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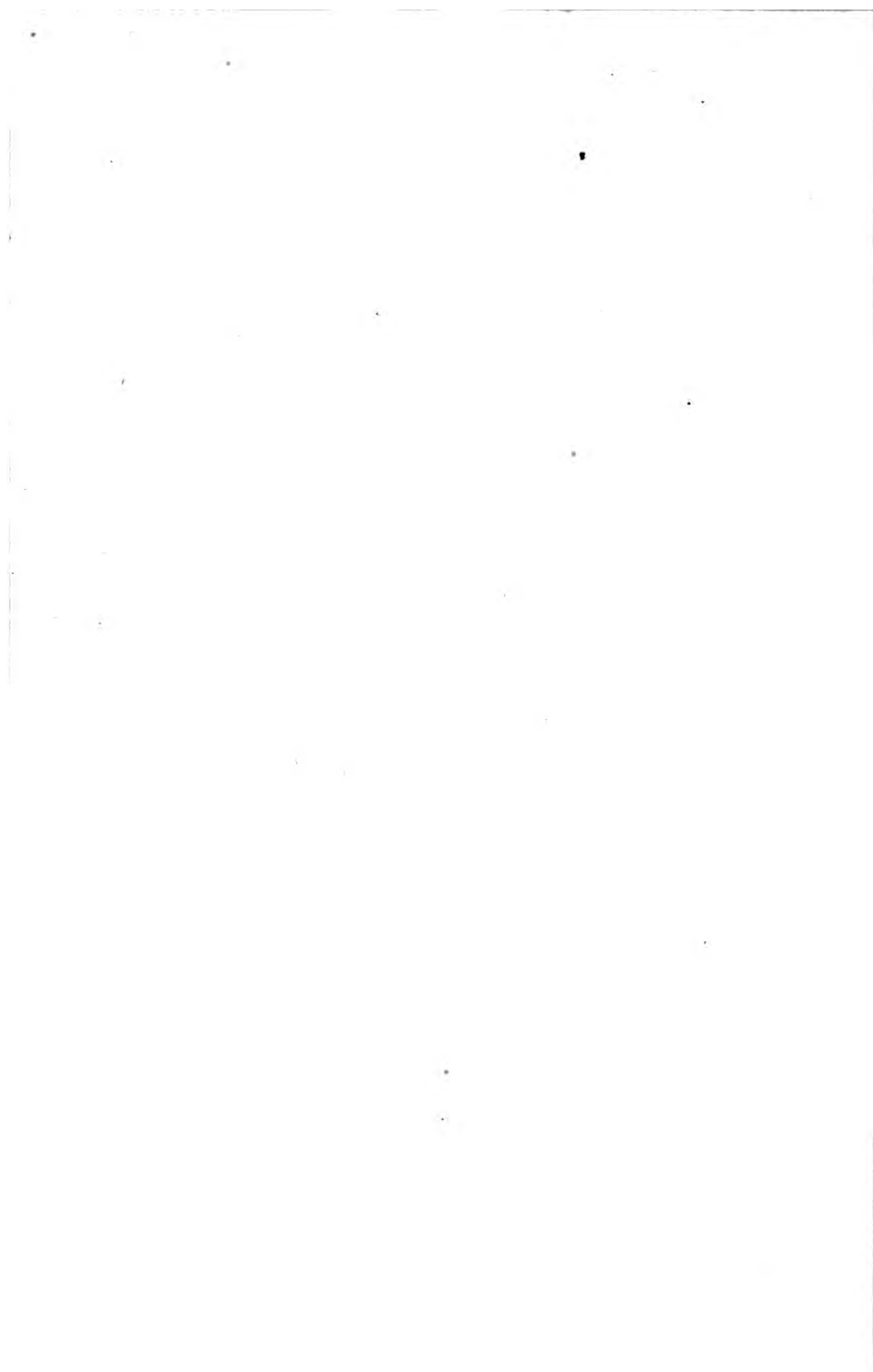


*The Court magazine and belle
assemblée [afterw.] and monthly ...*

Court magazine and monthly critic

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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. IV.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1834.



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EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. IV.

- No. I.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Norton, from a Painting by G. Hayter, M. A. S. L.
Landscape View of Bishop's Auckland Palace, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R. A.
Two Coloured Figures of Female Costume.
- No. II.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Stafford Jerningham, from a Miniature by Miss Kendrick.
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- No. III.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Vernon, from a Miniature by C. Ross, Esq., R. A.
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- No. VI.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Countess Cowper, from a Painting by Sir Thomas
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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR JANUARY, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON is granddaughter of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, and daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., by Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglass, of whose family an account has been given in a previous memoir, illustrating the portrait of Lady Graham. Mrs. Norton's husband, the Honourable George Chapple Norton, is next brother to Fletcher, present Lord Grantley.

THE NORTONS derive from the baronial house of Conyers, which established itself in England at the conquest. Roger Coigniers, espousing Margaret, only daughter and heir of Richard Norton, of Norton, had a son

Adam, who, in conformity with the custom of the times, assumed the surname of his maternal family. This Adam wedded Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Nonwick, sometimes called the Great Forester, and had two sons;

Richard, ancestor of the Nortons, of Yorkshire;

John, from whom those of Suffolk descended.

Richard Norton, the elder son, married Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir John Tempest, Knt., and by her had a son, Sir John Norton, Knt., whose great grandson,

Richard Norton, of Norton, Esq., one of the council of the north, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., served the office of high sheriff for the county of York in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1569, how-

ever, this Richard Norton joined Charles Neville, Earl of Westmorland, Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and other insurgents in the north of England, who published a manifesto, declaring "that they took up arms with no other design than to re-establish the holy religion of their ancestors, to remove evil councillors from the Queen, to restore the Duke of Norfolk, and other faithful peers, who were confined and deprived of their honours, their liberty and the royal favour; and that they attempted nothing against the Queen, to whom they vowed a most constant fidelity and affection." The malcontents were soon suppressed, and the chiefs convicted of high treason, and attainted; among those Richard Norton, and his brothers Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas. It is supposed that the connection of the Nortons with the Nevilles led the former into the insurrection. Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons," records this event, and several ballads upon the subject may be found in Dr. Percy's Collection. Richard Norton espoused, first, Susanna, fifth daughter of Richard Neville, Lord Latimer, and, secondly, Philippa, daughter of Thomas Kapps, Esq., of London. He had issue only by the former marriage, of which,

Edmund, the third son, dwelt at Clowbeck, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and his descendants, upon failure of issue of his eldest brothers, became the principal branch

of the family. He died in 1610, leaving, with other issue, a third son,

William, who settled at Lawley, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, an estate still enjoyed by the family. His grandson,

Welbury Norton, Esq., of Lawley, a Justice of the Peace for the county of York, married Catherine, daughter of Thomas Norton, Esq., of Langthorne, in the same county, and had, with other issue, a son,

Thomas Norton, Esq., who became possessor of a considerable estate at Grantley, Yorkshire. He married Mary, daughter and coheir of Thomas Fletcher, Esq., by whom he had

Thomas Norton, Esq., of Grantley, father of

FLETCHER NORTON, Esq., of Grantley. This gentleman having applied himself successfully to the study of the law, was appointed Solicitor-general, 14th December, 1761, received the honour of knighthood in 1762, and was raised to the Attorney-generalship in December, 1763. Sir Fletcher, having a seat in the House of Commons, was elected to the Speaker's chair, upon the resignation of Sir John Cust, in 1769. This responsible and distinguished office he filled with increased reputation, and the following memorable speech marks the high tone of his character. In 1777, when the Civil List debts were paid a second time, and the sum of 618,000*l.* granted for that purpose, amidst the necessities of a disastrous war, the Speaker thus addressed the throne, on presenting the bill for the royal assent:—"In a time, Sire, of public distress, full of difficulty and danger, their constituents labouring under burdens almost too heavy to be borne, your faithful Commons, postponing all other business, have not only granted to your Majesty a large present supply, but also a very great additional revenue, great beyond all example, great beyond your Majesty's highest expenses; but all this, Sire, they have done in the well-grounded confidence that you will apply wisely what they have granted liberally." Some objection having been made to the mode of this address, the Speaker boldly declared, "that he could no longer continue in that chair than he was supported in the free exercise of his duty." Mr. Fox, having moved a vote of approbation, it received the unanimous assent of the House. Sir Fletcher afterwards supported Mr. Dunning (Lord Ashburton) in his celebrated motion, "that the influence of the Crown had increased, is increasing, and

ought to be diminished." Upon his retirement from the Speakership, in 1782, Sir Fletcher Norton was elevated to the peerage, by patent, as LORD GRANTLEY, BARON OF MARKENFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK. His lordship was also a member of the Privy Council, recorder of Guildford, and LL.D. He wedded Grace, eldest daughter of Sir William Chapple, Knt., one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, and had issue, besides two sons who died unmarried,

William, his successor,

Fletcher, born 16th November, 1774, a Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, who died 19th June, 1820, leaving by his marriage with Caroline Elizabeth, only daughter of James Balmain, Esq., the following issue, who rank as the children of a baron, by warrant of precedence, dated 15th November, 1831; 1, Grace Charlotte, married to Sir Neil Menzies, bart. 2, FLETCHER, present peer. 3, Caroline Elizabeth. 4, GEORGE CHAPPLE, of whom presently. 5, Mary Ellen. 9, Augusta Ann. 7, Charles Francis, M. P., captain 52nd foot, married Maria Louisa, daughter of Major General Sir Colin Campbell. 8, James Grace, died 13th November, 1813, Countess of Portsmouth.

His Lordship died 1st January, 1789, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, second baron, who married Anna Margaretta, daughter of Jonathan Midgley, Esq., of Beverley, in the county of York, but, dying without issue, 12th November, 1822, the honours devolved upon his nephew,

FLETCHER, third and present baron, high steward of Guildford, born 14th July, 1796, married 26th July, 1825, Charlotte Earle, second daughter of Sir William Beechey, knight. His lordship's brother,

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE CHAPPLE NORTON, barrister at law, born 31st May, 1800, represented the town of Guildford in parliament from 1826 to 1830, and is at present recorder of that borough. Mr. Norton married, as above stated, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, second daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., and has issue,

Fletcher Spencer Conyers, born 10th July, 1829.

Thomas Brinsley, born 15th November, 1831.

William Charles Chapple, born 26th August, 1833.

THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

BESIDES Mrs. Martin and her maid Patty, and her cat, there was one inmate of the little toy-shop in the market place, that immediately attracted Mr. Singleton's attention, and not only won, but secured, the warm and constant affection of the kind-hearted bachelor*. It was a chubby, noisy, sturdy, rude, riotous elf, of some three years old, still petticoated, but so self-willed, and bold, and masterful, so strong and so conscious of his strength, so obstinate and resolute, and, above all, so utterly contemptuous of female objugation, and rebellious to female rule, (an evil propensity that seems born with the *unfair sex*), that it was by no means necessary to hear his Christian name of Tom, to feel assured that the urchin in question belonged to the masculine half of the species. Nevertheless, daring, wilful, and unruly as it was, the brat was loveable, being, to say the truth, one of the merriest, drollest, best natured, most generous, and most affectionate creatures that ever bounded about this work-a-day world; and Mr. Singleton, who, in common with many plodding, heavy, dull persons, liked nothing so well as the reckless lightheartedness which supplied the needful impetus to his own lumpish spirit, took to the boy the very first evening, and became, from that hour, his most indulgent patron and protector, his champion in every scrape, and refuge in every calamity. There was no love lost between them. Tom, who would have resisted Mrs. Martin or Patty to the death, who, the more they called him the more he would not come, and the more they bade him not do a thing, the more he did it; who, when cautioned against wetting his feet, jumped up to his neck† in the water tub,

and when desired to keep himself clean, solaced himself and the tabby cat with a game at romps in the coal-hole; who, in short, when under female dominion, played every prank of which an unruly boy is capable, was amenable to the slightest word or look from Mr. Singleton, came at his call, went away at his desire, desisted at his command from riding the unfortunate wooden steed, who, to say nothing of two or three dangerous falls, equally perilous to the horse and his rider, ran great risk of being worn out by Master Tom's passion for equestrian exercise; and even caused him to desist from his favourite exercise of parading before the door beating a toy-drum, or blowing a penny trumpet, and producing from those noisy implements a din more insupportable than ever such instruments have been found capable of making, before or since.

Mr. Singleton did more; not content with the negative benefit of restraining Master Tom's inclination for idleness, he undertook and accomplished the positive achievement of commencing his education. Under his auspices, at the cost of many cakes and much gingerbread, and with the great bribe of being able to read for himself the stories of fairies and giants, of Tom Thumb, and Blue Beard, and Cinderella, and Sindbad the Sailor, which he was now fain to coax his aunt and her maid Patty into telling him, did Tom conquer the mysteries of the alphabet and spelling book, in spite of the predictions of the dame of a neighbouring day-school, who had had the poor boy at her academy, as she was pleased to call it, for half a year, during which time, she and her birch, put together, had never been able to teach him the difference between A and B, and who now, in that common spirit of prophecy in which "the wish is father to the thought," boldly foretold that "all the Mr. Singletons in England would never make a scholar of Tom Syndham; she, for her part, had no notion of a child, who not only stole her spectacles, but did not mind being whipt for it when he had done. She wished no ill to the boy, but he would

* Vide a former paper, entitled "Our Rector."

† I remember an imp, the son of a dear friend of mine, of some four or five years old, of very delicate frame, but of a most sturdy and masterful spirit, who, one day standing on the lawn without a hat, in the midst of a hard rain, said to his mother, who, after nurses and nursery maids had striven in vain with the screaming, kicking, struggling urchin, tried her gentler influence to prevail on him to come in doors for fear of catching cold; "I won't go in! I will stand here! I choose to catch cold! I like to be ill! and if you plague me much longer, I'll die!" This hopeful young gentleman has outlived the perils of his childhood, (I suppose his self-will was drubbed out of him by stronger and equally determined comrades at a public school,) and he is now an aspirant of some

eminence in the literary and political world. I have not seen him these twenty years: but if this note should meet his eye, he would be amused by my tender recollection of his early days.

come to no good. All the world would see that."

Strange as it may seem, this effusion of petty malice had its effect in stimulating the efforts of our good curate. The spirit of contradiction, that very active principle of our common nature, had its existence even in him; but, as bees can extract wax and honey from poisonous plants, so in his kind and benevolent temper it showed itself only in an extraordinary activity in well-doing. "Tom Syndham shall be a scholar," thought and said Mr. Singleton; and as his definition of the word was something different from that of the peevish old sybil, whose notion of scholarship reached no farther than the power of reading or rather chanting, without let or pause, a chapter of crabbed names in the Old Testament, with such a comprehension of the sense as it pleased Heaven, and such a pronunciation as would have made an Hebraist stare, he not only applied himself earnestly to the task of laying the foundation of a classical education, by teaching the boy writing, ciphering, and the rudiments of the Latin grammar, but exerted all his influence to get him admitted, at as early an age as the rules would permit, to the endowed grammar school of the town.

The master of the school, a man who united great learning to a singular generosity of character and sweetness of temper, received with more than common kindness the fine open countenanced boy, whom Mr. Singleton recommended so strongly to his notice and protection. But after he had been with him about the same time that he had passed with the dame of the day-school, he, in answer to his patron's anxious inquiries, made a prophecy nearly resembling hers,—to wit, that Tom Syndham, spirited, intelligent and clever as he undoubtedly was, seemed to him the most unlikely boy of his form to become an eminent scholar.

And as time wore away, this persuasion only became the more rooted in the good Doctor's mind. "He may, to be sure, take to Greek, as you say, Mr. Singleton, and go off to Oxford on the archbishop's foundation; things that seem as impossible do sometimes happen; nevertheless to judge from probabilities, and from the result of a pretty long experience, I should say that to expect from Tom Syndham anything beyond the learning that will bear him creditably through the school and the world, is to demand a change of temper and of habit, not far from miraculous. I don't say what the charms of the Greek *Delectus* may effect, but in my mind,

the boy who is foremost in every sport, and first in every exercise; who swims, and rows, and dances, and fences better than any lad of his inches in the county, and who, in defence of a weaker child, or to right some manifest wrong, will box, aye, and beat into the bargain a youth half as big again as himself, and who moreover is the liveliest, merriest, pleasantest little fellow that ever came under my observation, is far fitter for the camp than the college. Send him into the world, that's the place for him. Put him into the army, and I'll answer for his success. For my own part I should not wonder to find him enlisting some day; neither should I care; for if he went out a drummer, he'd come back a general; nothing can keep down Tom Syndham:" and with this prognostic, at once pleasant and puzzling, (for poor Mr. Singleton had not an acquaintance in the army, except the successive recruiting officers who had at various times carried off the heroes of B.,) the worthy Doctor marched away.

Fortune, however, who seems to find amusement in sometimes disappointing the predictions of the wise, and sometimes bringing them to bear in the most unexpected manner and by totally opposite means, had a different destiny for our friend Tom.

It so happened that one of the principal streets of the good town of B., a street the high road through which leading westward, bore the name of Bristol Street, boasted a bright red mansion, retired from the line of houses, with all the dignity of a dusty shrubbery, a sweep not very easy to turn, a glaring bit of blank wall, and a porte cochère. Now the wall being itself somewhat farther back than the other houses in the street, and the space between that and the ordinary pavement being regularly flagged, an old sailor without his legs had taken possession of the interval, for the sake of writing, with white and coloured chalks, sundry loyal sentences, such as "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and so forth, by way of excitement to the passers-by, to purchase one from a string of equally loyal sea ballads, that hung over head intermixed with two-penny portraits of eminent naval commanders, all very much alike, and all wearing very blue coats and very red faces.

At first, the two respectable ladies (dowager spinsters, Morris by name) objected greatly to the use made of their wall and their pavement by the crippled veteran in question, who was commonly known throughout B— by the name of "Poor Jack;" probably from

his attachment to the well-known sailor's ditty, which happened to form his first introduction to the younger of the two ladies in question.

"Here am I, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea;
With shiners in my sack,—
Pray what d'ye think of me?"

"I think you a very saucy person," replied Miss Arabella Morris to this question, not said but sung by the sailor in a most Stentorian voice, as he lay topping and tailing the great I in "God save great George our King," just on one side of their gate. "I think you are a very saucy person," quoth Miss Arabella, "to sit begging here, just at our door."

"Begging," rejoined poor Jack, "I'm no beggar, I hope. I've lost my precious limbs, when I fought under Admiral Rodney; I've a pension, bless his majesty, and have no call to disparage the service by begging like a land lubber.

"Sailors to forget their duty,
Must not come for to go—"

chanted Jack.

"I must really apply to the mayor," said Miss Arabella.

"Go," said Jack, continuing his work and resuming his stave.

"When the captain he heard of it,
He very much applauded what she had done,
And he made her the first lieutenant
Of the gallant Thunder bomb.

"Made me a first lieutenant!" exclaimed the affronted Arabella. "Was ever anything so impertinent! Pray, if you are not a beggar, what may you be?"

"My name d'ye see's Tom Tough,
Oh, I've seen a little sarvice,
Where the foaming billows roar and the winds do
blow;
I've sailed with noble Howe,
And I've sailed with gallant Jervis,
And only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
And more if you'd be knowing,
I've sailed with old Boscawen."

again shouted (for singing is hardly the word to express his sort of music) the incorrigible Jack.

"Well, I must go to the mayor," said Miss Arabella; and Jack again uplifted his voice:—

"Then in Providence I trust,
For you know what must be, must be."

and consoled by this philosophical strain tranquilly continued his occupation, which, after a little persuasion from the mayor, and something like an apology from Jack himself, (to whose looks and ways they began to get accustomed,) the good ladies permitted him

to pursue in peace and quietness, under their sheltering wall.

The above conversation will have shewn that poor Jack was something of a humourist, but his invincible good humour was his prime qualification. I doubt if there was in all England a more contented person than the poor cripple, who picked up a precarious livelihood by selling loyal ballads in Bristol Street in B——. Maimed as he was, there was something in his round bullet head, and rough sun-burnt countenance; in his nod, his wink, his grin, (for it would not do to call such a contortion a smile,) in the snap of his fingers, and the roll of his short athletic body, more expressive of fun and merriment than I ever beheld in any human being. Call him poor Jack, indeed! Why if happiness be wealth, he was the happiest Jack in Christendom!

So thought Tom Syndham; whose road to and from school passed the *lair* of the sailor, and who having stood one evening to hear him go through the whole ballad,

"On board of the *Arethusa*,"

and finally joined in the *refrain* with much of Jack's own spirit, fell into conversation with him on the battles he had fought, the ships he had served in, and the heroes he had served under, (and it was remarkable that he talked of the ships with the same sort of personal affection which he displayed towards their captains,) and from that evening made up his mind that he would be a sailor too.

Sooth to say, the enthusiasm with which Jack spoke of Keppel and Rodney, and Parker, and Howe, as well as of the commanders of his youth, Hawke and "old Boscawen;" his graphic description of the sea-fights in which the English flag did really seem to be the ensign of victory; the rough, bold, manly tone of the ballads which he sung, and the personal character of the narrator, were in themselves enough to work such an effect on a lively, spirited, ambitious boy, whose bravery of mind and hardihood of body made him account toil and danger rather as elements of enjoyment, like the bright frosty air of winter, than as evils to shrink from; whilst his love of distinction made him covet glory for his own sake, and his grateful and affectionate temper rendered the prospect of wealth (for of course he was to be a second Rodney) delightful as the means of repaying his aunt and Mr. Singleton the benefits which he had derived from their kindness.

Besides this, he had always had an innate passion for the water. His earliest pranks of dabbling in kennels, and plunging in pools,

had shewn his duck-like propensities; and half his scrapes at school had occurred in a similar way:—bathing before the appointed day, swimming in dangerous places, rowing and fishing at forbidden hours; he had been caught half a dozen times boat-building at the wharf, and had even been detected in substituting Robinson Crusoe for the Greek Delectus,—from which Mr. Singleton expected such miracles. In short, Tom Syndham was one of those boys whose genius may fairly be called semi-aquatic.

That he would be a sailor was Tom's firm resolution. His only doubt was whether to accomplish the object in the regular manner by apprising Mrs. Martin and Mr. Singleton of his wishes, or to embrace the speedier and less troublesome method of running away. The latter mode offered the great temptation of avoiding remonstrances equally tedious (and the grateful boy would hardly allow himself to think *how* tedious!) and unavailing, and of escaping from the persuasions of which his affectionate heart felt in anticipation the power to grieve, though not to restrain; besides it was the approved fashion of your young adventurer; Robinson Crusoe had run away; and he consulted Jack seriously on the measure, producing in answer to certain financial questions which the experience of the tar suggested, a new half-crown, two shillings, a crooked sixpence, and sundry half-pence, as his funds for the expedition.

"Five and threepence halfpenny," exclaimed the prudent mariner, counting the money, and shaking his head, "Twon't do, master! Consider there's the voyage to Portsmouth, on board o' the what d'ye call 'um, the coach there; and then you'll want new rigging, and have to lie at anchor a shortish bit maybe, before you get afloat. I'll tell you what, messmate, leave's light; axe his honour the chaplain, the curate, or whatever you call him, and if so be he turns cantankerous, you can but cut and run after all."

And Tom agreed to take his advice; and after settling in his own mind as he walked home various ingenious plans for breaking the matter gradually and tenderly to his good old aunt, (on whom he relied for the still more arduous task of communicating this tremendous act of contumacy to his reverend patron,) he, from sheer nervousness and over-excitement, bolted into the house, and forgetting all his intended preparations and softenings,—a thing which has often happened from the same causes, to older and wiser persons,—shouted out at once to Mrs. Martin,

who happened to be in the shop talking to Mr. Singleton, "Aunt, I'm determined to go to sea directly, and if you don't let me, I'll run away."

Never were two people more astonished. And as the hitherto respectful and dutiful boy, who with all his spirit had never before counteracted a wish expressed by either, continued to answer to all remonstrances, "I will go to sea, and if you won't let me, I'll run away," Mr. Singleton began to think it best to inquire into his own views, motives, and prospects.

Vague enough they were to be sure! Robinson Crusoe, and a crippled sailor, and half a dozen ballads for inducements, and a letter of introduction from poor Jack to a certain veteran of his own standing, Bob Griffin by name, formerly a boatswain, and now keeping a public house at Portsea, and *commanding*, according to him of the stumps, a chain of interest, somewhat resembling Tom Bowling's famous ladder of promotion in Roderick Random, a scrawl directed in red chalk in printed letters half an inch long, to MISTUR BOB GRIFIN LANLURD SHIP AGRUND PORSEE, by way of introduction to the naval service of Great Britain! However, there was in the earnestness of the lad, in the very slightness of the means on which he built, and in his bold, ardent and manly character, that evidence of the bent of his genius, the strong and decided turn for one pursuit and one only, which it is scarcely wise to resist.

Mr. Singleton, remembering, perhaps, the prediction of the good Doctor, yielded. He happened to have a first cousin, a captain in the navy; and on visiting our friend Jack, whom he found repairing the chalking of "Rule Britannia," and chaunting two lines of his favourite stave,

"But the worst of it was when the little ones were sickly,
Whether they would live or die the Doctor could not tell,"

he had the satisfaction to find that he had sailed with his relation when second lieutenant of a sloop called the *Gazelle*; and although relinquishing, with many thanks the letter of introduction to "Mistur Bob Griffin," actually accepted one from the same hard honest fist, to Captain Conyers; and it is to be doubted whether poor Jack's recommendation of "the tight youngster," as the veteran called him, had not as much to do with the captain's cordial reception of his new midshipman, as the more elaborate praises of Mr. Singleton.

A midshipman, however, he was. The

war was at its height, and he had the luck (excellent luck as he thought it) to be in the very hottest of its fury. In almost every fight of the great days of our naval glory, the days of Nelson and his immediate successors, was Tom Syndham, first of the first, bravest of the brave, readiest of the ready. From the moment that his age and rank allowed him to be officially noticed in the despatches, he was so, and it is to be questioned whether the very happiest moment of Mr. Singleton's life was not that, in which he first read Tom's name in the Gazette. He cried like a child; and then he read it to Mrs. Martin, and whilst trying to lecture her for crying, cried again himself. He took the paper round the town to every house of decent gentility, from the mayor's downwards; read it to the parish clerk, and the sexton; and finally relinquished an evening party to which he was engaged at the Miss Morris's, to carry the news and the newspaper to poor Jack, who, grown too infirm to face the weather, had been comfortably placed, through his kindness, in an almshouse about two miles off. It is even reported that, on this occasion, Mr. Singleton, although by no means noted for his skill in music, was so elated as to join poor Jack in the chorus of

"On board of the *Arethusa*,"

in honour of Tom Syndham.

From this time all prospered with our gallant sailor, except, indeed, a few glorious scars which he would have been ashamed to want, and one of which, just after he had been appointed first lieutenant to the *Diana*, gave him the opportunity of coming back to B——, for a short time, to regain his health, and revisit his old friends. Think of the delight of Mr. Singleton, of Mrs. Martin, of her maid Patty, and of poor Jack!

"Here am I, poor Jack!"

shouted the veteran, when Tom made his appearance;

"Here am I, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea;
With shiners in my sack,—
Pray what d'ye think of me?"

And the above, as it happened, was highly appropriate; for between battles and prizes, Mr. Syndham, although still so young a man, was rich enough to allow him to display his frank and noble generosity of spirit, in the most delicate way to Mr. Singleton and his aunt, and the most liberal to Jack and Patty. None who had been kind to him were forgotten; and his delightful spirit and gaiety, his animated good humour, his acuteness

and intelligence, rendered him the very life of the place.

He was a singularly fine young man too. Not tall, but strong, muscular, and well built, with a noble chest, and that peculiar carriage of the head, which gives so much of dignity to the air and figure. The head itself was full of manliness and expression. The short curling black hair, already giving token of early boldness, and exposing a high, broad, polished forehead, whose fairness contrasted with the sunburnt complexion of the rest of the face; an eagle eye, a mouth combining firmness and sweetness, regular features, and a countenance at once open, spirited, and amiable, harmonised well with a character and reputation, of which his fellow-townsmen already felt proud. Tom Syndham was the lion of B——; happy was the damsel whom he honoured with his hand at the monthly assembly; and when he rejoined his ship, he was said to have carried away, unintentionally, more hearts than had been won with care, and pain, and malice prepense, by any half dozen flirting recruiting officers in the last half dozen years.

No B—— beauty was, however, destined to captivate the brave sailor. Love and fortune had prepared for him a very different destiny.

Returning home towards the end of the war, (I mean the great war, the war *par excellence*, the war with Napoleon,) into Portsmouth Harbour, or rather bringing in a prize, a frigate of many more guns and much greater force than his own, the gallant Captain Syndham, (for he had now been for some years posted,) no sooner set foot on shore, than he encountered an old messmate. "Ha, Syndham! your old luck, I see, you and the little *Laodamia* have peppered the Frenchmen, as usual," said the brave Captain Manning. "Do you make any stay at Portsmouth?"

"Yes," replied Captain Syndham; "I have sent my first lieutenant to London with despatches, and shall be fixed here for some days."

"I am thoroughly glad to hear it," rejoined his friend; "for myself, I am rather awkwardly situated. An old aunt of mine has just brought two of my cousins to see the lions, depending on me for their escort. Now I must be off to the Admiralty in an hour; dare not stay another hour for all the aunts and cousins in Christendom. They, poor souls, don't know a creature in the place; and I shall be eternally obliged to you if you

will take my turn of duty and walk them over the dock-yards, and so forth. By the way they are nice girls—not sisters, but cousins. One is an heiress, above 3000*l.* a-year, and a sweet place by the side of the Wye; the other is called a beauty. I don't think her so; or, rather, I prefer the heiress. But nice girls they are both; I have the honour to be their guardian, and if either should hit your fancy, you have my free leave to win her and wear her. So now come with me, and I'll introduce you."

And in five minutes more they were in one of the best rooms in the Fountain, and Captain Syndham was introduced to Mrs. Lacy, and to Miss Manning and Miss Sophia Manning.

Mrs. Lacy was a lady-like elderly woman, a widow without a family, and very fond of her nieces, who had been brought up under her own eye, and seemed to supply to her the place of daughters. "This is the heiress!" thought Captain Syndham, as he glanced over a tall commanding figure, expensively and fashionably dressed, and with that decided air of consequence and self-importance which the habit of power is too apt to give to a person in that unfortunate predicament. "This is the heiress! and this, I suppose, must be the beauty," thought Captain Syndham, turning to a shorter, slenderer, fairer young woman; very simply drest, but all blushes and smiles, and youthful animation. "This must be the beauty," thought the captain, "and whatever Manning may say, beautiful she is—never saw a sweeter creature than this Miss Sophy."

And if he thought Sophy Manning pretty then, the impression was far deepened when he had passed two or three days in her company—had shown her the wonders of that floating world, a man of war—had shown her the dock-yards, with their miracles of machinery; and had even persuaded Mrs. Lacy, a timorous woman, the least in the world afraid of being drowned, and Miss Manning, a thorough fine lady, exceedingly troubled for her satin pelisse, first of all to take a dinner on board the dear *Laodamia*, and then to suffer themselves to be rowed round St. Helens in the captain's own boat, gallantly manned by the officers of the ship.

Small enjoyment had Mrs. Lacy in fear of her life, or the stately Honoria, in care for her finery; but Sophy, in a white gown and a straw bonnet, thinking nothing of herself or her dress, but wholly absorbed by a keen and vivid interest in the detail of a sailor's life—

in admiration of the order and cleanliness that every where met her eye, (always the first point of astonishment to a landswoman,) and in a still more intense feeling of pleasure and wonder at the careless good humour of those lords of the ocean,—bold as lions to their enemies, playful as kittens to their friends,—nothing could equal her enthusiasm for the navy: the sailors, who, like dogs and children and women and all other creatures who have not spoilt their fine natural instinct by an over-cultivation of the reasoning powers, are never mistaken in the truth of a feeling, and never taken in by its assumption, perceived it at once, and repaid it by the most unfeigned zealous devotion. They took all the care of Mrs. Lacy and Miss Manning, as women, and ladies, and friends of their captain; but Miss Sophy was the woman for them. They actually preferred her pretty face to the figure head of the *Laodamia*.

And Captain Syndham, himself an enthusiast for his profession, what thought he of this enthusiasm for the sea, and the navy, and that frigate of frigates, the *Laodamia*? Did he like it the less because he might honestly suspect that some little reference to himself had strengthened and quickened this deep interest? because she had drawn from him his own early history, and talked of the toy-shop in the market-place of B—, and of poor Jack, and the maid Patty, and even of Mr. Singleton himself, (little as one would think that good gentleman, now abroad with his third wife, was calculated to strike a young lady,) with almost as much affection as of his frigate and his prize, and his ship's crew, and the absent first lieutenant, his especial friend, and a little midshipman, his especial protégé? To any man of sensibility, this sensibility, shown by a woman, young, lovely, animated, and artless, would have been dangerous; to a sailor just come ashore it was irresistible. He made her talk in return of her own friends and pleasures and amusements, of her home at Sanbury, where she had lived all her life with her aunt and her cousin, and where she hoped always to live; ("not always," thought our friend the captain;) and how much more loveable those dear relations were in that dear home. "My aunt," said Sophy, "is nervous, and afraid, so that you know nothing of her but that infirmity, and dear Honor does not love travelling, and does not like the sea, and has been all her life so much admired that she is a little spoilt, and does not always know what

she would have; but you will love Honor when you see her at home."

"I may like her," said the captain, "but I shall never love any woman but one;" and then followed in full form the declaration and the acceptance. "I am so glad that you are not the heiress," added Captain Syndham, after repeating to her her cousin's jesting permission to him to marry which of his wards he liked best; "I am so glad that you are not the heiress."

"Are you?" said Sophy, quietly. "Now I should have thought that you, thorough sportsman as you are for a sailor," added Sophy, slyly, "would have liked Sanbury Manor, with its right of shooting, coursing, and fishing, and its glorious Wye river. You would like Sanbury Manor."

"Hang Sanbury Manor!" exclaimed the captain.

"Nay," said Sophy, "it's a pretty place, and a pretty house; one of those old fashioned houses, that fall upon the eye like a picture. The very lodge at Sanbury is beautiful. You must not take an aversion to Sanbury."

"I should like any place that had been your home, pretty or ugly," replied Captain Syndham; "or rather I should think any house pretty that you lived in. But nevertheless I am heartily glad that you are not the heiress of Sanbury, because I have been so fortunate with prizes, and you seem so simple in your tastes, that I have enough for both of us, and now no one can even suspect me of being mercenary; of thinking of anything or any body but your own dear self."

"I should not have suspected you," said Sophy, tenderly; "but you must go to Sanbury, and look at the old place, my home for so many years; you promise me that?"

"Yes," replied the captain; "but it must be with Sophy Syndham, and not with Sophy Manning;" and in spite of Sophy's blushing, "must indeed!" So it was settled, they were all to go to London, to which the affairs of his ship and his prize now called the captain; there they were to be married, and on their return from a bridal excursion to Bath and Clifton, and Wales, were to pay a short visit to Mrs. Lacy and Honor, at the old manor house, which had for so many years been the fair bride's only home.

Mrs. Lacy, on being apprised of the intended marriage, began talking about money and settlements, and those affairs which, to persons not in love, seem so important; but Captain Syndham stopped her, and Sophy stopped her; and as, in a letter to Captain

Manning, the generous sailor desired that writings might be prepared, by which all that he was worth in the world should be settled on Sophy and her children; and as these settlements, read over by the lawyer in the usual unintelligible manner, were signed by the enamoured seaman without the slightest examination, it was impossible for any guardian to object to conduct so confiding and so liberal.

"Oh, that poor Jack could see this day!" was Captain Syndham's explanation as they were leaving London after the happy ceremony, in his own elegant new carriage, attended, somewhat to his surprise, by the lady's maid, whom he had thought exclusively devoted to the service of Miss Manning. "Oh, that poor Jack could see this day! you must make acquaintance with him, Sophy, and with my good aunt, and Mr. Singleton. You must know them, Sophy; they will so adore you!"

"And I shall so love the people whom you love," rejoined Sophy; but we have no room for bridal talk, and must hasten to the conclusion of an over-long tale.

After a few days of rapid travelling—short days they seemed to the married lovers—after a very brief tour, for the bridegroom's time was limited, they arrived at the beautiful village of Sanbury.

"There it is—the dear manor-house!" exclaimed Sophy, as they approached a fine old building, embosomed in its own venerable oaks, the silver Wye winding like a shining snake amid the woody hills and verdant lawns; "there it is!" exclaimed the fair bride, "mine own dear home! And your home too, mine own dear husband! for being mine, it is yours," continued she with a smile that would have made a man overlook a greater misfortune than that of having married an heiress. "You are really the master of Sanbury, think of it what you may," pursued the fair bride; "it is my first deceit, and shall be my last: but when I found that because Honoria was the elder you took her for the richer cousin, I could not resist the temptation of this little surprise; and if you are angry, there (pointing to the side of the wood) sits one who will plead for me."

And suddenly, from the beautiful gothic lodge, the gate belonging to which had been so arranged as to open with a pulley, arose the well known sounds,

"Here am I, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea;
With shiners in my sack—
Pray what d'ye think of me?"

And there sate poor Jack himself in all his glory, waving his hat over his grey head, with the tears streaming down his honest cheeks, absolutely tipsy with joy.

And before Captain Syndham had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to speak a word; indeed, whilst he was still clasping his lovely wife to his own warm heart,—the carriage had reached the mansion, on the steps of which stood, in one happy

group, her people and his; Captain Manning, Mrs. Lacy, and Honor, (then really beautiful in her smiling sympathy,) Mr. Singleton, Mrs. Martin, and the little maid Patty, standing behind on the upper step, and looking two inches taller in her joy and delight.

So much for the Sailor's wedding. There is little need to say, that the married life, which sprang from such a beginning, was as happy as it was prosperous.

SUMMER SONGS BY MRS. HEMANS—No. V.

THE FALLEN LIME TREE.

OH, joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey time.

Thou whose wavy shadows,
Long and long ago,
Screen'd our grey forefathers
From the noontide's glow;
Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets
Wrapt in fairy dreams.

O tree of our fathers! O hallowed tree!
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest thro' summer eves?
Or the bee find honey,
As on thy sweet leaves?
Where shall now the ring-dove
Build again her nest?
She so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast?
But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
Far more than the ring-dove, far more than the bee!

These may yet find coverts,
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness
Odour and soft sound:
But the gentle memories
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gathered
Round another tree?
O pride of our fathers! O, hallowed tree!
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee!

AN INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT TURK.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A RECENT TRAVELLER,

BY THE AUTHOR OF VIVIAN GREY, &c. &c.

WHEN I was in Egypt, the great subject of political speculation was the invasion of Syria; not that the object of the formation of the camp at Alexandria was generally known; on the contrary, it was a secret,—but a secret shared by many ears. Forty thousand well disciplined troops were assembled at Cairo; and it was whispered at court that Abdallah Pacha of Acre might look to himself, a young and valiant chief, by the bye, whom I well know, but indulging in dissipation, extraordinary even in the Levant. I was exceedingly anxious of becoming in some manner attached to this expedition; and as I was not without influence in the proper quarters, there appeared little probability of my wish not being gratified. With these views I remained in Egypt longer than I had intended, but it would seem that the invaders were not quite as ardent as their intended volunteer, for affairs at Alexandria progressed but indifferently. Orders and counter-orders, marches and counter-marches, boats pressed on the Nile for the passage of troops from the capital, which were all liberated the next day, many divans and much smoking; but still the troops remained within pistol shot of the citadel, and months glided away apparently without any material advancement.

I had often observed that although there was on most subjects an excellent understanding between the two Pachas, Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, a degree of petty jealousy existed between them on the point of their mutual communications with foreigners; so that if I happened one morning to attend the divan of the grand Pacha, as the Franks styled the father, I was sure, on some excuse or other, of being summoned the next day to the levee of the son; I was therefore not surprised when, one day, on my return from paying my respects to the divan at the citadel of Cairo, I found a Nubian eunuch in attendance at my quarters, telling me that Ibrahim Pacha was anxious to see me.

I accordingly repaired without loss of time to the sumptuous palace of that chieftain: and being ushered into his presence, I found the future conqueror of Syria attended only by his drogoman, his secretary, and an aide-camp.

A pipe was immediately brought me, but

Ibrahim did not smoke himself. After the usual compliments, "Effendi," said Ibrahim, "do you think the English horses would live in Egypt?"

I was too practised an observer of the Turkish character, to suppose that English horses were really the occasion of my summons. The Turks are very diplomatic, and are a long time coming to the point. I answered, however, that, with English grooms, I was of opinion that English horses would flourish in any climate. A curt, dry, uninteresting conversation about English horses, was succeeded by some queries which I had answered fifty times before about English pistols: and then came a sly joke or two about English women. At length the point of the interview began to poke its horns out of this shell of tittle tattle.

"If you want to go with the army," said his Highness, "'tis I who am the person to speak to. They know nothing about those things up there" (meaning the Citadel.)

I answered his Highness that I had attended Divan merely as a matter of ceremony, and that I had not interchanged a word with the grand Pacha on the subject of the expedition.

"I suppose you talked with Boghaz?" said Ibrahim.

Boghaz was the favourite of Mehemet Ali.

"Neither with Boghaz, nor any one else. Your Highness having once graciously promised me that I should attend you, I should have thought it both impertinent and unnecessary to apply to any other person whatever."

"Tahib!" exclaimed his Highness, which meant that he was satisfied. "After all, I do not know whether the army will march at all. You have been in Syria?"

I answered, in the affirmative, a question which had often been addressed to me.

"Do you think I could march as far as Gaza?" inquired Ibrahim with a smile.

This was a question of mockery. It was like asking whether the Life Guards could take Windsor. I therefore only returned the smile, and said that I did not doubt the enemy would agree to settle affairs upon that condition.

"Tahib! well I think I can march as far as they speak Arabic!" This was a favourite phrase of his Highness.

I answered that I hoped if I had the honour of attending his Highness, the army would march till we could see another Ocean.

"It is all talk, up there," replied Ibrahim; "but my life is a life of deeds."

"Words are very good things sometimes," I replied; "that is, if we keep marching at the same time."

"God is great!" exclaimed Ibrahim; and looking round to his officers, "the effendi speaks truth; and thus it was that Redschild beat the beys."

Ibrahim alluded to the Albanian campaign of the preceding year, when the energy of the grand vizier crushed the rebellious beys of the ancient Epirus.

"What do you think of Redschild?" he inquired.

"I think he is worthy of being your highness's rival."

"He has always been victorious," said Ibrahim; "but I think his sabre is made of gold. That will not do with me."

"It's a pity," I observed, "that if your highness find time to march into Syria, you had not acted simultaneously with the Albanians, or with the Pacha of Scutari."

"May I kill my mother but it is true; but up there, they will watch, and watch, and watch, till they fall asleep."

The truth is, the orientals have no idea of military diversions; and even if they combine, each strives to be the latest in the field, in order that he may take advantage of the other's success or discomfiture. Mehemet Ali, at an immense expenditure, had excited

two terrible revolts in European Turkey, and then waited to invade Syria until the armies of the Porte were unemployed. The result with some will justify his policy; but in the conquest of Syria, the truth is, Ibrahim himself used a golden sabre, and the year before the contingents of the pachas, whom he was obliged to bribe, were all busied in Europe.

The night previous to this conversation, the style of the military oath of the Egyptian army had been altered; and the troops, instead of swearing allegiance to the sultan, had pledged themselves to Mehemet Ali. The grand pacha was so nervous about this change, that the order for it was countermanded twice in four hours; however, what with gratuities to the troops, and the discreet distribution of promotion among the officers, everything went off very quietly. There was also a rumour that Mehemet Ali intended immediately to assume the title of CALIPH.

This piece of information is necessary to explain the following striking observation of Ibrahim Pacha.

"Effendi, do you think that a man can conquer Syria, who is not called a caliph? Will it make 40,000 men 80,000!"

I replied, that I thought the assumption of the title would have a beneficial effect at foreign courts.

"Bah! before the Yahoors hear of it, I shall be at Damascus. Up there, they are always busying themselves with forms. The eagle in his flight does not think of his shadow on the earth!"

TO LAURA.

THE fading leaves are falling now,
 The fields survive their flowers;
 Ere long will come the whirling snow
 And winter's gloomy hours.
 Ere thus my life is ebbing fast
 My heart outlives its joy;
 And soon will come the scythe-winged blast
 That hastens to destroy.

But spring will soon restore each leaf;
 The flowers will smile again:
 And earth forget her transient grief
 In summer's gentle reign;
 So may my heart to heavenly bowers
 The grave-gloom spring above;
 And roam, mid joy's delicious flowers
 With *thee* in endless love.

A MORNING VISIT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

IN May, 1828, I was introduced by letter to Sir Walter Scott, through the means of a very old mutual friend, General Sir Alexander D—. As of course I was extremely anxious to avail myself of so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Author of *Waverley*, I was careful not to leave home at the hours I thought it likely that he might call or send. However, as usually happens, the only time I did venture out proved the wrong moment, and on my return I found, to my inexpressible vexation, that, during my absence, the event had taken place for which I had so eagerly watched and waited. Sir Walter Scott called, "and I must be away!" How mortifying! I could scarcely retain my anger at my own folly, though I could not avoid going out, and my absence had been so short. "It is all over," exclaimed I, throwing myself into a seat,—"I am fated never to see him!"—My landlady, who was a character, and had been enjoying my impatience, at length informed me that he had left a note and a request to see me, at twelve o'clock the next morning, in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Overjoyed I snatched the note: "are you quite sure?" asked I. "Oh yes, for he said it to me himself. I was determined to have a good look at him, so I opened the door myself and went to the carriage to take the note. He is a fine-looking man, and very good-humoured and friendly, and he gave me such a nice bow when he drove off." I saw that this visit, after all, had not been thrown away, but had made an epoch in the life of my hostess.

My brother and I looked upon the intervening hours as null and void; we felt inclined to wish that time and space might be annihilated, till the important twelve o'clock of the next day should place us at the summit of our happiness.

The day was brilliant, and our walk along the Regent's Park delightful; to both of us, who were strangers in our native land, and saw all the new world of this quarter for the first time, the scene was peculiarly attractive, and as we thought of *the goal*, we "seem'd a dauncing as we walked." We reached Mr. Lockhart's house, where our treasure was contained, and with much delighted trepidation were ushered into a parlour on the

ground floor: after a few minutes of breathless suspense the door opened; and the Author of *Waverley* entered the room. His frank and friendly greeting set us as much at our ease as circumstances would allow, and he began at once to converse familiarly and kindly: his voice was rather low, and his accent much stronger than I was prepared to hear. His lameness was perceptible to a painful degree, and his appearance expressed languor, and I thought indisposition.

As a miniature picture on an historical subject had been the means of our acquaintance, the conversation turned on painting in general: he disclaimed all knowledge of the art, though he confessed a great admiration for its productions, and took occasion to say several kind things on the manner in which I had executed the picture in question, and on some lines which I had written in explanation of its subject. I expressed a hope that he was about to produce some new work, to which he replied that one in a very different style from his ordinary writings would shortly appear. "It requires some explanation," said he, "for the work I allude to is a volume of sermons. They are in fact written by a friend of mine, a young clergyman of great merit, in whom I am much interested. He had been fagging himself to death to make some sermons, and when they were done he was terribly discontented with his performance, and came to me quite in despair to beg I would assist him. It was rather out of my way—though you must know," he added, looking archly at my brother, "in Scotland they teach us a little of everything—but as he was very earnest with me and I knew the necessity of the case, I promised to try what I could do. I was the more induced to this when he told me my doing so would ensure the sale of his MS. I accordingly read the sermons over with care, made additions, &c., &c. And the result is that he gets two hundred pounds for the work, and more if it reaches a second edition. My end is therefore quite answered, and I am rejoiced to have served one for whom I have so much esteem: this is the plain history of my sermons."

He related this anecdote in a playful man-

ner, through which benevolence and kind feeling shone conspicuously, and the occasional animation of his eyes gave great effect to all he uttered. I observed that as he spoke he bent his head rather down, and looked up now and then with an intelligence of expression which contradicted the heaviness of his somewhat massive features. His eyebrows, though light, were overhanging; his mouth, though not handsome, peculiarly pleasing; and his smile all gentleness. The extreme height of his forehead reminded me forcibly of a colossal bust of Goethe which I had seen in the studies of M. David at Paris*, and which was considered a very correct likeness. His hair was thin, straight, and grey; his figure was large, and he would have appeared even taller than he did but for his lameness, which prevented his standing quite erect; his limbs seemed strongly knit, and his hands large, of which latter circumstance he appeared aware when he held my hand in his, as he looked down and smiled good-humouredly to observe the contrast.

I regretted that he proposed leaving town so soon: he sighed deeply, and said "my visit to town has been on a melancholy occasion, the illness of a very dear little grand-child. It is a source of great anxiety to us all; for though very young, he is a most engaging and intelligent creature†.

He spoke to my brother with much animation of the West Indies and America, and listened with interest to his description of the beautiful caves of Bermuda; expressing the pleasure he felt in hearing of scenes connected with the poet Moore's early poems, many of which were written during his temporary stay in those islands. I spoke of Mr. Moore's personal kindness, and he joined in his praise with great warmth; "I do not know," said he, "a more kind-hearted and friendly being than Moore, and he is never so well pleased as when he can do a service to

another." He then adverted to the promised *Life of Lord Byron*, and pronounced his name in so strong a Scotch accent that we both thought he spoke of *Burns*—"poor *Byrn*!" he said with a sigh.

Of Mr. Bowles, the poet, of whom I had occasion to speak, he said, "I regret much not having seen more of him, for I hear from every one that he is a most amiable man; my short stay, I fear, will now prevent our meeting, but it would give me pleasure at all times."

As he kindly inquired my present pursuit, I named to him a work on the Poets of France, for which I was collecting materials, and with great earnestness he listened to what I said on the subject, recommending me various authors to consult. He appeared pleased with the design; and when I told him that my intention was to give translated specimens of all the French poets from the time of the Troubadours to the age of Louis XIV. he paid me some compliments, which were the more agreeable as they were so simply uttered, and seemed sincere. He talked of the beauty of the poems of Alain Chartier, the Duke of Orleans, and others too little known in England, and kindly wished success to the work.

When we rose to take leave he insisted on accompanying us to the hall door, which was close, but his lameness was so apparent that I was pained to see him exert himself so much. He laughed at my remonstrances, and said, "Oh, I assure you, I am still a tolerable walker; the time has been when I could walk to the top of Halidon Hill, without fatigue; but I can't do so now—I am not so strong as I used to be." He said the last words in rather a melancholy tone, and they were the last he addressed to us, except his cordial "good-bye," as he shook hands with us both in the most friendly manner.

We left the house impressed with feelings of reverence and regard, for all about him breathed the very spirit of goodness, simplicity, and warmth of heart. From that time our interview with the Author of *Waverley* has been an event in our lives to which we look back with mingled pleasure and regret.

* This young artist was, at the time I saw him, about to visit Edinburgh for the express purpose of obtaining the bust of Sir Walter Scott. I do not know if he succeeded.

† This child was the son of Mr. Lockhart, for whom he wrote his *Tales of a Grandfather*, and whose death deeply affected him.

TO LADY GRAHAM.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—BY MRS. NORTON.

Rose! with thy young buds opening to the day,
 In fair and delicate beauty like thine own;
 Small, fairy copies of thy features' play,
 Unconscious mimics of thy voice's tone.
 Accept for them—for thee—a wish sincere—
 Ah! could such wishes like warm sunbeams fall,
 To gild the coming of each anxious year,
 How much would hope avert, or love recall!

Few can their pausing glances backward throw,
 Nor feel thick-gathering tear-drops dim their gaze:
 Few can look forward with a cheerful glow
 And hail the promise of more happy days.
 But Thou!—The old year (when its course was new)
 Twin birds of promise to thy bosom sent—
 And the new year seems opening to thy view
 With a dear dream of measureless content.

May that New Year be bright to them and thee;
 As bright as their inherited beauty seems;
 And thy heart own thro' its futurity,
 (Like a child's slumber,) none but *happy* dreams.
 And oh! when Time, with gently stealing pace,
 Shall print his touch upon that open brow—
 And, passing, mellow with a graver grace
 The still unfaded beauty of its snow:—

When fairy Constance smooths each careless curl
 That now waves lightly round her tiny head,
 When the gay child becomes a graceful girl
 With blushing cheek—shy glance—and fawnlike tread;—
 When love hath shadowed down those laughing eyes,
 (Ah! be *her* love a happy one—like thine,)
 And all the hidden soul that in them lies,
 Like an unrisen star,—hath learnt to shine:—

When change without shall answer change within,
 And *her* expression alters like thine own,
 From the calm innocence which knew not sin,
 To the bright purity which shuns, when known:
 When her young girlish loveliness brings back
 The winning beauty of thine early day
 To him who shares thy life's advancing track,
 And bids him pause to bless thee on the way:—

Oh, then, still worshipped in thy quiet home,
 (The place where woman's worshippers should be;)
 When all those busy memories crowding come,
 Which made existence dear to him and thee—
 May the New Year be still a welcome sound,
 Though coldly gleams the grey and wintry sky,
 And all the sunshine which thy heart hath found
 Smile on thy lip and sparkle in thine eye!

THE CHURCH-YARD FEAST*!

The graves are gaping wide,
Every one lets forth its sprite
In the church-way paths to glide.

SHAKESPEARE.

DICK GLINN was remarkable amongst all the boys in the narrow little village of Kilmacthomas, for being one of the boldest and most daring talkers against ghosts, leprechauns, fetches, witches, and fairies. If you were to believe Dick himself, he would dig up a fairy fort; squeeze the life out of a leprechaun till it told him where its gold was hid; laugh in a fetch's face; kick a witch, and trample upon any ghost that attempted to frighten him.

One night, Dick was at a christening, and he was boasting in his usual strain, when a bet was made with him, that he would not go to Kilmacthomas church-yard, and sit for half an hour on the grave stone of Madame O' Dwyer. Dick accepted the bet most willingly, and having clapped his caubeen on his head, he ran off, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the church-yard. He well knew where the grave-stone of Madame O' Dwyer was erected; for often had he stopped to gaze upon its black-marble slab, and the white marble head-stone, that recorded the engraven virtues of the deceased; and which, if she possessed when living, would have entitled her to canonization.

Well filled with the whiskey he had drunk, and confident in his own audacity, Dick sate down on the marble slab, and rested his back against the head-stone. He was sitting thus, as he calculated, about ten minutes, and was thinking what an *omathaun* he had been, to leave the pleasant and merry company, that were singing and laughing around the cradle of the little stranger at home, to come for a paltry wager, and stay shivering for half an hour, single and solitary, in a desolate church-yard. He was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, when he heard a loud merry voice shouting in his ear, "Hollo! boys, here is bold Dick Glinn come to eat his supper along with us."

Dick started up—he saw before him Old Larry Corrigan, whose execution he had attended about ten years before! Dick rubbed his eyes—he could not believe that he was

awake, for there he saw before him, in his usual labouring dress, one of the most wicked villains in the county, who had been hung for being concerned in the murder of five policemen. When he last saw Larry, the old rascal was dressed in the white robe of the criminal with a black cross painted on its front—a white cap was then drawn over his flaxen wig, and partly covered his forehead. But now, Larry had his wig elegantly curled—there was too a broad grin on his face, and the stump of a smoke-blackened pipe was stuck in the corner of his mouth. Larry laughed heartily, and walked over to Dick to shake hands with him. Dick felt the hand of the criminal in his, and it seemed while there to burn and blister his fingers, as if he had grasped a red-hot poker. Dick got his fist as fast as he could out of the gripe of Larry, and as he did so, he observed that Larry had, since he saw him alive, contracted a very unhandsome twist with his head, which leaned down upon his right shoulder.

"Larry," said he, "you look as if there was something the matter with your neck."

"Troth, Dick, and so there is, and I can tell you that ought to know it, that when a man is after hanging for an hour or so, it is mighty hard for him to hold his head as straight as he did before such an accident occurred to him. A rope doesn't improve any creature's beauty, barring it be a ship: but what brought you here alive at this time of the night?"

"Then, Larry, to tell you the truth, I came here by reason of a foolish bet I made."

"Oh! oh! Dick, is it coming here you are, to make game of the poor corpses that haven't had the luck to live as long as yourself. By dad, then, you shan't go till you see a supper in a grave-yard. Hollo! boys, here's Dick Glinn come to sup with us on Madame O' Dwyer's grave-stone. Come, Madame, dress the supper for us, as fast as you can—where are them gallows *Peelers*, that we kilt—why don't they wait on us?"

Dick's hair began to rise on his head when he saw the tomb-stones falling down one after another. A noise was made as if a number of wooden gates were broken asunder—he

* This story is founded upon a superstitious practice, which generally prevails amongst the Palatines in the South of Ireland, that of burying meat and bread with the bodies of their deceased relations.

then noticed the graves bursting open, and their occupants starting out of them! His attention was turned away from these objects, by beholding before him a tall lady having a pile of hair, lace, and feathers on her head three feet high; a frill of French blonde around her neck, which seemed, at least, two feet wide, her waist drawn in to resemble the narrowest part of an hour-glass, and hoops that extended around her hips to the distance of four feet on each side. In one hand she held a fan, and in the other (a very inappropriate ornament) a gridiron, every bar of which was blazing red. She stood before Larry, and curtseyed very low to him.

"Come, Madame, stir your stumps," said Larry, "you had it all your own way, when you were alive; but now it's very good work for you, to be allowed to attend on the likes of us. Here's Dick Glinn, and you must dress a grand supper for him—he's a friend of mine, and I hope he'll soon be able to join us here, and have a little spot of ground of his own amongst us. That is the worst wish I have for you, Dick. Go to the *dickens* Madame, and dress a supper, and finish it with a *fine devil* for Dick Glinn. Dick is a hard-drinker, and likes a devil to give him a relish for a sup.

Madame O' Dwyer again made a low curtsey to Larry, and disappeared.

Dick heard a loud laugh ringing on all sides of the church-yard, and in a minute afterwards beheld ten of them who had been hung with Larry coming up and seating themselves round the grave-stone. Each of the new guests had the same ungraceful twist in his neck, which Dick had already noticed in Larry, and all seemed as merry as their old chief, Corrigan. As each of the wry-necked ghosts came up, they welcomed Dick, and generally concluded with the prayer—"I hope it won't be long, Dick, before you are one of ourselves."

"Come, Madame, send up the supper," roared out Larry. "Where in the world are them blackguard *Peelers*?"

Dick saw five policemen walk up to the grave-stone, but, instead of the bold front which their live companions presented in the village, these seemed to be greatly afraid of Larry and his frieze-coated, but odd-necked companions. Each of the policemen carried a dish, and placed it before those who assumed a command over them. Dick licked his lips as he beheld the rich fare provided for him. There was a ham, a turkey, a pair of chickens, a brace of ducks, and a leg of mut-

ton; and what Dick particularly admired was, they were all smoking hot.

"What would you like, Dick?" said Larry.

"Oh! in troth, Larry," answered Dick, "I'm not very particular; but if you please I'll just take a cut of mutton, a leg of a duck, the wing of a chicken, the pope's-nose of the turkey, and two thick slices of ham—that's all I ask of you, Larry."

"Then, sure, Dick," replied Larry, "if there was anything else on the grave-stone, I believe you would ask for it. But here they are for you, and welcome, and mind now, and don't eat too much."

A plateful of all that he had asked for was handed over to Dick Glinn, and he set to with a most devouring appetite. He first attempted to put his fork into a piece of ham, but there was no catching hold of it. He then made a grasp at the wing of the chicken, but it flew off the plate; he then endeavoured to take the leg of the duck, but it not only walked from his plate, but jumped off the grave-stone; the pope's-nose bobbed after it, and Dick in despair clapped down both hands on the rich and juicy cut of mutton; but in vain—he might as well have attempted to retain an eel in the river; it slipped and *slithered* away from him, and he made repeated attempts upon it, but it appeared to get vexed, and the slices of ham also marked their indignation at his pertinacious conduct; for mutton and ham hopped after the pope's-nose, the chicken's wing, and the leg of the duck!

"Sweet bad luck go with you, Larry, and every mother's son of you!" said Dick to himself.

"Oh! then Dick, observed Larry, who appeared to be bursting with laughing—"you don't like your supper. May be, you'd wish for a drop of potteen?"

"To be sure I would," answered Dick.

"Here, you rascally *Peelers*," called out Larry, "bring every man of us a pint bottle of potteen, and a quart for Dick, as it's his first visit."

In an instant, the policemen placed a bottle before every ghost, and a great big large one opposite to Dick. The policemen then removed the plates and dishes, and as they retired each of them said, taking off his cap, "many *such pleasant nights* to Dick Glinn and all the present company!"

Dick uncorked his bottle, and having applied his nose to the neck, he drew in his breath to try if there was "the real stuff" inside. He nodded his head to Larry, as much as to say "this never paid king's duty," and

then clapped the bottle to his mouth. He thought every instant the cheersome liquor would be pouring down his throat; but instead of that he felt as if his mouth was filled with turf-ashes. Dick patiently endured being disappointed of his supper; but he could not bear being humbugged in his drinking. He started up in a rage, and flinging his bottle straight at the head of old Larry, he exclaimed—

"You gallows murdering old villain! Do you want to choke me alive? Take that, and to hell with you, and all your blood-thirsty, half-starved, whole-hung, church-yard-walking, night-murdering, rascally ghosts."

He saw the bottle knock fire out of Larry's nose as it smashed against his face. There

was a shriek and a cry, and the roar of murder.

Dick heard the shout of "murder" still sounding in his ears, when his shoulders were grasped by some of the persons he had left at the christening, and they bawled to him!

"Ah! then murder, Dick, what is the matter with you? Are you going to sleep all night on the grave-stone of Madame O' Dwyer?"

"Why then, I am not," answered Dick, as he walked out of Kilmacthomas Church-yard, "and I will tell you more, that if you give me for nothing ten acres of the best land in Curraghmore demesne, I would not stop for another half-hour on the grave stone, where you found me."

I LOVE NOT THE MORNING'S LIGHT.

I LOVE not the morning's light,
It is too glad and bright;
When the full fresh beam
Gilds mount and stream,
And the dashing sea
Sparkles broad and free,
And the merry birds wake
To song 'mid the brake.
No answering echo my spirit can own,
Such joy for me hath too wild a tone.

But oh! when fades the even
In autumn's changing heaven,
And far in the west,
Like isles of the blest,
The gold clouds lie,
And her low sweet sigh
The soft wind weaves
'Mong the quivering leaves,—
My heart, like the lute to an olden strain,
Is wakened to music, and speaks again!

I love not the face where mirth
Still looks unwearied forth,
Where tears are few,
And smiles ever new,
When, like fount that plays
In the noon's hot rays,
The thoughts fast stream
In joy's full beam:—
For dread that the soul of so radiant flow
May be vain, and worthless, and cold below.

But show me the serious eye
In whose mild depths there lie
Mind's eagle might,
And fancy's light,
Yet tinged by the hue,
So warm and true,

On the brightest things
Which feeling flings:—
For there I feel that there breathes a heart
Where all that is purest and best hath part!

And look we in truth abroad
On the loveliest gifts of God,
The poet's lyre,
The painter's fire,
And Music's flow—
Still a tinge of woe,
Still a native tone
Of sweet sadness is thrown
Alike by all o'er the silent soul,
So true doth Genius own Sorrow's controul.

And why must it ever be,
By a bounteous heaven's decree,
That the heart overfraught
With the noblest thought
Must always find,
With its being twined,
A mournful feeling,
Beyond concealing,
That even in summer's full brightness gives
A colour of autumn to all that lives?—

Ah! wisely and well 'twas given
By the mercy of guardian heaven
That the souls loved best,
By its light most blest,
Should never win,
In a world of sin,
That joy serene
Which their dreams have seen,—
Lest rapt in earth's pleasures, their heart's full
love
Should forget its true home in the joy above!

GERTRUDE.

Edinburgh.

LINES

BY MISS AUGUSTA CATHERINE FITZWYGRAM.

WHERE the bright clusters of the purple vine
 Droop from the boughs, which graceful tendrils twine ;
 Where dark-eyed maidens oft, the groves among,
 Lead the light dance, or swell the joyous song !
 Where the huge cypress rears its sable crest,
 And murmuring fountains lull the soul to rest ;
 There, wrapt in silent grief, with tearful eye,
 A maiden sate, in hopeless misery.
 No more for her the orange flowers shall bloom,
 Or citron groves exhale their sweet perfume ;
 Each early hope, that brightly, briefly shone—
 Each summer dream of bliss for ever gone—
 Joy nevermore shall light those tearful eyes,
 Soothe that sad heart, or quell those mournful sighs.
 Where yonder flowrets pine in shadowy gloom,
 Behold her lover's grave ;—the lowly tomb
 Of him, who sought a purer, brighter sphere,
 Yet left that faithful heart to linger here.
 Their lutes, neglected, rest on Memory's shrine,
 Sacred to him who once, fair girl, was thine ;
 To him, whose strains once raised the crimson dye
 On that pure cheek of maiden modesty.
 Yes, oft those warbling wires by him were strung,
 To tell that love which since her heart hath wrung.
 And hark ! again she wakes those plaintive notes,
 While through the echoing grove, the mournful cadence floats :—

“ Thou'rt gone into a brighter sphere,
 And I am left to mourn thee here ;
 This joyless world is now, to me,
 A scene of changeless misery.

I seek not now on earth for bliss,
 Here all is gloom and wretchedness ;
 But peace shall yet return to me,
 When death hath made this spirit free.

Yes ! my own love, we meet again,
 Where tears are not, nor grief, nor pain ;
 Then welcome, death ! In realms above,
 Be our's a never-ending love.”

She ceased ; then wildly starting, gazed around,
 For the dark grove returned a mournful sound,
 As if the spirit of the chords replied,
 And told of him whom death had glorified ;
 And that some blessed angel hovered near,
 To guard that loved one, lingering sadly here.
 One glance she cast to Heaven, then to her breast,
 With rapture, that prophetic lyre she pressed ;
 One last long sigh exhaled her fleeting breath,
 One smile of love she gave, and closed her eyes in death.

PUBLIC PRINCIPLES AND PRIVATE FRIENDSHIPS.

THE day of nervous interview cannot be put off for ever; and at last Eugene found himself actually walking towards that part of the town in which Mrs. St. Aubyn resided. He paused for a moment before he knocked; and though in the whole preparation for the visit he had been thinking of nothing but how to introduce the subject of it, on actually arriving at the door he thought (as was not impossible at his age) of himself and his own appearance, and of the fact that, in the hurry of his walk, he had nearly covered himself with mud. In spite of his solemn feelings, he could not help smiling at his unsentimental appearance, and turned into an adjoining public-house, for the vulgar purpose of being cleansed. Here also he had a few minutes for meditation upon his interview, when his reflections were awfully interrupted by the words—"A pot of beer for Mrs. St. Aubyn!" Of course this proceeded from a kitchen wench who had just entered; but the association had something in it that so disconcerted the strain of sentiment in which Eugene was indulging, that it almost determined him not to make his visit that day. Nevertheless, with the picture in his pocket, he felt it would be absurd to return; and though no human being but himself knew that he had brought it, a fear of being ridiculous stole over him; proving how strong is the control exercised over our minds by public opinion—since even its imaginary verdict can influence our actions. Aye, and it *does* influence them with wholesome and unwholesome force. How often have crimes been committed unseen or unknown, from the fear of ridicule if seen or known! Say, gallants of England! how often would your hearts have melted before the tears and last struggles of virtue in your victims, if your comrade's sneer of disbelief or contempt had not seemed to ring in your ears, which it probably would never have reached!

Perhaps there is nothing in the recollection of an intimacy that oftener returns to the mind, than the first sight of an object since loved, may be with crime, may be without crime—forgotten—forsaken—but yet in her first impression still beautiful. And then comes the sad regret ever to have spoiled the friendliness of that first interview—the impotent determination never again to mar the pleasantest relations of life by the introduction of love.

What a passion is man's love! So selfish and so vain, that while a single sacrifice remains to be made upon the part of the beloved, it is unsatisfied; and so ungenerous, that when all have been made, it is sated, and loathes the ruin itself has made. True female love differs in this at least—that it *can* content itself with love alone. It *can* love in secret; it *can* conceal before the crowd, to enjoy in private, however often it is coupled with vanity which requires ostentation of it. Man's love is always demonstrative. But these reflections are a little premature, while poor Eugene is waiting at Mrs. St. Aubyn's door. When ushered in, came that first ineffaceable impression. There she sat, and there she still sits, before him in his misery now, as in his wonder then, with her long black hair, restrained, not confined, by a broad ribband of China rose colour; as almost the only ornament of her very simple apparel. Her figure, as she rose to receive him, seemed above the common height; and, with far more than common shape, was one of those which in no situation can be ungraceful. It would almost survive in beauty a fall down a staircase, the awkwardest position in which we have ever seen female loveliness. She welcomed him as a friend at once. She knew the object of his visit; received the picture; and, when she covered her face in her hands for a moment, he saw upon her finger the ring which he himself had given St. Aubyn at their last parting. The one effort she besought him to make (herself could not)—to visit his grave—was assented to, and rewarded by a slight pressure of the hand, that would have urged Eugene to any danger, as it drove him, on leaving the house, to forgetfulness of all other occupations. The interesting debate—the near division expected—all the morning notes, "Early Certain divisions," had no more print upon his memory, while he was half way to the place where the remains of St. Aubyn, beloved by the splendid creature he had just left, were withering under the cold turf. We have said that Eugene was no novice in the affairs of love; he had long ceased to consider them matters of feeling; he deemed them rather engagements of parties not really hostile, where the contest was to be carried on till an opportunity arrived of yielding with advantage. Like the arguments between Hylas and

Philonous, in Bishop Berkeley, or any other assumed characters, for the purposes of extracting "foregone conclusions," he thought his own heart so thoroughly brazened against any sensation of the kind, that at the moment he set off for the above expedition, he really believed he was performing an act of devoted friendship to a deceased intimate. He sought, late as it was, the gloomy church-yard, where reposed the bones of many, and many, and many a St. Aubyn. He read over all their intermarriages, and saw written upon each of their tombstones some attempt to make much of the little they had ever performed for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. The epitaph on a young person, if simple, must always be affecting; and the mere words—"Robert St. Aubyn, died at Geneva, aged 25," were sufficient to show that he had breathed his last away from his home and family, at a time of life when life might still have afforded enjoyment enough to make his loss of it a regret to his friends. But while gazing on the ponderous marble that lay over the vault, certainly no apt emblem of the hopes expressed upon it, he thought in vain of some means of exhibiting his affection, till the sexton, who accompanied him, told him that "the place was but poorly cared after; the old gentleman had never been heard tell of, of late, and the wet got into the vault. If ye was to go down, Sir, you would be shocked to see how such handsome coffins were rotting; and it is quite sad to see how the youngest coffin has gone first." Eugene, who was making his own musings upon the whole scene, was cut through by this business-like speech of the sexton's, gave orders for laying stone around the place, and leaving directions with his astonished informer, set off post haste back again to London. He drove to the House of Commons, and on alighting at the Coffee-house was told by the messenger, "Sir, they are just going to a division," ran up stairs and heard the bolt slam in the lobby door as he arrived. After waiting in suspense some time, he heard loud shouts within, and then the door reopened: the first person he met was one of his own party with a rueful face—St. Aubyn! God bless me, where have you been! why not at the division! We were beat by one? "Oh, it does not signify."—"Not signify—There will be a dissolution to a certainty, and you will lose your county for this very vote. Where have you been?" It was then for the first time, that, by a sort of stoppage in his throat, Eugene was convinced he could not quite say where he had been or why he had been; but as he turned back to walk

home with his friend, he told him of his journey, and it was a still greater surprise to him who had not very diligently analysed his own feelings, to hear his friend exclaim "About that Bob St. Aubyn with whom you used to be always quarrelling?"—"Quarrelling, no. We loved arguing together, but—" "Bye the bye, have you seen the widow? She is better worth a journey to look at than the tomb-stone!"—"Yes, sure," said St. Aubyn, affectedly and carelessly; and as no lamp-post betrayed his change of countenance, no explanation followed, and Eugene had not yet found himself out. There was no lamp-post or rather no light from it, because the dawn was just appearing, prefacing one of those beautiful summer mornings, which it is the only advantage of sitting up late in London to see. No one knows the town that has not seen it at this hour, freed from smoke and noise; the outline of its streets and its steeples far finer than many of the more vaunted ones, which its inhabitants travel miles to see;—above all, the splendid river running through it, which few of its inhabitants ever see, and many never know to exist, except that they learn from their geography master that London stands on the Thames, and hear sometimes of their friends going down the water to eat white bait:—these are never so well seen as early in the morning, and Eugene could not forbear stopping at the corner of Whitehall Place to catch a glimpse of St. Pauls' dome, before it was enveloped in the dark coal clouds that were about to arise from its more worldly neighbours. He saw the busy crowd that were hurrying from St. Stephen's to petition for places under the government that was to be, or sneaking home to conceal their disappointment and disgrace, in having belonged to that which *had been*, sweep by him; careless of the protestations that fell dead on his ear, of some who were swearing that they never intended to support, and were well rid of the leader whom within an hour they had been toad-eating; till the sound of carriage-wheels, coming the other way, attracted his attention. He looked up and recognized a livery, and then that splendid countenance which he had seen that morning. The recognition seemed to be mutual, for a sudden check to the string brought the carriage closer to the pavement where he stood. No disadvantage of light could dim the lustre of that intellectual eye, and Eugene felt that he had rather gaze than speak. "What has been the division?" was Mrs. St. Aubyn's first question. He told her, and asked whether she was such

a politician as to sit up for it, or what gaieties had lasted so far into the morning. "I did not sit up for it, but returning from —— House, drove down here to hear it; you are the first person's face I have seen: will you condescend to tell a lady what has happened—what is to happen? if so, jump into my carriage and I will drive you towards home." Eugene had rather not have been asked, because he was brought up *femalely*, that is by a very strict mother, and he hoped he should not be seen by any of his friends that were going to White's, because they were apt to say *odd* things of a gentleman and lady having arrived home in a coach together at three o'clock in the morning—but these things passed through his mind as he put his foot on the carriage step, and vanished, when he found himself seated by the beautiful Mrs. St. Aubyn, and quickly engaged in a conversation so interesting, that he was quite surprised to find himself at the top of Bond-street, when she drew the string and let him out. The moment, too—the last—was interesting; he had just told her of his excursion at her desire, not in detail, though; for she ended by asking him to call and tell her all she wished so much to hear; and when she offered her hand he raised it to his lips, and a tear—a tear of her's fell upon it. A tear! exquisite ornament to the finest eye that ever glittered in human head! but it should stop there. Ladies do well to shed tears, but when they are so wofully natural as to

weep in good earnest, it distorts them shockingly. Eugene was now far past all reflection; he thought nothing of the ministry, cursed the county election, and wondered how he ever could have been bored with it; and confined his reflections, political or philosophical, to that distinguishing attribute of man, the human hand, which when it is very small, has one or two rings upon it, and is finished with a handsome bracelet on a white and rounded arm, certainly separating the female of our species from that of a monkey sufficiently to the satisfaction of any gentleman, however unconclusively to Sir Charles Bell, or other learned anatomists who have written remarkable tracts thereon. And here was a first step. The very first—for, however the members of White's might guess or talk, nothing could be more respectful than Eugene's demeanour to the lady from whom he has just parted. First step! and where's the harm? Is the commonest civility, gallantry, what you will, to be termed wild vice? Not at all; and, therefore, we will say no more till next month, when the season will be still colder; in the mean time, for fear any person who would take an interest in this couple should think the *denouement* very near, and that at least in the next month they will live "very happy ever afterwards," allow us to inform them, (we are sorry we forgot to say so before) that at this very time *Eugene was married!*

BISHOP'S AUCKLAND PALACE.

THIS most princely palace, formerly a castle, is seated upon a hill between two rivers, and has been, for a long period of time, the chosen residence of the bishops of Durham. Its original castellated form, erected, it is supposed, by Antonius de Beck, is entirely lost. According to Leland, "he raised a great *hauille*, and divers pillars of black marble speckled with white, and an exceeding *faire gret churche*, with others there. He made also an exceeding goodly chapel of ston, well squarid, and a college with dene and prebends in it, and a quadrant on the north-east side of the castelle for ministres of the college." There are scarcely any remains of these—the quaint description of the writer has survived them; and now,

the "*gret hauille*" and "*exceeding faire gret churche*," have been long since transformed, or rather have made way for one of the most splendid episcopal seats in the empire.

Bishop's Auckland castle more nearly approaches to the grand and magnificent monasteries which we find on the Continent than any other structure of the same kind we have seen in England. It is an irregular pile, built at several periods, and can boast of no very great antiquity; indeed, excepting the church, there are no remains of the labours of Antonius de Beck; for this place, having been granted by parliament to that furious partizan, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, he demolished almost the whole of the buildings there—prostrated in all directions the fond

erections, of Beck's architectural fancy, and in a very short space of time converted the ruins into a spacious and noble dwelling for himself. A like fate, however, in turn attended Sir Arthur's Vitruvian achievements,—for the celebrated Dr. Cousin, influenced by a strange prejudice or superstition, razed it to the ground, and erected in its stead the new palace, which now exists on the site of the old castle. To this he added the chapel with all its splendid collection of books, plate, and ornaments for the service of the altar. The palace, therefore, as it now stands, can lay claim to no earlier existence than the date of the Restoration.

During the commonwealth, nearly the whole of the episcopal palaces had been ruined and dismantled, and Auckland with the rest. When the king (Charles II.), after the battle of Worcester, took refuge in France, Dr. Cousin, who had been deprived of all his preferments, and entertained very rational fears of personal restraint and danger, accompanied him, and officiated alternately with Erle, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, as minister of the Royal Chapel. Cousin followed faithfully the fortunes of his sovereign, and at the Restoration was appointed by Charles to the deanery of Peterborough, and was the first who officiated in that cathedral after the king's return. He was shortly afterwards translated to the deanery of Durham; but, before his actual inauguration, was nominated to the vacant bishopric of the same diocese.

A series of the most merciless persecutions, contrived and excited by his enemies, had produced in Cousin an aversion, even to touch or look upon, much more to possess, any thing that had belonged to or had been associated with them. He, therefore, upon his appointment to the bishopric, resolved to destroy the work of hands which had been dipped in the blood of the martyr Charles I., and soon, in his excess of piety, accomplished it. The bishop, having thus pulled down, restored the materials to their original character.

The roof of the chapel is wood, supported by two rows of pillars, each consisting of four round columns. The shafts of some of the columns are sixteen feet in height. On the floor, a plain stone, with a modest epitaph, informs us that the pious refounder lies beneath, and that he died in the year 1671. On the old wainscot of a room below stairs, are painted the arms of a curious congregation of potentates, consisting of those of queen Elizabeth,—all the European princes,

the emperors of Abyssinia,—Bildelugered, Carthage, and Tartaria,—sixteen peers of the same reign, knights of the garter;—and above all these, the arms of every bishopric in England.

The palace is seated in a beautiful park, watered by the little river Gaunless, which empties itself, after a short course, into the Wear. The park is thickly planted, and possesses an abundance of large alders, which, through the influence of age, have to all appearance entirely lost the nature of that tree, and have now assumed the likeness of ancient oaks. Nothing can exceed in beauty the approach through the grounds to the castle,—varied with verdant slopes, rising grounds, woods, and deep precipices impending over the Wear.

The eminence upon which the town of Bishop Auckland and the castle are situated, is one hundred and forty perpendicular feet from the level of the plain below; the banks are formed into hanging gardens, and the whole aspect is remarkably beautiful. The approach to the castle is through a fine Gothic gateway, erected by Bishop Trevor. The landscape around is wild and irregular; consisting of woodlands, wild cliffs, and eminences, highly picturesque, and presenting a delightful prospect of simple and undistorted nature.

The bishops of Durham have, for many ages, claimed and held the county palatine of Durham by prescription; and the reason always assigned for the usage of such county palatine was that, in former times, when Scotland was frequently at war with England, it was requisite to lodge an immediate power in some neighbouring nobleman to raise troops to defend the country, and oppose the sudden inroads of the Scots, as immediate action was necessary, and must have taken place if the country was to be protected at all long before the king could be consulted.

Most of the royal grants, or confirmations of grants, to the Bishops of Durham, touching the Jura Regalia, declared it to be for the advantage, common weal, and better defence of the realm against the Scots; and the county Palatine of Chester was created in like manner by William the Conqueror, to protect us against the Welsh,—with this difference only, that Hugh Lupus, Earl or Count Palatine of Chester, was a layman, and nephew to the king, who reposed, therefore, greater confidence in him.

In those times, the church exercised vast influence over the princes, and almost unli-

mitted power over the people ; it was very rare for a prince to trust a layman with such authority in the civil regimen, unless as in the instance of Hugh Lupus, Earl and Count Palatine of Chester, who was a near relative, and consequently attached to and dependent on his own family.

The clergy, moreover, possessing all the learning of the time, divided amongst themselves and enjoyed all the offices of any consideration both in state and law. The bishop and monks of Durham claimed all, and really held the greatest part of the lands from the Tees to the Tyne, and along the sea coast of Northumberland to the Tweed ; the city of Carlisle, and fifteen miles around of the county of Cumberland ; and Teviot-dale and Tindale, in the county of Northumberland. All of these possessions were known as St. Cuthbert's patrimony, and the people were distinguished by the title of holy work-folks.

It was considered at that period highly expedient and politic to lodge this great power in the hands of the Bishop and Count Palatine of the Church, not only as the church had the greatest interest and estate in such possessions, but, also, that it would have been dangerous in the last degree to have entrusted such dominance and authority to a temporal lord, or subject, by inheritance ; for, by perpetuating such excessive power in his own line, he might ultimately menace the king's government, and bring about a rent and division of the realm.

There is a curious ceremony which is still performed on the occasion of the investiture of the Bishop of Durham. It appears that in the fourteenth year of bishop Skirlaw, Dionisia Pollard died, possessed of certain lands held then in socage, by the tenure of presenting a falcon to the bishop on his inauguration to the dignities of that see. The following address, accordingly, is pronounced to his lordship by the representative of the Pollard family :—" My lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as some other possessors of the Pollard lands, do humbly present your lordship with this falcon, at your first coming here,

wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast, and by performing which service we hold our lands."

We must not forget to mention that Bishop's Auckland palace contains within its walls some exquisite specimens of works of art. The chapel has received the addition of a new altar piece, and a picture of the Resurrection, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, being the original design intended by him for the new painted window at the east end of Salisbury Cathedral. There is, also, a handsome monument by Nollekens to the memory of Bishop Trevor ; a full length painting of Jacob and the Twelve Patriarchs, by Ribere, better known by the appellation of Spagnoletto ; four heads of the Evangelists by Lanfranc ; the Four Fathers of the Latin Church, by Blocemart ; and the Cornaro Family by the immortal Titian. It were indeed impossible adequately to describe the surpassing beauty of the latter performance. It requires no professional eye to recognise the master touch that accomplished the celebrated " Last Supper," which is now at the Escorial in Spain, or the still more beautiful " Christ crowned with thorns," in the possession of the Milanese. We do not wonder at the noble compliment paid by Charles the Fifth to Titian, when he was sitting for his picture to him ; the latter dropped his pencil ; the prince instantly stooped and picked it up, returning it to the artist with these words : " The merit of a Titian is worthy the attendance of an emperor." Charles, indeed, knew how to value the excellence of such a man. The Cornaro Family, in Bishop's Auckland Palace, represents three persons in full flowing mantles, and six children all kneeling, and adoring the cross. There is also in this palace a fine portrait of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer.

The present bishop resides almost solely at Bishop's Auckland. He has also a palace in the vicinity of Durham Cathedral, which, however, is capable of no comparison with the subject of our foregoing observations.

SUMMER SONGS BY MRS. HEMANS—No. VI.

