who married Thomas Sheridan, Esq., son of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Georgiana.

Frances, the subject of our Memoir, married, as before stated, in 1819, to

The Right Honourable Sir JAMES ROBERT GRAHAM, Bart., M.P. for Cumberland, and First Lord of the Admiralty, the representative of the very ancient house of Graham, of Netherby, which claims descent from the renowned chieftain GRÈME, who, in the year 404, commanded King Fergus the Second's army, and was Governor of Scotland in the minority of that monarch's grandchild, EUGENE the Second. From the time of this distinguished person, the name of Graham has been one of the most

brilliant in the records of Scotland. "The ancient and most powerful house of Graham," says Sir Walter Scott, in *The Lady of the Lake*, "held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals; Sir John Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquess of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realised the abstract ideas of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies; and, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the vigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name, as the third, John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, whose heroic death, in the arms of victory, may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists during the reigns of CHARLES the Second and JAMES

the Second." The immediate ancestor of the present Sir James Graham was

The Rev. ROBERT GRAHAM, D. D., grandson of Sir George Graham, second Baronet of Esk, who inherited the estates of his cousin, Catherine, Lady Widdrington, in 1757. He espoused Frances, daughter of Reginald Graham, of Norton Conyers, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

JAMES GRAHAM, Esq., of Netherby, who was created a BARONET, 28th December, 1782. Sir James married in 1785, Catherine, eldest daughter of John, seventh Earl of Galloway, by his Countess, Anne, daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Baronet, and had, with other children, a son and heir, the present Sir JAMES ROBERT GEORGE GRAHAM, Baronet, of Netherby, who has issue by his present lady,

Frederick Ulric, born 1820.

Constance, born 1831.

Ferginald Malise, } born 1833.
Mabel Violet, }

TO LAURA.

THERE is a cave by yonder shore,
Where gentle Echo dwells,
And faintly heard, the distant roar
Of ocean breathes for evermore,
Like voice of many shells.
And there at eve I love to fly,
When sunset gilds the sea,
And none but Echo lingers nigh
To whisper back each fruitless sigh,
With inbred sympathy.
The spar above—the shells below—
The cavern's gloom behind;
Before, the sunny twilight glow,
That hangs o'er ocean's solemn flow,
Solace the aching mind.
'Tis there the heart forgets its birth,
Resumes its embryo rest;
And far from human grief or mirth,
Beholds around its parent earth,
And sighs within her breast.
There fades away the poisonous flower—
The flower of hopeless love;
And borne beyond its deadly power,
The soul beguiles the passing hour,
With dreams of peace above.
The star of eve—the choral wave—
With herald smile and voice—
Appear from lands beyond the grave,

To bring to Ocean's lonely cave
A tale of future joys.
The sun sinks down, but lingering there
His mantle clothes the sea;
A haze of glory fills the air,
And stirs the heart to voiceless prayer,
And memory of *thee*.
"And where art thou, my only love?"
My bosom fondly sighs—
"And where art thou?"—the mocking dove
Of Echo, answers far above,
And answering faintly, dies.
In vain I call!—the rocks on high
A thousand sighs return;
From each dark cell the echoes fly,
And lisp again my hopeless sigh,
And mock me as I mourn.
Yet still at eve, when hallowed sleep,
Hath lull'd the rushing brine,
I love to haunt that cave and weep,
When twilight dies along the deep,
O'er one that is not mine.
The voice of winds—the boom of waves—
The ocean's sullen roll—
And e'en the sigh that wildly raves
From rock to rock in Echo's caves,
Delight my gloomy soul.

PETRARCH.

A LADY'S LOG-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AIMS AND ENDS," "CARWELL," &c.

ALL books of southern voyages are so contrived, that a third of the first volume records only the sea-sickness of the writer, the barittas, sea-gulls and reflections that crossed him between Portsmouth and Madeira. He is then naturally led to dwell on the beauty of that lovely little island. Its fruits and flowers, its glorious grapes, and "golden wine":— he describes the prickly pear at his foot; and the carapons on the head of the bronzed and short-cloked peasant; the oxen drawing the barrels of wine about the streets, and the incessant cry of "Capara mi boa!" from their drivers. After the nausea and weariness of a month perhaps, he eats, and wonders at the rosy guava, the perfumed banana, the turpentine-tasted rose-apple; the jew-fish, with his telescope-shaped eye. The abrote consoles him for lost whittings and turbot; in the claw of the sea crawfish he is recompensed for the lobsters of London recollection. When the sudden southern night-fall withdraws the light, the heavy perfume of the white-blossomed datura (whose large blossom made a witty friend observe, that it always reminded him of a tree "*hung with dimity waistcoats*"), the sweet mysterious vapour of the "buenos noches," make him ashamed to regret even the violets and wild hyacinths of a Devonshire spring.

He blesses himself at the profaneness of their processions, when he sees the Virgin, as large as life, in a blue satin gown and tinsel coronet, carried in a butcher's tray, and other exhibitions of the same kind, but yet more shocking to protestant Christians. She is followed by brawny, masked, and barefoot penitents, in blue or green, by little children, with rouged cheeks, goose wings at their shoulders, and chaplets of flowers on their heads. One of the penitents, belabours his own back, with the heavy whip, till the blood flows profusely, and he keeps time in his blows with the utmost apparent indifference. All these things are new to the English traveller (or at least were so, when Napoleon denied a continental tour to our wandering inclinations), he describes and remembers them; but the most profound impression I received, and which no time can ever efface, was from the great kindness and noble hospitality of the gentlemen of the factory; who, to a man, show every sort of kindness to the

strangers recommended to their notice by friends at home; and among the resident merchants, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of recording my obligations to the house of Messrs. Gordon, Duff, and Bean, whose wine was, by my male friends, considered the best in the world, and whose hearts are as friendly as their wine is generous.

The last day spent in that hospitable house in the Rua Emeraldal at Funchal we were a company of sixteen persons, now going to part with almost the certainty of never meeting again: some were going to England, some to India, some to the West Indies. We were for southern Africa; some were to stay in Madeira. It was not without a *serrement du cœur*, that we heard our healths drank as "the outward bound." Great discussion took place whether our little fleet would sail the next day, and whether our ship (the Annes) would ever sail at all, so many circumstances had occurred to delay her departure, which we had been expecting to take place every day for the last two months. This time we were not disappointed: on the afternoon of the following day we walked to the Pintinha, and the day being fine and calm, we had a pleasant "trip" to the Annes, accompanied by some of our friends, who kindly saw us deposited in our cabin. Fortunately our convoy did not give signal for sailing on the following day, which last delay enabled us to hear again from England, and to receive the last flowers which were to be gathered for us in Madeira; and on the following morning, at 10 o'clock, found H. M. S. the T— under weigh, with a fair wind. Our fleet consisted of four brigs, store ships, and one king's ship as convoy, for the war still endured. Our vessel was one of 280 tons. The crew, including our family and the master's wife, consisted of fourteen persons. The master, a respectable man and good seaman, had had great experience in the coal trade, but this was his first voyage southwards. It has been my fortune to sail in various ships, but I have found it an invariable rule in all, that the captain or master assures you that there never was so good a sailer, so fine a sea-boat, so admirably constructed a vessel, as that particular one then intrusted to his guidance. We received this customary encouragement, and in this case as in all others,

observed it was not an assertion to soothe female cowardice, but the deliberate opinion of him who spoke it. A fair fresh wind impelled us briskly forward, but we had the mortification to discover that the master had been rather partial in his view of the Annes' merits. It is true she was an excellent sea boat, and well calculated to bear the buffeting of the long southern waves, but from being built much too round, she was wanting in vivacity: in fact, a very bad sailer: she "walked the waters" not "as a thing of life," but like a large dowager straining a quadrille, or a fat elderly gentleman as "cavalier seul." This discovery did not add to the pleasure of the voyage, or of a very squally night, which closed that 20th of April.

On the following day, in order to hasten the tardy movements of the Annes, the captain of the T—took us in tow. He proved a most obliging neighbour. His notes, visits, and conversation, formed our principal amusement during the voyage: he was exceedingly lively and intelligent in spite of illness, by which he was oppressed, and there was an originality in all he said that made him very interesting. On the 22nd we had the good fortune to acquire the guidance of a fresh and strong trade-wind, which blew us on beneath a lovely cloudless sky, and our company was augmented by a band of porpoises, who played on the "level brine" on each side of the ship, with great vivacity. No incident worth relating occurred, unless we might dwell on the frequent breakage of the towing rope, as constantly replaced, till the trade-wind grew too fresh to allow of the process being continued; and having extracted from the master his opinion that towing was injurious to the strength of the vessel's constitution, it was impossible not to rejoice when the Annes resumed her own sluggish struggle through the waves. Happy are those who can read, write, and employ themselves afloat with the same perseverance and interest as in a comfortable chamber; it is easier to respect than imitate their independent character! To the less favoured traveller there is something to discourage, when

"His pens and paper, ink, and he
Roll up and down the ship at sea."

when, having made himself comfortable with a large folio on a gun-carriage, and a thick cushion to sit on, a sudden lurch sends folio and cushion through the opposite port-hole, and the student is only saved from following, by being caught by the throat, arm, or leg, as it happens, by the strong arm and tarry hand of a friendly shipmate. Or a lady on

deck is working a calico dress, and one of those unaccountable waves which seem to have had no provocation of wind to stir them, suddenly washes herself and embroidery, which, if in colours, will be much mellowed by the process, besides the pleasure of a second toilette, when *one* presents difficulties of great magnitude.

Perhaps you play chess; if you have not provided yourself with those spiked men who insinuate themselves into the board, your skill will avail you nothing, just when you see your adversary look wildly on impending check-mate, when you see

"——— the king at chess,
His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishops in distress,
Shifting about grow less and less,
With here and there a peon."

You send that Zenobia, that Catherine, *your* queen, backed by two castles and the white bishop, to give him the coup de grace in a corner. She comes—the amazon! Alas for Hoyle! alas for Philidor! they are all in the ship's waist, trodden by the sheep! munched by the hogs! swallowed by the ducks!—while that arch-monster of insincerity your adversary says with a meaning smile, he "is *really* sorry, it was a very good game, and he had just discovered the way to extricate himself, he was *sure of the game in three more moves!*" It is small comfort to tell him he lies—for you cannot prove it.

Among other attempts at occupation, I sought to converse with the master's wife, but she was a perfect mistress of the art of silence, though a female. He was more disposed to speak, and as I one day besought him to tell me whether he had formed any decided opinion as to the existence of mermaids, he gave me the following anecdote, either as having happened to his father or his father's intimate friend, I am not positive which. The hero of the tale commanded a collier called the "Sea-adventure," which one calm evening in some north country bay, was spoken by a mermaid, whose address was couched in the following terms:—"Sea-adventure! Sea-adventure! Clew up your sails and let go your sheet-anchor!" As the evening was fine and the weather promising, the greater part of the crew conceived that a mermaid who gave such unnecessary advice, was either of a ridiculously timid disposition, or that she had on that evening partaken of an extra-shell containing some liquor more bewildering than her native wave, and they inclined to scorn the admonition,—but the captain being a

cautious man, thought the mermaid might have private reasons for what she said, and being a courteous man thought it right to pay some attention to a female neighbour, so he obeyed and was rewarded for his complaisance, for a sudden storm came on that night which the Sea-adventure rode out very comfortably, while several other ships were wrecked which had not had a mermaid to pilot them. From this tale it may be seen "how pleasant was my friend!" On the 26th we made the Cape de Verds; we had not the pleasure of seeing them, we passed Brava in the night, but saw birds and large shoals of flying fish for the first time. Several fell on our deck; it must be confessed they seem to have less discretion and foresight than any other living creatures whatsoever, perhaps if this could be explained to the ornithological, and I wish it could, it might prevent the envy their double talent of swimming and flying is calculated to inspire. It was pretty to see their little silvery wings, their haste and agitation as they rose from one wave to bury themselves in the next, but it was too like the fate of mankind to be a very cheerful sight. The same gay commotion, anxious speed, momentary importance, and vanishing ere we have well gazed at it, buried in the surge of time! During the last days of the month we had an opportunity of observing the appearance of fire on the water, of which I had often read, but now saw for the first time. As we approached the line the heat rapidly increased, the beautiful bright days continued, with cloudy nights, and often much lightning after it was dark. We were very anxious not to be becalmed when about crossing the line, which is not an unusual circumstance. The wind failed entirely on the 2nd of May and it became intensely hot. We had no thermometer on board, but, I imagine, the temperature was about 88°. We had heavy rain on the 4th, which was uncomfortable as it confined us to the cabin, our discomfort continued until the 9th of May, when we crossed the Line at midnight. The next day the oft-described pantomime of a visit from Neptune and Amphitrite took place; Neptune's appearance was truly classical, but Amphitrite appeared in a black bonnet, and altogether was not unlike some terrestrials I have seen at Portsmouth. The 11th a brisk wind made the ship pitch so violently as to give us a day of complete discomfort, but the heat was diminished and at night a beautiful scene took place, hundreds of dolphins playing by the ship's side

and following our light. They were plainly seen many feet below the water when they turned colour, and fire appeared to flash from their sides. Many attempts to snare them were made, but none were caught, though the bait and hook were frequently carried away.

This brilliant spectacle, and the sight of some albatross, several of which were seen in the course of the day, were events to us. Those who have been afloat without sight of land for six or seven weeks, are alone capable of estimating the importance of the smallest incident which breaks the uniformity of "one wide water;" and the man had no touch of sympathy in his nature, who first ridiculed that celebrated memorandum in some nautical journal, "this day hook'd a shark, but let him go." On the 14th of May we had a visit from the *commodore*, as the master called him, who announced an intention of touching at Rio Janeiro for water, finding his convoy such slow-sailing vessels, from which circumstance we had drifted so much to the west it would hardly take us out of our way. The wind at this time seemed to conspire with the currents to oblige us to take that measure, we rather regretted the prospect of any change that might lengthen our voyage; but some days subsequent to passing Trinidad, the wind, though occasionally sinking to a calm, grew on the whole more favourable, and by the 27th of May we were seventy miles east of Saxenberg; an island, the existence of which is, I believe, sometimes disputed: we however found some birds and weed in the latitude assigned to it. From this time our voyage was monotonous, the wind so fresh that we often went nine knots an hour, and the motion of the ship so violent some nights as to preclude the possibility of sleeping. By the beginning of June, our days were rainy and cold, weary of our imprisonment we counted incessantly the time we had spent on board, and computed how much longer our voyage might last. An incident occurred about the 12th of June that had nearly brought it to a sudden conclusion, we had had some rough winds, and for some reason or other, had occasionally received a signal to "lay to" from the T—. One day we had lost sight of all our companions from a thick fog, which suddenly cleared away, the next day we were enjoying a bright afternoon, and saw at a great distance one or two of the other brigs, and (as it appeared to us) the T— came nearer, and we received a signal to "lay to." Our master disposed the rigging to comply with the signal. We were sitting in

our cabin after dinner when a sound of sudden bustle, an unusual sound, made me open the door. In a small cabin next to us, the door of which was open, I saw the master's wife and my maid with livid faces, and dilated eyes, and casting mine towards the window their consternation was at once accounted for. The vessel we had taken for the T—— was a stranger of twice our size, and what then appeared perfectly unaccountable was rapidly advancing in such a direction that it was next to impossible she should not run us down. For a couple of minutes it was impossible to conceive a more appalling expectation. I am not sailor enough to describe what measures were taken by the master of the *Annes*, but he evidently showed great readiness in his precautions, and great presence of mind. Our foe just cleared us, and till she had actually passed I believe no one on board the *Annes* believed it was possible she should do so; for the face of each person bore the

same expression of alarm and intense anxiety and no one uttered a word but the master in giving his orders. Our danger was over. The strange vessel passed on her way, and some hours afterwards we fell in with our companions, and also with a strong gale, which however subsided ere we saw the high blue promontory which pointed out the termination of our voyage. On the 17th of June we anchored in Simon's Bay. Some days afterwards we learned that the *L. C.*, an Indian, had come in two or three days before us, that the captain had been ill for some time, and the mate, who then commanded the ship, had boasted of an ingenious expedient he had adopted on meeting a French privateer, a few days previously: not having other means of defending himself, he, seeing she was half the size of the *L. C.*, had endeavoured to run her down, and had been very near effecting his purpose. He had mistaken our poor little store-ship for a French privateer.

AN ELEGY.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Thou art laid to rest in the spring-time hours—
In the freshness of early feeling;
While the dew yet lies on the new-born flowers,
And the winds thro' the wood-paths are stealing;
While yet life was gay to thy ardent eye—
While its rich hopes thrill'd thy bosom;
While each dream was pure as the upper sky,
And sweet as the opening blossom:
But thy promise of being, which shone so fair
Hath pass'd like a summer cloud in air;
That bosom is cold which with love was warm,
And the grave embraces that gentle form!

Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,
While nature her garland is wreathing,
While the earth seems touch'd with a radiant spell,
And the air of delight is breathing;
While the sun looks down with a mellow beam,
Where the roses in light are blushing;
While the young leaves dance with fitful gleam,
And the stream into song is gushing;
While bright wings play in the golden sun,
The tomb hath caress'd thee, thou faded one!
The clod lies damp on that fair young brow,
Which was beaming with pleasure and hope but now.

Philadelphia, May.

Should we mourn that death's angel, on dusky wing
O'er thy flowery path has driven;
That he crush'd the buds of thy sunny spring—
That thy spirit is borne to heaven?
How soon will the visions of earth grow dim—
How soon will its hopes be faded,
And the heart that hath leaped to the syren's hymn
With sadness and gloom be o'ershaded?
The feelings are fresh but a little while—
We can bask but an hour in affection's smile,
Ere the friend and the lover have pass'd away—
Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting clay.

Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,—
In thy mournful shroud reposing;—
There is no cloud on thy *soul* to fall—
No dust o'er its light is closing:
It will shine in glory, when time is o'er—
When each phantom of earth shall wither—
When the friends who deplore thee shall sigh no more,
And lie down in the dust together.—
Though the sad winds wail in the cypress bough
Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now,
With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye
While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high!

DOCTOR ZEB AND HIS PLANET.

BY A MODERN PERIPATETIC.

DOCTOR ZEB was the most learned man of the times in which he lived. His cranium was a focus in which all the radii of wisdom, and all the lights of human reason had found their centre. So prodigious was his knowledge, that it was affirmed he had discovered the means of making gold, and the secret of not being subject to death. Yet Dr. Zeb was poor all his life, and died long ago: but then we are assured that he lived in poverty because he knew that wealth could not procure happiness, and that he submitted to death like other men, because, having learned all that this world could teach, he had a mind to know what was passing in another.

This so celebrated Dr. Zeb was one day taking a walk in a retired and solitary place, and therefore favourable to the deep meditation in which he was engaged. He took a view of the vast range of sciences of which he had made himself master, and of the important secrets he had discovered. Though, for the most part, not less remarkable for the modesty of his nature than for the luminous quality of his understanding, it must be confessed, Dr. Zeb, on this occasion, did not resist a little movement of vanity which assailed his heart.

During the walk, Dr. Zeb raised his thoughts to speculations the most sublime. He soared so high as to seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the creation, and dared to think he perceived defects and contradictions in the magnificent system of the universe. Still further even did he carry his arrogant presumption, by lifting his voice to arraign the Architect of the innumerable wonders he contemplated. What more than all called forth his censure and discontent, was the mixture of perfection and blemishes, of grandeur and baseness, which every where prevailed in the character of man. "Why," murmured he to himself, "has the Creator endued his creature man with those fierce, disorderly passions, which torment him from the cradle to the grave, and which are the first cause of his errors and his crimes? Why was he afflicted with so many sufferings and miseries? Why subject him to bodily and mental pain? Ah, had the power of creating been mine, I would have pro-

duced beings far more perfect than man, and I would have bestowed on them the completest happiness. *Had the Creator but consulted me when he formed mankind, I could have given him, I think, some useful advice.*"

Scarcely had Dr. Zeb concluded these reflections, when suddenly an angel, beaming with light, descended from the sky and stood before him. The Doctor, unable to support the brightness of the heavenly messenger, turned away his eyes and fell prostrate on the ground. The angel spoke: "The Creator of unnumbered worlds has looked into thy mind and read thy thoughts. He does justice to the profoundness and the extent of thy knowledge, and he deigns to invite thee to share with him in the glories of creation." As the last words fell from the lips of the angel, he folded Dr. Zeb in his arms, and they mounted with the rapidity of lightning into unknown regions. In the shortest space of time they were millions of miles above the earth, and Dr. Zeb found himself in a planet not known to any astronomer, for it had that moment been called into existence by Him who said, "*Let there be light! and there was light.*"

Dr. Zeb gazed in wonder and admiration around him. "What new world is this," cried he: "is it a dream that presents itself to my imagination, to disappear when I awake?" "It is no dream," rejoined the angel, "but a real world which the Omnipotent has created on thy account: he delivers it to thy keeping on the sole condition that thou shalt people it. He gives it thee for fifteen days, and with it the power to create beings such as live on the earth below, but more perfect and more happy. Begin, therefore; animate the dust under thy feet; cause the rocks around thee to take the human form; give them a soul; thy breath shall suffice for this effect: but once again, I repeat, the beings thou bringest into life by the sound of thy voice, or the touch of thy hand, must be more perfect and more happy than those who inhabit the earth. Shouldst thou fail, dread the punishment thy audacious impotence will have provoked from the hand of a justly offended God."

Having said these words, the angel hastened to join the celestial choir which surrounds the throne of the Eternal.

Dr. Zeb had been taken by surprise in a moment of pride, and the flattering office now assigned him was not calculated to raise sensations of modest self-distrust in his mind. What an important mission was that with which he was intrusted! To be the creator of a new race of men, a new society! With a single word from his lips, a single breath, a single act of his will, he was to give life and motion, a soul, reason, thoughts, sentiments, to inert matter! What a lofty destiny! A little pride on the occasion might surely be forgiven!

After reflecting deeply on the words of the angel, the Doctor thus pursued: "So, then, I am permitted to mould these my new creatures according to my fancy. Let me well consider every thing before I begin so grand an undertaking. I must be ignorant, indeed, if I failed to make my beings more perfect and more happy than the feeble and unhappy children of Adam. The threats of the angel do not dishearten or alarm me. It may be well, however, to arrange my plan of proceeding." Accordingly, the Doctor fell into a train of deep reflection.

"First, my creatures must form a society, for it is only in society that genius is developed and expanded. Without society genius and even virtue would be but useless treasures. Were I to adapt my creatures to a state of solitude, a gloomy self-concentrated mood must be the principal trait in their character. Gaiety, the mother of so many pleasures, would be banished from my globe. Man derives his happiness from those around him and from himself; from those around him by making use of their industry and their virtues for his own advantage; and from himself, by the performance of virtuous actions. But if we have not the state of society, these very actions are without objects to be benefited by them. So, then, as I want my creatures to be happy, it is necessary for them to be in a state of society.

"Next, that my people may attain to perfect happiness, I will form them so that they shall be exempt from bodily ailments; their organisation shall be such that human sufferings shall have no power to reach them. But no—yes—this is a point I must reconsider. If a being is insensible to pain, how can he be susceptible of pleasure? Both pleasure and pain proceed from the delicacy and sensibility of our organs. In destroying the cause of pain, I destroy also the cause of

pleasure; so that instead of producing a happy being, he would be a mere automaton. This is a dilemma of a more perplexing character than I expected.

"But now, though I should not be able to exempt my creatures from bodily pain, I see no obstacle to preserving them from that of the mind. We are more or less happy, or the reverse, through the feelings of the heart, rather than through the senses; I will, therefore, bestow on them all the enjoyments that delight the soul, all the affections that constitute happiness, taking care to remove from their path every source of alloy or cause of destruction to those tender materials. All this, surely, I shall find quite easy of accomplishment."

Here Dr. Zeb again paused, and pressing one hand against his forehead, he fell into a train of deep meditation.

"Now I look at the matter in another aspect," said he, "there are still some perplexing contradictions. If I provide my beings with all the pleasures of the soul, it appears to me impossible to separate those from its pains. To enjoy, one must first feel the desire of enjoyment, and the stronger the desires, the more exquisite the enjoyment. If my beings have desires, they of necessity will be mixed with fears and hopes. Thus, their tranquillity will be disturbed, and if disappointment in any feature of their desire should ensue, then is my creature made unhappy. If, on the other hand, he obtains what he desires, he must, of course, wish to secure the object he so much values; and if, in the nature of things, it should be torn from his grasp, how shall I save him from the most poignant regret? If he felt not this regret, it would be a proof that his enjoyment had been but small. Well; what if my beings were constituted frivolous, thoughtless, devoid of character of any kind? Oh, then they would be less liable to pain of the mind, and uneasiness with them would be of short duration; yes, but also they would have put their lips to the cup of happiness and withdrawn it without tasting the nectar it contained: they would still be ignorant of the bliss of true enjoyment. Really, it is difficult to reconcile all these discrepancies. But let us look a little further.

"The men I am to create shall, then, like my fellow beings on earth, be subject to both mental and bodily pain; since, it seems that for their very happiness it ought to be so. But at least, as I cannot dispense with the feature of their existing in a state of society, they shall be possessed of every virtue. Not

a vice shall there be in my planet; neither pride, nor egotism, nor covetousness. There shall be neither miser, nor dupe, nor knave; and, above all, no ambitious man shall be among us; none who lives on the blood and the tears of nations, whose elevation has grown on the engine of murder, and who is puffed up with the idea of his importance, because the poor tremble at his nod, and who rewards the adulation of the servile with spoils wrested from the virtuous. I will have no war among us, that fatal scourge which the sons of Adam bring upon themselves, and often without cause or motive. The inhabitants of my planet shall have none but mild affections; sentiments, but no passions, for passions are the sole cause of all the errors and all the crimes of man.

"No passions! It must, however, be confessed that it is these which supply the grandest energies of the soul, which give movement to the development of ideas—an incredible power of exertion to natures which, without them, would be inert, incapable of enterprise, and who, under the influence of passions, are stimulated to the bravest disregard of danger for their gratification. So then, if my beings are without passions they will have no lofty views; they will see inconveniences, obstacles, and perils in all the undertakings which present themselves. I shall thus have produced a pusillanimous race, endowed with little better than the life of a vegetable. There would be no action in its societies, and every hope of attaining that glorious state of perfection I had contemplated for ever lost!

"Ah, I see we can do nothing if we reject the passions.

"But then all must not have the same passions; for this would cause a state of perpetual discord. If the same dispositions were in all, there would be ever the same aims and pursuits, and each would jostle another in the execution of their projects. My beings would not have friendly feelings towards each other; there would even exist violent distastes, distrusts, and hatred, occasioned by a mutual sense of rivalry of interests. Why do we see more partiality arise between two men of dissimilar tastes and dispositions, producing opposition and contrast, than between other two whose characters have a strong resemblance? Is it not because this difference of character destroys all the grounds for rivalry, and consequently every germ of discord or hostility? Let us then assume, that any two men, having between them no subject or reason for animosity, would naturally, on coming into contact, be mutually disposed to

kind and favourable sentiments towards each other.

"As this is the case, my creatures, since passions they must have, shall have them in such kind and degree as not to interfere with each other, to the injury of my general plan. Now then, I distribute among my creatures the infinitely limited number of passions incident to the human species, and they are to feel them in different degrees; for there would still be too much resemblance in the characters in individuals which only these degrees or shades of passions have the power to modify ad infinitum. We see then, that we must have every shade of the passions that can be imagined in my society, that a variety may exist in the characters; for this variety is absolutely necessary to the perfection and completion of my undertaking.

"But by what means shall I be able to prevent the entrance of vices into my planet? The vice, beyond all others, of covetousness, I would exclude; but is not covetousness one of the shades of self-preservation? I would exclude both dupes and knaves, and would form only men of frank, generous, and confiding tempers. But how shall I be able to keep out dupes and knaves from a world where kindness, confidence, and generosity will be ever meeting covetousness in their path? I will not admit pride, yet pride is one of the shades of self-love, in itself an excellent mobile, and absolutely necessary for the safety of all created beings. I will have no ambitious man; ah, it is easy to say this, but is not ambition one of the modifications of pride? So that in creating pride, I also give birth to ambition. Further—I will fashion the minds of my creatures, so that they shall set no value on riches, honours, and power. Fine reasoning, truly! Other objects will give another direction to their pride; they will have another ambition, and will cut each other's throats for other causes. Thus I shall not have gained a single step.

"It would seem, then, that I cannot give the inhabitants of my planet, a different character from that of the inhabitants of earth. I see that my new society must, like theirs, be composed of vices and virtues; that baseness and grandeur, pride and modesty, knavery and probity, must have their places in it, as they have among the children of Adam. Like the adroit painter who uses two opposite colours to produce a good effect in the shading of his picture, so must I employ good and evil, for the completeness of my design.

"But though I cannot bestow on my creatures, a more perfect character than that of

the inhabitants of earth, at least I may endow them with a grander and more expansive genius, a sounder judgment, a more luxuriant and varied imagination; in short, with stronger and more earnest dispositions for the arts and sciences. In this I shall have procured them a greater degree of happiness, since they will be so much nearer to perfection. This point, however, requires reflection. I must consider what shall be the measure of the genius I would assign them, and in what degree I would enlarge their knowledge. Shall I give them such an aptness for acquiring the sciences, that without any of the pains or fatigues of industry they shall learn what God has thought proper to withhold from the sons of Adam? No, for from the moment they know all, their genius will be without its natural aliment, will no longer be of use, but will languish in a state of slothful inertness, resembling death. I must, therefore, consent that my creatures shall be ignorant of a great number of nature's secrets; that they shall know only those things that conduce to their happiness, and have to search after the knowledge of all besides. This, though, is just what the Creator has done for the inhabitants of earth. Those of my planet shall have a sounder judgment, a clearer insight into what is passing, and the power of better appreciating all surrounding objects. But no, I am again at fault, for as my creatures will have the same passions as the children of Adam, like them they will see with the eyes of their passions, and with no more clearness than they.

"Can I compensate these deficiencies, by bestowing an excess of imagination on my creatures? I will give them the most exquisite sense of beauty in the arts; they shall have among them greater painters and greater poets—but what am I proposing? The arts must ever be but imitations of nature; they can present but the images of natural things: perfection in the imitation of these images, depends eminently on the manner of feeling them. The children of Adam may, at some time, arrive at this perfection, when their productions shall be in perfect harmony with their sentiments and their sensations.

"Thus, then, the inhabitants of my planet will be condemned to have no more genius, no more judgment, no more imagination than the inhabitants of the earth! This is a great evil, for the brilliant faculties of which the latter display so proud a boast, make but a poor figure when examined closely. One consolation, however, I have; there will not be a single instance of a man of weak under-

standing in my planet; no, one and all shall be endowed with intellectual powers. I cannot imagine why there should have been fools among the children of the earth, and in such large numbers.

"Fools, did I say? Ah, now I perceive the impossibility of doing without them, even in my own planet. What! give an equal portion of genius to each individual? An equal power of thought? No, no, for if all the creatures of this, my new world, had an equal portion of intellect, that intellect would no longer be of value. Emulation would be destroyed. The same necessity which exists for an infinity of modifications in character, exists likewise as to intellect. I must examine the very slightest shades of difference, from towering genius to the weakest folly, as well as those which exist between good and evil; and since my creatures are not to have more intellect than the inhabitants of earth, the fools I am to create, will necessarily be as great fools as any in the globe on which I hold my existence.

"Well, but to compensate my fools in some measure, I will bestow on them the quality of modesty, which shall, at all times, lead them to a due estimation of their own powers. Thus, they will enter on no undertaking that is above the faculties of their mind. We shall not see among them a multitude of persons, who, without sense or talent, inundate the world with their miserable productions; a set of ignorant pretenders sending forth systems of politics, of morals, &c.; men, destitute of a spark of imagination, thrusting themselves into the sphere of poetry and romance, or, though only fit for the daubing of a sign-post, assuming the title of painters. But I shall reform these matters, and take care that none shall step out of the place to which I have appointed him. Yet, vain is this project also, for though not difficult in other respects, how shall I be able to subdue the powerful obstacle that presents itself? How prevent, since it is a shade of self-love, the existence of vanity in my planet? Or that the quality shall prevail even among the fools? Is it not fortunate, when mean passions select mean minds for their abode? And is it not far best that vanity should associate with folly, showing it in its true colours, than with genius which it would degrade? Would it not be a pity, that modesty were the ornament of fools? For then, no longer would this fine quality be the highest ornament of talents, and none would desire its possession.

"I perceive, then, clearly, that I must fail

in my attempt to create beings more perfect in their nature, or more happy in their state, than those in whom I lately found so great a number of imperfections. What a humiliation to my pride!"

Dr. Zeb now passed a fortnight in meditations the most profound. The longer he reflected, the more he saw the impossibility of creating a society of men without passions and without vices. He recognised the absolute necessity for creating in his new planet, dupes and knaves; upright men and villains; spendthrifts and misers; ambitious men; vain men; fools, and originals of every kind. The fifteenth day arrived, and found the doctor in a state of the most painful and extreme perplexity, for in all this time not a single being had he created.

"Can it be," cried he, "that the power to create has been bestowed on me, and I have made no use of it! For an instant only have I enjoyed my triumph! I was endowed with a gift divine, and it has served but to make me sensible of my abject impotence! But no, I will not return thus to earth. Something, though it were but a fly, I will create. Yes, I will amuse myself in creating a fly; and I will take care enough that it shall be more perfect than the flies that exist on earth, since I cannot dispense with this condition without incurring the severe penalty prescribed."

Dr. Zeb having formed the resolution to create a fly, fell again into a train of thought no less profound than when the question was of creating human beings. He had seen many flies in his life, and had examined their component parts with scrupulous attention; nor did the earth contain an insect of whose organisation the learned man was ignorant. Suddenly he started from his reverie. "Create a fly! I create a fly!" cried he; "could any but a madman entertain the thought! Nothing that exists is more perfect than a fly! So marvellous a structure of an insect confounds weak human reason in attesting the infinite power of the Creator. Ah! great and merciful God, deign to pardon the movement of pride within my breast, which for a moment caused me to misunderstand thy universal wisdom! My abject, ignorant soul bows

down before thee! I impiously dared to pass a censure on thy works; I had the audacity to think I could create beings more perfect than man, and find that imagination can conceive no higher perfection than is exhibited in the form with which thou hast endowed a fly!"