“AND I TOO IN ARCADIA!”

A celebrated picture, by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription “Et in Arcadia ego.”

THEY have wandered in their glee
With the butterfly and bee,
They have climbed o'er heathery swells,
They have wound thro' forest dells,
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have led;
Flowers in deepest Oread nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant Bell and starry Cup;
Chaplets are on every brow,
What hath staid the wanderers now?
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb
Bowered amidst the rich wood gloom,
Whence those words their stricken bosoms melt—
“I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt!”

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,
Insect wings in sun-streaks dancing,
Glimpses of blue festal skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise;
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;
Yet a spirit not its own,
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!
Something of an under note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day,
Something from those old words felt—
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt.”

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature, with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this altered Earth?
Is it thus? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand;
Flowers, and Lyres, and gathered store
Of red wild-fruit, prized no more?
No, from that bright band of morn
Not one link hath yet been torn;
'Tis the Shadow of the Tomb,
Falling thus o'er Summer's bloom,
O'er the flush of Love and Life,
Passing with a sudden strife:
'Tis the low, prophetic breath
Rising from the house of death,
Which thus whispers, those glad hearts to melt—
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt.”

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY MRS. NORTON.

PICTURE I.

HE sits by his deserted hearth
 With gloomy brow and cheerless gaze,
 And sends his grieving spirit forth
 To muse on unforgotten days :
 A little child comes stealing up,
 And looks into its father's face ;
 What can have changed that father so,
 That he should shrink from its embrace ?

He shrinks away, and gazes still
 Upon the embers' dying glare ;
 What doth he see, that grieving man,
 That he should fix his glances there ?
 He sees a young and timid girl
 Standing close to her mother's side.
 He sees a young and glowing cheek,
 Which a bridal veil seems half to hide.

He sees the bright familiar face
 Which with such radiant pleasure smiled
 When, welcom'd with a proud embrace,
 He clasped and blest his first-born child.
 He sees a lip, whose chilling words
 Have turned his very soul to gall—
 And oh ! the visioned face and form
 Is still the same, alas ! in all !

The little child hath stol'n away
 To the far corner of the room,
 And with a quiet sadness there
 Watches him through the deepening gloom
 And wonders where the soothing voice,
 That sounded music to his ears,
 And where the gentle hand can be,
 That used to dry his infant tears.

And sees, but dares not touch, the lute
 That lies close by his father's feet ;
 And sighs for many a merry tune,
 And loving words, almost as sweet :
 The merry music, whose dear sounds,
 Measured his dancing steps of joy ;
 While his young mother sang and smiled,
 Or paused to kiss her happy boy.

The little child hath named a name
 Which makes his father groan and start—
 Tears gather in his infant eyes,
 And wondering grief is in his heart ;
 Alas ! the present hour but brings
 Fond memory of his mother's songs ;
 The shrouded future brings, too soon,
 The knowledge of his father's wrongs.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY MRS. NORTON.

PICTURE II.

WEARILY, wearily slumbers she,
 While the morning rises bright and glad;
 And they dare not break that heavy sleep,
 For her waking hours are always sad.
 But in her sleep she smiles, for lo!
 A vision stands beside her there;
 A little face she knows full well,
 With bright blue eyes and golden hair.

With bright blue eyes and golden hair
 Whereon the sunbeams glittering lie;
 Bidding good morrow to her ear,
 And bringing gladness to her eye.
 And still, through long and changeable years
 That vision to her rest shall come;
 Nor alter from the laughing child
 She left in her unhappy home.

She starts—and wakes—and turns away
 From the blue light and glorious sun,
 As memory flashes on her mind
 The deed that cannot be undone.
 Wild love, which, sinfully avowed,
 Hath made the misery of both;
 And vows which mocked the offended God,
 Who registered her earlier oath.

But she *had* wrongs—her heart hath felt
 The bitter wound of taunting words;
 And she strives to think them over now—
 While merrily chirp the morning birds.
 Alas! those cruel tones and looks
 On which her conscience vainly built!
 Her memory cannot call them back,
 To make excuses for her guilt.

But ever in their stead she hears
 The prayer that won her youthful heart;
 And her mother's low voice teaches her
 To act the wife and mother's part.
 Oh! holy dreams—oh! happy days,
 When sin was far—and guilt and shame—
 When the calm evening closed in prayer,
 And gladness with the morning came.

It comes no more. The haunting thoughts
 Of those bright days are round her now;
 While all that *was* a gladness, brings
 A darker shadow to her brow.
 And he, the father of her child—
 That child of mother's love bereft—
 Oh weigh your wrongs—rash, angry hearts—
 She turns—and weeps for him she *left*.

LOVE AND VANITY.

BY THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA NORTON.

"Why did she love him?—Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?"

"It is very strange," said Caroline St. Clair, starting suddenly from her seat, and pacing her room with hurried steps; "it is very strange I cannot learn to love Lord Frederick Fitzmaurice; the perfection of every thing one could wish for, as every body says; handsome, rich, talented, amiable!—and it is equally strange, and alas! not less true, that I cannot *help* loving Charles Moray, whom nobody seems to think has any thing particular to recommend him. It is true his strange manner is rather against him; but then, though he seems cold, and almost indifferent to other people, he is never so to me; and this, in my vain eyes, is just an additional reason for liking him.

"The sun shines bright when all's awake,
On earth and o'er the deep;
I like the moon which shines on me
When all the world's asleep!"

"Still, though they are much too indulgent to press it, I know my father and mother wish me to marry Lord Frederick, and that consideration *ought* to outweigh my wayward predilection for Charles. I also know that could my proud father see his darling daughter's heart laid bare before him—did he but suspect the passion she is cherishing there—it would bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: and this consideration *ought*—not only to make me hate that passion, but feel indifferent to its object: and yet," she continued, and she shook her head mournfully as she spoke; "I *cannot* subdue it, it has gained a place in my very soul, too strong, my conscience tells me, for any human affection to hold there, and I must submit to its control. Still my family need not fear"—and unconsciously she walked more proudly through the room,—“If Caroline St. Clair cannot make passion yield to principle, she will at least be the only sufferer herself; if she cannot make her father and mother happy by marrying Lord Frederick, the object of their choice, she will not make them miserable by uniting herself to any one against their inclinations. No, no! mine alone be the misery, the proper penalty of encouraging a love which my reason tells me to be

wrong. But," she continued, after a pause, *my* unhappiness will not be the only fruit of that encouragement; at least, if Charles loves me as I love him, he will be miserable too, when he finds that our love is hopeless, and can only be indulged in at the expense of my father's curse; and to be the cause of misery to Charles is more than I could bear. Oh!" she passionately exclaimed, throwing herself on a sofa, and burying her face in her hands; "better marry Lord Frederick than this! It may be still time to save Charles; he has never said he loves me—perhaps he does not; and were I another's, his better principle would soon enable him to get over any little predilection he may now feel for me. Though I cannot *love* Lord Frederick, I could at least be a good wife. I think I know what constitutes that. I would endure every thing, try every thing; in sickness I would watch over him, in sorrow sympathise with him, and were he joyous, I would *try* to smile with him: but then," and she shuddered as the idea came over her,—“should a thought of Charles steal across me, how I should hate myself! Oh how *could* I, with my affections fixed on another, look in my *husband's* face and *smile*! No, no, no, *that* were impossible! And yet what to do? the post hour approaches, and my father says I must write definitively to Lord Frederick to-day. Oh for one friend in the wide world whose opinion I *might* ask, whose advice I could follow! But" she exclaimed, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her; "I have such a friend; one whose advice I have often asked and always followed—and that friend is Charles. Yes, I am resolved what to do; I know he is in the library just now, I will go to him, tell him of Lord Frederick's unfortunate fancy for me, my family's more unfortunate wishes on the subject, and ask him what I am to do. I shall discover whether he loves me or not—if he does, no power on earth shall induce me to accept Lord Frederick—if he does not, for my father and mother's sake, I will sacrifice myself, and marry him."

So reasoned Caroline, the only child of Sir

John and Lady St. Clair, and having arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, to the library she forthwith proceeded.—She found Charles Moray reading, and laying her hand gently on his shoulder, apologised for interrupting his studies.

"You never interrupt me, Caroline," he replied; "you know you do not, so sit down, and tell me what you want."

"Your advice, dear Charles; it is rather on a strange subject, but there is no other unprejudiced person to whom I can apply."

"My best advice you shall have; but do not be too sure I am unprejudiced; for I fear the best of us are only so when we take no interest in the point in question; and this you know, Caroline, is not very likely to be the case when you are my client."

Caroline blushed slightly at the implied compliment, and seating herself in a window opposite, so that she could study his expression without herself being exposed to a like scrutiny, she began to state her case.

He listened with deep attention, nor could Caroline discover the slightest emotion which betrayed anything beyond the brotherly regard he had always expressed for her, until she came to that part of her narrative which touched on her own indifference: "And now Charles," she concluded—"here is the puzzling part of the affair; I do *not* love Lord Frederick, I feel I never can." When he heard this declaration a deep flush of pleasure suffused his usually pale countenance, and as Caroline caught the gratified expression which sparkled in his dark eyes, she felt almost certain he loved her. It was however but for a moment he allowed his feelings to get the better of him, for instantly resuming his former quiet manner, he replied to Caroline's repeated question as to what she was to do, with the most perfect calmness. "Why, if you neither do love him, nor ever can, I should say, you ought not to accept of him; but I can scarce think it possible for any one to know Lord Frederick and not to like him. He is one of the most perfect characters I ever met with, and when you call to mind your father and mother's wish to see you settled, their strong prepossession in his favour, and how well he merits their high opinion, I should think you would not find it very difficult to comply with their wishes."

"From all which I think it would appear, Charles, that you recommend me to marry him now, upon the chance of being able to like him afterwards. Well, as it is *your* advice, I shall make the experiment;" and Caroline rose to leave the room.

"Nay, Caroline," interrupted Charles, "stay a little; I don't think what I said quite amounted to that. It would indeed be a fearful experiment, and one I should not feel justified in recommending to any one, far less to you, in whom I feel so deeply interested. What I meant to say was, that if you knew Lord Frederick better, you would probably like him better, and I was going to suggest you should ask a longer delay before finally deciding."

"That would scarcely be honourable, Charles," replied Caroline, "because I feel convinced time can make no alteration in my feelings towards him; and I respect myself and him too much to trifle with him. If I marry him it must be to study resignation to my fate, not with the prospect of bettering it; and therefore, if it is to be done, perhaps the sooner I begin my hard lesson the easier I shall find it."

There was a tone of melancholy in the voice in which Caroline uttered this last sentence which nearly proved too much for Charles's philosophy. He longed to throw himself at her feet, and there breathe out the confession of a love he had felt for her for years—a love at least as ardent, as exclusive as her own; but he was so well aware Sir John would consider him no fit match for his beautiful and talented daughter, that he had kept this secret of his heart locked up from every human eye, and *now* he felt was not the time to disclose it. "If," he thought, "of her own free will and accord she refuses Lord Frederick, then with a quiet conscience may I continue to love her; but if, from any hint of mine she were induced to come to that determination, never again should I know what peace was. I know he is every way more worthy of her than I am; and heaven forbid that my own selfish wishes should ever interfere with the chance of her happiness." By thus reasoning with his better feelings, Charles was enabled to resist a temptation which had nearly proved too much for him; and assuring Caroline of his total inability to give an opinion on so difficult a subject, he begged of her to be guided by her own good sense.

"And is this the result?" she said, with a bitter smile; "is this the result of all your researches after that knowledge of the world on which you so much pride yourself, Charles? Had you spent those years you have devoted to the study of strangers in foreign lands, at *home*,—you would at least have known more of its feelings and affections—you would perhaps have known that at this moment I am

the creature in the world the least likely to be guided by *my own good sense*."

"Perhaps I might, Caroline," he replied, with a tone of deeply wounded feeling; "but, as it is, you must see my inability to speak on a subject I so little understand. What indeed can a cold philosophising inquirer into the *outward* customs of *foreigners*, know of the *inward* feelings of the *heart and home*?"

And yet, thought Caroline, as a smile of triumph passed over her countenance, never did I feel so convinced of his knowledge of both as at this moment: and it was with a resolved step she left the library, and with a lightened heart she wrote a polite refusal to Lord Frederick.

It is now time to say a little about Charles Moray. He was the orphan son of an intimate friend of Sir John St. Clair, whose ward he was, and to whose guardianship he had been committed when still a child. Sir John instantly took him to his own home, and ever since had acted the part of a parent towards him. He was possessed of a small, but what is generally termed, an independent fortune, and was now on a visit of a few months to his guardian, previous to taking up his residence on his own estate in Scotland. He was aware of Lord Frederick's attachment to Caroline, and had been endeavouring, ever since his return from the continent, to school himself into seeing her become the wife of another with some degree of patience: but now that he had heard her declare her indifference to him, and knew from herself that she had refused him, he once more allowed himself to love her; and week after week stole away, leaving no trace behind, except the record of their increased affection. Still, when Caroline did pause to think—when, for a few moments, she awakened from the dream which had taken such strong possession of her, she was not happy. Her conscience told her she had preferred her own gratification to that of her indulgent parents; that she was encouraging passion at the expense of principle; and there was a certain indistinct anticipation of retribution which would often steal upon her in the silence of the night, and send the blood mantling to her forehead, though there was no human eye there to witness it. And Charles, too, had his hours of reflection and self accusation. It is strange how natural sophistry seems to the mind of man; and how often, by its false reasoning, we try to reconcile our conscience to what we *know* to be wrong! But the still small voice will not always be so silenced; and though Charles said to

himself, and said truly, he had never tried to win Caroline's affections, and had never told her that he loved her, still he knew that he *had* won that confiding heart, and that latterly he had taken no pains to conceal how completely that love was returned.

About this time a distant cousin of the St. Clairs came to pay them a visit. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished; but though her manner seemed artless, and her heart warm, she was in fact cold, worldly, selfish, and vain. Caroline had not known Nora Vivian long enough to find out her true character, and welcomed her to Clair Park with unaffected pleasure. Had she known—could she have anticipated the viper she was taking to her bosom, how different would have been her greeting! Miss Vivian had had much intercourse with the world, and profited thereby; and she had not been long in the house with Charles and Caroline before she discovered the attachment which subsisted between them, and determined, "*pour passer le temps*," as she expressed it in a letter to a chosen spirit, to interrupt the course of their "*innocent affection*." This was the one object of her actions by day and thoughts by night; and for some time she could scarcely conceal how much her vanity was mortified by the slow progress she made in her heartless scheme. Caroline was so confident in her own affection, so confident in Charles's, that no hint Nora could give, distinct or implied, ever gave her a moment's uneasiness: and then, though always polite, Charles's manner towards her was so cold, so distant, that she felt her very pride concerned in winning him from Caroline. "One smile from that piece of indifference," she said to herself one day, as she sat musing how she was to proceed, "would be worth more in my eyes than the adulation of a multitude—but how to obtain it? I see I must alter my plans; and as I cannot rouse her suspicions, I must try and work upon his vanity. I will attract to myself by imperceptible degrees, and in a manner which no polite person can refuse, all those little attentions which now are so exclusively her own—she will *feel* this and resent it. The vanity of woman has passed into a proverb, but my experience proves that of man to be greater; therefore while Charles Moray's pride is hurt by Caroline's reproachful manner, I will minister to his vanity by a thousand numberless attentions, which, in that hour of mortified affection, will be to him like sunrise to the benighted traveller." We will not stop to follow Miss Vivian through the crooked path she thus marked

out for herself: suffice it to say she had drawn her conclusions from but too intimate a knowledge of the human heart, and the truth and accuracy of her calculations were but too well proved by the result.

By an appearance of great helplessness and dependence upon Mr. Moray's assistance and support, which she knew would gratify his pride, and which she knew well how to assume, Nora soon managed to usurp almost the whole of his attention. If they rode, she was nervous, and though it was dreadfully selfish to steal him from *dear, dear* Caroline, still, if he would ride alongside of her horse, she would feel secure. If they walked, she was sure to feel fatigued almost immediately, and compelled to take the arm Charles was so polite as to offer. In the house it was the same thing: if she sung, Charles must take the second; she was foolishly timid and never could sing alone: if she played, he must turn the pages; in short, he was for ever by her side; and so well did she play her part, that, at first, he fancied that, without a great breach of politeness, he could not act otherwise. By degrees, however, his politeness assumed a much warmer character; he neglected Caroline almost entirely, and at last, much to his own surprise, found himself desperately in love with Miss Vivian. It is human nature to *feel* neglect, and to resent it; and Caroline did sometimes feel mortified to see all the attention, once so exclusively her own, bestowed upon another, but she did not resent it: perhaps, at times, unconsciously her manner towards him was colder than it used to be, but that was but a passing feeling of wounded vanity; she was too strong in the strength of her own attachment, to allow anything of a serious suspicion of his to enter her mind. Things, however, could not long continue in this state, and at last her eyes were destined to be opened.

Charles had promised to accompany her to a village a few miles off, to assist her in fixing upon a site for a cottage Sir John was anxious to have built for an old servant. She walked into the drawing room one beautiful forenoon, and asked him if he was ready to accompany her, adding, she feared the distance was too great for Nora to walk.

To this Nora instantly assented, but Charles made no reply, and upon Caroline turning towards him, she was surprised to see him standing irresolute in the middle of the room. She smiled confidently on him, and again asked him if he was ready to accompany her.

"If to-morrow would do as well, Caroline," he replied, with some confusion—"I should

be delighted to escort you—but I have just promised Miss Vivian to stay at home and practise the duet we were trying over last night."

"Strange," thought Caroline, "to prefer practising a duet with Nora to walking with me!" but adding aloud, "Very well, Charles, though it is too far for me to walk alone, I can easily ride there." She left the room; before she had proceeded many steps, she remembered she had forgotten to order her horses, and returned to the drawing room to do so: she gently re-opened the door, and found Charles leaning over Nora at the piano, his arm, unbidden, thrown resting round her waist. They started at her approach, a cold shudder came over Caroline, and, scarcely believing she saw aright, she fixed her eyes on those of Charles—they sank beneath her searching glance, and in the conscious flush of guilt which burned on his brow she read the truth. Caroline was a creature of impulse, as we have seen; she was sensitive too, to a painful degree, but she was also proud; as the truth first flashed upon her, she thought she must have died on the spot; there was a sickness of heart—an annihilation of all she cared about, of all that made life dear to her, which nearly struck her to the ground; but pride came to her aid, and raising her eyes from the carpet, and fixing upon Charles a smile "more terrible in its reproachlessness than Gorgon hideousness," she said, with a quietness almost unnatural. "I had forgotten to order my horses—will you ring and do it for me?" And then, without giving him time to answer, she walked composedly out of the room, and before Charles had time to collect his tempestuous feelings, he saw her dash past the window on her beautiful pet, Selim.

Poor Caroline's ride was a sad one; there was the agonising feeling of misplaced affection, of outraged confidence; and that still small voice, which in her happier hours had only *whispered* blame for preferring her own happiness to that of her father and mother had now increased into an accusation too loud for any sophism to silence. Her brain was on fire, and giving the reins to her horse, she sought, by bodily exertion, to calm the fever which raged within; but it would not do; and checking Selim to a walk, she bent her head on his mane and wept bitterly.—"And has it come to this?" she at last passionately exclaimed, as she slowly raised her head, and threw back the long dark ringlets which clustered down her burning cheeks—"has it come to this—to tears? and does Caroline St. Clair weep because she could not

make her passion yield to principle, and because a just and retributing God has now made the object of her idolatry the instrument of his vengeance? I know—" she continued, as she raised her tearful eyes to the clear smiling sky, "I know if I have inclined my heart to any evil way *thou* wilt not hear me—but now, now in this hour of agony, when I pray to thee for strength to tear that evil from my soul, thou wilt not refuse thine aid to thine offending, but suffering child—Oh, give me strength patiently to endure what I have but too well deserved. Enable me to veil from every eye, especially from *his*, the desolation he has caused; and do *thou* enable me not only to endure, but to smile upon, misfortune, even as thine own clear sky smiles upon a world of wickedness."

Thus did poor Caroline try to strengthen herself for the trial she felt awaiting her, but she had received a blow from which she never recovered, and though she struggled on, and even smiled on those around, hers was not the quiet smile of happiness; it was too bright; too like the lightning's flash to speak of peace within; and those who were well versed in the mind's deep philosophy, might have traced its meteoric brightness home to the cloud from which it emanated; its brightness might have dazzled, but could not *hide* from them the darkness of its origin.

Caroline's one aim and object now seemed to be to conceal, from all around her, the grief that was destroying her. There were times, indeed, when she almost wished Charles knew the agony she endured, that something might bring home to his truant heart the blackness of his ingratitude; but she chased the wish from her heart as something too lowering, too humbling to gain admittance there. "Never, never," she exclaimed, striking her beating heart, "shall *he* see the havoc he has committed here; perhaps the time may come when a like experience may make him *feel* how he has outraged a heart which trusted him, confided in him, loved him as no other woman will ever do again, but never shall he hear this from my reproaches. No, though the struggle may hasten a death which has already begun, I will be to him, in appearance at least, the same as I have ever been." And Caroline acted up to her resolves, with a firmness scarcely credible. She read to her father, drove with her mother, walked and rode with Nora and Charles as before: she omitted no kindness, neglected no attention, and, if she ever gave way to her feelings, it

was in the silent solitude of her own chamber, or on the neck of her faithful Selim.

It is strange how blind are those around us to the change from health to sickness, if it be but gradual! How, day by day, the cheek may pale, the eye grow dim, the strength decay, and none remark the change! And so it was with Caroline: none saw her heart was breaking: none saw that she was dying; till she sank exhausted beyond the chance of recovery.

Several months previous to this, Nora left Clair Park, and was very soon followed by the deluded Charles, who went to lay his heart, his fortune, and his fate at her tiny feet. She started with well-feigned surprise, and then having begged of him to rise, with a politeness which chilled him, she proceeded with the utmost coolness to inform him that his case was hopeless; that she had been engaged for some time before she had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and that she was to be married to his fortunate rival next week. This was retribution; but Charles's cup was not yet full. Nora saw the wound she had inflicted, and with a heartlessness which but too well accorded with the rest of her behaviour, she determined to probe still more deeply and concluded her reply to Charles by saying, she never could sufficiently express her regret at the mistake which had occurred, but that really she could not understand how it had arisen, for that, as far as she herself was concerned, she could honestly declare her regard for Mr. Moray had never amounted to any thing beyond that friendship which their *country* intimacy seemed to her completely to justify, but which she would not have suffered herself to indulge in, had she not seen or fancied she saw an attachment subsisting between himself and Caroline St Clair; strong enough to defy every danger."

Charles's eyes were now opened, but it was too late, and he hurried to the Continent, in solitude to brood over that disappointment, which he *felt* he but too well deserved. One day, as he sat musing in his room and gazing listlessly on the Lake of Geneva, which lay stretched in beauty before him, his servant brought him a letter. "From home, sir," said he, as he laid it on the table, and left the apartment. The word *home* sounded strangely in Charles's ears—

"I have no home now," he mentally exclaimed, as he took the letter up.

"I once had a home, and friends, but *now*! I am an isolated being with none to

care for me, not worthy of being cared about:”—and he opened the letter with a degree of apathy that seemed strange in one so young. It was from his guardian, Sir John St. Clair, informing him, in all the agony of a fond father's heart, of Caroline's illness. “Come to us, dear Charles,”—the broken-hearted old man concluded; “come to us in this our night of gloom; we are indeed in need of a friend, and no where, I am sure, could we find so sincere a one as yourself.” This was indeed a severe blow to Charles; he, in a manner the murderer of Caroline, to be written to by her father in this trusting, this confiding manner!—it was too much almost for human nature to bear. “I will at least go,” he exclaimed, in the torture of a self-accusing conscience, and view the wretchedness my heartless vanity has occasioned.” He rang the bell, and gave orders for his instant departure, nor did he halt by night or by day, until he reached his destination. How often in the course of that journey did the thoughts of all that had passed come over him, till his heart burned and his brain maddened! How often did he vow that if Caroline were but spared, a life of devotion should prove the sincerity of his repentance, the devotedness of his again doating heart! But vain were his vows, vain his repentance!

He reached Clair Park on a beautiful autumn afternoon; the setting sunbeams fell redly on the oaks and elms which clothed the richly wooded park, already clad in all the varied hues of October; and glittered on the Gothic windows of the old hall in waving masses of burnished gold.

All looked so like what he had often seen it before, that Charles tried to persuade himself his fears were exaggerated; but as the post boy slowly walked his horses up a steep part of the approach, the low moaning of the wind sounded mournfully in his ears, and a shower of dead leaves which it wafted into the carriage window checked his rising hopes.

A beam of pleasure passed over Sir John St. Clair's countenance as his young friend entered his room, but a melancholy shake of the head was his only reply to Charles's inquiries after Caroline: he expressed his wish to see her; but Sir John seemed to doubt if she had sufficient strength left to bear the agitation of the interview; he said, however, she was aware he was coming, and that he would send to inform her of his arrival.

Gently and with many fears did Lady St.

Clair communicate this piece of intelligence to her dying daughter, for during anxious watchings of many a long night and day something like a suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her. But, contrary to her expectation, Caroline seemed quite pleased to hear Charles was in the house. “He will comfort you, mother, when I am gone,” she said; “thank God I can now die tranquilly!”

“He is anxious to see you, Caroline; may I tell him to come?” asked Lady St. Clair. The hectic flush, which the moment before had burned on Caroline's cheek, died suddenly away when she heard her mother's question, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as her head sank back on the sofa on which she was reclining: at last she slowly raised it again, and pressing her forehead against her mother's hand, who was leaning alarmedly over her, she said faintly—

“See him! Oh no!—I have loved him too much, mother—he would again estrange my thoughts from that heaven where I hope so soon to be. I am glad he has come, but indeed, indeed, I *cannot* see him now.”

“You shall not, then, my beloved child,” replied Lady St. Clair, soothingly; “I will tell him you do not feel strong enough to-day; and to-morrow, perhaps—.” “Yes, mother,” interrupted Caroline with a faint smile, “tell him that to-morrow *he may see me*,” and Lady St. Clair left the room. “Yes, to-morrow,” continued Caroline, “*he may* indeed see me, for I shall not be able to see him then—to-morrow, I feel, I shall be beyond the reach of temptation.”

The room in which Caroline was, had always been her favourite sitting room; it opened into a conservatory, which again opened into some beautifully-kept pleasure grounds; and in consequence of an occasional difficulty of breathing with which Caroline was annoyed, both these doors were now open. A rustling sound amongst the leaves caused her to look up; one glance told her the figure she saw in the conservatory was Charles, and before she had time or strength to forbid his approach he was beside her.

“Caroline,” he exclaimed, as he took her wan hand in his; “can you forgive me? can you pardon, angel as you are, the wretch who has sacrificed your happiness and his own to a vanity as weak as it was heartless?”

It was some moments before Caroline was able to reply. A bright flush flitted over her face, then settled into one deep red

hectic spot on one cheek, whilst all the rest of her countenance was of a marble whiteness—at last she spoke, and it was with a calmness which seemed to herself almost unaccountable, and with which heaven alone could have inspired her.

“Charles,” she said, “I have long since forgiven you; it would ill have become one, standing so much in need of forgiveness from Heaven, to withhold it from you on earth; but oh! for the sake of that peace of mind, without which this life is but a living death, never yield again to the unrestrained influence of those passions which have destroyed us both. In me, Charles, behold an example of their desolating effects; and if ever again you feel your principles in danger of yielding to these temptations, oh! let this, my dying warning, sound to you like a voice from the tomb, and awaken you in time to save you! too blest are my sufferings, if they can save from a single pang one still too dear!”

“Bless you, Caroline; a thousand times,” faltered the repentant Charles; “but you must live, and not die, my Caroline! you must

live to comfort your father and mother: to cheer me on my difficult course;” and he gazed intently on her face.

“Heaven will do both, Charles,” she replied; “that heaven which enables me to feel my hand in yours, to know once more that you love me, and yet to say, ‘I am content to die.’” And a smile, happy, triumphant, pure as that heaven she spoke of, settled on her dying countenance.

Charles gazed on her for some minutes in silence, fearful to interrupt a tranquillity so beautiful; but the coldness of the hand he held in his alarmed him, and he rose from his knee beside her, saying he would shut the door, as the evening was chill.

“The cold will not hurt me now, Charles,” she faintly replied; he felt his hand convulsively grasped by hers, he heard one short deep sigh, and he saw she was no more. He saw by the smile which still illuminated her countenance that her once erring but now purified spirit had fled to its native home—but he felt his vanity had killed the only thing he ever truly loved on Earth.

TWELVE HYMNS.

HYMN I.

I.

SPIRITLESS heart, whose feeble love,
Imprisoned in this senseless clay,
Would vainly win to realms above,
And worship through th' eternal day—
Why, midst the dim mind's dark eclipse,
Doth worship linger on my lips,
Yet leave my roving spirit free
To follow Earth's wild vanity?

II.

Bewildered thoughts, which, spite of all
The struggling of the soul within,
Heed not the Saviour's dying call,
But wander back to scenes of sin—
Why are my dreams of virtuous deeds
Like flowers choked up with many weeds—
Why seems it hard to think of Him
Who dwells amid the cherubim?

III.

Temple of God! I fain would know
The world from which my spirit shrinks;
Yet scarce devotion's holy glow
Hath lit my breast, when, lo! it sinks.
Oh, help me, Lord, and while I kneel,
Teach this cold frozen heart to feel:
Oh, help me, Lord; and while I pray,
Drive thou the thoughts of sin away!

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

I AM a sociable person, with a strong affection for everything that tends to promote the easy and friendly intercourse of man with man, and a correspondent detestation for everything that impedes that intercourse, and dams up the social stream.

Now I speak after mature observation and long experience, when I say that what is likely to destroy nearly all society among English people, is an absurd mania called "getting into society."

This expression does not precisely imply, in those who use it and act up to it, a desire of increasing the number of their acquaintance, but a longing after people of condition and rank, to obtain a cold and stinted intercourse with whom they are ready to sacrifice all their former associates of their own class, and even the *friends* of their early life. It means, in short, that when by the possession of wealth, obtained by industry or good fortune, people might extend their own circle, and be the centre and support of such society as all their previous habits of life have suited them for, they are voluntarily to fly from it, and treat with scorn those with whom they might be of importance, and comfortable and happy, in order to seek admission in the skirts of fashionable life, and be the obscure satellites of those who will despise them for their renegation and obsequiousness, and *quiz* them for their ignorance and awkwardness in those conventional matters and observances they blindly worship without understanding. Though this malady is deeply seated in the hearts of my countrymen, I think, if I could relate with proper power and effect all the mystifications I have seen practised by what is called "high society," on persons of this description, if I could describe all the mortifications of vanity, and the gross deceptions I have seen this unhappy class exposed to in my time, I might effect, if not a general, a partial cure. Something, perhaps, I may do, even by the following "modern tale."

Mr. T. T—— was by birth a denizen of Manchester, and by trade a cotton-spinner. By the time he was forty-five years of age, what with constant application to business, good luck, and some mechanical ingenuity profitably employed in the machinery of his

factory, he had acquired very considerable property. He then kept a one-horse chaise, had a wife, two daughters, and a son. His hours of leisure, which were few, and only occurred after the regular labours of the day, he usually spent with a sort of club, composed of cotton-spinners like himself, and other persons in trade, at a neighbouring public-house. There, on account of his respectability and solidity, he was always received with good will and respect, which gradually became deference, as he continued to add his thousands to his thousands. Every member of the society rose when Mr. T. T—— entered, and no one ever sate on Mr. T. T——'s particular chair, which always occupied the best post in the room, at the head of the table, and comfortably near to the fire in winter. The talk was chiefly of cotton bales and cotton yarn, the variations of the home and foreign markets, with an occasional interlude of politics, foreign and domestic; and on each and all of these subjects, whenever he spoke, the company listened to Mr. T. T——, as to an oracle.

On the Sundays he was accustomed to entertain two or three of these friends—the dinner plain, substantial, abundant, and at "two o'clock precisely." For many years, Mr. T. T—— persevered in his exclusive attachment to home-brewed ale, with a glass or two of brandy and water with the pipes; but when he set up his one-horse chaise, port wine was introduced, and occasionally a bottle of sherry. At this time also, the parson of the parish became an occasional visiter, as did also the attorney, a man of some substance and importance, who lived in a red brick-faced house with twelve windows in front.

Mrs. T. T——, who had longed for the luxury of a chaise, many years before her prudent husband would incur the expense, a very few months after it was added to her establishment became equally anxious to have it converted into a four-wheeled carriage; but Mr. T. T—— would not hear of so ambitious and presumptuous an equipage, as long as he was in business. His eager wife would then have met him half way, and compromised the matter for a four-wheeled vehicle,

drawn by one horse, or what the French humorously call a "*demi-fortune*;" but here the pride of the honest cotton-spinner took up arms; he would have none of your betwixt-and-between shabby things—none of your half-and-half ones; no, not he. "But wait awhile, Mrs. T——," he would add with a chuckle, "until my plum has become two plums; then I will cut the shop, and drive you with four wheels and two horses! Aye, and with a footman behind you, Mrs. T——."

At length, when Mr. T. T—— was in the fiftieth year of his age, he attained this consummation of his wishes; and retiring from business with something more than two hundred thousand pounds sterling, set up his carriage, and converted one of his cotton spinners into a footman.

At this momentous epoch Mr. T. T—— junior had just returned from Geneva, whither he had been sent to finish an education, which, correctly speaking, had never been begun, and to correct, by acquiring French, the defects of his Lancashire accent and idiom. Miss T—— and Miss Tabitha T—— had also just finished their "polishing off," as Mrs. T—— termed it, at a fashionable *establishment* near London, and had returned to excite the envy and hatred of their less fortunate friends at Manchester.

Mr. T. T——, who had been for some time remiss in his attendance at the evening club, now, by the advice of Mrs. T——, did with it as he had done with his cotton mills, and cut it altogether. His vacant chair—the chair he had occupied so many years—was soon filled by another; and his old companions, with whom the happiest hours of his life had been passed, occasionally gave vent to their spleen by talking of purse-proud upstarts, and recalling the times when Mr. T. T——, who was a parish apprentice, and Mrs. T. T——, the bare-legged daughter of Sal Pace, "down street," who took in washing and mangling.

The T——s now dined at a tolerably fashionable late hour, to the no small discomfort of Mr. T—— senior, who from old habit found a great difficulty in disciplining his appetite and setting his stomach "to sixes and sevens." Hock, claret, and champagne now almost exiled port and sherry (which Mr. T—— had so often declared the only good, strong-bodied wines fit to be drunk by Englishmen,) from the table of the retired merchant, at which a cotton spinner was never seen; the parish priest and the lawyer were no longer considered the most conspicuous guests, but at which "the best society of the place," with an occasional dashing visiter from Liverpool and from Lon-

don, nay, now and then even some tip-top "county people," were *hospitably* entertained by the T. T——s.

The ambition of Mrs. T. T—— rose with her circumstances and success; and as she had before longed to convert her one-horse chaise into a carriage, so now her soul yearned to change the confined honours of a provincial and manufacturing town for the full-blown glory of the metropolis.

"Mr. T. T——," said she one morning, "we have got into the very best society of Manchester; but what's that? With our money, and the accomplishments of our dear girls, to say nothing of Tim, who speaks French that it's a pleasure to hear him, we may lift up our heads much higher; we may get into the society of Knights, Baronets, and Lords. And then our daughters—'tis time we think of husbands for them; who knows when they are once launched in the fashionable world—My dear T. T——, we must go to London, that's poz!" And accordingly, at the fashionable season, they went at the end of spring to winter in town.

One trifling mistake marred the pleasure of their first arrival. They knew that great and modish folks lived in squares, and had consequently written to have a house secured for them in one of the London squares. Now the old man of business to whom this commission was entrusted, and who had formerly been a sort of agent to Mr. T. T——, not being fully aware of the entire change of the worthy cotton-spinner's taste and habits, thought, of all the squares in London, Finsbury Square would be the best, as it was only "five minutes' walk from 'Change and Lloyd's Coffee House," and he had accordingly taken a tenement for the T——s, which commanded a fine view of Fore Street and the approaches to Old Bedlam, at the corner of the said square.

"Why, Mr. Potter, Mr. Potter," said the somewhat bulky Mrs. T. T——, as she followed the worthy agent into a dingy little drawing room, "I declare you have taken a house for us where there isn't room to swing a cat; but I suppose the neighbourhood is good." "O excellent, Ma'am; most respectable!" said the complacent man of business. "There's Lawson, the great wholesale grocer, lives next door; Tomkins, the wine-merchant, next to him; and Benjamin Levi, one of the greatest men on the Stock Exchange, just opposite; and * * * * *

"Mr. Potter," said Mrs. T. T——, interrupting him as soon as she recovered from the agony of her astonishment, "why what

are you talking about with your grocers, and vintners, and stock-jobbing Jews? We are come to London to spend ten thousand a year and to 'get into society'—where have you brought us?—Oh Mr. Potter, I fear there is some mistake here!"

"Are we near the court end of the town?" lispingly enquired Miss Tabitha T—"Why no, no, no, not exactly," responded the confused agent; "but you are only five minutes from 'Change, a pleasant walk from the docks, and—" "We have cut all them things, my old boy," cried Mr. T. T— junior, rather haughtily.

Mr. Potter's confusion rose more rapidly than he had ever seen stocks rise or fall, when T. T— senior took him aside and whispered goodnaturedly "Potter, you see times is changed; me and my wife and the young ones are now for getting into society, and foregathering with Lords, and them sort of top-sawyers, d'ye see; so you must get us a house in a more crack part of the town: that's all, man. And now let's have dinner!"

A day or two after, a house—in London parlance, a mansion,—was procured in one of these "unexceptionable" new, sprawling, open squares, west of St. James's, where the dwellers have the benefit of every wind that blows in bad weather, and of every ray of sunshine in the hot season; and here, when Mrs. T. T— had fixed a broad, glaring brass plate on the door, with her husband's name upon it, she sat down in tolerable content; but *intent* on making acquaintance with her neighbours, and "getting into high society." People with ten thousand a year to spend, in London as elsewhere, are pretty sure to find those who will assist them in spending it. The splendid equipages of the T. T—s soon attracted notice; and it was soon perceived that two unmarried and marriageable girls rolled about in them. Reports of their wealth got abroad; the bankers of the T— family were found out; and after proper enquiries had been made there, and satisfactorily answered by those go-betweens of Plutus, the bankers, several fashionable but poor young men of family, and several very fashionable and very poor men of no family, beset the carriage in the Park, and sought and found an introduction to the mansion. Each of these introduced some *married* friends or relations who might assist him in his schemes on the girls' fortunes; and thus in a very short time, not only was the house of the T. T—s crowded, but they were invited to houses more crowded still.

The heart-glowing of the Manchester ma-

tron may be conceived when, at the height of the season, she took up the Morning Post and found, among the fashionable intelligence, that T. T., Esquire, had the preceding day entertained at his splendid and hospitable mansion in — Square, Sir Harry and Lady Outcast, Sir John Hazard, Sir Windham Hard-up, the Dowager Lady Lynx, General Curry, Major Mess, and several other persons of fashion and distinction.

"Oh my dear T. T—," said she, laying down the paper over all the cups of tea and coffee, "only think of that now, my Squire!—Three Baronets, two Ladies, a General, and a Major! Oh!" and she rubbed her ruddy hands and *sung* "Here we go up, up, up;" but suddenly stopping, she *said*, "But I wonder when we shall have a Lord—can't we get a Lord? I do so long for a Lord or two."

A brace of Lords were soon included in her list of visitors.

And were the T. T—s happy with all this? Let us see. T. T—, Senior, Esquire, 'spite of his appetite, which was always voracious at one, found himself obliged to dine at eight, and often to wait an hour for some loitering fashionable guest. Even at his own table, where they drank his rare wines and ate his costly viands with fashionable nonchalance, they would hardly deign to listen for a moment to his talk; and when he went out, instead of the ever-ready chair, as at the Manchester club room, and a deferential group listening with attention to his every word, he was fortunate if, outside of the crowded, stifling rooms, he could find a seat on the stairs, and escape hearing such remarks as, "I wonder who is that queer-looking red-faced man that nobody seems to know, and who has been walking about as if he were going to a funeral! Who can he be? What can have brought him here?"

Mrs. T. T—, though she bore them with more fortitude, had also her annoyances. She was so apt to express herself not only unfashionably, but ungrammatically and unintelligibly (for her guests), that she was obliged to hold her tongue, and sit at the end of her own table, in every way of less consequence to the party than the cook who had prepared the dinner beneath which it groaned; and when she went abroad to an *evening* party, scarcely commencing at *midnight*, and was stuck amidst attendant mothers, neglected and ill-humoured dowagers, and all that living "wall-fruit" which forms the sad outline to our festive circles, if she did not shut her ears even more closely than she did her

mouth, she was pretty sure to hear from those who did not know, or did not care for, her close relationship to the parties in question, caustic remarks on the tall, red-elbowed Manchester girls just brought out, who were twirling in the quadrillelike spinning jennies; and on the awkward, loose-limbed youth, who moved his legs as if they were both left legs, and his arms like the beam of his father's steam-engine. After all this, Mrs. T. T—— would say to herself, "Well! well! people cannot become fashionable, any more than they can become rich, all at once—Rome wasn't built in a day; my daughters will have fifty thousand pounds a piece, and we shall see!"

As to the pertnesses and annoyances to which my Lancashire witches were exposed, they are far too numerous to mention; but "a crowning" annoyance was, that at the end of the season only a Baronet, who had just come out of the King's Bench, had proposed for Miss T——; and a Captain of the Guards, who had forfeited his commission, and was found to have a mistress with three illegitimate "blessings," for Miss Tabitha. Still, however, they were on the right side of one and twenty—they had "got into society;" and who could tell but that a Lord a-piece, without debts, mistresses, or other incumbrances, might yet cast up for them. At all events, they could wait; they had "got into society," and that was the great thing!

Nor was Mr. T. T——, junior, exempt from his crosses and vexations. As he, when driving in his cab, with a fashionable acquaintance by his side, would cut in the streets some old school-fellow or friend from Manchester or Liverpool; so would this said acquaintance, when with some person or persons of very high ton and delicate exclusiveness, cut Mr. T. T——, or, if obliged to give him a cool, distant nod of recognition, tell his companions that the young man was a lawyer's clerk. At a party when he would make up (as he called it) to some titled beau or arbiter of fashion, it was just even chances but the object of his attention had forgotten him.

"I think we have had the honour of your company to dinner."

"To dinner! Oh, yes! very likely, I think I once dined in Russell Square!" was the probable answer of the man of *ton*, who, before Mr. T. T—— junior could clench him with the name of the fashionable square where he really resided, would be in loud talk with another person, or at the other side of the room. He had, however, the family

consolation—he had "got into society;" he was the member of three clubs; he lost his money to lords, baronets, guardsmen, and men of the very best families, and had made moreover a notable discovery.

"I see how it all is," said he to himself; "the true secret of being fashionable is to be careless and impudent; and if I am not soon as impudent as the best of them, my name's not T. T——, that's all!"

His conclusion was perhaps right; but fashionable ease or impudence is not so easily learned! The very first attempt he made, not seeing the fine and almost invisible, but positive and scrupulous line, that separates it from insult, or coarse familiarity, he floundered most awkwardly into the latter extreme, and narrowly escaped a challenge.

Such was the state of the family of the T. T——s at the conclusion of their first fashionable season in London. They had forfeited their comfort, their independence, nay, almost their respectability, in order "to get into society." They might have been the first among people of their own class—they were the last in that into which they had insinuated themselves; and were exposed to the ridicule and contempt of many who, in the more solid and valuable qualities, were their inferiors.

Far be from me—an unimportant personage, floating between the East and the West ends of town—the suspicion that in detailing these domestic events I have had the intention (so common in our day among writers of fashionable novels, who never even hung upon the skirts of fashionable life) of caricaturing the low-born, or the mercantile class, upon whom so much of our national greatness depends; and of making them foils to the splendour and elegances of aristocracy and high society. Taking things at their true value, I appreciate a man like Mr. T. T——, who, by an improvement in machinery, had at once made his own fortune and added to the resources of his country, infinitely more than I do the inventor of the starched neckcloth, or any other individual (if such can exist) more fashionable even than was the great Brummell. But Mr. T. T—— ought to have kept himself in that circle where his merits could be known and valued:—when he entered fashionable life those advantages could be of no more use to him, than a fine gentleman's airs and graces would have been to the said fine gentleman in the construction of machinery, or in Mr. T. T——'s cotton mills. I might say more on this head—I might also offer some re-

marks in defence or extenuation of the usages of fashionable life, among the very worst part of which, persons like my Manchester friends are almost sure to fall; but I fear to be prosy, and have undertaken to write, not a treatise, but a tale.

Mr. T. T——, senior, had found a temporary oblivion to some fashionable impertinences he had suffered the preceding evening in a morning paper, and experienced an involuntary return of his old feelings and habits, and a lively interest (though, alas! he no longer either bought or sold) in the quotations of the Liverpool cotton market, and in the news that some good returns had been made from South America; and that “water-twist” was “looking up” at Smyrna; when Mrs. T. T——, laying down the Morning Post, where she had been reading the list of fashionable departures, suddenly exclaimed, “We’ve no country seat to go to—no villa on the coast; we must go the *tower*, my love, that’s *poz*!” “Go to the Tower, Mrs. T——,” said the good-natured husband, whose attention was still lingering on what he had been reading; “with all my heart. I’ll write a note to Potter, and he’ll give us a luncheon, and while I’m in the city I’ll just take a turn on ‘Change; and as we’ve no top-sawyers to-day, we’ll bring Potter home with us, and for once in a way let’s have dinner at six!”

“Mr. T. T——, why what are you talking

(*To be continued.*)

about, with your luncheons, and city, and ‘change; that’s not what I mean!”

“Ma’a means the grand tour, to go to Italy and Paris, and the baths on the Rhine,” drawled out Miss T. T——.

“To be sure I do, my love,” said the matron. “Every body goes to those parts now-a-days! Nobody’s nothing now that hasn’t been to Paris and them outlandish places; I believe all the fashionable world is going. See! here’s no less than three Lords, a dozen of Sir Johns, and the Lord knows who besides, off in this paper, besides a Duke and a Duchess as went yesterday! We must go, Mr. T. T——, that’s *poz*!”

“And then, ma’a, access to the very first society is so easy abroad to what it is at home! Mrs. Grandairs told me that at her conversaziones at Naples, she could on any evening muster fifteen or twenty Princes. Princes! ma’a, only think! And then all so moderate, and satisfied with a little music and ices, or a glass of iced *eau-sucrée*. It’s so cheap, Pa’a!” said Miss Tabitha.

“If it’s cheap, let’s go,” replied Mr. T. T——; “the interest of a couple of plums won’t do for the life we’ve been leading in London. We’ve overrun the constable!—If it’s cheap, let’s go!”

And accordingly the family of the T. T——s was a few days after in the list of the fashionable departures for the Continent.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Love and Pride. By the Author of “Sayings and Doings.”

THE prolific witty pen of Mr. Theodore Hook has here furnished us with three more volumes of very choice amusement. They contain two separate stories; the first, called “The Widow,” being illustrative of Love; and the second, called “Snowdon,” being illustrative of Pride.

The narratives are constructed with this first-rate novelist’s usual art—it would be injuring their effect on the reader to analyse them. Remarks, now caustic and satirical, now heart-searching, and all shewing the author’s profound knowledge of human nature, are liberally scattered through the pages. The characters introduced have all his peculiar distinctness and individuality: they stand strongly out, and *per se*; there is no mistaking them or mingling one with the other, and we are made to think

of them as of real acquaintances, or people we have met with in the world.

In the first tale, Twaddle Smith, a very respectable, rich, old, dull, prosy, good-natured, very selfish merchant, from the city, is admirably conceived. Then there is Twigg, the hero’s valet, who has no character whatever, except that which he brings from his last place; and (an excellent pendant to this) there is Miss Johnstone, my young lady’s young lady—the beau ideal of ladies’ maids!

In the second story, the lofty, arrogant, pompous Lord Snowdon, who is made to exemplify in a great variety of ways the old proverb, that “pride will have a fall,” is drawn with great force and effect.

These volumes contain even more than the author’s ordinary quantum of practical jokes and fun. A scene in an omnibus, and the breaking down of the said vehicle, with its Noah’s ark-like cargo, including the Most

Noble the Marquis of Snowdon, in St. James's Street, in broad day-light, and just opposite "White's," will make our readers laugh, if any thing in this world will.

In the other story there is an excellent country inn scene at the time of the races. Saville, a young gentleman of fastidiously delicate tastes, and at the time sublimated by love, is obliged, from want of room in any other part of the inn, to consort with the miscellaneous race-going mob that Boniface had crammed into the "assembly-room up stairs." Among the "small parties, very genteel and agreeable," there was one drinking hot rum punch, fathoms deep. "These worthies," saith Theodore, "were enjoying themselves in a manner perfectly dreadful to Saville; they joked, they laughed, they discussed the court, the Maldon election, Sir Walter Scott's belief in ghosts, and *what they should have for dinner next day*. At last it was agreed that each member of the party should choose a dish; and to Saville's horror and amazement, who had in vain attempted to close his ears to the conversation in progress, each individual of the *coterie* chose a roasted duck, stuffed with sage and onions; the only variety arising in the selection of the stout gentleman with the crutches, who voted for goose with the same sauce."

Dilemmas of Pride. By the Author of "First Love," &c.

THE first volume, and the greater part of the second, of this very interesting novel, proceed in a smooth pleasant narrative, which does not prepare us for, and contrasts strikingly with, the dreadful dilemmas and awful catastrophe contained in the last volume. There are two brothers, the descendants of an ancient and honourable family. The elder succeeds to a baronetage and an immense fortune. The other, with a younger brother's allowance, pays his court to a lovely girl, and seems to be accepted, when the baronet, his brother, sees her, becomes desperately enamoured, and overthrows all previous claims with the weight of his superior rank and great wealth. All arrangements are made—even the wedding-day is fixed, when, one night, after supping with his disappointed wretched brother, the baronet dies of poison, and the discarded lover succeeds to his title and estates.

Motives so apparent and so mighty, passions so commanding and deadly, as those which are supposed by all who know the story of his love and disappointment to have raged in the younger brother's breast, cause immediate doubts to fall upon him. On investigation these doubts become certainties, and the *now* Sir Alfred Willoughby is arrested and carried to prison. His trial soon follows; and on a mass of circumstantial evidence of the most convincing kind, this young man, in the presence of his

doating, distracted, widowed mother, is found guilty by the jury, and condemned by the judge to be hanged as his brother's murderer!

How light breaks upon this horrid abyss of darkness—how an atrocious plot is discovered, and Sir Alfred's innocence established—how the heroine is relieved from the heartlessness and infamy attributed to her,—how they are both rescued from the very brink of the grave, and happily married at last, the reader will find recorded in "The Dilemmas of Pride."

From the slight sketch we have given it will be understood that the story contains scenes of the most intense interest.

The Outcast of Naples; a Metrical Romance in Two Cantos; and other Poems. By Hawkins A. D'Alton, Esq.

THESE are effusions of one of (what Cobbett calls) "the innumerable neophytes of the penny whistle school." The following stanza is a fair specimen of the whole:—

"'Tis sweet to see a coxcomb prance along,
Now strutting in all pomp a-down a lane;—
'Tis sweet to hear an old maid sing a song,
As if she modern music did disdain;
And sweet it is to view the ladies throng
The London Parks, as Sunday comes again,
With languid eyes and pretty little feet—
To see such women is *sans doute* a treat!"

The Gardener's Dictionary. By Philip Miller, F. R. S.

THIS is a reprint of an excellent and most useful work, which is to be issued in the convenient and economical form of monthly shilling numbers.

The publishers state that it is copied from the last edition of the work published in his life time by the author; and they engage to give such additions and modifications as are justified by the progress since made in gardening, agriculture, &c. &c.

The Club; or a Gray Cap for a Green Head. A Dialogue between a Father and Son. By James Puckle.

THIS cheap little volume is an exquisite specimen of the very perfection of English printing and wood engraving—a triumph of Mr. Whittingham's Chiswick press, which we hold to be unrivalled in Europe. The book, with its numerous and humorous cuts, needs only to be seen to secure the suffrages of every collector, and of all who have a taste for finished typography and embellishment. Nor has all this ornament and beauty been heaped upon literary matter of mean merit. Old Puckle's fables and dialogues are deliciously quaint and striking—they are master-pieces in their way. They were first published by the author (a

man of extraordinary talent, who had enlarged views of national policy, and notions of political economy, far in advance of the times in which he lived,) in 1711; and though editions were not made then as booksellers now make them, and though reading was very far indeed from being so general an accomplishment and so prevailing a taste as it now is, no less than five re-impressions were made during his lifetime.

Puckle is a mere *nom de guerre*. What was the real name of the author, who produced, besides this, two other extraordinary little books, entitled, "England's Interest," and "England's Way to Wealth and Honour," always was, and still remains, as great a mystery as the name of the author of Junius's Letters.

We most cordially recommend to the public this, in every way, admirable book. As a present for youth, we know of nothing more suitable.

History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern.

By Andrew Crichton. 2 vols.

THIS work occupies the 13th and 14th volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, and is executed in the meritorious manner which has distinguished that series since its commencement.

Our fair readers will here find, pleasantly condensed, information concerning one of the most interesting countries in the world; for which, otherwise, they might have to pore over heavy tomes of old travellers, and numerous volumes of modern ones.

Turner's Annual Tour.

THIS beautiful volume contains twenty views on the river Seine, from its mouth, near Havre, to Rouen. This range includes one of the pleasantest parts of France. The great Turner again astonishes us with what seems to be the inexhaustible variety of his effects. Under his magical hand scenes, common place as represented by others, start into spirit, beauty, and poetry. We would instance, in this respect, the views in the present volume of the Light-Towers of the Heve, of the Tower of Francis I. at Havre, and of the Chateau de la Mailleraie. The three external views of the city of Rouen, and the scene representing the crowded *place*, and the façade of the Gothic cathedral in its interior, are above all praise. These twenty plates have been executed by various distinguished engravers; their finish is perfect, and, what is more important, we every where see proofs of the surveillance of *Turner*. The literary accompaniment, entitled "Wanderings by the Seine," is from the pen of Mr. Leitch Ritchie, the author of "Romance of French History," &c. We see it is announced in this volume that the next will conduct us from Rouen, on the Seine, to the sources of that river in the Côte d'Or.

VOL. IV.—NO. I.

Heath's Book of Beauty; for 1834.

THE Countess of Blessington has edited this exceedingly graceful volume, in which the engravings, representing nineteen beauties, are done in a very superior style. E. T. Parris, one of our especial favourites, as the delineator of female grace and loveliness, has furnished some beautiful subjects for the *burin*. We well remember the portrait of Lady Blessington, as painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; but (we speak under correction,) we think the portrait of her ladyship by Parris, as given in the frontispiece to this volume, almost as beautiful, as a work of art, and even more like than the late President's. All the embellishments are of a superior character; and we draw no invidious distinction when we mention those engraved after W. Boxall, and the portrait of the Lady Clementina Villiers, after the always graceful Chalon. We would particularize others, had we room. The literary contributions to the Book of Beauty are also good. "The Choice of Phylas," by the author of Eugene Aram; "Mary Lister, a Tale of Error," by the Countess of Blessington; "Margaret Carnegie," by the Viscount Castlereagh; "Imaginary Conversations," by W. S. Lander, Esq. a writer of great originality and depth of thinking, who has not yet been sufficiently appreciated; "The Contest of the Eyes," by J. H. Lowther, Esq. (an admirable imitation of a French song); and "The Deserted Wife," by R. Bernal, Esq. M. P.,—will afford peculiar gratification to the purchasers or perusers of the "Book of Beauty."

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood, Esq.

OUR friend Thomas Hood is, according to his custom, the last in the field; but his volume is, as usual, by far the most provocative of laughter, and the best of its kind. Thomas, who can be serious, and classical, and tragical when he chooses, (witness his "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies," his "Hero and Leander," his admirable ballad of "Eugene Aram," &c. &c.) is the prince—nay, king, emperor, autocrat—of all punsters. People may talk of the sublime and ridiculous, but Tommy is the sublime *of*—the ridiculous. Attend, gentle reader, to the way in which he pens a defence of punning!!

"It will of course be objected, as heretofore, by certain reviewers, that my pages swarm with puns; but having taken out a certificate to 'shoot folly as it flies,' I shall persist in using the double barrel as long as meanings will rise in coveys. As a Cambridge coachman, who had acquired the habit from the collegians, once remarked to me, 'I do not see why words should not now and then be put into double harness as well as horses.' The late Admiral Burney, of all the adventures in his voyages,

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used to look back with the utmost pleasure on the fact of his having planted the paranomasia in the Society Islands, by making the first pun ever uttered in the Otaheitan language. The natives received the novelty with a shout of approbation, and patronised it so warmly, that, according to recent voyagers, they are now become as expert at double-tongueing as Nicholson or Drouet."

It is scarcely necessary to recommend or describe the contents of a tome like the present, which, by this time, will be in every body's hands. We will only hope that every body may be as often moved to laughter in reading its pages as we have been.

A Tableau of French Literature during the Eighteenth Century. By M. De Barante, Peer of France.

THIS is a very good translation of a French work of the very highest reputation. The translator has increased its value by adding a nomenclature of the French authors of the eighteenth century, chronologically arranged. The words with which M. De Barante closes his review of the epochs of Fenelon, Masillon, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Buffon, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and Marmontel, are, to us, solemnly impressive. "Thus the eighteenth century ran its course. When, by the rapid succession of time, a great number of similar periods shall have passed over the tombs of those men, and also over those of the people, the era will not remain unknown in the throng of crowded epochs. It will not be confounded with those which recal no Souvenir to the memory of man. The march of the human mind, the point to which it had reached, were so remarkable, that they will always attract the attention of posterity. It was not, in truth, renown in which it fell short; and if it be permitted to form a prayer for the future, in which a feeble part only belongs to us, we breathe a desire that the age just begun—the century we have seen born, and which will see us all die—may bring to our sons and their children, not more glory and eclat, but more virtue and less misfortune!"

The Conchologist's Companion. By Mary Roberts, Author of "Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom," "A Calendar of Nature," &c.

THIS elegant little volume cannot fail to be acceptable to all shell collectors, and indeed to every one who takes delight in examining the minuter productions of nature, which are not less wondrous than her most stupendous works. Miss Roberts has treated her subject in a lucid and easily intelligible manner, putting aside long scientific words and classifica-

tions. An infinite variety of beautiful or curious shells are described in simple terms, and the reader ascends by a pleasant medium from particulars to classes. When there is any interesting history connected with these shells or the matter they contain, our author gives a spirited and sufficiently full sketch; her account of Pearls, of the Tyrian dye, of the Nautilus, and several others, is exceedingly instructive and amusing. Each subject is introduced in a mode well suited to catch the attention of the young reader, and elegant poetical extracts and a train of moral reflections increase the value of this volume. Some of the most curious of the shells are represented by wood cuts.

Traits and Traditions of Portugal. By Miss Pardoe.

WE regret, through circumstances not worth explaining, we have been somewhat tardy in noticing this very meritorious production of a young lady. Miss Pardoe has had the great advantage of not only seeing, but living, among the scenes and the people she describes. She accompanied her father, who was attached to the British troops sent by the lamented Mr. Canning to Portugal, in 1827, for the support of the Constitution and the Regency, as then established, under Donna Maria's aunt, Isabella. We would not annoy our fair readers with so dry, and for the most part so unprofitable a subject as politics; yet we cannot but grieve when we reflect on the manner in which the views of the great statesman we have just mentioned were all frustrated; that the British forces sent to protect liberty, or at least part of them, were left, as it were, to cover the operations of Don Miguel, and that when there was no liberty to protect or to attack, they were quietly withdrawn. Miss Pardoe saw every thing with the vivid perceptions of youth. Some of her views may not be very philosophic, but they are all pleasing. Her "Traits" are characteristic, and her "Stories" full of incident and romance.

Romance of History.—England, by Henry Neele, Esq.

THE works under this title have for some time been established in public favour. The present edition is copiously and beautifully illustrated by Mr. T. Landseer. Some of the wood cuts approach the delicacy and finish of the highest style of engraving. The books, to judge from the two volumes before us, are got up with much elegance; and from their issue at a volume each month, and their cheap price, we have good grounds to hope that the popularity of the Romance of History will be greatly increased.

The Dark Lady of Doona. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Wild Sports of the West," &c. &c. Forming Vol. IX. of the Library of Romance.

THE peculiar power and style of this animated author are already familiar to the lovers of works of fiction; in our opinion the present volume will considerably increase his reputation. It is a wild tale of Ireland—as Ireland was two centuries ago. The character of Grace O'Malley, the Dark Lady of Doona, is drawn with an awful indistinctness—half heroine, half Sybil—so as to produce an effect which we scarcely hoped to see after Walter Scott's immortal efforts in that way. The descriptive portions, whether they relate to external scenery or the interior of Gothic halls and castles, are done with a masterly hand. We predict that the prophetic Dark Lady will gain many admirers.

Zara, or the Black Death. A Poem of the Sea.

At the first glance we took this poem to be a piece of burlesque, which, but for its length, might have found a place in the Comic Annual, or any other repository of fun. On looking into the choice composition, however, we find it is meant to be solemnly serious, and intended to "gain a name" for its author, who, according to his own telling, in the plain prose

of his preface, has been "cradled in the world, schooled on the ocean." Ocean, no doubt, must be but a queer schoolmaster. We cannot, for the life of us, enter into this rhymers serious intention, and think, after all, that he must be joking. What else can any one think of the following passage?—and there are a hundred equally laughable in this nondescript production.

(The heroine, "a sylph-like maiden, beautiful as May," is at sea, and in danger from a piratical vessel—*Captain Loquitur.*)

"If he's a—pirate, surely he'll board *ye*,
Or try to board, that *ye* may believe *me*;
And should he carry *ye*, your fate will be
To take your final slumber in *the sea*:
Bound hand and foot, if you drown singly,
Or back to back, if lash'd to two or three;
In either case I speak, of course, of—men

* * * * *

Then fight, my brave lads, for your sake and theirs;

And should he try to lay you by the board,
Try *him* to carry, when he's unawares,
And lay about like men with pike and sword;
When bullets whiz, and flashing powder glares,
Let "Victory," and "Forward!" be the word.

'Twould prove to me indeed a glorious day,
To tow yon "Death's Head"—in a British bay.

With even more than our usual cordiality we recommend "Zara" to all who have a taste for the eminently ridiculous.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE COURT.—The King and Queen spent the Christmas holidays at Brighton; where they both continue in the enjoyment of excellent health, riding out every fine morning, and giving select dinner parties every evening.

Among the company who have lately been honoured with invitations to the Palace, are Baron Vaughan and Mr. Justice Gazelee (on their way to open the Assizes at Lewes), the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Douglas, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Marquis of Conyngham, Colonel Wood, Mr. and Miss Hoare, and Sir J. and Lady Fraser.

The Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Augusta, who are both on a visit to their Majesties, frequently ride out together in the neighbourhood of Brighton.

The Duke of Gloucester arrived at Bagshot Park on Saturday, from a visit to Mr. Pearce of Chilton Lodge, Berkshire.

On Monday, the Duchess of Kent entertained a party a dinner at the Palace, Kensington.

ton. Favourable accounts have been received from Hanover of the health of the Duchess of Cambridge and the young Princess.

AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.—The Congress of Munchengrätz was only preliminary to one of graver character, about to be held in Vienna. The precise time when it will be opened is not ascertained; but some of the Ministers have already arrived, and others are on their way. Among the former is the Envoy of the King of Holland, Baron Verstolk Von Soelen; and it is remarkable that he had hardly made his appearance in Vienna, before the Belgian Minister took his departure. Moreover, the Belgian Minister at Berlin is also on his road home. Nothing has transpired respecting the immediate cause of these proceedings; but it may be inferred that they point to measures hostile to the only Revolutionary Government in Germany. The Austrian and Prussian Ministers still remain at Brussels.

If we had no other circumstances than those

just mentioned to guide our conjectures respecting the turn which the deliberations at the Vienna Congress are about to take, we should be at little loss as to their real object. It is easy to discern that fresh schemes are hatching for the repression of Liberal opinions and the consolidation of Despotic power. It is a question, however, how far these schemes extend. The *Times* says—

“Not satisfied with what has been done already against the rights of the Constitutional states, the Conferences, under the direction of Prince Metternich, at Vienna, will endeavour further to extend the tyranny of the Diet, and to organize the military means of its intervention. The stipulations adopted at the late Congress of Despots in Bohemia, against what they call *Propagandism*, will thus first be tried in Germany, as *in corpore vili*; and if the attempt succeeds, the Despotic experiment will be extended with new confidence to a wider range of Europe. Happily, however, Europe will be prepared for resistance. Its free states will know where to look for protection, so long as the alliance of Continental Despots is balanced by the Liberal alliance of France and England; and the first act of invasion on the sovereign rights of any German principality, to whose rights we are guarantees, must be met by a prompt energy of interference.”

The substance of the resolutions promulgated by the German Diet in June 1832, must be in the recollection of our readers. The freedom of the press was utterly abolished in those states where it partially existed; the publication of the debates in the Representative Assemblies was prohibited; public meetings for the discussion of grievances were forbidden; and, to crown all, the right of the various legislative bodies to refuse or curtail the supplies demanded by their respective Sovereigns, was declared to be unconstitutional and rebellious. But the Legislatures of all the States, where the forms of a Constitutional Government exist,—those of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Electoral Hesse, and Nassau,—have met and protested against the doctrines contained in the resolutions of the Diet. The Sovereigns, on the other hand, have acted like the subservient tools of Austria and Prussia, and have dismissed the Assemblies without any promise of satisfaction or redress. The question therefore now to be decided is, whether the kings or their subjects shall yield; and it is presumed that the discussions at Vienna will have reference to the most effectual means of giving the victory to the former,—in other words, to the most eligible plan for establishing military despotism in all the German states, at present nominally free. The *Times* says that Europe is prepared for resistance, and that an invasion of those rights to whose integrity we are gua-

rantees, must be met by a prompt energy of interference. This is fine language: but we were guarantees to the treaty of Vienna, by which a certain degree of independence was secured to Poland; and what was our guarantee worth? No—the Germans must depend upon *their own swords* for the conquest of freedom. The inhabitants of the Constitutional States amount in number to some millions: let them combine together and work out their own salvation.—*Spectator*.

Ships of war are fitting out at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, that our fleet in the Mediterranean might be reinforced with ten sail of the line. The French Government are also on the alert, and the dockyards at Toulon are full of bustle and preparation. These measures are intended to demonstrate, to the dissatisfaction of the Russian Autocrat, that France and England are determined to oppose the projected seizure and dismemberment of the Turkish empire. How far they will answer the purpose, and prevent the necessity of actual warfare, remains to be seen. A contest with Russia on the shores of the Black Sea would be bloody and expensive; and yet if the Czar persists in the designs imputed to him, strong arguments for its necessity must be urged. The *Times* suggests a cheap mode of doing the work; and thinks that the vigorous old Pacha of Egypt would be just the man for the job.

“The newly-created empire of Mehemet Ali is a mighty engine of defence against Russia, which it would be utter madness in Great Britain to repel from her, or superciliously to despise. Mehemet has 100,000 brave and disciplined soldiers, under an able chief; a good fleet; an unobstructed path to the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus; and would, if seated on the throne of Constantinople, present a different front to Czar Nicholas from that of the unfortunate and irredeemably fallen Mahmoud. Mehemet Ali is attached to England; he knows that her interests and policy are far from irreconcilable to his own; he has long courted her countenance and friendship; and William the Fourth's Ministers have but to speak the word, which will rivet the Egyptian conqueror to this country.”

Upon this the *Courier* remarks, that it would not be consistent with good faith to stir up a rebellion against the Sultan, with whom we profess to be on terms of amity; and that this would be precisely imitating the intrigues we condemn in Russia. The observation is just—that must be allowed—but verily the temptation in our way is great. Those, at least, who justified the seizure of the Danish fleet in the late war, would be precluded from condemning the questionable measure of placing Constantinople in treacherous, but to us, of necessity, friendly hands.



Miss E. Hendrick. pinx.

G. Parke, sculp.

THE FORTUNES OF FRODO BAGGINS.

By J. R. R. TOLKIEN. Illustrated by the Author.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblee,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. STAFFORD JERNINGHAM.

THIS Lady, daughter of the late Edward Howard, Esq., and niece of his grace of Norfolk, is wife of the Honourable Henry Stafford Jerningham, eldest son of Lord Stafford.

The ducal family of Howard claims descent from the Counts of Passy in Normandy; but they derive directly from Sir William Howard, who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the time of EDWARD the first.

Sir Robert Howard, fifth in descent from Sir William, wedded Margaret eldest daughter of Thomas, cousin and co-heir of John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, and the surviving representative of Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed of Brotherton Earl of Norfolk, second son of Edward the First. Sir John Howard, the issue of this marriage, after distinguishing himself early in life in the French wars, was constituted by EDWARD IV. in 1461, constable of the castle of Norwich, and appointed sheriff of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; in 1470 he was summoned to Parliament as Lord Howard; and invested on the 28th June, 1483, by Richard III. with the high office of Earl Marshal of England, being at the same time created Duke of Norfolk, while his son and heir, Thomas Howard, was raised to the peerage as Earl of Surry. The duke had been previously elected a Knight of the Garter. He did not long, however, enjoy his new dignities; for the next year he fell in the cause of RICHARD, at Bosworth Field, and was subsequently attainted, in Henry VII.'s first Par-

liament, when all his honours became forfeited. His eldest son, THOMAS, second duke, after suffering an imprisonment of three years in the Tower, was restored to the earldom of Surrey, in 1489; and created Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal in 1514, installed a Knight of the Garter, and nominated Lord Treasurer. This nobleman, while Lord Surry, acquired great military renown, for the victory he had achieved over the Scots at Flodden, on the 9th September, 1513. His Grace had, with other issue—

Thomas, his successor.

Edward, K. G., standard bearer and admiral of the fleet, in the reign of Henry VIII.; slain whilst boarding a French vessel off Brest, 25th April, 1513.

Edmund, marshal of the horse in the battle of Flodden; father, with other issue, of Queen Catherine, fifth wife of Henry VIII. Elizabeth, married to Thomas Viscount Rochford, by whom she was mother of Queen Anne Boleyn.

William, ancestor of the lords Howard, of Effingham.

The duke died 21st May, 1524, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

THOMAS, third duke. Henry VIII. becoming jealous of this potent nobleman, caused himself and his son, HENRY, the celebrated EARL OF SURRY, one of the earliest English poets, and the literary star of his age, to be attainted upon the most frivolous pretences. The Earl of Surry suffered decapitation 19th January,

1547, and Norfolk's head was actually on the block, when the death of the tyrant saved his life. His grace was restored in 1553, and installed a Knight of the Garter. He died 18th July, 1554, and was succeeded by his grandson, the son of the ill-fated Earl of Surry,

THOMAS, fourth duke, who being attainted of high treason for his communication with the unhappy MARY STUART, was beheaded in 1572, when his honours of course fell. His eldest son,

PHILIP, however, inherited in right of his mother the feudal earldom of Arundel, as Lord of Arundel Castle, in Sussex, with the baronies of Fitz Alan, Clun, Oswaldestrie, and Maltravers, and was summoned to Parliament as Earl of Arundel; but being attainted in 1593, he died a prisoner in the Tower in 1595, leaving a son,

THOMAS, K. G., who at first bore no other title than that of Lord Maltravers, in consequence of the attainder of his father; but by Act of Parliament, passed in 1603, was restored in blood, to the honours forfeited by his father, as likewise to the title of Earl of Surry, and the baronies possessed by his grandfather, the fourth duke of Norfolk. The disputes between King Charles I. and his Parliament threatening a civil war, his lordship retired from England, and spent some years abroad, where he died in 1646, when his honours devolved upon his eldest son,

HENRY FREDERICK, as Earl of Arundel, Surry, and Norfolk, who had been summoned to Parliament previously as Baron Mowbray. His lordship married Elizabeth, daughter of Esme Stuart, Earl of March, afterwards duke of Lennox, and had issue,

THOMAS, restored to the dukedom of Norfolk, by Act of Parliament, in 1664 with the original precedence of his ancestor, John the first duke.

HENRY, who succeeded his brother, as sixth duke.

PHILIP, a Cardinal, and lord almoner to CATHERINE, *queen consort* of CHARLES II.

CHARLES, whose grandson succeeded as tenth duke of Norfolk.

BERNARD, who wedded Katherine, second daughter, and co-heir of George Tattershall, Esq., of Finchampstead, in the county of Berks, and was succeeded by his son BERNARD, whose son HENRY espoused, 30th October, 1764, Juliana, second daughter of Sir William Molyneux; and dying 11th November, 1787, left with other issue BERNARD EDWARD, who in 1815 succeeded his cousin Charles, eleventh duke, as twelfth and present DUKE OF NORFOLK; and EDWARD CHARLES, who having married Miss Elizabeth Maycock, died January, 1811, leaving issue—

Edward Giles, married in 1826, Frances Anne, eldest daughter of George Robert Heneage, Esq., of Hainton Hall, Lincolnshire, and has two sons. Mary, married to Robert Edward, tenth Lord Petre.

JULIA, the subject of this month's illustration, who on the 12th February, 1829, was married to the Hon. Henry Stafford Valentine Jerningham, eldest son of the present Lord Stafford.

SONNET.

"Se lamenter augelli"—PETRARCA.

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

If birds, complaining sad, or verdant leaves
That softly whisper to the summer air,
Or the deep murmur of the lucid waves,
(Stretched on a fresh and flowery bank) I hear
For *her* the lay my pensive bosom weaves
Whom earth conceals—who gilds the heavenly sphere—
I see, I hear her still, for still she lives,
Responsive still, my sighs can reach her ear—
"Ah! why before thy time consume away?"
With pitying look she cries. Why ever stream
Thus thy sad eyes, to cureless grief a prey?
Weep not for me, nor for this mortal frame;—
Now, basking glorious in eternal day
Those eyes I seem'd to close with endless rapture beam.

OLD WOMEN.—No. I.

BY THOS. HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

THE WIDOW.

THERE has always been to me a fascination about OLD WOMEN! Some may deem this a strange avowal,—but why? It is the glory of man to avow admiration for the fairer, and, alas! the weaker sex; and if woman, in bloom of youth, and pride of beauty, be weak, and dependent on the attentions of manhood, how much more is she an object of interest and compassion when, sinking into the vale of years, we see her deprived of those who once loved and protected her, and no longer possessing the attractions which, while they last, *may* win for their fortunate owner “friends in all the aged, and lovers in the young!”

I am no longer young myself, and this may perhaps account for the eccentricity of my partiality. But let not the reader imagine that I would *marry* an old woman; far from it. It is at a respectful distance that I admire her, and the tender interest which I feel for her is of that nature, that when I look upon her loneliness, her poverty, her friendless condition—when I see her *as she is*, and think of what *she may have been*, spite of myself, my eyes will fill with tears.

I am aware that many sensitively sentimental persons, who would shed tears over the unreal distresses of an imaginary heroine in a novel, would ridicule my sympathy for my old woman; yet I cannot but think that my feelings are excited by a more legitimate cause than theirs.

I have recently lodged in a country town, occupying the first floor of a small house in the high street; and over my head, on the second floor, lives Mrs. Saunders, the widow of a captain in the army. When I took the lodgings I was told that I should find them very quiet, for Mrs. Saunders saw no company, and was “a very regular genteel old lady.” And so I found her; her step was noiseless, and her very cough, when she had one, was almost inaudible: she saw no company; and indeed, excepting when she addressed her maid, seldom heard the sound of her own voice. Well might they say that she was *regular*. It is in a cathedral town that we dwell, and regularly every day in the week she attends the morning service; twice on

every Sunday is she to be seen in her accustomed seat; her daily walk, her meals, her outgoings, her incomings, nay her “down sittings, and her uprisings,” seem regulated by clock-work! As she still wears the widow’s “inky cloak,” stiff cap, and deep-veiled bonnet, I at first concluded she had but recently been deprived of her husband; but I afterwards learned that she had been a “lone woman” for thirty years! She is now upwards of sixty; and she was scarce thirty when he on whom her young heart had lavished all its affections—he whom she had “loved” with enthusiasm, “honoured” with sincerity, and “obeyed” implicitly, was suddenly snatched from her in the very flower of his age. She then thought it impossible to survive him,—yet, thirty years have passed since she knelt by his bed-side, with his cold hand in hers; and she still lives, and may live for years!

There comes to many a time when they can say with truth, “I shall never again be happy.” But they who speak of “death” as the certain *early* termination of their sorrows, little know how long human nature may survive all its fondest hopes, and all its warmest affections. Like poor old Mrs. Saunders, we may find them after a lapse of thirty years; withered indeed, and changed in appearance, but still, like her, in the garb of woe; or, if that be thrown aside, still bearing in the widowed heart the memory of the past.

I have owned my predilection for OLD WOMEN; had it not existed, Mrs. Saunders and I would probably have been to this hour unknown to each other. Besides, *all* old women do not indiscriminately interest me: had the widow been a woman of ringlets and rouge, with a bonnet with a pink lining, short petticoats, and shoes with sandals, I should have hated the sound of her venerable *trip*, and should probably have done every thing in my power to annoy her.

But *my* old woman had none of these; deep was the crape upon her black bombazeen gown, but often deeper were her sighs as she walked slowly down our little staircase. There was a dejection in her manner that

interested me; and as I watched her from my bay window walking slowly down the street, I thought I never had seen a more sad, nor a more respectable-looking old personage.

Loving old women as I had always loved them, *this* old woman appeared more loveable than any I had ever seen!

I was determined to make her acquaintance; but how to manage it without an appearance of impertinent intrusion was not easy: however, though no longer *very* young, I was twenty years her junior, and therefore hoped, that if, by any accident, we became on speaking terms, no imputation of an amatory nature could by any possibility be cast upon her nor upon myself, even by the inhabitants of a country town.

The opportunity I had often sought at length occurred. I had long seen and admired a fair young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who was my opposite neighbour; for he it known that my due appreciation of old women has not by any means hardened my heart *against*, nor led me to turn my head away *from*, those who have the advantage of being still young and beautiful; but then, I believe I must allow, the consideration that they must certainly one day become old, and lose their beauty, and may possibly become sad and desolate, gives them, in my eyes, an additional interest.

My fair young neighbour was the belle of the place, and her youth, animation, and loveliness entitled her to the distinction: she was the pet of her father and mother, and the charm of her comfortable home; but though idolised by her parents, and admired by all the young beaux of the place, she was not spoilt. She laughed with them *all*, but smiled particularly upon *none*; she was too well brought up, and too innocent, to trifle with the feelings of any.

Our town at length became more gay than was its wont; a regiment was quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and the officers, in the pride of scarlet cloth and feathers, daily paraded the high street. They were particularly fond of walking on my side of the street, and taking short turns immediately under my window; not that, participating in my love for old women, they were attracted by venerable Mrs. Saunders, but because it gave them an opportunity of looking at the opposite house, the residence of Mr. Mapletoft, the father of our belle.

Mary Mapletoft behaved herself exceedingly well, and did not look at the new arrivals *more* than young people may always be expected to look at novelties of any kind.

One young man, however, subsequently joined the regiment, who brought a letter of introduction to old Mapletoft; he was, therefore, asked to dinner, and day after day I saw him call; then join Mary in her walks, and then go at the dinner hour with something that looked like a flute in his hand, or with a little volume resembling a music book. I began to *hope* that all would end well, as good-natured people always do, when they know nothing about the matter, and mean to hint that they *fear* the worst. It would have been a source of real annoyance to me had I discovered that the young lady over the way was a flirt, only secondary indeed to that which I should have experienced had I found out that the old lady up stairs had been guilty of a similar indiscretion.

I soon ascertained that all was going on prosperously. The officer now visited officially in his capacity of accepted lover, and the happy day was fixed.

What strange commotions did I see on the opposite side of the way! commotions to *me* (a bachelor) most inexplicable. The knockings and the ringings, and the lawyer-like-looking man, with the boy after him, bearing a blue bag; and then the mantuamakers, with huge receptacles covered with oil-skin, and the sempstress, and the shoemaker, and dozens of persons (whose callings were to me unknown) called daily at the Mapletofts! It was a memorable time—the footman never had a moment's rest!

The day before the wedding, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, arrived from distant places; every room in the house must have been occupied, and where they could have stowed away the servants to this hour I have never been able to conjecture. I never left my window all that day! Of course they must have had a large family party at dinner; yet in the evening, I saw the young couple steal out to walk together alone; and though it was the *last day* Mary was to pass in the home of her youth, she could not resist furtively bestowing an hour of that day upon him with whom she was to pass her life!

Whatever his merits may be, thought I, I am sure she is worthy of *him*; and is *he* worthy of *her*? or, however estimable his character, will their tempers, their dispositions, their habits, suit each other? Will they love ten years hence as they love now?

This was an unanswerable reverie; and had it called for a reply, there was no one to answer me. My eyes were dim with foolish tears. Though unknown to them, I silently blessed them; and ere I could again see dis-

tingly, the closing door concealed them from my view.

The happy day arrived—the day which was to unite the young officer to his young bride, and to introduce me to my old woman!

Again I took my station very early at the window, and saw the carriages arrive which were to convey the bridal party to church. I then heard Mrs. Saunders leisurely ascending the staircase with her accustomed slow and dejected step; and thinking that the bridal procession would have departed before she could have reached her own chamber, I ran to my door, opened it, and, with great civility, requested that she would “do me the honour of walking in to see the sight.”

I have no doubt she thought that a refusal would appear ungracious and uncivil; for though at first she hesitated, she said, “Thank you, sir—I will not refuse your offer, though the sight you invite me to see is, to my feelings, a melancholy one.”

“A melancholy one!” said I.

But the bustle of departure commenced, and poor old Mrs. Saunders, with unaffected interest, drew a chair to the window.

Old Mapletoft’s carriage was first in the line of procession, one of fifteen years’ standing, and of the kind which bears the appellation of family coach; but he came as fast as gout and age permitted, and handed into the vehicle his own venerable helpmate. He was in his very best clothes, and his lady adorned with the roses of June, and the feathers from the tail of the ostrich. I must be excused for dwelling on her appearance, for she is one of my *old women*. She was in a terrible flurry, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, to be happy or miserable. Mr. Mapletoft then returned to the house, and led forth the bride, who, with her veil down, hastily entered the carriage; then followed another *old woman*, an aunt; and to give due weight to the arrangement, slowly and surely did the old gentleman deposit himself by her side, and away went the carriage.

The next was a new chariot, built for the occasion, belonging to the bridegroom, who sprang into it with a brother officer, who acted as bridesman, and away they went.

The other carriages were to me insipidities. They followed, laden with relatives, and bridesmaids, white satin, and orange blossoms.

Mrs. Saunders rose to depart; “Will you not stay and see them come from church?” said I.

“I have not had my breakfast,” she replied; “I thank you, sir, for your civility, and shall be happy to see you, if you feel inclined to return the visit.”

She left me; but what a point had I gained in one short quarter of an hour! My own old woman had called upon me, and had graciously condescended to say she would receive me in her upper story!

The procession returned from church, and the party partook of a dejeuner; and then I saw one solitary equipage standing at the door. It was the bridegroom’s chariot with four post horses, and adorned with the customary bows of white riband. They will soon set off, thought I; and now I think of it, I am sure I should see much better from the room above; of course I should, so I’ll go up, and knock at Mrs. Saunders’s door.

I did so, explaining that I expected a better view from her elevation. She received me kindly; but seeing her handkerchief in her hand, and her eyes very red, I began to repent my intrusion.