Scarcely had he concluded these words when a loud clap of thunder was heard. Dr. Zeb tremblingly raised his eyes towards heaven, and perceived the angel who conducted him to the uninhabited planet where he now stood. The celestial messenger was borne on a light transparent vapour emblazoned with tints of blue and gold. A smile beamed on his countenance as he pronounced these words: "Dismiss thy fears, oh learned man! God is too just, too great, and too good, not to pardon thy folly, which thyself hast acknowledged and repented of; he watched to see to what extreme thy presumption would lead thee, and if thou wouldst dare to use the power he gave thee. Thou didst well in retracting thy error. Cease, oh blind and feeble mortal—cease thy vain endeavour to measure the immense chain, of which thy imperfect vision sees only a few scattered links; but the extent, or marvellous structure of which thou canst nothing know. To have a just idea of the wisdom of a God, it is not from a single man, or a single insect that he is to be judged, but from the whole range of creation, the mysteries of which are far above thy comprehension. Both man and fly are imperfect by their nature, but perfect by their destination. If God had created beings perfect by their nature, he would have created *Gods*."

At these words, a second roll of thunder was heard. The angel placed the doctor by his side. In a moment the planet was annihilated, and Dr. Zeb found himself in his own dwelling surrounded by his family and friends, who were still lamenting his loss. The remainder of his days was passed in the rational endeavour still to improve his knowledge. No movement of pride again assailed him, nor was he ever again visited with the desire to create a race of men to his own fancy—that absurd mania of so many philosophers!

SPAIN.

BY A. JAMES.

THAT nations, like individuals, have their rise and their fall, their "entrances and their exits," and though not their "seven ages," at least their infancy, their manhood, and their decrepitude, is a position which requires not the authority of a Gibbon, or the pages of a Livy demonstratively to establish. It is a truth which the most sceptical will not question, and which the concurrent testimony of ancient annals, and the universal consent of all ages and of all nations, conclusively certify. But closely connected with this, there is another axiom which to me appears equally evident, infinitely more consequential, though possibly not so obvious nor so generally regarded. And yet why should it be accounted strange by any man not totally unobservant, *that national crimes and national virtues should generally be productive of certain relative effects as necessarily as personal profligacy and personal rectitude of conduct?* Exceptions may perhaps be urged; but who is prepared to maintain that by those very exceptions, the general rule is not established? For where is the nation that has daringly outraged the laws of equity, trampled on morality, and set humanity at defiance, and that sooner or later has not felt the visitation of retributive justice as signally and deplorably as that Babylonian king "whose dwelling was with the beasts of the field?"

Whilst we admire that noble spirit which, unawed by threats, unmoved by brooding mutiny, impelled Vasco de Gama to seize the helm, and sword in hand resolutely to press forward for that cape of tempests, the very name of which had struck his sailors with consternation, boldly to double that tremendous barrier, to brave "that Monster Genius" of the Cape which all the horrors of fiction, poesy, and fable, had conjured up as the terrific, the worse than Cerberean guardian of that Giant Land whose brow is wrapt in ever-during clouds—whilst we behold him fearlessly braving the unknown perils of the wide and wasteful deep, and, after more than Herculean labours, mooring at last his weather-beaten bark on the distant coast of Malabar—whilst Portugal and her brave mariners were thus eagerly foremost in the glorious pursuit of discovery, foremost in the laurelled career of hazardous enterprise—Spain too had caught the flame, and under the

animating auspices of the illustrious Isabella, spurning the safer trammels of the coasting system, Columbus left the old world, and through the mighty Atlantic,

"his broad sails he spreads,
Before his eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension."

Towards the close of the 15th century Spain became a consolidated monarchy by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was rapidly advancing to the zenith of her glory. The expulsion of the Moors, the martial prowess and grasping austere policy of the king, the illustrious and dignified bearing of the queen, the holy league with the Roman pontiff, the union of the states and annexation of Navarre, together with the general progress of intellect, love of liberty, and lofty spirit of the people, conspired to constitute a galaxy of splendour well calculated to give distinction to a kingdom, which nature, fortune, arts, science, and the very genius of the population seemed to have marked out as the arbitress of Europe—as the mistress of the world.

About this time France, England, Austria, and the other powers, under the sordid and contracted views of their rulers, and the prevailing lethargy of the times, were content churlishly to bury each its own talent, content to exhaust their energies and their strength in little bickerings, in domestic feuds, or intervicinal broils, whilst, influenced by higher objects and more liberal considerations, Spain had the moral courage to assume a dictatorial attitude, and to robe herself in "high supremacy."

And yet, though Ferdinand was ever renowned for reputation and honour, he seemed to have sacrificed all his other virtues to the mere splendour of heroism, which with him was perfectly constitutional. But who could compare with the beautiful, the unassuming and accomplished Isabella? Ferdinand never lost sight of stern dignity and honour; but despotic rule was ever in his eye, it was the object which occupied his soul, and there was nothing in his conduct to endear him to his subjects. Preeminent for humanity and benevolence Isabella was respected by the people, and, as a sovereign, she possessed

every thing that gives value to royalty. The reign of the sovereigns was redolent of auspicious results. Isabella was idolised; she was liberal and sincere, and under the smile of benignity there lurked "no inclination for tyranny." Success attended all their projects, victory laid her choicest laurels at their feet, and even fortune forgot to be inconstant. But amid all this effulgence of glory, happiness eluded their grasp. They were invariably prosperous, never happy.

Eagerly alive to the stirring passion of aggrandisement, the frigid heart of the sordid king was neither formed for the kindlier virtues, nor modulated for the graceful acts, "the thousand decencies" of domestic life, and never perhaps had modern ages witnessed so great a monarch so denuded of generosity, endowed with feelings so repulsive and saturnine, a monarch so isolated in self, so totally dead to all the genial sympathies of man. With him the repression of the oligarchy, extension of the prerogative, and enlargement of his dominions, were all-eugrossing considerations. Nor would the welfare of his subjects have entered into calculation had not Isabella graciously reminded him that *for the good of the people, kings reign and laws are established.*

Whilst unclouded prosperity beamed about his throne, and seemed to promise endless brilliancy to his reign, even then might be seen confusedly shadowed out in distant perspective, the scowling monster of adversity! So true it is that all things in nature are flux and transitory—that "riches make themselves wings"—that fortune ever eludes the shackle which would fix her revolving wheel!—and that the very crown, the high emblazoned diadem the monarch wears, encircles within its orb the latent elements of certain dissolution!

About this time Columbus, who had been neglected by his own country—who had failed in Portugal—and who had been coldly rejected by our powerful, opulent, and parsimonious Henry of England as a wild and visionary projector—it was about this time that Isabella showed her good sense and judgment by determining to countenance that great man.

Columbus sailed, returned, and laid a new world at the feet of his high-minded mistress!

Henry was vexed and mortified; he saw what he had lost, and became sensible, too late, how imprudently they always act who, under the intoxicating fumes of an exalted station, presume to spurn a brave man, or fastidiously neglect humble merit.

No sooner had the news of this mighty discovery resounded through Spain than thousands rushed forward in quest of gold! Men of dissolute lives and desperate fortunes, needy adventurers, malefactors, roused by the fascinating charms of new prospects, one and all flew over the Atlantic, armed with mattocks and mining instruments,

"To pluck the seated hills with all their gold,"
and to desolate those ill-fated regions.

"O for that warning voice which was heard cry,
Wo to the inhabitants on earth!"

But cruelty abroad, sudden and enormous wealth, and crooked policy at home, were soon observed as prominent causes which threatened Spain with degradation and decay. The new world, under Cortes and his eager followers, was unfeelingly doomed to destruction. Millions of poor, peaceable, and unoffending Indians, were absolutely worked, and starved, and scourged to death, in the mines!—millions were slaughtered in cold blood!—mountains of human carcasses were furiously heaped up!—Jordans of blood gushed through the vast continent!—not under the consecrated banners of the Catholic church and Catholic priests, as confidently affirmed by prejudiced historians—not for the purpose of conversion—but through rage, reckless abuse of power, and lust of gold. Incas, caciques, chieftains, their wives and their children, barbarously tortured!—men, women, without regard to age or sex, massacred—a world nearly exterminated! The heart recoils at the recital of horrors so brutal—so appalling, and which have left an indelible stain on the Spanish name. The continent was absolutely laid waste, and even the islands were nearly depopulated.

Who can contemplate, without a tear, the frightful picture taken on the spot by the venerable Las Casas—the butchery perpetrated at Hispaniola? Even now, after a lapse of three centuries, it is too monstrous for exhibition! In less than a dozen years, the New World, which, when discovered, was almost a paradise, and abundantly peopled—even Mexico, respectable for arts, for wealth, for magnificence, and comparative civilisation—all was changed! In less than twelve years America was a desert—the population had sunk under their sufferings, "dissolving as it were from the very face of the earth, miserable victims to the grasping avarice of the white man!"

But whilst we are shocked at these enormities, whilst we reflect on these tragic scenes with grief and indignation, it is consoling to

know that neither the court nor the Roman hierarchy can justly be charged with the calamities that have desolated America, or with having countenanced, much less sanctioned and encouraged, these dreadful abominations. On the contrary, the Spanish missionaries proved themselves, in the fullest sense of the word, ministers of peace, "who sincerely endeavoured to wrest the rod from the hands of the oppressors: to their powerful interposition the natives were indebted for every regulation tending to mitigate the utter ruin of their state." Imagine gangs of lawless ruffians, urged on by all the bad passions, and panting for wealth, let loose among a poor feeble race, who had neither arms, nor skill, nor courage, to defend themselves against their fell destroyers!

It is true the humane Isabella, far from vindicating the sanguinary excesses of her expatriated subjects, cordially exerted herself to restrain them—but in vain. She was betrayed; and those very men whom she sent as emissaries of mercy, no sooner arrived within the corrupting effluvia of the mines, but, like the companions of Ulysses, they lost their humanity, and brutally hastened to identify themselves with the unprincipled wretches they were deputed to repress! Between them and the court of Spain an ocean interposed—a distance of four thousand miles threw a veil over their misdeeds, and shrouded them from the vengeance of the law.

But from this period Spain began to decline, "for where opulence pours in suddenly, and with too full a stream, it overturns all sober plans of industry, and brings along with it a taste for what is wild and extravagant. Such was the great and sudden augmentation of power and revenue, that the possession of America brought into Spain; and some symptoms of its pernicious influence upon the political operations of that monarchy soon began to appear—the fatal operation of this rapid change in the state of the kingdom, both in the monarch and his people, were at once conspicuous."*

Yes, as wealth poured into her coffers, industry languished; even agriculture was neglected; and Spain, the most fertile country in Europe, could not raise food for its own inhabitants! Before 1550 arbitrary power and prostration of public spirit and public virtue became staringly visible; and it is a fact that the American possessions have neither increased her wealth, her population, her prosperity, her morals, her strength, nor her

happiness. And, though so late as 1600 they still preserved the external bearing of a gallant people, they began to be "*rotten at the core*"—they were rapidly losing that high sense of honour, that ardent love of liberty, that longing after glory, which, in the days of their strength and manhood, had given them the ascendancy in Europe.

The splendour of Spain disappeared—her greatness was obliterated—she now ceased to be an object of reverential awe to her neighbours—the halo of her glory was dissolved—and the whole machinery and buttresses of the state were fast falling to decay.

Philip, whose attachment to the British queen had gradually vibrated, and at last settled down into hatred, was glad of a pretext for war; and her support of the rebellious Flemings was eagerly embraced. In the paroxysm of his rage, he forgot that Spain was no longer the Gog and Magog of the age! In a moment the peninsula was in a blaze, the temple of Janus was violently thrown open, and the *conquest and condign punishment of Great Britain was magnanimously resolved upon!!!* The Invincible Armada was prepared, and, in imagination, Philip had already prostrated the British Lion, Elizabeth was at his feet, and England on the rack! Look into the Tower; admire the wheels, so piously furnished by the Grand Inquisitor; the ponderous axes; the thumb-screws; and the scourge!!! Look at these monuments of Spanish temerity, of Spanish presumption. There they are: eternal memorials, too, of British valour! and long may they exist to tell Englishmen what their ancestors have been!

From that day may be traced the virtual decadency of Spanish greatness—from that day the veil was removed, the charm was dissolved. The Armada was annihilated, and Spain became the scorn of Europe! The influence of Philip, that haughty, vindictive papist, was paralysed, and after a long and stormy reign of rankest despotism, he had the mortification to find, as he descended to the grave, that he had done his country no service, and that all his plans, his projects, and his hopes, must die and perish with him!

But whilst the monarchy and the overgrown power of the crown were rapidly verging to decay—whilst the prosperity, the industry, the importance of Spain were visibly passing away, it has become matter of surprise how singularly the national character has been supported, how wonderfully it has survived the wreck of kingly grandeur, "how little it has partaken of the national decay!"

* Robertson's America.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Charles the Third, better instructed, and with views more liberal and comprehensive, made a noble effort for the regeneration of his country, by boldly crippling that mis-created goblin of *monopoly*, which had long palsied the vitality, and acted as a pressure on the productive powers, the industry, and the energies of the empire. He manfully unshackled commerce, and enacted various wise regulations in favour of trade. The good effects of this excellent policy were soon perceived. "He made it the great object of his government to revive a spirit of industry among his subjects, and to give extension and perfection to their manufactures."

Unambitious of education, and unceasingly exposed to the bad influence of a bigoted, grossly superstitious, and idolatrous church, even the nobility had perceptibly sunk from the high-toned virtue of their ancestors. That lofty spirit, that heroic bearing, which had given dignity to the grandes of Spain, had vanished. Under the despotism of the king, the degeneracy of the nobles, the bigotry of the church, the worthlessness of its institutions, and a cramping system of ill-judged monopoly, it is indeed matter of astonishment that the great body of the people, during the worst periods of the worst reigns, were never completely demoralised. The glory of their ancestors, the noble daring, the heroic deeds, the splendid achievements of old times, which had in a manner eternalised their fame, acted as an amulet against corruption! Crimes they have and in abundance: the bravo, the desperado, the bully, and the ruffian, are there; but to judge of the national character by a few wretches, by the dregs of the community, would neither be candid nor just. As a people, under all these circumstances, they have comparatively maintained their integrity; the rust they have contracted may be imputed to the folly of their kings. Under the pressure of tyranny and popery, they have been unfortunate—unfortunate in their wealth—unfortunate in their policy at home and abroad; but despite of all misfortunes, and even of despotism, that greatest, foulest, worst of all the evils which can afflict a state,—the sacred light of liberty has never been totally extinguished! Honour and honesty have still kept some footing; nor has patriotism been utterly forgotten!

View Spain as she stands at this day, and as she stood at the close of the fifteenth century, before the murderous atrocities which Spanish ruffians perpetrated from one end of the New World to the other. View Spain

before Cortes and his followers passed like a pestilence through those unoffending regions—before men, women, and children were smitten with the edge of the sword—and who will dare to affirm that Spain is what she was? To deny retributive justice is to deny historical facts—to deny the connection between cause and effect. See what followed upon the massacre of the Gibeonites. And am I not fortified to assume that this single example, resting on such authority, is conclusively demonstrative of the position I have advanced? What further proof need we of the certainty of retributive justice? The dispersion of the Jews is not a stronger demonstration of the truth of the prophecy, than is the actual low estate of Spain, of the certainty of that retributive justice which sooner or later overtakes a nation for its crimes!

When the Syracusans buried Timoleon at the public charge, it was proclaimed that the state decreed to the deceased the honour of annual games for ever,—as the man who *had destroyed tyrants, repopled cities which lay desolate, loved mercy, practised humanity, and established the peace and welfare of the people!* But of Cortes, what will be said? In honour of his myrmidons what will posterity decree?—"I am surprised," emphatically observed Pericles, when at the point of death, to his surrounding friends, who, around his couch were discoursing of his extraordinary virtues and various exploits, "I am surprised while you commemorate and extol these acts, which any other general might have performed, that you take no notice of the greatest and most honourable part of my character, viz. that *no Athenian through my means ever put on mourning!*"

Charles the Third was succeeded by Charles Anthony, who died in 1775, the eldest son having been pronounced incapable of inheriting the crown, "through an invincible weakness of understanding." This seems to be a family failing. Then followed Charles the Fourth, a weak infatuated and superstitious monarch, father of the reigning king, Ferdinand the Seventh, whose intellect is not of the first order. Who can contemplate the latter years of Charles, and his latter acts, without emotions of pity and contempt? Manuel de Godoy, a base, designing, and unprincipled minion and minister, a profligate, most depraved, and talentless villain, the infamous pander and paramour of the sensual and dissolute Queen—created by Charles Prince of Peace—was to all intents and purposes ruler of the kingdom. At this period, says Mr. Southey, "The army was in

the worst state of discipline and disorder; the finances were exhausted; public credit at the lowest ebb; and foreign commerce destroyed;"—and, he might have added, the King unpopular, the Queen despised, Godoy detested, and Ferdinand the only rallying point and hope of his country!

Under a monarch so destitute of resources, so little able to act the part of a Cæsar, the tempest of the French revolution was signally calculated to shake the very foundations of the monarchy, and peril the rotten antiquated institutions of Spain. When Napoleon assumed the empire and restored the semblance of regular government to France, the rising generation of Spain became anxious to purge off the fumes of despotism that had for so many years tarnished and debased their country.

And here commences the political career of Ferdinand the Seventh—then Prince of Asturias. His situation was new and difficult—he was then only four and twenty—inexperienced, and with talents and intellect of the very humblest mediocrity. He was a widower too, and ought to have been a staid and sober man. His friends have dwelt upon his youth—and if youth could palliate want of filial affection, or justify the want of filial duty and filial respect,—the plea of youth might be taken into the estimate of other arduous circumstances by which he was beset. Had the intrigues and attempts of Ferdinand been directed to the overthrow and disgrace of the abandoned Godoy,—mankind would have applauded the motives, and without looking to his youth for an excuse, would have approved his conduct. But, unmindful of his situation, Ferdinand was even then meanly and obtrusively seeking to ally himself into Buonaparte's family. And had not the Corsican been blinded by the most inordinate ambition, he might have taken advantage of the prince's weakness, and become, without danger and without trouble, virtually ruler of the Peninsula. But such was not his object. Charles, indignant at the general conduct of his son, publicly denounced him for conspiring to usurp the throne. The grounds and validity of this charge have been questioned—but to some extent the prince pleaded guilty—gave up his advisers and abettors, humbly entreating his Catholic Majesty "to forgive a repentant son and permit him to kiss his feet!" The king relented, the prince was forgiven, and a *Te Deum* was performed! But the heart of Charles and the nerves of Charles were not equal to the

difficulties, and perplexities, and perils of the times. His fears increased upon him, and his trepidation was excessive—and when energy and fortitude were most needed, he sunk into apathy and despair. Already he began to meditate abdication!—every thing around him seemed war and trouble, and he sighed for the calm serenity of retirement and private life. The attack of the populace on his nefarious favourite, whom he loved more than wife or son, or all the world, and whom at the expense of his honour he delighted to elevate, was the worst blow of all! The cares of state then became superlatively distasteful and oppressive, and, under the plea of broken health and general infirmity, he at last formally abdicated in favour of Ferdinand. This too he fancied would provide for the tranquillity of his people.

The abdication of Charles was a balm to the wounded hearts of the nation. The joy was universal, Ferdinand was hailed as the destined saviour of his country, and amid the shouts of countless multitudes he tremblingly seized a sceptre which he had neither strength to wield, nor courage to defend. The towering fortunes and power of Napoleon terrified him, and he humbled himself at his feet like a slave.

The king's abdication had scarcely been promulgated, but he breaks out in complainings to "*his dear and magnanimous friend and ally*," that it had been violently extorted from him. Indeed the conduct of Charles and of his son on this occasion was miserable in the extreme, it was neither decent nor dignified, and materially lowered them both in the estimation of Europe. So true is the remark of Milton that "to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering." The object of the French emperor was to seize upon Spain; and the folly and trepidation of the royal family of Spain rendered it an easy task. Charles gave up his kingdom to Bonaparte for a paltry consideration, and Ferdinand, after a show of resistance, was also terrified into a formal surrender.

From that period to the downfall of Napoleon Spain became the theatre of war. And Ferdinand the Seventh, after a reign neither happy nor glorious, nor marked by any talent or virtue, still continues to encumber the earth, to slumber on his throne, the phantom of royalty, the incubus of the state, neither beloved nor respected. The distressing constitutional imbecility of his mind renders him totally unable and unfit to wield the destinies of an extensive kingdom, from the fatigues of which he ought long since to have been

relieved. Not that his majesty is broken down by age, for he has hardly reached his fiftieth year; but Ferdinand has no mind. So that the queen, the young and liberal Maria Christina, is at one time regent of the kingdom, whilst his bigoted and sottish ministers alternately hold the curb, and pertinaciously keep on the old despotic pace.

With such a monarch, such a queen, and an infant daughter as heir apparent, under the uncontrollable advance of liberal principles, and the mighty change that is gradually, but certainly, taking place in the feelings and opinions of mankind, the

future destinies of that interesting monarchy will, it is to be hoped, not deceive the expectations of those high-minded patriots who have the good, the honour, the welfare, and the regeneration of that old, enfeebled, worn-out dynasty still warmly and faithfully at heart. Under a better government and more enlightened counsels Spain may once more take her station among the great powers of Europe, from which she has been long and cruelly excluded by the folly of her kings, and arbitrary elements of her religious and political institutions.

THE GIPSEY. A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ISLAND BRIDE.

(Concluded from page 228.)

AFTER the guides had examined my trunks with the most anxious scrutiny, they carefully repacked them. They then retired a few paces apart, and held a consultation of some minutes, when one of them approaching me, said with a smile—the malignity of which was but very imperfectly concealed by the assumption of carelessness under which it was attempted to be disguised—“Signor, you have outwitted us. It is a common practice among persons of our profession to levy *involuntary* contributions upon travellers, whom we are hired to conduct over these mountains. We have, therefore, only been acting in our habitual vocation. Will you pledge yourself to raise no alarm if I ungag you? and even if you should, the mountain echoes will be your only reply.” I nodded assent, and my mouth was instantly relieved from the rough instrument which had imposed such an unwilling silence upon me. “You must allow, Signor,” continued the robber, “that you have been treated with all due courtesy and respect. You cannot but admit that we have done our duty.”

“Certainly,” replied I sarcastically, “both to yourselves and to me.”

“As for ourselves, we shall not be much the gainers by the robbery; we are but poorly paid for staking our credit. Reputation is a commodity that deserves something better for the barter on’t than we are likely to obtain in this day’s speculation.”

“Are you known,” I inquired, “to my friend the banker at Turin?”

The robber smiled with an expression of mischief upon his full broad lip, “but for your *friend* the banker I had ne’er been born.”

“How mean you?”

“I mean that an inquisitive man belies the proverb if he hears any good. I was not hired to answer questions.”

“Neither were you hired to rob.”

“That’s more than even a better wit than thine can prove.”

It now flashed suddenly upon my mind that I did not hire the guides, but that they had been recommended, and, in fact, employed by the banker. My suspicions were by this time fully aroused, and I attempted to sound the man as to his connexion with his employer, but the wily knave was not to be drawn out.

“It’s no good asking,” said the man with a shrewd significant twinkle of the left eye, “I hope you’ll allow that we’ve been civil, and will therefore be secret about the gagging and overhauling your portmanteau.”

“Why, truly,” said I, “for robbers, who are not proverbially courteous, you have been civil enough.”

We now proceeded on our journey. The guides having taken the precaution to deprive Andrew and myself of the pistols with which we were still armed, released us from our disagreeable restraints. They watched us, however, with a keen scrutiny; nor were we, on our part, less alive to the suspected intention of treachery on that of our com-

panions. There was a mutual reserve between us, from the apprehension of renewed injury on the one hand, and the consciousness of detection on the other. I now observed, for the first time, that the countenance of the more taciturn of the robbers had an expression the most repulsively sullen, and which indicated ferocity of temperament, as well as obtuseness of feeling. He several times muttered to himself, as if he meditated some secret mischief. It was evident that the disappointment which had attended his search of my person and portmanteau had greatly discomposed him. The other, on the contrary, was blithe and careless, as if nothing had happened; he rallied his companion on his sullenness; nevertheless, his quick piercing eye was continually turned towards us, so that not a single movement might escape its vigilance.

I began by this time to be excessively fatigued, as at the recommendation of the guides we had left our mules at the last halting place, and proceeded on foot, on account, as they assured us, of the impracticability of the ascent for mules, expecting to find a fresh supply a few miles in advance. It was now, however, evident that we had been deceived, for what purpose has already appeared. Seeing that I could scarcely proceed, the most communicative of the robbers assured me that about half a league onward there was a *hospice*, where we might obtain a good bed and refreshments.

"I shall keep your secret," said I, willing to conciliate the ruffians into whose hands I had been evidently betrayed.

"Keep it or divulge it, as you list, in these mountains," replied the robber; "no one will ever suspect foul play from those hands which have conducted a traveller safe to refreshment and a night's lodging. The robbers of the Alps are known not to spare. Tell your story as you may, you will not be believed, though a cracked crown might reward your garrulity."

"But here's a witness," said the sullen ruffian in an under tone, looking at Andrew, when a rapid but significant glance passed between the guides, unobserved by him who was the object of it, but which excited in me the most painful apprehensions.

I quickly perceived that the man who had spoken to me, was merely playing a game to alarm me into silence, as he had cunning enough to know, that a secret is always secure in the breast of a coward—which it seems he most flatteringly considered me to be—where he deems the betrayal of it will bring him into

peril. I humoured the fellow's self-assigned discrimination, assuring him, that so far from being indignant at his treatment of me I felt surprised at the exemplary lenity he had shown, knowing that robbers do not usually study the comfort of their captives. The man gave me a look which sufficiently indicated the difficulty of trapping his credulity. In a short time we entered a gorge of the mountain through a pass so narrow, that only one person could proceed at a time. The two guides went first, Andrew and myself followed. We now advanced into a deep defile, surrounded on all sides by precipitous rocks; and after proceeding a few yards, we found it to be terminated by a narrow wooden bridge, thrown over a deep chasm, which yawned hideously below. The bridge was formed from the squared trunk of a large tree, and rested upon two parallel ledges of stone, that were separated by the gulf. Beneath, all was dark, undefinable, terrific; while the depth was so great, the chasm so narrow, and the light so perfectly excluded by the projection of the rugged banks, that the eye could not penetrate more than a few yards into the profundity. I shuddered at the idea of passing this formidable rift, for the bridge rocked and swayed fearfully under the weight of the guides, as they crossed its insecure platform. I had no alternative, however, but to brave the peril of the passage, and was determined to do so without the assistance of the two traitors, who offered their services, which I declined, as I did not at all relish so near a contact with common robbers, and commenced my hazardous progress over the unsteady trunk. Just as I had passed the centre, my foot slipped; feeling myself off my equilibrium, I darted my body forward, at the same time seizing the rough edge of the stone with my hands, when one of the guides caught me by the arm, and promptly rescued me from my jeopardy. Andrew followed, but, to my consternation and horror, before he reached the hither end of the bridge, the more sullen of the robbers, suddenly struck him on the breast, and precipitated him into the chasm below. I heard the poor fellow's body dash from crag to crag, in its dark and rapid descent, while my blood curdled as I fancied my ears caught the dull, dead sound of his bones, crashing upon the rocks beneath. I dared not utter a word, lest I should be subjected to a similar fate, and therefore advanced in silence. I confess, I could not now help feeling the truth of the devil's declaration in holy writ—"skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give

for his life*." It is, at all times, a fearful thing to human contemplation,

"To lie in cold oblivion and to rot;"

I therefore thought it very pardonable policy not to provoke the hazard.

We now emerged from the gorge into a more tractable path, which led, with a gentle slope, to the summit of the hill. This we soon reached. I observed some mules picking up the herbage, which the rugged surface but scantily supplied; and here and there a goat browsing among them, indicated a proximity to some human habitation. This was further confirmed when, after the lapse of a few minutes, I saw a figure issue, as it were, out of the earth, and approach the spot on which I was standing; but what was my astonishment, at beholding my old acquaintance, the Gipsy, standing before me. He advanced, accosted me with the greatest respect, when I grasped his hand with a warmth and familiarity which appeared as grateful to him as it was evidently unwelcome to my companions. I perceived that they both looked surprised, while the countenance of the more sullen darkened, as he witnessed our unexpected recognition. The Gipsy, perceiving this, drew a small bugle from his pocket, and blew a blast, which awoke the slumbering echoes of the mountain. The uneasiness of the guides increased when they saw four or five sturdy mountaineers start up, apparently from the bowels of the earth, as at the spell of a sorcerer.

"Signor," said the Gipsy, turning to me, "you have been betrayed." On hearing these words, the robbers attempted a speedy retreat, but were instantly secured and bound. "These wretches have sold you to me, as a person who could pay a princely ransom; for I am a reputed robber, though my vocation has been to protect, not to injure the traveller. Here, with half a dozen of my own tribe, have I dwelt for the last six years, and by hunting the chamois, and tilling the stubborn soil around us, we have picked up a laborious but honest subsistence. Our abode is a cavern, in a rock below the precipice. Let me introduce you to my home." He further told me, that having become acquainted with my residence in Turin shortly after my arrival, he at once determined to seek an opportunity of introducing himself again to my notice. It happened one day that he had strolled into a *cabaret*, where the two guides, who had been hired

for me by the banker, were seated in a corner of the room, engaged in earnest conversation. Knowing them to be most consummate rogues, for he had frequently seen them in their journeys across the mountains, he stretched himself upon a bench as near as he could, without exciting their suspicion, and, as if overcome by fatigue, feigned to fall asleep. He distinctly heard part of their discourse, which related to an Englishman whom they had been hired to conduct to the French frontier, and whom they were planning to rob and murder. Knowing that he was considered by them to be connected with a gang of brigands, he advanced, confessed that he had overheard their conversation, and offered them two hundred pistoles if they would betray me into his hands, which sum he bound himself to pay upon the delivery of their victim. They readily accepted the proposal, and thus was I happily delivered from the sanguinary designs of these mercenary hirelings. I further learnt that they were both natural sons of the banker by two different mothers, whom he still kept, employing their vile progeny to act as guides to travellers, and to rob, or, if needful, murder them, where it would be likely to prevent the risk of detection. The Lyonnese merchant was one of their victims.

As soon as the Gipsy had made me acquainted, in a few words, with these particulars, he conducted me towards the extremity of the knoll. It was bounded by a precipice at least seven hundred feet deep. My head grew dizzy as I cast my eyes into the dark vacuity below. I was obliged to retire, and yet it was from beneath the brink of this frightful abyss that the Gipsy and his companions had emerged. The descent was shelving, but in so trifling a degree, that there scarcely appeared to be footing for a coney, or a mountain cat, while the ridge of the summit absolutely overhung the almost perpendicular declivity beneath. About forty feet from the brink of the precipice, was the cavern which for the last six years had been the Gipsy's abode:—just before this period he had lost his wife and the two younger children. I was absolutely astonished at the marvellous facility with which my preserver and his companions descended the almost perpendicular steep, resting their feet upon a stump or stone, that occasionally projected from the tenacious earth, and clinging to a few tough roots of the mountain ash, which now and then afforded them a seasonable stay. My old acquaintance soon reascended the steep with a rope ladder, by which he proposed

* Job, chap. ii. ver. 4.

that I should descend into the cavern. I hesitated, in evident alarm at the proposal.

"What," said he, smiling, "do you fear to attempt what my daughter daily accomplishes without any such aid?" Saying which, he called his daughter by name, who came from the cavern at his bidding, immediately sprang up the bank with an ease and agility that almost stupified me with amazement. She now stood before me in the full bloom of her beauty, and, in the pride of her unrivalled womanhood, greeted me with a smile of easy recognition, with a natural grace too, not to say dignity of demeanour, which fixed my tongue to my jaws in a momentary trance of mute astonishment. I was absolutely confounded by the suddenness of the surprise by which my dazzled perceptions were assailed. It appeared as if a new star had arisen in the darkened heavens, eclipsing all the astral glories of the firmament, and drawing every eye to itself as to one intense focus of irresistible attraction. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the object which now stood before me. I was riveted to the spot. Let her beauty be conceived by the effects which it produced upon me, for to describe it were but to cast a shadow, I should fail even of producing a just outline. She grasped me cordially by the hand, and welcomed me to their mountain dwelling. The rope-ladder was fixed, and she instantly descended. I could not refuse to follow, and as soon as she had reached the bottom, commenced my new and fearful trial. The termination of the ropes hung about two feet beyond the mouth of the cavern over the abyss. As the edge of the bank projected, the frail machine upon which I stood had no support but from above. As soon as I had succeeded in the descent of about twenty feet, the ladder swayed to and fro with a most appalling oscillation. I could not keep myself steady, and, from failing to maintain a due equilibrium, I twisted round and round, hanging, as it were, between heaven and earth, while to me there seemed to be but a moment between time and eternity. The wind whistled round me as I swung with the ponderous regularity of a church pendulum. I heard the roaring of the torrent beneath; I saw the white foam which arose from the impatient waters as they struggled between the huge fragments of precipitated rock that disputed in vain their headlong course. I felt the very air press upon me with so painful an intensity, as it appeared to me, that my gravitation seemed so irresistibly increased as to defy every effort to resist that centripetal principle of matter,

whether animate or inanimate, which was every moment dragging me with augmenting energy into the gulf over which I was so unwillingly vibrating. Terror choked my utterance, I could scarcely breathe, my eyes closed, my brain reeled, I gasped, a hard, gripping spasm seized my chest—a scream would have escaped my throat, but it was strangled in the utterance, and I fell. As the precipice began to slope gradually, just below the entrance of the cavern, I pitched with my feet foremost against the bank, and was rolling with a frightful momentum into the dark waters below, when I found my progress suddenly arrested as if by some miraculous intervention, and was drawn safely up into the cavern. The fact was, that a lasso* had been cast over me by one of the Gipsy's companions, who was originally from the Pampas, in South America, where he had been no mean adept in lassoing the wild horses of the country.