“You will think me very foolish, sir, I fear, but you are welcome; pray bring your chair to the window: do not mind me. It is forty years since I was at a wedding—my own—and—and—I have always avoided being present at bridal processions, and these sad leave-takings; but this happening so immediately opposite to me, and having seen the young bride daily until I felt involuntarily interested for her, it would be folly to draw down the blinds.”

“Oh certainly,” said I, pulling the one nearest to me up as high as it would go; “and see they are coming,” I added.

The drawing-room windows were open, and the assembled party crowded into the balcony. The door opened; and, almost carried between her father and her husband, came the bride in her travelling dress. Old Mapletoft gave her one more hearty kiss, and then retreated to the step at the door, meaning to wave his handkerchief as the carriage drove off; but it would not do—the handkerchief went to his eyes, and he made a precipitate retreat. We had but a dim view of the interior of the carriage; but I suspect the bride was leaning back in tears, as I distinctly saw the husband bending over her to offer consolation.

Mrs. Saunders’s maid, who was standing behind us, exclaimed, “La! dear me! what a shame to be sure, to make the young lady marry a man what she don’t like!”

Mrs. Saunders gave her a look which silenced her; and as the carriage then drove off, and she had seen all that she wanted to see, she went to put away the tea things.

Mary Mapletoft was married to the man of her choice—the only man she had ever loved; and the deep feeling that she displayed,

the natural tears she shed at leaving the home and the friends of her early years, were the best surety she could offer to her chosen husband, that to him, and to the home to which he was conveying her, she would become fondly and devotedly attached. The simpering bride who leaves her parents and her home, thinking of her flounces, and the bows in her bonnet, will make a heartless wife.

But where was the mother all this time? Not at the door with her husband; not on the balcony with her guests! Did she not see the carriage drive away? Yes; and I detected her, and so did the old woman at my elbow. When the bustle of departure began, after kissing her dear Mary again and again, she mounted the staircase more nimbly than was her custom, and locked herself into one of the front bed-chambers. There she stood; and believing herself unseen by mortal, stretching from the window to gaze after the fast departing carriage, and shedding tears into the handkerchief which she unconsciously was *trying* to wave! It was in Mary's deserted chamber that she stood, and when they were quite out of sight, the blind was hastily drawn down, and I was *glad* I could not see her.

I am not one of those who can look on such scenes unmoved. I passed my handkerchief over my face, gave a nervous sort of cough, and turned round to speak to Mrs. Saunders. She was in an agony of tears! I wanted to be civil, but she waved me away with her hand; and so I thought I would take no notice, and walked to the fire-place. Over the mantel piece two miniatures were suspended; one represented a very handsome young man in regimentals; the other a very beautiful young girl, in the costume of forty years ago, and to my astonishment it was the exact counterpart of a miniature which I remembered in the possession of my mother, and which, as a boy, I have often been permitted to look at *as a treat*.

And a treat it certainly was, for boy or man. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the face and figure; and there was an animation, a laughing expression about it, which would have well suited a representative of Thalia.

As soon as the widow appeared equal to conversation, I told her that I had often seen the *fac-simile* of that miniature, and that I well remembered my mother's having said it was the picture of her early friend Lucy Summers.

"Your mother's maiden name was Fairfield?" said the widow. "It was," I replied.

"She was the friend of Lucy Summers; and when Lucy was married, she received as

a gift the counterpart of the miniature you see there."

"You then," said I, "were also the friend of Lucy Summers, and for you that miniature was painted."

"No," said Mrs. Saunders; "it was not painted for *me*"—she paused, and then added, "But I remember Lucy well, I remember her as she was when your mother saw her last. Is your mother living?"

"She is," I replied.

"And does she still remember Lucy Summers?"

"So well does she remember her," said I, "that I really think were I to meet her I should know her from my mother's description: she has often talked to me about her, and always spoke of her as the most animated girl she ever knew, and one too whose lot in life had been most happy."

"Did she say *more* about her?" enquired Mrs. Saunders.

"A great deal more," I replied; "and as you seem to be interested about her, I will try and remember it. Lucy was the most beautiful girl in the town where she was born; nay, my mother always said that she was allowed by every one to be the belle of the county: she was an only child, the idol of her father and mother, the favourite of all who knew her: her vivacity was contagious; her merry laugh so musical, and so truly from the heart. No party could be dull if Lucy Summers was present. Of course she was much admired by the men, and the offers which she was supposed to have had were not to be counted. I say *supposed*, because Lucy was not one of those who made a boast of her refusals. If any thing ever made her sad, it was the necessity of saying "*No*," to persons who declared to her that their whole chance of happiness in this life depended upon her saying "*Yes*." At length she was in love herself—a young soldier won her heart; so young a man indeed, that she being herself just "*come out*," it was decreed that they could not be allowed to marry yet. He was to go with his regiment abroad; if on his return after a probation of two years both parties remained of the same mind, the marriage was to take place. The young soldier was in despair, but not so Lucy; she cried indeed most bitterly when he left her, but she did not doubt his constancy; and often has my mother seen her flying to the post office, and returning in triumph with a long-expected letter. When at length her lover returned, he found her the same gay laughing beautiful Lucy he had left—only more maturely beautiful, and more gay when meeting

him than ever. My mother said that her cheerfulness was that of buoyant nature, that it seemed calculated to resist the buffets of the world; and that if she be now living she is in all probability the most active, cheerful, smiling, round-faced, chatty old body that ever was seen."

"It is not improbable that your mother and she may yet meet," said Mrs. Saunders; "and then she will have an opportunity of judging for herself: I am acquainted with her present residence, and—but go on."

"I have said nearly all I know," said I. "The young couple were married; and though Mary deeply felt her separation from her parents, she was devotedly attached to her husband; and when my mother last saw her, it was at her own house, by the side of the husband she adored, and her face was as beautiful and her laugh as merry as ever."

Mrs. Saunders was silent for a moment, and then said, "I was thinking of Lucy Summers's marriage this morning when you

saw me so deeply affected. Like *her* the bride is married to a soldier—like *her* she wept at leaving her parents' roof. Oh that the similitude may end there! Lucy Summers became an early widow. For weeks, for months she watched by the bedside of a dying husband—without hope she saw him linger, and at length he died in her arms."

The old lady became much agitated, and when she paused, I said,

"You knew her well, it seems, and must sympathise with her. It is fortunate, however, that misfortune fell upon one of her cheerful disposition—so buoyant, so elastic, as my mother said, that though deeply afflicted by her loss, she doubtless has long since rallied."

The pale, wrinkled, dejected, desolate old woman before me, removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and in a faltering voice exclaimed—"I was Lucy Summers!"—

T. H. B.

A LITTLE CHILD TO HER PILLOW.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DESBORDES VALMORE.)

DEAR little pillow, so white, soft, and warm,
 Full of fine down—made on purpose for me!
 When savage wolves howl, and loud blows the storm,
 Dear pillow! how calmly I sleep on thee!
 How many poor infants, houseless and cold,
 Have no soft pillow whereon they can sleep!
 No parent's dear face have they to behold—
 Mother, sweet mother! the thought makes me weep.
 When to God I have breathed my humble prayer,
 For all those who ne'er on a pillow recline,
 I cling to my own, in my soft bed, *there*—
 And I bless thee, mother—'tis close to thine.
 I shall not wake 'till the early dawn
 Sheds o'er the earth its cheering light:
 But hush! let me pray for the orphan forlorn—
 One more kiss, mother—Good night, good night!

PRAYER.

God of children, hear my infant prayer!
 My heart is thine; O! hear, thou Spirit mild!
 Henceforth in this vast world, so bright and fair,
 Ah! let there never be an orphan child!
 O! send thy pardoning angel down at night,
 To comfort those who, wakeful, groan and weep;
 And place a little pillow, soft and white,
 'Neath friendless infants' heads to make them sleep!

F. L.

PARIS ON THE MORNING OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH'S EXECUTION.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS, FROM THE BASVIGLIANA,—THE MOST CELEBRATED POLITICAL
POEM OF MONTI.

HUGH BASVILLE, envoy of the French Revolutionary Government, was put to death at Rome by the Pope, for an attempt to excite sedition. The subject of Monti's poem is the condemnation of Basville's spirit to traverse France, under the guidance of a chastising angel, and contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed. He is supposed to enter Paris, with his immortal guide, at the moment preceding the Execution of Louis XVI.

THE air was heavy, and the brooding skies
Looked fraught with omens, as to harmonise
With his pale aspect. Through the forest round
Not a leaf whisper'd, and the only sound
That broke the stillness was a streamlet's moan,
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plaintive tone,
As if a storm within the woodland bowers
Were gathering. On they moved, and lo! the towers
Of a far city nearer now they drew,
And all reveal'd, expanding on their view,
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and woes—
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose.

* * * * *

In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,
Viewless and hush'd, the angel and the shade
Enter'd that evil city. Onward passed
The heavenly being first, with brow o'ercast,
And troubled mien; while in his glorious eyes
Tears had obscured the splendour of the skies.
Pale with dismay the trembling spirit saw
That alter'd aspect, and in breathless awe
Marked the strange silence round. The deep-toned swell
Of life's full tide was hush'd; the sacred bell,
The clamorous anvil, mute: all sounds were fled
Of labour or of mirth, and in their stead
Terror and stillness! boding signs of woe—
Inquiring glances, rumours whisper'd low;
Questions half uttered, jealous looks, that keep
A fearful watch around; and sadness deep,
That weighs upon the heart; and voices heard
At intervals, in many a broken word;
Voices of mothers, trembling as they press'd
Th' unconscious infant closer to their breast;
Voices of wives, with fond imploring cries,
And the wild eloquence of tears and sighs,
On their own thresholds striving to detain
Their fierce impatient lords; but weak and vain
Affection's gentle bonds; in that dread hour
Of fate and fury love hath lost his power,
For evil spirits are abroad—the air
Breathes of such influence: Druid phantoms there,
Fired by that thirst for victims which of old
Raged in their bosoms fierce and uncontroll'd,
Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey
The deepest crime that e'er hath dimm'd the day.
Blood, human blood, hath stain'd their vests and hair,
On the winds tossing with a sanguine glare,
Scattering red showers around them. Flaming brands,
And serpent scourges, in their ruthless hands

Are wildly shaken ; others lift on high
 The steel, the envenom'd bowl, and hurrying by
 With touch of fire, contagious fury dart
 Through mortal veins, fast kindling to the heart.

Then comes the rush of crowds! restrain'd no more,
 Fast from each home the frenzied inmates pour ;
 From every heart affrighted mercy flies,
 While her soft voice amidst the tumult dies.
 Then the earth trembles, as from street to street
 The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening feet ;
 The roll of wheels, all mingled in the breeze,
 Come deepening onward, as the swell of seas
 Heard at dead midnight ; or the sullen moan
 Of gathering storms, or hollow boding tone
 Of far-off thunder. *Then* what anguish press'd,
 O wretched Basville ! on thy guilty breast.
 What pangs were thine, then fated to behold
 Death's awful banner to the wind unveil'd !
 To see the axe, the scaffold, rais'd on high,
 The dark impatience of the murderer's eye,
 Eager for crime ! And he the great, the good,
 Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for blood,
 Dragg'd to a felon's death ! Yet still his mien
 Midst that wild throng, is loftily serene,
 And his step falters not ! O hearts unmov'd !
 Where have you borne your monarch ? He who loved—
 Loved you so well ! Behold the sun grows pale,
 Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil.
 The misty air is silent as in dread,
 And the dim sky with shadowy gloom o'erspread,
 While saints and martyrs, spirits of the blest,
 Look down all weeping from their bowers of rest.

* * * * *
 In that dread moment, to the fatal pile
 The kingly victim came, and raised, the while,
 His patient glance, with such an aspect high,
 So firm, so calm, in holy majesty,
 That e'en th' assassin's heart one instant shook
 Before the might of that ascendant look,
 And a strange thrill of pity, half renew'd,
 Stirr'd through the bosom of the multitude.

* * * * *
 Like him who, breathing mercy to the last,
 Pray'd 'till the bitterness of death was past,
 Ev'n for his murderers pray'd, in that dark hour
 When his soul yielded to affliction's power,
 And the wind bore his dying cry abroad—
 "*Hast thou forsaken me, my God, my God ?*"
 E'en thus the monarch stood ; his prayer arose
 Thus calling down forgiveness on his foes ;
 "To Thee my spirit I commend," he cried,—
 "And my lost people ;—Father, be their guide !"

• • • • •
 But the sharp steel descends ; the blow is given,
 And answer'd by a thunder-peal from heaven ;
 Earth, stain'd with blood, convulsive terror owns,
 And her kings tremble on their distant thrones.

THE HYDROMANIA.

BY MRS. BUSK.

THE Hydrophobia has of late years been the subject of much, though unluckily not very successful, investigation; but there is a disorder of an opposite description, that has not as yet, to the best of my knowledge and belief, attracted the observation of either physician or philosopher: I mean the sort of *Hydromania* (if I may be permitted so to christen it) which has long periodically afflicted the inhabitants of this country in particular, and seems to be gradually spreading upon the continent. The malady, though not very pernicious in its effects, except perhaps to the purses of the patients, is of so uncommon a nature that it will deserve some notice; and, in the hope of directing towards it the attention of either the faculty or the Royal Society, I will endeavour to point out its principal symptoms, as far as that may be done by a mere Tyro Naturalist, wholly uninitiated in the *arcana* of Pathology.

In the first place, the Hydromania seems to be rather epidemic than contagious; for although a year never passes without its visiting the British dominions, it so completely disappears during the spring months, that I apprehend there cannot then remain a single infected individual, to preserve and communicate the virus.

The malady, as I have said, returns periodically, but the period of return is marked by one peculiarity, to wit, a small, but regular excess, which has accumulated, within the memory of persons now living, to the amount of some weeks. Whether this may be connected with the precession of the equinoxes; whether it may be regarded simply as an additional proof that the seasons themselves are later than they used to be, as several very shrewd old ladies of my acquaintance assure me is the case, I will not take upon myself to determine; but with respect to the Hydromania, the fact does not admit of a doubt. Thirty or forty years ago the disorder invariably broke out in the month of June, subsided in October, and in November not a trace of it would be discovered. Now, July scarcely produces a stray Hydromania; the complaint becomes gradually prevalent in August, but does not attain to its greatest height until September and October; and whether it can be justly said to begin to subside in November, may be matter of dispute; for although its ravages be far less extensive in the winter than in the autumn, must we

not suppose the intensity of the disease to be proportionably augmented, since its virulence is then such as to draw the most self-indulgent persons from their own warm and comfortable homes, to the wretched houses provided in various convenient places for the reception of Hydromaniac patients, but which afford little shelter from the wind and rain, the frost and snow, of December and January? Yet in such discomfort is the inclemency of winter voluntarily endured, until the genial breath of spring effectually, although but temporarily, conquers this strange influenza.

There is another circumstance connected with these annual returns, which, though not actually peculiar to the Hydromania, deserves mention; I mean the manner of the distemper's manifesting itself, when the period arrives. It uniformly selects in the first instance its humblest victims.

"On dogs and mules th' infection first began,
And last the vengeful arrows fixed in man."

Far be it from me, in these march of intellect days, to insinuate that the gradation of the different classes of society bears any resemblance to that of the classes of the animal kingdom; yet in this one respect it really does seem as if some sort of analogy must be allowed to exist between these, otherwise dissimilar, ascending series. Upon the authority of Homer we learn that the plague, in the camp before Troy, commenced in dogs and mules before it attacked the human species; the Hydrophobia begins in dogs, and, as I have heard, cats, if not pigs; Typhus indubitably invades the courts and alleys of the metropolis before it meddles with the squares; and it is equally incontestible that when the middle ranks are suffering most from Hydromania, the higher orders are still in the enjoyment of perfect health; and that when the former are returned home thoroughly cured, the latter are actually in the worst stage of the disease. These are the unfortunate sufferers who are only restored by the salutary influence of a London spring, which, in their instance, should seem to have a precursive action on the human frame, somewhat in the manner of an impending thunder storm.

Contemporaneous with the gradual change of the period at which the disorder makes its appearance, has been the equally gradual increase of its malignity, and of the extent of its prevalence, from which scarcely a

family in the kingdom can now hope to escape. Of this fact, did it not speak for itself, abundant proof might be supplied by the prodigious enlargement of all those places that have long been the established and especial resort of persons labouring under this malady, as well as by the frequent discovery of new points of Hydromaniac affinity, that start up on all sides like coral reefs or volcanic islands. Till within the last few years, who had ever heard of Sandgate, Herne Bay, Aberystwith, Redcar, Leamington, Beulah, or many others, too numerous to be recorded by any writer unskilled in bestowing interest upon a mere catalogue of names.

And it is not a little remarkable, that this increased demand for Hydromaniac accommodation has gone on progressively through a period, during which one might have supposed that it would be checked by the effects of the newer influenza, that broke out with such unexampled and sudden violence some years ago, I might say upon the conclusion of the peace of Paris. This disease, which I will venture to denominate the *Epeiromania*, or Continental sickness, though it occasionally blends with the Hydromania, as witness the throngs of patients that flock to Boulogne, Spa, &c., I take to be, unlike the Hydromania, rather contagious than epidemic; and so extensive have its ravages already been, that amongst the new buildings upon the site of Carlton House, a spacious Hospital has recently been completed, and appropriated solely to the accommodation of *Epeiromaniacs*. It is a handsome edifice, but proving, nevertheless, inadequate to the immense number of patients seeking admission, has been restricted to the use of the incurables, none being received, I understand, whose fit has not been of sufficient length and severity to carry him a thousand miles from home.

I have hitherto, I observe, given rather a general history, than a description, of the Hydromania, and stated its concomitant circumstances, instead of detailing its more essential symptoms; having been tempted so to do, as much by the extreme peculiarity of many of those extraneous characteristics, as by the temperament of my own mind and the nature of my pursuits; being, as I have already hinted, a dabbler in natural philosophy, but utterly ignorant of the science of Galen and Hippocrates. I will now, however, do my best to give a pathognomic account of the malady itself.

The first symptom of indisposition is invari-

ably a considerable degree of restlessness, a general *malaise*, attended by a proportionate desire for locomotion. This is quickly followed by an inordinate, irresistible longing either for large draughts of certain water, to be found in distant parts of the kingdom, which, by the foreign substances that they hold in solution, are rendered nauseous to the healthy appetite, or for the entire or partial immersion of the body in hot or cold water. When, in compliance with this morbid inclination, the desired journey has been taken, and the course of external or internal ablution begun, the above mentioned restlessness, far from being relieved by the application, as might have been anticipated, increases to a frightful degree; and this is the stage at which the disorder assumes the most alarming appearance. The Hydromaniac patients are seen at the various watering places at which this unhappy propensity congregates them, walking, driving, and riding upon horses or asses, according to their respective circumstances, incessantly with a sort of insane activity, painful to behold, from the moment they awake in the morning until long after dusk; and even then, exhausted as invalids must needs be by such violent and unintermitting exertions, as if incapable of enduring an instant's repose, they hurry to the theatre, the ball-room, the gaming-tables, provided, somewhat anomalously, in the libraries, until overstrained nature can no longer support the fatigue, and they at length perforce betake themselves to their beds. Nor is this extraordinary impatience of inaction confined to the body; the mind appears to be in a state of similar excitement. These insatiate exercisers have usually a novel in their hands, which, at every interruption of locomotion, they devour—nay, some of them, probably the most disordered, do not even wait for such pauses, but read and walk simultaneously.

The symptoms hitherto enumerated should seem to rank this malady in the class of fevers, as might also perhaps the high colour which, in the great majority of cases, attends it, apparently increasing with the restlessness of the patient. But, on the other hand, this deep flushing may be hectic, and indicate a consumptive character, and there are other diagnostics wholly irreconcilable with the idea of fever. Although some individuals may, upon first sickness, occasionally complain of headach, it is self-evident, that the disorder, at its height, is free from that invariable attendant upon fever, as no human being, suffering under severe cephalalgia,

could support the heat, light, and noise, in which alone the Hydromaniac appears to find relief. Moreover, instead of loss of appetite, the affection of the stomach and digestive organs is more analogous to the *Fames Canina*.

These are the principal characteristics of the distemper. What would be the effect of thwarting these irregular longings must be left to conjecture, until some philosopher, emulating the magnanimity of the physician who inoculated himself with the plague, shall be induced to make the experiment upon either himself or his wife and daughters. No one has yet been known to attempt coercion, or even the gentlest restraint upon the wishes of the Hydromaniac, subsequently to the complaint's assuming a decided form; nor indeed is it probable that aught, save philanthropy, will ever impel any one to do so, for besides that, nine times in ten, every member of a family is alike under the influence of the disease, experience has shown that, when permitted to take its course, it constantly subsides of itself within a given period. Whether this be the consequence of an alteration in the state of the atmosphere, regularly recurring with the change of the season; or whether the morbid appetite becomes fairly saturated with liquid, it is not for one so unlearned in the healing art to pronounce, though I may confess a strong bias to the latter opinion, grounded upon the constant succession of different classes of Hydromaniacs; but, as before said, it is not for me to decide upon causes; my business is simply to point out facts, and invite those, who are better qualified than myself, to investigate them. I must not however omit to observe, that I have noted a milder form of the disorder, in which the patient is satisfied with seeing others drenched and half-drowned, without taking any personal share in the operations.

I have now, to the best of my ability, briefly and distinctly detailed the symptoms and concomitant circumstances, characterising the malady to which it is my object to draw the attention of the scientific inquirer. That any study should produce a remedy of a distemper of such widely-extended prevalence, and such long standing, is, perhaps, hardly to be hoped; but even to ascertain the nature and origin of phenomena, so curious as those here inadequately described, would surely be a result sufficiently satisfactory to repay a long and laborious investigation. For my own part, I should be tolerably contented with the single discovery of the cause that

renders England so much more obnoxious to the ravages of Hydromania than the continent of Europe. There, although the disease is far from unknown, although throughout France and Germany, Hydromaniacs are every year seen scouring the country in search of the waters of Bourbon, Barèges, Bagnières, Spa, Carlsbad, &c., &c., the entire population is never simultaneously affected, as with us; and I am not aware that the particular form of the malady, which may be specified as the Marine Hydromania, was ever experienced abroad until very lately. Nay, even now, when symptoms of it are beginning to appear in a neighbouring country, first showing themselves, contrary to all former experience, in the highest ranks, (we heard of no French marine Hydromaniacs until a Princess of the then reigning royal family was seized with the disorder), even now I apprehend that ninety-nine hundredths of the patients at Dieppe and Boulogne are British.

I have disclaimed the presumption of offering any opinion, either upon the causes of this malady, or upon its superior prevalence in Great Britain; but I trust I shall not be thought to transgress the limits I have assigned myself, if, under the modern guise of queries, I throw out some few conjectures, to be approved, qualified, or rejected by the learned. Is it possible that our insular situation should excite in us a peculiar attraction for, or affinity with, the ocean? Can our excessive liability to every modification of this extraordinary, and hitherto neglected epidemic, be a galvanic, magnetic, or magneto-electric effect of the geological formation of the island? Can it depend upon some of those causes which act more immediately upon the mind? and must we ascribe our Hydromaniac susceptibility to our free constitution, (chronology forbids my including the Reform Bill,) to our moral and religious habits? Can this singular infliction be, in some hitherto unsuspected way, a metaphysical result, a sort of compensatory concomitant of those ratiocinative faculties which have entitled us to the honourable designation of "most thinking people?" Or finally, for my powers of conjecture are pretty nearly exhausted, must we seek in the deep, sensitive, impassioned, and vivid imagination, characteristic of a race that has produced Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and all our *real* poets of elder or of later times, the solution of this difficult and very interesting problem?

PHILOSTOR.

THE SUICIDE.

BY MISS CAROLINE MESSUM.

"THERE, there it is again, Phelim, honey! wake wid ye—wake, I say, out o' the ugly big sleep that you're in. Och machree! and is'nt it some evil that's lourin' upon us! there's the cratur of a dog howling under the window again, for the third night, he is—stop your big noise, Phelim, I say—och! for your son, that's far over the water, and did I not hear his voice outside, calling me, 'Mother—mother,' when I laid awake by myself, and every human thing was still around me." "The devil burn ye, Mat Dogherty! let me alone, and pull the boat up yourself," growled out Phelim, in a dream, and then went snoring away again. The poor woman was, indeed, in a sad state of mind; she had been awake hour after hour, silently weeping and thinking of her favourite son, who had gone to sea some two years since, in order to escape punishment for setting fire to a barn. He was her first-born, her best beloved—he had his dead father's curling hair, his careless wild look all over, and, I am sorry to say, he inherited his passionate, ungovernable temper. How proud Tim's mother might have been of him, if he had been as good as he was handsome!—how many a heart-ach it would have spared her.

Two days before Tim went away, there was a wedding in the neighbourhood, to which he was invited, and his favourite lassie, the soft-eyed Ellie Gerald, was there; this young creature was very pretty, very gentle, and had a kind word in her sweet mouth for every one. Tim had fancied himself her lover before, but this evening he was all bewildered, all *lost* in love. If any one but himself asked her to dance, he wished them any where but present; and if she laughed with her partners, he was ready to die with jealousy; finally, he made himself so ridiculous that Ellie was distressed, and the tears were just starting into her eyes, when her brother came and took her away. Tim could have killed him! and he let him know as much, whereupon Gerald sent Tim a gentle remembrance with his shillelah, and Tim gave Gerald the "mother of a bating." So poor Ellie told him that, "after all his soft spaking, he could not be loving her at all at all, to use the brother of herself in that dirty manner, and she'd never, never forgive him for that same bad-hearted

action!" and then were her eyes streaming with tears all the time. Tim could hardly bear this, he was half mad!

Going home that night he and some other young men, with more whiskey than malice in their heads, set fire to an empty barn. They were surprised, pursued, and all taken, except Tim, who got safe to his father's house; but very little chance he had of escaping detection; his mind was consequently on the rack, and that, joined to his father-in-law's reproaches, determined him to go off to sea; accordingly, with a few "dacent" things (as he called them), and a pair of new "brogues," which he carried, for fear of their being worn out, he set off for the nearest seaport, which was Cork. It was very warm, and Tim Dolan thought he could travel best by the cool light of the moon, which rose at an early hour.

So he kissed all the little ones, bade his mother good-by, in a laughing way, and went out of the house singing "I'm on the sea—I'm on the sea," just to cheer her spirits, but when he got a little way from home he burst into an agony of tears, and prayed God to bless them all.

Going along a retired lane, Tim Dolan, to his great surprise, and greater joy, overtook Ellie Gerald, who happened to be journeying the same way—perhaps to fetch buttermilk.

"Good evening, Ellie Gerald," said Tim.

"Sure, and it is'nt a good one for me to be met by yourself, Tim Dolan."

"Oh! I'm sure, Ellie, good and kind tempered as ye are, ye'll forgive me when I'm tellin ye all—you don't know what a divil there was in my heart that evening: fait! an' is'nt it myself that's sorry for it?"

"Well, Tim, if ye repent of your bad actions ye can do no more, and if ye don't quit your evil ways (not that it's any thing to me you know,) but bad will come of ye."

"Och! and won't I try?" said Tim; and added he, after a pause, "you'll be telling Gerald that I'm sorry for his black eye, and wish I had half a dozen of 'em myself instead of him. I hope he'll be partin' good friends with me; and then there's your dear little self, for all the world like a star of a dark night in my heart, shall I ever be thinking of any one else, while ever Tim's alive? Ob, no! Ellie Gerald, it's the only thing I'll

be grieved about, when I'm ridin' on the big sea!"

"Sure! an' Tim Dolan, but you're not going away?"

"Fait an' I am."

"What! away from —— your mother's!"

"Och! and haven't I tould you so?"

"Oh! Tim, Tim, and you were not after being the friendly person to come and bid us good-by."

"Divil burn me if I could, for the sowl of me!"

Just then there was a drop fell on Ellie's hand, but it was not the rain—no, it was not the rain, hereupon Tim, who, though in love, was not quite blind, asked and obtained an entire forgiveness for all his bad behaviour. He went farther; he sounded the depths of her innocent heart, and found that there was still a promised harbour for him if fate piloted him safely back to it. At last they parted—oh, the sorrow mingled with hope! oh, the tears mingled with endearments! oh, the promises! oh, the kind words of consolation spoken while each heart was inwardly sinking!

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. Phelim Dennison and his family were sitting by a bright fire; the hearth was swept clean; the little noisy ones in bed, and the eldest girl was helping her mother to prepare the supper, which consisted to-night (for a treat!) of rashers of bacon and potatoes. All was comfortable within doors (barring the cold which came through some broken panes in the window), and all was wild warfare without; the leafless trees were dashed with violence against each other, and the wind whistled drearily, *whew, whe—e—w* through the key-hole.

"Och! for the poor craturs that are out on this cold night!" said Phelim.

"Mother, I'm could," answered a sweet mournful voice like an echo. They all looked at each other; their lips were perfectly white, and there was a dreadful silence. "Mother, I'm could!" said the same sweet voice again. "'Tis Tim!—'tis Tim!—he's playing with us, and he's come home from the sea!" exclaimed Phelim's wife, clapping her hands, and her eyes rolling like a mad woman. In a moment she rushed to the door, and out, out in all the sleet and darkness! "Wife!—Darlint!—Where are ye?" said Phelim mournfully; and groping his way among the pigs, wooden tubs, and straw, he followed her out. He found her at some distance from the house, extended on the ground in a fit: it was as much as Phelim could do to carry his helpless burden home.

He entered the cottage, which was all in darkness; the wood-fire and candle were soon out; and the children up stairs all crying together, "Come back, mother, dear—Oh, father—father! Och! hone! and what will we do!" Phelim struck a light, the eldest girl relighted the fire, and the poor mother, though pale and wet, was, after a time, restored. Then they all had some whiskey, (honest Phelim prescriber,) which set them to sleep, and helped them to forget their fright.

The next day, (which was Christmas) Phelim had enough to do in turning the beef which was roasting before the fire. His wife was up to her elbows in dough, and the little ones were playing dinners with the apple rind.

"Whatever you say," began Mrs. Dennison, "I can't help having a dread on my mind of some trouble that's about to come on us: that strange cratur of a dog doesn't come howling under the window for nothin'; and last night I tied him up myself; no dog could have broken that rope: besides, what for does the poor worried thing forsake his warm wooden house on the sheltered side of the cottage for the bleak front, where the wind cuts over the hills enough to blind one. Och! an' if I had but the wafer of a letter from poor Tim!—and don't the poor thing get thin and bediveled: look at our dog's bones, Phelim; look at his humble sneakin' way since he has been so worried at nights. Och! and won't I go to the priest myself and ask his advice and blessin'."

"Don't let us talk any more about it before the childers, jewel!" said Phelim softly, while he gave an anxious look at them. "Fait, an' we won't though," said his wife; and so they dropped the subject.

The dinner was almost done; some of the young ones were told to put away their tin plates and pieces of broken china; some were sent to look for Micky and Jane. "Sure they're having a long preachment to-day. Ah! Phelim, I wish you and I could go; but won't we when the children are grown up out of the way? It's a blessed thing to be hearing the Lord's word of a Sunday. Hark! I hear the people coming from church *now*." Yes! nearer and nearer came the sound of many feet, Phelim looked through the window; sure enough there *was* a crowd! all talking and running towards the cottage. When they got close to the door there was among them a suppressed murmuring sound. Phelim asked what was the matter, but no one cared to speak out.

Mrs. Dennison sat on a low stool with the

baby in her lap: it was falling—she did not know it—but Jane caught the poor little thing, and it was not hurt. She remained sitting, still and pale, while her heart quivered like lacerated flesh from hearing words of agony such as these:—"Body found—man hung himself—quite cold—he was a sailor—an inquest had been held—body recognised, and—it was Tim Dolan!" The men who bore the cold corse had been hidden from her sight before; but now the dreadful tidings had been told, they opened a lane among them, and the body of her son, in all the pale horror of death, blasted the sight of his mother! She fixed her eyes on him as if they would start from her head. "*At last,*" she said, and then clasped the open collar of his shirt on each side; and there she held in silence, looking into his face in all the sternness of despair, while the people round were saying, "take her away—oh! take her away!" but none dared to do so; and some said, "come to your wife, Phelim Dennison, or she'll be breaking her heart!"

The body was dressed in rough trousers, a blue checked shirt, open at the neck, round which, oh, horror! was a blue livid mark! He was without shoes, and without a hat, and the long curls, which sailors are so fond of, hung over the person's arm who supported the helpless head—he was not much altered—only a little taller and browner, except just above the brows, which had been protected from the sun, and was as fair as a woman's.

There was a dreadful silence in Phelim's cottage; although Tim had been dead some hours, the poor mother insisted on his being put into a warmed bed, while she continually rubbed his chest, and often kissed his cold lips. Sometimes she would look closely at the livid mark round his neck, and then rub it softly, while her brows were drawn together, and "oh! oh!" she groaned, as if in extreme bodily pain.

Presently Phelim came into the room; "hush! hush! you'll be wakin' him," she said. "Oh! my wife! my Mary! come to your children, and don't break my heart!" She put her hand to her head, as if recollecting herself, and then went on rubbing again.

One of the elder girls now brought the child to her, but she took no notice, and the little thing was fretting and eagerly sucking its fingers. "Oh, mother! give the poor baby a drop!" said Jane, while the child leant forward, and fell on the wretched mother's neck. At last she gently took it, and gave it nourishment. A neighbour drew

her from the room, and when they laid the body out, the hard stiff limbs were not supple and straight, or, said the old women, he would have been a very pretty corpse. It was not 'till the earth rattled upon the coffin, with that peculiar hollow sound, that Mrs. Dennison shed tears, and then her heart was softer; but never—*never* after, did the poor family forget that dreadful day.

The priest who came with Tim's body gave Phelim a letter, which was found in his unfortunate son-in-law's pocket—it was thus:—

"When you receive this, my sorrow will be over—I am going to die, mother—which I had better do than live to be a disgrace to you all. I have murdered a man! and I deserve death, but not by the hand of a common hangman; yet—I will die. Yesterday evening, I came and saw you—my dear little sisters—my father, all of you. I looked through the window, the children were saying their prayers, before they went to bed. Mother, did they pray for me? I listened, oh! earnestly!—but I could not hear. Presently the dear little ones kissed you! here, here was a sight to break my heart! I think I wept, but I scarcely remember. Mother, I never saw that last baby of your's before—it is a sweet little creature! How I longed to come in—you had a comfortable fire—I was cold, and I told you so, mother—but I could not, never—oh, no, no! not I—a murderer—not to bring a curse on your little cottage. I had even then more than I deserved, the sight of you all, innocent and comfortable as you were.

"Mother, the man I killed was a villain—to me and to others. He—he whipped me like a dog,—the marks of disgrace are on my back now! don't let any one see them when I am laid out; but I don't mind you, my mother—oh! did he not deserve death? The heartless man! yes; when I could not help myself, could not strike him dead—dead to the earth: he lacerated my flesh, while others stood looking on and jeering—oh, mother! *jeering this* for a free born Irishman serving his king! no—I could *not* bear it!—

"So we met on shore—it was in a lonely place we fought—*fair*, mother; but I killed him in my deadly passion! I struck him a blow on the temple with the strength of a giant; he died instantly, and I, scarcely in my senses, buried the warm body under the dried leaves and moss in the place where we met. The newspapers will tell you the rest; how he was found by the hounds, half putrid,—and how—how a reward was offered for the *murderer*! I can't talk any more about it; my

heart aches too much, and I wish to be calm, and—and I shall try to pray presently; mother, will *you* pray for me? There is one I would mention—but dare not write her name. Oh! she has been very dear to me—give her the lock of hair which is sewn up in my shirt sleeve, and now may God bless you *all*, and have mercy on this miserable soul.”

When Ellie Gerald heard of Tim's unhappy death, her heart seemed struck suddenly, as if by lightning. From that time, she faded and faded slowly, like the noon-day to twilight and then—to darkness. Her poor mother hardly grieved when the last of all came—she only said, as she saw her lying pale and beautiful in her coffin, “she is happy now!”

LINES.

BY JAMES CONOLLY, ESQ.

OH! infant dawn! how beautiful art thou!
 Gilding the east with many colour'd pride;
 With radiant, rosy bloom and purple smiles,
 Kissing the hill tops, woods and laughing streams,
 Even as a mother lips her infant child,
 While gazing on its cherub, morning face
 Beaming with joy, to hear its mother's voice,
 It leaps and struggles in her fond embrace,
 And crows in ecstasy; with tiny hands
 Twin'd mid' the ringlets of her waving hair.
 So joys all nature in thy loved approach,
 Thou bright eyed dawn! while varied, happy sounds
 Of beast and bird proclaim thy glorious reign,
 Till the full chorus swells the vales along,
 And hills reverberate with gladsome song.

Creation's earthly lord, weak erring man,
 Shakes off the slumbers of his dreamy couch,
 With all the shadowy phantasms of the soul
 That in the night distract his sleeping sense;
 And—paying first his orisons on high
 To him who gives, or yet withholds soft rest,—
 Walks forth to taste the bracing breeze of morn,
 Which grateful blows upon his freshen'd cheek,
 And fragrant incense wafts from every flower.
 Maid of the morn! I love thy glowing eye,
 And charms of beauty in their varied tints;
 And, while entranced, thine advent I behold,
 My heart, new opening, turns to him, the Great,
 Who, viewing earth's wide chaos from his throne,
 Uttered his first decree to listening Hosts,
 Commanding *thee* to shed thy cheering beams,
 Dispelling darkness from her wandering sphere.
 Thy rays, Aurora, penetrate my soul;
 Of all things earthly I do love thee most,
 Because, while dwelling on thy burning charms,
 I almost see thy Great Creator, God.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH

FOUNDED ON AN HISTORICAL FACT RELATED IN HERBER'S HISTORY OF THE COSSACKS.

Persons.

VLODOMIR, *Prince of Kief.*IGOR, *an aspiring noble.*ROGNEIDA, *his wife, daughter of ROGVOLD,*
*a northern prince.*VARA, *the queen's attendant.*

IGOR AND VARA.

IGOR.

I WAIT no longer for thy tedious schemes,
Thy boasted influence o'er the queen is nought;
From henceforth, flatter not thyself with hope
To share a throne thou canst not help to win.
Thou reign! spiritless fool, who dar'st not stir
An injured woman to a just revenge!
Thou hast a theme to ply her ear withal,
Which needs no eloquence to set it forth
With one, constrained to be his wife, who slew
Father and lover both; that lover too
His only brother, beautiful and brave.

VARA.

Impatient! couldst thou hope the force of words
Would conquer, like thy lance, on the first stroke?
'Tis true Ragneida bears a bitter hate
To the slave's son, whose sandal she unloosed*,
But violence is foreign to her soul;
Her hatred had subsided long e'er this
Into still grief, had I not fed the flame.
A settled gloom, which preys upon herself,
Is more congenial to her gentle mind
Than furious passion.

IGOR.

Idle tales are these!
A woman gentle, who forsakes her child!
Th' assassin's dagger should be no strange tool
To one who looks not on her blooming boy.
Yet, if it be so, thou hast thrown away
Thy fairest opportunity; this night
Has Vlodimir commanded, that the child
Should be brought back from its long banishment,
Doubtless in hope to wake a mother's love
In a heart cold to all his blandishments.
If he succeed, I cannot gain the crown
But with the name of murderer annexed;
Too fair a pretext for my enemies;
While if Ragneida takes the tyrant's life,
Her death will be but justice from my hand,
Nor can a feeble infant bar my way—
And must this vision be a fruitless dream,

* Unloosing the sandal was one of the marriage ceremonies among the Cossacks. Vlodimir was an illegitimate son.

Because thou wilt not dare to make it true?
 How should the master mind display itself,
 But in dominion over other minds?
 Why, any dolt might drive a dagger home—
 The wise alone can use another's hand.
 King will I be, and by mine ancestor,
 Great Zinghis, I do swear thy fate shall be
 To roam unfriended through the pathless wild,
 Nor ever find a tent to shelter thee;
 Envy the suslik * as it glides among
 The rank luxuriance which entangles thee,
 And its shrill cry shall mock thy moaning wail,
 When it finds food and shelter, and thou none;
 Or wilt thou rather on the reedy bank
 Of Donetz combat with the tusked boar,
 And drink slow poison from the noxious pool?
 Choose thou, for I have chosen,—I will reign.

SCENE II.

VARA AND ROGNEIDA.

VARA.

FORGIVE my tears, lov'd princess, they *will* flow,
 Whene'er thy coif of pearls with trembling hand
 I place upon the noble brow, where shines,
 With Lada's † beauty, Peroun's majesty.
 How the deep blush, which burnt there on that hour,
 When to the base-born stooped the royal maid,
 Withered thy loveliness—empress of kings
 Wert thou; the greatest humbly sought thy smile;
 From sunny Sfetigrade ‡ to Lapland snows
 All heroes fought, and monarchs sued for thee,
 And now thou art a slave!

ROGNEIDA.

Slave, Vara! no,
 Not yet a slave, but a most wretched queen,
 For regal pomp attends me; vassals throng
 At my command, and Vlodimir himself,
 With ceaseless courtesy, his homage pays.

VARA.

Is not my royal mistress then enslav'd?
 How is that she shares a murderer's throne?
 Is Yarossolk forgotten?—Rogvold too?
 Venturing both crown and life to save his child
 From sorrow and disgrace; alas! in vain
 The sated tyrant will soon loathe thy charms,
 Bought with a brother's blood; Ragneida then
 Shall pine ignobly 'midst his female train.
 E'en now he loves thee not, he cannot love.
 Thou art his pride; so is his fleetest steed;
 A beauteous ornament to deck his throne—
 Such the gay streamer fluttering from his lance.
 No generous sentiment can move his soul;

* The suslik is a little animal something like a ferret, abounding in the steppes of Russia; its cry is a sort of whistle.

† Lada, the Russian Venus. Peroun, the Russian Jupiter.

‡ Sfetigrade, Constantinople.

His guilty hand is dyed with darker stain
 Than warrior's crimsoned on the battle field.
 Brave Yarossolk indignantly looks down
 From the great hall of warriors where he dwells;
 He cannot quaff the bowl, or list the song,
 In praise of his high deeds; he only sees
 Rogneida, (dearer even than renown,)
 Forget the mutual-binding vow, receive,
 With patience, nay, with pleasure, the caress
 Of one, detested with no common hate,
 But with that rancour which corrodes the soul,
 When sacred ties of blood are galling chains
 Unhallowed by affection; hateful more
 The closer they are drawn,—oh, how he thirsts
 For vengeance——

ROGNEIDA.

I avenge thee, Yarossolk—
 I hate the tyrant,—I'm not false to thee;
 Thy dying groan beneath the monster's hand
 Shall sound a warlike trumpet in mine ear,
 And rouse fierce courage in my woman's breast.

VARA.

There spoke the daughter of a noble race;
 Now the usurper meets his just desert;
 Nor thy belov'd alone shall bless the hand
 Which rescues Scandinavia from the yoke;
 Thousands shall hail thee empress of the north.
 Oh! speedy be the stroke, for even now
 Innumerable snares are spread around thy path;
 Not for one moment can thy life be safe,
 While he who has so injured thee still lives.

SCENE III.

ROGNEIDA AND VLODOMIR.

VLODOMIR.

TO-MORROW, dearest, we begin the chase,
 Tenfold the pleasure if 'tis shared with thee;
 Pleasure, be thy sole part, the danger ours,
 Hunting the fleet deer, or the savage boar;
 There's not a noble but would gladly risk
 His life to shield thee from the smallest harm;
 To add my own were nothing, for it has
 No value when thy presence is withdrawn.
 Oh! could I see once more the dimpled cheek,
 And the quick glance of happiness take place
 Of that fixed mournful gaze,—it falls as chill
 Upon my heart to check its warmest pulse
 As wintry snows, which, silently, do strip
 The fruitful plain. Come now with me, my love,
 See what a gorgeous tent is spread for thee
 With glossy furs adorn'd; the sacred snake*
 Glides softly, warm'd amidst its ample folds,
 And thou wilt feed him from the skim of milk;

* A large black snake was consecrated to the god of the earth, and cherished in most tents, being fed with eggs and milk.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Thy docile steed tosses his head in sport,
Till the gold tassels which confine his mane
Play on his graceful neck—come now and see.

ROGNEIDA.

King Vlodimir, I live but to obey.

VLODOMIR.

Thus ever is my fondest wish construed
To mean some harsh command. Rather resume
Th' imperious haughtiness which frowned on me,
Than make me wretched by this deathlike calm.

ROGNEIDA.

Would that my soul were dead. Beneath thy power
All its affections crushed, and writhing lie,
With just enough of life for suffering—
Let me depart, I cannot follow thee.

VLODOMIR.

Implacable! and senseless I, to dream
That love could be compelled, or beauty charm
Without love's tenderness. Why must it be
That anger rankles yet within her breast,
And sad remorse haunts mine? Peroun should smile
On one who serves him with unfailing zeal;
I built him splendid altars, offered there
The Greeks, who scornfully deny his might;
And he gave vict'ry,—but no happiness!
These Grecians tell me of a Deity,
Who loves to make men happy: they relate,
He died on earth to purchase bliss for them,
Yet will not be appeased by human blood.
An idle fable this must be, for sure
The gods delight in warriors, they accept
The costly sacrifice of human life.
Warrior am I, but miserable still;
Rogneida wrested from her father's arms,
My dying brother ever in my view,
Bleeding and helpless as he lay, and saw,
Then turned to me and cursed me with his eyes
When his lips failed to speak. And I am cursed
With deep regret and passion for a bride,
Who grants me in return contemptuous hate.
It is Rogneida who inflicts the wound,
Quick'ning remembrance to torment my soul—
Yet is there one spell left to soothe her rage,
One fond appeal to the maternal love,
Never extinguished in a woman's breast.
Surely her infant will not plead in vain,
For he was taken from her sight when scarce
Had life awakened his first plaintive voice;
He could not watch her looks, or smile on her,
Or clasp his soft arms round her snowy neck.
Now, he might call her mother; can she see
The lovely boy without a strong desire
To hear that sweet name from his innocent lips?
No—the full flow of tenderness restored
Will reach to me and make me happy yet.

Night—adjoining chambers. In one ROGNEIDA; in the other VLODOMIR and Son both sleeping.

ROGNEIDA.

Oh, weary night, relieved by no bright gleam
From spirits * passing o'er the vaulted sky,
No rosy light quiv'ring and glowing fair—
As the sun's golden dawn upon the earth.
Refreshed and joyful soon creation wakes;
I know no peaceful sleep or waking joy.
I envy the poor victim stags; they rise
Exulting in their fleet elastic limbs,
And on the dewy herbage careless feast,
Feeling but transient suff'ring ere they die.
But I must bear a life of misery,
To which e'en death would be a welcome end;
Dwell in this wilderness of sepulchres †
Where the tall thistle and coarse spear-grass wave
In sullen stillness. There is nothing seen
But frequent graves; each hillock is a tomb,
And eagles scream around them, for the prey
So plentiful, yet rescued from their claws.
Alas! the cheerful huts of mine own land,
The scarlet berries and the sturdy pines
Which decorate each crag. Would I were there—
Oh, 'tis a frantic wish; no kindly voice
Would greet me now, since all I loved are slain;
My own dear country is no home to me;
And I am slave to him who murdered them!
Abject and vile! how have I breathed thus long,
And they still unrevenged. Hear me, beloved,
And nerve my timid arm with thine own might;
Ere the sun rise the tyrant shall be slain,
An off'ring to appease his brother's shade—
He lies defenceless, and his dagger there;
Now Yarossolk——

ROGNEIDA approaches the king, and seizing his dagger is about to stab him, but stumbling in her agitation, the noise awakes him, he wrests it from her to plunge it in her bosom. The child murmurs in its sleep "Mother, Mother." ROGNEIDA rushes to it and clasps it in her arms.

VLODOMIR.

I cannot strike the blow now thy warm tears
Flow o'er our trembling child, and thy wild sobs
Affright him; yet he clings to thee, assured
The fiercest tumult in his mother's breast
Can bode no ill to him.——Kneel not to me,
Thou art forgiven, thou art still beloved.

ROGNEIDA.

My husband——Oh! forgive me for *his* sake.

* The northern Pagans believe that the spirits of the departed are in the Aurora Borealis.

† In the steppes, nothing varies the immense extent of plain but innumerable low circular barrows, tombs probably of the ancient Scythians.

GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

PART II.

How the T. T——s comported themselves at Paris, and how they got through France and Switzerland, I am unable to tell, for though I quitted England for Italy about the same time, I travelled by a different route, and lost sight of my friends for several months.

One morning as I was coming out of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, I met a large party of English going in. Though a very patriotic person, both at home and abroad, I confess that, when abroad, I have a nervous dread of my wandering countrymen, and, indeed, of sight-seers in general.

With these feelings I just glanced my eye over the Florence party, and was going on, when I fancied I saw some faces that were familiar to me; I gazed again—there were two young women drest in the very extravagance of Parisian fashion, leaning on the arms of two bilious-looking foreigners, and a young man with bushy hair and thick moustaches, supporting an Italian-looking lady, whose rouge had been laid on without proper attention to day-light effect. "Why surely these are the T. T——s, improved by getting into foreign society," thought I; but as they did not deign to notice me, I went my way, when, at a few yards from the Pitti palace, I met a stout couple trudging along out of breath, who set the matter beyond doubt.

"Hollo! my friend," cried Mr. T. T——, sen., dropping his wife's arm and advancing to me with open hand, "what, are you here among the signoras? Well! as my Tabitha says, in French, 'mountains don't meet, and men do,' there's nothing like travelling!—glad to see you though—glad to see you!" My friend was in his outer man much as I had last seen him—blue coat, brass buttons, white cravat, an immense bundle of gold seals, and keys, that might have served a Newgate-turnkey, the different extremities of his person being respectively covered by yellow doe-skin gloves, shoes and white cotton stockings, and a broad-brimmed beaver. But oh his wife, the stately Mrs. T. T——, whose bulk had been in no sense decreased by foreign travel and diet! she was dressed in the same outrée Parisian style as her daughters, which looked as much more ridiculous on her, as the toilette of a slim frolicsome monkey would look on a fat and melancholy dancing bear. The change had also extended to her manners. I need not describe this moral change, but

when I say she interlarded her Lancashire English, with some half dozen words she took for French, it will be understood that her case was hopeless. Among the very first things she said, was,

"Oh Mr. what-you-call-um, we've got into such society—such nobbs as we see now-a-days. *Mong Dhu!* Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses! *mong foy!* and not the least pride and stiffness! There's the Prince Borsasecca's just borrowed our Tim's shay, and his princess' off to see the picters and statutes with our Tim, just as if he'd been a born prince, God bless him! and the gals has got a count a piece, *Mong Dhu!* All going to the Ambassador's next week to hear a hoppera he has made himself—and he's a lord into the bargain—s'pose we shall see you there, eh? *Bong jure! Bong jure!*"

Mr. T. T., however, was in no such hurry to part. "It's all true as the leger, and for your government," said he; "but there's one thing that bothers me—I a'n't up to the lings of these mounseers, and sometimes wander all day and sit all night without catching the thread of the discourse."

"That must rather interfere with social enjoyment," said I.

"'Tis rather awkward—'tis, upon my soul," continued Mr. T. T——and then looking at a beggar who had beset us, he added "Now you, who are a good *parlez-vow*, tell me what this nankeen faced chap's talking about."

"He's calling you a lord and a most illustrious signor, and asking for a halfpenny," I replied.

"Tip him a bob! tip him a bob, Mr. T. T——," cried his wife, "It's worth while travelling in Italy, if it's only to be called a lord and 'lustrous senior by the beggars as one meets—you wouldn't get so much from a London beggar for a guinea—no, nor for ten!" Mr. T. T——gave the eloquent beggar two *paoli*.

I was then going, but my friend was a great button-holder and held me fast.

"You must come and see us," said he, "must come and see us—I can talk with you, you see,—we live in a house on first wharf t'other side of the bridge and"—

"A house, Mr. T. T——we lives in a palace—a whole palace—only think of that! a palace with marble stairs,"—said Mrs. T. T——.

"And, what's better," said my friend, "as 't'an't the fashion here to dine at supper time, we dine when the appetite says eat; and such spreads! though the beef's rather dry and I can't get a good boiled potato for love nor money—Will dine with us to day—to-morrow?—and d'ye hear, my love, let's have dinner at three precisely."

Having accepted his invitations for the next day, I at last liberated myself, and left Mr. and Mrs. T. T—— to the enjoyment of the treasures of art contained in the Palazzo Pitti.

On the morrow at the appointed hour I was at the palazzo they occupied on the Arno. On passing the hall and ascending the marble stairs I was surprised to find the statues that decorated them all dressed out in kilts or petticoats. These were beautiful casts from the antique—from the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de' Medici, the Hercules, the Flora, the Niobe, &c., but there they were, gods, goddesses, and semi-divinities, all clothed in calico!

In the saloon into which I was ushered other figures of the same sort, and some bronzes after Benvenuto Cellini and Giovanni di Bologna, were similarly travestied—a porcelain group of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, where a Diana in hoop and fur-below received the homage of an Endymion in a bag-wig and embroidered unmentionables, remained indeed as it was drest by the artist—Several of the pictures were turned with their faces to the wall.

As I was gazing at these things and half guessing why they were so ridiculously disguised and concealed, in floated Mrs. T. T—— with her *bong jure, bong jure!* She was followed by her husband with his hearty English "Glad to see ye! glad to see ye!"

Perhaps some surprise—perhaps a smile still lingered on my countenance as I looked round the room, for Mr. T. T—— taking me aside, said, "You see how decent we have made our gods and goddesses, eh?" 'Twas quite funny when we first came here to see such a parcel of naked chaps and lasses about one. Sally, and Tabby, and wife, have made them all right though, now, eh?"—then, turning to his wife "Love! where's the gals and Tim and the Counts? 'Tis three o'clock precisely, do let's have dinner!"

As Mrs. T. T—— was begging for five minutes' grace, Miss T——, and Miss Tabitha T——, with mincing steps walked into the saloon. Mr. T. T——, jun. and the Counts were not many seconds after them. As Mr. T. T——, sen. presented me to these two *titolati*, I started at a near view of the second—

I had seen him before, but where and how?—I soon remembered it had been some time before in another part of Italy, where he passed himself off as a Belgian, the Baron B——; committed acts of swindling that would have consigned him to the galleys had he been intercepted in his retreat; and left behind him, to pay the master of the hotel where he resided, a heavy trunk, containing an old coat, a worn out pair of boots, some volumes of indecent French songs, and a quantity of stones and rubbish wrapped up in brown paper. The rogue's memory was as good as mine; he started at seeing me there, but soon recovering his impudence, asked in a very kind manner how I had been since he had last the pleasure of seeing me—how were all our old friends at ——? I might have answered, none the better for the loss of the money of which he had robbed them, I might have at once unmasked him—but would the T——s have believed such things of a Count who went to Ambassadors' houses?—and then I hate to make a scene! While weighing all this in my mind, a fat old Swiss, dressed out as a chasseur, opened the door with a "*Mataam, le tiner est servi,*" and Mr. T. T——, sen. saying with brightening countenance "Well, now let's have dinner!" to dinner we went. I will not describe the repast, nor the drive in the Cascine after, and the conversazione at the T. T——s after that, when a host of hungry penurious Florentines devoured the refreshments, found the music of the young ladies execrable, and, retiring from the party, talked of the whole family in a style decidedly Florentine—cold-blooded, and mildly and politely ironical.

The next morning I called upon Mr. T. T——, with the determination of giving him the advantage of my knowledge of the Baron Count, who, the preceding night, saw me fairly out of the house ere he would take his leave.

Part of the pain was spared me. The landlord of the hotel, where the adventurer resided at Florence, had been to complain that the Signor Conte had stolen out of his house during the night, and left Florence with post-horses, forgetting to pay his bill. At this terrific news, Miss Tabitha T——, to whom the ingenious *chevalier d'industrie* had declared the purest and most impassioned love, screamed and fainted; and Mr. T. T——, jun. confessed that, on the preceding evening only, he had lent fifty Napoleons to the Count who, by some unaccountable blunder of the post, had not received a remittance of a thousand.

When Mr. T. T——'s wrath had cooled to

the degree at which a man may be a listener, I told him all I knew about the fugitive Count, and added: "Let this be a lesson to you!—you will meet on your travels many such men. It will be a very good rule to go by, carefully to eschew the society of all moustached men."

"I will make that chap Tim cut off his moustaches this instant," roared out my patient, interrupting me—"Of all moustached men," I continued, "whether French, German, Russian, or Pole—but I should say, most particularly all those who stick Baron or Count before their names, and who are to be found every where impudently forcing themselves into society. They are, that is, a good number of them are, needy adventurers, gamblers, and unprincipled debauchees. I have known also more than one English travelling gentleman, who exercised the same mysteries, though of them you need not be so much afraid, as they are generally bad performers; and of those, I have known one blundered into the galleys at Genoa, another into the prison of the Castle Sant' Angelo at Rome. And also, Mr. T. T——, I would warn you not to take every Italian, who has, or assumes a title, for a person of consideration in society—titles were made almost as common in Italy, as 'esquires' are on the backs of English letters, by those who sought to degrade the old nobility of the country: but there is a nobility, which you will find, though not quite so proud, almost as inaccessible as our English aristocracy, and who, so far from associating with that host of little barons and counts, and marquises, nay, even princes, that you meet, scorn their pretensions to rank, and would not admit them beyond the servants' hall. These men, indeed, are not half so likely to wrong you as the foreigners I have pointed out; but if you think to get into high society through their means, you are mistaken, Mr. T. T——."

Having finished this unusually long harangue, and guessing that the family was in a state of too great tribulation and mortification to receive my compliments, I made my adieu to Mr. T. T——, and left Florence the next morning. I should relate, however, that, as I descended the stairs, I heard my friend muttering to himself: "The devil take this getting into society!"

I heard afterwards that Mrs. T. T—— was very severe upon me, for not having revealed what I knew about the Baron Count at the dinner, which might at least have saved her son his fifty Napoleons; but that she forgot all this misfortune a few nights after at Lord B——'s, the Ambassador's, where she found several other lords, and where Mr. T. T——,

jun. positively waltzed with a marchioness,—an Italian one.

At Florence, I had met my old Manchester friend going into the Palazzo Pitti: at Rome, and after several months, I met him coming out of the church of St. Peter's. It was a very sultry day; but his sight-seeing son and daughters had dragged him all over the vast fabric, down stairs and up, even to the cross above the dome. He issued from the portico as I approached it, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, and saying: "Well! I have seen St. Peter's, and, thank God, that's over!"

On first seeing me, he seemed to make an unpleasant sort of start—then he pulled off one of his yellow doe-skins, and approaching me with open hand, said, "Ah! what you here! glad to see ye—glad to see ye!—that was an awkward business at Florence—but we have met with no more such Counts, no indeed!—Dine with us to-day?—dinner at three precisely!"

While excusing myself, Mr. T. T——, jun., and his sisters came up. I thought they saluted me rather coldly; but certain people can never forgive you the misfortune of your having seen them make fools of themselves. Mrs. T. T—— was not of the party; she had gone to leave cards with the Suisse of the sister of a dethroned emperor. Miss T—— told me this, with a tone that would have given me to understand, that now they were getting into the very first society. A few nights after at a *petite soirée* in the house of this sister of the fallen emperor, I saw a caricature of the whole family of the T——'s, very ingeniously done by a young French artist, whom the princess patronised.

I saw nothing more of them at Rome, except a casual meeting at a mob, at the banker Torlonia's, who calls himself a duke, and nicely proportions his attentions to travellers, according to the amount of their letters of credit on his bank. The young people were as cool as ever, and Mrs. T. T—— had again forgotten my name; but all this changed, when that elegant and amiable man, the late Lord ——, entered the saloon, and soon after into familiar conversation with me. Then Mrs. T. T—— sidled up to me, asked me if I would not name the day when I would do them the honour of dining with them, and whether I was intimate with Lord ——, and whether I could not introduce the whole family to his Lordship.

Lord ——, who overheard all they said, as probably she intended he should, before the conclusion of her speech, rushed across the room, as though he had been shot, leaving me to decline the invitation and the introduction in the best manner I could.

The Carnival of Naples being more brilliant and much longer than that of Rome, the travellers who annually inundate Italy, go on to the former capital at that gay season. I had been there some days, when, in the midst of a host of English T. G——s, the family of the T. T——s made their entrance into the city of macaroni and Punchinello. I saw them, the following Thursday afternoon, when they were enjoying, on the Corso, in the Toledo, the fun of the season, which mainly consists in pelting one another with sugar plums. So far there was no great harm, they were only as great fools as the rest of the crowd; but who can paint the excess of their absurdity, when, by a general pause in the long line of vehicles, their carriage was stopped under a balcony, where the King of Naples, *in propria persona*, was taking an active part in the sugar-plum warfare, pelting himself, and being pelted!

"It's the king! only think it's the king himself," shouted Mrs. T. T——, who had already got a Neapolitan marchese for her cicerone, "only see how well his gracious majesty shies!" At that instant the king, who probably took her rotundity of form for a good mark, threw, with all his might, a handful of sugar-plums, which hit her, and in several places harder than she could have wished. "Well now!" said she, wiping her tears from an eye which, the next morning, was black and blue, "this is something! to be pelted by a king! but Tim, give him a shy again, as the rest of 'em do!"

Obedying the maternal injunction, Mr. T. T—— jun., stood up in the carriage, and, from a tin tube, occasionally used for the purpose, discharged such a volley as made his gracious majesty put both hands to his face. It was too late, Mr. T. T——, jun., had hit him. This was in the time of old Ferdinand, who, like the poet Ovid, was nicknamed, from his nose, which was a very big one, and which he now rubbed in only tolerable good humour.

"Well done, well done us! Haw, haw, haw!" shouted Mrs. T——, "our Tim has touched him off—hit a king's nose as I live! only think of that! would folks believe it in Manchester! Well, it's worth while travelling in Italy, if it's only to pelt a king with *bong-bongs*. Oh, if we could but be presented at court!"

Not many days after, I was one of a very numerous pic-nic party, at the lake of Fusaro, where people go to eat oysters and other fish, and to see the ruins of Baia and Cuma, in the neighbourhood. The English merchant on whom they had letters of credit, brought the

T. family, with some other T. G——s, to whom he had introduced them. I could see at once that the young people had imposed silence on their father and mother, lest their want of education should betray them, or lower them in the estimation of the gentlefolks to whom they had been so recently introduced.

These young people had somewhat improved in manners, and learned a few conventional phrases; and one of the first effects of that improvement was that they were ashamed of their parents!

While the fish were cooking, we walked over to Baia. Mr. T. T—— gossiped with me as we went; Mrs. T. T—— held her tongue as ordered, or only said "how beautiful! how grand! how pretty!" and every thing went off very well, until we were within the ruins of the Temple of Venus, when, as the peasant who acted as cicerone was climbing over a heap of stones, Mr. T. T——, who was close in his wake, turned round to his son, and bawled out, "Tim, that fellow's breeches are made of the very last striped velveteens I manufactured before leaving business!"

The rest of the family turned red, and then pale, but the nether man of the cicerone had struck a key-note in my Manchester friend, who, without heeding the consternation he had produced, followed the peasant to examine and to touch a sample of his last made piece of striped velveteens.

The stately family of travellers to whom their friend the merchant had introduced them, shunned the T——s from that unfortunate moment. They were the more sensitive on this head as they had themselves (as I afterwards learned) just retired from business in the wholesale salt-fish line, and were looking up, and "getting into good society."

In compliance with the earnest request of Mr. T. T——, and to show that what had occurred in the Temple of Venus did not influence me, I called the next day at his house in the Chiaja. Though not so numerous as at the palace at Florence with the marble stairs, there were some statues here, but not one of them had been clothed in either kilt or petticoat; and in the drawing-room I saw that not one of the pictures, though a copy of Titian's voluptuous Danae was among the number, had been turned with its face to the wall. "Oho!" thought I, "the T. T——s are certainly unmanchesterizing themselves." I thought so still more that evening at the opera of San Carlo, when I heard the young ladies critical on pirouettes and the mysteries of the ballet, and saw T. T——, jun., who, I

should mention, had *not* cut off his moustaches, making love, in a sly corner, to a notorious *figurante*.

A few days after, I could not avoid the infliction of a dinner which, unhappily for T. T—, sen., was at seven o'clock. Knowing his impatience on this head I was there in time, but only found, of all the guests invited, the respectable English merchant. Mrs. T. T— was in high spirits; she spoke of sundry visiting acquaintances they had made, and among others of Lady — and Lady —, with whom they had gone shares for an opera box to the end of the Carnival. I was thunder-struck, and was going to give a hint, that, spite of their titles, these ladies were out of society, and were not respectable, but the merchant, who probably wanted to save the character of those recommended to his house, and who still more probably was piqued that his wife and daughter had not been invited, nor ever even called upon by the T. T—s, told her, without metaphor or periphrasis, that Lady —, after a scandalous trial, had been divorced; that Lady —, and a French Count, (but I cannot repeat what he said of this second personage); and, in fact, that for a female to be seen with either of them was to incur the sure loss of character, &c. "In short," said the honest merchant, finishing his long speech, "they are both so bad, that not even the Neapolitan ladies will associate with them!"

At this moment, a Neapolitan princess, with her four sons, entered the drawing-room, and put a stop to the conversation. Besides these *grandeas*, the T. T—s had collected a Marchese, who held an inferior situation in the Neapolitan custom-house; la Signora Marchesina, his sposa; a poet; a fiddler, who called himself a cavaliere; and, spite of my salutary advice, a German Baron, and a Polish Count, whose name had defied the study of a whole week.

"Are we all here? are we all here? Tim count noses!" said Mr. T. T—, sen.

But we were not all there—an English parson, who for the benefit of his flock at home, had been living, with the exception of a flying visit now and then, seven years in Italy—the nephew of an English peer—had not yet arrived, and Mrs. T. T— could not think of beginning dinner until this mighty personage came.

He came at last, and then Mr. T. T— exclaimed joyfully, "Well, now let's have dinner."

After the sumptuous repast, as at Florence, there was a *conversazione*, but for one title

that the T. T—s had there, they had at least ten at Naples. There were Baroni and Baroncini, Conti and Contini, Marchesi and Marchesini, Duchi and Duchini, Principi and Principini, with a pretty fair number of feminine genders to ditto, besides a sprinkling of Cavalieri di Malta, &c. &c.,—a very odd set, scarcely one of whom I had ever met in the really choice society of Naples.

Neapolitans are generally noisy, but the noise that these people made was astounding! "I never heard such a clatter and ding dong as this," said Mr. T. T—, turning up the whites of his eyes; "even in my factory, where I had three hundred, between men, women, and boys, and two steam-engines besides; and the worst of it is, I a'n't up to the lingo of these Mounseers, and can't catch the thread of the discourse!"

I very soon ran away with a headache. I had now such a dread of the T. T—s, that whenever I saw them at a distance, if it was in the streets, I ran into a shop; if on the Corso, or any where in the country, I galloped away as fast as my horse could carry me, lest they should ask me to dinner.

Though I deemed them incurable I sometimes asked after my friends. I learned that in consequence of their having been seen with the said ladies—the ambassador had confined his civilities to the returning of their cards.

Mrs. T. T—, I was told, had then said "Well, never mind, my loves! some people will give themselves airs to them that could buy 'em out and out, aye! and three times over! But we'll try the Counsel that we hav'n't called on yet, 'cause he's considered here as a man of business and can't go to court! Howsomever, he's a knight barren-knight, and may get us into very good society!"

From the Consul they got what they did from the Ambassador—some pieces of paste-board, and nothing more.

Their house continuing to be crowded by foreigners with whom neither husband nor wife could exchange a sentence, Mr. T. T—, in a fit of desperation, determined to cultivate the society of the English merchants of the place. Had he done so at first he might have found among them men of congenial habits, and indeed some men of good information and manners; but his family had slighted them and their wives, and he had been induced to take away his money business from the honest Englishman who had spoken so freely of their friends Lady — and Lady

—, and to give it to the fashionable Swiss banker of Naples, whose wife and sons and daughters were in the very first society.

The English merchants would now have nothing to do with them, and seeing that the T. T—s were in their turn not merely slighted but shunned by Ambassador, Consul, and all their countrymen of any consequence, quoted the old proverb "between two stools, &c."

One morning at breakfast I was thinking, as I often did, how Mr. T. T— could get through the four and twenty hours, when just as I was finishing my last cup of iced coffee (for we were now in the dog days) unexpected and unannounced, and in a fearful state of agitation, in rushed my old acquaintance, saying "My dear sir—I'm a ruined man—I'm going clean to the devil! do give me a little advice!"

I bowed, and enquired with real interest what it was that so troubled him.

"What!" said he, "What! why my daughter Sally has gone off with one of them 'ere beggarly Hitalians! Whew! whew! my son Tim has been losing a thousand pounds—a cool thousand, sir! at the gambling rooms—and keeping a hopperer dancer besides—that's all! Whew! whew!—But man! do give me a little advice!"

I hinted that it was necessary I should have a clearer insight into particulars, before I could give my opinion. He then, with many a curse—*par parenthese*—told me all he knew.

Miss T. T—, it appeared, had eloped with a whiskered Neapolitan, her guitar-master, who, perhaps, had passed himself off as a Count suffering from political circumstances.

They had taken the road to Tuscany. Mr. T. T—, jun's. case was not so hopeless, for his father had already broken his head, and stopped his credit at the banker's.

"But why don't you speak?" cried Mr. T. T—, as I sat musing.

"Mr. T. T—," said I, "I have already given you good advice, which was not taken, and I am not again anxious for the thankless office."

"If you don't tell me what to do," roared out T. T—, "I'll go like the Frenchman* they tell of here, and throw myself into the crater of the burning mountain yonder!"

* Not many years since an unhappy Frenchman really threw himself into one of the craters or mouths of Mount Vesuvius when in a state of eruption.

then, speaking more calmly, he added, "Come! come! by-gones are by-gones! 'tis spiteful to think o' the past—do give me a little advice, man!"

"Then, Mr. T. T—," said I, solemnly, "my advice is, in the first place, that you go down on your knees and thank God that things are no worse,—that instead of one daughter going off with an Italian guitar-master, both hadn't gone off with German Barons or Russian Counts; that your son, instead of keeping an opera dancer, hadn't married her, and instead of losing one thousand pounds he hadn't lost two; and lastly, on this head, that Mrs. T. T— herself has not taken a cicisbeo!"

"What sort of outlandish animal is that?" inquired Mr. T. T—

I whispered the plain English for the word into his ear.

"Whew! whew!" cried he; "but go on with your bit of advice—you haven't told me what to do."

"In the second place, Mr. T. T—," I continued, "I advise you not to think of following your daughter, which will be useless—but to give her twenty thousand pounds—no more, Mr. T. T— for too much money is apt to turn the heads of these Neapolitans who are accustomed to have so little. With twenty thousand pounds—or with half—nay a fourth of it, she may buy an estate, with the title of Count into the bargain, in any part of Tuscany, and —"

"Then my daughter may be a Countess after all, though she has married that tweedle dum chap?" said he.

"To be sure she may," said I.

"But curse me if I don't begin to hate all Counts and Barons, and the very name of them," said Mr. T. T—; "but have you no more advice to give me?"

"In the third place," said I, in conclusion, "send for your passports, order post-horses, turn off all your Neapolitan servants, and be gone. Don't let your daughter out of your sight, nor your son (make him cut off his moustaches!) have a Napoleon in his pocket until you have crossed the Alps—what do I say?—until you have crossed the British Channel. Get as quickly as you can to London, where, in spite of Irish fortune hunters, and younger brothers of Lords, you will be *rather* safer than on the continent."

"But sha'n't I be laughed 'at?" inquired Mr. T. T—

"Oh! do not fear that!—there are too many (*fools*, was the word in my mind)

persons in the same situation; and people in London have too many things to occupy them—to say nothing of the shortness of memory in fashionable society, to ——”

“I’ll hear nothing more about your getting into fashionable society,” cried Mr. T. T——, interrupting me. “I’ll go and buy an estate in Lancashire—I’ll rear prize cattle, and fatten pigs, and look after my old friends—I’ll be off to-morrow morning.”

While he was speaking he drew on both his yellow doe-skins, and when he had finished, he pulled one off, shook me heartily by the hand, declaring I was the only sensible man he had met since he left Manchester, and inviting me to come and see him whenever I returned to England, and promising me a dinner “at three precisely,” he ran away to prepare for his departure.

The next day I saw a large “Si loca*” on the house he had occupied.

I learned some time after, that the T.

T——s had reached home in safety, and had retired to a snug country-house at a comfortable visiting distance from Manchester; that Mrs. T. T—— occasionally astonished her guests with accounts of fashionable life and of her foreign travels, but that Mr. T. T——, whenever the subject was started before him, invariably said “D—n abroad! I have been and can’t say that I much like it!”

P. S.—I have also ascertained that my advice was followed with respect to the pecuniary provision for Miss T. T——, that that lady and her husband bought an estate and a title in Tuscany, and that the Signor Count behaved tolerably well to his wife, never showing any ill humour except at the sight of a guitar.

“Mrs. T. T——,” wrote my informant, “always styles her absent daughter ‘The Countess,’ which has a wonderful and imposing effect on all who do not know that her husband had been a music-master, and the title purchased with money earned in a Manchester cotton factory.”

* To Let.

THE GUILTY MONK.

I.

I stood at eve within the dell
Where Netley Abbey stands,
And lo! methought the vesper bell
Was tolled by human hands;
While in the chapel flocked to pray
The pious monkish throng:
Some faint and feeble—old and grey—
And others stout and young.

II.

I laughed, and said, ’tis all a dream,
But lo! it came again;
And still I heard the vesper hymn,
And saw the holy men;
Where deeply tinged with gorgeous stains
The sun’s expiring ray,
Fell faint and dim through pictured panes
On those who knelt to pray.

III.

The worship ceased—the aisle was hushed—
The monks to supper passed,
With quicker steps the young ones pushed,
The old went limping last.

They reached the hall—the fare was good:

They all knew how to sup—
Save one who scarcely tasted food,
And always passed the cup.

VI.

He was not young; he was not old;
His hair was hardly grey,
But furrowed deep, his forehead told
Of manhood wept away;
On earth he bent his mournful eye,
His words were few and brief,
And oft some deep convulsive sigh
Betrayed his secret grief.

V.

The fare despatched—the flagon quaffed—
The frugal meal was done,
And though th’ ascetics never laughed
They all looked ripe for fun;
But ah! the vows, or worse—the walls,
Repress the thoughts that swell—
“Brothers, to rest!” the Abbot calls—
Each slowly seeks his cell.

VI.

The old sacristan takes his walk,
 Shrewd turnkey of that jail ;
 From cell to cell, from lock to lock,
 With keys that never fail :
 The prisoned friars sink to rest
 On pallets stuffed with hay—
 Save one, who crosseth oft his breast,
 And lonely wakes to pray.

VII.

His head is bare—his voice is faint—
 He kneels upon the stone,
 And now invokes his patron saint,
 And now is heard to groan.
 While through the grate that lights the place,
 The rising moon appears,
 And dimly shows that friar's face
 Bedewed with many tears.

VIII.

The walls are thick, and none can hear—
 Save God—his bitter sigh,
 And none can see the lava tear
 That bursteth from his eye ;
 No jibe his grief can now controul,
 Or mock his manly force,
 And thus he bids his humble soul
 Awake to deep remorse.

IX.

Long—long—he knelt ; and oft the name
 Of one he loved when young,
 Fast rushing o'er his memory came,
 And trembled on his tongue :
 Unuttered still, it died each time,
 While faint he cried to heaven—
 " Forgive, oh God—forgive the crime,
 " Which she hath long forgiven ! "

X.

His guilt was deep ; his spirits felt
 The ranklings of despair,
 And long with maddening brain he knelt,
 In wild hysteric prayer.
 The darkness fled, and near his cell
 Full blithely sang the lark,
 And through the grate the day-beam fell,
 But still his soul was dark.

XI.

From hour to hour I saw him kneel,
 Till burst the matin chime,
 Then slow to prayers he seemed to steal
 Beneath the weight of crime.
 In vain to him the morning psalm
 Melodious pealed along,
 And all as vain, the holy calm,
 'Twixt orison and song.

XII.

His brethren rise refreshed with prayer,
 And round the cloisters stroll ;
 But oh ! the grateful morning air
 Is poison to his soul.
 The glittering dew—the opening flower—
 The fresh and wholesome wind—
 The song the blithesome linnets pour,
 Upbraid his guilty mind.

XIII.

Sick—sick at heart he steals away,
 And in his cell alone,
 While smiles above the glorious day,
 Renews his hopeless moan :
 There, deep concealed from human eyes,
 By fiend-like anguish torn,
 He madly weeps, or meekly sighs,
 A penitent forlorn.

XIV.

To chase away the gloom of night,
 No cheerful morrow comes,
 Nor change of season brings delight,
 Nor ray of hope illumines :
 Unpardoned still, through passing years,
 He slowly wastes away ;
 One thought alone his bosom cheers—
 'Tis conscious of decay.

XV.

My blood ran cold—I quaked with fear—
 When lo ! the vision fled ;
 Lone stood the roofless ruin near,
 And silent slept the dead.
 The walls with withering grass were crowned,
 The aisle was choked with trees,
 And, where the vespers seemed to sound,
 Hoarse wailed the evening breeze.

M.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES VYVYAN, ESQ.

NO. I.—A NIGHT IN THE WILDS.

Clevedon, October 11th, 182—

MY DEAR PERCEVAL,—

You ask for a record of some of those adventures, those moving accidents by flood and field, with which my life has been more than ordinarily chequered. I sit down to comply with your request, although, when I tell you that it is chiefly with a view of chasing away an attack of the national malady, which a wet week at this very stupid watering place has been the means of producing, you will perhaps give me small thanks for my labour. *N'importe*. The wind is now blowing, as we amateur mariners love to call it, "great guns;" and as the roaring of the ocean, below my windows, reminds me of a somewhat adventurous passage in my earlier days, I have drawn the curtains closer, stirred the fire, mended my Bramah, and will now (wind and weather permitting) a "round unvarnished tale deliver." Therefore, as Mark Antony says, "lend me your ear."

You have heard, I believe, of a Lieutenant Richard Rawlinson, R. N., or Dick Rawlinson, as he loved to be called by his friends. He was a schoolfellow of mine; but our friendship, in that "happiest period of our existence," as it is termed by the children of a larger growth, was soon (for a time) cut in twain; for Dick was sent to fight his way amongst the young gentlemen in the cockpit of a seventy-four, before twelve years had slipped over his head. Life fared with him as with most others, who have had the good fortune to escape the perils of the deep, or the sword and grape of the Frenchman or the Spaniard. There was, however, "nothing in him but had suffered a sea-change;" and the constant exposure in all climes and seasons to hardships and adventure, gifted him with a fearlessness of danger, and decision of character, of which I scarcely ever met with a parallel, even amongst his own gallant profession. He was a true British tar. Frank, kind-hearted, somewhat eccentric, true to his word, a steady friend, "blow high, blow low;" at times thoughtless as a boy, yet with a mind that could sternly occupy itself when occasion needed; and sufficiently ignorant of the world and its ways withal: and you have a mental portraiture of Richard Rawlinson. After twenty years' hard service, in all parts of the globe, his lot was cast in a more confined sphere. He was appointed

to the command of a station in the preventive service, in a very wild and remote district of our native island, where the extraordinary daring of the smugglers called for more than ordinary skill and vigour on the part of the servants of the government. Here Dick was located, with a life fruitful of restless excitement;—"tacked," to use his own expression, "to an active prudent wife, and surrounded by three young imps, who gave early promise, like their father, of being desperately fond of salt water." I have thus been particular in describing Dick and his fortunes, because he will play a prominent part in some of the "passages" in my life, which I shall hereafter note down for your edification.

About three years after his arrival at the station I have mentioned, I somewhat unexpectedly received an invitation to pay him a visit, which, setting aside its novelty, I the more gladly accepted, in the hope of recruiting my health, which was then somewhat impaired. Without further preface, therefore, I will set myself down on the verge of the district, on the shores of which my friend held, or attempted to hold, the sway over all offenders against his majesty's revenue.

A wild and a lonesome region is that of Keynsmoor. Thinly populated, and its surface exceedingly irregular, the wayfarer, who had been accustomed to the perils of Italian travelling, would be apt to fancy its rude rocks and thick coverts were the lurking places of banditti.

Here Macadam, like the schoolmaster, was yet unknown. Its inhabitants, for the most part rude and uncultivated as the wilds they dwelt amidst, offered quite a view in their characters, for the lover of primitive manners. Amongst the farmers' daughters a piano was absolutely unknown, and a silk gown was the wonder of one entire village. Russet skirts and homespun coats yet lingered here amongst many that could afford to purchase better; and as to politics, the *natives* never perplexed their brain with them; some stray copies of the county paper, which found their way into the principal villages, being chiefly looked after by the few that "had seen the world." Of the great French Emperor, and his doings, their chief sources of information were derived from the smugglers on the coast, with whom the country people generally were on

very good terms, by the assistance which they afforded in the transit of valuable commodities to a more populous and wealthy district.

It was a bright and clear morning in September, when, like a knight errant of yore, I mounted my steed at the door of a village ale-house. I had a long day's ride before me, for I purposed reaching by nightfall, the abode of Rawlinson on the coast. This, I was informed by my dapper little landlady, owing to the circuitous nature of the roads, was twenty-five miles distant: a computation, which may be safely extended half a score miles at the least. But my pony, Tommy, was accustomed to a hard day's work, although, from the irregularity of the ground and the extreme badness of the roads, the journey offered any thing but a tempting prospect.

After being furnished, for at least the sixth time, with very ample verbal directions, by my loquacious little hostess, respecting the *terra incognita* I was about to enter upon, (which were nearly as intelligible as those, which a stranger receives in the metropolis) I pushed away on my journey, and in ten minutes the long picturesque straggling street of Newton and the crooked spire of its humble little church were hidden from my view, as I entered a lane, overshadowed on either side by a ragged, yet occasionally lofty hedge of thorns and brambles, here and there intermingled with the stunted foliage of a dwarf oak. The road was evidently but little frequented. The ruts, in many places worn in the solid limestone rock, which was frequently "cropping out" of the shallow soil, appeared to have been made half a century; and the rains, which I knew fell with great violence in this part of the country, often left the road a mass of loose rubble for half a mile together. As I proceeded, lane after lane diverged from the main route, without a single sign-post to guide the perplexed traveller; and that route itself was of so wretched a description as scarcely to be contra-distinguished from the branches in question. In a word, I never more fully verified the uselessness of verbal directions; the country appeared to be very thinly peopled, and although I occasionally met with a stray peasant, or solitary old woman, yet we had some difficulty in comprehending each other. After several hours had passed away, the country began to assume a picturesque character. The road wound through a narrow wooded valley, along which a rapid little river flashed in its descent towards the sea. Occasionally it was hidden from the eye by the luxuriance of the vegetation; the melody of bird and

breeze and waterfall presenting a pleasing contrast to the dullness of the previous route.

The sign-post of a "hedge inn" at last announced a village. After resting here, I again resumed my journey, having learned that I had yet more than twenty miles to traverse. I soon entered upon an extensive waste or common, which seemed only bounded by a lofty elevation, which rose in the west, many miles distant. Here I was enabled to travel with great rapidity, and towards evening began to approach the hill which I had seen at intervals throughout the day. The road now became remarkably precipitous, being little else than a shapeless path, almost blocked up in places by large masses of rock. After toiling for more than an hour up this difficult ascent, I at last reached its summit.

The prospect around was exceedingly magnificent. To seaward, the eye embraced the irregular outline of an extensive coast, which stretched beyond the bounds of vision, mingling in the horizon with the distant waters of the deep. To landward the wild and irregular district I had traversed during the day was spread out before me like a map, and I had also an opportunity of tracing my future route, winding towards the shore, which lay, as I computed, about seven miles distant.