After I had somewhat recovered my surprise, I was welcomed by my preserver and his lovely daughter to their mountain dwelling. This novel habitation was of considerable extent, hollowed out of the bowels of the hill into sundry compartments fitted up with considerable attention to comfort, if not exhibiting any very striking refinement of taste. It was apparently only to be entered down the precipice, and might be defended by half a dozen resolute hands against a hundred assailants.

I was now conducted into a spacious recess appropriated solely to the Gipsy's daughter. At the back of what appeared to be the fireplace, there was a plate of iron, which, by some means not permitted to become apparent to my eager scrutiny, was drawn upward through a groove on either side, exhibiting a narrow shaft cut in the solid rock. The Gipsy bade me follow him, and immediately disappeared through the opening. The aperture was not much more than large enough to admit a human body. Deep notches were sunk in the angles of the shaft alternately, to admit the foot; the ascent, however, was difficult and tedious, because it was so dark as

* The lasso is a cord many yards in length, with a noose at the end, and is used to catch the wild horses by the inhabitants of the Pampas, in South America. It is coiled round the arm, and the noose adroitly flung over the neck of the animal intended to be caught. So dexterous are these people in the use of it, that they will frequently cast it round a mule as he tumbles down a precipice, which sometimes happens in crossing the Andes. They will almost infallibly secure a horse at full speed at the distance of fifteen or even twenty yards.

to render it necessary to grope for the holes, though, after a few steps, becoming familiar with their position, they were easily found. After mounting about forty feet, as near as I could judge, the light was visible, and I emerged from the shaft amid a thick growth of underwood, a few yards only from the brink of the precipice. This entrance into the cavern was protected by three iron gratings, one about three feet from the top, another in the centre, and a third near the bottom, which might be closed at a minute's notice upon any apprehension of danger.

The Gipsy turned towards the guides, who were in bonds, much to their surprise and not less against their will—their legs being tightly bound with cords and their wrists secured with the very same instruments in which they had before confined mine and poor Andrew's.

"You shall now," said the Gipsy, while his countenance darkened, "see these devils receive the dues of their multiplied enormities."

"Leave them to their remorse," said I, "you need not visit them with a heavier punishment."

"They are too hardened for remorse, and shall therefore follow the Lyonnese merchant, whom they so mercilessly butchered."

The men both started and turned pale at hearing their unexpected conviction of a crime, which they imagined to be a secret participated in only by their employer.

I remonstrated vehemently against condign punishment being inflicted upon these human monsters, but in vain, the Gipsy was resolute; he gave orders for their summary and instant execution.

The blackened trunk and branches of an old scathed tree happened to remain within a few feet of the precipice still, in its very desolation and decay, defying the storms by which it was so frequently and so mightily assaulted. A large shrunken arm extended from the trunk which had been riven by lightning to the very root. It was an apt emblem of the fate, which it was about to be employed as the instrument in consummating upon the two murderers. To the hoary branch of this vegetable patriarch of the forest, my unrelenting preserver ordered one of the culprits to be slung. By means of a weight attached to the end of a rope (the reverse end of which had been previously fastened round the man's body), it was flung over the sapless arm of the tree. The criminal looked sullen, but undismayed. His features were fixed and rigid. He did not utter

a word. He was the more taciturn of the two. He neither supplicated mercy nor imprecated curses upon the avenger of his crimes, but maintained a dogged silence, eyeing the preparations with a stern glance, and fixing his features into a statue-like expression of hardened determination. "Now, hurl him over the precipice," cried the Gipsy, when all was ready. The obstinate villain blenched not at this appalling command, but merely darted upon the speaker a look of silent, yet savage ferocity. Not a muscle of his face was stirred. It seemed as if every ligament was at its utmost tension, and could not be relaxed. His lips were compressed into a curl of malignant scorn; his hands were crossed over his breast. He glanced a disdainful defiance upon all around him. He was now raised a couple of feet from the ground, when one of the tallest of the mountaineers attached a cord to the ligature that confined his heels, and swung him violently forward. By means of the cord he soon increased the sway of the suspended criminal, and when he was at his full swing, they who held the rope which crossed the withered arm of the tree, suddenly relinquished their hold, when he flew over the brink of the abyss into the empty air. He almost immediately turned with his head downward and shot like a plummet into the depth below. One thrilling splash was heard, which was instantly succeeded by the roar of the torrent. His death-groan was stilled by the turbulent waters, while his body was probably dashed to pieces among the rocks, that almost choked up the narrow bed to which their course was confined.

The other robber was doomed to a similar fate, but he did not meet it with equal heroism. In him the desire of life was strong, and his spirit quailed fearfully at the thought of encountering the dark uncertainties of a hereafter, which to him might issue in the most appalling realities. He was as white and cold as the snow which crowned the summits of his native hills; his lip quivered, his eye dilated to an intense stare, and his whole countenance was convulsed with the terrors which vibrated through every fibre of his frame. He entreated for mercy—in vain; his supplications were unheeded and he was dragged to the fatal tree. He struggled with an energy that was absolutely dreadful to behold. He might as well have battled with the hurricane. At his earnest request the cords were unfastened from his legs, but not until he had been raised from the ground to undergo the penalty of his crimes. He now

redoubled his efforts to get free, and it was evident he had desired his legs to be loosened hoping thus the better to effect his purpose. All his efforts however were fruitless, nevertheless his struggles were so far successful, that he got his hands free and made the most violent exertions to seize the rope by which he swung. He at length made a desperate grasp at it, but missed it; at this moment he was elanced from the shivered limb of the tree. He went over the precipice shrieking, with his arms and legs extended for a moment, then silently dropped into the deep dark waters. One sullen splash again was heard, and then followed the same fierce rushing of the stream. I was shocked beyond expression at the sight of so signal a retribution. I felt that the punishment was merited, but its infliction was so appalling that I stood mute with emotion.

"They deserved to die," said the Gipsy, seeing the terror expressed in my countenance. "Think me not either hard-hearted or cruel that I punished those miscreants; and as for the manner of their deaths, though it may seem terrible, it was the easiest they could have died. I have only crushed two vipers and saved innocent blood."

The banker shortly after received the dues of his villany. The friends of the Lyonnese merchant, through a communication from me, finding that he was implicated in the murder of their relative, immediately took measures for his apprehension, and he was finally convicted upon the evidence of the mother of the eldest robber. His execution followed. He was one of the first criminals who fell by the guillotine, which had just then been introduced into Italy, amid the hootings of the rabble and the execrations of the more respectable portion of his fellow-citizens.

After the punishment of the robber, I remained a short period with the Gipsy, and for two days had the best accommodation which his mountain habitation afforded, when, at my earnest entreaties, he and his daughter accompanied me to Lyons. I now learned from him that his wife, her babe, and second daughter, had died of fever caught in the Pontine Marshes, where they had fixed their temporary abode shortly after quitting England. Upon his wife's death he retired into the mountain, where he so timely rescued me from the rapacity of the banker and his myrmidons.

Now comes what the merry world will call the romance of my narrative. I was at this time just three and thirty, and the only rela-

tion I had in the world was an uncle in India whom I had not seen since my boyhood. My only knowledge of his existence was derived from the East India Register, in which I saw his name regularly set down every year as judge of one of the conquered provinces in the Honourable East India Company's dominions. My income was more than abundant; I was master of eight thousand a year, with no one to controul my caprices or influence my actions. I determined to take full advantage of the perfectly unshackled condition in which I found myself, and consult my inclination to the very minutest whim. Start not, gentle reader, when I make known to thee that I married the Gipsy's daughter. Well! what then? She was a virtuous girl, beautiful beyond what I had ever before or have ever since witnessed, except it be in her own daughters, and by nature gifted with talents which eventually, after due cultivation, were most brilliantly developed. Shall I be carped at for having married an honest and lovely girl, though the daughter of a gipsy, when the veriest magnates of the land have occasionally plucked the frailest flowers and planted them on their domestic hearths, whilst others again have led to the altar the fair daughters of song, the lubricious votaries of the sock and buskin, or the delicate servitors of the kitchen, the pantry, or the chamber? Have I not seen the aristocratic matron of four and twenty generations—I mean with the noble blood of four and twenty generations—generous soul! adopt the bantling of her waiting-maid, bring her up in all the abominations of upstart vanity, cast her into a sphere of life in which she soars "in the pride of place" above her betters, marry her to a poor gentleman, if a rich one is not to be had, and leave her some dozen hundreds per annum to clinch the bargain. Who then shall arraign me for a far worthier choice? My gipsy bride, though poor, had in her veins the untainted blood of her race unblended and uncrossed. She was, though not daintily, yet purely bred, from one of the most ancient stocks upon the face of the earth; she was no spurious progeny, no hybrid, but perfect in her generation as the mountain daisy, as fair within as that is without, and though of a darker yet of a brighter complexion; while in after life she proved the pride of my choice, the admiration at once of my heart and of her sex. We lived some years abroad when I returned to the land of my fathers, and again took possession of my paternal estate. It is now just thirty-three years,—it was the last year of the

eighteenth century,—that I made the Gipseys daughter the sharer of my heart and fortune. I have not lived to repent it. She has made me the father of three lovely daughters, and has done no dishonour to the society into which I introduced her. In my eyes she is still beautiful, though she has passed the equator of the centenary circle. Her affec-

tion for the husband of sixty-six seems as strong as it was for the bridegroom of thirty-three. We are still happy in each other, and I never cease to recur with joyous satisfaction to the day when I resolved to set at defiance the scoffs of the world, and trust my future happiness to the custody of the Gipseys Daughter.

SELF-DEFENCE.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

THERE is nothing about which there is more difference of opinion than whether in any, and if in any, in what cases individuals may be justified, or excused in speaking of themselves. And this even if permitted, the line of demarcation is of the utmost nicety. When a man has lived sixty-nine full years "obliged" as Burke says, "to show his ticket at every turnpike," he makes up his mind that it is impossible to escape opposition, ill comment, and calumny. Will silence and patience disarm his enemies? Certainly not! They will greedily swallow the bad, and refuse to believe the good. How are we to act? Are we to be defiant? Are we to beseech, and bow, and flatter, and affect humility? Are we to hide our heads, suspend our faculties, and get through the tedious hours of life as we can? Defiance will aggravate envy and hatred: submission will encourage the impunity of bitterness. There is but one safe and steady path; it is the path of uncompromising truth:—the avoidance of fame is out of the question, and must never enter into our consideration. "Detraction," as Shakespeare says, "follows every noble and generous course." The foul fiend is before us, behind us, on each side, and over our heads! I have not swerved; and I will not swerve now! If what I put forth, though it may be controverted, cannot be overturned, why am I to hesitate?—Time will wear out prejudices of favour or of hatred; and then what is written will find the exact reception which it merits. If it has no force to give instruction or pleasure, it will sink into oblivion and mingle with the atoms of dust, as it ought.

I cannot bring myself to believe that wisdom and virtue are ever dissevered. Talent and virtue may be, and often are. Misfortune is not crime or fault, no man can be responsible for the dishonesty of others.

In England the laws are become highly corrupt from their extreme complexity. In innumerable cases they give no protection, because the remedy is worse than the disease. A legal agent who is dishonest and cunning may cheat to an *enormous extent*, and put all regorgement or punishment at entire defiance. Nothing but iron chains, provisionally and preventively applied, will keep these frightful practitioners within bounds. He who thinks his faculties given him only to take care of himself, may waste all his mind in this mean and narrow watchfulness. A great and generous head and heart do not believe such wickedness possible, till it has been too glaringly demonstrated to them.

The human kind live both by preying on each other's property, and on each other's characters. He who habitually robs, has, beyond all others, on his tongue the loud and constant cry—"stop, thief!" They who are called the proper, accurately-behaved people, are the mole-eyed, pigheaded creatures who live upon plunder.

"Whatever you do, or think, or feel," says the guile of the serpent, "conform to the world." The world has nothing to do "with a rotten head and a false heart." On the contrary I say, that hypocrisy is one of the worst crimes that walks the earth! He, who indulges it, can have no sincere religion; nor honour, and integrity towards man. Such a one is not to be trusted, with my purse, my reputation, or my life.

"Keep your thoughts to yourself," says the cold and prudential calculator. I answer, "if my thoughts are true, they will bear to be told!—if not true, let me know it, and eradicate them at once!"—People go about in the world, wearing masks, and speaking in false characters. Moral truth ought to be every one's pursuit, and let him sift and work, and turn his thoughts in every way

to obtain it. It is misery to live in the society of those whose whole endeavour is disguise.

To put our thoughts into writing is a proof of our sincerity; we cannot then change them for the occasion. Cunning persons never write, as long as they can avoid it. The only check to cunning is out of its own bowels.

The family cut each other's throats, and then find too late that *honesty is the best policy*! They then at least begin to love the virtuous and the generous, though they may continue to pillage them. But it may be asked, how books will cure these evils? They will not cure; but they may check them. Vice does not always like to see its ugliness in the glass. Sometimes conscience is struck; and sometimes the understanding is enlightened, sometimes it is perceived that wrong-doing is as destructive to personal interest, as it is wicked. The pen of the profound writer now and then pierces the massy darkness of the benighted intellect. Readers often admit, in the tranquil silence of the closet, convictions which the irritation of society provokes them to reject, or not even to apprehend.

The idle and light-headed lovers of constant society are willing to persuade themselves that books are but barren and bad teachers, and that they are the results of memories superficially loaded, and discharging themselves on lifeless paper. Readers may want judgment, and writers may be empty gossips: but why condemn the good, because many may be bad? The very weakest are generally wiser than common talkers.

Society continues to advance in knowledge and polish up to a certain point, and then rapidly recedes. At present we are got beyond the point of advance. Readers are innumerable: readers of good books are few: periodical publications are now countless; in the greater part of them labour, paper, and print are very mischievously or very uselessly wasted, while learning lies covered with dust on the shelves of libraries for want of means to bring it forth. All the immense capital which is wasted on these crude publications, would prove unequal to such great and worthy demands. Printing has been called a great and mighty blessing to humanity; and has it not introduced more evil than good? I adhere to the truth of Pope's couplet,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Every cobbler now thinks himself a legislator, a statesman, and philosopher, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*

Every one ventures on authorship at his own peril, if he is foolish, or ignorant, or wicked, let him incur the due neglect, or contempt, or censure, or indignation. If he conceives and speaks important truths with sagacity, force, and courage, yet cannot obtain the ear of others, let him bear the heartless injustice with dignified and defiant scorn. What is true cannot be put down; what is full of magnanimity, of pure, deep, and disinterested sentiment, cannot be blackened and overwhelmed.

I hate false covering, or the leopard's fawn that he may pounce upon his prey. The mean pretensions of affected humility put forth by an author swelling with conceit and self-confidence, who thinks himself the oracle of the world, because he has echoed back to the mob its ignorance, its prejudices, its passions, and its interests, are most odious and loathsome. The mighty have fallen in these days, and some of them most deservedly; for it has been their fate "*arte perire sua.*" Were the punishment to end with themselves, who would regret it? Unfortunately all the civilised world suffers by it. Liberty is precious; let every sword and hand be lifted for it; but do not let us have licentiousness and anarchy. Let rule be made as mild as possible, but let us have rule. Be not bigots; change bad laws and correct errors, which experience demonstrates. But be not prurient in legislation. Perpetual change is in itself an incalculable evil. Usage is the most powerful, and least galling law. To legislate upon doubtful theories is madness. There is an inclination to put into force modern theories of political economy; these theories are essentially and fundamentally wrong! If so, such legislation will bring the whole fabric of national wealth about our ears.

A grand fault of the age is arrogance and conceit. Slight, delusive, sophistical books, the products of blind ignorance, are written to flatter and encourage it. This is the age of charlatanism. No book can make its way, which is not puffed by the reviewers, and the puff will only spring from corruption or party faction. Modesty and reserve must come last where more crowds are pushing with all their might at the door than can enter it. Authorship is become a mercenary profession, and a wretched profession it is. Such an author must be a slave to the capricious taste of the wilful and ignorant

populace. He must write what will please ; not what he thinks. I have scorned through a long life such vile prostitution. The consequence is, that of not a page of the numerous things I have put forth am I now ashamed.—not a line, which, if it ever had any interest, does not now retain it. I scorn mere temporary things, which have only a momentary false attraction. "But what is the use of labour, unless it brings money?" Am I bound to answer so mean and pitiful a question? Has the questioner never heard the old sentiment

"Labor ipse voluptas :"

Is there no delight in the high employment of the mind? In "outwatching the bear" by the light of the midnight oil? We keep working at the canvass, and out come the forms and tints more and more every day, till we gaze upon the multiplied view with complacency and joy. "Here," we cry, "when the hand is mouldering in the tomb, will survive some memorial of our existence." "Yes," the critic will retort, "but are you sure that it will not be a painful and unworthy memorial?" Who is sure? who is not a self-deluder? We are justified to incur the hazard, when our intentions are pure and our endeavours earnest. Are there no tests by which an author can judge of his own productions? I believe there are many very sure ones. Let no one boast and swell with vanity ; but let no one be cast down by injustice and malice! He, who comes bowing and scraping with honey on his lips, and oil on his tongue, is not therefore diffident and unassuming. It is mere interested flattery, and servile obeisance to win applause. It is like a chattering stall-keeper at a country fair, who endeavours as smoothly and as volubly as he can, to recommend his gilded gingerbread. His civil and protesting grimaces fit him only for the fool's cap and bells, or to grin through a horse-collar for the sport of the rude multitude. Why should the popular taste be right? What is taste but wide experience and comparison

operating on native purity of mind, and nicety of judgment? The ignorant like what is coarse and bad, better than what is polished and good. The meanest man is now told to rely upon his own opinion. They who have won their way to prosperity by trick, may be well content with the world they have duped. But what is rotten, after all gives no pleasure. The distinction is hollow ; the possession cloy ; the clouds of conscience, and stings of regret alone endure. The pure fire of truth burns for ever with an equal flame

Vituperation is man's food. It is easily gorged and poured out ; who can avoid to suffer by its effluvia? Man reconciles himself to his own deficiencies by detracting from others. He discourages his neighbours from any noble course of conduct or inquiry through mere envy and jealousy. He has cold water and ice always at his command, sufficient to freeze the most boiling cauldron! Fear of ridicule too! It is a paltry coward who fears ridicule when he knows that he is right! What may not be turned into ridicule? The minutest suppression or dislocation will give occasion for it! No man sincerely advises another to put forth his strength ; nor can he know what strength is really inherent in another. Few persons of eminent powers discover outwardly what they possess. The first passion of a child is jealousy ; and it is the ruling passion even to death! Pope had his jealousies ; Johnson had his jealousies ; Lord Byron had his jealousies ; but yet it is a mean and odious passion. Advice, too,—whoever gives sincere advice? If a man has not a guide and light within himself, it is all vain. Every one is mad for distinction of some kind, and it operates on all his thoughts and feelings. Perhaps nature intended this passion as a stimulus to make men deserve well of others. We are palled with preachments called reasonings ; reason alone never did much to influence man's conduct. The imagination and the heart must concur.

THE CANADIAN NUN.

"You'll not have my niece, Chillers, though, I promise you that, without the dollars."

"Pray, may I have the girl if I get the dollars?" So spoke a rich Canadian concerning the disposal of his ward, and thus answered a well-built lively native of Charleston.

"Why, as to that Mr. Chillers," replied the uncle, "I think I may safely say yes," and he smiled very complacently; "but besides, I have some notion that Louisa will take the veil."

"Take the veil, that is what she never shall," said the American briskly: "I'll go and talk to her."

"Well—well—young man," resumed Mr. Pipon, "but where are the dollars to come from? why you're not worth a quarter-dollar at this moment."

"Softly, softly," returned the South-Carolinian, "don't think so hard of me, I can soon work it out."

"Work it out?" said the Canadian, "why you know that there is scarcely a planter in your country who doesn't borrow upon the faith of the forthcoming crops; why you are smoking cigars, and drinking sangaree all day long under your piazzas instead of minding your business, work it out indeed!"

"I wonder when you will have done with your objectings," replied the American, coolly; "for my own part, I shall set off directly to New York, and then take the Calypso on to Charleston."

"The Calypso?"

"Yes—surely you know—not hear of the Calypso!" resumed the American.

"Why you'll be lost in the watercourses, Mr. Chillers," continued the inflexible merchant.

"The watercourses?" exclaimed the youth of Carolina, "didn't I tell you I was going to sea? and besides, they are bridged over."

"Well, good by friend," said the Canadian, stretching out his hand, "I hope that you'll look spry when you come back this way."

"Good by, Mr. Pipon," returned the American. "Listen a moment though; I shall be back with ten thousand dollars—now I'm off for Charleston; if I don't suit myself there, you may hear of me in Georgia. If that wont do, I move along westward, for I detest Florida; and rather than not have

your niece, Mr. Pipon, I'll start up the Mississippi in a steam boat, and then I don't much care. The land is noble, and the crops plentiful, old gentleman, and any body may have the territory. So now I shall go and talk to Louisa about the veil."

"And I must go after you," cried the Canadian, hastening as well as he was able in the rear of the nimble and care-despising Yankee.

Nearly three years had passed away after this conversation, when it was currently rumoured in the circles of Quebec that an interesting and lovely young woman was on the point of sacrificing the world, and retiring, her noviciate being completed, to the neighbouring convent. There was an unusual bustle amongst the gossips upon this important occasion, and it was not long before the niece of our Canadian, Mr. Pipon, was singled out by universal assent as the intended victim to Roman superstition. And not only was this approaching solemnity discussed in the ball-room and at the feast, the whole city also rang with expressions of curiosity and commiseration. For it most rarely happens in Canada that a young woman takes the popish vow, unless her charms have lost their day, and the tide of fortune has left her without a cheering helpmate. Such things will sometimes happen through resentment or caprice, but they are most unaccustomed sights. No wonder then that the tale should go forth; that the *habitant*, with his cherished spouse and chubby children, should startle at the news; that he should snatch his everlasting pipe from his mouth, draw down his *bonnet rouge*, and lengthen still more his lean and meagre visage. The very *cariole** drivers, wont to speed their calashes to many joyous marriages, espoused the cause with zeal, and coveted in their hearts to overturn the churl of an uncle, for Mr. Pipon had, naturally enough, incurred the general blame.

And now the fatal morning had arrived when the white veil, the emblem of probation, was to be exchanged for the darker head-dress which shuts out the victim from human smiles and joys for ever. There was no tarrying. The imposing preparations went forward with freezing accuracy. The superior of the convent began the procession, the nuns succeeded according to their order, next came

* Carriage of the country.

a lady clad in the white garb of the noviciate. All eyes were fixed upon her, accents of pity burst forth on all sides, and many tears flowed freely for one so young and yet so early doomed to solitude. The crowd would have gladly stayed the group, but this was not the march of a criminal to the place of execution, for whom delay might gain a chance reprieve; the cause was without hope: the cortège moved on. The bishop was in attendance at the chapel robed in his lordly garments, and prepared to begin the rites. Beneath, on the sacred floor, were newly-gathered flowers and evergreens, strewed by the novices, and in front was the altar where Louisa, according to the law of priestcraft, was to be wedded to her Saviour. There was a dead pause. The bishop drew aside the uncle of the devoted, as if to ascertain more particularly the certainty of her consent. The conference was prolonged, and many were the neighbouring spectators who indulged a distant hope from this delay. "But are you quite sure, quite satisfied?" the prelate was heard to ask the pointed question at the hands of the wealthy Canadian.

"Much more of late, my lord," said the merchant.

"And her property?" continued the bishop.

"Her little means?"

"Her rather ample means, Mr. Pipon," returned the prelate with a searching smile, "will be——"

"Mine, of course," replied the uncle with a faltering accent, "but what then? the will is free."

The bishop bowed, but again resumed the inquiry, "She has a dear friend, Sir, at least, so the report is?"

"She had, my lord," replied the Canadian, "but all worldly affections are now sacrificed to the cause of God."

"There is no doubt, then," observed the bishop, "but these things are not usual with us." And the kind-hearted man bent a scrutinising eye upon his companion, as he slowly uttered these last words.

"Think of her noviciate, my lord," returned the merchant.

The bishop retired, with dignity, and took his station at the altar. It was evident that no change had taken place. The charge was now delivered to the future nun; and she, in her turn, repeated her profession; but, at this moment, Mr. Pipon was so much staggered, that it was generally thought he had relented at the last moment. The organ, however, struck up, and the dress of the order was

calmly placed upon the table by the prelate, who advanced to take off the sign of the noviciate, and replace it with the black veil. The white cloak, the belt, the beads, the brush steeped in the holy water, lay ready to his hand. The high mass, with the consecrated wafer, the tinkling of the bells, the incense and sacrifice, tarried only for the investiture of the destined nun. The bishop slowly withdrew the white covering from the brow of the maiden; and was raising the deeper shroud with sober ceremony, when the uncle uttered a cry, and seized the altar for support.

"'Tis not my niece," he exclaimed with agitation. He was borne out of the chapel.

"Sister Cicely," said the prelate, turning to the supposed Louisa, with a serious and fearful gaze, "what means this?"

"I personated the poor novice, upon this occasion," said the nun thus appealed to, "out of compassion for her sorrow—I am willing to submit to the penance of holy mother church." She raised her eyes to heaven, and an air of resignation sat on her roseless cheek.

"We shall see to that hereafter," said the bishop—"but where is the novice?"

"She has fled, fled to the woods," said the nun, a slight flush (as it were of triumph) overspread her features.

There needed no more. The ecclesiastical dignitaries instantly retired; the procession moved hastily and in disorder towards the convent; the people burst forth in tumultuous acclamations, and blessed the sinning daughter who had risked so much; the city was in motion, though there were some who whispered that the track of the pathless wild would be more fatal than the sealing pageant of the Roman faith. We need hardly say, that the uncle had no sooner heard the news, than he ordered a vigilant and unceasing search. The heart of the merchant, indeed, had smitten him, and he vowed, whilst the multitude without were execrating his name, that if his niece should be again restored to him, herself and her affections should thenceforth be free. Torn by doubt, dismay, and remorse, he sought the secrecy of his chamber, whilst the eager Frenchman, the patient Briton, and eagle-eyed Indian set forth with one common zeal to redeem the truant.

Louisa, shuddering at the near prospect of utter seclusion, had, indeed, closed with the offer of her friend, the sister Cicely, and when the representative of the pontiff was lifting the holy vestments, she was gathering the spontaneous fruit which lay beneath her feet,

and though pinched by want, was still joying in her liberty. She had fled in the direction of *Les Trois Rivières*, and although a friendly shelter was afforded her on the first night of her travel, the curiosity, with which she was regarded, alarmed and agitated her. The next was a bright and cheery morning, and Louisa, refreshed by the kindness of her hostess, strayed unconsciously into the lofty forest, which towered behind the house. The spark of freedom still glowed within her breast, and she rambled on amidst the dusky shades, thoughtful only of this, that she had escaped the withering grasp of the priesthood. But the most buoyant hours fleet along too swiftly, and the most exalting passion which can glow within the human bosom soon wanes, and yields to sadder destinies. Hunger reminded the wandering maid that it was time to seek again the dwelling-place of man, but though the wild strawberry might decoy the careless foot within the groves, the pine, the oak, the chestnut, entwine there those giant arms which cloud the beams of day, and mock the sight which strives to peer beyond their fastnesses. It grew very dull for poor Louisa. In that dark wilderness no sweet notes of woodland birds sound from above, no cheerful robin sings the parting lay of evening, nor sprightly linnet "pours his throat." Redbreasts, indeed, there are, and thrushes, and wrens, and linnets too, but their music is mournful, and their "cadence sorrow." Night at length came on, and it was vain to hope for deliverance from the mazes of the forest. The brightest morn would have shown no path which the traveller could have trod with hope; no, not the rich Canopus, whose flashing light steals along the southern sphere. A bed of leaves in a deserted hut was Louisa's portion, and the scattered fruits her sustenance, but even yet her soul, chastened by the austerities of the Carmelites, yielded not to the terrors of her condition. Had she known on this night that the skilful pioneers of the woods, who had been sent in quest of her, had returned in despair, (for her journey had been far and rapid,) her spirit might indeed have cherished the bitterness which is without hope. The morning came, and the sun once more mounted on high, and topped the loftiest pines; and then again, as time rolled on, his brilliant orb declined, and the girl yet lived, unharmed indeed by bear or wolf, yet patiently abiding the death her reason told her must soon wind up the scene. But we must turn from the dismal spot.

It chanced about this time that a tribe of

American Indians had set up their wigwams in the outskirts of these gloomy wastes. A large party had assembled towards evening, and fires were blazing in every tent. Here was a group devouring their dried salt-fish, and there one might see numerous squaws* with their children eating bullock's head soup, a dainty dish they had derived from the dirty shop of some house in the neighbouring city of Quebec. When all had been filled, the calibash sounded, and the dance began by the light of the birch bark. It was the dance of peace; as such, distinguished from the war step, the grim fore-runner of the whoop, the tomahawk, and the scalp. Slowly burnt the torches, as the musician hummed his tune and shook his calibash, and the crowded dance went on with varied tread and gesture; but not so sparingly did the rich rum flow, the special present of the chief. From his vast kettle he replenished each glass, gave it round to the men in the ring as they sprang nimbly by, and to each pretty squaw who chose to taste the nectar. On went the dance without a check, and the wary chief stored the remnant of the liquor in his tent. And now the play had been going on for some hours, and the loud yell of pleasure had gone forth without ceasing, and the swarthy limbs of the Indians began to totter beneath the steeping juices they had swallowed, when a lightsome youth, armed with a rifle, came bounding in amongst the multitude. His frank countenance bespoke his welcome; he leaned his gun against a tree, and before he could speak his wishes, the hospitable chief had grasped his hand.

"Pretty considerable of room," exclaimed the American, (for a sallow visage, tanned by the climate, pepper, and burnt brandy, proclaimed him such,) "I've lost my way coming from Charleston, must be near Quebec, I went by sea, and have come back by land." The chief contrived an interpreter, and assured him of his welcome, and of his near neighbourhood to Quebec.

"I loved a girl at that place some years ago, and here I am to claim her," said the traveller, whom sundry glasses of rum had roused beyond the usual flow of American talk. The chief began to rally his guest upon his wealth.

"Scarce a quarter-dollar in my pocket; that's what I can promise you," said the American. The Indian was curious to know how his intended uncle would receive him at

* Wives.

Quebec, and the reader needs hardly be informed that the visiter of the encampment was no other than Chillers.

"That is what I cannot tell," replied the guest, whose coolness attracted the especial wonder of the chief.

"But what have we here?" cried Chillers; "a woman, all in white too!"

A girl, apparently worn by fatigue, now staggered towards the spot where the Chief and the South Carolinian sat, and instantly sank upon the ground.

"It is not, it cannot be Louisa," exclaimed the youth, gazing on the pale features before him; "it must be." He knelt by the side of the stranger, whilst the cordial efforts of the friendly tribe were united to revive her.

"That voice calls me back to life," she said, at length, as the American was pouring forth his vows that she might yet be spared.

"Then it is the same whom my soul has loved!" and the man of Charleston leaped up with frantic ecstasy.

"But how came she in this place, and in this condition?" He almost instinctively looked towards his rifle as he spoke, and for a moment suspicion of the Indians crossed his mind. But Louisa Pipon soon gained strength enough to tell her simple tale, and

to explain how the shoutings of the dance had reached her in her desolate home, how her heart throbbed between hope and fear, how she at length went desperately forth, to trust the strangers or to perish.

And what were not the feelings of the Canadian when he saw his niece again, and in safety! What could he have set in array against the pleasures of that moment! He would scarcely hear the self-accusing story of the American, how, at first, Chillers had put up with a bad "location" in South Carolina; how he had got a better "pitch" afterwards, and at last determined to go in search of his bride, without the certainty of a hundred dollars. It did not signify to Mr. Pipon; he had learnt a serious lesson; his heart and purse opened lavishly at once; there was enough for all. He gave the young couple his blessing, promised to surrender his niece's fortune, and never repented when his transports had passed away.

The bishop married them, (the same prelate who was to have fulfilled the ceremony of seclusion,) and whatever his ideas of monastic virtue might have been, a satisfaction beyond all guile gleamed on his countenance at these nuptials, which shed honour on the man, because it was true to nature.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S POEMS.

IN the literary and intellectual aspect of the present period, there is one phenomenon, which the dullest member of the reading public, the most superficial subscriber to a village book-club, or a circulating library, can hardly have failed to observe; the more than sickly, the moribund appearance of Poetry in the country, where she so recently walked abroad in all the vigour of heath and attraction of beauty. Doomed by the painful obligation of our critical profession to scan somewhat more constantly, if not more deeply than ordinary observers, the evidences of the mysterious disease under which the interesting patient is labouring, like the medical faculty of Europe with respect to the Cholera, we profess our inability to assign the visitation to any cause, or combination of causes. It is equally beyond our ability, and if we may here drop the analogy between our unworthy selves and the Halfords and Dupuytrens of the day, less within our province

to devise the remedy. It would be easy, we are aware, to swell our pages with speculations and theories on the subject; but we presume not to decide between those who may attribute the paleness and languor to some internal decay, and those who may assign it to some external influence, negative or positive—to neglect, starvation, or other injurious treatment on the part of the public. Confining ourselves, however, to facts, and refraining from disputable conclusions, we remark, that in proportion as the patient apparently approaches dissolution, a general indisposition appears to extend itself in the public to aid, by external appliances, any spontaneous attempts at resuscitation on the part of the sufferer. The time is indeed gone by, when publishers contended for the privilege of ushering into the world the large margined two guinea quarto. Some few favourites of the public, who won its favours in the first lustres of the present century, may

yet be able to court its attention in print, without risking penalties of the purse as well as reputation; but if the report be true, that unpublished poems of Crabbe yet sleep in the penetralia of Mr. Murray; even Messrs. Moore and Campbell may tremble for their well won privileges. We trust that talents like theirs may never cease to command a due respect and substantial reward, that the time may not arrive when travellers, politicians, or theologians, shall crowd the sanctuary of Mr. Murray to their exclusion, or when other publishers shall turn from them, even as the landlord of the Dragon inn, from Parson Adams and his sermons, and cry "coming" to gaudier customers, titled and honourable novelists, or it may be valets and ladies' maids, who have caught the infection of composition from their employers.

Whatever may be the causes which have produced this apparent indifference in the public mind, and this palpable cessation of its once munificent patronage, moral or political, or both, none of them shall disturb us in the exercise of our most pleasing duty, that of watching any appearances of returning animation and health in the object of our early and tried affections. In the most gloomy moods of our toryism, with the list *raisonnée* of the late elections on our table, the speeches of Mr. P. Thompson on the ballot, and of Lord Palmerston on the *peace* of Antwerp, scarcely yet consumed in our register grate, let but one strain be uttered, which shall remind us of the music of former days, away go the Standard and the Times, the catalogue of new peers, and the returns from new boroughs, and we hail even

"The transient gush from life's exhausted springs"

with sanguine anticipation of the sufferer's progressive and final recovery. The poem*, from which the above line is extracted, did not fail to give us one such moment of exultation and hope, and we trust that its anonymous author having won our esteem from the ambush of Blackwood's Magazine, may again come before us. In the mean time, the work which now claims our acknowledgment for the latest gratification we have received from metrical composition, is a small volume of poems, by Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

This author has been already before the public in a volume to which at this moment we can only refer from memory, and we do so to observe that it was our recollection of a poem entitled *Mariana*, in that earlier pub-

lication which led our attention to the present. It appears from a rather surly effusion in this volume, that the author is disposed to rise in rebellion against a certain criticism of the former, but as he attributes his joyful acceptance of censure and his indignant rejection of praise in that instance to his estimation of the party who prepared the mingled draught, we trust that the sins of Christopher North, however unpardonable, may not be visited upon us, and that he will bear with our approbation qualified, we hope to his taste, with the usual admixture of warning and suggestion which a reviewer attached to precedent and conscious of his own dignity can hardly omit to bestow on the reviewed.

The first quality we shall presume to speak of with praise in these poems is their originality, by which expression we do not mean to convey that they contain any evidence of that painful struggle for novelty in which young authors (we take for granted that Mr. Tennyson is young), are so apt to pursue at all risks, and by the simple process of avoiding all models, the best and most popular of course the most rigidly excluded. If we were to guess at Mr. Tennyson's favourite author among modern poets, we should name him who wrote *Geneviève*, and if a bet were offered us on the subject, we should be inclined for his favourite volume to back *Lyrical Ballads*, on the ground both of their beauties and defects, against a considerable field. But Mr. Tennyson is no imitator except of nature, and if he were, we doubt whether the *Lyrical Ballads* could more than match the little poem from which we subjoin the following extracts.

"How dear to me, in youth, my love,
Was every thing about the mill;
The black and silent pool above,
The pool beneath, that ne'er stood still;
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel;
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

This is a scene such as Hobbima and Ruysdael loved to paint, and we fear that in competition with them no modern artist would hit it off to our satisfaction, but Mr. Tennyson's picture of inanimate objects is enlivened by a figure which we would willingly have recommended to Mr. Wilkie's notice, before he left Teniers and the nature which he knew, for the colours of Rembrandt and the subjects of Vandyke; in our judgment an unfortunate diversion of his talents.

* Lines on Staffa. BLACKWOOD'S MAG. Oct. 1832.

"I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin — his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget,
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile, that round about
His dusty forehead drily curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.

"In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round th' old silver cup,
I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—grey eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
His memory scarcely makes me sad."

But there is another inhabitant of the Mill and what painter shall we find for her whose name is introduced in the next stanza, and who is further adverted to in others which we have not space to quote. Leslie perhaps or Newton.

"Yet fill my glass, give me one kiss,
My darling Alice we must die,
There's somewhat in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's something flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away;
Pray, Alice, pray, my own sweet wife,
That we may die the self-same day.

We regret that we have only room for the conclusion,

"Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine,
My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine.
Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell:
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes! since first I knew them well.

"I've half a mind to walk, my love,
To the old mill across the wolds,
For look, the sunset from above,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires yon narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below;
On the chalk hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go."

We have dallied long with Mr. Tennyson's poem of the Miller's Daughter, but can assure our readers that we have by no means extracted the marrow of this little poem. We confess that the subject of a Mill has to us, whether in painting or poetry, a singular attraction, which we are nothing loath to own, being able to avow that it excited poetical associations, howbeit very different from these which Mr. Tennyson has embodied in

his verse, in the mind of one whose departure has put the literary world in mourning. The following extract from a letter of the late Sir Walter Scott, can hardly fail to interest our readers. In allusion to a legend communicated to Sir Walter by a friend, in which a mill occupied a conspicuous place, he writes. "It recalls some of those feelings to which I was more keenly sensible in early life than now. I cannot well say why it was, but in my youth a mill always gave me a melancholy which neither my acquaintance with the miller of Mansfield, nor the jolly miller who lived 'on the river Dee,' could at all times enable me to overcome. I believe I had been frightened, when a child, at seeing a mill, and have a dim recollection to that effect. Or perhaps it may have been the effect of our rustic legend of the miller of Thirlestane, who never throve after a horrid murder committed at his mill. All this prepared me for the Mord Mühle of the Germans, who have I think in many cases made mills scenes of horror, and converted the miller into a murderer or the subject of a tale of blood."

Still another stanza, and we have done, its latter lines remind us of the

"Lone shrub at random cast,
Which shades the steep, and sighs with every blast"

and we know not that the careless and passive melancholy, or to use a somewhat unpoetic French expression, the "*laissez aller*," of the poetic temperament has been since Goldsmith so happily touched.

"I often heard the cooing dove
In ferry woodlands mourn alone,
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no notion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy played
Before I dreamed that pleasant dream;
Still hither, thither, idly swayed,
Like the long mosses of the stream.

The "Palace of Art," page 69, is according to the author's designation, a sort of allegory, and he predicates of it To —, that he, —, being an artist, will understand its lesser meanings. We, —, being no artists, cannot pretend to do so, but meaning or no meaning it seems to us to contain some very fine poetry, as we think the following lines will prove. Why the author has banished them ignominiously from his text and thrown them into a note we are at a loss to divine. We have spoken of some passages as subjects for the pencil, behold two for the chisel.

"One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed
As when he stood on Carmel's steeps,

With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked
and said

Come cry aloud, he sleeps.

"Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright,
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn
Lit as with inner light.

"One was Olympias : the floating snake
Rolled round her ankles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck
Her perfect lips to taste.

"Round by the shoulder waved : she seeming blythe
Declined her head : on every side
The dragon's curves melted and mingled with
The woman's youthful pride

"Of rounded limbs."

The "Palace of Art" has a rival in "A Dream of Fair Women," page 123. The last is vague and dreamy like the former, and we wish we knew which the author would himself select for a sample of his wondrous wares. Iphigenia must be admitted to be a perilous subject after Æschylus, Euripides, Lucretius, and others, but we think the following passage will show that she has again fallen into the hands of a master. She follows Helen in a sort of muster of fair women.

"My youth," she says, "was blasted with a curse,
This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears,
My father held his hand upon my face;
I blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak, my voice was thick with
sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
The temples and the people and the shore,
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly, and nothing more."

A verse or two for Cleopatra and we have done.

"I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled,
A Queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black
eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

• • • • •

"With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspic's bite.

"I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever! lying robed and crowned,
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Our extracts have left us no room for detailed notice of other poems which we can only recommend by name to perusal. "Mariana in the South," "The May Queen," and "New Year's Eve," and we must admit that they have left us so little in the mood for the exercise of any of the harsher duties of our profession, that we prefer here to strike work, and close Mr. Tennyson's volume. If its readers and ours should see reason to accuse our unqualified approbation, let our reviewers, after the usual practice, indulge the hope that we, as we grow older, may grow more fastidious. We can at all events promise them that if Mr. Tennyson, and we think it not unlikely, should find imitators who may rudely present us with the crude transcripts of his quaintness and singularity, without his redeeming beauties, we shall not be slow to resume the bitter but wholesome exercise of our critical avocations. In his own case we confidently hope that they will not be required.

MARY'S LOVE.

MARY was thy simple name; but save in name and form thou wert unlike all other women. The physical organisation whence arose thy most uncommon sentiments and acts, I can as little unravel, as the combination of remote causes which gave thee thy common name of Mary. Enough for me that this was thy simple name, and that of thy strange wild acts it is truth that writes the record.

I first saw Mary some five or six years ago,

just when having been first cast off by Caroline, my heart was wholly free. It was at a splendid ball. I had scarcely entered the crowded rooms, when mine hostess, with the customary salutation of "How do? dance this quadrille?" seized my wrist and pulled me through the brilliant mob to where some half dozen ladies sat together, looking like a rich flower-bed. I scarcely dared to hope that the grand and stately lily which eclipsed them all was my destined partner, but resolved

that I would be introduced to her as early as possible. She was exquisitely fair, dressed wholly in white, and wore but little ornament. But on her black hair, which was dressed without ringlet or curl of any description, quivered a profusion of small delicate white flowers, which alone struck me as being of all adornments the least suited to her features, and the peculiar expression of her face. She was largely, that is, finely formed; her bust and neck rose splendidly from her dress, and were grandly white. With these the eye, instinctively travelling up, found the face in beautiful accordance. I have seen the mouth, and other features, and the lovely junction of the neck and cheek beneath the ear in the beaux ideals of painting and statuary: but for the eyes—the eyes! A hundred similes come rushing, but dying in their insufficiency ere I can pen them. Who shall describe expression! They were bright as though formed of condensed light; the whole iris was so black as almost to look like one large pupil. Well, were they but black and bright? No; they were fierce and wild, yet beautiful and feminine. The eyelid, which was horizontal in the middle, hid nearly a quarter of the iris, as in the hawk or eagle; long and black were the lashes, and the black brow, also horizontal, was so close to the eye, as to suggest this likeness yet more strongly. What wonder then that her eyes were fierce and wild? But who could look on their exquisite light, and colour, and form, and not call them beautiful? or mark their sweet expression, and the almost constant veiling of their lids, and not call them feminine? That which I might almost call the contraction of her brows, but that all around them was unwrinkled, gave to her smooth fair forehead a nobleness and extra height. The plainly banded hair still spake the Sempronia or the goddess. Last came the profusion of small white trembling flowers, which harmonised with all the rest as would a modern French bonnet with the Greek statue of Juno; and which, to my mind, suggested only the idea that they were there without her knowledge. Where was the circlet of huge gems, the coronet of gold, the gigantic plume, or grander than all, the plain unartificial beauty of her hair? These would have suited her form, her bearing, her expression; but the profusion of little tremulous white flowerkins—some one has just softly stuck them there as an excellent joke, and she has not yet discovered it.

I have said, I had hoped that it was to

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her I should be introduced—I was! In a moment she had uprisen, tall even as myself, who am no dwarf; her arm was in mine, and I was gently pushing people right and left out of the way to make her a passage to the dancing-room. I felt that a mighty treasure was in my keeping—a mass of precious silver, one large diamond; which thought made me feel so utterly earthly and worthless, that my arm almost trembled under her long white glove. I literally dared not turn full towards her. With what new words was I to address a new style of being—on what theme sufficiently elevated engage one of the genii in converse! My feeling was that of being immensely patronised; to imagine myself a regarded animal was not to lower myself sufficiently in proportion to her; for animals are fondly caressed, and self-complacently feel such proud distinction their due; favour and patronage is to them enjoyment, to me it was all but pain. I felt suddenly ashamed of what I was feeling. Come, come: the very circumstance of my so greatly appreciating her proves that she throws not herself away upon me. Have I no manly pride? Look at that man with the spindle-shanks opposite, that other with the bald head and champagne-bottle shoulders, or this little short fat full-faced object near me in the spectacles. If she were not mine, she might be partner to one of those, or some other not *more* worthy than I, one who would not appreciate her one tithe as much. I will speak—I will look—I will “take the good the gods provide me.” Yet ah! now that under pretence of admiring the decorations of the room, I snatch a sidelong glance at her, I cannot but inwardly exclaim—would thou and I had met in more poetical times, or in a more poetical country—some place where people do not crowd opposite each other to move in absurd figures with important looks—some time ere men wore coat-tails! Hark!—she speaks!—I’ll answer!

“Yes. It is rather warm—indeed, it’s been a warm day.”

“Yes, and the rooms being so crowded, make it very warm indeed.”

“Yes.”

’Twas done—I loved her a quarter less! In this respect, at least, she was a mere common earthly woman, so we e’en fell to, and talked the common quadrille nonsense, about operas, fashions, plays, music, people and sights. But would she dance? Danced she however beautifully, dancing would as little harmonise with the identity of her beauty, as

did the profusion of little white tremblers on her head. I would try not to look. And must I, too, antic across the room, manœuvring according to fixed rules, full in the sight of such a being as she? All this happened, except that I did look at her; and having duly twisted her round in the first balancez, loved her another quarter less. The flowers, I thought, began to look remarkably well in character for a dance. I knew so few persons present, which was also her case, and the host and hostess were so busy, the one with cards, and the other with flying about, full of business, but doing nothing whatever, that Mary and I were scarcely separated the whole evening. Whenever either of us danced, which was not very often, it was with the other, and every available interim we filled up with converse. But lo! a general move netherwards! Thought I, as she speaks like an ordinary girl, and dances like an ordinary girl, I shouldn't wonder if she even eat supper like an ordinary girl. *Nous verrons*. No. I am wrong. An ordinary girl generally gets the drumstick or pinion of a chicken with, in due time, a silver fork or spoon to eat it with; and having sufficiently chatted over it, proceeds with a little dab of trifle or other horror of the same class, which having duly contemplated, she concludes with a whole half glass of Madeira, or whatever is nearest, whereof she pretends to take one sip, and then sits deaf to all entreaties to "take something more," in painfully anxious expectation of the presiding dowager's nod. But Mary to whom, the tables being crowded, I administered at a side-board, continued to—I must write the words, there are no others—eat and drink, till yet another quarter of my admiration was butchered, and even the remaining one desperately wounded. I that night parted with her, full of the impression that she was not a woman who would either love or be loved with any reality of affection; and but that the true though vulgar saying (most vulgar sayings are true) occurred to me, that "there is never a Joan, but there's a Darby," I should have doomed Mary to the singular horror of an unwooded life. For me, I never loved her save for the few minutes wherein I loved not her flowers. Yet, is this a love-story? What follows? *She loved me*—intensely—madly loved me—loved me with a fierce passion worthy of her eagle eyes. God knows what moved and maddened her!—my person? I cannot think it. My converse? Pshaw! With her it was ever desultory. It was an infatuation; but whence born? How kindled?

"Why did she love me? Curious fool be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?"

If not, blame not her—no, though I record the very madness of her love.

Chance shortly after threw us together, and her parents, good easy sort of people, requested me to call. I obeyed; but she would not let me go till I had named another day. I was flattered, and called very often. If her parents were from home it mattered not. If I was bid enter, was it for me to retreat? If Mary scrupled not to walk, to ride, to visit, to lionise with me, her parents never hinting nay, was it for me to shrink? She and her family loaded me with kindnesses, even to pain. I made what return I could, and Mary refused not my presents, though I offered them at first with the frightful fear of a repulse. At last came that young man's bane, an album! "Did I write?"—"Not worthily."—"No matter." I was sent home with an album stuck under my arm like a gizzard. I wrote my best, and Mary was the theme. She was delighted; but, "Oh that would not do." She had expected half a dozen contributions at least. They were written, and Mary was the theme of each. She was gorged with the compliments they contained for nearly a fortnight, and then more, and then more again were required, till her album might almost have been published with my name as the author of its contents.

For four years I continued my visits, and my presents; and when I occasionally left town for the sea-side, or the continent, letters and more verses even in them were exacted. Often as I had now seen her, I had never cared, or even noticed how she was dressed. She was a sufficiently agreeable acquaintance; but what more? The thought of love had never once, in the whole four years, occurred to me. The very circumstance of our extreme familiarity kept that utterly at bay. Our intimacy did duty for love so very well, that love was never sought for, or thought of. I felt somewhat proud and vain at being so regarded by one who was not a relation—but love!—there was positively nothing to excite it. My friends all knew how often we were together; but no one who knew me ever coupled my name with Mary's. Four years of constant visiting, and no talk of love! How could she deem I loved her!—but I cannot think she did. Mary herself had never spoken, nor even looked—"Frederick I love you." No—maiden modesty forbade it. Had she so looked and spoken, when my heart was disengaged, what a revolution might not have been suddenly worked within me! Is not to love the

natural consequence of being beloved? Observe that I speak not of admiration, esteem, regard, affection, but of love—fervent love from the soul, not hinted or reported, but spoken from the lips of her who feels it! Resolution, coldness, or policy, by the action of such a charm, were as snow in the furnace. But Mary had never spoken to me on this theme, or written to me on any, except twice or thrice on the veriest trifles, during the whole four years, so that I did not even recognise her writing when opening one among a heap of letters one morning presented to me. I merely glanced at it; but in throwing it aside as too long to read before the rest, the following words caught my eye:—"Your attentions to me have been of a nature"—and just as I had set it down, as some long letter of thanks, such as I am in the frequent habit of receiving from some one or other with a string of acknowledgments, and requesting some new and slight attention, the rest of the sentence caught my eye—"which it is impossible to misunderstand." What is this! thought I, glancing about the letter at random, and lighting on the words "your own heart must incessantly reproach you"—"injustice"—"dishonourable." Let me see the beginning! "After a painful struggle"—The end—the end—good God! "Your madly dotting Mary." Am I awake? Let me make a violent effort, and slowly and deliberately read and digest it all, sentence by sentence—word by word—I did.

"After a painful struggle I feel compelled to the last—the humiliating resource of writing to you. I had resolved the last time I saw you to speak, but could not. I write to charge you with that wanton cruelty wherewith I hold it impossible but that your own heart must incessantly reproach you. Injustice is too mild a word—your conduct is utterly dishonourable. For four years your attentions have been of a nature which it is impossible to misunderstand, and now at last comes blight instead of fruition! This I cannot bear—I must not, Frederick, beloved Frederick! I must not be forsaken at last for another! I will not! for after I shall have committed myself by thus addressing you, I am undone for ever in your eyes and my own, unless—unless—you know the other resource—my happiness—my right. Are you not *mine*, or have you been all along the specious cheater of a confiding woman's heart? Is it the pleasure of your vanity to work out a series of wicked triumphs? Once for all I charge you—I command you to tell me, if so you have willed it, that I am to be given up and discarded for this new person—this Louisa with

whom I have heard, oh God! your actual, your near approaching *marriage* spoken of! Let me know it—confirm it—tell me—tell me that I may wrench you from my heart. No, no, I cannot—*never! never!* Oh Frederick! how will you answer me! Will you utterly destroy your madly dotting Mary?"

My hand holding the letter slowly descended to my knee, and I sat looking at the wall. I could not see the case clearly at all, "specious cheater," "wicked triumphs," and other odd words in the letter in turn seemed to glide through my brain again and again without leaving any available impressions. A painful sense of the general wildness—no, madness—of the letter was palpable within me and soon my heart began violently to beat, and my face to grow very distressed. I got up and walked up and down my rooms. I wanted a counsellor, and a true and succinct laying down in writing of all I had ever said or done in my acquaintance with Mary, that I might see if it really all amounted to the warranty of such a letter. I next began to feel a most overpowering vexation at the turn things had taken, and even stamped upon the floor. Her misconceptions of my feeling towards her was an enigma that puzzled me to very dizziness. But suddenly there burst a ray which while it illumined me, exhibited Mary in a ridiculous light—yet it was positively the only solution. Those cursed verses had done it all! their flattery was translated into admiration! their inflated sentiment into pure love and true devotion! But was it possible that there could live at the present day a woman who could put credence in the fervour of a rhymester, or suffer herself to be seriously wooed and won by stanzas! Was I Petrarch, or one of Virgil's shepherds, or what other lover who set his pangs to measure and sighed in jingles. Besides most of my effusions "To Mary" were on tinted and embossed paper. If poetry were truth, surely fancy papers are not the field it would choose for its development. A lady once made me her confidant, requesting my opinion as to whether her lover was sincere, and delivering to me at the same time a packet of his letters, I returned them unopened with the confident answer "No, he is not:" for they were variously and fantastically folded. They were on yellow, blue, pink, buff, green, lilac, and salmon-coloured paper; in their corners were little Cupids and hearts, and love sentences ready cut and dried, and each was fastened with a medallion wafer. Whenever I have written loving lines or letters to a lady I did not love enough to marry, I have always, to avoid

danger, used tinted and embossed paper, holding such course ever as an available and undeniable argument of the absence of all intentions beyond pretty compliment. But I repeat, that verse-making itself is alone sufficient proof of the absence of love. Many are the names which might have been added to these records, but that the flame died ere it blazed, and in most instances my having found myself rhyming has been the token of its waning, and my intimation that I had only *thought* myself in love. Lived there a woman who could at once feel love, and not know that to the real greatness of that sublime passion, verse-making is contemptible! Would the sentiments *created* perhaps by the necessity of modulating, or ending a line with a particular sound, pass as argument in a court of justice? Would a man solicit the hand of his adored, but in the plain unvarnished eloquence of prose, eloquent for its very simplicity? Why we should have the very contracts and certificates in metre next; we should be coupled in couplets. Would I have written, or at any rate have presented love verses to my angelic, my adored Louisa! No, though true love may feel poetry, and is itself poetical, it shrinks from that mechanical process which is its self-immolation, for its beauty and intensity mocks at the poor expression which words can render. With these feelings I shrunk in thought from Mary for her folly, while I pitied her for her infatuation. But I felt more than this; the tone of the letter—the desperation that could prompt her to write—and the firmness that would urge her to send it, alarmed and sickened me. What was to be done? I dared not laugh at her, nor pass the matter in silence. Her love for me, so fervently expressed, would have kindled an answering passion in my breast, and I would have been her's for ever, but Louisa and her parents had already accepted me, and our marriage—as Mary called it—“our actual, our near approaching marriage was spoken of.” I felt that I must at once decide upon my course and resolutely hold to it. She had never spoken as she now wrote—she was on the verge of assuming a new and frightful character. Yes, too true were my fears that repulse however gently contrived would change her to a fury—I thought of her eyes and brows, and figure—but most of her eyes, and literally trembled for fear. I sat and wrote. I chose a calm, but resolute and unequivocal tone; expatiated on my sense of the honour which her preference would confer on even the most worthy, distinctions for which feeling myself unfitted by my lack

of worth, I had never dared to hope, and urged her to forget one who thus proved himself so blind, so dull, so cold. I would not be vain enough to express a hope that she would feel no *sorrow* or even *anger* at my frank and honest avowal, nor be guilty of that greater vanity of deeming it necessary to *beg* that she would withdraw from me the distinguishing preference I so little merited. “No,” I concluded. “When you have read this letter you will feel nor love, nor sorrow, nor even anger, but pity for my blindness, and happy contempt for my apathy; and in this conviction I shall dare to present myself before you no more. Farewell. Forget you ever knew me. Frederick.”

It was not the letter I had intended to write. I had thought to have cleared myself from the charges of “injustice” and “dishonour,” but I feared by establishing my innocence, to make her foolish in her own eyes. Many a phrase I abjured that would have shown how she had committed her dignity, with only the alternatives of misconception or headlong passion for palliative. My strongest argument of all I feared to use—the name of Louisa. A few weeks would tell her all. I had not even intended to bid her farewell for ever, but I felt as I proceeded with my letter, that it was necessary for her peace and mine, that we should never see each other again. My hand, while it sealed it, shook so violently with actual terror at the thought of her eyes when she should read it, that I made what is commonly called a kiss with the wax, and the outside not being an envelope, was of course, obliged to re-write my whole letter. Having accomplished a seal without a satellite, I resolutely despatched it at once; deposited the other in my desk, as a copy, in case of reference, and myself on a sofa, to think with all my might, whether or not I had adopted my only course. So, I should see Mary no more. But was it not best it should be so?

Strange and important as is the sequel, it will not occupy much time in the narration. My blood all rushed to my heart when the very same evening, a letter was presented to me, with a superscription, the fac-simile of the foregoing one. Its style was so different that I was at once positive, that either it or the other was assumed and unfelt.

“It is enough. The shock is already over, and I look with wonder, but calmness on all that has preceded and caused it. Of course, I cannot cringe, and your delicately conveyed avowal, that you have not all along loved me, has wrought my complete cure. Forgive me that I so committed myself. Burn my last

letter and this; forget that they were ever written, and, on your honour, never breathe of them to a third person, or even to me: my parents, who know nothing of what has transpired, cannot afford to lose you as an acquaintance, and I shall expect you to come, as was before arranged, to-morrow night. Bring my letters, I will produce yours, and we will burn them together. Do not fail."

I did not fail, but my heart sadly misgave me. I knew not what to anticipate—could imagine no evil that could possibly arise, and yet dreaded the encounter. Once I thought I would not go, but this were cruel, nay, unmeaning, for what should I fear? besides, her parents would be present. I went at eight, the usual hour of my evening visits, and was shown into the parlour, where Mary was sitting alone, at a table covered with a dessert, decanters and glasses, all in disorder. "Sit down," said she. "I never go up stairs when I am alone. My father and mother are at the theatre." Why did I gasp for breath, and even bless the presence of the servant, who was clearing the table! "Never mind the table, John. Don't let any one in, or come up till I ring."

He left the room, the click of the door-lock seemed to stab me. Without looking at me Mary inclined her head forward to listen to the servant's retiring steps: why did I grow faint and chilly as they died away? The moment all was silent she started up with a suddenness that convulsed me, and turning full round at me, stood as I had seen her in a dream the night before. Her large form dilated, and her fierce eyes glared! I had always shrunk even from the thought of seeing those eyes lighted up with the expression of strong passion, but now they rolled and blazed in anger upon me. Ere I could speak she had advanced towards me, and I mechanically rose. She stretched out her arms as though to place her hands upon my shoulders, but they fell at her side. With a short gasp she seemed to clear her voice, and then exclaimed, "Oh Frederick! you must have known this would kill me. Give me the letters. (I obeyed.) Here are yours, but they must not be destroyed. They will explain when—when—It is impossible for me to live, (she placed them on the mantelpiece) but I cannot bear to die of the agony I am now in. No one hears me now. I love you. I have felt that I was growing mad with my love, and know that I am mad while I am speaking to you and looking at you. I will not live, but my death, my murder in my youth be upon your head! But you will not feel it—you stone—you rock—you will live to

triumph and to laugh at me. Oh wretch to do so—but no, no, gracious heaven! no, no! I say he shall not—he shall drink too—he shall—he shall—"and while I looked on in all the calmness of stupor, (for at about the middle of her speech we had stepped beyond the bounds of reasonable and real things and impressions) she snatched up a phial which I had not seen till now, lying on the table near where she had been sitting, and poured its whole contents into a glass, against the rim of which it knocked all the time so violently with her emotion that I fervently hoped both would break. She seemed not to be aware that the glass was overflowing. I was convinced that, as actual madness could not have arisen so suddenly, she must have prepared herself for her desperate scene by some mighty stimulant, the effects of which would again leave her. Thus alone could I account for the cool resolution which could, ere my arrival, have lain the phial ready on the table. Of the two, I alone knew that I was closeted with a maniac resolved upon the death of herself and me in youth and health, not feeling or knowing of a world or being, not even her own parents, beyond the four walls of the room she was in. When she had emptied the phial, her fever attaining to a more frightful height, she looked at me with dilating eyes, and screamed in a voice that I hoped would alarm the servants. "Drink devil! you shall, and revenge me on yourself! take it, devil!" and she thrust the glass towards me with the gesture of a Medea, and with such energy that about two thirds of its contents jerked over its side. What hellish liquid it was I know not, but wherever it fell upon her dress, it blackened and burnt it into large holes. She thrust it close to my face, and in the desperate fear that that also would be blackened and burnt into large holes, I answered violence with violence, and dashed the glass out of her hand upon the hearth-rug, from which its contents instantly generated a noxious effluvia. Then fell her under jaw with despair, and fixing her hands like talons in her hair, some of which immediately fell over her face, she said, with stifled gasps instead of words, "I'll have you killed for this!" and swinging round to see at which side of the room the bells were, was rushing towards one of them, when I followed, seized her wrists, and urging her backwards into a chair, forced through my scorching throat the sounds which, from agony, I knew were scarcely words, "Mary, Mary! for God's sake! for God's sake!—Mary!" I was obliged to struggle with her as with a wild beast, when, suddenly disen-

gaging her right hand, she grasped up one of the gold dessert-knives from the table, and struck it vehemently against her waist; but, thanks to the thickness of her ribbon-band, and the bluntness of the weapon, it did not inflict even a mark. I seized her right hand, knife and all, with both my own, and tried to repeat my prayers, but could not—I was dumb with horror. She lay back in the chair—her hair wholly undone, and nearly reaching the ground behind her; her eyes fixed and fiery, as those of the fabled basilisk; her mouth open in a manner that frightfully displayed her under teeth alone—she uttered low groans in quick succession, as we struggled still for the knife, which with her right hand she clutched, while with her left she endeavoured to keep me at bay, now clenching it in the bosom of my shirt, now in my hair, or thrusting it flatly against my face. She seemed resolved on death, for she ever and anon managed to jerk the knife down upon the bare portion of her bosom—that white and beautiful bosom! As my hands descended with every descent of the knife, to a third person it would have seemed that I was endeavouring to stab her, or to force her to stab herself. The horror struck me that this frightful contest would end only in her death, and even with that thought, with a strength above her sex, she rapidly dragged down my arms so far that the end of the knife penetrated her bosom—that white and beautiful bosom! It was the force of the blow, not the sharpness of the instrument that made the wound; it was only a slight one; and but little blood issued from it; enough, however, to rekindle my waning powers into all their force, and, seizing the knife by the blade, I wrenched it with a sudden twist out of her grasp, and flung it into a distant corner of the room. Before I could prevent her, she had snatched another, and starting towards me with blazing eyes, extended arms, and her white dress floating around her, she seemed some supernatural thing of prey about to annihilate me. She aimed a desperate blow at my breast with the knife, but I suddenly retreated, and her powers, now wrought beyond their utmost pitch, forsaking her with her failure, she fell forward on her face, the knife still clutched in her hand, and her hair extending on the carpet like gigantic rays round her head. Almost immediately, with a movement that seemed her last, she rolled round on her back, so that part of her hair extended quite across, and streaked her face; and there lay Mary the beautiful! looking like a fiend upon the floor of hell!

With bended knees, and holding by the tables and chairs as I went, I reached the parlour door, opened it, and staggered along the hall; but as I was closing the street door after me, a thousand thoughts and terrors rushed in, as it were, through a suddenly made breach in my confused and almost deadened brain. I gently reclosed the street door and re-entered the parlour: there she still lay. I took the knife from her hand, and hid it, together with the one I had flung to the corner of the room, and two or three others on the table, in one of the sideboard drawers. I next raised up Mary in my arms, gently laid her on a sofa, and with quivering fingers tried to readjust her hair. I cursed fate that I had not been bred a barber's apprentice, while I fixed it in two large clumsy bows in front, and then twisting the rest round like a rope, secured it behind with her large comb, which I found under the table. The wound in her bosom had already ceased bleeding. I washed it with my handkerchief and some water from the sideboard, and hid it with a scarf which was lying on the sofa, and which I adjusted in a loose knot round her neck. I then transferred the letters from the mantelpiece into my pocket, and, ringing the bell, posted myself outside the parlour door to await the arrival of John. As he appeared, I shut the door, forcing out with a violent effort the words, "Good night, Mary; remember me to your parents when they return." As he opened the street door, I said, "Miss Mary does not wish you to go in till she rings again. She is slightly indisposed, and will, I think, endeavour to sleep till Mr. and Mrs. — return."—"Very well, Sir."—The street door closed behind me, and I sat on the step and groaned; but could not weep—all was arid and parched within. I felt, however, that I had done wisely. About an hour and a half would elapse before the return of her parents. If sleeping when they returned she would, I knew, be hurried unquestioned to bed; but if, as was most likely, she soon awoke, our terrible scene would I hoped, affect her only as a dream—its horror and remembrance would work a reaction within her. Madness would successively yield to wonder, regret, and perfect sanity. Yes, yes, all would yet be well with her by the morrow; and her ingenuity or mine would immediately devise some plea to excuse the total dropping of our acquaintance to her parents.

With these thoughts I so calmed myself as I walked slowly towards my home, which was at a considerable distance from Mary's residence, that my greatest woe was the present burning thirst I endured; my tongue almost

clave to my mouth, and my very breathing was painful, so that at last turning into a street where I saw a pump, a thought suddenly struck me. I looked up and down the street, and discovering that there was no living soul in it but myself and a watchman in the dim perspective, I walked up and examined it. There was a large iron ladle

hanging to it by a chain. I actually seized and plied the handle—out rushed the water, and I seven times emptied the large iron ladle without a moment's pause, blessing, for the very first time in my life, nature for her invention of water, and art for her's of a street-pump. Neither from, or even of, Mary or her parents, have I since heard.

SONGS OF ENGLAND.

MR. BARRY CORNWALL published, a few months since, a small volume, which, with a modesty that in men of genius is proverbial, (and only proverbial, we suspect,) he was pleased to entitle, *par excellence*, *English Songs*. As, however, it is not our present purpose to set aside the favourable verdict which the critics pronounced upon that book, we shall content ourselves by disputing the proposition upon which Mr. Cornwall has founded his claim to our gratitude in the publication of his volume; giving, at the same time, a few extracts for the purpose of proving that he has not altogether filled up the hiatus in our literature which he deplures.

Mr. Cornwall commences his preface with this startling assertion: "England is singularly barren of song-writers." Now we might, possibly, be brought to admit, that the sea shore was singularly barren of grains of sand, or that the "motes that people the sunbeams" were but a scanty community; but, certain we are, we can never agree with Mr. Cornwall that the infinite number and variety of men who have been writing songs, chirping like crickets from one end of the kingdom to the other, from the earliest dawn of our literature to the present time, can be deemed few or insufficient. Alas! there have been "too many, yet how few!" But Mr. Cornwall meant to say, that we were singularly barren of *good* song-writers. This demands examination.