The appearance of the weather, however, demanded serious attention. The sun was lingering on the edge of the level ocean, gilding with his radiance a vast mass of murky vapours, which extended across the entire horizon like a gigantic pall. The wind began to rise in low and sudden gusts, which swept along the hill-side with a wild and mournful song; the atmosphere seemed overcharged with moisture, from the great clearness of distant objects; in short, there was every prospect of as rough a night as a man would wish not to encounter. It was just a moment for *Salvator Rosa*. The prospect before me was not the most cheering. Of the precise direction of my friend's station I was yet ignorant; and the intermediate country seemed waste and thinly populated. To add to these difficulties, the steepness of the descent rendered my progress extremely slow; and it was only by continual attention that I could preserve my horse from falling. Presently the sun disappeared below the surface of the waters, casting a deep and lurid light over the clouds congregated together at his funeral. But this did not last long. I scarcely remember darkness following with such rapidity. The body of distant vapours threw out a gigantic arm, if I may so express it, across the sky, and in a

short time the vault of heaven was obscured by a universal gloom. By the time I reached the level ground it blew very hard, and the overloaded clouds, which were driven across the sky with great impetuosity, began to discharge themselves in torrents of rain. After travelling at random for a long way, to my great joy the violence of the storm abated as suddenly as it had commenced; the wind dropped, and the heavier masses of clouds separated, and left the sky covered by a lighter and more fleecy vapour, through which the moon afforded a faint and watery light. I was now, as you may imagine, pretty well exhausted, and I therefore looked the more eagerly at a light that glimmered amidst some rocks, which rose at a distance from the road. To reach this place, it was absolutely necessary I should leave my horse, the only practicable method of approaching it being by climbing over a series of rocks and hollows. I fortified myself, however, with the old adage, and leaving Tommy to his fate, bounded over the intermediate ground as fast as its inequalities and my weariness would permit. A dense stillness followed the gale. A dank steam rose from the pools of water formed by the rain, and every drop that fell from the stunted bushes which grew amongst the interstices of the rocks, came clammy to the heart.

The glow of light now became very apparent; still nothing like the existence of a human habitation appeared about the spot from whence it issued. It seemed like the retreat of a smuggler, but the present was not a moment to hesitate. At the extremity of a recess in the rocks, I at last discovered the object of my search. Here, nestling below a projection of the cliffs, was a cottage, the proportions of which were indistinctly seen under the deep shadow which was cast by the former. I cautiously advanced, and reconnoitered the place, but was disappointed in not gaining a view of the interior, although the sound of several voices in conversation assured me that it was inhabited. I listened for a minute at the door, and then knocked boldly. In an instant there was a great stir within, accompanied at first by the violent barking, and then by the smothered growl and half-suppressed yell of a dog. I repeated the summons, explaining at the same time in the best manner I could, the way in which I was circumstanced. After a pause of a few minutes, during which I could hear several voices in earnest conversation, a heavy footstep advanced to the door, and, after a brief parley, it was unbarred.

The interior of the cottage corresponded with the rude nature of its exterior. The rock beside which it was erected had apparently been hollowed out for the purpose of increasing the accommodation of the inmates; but the entrance to this part of the dwelling was hidden by watchcoats and other articles of dress; near which were suspended in grotesque confusion a variety of defensive weapons. The place was divided into two compartments, and from the strong heat, and the effluvia which assailed my "olfactory nerves," a still was evidently at work near at hand. Alongside the fire-place, which in capacity of dimension would not have disgraced some of our old English Halls, were seated two men—the first of whom from his dress and appearance I immediately set down as the commander of a smuggler:—the other was a low-built ferocious looking little fellow, whose countenance, which had never been of a very prepossessing description, was not improved by a deep scar on his left cheek, which divided one of his large grey whiskers, in the most unsightly manner. On the opposite side to these persons, apparently busied about some culinary operation, was a woman whose red and bloated countenance, and ample proportions, might have furnished Hood with a capital example in flesh and blood for his sketch of the "Spoiled Child." The man who had unfastened the door, whom I discovered to be the master of the house, was quite in keeping with the aspect of the place, and the two I have described. In short, before I advanced five steps into the room, I heartily wished myself again on the back of Tommy. It was however too late now to recede, so I put a good face on matters, and after disencumbering myself of my drenched clothes, took a seat next to the host, on a rude settle, enveloped in the ample folds of a watch coat.

"I say, Moll, fetch us a drop of the right stuff, and a clean pipe, our new friend here seems hard up on his journey!"—said my entertainer turning to me.

"Yes—I have had a long day's excursion, having lost my way, as I told you before."

"Ah! so you say—this is a d—d queer out of the way sort of a part for a man to travel in, I'm thinking—some business hereabouts, dare say?"

"No—I travel to see the country."

"Odd taste, isn't it, Tom? Avast heaving, Moll, you seem cursed niggardly—bring us a drop of the right stuff I, tell you, which Tom—" here the speaker paused, and cast a

glance at his friend, the Captain opposite, who did not seem to relish the forthcoming allusion in the presence of a stranger.

"Squalls abroad, Tom—d'ye think, eh? d—n the customs, say I—a man can't gain an honest livelihood now-a-days, without running the risk of falling into the claws of such lubbers as that fellow Rawlinson."

"Ay, ay," responded the Captain, who had in the meanwhile filled a very capacious jug of grog, "*I* hope to square accounts with that rascal some of these days. It's such chaps as him as are the devil's own customers for the honest trader to meet with, perdition seize them!"

"You never heard of Lieutenant Rawlinson mayhap, as you say you are a stranger hereabouts," said the other, looking, as I fancied, knowingly at me.

"I—I have heard the name, I believe."

"You have, eh? well I guessed as much. You don't drink, master—let me help you—there! Pray where do you make sail for to-morrow?" said the little man with the scar; "we may as well bear company, I am going to trip my anchor."

"Not for Dick Rawlinson's, I imagine," I could not help adding.

"Dick——" the rest of the ejaculation was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, sullen looking man, from the place which I surmised contained the still—but not before a glance of deep meaning had passed between the trio. The master of the house started on seeing the other enter, and after speaking in a low tone together for a short time, the latter left the room.

After a desultory conversation I affected to be quite overcome with fatigue and sleep, and requested that they would show me a place where I could pass the night.

"You want to turn in, do you?" said the woman, "see, if you will climb up aloft, as Captain Thomas says, you'll find a snug berth." She then handed me a light, and pointing to a ladder, I was in another minute alone in a dark and wretched garret, which stretched below the roof of the building. A considerable portion of this place was filled with casks and lumber, and in one corner I discovered a heap of dry fern, on which a woollen rug was carelessly thrown, which I took to be the "snug berth," I had been told of. Here I gladly stretched myself, after completing my survey, and began to ponder on the course which it would be prudent to pursue. Contrary to my expectation—for over-fatigue usually produced with me a different effect—I felt singularly drowsy, and

it was only by a strong effort that I was enabled to keep myself awake. I could not review my present situation without strong feelings of anxiety. The desperate men amongst whom I had evidently fallen, were, as might be supposed, absolutely infuriated against everything which related to my friend Rawlinson; with whom they clearly suspected I was intimately acquainted. Besides, my business in such a wild and remote district might well afford matter for extreme suspicion to a party of smugglers, who would necessarily be ruined by the discovery of their retreat. I was alone and unprotected, and I well knew that to such men murder, in a case like the present, was a matter of small moment.

I had left the light burning, and nothing interrupted the deep stillness but the chirping of a solitary cricket, or the occasional sound of voices from below. I lay and listened eagerly for some time; but the conversation was carried on in so low a tone, that I was quite unable even to catch a single word. I glanced round the garret, with the view of discovering some opening through which to escape in case of need. There appeared to be only one place which afforded such an opportunity—a sort of door in the roof; this was, however, partially blocked up by a pile of lumber, some of which it would be necessary to remove before sufficient space was obtained to admit the passage of a man. This was a serious obstacle. It was impossible to stir the lumber without making some noise, which would inevitably lead to a discovery of my intention, and thus seriously alarm the smugglers, whose worst fears would thus be confirmed. At last I fell into a sort of feverish dose. My sleep, if such it could be called, was disturbed with horrible images. I never before experienced such vivid sensations, and I awoke in the agony of an imaginary death-struggle with the ruffian with the disfigured face below. The light was not yet out, but had sunk into the socket, and cast a dim and uncertain flicker throughout the dreary place. I was in a state of high nervous excitement, and my attention was instantly fixed by the half-suppressed sound of voices in apparent contention beneath. I listened for a few moments with an intensity which it is impossible to describe. I soon became convinced, from some detached words, that I was the subject of the conversation. I could lie still no longer, but crept as near as I dared to the trap in the floor through which I had ascended into the garret.

"Look ye, Captain Thomas," said a voice

which I instantly recognised to be that of the master of the house; "none of your d——d mawkish stuff for me — the customs! — Why you make as much to do about this fellow as if you had never seen the flash of a flint in your life. Why, man, I remember the time when you could des——"

"Avast heaving there, you blood-thirsty villain!" interrupted the captain, who was evidently very much intoxicated; "all fair and above board for me! You know that I was never the man for a cold-blooded, cowardly job like this—none of your ——"

Here the wailing of the wind through the interstices of the hovel, prevented my being able to distinguish the remainder of the sentence. The conversation now became confused and irregular, and other voices took part in it. After some time, the heavy breathing of a man in deep sleep, evinced that the captain had been subdued by the influence of the liquor. I listened with greater anxiety.

"I am glad that chicken-hearted lubber is quiet at all events; it was a wonder he did not rouse the chap aloft with his —— jabber," growled a voice which I fancied was that of the ruffian with the scar.

"It does not signify arguing any more—we must either budge with the light in the morning, or this land-shark must——" here the speaker lowered his voice—"the leeftenant 'll be on us in a jiffy, and the old cabin here will be as hot as hell by sunset."

"Ay, ay, messmate, it's an ugly job, that's clear; but, as you say, it can't be helped; so come here, hand us another drop, and I will just slip up aloft and give a look out whether the fellow's asleep or not first."

I had scarcely regained my rug when I heard a footstep ascending the ladder. I mechanically grasped a pistol, of which I had a brace beside me, but commanded myself sufficiently to counterfeit deep sleep for the moment. The man did not enter the loft, but only raised his head above the level of the trap, and after listening for a short time to my heavy breathing, went down to his associates in the full persuasion that I was perfectly insensible to the peril of my situation.

Not an instant was now to be lost. The delay of a moment might seal my fate. The light was now flickering very faintly, and appeared on the eve of expiring. Should it do so, I was lost. I stepped carefully to the door in the roof, and found, to my great joy, that the fastening was loose. I saw at a glance that it would be impossible to attempt

the removal of the lumber which partly blocked up the opening without arousing the party below; I had, therefore, only one course to pursue. Pausing for a moment, I uplifted my clasped hands to heaven, and breathed a short and agitated prayer, of mingled hope and resignation. I then dashed down the casks, and pushing open the door, slid, with the quickness of thought, along the roof, and sprung at random from the coping to the ground below. Astonishment and perplexity kept the party within motionless for some moments, and I had gained a considerable start before they were enabled to recover their presence of mind, and unfasten the door of the cottage. They then burst wildly forth, and I distinctly heard their execrations and shouts, as they set their dog upon my track, and joined in the pursuit with frantic desperation. The transition from the close and heated atmosphere of the garret to the coolness of the night-breeze refreshed me greatly. The moon was lingering on the horizon, and threw a wan and indistinct gleam over the waste. The rapidity of my progress soon became materially checked by the irregularity of the ground. The dog began to near me rapidly, and I soon foresaw that my only chance of escape lay in being able to meet with the pony which I had left on the common the preceding night, and whose existence I had wisely kept from the smugglers. I dashed recklessly forward over rock and hollow. The deep baying of the dog, which I now remembered was of immense size and ferocious appearance, boomed with a fearful effect in the stillness of the night; the animal continued to gain upon me, and I fancied that the cry of my human enemies was becoming every instant more vivid and distinct. At this critical moment I lost my footing on the wet and slippery grass near the foot of a rising ground, and fell with great violence. The dog yelled, as I imagined with delight, and I scarcely regained my legs, when he was almost upon me. I stood calmly, and awaited his approach; and when he was within a few yards, levelled one of my pistols and fired. The ball told fatally; the animal sprang convulsively forward, and uttered his death-yell almost at my feet. I turned my head, and was struck with dismay on beholding the figure of a man emerge on the sky line, on the summit of the elevation which I had just descended. He paused; the report of the pistol appeared to have staggered him;—I waited not to look a second time, but again dashed across the waste with the eagerness of despair. And

now indeed my heart sunk within me, for I found that my left ankle had sustained a severe sprain by the violence of the fall, and escape seemed impossible. I discovered that I was entering upon a level heath, which greatly lessened the chance in my favour; for had the ground continued to be irregular, the death of the dog would have completely baffled my foes as to the direction I had taken. From the distance already traversed, it was quite clear that I had taken a different route from that which I pursued on discovering the cottage; but I felt a sort of conviction that I had unwittingly made a circle, and was coming near the spot where I had left Tommy the preceding night. Still this was only conjecture; but I now found from my increasing lameness, that the struggle must soon be determined. Every moment the holloa of the smugglers smote louder on the ear; and such was the force of my imagination, that their very feet trod upon my heart, although the sound was not yet audible. It is a hard thing to die unprepared—we cling to life instinctively—and recoil with awe and error from that vast and mysterious change.

But I resolved to sell my life dearly. I had yet one pistol undischarged, and I almost resolved to make a stand, and no longer protract a struggle which was worse than death. At this instant a dark mass indistinctly appeared before me on the waste! The light had now become exceedingly feeble, and I magnified almost every little bush into a foe;—but now I could not be mistaken—it was Tommy. The animal must have recognised me, for he suffered me to approach almost without stirring. It was not long before the cries of my pursuers melted away in the distance. After riding hard for about an hour I slackened my speed, and when day broke obtained some information at a farm house which enabled me to reach my friend Rawlinson's welcome shelter, just as he was sitting down to breakfast. Here, my dear Perceval, I must pause, and give both you and myself breathing time before entering upon my adventures—and wild adventures they were—at "THE STATION."

Ever yours,

CHARLES VYVYAN.

THE DEATH OF M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.,

ON BOARD THE SIR GODFREY WEBSTER.

BY A FELLOW PASSENGER.

As no particulars respecting the last moments of this highly talented and eccentric individual have ever yet appeared before the public eye, the writer of the following recollections of the event is in hopes that they may not prove altogether unacceptable to the literary world; particularly as even little things relative to the fate of genius have always been considered worthy of interest.

It was erroneously asserted, many years back, that the late Matthew George Lewis (otherwise known by the title of Monk Lewis) died of sea-sickness on his passage to England from the Island of Jamaica,—but the malady that carried him off was of a far more awful description. It was the yellow fever, which had been raging for a long time at Black River, where he embarked the first of May, in the year 1818, on board the ship *Sir Godfrey Webster*, commanded by Captain —, who now trades to India with the *Coromandel*. For some days previous to Mr. Lewis's decease, the weather

had been blowing a strong gale, which subsiding all at once into a dead calm, left the vessel as it were spell-bound in the dog latitudes. Here the heat became intolerable; and this change in the atmosphere visibly affected Mr. Lewis's general health and spirits. He grew restless and impatient, continually pacing up and down the deck, and spouting forth Italian and German poetry in a wild and impassioned tone of voice, accompanied with violent gestures. On the 13th of May, these serious symptoms rapidly increased in him, and becoming every hour worse and worse, at six o'clock the following morning he expired in the greatest bodily and even mental agony; for such was his delirium, that loud and bitter groans and fearful imprecations burst from his lips whilst suffering the last pangs. It seemed as if that same fatal affection for atheistical sentiments which had at an earlier period pervaded his compositions, as it had done those of many other talented

men of his day, had again taken hold of his imagination in the form of those delirious ravings; for, previous to this dreadful crisis, his manners and conversation had been utterly free from levity of any description. But the scene before us could not fail to produce in some of even the most unreflecting, a deep conviction of the Almighty's displeasure against the sin of "forgetting our Maker in the days of our youth!" And though the dying man, forgiven his early transgressions, might be unconscious of the spectres his words conjured up, *we* in a manner saw them, to tremble and be warned.

It is very much to be regretted that the remains of this accomplished gentleman (and perhaps too celebrated an author) were not preserved and brought home to be buried in the sepulchre of his family; the dust of genius being in some measure sacred to the soil from which it sprung. But, on the contrary, the corpse of the deceased was carried on deck, almost as soon as the last breath had departed; and being rolled up in the ship's colours, it was laid on the stern, where it remained until a slight shell of deal boards was nailed together by one of the carpenters.

Into this humble coffin the body was then carefully fastened down by the lid, and four eighteen-pounders attached to it, in order to sink it; a common white sheet, such as sailors use in their hammocks, was finally wrapped round the whole,—why or wherefore, it is difficult to guess. Captain — then proceeded to read over the burial service, several of the passengers and most of the crew being present; after which, in obedience to his commands, the deceased was committed to the deep. At the first plunge, the coffin disappeared entirely; but rising again, the sheet that had been fastened round it became partially disarranged, and the air introducing itself between its folds, inflated them, and buoyed the coffin up, so that it floated on the surface of the waters, just like a boat with its sails full set. It was first observed by a few of the passengers, from a window in the front cabin, where suddenly to their surprise and terror, they beheld this novel and spectre-like object borne up by the swell of the sea almost on a level with themselves. Never shall I forget the thrilling sensation caused by so appalling an apparition—imagination can scarcely picture any thing more horrible, coming as it did so unexpectedly. I was at that time a mere child, almost an infant, but such impressions pass not away! Around

the vessel that coffin-bark danced like a fearful mockery; then heaving heavily over the surf, as if unwilling still to part from the living world, it bent its course towards the shores of the Havanna; and was soon lost to the straining sight of the awe-struck spectators: whether it arrived at those shores, or was swallowed up in the whelming waves, we have never been able to ascertain.

The impression that Mr. Lewis made on my parents was that of a very reserved yet very kind-hearted man; he appeared to feel for the sufferings of any occasionally indisposed person on board, and particularly for my eldest sister, who almost fell a victim to the same fatal disorder which terminated his career. Before it manifested itself in him, he used to come frequently, and rap at the door of our berth, and ask after her health in the gentlest tones, never forgetting to accompany such enquiries with some little gift for the fevered invalid; such as a shadock or a bottle of soda-water—articles of which he had brought on board a plentiful supply. He also possessed an old-fashioned piano, bound with brass bands for travelling; and often did he while away the dreary hours ever attendant on a long sea-voyage, by his exquisite touch on that instrument.

When we were passing the islands of the Cayman, some of the natives came alongside of our vessel in their boats, with parrots, shells, and live turtles, for sale—he purchased several of the latter, intending to present one to the Prince of Wales, and another to the Duchess of York.

Though his general manner was serious, yet he would sometimes relax; and become animated even to gaiety,—on one occasion when sitting down to dinner, he observed (probably owing to some mistake of the steward) that there were four dishes of kid on the table, all, however, dressed differently,—“What!” exclaimed he, without moving a muscle of his face, and drawling his words out in a most ludicrous tone—“Is this all that we're to have? kid at the top, kid at the bottom, kid at the side, and kid in the middle! Why, it's kid all over!” This caused a great deal of laughter, particularly as they were almost the first words some of the persons present had heard him utter; and there was such a comic surprise expressed in his manner of delivering them. During Mr. Lewis's stay in Jamaica he had been made the subject of many a strange anecdote; among others it had been reported that he was in the habit of giving dinner parties to his own black slaves, presiding in person at

the head of the table, and conversing with them in the most familiar manner (always remembering to place his driver at his right-hand side); besides which condescension, it was said that he constantly shook hands with the negroes, when visiting them at work in the fields. This may be true, or it may be only a fable; but if true, how far he was right or wrong in so doing, it will be difficult for any one to pronounce; and, besides, is not to be gravely considered, since who can account for the freaks of genius?

Before I close this little article I must not forget to mention, that the subject of the preceding anecdote expired in the arms of

the same person who was afterwards present at Lord Byron's death; and of whom his lordship speaks in his journal with the highest praise, as forming one of the most faithful servants of his household. His name was Baptista or Tita (for short). He was a Venetian by birth, and certainly his attention and devotion to Mr. Lewis during his fatal illness and in his last moments, fully deserve a similar tribute here; and with pleasure the writer bears witness to the unchangeable character of a dutiful servant, a humble friend, faithful unto death.

J. A. P.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

Nor rank, nor power, nor wealth is mine,
To catch the worldly eye,
And never for such toys as these
My heart hath heaved a sigh;
The boon I ask is more divine,
And worthier far to move
An ardent spirit's deep desire,
Its true and earnest love.

I seek not length of days—I feel
It is our part to be
In life or death obedient still
To His all-wise decree;
But long or short howe'er 'tis mine
To walk these mortal spheres,
I pray my soul may never own
The chill of selfish years.

Oh! may the golden thoughts and dreams
Which youth's wild spirit knows,
Still burn undimmed as time flows by
On to life's latest close;
Grant, Heaven 'mid all the chance and
change
Revolving seasons bring,
The same young green romantic mind
Eternal in its spring!

Say not though brightly now and warm
My young fresh fancies glow,
And fast and free as mountain streams
Thought's sparkling currents flow;

Cold time can steal the vernal hue,
Even from the sunniest heart,
And from his visions rudely waked
The dreamer soon must start.

I cannot think that souls which burn
With feelings warm as mine,
Can ever live to find in age
Their halcyon fires decline;
For in themselves where'er they go,
In calm or wintry weather,
Some charm of youth they seem to bear,
Whose bloom no time can wither!

And oh! what titles, power, or gold,
With this can once compare—
That talisman of endless spring
A few blest spirits wear;
Their's is the true nobility,—
Mind's treasures, and mind's power,
The whole world's wealth were all too small
To purchase for one hour!

Then grant me, Heaven! as summer's sun
And winter's blasts are seen
To fall upon the ivy's leaves,
Still beautiful and green;
Oh! grant mid all the chance and change
Revolving seasons bring,
The same young fresh romantic soul,
Eternal in its spring!

GERTRUDE.

ON READING AN OLD LETTER.

BY MRS. NORTON.

OH what gloomy shadows
Steal across my soul,
As I view thy pages,
Long-forgotten scroll!
All the disappointments
Of a weary life;
All the wild ambition,
All the bitter strife;
All the gleams of pleasure,
Sicken into pain;
All my youth's romances—
Round me rise again.

Now I feel how feeble
Is this nerveless arm,
And how slow thy pulses,
Heart, so wildly warm!
Strength, and hope, and gladness,
All have passed away—
And my soul is darkened,
And my locks are grey.
Young eyes weep for sorrow,
Mine are hot and dry;
But I yield thee, token,
One long weary sigh!

Oh how sad and altered
Seems the world to me,
Since the joyous moment
Which gave birth to thee!
Now alone I wander
Through my father's halls,
Where each silent chamber
Many a dream recalls.
There, no welcome voices
Sound their carols sweet;
There, I hear no echo,
Of quick busy feet.

Many a form lies sleeping,
Loved in days of yore;
Many a face looks coldly,
Cared for now no more;
Cheeks that met my glances
With a crimson glow
Scarce my love remember,
'Tis so long ago!
And the eyes whose beaming
Like a sunrise burst,
Seem but ghosts of others
Which I knew at first!

Heavier droop those eyelids,
Through succeeding years,
'Till death's silent shadow
Closes on their tears.
Yet to *me* more welcome
Is each faded face,
Than the joyous brightness
Of a younger race.
With those old companions,
I have wandered on,
And *their* hearts remember
All *my* heart hath known.

From amongst the youthful
We are fading fast;
Theirs is all the future,
Ours is all the past.
Buried *there* are feelings
Kindness cannot wake;
New friends only grieve me
For my old friends' sake;
Ev'n the smile of Beauty
Wakens but a sigh,
For the long-remembered
Dreams of days gone by.

I sigh for *thee*, my sister,
Whose sweet and winning voice
Through long hours of sorrow
Taught me to rejoice;
For that voice I listen,
Many a night in vain,
While against my casement
Beats the driven rain;
And sigh for thee—the fairest
Of a young happy band,
Long ago departed
To the better land.

Thou art gone, my brother!
Thou, whose earnest heart
Long, and well, and truly,
Did a brother's part.
Thou, whose nature left me
Hope to lean upon,
When some lighter feeling's
Broken spell was gone.
When the loved proved fickle,
Or the friend betrayed:
Who shall heal the sorrow
Which *thy* loss hath made!

Oh! my heart resembles,
As it wastes away,
Part of some lone ruin
Sinking to decay!
'Tall and stately columns,
Graceful in their pride,
Were my father's children,
Standing side by side.
Scattered round about me,
One by one they fall;
Why should I survive them,
Who was linked with all?

Once again I read thee,
Scroll, so lightly penned;
With a fond remembrance
O'er thy leaves I bend.
Jests which thou containest,
Still can make me smile,
Though *they* sleep who made them
In the vaulted aisle.
The *echo* of a reveller's shout
Is faint, and low, and sad;
But this wan lip's smiling
Seems no longer glad.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Lives and Portraits of the celebrated Women of all Countries. By the Duchess of Abrantes.

WE have the first number of this Work now before us; it consists of four memoirs of extraordinary women, each accompanied by a pleasing, or a striking, portrait, whose authenticity appears to be well established.

The Duchess's arrangement is certainly curious. First, in her pages, we have Madame Mère, the mother of the great Napoleon Bonaparte; then Zingha, a fierce, warlike, cruel queen of the Negroes of Matamba and Angola, in the sixteenth century; then our own gentle, lovely, accomplished Lady Jane Grey; and, last of the four, we have Donna Catalina de Erauso, a runaway Spanish Nun, of the seventeenth century, who, dressed as a man, became a soldier in South America, and a most manifold assassin and fighter of duels.

This arrangement, or rather this want of arrangement, is favourable to variety, and to that amusement which the lively and practised pen of Madame Junot seldom fails in imparting.

The memoir in the present number, that would afford us the most striking extracts, is that of the fugitive Spanish Nun, or, as she was called, after her long and stormy military career, *La Monja Alférez* (the Nun-ensign). We prefer, however, giving part of the memoir of Madame Bonaparte, as written by one of the warmest encomiasts and adherents of that family. Of course we are not called upon to correct its exaggerations.

"Maria Letizia Ramolini Bonaparte was born in the year 1750, at Ajaccio, in Corsica. The Ramolini family is of noble origin; its descent is traced from the counts of Colalto. The member of it, who first settled in Corsica, had married the daughter of a Doge of Genoa, and received great and honourable marks of distinction from that republic. Madame Letizia's mother contracted a second marriage with a Swiss, a native of Basle. He was a Protestant; and when Madame Ramolini married him, she insisted upon his changing his religion. He accordingly abjured the Protestant faith, and became a member of the Roman church. Cardinal Fesch, who is only half-brother of Madame Letizia, was the only issue of this marriage. Mademoiselle Letizia Ramolini was one of the most celebrated beauties in Corsica. After the pacification of that Island, in 1768, she married Charles Bonaparte, who, though an intimate friend of Paoli, was always pure and honourable in his conduct. I shall not here repeat what I have written elsewhere

on the noble origin of the Bonaparte family. After the lustre given by Napoleon to his now immortal name, I think it would be out of place to hunt among genealogical parchments for the purpose of deciphering some old chronicle, or family legend, giving an account of his ancestors. What does it matter to posterity whether Napoleon was of gentle lineage or not? Noble birth is not indispensable to a conqueror, and Napoleon conquered the world. Nevertheless, it is true that his origin was not only noble, but of the highest class of nobility; and, from Nicholas Bonaparte, banished from Florence as a Ghibelin in 1268, down to Charles Bonaparte, the genealogical tree of the Bonaparte family bears seventeen noble generations. I certainly should not here mention this useless nobility of Napoleon's family, did I not remember, with feelings of bitter disgust, that the man who, during twenty years, had been the hero of the world, became, in 1814, under the poisoned tongues of those who in his reverse of fortune basely calumniated him, a man of unknown and obscure descent. He was, they said, the son of an usher, and his name was Buonaparte. When I consider under the excitement of a contempt I cannot subdue, that such trash was first written and published by a man of superior talent; I prefer imitating the noble silence of the hero's mother.

"It was almost amid civil war and its attendant horrors of strife and bloodshed, that Charles Bonaparte married the subject of this memoir. Letizia Ramolini followed her husband, and shared his dangers. Her mind was of a stamp to bear her through the most trying difficulties, and she overcame them by her superior energy. Her eight children, who survived a much greater number born from this marriage, were all French subjects, for they came into being after the annexation of Corsica to France. I here give their names in the order of their birth:—

"1st. Joseph Bonaparte, at first, king of the two Sicilies, afterwards king of Spain and the Indies, and always an honest man.

"2nd. Napoleon.

"3rd. Maria Anne Eliza, grand duchess of Tuscany.

"4th. Lucien, who, though he remained in private life, was a man of as great and noble mind as his brothers who ascended thrones, for he was free and independent.

"5th. Marie Paulette, Princess Borghese, Duchess of Guastalla.

"6th. Louis, King of Holland, who preferred retirement and virtue, to a throne with despotism.

"7th. Annonciade Caroline, Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves, and afterwards Queen of the two Sicilies.

"8th. Jerome, King of Westphalia, and Prince of Montfort.

"It was during one of Charles Bonaparte's journeys to the Court of France, as deputy of the Corsican nobles, that he was attacked with schirrus of the stomach, (the same disorder of which his son Napoleon died at St. Helena). He was advised to go to Montpelier, where he died, in the arms of his eldest son Joseph, and his brother-in-law Fesch, on the 24th of February, 1785. He left his widow and eight children totally unprovided for. Madame Bonaparte, whose fame has always been unsullied, devoted her whole life to the education of those of her children whom the government did not take charge of; for it is well known that Napoleon was brought up at Brienne, and Eliza at St. Cyr. Popular injustice, which always follows closely upon great political convulsions, having forced Madame Bonaparte to quit Corsica, she had to undergo all the anxiety which a mother experiences when her children are in danger. Obligated to leave Ajaccio in the middle of the night, in order to avoid the rage of an infuriated populace, from whom Napoleon, then an artillery officer, had already escaped, she crossed torrents and mountains, and penetrated through intricate forests, until at length she reached Calvi, and with her four children found an assylum in the house of Mr. Lorenzo Giubeya. There she embarked for Provence, where she settled,—first at Lavalette, near Toulon, and afterwards at Marseilles." Some of these adventures of Madame Bonaparte, who could little foresee at the time that she was the mother of one who would be an Emperor, were as romantic as those of the Duchess of Berri in the Vendée.

If Madame Junot continues the work with the spirit with which she has commenced it, her "Lives and Portraits of the Celebrated Women of all Countries" will be an agreeable accession to the treasures of the drawing-room table.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns.

We felicitate the publishers on their happy idea of bringing out this beautiful and complete edition of the immortal works

"Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Behind his plough upon the mountain side *,"

and feel no doubt but that an extensive sale will remunerate them. Although there was no copy-right to pay, their expenses must have been very considerable. The paper, the type, and the binding in cloth, are of the finest quality; and the volume is illustrated with two excellent

steel-plate engravings; the first, the portrait of the poet, after the picture painted by Alexander Nasmyth, in 1787 (said to be the only authentic likeness); and the second, a view of Burns' humble birth-place, after an original sketch, by T. Stothard, R. A. Each succeeding volume will contain two landscapes vignettes, taken from real Scotch scenes, rendered classical by the muse of the peasant bard. The whole work will be completed in six monthly numbers, costing no more than five shillings each; and when it is complete, whether we consider the excellence of the "High Chief of Scottish song.

"Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage *."

or the beauty and elegance of the edition, we must hold it as a fitting companion on the library shelves, to Murray's last issue of Lord Byron's Works and Memoirs, and the new edition of the Waverley Novels, and the Poems of Walter Scott.

We have frequently advocated this mode of publication and the cause of such booksellers as, taking a large view of their interests, produce a good article cheap, and rely for their profits on an extensive sale. This system, is, in our humble apprehension, at once the *surest* way to their own prosperity as traders, and the *readiest* way to increase the number of readers, and improve the taste of the country. It has had, and always shall have, our approval and warm recommendation; and now, in an especial manner, we recommend Messrs. Cochrane and Mc. Crone's edition of the Works of Robert Burns.

The first volume on our desk, consists entirely of the life of the remarkable man and poet.

Many lives of Burns, and several of them very good ones, (particularly that by Dr. Currie, who had the advantage of being aided by the poet's surviving brother, and that by Mr. Lockhart) already existed; but the best of these were attached to other editions, were still the property of other booksellers, and could not be used here. The task of writing a new memoir was therefore confided to Allan Cunningham, who, as a Scottish poet himself, as one who has himself struggled through the vale of obscurity to fair fame, as one who has naturally a lively sympathy for Burns, and an honest, manly spirit in all things, was the most proper biographer that could have been selected. It is with peculiar pleasure we quote the concluding paragraph of Allan's interesting volume. They contain some consoling views of human nature:—

"Of the family and fame of the poet, something should be said. Good and active friends bestirred themselves after his death: Currie munificently wrote his life and edited his works; Robert, his eldest son, was placed in the stamp-office by Lord Sidmouth; cadetships, in India,

* Wordsworth.

* Campbell.

were generously obtained for William and James, by Sir James Shaw, who otherwise largely befriended the family: and Lord Panmure nobly presented one hundred pounds annually to his widow, till the success of her sons in India enabled them to interpose, and to take—not without remonstrance—that pious duty on themselves. The venerable Mrs. Burns lives in the house where her eminent husband died. All around her has an air of comfort, and she has been enabled to save a small sum out of her annual income. Her brother, a London merchant of much respectability, has long interested himself in her affairs; and her brother-in-law, Gilbert, died lately, after having established his family successfully in the world.

“The citizens of my native Dumfries feel the honour which the Poet’s ashes confer on them: Mill-hole-brae has been named Burns-street; the walks are revered where he loved to muse; and his grave may be traced by the well trodden pathways, which pass the unnoticed tombs of the learned, the pious, the brave, and the fair-descended, and lead to that of the inspired peasant. Honours have elsewhere been liberally paid to his name; a fair monument is raised to him on the Doon: a noble statue from the hand of Flaxman, stands in Edinburgh; and Burns-clubs celebrate his birthday in the chief towns and cities of Britain. On the banks of the Amazons, Mississippi, St. Lawrence, Indus, and the Ganges, his name is annually invoked and his songs sung. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Campbell have celebrated him in verse; statues are made from his chief characters; pictures painted from his vivid delineations; and even the rafters of Alloway-Kirk have been formed into ornaments for the necks of ladies, and quaighs for the hands of men. Such is the influence of genius!”

The Story Without End. Translated from the German. By Mrs. S. Austen.

THIS clever version of an exceedingly clever

little story will be welcome to all young readers. It is published in a beautiful small volume, choicely bound and gilt, illustrated with wood cuts, and every way well suited for a present to children.

When we look at the great variety of excellent, improving works which Mrs. Austen has rendered from the German and other languages into English, and at the superior style and spirit with which all her versions are done, we are not only induced to consider her as one of the best prose translators of the day, but as a person largely entitled to public gratitude, by opening foreign fountains (closed to so many!) of amusement and intellectual amelioration.

The Anti-Spelling Book; a New System of Teaching Children to Read without Spelling. With an Introduction, addressed to Parents and Teachers.

THIS new system of preliminary instruction has the valuable merits of being extremely easy and simple. We think that by pursuing it the task of teaching children to read would be reduced to one fourth of its present difficulty, and this our opinion, we are happy to say, is confirmed by several talented persons, who as parents, as masters, or governesses of young people, have had more experience in such tuition than we can pretend to.

The author of this little treatise is, moreover, a very lively and original writer and thinker, and has contrived to render his discourse on consonants, vowels, accents, syllables, and words, exceedingly amusing. We should fail in our duty if we did not recommend this very cheap little volume to all mothers of young families, and to all to whom may be confided the important duty of opening the intellectual eyes of children. Let them not be afraid of a difficult, puzzling, dry disquisition. We again assure them that the system is easy, simple, and the book exceedingly amusing.

FINE ARTS.

Gallerie zu Shakspeare's Dramatischen Werken. In umrissen erfunden und gestochen von Moritz Retzsch. Erste Lieferung Hamlet. Zweite Lieferung Macbeth. Herausgegeben von Ernst Fleischer, Leipzig. *Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare. First series, Hamlet. Second series, Macbeth.*

If any thing were wanting to convince the people of England of the universal homage paid to Shakspeare, this work ought to satisfy the most sceptical; and if any one doubted that the divine bard could be sufficiently

understood by foreigners, a glance at these illustrations would undeceive him of his error. It is well known that the Germans are enthusiastic admirers of our immortal dramatist; they study his works and revere his memory with a love as sincere as was ever felt for them by his countrymen, and it, therefore, cannot be considered strange that their artists should attempt to represent in appropriate form and features, situations, and incidents, those scenes and those individuals of his creating, with which they have become acquainted in the theatre, or have been made familiar in the closet. The best of these illustrators is Retzsch. He is evidently a poet in thought

as well as in action. He is an interpreter of another man's thoughts, but he produces them before us with such strong meaning as none but an original mind could have clothed them with. It is impossible to describe the effect created by these outlines. The variety of character, the shades of expression, the grandeur of the conception, and the beauty of the drawing developed in the work, must be seen to be properly appreciated. We have Hamlet brought before us in every action in which he is identified. We see him in every mood, from his first rencontre with his father's ghost, to his death-stroke at his father's murderer. The philosophy of the character is made manifest. Nor are we left unvisited by the rest who figure in this striking drama. We see them all; for in the seventeen designs, which are here given, in every one we find his proper place, engaged in his peculiar office. Nothing is omitted, and

nothing is superfluous. Macbeth too, and all who are engaged with him, either as active or passive supporters of his dark ambition, are exhibited with wonderful correctness of portraiture. This series contains some of the finest designs we ever saw. The delineations of the Weird Sisters, of Macbeth murdering Duncan, and of Lady Macbeth trying to erase the "damned spot" from her polluted hand, are exceedingly happy; here the supernatural, the horrible, and other sources of the sublime are introduced with prodigious effect. The literary portion of the work is not less excellent than the pictorial. Each series possesses an able introduction, written by Böttiger, one of the most enlightened critics and accomplished scholars of Germany; and the subject of each plate is given in the German translation of Benda, the French of Guizot, the Italian of Soncini, and in the English of the great original.

THE THEATRES.

It has at last been decided that Laporte shall retain the management of the King's Theatre during the ensuing season, a decision we do not regret, that gentleman having shown himself by far the best director the Italian Opera has had for many years. Last season he procured the subscribers the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all the first-rate talent the continent possessed, and now he appears equally anxious to obtain for them every gratification which may be derived from the most splendid opera and ballet exhibitions, when performed by artists of the first celebrity. The season is expected to commence on the 15th, when Donizetti's opera "Anna Bolena," will be performed, for the purpose of producing, to an English audience, Madame Ungher, a clever actress and singer, well known at the principal theatres in France and Italy, and Ivanoff, the young Russian, whose fine tenor and excellent execution have been so much admired in Paris:—after which will follow *La Sylphide*, with the incomparable Taglioni, who is to remain with us for the first six weeks, and will return at the end of April. Duvernay, whose grace and beauty gained for her such general approbation last season at Drury Lane, will supply the place of Taglioni during her absence. Laporte is now on his travels, engaging every attraction he can meet with. Those with whom he has already arranged are: for the opera, Mesdames Pasta, Malibran, Ungher, and Tamburini; Mademoiselles Giulietta Grisi, (her first appearance in this country,) Salvi, (from the Italian Opera at Paris,) Blasis, (her first appearance these three years,) and

Castelli; *Tenori*, Signor Rubini and M. Ivanoff; *Bassi*, Signori Zuchelli, Tamburini, and Lablache. For the ballet, Mademoiselles Taglioni, Duvernay, Teresa and Fanny Elsler, Adele, Chavigny, Kipler, and A. Bourgouin, and Messrs. Perrot, Coulon, Theodore, Leblond, and Henri Vallier; the latter department will be under the sole management of M. Taglioni.

Drury Lane has produced a new drama by Jerrold, called "The Wedding Gown," which, in spite of a superabundance of claptraps, is an effective production; and a new spectacle by Bernard, called "St. George and the Dragon," which, although as dull as stupid dialogue can make it, is worth seeing. Ducrow and his stud, and Stanfield and his genius, are sufficient attractions to counteract the somnolent influence of the "small talk" put into the mouths of the Seven Champions. At Covent Garden "Gustavus" has been performed some seventy nights or more, and appears to increase in attraction. The Pantomime, "Old Mother Hubbard," is adorned with some beautiful scenery. At the Olympic, novelties appear in rapid succession,—yet all are excellent. Madame Vestris, in "The Welsh Girl," acts as well as she sings, and she executes the beautiful national airs of Wales as arranged for her by Mr. Parry, in the most perfect style of ballad singing. In "The Deep Deep Sea," which is another of her Olympic Revels, she makes a Perseus worthy of the best days of Grecian beauty and heroism. Liston and Keeley are nightly keeping the audience in a roar here, in two capital farces which have

been written for them by our veteran dramatist Kenney, called "Fighting by Proxy," and "Dancing for Life." In the former they represent two of that class of heroes who think "the better part of valour is discretion;" and there are incidents in the latter, quite new to the English stage. At the Adelphi we have seen "The Rake and his Pupil," adapted from a licentious French piece; very cleverly

represented, but its moral (although there was one of course) escaped our penetration. "Lurline, or the Revolt of the Naiades"—a beautiful spectacle, the incidents of which are founded on those in "La Revolte au Serail," a Parisian ballet, in preparation at Covent Garden; and the Pantomime "See Saw, Margery Daw"—the best performance of the kind we have beheld this season.

NEW MUSIC.

IN vocal compositions we have met with little disclosing the most moderate share of originality. Two or three ballads by Alexander Lee, possess those elements of popularity—pleasing melodies, and easy accompaniments—they are entitled "Canst thou ask me to Forget," "There's Sunshine on the Brooks," and "We met, but ne'er shall meet again:" there is also a sweet melody in "Gustavus," called "When Time hath bereft Thee." The Annuals have made their appearance. "The Musical Bijou," in the vocal department, scarcely reaches that excellence it has hitherto evinced: there is, however, one song by Rodwell, with a charming melody—"Speed safely o'er the Sea:"—the piano-forte productions are worthy of its best days. "The Musical Gem" is a most attractive volume, containing many superior compositions for the voice and for the piano, written by the first composers (native and foreign) of the day. "The Sacred Minstrel," to the lover of sacred music, must prove a source of the highest gratification; for it contains works which may be considered the most valuable of ancient and modern times. Of "The Sacred Musical Offering," we must express an opinion equally satisfactory. It is of the same character as the last, and is edited with equal ability. A very elegant little annual has recently been published under the title of "The Nosegay," intended for guitar players, which is edited by Signor Verini, an accomplished performer on that fashionable instrument. It contains some beautiful national airs, English, French, Spanish, and Italian, with appropriate words, arranged with considerable taste and skill for the Spanish guitar.

J. B. Cramer has recently returned from Paris, where his delightful style of performance met with the most flattering approbation. The piano has now become an instrument of such universal cultivation, that it appears as if the composers could scarcely produce a sufficient number of novelties to meet the demand. We have at least fifty new publications before us, from which we will select those most deserving of notice. François Hunten's Piano-Forte Tutor is a very excellent book of instruction, although the author does not use the king's En-

glish in the most satisfactory manner—but he is a foreigner. The "Repos de l'Etude," the "Trois Petits Duos," and the "Fantasia" from Ludovic, by the same performer, possess many excellencies. The first and second are intended for beginners, the third for more advanced pupils. The "Album des Pianistes de Premiere Force," is a collection of the most difficult pieces of music, intended only for those players who have obtained the greatest facility of execution. Let such pianists sit down to the "Fantasie Militaire," and "Les Clochettes," by Pixis; when they have mastered these difficulties, let them attempt "Hommage à Mozart," by Frederick Chopin; and when they can play the latter, nothing ought to intimidate them. Chopin is the most ingenious composer that ever wrote, but with his compositions he ought to send us hands with which to play them, for we have met many passages we could not execute with our own. His "Trois Nocturnes," written in imitation of the Murmurs of the Seine, and his "Variations Brillantes," on the air "Je vends des Scapulaires," are a trifle easier. Yet even these require considerable application for their performance. Moscheles' "Fifth Concerto," in C major, is a most elaborate production, and will repay the amateur who has the courage to attempt the study of its forty-three pages. Hummel's "Twenty-four Studies in all the Major and Minor Keys," is a work no performer should be without. It is of more than ordinary utility. Mendelssohn Bartholdy has arranged his splendid "Overture to the Isles of Fingal" as a duet, in which arrangement its wild and striking effects appear to great advantage. Henri Herz has produced some elegant pieces; the "Airs de Ballet," and the "Galop Favorit," from Gustavus, possess all the attractions found in the most successful compositions of this brilliant pianist. Of quadrilles we have received plenty, from which we select three,—the "Lo Zingaro Quadrilles," from the popular airs by Alexander Lee are easy and pleasing; Tolbecque's "Quadrilles from Gustavus," are almost equally attractive, but more difficult; and Callcott's "Quadrilles from the Works of J. B. Cramer," are arranged for two performers, and make very delightful duets.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE COURT is still at Brighton:—A Cabinet Council, at which all the Ministers attended, was held at the Pavilion on the 24th of January. His Majesty will return to the Palace of St. James's on the 3rd of February, and the following day will open the Session of Parliament in person. This session will be one of vital interest and great labour. Among the many important questions to be decided, are the church reform, and the alteration of the corn laws, which seems inevitable.

AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.—The King of the French opened the Chambers with a speech from the throne, on the 23rd December. The royal address, on the whole, was satisfactory, but some stormy discussions took place on the clause which related to Russia. M. Bignon, in a very vituperative speech, urged the necessity of an appeal to arms against the ambition of the Czar. The Duke de Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply, seemed to take up M. Bignon's sentiments as those of himself and his colleagues in office; but a few days after the duke ate his words. He then tendered his resignation, but was induced by the King to remain at his post.

M. Humann, the Minister of Finance, has announced that a new loan of £3,000,000 sterling, is indispensable. France has at this moment to pay a regular army, which amounts to nearly four hundred thousand men!

SPAIN, Jan. 14.—The ministry of Zea Bermudez has been superseded by one of more liberal principles. Senor Martinez de la Rosa, Minister of Foreign Affairs during the constitutional regime of 1822, is appointed Prime Minister. The first acts of his ministry are expected to be the convocation of the Cortes, and an amnesty more general than those hitherto granted.

The Marquis of Amarillas, a nobleman of the highest rank and greatest influence, and one of the Council of Regency appointed by King Ferdinand on his death-bed, is said to have recommended the members of the new cabinet to the Queen Regent. The Marquis is a friend to constitutional monarchy, and equally averse to despotism and ultra-liberalism—the Scylla and Charybdis of Spain.

The Carlist insurgents in the north of Spain, after a few insignificant skirmishes, have almost disappeared from the field. By the last intelligence they were not in possession of a single city or place of strength. According to some accounts, however, they are only determined *a reculer pour mieux sauter*.

In Portugal, though the Pedrites have destroyed a few Miguelite windmills near Torres Novas, and the Miguelites have bayoneted a few Pedrite soldiers near Oporto, matters remain much in the same state, and nothing seems certain except (in the meantime) the misery of the people. Don Pedro is at Lisbon—Don Miguel at Santarem—the

distance of only two days' march separates the worthy brothers. It is said that a new fleet or flotilla is preparing by Don Miguel's agents in England and elsewhere, and that Don Pedro's fleet, under Napier, is ready to intercept and destroy it. A quarrel which Don Pedro most imprudently provoked with some of his peers, has been made up. The Duke of Terceira, who deserves a better master and a wiser ministry to act with, has left Lisbon to take the command of the army before Santarem, and General Saldanha has marched with 5,000 men to clear the country of the Miguelites.

In Italy, the Pope has made some fresh efforts to induce the French government to withdraw their garrison from his good city of Ancona, and men's minds have been puzzled and confounded by a book written by Count del Pozzo (until lately a liberal,) to prove that the government of Austria is the best calculated to secure the prosperity and happiness of the Italians. The Count might as well attempt to prove the wolf the best guardian of the lamb.

An event has occurred at Naples which will interest many persons much more than the *small* political affairs of that kingdom. It is the death of the Princess of Gerace (whom our newspapers, with their usual felicity of spelling foreign names, have converted into the Princess Gerau). This lady, whose mother was among the victims of one of the great earthquakes in Calabria, was one of the few Neapolitan nobility that retain an ample fortune. She made a tasteful and hospitable use of her wealth, travelling much herself, and receiving, when at home, travellers of all nations. To the English she was particularly attentive and hospitable, and, we doubt not, many persons in this country will remember her kindness and be grieved at this announcement. If our memory does not betray us, the princess must have reached about the good old age of eighty!

In Turkey, the fortifications on the straits of the Dardanelles are undergoing repairs and improvements, which are directed by Russian officers. Unless these measures are prevented in time, the forcing of that passage in the fashion of Admiral Duckworth will be next to impossible.

A second commissioner sent to the Pasha of Egypt, who has been tardy in paying certain tributes he submitted to in the late treaty, returned to Constantinople with 10,000 francs, *in ready money*, and thirty-two purses annually, counting from May, 1834, *in promises*. The stipulated sum of 18,000,000 of Turkish piastres, for certain cessions made to the new kingdom of Greece, have been, however, paid to the Sultan, and one of the great money-raising Rothchilds has arrived at Constantinople.



C. Ross, pinx.

H. Cook, sculp.

THE LADY ELIZABETH VERNON.

Engraved from a portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Bart. in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke, and now in the collection of the Earl of Sandwich.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblee,

FOR MARCH, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. VENABLES VERNON.

THE ELLISONS have flourished in the north of England for more than three centuries.

In 1544,

CUTHBERT ELLISON served the office of Sheriff of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in five years after became its Mayor. He was great grandfather of

ROBERT ELLISON, Esq., baptised 2nd February 1613-14; likewise Sheriff of Newcastle, and representative in parliament for that borough. He married first, in 1635, Elizabeth, daughter of Cuthbert Grey, Esq., of Backworth; and, secondly, Agnes, relict of James Briggs, a merchant in Newcastle; by the former of whom he left at his decease, in 1678,

I. CUTHBERT, his heir.

II. Samuel, a merchant adventurer of Newcastle, who married Barbara, daughter of Cuthbert Carr, Esq. of St. Helen's Auckland, and had, with several other children, a son, Robert, who assumed the surname and arms of Carr, on inheriting the estates of his maternal ancestors.

III. Joseph, progenitor of the ELLISONS of *Lintz*.

IV. Robert.

V. John, of Newcastle.

VI. Nathaniel, a learned divine, M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, D.D., Vicar of Newcastle, Prebendary of Durham, who founded the house of ELLISON, of Otterburn.

VII. Elizabeth, who married William

Fenwick, Esq. of Stanton, in Northumberland.

VIII. Alice, married to Henry Rawling, Esq., father of Sir Benjamin Rawling, knight. At this gentleman's decease his aunt, Elizabeth Ellison, inherited £140,000 personal property.

IX. Mary, married to William Jennison, Esq.

The eldest son,

CUTHBERT ELLISON, Esq., purchased, about the year 1650, the estate of Hebburne, in the palatinate of Durham, and there seated himself. He wedded, in 1663, Jane, sister of Sir Ralph Carr, knight, and had four sons and three daughters, viz. ROBERT, his heir; William, Mayor of Newcastle in 1722; Cuthbert; Ralph; Jane, married to Surtees Swinburne, Esq.; Elizabeth; and Isabella, the wife of Robert Fenwick, Esq. Mr. Ellison was succeeded, at his decease, by his eldest son,

ROBERT ELLISON, Esq., of Hebburne, born in 1665, who espoused Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Liddell*, Bart., of Ravensworth, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

* The LIDDELS have been seated in the county of Durham since the year 1607, when they acquired by purchase Ravensworth Castle, and other estates in the palatinate. Thomas Liddell, Esq. (the grandson of the purchaser of Ravensworth Castle,) a firm and devoted supporter of King CHARLES I., was created a BARONET 2nd November, 1642, for his gallant defence of Newcastle against the Scots.

The late Sir Henry George Liddell, father of the present Lord Ravensworth, died 26th Nov., 1791.

CUTHBERT ELLISON, Esq., of Hebburne, a General in the army, M.P. for Shaftesbury, &c. &c.; at whose decease, unmarried, in 1785, the family possessions devolved upon his nephew,

HENRY ELLISON, Esq., of Hebburne Hall, (son of Henry Ellison, Esq. and Hannah, his wife, daughter and co-heir of William Coatsworth, Esq.) This gentleman married Henrietta, daughter of John Isaacson, Esq., and dying in 1795, left issue,

Henry, who died unmarried.

CUTHBERT.

Robert, Lieutenant-colonel in the Grenadier Guards, who married the Honourable Mary Montague, daughter of the late Lord Rokeby, and has one son.

Hannah, married to John Carr, Esq., of Dunstan Hill, in Durham, and has five sons and three daughters.

Henrietta, married to George William Aylmer, Esq., of Mowden Hall, Essex.

Elizabeth, married to Frederick Edward Morrice, Esq., of Betshanger, in Kent.

The eldest surviving son.

CUTHBERT ELLISON, Esq., now of Hebburne Hall, represented, for some time, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Parliament; and was formerly High Sheriff for Durham. He wedded Isabella Grace, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Ibbetson, Esq., of St. Anthony's, in Northumberland, and has issue,

ISABELLA CAROLINE, of whom presently.

Henrietta, married, in 1824, to William Henry Lambton, Esq., of Biddick Hall, next brother to the Earl of Durham.

Louisa, married, in 1829, to Viscount Stormont, eldest son of the Earl of Mansfield.

Laura-Jane.

Sarah-Caroline.

Anne.

MISS ELLISON, the subject of this month's illustration, was married on the 30th October, 1824, to the Honourable GEORGE CHARLES VENABLES VERNON, the eldest son of the present lord Vernon, and has issue—

Augustus Henry, born at Rome, 1st February, 1829.

leaving a high reputation for a generous, but somewhat eccentric disposition. His excursion to Lapland, in consequence of a wager, and his return with two native girls and some reindeer, are particularly described in Consett's Tour through Sweden. The Lapland girls were safely restored to their country after seven months' absence, with a large assortment of trinkets and a purse of fifty pounds. The reindeer were kept in England.

Caroline Maria, and another daughter, born 6th December, 1831.

The noble family of VERNON descends from Richard de Vernon, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and in the year 1086 was created, by Hugh Lupus, lord paramount of the county palatine of Chester, baronet of Shipbroke, in that county. The fifth in descent from him, Richard de Vernon, had a grant from Henry III. of the castle and manor of Picke, and dying, left with other issue, Warren, sixth lord Shipbroke, at whose death the barony was divided among his heirs; and

Sir William de Vernon, knight of Karlaston, in the county of Stafford, who was chief justice of Chester in the reign of Henry the Third. He married Alice, daughter and co-heir of William de Avenall, of Haddon, in the county of Derby, and was succeeded by his son,

Richard de Vernon, lord of Haddon in right of his mother, the sixth in descent, from whom was

Sir Richard Vernon, who was speaker of the parliament held at Leicester, 4th of Henry VI., and was constituted by patent treasurer of Calais. His son and successor,

Sir William Vernon, was also treasurer of Calais, and CONSTABLE OF ENGLAND for life, being the last subject who held that high and important dignity. He was succeeded by his son,

Sir Henry Vernon, who became lord of Haddon, and who acted as governor and treasurer to Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII. Tradition says that the prince frequently lived with Sir Henry, at Haddon, and that an apartment there bore the name of *the prince's chamber*. Sir Henry presented the great bell to Tonge, of forty-eight hundred weight, and six yards round, and a rent out of his manor of Norton, for the tolling of it "when any Vernon comes to town." From this Sir Henry we pass to his lineal descendant, Henry Vernon, Esq. of Sudbury, M. P. for the county of Stafford, who wedded Anne, granddaughter and heiress of Peter Venables, lord Kinderton, and whose son,

GEORGE VERNON, was elevated to the peerage as Baron Vernon, of Kinderton, the 1st May, 1762. His lordship was succeeded by his eldest son GEORGE, second baron, who dying without issue male, the barony devolved on HENRY, third baron, father of the present peer, GEORGE CHARLES, fourth baron.

MY OLD VISITING BOOK.

"So many of these people are dead, or ruined, or gone abroad, that I really must make out a new visiting list." Such was my ejaculation, as I laid down the clasped morocco volume which contained the long list of friends and acquaintance, made out in the year 18—, and arranged, not according to degrees of intimacy, or contiguity of dwelling-place, but according as chance had willed their names to begin with a particular letter. "Yes, I must certainly make out a new list." But to do this it was necessary to look through the old one, to select some names—to reject others; so I walked to the open window, and leaning against the side, began my task of selection; marking with a pencil such as were still to be retained in my new visiting book. I looked through the first, second, and third pages—every name brought a history with it—till at length the breeze seemed that of one of the early springs of my life—visions rose around me which had well nigh faded into forgetfulness; and as one name, one long-remembered name, caught my eye, tears, the bitter tears we shed over the irrevocable past, stole from my eyes and dropped on the written leaves. I started; a visitor was announced—and as it is not my style (every woman *has* her style) to be found weeping, (independent of the ridicule of being found weeping over one's old visiting book,) I dried my tears, and assuming the gay good-humoured smile and light tone of *persiflage* with which I receive my acquaintance, and with which (to do them justice) my acquaintances receive *me*, I forgot for an hour the past in the present.

But when my visitors had departed, and I had leisure to recommence my task, I turned again to the familiar pages and gleaned, from an apparently barren field, chronicles of other days.

The first on my list, Mrs. Airlie, is no more. I can draw my pen through the name without a sigh, for I knew her very slightly, and none of the circumstances which make even a stranger's death melancholy gave an interest to hers—she was not young; she left neither husband nor child to regret her loss, and I think I shall seldom even recollect that she is missing from the gay scenes where alone I have been accustomed to meet her. Lady Aspendale, Mrs. Beverley, Duchess of B—, &c. &c. &c.—there is little or no change in *their* situations. Mrs.

Cruagh, Ah! how fond I used to be of her! that was in the days when we were girls together—before she changed her name of Rose Allanby for the extraordinary cognomen of Cruagh. For three years I have not seen her; she belongs to the class of birds of passage, and makes it next to impossible to keep up a steady visiting acquaintance, by having a house in a different street every time she comes to town. How merry we have been together, and how pretty she was—heigh-ho!

The next and the next and the next are dead. Who follows? Ah! the very name which caused those foolish tears. Lucy! poor gentle, lovely Lucy Chillingworth! Her image rises before me—happy, supremely happy—her soft eyes beaming with love and laughter,—wandering through the grounds at C—, where a pic-nic party celebrated her birth-day, and her betrothal to Mr. Fenton. How I envied her the apparent certainty of happiness she then enjoyed—the entire devotion of one to whom she was so tenderly attached—the unopposed union so quietly and comfortably settled by the friends of both parties. Alas! there is nothing now to envy in her fate. They have quarrelled and parted—perhaps at this moment she sits alone, pining for the presence of the child still dear to *both* those divided hearts—or perhaps, even while caressing it, she half wishes it were with *him*, the love of her youth, to remind him of the old days when harsh words from him to her seemed *impossible*! those old days which, as they vanished, bore with them visions, the memory of which has still power to make *me* weep. The next name that bids my pen pause, is that of the Countess —, a giver of brilliant *soirées*, and an encourager of those harmless flirtations which do such incalculable mischief. From the first year of my introduction to "the world," I remember her and her house exactly the same. Both sparkling and bright of an evening, both rather sad and dull of a morning—I fear her *soirées* are at an end, but she must be transferred to the new list; she was kind to me in her own way, and is ill and alone now, without even the false excitement given by the triumphs of conscious talent, to raise her spirits or give an excuse for flattery. How clever—how droll she was! How fond of society—how formed to shine in it! and how formed too for nobler

ends than those she has followed! I recal with a melancholy smile the very different opinions of two of our mutual friends.—The first was a lady of a certain age, moving in the same circle; and she spoke in a tone of warning:—“Beware of the Countess!—she is a cold, calculating, heartless woman, without principle or sincerity—her society *can* only do you harm.” The second was a much older friend, but one little experienced in the world’s ways, and *she* spoke with enthusiasm!—“You know her then!—you know the Countess—how you must love her! She was the most beautiful, the most joyous, the warmest-hearted of human beings! I have never seen—I shall never see any one so made to be worshipped!” I ponder still upon this last opinion. I have seen the Countess a thousand times in society—brilliant, false, and flattered. I have heard her *once* weep over a child’s words, and speak of the hopes and intentions of her youth; and still, when my heart is about to condemn, the memory of those startling tears returns, and pleads for the better part of that wayward and perverted nature.

The name which follows, is one which haunted me long before I ever saw its owner: one who was loved in her girlhood by that warm and joyous heart, which, in after-life,

“With all its faults—was *mine* ;”

and dearer, far dearer even its errors (if such they were) than the proudest perfection of others!

I have listened for hours to accounts of her gentleness, her beauty, her fascination, and listened too without jealousy, for I *felt* that I was loved, and *she* was already a wife; and it was his voice which spoke, though it spoke of her—*his* hand which clasped my own, while he told the romance of earlier days. I saw her at length, after years had rolled by—after God had made the vain hopes and intentions of those years of no effect:—when the heart that had beat so warmly was but a clod of the valley, and in place of jealousy or curiosity, a sad and heavy remembrance was all with which I could gaze upon *her*. I looked into her gentle eyes—I listened to her low musical voice, as though they had power to raise visions and echoes from the tomb, and I could have wept—but that we stood amongst strangers!

Here is a name with a hurried angry stroke of the pen blotting it out. How foolish! Why should I have been angry with one whose caprices were so contemptible? Why should I have resented a person turning her back, because she was unable to turn a repartee? (more especially as her necklace and

head-jewels were quite as handsome on one side as on the other.) Why should I, even in the solitude of my own room, and the privacy of my old visiting-book, have been guilty of the egregious folly of scratching out a *name*, because it stood representative of a person who had displeased me? I really could find it in my heart to write it out fairly in my new list; but that I think it would be, on many accounts, unnecessary.

Another name; equally—no, that were impossible—but *nearly* as capricious; belonging to a higher, a far higher order of beings, one, who with beauty, talents, wealth, rank, and a romantic history, with every capability of overcoming the strongest prejudices, and winning the coldest hearts—with all the requisites for being warmly, steadily, and enthusiastically loved, has been content all her life *ONLY* to govern! One who has divided the world around her into enemies and slaves, and sees the latter, when freed, range themselves under the banners of the former. One who sits in an enforced loneliness, and yet wonders she is alone—who *might* have made devotees, but is satisfied to rule subjects. The *name*, nevertheless, must ever be

“One of the hallowed and haunting sounds
Heard long ago in the home of my youth;”

and as such, let it pass, and turn we to the next.

That next is only a vague dream; for I never saw Mrs. Joyce Alden in my life. I knew her husband when I was a girl, and liked him much: all the better, perhaps, that I used to feel a little afraid of him. He had a gentle, grave manner, and exceeding stubborn notions of right and wrong: was very particular on the score of feminine propriety, and lectured a little. He belonged to that rare class of men you can neither dazzle nor persuade—who admire *qualities* instead of being smitten by charms, and whose favourable opinion you involuntarily try to obtain, simply (as I believe) because you suspect it to be withheld. Mrs. Joyce Alden! I do not know her—I do not know any one who has seen her; but I am sure she is lovely and loveable, because she is *his* wife; and I shall transfer her name and direction, though she has never been in town since I left my card on the *bride*, and we may possibly never become known to each other.

Ah! here is a family of whom I have entirely lost sight. Dear pains-taking Lady Hawk, with her two fat good-humoured girls, whose cheeks were always flushed, and whose hair was never in curl, where can they be? Brighton?—no, I should have heard of them.

Rome?—Florence?—the Highlands of Scotland, or the Lowlands of Spain? Can *they* be going up the Rhine, with whom I have so often and so merrily gone down the Thames! I cannot imagine what has become of them!

The name which stands next—long-loved and long familiar—has a power which none will have again!—the power to sober amid the intoxications of vanity—to sadden in the gayest hours—to waken tenderness, regret, and affection in my coldest or most angry mood. A name,

“At which the past is all revolved
Within the working brain;
And broken vows are re-resolved,
And virtue loved again!”

Lost, but still revered friend!—the day may come when your heart shall steal back to its first kindly thoughts of me, and that gentle eye, whose calm and melancholy disapprobation, is so much more wounding than the bitterest words, smile on me, as it once used to do!

Here is a whole page which now might well be blank. Two of those names have perished from the earth—one (and a noble one) has become the victim of political disturbances in a foreign land—and one, loaded with unexpected disgrace, borne for no fault of hers, but for the imprudent speculations of the husband of her youth, is no longer mistress of the home, the honours of which were done with such unobtrusive and quiet hospitality, in the days when her name was first entered in my list.

Lady Rotlseaton;—she is gone too—that princely house is without a mistress, her children without a mother. Lady Skiverton; again a death, though not hers; the death of that young bright girl for whose sake chiefly it was pleasant to keep up our acquaintance. Here is *her* name; and here, between the leaves of the book, one of her cards, with a few pencilled words of regret at not seeing me when she called. Her name! no one will answer to it now, with that bird-like voice which fell so pleasantly on the ear; no bright face will welcome me with that young and guileless expression of cordiality which made one *feel* so welcome, when I went to C—Street; but I must again write down the name—there are others still to visit, but none like *her*!

Here is a name just entered; her very card, like herself, fair, elegant, and delicate. Her fate is all in the future; she is just married—married for love. I hope I never shall look at that name in my visiting-book with any feeling of sadness, for I never saw any one more winning or more beautiful.

Again a death! Can it indeed be true?

Can that handsome haughty face have disappeared from amongst us for ever? Have the sudden shadow and oblivion of the tomb closed over so much of bounding life and energy of feeling? There are beings in the world whose very appearance is incompatible with our notions of death—whom we can hardly believe to have departed, even after we *know* such to be the fact! *She* was one of these; and even now, as I draw my pen through the name which henceforward can only be a memory, she rises before me—

“Life in her veins, and joy upon her brow,”

and mocks with a visionary brightness the ideas of languor, sickness, and the grave. Hers was a death to startle all—to grieve many; the sudden death of lonely pain—the wrench from all life’s dearest links, without warning—without decay—and many an hour that haunting face will for a moment brighten with its strange beauty the scenes in which she never more may mingle; and sober with a sudden remembrance hearts whose gaiety she shared while living.

Beautiful foreigner! *your* name brings only feelings of pleasure and admiration; in which perhaps something of curiosity and interest mingles, as I reflect on the expression of those wild and brilliant eyes, and the restless smile which has so little of mirth in it. Yours is the face that tempts one while gazing on it, amid crowded assemblies, to imagine its *solitude*. Yours is the smile which seems as if it should shine through tears—yours the voice, whose careless and complimentary words are spoken in *tones* which tell a history! Passion, and mournfulness, and deep affection are in those tones, and when I hear them, it is with an effort that I recollect we are strangers.

The next is one which seems to have been written there as a contrast to the preceding. Haughty lady, whose manner and address are as stately (and far less cordial) than those of our own royal princesses, I bow over your name; and envy the mixture of talent, tact, perseverance, ambition, and assurance, which has given you the lofty place you hold amongst us, a place which neither rank, right, nor reason, appears to justify your possessing.

The next—the next—the next—are dead. The next ruined—and the last dying in a distant land—can it be that all these changes have taken place in six years?

Can it be that we are not more sobered by the events of this changeable world? Can it be that I have really found so much to grieve—to warn—to remember—in the pages of my “Old Visiting Book.”

SCENES FROM MANZONI'S TRAGEDY, "IL CONTE DI CARMAGNOLA."

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE following scenes, distinguished by a simple pathos, which can be considered no usual characteristic of the brilliant and stately Italian muse, form the conclusion of Manzoni's celebrated tragedy. His hero, Carmagnola, the victorious general of the Venetian republic, becomes an object of suspicion to its jealous rulers, and is summoned before the Doge and Council, on pretence of recompensing his services with higher honours than have yet been awarded. His doom having been previously sealed, he is arraigned and conveyed to prison, whilst his wife and daughter, in all the eagerness of exulting affection, are awaiting his return to their arms. He there proudly repels the charges brought against him, when insulted by the Doge with the name of *Traitor*.

Scene in the Venetian Senate-House.

CARMAGNOLA.

A TRAITOR! *I!*—that name of infamy
Reaches not *me*. Let him the title bear,
Who best deserves such meed—it is not mine.
Call me a dupe, and I may well submit,
For such my part is here; yet would I not
Exchange that name, for 'tis the worthier still.
A traitor!—I retrace in thought the time,
When for your cause I fought: 'tis all one path
Strewed o'er with flowers. Point out the day on which
A traitor's deeds were mine; the day which passed
Unmark'd by thanks, and praise, and promises
Of high reward! What more? Behold me here!
And when I came, to seeming honour called—
When in my heart most deeply spoke the voice
Of love, and grateful zeal, and trusting faith—
—Of trusting faith! Oh! no—Doth he who comes
Th' invited guest of friendship, dream of *faith*?
I came to be ensnared! Well! it is done,
And be it so! but since deceitful hate
Hath thrown at length her smiling mask aside,
Praise be to heaven! an open field at least
Is spread before us. Now 'tis yours to speak,
Mine to defend my cause: declare ye then
My treasons!

DOGE.

By the Secret College soon
All shall be told thee.

CARMAGNOLA.

I appeal not *there*.
What I have done for you, hath all been done
In the bright noon-day, and its tale shall not
Be told in darkness. Of a warrior's deeds
Warriors alone should judge; and such I choose
To be mine arbiters; my proud defence
Shall not be made in secret. All shall hear.

DOGE.

The time for choice is past.

CARMAGNOLA.

What! is there force
Employed against me?—Guards! (*raising his voice.*)

DOGE.

They are not nigh.

Soldiers! (*Enter armed men.*)

Thy guards are these.

CARMAGNOLA.

I am betrayed!

DOGE.

'Twas then a thought of wisdom to disperse
Thy followers. Well and justly was it deemed
That the bold traitor, in his plots surprised,
Might prove a rebel too.

CARMAGNOLA.

E'en as ye list;

Now be it yours to charge me.

DOGE.

Bear him hence,

Before the Secret College.

CARMAGNOLA.

Hear me yet

One moment first. That ye have doomed my death
I well perceive; but with that death ye doom
Your own eternal shame. Far o'er those towers,
Beyond its ancient bounds, majestic floats
The banner of the Lion, in its pride
Of conquering power; and well doth Europe know
I bore it thus to empire. *Here*, 'tis true,
No voice will speak men's thoughts; but far beyond
The limits of your sway, in other scenes
Where that still, speechless terror hath not reached,
Which is your sceptre's attribute; my deeds,
And your reward, will live in chronicles
For ever to endure. Yet, yet respect
Your annals and the future! Ye will need
A warrior soon, and who will then be yours?
Forget not, though your captive now I stand,
I was not born your subject. No! my birth
Was 'midst a warlike people; one in soul,
And watchful o'er its rights, and used to deem
The honour of each citizen its own.
Think ye this outrage will be *there* unheard?
—There is some treachery here. Our common foes
Have urged you on to this. Full well ye know
I have been faithful still. There yet is time—

DOGE.

The time is past. When thou didst meditate
Thy guilt, and, in thy pride of heart, defy
Those destined to chastise it, then the hour
Of foresight should have been.

CARMAGNOLA.

O mean in soul!

And dost thou dare to think a warrior's breast
For worthless *life* can tremble? Thou shalt soon
Learn how to die. Go! when the hour of fate

On thy vile couch o'ertakes thee, thou wilt meet
 Its summons with far other mien than such
 As I shall bear to ignominious death. (*He is led out.*)

SCENE II.—*The House of Carmagnola.*

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA.

MATILDA.

The hours fly fast, the morn is ris'n, and yet
 My father comes not!

ANTONIETTA.

Ah! thou hast not learn'd
 By sad experience, with how slow a pace
 Joys ever come; expected long, and oft
 Deceiving expectation! while the steps
 Of grief o'ertake us, ere we dream them nigh.
 But night is past, the long and lingering hours
 Of hope deferred are o'er, and those of bliss
 Must soon succeed. A few short moments more
 And he is with us. E'en from this delay
 I augur well. A council held so long
 Must be to give us peace. He will be ours,
 Perhaps for years, our own.

MATILDA.

O mother! thus,
 My hopes, too, whisper. Nights enough in tears,
 And days in all the sickness of suspense,
 Our anxious love hath passed. It is full time
 That each sad moment, at each rumour'd tale,
 Each idle murmur of the people's voice,
 We should no longer tremble; that no more
 This thought should haunt our souls—e'en now, perchance,
 He, for whom thus your hearts are yearning—*dies!*

ANTONIETTA.

Oh! fearful thought!—but vain and distant now!
 Each joy, my daughter, must be bought with grief.
 Hast thou forgot the day, when, proudly led
 In triumph, 'midst the noble and the brave,
 Thy glorious father to the temple bore
 The banners won in battle from his foes?

MATILDA.

A day to be remembered!

ANTONIETTA.

By his side
 Each seemed inferior. Every breath of air
 Swelled with his echoing name; and we, the while,
 Stationed on high, and severed from the throng,
 Gazed on that one who drew the gaze of all;
 While, with the tide of rapture half o'erwhelmed,
 Our hearts beat high, and whispered—"We are his!"

MATILDA.

Moments of joy!

ANTONIETTA.

What have we done, my child,
To merit such? Heaven, for so high a fate,
Chose us from thousands, and upon thy brow
Inscrib'd a lofty name; a name so bright,
That he to whom thou bear'st the gift, whate'er
His race, may boast it proudly. What a mark
For envy is the glory of our lot!
And we should weigh its joys against these hours
Of fear and sorrow.

MATILDA.

They are passed e'en now.
Hark! 'twas the sound of oars!—it swells,—'tis hushed!
The gates uncloze—O mother! I behold
A warrior clad in mail—he comes—'tis he!

ANTONIETTA.

Whom should it be, if not himself?
—My husband! (*she comes forward*).

Enter GONZAGO, and others.

ANTONIETTA.

Gonzago!—where is he we looked for? Where?
Thou answerest not!—O heaven! thy looks are fraught
With prophecies of woe!

GONZAGO.

Alas! too true
The omens they reveal!

MATILDA.

Of woe to whom?

GONZAGO.

Oh! why hath such a task of bitterness
Fall'n to my lot?

ANTONIETTA.

Thou would'st be pitiful,
And thou art cruel. Close this dread suspense;
Speak! I adjure thee, in the name of God!
Where is my husband?

GONZAGO.

Heaven sustain your souls
With fortitude to bear the tale!—my chief——

MATILDA.

Is he returned unto the field?

GONZAGO.

Alas!
Thither the warrior shall return no more.
The senate's wrath is on him. He is now
A prisoner!

ANTONIETTA.

He a prisoner?—and for what?

GONZAGO.

He is accused of treason.

MATILDA.

Treason? *He*

A traitor?—Oh! my father!

ANTONIETTA.

Haste! proceed,

And pause no more. Our hearts are nerved for all.
Say, what shall be his sentence?

GONZAGO.

From my lips

It shall not be revealed.

ANTONIETTA.

Oh! he is slain!

GONZAGO.

He lives, but yet his doom is fixed.

ANTONIETTA.

He lives!

Weep not, my daughter! 'tis the time to act.
For pity's sake, Gonzago, be thou not
Wearied of our afflictions. Heaven to thee
Intrusts the care of two forsaken ones;
He was thy friend—Ah! haste, then, be our guide,
Conduct us to his judges. Come, my child,
Poor innocent, come with me. There yet is left
Mercy upon the earth. Yes! they themselves
Are husbands, they are fathers! When they signed
The fearful sentence, they remembered not
He was a father, and a husband too.
But when their eyes behold the agony
One word of theirs hath caused, their hearts will melt;
They will, they *must* revoke it. Oh! the sight
Of mortal woe is terrible to man!
Perhaps the warrior's lofty soul disdained
To vindicate his deeds, or to recal
His triumphs, won for them. It is for us
To wake each high remembrance. Ah! we know
That *he* implored not; but *our* knees shall bend,
And we will pray.

GONZAGO.

Oh Heaven! that I could leave
Your hearts one ray of hope! There is no ear,
No place for prayers. The judges here are deaf,
Implacable, unknown. The thunderbolt
Falls heavy, and the hand by which 'tis launched
Is veiled in clouds. There is one comfort still,
The sole sad comfort of a parting hour,
I come to bear. Ye may behold him yet.
The moments fly. Arouse your strength of heart.
Oh! fearful is the trial, but the God
Of mourners will be with you.

MATILDA.

Is there not

One hope?

ANTONIETTA.

Alas! my child! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Prison.*

CARMAGNOLA.

They must have heard it now.—Oh! that at least
 I might have died far from them! Though their hearts
 Had bled to hear the tidings, yet the hour,
 The solemn hour of nature's parting pangs,
 Had then been past. It meets us darkly now,
 And we must drain its draught of bitterness
 Together, drop by drop. O ye wide fields!
 Ye plains of fight, and thrilling sounds of arms!
 O proud delights of danger! Battle-cries!
 And thou, my war-steed! and ye, trumpet-notes
 Kindling the soul! Midst your tumultuous joys
 Death seemed all beautiful—and must I then,
 With shrinking cold reluctance, to my fate
 Be as a felon dragg'd; on the deaf winds
 Pouring vain prayers and impotent complaints?
 And Marco! hath he not betrayed me too?
 Vile doubt! that I could cast it from my soul
 Before I die!—But no! What boots it now
 Thus to look back on life with eye that turns
 To linger where my footstep may not tread?
 Now, Philip! thou wilt triumph! Be it so!
 I too have proved such vain and impious joys,
 And know their value now. But oh! again
 To see those loved ones, and to hear the last,
 Last accents of their voices! By those arms
 Once more to be encircled, and from thence
 To tear myself for ever!—Hark! they come!
 O God of mercy, from thy throne look down
 In pity on their woes!

SCENE IV.

ANTONIETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGO, AND CARMAGNOLA.

ANTONIETTA.

My husband!

MATILDA.

Oh! my father!

ANTONIETTA.

Is it thus

That thou returnest? and is this the hour
 Desired so long?

CARMAGNOLA.

O ye afflicted ones!

Heaven knows I dread its pangs for you alone.
 Long have my thoughts been used to look on Death,
 And calmly wait his time. For you alone
 My soul hath need of firmness; will ye, then,
 Deprive me of its aid?—When the Most High
 On virtue pours afflictions, he bestows
 The courage to sustain them. Oh! let yours
 Equal your sorrows! Let us yet find joy
 In this embrace, 'tis still a gift of Heaven.
 Thou weep'st, my child! and thou, beloved wife!
 Ah! when I made thee mine, thy days flowed on
 In peace and gladness; I united thee
 To my disastrous fate, and now the thought

Embitters death. Oh ! that I had not seen
The woes I cause thee !

ANTONIETTA.

Husband of my youth !
Of my bright days, thou who didst make them bright,
Read thou my heart ! the pangs of death are there,
And yet, e'en now—I would not but be thine.

CARMAGNOLA.

Full well I know how much I lose in thee :
Oh ! make me not too deeply feel it now.

MATILDA.

The homicides !

CARMAGNOLA.

No, sweet Matilda, no !
Let no dark thought of rage or vengeance rise
To cloud thy gentle spirit, and disturb
These moments—they are sacred. Yes ! my wrongs
Are deep, but thou forgive them, and confess,
That, e'en midst all the fulness of our woe,
High, holy joy remains.—Death ! Death !—our foes,
Our most relentless foes, can only speed
Th' inevitable hour. Oh ! man hath not
Invented death for man ; it would be *then*
Maddening and insupportable :—from Heaven
'Tis sent, and Heaven doth temper all its pangs
With such blest comfort, as no mortal power
Can give or take away. My wife ! my child !
Hear my last words—they wring your bosoms now
With agony, but yet, some future day,
'Twill soothe you to recal them. Live, my wife !
Sustain thy grief, and live ! this ill-starred girl
Must not be reft of all. Fly swiftly hence,
Conduct her to thy kindred, she is theirs,
Of their own blood—and they so loved thee once !
Then, to their foe united, thou becam'st
Less dear ; for feuds and wrongs made warring sounds
Of Carmagnola's and Visconti's names.
But to their bosoms thou wilt now return
A mourner, and the object of their hate
Will be no more.—Oh ! there is joy in death !
And thou, my flower ! that 'midst the din of arms,
Wert born to cheer my soul, thy lovely head
Droops to the earth ! Alas ! the tempest's rage
Is on thee now. Thou tremblest, and thy heart
Can scarce contain the heavings of its woe.
I feel thy burning tears upon my breast ;
I feel, and cannot dry them. Dost thou claim
Pity from *me*, Matilda ? Oh ! thy sire
Hath now no power to aid thee, but thou know'st
That the forsaken have a Father still
On high. Confide in him, and live to days
Of peace, if not of joy ; for such to thee
He surely destines. Wherefore hath he poured
The torrent of affliction on thy youth,
If to thy future years be not reserved
All his benign compassion ? Live ! and soothe
Thy suffering mother. May she to the arms

Of no ignoble consort lead thee still!—
 Gonzago! take the hand which thou hast pressed
 Oft in the morn of battle, when our hearts
 Had cause to doubt if we should meet at eve.
 Wilt thou yet press it, pledging me thy faith
 To guide and guard these mourners, till they join
 Their friends and kindred?

GONZAGO.

Rest assured, I will.

CARMAGNOLA.

I am content. And if, when this is done,
 Thou to the field returnest, there for me
 Salute my brethren; tell them that I died
 Guiltless; thou hast been witness of my deeds,
 Hast read my inmost thoughts—and know'st it well.
 Tell them I never, with a traitor's shame,
 Stained my bright sword. Oh! never—I myself
 Have been ensnared by treachery. Think of me
 When trumpet-notes are stirring every heart,
 And banners proudly waving in the air,
 Think of thine ancient comrade! And the day
 Following the combat, when upon the field
 Amidst the deep and solemn harmony
 Of dirge and hymn, the priest of funeral rites,
 With lifted hands, is offering for the dead
 His sacrifice to Heaven—forget me not!
 For I, too, hoped upon the battle plain
 E'en so to die.

ANTONIETTA.

Have mercy on us, Heaven!

CARMAGNOLA.

My wife! Matilda! Now the hour is nigh,
 And we must part.—Farewell!

MATILDA.

No, Father, no!

CARMAGNOLA.

Come to this breast yet, yet once more, and then
 For pity's sake, depart!

ANTONIETTA.

No! force alone

Shall tear us thence.

[A sound of arms is heard.]

MATILDA.

Hark, what dread sound?

ANTONIETTA.

Great God!

(The door is half opened, and armed men enter, the chief of whom advances to the
 Count. His wife and daughter fall senseless.)

CARMAGNOLA.

O God, I thank thee! O most merciful!
 Thus to withdraw their senses from the pangs
 Of this dread moment's conflict.

Thou, my friend,
 Assist them, bear them from this scene of woe,
 And tell them, when their eyes again unclose
 To meet the day—that nought is left to fear.

KATE HENNESSY.

A TALE OF CARRIG O'GUNNIEL.

Now too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
 Oh, misery! must I lose *this* too?—MOORE.

THERE are few more picturesque ruins in the south of Ireland than those of Carrig O'Gunnial Castle, situated not far from the banks of the Shannon, and at about five miles distance from the city of Limerick. The name signifies the "rock of the candle," and it is so called from a legend—what old castle in Ireland is without one?—of a supernatural light, which in times of yore was wont to blaze after sunset on the highest point of the building. This unearthly torch was kindled by a malignant hag, whose care it was to feed the flame, and woe to the luckless wight who dared to raise his eye to "the rock" after she had taken her nightly station there!—death or deformity was sure to be his portion.

The shortest exposure to the withering glare of the witch's candle was fatal, and many wild tales are current among the peasantry of its baleful effects*. The light is now quenched; and nought remains of the once mighty fortress but dilapidated walls and mouldering towers, whose massive fragments show how strong, and yet how vain, was the resistance they opposed to the assaults of William the Third, before whose cannon they fell. The ivy covers, as with a pall, these relics of former greatness, and where banners were wont to wave the fox-glove unfolds its crimson blossoms to the breeze. The sod, once red with the blood of the foe, and which so often resounded to the tread of "mail-clad men," is now burrowed by innumerable flocks of timorous rabbits, which, at the slightest noise, are seen scudding away in hundreds to their underground retreats, or the shelter of the spreading "lady fern," with which the soil is covered. The owl and the bat flit at nightfall round the gloomy towers, and startle with their strange noises the belated peasant, who hurries by with the feeling of awe which superstition always flings around such ruins in Ireland, and while he wraps his loodie† closely about him,

and pulls his hat over his eyes, crosses himself with a muttered prayer, or the usual exclamation of "God come between us and harm this blessed night."

In the day-time, however, when the cheerful sun has put to flight the phantoms and shapes,

"Of Erebus and blackest midnight born,"

Carrig O'Gunnial Castle is the frequent resort, not only of the country people, but of various groups of "felicity hunters" from more distant parts. The eminence on which it is built commands an extensive and not unpicturesque prospect. Immediately at the foot, on the landward side, its sloping fields brightening in the sunshine, lies the snug glebe, embowered in trees, so close that you can distinguish the neatly trimmed hedges, and trace the gravelled avenue that leads to the parish church of Kilkeedy at its gate. Further on, are the woods of Elm Park and Lord C——'s improvements, with the village of Clarina to the left. On the river side the rock slopes suddenly down, rendering the ascent to the castle by that way steep and precipitous. Very lovely is the view on a calm summer's evening when the sun is setting behind the distant hills of Clare, and gilding with its red and glowing light the majestic Shannon and the winding Maig, a little tributary river, which glides like a silver serpent through the plain, forming various fairy islets in its meandering course; and pleasant it is to watch the graceful brig, or the humbler turf boat, with its red sails glowing in the sunset, as it proceeds slowly by the luxuriant woods of Cooper Hill and Tervoe, towards the city of Limerick, which is seen in the distance, far as the eye can reach, its cathedral tower piercing the cloud of smoke and vapour that hangs over the town.

On such an evening as we have been describing, in the autumn of the year 1822—a year memorable in that part of the country to all classes of persons, two figures were seen slowly descending the hill from the castle; they were apparently little alive to the scenery which we have been attempting to

* A tale, founded on this legend of Carrig O'Gunnial, the Rock of the Candle, appeared in one of the *Annuals* some seasons ago, from the pen of Mr. Griffin, the talented author of "The Collegians."

† A large loose coat, worn by the lower orders in Ireland.

pourtray, for the eyes of both were bent on the ground. The one, a young peasant in the first bloom of manhood, was tall and athletic in figure, and in his open and generous countenance the reckless gaiety of youth was blended with an expression of hardihood and manly daring beyond his years. He was dressed in the ordinary garb of a peasant—a light-coloured frieze coat and straw hat, with his shirt collar open in front so as to display the throat, according to the usual custom among the men of his class. He carried in his hand a stout crab-thorn stick, or shillelagh, calculated to prove a powerful weapon when wielded by so muscular an arm, but which was now harmlessly employed in decapitating the dock-weeds and thistle-down that grew in the path that he was treading.

The young man's companion was a girl of unusual freshness and beauty. Her dress differed in nothing but the care, almost approaching to coquetry, with which it was adjusted, from that universally worn by the country maidens of the south of Ireland:—a brown stuff gown, the skirt of which was turned up and fastened behind, so as to allow an under-petticoat of a blue colour to be visible from the knees downwards, a check apron, neck-kerchief of a bright orange—(strange that this *protestant* colour should be so popular in the south)—and a pair of small brogues, completed her costume.

Her hair, which was of a jet black, luxuriant and glossy, was parted *à la Madonna* in front, and gathered up at the back into that circular knot, which gives to the head a contour at once so graceful and classical:—a mode of coiffure accurately preserved in M'Clise's exquisite, though we fear, alas! too flattering, specimens of the "daughters of Erin," in his admirable painting of "All Hallow E'en."—The smiles that came and went, calling into life a thousand dimples that played about her rosy mouth and rounded cheek, had now vanished, and the usual laughing slyness and coquetry of her dark blue eye was changed to an expression of deep tenderness, as with an anxious gaze she followed the downcast looks of her companion.

"Don't take on that away, Maurice dear," she said, after a long pause, "things may turn out better than you expect;—any how, there's no use in fretting;—we must hope for the best."

"A' where's the use o' hoping," exclaimed the young man bitterly,—"where's the use in it?—but sure 'tis only myself is to blame;

—fool and omedhaun that I was to be thinking o' you, or looking at you, or spaking to you, at all at all!—what business had the likes o' me to dare to lift my eyes to you, an' your father the sthrong farmer he is. Och then, Kate avourneen, many an' many's the time since I first saw you, that I wished you were as poor, an' as humble, as e'er a girl in the place this blessed day—an' that your father's gould an' his substance was at the bottom of the Shannon beyant, for as much as he thinks of it."

"Whist,—whist, Maurice," said Kate, "don't say a word agin my father;—'tis not fitting for me to be listening to such language from you. But indeed, afther all, 'tis myself that's the worst off in it:—you're a man, Maurice, an' you can take your spade on your shoulder, an' go off to the fair or the market, or may be over across to England all the way, in harvest,—an' you'll see fine places an' fine countries, an' soon forget ould times, an' the girl you left behind;—but poor Kate must stay at home with a sore heart, an' mind the house, an' the spinning; an' many a time in the long evenings, when the place is quiet, an' the flax betune her fingers, she'll be thinking, an' thinking——" And here the poor girl's voice faltered, and she was obliged to stop;—her bosom heaved, and her eyes filled with tears at the picture her fancy had conjured up.

Her lover stood still, and leaning on his stick, gazed ardently on her as she struggled with her emotion.

"Cauthleen," he said, "darling o' the world!—if mortal man dared to say, that Maurice Carmody would do the likes o' that to the girl of his heart,—that he'd lave her to pine at home, an' he away taking his divar-sion out o' foreign parts,—he'd get that from this arm would make him repent his words as long as the breath was in his body. 'Tis belying you are, Kate, talking that way o' my going from you;—your own boy, that would throw himself from the top of that castle over this very minute, if it was your bidding, or if it would do you the smallest service in life!"

"But you *can* do me a service, Maurice," replied the young woman, brushing away her tears with the corner of her apron; "you can do me, aye, an' yourself too, a service. Listen to me:—My father is n't against you at all at all as much as you think, nor wouldn't be, only you're your own enemy entirely. 'Tis n't silver or gould that Michael Hennessy wants for his daughter, an' there's nothing would hinder him from giving her to a quiet, dacent, well-behaved boy that keeps at home, an' minds

his business; but Maurice, a night-walker, an' one that follows bad company, an' bad courses, 'ill never get a girl of his for a wife; an' as long as ——"

The dark eye of the young man kindled while his companion was speaking,—he drew himself up proudly, and was about to interrupt her with a violent exclamation, when she laid her hand gently on his arm, and looking into his face, said,—“Maurice, I know what you are going to say;—what you're going to tell me, what you often did before, about righting the country, an' the people, an' all that; but be said by me—do now, avich;—lave the country, an' the people to them that knows more about such things than yourself;—where's the good o' bringing yourself into trouble for what you'll never be the better by; an' you'll find how my father 'ill turn to you, when he sees you quiet and industrious, take my word for it.”

“If I thought that,” replied Maurice, after a brief struggle with himself, “I would, Cauthleen,—I would for your sake, give up all dalings with the boys that's putting me up to the courses you're talking about.”

“The heavens bless you, Maurice, for that word,” said the girl, joyfully, “the heavens bless an' reward you! An' will you promise me now, that you will henceforward an' for ever, have nothing in the wide world to do with them—good nor bad?”

“I can't promise you that,” said the young man, his brow darkening, “for I'm bound to them,—bound to do a turn for them this very night.”

“Then,” said the girl, clasping her hands and walking away a few paces—“you may take your last look at Kate Hennessy, for her father will never hear of her marrying one that's inclined as you are.”

“Stop Cauthleen, stop,” said her lover, following her with eager steps, and exclaiming, as he again stood before her, “would you be afther making a *traitor* of me?” She did not answer, and he went on—

“I'm bound, as I tould you,—bound hand an' foot for this night; and as I'm in for it, I must be as good as my word;—but Cauthleen, I swear to you now by Him that's over us,—and there's more hearkening to me this moment than we can see,” he added, taking off his hat, and looking round at the haunted spots on which the evening shadows were fast descending—“I swear to you by all that is holy, from this night out, Maurice Carmody will have no more to do, or to say with them that's displasing to you or yours, than the child unborn”

In joyful accents did the delighted Kate pour out her thanks and blessings upon her lover for his unexpected promise. “An' now,” she said, “'tis late, an' I must be bidding you good night;—remember, Maurice dear, what your afther telling me, and be sure, in the end all will go right. But, in the mean time, don't let on a word to any one, an' mind—we must not be seen together.”

“No,—but I'll meet you at the dance-house, won't I, avourneen, on Sunday?—You'll be there with your father, Cauthleen?”

“That will I,” she answered, “an' now, good evening, Maurice.”

“Good evening kindly, ashore,—an' safe home, an' a kind welcome to you wherever you go.”—

“'Tis hard,” he added, musingly, as he stood watching her retreating figure by a little well, whose crystal stream, shaded from the noon-day sun by the overhanging branches of a timber sally, furnished the village maidens with an inexhaustible supply of water for their household purposes—“'Tis hard to give up the cause afther all, an' perhaps be called a deserter into the bargain;—but she's a jewel of a girl, an' well worth it. I must thry an' keep this night's work a sacret from her father;—'tis only a few strokes of a pen afther all, an' I can bind the boys to hould silence, an' not let on to any one, who done the job for them.”—So saying, Maurice Carmody walked quickly away towards his cabin.

The country, at the time of which we are speaking, was in a state of unusual insubordination:—nightly expeditions in search of arms, and secret meetings of the discontented were common among the peasantry. To meet these disturbances the district had been put under the “Insurrection Act,” and any one found out of his own house after eight o'clock at night, without the requisite *pass*, or certificate from a magistrate, was apprehended, and if unable to account for his absence from home, was forthwith sentenced to transportation. These measures, though severe, were called on by the exigence of the times, and were in full force at the period when our story occurred.

The taste for dancing, however, that favoured amusement of the lower orders, was not to be checked by the restraints under which they laboured, and accordingly the dance-house, on the Sunday evening before alluded to, was crowded with a motley group of all ages, and both sexes, dressed in their best

attire and brightest smiles, for the occasion. The scene of the revels was an old waste barn, which had been hired at a moderate yearly rent, by Johnny Brian, the little hump-backed piper, for the purposes of amusement, and at the entrance, in the three-fold capacity of proprietor, door-keeper, and musician, sat Johnny himself,—an old hat by his side, destined to receive the pence, half-pence, and sometimes even silver, deposited in it by each comer on arriving, according to his or her respective means. These offerings frequently amounted to no inconsiderable sum before the end of the evening, and Johnny used to reckon it an indifferent night's work that did not enable him to pocket seven or eight shillings at the least.

The dancing had not begun when Michael Hennessy and his daughter entered the barn; and the latter, taking advantage of the confusion and general greetings that were going forward, glided into a dark corner, where she was able to remain unnoticed.

"Arrah! what's come over ye at all at all to-night, boys and girls, that ye're not dancing?" cried a merry voice from the crowd,— "there's no 'surrection act upon your *legs* any way, that ye must get a pass from the magistrate afore ye dare move out one foot fore-nint the other, in a jig or a reel. Come step out, girls,—what are ye about?"

"Och! 'tis waitin' for Martin we are," cried a rosy faced-damsel, winking slyly at the speaker, "there's never a boy here can get a partner till he's had his pick and choice o' the girls."

"Hurroo! Martin avich, hurroo!" shouted the other. "where are ye hiding yourself, an' all the girls pulling caps for ye, an' trilling one another on the 'count o' you." And spying out the object invoked at a little distance, he dragged him by the collar into the midst of the assembly.

Martin Green was the delight and the whole parish. Under an appearance of simplicity, almost amounting to idiocy, he possessed as much cunning and shrewdness as the rest of the world, and could make as good a bargain at a fair or market as any man in the village of Ballybrown or Cork-amore to boot. He had come into the parish some years before as the guide of an old blind mother, and his filial attention had procured for him protection and employment from a gentleman, who continued it to him after the widow's death, on the condition of his remaining in a state of single blessedness, towards which Martin manifested a strong disinclination. Next to his master, his

blind mother had been, and her memory was still, the object of his profound respect; a feeling which the tongue of scandal averred the old woman had continued to enforce by frequent corporeal castigations long after Martin had attained to man's estate. His ordinary appearance was most grotesque, as he persisted in wearing his old clothes until they were a mass of shreds and patches hanging about him; and when taunted with his coat of many colours, he would strip it off, together with the nether integuments, and shine forth in all the splendour of unsullied frieze and bran new corderoys; these "veiled beauties" never being exhibited until a due regard to *les bienséances* (comfort scarcely ever enters into the calculation of an Irish peasant) made the measure necessary; and on working days they were kept carefully concealed by their venerable predecessors in office.

In addition to Martin Green's popularity as an inexhaustible subject for their jokes, he possessed other claims to the good-will of his neighbours,—he could sing "Reynard the fox," and "Dhrimindhu," and divers other ditties; and then his dancing,—that was his *forte*;—there was not an itinerant dancing-master in the country to whom he had not served an apprenticeship, and he would rather have deprived himself of a meal than have been unable to pay the penny per lesson for which he was initiated into the mysteries of "heel and toe,"—"shuffle the brogue,"—"cover the buckle," &c. &c.—in which he was so great an adept. He stood now in the midst of the circle, his wide mouth distended into a grin of mingled simplicity and drollery, and displaying a set of teeth as white and even as a young beagle's. The girls, who delighted in playing off their *agaçeries* upon Martin, crowded round him.

"A' thin, why don't you choose one, you great bosthone?" said the man who had brought him forward.

Martin simpered up to the girl next him, and was going to reach out his hand to her, when the roguish damsel before-mentioned put herself between them, crying out,

"A' thin, Martin dear, what did *I* do to you, that you don't make choice o' me?"

"Never mind her," exclaimed another, "sure 'twas with myself you promised to dance the first jig to-night."

"The cruel decayver!" said a third, putting her hands to her eyes, and pretending to sob, "he tould me *I* was his sweet-heart last Sunday evening."

Poor Martin let his hands drop by his sides, and looked round in a state of bewilderment.

There was a general laugh.

"Faix, 'tis you're the lucky boy, Martin," said one of the men.

"He'll be aiten up, betune them all!" cried a second.

"'Tis a wondher but he'll be poisoned some day with the love-philtres* they makes up for him," added another.

"Aye, or stuck all over with charmed pins," said the first speaker.

"Arrah thin, Martin avich, why dont you marry one o' them?" said a young man who knew his weak point, winking at his neighbour,—"why don't you marry, and thin you'll be left in pace for the rest of your life?"

"Sure an' sure," answered Martin, "wouldn't I marry at wonst, and welkim, only the masther, long life to his honour, long may he live! won't hear to it at all, at all. Yistherday morning I was up at the house, and he aiting his breakfast, to see would he be any way more agreeable in regard o' the girl at Mungret wid de tree fat pigs. Says I, 'I come to your honour,'—and here Martin involuntarily took off his hat as though he were actually in "the presence," scraped back one leg, and pulled down the forelock of his straight hair in token of submission,—"'I come to see would you gi' me lave to change my condition, 'cause you were ever an' always a good gentleman, long life to your honour, and long may you live.'—'An what's the match you're wanting to make?' says the masther.—'Oh! an illigant one, your honour,' says I; 'tree fat pigs; one fit to kill at Christmas, and de two oders de finest slips you ever laid eyes on, God bless 'em!'—'But what business has de likes o' you wid a wife?' says he,—'Och then, long life to your honour,' says I, 'long may you live; isn't it a poor thing for a boy not to have a comrade of his own, like de rest of his neighbours.'—'You're a fool,' says his honour; 'an' tis a houseful o' childher, instead o' de tree fat pigs, you'd soon have on your floore; go home,' says he, 'an' let me hear no more about it.'"

"Why, the masther, Martin," said one of the girls, "is a'most as hard upon you, as your ould mother used to be in past times."

Martin's face became suddenly very grave.

* Love-philtres, charmed pins, &c. are in constant use among the peasantry; and from the deleterious ingredients of which the former are composed, frequently produce delirium, madness, and other most injurious effects.

"Och, Misthress Green" (he always used this respectful denomination towards her) "was a fine woman—a mighty fine woman intirely; and a mortal sthrong arm she had on her, long life—rest her sowl, I mane; a mighty good woman, she was, Misthress Green, and 'twas she larned me all I know."

"Faix then, if she larned you to talk," cried the little hump-backed piper, "'twasn't by halves she done the job. Arrah, step out man, and let us see whether you can stir your legs as brisk as your tongue, this evening."

Martin obeyed; and soon "a change came o'er" his outward man, great as the occasion demanded. With chin *en l'air*, half closed eyes, mouth drawn down at the corners, his whole countenance of an imperturbable gravity, and his arms scrupulously stiffened against his sides,—did he begin his elaborate performance; not on "the light fantastic toe," but the stout substantial heel of his well-benailed brogues. Leaving him to what, in his case, was both a business and a pleasure, we return to the dark corner where we left Kate Hennessy, and find her, not alone, as before, for her bright eyes are lifted to the face of her handsome suitor, and her ears are drinking in the words that fall from his lips.

"'Tis true for me, Kate;—the music, an' the dancing, an' all the laughing an' joking, makes the very heart sink down within me, thinking that I'm the only boy of 'em all, that can't give his hand to the girl he loves, an' lade her out when the jig sthrikes up. An' ever an' always the thought does be coming before me, an' I do be picturin' to myself the little cabin, with the floore swep' up clane in the evening, an' the table out, and the pot of potatoes down for supper on the bright turf fire, and your own smilin' face, Cauthleen, at the door to welcome me home, and give your husband the cead mille faltheagh (hundred thousand welcomes) after his hard day's work."

"Well, Maurice," replied Kate, smiling and blushing at the little domestic picture he had drawn, "and what's to hinder that from happening one of these days, more especially after the promise you gave me last Tuesday. I declare my heart is as light as a thistle-down, ever since that evening at the well, an' whenever I pass by the place, an' that the words you said come across me, I feel as if I had wings upon me like the young birds, and could fly up in the air for gladness."

The joyous tone of her voice, and the bright and sparkling countenance on which his eyes

were riveted, could not fail to chase away the gloom that hung on the brow of Maurice; but Kate was soon led off to the dance, and their enlivening influence removed. He continued to gaze on her, his mind forcibly occupied with the weighty obstacles that lay in his road to her father's favour, when a few words of a conversation that was going on in another corner of the barn arrested his attention.

The group towards whom he now eagerly turned, consisted of "Misther" Hennessy, (a titular distinction which the acquisition of a few acres of land and some stock had procured for him) and two or three village "magnates," who were discussing the affairs of the country with a sagacity and vehemence that would have done credit to more exalted politicians.

"But the notice," said one, "that was the masther sthroke of all;—the bouldest thing that has been done by 'em from the beginning ont."

"Aye," said another elderly sage,—"I read it myself, every word from first to last;—it was posted up on the church-doore Wednesday morning, an' was the finest written thing ever you seen; I brought up Misther Hennessy here to look at it."

"You did, sure enough," answered Hennessy, "an' such writin' an' spellin', an' figurin', never came across my two eyes afore or since. 'Twas a wendher of a notice,—barring the sense of it, which I don't say I rightly approve; but for writin', why there isn't a schoolmaster from this to Limerick, could match the likes of it."

Maurice's cheek burned, and his breath came quickly, as these words fell from the lips of the father of his beloved:—he approached nearer, and listened with intense interest.

"I wondher who it was they got to do it for them, at all at all," said the first speaker—"the boy must be an illigant scholar, sure enough."

"Scholar!" exclaimed Hennessy, who owed his rise in the world more to his skill in the merits of a pig than to his literary attainments, and who was therefore an ardent admirer of letters,—"scholar!" he cried, striking his stick vehemently on the ground,—"I'll tell you what, man, the boy that wrote that notice is fit to go to the college in Dublin,—so he is;—an' a burning shame an' pity it is that such a one should be said or led by bad advisers, for there's the makings of a great man in him, whosomever he is, I'll be bail, as sure as my name's Mick Hennessy."

Maurice could contain himself no longer. With a bounding heart and sparkling eye, he sprang forward into the midst of the group, and avowed himself the writer of the admired piece of penmanship. Hennessy eyed him complacently for a moment; then extending his hand, and cordially grasping that of the young man, he made him sit down beside him on the wooden bench. Their conversation was inaudible to the others; it was brief but animated, and, at its close, Carmody started up, and cast an eager and inquiring glance all round the barn. The object of his search was not there, and he pushed through the crowd into the open space outside the door, where many of the dancers had gone to breathe the fresh air out of the heated atmosphere within. Kate Hennessy was standing at a little distance, alone, and with her back to the revellers. With one elastic bound did her exulting lover clear the space that lay between them, and uttering a cry of joy, which, hitherto repressed, now burst from him in the exuberance of his feelings, he flung his arms round her. The startled girl extricated herself from him, an indignant flush crimsoning her temples as she pushed him angrily away, exclaiming, "Maurice Carmody, are you drunk, or are you mad, or what's come over you?"

"I ax your pardon, Kate," answered the rebuked Maurice, "for forgetting myself,—I could n't help it,—I meant no offence. I'm neither drunk or mad, excepting indeed w' the joy that's in me this blessed night;—for oh, Cauthleen asthore! your own words are comin' true! I tould all to your father, an' about my promise that evening forninst the ould castle over, an' he's forgave me every thing; an' one whole year I'm to be on thrial, an' then —" Maurice finished the sentence by flourishing his hat over his head, and cutting a caper in the air.

That evening he walked with Cauthleen to her home, for the first time, as her authorised suitor; for, though her father knew of the long attachment between them, and admired young Carmody as a "fine likely boy;" still he never would sanction it, as long as he suspected him of having any thing to do with the disturbers of the public peace. Maurice lingered with his beloved at the threshold of her abode, till roused by Hennessy with the exclamation of "Come, boy, ye'll have time enough to say all ye have got to tell one another in the next twelve months, an' don't stand whispering there, as if there was no 'act' to make people be inside their doors before eight o'clock; in wid ye, Kate, avour-

neen;) an' let Maurice go away home; the peelers will be out going their rounds in less than no time."

"I feel," said Carmody to himself, as he bounded over the Carrig-road to his own cabin, "I feel as if the wide world was too little to hold me this night; an' the heart within me keeps lepping an' jumping as if it would force itself out through the skin for bare joy."

The excitement of the young man's feelings at the unexpected change in his prospects, was too great to allow him to sleep. He lay thinking of Kate Hennessy, and forming plans of the industry and good conduct which were to win the favour of her father during his year of probation. He was aroused from a waking dream of future happiness by a confused murmur of voices and footsteps outside the cabin. This was nothing unusual in the times of which we write, when parties of police, accompanied by a magistrate (the former had not then been invested with the powers they now enjoy, and were unable to act without the presence and authority of a magistrate), used to patrol the country to see that all were in their houses in obedience to the provisions of the Insurrection Act. The names of the inmates, written on a paper, were affixed to the door of every house, and it was frequently the custom to stop at any suspected cabin, and examine whether it contained its due number of occupants.

The loud knocking that assailed his ears when the whispering ceased, might have alarmed Maurice Carmody at any other time, but he was now in too happy a frame of mind to think of fear. He sprang lightly up, and opened the door. There was a party of police, headed by a magistrate, outside.

"Is your name Maurice Carmody?" said the latter.

The young man made a sign in the affirmative.

"Then," said the gentleman sternly, drawing a paper from his pocket, "it is my duty to arrest you as the writer of a rebellious and seditious notice;—here is my warrant."

The glow which his feverish dream of love and hope had called upon his cheek, died away into a ghastly paleness, as these words smote on the ear of the unfortunate young man. He staggered back a few paces, and leant against the wall for support.

"We cannot wait," said one of the policemen, "you must dress yourself and follow us."

Carmody mechanically obeyed; he put on his clothes without uttering a word of remonstrance, and accompanied the party in silence to the police-barrack.

So sudden, so stunning, had been the shock, that it was some minutes before he was almost aware of the overwhelming change that had taken place in his prospects. Too soon the truth, the whole bitter truth, burst upon his bewildered senses, as wringing his heavily-ironed hands in the agony of his despair, he looked round at the gloomy walls of the "black hole," in which he was confined, whose darkness was made visible by the glimmer of a rushlight, which the woman who had admitted the party, touched by the disconsolate appearance of the youthful and handsome prisoner, had placed there. None could tell what were the bitter lamentations, the agonised groans, that his blighted hopes and wretched fate wrung from the soul of Carmody as he paced his prison floor that night; for in the morning all traces of the struggle had vanished, and he stood, stern and composed, before his accusers.

A special court was then sitting in Limerick for the trial and summary punishment of all offenders against the public peace, and those taken under the Insurrection Act; and thither, early next morning, Carmody was conveyed. The evidence against him was full and unquestionable, for alas! his own lips had condemned him; that *very avowal* to Hennessy, which he had fondly hoped would prove the foundation of long years of happiness, was the cause of his ruin. A large reward had been offered for the discovery of the author of the notice, and the treacherous informer, lurking among the crowd in the dance-house, was in the act of reporting to a magistrate the words of the unfortunate Maurice, at the moment when he was exulting in having happily reached the goal of all his wishes. His trial was soon over;—transportation for life was the sentence.

And Kate Hennessy! how did *she* bear the astounding intelligence of her lover's fate?

When the first shock was over, she threw herself at the feet of her father, and besought him earnestly to allow her to go to the prison and take a last farewell of Carmody, before he was hurried away for ever from her sight. Hennessy was for a long time inexorable; but at last, yielding to her entreaties, he consented to accompany her to Limerick. They arrived at the gaol, the door of the cell was thrown open, and the distracted girl flung herself into the arms of her betrothed.

Kate Hennessy had been remarkable, in her happier days, for a degree of womanly pride and delicacy not often found in her station; and this maiden coyness and reserve, or "way of keeping herself up," as her companions called it, was owing less to her father's rise in the world, than to the peculiar sensitiveness, and shrinking modesty, of her own disposition. But now,—all was forgotten,—lost, in the overwhelming sense of her misery: but yesterday she would have blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, how dear he was to her—and, now, in wild despair, she clung to her lover, and clasped him, as though the frail arms that were wound so convulsively round his sinewy frame could shield him from those that would tear him from her.

Scarcely less bitter was the emotion that heaved the breast against which her small head was pressed, while her long black hair hung over it in neglected masses. Carmody strove, "in all the silent manliness of grief," to subdue his own anguish, that he might minister consolation to her. He saw her tearless agony, and words of comfort rose to his lips, but they died away in the vain effort to give them utterance. He could only return

"that ling'ring press
Of hands that for the last time sever,
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks,—is dead for ever!"

The painful interview did not last long; for Hennessy, anxious to put an end to the scene, the effects of which he dreaded for his daughter, separated, with cruel kindness, the unhappy lovers, and half led and half carried her out of the prison.

The sun rose brightly on the harbour of Dublin, gilding with its beams the waters of the bay, that danced and sparkled in the cheerful morning light. The hill of Howth, its outline veiled in mist, and the rocky and barren sides alone visible, lay stretched like a huge monster of the deep sleeping on the surface of the waves. The inhabitants of Kingstown (or Dunleary, as it was then more generally called) were going forth to their daily avocations; and, firmly anchored close by the shore, a sentinel pacing its deck, lay the hulk, or prison for convicts under sentence of transportation, its black and ungainly mass a blot on the fair face of the shining waters.

But the principal object in the scene, and that to which all eyes were now directed, was a stately ship that had come into the harbour the evening before, and was moored in the deep water, opposite the Howth light-house.

Alas! how few of those that admired her gallant bearing and gilded prow, as she lay like a queen, in the offing, thought of the vice and wretchedness that were soon to be put within her, or reflected that the breeze which was to fill the sails, now flapping idly against the mast, would be loaded with the groans and sighs of hundreds, made widows and childless by her departure: she was the transport ship, arrived to convey the inmates of the hulk to their final destination.

The supply of water and provisions for the voyage had been put on board at Plymouth, and nothing now remained but to remove the prisoners into it. For this purpose numerous small boats assembled under the stern of the marine prison, and were soon filled with the convicts, who were guarded by soldiers and heavily ironed: a precaution it was found necessary to take, from some instances having occurred of men in a fit of desperation leaping into the sea, and attempting to swim on shore, and thus effect their escape. All day the boats continued plying between the hulk and the transport ship, and the shore was crowded with persons looking on at the removal of the convicts, some of whom, hardened offenders, showed their contempt of punishment by shouting, singing, and blaspheming, on their short passage across the bay; while others remained sunk in a gloomy and sullen abstraction.

Close to the water's edge, and aloof from the groups of idle gazers on the quay, there stood a female figure, wrapped in a blue mantle, the hood of which was drawn closely over her face. Her shoes were soiled and travel-stained, traces of fatigue and anxiety were on her pale worn countenance, and her sunken blue eyes were riveted on the transport ship. Who could have recognised in that solitary and forlorn figure, the pride of her native village, the darling of her old father's heart, the beautiful, the envied Kate Hennessy?

It was indeed she.—Listening only to the dictates of her affection and her despair, this young and timid girl, who had never in her life been farther from her home than the city of Limerick, had braved the dangers and fatigue of a journey of upwards of a hundred miles, and travelled alone and on foot to take a last farewell of him she had loved "so long, so well." She had not communicated her project to any one, for she well knew her father would have opposed it; but, packing up a few clothes and the little money she had, in a bundle, she had stolen out of her

cottage in the dead of night, and commenced her pilgrimage.

Had she not been absorbed in her own sorrow—*grief* is of all feelings the most selfish—she would have seen, as she stood now on the shore, that many were there scarcely less wretched than herself. It was indeed a pitiable sight, and one that would have moved to sympathy a breast the least alive to the sufferings of its fellow-men, to see the groups of disconsolate women and children, and old men, their "grey hairs bowed down with sorrow to the grave," that were assembled on the beach. Many of these wretched creatures had come from very distant parts of Ireland, having shut up their houses, and, accompanied by their whole families, begged their way to Dublin, to see their friends before their departure. They were allowed to go alongside the ship after the convicts had been removed into it; and these latter, each in charge of a sentinel, were permitted to come upon deck for a few minutes, as their names were called out by their friends from below. The bay was now covered with boats freighted with these melancholy cargoes of sorrowing relatives, and many and affecting were the scenes that called forth the sympathy of the beholder.

Here, a young woman with a child in her arms, whose innocent and smiling face presented a touching contrast to the grief-worn countenance of its mother, was standing by a half-filled boat, and offering the fare, the treasured twopence, which she had kept sacred through all the assaults of cold and hunger for this purpose, to the hard-featured Charon, its proprietor.

"Aye, this will do for yourself," sulkily replied the boatman, "but where's the twopence for the child? you don't think I am going to take him for nothing."

"Oh," sobbed the woman, "'tis all—all I have, it is indeed; and hard enough it was for me to keep that same, an' we starving. I'll hold the baby in my arms, sir, I will; an' he wont take up any room at all; but let him over, for the love of God; his poor father's heart is bound up in him."

"Fool!" growled the man, "as if the lump of a boy would n't be as heavy in your arms as any where else in the boat. Pay down the money for him, I say; or if you don't, lave him there behind you on the quay, and don't be keeping me waiting when there's good money to be earned elsewhere."

"I have n't it, indeed, I have n't it!" exclaimed the poor creature, "this is the very last penny I'm worth in the wide world; but,

oh! sailor dear," she added, throwing herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, "if you have any pity in you, think o' the wife that's on your own floore this day, an' o' your child at her breast, and do take the both of us to the ship, an' let the father that's going away over the salt say, get one look at the boy he'll never see again. Do, now, sailor dear, an' may the blessing o' the miserable be with you wherever you go!"

"Take your hands off o' me, woman!" muttered the hardened wretch, "I gave you your answer already." And he jumped into his boat and pushed it from the shore.

Farther on an old grey-headed man sat on the ground, rocking his body to and fro, while the big tears trickled slowly down his furrowed cheeks. A bundle lay beside him, and the knot of the old coloured handkerchief of which it was composed having come untied, the contents, a few oranges, some gingerbread cakes, and a little packet of tea and tobacco, were exposed to view. A gentleman passing by, stopped to inquire the cause of his grief. "Ah, sir," he said, "my only son is over in that ship! I don't complain; he deserved it. God's will be done! By dint of pinching an' denying myself, I had scraped together as much as would buy these little things in the bundle for him against the long voyage. I kept barely the twopence to carry me over, an' when I got to the ship, they tould me he had been called up already on the deck this morning in a mistake for another man, and that the same person was only allowed to come on it once, by reason of there being so many aboard. His turn was over—they couldn't let him up again."

The gentleman was much moved at the distress of the poor old man. He took out a crown-piece and laid it down before him; but money, that powerful alchymy which turns into joy so many of the woes of life, was of no avail in this case. The old man probably had never seen so much at one time before, yet he looked on it with indifference. He took off his hat, and returning the silver to the gentleman, said, respectfully, "I humbly thank you, sir, for your kindness; I hope your honour wont be offended at my giving back the money; but," he added, in a faltering tone, "I'm thinking I'll not live long enough to spend it." So saying, he rose and walked away, leaving the bundle on which he had lavished all his hoardings on the ground behind him*.

* The writer, who once witnessed these and many similar incidents at an embarkation of convicts at

The day was far advanced when the desolate figure of poor Kate attracted the attention of a weather-beaten seaman on the beach. He went up to her, and said, in a rough but good-natured tone—"An' is there nobody in the ship yonder you'll be wishing to see, my young woman?" Kate tried to answer, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and her lips only moved.

"I've got a snug little skiff o' my own moored out there," continued the man, "an' I'll take you over quiet an' asy by yourself, if you wish it; for you seem a dacent, modest young woman, an' maybe wouldn't like to be mixing with them unfortunate poor craythurs in the boat beyant; only spake the word, an' I'll take you across to your father or your sweetheart, or whoever he is, in less than no time."

"Oh thank you, thank you kindly!" exclaimed Kate, in faltering accents, "but—he doesn't expect me."

"Och, that makes no differ in life, not the laste," said the good-natured sailor. "I'll give him a hail for you when we get alongside, an' he'll be up on the deck when his turn comes, never fear. Come along then, an' cheer up, my good girl; never spoil your purty face with fretting; seven years will be soon going over, an' what are they to a young cratur like you that's little more than a child, God bless you!"

The poor girl's lips quivered, and her cheek grew paler as she felt how fruitless was to her this well meant consolation. Her kind friend succeeded in procuring for her a few precious moments' interview with Carmody. It was an un hoped-for blessing to the unfortunate young man, and his wonder at seeing her there, so far from home, alone and unprotected, was great, as might be imagined.

When the last sad parting was over, and the good-hearted old sailor had returned with his charge to the shore, he proposed taking her to his cabin, where he said his wife would give her a hearty welcome; but she declined his friendly offer, and resumed her station at the water's edge, unwilling to lose sight for an instant of the vessel that contained all that was dear to her upon earth. That whole night and the next day she continued her unwearied watch, heedless of the cold blast that blew from the sea, or of the spray that washed over her delicate form, unused to such hardships. She gazed with

breathless anxiety on all the preparations for sailing that were going on in the ship, and every successive heave at the anchor made by the seamen, as their deep and prolonged cry resounded along the shore, seemed to rend her very heart-strings, for she knew they were loosening the only tie that still bound her lover to the land of his birth. At length the arrangements were completed, the sails were set, the anchor was weighed, and amid the shouts and waving of hats of those on the quay the gallant ship quitted her moorings,—

"And calm and smooth it seemed to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind."

A "breaking heart" indeed was hers who followed with straining eyes the lessening sails, till they seemed but a speck on the horizon, and at last finally disappeared. Then truly she felt that her lover was gone,—gone!—and for ever: and with the bitter conviction there came a few blinding tears, the first she had shed since Maurice's apprehension, which forced themselves painfully to her eyes, and fell, so big and so burning, that they seemed to scorch the cheek down which they slowly rolled. Her nerves, which had been wound up to an unnatural pitch for the effort she had made, now that the object was attained, became suddenly unstrung, and worn out with fatigue, and faint from want of food, she sunk down on the beach in a state of exhaustion. The tears, which hitherto had seemed congealed into a frozen mass that weighed upon her heart, now flowed more freely, and she wept long in silence and bitterness,—for real grief is seldom vehement in its expression. The thought, too, of her old father, and of what he must have suffered at her sudden disappearance, came into her mind, and in her remorse for her unkindness towards him, and keen self-upbraidings, even Maurice Carmody was for a while forgotten. She rose determined to employ the remnant of her failing strength in seeking out the abode of the old boatman, who she hoped would put her in a way of getting back to Limerick, for to return on foot in her present weakened state was impossible.

Michael Hennessy was sitting at his door in the evening, listening to the condolences of a kind-hearted neighbour, who was sympathising with him in his affliction, and devising new means of recovering his lost child.

"Where's the use in talkin'," replied Hennessy, bitterly; "where's the good in it? Sure an' sartain I am that my old eyes 'll never light on her again this world. Ah!

Kingstown, cannot help feeling how inadequate is description to convey an idea of the heart-rending scenes it gave rise to.

Purcell, man, if you had seen her that evening when they told her about Carmody; she wasn't like herself at all at all; she that was so tinder-hearted, and used to cry like rain if any cross or misfortune lit upon a neighbour; the never a tear, good nor bad, came over her cheek that night, only she walked up an' down the floore looking for all the world like the image o' marble that's in the chapel in Limerick beyaut. I'll tell you what it is, Dan, she wasn't in her right mind that same evening; and listen here," he said, grasping his friend's hand, and lowering his voice while his frame shook with a sudden agitation, "'tis the waves of the Shannon over that can tell the tale we're wanting to know; an' 'twas the ould castle that was looking down upon her death-struggle—'twas an awful high tide that night!"

Before Purcell could make any reply to this dark insinuation of the father's, they were startled by a shriek from the old woman who had kept Hennessy's house since the death of his wife. She had been weeding potatoes in a field behind the house which commanded a view of the road, and now came tottering towards them, her eyes dilated, and terror in every feature. She was crossing herself vehemently, and muttering over the usual prayers and expressions used when anything supernatural had been witnessed.

Hennessy and Purcell exchanged looks of mutual intelligence.

A winding of the road brought the object of her affright before their eyes in a few moments. A pale emaciated figure was seen moving slowly towards the cottage, and at the sight—the apparition of his departed daughter, as Hennessy firmly believed it to be—the old man uncovered his head, and knelt down before the door of the cabin. The movement roused a little terrier dog, poor Kate's favourite, which had been sleeping at his feet; the faithful animal instantly recognised the advancing figure to be his lost mistress, and uttering a short bark, or rather cry, of joy, sprang up, and flew to meet her.

"Ha! did you mind that?" exclaimed Purcell; "look out man—look at the dog. The never a dog, or any kind o' baste, would run that away to meet what wasn't a living mortal! Rouse yourself, Michael avich! do now," he added, shaking Hennessy by the shoulder, as with clasped hands and fixed eyes he gazed on the apparition—his lips apart, and his whole countenance of an ashy paleness—"sure 'tis your daughter herself, an' not her fetch that's afore you. If it was one from the grave, I tell you that dog would

know it the first, an' there is n't a corner in the cabin would be dark enough for him to creep into*."

It was no wonder that the corpse-like and way-worn appearance of the once-blooming Kate should have been mistaken by her father for a visitant from the "land of shadows." She was scarcely able to entreat his forgiveness, in faltering accents, before she sunk at his feet in a state of insensibility. They laid her on her bed, and from that bed she never again rose. Fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, the bitter blast that had pierced through her thin covering the long night she had watched on the pier at Kingstown, and the still bitter pang that wounded the truest heart over which mantle was ever folded, had done their cruel work on her delicate frame.

The evening before she died, she called her father to her bedside, and said in a broken tone, as she laid her thin white hand on his shoulder, "Father, dear, I feel I am going, and that I haven't many hours before me; and I wanted afore I'd be gone entirely, to thank you for all the kindness you've shown me from the cradle up until now, and more especially for forgiving me what I done that night; indeed, indeed, I did not know what I was doing at the time. And father dear, there is one thing now that I have greatly on my mind, it is very foolish and weak; but I don't think I could die easy if—"

"Spake out, my child," said the father, as she paused and hesitated, "and if there is any thing in the wide world Mick Hennessy can do to please you, why, he'll do it, asthore, with all the veins of his heart."

"Why I was thinking father—but indeed 'tis only foolishness in me,"—and a crimson flush, like the last streak that colours the horizon before all is lost in the darkness of night, passed faintly across the cheek of the dying girl,—"I was thinking I could die easier if you'd promise me, father, that when they're taking me home they'd carry me round by the little well under Carrigover, an' lay me down for just one minute on the spot where poor Maurice stood that night we had the conversation together; I know 'tis great folly," she added with a faint smile, "and you'll blame me for being so weak, but I've set my heart upon it ever since I took ill, an' I know, father, you'll not refuse me."

* The effects of apparitions and supernatural objects on animals are well known to those versed in superstitious lore.

Poor Hennessy could only motion his consent by signs, his heart was too full to speak; and Kate, exhausted with the effort of speaking so long, sank back on her pillow.

The rites of a country funeral in the south of Ireland are simple and affecting. There is something singularly wild and plaintive in the national funeral cry, particularly when heard from a distance, and its melancholy cadence swells on the ear as it is borne onward by the breeze. Then the shrill wailing of the female mourners, and the deep solemn bass tones of the men, as they take up in turn the mournful chaunt, (that most heart-thrilling of all sounds, when a *man* in his sorrow "lifts up his voice and weeps,") are blended together in one sad chorus. There are few that can view unmoved the pause that takes place when the procession arrives at the gate of the church-yard, and the immediate relatives of the deceased kneel round it. The funeral cry is suddenly hushed, and a profound silence succeeds to the voice of lamentation, broken only by a stifled sob or groan from those who are bent over the coffin. It is an impressive and affecting thing to come unawares on a funeral at a moment like this: to see that vast concourse of people all silent and on their knees, as though some magician had waved his wand over them and turned all to stone; the men with their heads uncovered, the thin grey locks of age streaming in the breeze, and tears running down many a hardy and sun-burnt cheek, while every lip moves in prayer. It is an imposing and a touching sight, and he who feels it not as such, may, to quote the words of an old writer, "go home, and say his prayers, and thank God for giving him a heart that is not to be moved by the griefs of others." When the short prayer is ended, the coffin is taken up again by its bearers, the whole assembly rises, the men put on their hats, and the funeral cry is resumed, and continues while the body is being carried three times round the church,

and until the grave is filled up, and the head stone placed*.

The funeral of Kate Hennessy is still remembered by those who live in the neighbourhood of Carrig O'Gunniel. It was an unusually crowded one, for she was universally admired and beloved. A white pall, thrown over the coffin, and strewed with flowers, was held at the corners by four girls of the village, her most intimate companions, all in white dresses, which they had borrowed from the neighbouring farmers' wives for the melancholy occasion. Two more, also in white, walked before the coffin, and carried in their hands a garland of flowers, which was to be laid on the grave.

The shades of evening were gathering round the old castle, as the funeral procession paused, in compliance with poor Kate's dying wish, at the little well at its base; the sun was approaching the horizon, and tinging the clouds with the thousand glowing hues that she had so often watched in her evening walks with her lover; before it sank behind the distant hills, its last red beams had gilded the sod that covered her humble grave!

M. F. D.

* The custom among the lower orders of Irish of visiting the graves of departed friends "to weep there," for months, often years, after their decease, is a very touching one. The writer of this sketch remembers once witnessing an affecting instance of this kind at the little church of Kilkeedy before mentioned. It was on a Sunday, before service; and the carriages that brought the congregation to church were arriving. A grave, not a recent one, for it was mossy and grass-grown, lay close to the path up which the people were passing, and on it, by the tall head-stone, was kneeling in an upright position, and quite covered by her long blue mantle, a female figure. She was perfectly motionless, and quite undisturbed by the scene around, usually an attractive one in a quiet country village. The writer stood for some time watching her picturesque and statue-like form, apparently as still and breathless as the object of her sorrow that slept beneath. On coming out of church, she was on the very same spot; not a fold of her cloak had been stirred. How far more affecting was her silent grief, as she knelt over the remains of some loved one; and how much fitter monument for the dead, than "storied urn or animated bust," or all the costly cenotaphs that wealth erects to the memory of the departed!

BEAUMONT LODGE,

THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT ASHBROOK.

OLD Windsor may be appropriately termed a village of villas, whose contrasted forms and situation, with the ancient elms that shade the banks of the majestic Thames, render it a polished scene of rural beauty. In former times, it was the seat of several Saxon kings, and in the reign of William the First was recorded to have possessed a hundred houses; but when that monarch fixed his residence on the neighbouring hill, it sank gradually into decay, and New Windsor arose under the guardianship and protection of the fortress he erected.

In this place, Beaumont Lodge is a distinguished object. The original mansion was built by Henry Frederick Thynne, afterwards Lord Weymouth, in the beginning of the last century, who made it his constant place of residence. This nobleman was an ancestor of the present Marquis of Bath, and died in the year 1705, since which period it has frequently changed its owners.

The Duchess of Kent was the next occupant of this beautifully situated seat; of whom, in the year 1750, it was purchased by the Duke of Roxburgh, for his son the Marquis of Beaumont. From this young nobleman it would seem to have acquired its present name; but in Rocque's map it is called Bowman Lodge; and in former times a family of that name was seated in the parish of Old Windsor,—to whom, probably, the ground on which the mansion was erected belonged. But as this is a question which, if not untimely entered upon, may be productive of much interesting speculation to the future enquirer, we forbear to open up the mine of antiquarian lore which, some century or two hence, may, perhaps, ripen. "We hope it may be gold another day." At present it is but the dross of idle and unimportant conjecture.

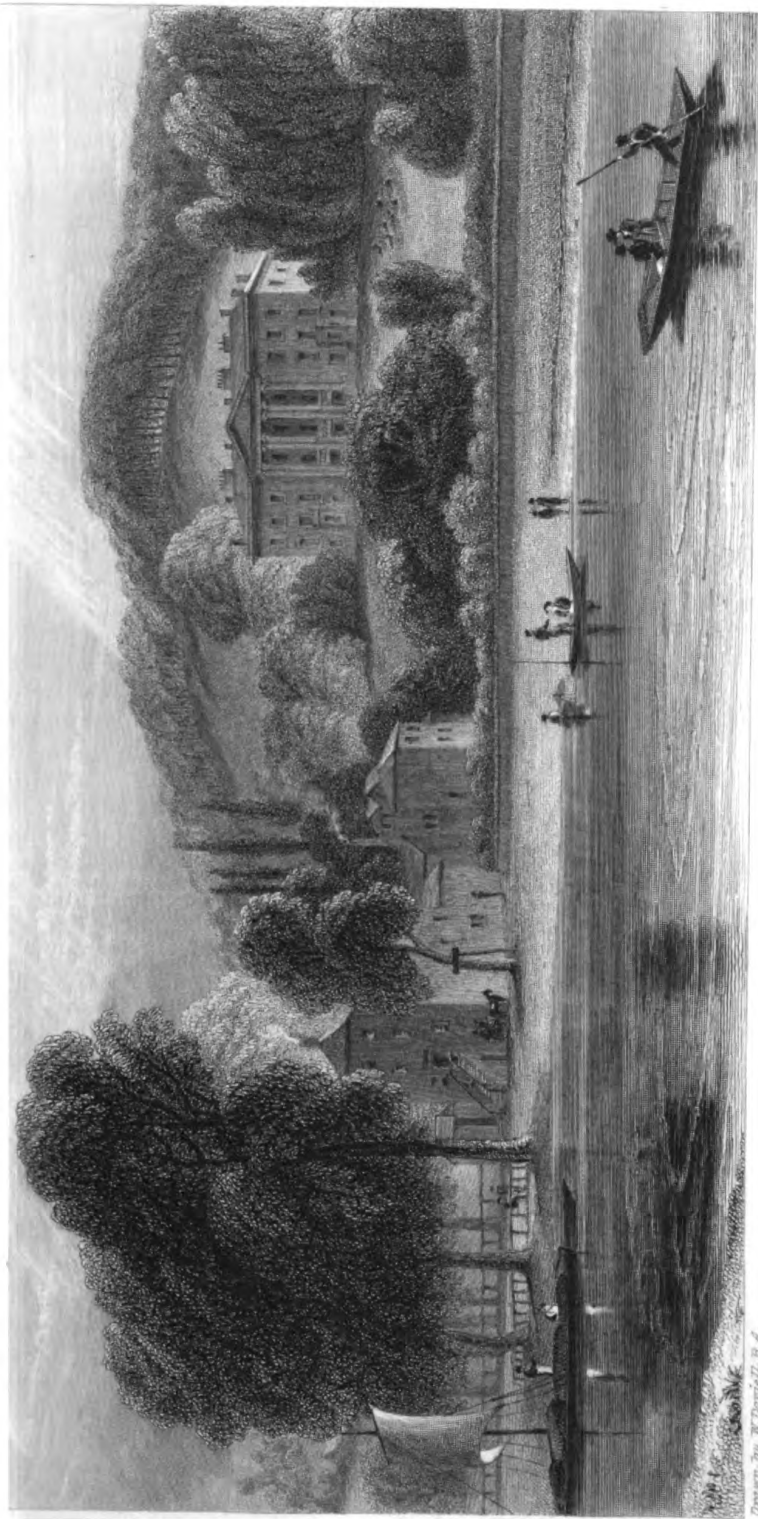
Beaumont Lodge was afterwards the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, and the grandfather of the present Earl of Mulgrave was also for a short time an inhabitant of it.

It was here, likewise, that the celebrated Warren Hastings resided, against whom Burke fulminated his eloquent but futile invectives; and in the attractions of this charming spot the Ex-Governor General of Bengal doubtless felt that nature supplied him with some compensation for the bitter

and personal malignity of the great orator. He, however, disposed of it at length to Henry Griffiths, Esq., a gentleman of considerable architectural taste, who pulled down the old building, with the exception of the west wing, and erected the present mansion, which lays claim to the distinction of being the first to display a new order of architecture, invented by Mr. Henry Emlyn, an architect of Windsor, and somewhat presumptuously styled—whether by the inventor himself, or by his injudicious admirers, we cannot say—the *British Order*.

This order is intended to celebrate, and is embellished with ornaments suggested by, the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The corridor is composed of columns thirty-six feet eight inches in height, which are made to resemble twin-trees;—in the cleft, between the stems, instead of the protruding bark, the shield of a knight is introduced, which, together with the base, is made of Portland stone. The capitals are of Coade's artificial composition, and are so formed as to resemble the plumage of a cap worn by the Knights of the Garter. Ionic volutes are interwoven in the front, with the star peculiar to the order between them. The gorge and collar are disposed in the metopes, and in the continued frieze other symbolical ornaments, such as naval and military trophies, constitute the chief embellishments of this invention of Mr. Emlyn, here first introduced.

Although, looking at it as a whole,—but more particularly as a building of itself—intended rather as an architectural experiment than as a specimen putting forth distinct claims to rivalry with the great productions of the ancients: although, viewing it in the former light, we might be disposed to admit at least that Mr. Emlyn's invention had novelty of composition to recommend it; yet let us not be forbidden to express a hope that it will never be put forth as a criterion of our national taste, or an evidence of our architectural genius. Indeed, we shall not, perhaps, be far wrong if we designate the notion—we cannot call it an idea—of founding a "*British Order*" of architecture upon the artificial insignia and decorations of an order of chivalry, as not only unpoetical, but absurd.



Engraved by H. J. Starling

THE SEA OF VIS-OU-LA-ANBROU

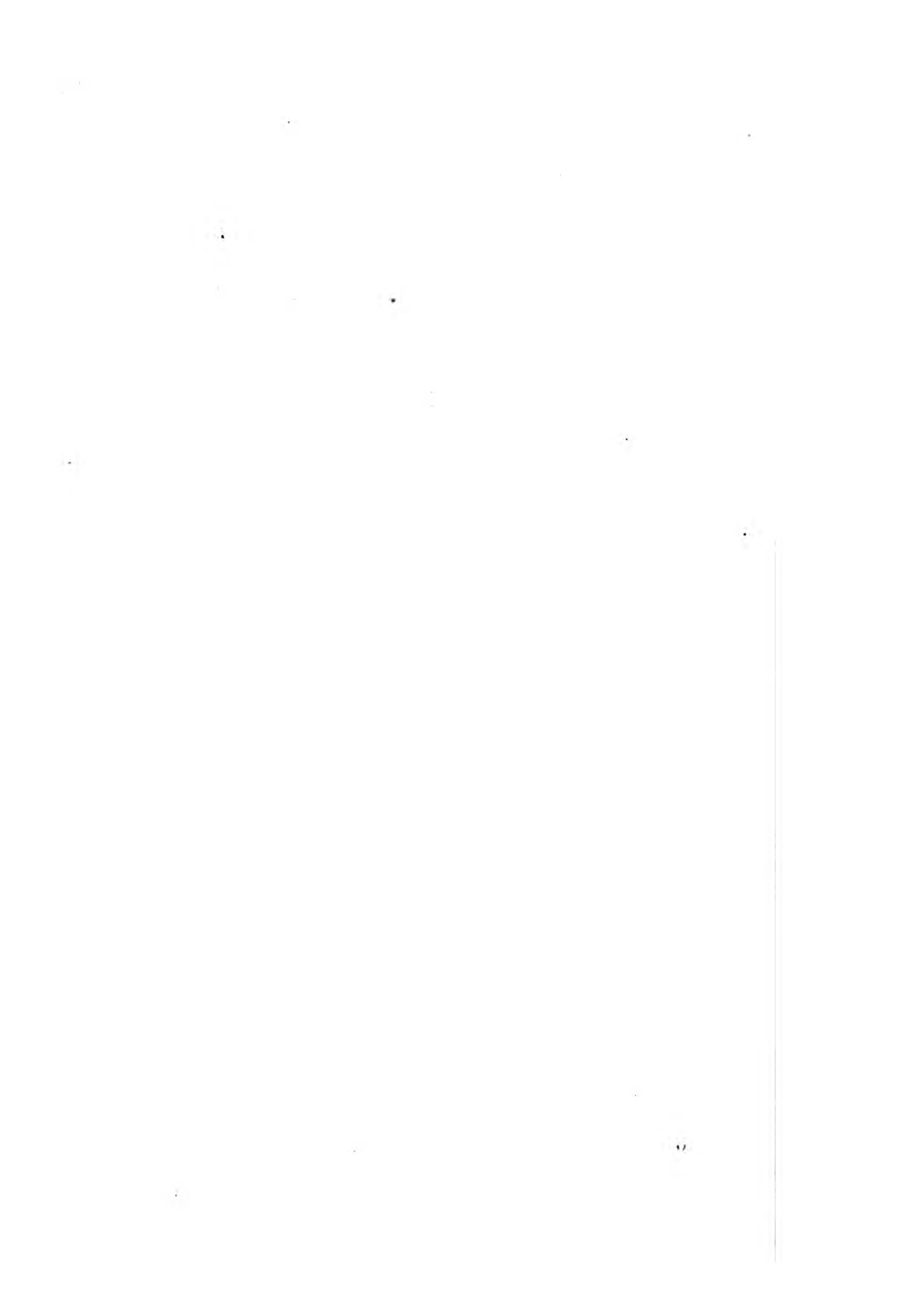
THE SEA OF VIS-OU-LA-ANBROU

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Drawn by H. J. Starling



In our unbounded admiration of the architecture of Greece, and of the productions of what are sometimes in the dimness of modern enlightenment called "the dark ages,"—we must consider any attempt to introduce, with a view to its adoption, an absolute new order into our own country, as attended with almost hopeless difficulties; and we must freely confess that there are very few in our own day from whom we could reasonably expect any achievement that should cause us willingly to dispense with the numerous varieties of the classic and Gothic styles, in which we cannot but think all the resources of the architect have been exhausted.

But the situation of Beaumont Lodge will always render it a delightful residence. It stands on a rising ground—contiguous to the castle of Windsor, with its park and forest,—and at a short distance from the river, which here spreads at once into a large pool, and then resumes its former channel.

We are here irresistibly reminded of Drayton's lines in his neglected poem—the *Polyolbion*—in which he describes the winding of the river just before it reaches this beautiful spot. We can imagine the fascinated stream recalling his scattered spirits precisely as he makes this point,—and calling himself together, as it were, to be deliberating whether he had not better make up his mind to go to London in a respectable and sober manner. The reader shall judge whether we have not probability on our side in behalf of our conjectural imagining. Here is the passage—

"Set out with all this pomp when this imperial stream,
Himself established sees amid his watery realm,
His much-loved Henley leaves, and proudly doth
pursue
His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to
view.

Whose most delightful face, when as the river sees,
Which shews herself attired in tall and stately trees,
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures woos,
That looking still at her, his way was like to lose,
And wandering in and out so wildly seems to go,
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw."

The pleasure-grounds appertaining to

Beaumont Lodge consist of upwards of one hundred acres, rising in an easy ascent from the banks of the river to the summit of the hill behind—an ornamented upland, comprehending a walk of nearly two miles, leading to a winding and wavy terrace—to which is presented a prospect of exceeding variety, beauty, and interest. The principal feature consists of the stately towers of Windsor castle, with a fine range of wood stretching on to the forest. St. Leonard's Hill, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt, is also seen.

In the foreground, the windings of the majestic river Thames, and the rich vale through which it flows,—and in the distance the most lofty edifices of the great metropolis, may be discerned.

The family of the present noble proprietor, Lord Ashbrook, were formerly seated in Rutlandshire. In the tenth year of Richard II., William Flore, of Oakham, Esquire, was sheriff of that county. In the reign of Elizabeth, however, George Flower sold his estate at that place, and, embracing a military life, became an active and distinguished officer against the rebels in Ireland,—and by that queen was knighted, and constituted governor and constable of the fort of Waterford, in the year 1627. William Flower, his direct descendant, of Durrow, in the county of Kilkenny, was raised to the peerage in 1733, under the title of Baron of Castle Durrow. This nobleman died in 1746, and his son Henry, in September 1751, was advanced to the title of Viscount Ashbrook.

The present nobleman is the fourth viscount, and succeeded his brother William in 1802. His lordship is said to possess considerable taste, having formed a cabinet of medals at a great expense, and been at much pains to collect from time to time, various articles of vertu. In early life, he held a commission in the army, and served with honour under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt.

LINES,

BY THE PRINCESS OLIVE OF CUMBERLAND.

At eve the Lily's head appears
Oppressed with Nature's dewy tears;
Weeping throughout the live-long night,
Until the sun's returning light
Chases those pearly drops away,
Which fall submissive to the day.
Even thus, while others calm repose,

And locked by sleep their eyelids close,
I count the lingering hours in vain,
Oppressed with grief—inured to pain:
Fast rain the tear-drops from mine eyes,
While echo pale repeats my sighs;
And oh! less happy than that flower,
No sunbeam cheers *my* waking hour.

TOSKATNEY.

BY MISS FITZWIGRAM.

'Twas even's lovely hour; the mellowed light
 Was slowly deep'ning into sable night;
 Their louder strains the warbling songsters stay,
 To list to Philomela's gentler lay.
 And there was peace in air, in earth, and sky,
 Save one wild groan of frenzied agony—
 Save the deep rapid's rude tempestuous roar,
 Bursting in tumult on the beetling shore!
 There, where no power can aid—no arm can save—
 Tossed on the bosom of the angry wave—
 Lo! dimly seen, beneath the moonbeam pale,
 A bark bounds onward with the breezy gale;
 A female form, the whitening spray among,
 Or guides—or fain would guide—its course along.
 Oh! Heaven defend her with protecting power,
 And ward the perils of that fearful hour.
 High on the rocky shore the chieftain stood,
 With frantic gesture, gazing o'er the flood;
 He who had once repulsed her fond caress—
 Had scorned her love, remorseless, pitiless—
 Oh! now would he have given his life's last breath
 To save his wife, his guileless child, from death.
 But no! he sued in vain—with woman's pride
 She nerved her aching heart, and thus replied:
 "Proud, heartless man! ere at ambition's shrine
 Thy vows were paid, thou fondly call'dst me thine—
 Thine, till a nobler bride usurped thy heart,
 And bid thy wife and thee for e'er to part.
 Shall glory—for whose sake thou spurn'st the sigh,
 The tear of true love and fidelity—
 Shall glory blunt the piercing, probing sting
 Of keen remorse, and heartfelt pleasure bring?
 Ah, no! it cannot be—no joy shall now
 Thy hearth revisit, or unbend thy brow.
 Go gaze, proud chief, upon the whirling deep—
 'Tis there thy wife, thy spotless child shall sleep!
 She paused; the echoing rocks responsive rang,
 While thus, in plaintive strains, she wildly sang:—

A fearful cloud hath passed o'er,
 And chas'd my hope's young dream;
 The bright'ning rays of joy no more
 Must o'er this sad heart gleam.

Oh life—once blest—once cherished life!
 Where now thy charms for me?
 Toskatney's fond forsaken wife
 Is doomed to misery.

Soon shall the dark'ning waves have roll'd
 Their woe-fraught victim o'er;
 Soon shall these lips in death be cold,
 My song be heard no more.

The spirit calls! 'mid dashing foam—
 'Mid booming waves I hear
 The welcome sound that calls me home
 To another—brighter sphere!

Yes! go, Toskatney, and forget
 In proud ambition's course
 Thy hapless wife;—go! drown regret
 And maddening remorse.

And thou, my child, thou'lt happier be
 In the fair bowers above,
 Than living on, like me, to die
 From unrequited love.

She ceased; the silvery foam, her pure white shroud,
 Now play'd around her—now the waters loud
 Her dirge began—as nearer still the bark
 Flew to the vortex of the torrent dark.
 Ah! where is she? The eddying waters' roar—
 The billows' tumult wakes her now no more!
 The Indian maids relate her awful doom—
 Her grave the waters, and the rocks her tomb!

SONG OF THE IRISH PEASANT WIFE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow;
 You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now?
 Shall the storm settle *here* when from Heaven it departs;
 And the cold from without find its way to our hearts?
 No, Patrick, no, surely the wintriest weather
 Is easily borne—while we bear it together!

Though the rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
 And the wind whistles free where there once was a door;
 Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
 All the warm vows we made in love's early day?
 No Patrick, no, surely the dark stormy weather
 Is easily borne—so we bear it together!

When you stole out to woo me, when labour was done,
 And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,—
 Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
 Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
 No Patrick, we talked while we braved the wild weather
 Of all we could bear—if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
 And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky:
 Oh! let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
 Be dead to the sunshine that comes to us then:
 Heart in heart—hand in hand—let us welcome the weather,
 And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it together!

THOMAS HARTLAND THE SMUGGLER *.

At the extremity of a lonely valley, overlooking the ever-changing ocean, stood Combe Court, one of those picturesque structures which the antiquary would refer to the period when the castle gave place to the castellated mansion. Combe Court, however, in point of extent, could not properly lay claim to so imposing a title as the latter. Its design had originally been quadrangular, and a considerable portion of the building consisted of a rude tower, which bore the marks of having once been strongly fortified. But the old place seemed to have fallen on evil days, and there was an air of neglect and dilapidation about it, which told of coincident decay in the fortunes of its possessors. Its occupant, who was locally known by the name of "Squire Hartland," was an individual who had moved in the higher ranks of society, and whose family had in the olden time held no unimportant position in the district with which it had for centuries been identified. But their fortunes had been shattered during the troublous times of the civil war; and the patrimony which the subject of this story came into possession of was reduced almost to a shadow by an event as disastrous as it was unforeseen. Hartland smiled on the pursuits of an extensive smuggler, and permitted him to lodge a valuable cargo in his dwelling; the matter got wind, and he was exchequered in an immense sum. The blow was overwhelming, and Hartland, who had for several years represented the venerable little borough of — in Parliament, withdrew wholly from society, and confined himself to the solitude of Combe Court, which, with one small farm, was all that he could now call his own. His hatred to the government had become deep and indelible, and he soon renewed his acquaintance with his old friends the smugglers. Hartland had been united in early youth to a woman whose gentle and feminine spirit was ill adapted for the stormy life which awaited

her; and he had an only son, named Walter, who, almost from his infancy, displayed so decided a partiality for salt water, that his father—little foreseeing the events which were to take place—consented to his entering the naval service when scarcely twelve years old.

The wild life and hazardous pursuits of the followers of the "free trade," had many charms for a man of the bold and restless temperament of Hartland; and it was not long before it began to be rumoured that his fishing smack bore richer freights than herrings or mackarel:—still, owing probably to the extreme seclusion of the situation, and the great caution observed by his confederates, he had hitherto escaped the visits of the revenue officers. Shortly before the time when this story commences, Walter Hartland, to whom his father was passionately attached, paid his birth-place a visit, after many years' absence. The youthful Lieutenant could not long remain at the "Court," without discovering that his father was deeply engaged in smuggling transactions. As an officer of his majesty's navy, he was thus placed in a delicate and difficult position; and he took an early opportunity of seriously remonstrating with his father on the great hazard and disgrace attendant such a calling; but the warning was unheeded. Mrs. Hartland then united in imploring her husband to abandon all connexion with the lawless men with whose fortunes he had become involved—but Hartland's mind was then intently fixed on the successful prosecution of a very extensive transaction in which he had embarked nearly all his gains,—visions of wealth again floated before his eyes,—and the proffered counsel was spurned with anger. At length words arose between Walter and his father, and the latter in the heat of the moment uttered imprecations "not loud but deep" against his son, which ended in a parting as abrupt as it was melancholy. The die was cast. Thomas Hartland henceforth became a professed smuggler.

The occupation of a smuggler is looked upon with very different impressions by the inhabitants of the coast to those which are commonly associated with it by the dwellers in inland districts; and however demoralising

* Lord Byron's remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction," is becoming a truism. The leading passages in this little narrative form part of the romantic history of a celebrated smuggler, nearly a century ago, respecting whom many traditions have been current on our western coast. Some portions of the story have necessarily been altered, and a similar liberty has been taken with the name of the principal actor, but the *locale* is unchanged.

and pernicious it may really be to those who pursue it, the followers of the "free trade" are, even at the present day, received outwardly with the same degree of notice as those who are engaged in the legitimate pursuits of commerce and industry. This fact was exemplified in the present instance; and those who had received the "Squire" after his misfortunes, with cold words and averted looks, now that rumours of his returning wealth began to prevail, would have sought his society with the same eagerness as ever. But they overshot their mark with Hartland.

Shortly after Walter's departure, the expected cargo arrived, and was housed, for the first time since the fatal discovery which had formerly led to his ruin, in the cellars of Combe Court, prior to its transmission into the interior of the country. Extensive preparations had been made for this purpose the following evening, when Hartland and several of his leading partners in the undertaking, who were anxiously awaiting the hour fixed for the approach of their confederates, were suddenly alarmed by the receipt of a communication to the effect that the *run* had reached the ears of the revenue officers, and that a force was to be despatched that evening to effect the seizure of the goods. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the little party assembled at Combe Court. The most daring and experienced lost for the moment their presence of mind; and now it was that the singular boldness and decision of the character of their leader first shone clearly out. Although almost every shilling he possessed in the world was at stake, he appeared unusually cool and collected, and was "up and doing," whilst others thought. There was only one chance of saving the property, and that was by opposing force to force. Ruin stared him in the face in the event of a seizure; and should the attempt at resistance prove successful, the machinery already in operation would secure the safety of the goods, and provide for his support in another land.

At that hour it was certainly a bold step. Before the plan of defence had been fixed upon, the assailants might perhaps be within the vicinity of the house. It yet wanted two hours for the time fixed for the arrival of the associates of the smugglers, and there was no time to send for aid, which under other circumstances might easily have been procured from a village devoted to their interests, further on the coast. The party at the Court consisted of only eight persons, excluding Mrs. Hartland and a female servant, whose alarm may well be imagined.

It is as extraordinary as it is lamentable how soon association with those with whom crime is familiar hardens the heart. Men shrink at first, but their better feelings rapidly become deadened, and advancing step by step, at last they plunge into the abyss, and enter without fear or hesitation upon undertakings from which they would once have recoiled with horror. Such is but too often the case with those who, like the smuggler, make no scruple in evading the law; and Hartland, who had belonged to the high-born and the far-descended, now had become so far desperate in the pursuit of gain as deliberately to plan a scheme which must certainly be attended with the loss of human life.

The familiarity of the smugglers with scenes of peril and adventure, in some measure made up for the smallness of their number; but it was the capabilities of the building for the purposes of defence, that they mainly relied on. The windows of the tower, which we have already spoken of, were placed at a considerable height from the ground, and intersected by massive stone mullions placed close together; and had the defenders been sufficiently numerous, the place might certainly have been held against a very superior force unsupported by artillery. But there was a short range of building connected with the tower, which was only partly covered by the loop-holes in the latter; the great object, therefore, now was to secure this part of the dwelling in such a way as to prevent a surprise at some particular point. The preparations for defence were soon completed; the furniture was piled in masses in defence of the doors and windows; and all the fire-arms and other defensible weapons were prepared and arranged for action, and placed for security within the walls of the tower.

The twilight was deepening into darkness, when a small party of men marched cautiously, yet rapidly, along a narrow winding road, which led down the valley towards the abode of Hartland. They paused on reaching a point in the road at a short distance in the rear of the building, but which was concealed from the observation of its inmates by the massive proportions of an intervening rock that threw its broad shadow far across the narrow valley. The night was profoundly calm, and the measured, yet scarce-heard tramp of their footsteps, with the hoarse gurgling of a stream which forced its way along the bed of the glen, alone broke the deep stillness. The aged structure seemed wrapped in gloom; and not a single ray of light gave token of human habitation.

"Who goes there?" said Hartland, from one of the loop-holes of the tower, as the strangers marched onward, and neared the principal entrance.

"In the King's name," replied a firm voice, "we demand an entrance, or we will force it."

There was a moment's pause—a death-like stillness—and then the sharp report of a musket, followed by a stifled groan, told the result. The suddenness and unexpected violence of the defence stunned the assailants; and they disappeared in the darkness just as a second flash of light from all the smugglers simultaneously conveyed another lesson of the uselessness, indeed madness, of attempting to force an entrance against odds so immensely in favour of the assailed. The next quarter of an hour was passed by the outlaw and his little band in agonising anxiety; but all remaining quiet, they concluded that the king's officers had retreated for a reinforcement. A shrill whistle was soon after recognised as a signal of the approach of the people who had been engaged to assist in the removal of the goods; and before many minutes elapsed they began to arrive in considerable numbers.

About two-thirds of the cargo had been removed out of harm's way, when the scouts came in and gave the alarm. The smugglers immediately gathered around their leader—the lights were extinguished—the drivers of the pack-horses scampered away, and all again was still. After a brief but anxious consultation, it was decided that a show of defence should at first be kept up, and then that the party should escape by the postern of the tower under cover of the darkness. This plan was however hastily abandoned on learning from an almost breathless scout, who had been sent up the glen, that the king's officers were at hand in great force, and therefore that it was probable that they would surround the building. The smugglers instantly fled; but one of the party, more devilish than the rest, without Hartland's knowledge, set several of the bales which yet remained in the cellars, on fire, before he quitted the tower.

The revenue officers advanced with extreme caution and gradually closed round the building. Preparations were made for forcing the principal entrance, when the appearance of a deep glow of light within the tower made them suddenly pause. Presently their suspicions were confirmed, and a dense column of smoke began to issue from the windows and crevices, accompanied by the

crackling of timber and other combustibles. The foresight of the officer in command was probably the means of saving several lives. He anticipated, from the great strength and solidity of the walls, that the fire would be confined to the tower; and he apprehended, not without reason, that a quantity of gunpowder might have been left within it. He therefore judged it prudent to await the issue at a safe distance. The men had scarcely withdrawn, when a fearful crash burst on the night air; the massive walls cracked and shivered to their foundation—a mass of blazing materials was driven far upward and scattered around over field and flood. The report of the explosion rattled along the rocks of the shore and valley like successive salvos of artillery; and the sea-mews and other tenants of the crag shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiteration of noises so unusual.

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After that disastrous night, Thomas Hartland was heard of no more on the coast of Devon. Years passed away. Walter Hartland returned to his once happy home, and found it deserted and desolate. His parents were supposed to be numbered with the dead—and he now recalled with a bitter pang the quarrel with his father which had led to his departure. He knelt and offered up a prayer to his Creator for forgiveness, and then departed with a heavy heart. * * *

The years 1746-7 were distinguished on the northern coast of Devon, for the extraordinary daring and remarkable dexterity of the smugglers. The efforts of the servants of government, although skilful and persevering, became almost unavailing. Seizures were rarely effected, and then seldom without the effusion of blood. The revenue officers at last declared their belief that the smugglers must be under the protection of his satanic majesty in person; and strange stories began to be circulated concerning a dark figure who was frequently seen taking an active part in directing or assisting their operations. This individual seemed indeed to bear a charmed life; always the last to retreat in time of danger—now in the thick of the affray, dealing blows with fearful effect on his adversaries, and then, like a will-o'-th'-wisp eluding their grasp, he baffled all the efforts to take him, with singular success and daring. Suddenly, however, he disappeared from the coast, and was believed to have perished in a desperate encounter in the month of January, 1747. Such was not the

case: the stranger was Thomas Hartland whose romantic history we shall now resume.

Few spots in the British seas then presented greater advantages for the residence of a smuggler than Lundy Island. From its situation, it might be said to form the key of the Bristol Channel; and its capabilities for the purposes either of defence or concealment, were certainly unrivalled. The appearance of Lundy Island, when viewed from seaward, is singularly picturesque and dreary. Surrounded on every side by inaccessible rocks, which often rise almost perpendicularly to a great height above the level of the ocean, in some parts it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine it one vast fortification, with loop-holes at occasional intervals; whilst in others, the black and overhanging summits of the cliffs, worn into vast caverns and yawning excavations by the assaults of the waves, create fearful apprehensions of their instability in the mind of the spectator from beneath. Here the sea—even during the gentle breezes of summer—is seldom altogether tranquil: and, on the calmest day, the deep intonations, and ceaseless war of the waters as they dash idly against the rocks, come impressively on the ear, when heard on the summit of the steep. But it is in stormy weather that Lundy Island is seen to most advantage; and the wildness and sublimity of the scene at such periods is certainly not surpassed in any part of our western coast,—then indeed

“ ———— when all that sea,
The terrible Atlantic, breaks its rocks
In thund’ring conflict, the unearthly howl
Might almost wake the dead.”

The only entrance to this remarkable island is a steep winding path through the rocks on the eastern beach, scarcely sufficient to admit the passage of two persons abreast. On every other side it is securely fortified by nature against the assaults of man. A retreat affording such extraordinary facilities for the successful prosecution of his wild and hazardous profession, did not escape the farsighted glance of Hartland. He, however, deemed it prudent to wait until time should have so changed his appearance and obliterated the remembrance of his history as to render his residence in this natural stronghold a matter of security. He therefore fixed his residence on the coast of Holland when he first quitted his native country. After many years had elapsed, during which he had commanded a smuggling lugger, which traded to the southern coast of England, he began occasionally to revisit his native shores, his

former knowledge of which now conduced most materially to his success. In course of time he confined himself exclusively to this trade, how successfully we have already glanced at. Lundy Island, which had in his early youth been populous, was now desolate and deserted in consequence of the atrocities perpetrated by a French privateer; the proprietor was therefore anxious to obtain an occupant, and closed with Hartland on easy terms.

Our hero soon formed a little colony around him, and before many months elapsed, a group of cottages nestled amongst the rocks near the entrance of the singular pass from the beach. It was a wild little place, and bore all the indications that its inhabitants ploughed the deep and not the land. In outward appearance indeed it might have been taken for a fishing village—for nets hanging to dry, strings of fish, the tackling of a boat, or a broken oar, met the eye on either side: but the pursuits of its people were of a less peaceful character, and oftentimes the place was the haunt of men whose lives were as desperate as their fortunes. Hartland, however, although chiefly engrossed with the more lucrative profession of smuggling, did not lose sight of the occupations of his youth; for he introduced live-stock, and even deer into the island, and sometimes himself took in hand the plough and the sickle. His own dwelling was situated within hail of the village, at the summit of the rocks, commanding an extensive view over the waters of the Channel. Here he lived—at once uniting the opposite pursuits of smuggler, farmer, and fisherman; commanding the implicit obedience of the little band of men he had progressively attached to his fortunes, and ensuring their fidelity by the kindness as well as by the firmness of his character. That such an individual, or perhaps we may say, such a community, should have dwelt in security on an island within a few leagues of the coast of Devon, in the middle of the last century, may well be deemed an anomaly at the present day—but such was nevertheless the fact. Suspicion certainly was excited, and the island had more than once been subjected to the visits of the officers of government; but such were the precautions taken, and such the skill of Hartland, that the search was unattended with any unpleasant result. He met all the inquiries of the officers with apparent openness and unconcern; drew their attention to the flourishing state of his farm and his live stock, and seldom failed to send them away completely blinded by his hospitality and his

adroitness. He was not so fortunate, however, with his landlord, who soon discovered that he had let his property at too low a rent: many disputes arose, and several attempts were actually made to dispossess him by main force; but he continued to keep possession; blocked up the pass, and openly set his opponents at defiance.

"Ellen," said Hartland to his wife, one afternoon in September, "walk with me to St. Helen's Chapel, the Adventure is expected up the Channel, and I hear that sharks are abroad."

They walked almost in silence to the loftiest elevation of the island, and Hartland seated himself on a fragment of the ancient chapel, and anxiously scanned with his glass the surrounding ocean. There was something in the mouldering ruin of that solitary little Christian temple looking out in that wild spot over the waste of waters, that appealed impressively to the feelings even of such a man as Hartland, whose heart, though deeply hardened, was still alive at times to better impulses.

"Hartland," said Ellen—as he laid down his glass after a long pause—"I have been thinking of the happy day that we passed together at this spot when Walter was four years old: the recollection is mournful even at this lapse of years, when that dear boy is either no more, or knows not whether his unhappy parents are numbered with the living or the dead. Hartland, I am weary of our present miserable life: we are growing old now, and ought to be at peace. You never go out with the lugger, but I expect to see you brought back to me a lifeless corse."

"Away with this womanish folly, Ellen," replied Hartland,—but there was something about his manner which contradicted his words, for Ellen had opened the flood-gates of his memory.

"You spoke of Walter—and what of Walter?"

"He is living, Ellen. I have heard this morning that the Wasp revenue cruiser is expected in the Channel, and that her commander's name is Hartland—it must be he."

The mother clasped her hands.

"And you expect he will pay Lundy a visit?"

"He may be our—ruin, Ellen. I have half a mind to quit the trade before long, now that he is come on the station."

At this instant his attention became fixed by the appearance of a sail in the distant horizon; at last he laid down his glass, and said: "I must go with the Adventurer, to-night Ellen; my word is pledged with my

partners in the venture, but I had rather it had been any other night in the year than this. It may be folly, but I always dread the anniversary of the last fatal night at the court—nothing ever prospers that is done on that day."

Ellen Hartland turned pale at this intelligence; but she knew that it was useless to remonstrate with her husband after his word was pledged: for lawless as was his profession he had never yet been known to break his word.

The evening was drawing on apace when the lugger, loaded with a valuable cargo, neared the eastern beach. It was not without a superstitious thrill of impending misfortune that Hartland pushed off to his favorite vessel that night;—he seemed to have lost the confident spirit which he usually possessed on similar occasions, and he paced the after-deck apparently unconscious of all around him, until aroused by Captain Penlerrick.

"Donner! master Hartland, you look confoundedly squally to night!"

"Oh, nothing, Pen. I have not been exactly in trim—but there's a clear sky aloft now. You know the Wasp is expected in the channel, I fancy?"

"Oh ah, but he'll never sting us—donner! he thinks himself d—d deep, that fellow, but he must be a d—d deal deeper before he'll catch Martin Penlerrick."

"Ay, ay, Pen., but the Wasp's in new hands now my boy, they say. Luff George—there," said Hartland, speaking to the helmsman, as the lugger neared the coast, "the old craft's done wonders to night—we must keep her off for another half hour."

The wind freshened considerably with the turn of the tide, and the appearance of the night was becoming wild, if not stormy. This was not observed without some anxiety by the smugglers; calm weather was of essential importance in landing a cargo; however, the run on the present occasion was to be made at perhaps the most favourable spot on the whole line of coast for such an undertaking; so that unless the night turned out actually stormy, there was little to apprehend in the shape of danger. Hartland forgot all his forebodings in the anxious excitement of the moment as the Adventure stood in for the shore. The tide fanned by the freshness of the breeze, rolled onwards in its advance, with aggravated violence from the main; the lugger which was deeply laden, rolled heavily, and was frequently struck by a heavy sea fore and aft. Right a-head, glimmering through the darkness and the scud, a solitary signal-light on the coast

could now be discerned; the *Adventure* then hoisted a lantern, and bore down upon it. Although, as we have stated, Carn Cove was singularly adapted for the successful prosecution of a smuggling adventure, yet it required no small degree of local skill and knowledge, on a dark and boisterous night, to steer a vessel safely within the entrance of the natural basin or harbour where the landing was to be effected. On one side a lofty ledge of rocks, which contracted into a curve at their extremity, shot out into deep water; and on the opposite side, a large and steep mass of shingles, thickly covered with sand and bent, rose as the coast receded. A considerable rivulet trickled over the hard sandy bottom at ebb tides, along the foot of this narrow opening, which afforded, except in very stormy weather, a tolerably secure shelter to a few coasters or small craft. This place was situated about half a mile from Combe Court, and Hartland's life had probably been originally partly influenced by the facilities which it offered to the trade of the smuggler.

Captain Peulerrick himself took the helm as the vessel rapidly neared the Cove; "Port, there, port steady!" sung out Hartland, as she entered the deeply agitated element; and dashing through the breakers, in another minute her sails were down, and she was brought up in comparatively smooth water within the narrow channel. The contrast was as striking as it was instantaneous. All was now bustle and confusion. The sand-hills became covered in a few minutes, as if by magic, by a numerous party; the hatches were thrown open, and in an incredibly short space of time, the disembarkation of the cargo commenced, and Hartland, accompanied by the mate, came ashore.

It was a wild scene;—the hoarse voice of the waters in the channel mingling with the crash of the breakers as they burst against the rocky coast with fearful violence; the flashing of the lights as they appeared and disappeared in the darkness, with almost supernatural rapidity, sometimes gleaming on the lofty and dim-seen rocks and dancing waters, sometimes reflecting the wild features and figures of the smugglers engaged on the beach; the rattling and howling of the wind amongst the half-bent sails and tackling of the lugger, against which columns of sparkling spray were frequently bursting, and the swinging of the lantern on her foremast—all combined to give a strange and vivid effect to the scene, which was greatly augmented by its wild and hazardous character. More than half the cargo had been landed

and conveyed away to a place of safety, when a suppressed cry of danger arose amongst the smugglers further on the beach, which instantaneously reached the watchful ears of Hartland, who was standing, almost surrounded with the drift, at its edge. He comprehended at a thought that they had been betrayed. But he had not time for reflection, for his stern voice had scarcely given the word to "douse the lights," before the advanced party of the king's officers closed with the foremost of the smugglers. In a moment every light was extinguished either afloat or ashore. The smugglers were completely "taken aback," and the well-known voice of their commander to "stand fast," was for the first time lost or unheeded in the confusion. Hartland, however, did not lose his self-possession; and, aided by the mate, had overpowered three of his assailants, who were on the point of gaining the boat, but such was the darkness of the night that the blows aimed for a foe might prove fatal to a friend. Hartland saw that all depended on the possession of the boat, and he had just stepped on her gunwale with the mate, and was on the point of shoving off, when he was seized from behind by an iron grasp. He lost his balance, and fell with his assailant on the verge of the surf, before his comrade had time to effect any thing in his aid. A deadly struggle now ensued, and Hartland had just freed himself from the gripe of his enemy, who fell into the water with a heavy plunge, when others of the king's officers seized him, and he was dragged upon the shore by their joint efforts. The beach was clear of smugglers, and the *Adventure* was standing out to sea!