In the first place, it may be necessary to observe—though we do not think our remark either very original or profound—that all good things are scarce. Miltons are not manifold, Shakspeares are to seek, and diamonds of the first or even of the worst water are not dug up every day. We question whether Dando himself ever met with a pearl in all his testaceous experiments, and we doubt the genuineness of those that are sometimes cast before swine;

fishes' eyes, we imagine, that a mussel-monger would be ashamed of offering to Estifania.

The proposition of Mr. Cornwall must then be perforce considered relatively, or as a comparative statement. We, on the contrary, maintain that there is no country in Europe possessing more really good songs than our own. We exclude from the question ballads, or the airs of opera, of both of which England has its share. By a song we mean a short composition, involving one perfect sentiment—a jewel set in gold—or a fire-fly preserved in amber.

Before we proceed to prove our position, we would say a word or two upon the speculative spirit which has of late years crept, or rather leapt into our literature. According to one, Pope was no poet; another tells us who Junius is *not*; a third discovers that the style of Steele and Addison is vapid; while a fourth makes known that Raleigh did *not* write the History of the World. An ingenious lady, assisted by a Scotch professor, lets us into the private history of Shakspeare's female characters. We are kindly given to understand what is meant by every thing they do or utter, why they did not say what they did not speak, and what they would have said under different circumstances. We are constantly reminded of the story of the showman: "There is the field of Blenheim—there you see the Duke of Marlborough on his white horse." "Which is the Duke of Marlborough?" "Whichever you please, my little dear." In like manner: There is the play of Hamlet; there you see the passion in its white gown. Which is the passion? Whichever you please, my good reader. It was reserved for Mr. Cornwall to discover that we have no song-writers.

"This comes of walking upon the earth!" said the Spaniard as he stumbled over a stone; but more dangers are, nevertheless, to be

apprehended by those who sail in the clouds. These vague and vexatious speculations proceed from the setting up of individual opinions against the mature judgment of ages. We are compelled to put on spectacles, and think that we see clearer than those who have no need of them. We make the infirmities of our own taste the criterion whereby the greatest works of art are to be judged, or merge the latter in the former, and congratulate ourselves upon the improvement. This is but a narrow view of things in general. It is as though a Greenwich pensioner should look upon every tree in the park as so many wooden legs in reversion. A pleasing process this, of bringing down a Shakspeare to our own level—nay, of taking credit to ourselves for filling up the imperfect outlines of character which he himself was unable to complete.

Another fruitful crop of cant is to be gleaned from the vast field of nature. This poem is not natural, it is therefore bad. This song is exquisitely so, it is consequently good. We hear this every day. But, no. A poem is not therefore bad, because it seems unnatural,—because it is so, it is not, on that account, good. It might, indeed, be said, that inasmuch as both have proceeded from a human mind, they are, in one sense, both natural; but we leave that choke-pear to the philosophers. It is sufficient that a poem have the air of nature about it—that it exist in the atmosphere of nature. Extravagance is not unnatural,—for instance, a man under the excitement of passion, more frequently deviates into hyperbole, and talks fustian, than contents himself with what is called natural expression. Richard the Second talks in this fashion after his dethronement by Bolingbroke. Take his soliloquy just before his murder from the character—it is absurd, full of conceits, artificial, unnatural—leave it in its place, no human eye can read it without tears.

All that we have a right to look for and to expect from a song-writer, are earnestness, feeling, passion. Nature and simplicity if he please; but a good song may be written, and yet no appearance of raw nature or rustic simplicity. It is absurd to talk of nature and simplicity in an artificial state of society, where, for the most part, they are not recognised in their own person; or to think of appealing for their due effect to a class less removed from their operation—where, if possible, they are still more cavalierly treated. Nothing is a greater mistake, or a more common cant, than “that nature always comes

home to the heart.” It may, indeed, come home to the threshold, but the door is shut in its face.

Place a George Morland before the eyes of a rustic, and show him, at the same time, a glaring piece of colour, which is neither the likeness of anything in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,—and does any body suppose that Hodge will prefer nature? Not he, indeed, he sees that every day. What we mean to arrive at—though we do not think we have come to it very clearly—is this, that there is more *real* nature in a song that may, nevertheless, be highly polished, and artificially formed, than in a gross lump of unformed simplicity, which is as the ore to the perfect vase. Benvenuto Cellini is greater than the miner who supplies the gold. And, again, we would have the lover of nature bear this in mind. Shakspeare is not always natural, Pope is not all art, and Mr. Cornwall must consent to believe, that Carew and Sedley could write good songs, though he has passed them over without deigning a word that might betray his knowledge of their having ever existed.

Mr. Cornwall appears to consider that our dramatists have succeeded best in song-writing: and he ascribes that success to their dramatic faculty. We agree with Mr. Cornwall, that a song should express such sentiments as the person singing, or supposed to sing, might naturally be imagined to feel and to utter. Mr. Cornwall, himself a dramatist, has strictly applied himself to the task of accomplishing this; and his favourite song of “The Sea,” is not the least like what a Nautilus or a stormy Petrel might be supposed to sing, but is just the thing that a British seaman would delight to adopt as a genuine outbreak of his own. Let the reader, also, mark the dramatic propriety of the following. Murat would have been delighted with it; Ney would have joined in the chorus. It is not in the least like the song of an Ancient Pistol striving “to screw his courage to the sticking place.” The lines in italics are heroic.

THE ONSET. A BATTLE SONG.

Sound an alarum! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum—
Huzzah!

Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

*Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?*

Huzzah!

Look! They are staggered on yon black heath:
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men,—Down like Death!

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!
Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!

Huzzah!

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound I say!

Huzzah!—Huzzah!

The line in the last verse which we have marked for commendation is exquisite. It is true to nature; there is a precedent for it. Who has not read of the horn-blowers in Rabelais, who plied their lungs with such Æolian violence as to blow their horns straight? And then the nature of the Wild Cherry Tree! What delightful simplicity! Here is no milk and water enthusiasm here! No pretence on this occasion: no making two bites of a cherry! And the rapture so well accounted for!

THE WILD CHERRY-TREE.

Oh, there never yet was so fair a thing,
By racing river or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gaily grew
Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
Nothing so brave—nothing so free
As thou—my wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown!
Oak or ash—what matter to thee?
'Twas the same to my wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Never at rest, like one that's young,
Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,
Shaking its bright and crowned head,
Whilst I stole up for its berries red—
Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
And I see thy branches against the sky,
I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
I see (nay I taste) thy berries red,
And I shout—like the tempest loud and free,
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry-tree!

We will give one more song by Mr. Cornwall, which for moral depth and profundity, for clearness of expression and intelligibility of purpose, is, perhaps, unrivalled

in English literature, so “singularly barren in song-writers!”

WHAT SAY THE CLOUDS ON THE HILL AND PLAIN?

What say the clouds on the hill and plain?

“We come, we go.”

What say the springs of the dreaming brain?

“We shrink, we flow.”

What say the maids in their changeable hours?

“We laugh, we cry.”

What say the budding and faded flowers?

“We live, we die.”

*And thus all things go ranging,
From riddle to riddle changing,
From day into night, from life into death,
And no one knows why, my song saith.*

A fable is good, and a truth is good,

And loss and gain;

And the ebb and the flood, and the black pine wood,

And the vast bare plain;

To wake and to sleep, and to dream of the deep

Are good say I;

And 'tis good to laugh, and 'tis good to weep;

But who knows why?

Yet thus all things go ranging, &c.

We cumber the earth for a hundred years;

We learn, we teach;

We fight amidst perils, and hopes, and fears,

Fame's rock to reach.

We boast that our fellows are sages wrought

In toil and pain;

Yet the common lesson by nature taught,

Doth vex their brain!

Oh! all things here go ranging, &c.

And now, not to “vex our brains” further by attempting to understand these last effusions of Mr. Cornwall's muse, we purpose to “go ranging” in search of a few songs that may possibly confirm the reader in a well-grounded opinion, that even “after the death of Charles the First, the belles-lettres were not so thoroughly degenerated as to be past hope of recovery.” It may do very well for Mr. Cornwall to affect a contempt for such men as Sedley, Carew, Waller, Lovelace, and a host of others; but it becomes us to show that song-writing was never more in its zenith than at the period in which these men lived, and that not even Mr. Haynes Bayley, or Mr. Cornwall himself, has succeeded in eclipsing them. But first we will give, by way of contrast to the song by Mr. Cornwall, which we have just quoted, that fine dirge of Shirley's, which, indeed, can never be too often quoted, or read with diminished admiration.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate:
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.
 The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon death's purple altar now
 See where the *victor victim* bleeds;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb.
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

The song we are about to introduce to our readers is really an *English* song—English in sentiment, feeling, and expression; and beyond all comparison more true, more natural, and more poetical than the admired effusions of modern days—so full of passion, of deep feeling, of uncontrollable emotion, and of sickly affectation. The last verse is perfectly beautiful.

WINIFREDA.

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.
 What though no grants of royal donors,
 With pompous titles grace our blood?
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble we'll be good.
 Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder,
 How they respect such little folk.
 What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.
 Still shall each returning season,
 Sufficient for our wishes give,
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.
 Through youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread;
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 While round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy Time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

Of a totally different character is the following, which, perhaps, is neither remarkable for beauty of versification, nor very exquisite as a composition. It has none of the elaborate finish of Waller, of Carew, or, in our modern days, of Mr. Moore, but it is admirably adapted for popular effect even in these times, with the additional advantage of possessing far more originality of fancy than most of our recently admired songs.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Over the mountains,
 And over the waves;
 Under the fountains,
 And under the graves;
 Under floods that are deepest
 Which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.
 Where there is no place
 For the glowworm to lie,
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly;
 Where the midge dare not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay,
 If Love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.
 You may esteem him
 A child for his might,
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight;
 But if she, whom Love doth honour,
 Be concealed from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.
 Some think to lose him,
 By having him confin'd;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may,
 Blind Love, if so ye call him;
 Will find out his way.
 You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist;
 Or you may inveigle
 The Phoenix of the east;
 The lioness, you may move her
 To give o'er her prey,
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

We shall leave the song we are about to present to our readers to make its own way. Certain we are, that no one will stop to inquire whether it be natural or artificial, or whether it be a mixture of both. It is natural that a gentleman should compliment his mistress, which is all that is needful to be affirmed with respect to it. It is by old John Lilye.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows:
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
With these, the crystal of his brow;
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

We are about to quote a short piece from Sir Henry Wotton, that, perhaps, may more properly be called "a copy of verses" than a song; it is, however, so much to our taste, that we willingly find room for it. It was written by Sir Henry on Elizabeth, daughter of James I., who became wife of the King of Bohemia, and to whom he was passionately devoted.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passion's understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen;
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

We should like to see the following ditty set to music. To us it appears a fitting

helpmate to be married to immortal harmony. It is "*merum sal*," a perfect little treasure, a cameo in a ring, or a drop of distilled nectar.

A DITTY.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another giv'n;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides,
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides;
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

We fear, or rather hope, that some delicious little things by Lovelace and Suckling, are familiar to all our readers. What a full-freighted cargo of respectable mediocrity could we consign to our Lethean agents on the other side of the waters of oblivion, for a few songs in exchange from the "immortal but forgotten" Lovelace! We feel ourselves tempted to give that affecting and precious effusion, "To Althea from Prison," by the unfortunate and "handsome Cavalier;" but every body has got it by heart. Nor is Suckling less, or less deservedly known. Let one from Lovelace for the present suffice.

TO LUCASTA.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste heart and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace,
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this in constancy is such,
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

We shall conclude our extracts for the present, by the famous song of Carew, which, whether we consider it a song, a poem, a beautiful composition, or a piece of exquisite ingenuity of conceit, is almost unrivalled. We do not know where to look for its equal since the "degenerate days" of Charles the Second.

SONG.

Ask me no more—where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more—whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more—whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more—where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more—if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you, at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

In taking our leave, for the present, of this interesting subject, we beg to be permitted to make a few observations. We fear that our remarks may give pain to an amiable man, whose talents we respect, and whose genius we admire; but we choose to let them stand without mitigation, in order to show that they were our first and genuine feelings upon reading the preface to his book of songs. Mr. Cornwall himself says, in a note, that since the writing of his introduction, he has been told by a friend, whose opinion he respects, that he has not done justice to the song-writers who have flourished since the restoration. It is never too late to do justice, and it is a solemn duty to create time when reparation is to be made. For Mr. Cornwall's fault has been this: He has advanced a charge against English literature in a particular branch, and has treated with worse than contemptuous silence

the very men upon whom our verdure in that branch depends. It is all very well for Mr. Cornwall, and others, to admire "Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, and a host of others;" but as song-writers, they are immeasurably inferior, not only to Sedley, Carew, Suckling, and Waller, but to many others who flourished before, during, and since the restoration.

A word more and we have done. We have not sought far or deeply for the specimens we have given. They are easily accessible to every reader, although known, we suspect, to few. There are many more behind of equal merit, of an earlier date than some, and of a later age than the rest.

Mr. Cornwall complains, that "there is no English writer of any rank whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry." We do not deplore this. We would rather that a poet, instead of being afflicted with such a perpetual singing in the head, should tune his occasional and nocturnal note to the enshrining of some beautiful sentiment or feeling that naturally assumes the form of song. It is not that England is singularly barren of song-writers, but that good songs are never too many or too welcome.

Mr. Cornwall assumed the former rather too hastily when he presented us with a book of songs of all degrees of merit except the first; some, to speak honestly, altogether destitute of merit. We would rather that he had given us six really "English songs," than a whole volume of slight pieces—the results of an idle hour, or the crude fancies of a summer's day. We prefer one rose to a wilderness of poppies. OMEGA.

A YEAR OF HONEY-MOONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

May and June.

THE May morning of 1833 broke beautifully, before we cast a look out of window to see whether it was beautiful or not. "'Tis May," said Harriet, looking as if she were the goddess of it. The month was in her eyes. I did not say to her, with the poet,

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree:
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest.

Harriet is a very reasonable getter-up; and as goddesses as well as mortals have bedrooms, and my charmer was now the repre-

sentative of the goddess Maia, or month of May, it struck us that May does not leave her chamber quite so soon as people fancy; but that she ought to make her appearance about nine o'clock, full-grown and blooming, after having collected all her poetry about her, and drest her loveliness at the glass of her divinest thoughts. Harriet's toilet therefore took a long time on, May morning, purely to do honour to the month; and when at last she descended, you might really have taken her for a personification of the month, she looked so exuberant of sweetness.

On coming down myself to the breakfast

table, (for she always sees it in proper condition before I make my appearance), I found it covered with a profusion of May-blossom, daisies, roses, and cowslips, together with boughs of fruit-trees and sweet-briar. Pinks came afterwards, and morning after morning we had a succession of novelties, the scabious, the scarlet lychnis, Solomon's seal, (an exquisite nest of white bells lurking in green leaves), the sweet-pea (that delicate, winged thought of red and white), the orchis, the lily of the valley, and the marigold. Our May-day, in point of weather, did not turn out so fine a one as we deserved to have; and old May-day (the 12th of the month) which we keep when the other disappoints us, was not much better. What signified? We kept them both, and all the days between them, partly out of doors, and more in; and we hoped for better days, and we had some, and enjoyed them to the full. Harriet was ever my best part of the month, whether it was poor weather or fine. The dull days were bright with her, and the bright ones thrice beaming.

There is a common-place on the subject of nature and its aspect as modified by love and poetry, which takes itself for a mighty profundity, and yet is one than which nothing can be more shallow. The poets are laughed at for saying that nature mourns, and the flowers hang their heads for the death or absence of a mistress, and that *vice versa* she laughs and sparkles, and the rose blooms again for the lady's return. Dr. Johnson (whom I beg leave to say I think as highly of over a dinner table or a criticism on Pope, as I am obliged to differ with when he comes to speak of still greater men), thinks he has the laugh against Milton, when he ridicules him for talking of fauns and satyrs in his elegy on a friend. And a French wit has written an amusing banter on these sympathies between inanimate nature and the poets, in which he turns their delicate sentiments into flaring matter-of-fact, and makes the woods literally nod, and the mountains groan at the request of some lamenting gentleman, the flowers at the same time bending their heads as he goes by, and the rivers murmuring the name of his fair one. This is very good; and is deserved by *bad* poets, or those who affect a sympathy with nature which they do not feel, and who therefore cannot be supposed to see external objects in a sadder or gayer light at one time than another. But the most extreme fictions of good poetry are but subtle aspects of truth; nay, of truths felt by every body, though not

in the same definite manner. A man who has lost his mistress, says "I have no comfort now; my days are dull; I take nothing of the pleasure I used to do in the most beautiful objects; mirth, flowers, sunshine, are insipid to me; nay, melancholy; for they only remind me of her loss: every thing is black and gloomy." This is the ordinary language of a real affliction, and this contains all that the poet tells us in other words. The flowers "remind him of her loss:" what is this but making them take a part in the grief, and absolutely assisting in bringing her image before him? "Every thing is black and gloomy:" what is this but saying that the roses have lost their colour; that nature puts on a funeral dress; and that all beauty has departed with his mistress, and left nothing but tears and mourning? And so it has. To *his* eyes such is the *fact*. We have no proof of the existence of any thing but in our perception of it: and if to our perception it exists in a melancholy manner, it is melancholy. So in Milton's talk about the fauns and satyrs which he laments that he should no more see in company with the friend, whom he mourns under the name of *Lycidas*. Fauns and satyrs abound in the books which Milton and his friend delighted to read: their imaginations were full of them, and of the poetry to which they belonged; and therefore in talking about fauns and satyrs in his elegy, and lamenting that he and his friend should no more play their "pastoral reed" together, he talked about real subjects of deprivation; just as much as if a musician should lament that he and his friend could no more play the flute together, or a huntsman that the fox would be no longer hunted in his company. I am sure, if I had the misery of losing my bride (which I could not bear to think of, if she were not as young and healthy as she is) the most beautiful objects in the creation would seem to me the most melancholy. I should scarcely be able to look at them; and when I did, they would drip with the tears through which I beheld them.

Therefore I say, and say again, that with Harriet beside me, the darkest day is bright and the brightest thrice beaming.

What pleas'd at first, for her now pleases more
She most; and in her look sums all delight.

PARADISE LOST.

Shakspeare, in one of his sonnets, says, that the very birds grow dumb, when his mistress is away; that is to say, he hears them no more than an absent man does; or if he does hear them, he tells us that their

songs have grown dull. And doubtless he *literally* felt them to be so. They sang to him, not of present pleasure, but of absence and loss.

For summer and his pleasures wait on thee;
And thou away, the very birds are mute:
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

They who do not see the literal truths contained in these fancies of love and poetry, only proclaim that they are unacquainted with the refinements of either.

A pleasant banter is so different a thing from this cold critical objection, that it often arises, not from any want of faith in the thing which is supposed to be made ridiculous by it, but the reverse. It may either be resentment of its abuse, for very love of it, or a liberty taken with the object of its love for the same reason. The Italian poets are equally famous for their faith in romance and their jokes upon it. The author of *Don Quixote* had himself the soul of a knight-errant, and wrote heaps of romantic stories in as grave and child-like a tone of belief as can be. It has been thought no detriment to the fame of Homer to suppose him the author of the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*. I remember when I was travelling in Italy, I was awakened one morning at a place near Florence, by a sound of guitars and singing. It was May morning. The air played on the guitars was simple, graceful, and fervid; as old, perhaps, as the time of Lorenzo de Medici; and there was a joke mixed up with the graver enjoyment, which consisted in hailing everybody by name as he made his appearance out of doors, or at a window, and attributing the coming beauties of the season to *him*!

Had Harriet and I not been able to make our own May-time within doors, it would have been provoking to see how we were kept at home, day after day, by the rain. There was a succession of drenching weather (I think) for ten days, during which the water ran down the windows at such a rate, that it seemed as if poor May was crying her heart out. But we laughed, and vowed to have a double portion of pleasure when the sun came: and come it did, so stoutly, for several days together, that the roads and fields grew dry as in summer time, and there was such an exuberant burst of green and white in the hedges, and of flowers in the grass, that it seemed as if we had been held back by the rain, purely that we might enjoy the season to double advantage. In the south of Europe I have seen broad-leaved

myrtle growing wild, and the hedgebanks covered with cyclamen and tulips; but never have I seen a lovelier, fresher, or more vernal sight, than is exhibited by a full, sunny, luxuriant May-day in England, when the bushes are thick with blossom, and the fields with daisies and butter-cups, and the lower meadows with cowslips, and the hedgebanks glitter with the blue speedwell and the white anemone, and the butterflies are seen, and the bees heard, and the cattle stand, heavy and placid, in midst of the juicy grass. I do not say much, in these papers, about gardens. Everybody knows something about them; but it is astonishing how many people, who are fond of reading about the beauties of the country in books, and who could really double the pleasure of their existence if they would but consent to realise what they read of, suffer the most beautiful seasons of the year to pass by, without enjoyment. For magnificent, astounding views, you must go to Alps and glaciers; for sierras and chestnut woods, to Spain; for vines and olives, to Italy; for picturesque rivers, to Germany; for enormous waters and trees, to America; for Elysian scenes on a large scale (mixed with wild beasts), to Africa; for ice-bergs and northern lights, (a sight worth a peril), to Northern Seas; for pretty homesteads, occasionally knocked on the head by an avalanche, to Switzerland; but for homesteads equally pretty and more safe, for scenes of perfect rural beauty between homeliness and elegance, for fields "shut in," sylvan lanes, bosky and flowery meadows, tree-clumps with cottage smoke, and gentle intermixtures of vale and upland, commend us to green, old, grassy, village-dotted England, with its verdure all the year through, and its fair faces of red and white. Would to heaven they were a little less sulky! But the Reformers must see to that.

"Maids and Milk" is, or was, according to Drayton, the motto of the county of Suffolk*. It seems, to my fancy, to have been the motto of all England, in old times, during the month of May. At all events, the milkmaid's garland was the prettiest of the May-day shows. It has long gone out, and left us nothing but the chimney-sweeper's!

* "As Essex hath of old been named 'Calves and stiles,'

Fair Suffolk 'Maids and Milk,' and Norfolk 'Many wiles,'

So Cambridge hath been called 'Hold nets, and let us win,'

And Huntingdon, 'With stilts we'll stalk through thick and thin.' ' &c. &c.

POLYOLBION, SONG 23.

melancholy emblem of our fire-side cares! I am not more convinced, however, of anything on this side certainty, than I am of the revival of the best things in our old holidays, when England has done paying for her game at soldiers, and mirth revives upon a new ground of wisdom. Then will come back the milkmaids, announcing the vernal overflow of their store; and Robin Hood will be had in double estimation; and the chimney-sweepers will vanish with the poor stage-coach horses, before some triumphant piece of machinery; and the plough will be at strange work in the fields; and all will enjoy them. Do we think that nature made such beautiful things for people to know that they are beautiful, and yet do nothing but sigh at the thought? Is *that* the poor jest, of which we suppose her guilty? Depend upon it, there is not a pleasure within the possibility of being hoped for by the human race, which they are not destined to realise.

But I am philosophising, and thinking of others, forgetful of my own exemption from the necessity. Such are these impertinent times, which force even the rich and the young to reflect, and will not allow a gentleman to be happy with his bride without remembering that other people would like to be happy too. Dear Reformers, "there is a time for all things," and positively I will think no more about you during these my "Honeymoons." Surely if a man has a right to forget you, it is when—hark!

The cuckoo!

I heard it just this moment; for I am writing of one month of May during another, and scribbling a piece of this article in a little rustic inn, half an hour before dinner, while Harriet is talking with the hostess, and charming her by dandling her infant. I know by her leaving off speaking, that she hears the cuckoo as well as I do, and that she is thinking I am thinking so. She would have come to tell me of it, but the fact is we heard it before; and this reminds me that I forgot to mention the cuckoo in my article on April. We heard it often enough then, and I wonder how it could have escaped me. I suppose the reason was, that I got talking about the nightingale, who is a very absorbing personage.

The cuckoo is an odd bird, with strange privileges of grafting his children upon other people's nests. I suppose he has a licence from nature for it, in order to enable him to play his part better as a hiding songster, and pleasant rambling mystery. It has fallen, however, to the lot of Harriet and myself to

know him not only as a "wandering voice," but to see him many times as plainly as a pigeon, and in the very act of singing—nay, singing as he flies. I confess it does not injure the pleasure which I take in his seclusion. Nor does Harriet wish him to have been less visible. We have enough imagination to afford to see him; the invisibility may be necessary for the many: to us who have such endless faith in nature, it is otherwise. We never find a limit to our perceptions of beauty.

There is an old belief, that it is fortunate for lovers to hear the nightingale before the cuckoo. Judge, if we, who are so loving and so believing, choose to give up this notion; and how pleased we have been, these two seasons in succession, to have fortunate ears. Milton speaks of this once popular notion in one of his sonnets, and intreats the nightingale to favour him accordingly. Spenser, who loves to make traditions of his own, provided they be accordant with nature, and who contradicts even the old mythologies whenever it suits him, not only vindicates the right of the cuckoo to a good name, calling him

"The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,"

but says that he is the herald of lovers; and summons them to wait upon their king, whom he fancies coming out of the woods, crowned with flowers, and opening the choirs of the birds.

Chaucer gives in to the old notion, upon which he has written a whole poem, called "*The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*." But nature is stronger than her greatest favourites; and in spite of Chaucer and Milton the old notion has gone out, and the cuckoo is considered pleasant. Chaucer's feeling with regard to the month of May, is, as usual, beautifully expressed in this composition; in the course of which he indulges himself in one of his beloved pictures of daisied grass, and bushes in blossom. (I drop the old spelling. The rhythm is of the dancing order, measured by the cadence.)

"Then I thought anon, as it was day,
I would go somewhere to assay
If that I might a nightingale hear,
For yet had I none heard of all that year,
And it was then the third night of May.
And anon as I the day spied,
No longer would I in bed abide,
But unto a wood that was fast by,
I went forth alone, boldly,
And held the way down by a brook side.
Till I came to a land of white and green,
So fair one had I never in been;
The ground was green ypowder'd with daisie,
And the flowers and the groves like high,
All green and white; was nothing else seen."

By "the flowers and the groves *like high*," he means that the flowers were the May-blossoms, and therefore as high as the bushes on which they grew.

If any body wishes to enjoy the May-bush in perfection, he should go to Richmond Park, on the side sloping down to Ham Common, where there is a hill as thick with them as an orchard with apple-blossom. Harriet has christened it May-bush Hill; and therefore I beg that this name may be respected and brought into use, by all who value a pretty mouth and a taste for nature.

JUNE.—I cannot help thinking there is much expression in the sound of the word June,—perhaps from association of ideas—but something on its own account too. It is deeper, and closer, and warmer, than that of May; more spicy and pungent; it is brown and red, compared with red and white; the deep rose and the marigold, compared with the May-blossom. May has a silver sound: she is played to, as it were, on a guitar of ivory, and with a fair hand: June's music is golden, deeper in the wire. It is noon-tide, the under-current of the brooks, the tune of bees. But something like this has been said elsewhere in verse, and I hate repetitions. If twenty pictures of spring and summer are painted, it is fit that they should all be different, though all in accord.

When June is fine, it is a very fine month indeed, perhaps the finest in the year. Spring is not quite gone; there are some trees to fill up yet; and yet summer is confirmed, while we have the greater part of it before us. The skies are blue; the clouds small, sailing, and of silver; the fields thick and dry; you may lie in them; the hedges full of wild roses; the gardens rich with gold and red, roses, marigolds, wall-flowers, nasturtiums, and red lilies; and the trees are still fresh, yet beginning to brown. By degrees the leaves get browner, the daisies begin to be lost in the superabundance of butter-cups, the elder-trees in the hedge-rows are rich with blossom, and shearing-time is come. We see nothing of it within the limits of our excursions. In the course of a year or two we mean to take a summer tour through the finest parts of England, and see every beauty we can think of. Meanwhile, thinking must content us, as sight is not to be had. What we can witness for ourselves we do; what we cannot, we enjoy in the green fields and elysian pictures of the poets,

"Softly mixt
With every murmur of the smiling wave,

And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of Paradise; which still is heard,
When the heart listens."—DYER'S FLEECE.

This is beautifully said. And then the poet speaks of the paradisaical scenes which are within the power of almost every one to enjoy who can walk, and the idle regrets they utter at not having enjoyed them!

"Yet we abandon these Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine."

Get up, for God's sake, ladies and gentlemen, and believe that the creation does not consist only of the "West End," nor even of your parks. How many of us have no parks, nor even gardens, and yet sigh over the recollection of a common field-walk in our youth, *as if it were not to be had still!*

I speak against my interest; for the fact is, the less you take my advice, the quieter the fields will look, and Harriet and I have them more to ourselves. At present we meet a pale-faced student now and then with a book, and a few lovers; but not enough to make us cease wondering at the want of imagination and animal spirits, which keeps so many people at home. It does not become us to say any thing against marriage; but the reader may recollect a couple of prints in the shop-windows—popular, I am sorry to say—the one, representing a gentleman helping a lady over a stile, and called "*Courtship*,"—the other, the lady getting over by herself, and the gentleman walking on before her!—and this is "*Marriage*." I confess we have witnessed both these spectacles, and wondered what the latter did in the fields at all. I suppose they were going "the shortest way" somewhere. The lovers you may always know by a certain conscious look as you pass them—the lady sometimes affecting to appear nonchalant, the gentleman smiling but ceasing to speak, and turning away his face, which has just been earnestly fixed on her's as she looked down. Sometimes the lady is more candid, and cannot get rid of an expression of pleasure, somewhat bashful. For our part, we endeavour to think that some of those lovers are married; but pique ourselves upon perplexing them with regard to what they think of *us*. Were they to catch us at a stile, they would feel no doubt on the subject; for they would find me, (if I did not see them,) lifting my charmer over as if she did not possess the use of her limbs. I sometimes beg her pardon for it; for she is as light and active as she is plump; but it is not always that married ladies must be permitted to jump; and at other times I cannot resist the opportunity of giving her the thanks

of a clasp, for the sweetness which she is ever evincing. When we meet others, however, I neutralise my countenance in a wonderful manner, between seriousness and happiness, complacency and respect: and Harriet's, unless speaking to me, is always in the state so exquisitely touched by our restorer of the drama,

"A gentleness that smiles without a smile."

THE WIFE.

A very delicate observer (such as this poet for instance) would, I think, detect us; but I defy common eyes. They take us, I suspect, for a highly reputable brother and sister; affectionate, nay, edifyingly so, thus to walk out with one another, which is not a very brother and sister-like thing; but they do not conclude us to be lovers:—we do not blush or simper enough, or affect enough indifference.

I do not know a more entire piece of rural enjoyment, an hour uniting greater complacency with delight, or that quiet sense which one ought to have of the quiet and gentleness of the country, combined with a greater portion of inward transport,—than in taking a walk, towards an evening in June, through a series of fields full of clover and buttercups, with hedge-row elms and wild roses, the path leading from stile to stile, the bee buzzing, and the cuckoo heard at intervals, while the scenery, as it shifts, presents now a cottage, and now a farm, now a group of cattle with their white and coloured bodies, and now the tower of an old village church above the trees. To complete the thing, the stiles should be good liberal stiles, fit to make a seat of, in order to receive the air in your face, or read a passage out of some favourite author; and there should be a brook with a bit of plank over it, and a corner of bushes; and children should be seen occasionally, gathering the wild flowers. Here you scent a beanfield, such as threw Thomson into a fit of rapture*; and there you hear the sithe of

* "Arabia cannot boast

A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd
soul."

The feeling of abstract or moral delight, received through the medium of the scent of flowers, and other impressions on the senses, is an interesting phenomenon, and terminates, like all conscious impressions pursued to their utmost, in leading from the material into the spiritual. Our very grossest perceptions would fail us without that intellectual mystery, the brain. Milton speaks of an odour arising from fields and flowers,

"able to drive

All sadness but despair."

the mowers. In the next field you catch glimpses of their white shirts through the russet elm-trees; in the next you come upon them; and at due distance, and provided it be not a very frequented field, you seat yourself with your companion against one of the haycocks, perhaps under an oak-tree, which shades you from the sun, while the western air comes breathing upon you. Haymakers are not uncivil if they see you are respectable, and mean no harm to their labours. For my part, who can afford it, I cannot pass their care-worn faces, especially in these happy-looking spots, without giving them something for drink; which brings upon my head and Harriet's lovely countenance, a world of poetical Irish blessings. But this is no precedent for those whose pockets are in less easy condition. Civility itself is money;—the common coin of justice.

A seat of this kind sets one upon visions of happy times and golden ages, and of what the world might come to under wiser management. My friend and I, however, (I delight, amidst the variety of appellations which I have for her, to call Harriet "my friend,") do not spoil the pleasure of such a moment by too much regret on this point. We hope the best, and resolve to do what we can to aid it; and then we reward the virtue of our good resolutions by present enjoyment. We chat, we laugh, we fancy ourselves birds and butterflies; we take out some delicate little volume, and read a bit, perhaps on something we know as familiarly as our names; but we read it because of the spot and the occasion, and because we *do* know it. We literally make a companion of our author, and turn to him to ask what he thinks of the fine weather and the country; though we know very well what he will say. There are passages in Spenser, and Milton, and Theocritus, and Ovid, and Ariosto, in *Palmerin of England*, the *Arcadia*, and twenty other books, which I have read over hundreds of times in this way, though I know them as intimately as the pictures that hang in my sitting-room. They are the pictures that hang in a reader's walk.

What a thing is a book,—that a man should have written it hundreds of years ago, perhaps in Italy or in Greece, and that by means of it we should have his immortal company with us on the grass in an English hayfield in June, doubling the delight of the landscape, and increasing those even of love itself!

THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Faust: A Dramatic Poem, by Goethe.
Translated into English Prose, with
Remarks on former Translations, and
Notes. By the Translator of Sav-
igny's "Of the Vocation of our Age
for Legislation and Jurisprudence."

THIS is a prose translation of the great drama of the German master, the name and reputation of which have long since become familiar throughout Europe. The translation is enriched with a most valuable collection of notes, illustrative of the text, got together with extreme diligence and singular success; and it is prefaced by a learned critique on the former translators of Faust, in which their manifold errors, both of omission and commission, are held up to literary indignation in severe and caustic language. "I print this translation," says Mr. Hayward, "with the view of showing to a certain number of my literary friends, and through them perhaps to the public at large, that they have hitherto had nothing from which they can form any estimate of Faust, and with this view only," he continues, "I shall prefix a few remarks on the English and French translators who have preceded me."

Such is the scope and object of this praise-worthy undertaking. We opened the volume, however, with many misgivings for the possible success of an attempt so bold as that of rendering Faust into English prose. And independently of all general theories of our own on the philosophy of translation, and the boundaries between verse and prose (and we beg our readers to believe that *we* too have our theories on all these matters) our misgivings were not diminished by our knowledge of the complex character of this drama. Its wide and rapid and excursive flights of daring poesy, the singular skill with which all the varied colours of meaning are inwoven into the web, and as it were the very being of the verse, the propriety and fine *harmonic* aptness of each choral measure to its own meaning, and to its exact *position* in the drama, making its own sweet music sweeter still by the effect of contrast without incongruous dissimilitude; these and many other finer touches of skill in the original poem constituted, we felt, no inconsiderable part of its powers of delighting us, and we were fearful, lest the talisman should be broken in the rough hands of a prose translator; we have been most agreeably disappointed, and the perusal of a few scenes only was sufficient to convince us that, if we were not wrong in our estimate of the difficulty of rendering the lyrical parts into English prose, we had very much underrated its capabilities, when in the hands of so skilful a translator as Mr. Hayward. He has therefore fairly worked out his praise with us, for our readers will perceive that we had none *ready-made* to offer him. To the mere English reader indeed, he

has given a work of inestimable value in affording a means of judging of the conception of the original drama.

Of the extreme difficulty of giving an adequate prose version of the lyrical parts, no one appears to have a keener sense than the translator himself. "The bloom-like beauty of the songs in particular," says he, "vanishes at the touch of a translator; as regards these, therefore, I may as well own at once that I am inviting my friends to a sort of Barmecide entertainment where fancy must supply all the materials for banquetting." This is something near the truth, but the modesty of the translator has led him into somewhat of an exaggerated depreciation of his own labours. This, we think, will appear from the following beautiful translation of the prefatory ode of the Choir of Archangels.

"RAPHAEL.

"The sun chimes in, as ever, with the emulous music of his brother spheres, and performs his prescribed journey with the roll of the thunder. His aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom him; and the inconceivably sublime works of creation are glorious as on the first day.

"GABRIEL.

"And rapid, inconceivably rapid, the pomp of the earth revolves; the brightness of paradise alternates with the deep fearful night. The sea foams up in broad waves at the deep base of the rocks; and rock and sea are whirled on in the ever rapid course of the spheres.

"MICHAEL.

"And storms are roaring, as if in rivalry, from sea to land, from land to sea,—and forming all around a chain of the deepest elemental ferment in their rage. There, flashing desolation flares before the path of the thunder-clap. But thy angels, Lord, respect the mild going of thy day."

Such is the gorgeous opening of this fine Drama—it is followed by a familiar dialogue between Mephistopheles and the Lord of Heaven; the tone and language of which, we do not hesitate to say, constitute one of the main blots on this production; and no respect for the translator, no veneration for the great name of Goethe, shall prevent us from expressing our regret that the one should have written, and the other have consented to translate for the English public, a passage at once so irreverent and so witless. But we hasten to give further specimens from the translation, in the course of which we shall have little occasion for the expression of similar regrets.

With the main incidents of the drama, and especially with the three chief actors in it—Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret, most of our readers are, we conceive, acquainted. Faust is discovered in his gothic chamber, sitting restlessly at his desk—the rays of the full moon are shining through the latticed window. The pride of intellect which fed and sustained his spirit among his fellows, has given way before the withering consciousness of his real ignorance, in reference to his own soul and the workings of the power unknown. He feels, dimly indeed—and alas, as the sequel of the drama shows—all powerlessly for action—that the happiness which

he is seeking can be found only in the light of innocence, and purity, and love, amid the glories of created nature.

"Oh! would that thou, radiant moonlight, wert shining for the last time upon my misery; thou, for whom I have sat watching so many a midnight at this desk; then, over books and papers, melancholy friend, didst thou appear to me! Oh! that I might wander on the mountain-tops in thy loved light, hover with spirits round the mountain caves, flit over the fields in thy glimmer, and escaped from all the fumes of knowledge, bathe, re-invigorated, in thy dew!"

"And dost thou still ask, why thy heart flutters so confined in thy bosom? Why a vague aching deadens within thee every stirring principle of life? Instead of the animated nature, for which God made man, thou hast nought around thee but beasts' skeletons and dead men's bones, in smoke and mould."

He then pursues his magical and alchemical labours, which are interrupted at the very height of his aspirations, and in the very crisis of an incident, by the intrusion of his scholar Wagner—a character by which the author intended to represent the whole class of laborious dullards. The drawing simplicity of his observations is in fine contrast with the ardent and impassioned character of Faust, as well as with the keen and stinging sarcasm of Mephistopheles, in the quizzing scene afterwards.

Wagner is at length dismissed, and Faust proceeds in his speculations, and, driven to despair by his own self-torture, is about to drink poison. But as he is putting the goblet to his lips, the sound of choral hymns break on his ears (for it is now morning, and that morning, the morning of Easter Day) and is won from his purpose by the sweet influence of their music. He listens—there is a pause. Another strain is heard, and the full chorus dies away once more.

"Why, ye heavenly tones, with your subduing softness, do you seek me out in the dust? Peal out, where soft men are to be found! I hear the message, but want faith. Miracle is the pet child of faith. I dare not struggle towards those spheres from whence the glad tidings sound, and yet, accustomed to the sound from infancy, it still calls me back to life. In other days, the kiss of heavenly love descended upon me in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath; the full-toned bell sounded so fraught with mystic meaning, and a prayer was vivid enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drew me forth to wander over wood and plain, and amidst a thousand burning tears, I felt a world rise up to me. This anthem harbingered the gay sports of youth, the unchecked happiness of spring festivity. Recollection now holds me back, with child-like feeling, from the last decisive step. Oh! sound on, ye sweet heavenly strains! The tear is flowing, earth has me again."

It is far from our intention to attempt an exact analysis of the whole drama, and we therefore pass on to the period when Mephistopheles is figuring as one of the chief actors in the scene. This gentleman (and his disciples have since acted on the precedent,) had introduced himself into Faust's study in a character not his own—viz. that of a black poodle—a disguise which, as was natural, completely disarmed the suspicions of the learned Doctor; and his tempter well knew, that in Faust's mood of temper, if he could but get access to him, his work was well nigh done—*ce n'était que le premier pas qui coutait*. The discovery and introduction take place, and, on a second visit, Mephistopheles,

by dextrous *pokings*, wrings the following renunciation and curse from his disciple, the moral to which is to be found in the lament of the Invisible Spirit, which is poured forth in a choral ode at the conclusion of its utterance.

"Since a sweet familiar tone drew me from those thronging horrors, and played on what of childlike feeling remained in me with the concurring note of happier times—my curse on every thing which entwines the soul with its jugglery, and chains it to this den of wretchedness with blinding and flattering influences. Accursed, first, be the lofty opinion in which the minds wraps itself! Accursed, the blinding of appearances, by which our senses are enslaved! Accursed, what plays the pretender to us in dreams—the cheat of glory, of the lasting of a name! Accursed, what flatters us as property, as wife and child, as slave and plough! Accursed be Mammon when he stirs us to bold deeds with treasures, when he smooths our couch for indolent delight! Accursed, the balsam juice of the grape! Accursed, that highest joy of love! Accursed be hope, accursed be faith, and accursed, above all, be patience!"

Mr. Hayward and our readers will excuse us for giving the choral ode, which follows this tremendous curse, in a version of our own, somewhat paraphrastic, indeed, (for we had not skill to come nearer to the original,) but in which an approximation to the doleful pauses and wild moanings of the original (like the dying sounds from a wind-harp,) has been attempted.

Chorus of Invisible Spirits.

Woe—woe—woe!
Thou hast o'erthrown
The beautiful world
With violent hand!
It bows, it falls down,
In ruin and desolation,
At thine—the demigod's command.

Into annihilation
The wrecks of its beauty we sweep
And weep
Over the lost creation!
Oh mortal vain!
In the pride of thy might,
In the pomp of thy art,
Renew its light;
Build up the fabric again in thy heart,
Earth-born! build it again!

Go—go begin
With strong endeavour
A life of changed hue,
Bid, its fresh paths about,
Sweet strains peal out,
With music new!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the nurslings of my crew,—
Yet hark—how with counsel sage
As hoary age,
To deeds of soft delight
Their strains invite.

From solitude,
Where the sense stagnates and the blood grows crude,
To paths of joyance sweet,
Would they allure thy feet.

Faust, the reader may see, is nearly ripe for the compact with his tempter. The bargain is soon struck, and after Mephistopheles has amused himself at poor Wagner's expense in mock exhortations to prudence and wisdom, a scene to which we have before alluded, the pair start to seek worldly adventures.

"We have only to spread out the mantle," quoth Mephistopheles, "that shall bear us through the air, only you will take no heavy baggage on this bold trip. A little inflammable air which I will prepare, will lift us quickly from this earth, and if we are light we shall mount rapidly. I wish you joy of your new course of life."

The first adventure is the celebrated one in "Auerbach's cellar," and the strange inimitable devilry of the "Witches' Kitchen" follows immediately upon it. Of either of these we shall attempt no description, as indeed none is possible, except at a length as great as that of the originals. An ingenious critic has written, that they are in the very spirit of the great Athenian Comic Poet—with what justice we leave our learned readers to decide*.

Margaret is now introduced upon the scene—that sweet and hapless being, whose fate gives to the drama its character of fearful sorrow—the light of whose early innocence is seen and felt in all her subsequent misdeeds and misfortunes—full of sin and shame though they were, and though they ended in wretchedness, and despair, and madness! Such sweet and winning innocence as hers, Wordsworth is perhaps the only one living who could adequately shadow out in description, as Goethe is certainly the only one since Shakspeare who could have *dramatised* it. When Faust first meets her, she is indeed

"A spirit—yet a woman too;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty:
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records—promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

But Faust has now met her—her eyes have met his eyes, and, though for a moment only, the fascination seems complete. It is evening; she is in her neat little room, where "breathed around a feeling of peace, and order, and contentment," all, alas! soon to be destroyed. As she is braiding and binding up her hair, she expresses to herself her curiosity to know who it *could* be who addressed her in the morning. He was noble she was sure, "else he could not have been so bold." Faust, with the assistance of Mephistopheles, succeeds, during her absence, in depositing in her clothes-press a casket of jewels; her mother discovers them, and makes known the mysterious fact to a priest, who, to poor Margaret's great dismay, instantly appropriates the jewels to the use of the church, "which alone can digest ill-gotten wealth." Another casket is procured, which meets with better success, and little Margaret is consoled for the loss of the first. Mephistopheles contrives for Faust, a meeting with Margaret, at the house of her neighbour and confidante, Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein, and here the "wooing to her undoing" takes place; the scenes

* To the great and overwhelming tragic powers of Goethe, Aristophanes, of course, can make no pretension: but in their preference of the arbitrary comic to the comic of manners, the two writers come very close together; and both writers should have lived, as Madame de Stael expresses it, when there was an intellectual chaos, similar to the material chaos. Had Aristophanes written in modern times, it is, perhaps, not impertinent to suggest, that the "Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig," the Hexenküche, the Walpurgisnacht, and perhaps the quizzing scene with the young student, just fresh from his university, are precisely the sort of scenes which would have fallen from his pen.—MITCHELL'S TRANSLATION OF ARISTOPH. Pref. xxvii.

between Faust and Margaret have a sort of acted parody in the comic courtship of Mephistopheles and Martha; but we must refer our readers to the whole scene.

Margaret's ruin is hastening to its consummation. Faust wins from her a promise of admission to her mother's house; he gives her a sleeping-potion for her mother, which he had received from Mephistopheles. It was poison—though he knew it not. After a while her brother, who is a soldier, returns and discovers his sister's shame. He attacks Faust, as he and Mephistopheles are serenading Margaret, and is stabbed by him! Margaret, in a fit of wild despair, drowns her child! The measure of offence and misery is now full, and she is found in the last scene lying in prison on a wretched straw pallet—in chains—and mad! Faust, meanwhile, has deserted her—he has been up to the Harz to witness the Festivities of the Night of Walpurgi.

The magnificent lyric episode, in which these festivities are described, is known to the English public by Shelley's splendid translation, and is rendered into fine prose by Mr. Hayward. We would willingly give specimens of it, and the "Marriage of Oberon and Titania," and had actually marked the whole of the terrible "cathedral scene" for transcription, but want of space compels us, though reluctantly, to abstain: indeed we find we must hurry to a close.

Faust has learnt the dire calamities of Margaret, and upbraids Mephistopheles as the cause of them. At no part of Mr. Hayward's translation did we feel the absence of the contrast of which we have before spoken, so much as in this part. All the original drama is in verse, with the exception of *this* tremendous dialogue, which is in earnest prose, and nothing can be more grand, or indeed more awful, than the muttering thunder of its remorseful periods.

The meeting between Margaret and Faust in the prison, which closes the drama, is one of unequalled pathos; too terrible, perhaps, for merely dramatic representation, which is to be softened down to the measure of *pleasurable* sorrow only by the power of *musical* recitative. We never read the original scene without a thought that with the genius of a Beethoven to cast it into a musical shape, and the genius of a Schroeder Devrient to give it vocal utterance, it might be wrought into a means of delight as high and holy perhaps as the human heart can bear on this side heaven. In the dreadful agony of that interview, Margaret's spirit passes from her.

"MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! save me, ye angels! Ye holy hosts range yourselves round about, to guard me. Henry! I am horror-struck for thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged!

Voice from above.

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES to FAUST.

Hither to me!

(Disappears with Faust.)

Voice from within, dying away.

Henry! Henry!"

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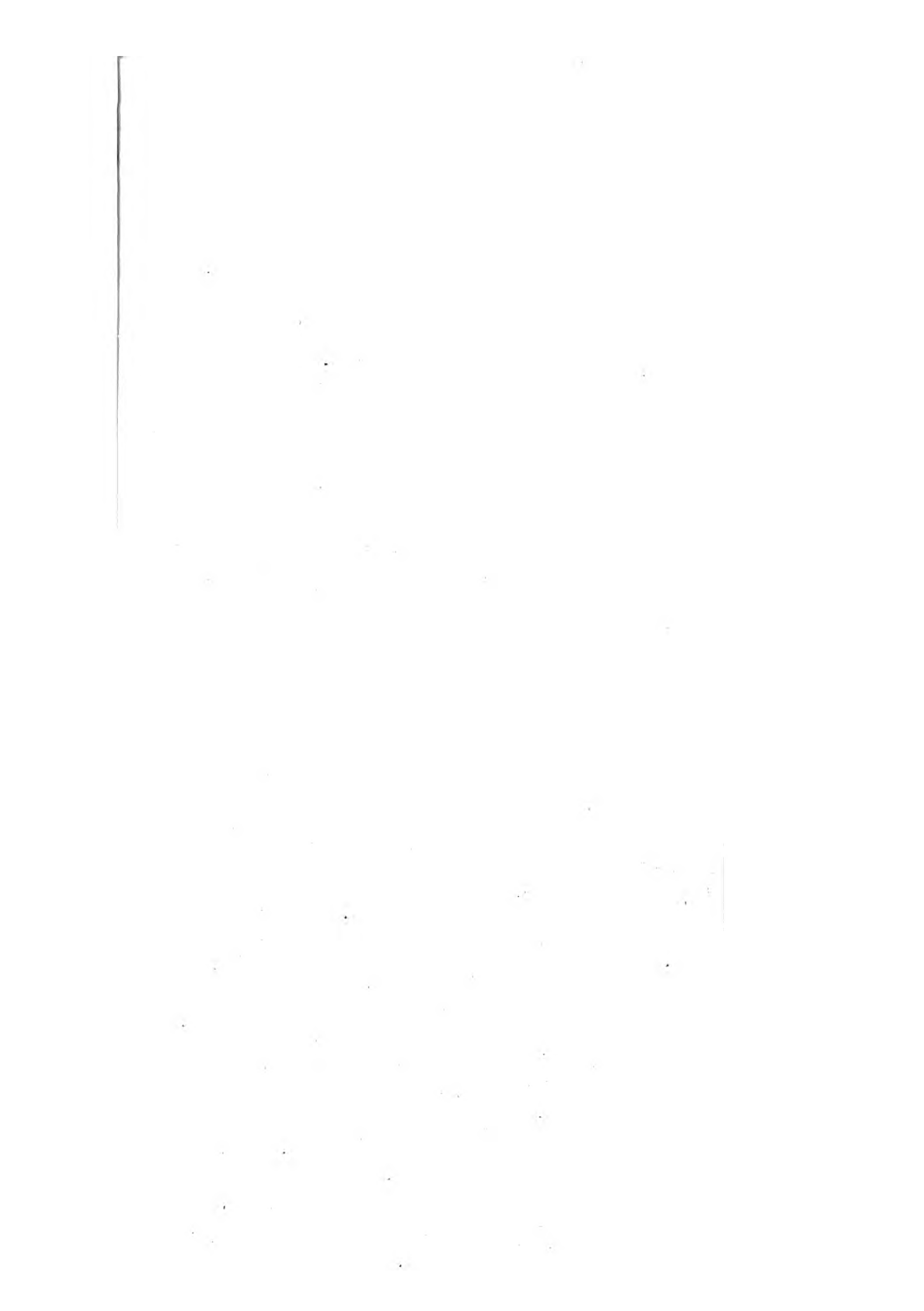
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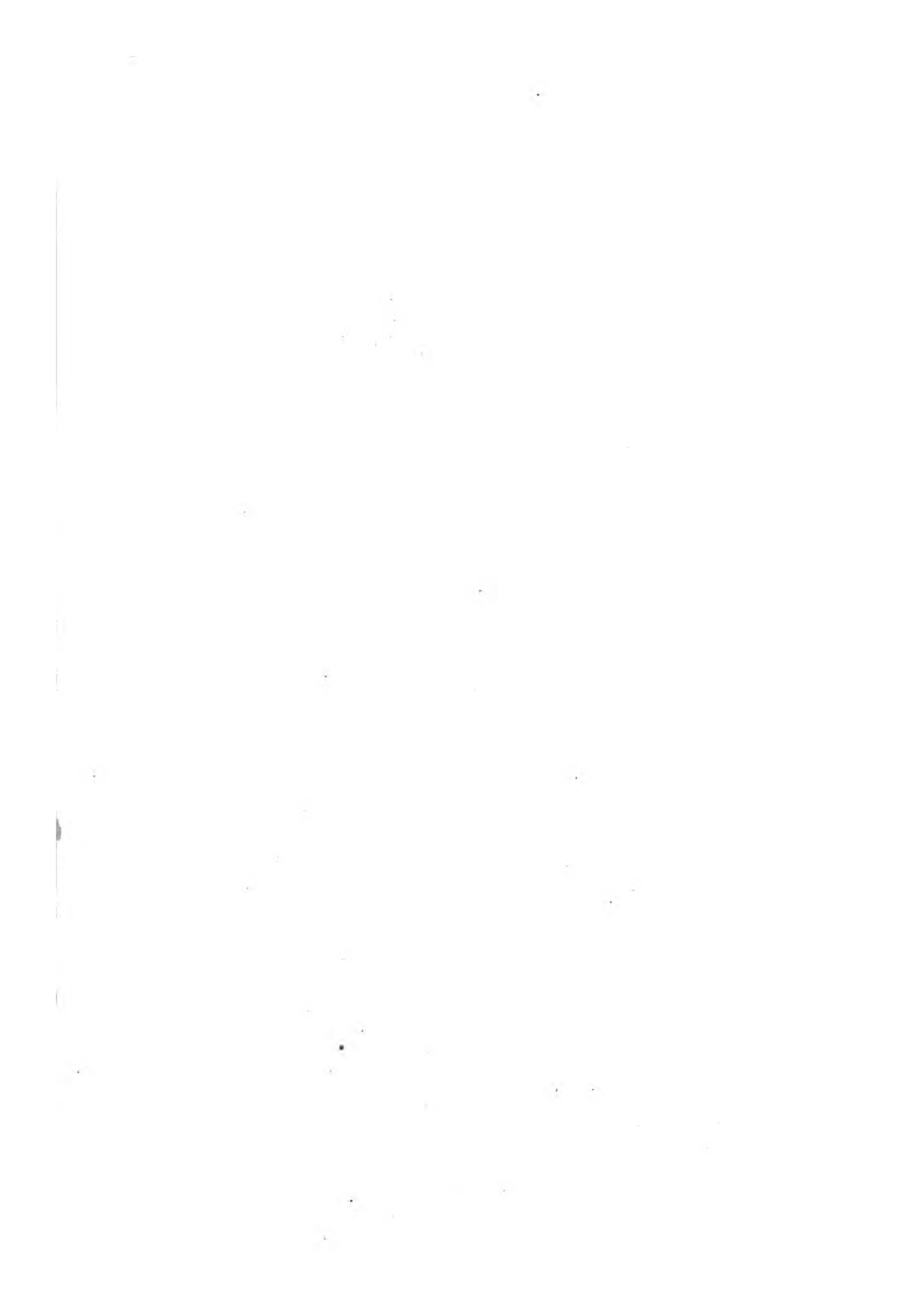
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eps

Walking Dress





Walking Dress



Evening Dress.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1833.

COMMUNICATED BY MARADAN CARÇON.

MORNING DRESS.

Dress of chaly, printed à colonnes, high body, with crossed plaits, plain back, laced; large full sleeves, tight to the elbow. Apron of black gros de Naples, embroidered with a wreath of *sweet peas*; epaulettes on the shoulders embroidered also; cap of Brussels lace, trimmed with *maïs* gauze riband.

WALKING DRESS.

Dress of blue *saphire* satin, plain body; tippet of black velvet à godets, and long ends; blonde ruff, with a bow of *maïs* gauze riband; capote of *maïs* terry velvet, lined with black velvet, and plait of velvet to mix in the curls; trimmed with a *maïs* and black *cerbère* feather and *maïs* gauze riband.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white Cachemire à colonnes, alternately high *corsage drapé*, with borders to correspond with the pattern of the dress; short sleeves of white gros de Naples under long *crapeliée* sleeves; hat of *grenat* velvet, trimmed with *torsades* of velvet and a green bird of Paradise.

The Guide to Dress.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Paris, December 10, 1832.

Dear Lady Louisa,

I am truly sorry that in my last I promised you so much news in this, for I am again forced to disappoint you, and that too in spite of my good intentions.

Since we have received intelligence of the arrest of our illustrious Princess, the noble Faubourg is a prey to melancholy, and we must forego our expectations of the few splendid fêtes that were intended to be given before this unhappy event occurred. You recollect

the emulation which led our *haute noblesse* to vie with the Chaussée d'Antin in the splendour of such entertainments.

At Court also there seems but little inclination to resume the Wednesday balls and *soirées*, and I think that nothing will be determined upon with regard to the parties at the Tuilleries until the return of the Prince Royal and his brother. The Queen is so dreadfully low spirited that she cannot appear at those fêtes of which last year she did the honours. We are therefore confined at present to a few *soirées dansantes*, which are as melancholy as need be; for the moment the dancing is over, our gallant knights leave us, to discuss among themselves the progress of our army in Belgium. You may easily imagine that all this does not tend to enliven us, more particularly when we consider that many of us have friends and relatives exposed to the perils of war.

At the *soirées* I have just mentioned the dresses were very plain. *Cerise* is the prevailing colour. I wore at one of them a dress of this colour, *en étoffe façonnée*, with a mantilla à pointes on the sleeves. My head was dressed with a small bouquet of white feathers placed quite on the side. My cousin, Madame de M——, had a lovely dress of *moire mauve rayée satinée*, with blonde epaulets. As she is fair, and has light hair, she wore a head-dress which suited her marvellously well. It consisted of green leaves, a small bouquet, with pearls intermingled in the *torsade* of her hair; for I must tell you that plaited hair is no longer worn in full dress. You know that at balls we always wear scarfs, and she had one of white blonde. Madame R—— is returned from Germany. I saw her the other evening at the opera. She wore a dress of Jericho velvet, with diamond arrows in her hair, and a single white feather. Her dress was *drapée croisée* with a mantilla. Her daughter,

who was also with her, wore an extremely pretty dress of sky-blue gauze. The corsage was *à draperies*, and the sleeves short, with two large plaits and bows of riband. The front of the dress was very youthful, and prettily trimmed. I again met Madame R—— at the Duchess d'O——'s dinner-party, on Friday, on which occasion she wore a Cachemire dress *à colonnes et fonds maïs*, made *à la Grecque*, with very short sleeves fastened in the middle with cameo clasps to the shoulders. The *godet* was also kept up with a beautiful cameo brooch. The head-dress consisted of a small black velvet hat, with a bird of Paradise; it had no ornaments of riband, only a band of velvet with a cameo clasp. Her daughter wore a dress of *moire chrysophrase*, with short sleeves and riband; in her hair were bows of riband, and she had on a *parure* of *chrysophrase* and gold. Her scarf was of tulle *zephyr blanc*. Our fair hostess wore a dress of *cerise* velvet trimmed with blonde, with the sleeves and scarf also of blonde.

I am really ashamed to say so much about myself in my letters to you, but you are so pressing that in my own defence I must give you an account of my own dress. It was of sapphire *velours épinglé*; in my hair I wore diamonds and sapphires.

The weather has been so fine for some days past, that the Tuilleries are crowded with elegantly dressed women. I have remarked many high dresses of velvet, with a *ruche* of tulle *Française* round the neck. The sleeves very wide at the top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist. I likewise saw many small *capotes* of satin, of velvet, or *velours épinglé*, with feathers and small caps under them. The hair is always worn *à l'Anglaise*, or in *bandeaux*. Many pelisses were trimmed with fur, and there were many cloaks of Cachemire with borders. On calling the other morning upon the Baroness de C—, I saw her husband, who, as you know, is the most elegant man in Paris. He had on a magnificent *robe de chambre* of damask, with arabesques of divers colours upon a ground of emerald green. It was lined with cherry sarsenet. He showed me the new English books which he intended as new year's gifts for his two sisters. I remarked in the Keepsake the engraving of the beautiful Bridesmaid, painted by Paris. We much admired this sweet picture, which has obtained such great and deserved success in England. Apropos of the damask I have just mentioned, I must give you a description of the splendid furniture of a drawing-room which

threw me the other day into a positive extacy. It was at the house of one of my friends, a lady whose good taste is proverbial. All the sofas, divans, and Xs are covered with this damask, having flowers of all colours upon a white ground. The wood of each piece of furniture is painted white, carved, and gilt. Nothing can produce a more splendid effect when the apartment is lit up. The hangings on the wall are also of the same damask, and the borders round the pannels are of silk corresponding with the designs on the ground. None of the pier glasses have gilt frames, which are now wholly out of fashion, but they appear from under the hangings, and are surrounded by the same kind of borders as those round the pannels. The curtains are of bobbin net, embroidered with gold stars. The borders are also of gold, of a very rich pattern. There is a superb bullion fringe at the bottom. The cords which support the curtains are exceedingly thick, with a large gold tassel at the extremities. The blinds are of white *gros de Naples*, with the most beautiful tropical birds painted upon them. The colours of the latter are extremely vivid. There is no cut glass to the five chandeliers which adorn this splendid apartment; they are of a new form, and wholly *en dorure à rocailles*. The table and consoles between the windows are of porphyry with legs *à l'antique*, and gilt. The candelabras at the four corners correspond with the table. The bronze ornaments upon the chimney are very magnificent, and entirely gilt. The ceiling is painted in medallions, representing different mythological subjects, and each medallion is surrounded by a beautifully carved frame, white and gold, to match with the furniture.

If this description pleases you, let me know, and in my next I will give you an account of the boudoir and *chambre à coucher* of the same person. I mention the latter apartment, because you know that in France it is the one on which the greatest pains are bestowed, and in which visits are frequently received. Do you know that all our jewellers are endeavouring to imitate the excellent taste of yours. We now wear nothing but jewels *à l'Anglaise*; and they who are fortunate enough to get jewels from your side of the water, are admired by all persons of taste, or who pretend to it.

Adieu, my dear friend; I have written much longer than I intended; but when I write to you, I never know when to stop. Reply to me immediately, and say that I do not tire you. Believe me, ever yours,

A—— DE M——.

LITERARY NOTICES.

GERMAN ANNUALS, FOR 1833.—These publications have just come to hand in England, and possess various degrees of merit. Some of them exhibit literary pretensions of no common order, and almost all have numerous illustrative prints. This last feature of these works, however, challenges but little commendation. The plates are, in fact, immeasurably inferior to those which decorate our own ornamental annuals; and, taken as specimens, afford but an indifferent notion as to the value of German engravings generally. Indeed, we have of late seen several other instances of the state of this branch of the Fine Arts in that great country which raise our especial wonder. Retsch stands out a brilliant exception; but the German designers and engravers generally seem, as compared with those of England or France, to sink beneath mediocrity. This is unworthy of the land of Goethe, Mozart, and Beethoven.

We may safely particularise the following Annuals as worthy of especial notice on the strength of their literary productions:—

1. The *Urania*, which continues to be edited by Tieck, and contains well-written tales from the pen of that author, of Ehlenschläger, &c. This work, by the by, is really *ornamented* with a very fairly executed portrait of Danneker, the celebrated sculptor.
2. The *Minerva*, which numbers amongst its literary contributors, Sartorius, Neuffer, Ortlepp, Schopenhauer, &c.
3. The *Vergiss Mein Nicht* (Forget Me Not), edited by Spindler, who has himself contributed three articles.
4. The *Penelope*, edited by Theodore Hall. The plates in this volume certainly bear the palm over those of the others. The letter-press is by Castelli, Schefer, &c.
5. *Rosen* (Roses). The illustrations of this work consist chiefly of fancy female portraits, or *studies*; some of which are conceived and executed laudably enough.
6. The *Deutscher Musenalmanach* (German Almanack of the Muses). This volume is exclusively devoted to poetry, and includes in the list of its forty or fifty contributors, the names of the principal lyrists of Germany—namely, Goethe, Holtei, Houwald, &c.
7. The *Taschenbuch d. Liebe und Freundschaft* (Annual of Love and Friendship), edited by M. Schütze, and which presents many strong claims to distinction. The engravings include a series of eight comic illustrations:—Signs of the Times—Luxury—Enthusiasm for the Fine Arts—Uproar—Dispute of Dominion—Mystification, &c. The literary contributors are Blumenhagen, Schütze, Storch, &c.

CONTINENTAL CHIT-CHAT.

FRANCE.—“*Voltaire chez Madame de Pompadour*,” has been applauded at the Rue de Richelieu, and hissed at the Odeon, on the same evening. Hence has arisen no small embarrassment to the critics. The minor theatres, generally, have not been idle of late. The Palais Royal has found, in the farewell of the author of *Waverley* to his beloved Scotland, the subject of a vaudeville, wherein M. Lepeintre exerts himself with a happy mixture of address and *bonhomme*. At the Gymnase, M. Scribe has put forth from his fertile mind and pen, a *petite comédie* in two acts, which would have commanded as much success as did “*Le Mariage de Raison*,” had not the times so cruelly changed for the interests of the smaller houses. Notwithstanding this circumstance, however, the drama of “*Toujours*” has many admirers, and deserves to have them. The literary spectator will recognise in it an amplification of one of the choicest *proverbes* published in the “*Revue de Paris*,” but which was likewise written by Scribe. At the Salle Chantierine, M. E. de Pradel has *improvised* his four hundred and thirty-seventh tragedy in verse! We shall attend a second recitation; but wish that, for the sake of variety, M. de Pradel would turn his thoughts towards extemporising comedy in *prose*. We hesitate not to express our opinion that, whatever may be the merit of *turning out* a tragedy in this way, the accomplishment of a comedy would be found more difficult. Comedy depends upon subtler principles: it requires a ready wit, and an intimate knowledge of the habits, the foibles, and the eccentricities of society; and affords no opportunity for sounding nothingness, or exaggerated sentiments.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Thornage Rectory, Norfolk, the lady of the Rev. Augustus Dashwood, of a son.

At Brighton, the lady of Captain Townshend, R. N., of Balls Park, Hertford, of a son.

At Taplow Court, the Countess of Orkney, of a daughter, still-born.

At Titchborne Park, Hampshire, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Talbot, of a son.

In Lower Grosvenor Street, Mrs. Charles Sotheby, of a daughter.

At Upper Nutwell, Devon, the Lady of Mark Pringle, Esq. of a son.

At her Ladyship's house in Hertford Street Lady Georgiana Nevill, of a son.

At Fetcham, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Short, Coldstream Guards, of a daughter.

At his house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the lady of Dr. Seymour, of a son.

At Upper Moira Place, Southampton, the lady of Captain Inglefield, R. N., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Walcot Church, Somersetshire, Lieut-Col. Thorn, K. H., Assistant Quartermaster General, to Amelia Eleanor, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Charles Worthington, Esq. of Lansdown Crescent in that city.

At Barnes Church, Elphic Gorringe, Esq. of Hastings, Sussex, to Miss Forty, of Barnes Terrace, Surry.

At High Littleton Church, John Usticke Scobell, Esq. eldest son of John Scobell, Esq. of Nancealverne, Cornwall, to Frances Skey, youngest daughter of the late Richard Langford, Esq. of Montvale, Somerset.

John Ward, jun., Esq., of John Street, Bedford Row, to Caroline, fourth daughter of the Rev. J. Bullock, Rector of Radminster and Faulkbourne.

At St. George's Hanover Square, Cluny Macpherson, of Cluny Macpherson, chief of that ancient Highland clan, to Sarah Justina, youngest daughter of the late Henry Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch, N. B.

At Fladbury, Worcester, Margaret, second daughter of the Rev. W. A. Pruett, of Fladbury, to Captain T. R. Billamore, 1st Grenadier Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry.