The morning found Hartland a prisoner in the home of his fathers. He had passed the night in a state of mental stupefaction, for he had been recognised when conveyed to the court by a man who had formerly been his tenant. As he lay alone in darkness and in solitude, the recollection of the murder of the king's officer on that very spot pressed upon his mind with painful intensity. He saw nothing but a felon's death before him; and he called to mind the counsel and the warnings of his excellent wife with the deepest remorse and agony of spirit. Exhausted by the vividness of his sensations, he had late in the morning dropped into a troubled and uneasy slumber, when he was aroused by the entrance of one of the sentinels, who informed him that a female was without, seeking for admission.

Almost before he had time to inquire the name of the stranger, his wife, enveloped in a huge cloak softly opened the door, and he could scarcely believe the vision to be real until his own Ellen fell, almost fainting, into his arms. Hartland wept aloud.

"My Hartland," she whispered, after the sentinel had retired, "I am come to save you. Penlerrick has behaved nobly, and will be off Blackwater Cove to-night when the tide flows.

Hartland stared in mute astonishment.

"What is the meaning of this, Ellen? how am I to escape from this place? If you reckon upon bribing the guards you will find yourself disappointed, and any attempt at rescue would now be madness."

"I have thought of neither, love. Change a part of your dress with me—wrap this cloak about you, and trust to me for the rest."

Hartland at first remonstrated, but his wife's resolution was formed; the transformation was quickly effected, and he was about to clasp the being, who had given so beautiful a proof of the depth of woman's affection and constancy, to his bosom for the last time, when she said, "Hartland, I have two solemn requests to make, before we part. Promise me—nay, swear it by Him who is almighty and all-merciful, that from this day, you quit the accursed trade for ever!"

Hartland pressed his wife's hand in mute acquiescence.

"I have one more request. Our dear Walter is, I understand, on the look out for the Adventure—little thinking that she is the last hope of his unhappy father—and it is possible—which God in his mercy avert!—that you may meet as enemies. Swear then, my husband, that you lift not your hand against your son in the hour of danger; do this, and forget not your creator, Hartland," she added in a low and deeply-agitated tone, "and then I can die in peace."

Hartland again assented, and they hastily parted.

The smuggler passed the sentinels in the outer room, and was beginning to breathe with renewed hope, when, as he was emerging from the building, he caught the voices of two of the officers who had taken him the preceding night. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He stooped considerably, and buried his face in his wife's handkerchief, as if distracted with grief.

"What strapping wench have we here, Tom?" said the foremost of the officers, when Hartland advanced from the threshold—"Avast there, old girl; been administering some comfort within, eh?"

"Keep back, Jones," said his companion, as the former was about to advance and have a nearer view of the supposed female; "let her alone—she is the prisoner's wife, poor thing!"

Hartland passed on as if unconscious of the presence of any one.

"She may well be in the downs," said the second officer, as the subject of their conversation was almost beyond hearing—"that her husband 'll swing for the old business, I'd lay a guinea to a groat."

With this comfortable assurance, Hartland disappeared round an angle of the building.

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It was with deep anxiety that this bold though altered man waited the turn of the tide that night. Blackwater Cove, which had been fixed upon for his embarkation, was situated in a very wild and precipitous part of the coast but seldom trodden by the foot of man. He had reached the appointed place of refuge early in the afternoon; it was an aged structure, which had been erected—at what period and for what purpose was unknown—in a narrow descent amongst the rocks leading to the beach, which it almost overhung. The hours passed away with painful tardiness;—time appeared to the restless mind of the outlaw to stand still; and in the occasional gusts of wind which wailed wildly through the rain, he more than once fancied he heard the sounds of his pursuers. As he listened to the sullen moaning and dashing of the waves on the rocky shore below, he thought of his wife, alone and deserted on the wide world, and of his son whom he was perhaps never destined to behold more, till he wept—stern as had been his soul—in very bitterness. And now it was that the pure and the upright man would have clung to that hope which never forsakes the righteous—but there had too long been no place in his heart for holy thoughts; he looked not for consolation where alone it was to be found, and therefore he was desolate.

Hartland wandered forth from his retreat at nightfall, and climbed to the summit of the cliffs, which commanded an extensive view over the channel beneath. It was not long before the moon rose, but she sailed amongst extensive masses of dark clouds, which imparted an endless variety of tints to the scenery. The night was altogether as favourable as could be wished;—the wind was on the best quarter for the approach of the lugger, and was fresh, without being boisterous. About half-flood, after Hartland had looked till he was weary on the gleam-

ing sea, his anxiety was painfully excited by the appearance of a human figure on the summit of the lofty cliff on the opposite side of the cove. He gazed at the object for some time to convince himself that it was not a point of the rock, but it was not long before its movements, which were clearly thrown out on the sky-line, assured him of its reality. A thousand agitating thoughts now floated across his mind. Had his steps been traced, or did the stranger belong to some party on the watch for the lugger? The former supposition was possible, but the latter seemed altogether improbable; but there the figure remained, and it was quite certain that no person would station himself in such a position at such an hour, unless for the purposes of observation. Whilst he was thus engaged in anxious thought, the Adventure at last came in sight under a press of canvass; Hartland rushed to the beach with all the eagerness of despair, and when he looked up to the dark summit of the distant rock, the figure had disappeared.

The lugger hove-to when she approached near the vast shadow cast by the cliffs, and a boat immediately put off from her to the shore, opposite the ruined building. It was not until Hartland had embarked, and the boat had shot off from the beach, perhaps two cables' length, that he became aware that another boat had come into the cove. The circumstance was observed at the same moment by the crew both of the lugger and her boat; Captain Penlerrick instantly signalled Hartland, and putting the helm up, bore down upon him. The stranger now came distinctly in sight: she was a large galley, apparently well manned, under a press of canvas, and evidently aware of the sailing qualities of her larger chase. The struggle now became intensely interesting. The smugglers strained every nerve, and did all that art could accomplish, but the experienced eye of their commander told him that it would be next to a miracle if they could get alongside the lugger before her opponents; for the galley, impelled by a favouring breeze, gained upon her chase with fearful rapidity. Penlerrick also, by edging in further towards the shore, now saw that he had placed himself in the most imminent hazard of being taken; but he was determined to run all risks to save Hartland. The lugger now fired at the king's boat; and the contest had nearly at once been decided, for the party in the galley heard the shot whiz close a-head of her bow. The echo of the discharge had scarcely died away amongst the rocks, when Hartland's boat was close along-

side, the galley having dropped slightly astern by hugging the wind too closely under the lee of the land. The heart of the outlaw, which had been alternately rent with hope and anxiety during this brief but animating chase, revived when he neared his favourite vessel; and he forgot, in the deep excitement of the moment, all his promises and his perils, when he saw that there was now no alternative but to struggle hand to hand with the officer of his king. The crew of the lugger, who had watched the exertions of their shipmates with breathless interest, cheered loudly when the little boat ran alongside; the lugger instantly paid off, in order to get the wind again abaft the beam, but before she had got way, the galley was up with her. Hartland had only just stepped on the deck of the lugger, when the officer in command of the king's boat, followed by several others, cutlass in hand, boarded on her lee-quarter. It was no time to hesitate;—at the very instant Hartland raised his pistol at the young officer, the moon, which had for several minutes been obscured by a cloud, shone brightly out: he started, and a conviction—fearful yet indefinite—of familiarity with that face, came across him; but his hand was on the trigger, and in the agitation of the moment, he fired! The gallant young man reeled backwards, and fell dead on the deck, with a deep and piercing cry. By this time, the captain and crew had taken part in the defence. A brief but desperate encounter took place; and the king's men, stunned by the loss of their leader, and taken at disadvantage in point of numbers, were beaten; but not before the deck was crimsoned with the blood of both parties. The wind was freshening, and before many minutes had elapsed, the lugger, with every thread out she could muster, was flying through the waves with accelerated speed; and by the time that Hartland was awake to the full consciousness of his deed, she was rapidly distancing her opponent.

The remainder of our story is soon told. Hartland was seen no more on the coast of England; and it was popularly believed that he ended his days and endeavoured to atone for his crimes within the walls of a convent in Portugal. Mrs. Hartland, who had been liberated soon after the discovery of the artifice by which she had effected her husband's escape, is said to have died suddenly, on hearing of the lamentable death of her son; and Lundy Island once more became deserted and desolate.

VIDA.

VERSES

ON THE LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE FEMALE CONVICT SHIP, IN BOULOGNE HARBOUR,
SEPTEMBER, 1833.

WHAT tongue can tell the horrors of that night,
When the fierce tempest smote the Amphitrite.
Condemned ship! freighted with human woe,
Death at the helm, and terror at the prow;
She clutch'd the shore of France, in desperate straits,
When the best hope was choice of adverse fates.
So thought the chief, his worldly all was there,
The venture lost, he had no further care;
Reckless he trod the deck, no order gave,
Scorning, for *life* alone, his life to save.
Scarce mark'd he where the crowd of females stood,
Conscious that death was on the coming flood;
Clust'ring, crouching, with uplift hands and eyes,
They rais'd to Heaven deprecatory cries:
In vain—the vessel breaks before the surge,
And the wild blasts, exulting, howl their dirge.
The Sabbath morn it rose upon a scene
Revealing all that fearful night had been;
The ship, hull, rigging, masts, and staves
Lay there, as scatter'd by the winds and waves;
The mainmast's stump stood planted in the sand,
Seeming the pastime of some demon's hand.
Men awe-struck gaz'd, yet not unpleas'd to see,
O'er man's own work, the tempest's mastery,
But other thoughts to all of us belong'd
Who at the hospital, too curious, throng'd
To see the drowned women's bodies there,
Outstretch'd in rows, their ghastly faces bare.
Such sudden death the sinful crowd o'ertook,
That life's last impulse spoke in every look.
As though just hush'd to nature's needful rest,
An infant nestl'd on its mother's breast:
To part those forms the wind and waves had fail'd,
A mother's love had over all prevail'd;
She held in death the being priz'd on earth,
Though guilt and shame had waited on its birth.
Some youthful faces kept their beauty still—
That beauty cause of each succeeding ill;
While others, worn by passions more than time,
Told fearfully of unrepented crime.
'Twas horrible to see—men turn'd aside,
Subdued, involuntary tears to hide.
Jehovah, Lord! wond'rous thy ways to man,
The purpose of this deed who dares to scan?
Such guilty wretches, all unfit to die,
Thus hurl'd at once into eternity.
Vengeance it is the Lord's, and mercy too,
Ye shipwreck'd! *both* perchance were shown to you;
Surely ye may have felt within that hour,
Anguish enough to satisfy his pow'r.
Or, who can tell, but midst the raging storm,
The Lamb of God displayed his gracious form,
And while your bodies clogg'd th' advancing wave,
Your souls regenerate, blest the wat'ry grave!

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Frolics of Puck. In three volumes.

"I AM not so much charmed now, with the music of the finest opera, as I used to be in my childhood, when the milk-maid would sing me into tears, with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night,' and 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allan.'"

This, or something like this, for we quote from memory, was said by Oliver Goldsmith, in one of his beautiful essays; and we would say the same of the effects of works of fiction or stories in our young age, as compared with the effects produced upon us in mature life by works of consummate excellence. The local legend, the marvellous adventure, but above all, the Fairy Tale, told to us in homely terms in the days of our childhood, thrilled us with a rapture, that not even the best romance of Scott can now impart. Is there one among us that can ever forget the delight poured into his heart, when he made the important transition from the nursery to his "first school," by

The Arabian Nights rehears'd in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun?

Indeed, these impressions are so deep and so lasting, that they are hardly ever effaced; and even when our limbs grow rigid, and our hearts cold, pianey and warmth are infused into us, by any thing that throws us into the channels of those early thoughts, or revives those early recollections. It was with this feeling we took up, and with this feeling we have perused, the volumes before us—sorry are we that we have finished them! for we have been living over again a blissful period of life, and associating with the fairy world with almost as much happy credulity as ever. It would not be in the author, where he tenfold the amusing writer that he is, to charm us as he has done, without touching the string of associations to which we have alluded, and he would have charmed us still more, had he kept closer to the old superstitions, and more frequently trod in the legitimate paths of Fairyland.

It was a bold undertaking to follow up an idea of Shakspeare's. Our author introduces us "amongst the clouds" to Puck, who is attending on Oberon, about a year after the quarrel of that monarch with the Fairy Queen Titania, which quarrel is authentically recorded in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The differences between the royal parties have not been made up, but they *are* soon after our introduction; and as in all reconciliations between two parties, there must be a third party sacrificed, poor Puck,—who has, however, committed the mistake of discharging a whole hail-cloud on the heads of Titania and her court,—is banished from the aerial regions, and sent to walk the earth, until he can discover "what it is that most pleases woman." In

pursuit of this useful knowledge, he assumes a great variety of characters, and meets with a multitude of adventures, which are, for the greater part, exceedingly amusing.

We see him successively as a gipsy-boy, as Lord Cloud (the character in which, we think, he appears to most advantage), who has two standing rules in his house—the first, always to go to bed at midnight, for he loves good hours;—the second, never to go to bed sober, for he loves good wine; as George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. and Charles I.; as a Little Grey Man, with a Grey Mantle; as a portly Abbot, with a flail for a crosier; and under other equally promising garbs and circumstances, all of which our readers will find written in the book of the Frolics of Puck.

It will be understood from this slight sketch, that the stories are diversified, and not confined to the freaks of fairies, but mixed up with the actions and thoughts of beings of real flesh and blood—lovers and mistresses—fathers and mothers—rivals and friends.

The descriptive portions of this work, whether the author is in the clouds, or on sea or land, have a beautiful freshness and repose about them; the style of the narratives is generally easy and flowing, seldom deficient in elegance, and at times rising into vigour and striking effect.

A Sketch of the Life of C. Eulenstein, the celebrated Performer on the Jews' Harp.

LET no one decide from the title of this book and the mention of the paltry iron instrument that school-boys twang so remorselessly, that the subject matter is trivial or uninteresting. There is *that* in the life of this poor German, whose love for music overcame the most disheartening obstacles, and whose steady perseverance and mild uncomplaining submission to the wrongs of fortune are alike admirable, which cannot fail to excite the sympathy of all philanthropists and all lovers of music, while it may engage the investigation of philosophers. Charles Eulenstein was born in the year 1802, in the kingdom of Wirtemberg. His family, though respectable, were poor people. Before he was five years old he showed his passion for music, and to have an instrument to play upon at that early age, made a sort of fiddle himself! Before he was six years old his father died, when he came in possession of a real violin. Without any sort of instruction, he struggled hard to acquire the mastery of this difficult instrument; but his hand was too small to command the scale, and his mother, who thought music a bad profession, did all she could to check his propensity to it. In order to furnish himself with money to buy strings he used to go without

breakfast. At seven years old he was sent to a public school, where, with Latin and Greek, he had the advantage of some regular musical instruction. When only twelve years old he was a very good performer both on the flute and violin. His mother being anxious to put him in some profitable line of business, sent him when he was fourteen years old to learn the duties of a lawyer's clerk; but there, instead of copying law papers, he was always copying music—his master scolded, and in the end he ran away and left him. After this he was bound apprentice to a bookbinder; but he was too fond of reading the inside to quicken the progress of the outward dress or binding of the volume in hand; and this time he did not run away, but was turned off by the discontented man of calf and gold letter. His next situation was that of shop-boy to a "treason, stratagem, and spoil" woman, who dealt in hardware, and had such a cast-iron soul that she utterly abhorred all musical instruments and every note of the gamut. His violin, his flute, a French horn, and a guitar, were successively sacrificed to this *she* dragon. But among her wares she sold Jews' harps at a penny a piece to the school-boys of the place, and out of these unpromising toys Eulenstein was destined to make an exquisite instrument. He carried one of them to his room, and commenced his experiments. He soon discovered that there were sounds in the Jews' harp he had never heard before. Subdued as was the note of this new favourite, he was afraid it might reach the ears of his cast-iron mistress, and therefore at night drew the bed clothes over his head, and so played. One night he fell asleep with the Jew's harp in his mouth, and was scratched in the face by the point of the spring. To remedy this inconvenience he covered the point with a little sealing-wax. This little accident led to a great discovery, "he found that the wax altered the pitch, and, with a quickness of apprehension not a little wonderful in a mere boy, he instantly saw the great advantage which might be taken of this circumstance. By means of loading the end of the tongue more or less heavily, he tuned a series of harps with the greatest nicety, and was thus enabled, as before-mentioned, not only to command a very extensive scale, but to modulate, with surprising truth and accuracy, into every variety of key. He now laboured with redoubled diligence. At the end of two years, his clear and delicious tone was brought to perfection. He had acquired the remarkable power of executing staccato passages with extreme rapidity: his shake was close, distinct, and beautifully in time; and all the turns, slides, arpeggios, and various other ornaments and graces, (of which he was the first to discover that the instrument was capable,) were under his command. In short, he played nearly as well as he does now."

Soon after he had thus brought his instrument to perfection, he absconded from the old woman and the ironmongery, and with about twenty shillings in his pocket, he went forth into the wide world, in the year 1821, to make his fortune with a penny Jews'-harp. We cannot follow him in his wander-

ings and disastrous adventures on the continent and in this country, where at length we believe he is settled in tolerable comfort. It would, indeed, be an act of injustice to the book under review, were we to take any more of its interesting details. It is so short itself, that it may be read in an hour, and it is written with great good sense and good feeling. We cordially recommend the little volume, and the individual of whom it treats, to the attention of all our readers. It is very long since we have been so much interested by any thing in the shape of biography as we have been by this simple narrative. The book is dedicated to the Duke of Gordon who, it appears, has shown great kindness to the poor musician.

An Outline of Sacred Geography. By Alexander Reid, A.M.

THIS little volume, which is intended for the use of schools and the instruction of young people, is written by an able and experienced teacher. Mr. Reid has assisted in organising the excellent schools in Ireland on the system of the Archbishop of Dublin, and is now Rector of the Circus-place School, Edinburgh, which is decidedly one of the best establishments for popular education in these kingdoms. A few months ago we had an opportunity of visiting this school, and were surprised to find the progress made by children of both sexes in the various branches of useful, and in some departments of elegant knowledge. This advancement is the fruit of an improved and rational mode of instruction, which we hope soon will supersede the old and cumbrous routine of education. Mr. Reid has for several years made use of the treatise now published in his school, and to all such establishments we can recommend it as a cheap, clear, and valuable compendium. The names of places mentioned in Holy Writ too often convey no meaning to children who are made to repeat them by rote; but by using this little book in the manner recommended by its author, they will soon acquire a clear notion of scripture geography, without which their notion of sacred history must ever remain indistinct.

A Catechism of Natural Philosophy, in which the General Doctrines of that Science are explained in a popular form. Illustrated by fifty-six wood cuts. By George Lees, A.M.

THIS is another very good elementary work; the illustrations are happily chosen from among those things which are most obvious to children, and the language is plain, intelligible, and devoid of technicalities. The present part, which is the first of three, describes the mechanical properties of matter, the centre of gravity, the elements of machinery, the nature of solids, &c. &c.

Perryian Pens.

WE think Mr. Perry is in a very fair way of discarding the goose from the catalogue of emblems. Literature will henceforward cease to rank this

awkward bird among its symbols, though it still jealously retains the owl. The Perryian pen will render the former no longer a *sine quâ non* to the wise. Mr. Perry's pens are, in truth, the very perfection of steel patents. They will, we have no doubt, entirely supersede the quill. They have produced perfect caligraphical marvels, as may be seen in sundry stationers' shops. We congratulate him on his triumph. He has obtained a Lilliputian immortality.

His praise shall the Trumpeter * loudly proclaim,
But no goose lend her quill to transmit him to fame.

His own pen will do this.

Poems, by Samuel Rogers—New Illustrated Edition.

MOST of our readers must remember the exquisitely beautiful edition published some three years ago, of Mr. Rogers's "Italy,"—which edition, great as had been the progress of typographical improvements and of book embellishments, struck the world as something almost altogether new—as an unprecedented display of taste and elegance.

We venture, without a fear of being contradicted by any, to say, that the recently published volume, which contains the "Pleasures of Memory," "Human Life," "Jacqueline," the admirable "Epistle to a Friend," (than which we know nothing more finished and refined, or more characteristic of the man of taste in the most extended meaning of the words), the "Lines written in Westminster Abbey," "The Voyage of Columbus," and the rest of Mr. Rogers's poetical productions; exclusive of "Italy," is even superior to the volume that preceded it. At nearly every other page there is an exquisite vignette—either a fairy-like landscape after Turner, or an equally fairy-like group after Stothard, and these gems are engraved in a style which we must call *perfect*.

It would occupy pages to describe the beauties

* A bird so called.

before us, and after all our labour, the description (as must ever be the case when words treat of the charms of art or scenic nature) would be incomplete and feeble. A glance at Mr. Rogers's volume will convey all we mean. With a feeling of honest, downright enthusiasm, which has nothing of affectation in it, do we recommend the book; which is calculated to elevate the taste of the age in which we live.

The History of Switzerland. From the German. By Heinrich Zschokke.

THE author of this compendium of Swiss history, from its earliest origin to the present time, is well known in his native country and in Germany, as one of the best romance writers of the day. Many of his tales, moreover, have been translated into French and Italian, and in English, Miss Hamilton has given an advantageous specimen of Zschokke's imaginative narratives in her very pleasing work, "Lights and Shadows of German Life."

We may reasonably doubt whether the qualities that render a man a successful writer of romances are such as are likely to secure his success in the soberer and more important pages of history, which is designed to give merely striking animated pictures of great and well authenticated events, we think that those qualities may be, and that, in this instance, they really are, serviceable and valuable. Epitomes of history are apt to be cold and repulsive skeletons, but this of Zschokke is an animated body, fresh and vigorous. In Switzerland it has been much admired; and as it is translated so well as to read like an original English work, we doubt not but that it will obtain many admirers in England.

The volume is very neatly printed, the type very legible; it contains three hundred and ninety-five pages, an etched frontispiece, and costs only five shillings.

THE THEATRES.

THE opening of the King's Theatre has been deferred week after week, and is now fixed for the 1st of March; but whether it will take place then, or a month later, seems to depend very much upon circumstances. This delay has been occasioned principally by the want of courtesy in the manager of the French Theatre, who would not allow Madame Ungher and M. Ivanoff to leave Paris till their engagement with him had expired. It was impossible to produce an opera without a prima donna, so M. Laporte had to look about for another. Pasta was in some part of Italy, Malibran at

Naples; but Caradori was in England. To her, therefore, the manager went, and went in vain. As they could not agree about terms, the lady announced her determination to accept an engagement at Madrid. Who is to fill the important office is yet unknown, but it most probably will be one of our old favourites. An advertisement appeared in the public journals announcing that, in consequence of the illness of Mademoiselle Taglioni, who was unable to leave Paris, the theatre would not open till the 1st of March. A fortnight ago the fair *danseuse* was said to be in London, in the

enjoyment of excellent health; but how she can be well in London and ill at Paris at the same moment puzzles our poor brains to account. Perhaps the announcement in the English papers of her arrival was premature. Although the commencement of the season has been delayed so much later than usual, greatly to the inconvenience of the world of loungers who are beginning to fill town, the management have not been inactive. *Anna Bolena*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Agnese* and *Semiramide* have been in rehearsal for the last month, and preparations have been making to bring out a new ballet with appropriate splendour. Mr. Lejeune having been engaged as chorus-master, we hope that the choruses will be more perfect and more effective than they usually are. In general they have been so unsteady, and the singers have paid so little attention to the expression of the music they executed, as to mar the effect of the finest compositions. We hope that "*Agnese*" will soon be produced, and that Tamburini will perform the same character which he represented with so much beauty on the last night of last season. His performance was the most perfect specimen of dramatic singing we ever enjoyed.

The Patent Theatres have produced but one novelty each during the month. At Covent Garden we have had "*The Revolt of the Harem*," adapted from the ballet lately brought out by M. Anathole, at the Académie Royale de Musique, in which many of the principal dancers from that theatre appeared. Pauline Leroux is still as excellent as ever, and Silvain has much improved since we saw him last. There is a dancer who takes a prominent feature in this ballet, of the name of Celeste; and if exhibitions of physical power would make the fame of a clever artiste, she certainly works harder for such a reputation than any woman upon the stage. Still she is no dancer. There is no more grace or expression in her violent exertions, than there is in the gyrations of a dervish, or in the gesticulations of a Shaker. The plot of this ballet is as improbable and inconsistent as are the stories of nine out of ten similar productions; and the dances possess very little novelty. Yet it is well managed; the scenery is exceedingly beautiful, and the evolutions of the female army are executed after a style which would do credit to a more masculine corps.

At Drury-lane we have been presented with a translation of Scribe's incomparable "*Bertrand et Raton*," which first appeared at the Theatre Français a short time since. It has been generally believed that this comedy was written at the suggestion of Louis Philippe; and the object was to show how much popular movements are caused by individuals who take no prominent part in them, to whose advantage they alone tend; and how little the people, who are to all appearance the principal agents

in them, gain by their result. To laugh down revolutions by a comedy is a new idea, yet it has produced one of the cleverest dramatic compositions which has appeared since the age of Moliere. The principal characters are Count Bertrand de Rantzau, the minister, supposed to have been intended for Talleyrand; and certainly the way his representative was dressed on the English stage fully confirmed such a supposition; and Raton Berkenstaff, the mercer, reported to be the portrait of Lafitte, but the likeness is not so perfect as in the preceding. The performance of Farren, as the minister, is worthy of all the praise which it has received. His conception of the part is excellent, and his representation of it no less so. However perfect was the action of M. Simon, by whom the character was first performed, it was equalled, if not exceeded, in the delicate finish of its colouring by Mr. Farren. Dowton personated the mercer; but he was too vulgar in many instances.

At the Victoria we have seen a new farce, called, "*Frank Fox Phipps, Esq.*" a sort of amalgamation of Jeremy Diddler and John Jones, written by Mr. Selby; and the drama of "*The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*," which ought to be called a new work from the pen of Sheridan Knowles. Of the former we have no occasion to say any thing, but for the latter we must find place for a few remarks. Like all his works, this abounds with passages breathing the deepest spirit of fine feeling and noble sentiment. Poetry, passion, humour, and pathos, expressed in eloquent and harmonious language, fill the different scenes, and there is a moral purpose kept in view throughout, running like a stream of gold through beds of flowers, to give a more sterling value to the beauty which surrounds it. There is, always, however, the same earnest spirit of a most divine humanity visible in his writings, a love of all that is good, and a wish to render the world happy; yet with this beneficial tendency so apparent in his works, and with the lofty genius which they evince, he has been banished from one of our great theatres (where his productions have appeared with so much honour to himself and to the English stage), by the representation of French ballets, of any thing but a moral tendency; and from the other by the exhibition of a troop of horses, which has any thing but an ennobling influence.

At the Olympic we have had a new piece from Mr. Peake, called, "*In the Wrong Box*," founded upon a tale in "*Three Courses and a Dessert*." Keeley plays in it a little black porter, in a manner remarkably droll. And at the Adelphi, we have seen a new drama, called "*Isabella, or Thirty Years of a Woman's Life*." It is one of those pieces of the "*Victorine*" class, and by far the worst of them; yet there is a scene in the last act between Buckstone and John Reeve very laughable.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify his intention of honouring with his presence a grand performance of sacred music, which is to take place in honour of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, about June or July next. Every thing is expected to be done on the most magnificent scale, and an orchestra of seven or eight hundred performers engaged for the occasion. What a splendid opportunity this is for producing something new! Why do not the Committee of Management offer a premium to be paid from the funds collected by the concert, for a grand musical composition of a sacred character to be performed on that day, that English musicians may have some chance of showing the genius they possess. The public, from seeing it so seldom exhibited, consider that there is no native talent in England—but they are mistaken. Not to mention Bishop, who has evinced musical genius of the highest order, we possess musicians, who, had they been born in any country but England, would have had their names popular all over Europe. But Englishmen have no chance among their own countrymen: as one instance of this, among many, we know that a gentleman, who is scarcely known out of the profession, yet is there acknowledged to be possessed of extraordinary abilities, composed an opera—the work of a studious life—which has been pronounced by many good critics as one of the finest productions of modern times, and to the justice of this opinion we can add our humble testimony, having heard every bar in it; yet, after having unavailingly attempted, for seven years, to get it performed on the stage, he offered it, at the commencement of this season, backed by the recommendations of many talented musicians, to the management of the patent theatres: it was returned to him without any objections to it as a work of art, but only because it was not considered advisable to bring forward national productions! We hope to resume this subject shortly.

Of vocal music we have seen but little which bears the least claim to novelty. Blewitt's scena, "the Matrimonial Ladder," and the illustrations on the title-page, of the rise and

progress of matrimonial life, by George Cruikshank, are marked by genuine humour; it will doubtless find a place on every piano. Nelson's "Time! speed thy wings!" is a pretty ballad, but we do not like the last two or three bars of the melody—they are not in character with the words. Songs and instrumental pieces for the guitar are coming fast upon us; of the former we can recommend the cavatina, "Einsam bin ich, uicht alleine," from Weber's opera of "Preciosa," as arranged by Eulenstein—there are English as well as German words to the accompaniment; and the Swiss air, "By the margin of fair Zurich's waters," as arranged by Louisa Dance: neither of these are very difficult. The "Introduction and Variations on a favourite Waltz by Himmel," with an accompaniment for a second guitar or the piano, requires a brilliant player: the "Rondo alla Tedesca" is more simple. Both are cleverly arranged by Neuland. Neither are we short of piano-forte music. The "Souvenir de la Pologne," by F. Chopin, consists of eight pretty mazurkas. The "Souvenir de Naples" is a brilliant concert piece, arranged for the flute and piano by Bucher and Benedict, and is called in the title-page a "grand Potpourri." It chiefly consists of clever arrangements of some of Rossini's popular airs, and requires to be played by performers tolerably proficient. "Six Valses Autrichiennes," by Leopoldine Blahetka, a pianiste much estimated on the continent, are graceful and easy; so are Lemoine's Quadrilles, from the "Pré aux Clercs." Jacques Herz has published a clever "Rondo brillant," made up of two favourite themes from Ludovic. It is brilliant, without being very difficult; nor are we less pleased with the "Fantasia on Airs in Weber's opera Euryanthe," by J. B. Cramer; there is much grace exhibited in the arrangement, but it requires a good performer to play it with effect. "The Gipsies' March," from Weber's "Preciosa," arranged as a duet by Moscheles and Mendelsohn Bartholdy, affords very excellent practice for students, conveyed in an attractive form.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the King in person on the 4th of February. The speech from the throne was, as all such addresses must necessarily be, somewhat indefinite. It was, however, on the whole satisfactorily received; and, with the exception of a little of the usual ebullition on the part of the Irish members, this second session of the Reformed Parliament has hitherto proceeded tran-

quilly enough; and, in our humble opinion, with a proper sense of what is owing to the country, whether in relation to economy at home, or the maintenance of our proper relations abroad. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington, by making another violent attack on the foreign policy of the present Ministry, gave Earl Grey an excellent opportunity for proving that the greatest of the

difficulties which embarrass the Cabinet on that head arose out of and formed a consequence or part of the Duke of Wellington's own administration. They were, in fact, a legacy bequeathed by the Duke and his colleagues on quitting office to those who should succeed them.

After the business of opening Parliament was over, the Court retired to Brighton. On the 22nd of February their Majesties returned to St. James's, and the Queen held her first drawing-room for the season on the 24th.

FRANCE.—Although O. P. Q., and all republicans from A. to Z., continue to prophecy that King Louis Philippe must fall, it appears to us that his government is gaining strength. Some violent altercations, which bear rather the character of personal quarrels than that of state conflicts, have taken place in the Chamber of Deputies, and elsewhere. For calling General Bugeaud "the *gaoler* of the Duchess of Berry," M. Dulong, a deputy of the ultra-liberal party, and a young man of some talent, was challenged and shot by the General. Count Kergorlay, an ultra-Royalist or Carlist, an old man of great enthusiasm, was brought to trial for declaring, in a printed letter, that Henry V., (the Duchess of Berry's son,) and not Louis Philippe, was the sovereign to whom allegiance was due. The jury acquitted the Count, on which a host of the Fauxbourg St. Germain faction that crowded the Court embraced the champion of legitimacy on the spot. A Paris paper says, that the ladies, who were all in full dress, were the most forward on this occasion.

The conductors of the *Quotidienne* were also tried for having published in their journal Count Kergorlay's letter. The defence was intrusted to M. Berryer, the royalist advocate, who went on a mission from his party to the Duchess of Berry when she was in La Vendée, and had some extraordinary interviews with that princess*. In the course of his pleading the advocate even outran the enthusiastic loyalty of the Count; but here again the jury, wisely considering the utter impotence of this fallen party, gave a verdict of acquittal.

With other newspapers government has proceeded in a more summary manner, having seized the *Tribune*, the *Corsaire*, and two or three more. Too much of their attention, and too much of the time of the Chambers, has been occupied by this subject; though those who judge of the extent of the licence of the French press, and the effect it produces on society, by our own press, are certainly mistaken, and underrate the importance of the subject. The cheap publications, and the flying sheets at two sous the piece, which had filled the streets of Paris, and been, for the most part, made the vehicles of sedition, immorality, and the grossest indecency, have also been checked by a new law, which it is feared by some may, in the

hands of ministers, be made to act hostilely to the general liberty of the press.

A circumstance of more importance, and to which we can look with unalloyed satisfaction, is, that Louis Philippe's government has begun to make an approach to the system of free trade. The duties on the iron, coals, cotton-yarn, and many other productions and manufactures of England, and of the commercial world generally, have been considerably reduced; and the whole custom-house system has been revised by M. Thiers, the Minister of Commerce and Public Works.

We regret to state that M. Bourrienne, the author of the well-known "Memoirs," which give us by far the best notion of Napoleon's real character, died lately at Caen, the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

SPAIN.—The Cortes has not yet been summoned; but that event may be expected in a few days, as government has been busily engaged in preparing for it, and settling, according to the old laws of Spain, the mode of its convocation, and what is to be its constitution when assembled. It appears there are to be two chambers, or a House of Peers and a House of Commons.

The Carlist insurgents in Biscay and Navarre, where there has been some fighting and great cruelty committed on both sides, continue to cause trouble to government, which is, moreover, sadly hampered by want of money. Scandalous stories, which attack the morals and decorum of the young Queen Regent, have been circulated at Madrid, and spread all over Europe.

PORTUGAL.—The Convent of San Bento at Lisbon has been prepared for the accommodation of the Cortes, who will be convoked forthwith. Leiria and Torres Novas have been taken from the Miguelites, after dreadful bloodshed, by Marshal Saldanha, who, however, has not yet advanced upon Coimbra.

Don Miguel is still at Santarem, only two days' march from Lisbon. An epidemic disease has prevailed at Santarem, and one of his unfortunate sisters (Donna Maria) has fallen a victim to it. In consequence of this event Don Pedro's, or Donna Maria da Gloria's court, is now in mourning.

Except a mad attempt made by a handful of Polish and Italian refugees to revolutionise Savoy and the other dominions of the King of Sardinia, which ended in a disgraceful flight, in quarrels and recriminations among themselves, and in causing great trouble to the canton of Geneva, and some other parts of Switzerland, where they had enjoyed an asylum, and whence they made their attack on a country with which the Swiss confederation is in perfect peace—no great or striking event has happened in the rest of Europe. In the other hemisphere, however, we have to deplore that the South American States seem as unsettled and turbulent as ever. Insurrections and civil wars are again raging in Mexico, Chili, and the Brazils. In the last country it appears that Don Pedro's infant son has been plotted against by the person to whom his education was confided.

* See "The Duchess of Berry in La Vendée," p. 133. This very interesting volume contains nothing more curious than the account of M. Berryer's journey in search of the Duchess.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR APRIL, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE COUNTESS OF ANTRIM.

ALTHOUGH the Countess of ANTRIM derives her honours from Ireland, the paternal ancestors of her ladyship are of Scottish descent. The Mac Donnells, or Macdonalds, have ever ranked among the most powerful families of the highlands. They bore anciently the princely title of Kings of the Isles, and as such granted charters, caused themselves to be acknowledged by foreign princes, and for ages maintained their independence. Somerlad, Thane of Argyle, the progenitor of the Macdonalds, flourished about the year 1140, and appears to have entertained hopes of wielding the Scottish sceptre. During the minority of Malcolm IV. he made various incursions upon the western lowlands, and subsequently, as an independent sovereign, entered into a treaty of peace with that monarch. To his own hereditary possessions on the mainland, Somerlad, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaas, King of Man, added the Ebridæ or Western Isles, and assumed the appellation of King of the Isles. Renewing in 1164 the war against Malcolm, he invaded Scotland with a large, but probably irregular and tumultuous army, collected from the isles, the mountains of Argyleshire, and the neighbouring provinces of Ireland; but was defeated and slain by Walter, High Steward of Scotland. Somerlad founded two dynasties, both distinguished in the stormy annals of the middle ages. From his elder son Ronald, or Reginald, descended the Lords of the Isles, and from Dougal the younger the Lords of Lorn. Ronald, who

styled himself *Rex Insularum*, founded and richly endowed for the Cistercian monks, the abbey of Sandal. His grandson, Angus of the Isles, the devoted adherent of Alexander III., swore to defend the right to the crown of that monarch's grand-daughter, the princess Margaret, and set his seal to the oath in a solemn assembly, in the year 1284. His son and successor was Angus More, or the Great Angus, the hero of Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lord of the Isles," under the more simple designation of Ronald. This renowned chieftain entertained Robert Bruce when that prince could find no other asylum, and, with two thousand followers, shared in the hero's glory at Bannockburn. The gallantry and courage he displayed on that brilliant occasion, are commemorated by the poet Barbour, and his name stands conspicuous in Scottish history among the brave, the loyal, and the patriotic. He was succeeded by his son Angus, who wedded the daughter of O'Cahane, chief of a very powerful family in the north of Ireland. This lady is said to have brought with her from that country, by way of marriage portion, a number of handsome youths, whose posterity are still distinguished in the isles. The son and successor of Angus, John, Lord of the Isles, stood in such high favour and esteem with Robert II., for his constant attachment to that prince, in the early part of his reign, that the monarch gave him in marriage his second daughter, the Princess Margaret. From this chieftain we pass to the descendants of his second

son, John, who, about the fifteenth century, removed from Argyleshire to the north of Ireland, where they have continued to flourish to the present time. The first of these, conspicuous in history, was Alexander Mac Donnel, living in the reign of Queen Mary, to whom, for his signal services against the Scots, in 1557, was presented, by the Earl Sussex, Lord Deputy, a gold sword, and a pair of silver spurs, now in the possession of the Countess of Antrim, and who received a grant of the monastery of Glenarm, in the county of Antrim, with all its landed possessions. Alexander Mac Donnell wedded an heiress of the family of Mac Cone. His son and successor, Sorley-Boye, settled at Dunluce, in the county of Antrim. This Sorley, during the revolt of Shan O'Neil, was taken prisoner by that chieftain, but afterwards freed, on condition that he would induce his brother Alexander and his Scots, to join the insurrection and oppose the government. Under pretence of fulfilling this engagement, Alexander came to the tent of O'Neil, slew him and his followers, and sent the rebel's head to the Lord Deputy, then at Drogheda, who caused it to be fixed on the castle of Dublin. Sorley-Boye, who was of the Scottish-Hibernian race, on acknowledging the queen's right to Ulster, and to the Irish crown, was made a free denizen by patent, dated 1573. Notwithstanding this mark of royal favour, he frequently revolted against the reigning power, until the Lord Deputy, seizing his strong castle at Dunluce, forced him to throw himself on the mercy of his sovereign, and to remain ever after in peaceful subjection. He married Mary, daughter of Con O'Neil, and was succeeded by his son, RANDAL MAC DONNELL, who at first joined the rebellion of Tyrone; but in 1602, when all Ulster had revolted, voluntarily submitted to the Lord Deputy, and offered to assist the Queen with five hundred foot and forty horse. For this he received the honour of knighthood; and after rendering other services to the crown, was created, by James the First, on the 28th of May, 1618, VISCOUNT OF DUNLUCE, made a Privy Councillor, appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of Antrim, and, in December, 1630, was advanced to the dignity of EARL OF ANTRIM. His Lordship espoused Ellice, daughter of Hugh Mac-a-Baron O'Neil, and sister of Hugh, last Earl of Tyrone, and dying in 1636, was succeeded by his eldest son,

RANDAL, second Earl, created MARQUIS OF ANTRIM by Charles I. on the 26th of January, 1644. This nobleman dying with-

out issue, in 1682, the Marquisate became extinct, and the Earldom devolved upon his next brother,

ALEXANDER, third Earl, who, by his second marriage with Helena, third daughter of Sir John Burke, of Perrymacaghntny, in the county of Galway, had a son and successor,

RANDAL, fourth Earl, who espoused Rachel, eldest daughter of Clotworthy, Viscount Massareene, and dying the 19th of October, 1721, was succeeded by his only son,

ALEXANDER, fifth Earl, a Privy Councillor and Governor of the County of Antrim. This Nobleman being a minor at his father's decease, was left under the guardianship of the Lady Dowager Massareene, and Lord Massareene, who brought him up a Protestant, (his ancestors had previously adhered to the Catholic faith). By his second wife, Anne, eldest daughter and heir of Charles Patrick Plunket, Esq., of Dillanstown, county of Louth, Esq. His Lordship had an only son.

RANDAL WILLIAM, sixth Earl. This nobleman, who was born on the 4th of November, 1749, espoused on the 3rd of July, 1774, Letitia Morres, eldest daughter of Henry, first Viscount Mountmorris, and had three daughters,

{ ANN CATHERINE, of whom presently, and
{ LETITIA MARY, deceased, twins.

CHARLOTTE, married to Rear-Admiral Lord Mark Robert Kerr, third son of William, fifth Marquis of Lothian.

The Earl having thus no male issue, obtained a new patent, dated the 2nd of May, 1785, creating him Viscount Dunluce, and Earl of Antrim, with remainder to his daughters primogenitively, and in August, 1789, he was advanced to the Marquisate of Antrim, but without any special reversionary grant; consequently, at his decease, on the 28th of July, 1791, the Marquisate became extinct, and the latter Earldom devolved upon his eldest daughter,

ANNE CATHERINE, PRESENT COUNTESS OF ANTRIM, whose portrait forms the subject of this month's illustration. Her Ladyship was married first on the 25th of April, 1799, to Sir Henry Vane Tempest Vane Winyard, in the county of Durham, Bart., by whom, who died on the 1st of August, 1813, she has one daughter,

FRANCES ANNE VANE TEMPEST, now Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Countess wedded, secondly, 24th of May, 1817, Edmund Phelps, Esq., who assumed the surname of Mac Donnell only.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DANIEL LAMBERT, ESQ.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS PAPERS.

It was not chance but destiny that directed me to an inn yeleft the Waggon and Horses at Stamford. A sense of being carried off my feet and wafted into the passage remains with me to this day. I feel that it was at that moment destined that I should be exalted into the dignity of editorial biographer. I was to be set up in type—Mr. Heber was to be curious concerning me—Mr. Dyce was to hazard the chance of an introduction—Earl Spencer was to hang at my skirts imploringly—"Four-and-twenty booksellers all in a row" were to be anxious overmuch in their inquiries after me—I was to be a collector of MSS.—a presentiment of these coming honours attended me as I entered the inn at Stamford.

A pair of slippers had made me their temporary proprietor—or rather, as Dr. Johnson, my great predecessor, might have said, I had autocratically subordinated them—I had adjusted my wig so that mine ears might be permitted to exercise their auricular privileges without restraint—I had quelled, by the gratuity of a steak, that wolf in the stomach which, in spite of the assertion that such race of animals is extinct in this country, I contend every Englishman possesses in his interior humanity; and I had just drawn out of the fender a bottle of port, which the fire had thawed into a vinous viper that was to tickle me into ecstasy.

A thought occurred—was I to spend the evening alone? It is true that I was comfortable enough for the present—and a long vista of delight, extending from eight o'clock till midnight, lay stretched before me, at the extremity of which tumblers of brandy and water were dancing with fantastic motion. But a sensation of uneasiness pervaded me, nevertheless; and the coach by which I arrived from London had contracted itself into the smallest possible dimensions, and had taken an inside place in my head, where it was driving along to the infinite vexation of that small portion of intellectuality which, for lack of a more appropriate title, I must dignify by the appellation of brains. I felt, also, with painful certainty, that I was alone. I would have hailed the presence of a double-tongued octogenarian, "full of anecdote, and with such a surprising memory"—I would have welcomed a Benthamite or a Utilitarian—I

should have been glad of the company of Mr. Zimmerman—after supper. "Oh solitude, romantic maid!" thou who, like many other young ladies, art *so* interesting, but *so* silent,—let us invite a third. I arose, and rang for the landlord.

There was a sort of Boniface obeisance as the host entered the room that plainly shadowed forth the approaching landlord, with a kind of vague touch-and-go harmony of discourse as we fell into conversation, indicating a consciousness that he was, as it is termed, playing second fiddle. But, as the wine circulated nimbly through his physical economy, mine host began to wax facetious; and his system, as well colloquial as corporate, underwent a genial glow no less surprising than agreeable.

"Pray, sir," said he, surveying me with the experienced eye of a connoisseur, "may I make so bold as to inquire your weight?"

"A strange question, indeed, most curious vintner," I exclaimed, with that urbane smile for which I am distinguished—"but I will e'en gratify you:—I believe, if steelyard or scale say true, it will pronounce me about twenty stone."

"A very pretty weight," replied the landlord, with a gravity of countenance peculiarly appropriate to the subject; "but ah! sir, you are not, perhaps, aware that in this very room Mr. Daniel Lambert breathed his last."

I had often heard of Daniel Lambert, that "truly great man," whose vast proprietorship of fat had been the wonder and delight of his contemporaries; and I felt, I trust, a becoming awe when it was signified to me that that remarkable individual had made his exit through one side of the room in which I was then reposing myself.

"Mr. Lambert, sir," resumed the host, "was a very cheerful and pleasant companion; and often let fall good things, considered trifles by himself, which others appropriated to themselves and passed off as their own."

"Very likely," said I—"we know not, landlord, how much of our own hair is woven into another man's wig;" and I arranged my own with the air of one who conceives that he has delivered himself of a profound remark.

"Ha! ha! very true," cried the host, won-

dering what the deuce I could mean; "but I suppose, sir, you never heard that Mr. Lambert was an author?"

"An author! I certainly was never given to understand that he possessed literary attainments."

"Oh! dear, yes," cried mine host—"I don't know whether Mr. Lambert was ever in print, but I have by me a great number of papers which were left behind him when he died."

Daniel Lambert a literary character! It was strange—it was passing strange,—it was wonderful. I fell into a reverie. I speculated upon the subjects likely to be entertained by the author. Of what could he possibly have written? Of whom? Was it an epic poem, or a tragedy—was it a satire, or a collection of songs—elegies or odes—epigram or lampoon? But no.—Lambert must have delighted in the lugubriously vast—in the morosely magnificent—in the extensively terrible. Himself a human and vital Mont Blanc—his genius must be Alpine—he must have composed a treatise on the infinity of space—or prepared a dissertation on the pyramids—or have employed his hand upon the Andes, Teneriffe, or Atlas. Taking the cue from Gibbon, had he completed a history of the *Fatimites*? Whatever it might be, I felt assured that it would prove worthy of his greatness. Far removed from the vulgar herd of base and hungry scribes, who, like fretful porcupines, are perpetually shooting their quills at each other, I was satisfied that Lambert would be found no vulgar quill-driver.

"Can I be permitted a glance at these MSS. in your possession?" I demanded of the landlord, awaking from the reverie into which I had fallen.

"Surely, sir, surely," answered the host, as he bustled from the room—returning presently with a small bundle of papers neatly folded, and carefully tied together with a piece of red tape.

I confess that the first cursory view of the papers, as they still lay in the hands of the landlord, somewhat disappointed me. I had looked for something of a more imposing description. I took it for granted that elephant foolscap was the approved size of Mr. Lambert's note-paper—and I expected that his literary lucubrations would require to be unfurled like the mysterious scroll of a magician in the pantomime. I conceived it probable that he literally wrote on *sheets* of paper—with a pen plucked from the pinion of a griffin, and with ink obtained, forsooth, from the boiling pool of Phlegethon. No such thing.

Mr. Lambert luxuriated in an inimitably beautiful Italian hand—such a hand as Mr. Keightley may be supposed to have adopted when he wrote his delightful "*Fairy Mythology*"—apparently with a crow-quill, and on gilt-edged Bath paper.

I had not, however, gone far in the perusal of Daniel Lambert's remains, when I turned suddenly towards the landlord, and offered him a round sum for the whole collection. The precise sum I tendered—which mine host incontinently and with inexpressible gratification accepted,—must remain an inviolable secret between him and myself. Enough to hint that it was immense; calculated to show my sense of the merits of the author, and, at the same time, to convince the immediately prior possessor that I was far above vulgar considerations of profit and loss in a matter involving the personal fame of the immense defunct. My sole object, I am proud to own, in the editing of these remains, was to acquire for their gifted author—a niche, shall I say?—no—that were unconformably to cramp and to confine him—a huge recess in the temple of Fame.

But, before I proceed to select specimens of these invaluable relics, which I bathe from morn to night in tears of heartfelt ecstasy and joy—let me, as is the custom of fond and pains-taking editors, furnish the excited reader with a biographical notice of the writer, obtained from a careful and strict examination of surviving friends, whose testimony has been sedulously sifted, contrasted, and compared, and from the contemporary notices of respectable compilers for the authentic obituary. Lambert must not be suffered to sink into oblivion like "the fat weed that rots on Lethe's wharf." Be it, on the contrary, the peculiar care of his biographer to clear him from the quay in the most triumphant and satisfactory manner possible.

Daniel Lambert, then, was born at Leicester in the year 1770; evincing at his birth no striking peculiarities of conformation sufficient to indicate or announce his future greatness. But as the past happens to be a rather reserved lady, wearing a very black veil, we shall not be rude or ungallant enough to attempt to raise it; and must, therefore, commit his infancy to that transient notice which will be sufficient to satisfy the reader of our belief that he was once really an infant—a small babe—the minute seed of the future pumpkin—the insignificant acorn that expanded into the important oak—a mouse out of which crept a mountain. Suffice it to say, that "he grew, and he grew, and he

grew"—and continued to grow, till his parents, relations, and friends, began verily to think that *Grotius*, and *Puffendorff*, and *Vattel* had been born again, and that the youthful Lambert was destined to figure in the world as a great jurisconsult. Not he. He knew and cared nothing about international law—he was a universe of himself—a vast continent—a new world of flesh. "The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty" was but a sucking pig compared with him. "Leviathan that swims the ocean stream," when Lambert bathed, looked little, and was much ashamed.

At twenty-three years of age, he was thirty-two stone, or four hundred and forty-eight pounds in weight—but active, nimble, volatile—full of quips, cranks, conceits, and national vagaries; springing over the cold impediments of custom, like a vaulting walrus playing at leapfrog with an iceberg, and bounding over the high-raised heads of a stiff-necked generation, like a fun-fraught elephant jumping over the summit of a camelopard.

But his youth was partially blighted. Lambert fell in love with an impracticable widow; and sighed, "not like a furnace," but like all the furnaces between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. That obdurate fair, however, did, what very few beside could have done—she made *light* of him—held him as nought—and, in fine, rejected his addresses. He never knelt before her, it is true, for where was the lever of Archimedes? and he perhaps remembered the false position in which Gibbon had placed himself on a similar occasion—which Mr. Leigh Hunt, we think, facetiously designated "The Decline and Fall;" but he proposed to make her his *better half* (poor, short-sighted man!) in the most delicate and respectful manner. Did he fall away upon this strangulation of his young hopes? The question is natural. No. On the contrary, he rose away at an incredible rate. Stung to madness by this rejection of his proffered suit, he swelled out of all reasonable compass.

By this time the world began to be astir about him. What was the man at? The folks of Leicester marvelled greatly, and wondered how all this was to end. Lean and slippered pantaloons laid their heads together at the corners of streets, and muttered strange complaints of monopoly. The Leicester prize ox swooned with envy and mortification when it beheld his far superior vastness. His house was infested by visitors, high, low, and of all degrees, and of every description. One, more cunning in contrivance than the rest, hoped

to obtain an introduction to the huge Chimæra by sending in word through the medium of the servant, that he came to purchase some cocks, of which Lambert was the proprietor. "Tell him," quoth Lambert, who, having squeezed himself behind the folding doors of the parlour, had overheard the impertinent applicant, "Tell him that I am a shy cock!"

A thought found its way into the brain of Lambert; it was a natural, proper, and profitable thought. "If," (such was the train of his argument)—"if I am so worthy of being viewed, why not make people pay for peeping?" He accordingly resolved on taxing the eyes of the community; and as bears are known to retire for the winter, and to subsist upon their acquired fat, in like manner did Daniel Lambert propose to make his own fat serve as a means of subsistence for the winter of his days. Behold him, then, drawn in a carriage made expressly for him, and conveyed to London, where he arrived in September, 1806, fixing his quarters (all of them) at a house in Piccadilly.

Here, during the space of three years, he was waited upon by an immense assemblage of rank, fashion, and beauty. Ministers, peers, foreign ambassadors, and civil functionaries, crowded to his daily levee. Mr. Pitt had seen him in the country a year or two before, and being now dead was, of course, unable to see him again; but his remark respecting him deserves to be recorded: he said that "he had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished." Mr. Fox, whose curiosity had been excited by rumours of his greatness, came, a short time previous to his death, to wait upon him. That great man avowed his belief that Mr. Lambert was of himself a general meeting—an incorporated society—a consolidated mob; and said, that he alone would constitute a deputation from the English people. Mr. Sheridan whispered in the ear of the friend who accompanied him an arithmetical problem to this effect:—if Ariel could put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, how long would she be in placing a belt round Mr. Lambert? He was pleased to inquire, also, whether Mr. Lambert was fond of music; and being answered in the affirmative, protested that he would send him a violoncello to play upon, which he trusted would serve by way of kit. He remarked that, without disparagement to Mr. Lambert's spiritual magnitude, his soul must be like a dwarf sitting alone in the middle of St. Peter's at Rome; and when he took his leave, was heard kindly to express his determination, so long as Mr. Lambert re-

mained *in the flesh* to come and visit him. The court of aldermen, when first their eyes did rest upon him, turned green with envy, like the fat of turtles; and looked like very small shrimps gazing at a very large lobster.

But now all England was hoarse with calling him to her several localities; and panting horseflesh toiled before him, drawing, and tearing, and tugging, and lugging him about the kingdom. At length, from Huntingdon he was removed to Stamford, and, like an honourable and punctual man, paid the carrier his tonnage on the instant; and, now, what did he do? He knew, when he first came to London, that no common inn would receive him. He knew full well that the "Goat in Boots" would have taken to its heels like Jack the Giant-Killer newly shod in his seven leaguers; and that the "Cat and Bagpipes" would together have raised such a discordant and excruciating din at his approach as would have alarmed the neighbourhood. He was certain that the "Bull and Mouth," when it beheld him, would have looked all mouth and no bull; and that the "Belle Sauvage" would have turned into the "Saracen's Head" immediately he made his appearance at the gate. Accordingly, when he arrived at Stamford, he wisely chose to domiciliate himself at an inn appropriately termed the "Waggon and Horses." Here, accommodated with a ground floor—to rise would have been ruin, for any attempt to bring him up must have had the inevitable effect of bringing down the stairs—he prepared with a cheerful heart to see company; sending his compliments to the Editor of the Stamford Mercury, and requesting that, "as the mountain could not wait upon Mahomet, Mahomet would come to the mountain." The Mahomet, who came in the shape of a printer's devil, took Mr. Lambert's orders to announce his arrival in the next paper, and retired blessing himself, and much marvelling how that very, very great gentleman would be able to get up to the seventh heaven. Before the following day, however, the soul of Lambert was on its way thither; he was found dead in his bed early on the next morning, to the inexpressible joy of the bedposts and sacking; which during the night, as he turned and tumbled about, had been shrieking most wildly.

Thus, at the age of forty, on the 21st of July, 1809, died Daniel Lambert; of whom (to press into our service a quotation which we think was never employed before) we may truly say,

"Take him *for all in all*,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A man, or rather a vast human vessel, who, when he was last under-weigh, told by the scale the miraculous weight of fifty-two stone eleven, or seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds; being ten stone eleven pounds more than the great Mr. Bright of Maldon, and almost as heavy as an epic poem.—Shall we moralise over the deceased? No: we will not disturb the dust—(almost as huge a pile, we imagine, as the vast heap formerly at Battle Bridge) by paltry and miserable rakings after matters, good or bad, that might be picked out of it.

Upon once more looking over the papers of Mr. Lambert, from which I propose to gratify the grateful reader with a small selection (for I intend publishing the whole shortly in two quarto volumes), I cannot help feeling and lamenting the difficulty of making such a bouquet as shall at once satisfy the public of the author's claims to immortality, and present, at the same time, a fair specimen of the prolific garden from which it has been culled. I am aware that I sometimes do not even offer a brick as a sample of the edifice I am about to erect; and that what I may, perchance, conceive to be an exquisitely carved cornice may, to other eyes, appear nothing better than a piece of rough wood: others may deem these delightful recreations laborious nothings; others may say,

"They seem not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins."

I opine that they are palaces of adamant, such as a literary Palladio or Vitruvius might be proud to acknowledge.

There is one prominent feature on the face of these effusions,—they distinctively relate to self. He squeezes himself into the smallest compositions; there is a morbidness of feeling that Byron himself might have envied or approved. Thus, though he sometimes extols his double-extra corpulence, he not unfrequently desponds grievously; although at times he is a Falstaff in jovial geniality, he occasionally is a Master Slender in sentiment.

Take for example the following melancholy madrigal, in which

"The burden and the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world"

are most feelingly and pathetically deplored.

The sympathetic reader will perceive that the unhappy man meditates self-slaughter—of such contradictory elements is human nature composed; but, man is an anomaly!

ever small, he should confer an everlasting obligation—for immortality is the portion of these delicate but perennial blossoms. The first is addressed

LAMBERT'S LAMENT.

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into 'Adieu *!'"
SHAKESPEARE.

I wish I were where Falstaff lies,
For I am tired of lingering here,
And every hour affliction cries
Go—and partake his not small bier.

I wish I could; for I am sick
Of all this fatness round about;
Thick-coming fancies make me thick,
And stout objections make me stout.

I weep—it only puffs my cheeks,
I sigh—it only swells me more;
I get quite lusty on my shrieks,
I'm all the fatter for my roar.

The ocean tide that ebbs and flows,—
The stars that twinkle in the sky,—
The early day that comes and goes,—
All these move nimbly—so don't I.

I dream'd an oriental dream,
As on my bed of down I lay!
I sigh, for Fatima's my theme;
And while I keep this fat I may.

Oh! could I close this scene of care;
Oh! were I quietly inurn'd;
Oh! would I could vacate the chair;
Oh! might this meeting be adjourned!

I'll beg a cannon from a friend;
I'll get a cable strong and tough;
A kitchen spit my woes might end,
But, oh! it's not half long enough.

The three exquisite poems, which we are now about to extract, display our author in a very different light. He has dedicated them to three several friends. Lambert, like other great poets, knew that by linking the name of a friend to one of his poems, how-

TO MR. WOOLLEY.

A SONNET.

How little, tender lamb, in frisking glee,
While on the sward so green with future crops,
Dancing about the glade with nimble hops,
Thou guessest what thy future fate will be.
Thy fleece upon a great stout man I see;
Thy leg upon a well-laid table drops;
Thy head is broth, thy ribs are mutton chops;
Thou art but active mutton unto me.

So yonder bellowing ox that swells with grief,
So yonder calf that plies the awkward heel,
One would not answer to the name of beef,
The other does not know his name is veal.
Alas! from thee I learn this lesson just,
That Lambert's not thy name, but Daniel Dust.

The next is worthy of Mr. Wordsworth. It shows how easily a man of genius can elevate trifles into importance.

TO DR. BUZZBY.

ON A TROUBLESOME BLUEBOTTLE TORMENTING THE AUTHOR.

Fly, not yet*; 'tis now the hour
When vile dyspepsia wields her pow'r,
And I would close mine eyes, and doze
Like that great sloth of Polito's†.

Tell me no more my cheeks are made
To be a level fly-parade,
For country dance or spinning waltz,
Or all that flyhood's youth exalts.

Tell me no more my nose is form'd
To be by tilting midges storm'd;
Or that mine ears shall serve as dens
For thy absconding citizens.

Tell me no more thou hoverest near,
To be soft music to mine ear;
Tell me no more that thou dost come
To sing to me—it's all a hum.

The third of these delightful little pieces is somewhat similar to the preceding. There is, however, a truculent turn at the conclusion which seems to indicate that the author was in one of those irritable fits to which men of genius are particularly, indeed proverbially, subject.

* This I conjecture to be one of Mr. Lambert's new readings; and I must confess that, in my opinion, much more may be said in favour of it than can fairly be urged in extenuation of the vile emendations of some of our modern commentators, who "by decision more embroil the fray." Mr. Lambert, doubtless, conceived Hamlet to express a wish that his too solid flesh should not rudely flounce away from his frame like a hungry dog, or a magpie from a marrow-bone; but that it should politely and reluctantly sidle from his joints, as though it "often took leave but was loth to depart." Thus—"Adieu!" or it should rather have been "*Farewell*," under the circumstances, being, as it is, a valediction and a piece of advice at the same time; but we leave this point for the consideration of the intelligent reader.

* Mr. Moore must have seen this poem, and borrowed the first line. I cannot otherwise account for the identity. Mr. Moore's very popular song was written subsequently to the death of the author, if I recollect rightly.

† Mr. Polito was the keeper of the Menagerie at Exeter Change some years ago.—*Editor*.

TO — WEB-STIR, ESQ.

ON A SPIDER.

When Edward* went the Welsh to mow,
Of danger a derider,
With lengthy legs he sought the foe,
But not like yours, my spider.

French shepherds, when their sheep they watch,
On stilts prodigious ramble;
How sheepish look the flies you catch,
When on your stilts you scramble.

The ostrich which, in case of loss,
In sand its eggs doth bury,
Runs not, I ween, with legs across,
But in a plaguy hurry.

The catchpole, with a wretch in view,
Runs at a pace enormous;
But what's their speed compar'd to you?
You're lightning to a dormouse.

Contrasted thus, thy motions quick
My corpulence determine;
I can't endure this—where's my stick?
And so take that, you vermin.

If the following poem be not one of the finest in the English language, and a glory to the literature of this country, "I'm a soused gurnet." I implore the judicious reader to mark the helter-skelter character of the versification, and the headlong precipitation with which the subject of this masterly poem is carried along. We feel ourselves borne onward with the author—we laugh, weep, grin, howl, shriek, yell, and sneeze, at the same time. But I will not detain the reader. Let him judge for himself.

ON FALLING DOWN STAIRS.

A MYSTERY.

FIRST FLIGHT.

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen."—DRYDEN.

Fate sometimes entraps us:
Hilloa! what a lapsus!
Pinch with fiery hot nippers,
The villain most rascally,
Who made these vile slippers,
For I'm tumbling most Pascally†.
The stairs crash like bulrushes,
Downward my skull rushes,
And without any more pause,
I've committed my forepaws
To the slender lath'd banister;—
Oh! my poor canister!

Here I go, swift as lightning,
All oil cloth and whitening;
What a crush! fit to start a wall—
There goes the party wall!
Here's a fall in the tallow trade,
Away goes the balustrade;
As I sink the storm rises,
Like the eve of a crisis;
Like patent wheels I go,
Head over heels I go.
Like a cit from the beau-monde,
Or a rock from Ben Lomond,
Or that ship when they gave a launch,
Or a hundred pow'r avalanche;
Or the falls (what a staggerer)
Of the brawling Niagara.
What a bellowing and sneezing,
My speed is increasing;
I am now whirl'd without end,
This will ne'er, without doubt, end,
And I'm doomed, without any lie,
To roll on eternally.

FLIGHT SECOND.

"The glow worm shows the *matting* to be near."
SHAKESPEARE.

The lamp brightly burning
Shows the end of this churning;
The lamp in the passage
Shows the end of this crashage.
Pell mell—helter skelter,
I'm as hot as a smelter;
Gadzooks, what a summerset!
June is ice to my summer's heat.
What knee-cracks and ankleing,
Oh! Doctor Franklin!
Thou wert right, my old Bostonite*,
I shall gather no moss to-night,
If one rolling stone, thrifty too,
Gather none, how should fifty-two?
But there's joy for my fat at last,
For I'm squat on the mat at last.
Send for the doctor,
The medicine concocter;
Has he no recipes
For falls down a precipice!
Let him brush up his pharmacy—
Oil that would calm a sea,
Scarce will suffice to heal,
All that's not nice to feel;
These bruises and tumours,
Worse than King Mon'tezuma's
When (would he'd been less able!)
Cortez drubbed the poor Mexicans,
With such strength inexpressible,
There's no word for't in Lexicons.
To my mind every token stares,
As I sit by the broken stairs,
And recalls the precarious
Fortune of Marius,
Of whom, sitting at no rath† age
By the ruins of Carthage,
I should be for a painting fit,
But I'm off in a fainting fit.

* Edward the First, surnamed Longshanks.—*Editor*.

† Mr. Lambert alludes, I suppose, to the strange dread of the celebrated Pascal, who was afraid for many years to walk abroad, lest he should fall down a precipice.

‡ An innocent synonyme for the head.—*Editor*.

* I am not quite certain that Dr. Franklin was a native of Boston, as Mr. Lambert supposes.—*Editor*.

† Rath, early. Mr. Lambert, however, employs the word in a sense not justified by the usage of Milton and other poets.—*Editor*.

With this sublime production I close my extracts for the present. I may, probably, upon a future occasion, indulge the reader with a few more selections from Mr. Lambert's papers, without prejudice to the two quarto volumes which Messrs. Bull and Churton have consented to publish. I may, perhaps, present to the public extracts from his Diary, —A Treatise on Chivalry, written at a very early age, which he has facetiously called "Young's Knight Thoughts;" and a series of papers of a rather caustic nature, composed under the assumed name of Ralph Verjuice, which he has wittily been pleased to designate "R. V.'s Meditations." But of this more hereafter. OMEGA.

THE BOURBONS, JULY, 1830.

BY F. MANSEL REYNOLDS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "MISERRIMUS," "THE COQUETTE," &c.

LET their blood flow like water !
 They have rushed on their fate—
 The ruthless ! their slaughter
 They *shall* expiate !
 Oh, France ! the delightful, the fertile, once more
 On your plains is the standard of discord unfurled ;
 And, writ in indelible letters of gore,
 You will read your red lesson again to the world !
 Take the sword then in hand,
 And extirpate the race !
 Let them lie on the land
 They have sought to disgrace !
 The Bigots, the fated,
 The Foemen to good ;
 The Despots, the hated,
 The Dabblers in blood !
 Since the days of the Hero who founded their throne,
 Not another of all the intolerant line,
 But e'en to the uttermost earth has been known,
 As the monkish, the cruel, the basely supine !
 Then on for the right !
 Draw your sabres, and cry,
 "Revenge ! to the fight,—
 Let us conquer, or die !"
 Strike down the oppressors !
 Be unshrinking, and stern ;
 The possessed are possessors,
 And judge in their turn.
 What was Spain till she suffered the Bourbons to reign,
 But the wealthy, the mighty, the first of her time ?
 And what is she now ? but a link in the chain
 Of the despots who revel in bloodshed and crime !
 Smite the weak, and the strong ;
 Let no scion remain
 To act the foul wrong
 Of his fathers again !

ON THE CHARACTER OF FRANCIS I.

YOUNG has asserted that love of fame is the universal passion, and he may probably be in the right; yet there are circumstances connected with the gratification of this passion, which might, to reflecting minds, materially diminish the value of its object. One of these is the capricious injustice so often regulating or disordering the distribution of fame; of this there are few examples more remarkable than that of Francis I. of France.

Francis claimed and acquired the reputation of being both a perfect *preux chevalier*, second to none, unless, perchance, to Bayard, and an enlightened appreciator and patron of science, literature, and the arts: the father of letters. As such he was very generally acknowledged during his life, and has been transmitted to the admiration of subsequent ages; whilst his supposed laconic communication to his mother, then Regent of France, of the disasters of the battle of Pavia, '*Madame, tout est perdu hormis l'honneur*,' remains on record, as one of the noblest effusions of a lofty spirit under the pressure of adversity. The only admitted blots in his escutcheon, *i. e.* his want of political views and his unbounded licentiousness, with its consequences, the exhaustion of his exchequer, and the leaving of his armies unpaid, his generals destitute, scarcely, perhaps, lowered the estimation in which he was held by the pleasure-loving nation over whom he reigned. The former has generally been regarded as a necessary consequence of his chivalrousness; the latter, treated as a feather in the scale, save by some few wives, sympathising in the sorrows of his two neglected and despised queens, or by a still smaller number of philosophical speculators upon the wide-spreading mischief wrought by the dissolute morals of a court. A rapid glance at the history of Francis I., will show to how much of his high character he was entitled.

From contemporaneous and admiring French chroniclers we learn, that Francis read nothing but romances of chivalry; whence may be argued that it was from knights-errant, from an Amadis de Gaul, rather than from a Bayard, that he formed his idea of a true knight. Accordingly, courtesy towards the one sex and courage towards the other—meaning thereby indiscriminate gallantry and as indiscriminate a

disinterested love of war and fighting—constituted his *beau idéal* of a *preux chevalier*.

Of the lofty, scrupulous, jealous honour distinguishing the character of the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, of that Bayard from whose hand Francis insisted upon receiving knighthood, he evidently had no conception; if he had, he could hardly have given cause for these remarks. When he lay a prisoner in Spain, after his defeat at Pavia, Charles V. imposed hard conditions upon him as the price of his release. Francis obtained from the Pope a prospective absolution for his intended future violation of the oath he was then about to take; he signed a legal protest against the signature he was about to give as invalid, because extorted under duress, and then, with every appearance of frankness, signed the treaty of Madrid, and swore at the altar to fulfil all its conditions, or, should anything render that impossible, to return to his prison. No sooner had he set foot on French ground, than he leaped on to a horse, galloped off, exclaiming, 'Again I am a king!' and, as a matter of course, refused to execute the treaty; offering a sum of money in lieu of the provinces torn by his predecessor, Louis XI., from Charles's grandmother, Mary of Burgundy; which provinces it was Charles's great object to recover. For this dishonourable conduct, the compatriot eulogists of Francis have apologised, upon the score of Charles's refusal to release him upon more equitable terms. Whether it were or were not unjust in Charles to demand the restitution of his patrimony, it is needless to inquire, and equally so to ask whether Bayard would not rather have died in captivity than have freed himself by giving a promise he meant not to keep. Without appealing to a chivalrous code of honour, or to a stoical code of ethics, it is sufficient to observe, that Francis, by abdicating in favour of his son, could have at once annihilated Charles's power of extortion, and converted himself into an ordinary prisoner of war, ransomable, as his sons, hostages for his faith, ultimately proved, by money.

But the treaty of Madrid was not the only one that the French king signed in the same way. He similarly protested against the treaty of Cambrai, which was extorted from him by no other constraint than the usual

one of an unsuccessful war, and in which he had almost as dishonourably purchased Charles's final renunciation of his claim to the country of Burgundy, by the desertion and sacrifice of all his own allies, those smaller princes and states in Germany and Italy, whom he had excited to take arms in his cause against the powerful emperor.

Even of his epistolary glory must Francis be despoiled: the celebrated letter above quoted having been extracted, or to speak correctly, constructed, from one a good deal longer and less spirited, which, unluckily for the king's reputation, has been preserved in the MS. registers of the Parliament of Paris. It is given by Delaure in his *Histoire de Paris*, and by Sismondi, in his *Histoire de Français*,—and shall be transcribed here in all its original quaintness, untranslated, as being somewhat untranslatable:—

“Madame, pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que le honneur et la vie, qui est sauvé; et pour ce que, en notre adversité, cette nouvelle vous fera quelque peu de reconfort, j'ai prié qu'on me laissât vous écrire ces lettres, ce qu'on m'a agréablement accordé. Vous suppliant ne vouloir prendre l'extrémité de vous même, en sesant de votre accoutumée prudence, car j'ai espoir en le fin que Dieu ne m'abandonnera point; vous recommandant vos petits-enfans et les miens; vous suppliant faire donner sûr passage et le retour en Espagne a ce porteur, qui va vers l'empereur, pour savoir comme il faudre que je sois traité! Et sur ce très humblement me recommande a votre bonne grâce.”

The chivalrous honour of Francis rests then altogether upon his rash valour; his permitting the emperor to pass safely through France; and his challenging him to single combat. These grounds are unquestionable; but the circumstances of the last two require notice. Francis certainly did send Charles a challenge; but when the latter accepted it, he contrived, by such paltry shuffling as refusing to let the emperor's herald, Burgundy, king-at-arms, deliver his message, and insisting upon a simple yes or no, to defeat the projected duel, and throwing, as he averred, the blame of declining it upon Charles—a proceeding, of which, when Francis's undoubted courage and total want of political consideration, are duly appreciated, it is difficult to conjecture the object.

Come we now to the emperor's passage through France. It has usually been represented that, an alarming rebellion having

broken out at Ghent, in the winter, the emperor, anxious to hasten thither in person, and unwilling to trust the sea in stormy weather, requested a safe-conduct through France, which Francis generously granted, and respected, despite the remonstrances of his more politic but less honourable counsellors. How stand the facts, according to the historians of both countries, and to the MSS. of diplomacy still existing in the French archives?

Francis was at peace with Charles, whose sister, Eleonora, queen-dowager of Portugal, he had married; and the constable de Montmorency, his new favourite and minister, was earnest to unite the two monarchs by the ties of friendship as well as of marriage, that they might conjointly accomplish the great task of crushing heresy. Under these circumstances, Francis invited his imperial brother-in-law to visit him, taking France in his way from one part to another of his extensive dominions. The instructions given to the bishop elect of Avranches when ambassador in Spain, dated August 5th, 1539, are still extant, and the following extract shows that this was not the first invitation. The ambassador was directed to say, “that the king is so firm and constant in the friendship he bears the emperor, his best brother, that neither the duchy of Milan, nor other particular things, will ever make him change his opinion. And it must not be omitted likewise to say to the said emperor, that if his road had been through France, the king would have taken pleasure therein, as in one of the things that in this world he most desires; but since the affairs of the said lord emperor do not allow it, the king is, and will always be, well content with all that shall please him, and will not entreat him to do more than suits with his convenience and inclination.”

The ambassador returned home in September; and in his report of his mission appears the emperor's answer to this message. It runs thus:—“The emperor thanks the king, and says that if his affairs may suffer it, he shall be very glad to pass through France, where he knows that he shall have as much security as in his own lands, and much more pleasure and satisfaction; but that he was not yet resolved touching the time of his journey, waiting to see what the Turk will do; and that even should he go to Italy, he will do so only to bring to an end what has been concluded between himself and the king.” * * *

Whilst these civilities were passing be-

tween the now allied sovereigns, the city of Ghent was, and for nearly three years had been, in a state rather of tumultuous sedition than of open rebellion, on account of a tax, the manner of imposing which militated against the chartered rights of Flanders. In 1537 the Ghentese offered to transfer the whole province of Flanders to France, which offer Francis rejected; partly as a man of honour, because its acceptance would have been a most flagrant breach of faith; partly as a statesman, because Montmorency's political views required his living in amity with the emperor. He did more than reject; he communicated to Charles the offer of the Ghentese, together with their confidential disclosures concerning their resources, and again urged Charles to cross France to Flanders. The emperor, at length resolved to visit the Low Countries, accepted his brother-in-law's renewed invitation; but the manner of his journey does not lead to the conclusion that he chose this road for the sake of despatch. Some of the details given by contemporaries of his progress may perhaps enliven this discussion of character.

Charles was received at Bayonne, which he entered in the month of October, by the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and four hundred noblemen. Francis himself, who by his vices had incurred many of the infirmities of old age in his forty-fifth year, was detained by illness at Châtelherault. The Princes offered to go to Spain as hostages for the Emperor's safety, during his stay in France. But this would have been an ungracious mode of paying a fraternal visit; Charles declined it, and travelled in their company, disporting himself by the way. In every favourable situation he enjoyed the recreation of hawking. In every town he was received by the nobility of the province and the citizens, with the highest honours, and with a splendour of which a short extract from contemporary annals may give an idea. We are told that at Orleans he was met by "a body of ninety-two young tradesmen, mounted on good steeds, all dressed in large surcoats of black velvet, and doublets of white satin, fastened with gold buttons; velvet caps, covered with jewels and embroidered with goldsmith's work; and buskins of white morocco *chiquetés*; (what this may be dictionaries tell not;) and all with gilt spurs, and the harquebuss at the saddle bow. And there was one cap that was valued at two thousand crowns, and there was not him who had not upon him upwards of two thousand francs in rings."

But the necessity of expending thus much hard cash in apparel, was not the only inconvenience to which the emperor's visit put the inhabitants of the unlucky towns that lay in his way. At Bordeaux, it appears that some of the courtiers sent to form the imperial escort, finding themselves short of horses, pressed into their service all they chanced to meet with, utterly disregarding the objections and remonstrances of their owners. Some of the forcibly-borrowed animals were returned when no longer wanted, but numbers were permanently detained, of course without being paid for. The plundered proprietors carried their complaints to the foot of the throne; but to Francis the whole transaction appeared only as an excellent jest, at which he laughed heartily, and dismissed the complainants, to use a homely but expressive phrase, with their labour for their pains.

An occurrence at Amboise bore a graver aspect to all parties. A perfumer had undertaken to astonish the Emperor with French elegance, by filling his bed-chamber with a fragrant and balmy atmosphere. The artist's performance proved inferior to his conception; and the Emperor was half-suffocated by the density of the aromatic vapours that had been designed voluptuously to regale his nostrils. The unlucky result of the odoriferous project was reported to the King, who forthwith ordered the misadventured compounder of sweet smells to be hanged. Happily for the victim of his own injudicious zeal, Charles heard of the intended expiation of his night of coughing, and interfered in behalf of the perfumer. But the more clemency the Imperial sufferer displayed, the more did Francis hold himself bound to be inexorable. A long contest, of good nature on the one side and politeness on the other, ensued, during which the agony of the unskilful incense-burner may better be conceived than described. At length the Emperor's earnest and often-repeated asseverations that it was not to see or to cause executions he had visited France, prevailed; the King yielded, and the unintentional offender escaped.

At Châtelherault, Francis, now restored to his ordinary state of infirm health, received Charles with every demonstration of brotherly affection, and immediately ceded to him the place of honour. On the 1st of January, 1540, the two Sovereigns entered Paris together, when the prison doors were thrown open, and the malefactors released, in the name, and in honour, of the Emperor.

During the eight or ten days that the Imperial visitor spent in the French capital nothing was thought of, to all appearance at least, but festivities, amusements, and rejoicings. Yet this is the period historians have assigned to the efforts made by the opponents of the Constable and his policy, to prevail upon Francis to violate all the laws of hospitality and common decency, imprison his brother-in-law and invited guest, and extort from him some kind of counterpart to the treaty of Madrid, or at least a renunciation of all the stipulations of that treaty. Amongst these antagonists of Montmorency we find the Dauphin, the King of Navarre, husband of Francis's celebrated sister Margaret, the Princes of the blood, the Duchess d'Etampes, then the reigning mistress, and the Court-jester.

With respect to these last two respectable councillors, we are told, that Francis, when presenting his paramour to the brother of his wife, said, 'See you this fair lady? She advises me not to let you go hence till you shall have revoked the treaty of Madrid.' 'Well,' returned the Emperor, coldly, 'If the advice be good, it should be followed.' Charles is, however, said to have thought it desirable to stop such advice from lips so influential, and, by the gift of a valuable diamond ring, not only effected this, but gained the protection of the frail beauty.

Whether Breusquet, the Jester, likewise was thus denounced to the Emperor by his master, we know not; but his mode of giving his advice has been recorded, and is characteristic. He is said to have kept a register of fools, in which he was constantly making new entries and alterations, indicative of his opinion of the different courtiers and their proceedings. This he one day showed to Francis, who found the last name entered to be that of the Emperor Charles V. With assumed or real displeasure, the King asked, how he dared enrol so great a monarch amongst fools? The Jester replied, 'He has proved himself entitled to a place in my list, by venturing alone into the dominions of a Prince whom he had ill-used.' The King shook his head reprovingly, at an answer that implied distrust of his own honour; when Breusquet subjoined, 'But should Charles prove more lucky than wise, and be allowed freely to quit them again, I shall efface his name, and substitute that of the Monarch who lets slip such an opportunity.'

Either a sense of honour, or Montmorency's influence, or perhaps a consciousness, founded upon his own conduct, of the uselessness of

any signature extorted from a captive prince, strengthened Francis against persuasions, arguments, and ridicule; and he refused to take any advantage of his ally's confidence in his plighted word. But Charles, who was duly informed of the strenuous exertions of the anti-imperialist faction, is said to have been so far alarmed thereby, that when the Duke of Orleans, who valued himself upon his agility, in the playfulness of youth sprang up behind him, as he sat on horseback, and clasping him in his arms, exclaimed, 'Now is your imperial majesty my prisoner!' the Emperor started and changed colour.

Upon leaving Paris, Charles visited the warm advocate for peace and friendship between the two sovereigns, Montmorency, at his magnificent seat of Chantilly, and was accompanied thither by Francis and his whole court. It is alleged that the princely heads of the anti-imperialist faction, the Dauphin, the King of Navarre, and the Duke of Vendôme, had projected the seizure of Charles during the festivities with which the Constable marked his sense of the honour done him by his imperial guest; that the plot was luckily betrayed to Montmorency, and that he, with great difficulty, prevailed upon the conspirators to abandon their iniquitous design. Their chief, the Dauphin, together with the Duke of Orleans and the Constable, then attended the Emperor to the frontiers; and he quitted France for the Netherlands, after spending three full months in his journey across the kingdom from Spain.

But the most revolting, and the least known part of Francis's character and conduct, is his sanguinary, his ferocious persecution of heretics in France, even whilst he was supporting and encouraging them in Germany. Catholic writers of those days of bigotry, when uncompromising zeal for orthodoxy was the sole test of devotion, have handed down to us many details of the French King's expiations, whether ridiculous or atrocious, of divers acts of absurd if not insane fanaticism on the part of his Huguenot subjects.

The fashion of breaking the images of saints and even crucifixes had begun to prevail amongst the French Calvinists; and the constituted authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, had at once adopted those horrible measures of repression which have ever been found rather to foster than to check the madness of religious enthusiasm. Jean Leclerc, a wool-carder, was the first French iconoclast. Zeal against what he deemed idolatry, impelled him to break images at Meaux, his native

town, where he was in consequence flogged and branded with a red-hot iron; and afterwards to renew his reforming exploits at Metz, where, in 1525, he was burned alive. But these were provincial matters, scarcely worthy the attention of France.