At All Souls, Langham Place, Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., of Lacock Abbey, in the county of Wilts, to Constance, youngest daughter of Francis Mundy, Esq., of Markeaton, Derby.

At St. Nicholas Church, Great Yarmouth, the Rev. Harvey Bawtree, M. A., to Margaret, niece of Thomas Fiddes, Esq.

DEATHS.

At Leamington, by the rupture of a blood vessel, Lord Ribblesdale, in his 42nd year.

At East Lodge, Enfield, the Hon. Anna Stuart Elphinstone, eldest daughter of Lord Elphinstone.

At her house in George Square, Edinburgh, Viscountess Duncan, widow of Admiral Viscount Duncan.

At Boston, Dr. Spurzheim, the phrenologist, in his 57th year.

At Ballyhedy House, county of Down, Vice-Admiral Blackwood, in his 62d year.

At Crathorne, Yorkshire, in his 107th year, R. Chapman, Esq. He was born and lived all his time in the same parish.

At his house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, in his 64th year, Augustus Pugin, Esq., Author of the "Examples of Gothic Architecture," and several other works on Gothic Architecture.

In Russell Square, of effusion of the brain, the effect of long previous illness, but accelerated by the recent loss of her lamented husband, the Right Hon. Lady Tenterden.

At Knapton, near Abbeyleix, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Vesey, brother of the Viscount Vesci.

At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, one of the Ministers of the Canongate, in his 77th year, and the 52d of his ministry.

At Woodstock, suddenly, John Joberns, Esq. Inspector-general of Hospitals to his Majesty's Forces, and Senior Surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital.

At Dedham, in Suffolk, in his 10th year, Rowland James, son of the late Rev. James Dickens. And on the 30th ult., at the same place, Helen Elizabeth, mother of the above Rowland James, and second daughter of Colonel West, Lieutenant-governor of Languard Fort.

At Hastings, in his 38th year, Thomas Maling Welsh, Esq., of Merefield Lodge, Essex.



Evening Dress.



Dinner or Evening Dress

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1833.

COMMUNICATED BY MARADAN CARÇON.

EVENING DRESS.

A *maïs* satin dress *a tablier* in blonde with bows of gauze riband, epaulettes *à Godets* trimmed with blonde. White gauze scarf. Hair dressed with bows of riband with long ends.

DINNER OR EVENING DRESS.

White silk dress richly embroidered *en tunique*. Body with pointed draperies. Epaulettes to meet behind, trimmed with blonde and separated in the middle by a bow of gauze riband. Pink zephyr scarf. Turban of white blonde net over pink crape with a long end trimmed with fringe.

The Guide to Dress.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Jan. 24, 1833.

DEAR LADY LOUISA,

I must in this letter confine my list of Parisian gaieties to a few *soirées dansantes*, and some dinner parties; for not one fête have we yet had, although one is to be given in a few days by the President of the chamber of deputies. Neither has there been any grand ball. The President's fête will, it is said, be very brilliant, and in my next I shall be able to send you an account of the dresses I shall see there. The carnival will put the beau monde *en train*, and then I shall have plenty of information to give you. It is said that there will be a representation of pictures, in the style of those so beautifully executed at Hatfield. I hope this is true, for I doat on such amusements; and I have no doubt of the success of several of our

leading fashionables who have been practising theatricals in the country.

How I should like to be in London at the first drawing-room! We hope to have some parties at the Tuilleries on the return of the royal family; but in splendour of dress and in jewels we are far behind you, as you well know; and there is consequently no comparison between the brilliancy of your court and ours. True, there is great freshness in our dresses, but they have none of that admirable richness which distinguishes yours. Tell me whether you think the second drawing-room in London will be as splendid as the first,—that on the Queen's birth-day. If I am fortunate enough to be there, I shall have a dress made like the one which, in reply to the kind letter you wrote me on the subject last week, I advise you to wear on the 25th of February: namely, a white crape dress, embroidered *au crochet* in gold and colours, with a design *à pavillon chinois*. As the prevailing colour in the dress should be *cerise*, I think you ought to have a mantle of *velours épinglé* of the same colour, with a heading round it made to match with the embroidery of the dress. The corsage *à pointe*, and the drapery ornamented with the same heading. What I dislike in your court *toilettes* is the head-dress. I recommend you to order either from your milliner or your coiffeur, a handsome *panache* of five beautiful Aleppo feathers. Do not wear too many jewels of different colours; diamonds and pearls are sufficient and most becoming.

As your balls are about to commence, I shall describe a couple of beautiful dresses which I have seen. First, a dress of white

crape with an embroidered ground of gold and colours; flat corsage *à l'antique*, with *sabots* and a long bow of ribands. The coiffure of the person who wore this dress consisted of three feathers of the principal colours of the embroidery on her dress. Second, a sky-blue dress, with a corsage *croisé*, and a blonde scarf and sleeves. The head dress was a shawl turban with a cross.

I have only been at one dinner party. As usual, Madame de R—— was the best dressed among us all. She wore a dress of Indian red *façonnés à colonnes*, the corsage *à pointe*, with a girdle of silk and gold with tassels, long sleeves, and a blonde mantilla. On her head she wore a small hat of white *velours épinglé*, with white feathers. Her daughter had on a white crape dress lined with white *moire*, corsage *à draperie*, and blonde mantilla. Her hair was dressed in the style of the age of Louis XIV, with small flowers in the curls.

The cold weather has set in with such violence, that people take walks instead of drives, so that very handsome dresses are to be seen at the Tuilleries and in the Bois de Boulogne. The two ladies I have just mentioned were at the latter place yesterday. The mother had on a cloak of damask with a ground *vert d'Angoulême*, design of arabesque, with a large round pelerine lined with white sarsnet. Under it I could just perceive her dress, which was of light *grénat* velvet. She wore a bonnet of white satin, with a half veil and a frizzed feather. She had on besides a beautiful lawn collar embroidered and trimmed with very wide Valenciennes lace. Her daughter wore a high dress of plain emerald green *cachemire*, with a double tippet, a double muslin collar, and a beautiful sable boa. Her bonnet was of rose-colour *velours épinglé*, with a small blonde cap under it. As for myself, I shall describe to you a costume which I often wear when I take pedestrian exercise—a black velvet pelisse trimmed with sable, a bonnet of *maïs* satin, with a *frimatée* plume.

Did you like the little bags I sent you? We continue to make collections of them. I see here some small beautiful caps of blonde or tulle embroidered, with very little riband on them. Morning habit-shirts continue to be worn very large, and trimmed with wide lace. Embroidered chemisettes are trimmed with three small rows of lace so as to form a *ruche*. Wide ribands are worn of fancy patterns with a cross suspended, which is either placed in the sash or let hang lower down according to taste. I have also observed little

bows of velvet which have a pretty effect in fastening habit shirts.

As the description of furniture in my last pleased you, I shall perform my promise by giving you an account of the *chambre à coucher*. The hangings are of the same kind of damask I before mentioned as forming the hangings in the drawing room, but with a sky blue ground, and arabesque white designs, and *designs grisailé*; each pannel is separated by a beautiful border. The window draperies are of $\frac{1}{8}$ sky blue, and the third curtain, which remains down, is of cotton tulle embroidered on a ground *à rosaces*. The two curtains of silk are raised very high, and trimmed all round with a very wide border. The bed drapery is also of sky blue $\frac{1}{8}$, but there are under curtains of cotton tulle embroidered. The bedstead is palyssandra and rose-wood, with gothic incrustations. The counterpane is of embroidered cotton tulle, and in the middle is a medallion with the family arms. It is lined with sky blue satin. The two *lits de repos*, placed on each side of the chimney, are also of palyssandra and rose wood; they are covered with the same damask as the hangings. The chairs have low seats, and backs five feet high. They are sculptured in the style of those of Queen Elizabeth, and covered like the *lits de repos*. The chimney is of plain white marble, very low and wide. On the mantel piece stand a beautiful clock, representing night throwing a veil over the earth with one hand, and from the other letting fall a bunch of poppies. The veil is bronzed, and the figure and globe are both gilt. In the middle of the room hangs a lamp of bronze and gold. The carpet has a large medallion in the middle and a border all round to match the hangings. It is blue and *grisailé*. I forgot to mention the dressing table, which is of the same wood as the other furniture, and in the style of the reign of Louis XIV. There are four looking-glasses in this room, one of which reaches from the floor to the ceiling. At the bottom is a *jardinière* of rose-wood, of the same width as the glass, made low in order that the effect of the latter may not be injured; for the reflection of the flowers which it contains is very pretty. Opposite to the two windows are two doors lined with looking-glass, and adorned with draperies similar to those on the windows. In summer the fire-place is hid by a screen of looking-glass.

I intended to describe also the boudoir which joins this apartment, but my letter is already too long, and I am therefore forced to defer it until my next. Adieu, dear friend.
Ever yours,
A. DE M.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE author of "Vivian Grey" has ready for immediate publication a new work, which, from its peculiar character, is likely to become as popular as that clever production.

Mrs. Jameson's delightful work, "Characteristics of Women," is, we hear, entirely out of print, and the fair authoress is now engaged in preparing a new edition.

POLAND.—A series of Tales, illustrative of the manners and customs of Poland, have been for some time preparing, and are now nearly ready for publication. They are by the authoress of the "Hungarian Tales," which were so much admired, and to which they may be considered a sequel.

The two following works of general interest are announced as the forthcoming volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library:—1. Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, founded on Authentic and Original Documents, some of them never before published: Including a View of the most Important Transactions in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.; Sketches of Burleigh, Essex, Secretary Cecil, Sidney, Spenser, and other eminent Contemporaries: with a Vindication of his Character from the Attacks of Hume and other Writers. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., F.R.S. & F.S.A. With Portraits, &c. by Horsburgh and Jackson.—2. Nubia and Abyssinia; comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History.

By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D.; James Wilson, Esq., F.R.S.E. & M.W.S.; and R.K. Greville, LL.D. Illustrated by a Map and 12 Engravings.

Bagster's improved edition of Cruden's Concordance of the New Testament, one of the "Polyanician Series."

The sixth and last volume of Cunningham's British Artists.

The Life of Sir J. Moore, from materials afforded by family papers.

An Essay on Woman, in three parts, by the author of the "Siege of Constantinople."

Notre Dame, a Tale of the Ancient Regime, from the French of Victor Hugo, by the translator of Wilson's Edition of Lafayette.

Field Book, or Sports and Pastimes of the British Islands, by the author of "Wild Sports in the West," with Illustrations.

A second series of Northcote's Fables, with embellishments.

My Ten Years' Imprisonment in Italian and Austrian Dungeons, by Silvio Pellico. Translated by Thomas Roscoe.

The Naturalist's Library. Conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart. Coloured plates, engraved by W. H. Lizars.

Philosophical Conversations, by F. C. Bawell.

The Angushire Album, a Selection of Pieces by Gentlemen in Angushire.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Sandwell, Staffordshire, the Countess of Dartmouth, of a daughter.

In Devonshire-street, the wife of Keith Barnes, Esq., of a daughter.

At St. Petersburg, the lady of Alexander Rogerson, Esq., of Sibbaldbie, Dumfriesshire, of a son.

The lady of the Rev. John Dymoke, at Roughton Rectory, of a son.

At his Lordship's house in Spring Gardens, the Lady Seymour, of a daughter.

At Slough, the lady of Sir John Herschel, K.H., of a son.

At Middle Chinnock, Somersetshire, the lady of the Rev. G. R. Lawson, of a daughter.

The lady of Dr. Bartlet, Bentinck-street, of a son.

At the Vicarage, Arsley, the lady of the Rev. George Perry, of a daughter.

In Devonshire-place, the lady of J. S. Sullivan, Esq., of a daughter.

At Hastings, the lady of the Rev. R. W. Jelf, of a daughter.

The wife of Mr. R. Lander, the celebrated African traveller, of a son.

At Devonport, the lady of Captain Apliu, of his Majesty's 89th Regiment, of a son.

At Lord's Lane, near Hoddesdon, the lady of Captain Donet Henegy O'Brien, R. N., of a daughter.

At Alford, Lincolnshire, the lady of the Rev. Felix Laurent, of a son.

In Lower Berkeley-street, Mrs. Charles Balfour, of a son.

The lady of Sir John L. L. Kaye, Bart., of twins, a girl and a boy.

MARRIAGES.

At Paris, on the 14th inst., Isabella, youngest daughter of General Sir George and Hon. Lady Airey, and grand daughter of Baroness Talbot, of Malahide in the county of Dublin, to Charles Tottenham, Esq., of New Ross, and grandson of the late Sir Robert Wygram, Bart., of Wexford.

At St. James's Church, York, Upper Canada, Thomas Mercer Jones, Esq., one of the Commissioners of the Canada Company, to Elizabeth Mary, elder daughter of the Hon. and Venerable John Strachan, D.D., LL.D., Archdeacon of York, Upper Canada.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Sir Charles Douglas, to Jane, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart.

At Marylebone Church, the Rev. Thomas Walpole, eldest son of Thomas Walpole, Esq. of Stagbury, to Margaret Harriet Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Mitchell.

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, Chelsea, Thomas Courtenay Thorpe, Esq., of Cadogan-place, to Miss Graham, eldest daughter of Alexander Graham, Esq. of Ballagan, Stirlingshire.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. Peregrine Francis Cust, to the Hon. Sophia Mary Townshend, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Sydney.

At the Chapel of the British Ambassador in Paris, Ambrose Poynter, Esq., to Emma, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Forster, Rector of Somerville Aston, and Chaplain to the British Embassy at the Court of France.

At Backford Church, Major Lee Porcher Townshend, of the 49th Regiment, eldest son of Edward Venables Townshend, Esq., of Wincham Hall, to Emma Johanna, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Glegg, of Blackford Hall, Cheshire.

At St. Pancras Church, Thomas Abercromby Duff, Esq., youngest son of Colonel Duff, of Fetteresso Castle, N. B., to Laura Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Fraser, of Woodcott House, Oxfordshire.

At Marylebone, the Rev. J. H. Davies, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir Anthony Hart, Chancellor of Ireland.

At Waltham Abbey, Essex, Edmund Huntley, Esq., fifth son of the late Rev. Richard Huntley, of Boxwell Court, Gloucestershire, to Harriet Louisa, second daughter of the late W. Goode, Esq., of Puckeridge, Herts.

DEATHS.

At Portsmouth, Sir Thomas Foley, G.C.B., Admiral of the White, Rear Admiral of Great Britain, and Port Admiral at Portsmouth.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, in his 64th year, Sir Jeremiah Homfry, Knt., of Llandaff House, Glamorgan.

At his house in Cumberland-street, Portman-square, Sir John Sewell, Knt. D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., and some time Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Malta.

Suddenly, at his residence, Great Portland-street, in his 73d year, Joshua Brooks, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., Soc. Cæs. Nat. Cur. Mosq. Soc., 40 years Professor of Anatomy in Blenheim-street, during which time he educated upwards of 7,000 students; and reared, by unexampled industry and perseverance, the most splendid and extensive collection of anatomical and zoological specimens ever accumulated by one individual in this or any other country.

At Felbrig Hall, Norfolk, in his 65th year, Vice-Admiral Windham, nephew to the late Right. Hon. William Windham.

At Lambeth Palace, William Hamilton Howley, Esq., of New College, Oxford, only son of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At Nice, of a bilious fever, Lord Robert Fitzgerald, only surviving son of James first Duke of Leinster, in his 68th year.

At his house in Stoke Newington, the Rev. Lionel T. Berguer, last surviving son of the late Rev. Daniel Berguer, Rector of Eversley, Wilts.

At Hampton, Anne, widow of the late Sir George Younge, Bart.

At Brighton, Sir George Dallas, Bart., of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

At his residence near Herne Hill, in his 81st year, Pierre Valery Le Noir, Esq., Author of the Logographic Emblematical French and English Spelling Books, "Les Fastes Britanniques," and several other approved publications.

Charles Alexander Craig, Esq., at his residence, 12, Great George-street, Westminster.

At Sunning Hill, Alice, relict of the late Michael Duffield, Esq., of Hinde-street, in her 82d year.

At Colchester, Mrs. Alice Hill, in her 83d year.

At St. Leonard's, Windsor, Countess Harcourt, widow of the late Field Marshal William, Earl Harcourt, in her 83d year.

After an illness of nine days, Charles Dibdin, Esq., for many years Author and Manager at several London Theatres.



Catherine Peyton.

Call Dress.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1833.

CATHERINE SEYTON.

Dress of white satin, trimmed with blue velvet and pearls. *Tunique* of the same, and *cordelière* in pearls. *Cherusse* of blond ; head dress of pearls, and a veil.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of *cerise* gauze "*à damier*," trimmed with gauze ribands and flowers. Plain body with *bouffantes* short sleeves "*à côtes*," with *sabots*.

Wreath of small flowers same as the dress.

Paris, February 15th, 1833.

DEAR LADY LOUISA—

Fortunately, I have rather now more information to give you than usual ; at the same time I must confess the very newest fashions are so singular, that I am almost afraid to mention them, lest you should not find them to your taste. For my own part, however, as I admire them exceedingly, and shall speak of them with partiality, you need not fear my letting you know all about them.

We have a great many balls, and splendid parties, and are now making up for the ennui under which we laboured during the stay of our gallant knights in Belgium. But before I enter into particulars upon these topics, may I request you will write to me immediately, and give me an account of the dresses at Hatfield ; for here people apply to me as your friend, for information ; and truly I know not what answer to make to their numerous questions. Pray then give me an early description of the principal dresses. I

am well acquainted with the arrangement of the pictures, as you informed me they were similar to those we represented at Vienna. I depend upon your kindness on this head, and shall expect a letter from you by the earliest opportunity.

I will now state to you what is newest here. The last party at the Tuileries was very brilliant, and the following dress was worn by one of the most elegant and pretty women there. It was a true costume of the age of Louis XIV. The dress of satin *à rames fonds blanc*, was made very full round the hips ; corsage *à pointes* before and behind ; train of *cerise* velvet ornamented with *bouffantes* in lama tulle, fastened with bows of white satin riband, embroidered with gold ; sleeves with *sabots*, and *engageantes* of blonde ; bows upon the sleeves and corsage, and half-length gloves trimmed at the top with a satin *ruche*. The large fan is indispensable. The hair is powdered, and worn with a small *chignon*, and the feathers are placed very low. Twelve months since, we scarcely dared wear rouge, but now it is considered a necessary part of the toilette, for without it the powder would render the complexion too pale. The person whose dress I have just described, looked so beautiful, that many of our most fashionable belles have already copied her costume, and in almost all parties are to be seen several toilettes of past ages. Such as have not yet gone to the full length of these ancient fashions, are advancing rapidly towards them, by adding points and bows to the dresses of last year, and by placing the most contrasting colours together, such as emerald-green and red, brown and sky-blue, and so forth. In short,

everything which, six months since, we considered quite a solecism in good taste, is now deemed beautiful and elegant. I hope you have had an opportunity of wearing the beautiful *mantelet* which I sent you by Lady O. Every lady here who dresses well wears one. These *mantelets* do as well for the *demi-toilette* as for full dress; and at balls and *soirées* they supersede the boa, which is no longer worn, except in the morning. They have a beautiful effect upon the complexion; and the black blonde is so effective upon a light coloured dress, that it seems to me this fashion must please you. As people do not dress much to go to the Italian Opera, I shall notice the costumes which I have seen at the *Grand Opera*, and particularly at a grand ball given by the Baron R——, I remarked several very handsome, and quite in the new style. A dress of blonde crape, with an embroidered ground of gold and colours, corsage à *pointes*, with bows of riband of different colours, sleeves very short à *cotes*; head dress, a garland à *la Mancini*, in small flowers of divers colours, to match the dress. Another lady wore a dress of satin *perse rayé, broché* in very glaring colours—orange and black; corsage à *pointes* with bows of riband, and short sleeves with *sabots* of blonde. The head dress was a small black velvet hat à *la Marie Stuart* with orange plume and riband. A very young married woman had on a dress *moire rose rayée satinée*, with a *mantelet decollé* of black blonde, and bows of pink riband; a small hat of black velvet, à *la Francois I.*, with a pink feather.

I must now mention a ball dress, which I really coveted. A blonde tulle dress embroidered in gold, fastened on the side with bows of riband; sleeves à *l'antique*, corsage à *pointes*, with gold ornaments, and *chérusse* of blonde. The hair dressed very low, with marabouts and gold wheat.

There were some pretty toilettes at a dinner, to which I went, a few days since. An old lady there seemed to me very well dressed. She wore a dress of *grénat* velvet, a *mantelet* of black chantilly, with bows of blue satin riband; a hat of blue *velours épinglé*, with three feathers, and a gauze riband of

the same colour. A young married lady wore a dress of satin *vert perruche*, with bows of *cerise* satin, corsage à *pointes*, with bows and epaulets of blonde, and two *cerise* feathers on her head.

I am in such a hurry for your reply, that I have shortened my letter, in order that you may receive it sooner.

Adieu, dear Louisa, ever yours,
A. DE M.

DEAR AMELIA,

How can I refuse you any thing, you who are so obliging to me? I received your letter yesterday, which I lose no time in answering. The following are the Hatfield dresses, of which I have preserved the most minute recollection.

AMY ROBBSART.—A dress of white satin corsage à *pointes*, with *basque* of *velours épinglé*, sleeves à *l'antique* and *chérusse* of blonde. A green and silver fillet over the aïhr.

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.—Dress of crimson trimmed with pearls and *cordelière*, and coiffure of velvet, with *résille* of pearls, and *chérusse* of blonde.

LADY ROWENA.—Dress of a sea green chaly, with *chefs*; tunic of the same material, *ponceau*, and gold; sleeves à *la Grèce*, and a gauze veil embroidered in gold.

EDITH PLANTAGENET.—Dress of crimson velvet, with gold; open sleeves and white veil embroidered in gold.

ISABELLE OF CROYE.—White satin dress trimmed with ermine, over open dress of black velvet, with ermine. Gauze veil and diadem.

LADY CALISTA. Dress of chaly, sky-blue and gold, corsage and *tunique* of chaly, brown and gold, turban of white gauze *brochée or*, brown and blue.

ANNOT LYLE. Petticoat of Scotch dark blue satin, tunic of the same colour with silver, and corsage of velvet; *cherusse* of blond.

These, my dear friend, are all I can give you. I am so busy in giving orders about my court dress for the 25th, that I am forced to break off.

Believe me ever yours affectionately,
L. R.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. Sheridan's new novel entitled "Aims and Ends" is now ready; and the impressive story of "Carwell" by the same writer has reached another edition.

Mr. Mac Farlane's "Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers," has arrived at another new edition, being the third, within the short period of three months.

"The Life and Travels of the Apostle Paul," illustrated by a map, will appear in the course of next month.

Mr. W. Howitt is preparing a second series of the "Book of the Seasons."

The Sixth Part of the Byron Gallery, which completes this elegant series of Illustrations to Byron's Works, will be published next month.

The author of Richelieu, has a new work in the press.

Dr. Dymock, of the Grammar School of Glasgow, is about to publish a work, entitled, *Bibliotheca Classica*, or a Classical Dictionary, for the use of schools.

Lyrics of the Heart; with other poems, by

Alaric A. Watts, with 35 highly finished engravings.

The promised Series of Illustrations to Prinsep's Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land, are now in preparation, and will appear next month.

Mrs. Charles Gore's "Polish Tales" will shortly be published.

The fourth volume of the Library of Romance will be from the pen of Mr. Galt.

The New Road to Ruin, by Lady Stepney.

The author of "Sayings and Doings," is preparing his new novel called "The Pastor's Daughter."

Capt. Head's Overland Journey from India is now ready for publication, in large folio, with elegant plates illustrative of Indian, Arabian, and Egyptian scenery, and accompanied with accurate plans and maps.

Captain Alexander is about to publish the narrative of his recent travels in America and the West Indies, under the title of "Transatlantic sketches."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Mauldslee Castle, Lanarkshire, Mrs. Archibald Douglas, of a daughter; the infant survived only one hour.

At Kempton Lodge, Sunbury, Mrs. George Barbor, of a daughter.

In Hereford-street, Mayfair, the lady of Captain St. John Mildmay, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

In Wilton Crescent, Mrs. Digby Wrangham, of a daughter.

At the Deanery, the lady of the Very Rev. the Dean of Hereford, of a son.

In Upper Wimpole-street, the lady of George Arbuthnot, Esq., of a daughter.

At Marseilles, the lady of Alexander Turnbull, Esq., his Majesty's Consul at that place, of a daughter.

In Whitehall-place, the lady of Sir George Seymour, of a daughter.

At Normanby Hall, Lincolnshire, the lady of Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Margaret's church, Westminster, Richard Sanderson, Esq., of Belgrave-square, M. P., to Charlotte Matilda Manners Sutton, eldest

daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, Speaker of the House of Commons.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Geo. Daysh Bartholomew, Esq., eldest son of the late Rev. Richard Bartholomew, rector of Dunsfold, in the county of Surrey, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Murray, Esq., of Elm-place, Finchley, Middlesex.

At Hammersmith church, the Rev. Albert Mangles, son of James Mangles, Esq., M. P., of Woodbridge, to Georgiana, daughter of George Scott, Esq., of Ravenscourt.

At Mary-le-bone church, Robert Plumer Ward, of Gilston Park, county of Herts, Esq., to Mary Anne, widow of the late C. G. Okeover, Esq., of Staffordshire, and daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir George Anson, K. C. B., and M. P. for Lichfield.

At Groton, Suffolk, Thomas Pochin, Esq., of the above place, and of North Kilworth Lodge, Leicestershire, to Mrs. Moffat, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. Pearson, rector of South Kilworth, Leicestershire.

At St. Mary's, Mary-le-bone, the Rev. John Young, A. M., minister of the Scots Secession Church, Albion chapel, Moorfields, to Elizabeth,

youngest daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D.

At Mary-le-bone church, the Rev. Thomas Robinson Welch, M.A., of Hailsham, Sussex, to Mary, daughter of Benjamin Bond, Esq., of Devonshire-place.

Edmund Roberts Larken, Esq. of Trinity-college, Oxford, eldest son of the late Edmund Larken, Esq., of Bedford-square, to Mary, second daughter of Thomas Lawrence, Esq., of Dunsby, Lincolnshire.

DEATHS.

At Mauldslee Castle, Harriet, wife of Archibald Douglas, Esq., and daughter of Lieutenant General Sir James Hay.

At Milton, in Northamptonshire, William, Earl Fitzwilliam, in his 58th year.

At her house in Arlington-street, the lady Dowager Dundas, in her 87th year.

At his residence, Bedford Cottage, near Southampton, John O'Keefe, the dramatic author.

At Belcaskie, Mrs. Anstruther, widow of the late Brigadier-General Robert Anstruther.

Sir John Majoribanks, Bart., of Lees, many years M. P. for Berwickshire.

At St. Alban's, Sir William Domville, Bart. in his 90th year.

At the Parsonage, Charing, Kent, Margaret wife of William Balderin, junior, Esq., of Sted Hill. She expired very shortly after giving birth to an infant daughter, who has not survived its mother.

At his house in Clapton-square, Mr. J. Yates Cooper, of the Colosseum, in his 55th year.

Lord Exmouth, in his 76th year.

At Woolwich, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Macleod,

G.C.H., Director-General and Colonel Commandant of the Royal Horse Artillery, in his 81st year.

At Bath, in his 77th year, Viscount Fitzwilliam, of the kingdom of Ireland. By his lordship's demise, the title is extinct.

At Leintwardine, Herefordshire, General Sir Banastre Tarleton, Bart., Governor of Berwick-on-Tweed, Colonel of the 8th Hussars, and many years M. P. for Liverpool, in his 79th year.

At Milan, Spencer, eldest son of Sir C. Wolseley, Bart.

At Salford, Thomas Whittle, in his 99th year.

In the Island of Guernsey, in her 83d year, Catherine, relict of the late John Tupper, Esq., one of the Jurats of the Royal Court of that Island.

At the Vicarage, Kensington, in his 83d year, Percival Pott, Esq. eldest son of the late Percival Pott, Esq. Senior Surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

In London, the Rev. Barnard Hanbury, M.A., F.R.S., late Domestic Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and Rector of Chignall cum Mashbury, Essex.

At Calcutta, Robert Henry Stuart, Esq. Honourable Company's Civil Service, in his 21st year, eldest son of Major-General the Honourable P. Stuart, and at Edinburgh, on the 22d inst., Angela Theresa, his youngest daughter, in her 2d year.

At Glasgow, suddenly, Dr. Dick, of the United Secession Church, Albion-street, and Professor of Divinity to that body.

At Muswell Hill, Mrs. S. R. Block, seven days subsequent to the birth of a daughter.





Court Dress.



Carriage Dresses.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1833.

COMMUNICATED BY MARADAN CARSON.

COURT DRESS.

WHITE satin dress embroidered *à tablier*, in gold lama; train and body *à l'antique*, in violet velvet embroidered in gold; sleeves *à pointes*, in velvet fastened with brilliants, blond mantilla and sabots. Plume of ostrich feathers, and blond lappets.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Pelisse of green *rayé* watered silk, trimmed in front, cape of the same with epaulets; frill in plain blond net. Bonnet of mauve satin with one white ostrich feather.

Paris, March 20th, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In my last I gave you a description of several ball and dinner dresses, but in this I must say something of the carnival, and of the beautiful costumes which I have seen at the various fancy balls of the season. Fortunately, such balls are at present much in vogue, being now revived for the first time since our revolution of 1830; and I assure you that they quite enchant me,—for nothing is so delightful as an assemblage of beautiful women dressed in costumes of different nations and different centuries. You can form no idea of the difficulty we find in the selection of our dresses, and the trouble we have in getting our mantua-makers to make them exactly as they should be; for the greatest care is requisite on the part of the latter, and we, therefore, can place confidence only in the most celebrated.

For my own part, I have already worn

two different costumes, and intend to have a third for the Thursday of Mid-lent. As my choice of the two first was attended with no little mental anxiety, I think the least I can do is to describe them to you. Nothing pleased me among the engravings I saw, and it was only by dint of searching through portfolios that I at last discovered the two following, which I selected. First, A YOUNG GREEK. The petticoat was very short, of white gauze *brochée* gold and blue, and trimmed with gold *chefs*. A caftan of satin *rayé bleu Louise clair*, trimmed with *chefs* and reliefs of gold, and having double epaulets. A high stomacher, *en pointe*, embroidered with lama, and trimmed with turquoises and diamonds. A girdle passing very low in front, with *chefs* in colour, and ornamented with two handsome *plaques* of precious stones; sleeves of crape lisse, wide at the bottom; and trowsers of the same striped, with *points Turcs*; sharp-toed shoes, blue embroidered in gold. The head dress was a blue Greek *calote*, embroidered with lama, and a tassel as a matter of course; four thick plaits of my hair hanging down to my back, with a tassel at the end of each. On one side of my head was a white rose, a gold butterfly and flower, and a *parure* of turquoises surrounded with diamonds. A beautiful hand screen of feathers of the most brilliant colours completed the dress.

My second fancy dress was a corsage with two immense *pointes*; the front laced *en points Turc* of gold. Short petticoat trimmed with three *chefs*; and an imitation of a hoop with the *basquettes*. The sleeves of lisse gauze fastened with *bourrelets en coquille*, made of silk and ornamented with *points Turcs*. At

the top of the corsage was a *rûche* of French and another of pointed lace. A veil of the latter *en tablier*. The hair powdered, and a large tuft *crépé* behind, and upon the ear on one side; on the other side a little hair *crépé* and a small hat fastened to the head. The latter was very pretty; it was blue *liseré en or*; and upon it was a very long white feather, with two large diamond clasps. Stockings with blue clocks and high-heeled shoes with large buckles. This dress formed the costume termed "de Camargo." Do you prefer this to the former, or does the other please you best?

At the balls for which I had these dresses made, there were many ancient costumes with which the ladies wore powder; and a great many of the other sex were dressed in the style of the reign of Henry III. Among many others I remarked two very beautiful dresses. A very handsome woman *en vrai costume de Marquise* entirely of pink satin, and another, *à la Sevigné*. I trust that, in your turn, you will soon send me an account of the fêtes you are going to enjoy, for you know that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be informed how you amuse yourself.

In mentioning the newest fashions to you, I must again revert to the old costumes. In fact, we have raked up the fashions of ages gone by, to which we most strictly adhere; setting our brains to work to imitate, in the most servile manner, the ladies of the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Every dress has therefore one or two *pointes* on the corsage in full dress, and the bows in front of the corsage, and on the sleeves, are considered an indispensable part of the dress. All the ribands continue to be worn of a colour directly opposed to that of the dress. These ribands are likewise embroidered, in order to give richness to the costume. Almost all the ladies wear *bouffantes* on the hips.

Figured silks are so much worn that I cannot refrain from again mentioning it to you, although I have done so several times before. Damasks à *grands rames* are now all the rage. We pay so high as fifty francs an ell for them, for our ancient costumes; and so much has been used that they are now very scarce at Paris. The morning dresses are not subjected to the old fashions of our fore-

fathers; these fashions are confined only to ball and dinner dresses. High dresses for the morning are either plain, or *drapées croisées*. Pelisses continue to be made with ornaments in front of the body and on the petticoat. There are some beautiful patterns for spring morning dresses, and the time to wear them is rapidly advancing. *Chalys* seem likely to be still worn during this season; but if you purchase any, pray take notice, that the patterns now in fashion are very large and excessively *bariolés*. Chaly dresses with shawl patterns at the bottom are in very good taste; but to tell you the truth, I prefer it in a beautiful plain coloured pink, *vert*, *perruche*, *maïs*, and so forth. This is really more elegant than the patterns; but every one, you know, is not of my taste. The *Chinées* silks will, I should think, become very fashionable at Longchamps; however, I shall enter more fully, in my next, into the revolution which the annual promenade, in commemoration of the ancient procession to Longchamps, generally produces in our fashions. Before this memorable period, we dare not introduce any thing positively new, and the tradesmen only promise us for that epoch the pretty things which they exhibit but a very short time before these famous days of finery and exhibition.