Three years later, an image of the Blessed Virgin, enshrined in the *Rue des Rosiers* at Paris, was, on the morning of Whitsunday, discovered to have been broken, and trampled in the mud, during the preceding night. The King and the people were alike exasperated by the sacrilege. Francis ordered a silver image to be made with all speed, in size, and every other respect, similar to that which had been destroyed; and on the 11th of June—the crime had been committed in the night of the 30th of May—he walked in procession, followed by all the Princes of the blood, great officers of the crown, and foreign ambassadors; by the courts of justice, the municipal bodies, the religious orders in Paris, and many bishops, to instal the new image in the niche whence its predecessor had been sacrilegiously ejected. But Francis was not content with this bloodless atonement. He ordered vigorous measures against heretics throughout France; and *Actes de Foi*, as, in imitation of the Spanish *Autos da Fé*, the solemn public condemnation and execution of heretics was called in French, were celebrated in many towns, especially at Toulouse. One such *Acte de Foi*, which was held at Paris, in the year 1535, he attended with his whole court, and the details of the ceremony are so curious as in some measure to compensate the pain of reading the account of its horrors.

Some act of absurd sacrilege had been perpetrated by fanatics against the host, or consecrated wafer used in the Eucharist, which Francis resolved to expiate, in order, as le Père Daniel informs his readers, “to draw down the blessing of heaven upon his arms, by this signal display of his pious zeal against the new doctrines.” He hastened to Paris, and ordered a solemn procession for the 21st of January, 1535. Between eight and nine o’clock in the morning of that day the procession set forth from the church of St. Germain. At its head were borne, all the bodies and relics of saints preserved in the various sanctuaries of Paris: to wit, those of St. Germain, St. Sherry, St. Marceau, St. Genevieve, St. Opportune, St. Landry, St. Honoré, the head of St. Louis, and all the relics of the Holy Chapel, which had never before been publicly exhibited since the death of the sainted French king. These were

followed by cardinals, bishops, abbots, all the prelates, and all the clergy, secular and regular, within reach, in due order. Then came Jean du Bellay, bishop of Paris, bearing the consecrated wafer in the sacred pix, in his hands. Immediately behind him, after the holy, as contemporary writers express it, walked the king, bare-headed, and carrying a torch of virgin wax. He was followed by the queen, the princes of the blood, the parliament, the masters of requests, all the courts of justice, the royal guard, and two hundred gentlemen. All the foreign ambassadors at the French court likewise attended. The procession slowly traversed every quarter of the town, and at six several principal stations altars were prepared for the host, and piles of wood, upon which were to be burnt as many convicted heretics. And so completely did the people participate in the feelings actuating their sovereign, that it was with difficulty the doomed victims could be preserved from the fury of the rabble, who would have torn them to pieces before the moment arrived for burning them.

But simple burning was not all the torture that these unfortunate men were destined to endure. At every station a machine had been prepared, with a large beam of wood hanging see-saw fashion. One end of the beam was over the blazing pile of wood, and to this the intended victim was strongly bound, in which situation he awaited the arrival of the procession. Upon reaching the spot, the bishop of Paris reverently deposited the host upon the altar; the king committed his torch to the care of the cardinal of Lorraine, folded his hands, and knelt down in prayer. The horrible machine was then set in motion; the end to which the Huguenot was fastened descending, plunged the wretch into the fire, and rising again, withdrew him from the flames, to prolong his agony; and this dreadful operation was repeated, until the cords that bound the martyr to the beam being burnt through, he fell upon the pile beneath, and was finally consumed. And during the whole of this terrific ceremony the king remained upon his knees, humbly imploring the mercy and protection of heaven upon his people. How the queen and the rest of the procession occupied themselves the while is not specified; but it is to be hoped and believed in prayer.

At six different places was this excruciating scene repeated; and when the six heretics were all burnt, the procession terminated its career at the church of St. Genevieve, where

the bishop of Paris finally deposited the host upon the high altar, and said mass. The king and princes then dined at the episcopal palace; and after dinner the king, mounting a pulpit in the great hall, where the court, the parliament, and the *corps diplomatique* had re-assembled, Francis I. harangued against heresy, professing that, "should his own children fall into such execrable and accursed opinions, he would give them up to be sacrificed to God."

Atrocities and feelings such as have been described must probably be considered as characteristic of the age rather than of the individual. But if this palliative plea be admitted in favour of the gallant, the be-praised Francis I., should it not likewise some little soften the horror entertained for the execrated Charles IX. of France, and Philip II. of Spain? This however is not the place for such an inquiry; and another problem, more within our competency, remains unsolved, with an attempt to solve which this discussion shall conclude, and

Francis I. be left to repose upon his honour. The problem is, how so ignorant a bigot could acquire the reputation of the protector and father of arts, sciences, and letters? This is the solution: the best at least that history seems to furnish. Francis, whose passion for fame is indisputable, had just knowledge enough to be ambitious of such meaner laurels to intertwine with warlike wreaths; and Italy's established power of distributing celebrity of this description appears to have been one of his motives for desiring to achieve conquests in that fair but unhappy land. He courted her artists, her poets, her scholars, her philosophers: and when, by the peace of Cambrai, he betrayed his allies, the Florentine republicans, to the vengeance of the pope and the emperor, many such distinguished characters, flying from their enslaved country, sought refuge in the French court. Francis joyfully welcomed, and lavished upon them courtesies and pensions; which they repaid with the reputation he has ever since enjoyed.

THE FRIEND OF OUR EARLY DAYS.

BY MRS. NORTON.

FAREWELL! a long farewell!
 Friend of the days gone by:
 My heart heaves now with a painful swell,
 And the tears stand in mine eye;
 For the sap in the green tree of life decays
 When we part from the friend of our early days!

Farewell! the dark blue sea
 Is stretching between us now;
 Strangers must tell thee news of me—
 Unseen and unheard art thou.
 Oh! greet them kindly, for, blame or praise,
 They bring news of the friend of early days!

Farewell! mine eyes must weep
 When I think of thy parting words;
 And my harp shall a spirit of sadness keep
 Enshrined in its trembling chords:
 And breathe, in the midst of the merriest lays,
 One sigh for the friend of early days!

Farewell! our looks were changed,
 Our words were cold and few:
 But hearts which by force may be estranged,
 By force are not made untrue.
 To his lost home love wanders—and while life decays,
 Yearns still for the friend of early days!

THE VIGIL OF ST. BARNABAS. A.D. 1329.

NO. II. OF ANGLO-HIBERNIAN ANNALS.

THE harp of Cam* O'Carroll was heard in the great hall of the castle of Carrick†-na-Carbury, numerous well skilled disciples accompanying their great master. The glorious field of Dundalk was the subject of his muse; and while he extolled the valiant deeds of his noble lord, John Bermingham, the lord of Totmay, and earl of Louth, he forgot not the heroes who had fought on either side; but did honour to the Bruce and the Stewart as well as to their Anglo-Hibernian conquerors.

There feasted at the board of the renowned earl, many of his kinsmen of Connaught, as well as those of Leinster; besides others of his gallant friends and allies, who were on the eve of accompanying him on a martial journey into Uriel, which was greatly disturbed by its ancient Irish chiefs and clan, Mac Mahon. Eleven years had elapsed since the earl's great victory over Edward Bruce, and for which, as hath been before noted‡, he had been created, by his sovereign, King Edward the Second, Earl of Louth; that prince having made for him the country of Uriel, in which the battle was fought, a county palatine, by the name of Louth, which name it has ever since borne.

A part of the lofty rock, on which the castle of Carrick-na-Carbury stands, was insulated from the rest of the castle by lofty walls on each flank; and while a small postern, in a tower at the back, afforded private egress, the abrupt precipice in front seemed to preclude approach to the woods beneath, yet, to those acquainted with its intricacies, a passage down was not impracticable. On the green sward, which scantily covered the summit of the rock, stood a lovely being, who mused in melancholy mood, and gazed listlessly on the expansive scene which was spread, in all the brightness of early summer, before her. This was the fair Beatrix de Verdun, the beloved of the earl, and whom he had recently privily married. While the warriors caroused in the hall, and anticipated

new victories under their great chief, the mind of Beatrix was troubled at the thoughts of her lord's journey into Uriel, well knowing the jealousy and evil eye with which her kinsmen in that country viewed him; and which to her, appeared fraught with far more danger to his personal safety than were the weapons of the Mac Mahons and their kernes. Those relations, who had been Anglo lords in Uriel upwards of two hundred years, felt Bermingham's exaltation over them, as earl palatine, a derogation from their own dignity, and were also envious of his personal renown, which completely eclipsed their lesser merits—the ambitious ever hating a successful rival. One of these discontented lords was the father of Beatrix, and who had not only a well-founded cause of umbrage against the earl on her account, but conceived he had sustained additional wrong at the hands of the earl, from his having recently refused him the hand of his daughter, by a fair leman, in marriage, whom Verdun madly loved. These insults Beatrix knew her father had the will and the craft to avenge, although he was too politic to appear openly the foe of the most potent man in Ireland.

The dark brown hair of Beatrix, parted on the forehead, fell luxuriantly on her shoulders, rendering more fair, by the contrast, her delicate complexion, from which anxiety had almost wholly banished the vernal bloom. Her full dark blue eyes were subdued from their wonted animated expression, and were suffused with tears; while her fine form lost something of its dignity, though nothing of its grace, by partaking in its mien of the dejection of her soul.

While yet she stood, a prey to melancholy forebodings, there suddenly arose from beneath the precipice, and stood on its brink, a gaunt figure, enveloped in a large mantle of grey frieze. Matted locks of coarse black and gray hair flew wildly from a face of ghastly expression, whose prominent features, deeply furrowed, cadaverous skin and flashing eyes, indicated want, disease, and insanity. Beatrix was startled by the sudden appearance, and more particularly in that place of scarcely-known access, of this strange being, who raising one hand, discovered by the opening of the mantle the garb of a

* Cam—the one eyed.

† Carrick—a rock—the ruins of this ancient "Castle on the rock in Carbury," (county Kildare,) are still extant.

‡ In "the Field of Dundalk," in the November Number.

female, and, pointing a long finger, seemed to demand her attention, while she cried with a harsh voice :

"Woe! woe! woe! to the lord of Totmoy and of Louth! In Uriel shall be avenged the feast to the O'Connors in Carrick! Mac Fioris* shall feel the skeine of the Mac Mahon, as the O'Connors felt the skeines of Jordan Cummin and his accomplices in the court of Fioris Mac Fioris! Press thy love to thy heart, daughter of the Anglo-Norman! Kiss the cheek of the conqueror of Edward Bruce! Ere the leaves fall, worms shall feast where the lips of beauty have pressed! Woe! woe! to Mac Fioris! woe! woe! to the towers on Carrick-na-Carbury! Woe! woe! woe! to the land where peace hath no resting place!" The mystic wrung her hands as she uttered the last denunciation, and then, with a wild shriek, rushed down the precipice and disappeared.

A thick heavy atmosphere had rapidly succeeded to a day of great beauty, and while yet this Hibernian sibyl spoke, large drops of rain began to fall, a flash of lightning crossed her, and, as she disappeared, a loud clap of thunder burst directly over the castle. Beatrix was appalled. The appearance and the words of the mystic had inspired her with terror, and when to these were superadded the burst of thunder, from a sky which had just before been all sunshine and brightness, over the denounced head and castle of her lord, her heart quailed, and her mind received the impression that the whole was supernatural.

With faltering steps Beatrix passed the wicket and ascended to her chamber. There she was far remote from the great hall where flowed the goblets with Gascon wine, and where the harps and tabors of Cam O'Carroll and his pupils continued to heighten the martial spirits of the carousers.

As suddenly as the storm had come on, so suddenly did it cease—one flash, and one peal, and again the woods and meads, like the face of youthful beauty, disfigured by momentary anger, resumed all their smiling loveliness. Beatrix gazed from a narrow casement, but her mind dwelt not on the scene; the words of the mystic still rang in her ears, and her heart fluttered with terror. At length her attention was caught by a

plaintive voice from beneath, seemingly chanting a lullaby to an infant. She endeavoured, by looking from the casement, to see the person who sung, but the projecting masonry precluded her doing so, and she contented herself with hearkening to the voice, which was sweet and feminine. The words she caught with difficulty, but there were some which heightened her interest as they appeared to intimate the fear of evil to the babe she supposed the female to be lulling to sleep. When the voice ceased, Beatrix desired one of her damsels to bring the woman to her, and in a little while she stood before her. She had the strongly-marked physiognomy and dark skin of the Milesian race, and her black deep-set brilliant eyes seemed to penetrate the inmost recesses of the heart of those on whom she gazed. Her garb was superior to that of a peasant, without marking her to be above that condition, beyond her incidental capacity of nurse to the child of a gentleman. In her arms, and covered with a silk mantle, curiously embroidered, she carried an infant scarcely a year old. A pang shot through the heart of Beatrix as she looked on the light blue eyes of the babe; the colour fled from her lips, and with a quick tremulous voice she asked, in the Irish tongue. "Whose? whose is that child?"

"The motherless son of the Lord Amerus Bermingham," replied the nurse, her eagle glance penetrating the jealous fears of Beatrix.

The heart of Beatrix was instantly relieved, and taking the child, and pressing it to her bosom, she said, tenderly, "Alas! poor babe! I have heard thy mother died in giving thee birth."

"Such was the will of God," said the nurse, and signed herself.

"Why hath he been brought from Athenry?" inquired Beatrix.

"My lord was written to by the Earl to go with him against the Mac Mahons," replied the nurse, "and he so dotes upon the child that he would not leave him behind, lest, in his absence, any of the O'Connor's should avenge the field of Athenry* on a Bermingham."

"Alas! there is but too much cause to fear, when the O'Connors have suffered so greatly in the field and at the festal from the Berminghams," said Beatrix, kissing the child, which played and chuckled, as he entangled his little fingers in her redundant locks. "But still I think not so ill of the unfortunate race,

* Many of the Anglo-Hibernian nobles assumed, or had given them by the native Irish, Hibernian patronymics. Thus the Berminghams were called Mac Fioris, from their ancestor Peter or Piers, the de Burgos, Mac William, &c. &c. The father of the Earl of Louth was Peter de Bermingham, or Fioris Mac Fioris.

as to suppose that any of them would harm so sweet an innocent as this."

"They would not slay the child, gentle lady," observed the nurse, "but they would be proud to bring him up as a menial, that hey might boast they had a Bermingham to wait on them."

"Lord Amerus is right in guarding his treasure," said Beatrix. "But you are not to go into Uriel*—the sweet babe will be safer here."

"We set out with my lord at morning prime," replied the nurse.

"Alas! my heart misgives me," said Beatrix, caressing the child, the big tears standing in her eyes, "I dread this journey will be a fatal one! I wish this sweet babe were left with me!—I would be kind to you, nurse. I will speak to my lord, and do you intreat of the lord Amerus, that the child and you may be left here until they return—return! alas!"

"My heart also misgives me," said the nurse; "I have heard strange prophecies of evil—the Blessed Virgin protect us! I would willingly stay with my darling, but I fear that the lord Amerus will not consent. He cannot brook being thwarted, and as he lost the wife he so dearly loved while he was absent, he would fancy that were he at a distance from his child, he would lose him also."

"Do thy best in this, and I will do mine," said Beatrix, once more kissing the child, and then giving him back to the nurse. "The sweet babe will be safer in this castle with women, than amongst harnessed men in Uriel."

"Woe's me! lady!" cried the nurse, in a fright, "those were the very words of the spae-wife!"

"What spae-wife? when? where?" said Beatrix, eagerly.

"Ere the thunder-storm came on," replied the nurse, in a suppressed voice, and throwing a look of fear around, as dreading to behold, in the deepening gloom of the chamber, the being of whom she spoke, "a woman—that is, if it were a christian soul, crossed my path in the bas court, and pointed her finger, hooked more like an eagle's claw than aught human, at my bonny babe, and banned the Berminghams, both old and young, and with an eldrich laugh, bade us good speed in Uriel! Woe's me! but my heart sunk within me, and though I would fain have questioned

the witch, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could not speak."

"This must have been the very being who, about the same time, uttered her ominous denunciations to me," said Beatrix, her heart beating quick, and all her late terrors returning with added force: "O that I could prevent this fateful journey into Uriel!"

The sun was just rising as Beatrix, herself unseen, gazed from a window on the great court of the castle, which was thronged with armed men. With a mournful interest, anticipatory of evil to the earl and his numerous kinsmen, Beatrix looked down on those warriors, whose shields and surcoats were charged with the topaz and ruby indented of Bermingham; these were, Piers, a natural brother of the earl, the sinister bend in his escutcheon being overlooked for his valour; the brave Sir John and his son, the latter now going, for the first time, to the field of actual war; then there was Amerus, the brother of Richard, lord of Athenry, the head of the family, and his cousin, William Fin Bermingham; also Symon and his son William; and Thomas and Henry of Connaught: being altogether nine Berminghams of the blood of the earl. Besides those of his immediate kindred and name, there were Sir Richard Talbot of Malahido, and many other gentlemen of rank, each having his own men-at-arms, archers, and cross-bowmen, in numbers according to his lands.

Now, as the earl was going into his own palatinate, to suppress an insurrection, he deemed it right to go thither with such a power of arms as would effectually vindicate his authority, not only as regarded the refractory Irish, but the Anglo-Hibernian lords, who were too prone to resist the authority of the king of England and his delegates. Neither did he omit those accessories of state and splendour, which, in the intervals of peace, alas! how brief, have so much influence over the imagination of a semi-barbarous people. Thus, instead of leaving his minstrels at Carrick-na-Carbury, there were Cam O'Carroll, and twenty-four of his disciples, marshalled for the expedition. The great Cam rode a white palfrey, with a flowing tail and mane, and wore a mantle of green silk, with which the Bermingham crest, an owl ermine, crowned topaz, (being, probably, a quaint rebus on the title of the head of the family—Athen-ry), was as thickly charged as the Bourbon mantle with lilies, or that of Napoleon with bees—*sic transit gloria mundi!* His pupils also wore mantles of green, of good Flemish cloth, and each had the Athe-

* The people would ordinarily call the country by its old and familiar name, rather than by its more recent designation.

nian owl crowned, suspended by a chain round his neck. These carried their own instruments, but Cam was attended by a page, who bore his curiously carved and richly inlaid harp. Cam O'Carroll was the most skilful performer on the harp and tabor of his time, and had added one chord to the harp of Erin*. He was in the prime of life, and of a goodly form, though not lofty stature. His raven locks, parted equally from the crown of the head down to the forehead, fell in flowing waves on his shoulders. His high and broad forehead, and thick jet eyebrows, threw so strong a shadow that the want of sight of one eye was seldom seen, excepting when he occasionally threw back his head to give fuller power to his fine voice in singing. His nose was high, mouth well formed, and strong white teeth, made still whiter by the contrast of well-trimmed black glibbets†, on his upper lip. Like all the native Irish, his chin was closely shaven. A chain of gold, bestowed upon him by the earl, when lieutenant of Ireland, gave a finish to the dignity of his presence. Cam was highly elated at this journey into Louth, never having before been in Ulster. He would there, as chief harper to the earl palatine, be heard, not only by the Anglo-Hibernian lords of the pale, but by the Irish princes of the still unconquered districts of Ulster, who would not fail, when at peace, to resort to the court of the great palatine. His own fame, he knew, had spread far and wide, and many of his disciples had done honour to the skill of their master, when they had departed from under his care, and displayed their art in distant provinces, making Carrick-na-Carbury be esteemed as a renowned college for music no less than a great castle, and the name of Cam O'Carroll, the harper, as celebrated in its way, as that of John of Bermingham, the conqueror. But, thought Cam, if single and scattered rays from the distant sun have charmed the senses of men, aroused them to deeds of valour and virtue, and disposed the sternest hearts to bend the knee to beauty, what may not be the effect when they behold that sun in all its meridian splendour, surrounded with glorious rays, worthy of the source from whence their radiance springs? The victorious earl could not be prouder of his martial host, than Cam was of his minstrel band; and he had this additional happiness over the earl, he was *vain* of his own skill, and deeming music the first of human powers, and the first

harper as the greatest of its professors, he must, of necessity, be the first of intellectual beings!

The younger Berminghams and their compatriots, who had been brought up at the court of their great kinsman, and there trained to arms, and initiated in all the arts, science, and morals of chivalry, displayed more than their wonted bravery in their arms and habiliments; nor did the knights, who had been summoned by missives from the earl, lack aught of that martial bearing for which they had been distinguished in many a gallant field.

"Tis a brave sight," said a well-known voice, close to the ear of Beatrix.

"Aye, my dear lord," she responded, "but instead of gladdening my heart, as on some gallant tourney, it saddens me."

"Tush! my charmer! Beauty should never whisper fear in a warrior's ear," said the earl, and kissed her pale cheek.

"But when my heart sinks, am I to say I am well?" rejoined Beatrix, "and when the skilful warn me of danger, am I to be deaf? Oh that I could say 'Thou shalt not go into Uriel.'"

"Sweet monitress! the soldier's life is in God's keeping, as well as is that of the priest or of a woman," said the earl; "and I know not aught on earth that can foretel the death of one or other."

"But could not a conspirator know of mischief pending?" said Beatrix, looking in the suddenly thoughtful face of the earl.

"Doubtless.—Of what conspiracy hast thou heard?" said he.

"I know no further than mysterious denunciations from a being scarcely human," replied Beatrix.

"Ha! some crazy crone, who mutters her malisons and her prophecies with equal efficacy,—forgotten as soon as heard," said the earl carelessly; "but what said this worthy candidate for the stocks and a horse-pond?"

Beatrix hesitated. She knew she should be touching on delicate ground, and might give serious offence. Nevertheless her apprehensions for the safety of the earl overcame all other considerations, and she replied, although in broken sentences:—"The Mac Mahons are—in Uriel to avenge—what befel the O'Connors—in Carrick-na-Carbury?"

A frown for a moment darkened the fine visage of the earl. But it passed away, and patting the cheek of Beatrix, he said smilingly, "Be thy heart of good cheer—I go not to carouse with, but to subdue the Mac Mahons."

* Clynne's Annals.

† Moustaches.

"I know whatever my weak fears may be," said Beatrix, softly, "they should not sway the lord of Louth from the great purpose he hath in hand; but I may say, be on thy guard!"

"That must ever be a command and duty," said the earl; "and to convince thee that I take not only mere human precautions, but hold the prayers of good men to be of great weight with Him without whose pleasure a sparrow cannot fall, I will send to Monastre Joris* rich gifts for the intercessory prayers of the worthy monks, as well as for additional masses for the soul of my father, and all wrong-doers who were under his roof."

"Heaven hearken to their prayers!" cried Beatrix, fervently.

"I have a boon to crave of you, my dear lord," she said, after a pause.

"Name it, and thou hast it—if it be aught in my gift," replied the earl, and kissed her fair forehead in token of his faith.

"I know I might have splendid largess—deck my stomacher with rich jewels—my hair with rare pearls," said Beatrix, looking at him with one of her sunniest smiles, "but I have enough of those, and crave that which though not exactly yours to give, yet you may gain it for me with a word."

"Name it," said the earl, "though, I freely tell thee, I would rather give a hundred-fold of that which is mine own, than ask another to part with that, which, perchance, he cannot refuse me, however much it may mislike him to grant it."

"I would have the child of thy cousin Amerus left with me," said Beatrix, earnestly—"Oh let not the sweet babe go on this perilous journey!"

"Beshrew me! but thou art unlucky in thy wishes this morning," said the earl,—"twas but yesterday I urged Amerus to leave the child here; but he told me he had made a solemn vow not to part with the babe for one night so long as he had life, or until the boy should be big enough to take care of himself. Ask something else to test my love."

"Since it must be so—a lock of thy hair be my prosperous suit; and, oh, may it not be the last I shall cut from off thy head!" said Beatrix, who severed a lock as the earl stooped his head to her bosom.

The earl and his array marched into Uriel,

and he there attacked the Mac Mahons with such vigour, that neither the deep recesses of the woods, nor wildest glens, nor strongest positions, afforded them safeguard from the fury of his assaults; so that, at the last, their chief captains were driven into suing for terms of surrender, and on the earl offering them, in the king's name, some lands in England, they agreed to surrender all title to their ancient possessions in Uriel*.

A day being fixed for the solemn adjustment of this composition, the Anglo-Hibernian lords of Uriel invited the earl—his kinsmen and friends—that is, all the noblemen and gentlemen who had accompanied him on this expedition, to a grand dinner, on the Vigil of St. Barnabas, at the castle of Bally Braggan†.

"Who is the child that enters within the gates of Bally Braggan?" said a discordant voice; but a cloak and hood of grey frieze completely shrouded the face and figure of the speaker.

"A blessing on the child of the lord Amerus Bermingham!" aspirated the nurse, signing the cross on the babe, and pressing him to her bosom.

"Alex Tathe loved that child's mother ere she was the wife of Amerus," said the same voice, "and the blood of Alex Tathe is on the head of Richard Talbot‡, the sworn friend of the Berminghams—woe! woe! to the feasters!"

"Thou didst prophecy evil from the Mac Mahons, and, lo! they are as incapable of injuring a Birmingham as a plover is of harming an eagle," replied the nurse, looking disdainfully over her shoulder.

"The blind see not the pit, and the proud are most proud when they stand on the unseen brink of destruction," muttered the crone, and, turning away, disappeared in the crowd which was hurrying into the castle.

The words of this mystic vaunter of Carrick-na-Carbury, as well as of Bally Braggan, struck cold on the heart of the nurse, and with a troubled mind, she entered within the heavy portal of the inner gate of the castle.

She heard the harp of Cam O'Carroll in the great hall, but turned away from the crowded entrance, and proceeded along a gallery. Being fatigued, she seated herself within the deep recess of a window, where were heaped piles of arms and ban-

* Monastre Joris, founded by the earl near Carrick-na-Carbury, the ruins of which are still extant. It appears from ancient documents, that the Fin Fioris was soon omitted.

* Clynne's Annals.

† Bally Braggan, that is, the town of Braggan, lies between Drogheda and Dundalk.

‡ Clynne's Annals.

ners and cloaks. Here she soothed the child, and was so occupied, when the voices of men in deep and earnest whispers arrested her attention. The stream of light from the lancet window fell on a man of great stature, and less directly on one not so powerfully made, with whom he was conversing. But the banners and martial attire, which were in the recess, effectually concealed the nurse from their notice.

"Didst thou not see him seated as a king, on whom all eyes were bent in homage?" said the stalwart warrior to the other, in suppressed but bitter tones, "and wouldst thou now, when all is ready, cry, hold! and let this man, before whom all our deeds in arms are abased or forgotten, reign over us—who, with our ancestors, have been lords of Uriel since the conquest? If he live, he will hunt us out of Uriel, or Louth, as it must, for his honour, now be called! as he has at length the Mac Mahons, whom he will banish into England, to live under a king and the laws, instead of being free men, who acknowledge no authority but their own will."

"Nay, John Gernon," said the other, "there are none more faithful to the English race than John Bermingham, but that he hath, by his deeds in arms, and by his statesmanship in council, made us of small weight, I grant, and would, therefore, be well pleased to pull him down; but to do so by bloodshedding is beyond my stomach."

"I tell thee, Ralph, there is no other way to rid us of him than this," rejoined Gernon; "any tamer course would be turned by him to our utter shame—yet if thy heart fails thee, go forth, but beware that thou speak not to any."

"Nay," said the other, "I have sworn, and will not be false to my oath."

"Then go wait in the vaults my signal—stay: not a breathing of thy misgivings to any of the men; but keep them ready."

Having thus spoken, John Gernon and the other parted, and the nurse no sooner lost the sound of their retiring steps along the flagged gallery, than with a fluttering heart and trembling limbs she went towards the great hall.

It was with difficulty she entered through the crowd, and mixed with the throng who could not find seats at the side tables and were thankful for such provision as they could scramble for as they stood. The earl sat in the place of honour, on the dais, at the upper end of the hall, and down it were mingled his kindred and friends, with the Verduns, Gernons, Tathes, and other great

men of Uriel. Next the wall on the right hand were seated, with their harps before them, Cam O'Carroll and his disciples, twelve being on his right hand, and twelve on his left.

The banquet waxed high, and the voices of the carousers almost overpowered the harps of Cam and his minstrels; and although some heard, scarcely any heeded, the words of the nurse of Amerus Bermingham's child; who finding it impracticable to get near either her master or any of his kinsmen, endeavoured to arouse them to a sense of lurking danger, by chanting some verses* when Cam O'Carroll was alone playing on the harp.

O the woe of my heart is for thee!
And thy father he heeds not my moan,
Well-a-day!
O he dreads not the dangers I see,
Nor to leave thee, his babe, all alone,
Well-a-day!
They still feast as they feasted of old,
When the hand on the wall wrote their doom,
Well-a-day!
And at morn they are stiffened and cold,
And the foe-men dance over their tomb,
Well-a-day!

John Gernon entered the hall, and making his way through the press, sat down on the dais opposite to Sir Richard Talbot, room being made for him by one of his own kinsmen. He filled a large goblet with wine and drank to Talbot; he then, after having reversed the cup, to show he had drained it fairly, filled it again with wine, and placed it before Sir Richard.

"Nay," said the gallant knight, "it is not fair for a fresh man to pledge me so deeply. I will drink as deep as any man chooseth, who hath sat from the first, but it were folly to strive with one who hath not drank before."

"Thou shouldst have said so before I drank," observed Gernon; "I pledged thee, and thou hast refused my pledge."

"After dinner we will reason that matter," said Talbot, good-humouredly.

"Nay," quoth Gernon, "we shall not tarry so long;" and with that he drew suddenly a battle axe from beneath his mantle, and smote Talbot on the head* so that he clove his skull down to the eyes.

Every one that beheld this treacherous act, sprang on his feet, but from different impulses; for while the Berminghams and their friends were filled with sudden horror and indignation, the Verduns, Gernons, Tathes, and their friends, plunged their daggers into

* Clynne's Annals.
† Ibid.

the hearts of those of their guests who sat next them. At the very instant of this horrible carnage, bands of men, in complete harness, rushed into the hall, and slew all the earl's party who still survived. Vain was every attempt at either flight or resistance, although forms and tables, lacking other weapons, had been offered in brief and desperate defence.

The Earl had been slain at the outset, and not one of his kindred, or friends, not even Cam O'Carroll, or one of the minstrels, escaped from that terrible slaughter in the hall of Bally Braggan. Not one of them passed from it alive, excepting the child of Amerus Bermingham and his nurse.*

When the nurse had seen John Gernon enter the hall she forced her way from it, and through a press of men in complete armour, who were thronging into the contiguous

chamber from the vaults where they had lain concealed. Just as she had cleared herself of these, she heard the cries of horror, and the shouts and yells of the murderers, and the rush of the armed bands.

She stopped not to hear more; but hurried across the bas court to the outer wicket, which was closed, and the warder leaning against it. She threw the child's silk mantle to him;—he took the largess and let her pass.

Not once did she look back on the horrid walls of Bally Braggan, but speeded as best she might out of Uriel, nor thought herself or the child safe, until she found that they were in the barony of Balrothery in the county of Dublin, where, saith the annalist, this child of Amerus Bermingham and his became men of great worship.

Some time after the tidings had reached Carrick-na-Carbury of the terrible tragedy of Ballybraggan, the heart-broken Beatrix retired into a neighbouring nunnery and there passed the remainder of her days.

* Clynne's Annals.

THE FALSE ONE.

I know him not—I sought him not,
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind,
Than those who gave the rest.
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own;
But, oh! I never heard a voice,
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,
Again I was his choice;
Again I heard the gentle tone,
Of that beguiling voice.
I sought him not—he led me forth
From all the fairest there;
And told me he had never seen,
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And when he left me, how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm;
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guessed the cause,
For what could make me shun
My parent's cheerful dwelling-place,
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve;
The form that he had deign'd to praise?
What could it be—but love.

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant,
Each word of praise sincere.
His sweet voice spoke of endless love,
I listened and believed;
And little thought how oft before,
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,
And in the same sweet tone;
He breathes to her those winning words,
I once thought all my own.
Oh! why is she so beautiful?
I cannot blame his choice;
Nor can I doubt she will be won,
By that beguiling voice.

THE FORSAKEN.

SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY,

BY MRS. NORTON.

Enter CLEOFE, carrying a small lamp, which she places on a table.

CLEOFE.

THERE glimmer, feeble melancholy light,
 Which thro' the long night's dark and dreary hours
 Spendest thy wasting life as mine is spent,
 In lonely watchings for my Lord's return!
 There glimmer! happier, happier far than I
 In thine unconsciousness: the vexing hours
 Pass on, and fever not thy heart—the light
 Of dawning day which makes thy flame burn dim,
 Sickens thee not. Thou art exempt from sorrow;
 Thou art not human! (*Sits down*)
 Oh that thou wert a beacon light, frail lamp,
 And he a mariner on stormy seas—
 Or but a glowworm's taper, feebly lighting
 The surface of the damp and dewy earth—
 So mightst thou guide my wandering mate towards home!
 But ah! poor solitary light, to thee,
 No eye doth turn for hope—no heart for comfort;
 Thou burnest like my love, unseen—uncared for—
 Lighting a lone heart, in a desert home.
 I heard a step—A'as!—is't thou, my sister?

BERTHA (*embracing her*).

And dost thou weep to find 'tis only I?
 Ah! those were happy days and full of peace
 When to thy quiet love the earth could give
 No sound more welcome than a sister's step.

CLEOFE.

And welcome still thy step to me, dear Bertha;
 I do but weep—because I'm worn with watching.

BERTHA.

And wherefore shouldst thou watch? will watching bring him?
 Will counting the slow hours upon the dial
 Make them to pass more quickly? Will he come
 Less careless and less cold to thy warm welcome
 Because a flushed cheek, a beating heart
 Await him here? Or will his tardy step
 Inspired with sudden eagerness bound forth,
 Because for hours thy straining ear hath sought
 To catch its sound?

CLEOFE (*listlessly*).

No, Bertha.

BERTHA.

Watch no more
 For one who spends the uncounted hours afar,
 In smiling dalliance by a wanton's side.

CLEOFÉ.

No, no ; he does not—call her not a wanton ;
 Speak not thou ill of anything *he* loves.

BERTHA.

Light anger showest thou for a heavy wrong.
 If she be pure—if she be not his choice,
 Then wherefore art thou mourning here, forsaken ?
 Love hath a soul and spirit of its own :
 While to the shrine the worshipper is faithful,
 Smiling and fond that spirit hears his vows ;
 Guards every look, gives music to each sigh,
 And breathes the sunshine of another world
 Around the cold realities of this.
 But when the master-fiend, Temptation, lures
 The faithless votary from that altar's flame ;
 When the heart, branded with Love's own deep seal,
 Is torn—but half-reclaimed—from *his* pure altar,
 To serve as offering at a baser shrine,
 Then doth he flee away—but not to rest !
 He comes again—Love comes—with power as strong
 With wilder wings he rushes to the earth,
 And standing by that desecrated shrine,
 Assumes a darker form—the form of *hate*,—
 And hurls the spoiler from his ruined throne.
 Such form *thy* love should wear !

CLEOFÉ.

Not so, dear Bertha ;

Thou speakest of the love of triumph born,
 And nursed by conquest's idle vanity.
 True love doth know no vengeance—hath no strength
 Save in its own existence.—He doth sit
 Nursing the flame of Hope, whose warmth alone
 Doth feed his life, and looks with glittering eyes
 And burning cheek, across that altar's fire
 To the dim deeds of a far distant world,
 Colouring its scenes with Hope's most glowing hue.
 But should that flame expire—he sinks away
 In the blank darkness chilled, and faint, and sick,
 And oft with effort opes his weary eyes,
 Which never more behold Hope's welcome light,
 And so Love dies—and with him perish all
 The hearts whose life was Love. Of such is mine.
 If it be proved to me that all I love
 Is given to another ; if the hand
 Gladly clasps hers, that shrinks away from mine ;
 If the clear voice, whose words bring music with *them*,
 Deny to *me* the rapture of its sound
 Only to lavish melody on her ;
 If those dark eyes, which do avoid *my* gaze,
 Dwell on her beauty and drink in its light
 As I have fed my love with sight of *him* ;
 If all be false which love so vainly trusts :
 If all be true which love so wildly fears :
 If he be lost—why Cleofé can die,—
 But not avenge, for vengeance cannot give
 To her worn heart its one desire—*his* love !

BERTHA.

Weep not, sweet sister—dim not those bright eyes ;

Pale not the colour on thy rose-leaf cheek ;
Hope better days—Thou still may'st win him back.

CLEOFÉ.

Yea—am I fair? and are mine eyes so bright?
I know they tell me so—but oft I deem
That they do mock me in the telling it.
Ah! what avail these flatteries of the sense,
If that which all the world allows is mine
Cannot retain *one* wanderer by my side?
What boots the sweetness of my voice's tones
If song nor speech can make *his* footsteps pause ;
And all its efforts breathe a choked farewell,
With scarcely strength to meet his wearied ear?
What boots the loveliness which strangers praise,
When from that praise I turn with heavy heart
To wish their words of flattery were his?
Bertha, I am not fair—nor good—nor wise—
Nor quick of speech—nor graceful in my gait—
Nor fit to win men's love—or if I am,
Ah! wherefore seem I not all these to *him*?

BERTHA.

Sister, thou grievest me.

CLEOFÉ.

'Tis I that grieve!

I'll weep no more. Perchance we wrong him, Bertha;
Even if his heart hath lost its love for me
Doth it needs follow that he loves another?
Being weary of me he may seem more cold—
Or not being weary, may he not have formed
Some subtle scheme of proud and restless spirits—
May not ambition win him from my side,
Or duty to the state compel his absence?
And secrecy enjoin him to conceal
From *me* the cause and purport of that absence?
Oh! give me comfort, Bertha—any comfort!
Say that thou think'st it true—or possible—
Possible only, Bertha! help me thou
To wrestle with my fears.

BERTHA.

Dear Cleofé,

If thou dost love this man—

CLEOFÉ.

If!

BERTHA.

Nay, have patience:

If thou dost love him better than thy life,
Behoves thee speak to him, and from his lips
Obtain the cause of all which vexes thee.

CLEOFÉ.

I speak to him—I ask him!—oh the thought,
The very thought doth glue my lips together
And shake my frame with trembling.

BERTHA.

Cleofé—

Even so thou lovest him! Thy mournful voice,

THE FORSAKEN.

Thy passionate and eloquent complaining,
 Thou hast not strength to utter in his presence;
 He knows not what thou feelest.

CLEOFÉ.

If he loved,

Then would he *guess* my desolation, Bertha.
 But 'tis not fear alone that ties my tongue:
 When he doth come, I half forget how much
 His absence made me grieve. The shell that mourns
 With ceaseless murmur for the dark green wave,
 Placed for a moment by some idle hand
 In the cool basin of a rippling fount,
 Lies in those waters silent and at rest;
 Nor heeds how soon the hand which placed it there,
 May draw it forth and cast it on the earth,
 Where the sea spirit prisoned in its form,
 Thirsty and pining for the distant wave,
 Murmurs and wails unnoticed as before.
 Like that sea-shell am I!—Once by his side,
 The tide of hope seems welling freshly round me;
 Complaint and agony and fear are hushed,
 And I forget how soon the chance which gave
 May take away; how often he hath left me,
 Ere the half-uttered welcome spoke my joy;
 How little of the *wish* to meet, is his
 On whose own will alone depends our meeting.

BERTHA.

Behold, he comes!

CLEOFÉ.

It is—it *is* his step!

His voice of musical and high command—
 His lofty presence and most glorious brow—
 His eye, so full of light, and yet so tender,
 Like sunshine burning through the liquid wave.
 Is he not mine by all the laws of love?
 Am I not his by all the ties of earth?
 Wife of his bosom—mother of his children—
 And shall I dread to claim him? Bertha, sister,
 Thou may'st depart. Alas! why shrinks my heart?—
 He comes, he comes—oh! fear, thou curse of love,
 Lay not thy numbing hand upon my lips!
 I'll speak with him. (*Enter Lorenzo.*) Lorenzo!

LORENZO.

Cleofé!

CLEOFÉ.

His voice hath sunk into my inmost heart.

LORENZO (*seating himself abstractedly*).

Cleofé, 'tis too late for thee to watch;
 Thou shouldst not do't.

CLEOFÉ.

Lorenzo, were they years

Instead of hours I were repaid for watching
 By one kind word, such as I heard of yore,
 Such as but rarely now— (*She turns and looks on him.*)

Behold his eye!

He hears me not—he hath forgotten me!
 An image is before him—but not mine:

A voice sounds to his ear, but not my voice,
My words of welcome—lost in *her* farewell!
 Love still is sweet to him—but not my love;
 Life still is dear to him—but not for me;
 And the half smile that curves his eager lip,
 Is meant for her whose house is not his home!
 How thick a darkness closes on mine eyes—
 Lorenzo!

LORENZO (*starting up and catching her*).

Cleofé! what ails thee, dearest?

CLEOFÉ.

Death—death—I *hope* 'tis death!

(*She faints.*)

STANZAS TO SPRING.

A THOUSAND years have rolled their dread array,
 And helpless crowds have felt the fatal dart;
 A thousand more as vain shall pass away,
 And leave thee lovely as thou wert and art!

The widowed earth by thee each season blest,
 Away in haste her leafless mourning flings;
 And sighs the heart, by age or grief oppressed,
 A gentler sigh whene'er thy beauty springs.

The fountain leaps to life with joyful tears,
 The bee, awakening, roams o'er bud and bloom;
 And yet how vain thy magic smile appears!
 It decks the grave, but cannot pierce its gloom.

Ah! happy they who there unconscious sleep,
 Unmoved by nature's oft returning gleam;
 No living sound can break their silence deep,
 Or dissipate their cold and tranquil dream.

But they who live—surviving all that's dear—
 Each spring renews the tears they vainly shed;
 Each sound recalls to mem'ry's aching ear,
 The faintly echoed voices of the dead.

Thou, Spring, wilt never die! In winter's bower
 Thy weary youth but sinks to transient rest;
 And rousing soon awakes each herb and flower,
 To scent the dell, and clothe the mountain's breast.

The violet knows not death, though dead she seems:
 The rose but sleeps to warm her faded cheek;
 And e'en the pallid snow-drop only dreams,
 'Till bursts thy morn o'er winter's cloudy peak.

Who sees *thee* weep? or hears thee mourning sigh,
 (Like hopeless man), to mark thy coming doom?
 Or finds thee bathe at eve with tearful eye,
 A lover's grave—a friend's—or parent's tomb?

No hungry worm, in vault or coffin'd cell,
 Exults to mark thy beauty's swift decline;
 No orphan weeps to hear thy passing bell,
 The worm—the sepulchre—are none of thine.

M.

LAWS FOR THE LADIES.

IN pondering over a bulky tome, which professed to be the Gentoo code of laws, we were, by some natural predilection to the subject, we candidly avow, attracted by the heading of one chapter, which was "of what concerns women." What reader of the masculine gender would not have deviated from the track he was pursuing, had the course of his studies been the most fascinating or the most abstruse, or, what it happened to be with us, genuine Sanscrit, at so delightful a theme, which led him from the object he was arduously seeking, like some brilliant will o' the wisp? Instead of pursuing our erudite investigation into the subject of primogeniture among the Bramins, we renounced the pursuit with a forced resignation: much after the fashion of one who goes to dig for roots of subsistence, and spends his hours in the chase of a butterfly.

But did the learned pundits whose "collected wisdom" compose the Gentoo code, think such gossamer trifles as women worthy of legislation? Ay, marry they did, and exclusively devoted a whole chapter for their especial edification,—not only as concerns their spiritual well-doing, but in respect to the minutest trifles of their dress, deportment, and amusements. Great as the gulf of time is, from that in which the code was written and the one in which *we* legislate—mighty as the difference is between the unsophisticated Hindoo and our stately woman of fashion—we are not still without a suspicion, that the laws of the grave pundits of the early ages might have had a prophetic glance at the foibles of the nineteenth century. But we challenge our fair readers to discover whether there is any applicability in these antediluvian records and the age in which we write and the fair criticise.

The first—our hand trembles while we write and the pen drops from our terrified fingers, as we record it—there is a most republican blow at the aristocracy evidently aimed by the jacobin pundit. There is rank treason against the supremacy of the fair. The sovereignty of woman is actually to be put down by sheer force. Listen, ladies! and while you burn with indignation, remember it was not us who issued the daring edict.

"A man, both by day and night, must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means be mistress of her own actions.

If the wife have her own free will, notwithstanding she be sprung from a superior class, she will yet behave amiss."

What house of parliament *now* dare utter so rebellious a sentiment as is conveyed in the last two lines. We can imagine "an honourable gentleman" proposing such a clause, and his reception at Almack's the following Wednesday. Would he not wish he was keeping councils with the reverend pundit who, some few centuries since, suggested this treasonable enactment?

There is a more kindly feeling towards the fair expressed in the next statute, by way of making amends to them, we presume, for the ungallant spirit which pervades the first we have quoted. There is, however, in the following, very little consolation for a hen-pecked husband; and a premium to those Katherines whose Petruchios hint at "separate maintenance."

"If a man, by confinement and threats (!) cannot guard his wife, he shall give her a large sum of money, and make her mistress of her income and expenses, and appoint her (proclaim it from Cavendish Square to Connaught Place!) to dress victuals for the *Dewtah*," i. e. the Deity.

The latter provision must operate like soothing syrup to an amiable mind. "Well!" we think we hear some unlucky husband exclaim, "if my wife has her own way, and I am to pay for it, she must turn cook in order to gain her superiority."

But what have next? A most ungallant attack on the character of the fair. Whoever could have ordained such a barbarous law must have been a moody old bachelor—a Solon of a legislator—a disappointed law-giver who had never "popped the question" without a flat refusal. The women no doubt picked out his impertinent eyes with their bodkins.

"Women have six qualities." We cannot offer such a violence to our feelings as to enumerate all the worthy pundit concedes to them; a few will suffice our fair readers. "The first, an inordinate desire for jewels and fine furniture, and nice victuals; violent anger, the fourth; deep resentment, *no person knows the sentiments concealed in their heart*; the fifth; another person's good appears evil in their eyes; (doubtless, the *pundit's* virtues were in this predicament); the sixth, they commit bad actions."

Let our readers form their own reflections on the following injunction :—

“ A woman who always acts according to her husband's pleasure, and speaks no ill of any person, and who can herself do all such things as are necessary for a man, and is of good principles, and who produces a son, and rises from sleep before a husband, such a woman is found only by much and many religious works, and by a peculiarly happy destiny ; such a woman, if any man forsakes of his own accord, the magistrate shall inflict upon that man the punishment of a thief.” Of a thief only, reverend pundit ? why hanging is too good for such a rascal. She must be a paragon of a woman indeed, whose merits you could properly appreciate.

But, softly : what follows ? Treason again, as we live !

“ A woman who always abuses her husband shall be treated with good advice, for the space of one year ; if she does not amend with one year's advice, and does not leave off abusing her husband, he shall no longer hold any communication with her, nor keep her any longer near him, but shall provide her with food and clothes.”

What ! fix a price for abusing her husband—it is depriving the married women of their dearest prerogative. Some of our Benedict acquaintance would, however, see some pith in the law ; but their wives, no doubt, would view it as an encroachment of their privileges. What fashionable exclusive would renounce the exquisite satisfaction of representing her unfortunate help-mate as a most particularly good-for-nothing sort of individual ?

There is an odd jumble of pains and penalties—a curious combination of atrocious crime and whimsical peccadilloes in the next anathema. The same punishment is awarded to each, and all are no doubt equally atrocious in the eyes of the wise Gentoos—all of the same deep dye, and all requiring the same exemplary expiation ! And then, *the punishment*.

“ A woman who dissipates, or spoils her own property, who disappoints her husband's hopes of a family, or who has an intention to murder her husband, and who eats before her husband eats, such a woman shall be”—what ? hanged, drawn, and quartered, or beheaded ; burned as witch, or condemned to the ducking-stool ? no, simply—“ turned out of the

house !” There is certainly a benevolent feeling expressed in the award of the punishment, which must be highly gratifying to such vindictive wives whose intentions towards their husbands happen not to be particularly friendly.

What admirable consistency ! the fair president of the dinner-table, who helps herself, by carving a chicken before her lord and master, is to be mulcted to the same extent as if she treated her husband after the same fashion as the chicken. And then the tenderness for the delightful offence of quarrelling with every body : who would give up such agreeable means of spending her time for an such a trifling penalty ?

The *amende honorable* is at last made to the injured sex, by the following definition of a “good woman.”

“ A woman who is of a good disposition, and who puts on her jewels and clothes with decorum, and is of good principles, whenever the husband is cheerful, the wife is also cheerful ; and if the husband is sorrowful, the wife also is sorrowful ; and whenever the husband undertakes a journey, the wife puts on a careless dress, and lays aside her jewels and other ornaments, and abuses no person, and does not expend a single *Dam* without her husband's consent (who would, most probably, expend a considerable number of d—ns if she did), and has a son, and takes proper care of the household goods, and at the times of worship performs her worship to the Deity in a proper manner, and goes not out of the house, and is not unchaste, and makes no quarrels or disturbance, and has no greedy passions, and is always employed in some good work, and pays a proper respect to all persons, such a woman is A GOOD WOMAN !”

We hope the last extract will avert the punishment our fair friends doubtlessly intended to visit on the head of the unlucky pundit. For, even we find in the days of the most unchivalrous and ungallant spirits, the qualities of a good woman were as well understood as in the present more civilised and refined age, and appreciated with as grateful a feeling of awe and homage as the most imperious of her sex could even now demand from the humblest of her adorers.

We may possibly return to the subject.

A RECOLLECTION OF BERMUDA.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

"Bermuda's wall'd with rocks, who does not know?"

SUCH is Waller's apostrophe!—and yet I believe the Bermudas are less known now than they were even in his time. In the reign of Charles the First, and during the Commonwealth, Bermuda was a rising colony, and subsequently afforded shelter to numberless refugees, who, from political and religious motives, were compelled to abandon the shores of their native country; in consequence, these remote islands "*toto orbis peritus*," became familiar to many, who, grateful for the asylum afforded them, and pleased with the mildness of the climate and beauty of the scenery, celebrated their praises on their return to England, and obtained for them a fame which was increased by the poetry of Waller and Andrew Marvell. But since that period, colonisation has extended so widely, and the value of other possessions has been so much increased, that the Bermudas have become as things forgotten, save only to a few naval and military wanderers whose destiny has led them to sojourn for a season "where the rocks of coral grow." As it was my lot to dwell for some time on these shores, I will endeavour to recal some of the most pleasing recollections, if such still linger in my memory! I can scarcely forget the impression made upon me when first I saw them, after a short but stormy passage from Nova Scotia. It was a little before noon when first we made the land, and descried a remarkable conical hill at the south-western extremity of the main island, commonly termed *wreck-hill*,—a designation which it bears from no forgotten event, but unhappily from a cause of too frequent occurrence. The wind being light we coasted slowly along the shore, distant about a mile, but separated by a formidable surf and rocky barrier, which prevented a nearer approach. We could plainly distinguish the characteristics of the country we were about to visit, and the prospect appeared not uninviting. The immediate vicinity of the coast seemed bare and unproductive, but at a short distance inland the woods of cedar stretched in a broad extent of perpetual verdure, the breeze from the land wafted their aromatic perfume, and here and there "some elfin mansion sparkled thro' the shade," giving a graceful and fairy character to the scene. We had so little wind,

that it was evening before we had coasted the whole of the southern shore; but just at sunset, we received a pilot on board, though it was too late to avail ourselves of his services in bringing in the ship that evening, an event which was necessarily deferred till the next day. To landsmen, the exchange from ship-board to terra-firma is always desirable, and a party of us resolved to land that evening in the boat which brought our sable *Palinurus*. These pilots, by the way, are peculiar to the islands. They are generally free blacks, steady, and of good character, and are admirably adapted for the profession they follow. Their powers of vision are extraordinary, and their mode of conducting a vessel into harbour among the reefs and "narrows" is, to a stranger, not only interesting, but astonishing. Perched in the bows of the ship, like a supplementary figure-head, they sit with their eyes fixed on the water, piercing into the profound depths, and detecting the smallest rocks beneath, which are neither few nor far between. Occasionally they open their oracular jaws, and in their peculiar phraseology utter their commands: "Port a little,"—"Teddy!"—"Tarboard!"—"Teddy!"—"Mind your helm, massa!"—"Keep her away!" and so on, until the dangerous navigation is over; the crew preserving the strictest silence, and the helmsman promptly obedient to the pilot's voice, where a moment's delay in executing his orders would be fraught with danger, the vessel being frequently obliged to tack in narrow channels, with little more than twice her own length to sail in. The 'Mudian pilots are justly celebrated for their skill, and accidents rarely happen through *their* negligence.

When we quitted the transport we were about six miles from a small harbour, towards which we made our way with four stout rowers, our sail being useless. In a short time the moon rose in full and unclouded lustre, her rays

"Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not;"

and although I was in little mood to enjoy the approaching change of station, having so recently left behind friends such as we meet but *once* in life's chequered path, I could not but admire the extreme loveliness of the

scenery. The deep, clear sky above, the frowning rocks of the many small islands through which we threaded our way—the hoarse murmur of the waves as they dashed in ceaseless fury in the echoing caves which line these shores—the gleams of fire that sparkled round our track, and flew in showers, like fire-flies, from the boatmen's oars—the dark shadows of the cedars, and the brilliant hue of the numerous white cottages which are embosomed amidst them, all combined to form an enchanting but most delusive picture.

After a three hours' pull we entered the harbour of St. George, where the principal military station is situated, and although it was near midnight, the dusky sons of labour had not yet given over the evening's festivity. As we neared the town an occasional light gleaming from a cottage, the sound of a flute or violin, and not unfrequently the loud explosion of African mirth, gave token of the celebration of more than one "*dignity hop*," a species of Almack's to which we did not long remain strangers. At length we landed in the market square of St. George's, and trod on the sandy soil of Bermuda; all within the town was still, and no sign was there of hotel with open doors to receive the wayfarer as we had been accustomed to in Europe: a caravanserai did, however, exist, but in a remote quarter; and as we pursued our route between high walls crowned with prickly pears, and through lanes ankle deep in sand, and saw the bright moonlight shining on low white fantastic dwellings with large dark verandahs, and contrasted the naked papaw and feathery palmetto with the foliage of our own clime—as we looked at our black guide and moved noiselessly along in the still midnight, it required little stretch of imagination to conjure up the memory of that Egyptian city of the silent, where all is said to have been turned to stone. At length we reached our hotel, and were welcomed by a "dark ladye," who speedily prepared to give us evidences of the Bermudian cuisine; and having resolutely declined the acquaintance of a *whale cutlet**, a *plat* of ducks and onions,

* The flesh of the young whale is considered very choice eating in Bermuda; I tried it afterwards and liked it, but then it was stewed in claret; the practice of eating whale is merely a taste of our ancestors revived. Vide the old romance of Havelok:—

"Grim was fishere swithe god,
And mickle couthe on the flod;
Mani god fish ther inne he tok,
Bothe with neth, and with hok;
He took the sturgiun and the *qu'al*,
And the *turbut* and *lar* withal,
He took the *seal* and the *hirel*,
He spedde oft swithe well."

an arrow-root pudding, and some other of the standing dishes of the islands, which did not attract us by their titles, we contented ourselves with a broiled angel-fish, a *rifaccimento* of stewed turtle-fins, some sweet potatoes, a bottle or two of good claret, and a stiff tumbler of real Jamaica, just tinged with the green-tea flavour, and then to bed—but not to sleep—though the night-mare indigestion was *not* the cause, but a host of *suck* mosquitoes, whom in my ignorance I *enclosed* in the net which ought to have *excluded* them.

The traveller who visits Bermuda, not "on compulsion," but at liberty to remain *only* as long as he pleases, can scarcely fail to be gratified with his sojourn, especially if his visit occur during the winter months, when the temperature of the climate is delightful, the average height of the thermometer being about 60° of Fahrenheit in the shade, and northerly winds generally prevailing. Such a temperature does not preclude exercise, and boating, the chief amusement of the islanders, can then be enjoyed "*en plein jour*." Nothing can exceed the beauty of the 'Mudian craft in fair weather or foul; they can take advantage of the slightest zephyr, or gallantly ride out the stiffest gale, and with their long slender mast and pointed sail they glide among the reefs like spirits of the deep, free and uncontrolled. While sailing among the fairy isles which gem the numerous harbours and creeks, as we lie idly stretched along the deck, following the wheeling flight of the tropic-bird, with his long solitary plume and shrill melancholy cry, we can fully appreciate the Italian's "*dolce far niente*," or, if a spirit of enterprise be awake, we steer to some well-known bay and hunt for corals and sea-fans amid the clear depths of the blue waters, and sometimes surprise the sleeping turtle, or scatter a whole armada of the Nautilus tribe.

Among the principal natural beauties of Bermuda are the extensive caves, which well repay the labours of a descent into their deep recesses. I will describe one of the most remarkable which we visited on one occasion, in an excursion to another celebrated spot. We moored our boat in a mangrove bay, close by, and entered a close thicket of sage-bush and cedar, ascending a very broken path for about a quarter of a mile, till we reached an open green road, at the further extremity of which the cave was situated. The entrance to the "*drear abode*" is almost hidden from the view by thickets of orange and pomegranate shrubs, passion-flower, convolvulus and

various other creepers which flourish in these secluded spots. So smiling an exterior of so dark a cavern, might tempt us to exclaim with Byron at the sight of Acheron:—

“Pluto, if this be hell I look upon,
Close fam’d Elysium’s gates, my soul shall seek for none.”

This sentiment was, however, of short duration, being quickly dispelled by the sombre aspect of the cavern when its precincts were fairly entered. For a short distance, the descent was gradual, and comparatively easy; but after proceeding about twenty yards, we came to a halt, and turned round to gaze once more upon the light of day, before we kindled our torches and tapers, and prepared to plunge into the Cimmerian gloom. The view from this spot was very beautiful; the dark overhanging masses of blackened rock frowning in threatening might above us, the light and glittering stalactites which hung in all directions from the vault—the path we had just descended illumined by one solitary ray of sunshine, where the trees had left an avenue, and in the distance nothing visible but the clear blue sky, formed a subject better calculated for a picture than my poor description is able to convey. After indulging for a few moments in contemplating this scene, we turned to explore the further recesses of the cave, which presented an aspect truly terrific, if not altogether impracticable. So much did the gloomy appearance influence one of the party, that he at once declared he should be quite satisfied with what he had already seen, and our description of the remainder, if ever we returned to tell the story; he therefore determined on remaining outside; and his example operated on another member, whose zeal for subterranean adventure was somewhat damped by his comrade’s obtestation; he also declined further research. Our number being thus reduced, after fruitlessly employing expostulation and ridicule to induce the seceders to accompany us, we commenced our descent, while their warning voices fell fainter on our ears as we separated different ways. We regretted at first not having brought a rope to assist our steps, the more so, as there was a pillar at the brink of the declivity admirably calculated for the purpose of making it fast. However, this was no time for regret or deliberation; and our guide setting the example, continued to make his way *perpendicularly* down, about four yards; I followed, but not being aware of the proper projecting points, slid rapidly down to the landing-place after the manner

of the mules in the Pyrenees, or certain merry-making damsels in Greenwich Park, thereby extinguishing my light, and nearly overturning the guide. The suddenness of my transit occasioned a pause on the part of the rest, who saw me and my taper vanish together, yet being reassured by my voice from below that all was right, and that it was nothing more than a “*facilis descensus Averni*,” another wight prepared for the experiment *à la Beaujeu*. He being of weightier metal than I, came down with increased momentum, and unfortunately not being able to right himself, performed an evolution to his left flank down another slippery but less precipitous descent about three yards further, but in a different position from his former attitude, his head, inverting the ordinary course, of progression, being the first to reach the bottom. We were rather alarmed at this event, not knowing how far he might have fallen, and were glad to hear, as soon as he had removed his legs, that except a slight scarification of knuckles and proboscis, and the loss of his waxen conductor, he had sustained no other damage. The peculiarity of these avalanches, and the possibility of their having a less fortunate result, induced the remainder to look out for an easier path; and as we had regained our lights below, we were able to assist their endeavours, and in a short time they all succeeded in joining us. Having reassembled, we now proceeded carefully with all our implements, torches, baskets, and hammers, over a broken declivity for about thirty or forty yards, and were now completely beyond the “skiey influences,” except the liability of having our torches extinguished by the moisture from the numerous stalactites over head. The path was from this cause extremely slippery, and reminded me of Sheridan’s remark on Coleridge’s tragedy, “drip—drip—drip—there’s nothing here but dripping!” We came at length, like the knights errant of old, to where three roads presented themselves for our choice, all equally uninviting; we pursued the central one, and in a short time began to reap the fruits of our labour. Imagine a spacious vault of lofty arch, the roof of which was entirely covered with the most beautiful specimens of stalactite, white

“— As the icicle
That’s curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple.”

Some, just formed, with a glittering point, the tremulous drop in the act of separating to form the corresponding stalagmite below;

knowledge, has appeared in England; but in Germany, where the subject is an attractive and popular one, others have preceded it. Gottschalck's "*Almanach der Ritter Orden*," published at Leipsic, is among the most valuable. Its small volumes, however, cannot be compared with the magnificent work before us, the illustrations of which are exceedingly rich and chaste. As yet but four Parts of it have been published, and they contain representations of all the orders of chivalry and merit in use in most of the continental courts: Prussia having 28, Baden 15, Saxony 12, Denmark 16, Sweden 19, Wurtemberg 23, Bavaria 19, Tuscany 10, Austria 14, Sicily 22, the Electorate 15, Russia 40, and Spain no less

than 87 decorations. It is impossible to give any idea of the splendour of these drawings by a description confined to the brief space to which we are limited. They must be seen to be properly appreciated. The literary department is also full of interest and of information, and is printed both in the German and in the French language for more general convenience. Major Von Gelbke has invested the subject with so much attraction, that it is almost impossible for any one who takes the least interest in it, not to be highly gratified with the perfect manner in which he has produced his illustrations. To our military friends particularly, his work must appear with features peculiarly attractive.

THE THEATRES.

OPERATIONS at the King's Theatre have at last commenced, but not under such auspicious circumstances as we were anxious they should. On the first night, after having been disappointed in every quarter in which he expected assistance, Mr. Laporte brought out "*La Gazza Ladra*," with Madame Feron as the heroine, and Mrs. Anderson as her associate. We cannot compliment either of these performers on their exertions, the former being at best but a third-rate singer, and the latter no singer at all; but as we know that the management was driven to its wit's end to produce an opera, we will not be severe on the manner in which it was represented. Zuchelli was in admirable voice, but Curioni is far from showing signs of improvement. The chorusses were numerous and very perfect, and the orchestra everything which could be desired. After the opera we saw the ballet of "*La Sylphide*," in which the inimitable Taglioni once more appeared before her numerous admirers. Criticism seems out of place when applied to her performances. Where there is perfection the critic enjoys a sinecure. These entertainments having been repeated several times, we at last were allowed the opportunity of witnessing something in the shape of novelty. Madame Kynterland, from the Teatro San Carlos, Naples, and Mademoiselle Salvi, a singer favourably known on the Continent, made together their first appearances in this country, in the opera of *Semiramide*, the former as the Queen, and the latter as Arsace. Madame Kynterland has a soprano voice, but it is not of a very pleasing quality; and as she wanted confidence in her own exertions, and was labouring under the effects of a severe cold, her singing was not so effective as we had hoped to

have heard. Her acting, however, was judicious, and her execution in general satisfactory. The mere fact of her having been for some time a favourite with the Neapolitans, must be sufficient evidence of her musical ability: but she has here been seen and heard under disadvantageous circumstances; and we are afraid that the impression she has left upon her audience, has not been a favourable one. Salvi possesses the most delightful contr' alto voice we ever heard—rich, full, and clear; and her style of singing is chaste and classical. Her action, however, is unimpassioned. If she could throw a little energy into her performance, she would soon become exceedingly popular. We consider her a valuable acquisition. After the opera, the ballet of "*La Bayadere*" was represented, in which Mademoiselle Duvernay appeared for the first time in this theatre, and danced a pas de deux with Taglioni. This accomplished danseuse appears to be rapidly gaining favour with the subscribers. To beautiful features and a fine person she joins a graceful and expressive style of dancing. We do not intend to assert that she excels Taglioni, or that she equals her; but we do affirm that she is the only artist we have beheld worthy of being compared with her. She is perfectly free from any extravagance—a charming repose seems to preside over all her actions, and her conceptions are always executed in a spirit of good taste. Both these artists have evidently studied in the same school, (which is by far the best that exists,) and the perfection of the art is demonstrated in their performances. The next novelty we beheld at the opera, since its commencement, was Madame Caradori as Rosina in "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," the best singer we have yet heard, though not the best

that exists. Her execution of the music was neat and graceful, her intonation clear and sweet, and her conception of the character excellent. In such parts, and in such music, she will always appear to advantage; but she wants power of voice and energy of mind to enable her to give effect to a higher order of dramatic music. Her style is very similar, in some points, to that of Sontag; in fact, in the celebrated cavatina in the first act, she used the variations which had previously been employed by the fair German. The evening on which Caradori reappeared had been fixed for Taglioni's benefit; and between the acts of the opera that universal favourite, in conjunction with Duvernay, danced the "Minuet de la Cour et Gavotte de Vestris." We need scarcely say that their execution was faultless. Last season the same dance was performed by Taglioni and Fanny Elsler, but we liked the more recent performance best. After "Il Barbieri," a new ballet, invented by M. Taglioni, called "Sire Huon, ou le Cor Enchanté," was produced with an unrivalled degree of splendour, and with some good characteristic music by Signor Costa. It is founded upon the story of Oberon; and although the plot is not very definite, it afforded scope for the genius of Taglioni, in which she eclipsed all former exertions. The dances are ingenious and pleasing, and the most beautiful is the "Pas de Schall," which was danced by Taglioni and Duvernay in a style which left nothing to be desired. Coulon also exerted himself very satisfactorily. The ballet department appears more complete than we have seen it for many years. In the same terms we can speak of the chorus; and the orchestra is quite as efficient as ever it was. Taglioni has gone back to Paris, where she will remain six weeks, after which she will return to us. For the seven nights which she has performed, Laporte has paid her seven hundred pounds, and a benefit, which he guaranteed should produce her a thousand pounds more: this is more than £240 per night! After this no one can accuse the manager of a want of liberality. Her absence Duvernay will doubtless make us bear with philosophy; and the successful ballet, though wanting its proudest ornament, will still put forth sufficient attraction, with the efficient substitute it will then possess, to draw full houses. In the first or second week in Easter, Ivanoff is expected; and his coming we shall hail with peculiar satisfaction, for Curioni's voice gives evidence of the wear and tear of life. The young Russian will supply a want much felt—a good tenor; and with Madame Ungher, Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi, who will appear very shortly, and some of the singers now engaged, will place the opera on the respectable footing to which it ought to be raised, till Pasta, Malibran, Tamburini, and Lablache arrive in this

country. Shortly after the commencement of Easter, the German company will commence operations. We hope they will be an efficient body, for there cannot be a greater enjoyment than hearing the magnificent music of the German school executed by the best German artists. If their qualifications are superior, there is no doubt but that they will produce general gratification; and if there is a possibility of engaging Schroeder, we hope it will not be lost sight of.

At the Patent Theatres no novelties have appeared: second-rate French dancers at one theatre, and horses at the other, still exclude decency and good sense. We anticipate that a better order of things will commence shortly; if our expectations are not realised, the legitimate drama and native talent will both be strangled together.

The Olympic and the Adelphi have closed, each having enjoyed very successful seasons. The former in a short time will re-open with a French company, whose performances we shall take care to chronicle, if they possess such excellence as we expect they will.

In the musical world scarcely anything is talked of but the approaching festival to be held in Westminster Abbey, under the patronage of their Majesties, and under the direction of a society of noblemen the most distinguished in the land. The performances are expected to be on a scale of unexampled efficiency. We have not space now for any remarks on this projected festival, but we intend to return to the subject. At the Philharmonic Concerts nothing extraordinary has been produced, except a new cantata from "Paradise Lost," composed by Mr. Henry R. Bishop; a production which would reflect credit upon the best composers of any age, and of any country, could they but claim its authorship; and yet with this, and with so many other evidences of his great genius, this talented man is unemployed at either of our national establishments; while—but we will not further allude to this disgraceful fact at present. The Ancient and the Vocal Concerts have proceeded in a course of quiet excellence that does not require remark; and some benefit concerts have been given, among which that of Signor Masoni, a new violinist of very superior ability, was the most satisfactory.

New publications are now beginning to appear "fast and thick." We have seen a pretty song of Miss Lightfoot's, "Come, Love, now sing to me," and another of Godbè's, evincing more talent, setting to music some beautiful verses by L. E. L. entitled, "Think of me, and I'll tell thee when." Alexander Lee has furnished us with several novelties. "The Silver Streams" is a delightful melody, well arranged, which will be heard with general gratification. "Sound the Pibroch and Bugle of War," is

more stirring, and is a production of considerable merit. There is an error in the twelfth bar of the symphony. The sharp which appears before the B of the first chord in the treble, should have been placed before the D. "The Gude Wife's Welcome Hame," is a pleasing ballad in the Scottish style. Thomas Haynes Bayly has written and composed two easy trifles, "Thou art that one," and "When the moon shines brightly," and if simplicity is to be considered a merit, they are certainly very meritorious productions. Mr. Hodson has delighted us with two exceedingly sweet ballads, "He reached the Valley," and "I've left them all for thee." We only wish we were as well pleased with the words as we are with the music, but we cannot close our eyes at the unsophisticated nonsense of the former. The sentiment in the first, is as old as the hills, but it is anything but as exalted; and in the other the thoughts are quite as ancient, and still worse expressed. There is, however, one novel idea, upon the possession of which we must compliment the Author. He writes

"You go in other climes to seek
More love and tenderness,
But ah! no heart will *louder* break,
No lip will fonder bless."

Now as we never heard a heart break, although we have frequently read of such calami-

ties, we should much like to know the proportion of sound thus produced. The writer does not tell us whose heart is capable of making this noise,—whose lip is to bless, or who is to be blest,—and with a liberal confidence in the intelligence of his readers, has left them to supply both the sense and the punctuation of his verses. We are sorry for Mr. Hodson, for he deserves to be in better company; but as all young ladies are now on the most familiar terms with the muses, we hope that they will procure these songs, and put to the music some poetry of their own. A Canzonet of an extremely graceful character, written by John Lodge, Esq., to some beautiful lines by Lord Byron, is worthy of more praise than we have space to give it; nor have we room to notice half the Piano-forte music which has been sent us. We must, however, find a few lines to mention Burrowes's arrangement of "The Brigand's March," from *Fra Diavolo*, which is easy and pleasing. Henri Herz's Variations on the Barcarole in the same opera, is a brilliant composition, well deserving the attention of the student. François Hunter's "Quadrille de Contredanses et Galopade," are less difficult, but scarcely less pleasantly written, and the "Brilliant Galopade" by the same composer is equally attractive.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE COURT.—With the exception of a few short visits to St. James's, Kew, &c., their Majesties have remained at Windsor Castle, where they now are. At the King's Levee, held on Wednesday, 19th March, which was rather thinly attended, it was interesting to see King Otho's envoy, M. Tricoupi—the first Grecian ambassador or minister that has appeared at our Court. On Thursday, the 20th, the Queen held another drawing-room in St. James's, at which the presentations were numerous.

The business in both houses of Parliament has, on the whole, proceeded rather smoothly. The great question of the Corn Laws has been disposed of for the moment. Lord John Russell's bill, which was framed with the most liberal intentions, in the view of relieving the Dissenters from various disabilities under which they still lie, has offended the high-church party, without satisfying the sectarians. The plain truth is, that the great mass of the Dissenters will be satisfied with nothing less than the overthrow of the Established Church, and a participation in its revenues and benefits. This, we think, they never will obtain; but still there are many things which ought to be conceded to them, and which the increasing liberality of the age will doubtlessly concede ere long.

FRANCE.—A contemplated slight reduction in

the wages of the silk-spinners and weavers, and other workmen at Lyons, has tended to lead to a riot, which, at one time, bore an alarming aspect. The discontented workmen had not only clubs and societies of their own, but were affiliated to certain other societies, such as that of the "Rights of Man," whose scope is wholly political and republican—whose roots are in Paris, but whose branches spread to many of the more populous cities in the provinces. A great military force was rapidly concentrated at Lyons; and, after some little bloodshed, the mutineers were reduced to order.

In Paris, in consequence of the suppression of some newspapers, and the restrictions put upon the inflammatory and indecent cheap publications formerly hawked about the streets, another *émeute* has taken place. The affair, however, was trifling. Instead of employing the military, Government merely increased the police force, who, armed with sticks, broke a few heads, and (it is said) killed one man, a poor tailor.—In the Chamber of Deputies there have been some discussions even more than usually violent. A project of law, introduced by Ministers for the dissolution of the political societies and clubs, who are proved to have been deeply concerned in all the revolutionary movements, whether in France or on her frontiers, that

have recently taken place, was denounced by the Opposition as being unconstitutional and tyrannical. Salverte, a Republican member, accused Government of having belonged to a political club before the revolution of July, 1830—and boldly asserted that it was owing to that club, the "*Aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera*," that Louis Philippe was on the throne, and they (the Ministers) in power.

The new law for custom-house duties, or the "Tariff," has created much discontent, particularly in the great commercial cities, where it is thought it does not go half so far as it ought towards the system of free trade. Bordeaux has been very violent on this subject; and a remonstrance made by her Chamber of Commerce to Government even hints at dismembering the French kingdom, by detaching that part of France from him, should the desired full liberty of commerce not be granted. Other remonstrances, some equally intemperate, and some more moderate, have been sent from other great ports. In the meantime, Government has re-considered the Tariff, and introduced certain judicious alterations.

A work of art has lately been produced by an obscure artist, named Chanuel, of Marseilles—a colossal group of the Virgin and Child, formed out of sheet silver. It is said to be full of grace and simplicity, and every part admirably struck out. The statue is destined for the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, which stands on a rock immediately above the port of Marseilles; but, before it is placed there, it will be exhibited in Paris this spring.

SPAIN.—The affairs of this distracted country drag on with all the slowness of an old man's story; nothing decisive, and indeed, scarcely any thing of importance, has occurred since we wrote our brief summary of last month. The Carlist insurgents are as strong as ever in the north, where some blood has been spilt, and cruelty committed on both sides, without any result. At Madrid, the riots have been suppressed; but the number of parties and factions, instead of being conciliated and lessened, has been increased. The Government is in the greatest straits for want of money. At present it has not the means of raising and maintaining a sufficient number of troops, and a law made for creating a militia in the provincial towns has been so injudiciously framed, that ministers have been obliged to withdraw it for correction. Reports have been current that the present ministry is to be changed—some state *entirely*, whilst others say that the change is merely to be the substitution of Count de Toreno for Martinez de la Rosa. We fear that many ministries will rise and fall before Spain be secured in a good, moderate, lasting government.

As if there were not dissensions enough, the Queen Regent has been quarrelling with her own sister, the wife of her brother-in-law, Don Francesco de Paulo.

PORTUGAL.—The stock-jobbers of London and Paris have made at least one victory per week for the Pedroites; but the plain truth seems to be that,

except a sanguinary affair at the end of last month, in which both claimed the advantage, the Miguelites and the Pedroites remain much as they were three months ago. The Tory papers, who have about as much right to be credited as the inventive geniuses of the stock exchange, or as the hot partisans of Don Pedro, aver that Don Miguel is in a condition to assume the offensive, and will presently march from Santarem to Lisbon. It appears certain that a considerable supply of money (some say from England) has reached the Miguelite camp, and that the younger Don's troops are now well clothed and fed.

Don Pedro, the magnanimous, has had a violent quarrel with Saldanha, and with Bacon, and certain other English officers in his service, about three horses which had been promised to the said B— (now General Bacon.) According to the last advices this moss-trooper-like affair had been amicably arranged.

Lord Howard de Walden, our new ambassador, has been presented to the young Queen Donna Maria, who, it is said, has just refused a proffered match with one of the sons of the French King Louis Philippe.

GREECE.—Recent intelligence received from this long degraded, but always interesting country, is of rather a satisfactory nature. The young King Otho's government was increasing at once in strength and popularity. The people, demoralised by the oppression of the Turks, by prolonged warfare and want, and by the mad dissensions of their chieftains or capitani, were gradually assuming settled, tranquil, and industrious habits. Trade was consequently reviving, and a number of intelligent Maltese and others had gone to establish themselves in Greece, as mechanics, shopkeepers, &c.

TURKEY.—The Sultan has been sadly harassed by the British and French ambassadors about his last humiliating treaty with Russia. No doubt he would be glad to break it, if England and France would assist him, or defend him from Russia, in so doing. Mahmoud has also been busied in re-organising his army, and repairing and increasing his fleet; and six great fires have happened within four days at Constantinople. It is an odd way of expressing political opinion; but when the Turks are dissatisfied with the government, they always set fire to their own houses. On one of the late conflagrations, the Capitan Pasha, seeing some fellows taking advantage of the alarm and confusion to plunder, had them seized, thrown into the flames and burnt. "This," says a newspaper correspondent, "is true Turkish promptitude in the administration of justice." Who could ever doubt it?

CHINA.—The *Pekin Gazette* has announced the death of the Empress, and enjoined the general mourning of the subjects of the empire, with all its usual and interminable details and formalities. A court-mourning, like this, is a serious affair in the celestial empire: it lasts three years, and by law it is death to infringe it.



J. C. Middleton, pinx.

Henry Brett, sculp.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR MAY, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MISS IERVIS.

THE HON. MARY-ANNE IERVIS, whose portrait forms this month's embellishment, is the younger daughter of Edward present Lord, and grandniece of the celebrated Earl of, ST. VINCENT.

The family of IERVIS is of ancient and respectable descent in the county of Stafford.

WILLIAM IERVIS, of Ollerton, in Shropshire, second son of James Iervis, of Chatkyll, in the county of Stafford, was grandfather of JOHN IERVIS, Esq., born in 1599, who wedded Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of John Iervis, Esq., of Chatkyll, and thus united the two branches of the family. He died in 1670, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN IERVIS, Esq., of Chatkyll, born at Standon, 25th September, 1631. This gentleman married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Wakelin, of Gentleshaw, in Staffordshire, and left at his demise in 1650, a son,

JOHN IERVIS, Esq., born at Chatkyll, who espoused Mary, only daughter and heir of John Swynfen, Esq., son and heir apparent of John Swynfen, Esq., of Swynfen, representative of that great Staffordshire House; and dying at Darlaston, in the parish of Stone, left (with other issue, from which descends the present SWYNFEN IERVIS, Esq., of Darlaston) a fifth son,

SWYNFEN IERVIS, Esq., of Meaford, Barrister-at-law, appointed counsel to the Admiralty, and auditor of Greenwich Hospital. This gentleman married in 1727 Elizabeth, daughter of George Parker, Esq., of Park

Hall*, in the county of Stafford, and sister of Sir Thomas Parker, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. By this lady, Mr. Iervis had two sons and two daughters, viz. :

I. William, of Meaford, Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, who married in 1777 Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas Hatsell, Esq.

II. JOHN, of whom presently.

III. Elizabeth, married to the Rev. — Batewell, and died without issue.

IV. MARY, who wedded in 1757, WILLIAM HENRY RICKETTS†, Esq., of Longwood, Hants, and had issue ;

WILLIAM HENRY RICKETTS, Esq., Capt. R. N., who assumed by sign manual, in 1801, the surname of IERVIS, and was drowned by the upsetting of his barge, 26th January, 1805. He had married the Lady Elizabeth Jane Lambart, daughter of Richard, sixth earl of Cavan, and left two daughters, Martha Honora Georgiana, married, in 1822, to Osborne Markham, Esq., son of the Archbishop of York ; and Henrietta

* The eldest son of William Parker, Esq., of Park Hall, who commanded a company of foot in the service of CHARLES I., settled at Leek, in Staffordshire, and was grandfather of the first EARL of MACCLESFIELD.

† For a full and detailed account of the ancient family of RICKETTS, now represented by Thomas Bourke Ricketts, Esq., of Combe, in the county of Hereford, see BURKE's History of the COMMONERS, Vol. I. p. 22.

Elizabeth Mary, the wife of Captain Edmond Palmer, R.N., C.B.

EDWARD IERVIS RICKETTS, who succeeded his maternal uncle, and is the *present* VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT.

Mary Ricketts, married to William, Earl of Northesk.

The second son of Swynfen Iervis, JOHN IERVIS, Esq., was born at Meaford, 19th January, 1734, and entered the navy at the early age of ten years. In 1760, he obtained the rank of post-captain, and soon distinguishing himself in his gallant profession, was honoured with the insignia of the Bath. In 1787, Sir John was made rear-admiral of the blue, and in three years after rear-admiral of the white.

In 1793, an expedition having been determined on against the French colonies in the West Indies, the command was intrusted to Sir John Iervis and Sir Charles Grey. They accordingly embarked, and executed the commission with such promptness and alacrity, that, in 1794, the complete conquest of the valuable and important isles of Martinico, St. Lucia, and Guadeloupe, was achieved. For these services the thanks of Parliament were voted to the army and navy, and the freedom of the city of London presented to the gallant admiral.

In 1797, Sir John Iervis had the command of the fleet off Cadiz, and on the 14th of February in that year, fought and won the ever-memorable battle of ST. VINCENT: and thus prevented the junction of the French, Dutch, and Spanish fleets, which would have amounted to no less than eighty sail of the line.

The gloom which had previously overspread the country was dispelled by the news of this victory, and the greatest exultation diffused throughout England. Admiral Iervis received the thanks of the two Houses, and was honoured with the title of EARL ST. VINCENT, from the scene of his brilliant action, and of BARON IERVIS of Meaford, from the place of his birth: he obtained also the gold medal, and a pension of £3,000 per annum.

"Contemplating this glorious victory," says a recent writer, "not in invidious but fair comparison with others, it will readily be admitted, that some achievements may have been more brilliant in the number of ships captured; but very rarely have the power of the contending fleets been so unequal. The whole life of this gallant officer, which he devoted to the service of his country, was characterised by uncommon energy of mind and superior skill in his profession. The strictest honour and most inflexible integrity ever distinguished his political, and the firmest and warmest attachment his social, life."

Lord St. Vincent, who obtained in 1801 a VISCOUNTY, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his nephews, William Henry Ricketts, Esq., and Edward Iervis Ricketts, Esq., espoused in 1783 his cousin Martha, daughter of Lord Chief Baron Parker; but by her, who died in 1819, he had no issue. His Lordship died in March 1823, when the earldom and barony expired, while the viscounty devolved upon his only surviving nephew,

EDWARD IERVIS RICKETTS, present VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT, of Meaford, in the county of Stafford, who assumed, upon inheriting the peerage, the surname and arms of IERVIS only.

His lordship married, first, Mary Cassandra, second daughter of Thomas, Lord Saye and Sele, by whom he has issue—

WILLIAM IERVIS, who espoused in 1815, Sophia, daughter of George Narbonne Vincent, Esq., and has two sons and a daughter,

MARIA.

The viscount wedded, secondly, Mary Anne, second daughter of the late Thomas Parker, Esq., of Park Hall, and has two sons and a daughter—

John.

Edward.

MARY-ANNE, whose portrait illustrates the present number of the Court Magazine.

A SENTIMENTAL ADVENTURE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THERE is a fashion in every thing—more especially in every thing feminine, as we of the Court Magazine are, of all other writers, bound to allow; the very faults of the ladies (if ladies can have faults,) as well as the tenor by which those faults are distinguished, change with the changing time. The severe but honest puritan of the commonwealth, was succeeded by the less rigid, but probably less sincere prude, who, from the restoration to George the Third's day, seems, if we may believe those truest painters of manners, the satirists and the comic poets, to have divided the realm of beauty with the fantastic coquette—*L'Allegro* reigning over one half of the female world, *Il Pensero* over the other.