With the old costumes are worn little hats of velvet, with one or more feathers, and likewise pretty blond caps adorned with a *panache* of feathers of the colours of the ribands. This is quite new, and in character with the dresses. We shall return soon, I have no doubt, to the fashion of *toques*, with gold, silver, and feathers. This, in former days, belonged only to court dresses; but it will soon be in fashion every where. Morning bonnets are always small; but they are now made of satin instead of velvet. A great deal of blonde is used in half dress hats. We continue to be very *recherchées* in the embroideries on the collars of our habit-shirts, as well as our pocket handkerchiefs; and in truth I shall quarrel with you until I see you adopt a mode, which, at Paris, so strongly marks a woman of fashion.

Believe me, my dear Lady Louisa,

Ever your friend,

A. DE M.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a short time will be published, "Poetic Vigils;" containing a Monody on the Death of Adam Clarke, LL.D. F. A. S. &c. &c. &c., and other Poems. By William Bennett Baker.

The Second Volume of "Sermons," which have been preached on Public Subjects and Solemn Occasions, with especial Reference to the Signs of the Times. By Francis Scurry, B.D.

The First Part of "Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica." It contains part of a Catalogue of the Bishops' Lands sold between 1647 and 1651; a Catalogue of English cartularies, and abstracts from several; Dugdale's MS. additions to his Baronetage; and a variety of articles contributed by the Editors, Sir Thomas Phillipps, Dr. Bandinel, and Mr. Madden; by the Historians of Surrey, Northumberland, South Yorkshire, and Hengrave; and by Sir Harris Nicolas.

In a few days will be published, "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the Rev. William Lavers," late of Honiton. By I. S. Elliot. With a Portrait.

Mr. Nugent Taylor's long announced "Santa Maura," will be ready for delivery on the first of June.

Just published, "The Cabinet Annual Regis-

ter, and Historical, Political, Biographical and Miscellaneous Chronicle," for 1832. Comprising an impartial Retrospect of Public Affairs, Foreign and Domestic—Summary of Parliamentary Debates—Chronicle of Events and Occurrences—Important Trials, &c. &c.—Biographical Sketches of all the most distinguished personages who have died during the year—Public Documents—Lists, Tables, &c. &c.

"An Introduction to the Study of English Botany," with a Glossary of Terms. By George Banks, F. L. S., 8vo. 37 Plates, containing upwards of 300 Engravings. Price 9s.

In a few days, "Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children," each accompanied by a Summary of the Historical Facts. By Miss Agnes Strickland, Authoress of the "Rival Crusoes," &c. &c.

Shortly will be published, "The Life, Times and Correspondence of Isaac Watts, D.D. Notices of many of his Contemporaries, and a Critical Examination of his Writings;" by the Rev. Thos. Milner, A.M.

Preparing for publication, by Mrs. John Sandford, "Lives of English Female Worthies." The First Volume will contain Lady Jane Grey, Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson, and Lady Rachael Russell.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On Tuesday, the 12th instant, at Beckenham, Kent, the lady of Major Dickson, of a daughter.

At Wivenhoe, near Colchester, the seat of William Brummell, Esq., the lady of Captain Pigott, R. H. G., of a son and heir.

At Thearne Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire, the lady of Henry Darnley, Esq., of a daughter.

The lady of John Kruger, Esq., of St. John's Wood Road, Regent's Park, of twins—son and daughter.

At Caldecote Hall, Warwickshire, the lady of Edmund Charles Macnaghtan, Esq., of a son.

At Hampton Court, the lady of John Davidson, Esq., of a son.

In Cumberland-street, Bryanston-square, the lady of William Wilson, Esq., of a son.

At Hampton, Middlesex, the lady of T. H. Holbertson, Esq., of twin sons.

In Tavistock-square, Mrs. John Hensley, of a son.

At Bath, the lady of George Eckersall, Esq., of a daughter.

At Blackheath, the lady of William C. King, Esq., of a son.

In Lansdowne-place, Brunswick-square, Mrs. Henry Wakefield, of a daughter.

At 13, Connaught-place, the lady of William J. Hamilton, Esq., of a son and heir.

At Haffleton, Dorset, the lady of James C. Fyler, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's, Battersea, Henry Willis, Esq., of Wandsworth Common, to Eliza, second daughter of R. W. Eyles, Esq., of Lavender Sweep, Clapham Common.

1832, by special licence, at St. David's Church, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, George Anthony Kemp, Esq., eldest son of Anthony Fenn Esq., of Hobart Town, to Helena Maria Morison

Midwood, daughter of the late Thomas Haigh Midwood, Esq., of the same place.

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Captain Joseph Simmons, of the 41st or Welsh Regiment, to Emma, eldest daughter of John Rose Baker, Esq., of Chalk, in the county of Kent.

At Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Robert Koch, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, to Miss C. Goutard.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Major W. F. Forster, Assistant-Adjutant-General, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.

At All Souls' Church, Langham-place, the Baron de Biel, of Zierow, in Mecklenburg, to Mary, eldest daughter of William Blake, Esq., of Danesbury, Hertford.

At Dartford, John Tasker, of Dartford, Esq., to Harriot Susan, youngest daughter of the late Robert Talbot, Esq., of Stone Castle, Kent.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, John Etherington Welch Rolls, Esq., eldest son of John Rolls, Esq., of Bryanston-square, to Elizabeth Mary, second daughter of Walter Long, Esq., of Montague-square, and Preshaw House, Hants.

DEATHS.

At Hampton, Middlesex, Elizabeth Vaughan, wife of T. H. H. Holberton, Esq.

At Paris, Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Airey, Colonel of the 39th Foot.

At Brighton, in his 77th year, the Right Hon. Lord John Townsend.

Lieutenant John Frederick, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, son of Colonel T. Frederick, of East Bourne.

At her residence in Hoxton-square, in her 82d year, Mrs. Mary Clack, relict of Mr. John Clack, many years a cashier in the Bank of England, whom she survived only 29 days.

At Ballymacash, county Antrim, the Rev. Philip Johnson, in his 85th year. He was the oldest beneficed Clergyman and Magistrate in Ireland; having been sixty-two years Vicar of Derriaghy, and constantly resident in it, and for nearly the same period a Magistrate of Down and Antrim.

At Maddington Parsonage, the Rev. Joseph Legge, Rector of Holton, Somerset, and more than half a century Minister of Maddington, Wilts.

Suddenly, the Rev. J. Higgin, thirty-six years curate of Mells, Somerset.

At Battle, Sussex, Mr. T. Badcock, in his 94th year.

At his residence, Barton End House, Gloucestershire, James Young, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White, and brother of the late Sir William Young, Vice-Admiral of England, in his 67th year.

At Greenwich, the Rev. Thomas Layton, M.A., Vicar of Chigwell, and Rector of Theydon, Essex, and for a long period an active Magistrate for that county.

Of an apoplectic fit, at Buckminster Park, his Lordship's seat in the county of Lincoln, the Right Hon. William Lord Huntingtower, in his 68th year. His Lordship was the eldest son and heir apparent of Louisa, Countess of Dysart. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, married to Eliza, daughter of Colonel Tome, by whom he has an only son. The late Lord has also left five other sons, and four daughters.

Suddenly, at his residence in Merrion-square, the Earl of Llandaff. The title becomes extinct, his Lordship having died without issue.

In Upper Grosvenor-street, Miss West, daughter of the late Col. Temple West.



Evening Dress.
Costume antique.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1833.

Dress in *Pékin à ramages* opened in front, with a breadth of white satin and white bows; flounce of blond sleeves *à l'antique* with blond *Sabots corsage à pointe*.

The Guide to Dress.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TRANSLATED FROM
THE FRENCH.

Paris, April 20, 1833.

My Dear Lady Louisa,

You naturally expect, no doubt, to receive in this letter, ample details concerning the Longchamps promenades; but I fear you will be disappointed, for it rained every day until Friday, about the middle of the day, and then the weather was so unsettled, that many of our leading belles wore cloaks. The small number of ladies who appeared there *en toilette*, wore *mantelets* of black blonde and muslin, or of embroidered *tulle*, lined with pink, blue, or lilac silk. I am more than ever convinced that the latter fashion will become still more general in summer than it has been during the winter. Bonnets are decidedly larger than during the cold weather; the fronts are long over the cheeks, rising so as to show the tufts of hair. The *calotte* is still small and narrow at the top, and inclining behind. I saw some very pretty ones of *paille de riz*, with small bouquets of feathers, and others with fancy feathers or flowers. There are also many hats of *gros de Naples*, plain, or *glacé*, and some, of the same material,

chiné and striped. This last description of hat seems quite adopted in morning dress. I will now give you the names of some of the new Longchamp flowers, which are put upon the prettiest hats: — *Latanaisia*, in bunches, the *Ciparis*, the *Ibicas*, the *Idranycas*, the *Monospecema*, the *Tamariana*, and grapes, are the flowers used by the most fashionable milliners. There are also some round *aigrettes*, and wings of birds which produce a charming effect. At the last benefit at the Opera, I saw some beautiful turbans *à la Juive*, made of white gauze with gold *chefs*. They are very graceful and youthful. Turbans of this description are made with scarfs of three very glaring colours. The dress hats are made principally of crape; they are extremely small, and are ornamented with feathers or birds of paradise. I saw a small dress hat which appeared to me of a very novel kind. It was of white blonde, ornamented with very light *chefs* of gold, and the five feathers upon it were embroidered with gold. Caps of black blonde or black lace are quite the rage, and I cannot describe to you the pretty effect they produce, with flowers, and blue or pink ribbons. They are very small, and I find that they are a thousand times more becoming than those of last year. Morning caps have undergone the same change as the dress caps. Many are worn of blonde, of *application de Bruxelles*, and of embroidered *tulle*. These caps are trimmed with pretty new spring ribbons.

The *Etoffes* of the season are very pretty,

but the real novelty for dresses are, damasks with large *bouquets* of natural flowers, the *Pékin à rames* (the latter also worn in morning dresses), and Pompadour satin. The materials for morning dresses are *gros de Naples*, *chiné* and striped, *quadrillés*, new gauzes, woollen printed muslins, plain *châlys* printed *à très grands rames*, and *brochés*, colour upon colour. The best dressed women, or they at least who pass for such, wear *gros de Naples*, plain and *glacé*, such as was worn two years ago. The light colours, such as pink *glacé blanc*, blue *glacé blanc*, lilac *glacé blanc*, &c., are preferred. This *gros de Naples* makes lovely dresses, and the light colours I have mentioned, with black blonde, or black lace for the ornaments of the corsage, and the trimmings of the *peelerines*, are in the best possible taste. You have no idea how the fashion prevails of trimming coloured dresses with black blonde. White blonde is now scarcely ever used, except for ball or evening dresses.

As to the make of full dresses, I am surprised of what you tell me in your last, that you have not yet adopted the old costumes, when they are so general with us, and have been so ever since the beginning of winter. How happens it that you were not eager to dress in a style which can be imitated only by people of fortune? for the preceding fashions were so simple that they might be followed by our maids, who could dress like ourselves, and that at a very small expense. We shall now, every day, add to our dresses something of ages gone by, and I have no doubt that in a short time our morning

dress will be in the same style as our evening.

Dresses open in front are much worn, with the breadth of a different colour, or of crape or white satin, embroidered in gold or silver; also dresses of blonde *à volants*, or with bouquets, under an outer dress of damask open in front and forming a tunic. These tunics are always either trimmed with *chefs* in gold or silver, corresponding with the embroideries on the front breadth, or with a blonde *volant*, when the under-dress is of the same. Flowers are often added either in bouquets or garlands. Other evening dresses are made with an ornament in front showing the under-dress. There has been no alteration in the corsages since my last. Some morning dresses are made open in front, so as to show the petticoat, which, in this case, is made of muslin, or lawn embroidered and trimmed with flouncing of embroidered muslin, or Valenciennes lace. Every kind of morning dress has a very long *pélerine* over the shoulders, and open in front to show the figure. As summer comes on, very wide ribbon will be worn, either of taffetas or gauze *découpée*. These ribbons are fastened to the shoulders, crossed on the back and chest, and then passed under the sash, whence are suspended the two ends of the *mantelet*, as this *colifichet* is called.

With short-sleeved dresses for the Opera, or evening, black silk mittens are worn, of loose knitting, so as to be very transparent, and these mittens reach to the elbows.

Adieu, dear Lady Louisa,

Ever yours,

A. de M.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Mr. Sharpe's Peerage of the British Empire," exhibiting its present State, and deducing the existing Descents from the Ancient Nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland, will be published in June.

"The Field Book; or, Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom;" alphabetically arranged, and illustrated with 150 appropriate embellishments, by the author of "Wild Sports of the West," is now ready.

"The Narrative of Two Expeditions into the Interior of Australia," will be speedily published; undertaken by Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment, by order of the Colonial Government, to ascertain the nature of the Country to the west and north-west of the Colony of New South Wales.

The Second Edition is nearly ready of "Prinsep's Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land; comprising a Description of that Colony during a Six Months' residence.

The First Number of the Series of "Illustrations to Prinsep's Journal," will be published in a few days.

Nearly ready for the Press, "Outlines of a New Theory of Geology and Physical Geography," in which the Revolutions of the Globe,

and the principal Phenomena of Geology are explained by the Precession of the Equinoxes. By Sir John Byerley. Embellished by Plates and Maps.

A work from the pen of Mr. Urquhart, entitled, "Turkey and its Resources," is just ready for publication.

"Lucien Greville," a Novel, written by an Officer in the East India Company's service, will appear immediately.

Lieut. Coke is preparing a work on "The United States and British Provinces of North America," with numerous illustrations of the scenery, &c.

New Editions of Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," and Mr. Slade's interesting "Travels in Turkey," are on the eve of publication.

The fourth and fifth parts of "The Anecdotes of Hogarth," written by himself; with Catalogues of his Prints, Paintings, and Drawings, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Nugent Taylor's "Santa Mansa," inscribed by kind permission to Her Royal Highness the Dutchess of Kent, will be ready for delivery in June, beautifully illustrated and embellished.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At his Lordship's residence in Grosvenor-street, the Countess of Kinnoul, of a son.

The lady of Captain George Hill, Royal Horse Guards, of a son.

At Becca Hall, Yorkshire, the lady of Colonel Markham, of a son.

In Cadogan Place, the lady of Major-General Sir Lionel Smith, K. C. B., Governor of Barbadoes, &c. of a son.

In Bloomsbury-square, the lady of the Rev. Joseph Edwards, of the King's College, of a son.

At Manningford Bruce, Wilts, the lady of the Rev. Peter Still, of a daughter.

At Queen-square, Westminster, the lady of John Bowring, Esq., L.L.D., of a daughter.

At Ballygoorey, county Kilkenny, the wife of a farmer, named Roe, of three children, two daughters and a son, who, with the mother, are living, and likely to do well.

At the Deanery, Wells, the lady of the very Rev. the Dean of Wells, of a son.

At Versailles, the lady of Alexander Montgomerie Moore, Esq. county Tyrone, of a son.

At Northrepps Rectory, Norfolk, the lady of the Rev. P. C. Law, of a daughter.

At Presteign, the lady of the Rev. J. R. Brown, of a son.

The lady of Alexander Rougemont, Esq., of a son.

At Betchworth Castle, Dorking, the lady of D. Barclay, Esq., of a son.

At Madras, the lady of the Lieut.-Col. Monteith, Engineers, of a daughter.

At Henley Grove, Westbury, near Bristol, the lady of William Ford, Esq., of a son.

In Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Mrs. John Cates, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At the Subdeanery Church, Chichester, Adam Urquhart, Esq., youngest son of the late William Urquhart, Esq. of Craigston, North Britain, to Mary Lydia, only daughter of the Bishop of Chichester.

At St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, Alfred Griffin, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to Elizabeth Sarah, only surviving daughter of the late William Sandey, Esq., Commander Royal Navy.

At Alexandria, Egypt, at the house of John Barker, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General for Egypt, Peter, son of the late John Taylor, Esq. of Clitheroe, to Mercy, eldest daughter of Mr. John Friend, late of Ramsgate.

At the Friends' Meetinghouse, Falmouth, William Gibbons, Esq., banker, of Gloucester, to Elizabeth Tregellas, second daughter of the late Robert Were Fox, Esq. Also, at the same time, Francis Tuckett, Esq., merchant, of Bristol, to Mariana, youngest daughter of the aforesaid R. W. Fox, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Charlton Whitmore, Esq., M.P., eldest son of Thomas Whitmore, Esq., of Apley Park, Shropshire, to the Lady Louisa Anne Douglas, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry.

William George Woods, Esq., of the Madras Cavalry, eldest son of Sir William Woods, to Sarah, daughter of Andrew Clarke, Esq. of Camberwell.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Heathcote, Esq., of Connington Castle, Huntingdonshire, to Emily Frances, third daughter of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq., of West Harding Hall, Norfolk.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Northage, Esq., only son of William Northage, of Gower-street, Bedford-square, Esq., to Henrietta Louise, second daughter of the late Sir John Henry Newbolt, Chief Justice of Madras.

At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, the Rev. John Whalley, of Ecton, Northamptonshire, to Theodosia Barbara, only daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Pierce Meade.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lady Jane Stopford, daughter of the Earl of Courtoon, to Abel Ram, Esq. of Clonartin.

At Duncrub, Perthshire, Captain Robert Knox Trotter, 17th Lancers, younger of Ballindean, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Rolls.

At Tralee, William Sandys Dillon, Esq., son of the Rev. William E. Dillon, of the county of Cornwall, to Catherine Jane, eldest daughter of the late William Jeffcott, Esq. of Tralee.

At Lewisham Church, E. Ross, Esq. son of the late Rev. T. Ross, of Ross Trevor, county Down, to Ann Mayon, daughter of the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay.

DEATHS.

At Bermuda, in his 70th year, Vice-Admiral Sir William Charles Fahie, Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, and of St. Ferdinand, and of Merit.

At St. Omer's, John Thomas Fane, Esq., late M. P. for Lyme Regis, and nephew to the Earl of Westmoreland.

At Barrackpore, Captain Thomas Haslam, of the 25th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, in his 43d year.

At Calcutta, John Hutchison Fergusson, youngest son of Dr. Fergusson, Inspector-General of Hospitals, in his 23d year.

At his seat, Beckingham Hall, in the county of Lincoln, John Milnes, Esq., in his 66th year, formerly one of the Midland Circuit.

At her house in Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, the Dowager Lady Strachan, in her 87th year.

At Fruges, in the Pas de Calais, Mlle. Bosey, in her 116th year.

Mr. William Upton, in his 98th year, senior burgess of Nottingham, having taken up his freedom in 1763.

On the Island of Boa Vista, South America, R. Nicholson, Esq., formerly of Coleman-street. He was barbarously murdered by ruffians in his own house, in the presence of his wife and children.

At St. Mary's, Scilly, in his 94th year, Mr. Israel Webb, the oldest man on the islands.

At the residence of his brother, Major Stuart, Hillingdon Grove, near Uxbridge, James Stuart, Esq., a Director of the East India Company, and formerly, for several Parliaments, the Representative of the Borough of Huntingdon.

Near Malacca, Alexander Bewicke Anderson, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, of jungle fever, brought on from exertion in the discharge of his duty as Assistant-Resident of Nanning.

At his residence, Downing-street, Captain Robert Parsons, London Militia, in his 70th year.

At Langwith Lodge, Notts, Robert Nessau Sutton, Esq., youngest son of the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart. of Norwood Park, in the county of Notts.

At Juanpore, Captain George Cracklow, of the 6th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry.

Suddenly, at his residence in Charlotte-street, Leamington, of a disease of the heart, William Weston, Esq.

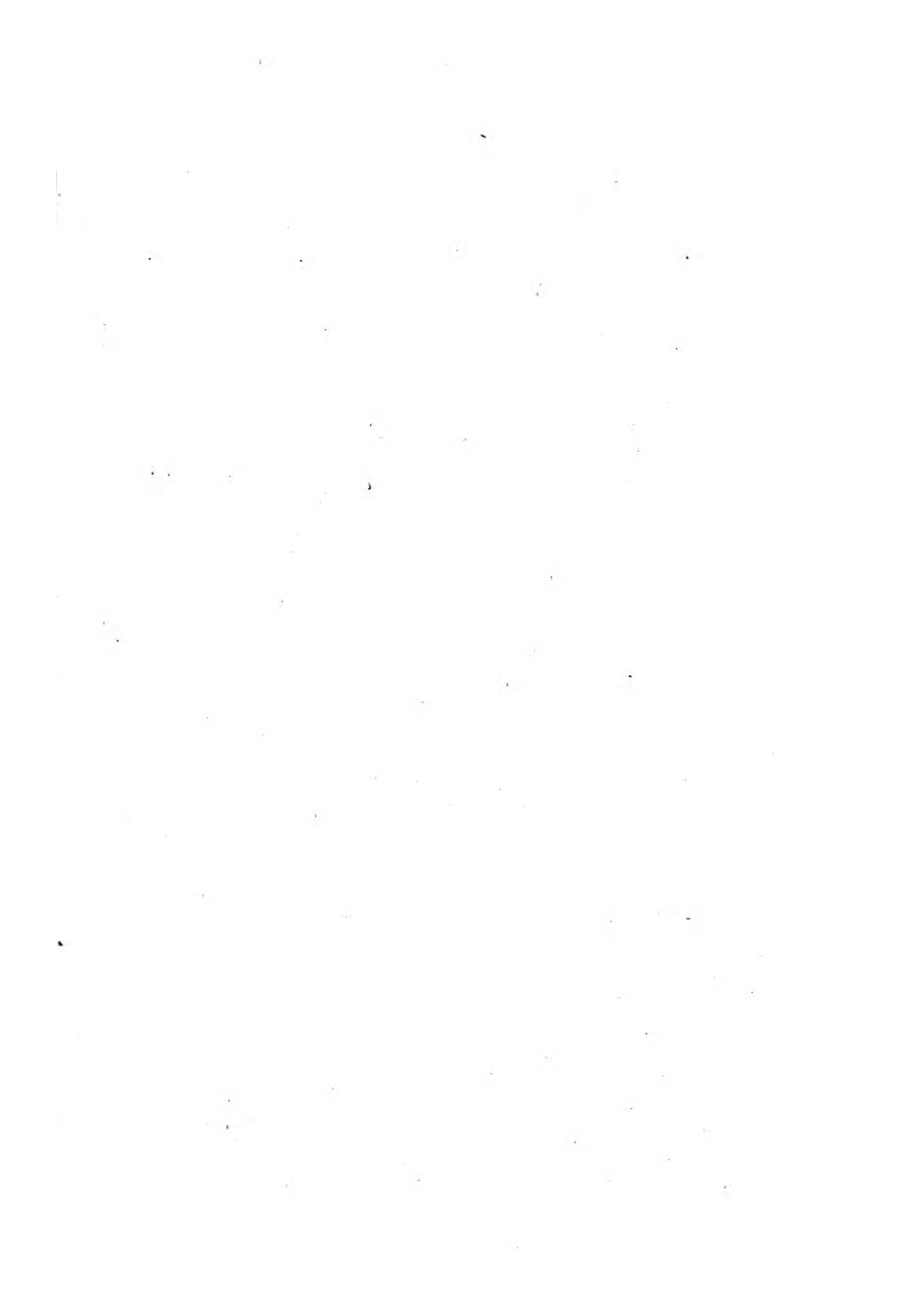
Henry Crockett, Esq. of Little Onn Hall, Staffordshire. He was in the commission of the peace, and one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county.

At his house in Blackfriar's Road, the Rev. Rowland Hill, in his 89th year.

Mr. John Hyde, of Salterton, Wilts, in his 100th year.



Evening Dress.





1853

Court Dress

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1833.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of yellow crape, opened in front *en tunique*, with bows of riband, pointed body, and sleeve *à deux bouffants*. Wreath of *feuilles de lotus* and gold.

COURT DRESS.

White tulle dress trimmed with cerise flowers and ribands. Body and train of cerise watered silk, trimmed same as the dress. Sleeves *à l'antique*, with *sabots*. Plume of feathers and blond lappets.

The Guide to Dress.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Paris, May 20, 1833.

My Dear Lady Louisa,

ALL our winter amusements being over, and our balls ended, I can now only describe to you a few walking dresses; for even at the theatres nobody wears full dress. I am now preparing for the country, and, as the house to which I am going will be full of company, I hope to be able to send you an account of some pretty dresses of the season. You are now better able than I am to give accounts of splendid parties and beautiful dresses, for your gay season has but just begun; and it strikes me, that the sojourn of our Prince Royal among you, will render this season even still more brilliant than usual. Pelisses

or open dresses are much worn, made of embroidered muslin or jaconot; with *fonds semés* and *à colonnes*, and lined with *gros de Naples* of either of the following colours: pink, sky-blue, lilac, citron, and *vert Anglais*. Almost all these dresses have *pélerines*, trimmed with lace four fingers deep. Closed pelisses have *pélerines* with long flowing ends like a *mantelet*, whilst those of the open dresses are made very long upon the shoulders, and round in front, so as to show the front of the dress, which is generally trimmed with lace and bows of gauze riband of the same colour as the lining and the underdress, which latter is elegantly and tastefully embroidered. With these dresses, bonnets of *paille de riz* are principally worn, for they are in excellent taste and very becoming. They are generally ornamented with fresh flowers and fancy feathers. Something quite new and very pretty for walking bonnets, is the *tissu Sylphide*. It is made of different colours, and all look well. A great deal of blonde is put upon the bonnets: I have also seen other bonnets covered with *crépélisse*; the lining is generally of very light colours, and you have no idea of their freshness.

I have seen some very pretty walking dresses of silk muslin, *à desseins semés*, all of well-selected colours and patterns, and in much better taste than printed muslins, now considered exceedingly vulgar. In the morning, we wear white *peignoirs* trimmed or embroidered, and when we go out, or for dinner, we only wear the two kinds of dress I have already mentioned,

and *chalys*, plain or *brochés*, *gros de Naples*, plain or *chiné*, *foulards brochés*, *rayés*, and divers other fancy *etoffes* of the season; but at Paris, we have entirely left off wearing printed muslins, which were fashionable during so many years; and they are now only to be seen in the country of a morning when there are no visitors. Mantelets of all kinds—of blonde, lace, and muslin, the latter with coloured linings, are still quite the rage; they supply the place of fancy shawls and scarfs. The make of the dresses is not at all altered since my last, and I believe that, for some time to come, our only novelties will be the fashions of “olden days,” towards which we are daily verging. I have seen some ladies, who are *outrée* in their dress, with petticoats puckered all round, but I do not mention this as a received fashion, for I have only seen two or three persons adopt it. At the last representation given by Martin our celebrated singer, there were some well-dressed women present; I saw many dresses of pink and blue gauze, trimmed with black blonde round the corsage and sleeves, and little caps of black blonde worn with them. Long kid gloves are no longer used, but mittens of black silk, *à jour*. I also saw, on that day, two ladies dressed for a wedding ball—the only kind of ball now going:—they wore, one a dress of white crape embroidered with gold and different colours; the other with silver and pink.

On their heads they had garlands of green leaves and gold, with little red fruit.

Another lady, going to the same ball, wore a dress of white crape, trimmed with riband and bouquets of mixed flowers: there were three bouquets, forming a *montant* on the front of the petticoat; and on her head she wore flowers of the same description as those composing the tufts in front. The corsage of the dress was *à pointe*, and five buttons, consisting of stones of different colours, were placed along the band, which kept together the plaits in the middle of the corsage. Her sleeves were *en sabots*, ornamented with blonde, bows of riband, and little bouquets of flowers.

Pretty habit-shirts of muslin or cambric, embroidered and trimmed with Mechlin or Brussels lace, are much worn in morning dresses. They are made tolerably wide and square; but with the points a little rounded. The trimmings are three fingers in width at least, and must be made full enough to be plaited *à petits tuyaux*, of which there are generally two rows. I see also many fancy reticules, made of riband, of *moire* or of *gros de Naples*. The prevailing colour is green: peach blossom, quite a new colour, is also much in vogue. Bonnets continue to be made a little larger than during the winter; and inferior houses alone make those preposterous little bonnets worn only by women of bad taste.

Believe me, dear Lady Louisa,

Ever yours,

A. de M—.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Romances of the Chivalric Ages;" a new work, illustrating the manners and customs of the middle ages, embellished with numerous characteristic etchings, will shortly be published. It has seldom been the practice to illustrate works of imagination upon their first appearance. The author of the forthcoming "Romances of the Chivalric Ages" has resolved to attempt this, and has employed an artist of great talent to make spirited illustrations of his most striking scenes.

"The Taxation of the Empire; its unequal Pressure on the middle Ranks of Society; and the Necessity for a Revision of the fiscal and commercial Policy of the Country." By Montgomery Martin.

Mr. Morris's long-expected "Memoirs of the Rev. Robert Hall," are expected the first week in June.

"Mr. Sharpe's Peerage and Baronetage," ex-

hibiting its present state, and deducing the existing descents from the ancient nobility, is to appear in June.

In the press, "Lophiel; or, the Bride of Seven." By Maria del Occidente.

"Leabhar Nau Croc; or, the Mountain Sketch Book;" consisting of original articles and translations, in prose and verse. By Dr. M'Cleod.

The Fifth Volume of the Translation of "Madame Junot's Memoirs."

"England and the English;" by the Author of Pelham, is nearly ready.

"Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to the Southern Coasts of England, and also to the Isle of Wight;" with engravings by Bonner.

"Illustrations of the Botany, and other Branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora Cashmere," by Mr. Boyle, is announced.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Ingestrie Rectory, Staffordshire, the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, of a daughter.

At Honiton, the lady of the Rev. Marwood Tucker, of a son.

The lady of the Rev. J. Forshall, of a son.

In Sussex Place, Regent's Park, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Fletcher, of a son.

At Dyrham Rectory, Gloucestershire, the lady of the Rev. William Scott Robinson, of a son.

At Alderley, Gloucestershire, the lady of Robert Blagden Hale, Esq., of a daughter.

At Brentwood, the lady of the Rev. William Newbolt, of a son.

At Rotterdam, the lady of James Macdonald, Esq., of a daughter.

At No. 9, Lower Berkeley Street, Portman Square, the Hon. Lady Heathcote, of a daughter.

The Lady of Sir Charles Witham, of Higham, Suffolk, of a daughter.

At Gisborne Park, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Lady Ribblesdale, of a daughter.

At No. 36, Portman Square, the Lady Bingham, of a daughter.

In Brook Street, the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, Lady of E. J. Stanley, Esq., M. P., of a daughter.

At Salisbury, the Hon. Mrs. Pare, of a daughter.

At Teignmouth, Devon, the wife of Albert De Mierre, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. Felix Tollemache, second son of the late Lord Huntingtower, to Frances Julia, youngest daughter of the late Henry Peters, Esq., of Betchworth Castle, Surrey.

At the Cathedral, Salisbury, the Rev. Charles B. Pearson, Rector of Chiddingfold, Surrey, and Prebendary of Salisbury, eldest son of the Dean of Salisbury, to Harriett Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Pinkerton, Esq., and niece to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

At Sutton, Surrey, Sir James S. Lake, Bart., to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart., K.C.B.

At St. Mary's church, Youghall, George Frederick Brooke, Esq., son of Sir Henry Brooke, Bart., of Colebrooke, county of Fermanagh, to the Lady Arabella Georgiana Hastings, third daughter of the late Earl of Huntingdon.

At All Souls' Church, Marylebone, and at the Spanish Chapel, Manchester Square, Harriet Jane, youngest daughter of Sir Gerard Noel,

Baronet, of Exton Park, and one of the Members of Parliament for Rutland, to Don Lopes De Arze Banos, of Toro, in Old Castile.

At Charlton, Blackheath, William J. A. Abington, Esq. B. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of the Middle Temple, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late Samuel George Evans, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Medical Service, Bareilly, Bengal.

At Charlton Kings, the Rev. William Hicks, Rector of Coberley, Gloucestershire, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. B. Grisdale, late Rector of Withington, in the same county.

At Edinburgh, James Farquharson, Esq. of Invercauld, to Janet Hamilton, eldest daughter of the late General Francis Dundas, of Sanson, Berwickshire.

At Whimble, Devon, John Divett, Esq., second son of the late Edward Divett, Esq., of Bystock in the same county, to Henrietta Emma, second daughter of the late William Buller, Esq., of Maidwell Hall, Northamptonshire.

At Lantwit Major, Glamorganshire, Lieut. Robert Kearsley Dawson, of the Royal Engineers, to Ann Maria, second daughter of the Reverend Robert Nicholl, of Dimland house, in the same county.

DEATHS.

At his house in Devonshire Street, Portland Place, Dr. Babington, in his seventy-seventh year.

At Loddiges' Buildings, Hackney, Robert Harris, Esq., in his eightieth year.

At Bath, the Rev. Charles Prideaux Brune, of Prideaux Place, county of Cornwall, in his seventy-third year.

At her house in Upper Bedford Place, in her sixty-seventh year, Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Neale, Esq., who expired on the Monday preceding.

In London, the Rev. Frederic Croker, B.A., Vicar of Goxhill, Lincolnshire, and of Laudhamcum-Pettistree, Suffolk. Also, in the same house, Mrs. Wiles, his sister, who literally died broken-hearted for the loss of her brother.

At Cavendish Place, Brighton, Martha, relict of the late W. Becher, Esq., in her seventh-fourth year.

On her passage to the West Indies, Lady Creagh, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Sir M. Creagh, 86th Regiment, daughter of the Judge Osborne.

At Ferns, Mrs. Elrington, mother of the Lord Bishop of Ferns, in her one hundred and eighth year.

At Darren Felen, Clydach Llanelly, Susannah Davies, in her one hundred and third year.

In St. James's Square, the Countess De Grey, in her 83d year.

At Malta, after a few days' illness, in his 57th year, the Hon. Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B., K.S.M., S.G., Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Ships in the Mediterranean.

At Leamington, in her 27th year, after giving birth to a son, Anne, the wife of Walter Stevenson Davidson, Esq. of Inchmarlo, Kincardineshire, of St. James's Street, Banker.

At her lodgings, 19, Queen's Buildings, Brompton, in her 42nd year, after having given birth, on the 15th ult., to a daughter, still-born, Charlotte Lucy, the beloved wife of John Henderson, late proprietor of the Hanover Hotel.

Vesey, the Senior Yeoman of the Guard, in his 100th year.