With the decline of the artificial comedy, these two grand divisions amongst women which had given such life to the acted drama, and had added humour to the prose of Addison, and point to the verse of Pope, gradually died away. The Suspicious Husband of Dr. Hoadly, one of the wittiest and most graceful of those graceful and witty pictures of manners, which have now wholly disappeared from the comic scene, is, I think, nearly the last in which the characters are so distinguished. The wide reaching appellations of prude and coquette, the recognised title, the definite classification, the outward profession were gone, whatever might be the case with the internal propensities; and the sex, somewhat weary it may be of finding itself called by two names, neither of them very desirable, the one being very disagreeable, and the other a little haughty, branched off into innumerable sects, with all manner of divisions and sub-divisions, and has contrived to exhibit during the last sixty or seventy years as great a variety of humours good or bad, and to derive and obtain as many epithets (most of them sufficiently ill-omened) as its various and capricious fellow-biped called man.

Amongst these epithets were two which I well remember to have heard applied some thirty years ago to more than one fair lady in the good town of Belford, but which have now passed away as completely as their companions, predecessors, coquette and prude. The "words of fear" in question were satirical and sentimental. With the first of these sad nick-names we have nothing to do. Child as I was, it seemed to me at the time;

and I think so more strongly on recollection, that in two or three instances the imputation was wholly undeserved; that a girlish gaiety of heart on the one hand, and a womanly fineness of observation on the other, gave rise to an accusation which mixes a little, and very little, cleverness with a great deal of ill nature. But with the fair satirist, be the appellation true or false, we have no concern; our business is with one lady of the class sentimental, and with one, and with one only, of those adventures to which ladies of that class, are, to say the least, peculiarly liable.

Miss Selina Savage, (her detractors said that she was christened Sarah, founding upon certain testimony of I know not what value, of aunts and God-mothers; but I abide by her own signature, as now lying before me in a fine slender Italian hand, at the bottom of a note somewhat yellow by time, but still stamped in a French device of *pensées* and *soucis*, and still faintly smelling of tar of roses; the object of the said note being to borrow "Mr. Pratt's exquisite Poem of Sympathy.") Miss Selina Savage (I hold by the autograph) was a young lady of uncertain age; there being on this point also a small variation of ten or a dozen years between her own assertions and those of her calumniators; but of a most sentimental aspect (in this respect all were agreed); tall, fair, pale, and slender, she being so little encumbered with flesh and blood, and so little tinted with the diversity of colouring thereunto belonging, so completely blond in hair, eyes, and complexion, that a very tolerable portrait of her might be cut out in white paper, provided the paper were thin enough, or drawn in chalks, white and black, upon a pale brown ground. Nothing could be too shadowy or too vapoury; the Castle Spectre, flourishing in all the glory of gauze drapery on the stage of Drury Lane—the ghosts of Ossian made out of the mists of the hills—were but types of Miss Selina Savage. Her voice was like her aspect, sighing, crying, dying; and her conversation as lachrymose as her voice; she sang sentimental songs, played sentimental airs, wrote sentimental letters, and read sentimental books; has given away her parrot for laughing, and turned off her postboy for whistling a country dance.

The abode of this amiable damsel was a small neat dwelling, somewhat inconveniently

situated, at the back of the Holy Brook, between the Abbey Mills on the one side, and a great timber wharf on the other, with the stream moving between the carriage road and the house, and nothing to unite them but a narrow foot-bridge, which must needs be crossed in all weathers. It had, however, certain recommendations which more than atoned for these defects in the eyes of its romantic mistress; three middle-sized cypress trees at one end of the court, in the front of her mansion two well-grown weeping willows; the other an address at "Holy Brook Cottage," absolutely invaluable to such a correspondee, and standing in most advantageous contrast with the streets, terraces, crescents, and places of which Belford was for the most part composed; and a very fair chance of excellent material for the body of her letters by the abundant casualties and Humane Society cases afforded by the foot-bridge—no less than one old woman, three small children, and two drunken men having been ducked in the stream in the course of one winter. Drowning would have been too much of a good thing; but of that, from the shallowness of the water, there was happily no chance.

Miss Savage, with two quiet, orderly, light-footed, and soft-spoken maidens, had been for some years the solitary tenants of the pretty cottage by the Holy Brook. She had lost her father during her early childhood; and the death of her mother (a neat quiet old lady, whose interminable carpet work is amongst the earliest of my recollections—I could draw the pattern now), and the absence of her brother, a married man with a large family and a prosperous business, who resided constantly in London, left the fair Selina the entire mistress of her fortune, her actions, and her residence. That she remained in Belford, although exclaiming against the place and its society—its gossiping morning visits, and its evening card-parties, as well as to the general want of refinement amongst its inhabitants—might be imputed partly perhaps to habit, and an aversion to the trouble of moving, and partly to a violent friendship between herself and another damsel of the same class, a good deal younger, and a great deal sillier, who lived two streets off, and whom she saw every day, and wrote to every hour.

Martha, or, as her friend chose to call her, Matilda Marshall, was the fourth or fifth daughter of a spirit merchant in the town. Frequent meetings at the circulating library introduced the fair ladies to each other, and

a congeniality of taste brought about first an acquaintance, and then an intimacy, which difference of station (for Miss Savage was of the highest circle in this provincial society, and poor Martha was of no circle at all,) only seemed to cement the more firmly.

The Marshalls, flattered by Selina's notice of their daughter, and not sorry that that notice had fallen on the least useful and cheerful of the family, the one that amongst all their young people they could the most easily spare, put her time and her actions entirely into her own power, or rather into that of her patroness. Mr. Marshall, a calculating man of business, finding flirtation after flirtation go off without the conclusion matrimonial, and knowing the fortune to be considerable, began to look on Matilda as the probable heiress; and except from her youngest brother William, a clever but unlucky school boy, who delighted in plaguing his sister, and laughing at sentimental friendships, this intimacy, from which all but one member was sedulously excluded, was cherished and promoted by the whole family.

Very necessary was Miss Matilda at the Holy Brook cottage. She filled there the important parts of listener, adviser, and confidant, and filled them with an honest and simple-hearted sincerity, which the most skilful flatterer that ever lived would have failed to imitate. She read the same books, sang the same songs, talked in the same tone, walked with the same air, and wore the same fashions; which upon her, she being naturally short and stout, and dark-eyed and rosy, had, as her brother William told her, about the same effect that armour similar to Don Quixote's would have produced upon Sancho Panza.

One of her chief services in the character of confidant, was of course to listen to the several love passages of which, since she was of the age of Juliet, her friend's history might be said to have consisted. How she had remained so long unmarried might have moved some wonder, since she seemed always immersed in the passion which leads to such a conclusion; but then her love was something like the stream that flowed before her door—a shallow brooklet, easy to slip in, and easy to slip out. From two or three imprudent engagements her brother had extricated her; and from one, the most dangerous of all, she had been saved by her betrothed having been claimed the week before the nuptials by another wife. At the moment of which we write, however, the fair Selina seemed once more in a fair way to change her name.

That she was fond of literature of a certain class we have already intimated; and, next after Sterne and Rousseau, the classics of her order, and their horde of vile imitators, whether sentimental novelists, or sentimental essayists, or sentimental dramatists, she delighted in the horde of nameless versifiers whom Gifford demolished; in other words, after bad prose her next favourite reading was bad verse; and as this sort of verse is quite as easy to write as to read—I should think of the two rather easier—she soon became no inconsiderable perpetrator of sonnets without rhyme, and songs without reason; and elegies, by an ingenious combination, equally deficient in both.

After writing this sort of verse, the next step is to put it in print; and in those days (we speak of above thirty years ago), when there was no Mrs. Hemans to send grace and beauty, and purity of thought and feeling, into every corner of the kingdom—no Mary Howitt to add the strength and originality of a manly mind to the sensibility of a womanly fancy,—in those days the Poet's Corner of a country newspaper was the refuge of every poetaster in the county. So intolerably bad were the acrostics, the rebuses, the epigrams, and the epitaphs, which adorned those asylums for fugitive pieces, that a selection of the worst of them would really be worth printing amongst the Curiosities of Literature. A less vain person than Miss Selina Savage might have thought she did the Hampshire Courant honour in sending them an elegy on the death of a favourite bullfinch, with the signature of Eurinia.

It was printed forthwith, read with ecstatic admiration by the authoress and her friend, and with great amusement by William Marshall, who, now the spruce clerk of a spruce attorney, continued to divert himself with worming out of his simple sister all the secrets of herself and her friend, and then to pursue them with the most unmerciful ridicule. The elegy was printed, and in a fair way of being forgotten by all but the writer, when in the next number of the Courant appeared a complimentary sonnet addressed to the authoress of the elegy, and signed Orlando.

Imagine the delight of the fair Eurinia! she was not in the least astonished,—a bad and inexperienced writer never is taken by surprise by any quantity of praise; but she was charmed and interested as much as woman could be; she answered his sonnet by another (which, by the by, contained, according to Boileau's well-known recipe,

and the practice of all nations, a quatrain too many); he replied to her rejoinder; compliments flew thicker and faster; and the poetical correspondence between Orlando and Eurinia became so tender, that the Editor of the H * * shire Courant thought it only right to hint to the gentleman that the post-office would be a more convenient medium for his future communications.

As this intimation was accompanied by the address of the lady, it was taken in very good part; and before the publication of the next number of the provincial weekly journal, Miss Savage received the accustomed tribute of verse from Orlando, enveloped in a prose epistle, dated from a small town about thirty miles off, and signed Henry Turner.

An answer had been earnestly requested, and an answer the lady sent; and by return of post she received a reply, to which she replied with equal alertness; then came a love letter in full form; and then a petition for an interview; and to the first the lady answered anything but No! and to the latter she assented.

The time fixed for this important visit, it being now the merry month of May, was three o'clock in the day. He had requested to find her alone; and accordingly by one, p. m., she had dismissed her faithful confidante, promising to write to her the moment Mr. Turner was gone, had given orders to admit no one but a young gentleman who sent in his visiting ticket (such being the plan proposed by the innamorato), and began to set herself and her apartment in order for his reception—she herself in an elegant dishabille, between sentimental and pastoral, and her room in a confusion equally elegant, of music, books, and flowers; Zimmermann and Lavater on the table; and one of those dramas, those tragedies bourgeoises, or comedies larmoyantes, which it seems incredible that Beaumarchais, he that wrote the two matchless plays of Figaro*, could have written, in her hand.

It was hardly two o'clock, full an hour before his time, when a double knock was heard at the door; Mr. Turner's card was sent in, and a well-dressed and well-looking

* I speak, of course, of the admirably brilliant French comedies, and not of the operas, whether English or Italian, which, retaining the situations, and hardly the situations, have completely sacrificed the wit, the character, and the pleasantry of the delightful originals, and have almost as much tended to injure Beaumarchais' reputation as his own dullest dramas.

young man ushered into the presence of the fair poetess. There is no describing such an interview. My readers must imagine the compliments and the blushes, the fine speeches de part et d'autre, the long words and the fine words, the sighings and the languishments. The lady was satisfied; the gentleman had no reason to complain; and after a short visit he left her, promising to return in the evening to take his coffee with her and her friend.

She had just sat down to express to that friend, in her accustomed high-flown language, the contentment of her heart, when another knock was followed by a second visiting ticket. "Mr. Turner again! Oh! I suppose he has remembered something of consequence. Show him in."

And in came a *second* Mr. Turner!!

The consternation of the lady was inexpressible! That of the gentleman, when the reason of her astonishment was explained to him, was equally vehement and flattering. He burst into eloquent threats against the impostor who had assumed his name, the wretch who had dared to trifle with such a passion, and such a lady-love; and being equally well-looking and fine-spoken, full of rapturous vows and ardent protestations, and praise addressed equally to the woman and the authoress, conveyed to the enchanted Selina the complete idea of her lover-poet.

He took leave of her at the end of half an hour, to ascertain, if possible, the delinquent who had usurped his name and his assigna-

tion, purposing to return in the evening to meet her friend; and again she was sitting down to her writing table, to exclaim over this extraordinary adventure, and to dilate on the charms of the true Orlando, when three o'clock struck, and a third knock at the door heralded a third visiting ticket, and a *third* Mr. Turner!!!

A shy, awkward, simple youth, was this,— "the real Simon Pure!"—bowing and bashful, and with a stutter that would have rendered his words unintelligible even if time had been allowed him to bring them forth. But no time was allowed him. Provoked past her patience, believing herself the laughing-stock of the town, our sentimental fair one forgot her refinement, her delicacy, her fine speaking, and her affectation; and calling her maids and her footboy to aid, drove out her unfortunate suitor with such a storm of vituperation, such a torrent of plain, honest, homely scolding, that the luckless Orlando took to his heels, and missing his footing on the narrow bridge, tumbled, head-foremost, into the Holy Brook, and emerged dripping like a river god, to the infinite amusement of the two impostors and of William Marshall, the contriver of the jest, who lay perdu in the mill, and told the story, as a great secret, to so many persons, that before the next day it was known half over the place, and was the eventual cause of depriving the good town of Belford of one of the most inoffensive and most sentimental of its inhabitants. The fair Selina decamped in a week.

SONNET.

BY R. F. HOUSEMAN.

Oh! there is music in my heart to-night,
 Sweeter than lapsing river-waters, when
 They weave their circling spells in secret glen,
 Darkling and peaceful!—Silently, the light
 Of a dead happiness goes gleaming bright
 Before my eyes—how beautiful!—and now,
 The dream-touched radiance of a stainless brow
 Shines out amid the dimness, pale and white!—
 Most gentle vision!—Thou art she with whom
 Erewhile I pluck'd from youth's full-foliaged tree
 Hope's perishing buds, and love's delicious bloom!
 Wherefore thus brought, in wakeful fantasy,
 To mock the spirit's loneliness?—Ah me,
 What spell hath triumph'd o'er the envious tomb?

June, 1830.

LINES ON SEEING MR. LANDSEER'S PICTURE OF THE
DEATH OF THE STAG.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Lo ! where he dies—the forest king,
The untamed creature of the hills ;
His red blood tints the torrent's spring,
And blushes to the distant rills.
On hath he flown, with hunted speed,
In hope to quench that unknown pain.*
Leap ! leap, poor victim, thou art freed,
They cannot bid thee flee again !
He leaps !—the torrent foams around,
He heaves with pain his ebbing breath,
The turbid waters' hollow sound
O'ercomes the gasping sobs of death.
Torn, harassed, wounded, lo ! he turns,
With yearning heart and upward gaze,
To where the sunlight faintly burns,
With misty and reflected rays ;
Nor knows that, in that distant break,
Over the blue hills, far away,
His dying eyes are doomed to take
Their last farewell of light and day.
Those dying eyes ! the gaze is there
Which measures not the moments given—
The hunted, *animal* despair,
Which dreads no hell,—and hopes no heaven !
Within that pained and throbbing heart,
Vague sense of suffering and of fear
Bids life's deep instinct act its part,
But tells not being's close is near.

Perish ! the foes have reached thy side,
Who erst pursued thee, vainly flying ;
They struggle with thee in the tide,
And triumph in thy pangs while dying !
Perish ! the crowd of *human* foes,
Who say in sport ; and shout with mirth,
When slow some crowned forehead bows
Its antlered beauty to the earth ;
Are near thee now—they stand and shade
With eager hands their eager eyes,
While fail those energies which made
The only value of their prize.
Hard Triumph, with no heart to grieve,
Watches thy glistening eye grow dim ;
Proud that all strength and fleetness leave
Each sick, and strained, and quivering limb.
'Tis a mysterious thought, th' extent
Of grace, and strength, and life which goes,
(By man, Death's shrinking victim, sent,)
Where dark Oblivion's portals close.
'Tis a mysterious thought ; for great
The proud display of God's high power—
Did He so fair a thing create,
The pastime of a cruel hour ?
But such are not the thoughts which fill
Their hearts, who come with bounding feet,
Proud of superior strength and skill,

* The deer when wounded, always, if possible, takes to the water.

To watch the hunted stag's defeat :
 Methinks I see them, wandering out
 Across those blue autumnal hills,
 And pealing back the hunter's shout,
 That long the distant echo fills.

I am in Scotland! Tay's broad lake
 Spreads far away before mine eyes,
 Loved for its own—for others' sake,
 And bright beneath its cloudless skies.
 I am in Scotland! I behold
 Shehallion's high and narrow peak,
 Where evening, purple, dark, and cold,
 O'ercomes day's last faint crimson streak.
 I hear, Moness, thy deafening fall,
 Or wander to the Prince's Cave;
 Climb thy steep side, dark Garoval,
 Or glide o'er Rannoch's glassy wave;
 Scarce knowing which may seem most fair,
 The glittering sunshine of its day,
 Or the pale moonlight, lingering there,
 Like love, when hope hath past away!

I wake! 'twas but the perfect skill,
 Young painter, of thy practised hand,
 Which could my heart so strangely fill
 With visions of another land.
 Dear land! to which thought's weary wing
 Yearns often with a wishful flight,
 Midst the dark city's meagre spring,
 And scenes of artificial light,
 Where the down-dashing torrents brave
 The dark rock's side with ceaseless roar;
 Where the calm lake's translucent wave
 Curls rippling to the even shore.
 That pleasure which is linked with pain,
 Hath filled my eyes with happy tears,
 And made my heart grow young again
 With feelings of forgotten years!
 The days return, when morning's rise
 Woke me to spend long hours of mirth,
 And light sleep left my dazzled eyes,
 Suddenly with the sunshine's birth.
 Those days are past—my heart, more cold,
 Hath learnt to play its practised part,
 Less joyous than the days of old,—
 Less ready, too, are tears to start.
 Like an unsummoned spirit, close
 Within my heart my memory lives—
 I take life, as its current flows,
 I take the spring the city gives;
 Pale blossoms, withering while they blow,
 Cramped foliage on the dusty trees;
 No moss-banks where the waters flow—
 Nor freshness in the loaded breeze;
 But yet 'tis Spring; and life is life
 Tho' its best dreams grow faint and dim;
 And vanish, in its ceaseless strife,
 All energy of heart and limb.
 Hopes tempt at first which shrink and die,
 Tried in the furnace fire of truth—
 And there are feelings which *must* fly
 And leave us with our days of youth.

Till like that fair forsaken thing
 Who grew "not happy, but content*,"
 When those dear hopes have taken wing
 In soberer mood our life is spent.
 Nor sigh we for the broken spell,
 Save in some deep entranced hour
 Like that which o'er my spirit fell
 When gazing on thy pencil's power!

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY CAROLINE MESSUM.

"If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? I shall ride and sleep."

BARRY CORNWALL.

"WE are sinking! we are sinking! God—God have mercy upon us, remember how suddenly we die! No, no—not yet. We are again upon the surface, tossed! whirled! up and down! Our ship, so stately, all cowering and trembling. The mad waves, above and below, shutting out the light. Just now I see a glimpse of the sky—darkness, darkness again! *Crash—crash!* Heaven and earth, what a noise! The thundering winds are louder and louder yet! Lashing, boiling, tyrant waves! Hark! The shrieks of women, and the wild halloos of men; they are grown mad with this protracted death—*crash—crash* again! She has struck! We are going—God of heaven! down—down in the deep! Father—mother—dear little ones, farewell, for ever!"— * * *

There was a stout brave sailor stood on deck grasping a fair boy by the arm. He was pale as the dead in their shrouds, and his brows knitted together in strong agony. He did not speak a word, but continued looking up at the weather with a quivering lip. The boy was kneeling at his feet, his hands were clasped in prayer, and the tears flowed over them. He was an only son.

Near them stood an old man. He appeared all calm and placid. There was no terror expressed in his features; he seemed to have made his peace with God, and remained waiting for the moment that should give him everlasting rest. He was a clergyman who had been out among the heathen preaching glad tidings to them. His days were done—blessed be his place among the dead!

They came from the south, that beautiful pale creature, and the noble one who bends over her. She clings to him. Is he her brother? No, dearer, *dearer* still. He holds her to his bosom; he wrings her wet hair; he throws his cloak over her when she shivers

in the blast. Then—then he tears it off, remembering it will drag them down—*them!* Yes, yes, for they die together. Now he madly kisses her pale wet forehead! now she comforts *him* with her sweet, fond, words—*Crash—crash* again! Are they in the sea? Is this death? "Cling to me—fast, fast, my life! my love!" Once again they see the light; once again they ride on the stormy waters. "Are you exhausted? can you speak to me my dear one?" "I see you, Isidore—I can hear you—we shall die, love—what matter? They can never part us any more as we have been parted. Pass this rope round my waist; tie it fast; there now, dear love, even the waves shall not separate our bodies." "One last kiss: there, there. I have no horror firing my brain now. Down, down, we sink! Oh! that I could have all your death pangs, and you, my sweet one, pass into peace at once. Down, down we sink! Now to our God." * * *

She bore up gallantly, the little vessel, for a long time, but the driving wind and the mad ocean beat her about so that she was almost riven asunder; down in the dark valleys of water, up on the mountainous billows!

* * * * *
 "Well done, my gallant men! we may save her yet. * * * Avast there! all's over! Stand by your boats." Tackle falls! * * * "Charles, Charles! where is my boy?" "Over, sir."—"Oh God!"

There was only one man left on board of her; he clung to the stump of the mizenmast, gasping for breath. He was the old boatswain, who loved his ship like a mother, and he would not leave her. Her keel struck against a rock—one moment she tumbled on the top of the waves, the next she went down—down in the deep!

* Louise de la Vallière.—"Je ne suis pas heureuse, mais je suis contente."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.

It is a singular coincidence that the two men, best qualified in our time to write a history of the Revolution of 1688, should both have undertaken it, and should both have been cut off prematurely before they had brought it to a conclusion. Of these two eminent men, Mr. Fox has been the most fortunate in his editor. No rash attempt was made to complete what he had left imperfect, nothing was prefixed to the historical fragment he had written, but a short account of the researches in which it had engaged him. Sir James Mackintosh has met with a different treatment from the publishers of his posthumous work. To the excellent though unfinished specimen he had left of his intended history of England, they have appended a continuation of nearly equal length, written, not without ability, but in a totally different spirit, and with a manifest disposition to undervalue that great event, and to depreciate the persons who brought it about. In this appendage to the original work the changes effected in 1688 are judged, not by their intrinsic merit, or by the state from which they delivered us, or even by the consequences to which they led—but by comparison with the demands of public opinion in 1830. Every charge or insinuation against the authors of the revolution is brought forward, and no allowance made for the difficulties with which they were encompassed, or for the prejudices to which they were opposed. William III., instead of appearing as “the deliverer of Holland and the preserver of Europe,” is painted as a selfish ambitious hypocrite, who had long projected and at length accomplished, under false pretences, the overthrow of his father-in-law. The hard-hearted unrelenting James is made to call on us for our sympathy and commiseration; and, notwithstanding the persecutions for religion he had sanctioned or approved of, he is represented as a friend of toleration, and converted into a *quasi* martyr for religious liberty. Never was there a book where the concluding part was at such variance with the commencement. It is probably the first time that the continuator of a posthumous work took advantage of his situation to write an answer to the book he was employed to publish, and to incorporate both in the same volume. It reminds us of some Indian or Egyptian idols, where the head is human, and the extremity from some animal hostile to man.

Not content with this offence against propriety, the publishers have prefixed to their book a common-place life of Sir James Mackintosh, of no small dimensions, full of errors and omissions, made up of extracts from his published works and from the reports of his speeches in parliament, interspersed with criticisms on his talents and political character, calculated to lower him in public estimation below the station he deserves to occupy.

For the continuation of his history, had it been written in the same spirit with the original work, there might have been some excuse. The portion left by Sir James Mackintosh was small and incomplete, and some allowance must be made for booksellers disappointed in their expectation of a larger book. But for the *Life* there can be no apology. The publishers were aware that a biographical account of Sir James Mackintosh, drawn from his own papers, letters, and journals, was in preparation by his family. To anticipate such a publication was not creditable; and with no original materials in their hands, they could have had no motive for undertaking the *Life* they have put forth, but to increase the size and enhance the price of their book.

The perusal of Sir James Mackintosh's part of this ponderous volume makes us regret, as much as his booksellers can have done, that there is not more of it. If, in some respects, it has disappointed, it has, in general, exceeded, our expectations. We had no doubt of his patience and minuteness of research—of his calm and dispassionate investigation of truth—of his candour in estimating characters, and doing justice to those most opposed to him in opinion. We were fully aware of his ardent but enlightened attachment to civil and religious liberty, without distinction of sect or party. We expected in him, as we have found, a generous sympathy for the unfortunate, and a warmth of indignation against cruelty and oppression. But, knowing his turn for dissertation and habits of critical disquisition, we were not prepared for the clearness and spirit of his narrative, or for the entertainment, as well as instruction, he affords us by his biographical notices of the individuals who appear in succession on the scene, few of whom are dismissed without some account of who they were and what became of them, interspersed with anecdotes characteristic of them and of the age in which

they lived. His portraits of individuals are drawn with care and discrimination, and with that mixture of light and shade, of strength and weakness, which is always found in real life, though often wanting in the delineations of the closet. Let us take, for example, his character of Lord Sunderland, long the prime minister of James II., and by many regarded as the principal, if not the intentional, instrument of his fall.

"Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, who soon acquired the chief ascendancy in this administration, entered on public life with all the external advantages of birth and fortune. His father fell in the royal army at the battle of Newbury, with those melancholy forebodings of danger from the victory of his own party which filled the breasts of the more generous royalists, and which, on the same occasion, saddened the dying moments of Lord Falkland. His mother was Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Waller under the name of Saccharissa. He was early employed in diplomatic missions, where he acquired the political knowledge, insinuating address, and polished manners, which are learnt in that school, together with the subtlety, dissimulation, flexibility of principle, indifference on questions of constitutional policy, and impatience of the restraints of popular government, which have been sometimes contracted by English ambassadors in the course of a long intercourse with the ministers of absolute princes. A faint and superficial preference of the general principles of civil liberty was blended in a manner not altogether unusual with his diplomatic vices. He seems to have gained the support of the Duchess of Portsmouth to the administration formed by the advice of Sir William Temple, and to have then gained the confidence of that incomparable person, who possessed all the honest arts of a negotiator. He gave an early earnest of the inconstancy of an over-refined character by fluctuating between the exclusion of the Duke of York and the limitations of the royal prerogative. He was removed from the administration for his vote on the Bill of Exclusion. The love of office soon prevailed over his feeble spirit of independence, and he made his peace with the court by the medium of the Duke of York, who had long been well disposed to him, and of the Duchess of Portsmouth, who found no difficulty in reconciling the king to a polished as well as pliant courtier, an accomplished negotiator, and a minister more versed in foreign affairs than any of his colleagues. Negligence and profusion bound him to office

by stronger though coarser ties than those of ambition: he lived in an age when a delicate purity in pecuniary matters had not begun to have a general influence on statesmen, and when a sense of personal honour, growing out of long habits of co-operation and friendship, had not yet contributed to secure them against political inconstancy. He was one of the most distinguished of a species of men who perform a part more important than noble in great events; who, by powerful talents, captivating manners, and accommodating opinions; by a quick discernment of critical moments in the rise and fall of parties; by not deserting a cause till the instant before it is universally discovered to be desperate, and by a command of expedients and connexions which render them valuable to every new possessor of power, find means to cling to office or to recover it, and who, though they are the natural offspring of quiet and refinement, often creep through stormy revolutions without being crushed. Like the best and most prudent of his class, he appears not to have betrayed the secrets of the friends whom he abandoned, and never to have complied with more evil than was necessary to keep his power. His temper was without rancour; he must be acquitted of prompting, or even preferring, the cruel acts which were perpetrated under his administration: deep designs and premeditated treachery were irreconcilable both with his indolence and his impetuosity; and there is some reason to believe, that, in the midst of total indifference about religious opinions, he retained to the end some degree of that preference for civil liberty which he might have derived from the examples of his ancestors, and the sentiments of some of his early connexions."

In the character given by Sir James Mackintosh of Lord Halifax, a man of greater genius than Lord Sunderland, though less qualified to make his way as a politician, we meet with similar traits of the tact and discrimination of his portraits. Lord Halifax had, it seems, in the generous fervour of youth, embraced the opinions of a republican; but finding soon that "his political speculations were incapable of being reduced to practice, he suffered them to melt away in the sunshine of royal favour. The disappointment of visionary hopes led him to despair of great improvements, to despise the moderate service which an individual may render to the community, and to turn with disgust from public principles to the indulgence of his own vanity and ambition. He had a stronger passion for praise than for power, and loved

the display of talent more than the possession of authority. The unbridled exercise of his wit exposed him to lasting animosities, and threw a shade of levity over his character. He was too acute in discovering difficulties, too ingenious in devising objections. He had too keen a perception of human weakness and folly not to find many pretexts and temptations for changing his measures and deserting his connexions. The subtlety of his genius tempted him to projects too refined to be understood or supported by numerous bodies of men. His appetite for praise, when sated by the admiration of his friends, was too apt to seek a new and more stimulating gratification in the applauses of his opponents. His weakness and even his talents contributed to betray him into inconstancy; which, if not the worst quality of a statesman, is the most fatal to his permanent importance."

Of the brutal Jeffreys he speaks with more unqualified reprobation than of any other person mentioned in his history. Some sentences deserve to be extracted. "The union of a powerful understanding, with boisterous violence, and the basest subserviency, singularly fitted him to be the tool of a tyrant. He wanted, indeed, the aid of hypocrisy, but he was free from its restraints. He had that reputation for boldness which many men preserve, as long as they are personally safe, by violence in their counsels and in their language. If he at last feared danger, he never feared shame, which much more frequently restrains the powerful."

But we must have done with quotations. Those we have selected are favourable specimens of Sir James Mackintosh's style and manner of composition. In the latter part of the fragment, there are many sentences that want the correcting hand of the author. Some are obscure, others ungrammatical, and many might be divided or shortened with advantage. We do not blame the editor for leaving untouched these defects; but, in justice to the author, the publishers ought to have remembered, that he had marked with his own hand on the latter part of his MS., that it required to be revised and corrected before it went to the press.

There are several disquisitions of a general nature dispersed through the work. The most important and elaborate is a dissertation on the right of resistance, on the circumstances in which it is justifiable, and on the limitations to which it is subject. At the close of this discussion he examines the question, whether a people aggrieved by their own government may call in the aid

of foreigners to their assistance. He decides in the affirmative; but considers the policy in most cases doubtful. The case of Holland against Philip of Spain, of England against James II., and of America against George III., are examples of the experiment being made with safety and advantage; but it is too hazardous to be tried unless under very peculiar circumstances.

There is a digression of first-rate excellence on the good and evil produced by the Jesuits, in which the objections to a society of that description, on whatever pretext it may be formed, are stated in the most forcible and convincing manner.

The remarkable calm that preceded the revolution excites the curiosity of Sir James Mackintosh. Some of the reasons he assigns for it may appear fanciful, and others are not in strict accordance with historical truth. But one of the explanations he suggests, if not true, is at least plausible. Popular commotions are commonly preceded by public meetings, or secret assemblies, where the passions of the multitude are excited to violence and turbulence by harangues and exhortations from persons of their own condition. But on this occasion the whole body of the clergy, and all the protestant gentry, were for the first and only time embarked in the popular cause. There was no occasion for demagogues to rouse the multitude; the nation trusted their natural leaders. The people were calm, because those above them were equally alive to their common danger, and equally determined to resist it. "Hence arose the facility of caution and secrecy at one time, of energy and speed at another, of concert and co-operation throughout, which are indispensable in enterprises so perilous."

We are tempted to make one quotation more, on account of its connexion with a prevailing political heresy of our own times. It is not unusual for the declaimers in favour of popular rights to under-rate the struggles with the crown in the middle ages, as contests in which the body of the people had no sort of interest. In reference to such opinions Sir James Mackintosh has the following remark: "In a contest between one tyrant and many, where a nation in a state of personal slavery is equally disregarded by both, reason and humanity might be neutral, if reflection did not remind us, that even the contests and factions of a turbulent aristocracy call forth an energy and magnanimity and ability which are extinguished under the quieter and more fatally lasting domination of a single master." So just is this

observation, and so strongly confirmed by history, that it may truly be said of the convention at Runnemede, that it was the impulse which has guided and directed us ever since. If the barons, who extorted Magna Charta, were to make their appearance before the Reformed House of Commons of 1834, they might say with truth, "If it had not been for us, you would not have been here." The greatest mistake in judging of past times is to estimate the conduct of our ancestors by the standard of our own opinions. The

most grievous error in modern legislation is to argue, that an institution must be good at present because it was useful a hundred years ago. We might as well insist on talking the language of Chaucer as maintain that whatever is antient ought on that account to be preserved. Every thing human is subject to change. Gas lights have superseded whale oil, as the new boroughs have taken place of the old. Let us neither despise our ancestors for having paved their streets, nor refuse to macadamise our own.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MARY.

BY ANN OF SWANSEA.

THE paths of life, alas! are rough and steep—
 Much I have toil'd an upward point to reach,
 Where I might poverty at distance keep,
 And my aspiring hopes contentment teach;
 For oft in days of youth I've fondly thought
 That fame and splendid fortune might be mine;
 But now, by sad experience wisdom taught,
 I smile at idle dreams of "auld lang syne."

Friends I have had, some flattering lovers too;
 Soon they grew cold, inconstant, and unkind—
 Perhaps the fault was mine they prov'd untrue,
 Well, be it so—'tis o'er—and I'm resign'd.
 If wrongs have alter'd me, am I to blame?
 Neglect's cold serpents have a numbing twine—
 Reproach not if my heart's no more the same,
 Ardent, and trusting, as in "auld lang syne."

Little my faithless memory retains
 Of joys that seldom came, and pass'd in haste;
 Yet the sweet thought of thee unchang'd remains,
 The bright oasis of a desert waste!
 Yes, though the wreaths for thee my fancy bound,
 Withering, their bloom and odour must resign;
 Yet I will hope with thee are smiling found
 Some sunny gleams, resembling "auld lang syne."

The charm is broke, my harp remains unstrung,
 The faithless muse from me withdraws her spell;
 Mournful, and wild, upon my ear is flung
 A dirge-like note, that murmurs "Fare thee well.
 Yet grieve not thou when silent is my strain,
 When fairy visions shall no more be mine;
 But search thy memory, it may still retain
 The lays I wrote for thee, in "auld lang syne."

MAY FLOWERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

THE flowers of May!—what are they? They are not the flowers of the garden and the gardener,—flowers that have been sown, and set, shaded and watered, tended late and early:—the flowers of May are Nature's own flowers,—the children of the elements,—sown by the wind, cradled in the earth, cherished by the snow, and painted by the sun.

“ March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.”

So says the adage. March, with its blustering breath, spreads abroad the sweet perfume of the violet; the pale primrose is the child of tearful April; the rose blushes in the beams of June; the stock and the carnation are the glowing flowers of July,—proverbially July flowers; and May, too, has her flower, her flower *par excellence*. Hers is the “ blossom of the thorn,” the whitethorn, the hawthorn, the quicken-tree, the May-bush. The May-blossom comes like a fairy, at the birth of this gentle month, to endow it with sweetness and with beauty. May has many flowers. We cannot do justice to them. We have not space to name them. Why have we not volumes to expatiate upon their loveliness? We are too much strangers to the wild flowers. We tread the woods, the meadows, and the river-banks, and we say—“ here are many beauties, but they have not been introduced to us;” we persuade ourselves that science alone can introduce them, and that science will not speak English; and so, we pass on, and still are strangers.

It is true that the wealthy have flowers from all parts of the globe—flowers in infinite variety—the more temperate climes send contributions to their gardens and their shrubberies, and the wealth of the tropics is nursed in their hot-houses. But are they, therefore, contented to be strangers to the productions of their own country? The wealthiest of the wealthy would make but a poor exchange, if for all their most prized exotics, they should barter their power to ramble in the green world of Nature. They may have both. Rich alike in gold and leisure, they can enjoy all the beauties and advantages of cultivation, and yet, even in their own broad lands, behold the spontaneous growth of nature. Nature and art are both at their command. They can wander from the garden to the shrubbery, from the shrubbery to the park;

they can order their carriage to the door, reclining on soft cushions, be conveyed without fatigue to the green lanes and shady woods in the vicinity; they can alight, and walk on the soft turf, enjoying the freshness of the air, the warmth of the sun, or the coolness of the shade, as best may please them; while they make acquaintance with the trees and flowers, the mosses and grasses, the bees, the butterflies and the birds. They may there behold pictures they see not in their own galleries—may hear music they cannot hear in their saloons, and when the mind or the body becomes weary, a carriage is again at command to convey them to other scenes.

How many human beings are there now wasting in the smoke-infected air of the metropolis, who sigh and pine for the freshness of the country! How many are there who live long years in a beautiful country, and never know its pleasures! and many, no doubt, there are, who are willing to enjoy the simple pleasures within their reach, and ready to welcome any addition to them. It is said that the more simple and natural pleasures are within the reach of all; and, in a limited sense, it may be true. It is true that the pure air is free to all, that the flowers of the common are the property of any that will pluck them, and that the nightingale sings without a fee; but thousands live and die whose senses never were regaled, whose hearts were never cheered, by them. Not to speak of the bitter cares which, in many cases, lessen or destroy the capacity of enjoyment, there are other causes which place those pleasures, seemingly the cheapest, beyond the reach of numbers who are sensible to the privation. Wealth is not gold or land alone—it is liberty and leisure—it comprises not only the purse, but the wishing-cap. To the London mechanic, to the poor hard-working manufacturer, to millions of human beings, the pleasure of a country ramble is scarcely more attainable than a coronet, or the British crown itself. The rich, meanwhile, from the very abundance of their pleasures, become indifferent to them: they have exhausted those immediately around them, they have lost their zest for them, and, like the sated epicure who offered large rewards for a new sauce, many would be grateful for a new pastime. A new pastime is offered them, one that will not

pall the appetite,—one that, like love, will grow by what it feeds on. It is offered by the wild flowers that court their acquaintance. It is offered by the flowers of May.

We see you, reader, crossing a meadow; it is rather inclined, and the lower end is a little wet; that side you naturally avoid; but, as you pass, you see something white peering above the grass. It is a flower, but you know not what flower; you wish to pluck one—you endeavour to win your way within reach of it, without wetting your feet. You try in two or three different parts, for you are slightly shod. The wet may baffle your intentions, and compel you to employ your servant; but you will probably succeed yourself, and the pleasure will be the greater in consequence of the slight degree of difficulty you have encountered. You will take some interest in the flower; it is quite a stranger to you, and you desire to know its name. You wish there was some book that would enable the unscientific to distinguish one plant from another. Fair lady, the systematic arrangement is intended to shorten, not to lengthen, the road to knowledge; but you seek a pastime only, and would avoid the preliminary steps. You would have such a description of the flower before you as should be intelligible to every one; and this may be given of many flowers, and many of the prettiest, although it would not always be easy accurately to define the species without the help of system. This flower may be so described. We presume that the reader of the present day is aware that the leaves which form the body (botanically termed the *corolla*) of the flower, are named petals. We presume so much, from the late progress of knowledge; but poets only are required to know every thing; and even they are not always omniscient. Dryden misled his readers, from ignorance of such distinction: translating Virgil's description of the Italian aster—which is formed much like a daisy, yellow in the centre, and purple in the circumference—he represents it as a yellow flower, growing amid a bush of purple leaves. So great an authority might well reconcile us to ignorance in such a matter; but as we may speak much of petals, we thought it well to explain. But to describe our plant:—

The stem, if broken off near the root, may be a foot, or two feet in height; the leaves, which are of a smooth shining green, are winged (*pinnate*), so called because they are composed of many leaflets, set in pairs on either side of a stalk, like little wide-spread wings. These leaflets differ materially in form; on the upper leaves they are mostly

long and narrow, and even at the edges; those of the lower leaves are exceedingly capricious; some may be round, or nearly so—others shaped like a heart—some will have irregular angles, and sharp notches at their edges; and that which grows at the end of the stalk, called the terminal leaflet, is usually much larger than the rest. The flowers, which rose above the grass, and first took your attention, grow in clusters. Each flower has four petals, which, when fully blown, form a cross about half an inch in diameter. As it may not immediately remind you of a cross, reader, we will be more explicit; the form is like that of the single stock. Each petal has a little notch near the base; to discern which, it may be necessary to separate it from the other part of the flower. When newly blown, these flowers are more or less of a purple colour, which gradually fades to white as they grow older.

From the colour, size, and general appearance of the separate flowers, it has been proposed to call this plant the meadow lilac; which would be a pretty and appropriate appellation enough, could we consent to supersede that given by the poets. Shakspeare compares its hue to that of silver—

“The lady's-smock, all silver white.”

This is the flower—the meadow lady's-smock (*Cardamine pratensis*). Some of our poets have termed it the cuckoo-flower; a name that has been bestowed on many of our spring flowers, coming in with, or nearly with the cuckoo; but Shakspeare expressly distinguishes it from the flower so named by him, which appears to be the common buttercup:—

“And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.”

The familiar name of this flower originated in a supposed resemblance of it, when blowing, to linen bleaching on the grass. It has been celebrated by several of our poets ancient and modern; and we never see it that it does not bring to mind a variety of pleasing images. We cannot take leave of it without calling the reader's attention to the delicate beauty of the buds.

In a marsh beyond the meadow, fair reader, you may see the marsh-marygold, which looks like a gigantic buttercup. Its brilliant colour makes it conspicuous at a distance.

On the hedge-banks of the moister part of the field, you will probably find the comfrey, or all-heal (*Symphytum officinalis*). It may not engage your attention by its beauty, but be not influenced by first appearances; it

will improve upon acquaintance. We speak of that plant with a quadrangular stem three feet high, and large egg-shaped leaves, coarsely veined, and rough with hairs. The lowermost leaves are supported upon long stalks, but the upper ones sit close, their broad stalks descending along the stem, to which they adhere, and form a sort of wings to its angles. Amid all this coarse herbage you will find clusters of cream-coloured flowers, which clusters grow in pairs, with a single flower between each pair. The lower half of the *corolla* (which is concealed within a green five-cleft cup, called the *calyx*) is in the form of a tube; the upper half opens into a bell form, cut at the extremity into five deep scallops. If the corolla be removed from the other parts of the flower, and laid open, five small richly fringed points, of a bright gold colour, will be seen within. Let it then be placed under a microscope, and you will behold a fretwork of as brilliant gems as ever graced a lady's casket. This plant, when plucked, droops and dies almost immediately, and becomes very unsightly; but do not neglect to pluck the flowers ere you cast away the herbage, for they will richly repay your care of them. There is a variety with purple flowers.

The root of the comfrey contains a quantity of mucilage, formerly in great repute for the cure of obstinate coughs. It was also supposed to possess a general healing power; whence originated its rustic name of All-heal.

If you continue to ramble in the meadows, reader, or if you turn into green lanes, occasionally widening into nooks and recesses of pasture land, you may meet with the snowflake, a near relative of the snow-drop, and bearing a strong family likeness; the star of Bethlehem, whose delicate white petals, tinged with green, have the same cool aspect; the beautiful little white saxifrage, of which a double-flowered variety is seen in almost every garden; the daisy, the buttercup, the honey-giving clover, the freckled cowslip, which succeeds the now fast-fading primrose; the wild mallow, and the two-flowered narcissus. The narcissus of the poets must be sought on sandy heaths. It is now in blossom, but is rarely found in a wild state.

On every hedge-bank grows the germander speedwell, with its lovely blue flowers, and its oval wrinkled leaves, mostly a little tinted by the sun; the ground-ivy, with its two white crosses and kidney-shaped leaves,—which, according to the soil it grows in, varies from meagre starvation to the most extreme luxuriance; and, here and there, a few of

the earlier wild geraniums blush amid the turf. Among the dun leaves of the bramble sparkles the white stellaria, relieved by the more glowing stars of the rose campion; and, where the grass grows rank, rises that fairy flower with an ugly name, the white dead-nettle. On chalky banks grows in full luxuriance the celandine, with its large translucent leaves, and flowers of unburnished gold. Have a care, fair reader, lest, like Midas, it turn to gold all that it may touch. Pluck but a leaf, and your fair kid gloves will at least be veined with gold. Look at the severed stalk, and take heed of your silken scarf.

The woods are richly carpeted with flowers. The sweet violet, indeed, has given place to a scentless successor, and primroses now are scattered few and far between; but we have the wild hyacinth, with its long milk-white stem, and its nodding bells; the bugle, with its broad leaves, and little clumpy spikes; the wild strawberry, with its pretty blossoms and leaves, that, like the Graces, always appear in triple beauty; the delicate wood sorrel, with its red meandering vein, and green green, lemon-scented, heart-shaped leaves, that close in sleep at the approach of night; the yellow pimpernel, with its crisp elegance of leaf and blossoms; the pretty wood-ruff, that sheds so sweet a perfume, that one small sprig, dried years since in a book, will vie with a field of new-mown hay,—whence it is often called the hay-plant; the periwinkle, with its fine blue flowers, and luxuriant, large glossy leaves; and the lily of the valley, with its long leaves,

“Shading, like detected light,
Its little green-tipped lamps of white.”

Overhead we have the white blossoms of the way-faring tree, and the mountain ash; and the yellow clusters of the sycamore. The wide heaths are glowing with the broom and golden furze. The May-bush is neighboured by its rival, the wild cherry, the yellow blossoms of the barberry, the sweet trumpets of the honeysuckle, and the pale flowers of the bryony growing in distant knots upon its long and pliant stems; while over all creeps the small white flower of the goose-grass, with its starry leaves thickset with little hooks, which by these organs of appropriation has won unto itself the name of cleavers.

It is yet too early for wild roses, unless it be the cinnamon rose, venturing forth, here and there, to feel the way for its more timid brethren.

We have not named all the May-flowers. It was our wish to expatiate upon them;

but no month of the spring or summer is poor enough to allow us to expatiate upon its wealth in so confined a space;—May least of all.

Has not the slight catalogue we have laid before you, reader, recalled to memory many passages of the poets, that you have dwelt

upon with pleasure. The cowslip, the primrose and the violet; the mallow, and the daisy; the blue-bell, and the woodbine; the clover, the broom, the periwinkle, and the narcissus, are rich with literary associations. If we have revived these, dear reader, neither you nor we shall think our time ill-spent.

SONGS OF THE SEASON.—No. 1.

BY R. FOLKSTONE WILLIAMS, ESQ.

“NEXT DOOR!”

My heart now feels a sort of an expansion,
I shall again my peace of mind restore;
I’ve taken a new house—*with such a mansion*,
Next door!

Upon my face no wrinkles I discover,—
Besides, I’ve still the best of life before,
And may-be I may find another lover,
Next door!

’Tis very strange that, after all my labours,
This mystery I cannot yet explore:
I should so like to know who are my neighbours,
Next door!

I’ve made inquiries of my servant Betty,
Who knows “what’s what,” and doubtless something more;
She says she’s seen a lady rather pretty,
Next door!

I’m on the rack! I’m bursting with vexation!
I’ve watched the window till my eyes were sore,
But I know nothing of their name or station,
Next door!

Perhaps ’tis Smith, or Jones—nay, I’m not joking!
Or Johnson, Thomson, White—or Store, or Gore;
I can’t tell what they are—they’re so provoking,
Next door!

They eat enough to satisfy a glutton,
Yet meat this week is not a farthing low’r.
The butcher’s left another leg of mutton,
Next door!

There are the pies returning from the baker’s—
They must be running up a pretty score!
I don’t believe they’re Methodists or Quakers,
Next door!

Just now I heard a song—and when it ended,
Rose many voices, crying out “Encore!”
I’ve not the least idea to what it tended,
Next door!

Now I hear shouts of mirth from six or seven;
Again the laugh bursts out into a roar:
I’m sure they do not go the way to heaven,
Next door!

And I've heard screams, and sounds of lamentation,
Which then made me perspire from every pore.
I don't begin to like the situation,
Next door!

I saw two surgeons pass, and three physicians!
(Some walked exceeding fast, and some went slow'r;)
This really is enough to raise suspicions,
Next door!

My patience, not my vigilance, relaxes,—
My rage cools not because the frost is hoar:
I don't believe they've paid their rent and taxes,
Next door!

I wonder with what sort of folks they mingle;
I've counted since the cat began to snore,
Ten double knocks, and half a dozen single,
Next door!

I've had a peep from Betty's attic chamber,
Which overlooks the wall they spiked all o'er,
That nothing human might attempt to clamber,
Next door!

From there I noticed several persons walking,
And very strange apparel too they wore;
Some laughing; many playing, and some talking,
Next door!

They seemed like actors a new play rehearsing,—
One in a rage his glossy ringlets tore,
While others their unlucky stars were cursing,
Next door!

Then a well-gaitered man amid the riot,
I couldn't hear him, but I thought he swore;
And all the rest were in an instant quiet,
Next door!

My Betty had gone out—but did not loiter:
I heard her step upon the second floor,
So I ceased for a time to reconnoitre,
Next door!

Perhaps they're St. Simonians, in whose union
The world will own the purity of yore,
And hold their goods and women in communion,
Next door!

Should it be true that there each sacred brother
Assembles, exiled from his native shore,
Who knows but they'll make me their "common mother,"
Next door!

Perhaps they're plotting sanguinary traitors?
I'll now inquire what characters they bore:
I don't like that old gentleman in gaiters,
Next door!

Oh dear!—Here I'll not stay, were I believing
The ground I trod on precious as Bejoar!
Who *could* have thought that they were so deceiving,
Next door!

I shall go mad, or swoon!—Here's Mr. Smile'm,
Who took me in a steam-boat to the Nore,
Declares I've got A LUNATIC ASYLUM
Next door!

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE BRAZILIANS.

No. I.

Chaque pays a ses coutumes, ses manières et ses lois.

MONTESQUIEU.

HE who in the end of the 18th century, says Rousseau, has brought himself to abandon all his early principles without discrimination, would probably have been a bigot in the days of the League—I just throw this out as a hint, because in this age of unlimited scepticism, the assertions of travellers are but too often exposed to ignorant and painful misconception. Not that the readers of a magazine look for any thing beyond a mere *distraction* in its pages; they take up the literary olla podrida, as a Dutchman does his *schnaps*, to wile away the tedious half-hour before dinner, or recur to it again on the following morning, to dispel the nausea produced by an interminable speech in the House on the preceding night from some member of the arch-agitator's tail, on the wrongs of "poor ould Ireland."

Equally indifferent are they to every thing connected with the writer of a book of tracts, for not one iota will they care whether I was driven to South America by the *res angusta domi*—the ambition to stand and be shot at, for one dollar a-day, in the cause of liberty and independence—the *auri sacra fames*, or in fact any other of those principles of human action that so justify the observation of the satirist:—

De tous les animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air ;
Qui marchent sur la terre, ou nagent dans la mer .
De Paris au Perou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.

One fine afternoon, in the year 1817, I found myself leaning over the ship's side, riding safely at anchor in the bay of All Saints, and gazing on one of the loveliest scenes in creation. Before me rose majestically in amphitheatre, the fair city of St. Salvador—the Moorish cupolas and the tall spires of the churches and convents shooting gracefully into the clear blue sky—the white walls of the houses so beautifully contrasting with the luxuriant vegetation and varied tints of the gardens with which they were intermingled. On my left stretched far into the bay the beautiful point of Monteserrate; its white sandy beach studded with villas and shaded by groves of beautiful palm and cocoa-

nut trees. Behind me was the vast expanse of the bay of All Saints, with its cluster of islands, that a Calypso might have chosen for her residence, and towards which a multitude of barks and canoes were seen wending their course. If we only cross the Channel that separates us from our Gallic neighbours, how strong is the impression produced on the mind by foreign scenery and manners; but how much more powerful is it when the physical aspects both of inanimate and animate nature are so different to what we have from infancy been accustomed to look upon. Long then, and enraptured, did I stand gazing on the lovely scene before me, when the gruff voice of the captain announced to me that it was time to go on shore.

As we pulled towards the landing-place, a near inspection soon taught me that, like faded beauty, a Brazilian city looked best at a distance. The wild discordant yells of negro population were to our untutored ears almost appalling, while a concatenation of horrid smells assailed our olfactory nerves, such as all the attar of the East, with the contents of all the Jose Maria Farenas *magasins* in Christendom to boot, would not have neutralised. Rapidly clearing the dark narrow streets of the Cedaile buexà, we began ascending a very steep hill to the upper town. On turning an abrupt angle of the rock, we came in front of the Casa da Misericórdia (the house of mercy), before the gate of which were planted six poles bearing on their lofty summits as many negro heads. A crowd of people were gazing on these bloody relics of humanity with that self-same listless vacant stare which a sojourner in the East must have so often remarked in the groups of bearded Turks, while scanning the features of some rebel pacha, whose *pickled* head has just been placed in one of the fatal niches of the seraglio gate.

"Quem he esso (what is the meaning of this)?" I eagerly inquired of the serjeant who accompanied us.

"Senhor, nasa he nada." (Sir, 'tis nothing).

"Nothing! say you? Why they are human heads."

"Only those of revolted negroes."

"Chopped off I suppose to render their former fellows *plus raisonnables*, and placed before the Casa da Misericordia, to illustrate the meaning of the words."

"He esso mesmo, senhor (Just so, sir)," replied the fellow, with a ghastly grin.

By this time we had gained the Palace Square. The Praed do Palacio of Bahia literally contained all that gave

"Promise of gladness, peril of a grave."

One side contained the residence of the captain-general, a large spacious edifice; a second, the mint; a third, the senate-house and public prison; and the fourth, the courts of chancery. Our business was with the first. After ascending a lofty stair-case and traversing a spacious anti-room, filled with orderlies and aid-de-camps, we were ushered into a small cabinet, where, reclining on a sofa in a white robe de chambre, we found the captain-general of the province. His excellency received us with distinguished politeness, and detaining us for a few moments, while he repeatedly inquired the news from Europe, politely dismissed us with the hope that our residence in Bahia might prove agreeable. On regaining the square, I lingered there for some time; for it was the hour when a stranger has an opportunity of observing all the lights and shadows of Brazilian life. The grenadier company of the only European regiment in garrison were on duty at the palace. They were a remarkable fine body of men—well set up, neat in their appointments, with well bronzed martial countenances, on which the bivouacs had left many a trace; for they were part of the men who followed the immortal Wellington in one uninterrupted career of victory from the Tagus to the Adour.

The centre of the square was occupied by a group of inhabitants of another kind—soldiers of the church, monks of the orders of San Francisco and San Domingo. How picturesque their costume, how imposing their appearance! the large slouched hat of some, the shorn crown, and well-dressed hair of others; the bare neck, the pale ascetic countenance lightened up by an eye of fire, their long flowing robes and sandalled feet riveted my gaze. Near to them was a party of Corelians in their huge cocked-hats and antiquated cut coats. Mark their animated gesticulations, which so finely contrast with the calm and dignified manners of the churchmen. A negro girl, with a tray of sweetmeats on her head, invokes their blessing as she

passes, and carols joyously forth her cry of "*Doce fresca de Creio, doce de Araca*." What means that group of old women sitting beneath the piazza of the Camera—their wrinkled necks covered with charms and relics? Their haggish looks and tattered cloaks remind you of the witches in Macbeth. They are professed beggars, who entreat your charity in the name of the Lady of the Pillar, or of her of the Conception, or by the love of the five wounds of Jesus Christ (as *enreo chargas do Jesu Christo*). But let us turn to a more pleasing object; mark that palanquin just entering the square, with its curtains of scarlet and gold brocade, and its negro bearers in their gay liveries. One of the curtains is held back by a pretty mulatto-girl. How singularly wild and picturesque is her costume. Her neck and arms are encircled with a profusion of beads and chains of the purest gold; pendants of the same glittering metal adorn her ears; her turban is of the brightest scarlet hue; her African striped petticoat, confined at the hips, descends in ample folds to her naked feet, the badge of her condition—a slave. Over her polished shoulder is thrown a mantle, *à la romani*; it is of black velvet lined with blue, and beautifully contrasts with the snowy whiteness of her cambric chemisette. She trips gaily along, directing every now and then the attention of her mistress to some passing object; but the jealous folds of the dark mantilla conceal the features of the fair inmate of the palanquin from the public gaze, through the single aperture of which shines a lustrous dark eye, even as we sometimes see the evening star shining in solitary loveliness in the dark blue sky.

As she was borne along, every head was uncovered, a compliment she returned by a graceful wave of a small and delicately-formed hand. In the rear, mounted on a spirited barb, rode a gentleman, probably her husband. To an English eye, the trappings of the horse, and the garb of the rider, had a singular appearance: the high demi-pique saddle, and tiger skin housings of the former; the Moorish bridle, with its powerful silver bit; the semicircular stirrup-boxes, covered with plates of burnished silver, produced a picturesque effect; equally so was the appearance of the rider—the broad brimmed hat of the finest Chillian straw, the scarlet jacket of cotton cloth, the richly embroidered nankeen pantaloons, the boot à l'écuyer, armed at the heel with a ponderous Moorish spur, more calculated to kill a horse than urge it forward.

Suddenly the cries of the negro girls and the discordant hum of voices which prevailed, cease as if by magic. The tinkle of a small bell is heard; a solemn dirge floats mournfully on the evening breeze; immediately every head is uncovered, every knee is bent; the palace guard are turned out and present arms; the balconies of the neighbouring houses are filled with people holding lighted tapers, and chaunting the service of the dead. Even the captain-general and his staff appear and bend the knee—for the cause of this devotion was the host on its way to administer the extreme unction to a dying sinner.

There is, after all, something in the catholic religion that powerfully appeals to the imagination. With much that is liable to abuse, it contains much that is holy and good; and often in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, when at the soft hour of evening the Ave Maria bell has tolled the—

“S'quilla di lontano
Che paia l' giorno pianger che se muore,”

I have regretted that the indiscriminate zeal in our own country against catholicism has banished much that was calculated to bring religion more forcibly home to our bosoms.

Overcome with the heat, we now entered a café to regale ourselves with some pineapple punch, and the aromatic fragrance of a real Havanna. All its inmates rose as we entered; and when we prepared to depart, to our astonishment, we found that our refreshments had been paid for, a compliment that is frequently shown to strangers in the cafés of Brazil.

The moon was just rising in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, as we bent our steps towards the *Passeo publico*. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the site of this garden, commanding a view of one of the most spacious and beautiful bays in the world. It is laid out with considerable taste, and ornamented in the centre by a marble pyramid, to commemorate the arrival of King John the Sixth, who flying before the victorious arms of Napoleon, first set his foot on American ground in this spot. It was a lovely night; and yet, strange to relate, this public walk was as solitary as the desert. Not a sound burst upon the delicious stillness that prevailed, save the silvery note of the Ave Maria beetle, or the loud chirping of the cricket. The moon sailed high in the heaven, silvering with its rays the placid bosom of the bay that lay at our feet, still and unruffled as a mountain-lake; the magnificent constellations of the southern hemisphere shone brightly

in the dark blue firmament, while the lofty cocoa-nut trees fanned us with their graceful tops, wafting towards us the most delicious perfumes from the neighbouring lime and orange groves. How beautiful is nature within the tropics; and yet how deceitful, for fever and death ride on every gale.

We now thought of retracing our steps, although it was not yet ten o'clock. The streets of the city were silent as the grave. In passing a large mansion, the chords of a guitar were struck by a masterly hand, and, after a beautiful prelude, a female voice sang with impassioned tenderness the following *Modinha*:—

Despois que partio Jozeinho
Partes com elle o prazer
Amor que pode, nao quer valer
Nao ha remedio sinso morer.

At the period of my arrival in Brazil, society may be said to have been in a state of transition. To a philosophic observer this state of things was deeply interesting; it displayed human nature, such as it existed in Europe (allowing for those modifications produced by climate) centuries ago: for, hermetically sealed for three centuries from all intercourse with foreigners by the jealousy of the Portuguese government, society presented a species of civilisation such as existed in Portugal about a century after the discovery of America. Since the emigration of the royal family, European civilisation had in the cities on the coast already made deep inroads into the old system of manners and customs that prevailed. It was immediately visible in the style and architecture of the modern buildings, the gilded balconies and French windows of which contrasted singularly with heavy dark-latticed apertures of the old Brazilian houses. Again, it appeared in the costume of the people, the fashion and materials of which widely differed: some retaining the broad-brimmed hat and Spanish cloak, while others adopted the more modern European dress. However, the ancient system of manners still predominated: it was singularly instanced with regard to the treatment of the women, who were rarely seen abroad except at church, and kept at home in a state of almost Turkish seclusion: indeed that delicate intercourse between the two sexes which constitutes the charm of European society is to this day unknown in Brazil. The government of the country was of the purest despotism, but mitigated in its exercise by that indolent character that so distinguishes both Portuguese and Brazilian. With all their

deference for hereditary rank and titled honours, the most perfect political equality prevailed among the whites—the real and only distinction was the difference of cast and colour; but even here the broad line of demarcation which separated the white from the black and intermediate castes, was frequently overstepped by the possessor of great wealth, who, though physically as brown as a gipsy, was considered socially white—just as we see in Europe Jew bankers created barons de l'empire, and decorated with the order of the Holy Ghost.

Forma regina pecunia donat.

It is true the *mauvaises langues* of the *Branços legitimados* would style them *Branços desfurcados*, white-washed whites: nevertheless, they moved in the best circles of society, and ranked as whites. The intellectual condition of society will be gathered from the following facts:—The majestosa Bahia, as it was styled on every occasion, contained seven monasteries, four convents, three *casas de recolhimentos* for divorcées, &c.; churches and chapels without end, and 100,000 inhabitants, who were so thoroughly emancipated from the rule of the school-master, that one small bookseller's shop, one printing-press, and one paper half the size of a penny magazine, and edited by a priest, sufficed to supply their literary wants: true it is, that in the old Jesuit convent, there was a fine library, containing most of the best French and English authors; but then, in the whole city there was not half a dozen persons who understood those languages—the most popular works were the Lives of the Saints, and the History of Charlemagne and his doughty Paladins. Still the Bahianos were happy in their ignorance, and though unenlightened by a society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, their social condition was superior to that of many people occupying a more elevated point in the scale of civilisation than themselves.

A few days after my arrival, I received an invitation to a grand ball, given by an English gentleman, which was graced by all the rank, beauty, and fashion of the city, and afforded, therefore, a wide field for the study of national manners. There were present, I recollect, the captain-general and his staff, the officers of a Spanish corvette, the foreign consuls, and a long list of other magnificos and distingués. The arrival of each guest was announced by a loud flourish of trumpets, and followed by an introduction to the captain-general, who occupied an elevated

seat at the extremity of the ball-room. Although the persons assembled at this fête composed the élite of the society at Bahia, it was marked by some peculiarity of manners that forcibly struck me. The ladies were all ranged on one side the room, and left to themselves till the dancing commenced. One or two cavaliers, it is true, crossed over, and leaning over the chairs of some of the dark-eyed *senhoras*, were seen pouring soft things into their ears. Still it was an innovation considered by the majority of the company "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Whether we must attribute it to the heat of the climate or to their sedentary life, I know not, but certain it is that female beauty in Brazil is an exotic. You in vain look for that surpassing loveliness, that exquisite "tournure," that witchery of manner which so distinguish the women of Spanish America. On the present occasion, the ladies were all dressed in the French fashion, but their dresses were badly put on, and from the absence of the corset, gave them an *air tout cheffonné*; they were, however, *coiffées* in the most exquisite taste, and their small feet and delicately turned ankles might have excited the envy of an Andalusian. At this time neither the graceful quadrille or the soft undulating waltz had been introduced into Brazil: the style of dance in fashion approached to the old English country dance, but more elaborately ornamental; the cavaliers attempted "*des tours de force*" that would have done honour to a coryphée of the French opera: a favourite evolution appeared to be to encircle their fair partners with their pocket handkerchiefs, who on their side endeavoured to escape from their fetters. Dancing was not the only amusement of the evening; very high play was going on in the card-rooms, and both sexes were seen trying their luck at the faro table, which displayed a glittering heap of doubloons.

In the course of the evening it was announced to the host that a small silver teapot, of exquisite workmanship, had most unaccountably disappeared; the fact is, that it had excited the admiration of an old mulatto colonel, belonging to the respectable class of white-washed whites, who, watching his opportunity, put it into his pocket. Fortunately for the success of his manœuvre, the tails of the uniform coats worn by the Brazilian staff were not the swallow-tailed abortions in which his present majesty of Prussia so delights, but were as ample as

those worn by Old Schewerin and other heroes of the seven years' war. The name of this old fellow was Nicholao, which by the English residents had been changed into the honourable sobriquet of Old Nic. Although his perceptions were in most instances tolerably acute, he was never able to comprehend the difference between "meum et tuum," a moral defect which was constantly leading to results most disagreeable to all those who had the honour of his acquaintance. On this occasion, the master of the house had no doubts whatever of the fate of his tea-pot, and therefore resolved to regain it by a *COUP DE MAIN*.

Accordingly when the colonel rose to depart, the protuberance in the posterior regions of his uniform coat convinced him that his suspicions were correct. Seizing the old gentleman therefore by the skirt of his coat, he exclaimed in a tone of great good humour "Quem he isso, senhor coronel. 'What is this, colonel?' " "Quem sora? 'What can it be?' " rejoined the colonel, with well-feigned surprise.

"Vamos a ver," (let us see) continued the Englishman.

"Pois nao?" (and why not?) repeated the Brazilian, drawing at the same time from his pocket the identical tea-pot, and exclaiming with the most imperturbable gravity, "Ave Maria Jesus! How absent I am! Positively I took it for my snuff-box;" and shuffled off as if nothing had occurred. This old hero, I learnt afterwards, was subject to frequent distractions of the kind, during one of which, only a few days before, he had conveniently mistaken a dozen pair of silk stockings for his gloves.

A few months previous to my arrival in Brazil a revolution had broken out in the province of Pernambuco, the object of which was to throw off the yoke of the mother country, and to establish a republican form of government. The revolt was speedily quelled by the energetic measures of the captain-general of Bahia, the Conde das Arcos, with a less effusion of blood than is sometimes spilt at an Irish row. Most of the ringleaders were at the time in the prisons of Bahia, and a Franciscan friar and two civilians, who had been despatched by the provisional government of Pernambuco to excite a corresponding movement in the province of Bahia, were under sentence of death. As no execution for a political offence had taken place for nearly a century, the event excited the most intense interest. On the morning that was to close the mortal

career of the prisoners, the bells of all the churches and convents tolled mournfully. At an early hour the garrison was under arms; the captain-general and all the government authorities, the different monastic orders, and other religious *Irmandades* were assembled in the Palace Square. At ten o'clock precisely the prisoners were led forth, and the procession commenced moving forward; the houses in the different streets through which it passed were hung with black, and at intervals chapels were erected, before which it halted, while prayers were offered up for the repose of the prisoners' souls.

It appeared by this display to be the intention of government to strike a salutary terror into the Brazilian population—vain hope: the poison had been instilled into the veins of the body politic, and the hour of separation between Portugal and her splendid colony was nigh—still the policy of the measure was good. The measured tread of the infantry—the iron clatter of the cavalry—the deep rumbling roll of the heavy guns, and the solemn peal of the muffled drums, in conjunction with the mournful dirge of the churchmen, produced certainly an impressive effect. The two civilians, overcome with the terrors of approaching death, were obliged to be supported by their confessors. Not so the friar—his carriage was erect, his pace firm and stately: with his arms folded on his bosom, and a countenance raised to Heaven, radiant with enthusiasm, he might have been taken for one of the early martyrs of our faith.

To give the Brazilians their due, they are a humane people, and singularly averse to scenes of blood; so that when the procession finally reached the place of execution, the fossé of one of the *Forts détachés* which defend Bahia on the land side, with the exception of a few foreigners, there were only present such of the natives whom duty imperiously called there.

The last ceremonies of the church over, the prisoners are placed on chairs; but the friar resolutely refused to have his eyes bandaged, which was complied with—a solemn silence prevails—all is ready. The firing party are moved up to within sixteen paces of their intended victims; at last the officer commanding the platoon removes the cigar from his mouth and gives the word—"fire!" The scene which followed almost baffles description; the two civilians, seated on either side of the padre, were knocked off their chairs severely wounded, while, shame

to relate, he escaped unhurt. With eyes flashing fire, he rose majestically, and drawing up his tall figure to its full height, looked proudly on his country's oppressors, and cried "Viva la patria!" So electric was the effect, that had the assemblage of people present been greater, there is no knowing what might have been the consequences produced upon the ardent temperament of Brazilians—but as it was, not even a cry of sympathy was heard. The victims were again placed on their chairs, while the soldiers reloaded their pieces—the second fire again brought down the two civilians; but the padre, though this time wounded, still rose and repeated as before his inspiring cry. An expression of horror was now vividly depicted on the countenances of all present, saving on that of the friar, and his was calm and unimpassioned as a statue. The platoon were

then ordered to advance within six paces of their victims to put an end to their sufferings—the fatal word was again given—again the friar rose; but this time the power of utterance was denied to him, and casting one look of withering scorn on his executioners, he fell dead on the mangled bodies of his two companions.

Et moriens dulcis reminiscitur Argos.

If report can be believed, the career of this Franciscan friar had been blackened by every crime that can disfigure humanity. But as it was the policy of the government unquestionably to defame his memory, it should induce us to give ear to it with caution; but if true—his end, as has been said of a more celebrated character, was as heroic as his life was infamous.

THE COAL CARRIER.

"I GIVE you just twenty-four hours," said an eccentric and arbitrary patron to his dependent, "to write me a tale growing out of the following words:—'*And so, my poor old man, you are still carrying coals!*' If you don't accomplish this task in the time specified, you may seek another home."

The youth was left alone in his little study to think of the bitter words which had been uttered. He clasped his hands tightly round his fair brow; tears started to his eyes, and he muttered—"Oh! that I had been born a helpless unconscious idiot, rather than with just sufficient talent to urge a satiated appetite to perpetual trials of my wretched skill. This world teems with transcendent abilities, yet nothing can suffice but the offerings of a poor tyro. I *will* shake myself clear of this."

He rose from his seat, and with steps which vacillated between quick and slow, resolute and nerveless, he reached the breakfast parlour of his task-master. "My lord," said he, "I find—I mean I know that I cannot accomplish this last trial of my poor skill, therefore,"—his eyes at that moment met those of a pretty, blue-eyed, flax-haired girl, about five years younger than himself. He paused, speedily averted his look, and continued—"therefore, unless your lordship will allow me twelve hours more, I cannot attempt what you desire."

His lordship drew himself up, and casting

into his face an expression which he intended for considerate condescension, said, "I never wish to be unreasonable, young man, and therefore I grant your request; but if (as I believe) you mean to earn a livelihood by the labour of the pen, you should learn to be more prompt."

The youth withdrew, scarcely turning his eyes on the young lady, Clara; but in that brief glance he read an anxiety that he should succeed. He returned to his study, took up a quill, made it slowly into a pen, wrote his text on a sheet of paper, read it a dozen times, threw down his pen, and equipping himself for a walk, suddenly left the house. He bent his steps to a corner of a street, known by the name of the Barrow Bridge, where he was sure to find a group of coal-carriers, with their little flat baskets and shovels, ready for a call. Having reached the place, he stood still, and examined each face before him. A little brisk woman made two or three steps in advance, as if expecting his orders; a dark gruff fellow asked where he should go to; and a pair of females both started up, for some were sitting on the cold stones, and said, "We gawn thegither, and carry in a cart for threepence."

"For three pence!" said he, emphatically, "and what will that do for two?"

"Get us our brikfast and somethin ovr."

Out of seven or eight, all accosted him by word or movement, excepting an old thin man, of the short middle size, and whose withered, but comparatively clean face, still exhibited undoubted marks of having once been very handsome. He was leaning on his shovel, with his back against the wall of a house, but gave no token of the slightest wish for employment.

Charles Savannetti, for that was the name of our involuntary author, was struck with the man's countenance; but, if possible, still more by his utter immovability, and apparent abstraction from what was passing. There was a resigned placid melancholy in his face which worked itself up in Charles's mind into a sort of identification with himself, and almost unconsciously he addressed him with—"And so, my poor old man, you are still carrying coals?"

The man started as from a reverie, and replied—but we shall let Charles tell his own story, after briefly introducing our readers to his patron.

Lord A. was a man of great wealth, although when he entered into life his income was scarcely adequate to the support of his hereditary rank; and had he died at the age of twenty-one, he would have left behind him such a character as many an *untried* youth has bequeathed to posterity. "Economical, without meanness; generous, without prodigality; gay, without licentiousness; mild, without cowardice; with perhaps a lurking ambition, which would probably have budded forth into patriotic deeds." Such, and far more, would have been the eulogy of Lord A. had he departed this life thirty-two years before the commencement of our little narrative. O, time! thou great developer of humanity! How often would those who set out the reverse of this fine promise in our great men, change character as completely, were it not for the avidity of malice to put the stamp on green youth. Lord A. had been brought up in the country with such habits of moderation as suited his income, but, as often happens when the ligatures of economy have been too tightly drawn, he was violently smitten on his entry into life with a love of splendour and expense. Plate, pictures, equipages, with all the adjuncts of such things, became his passion. He groaned internally as he gazed around him upon the gauds of life, and felt, that beyond what seemed mere necessities, none of them could be his. But fate was complaisant to him, and relations, who had no other heir, died off, as if in pure

compassion to Lord A.; so that by the time he had reached his thirty-third year he was pronounced the most fortunate man in Britain. But just about that time a fitfulness came over him, and he then plunged into commercial speculations upon so large and grand a scale as to keep his baronial dignity safe. People were sadly at a stand how to account for this; some said he was avaricious; and a few imagined that he had discovered the insufficiency of toys to the filling up of the human mind, (that craving restless thing, which perhaps nothing can satisfy but the pursuit of science.) Some wished that he had bestowed his mind's effervescence on politics, as the cabals of a party are called; and a small number, such as the amiable but doting Mrs. Sheppard, wished that he had turned his luxurious contemplations heaven-ward. Success seemed to fatigue him, and he threw up all his commercial speculations when they promised a yet richer harvest. His next resource, for a period of eight years, and which brought him down to his fiftieth year, was exclusively in books. His hitherto well-filled library, stored with the selected gatherings of many generations, became distasteful to him; he fitted up a new one, and seemed anxious to have on its shelves all that had been written, good and bad, for the last hundred and fifty years, and he might be seen for months plunged into the deepest abstract speculations, and for others besotted like an opium eater by the fumes of fiction.

About two years before the date of our story, an absolute nausea took possession of him. "It is my own," seemed the watchword to disgust; when one day, as he longed for some untasted enjoyment, he chanced to cast his eye upon a little tale which Charles Savannetti had written for the amusement of Lady Clara. From that moment he might be said to seize upon the mind of the youth, and with a strange and novel voracity seek to explore its inmost recesses, continually taxing his own invention for the most silly and outre subjects whereupon to exercise the talents of the unfortunate lad. Lord A. had when very young fixed his affections on a lady of singular beauty; she preferred another, which perhaps he never forgave; but matrimony, like all the other chances of his life, seemed destined to enrich him. A wealthy dame sought him, he married her, she presented him with Lady Clara, and in a few years after he became a widower, in which state he remained. The fair sex, after his first attachment, never seemed in any respect to interest him, with the sole

exception of his pretty daughter. His love for her, a wandering life, and his freaks on Charles Savannetti, had for the two last years in some measure occupied his mind. At the beginning of that period, he was living in the most southerly part of England; we found him lately in one of its northern towns, and there we shall leave him, in order that the unhappy Charles may read his tale.

At ten next night, exactly thirty-six hours after the mandate had been issued, Charles descended to the drawing-room. When he entered, his lordship raised his head from a volume which probably he was not reading; Lady Clara had the fluttered look of hope fulfilled, and the "fortunate protégé," as the world called him, cast down his eyes lest their expression should be remarked. His lordship tried to look benign, and beckoned to a seat.

Charles continued standing, and said, "My lord, there is the tale, and I must honestly confess that, such as it is, my invention has no share in it, excepting towards the end, where I have no doubt your lordship's discernment will discover where absolute fact closes, and where I made such an addition to the narrative as the laws of fiction warrant, and as indeed might be a very probable consecutive of the foregoing part. Shall I have the honour of reading it, my lord?"

"Assuredly; you know I never drag myself through manuscript."

"I shall continue standing, then, if you please."

"As you like. Clara, my love, it is time for you to withdraw."

"May I not remain, papa?"

"I had rather not," was uttered imperatively.

"Your eyes seem in the door," said Lord A.

Charles started, and immediately began.

"A student was one morning labouring under a very severe depression of spirit. His reason told him that his mind ought to be equal in various ways to the inflictions which pressed upon him, but reason urged him in vain. After struggling against a host of contending passions, perhaps I should rather say emotions, he darted into the open air, and bent his steps to the suburbs on the north-side of the town in which he lived. It was rather a genteel place, but what may seem strange, its inhabitants permitted a poor apple-woman to erect her little stall in its vicinity, and a few miserable coal-porters to find a sort of shelter from the

blast by placing themselves at the end of the last house in the row. When he reached these poor creatures, that chance which the student believed to govern the lot of man, impelled him to stand and examine the eight or nine grimed faces which he found before him. All, excepting one, offered their services by look, movement, or word.

"This individual stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his whole air bespoke a deep dejection, but no anxiety. He was of the short middle size, seemed to have been well formed, though perhaps never robust, and his features had in them a regularity and delicacy which might be termed elegant. Broken down as he appeared to be, it was impossible to guess at his age; he looked fifty-five, but he might be only fifty."

"Only fifty!" said Lord A., "and what complexion?"

Charles looked at Lord A., and replied, "The tale does not say."

"The young man felt himself drawn towards this person as if by a magnet, and he did not seek to resist the impulse, for he had an extraordinary faith in what he termed 'the philosophy of events.' Perhaps he was fond of conceits, and that the single word 'concatenation' expresses all he meant."

Lord A. changed his position, frowned and half sighed.

"The student's feet moved unbidden to the spot where the man stood, and in a tone of sympathy, at the same time using a mode of expression which seemed to imply a previous knowledge of the person addressed, he said, 'And so, my poor old man, you are still carrying coals?'"

"The humble drudge looked up as if he expected to see an acquaintance, displaying at the same time, eyes which were in perfect unison with the uncommon symmetry of his other features."

"Were they blue?" asked Lord A.

"My lord!" said Charles, in surprise.

"I say were they blue?"

"I am reading a tale, my lord, and can narrate only what is here written down."

His lordship looked foolish, and Charles went on.

"The man replied, 'When any one asks me,'

"'You are not fortunate, then, in that way?'"

"'Fortunate!' said he, as if surprised at the term being applied to him, and he followed up the exclamation by what might be called a laugh; but there was no disrespect or ridicule in the momentary convulsion—it merely meant to say, that good fortune and he had long since parted.

" 'Come along with me,' said the student; and he led the way to what is called the Town Moor."

Lord A. looked up as if he did not like the story, and seemed inclined to interrupt it, but presently cast his eyes again on the volume which lay before him.

" 'And what do you get for carrying in a cast of coals?'

" 'Any thing you please,' said the poor man; and, fixing his eyes again on the querist, he added—'but it seems strange that such as you should come on an errand like this.'

" 'Such as I?' said the youth; and he surveyed his dress, which by some accident happened that morning to be unusually plain.

" 'You may always know a gentleman by his voice,' said the old man.

Lord A. directed his full gaze on Charles, who, as if he had considered it an interruption, repeated—'you may always know a gentleman by his voice.'

"The student did not decline the compliment, but still under the influence of a depressed spirit, he said—'God knows I may one day be as you are.'

" 'Impossible!' replied his new acquaintance, 'for the same disease which would unfit you for better labours, would equally unfit you for this—unless, indeed, derangement—, a madman may carry coals.'

" 'And why, my poor friend, are you in this situation? Your mind seems far more fitted for labour than your body.'

"The man stopped, sighed deeply, looked hard in the face of the student, and said—'May I ask if you really want the services of my poor calling?'

" 'No, I do not; but the fact is, I have left my home, if such I may call my place of abode, in quest of materials for a tale.'

" 'You are an author, then?'

" 'I have no occupation—no profession—no trade; and, I think, no capacity for the only resource which seems destined for me. I depend upon one who, in the language of the world, and to the passing observer, has been unprecedentedly kind to me; for the orphan of a domestic had no claims beyond mere sustenance and a trade. I certainly have been brought up—yes, I must say it—as a gentleman. But I had far rather have been the fondled brat of a gipsy than the sport of fit-and-start kindness.'

"The student checked himself suddenly, as if surprised at this unwonted and uncalled-for openness, and to such an auditor.

" 'I will not,' said the man, 'profess to be honoured by your confidence, for you

do not, cannot intend to bestow it on one in my situation; but—' and again he fixed his sunken though still fine eyes on the youth's face—'but it is remarkable that there is betwixt us a certain similarity, and although I have never told the cause of my misery to any other than a priest, I shall, in *all* but names, tell you why I am thus.'

" 'A priest!' said the student.

" 'Yes, young man, a priest; and pray where is the individual who starts and is annoyed at a tale that has been told a million times? A new religion might call forth your surprise, but why start as if adders were in the path at what has lasted for so many centuries?'

" 'I knew,' said Lord A., 'he was not a catholic.'

" 'My lord!' said Charles.

" 'My lord!' repeated his patron, 'why all these appeals? There is a confidence in your demeanour to-night which I never observed before.'

" 'I do assure your lordship there is no change in me. I have never been a coward. It is true I might have been more resolute, but—'

" 'But what?'

" 'A thousand ties, my lord—'

" 'A thousand! whence sprang they?'

" 'Shall I go on with the tale?'

" 'Yes; I was half asleep. Your tale is heavy, and I start now and then from a dream.'

" 'It is heavy, my lord.'

" 'Ha! what mean you?'

" 'Nothing, by heaven.'

" 'Nay, why swear?'

" 'My lord, you complain of being drowsy, had we not—I mean, had I not, better drop this dull tale?'

" 'No; by— I must know it all this night:' and, grasping his hands tightly round his head, he exclaimed,—'you talked of adders! surely my brain is in the grasp of scorpions. Oh! I know how it is; I took opium an hour since, and it has had a mal-effect. Go on.'

" 'I am,' said the coal-carrier, 'the son of a respectable innkeeper who lived in Bristol, and it was my misfortune to be endowed with a most singular beauty of countenance. No one—I speak of the immediate period at which my short history commences—no one ever saw me without stopping to notice me, and scarcely a day passed, from my second to my fifth year, that I was not begged of my parents, as a most especial favour, to grace some one's party. When just turned of five, chance sent to our house

Mr. ———, his lady, and son, then about the same age with myself. I unfortunately attracted the notice of the party, and the boy declared that he could not live without his pretty playfellow. He was an only child, heir to an immense property, and not much used to contradiction. My father, flattered by the admiration I had called forth from people of such consequence, and hoping that I should be placed in the way of future advancement in life, was prevailed upon to part with me, under the promise, which was solemnly kept, of my being well cared for. I was educated with, and like my amiable young master, until the time at which he went to Oxford, when it was deemed proper to separate us, and have me taught the routine of land business, so that I might be a confidential secretary in the family. When Mr. ——— was about twenty-two years of age, his father died, and left him heir to one of the finest properties in the south of England. His lady mother, though handsomely dowried, remained with us. I say with us; for though I did not eat with the family, I was in all other respects like one of themselves. My master had been for some time attached to a Miss ———; she had no fortune, but having recently refused an earl, young and handsome, Mr. ——— was well assured of her disinterestedness. Indeed, who could look upon her, and suppose that she had a quality in common with ordinary clay? She was ———.

"Describe her at your peril," said Lord A., flashing a look at Charles Savannetti, which was not to be parried. He therefore passed on to the next paragraph; and Lord A. leant his forehead on his extended palms as they lay on the table, nor did he again raise it until the coal-man's narrative ended.

"Within a year after their union, she presented him with a lovely boy, having the fair delicate skin of his mother, with the dark hair, black eyes, and more regular features of his father. In six months after this happy event, which was celebrated as if joy were immutable, I saw with deep concern that Mrs. ——— was somewhat altered. There was a languor in her movements; her eyes were a little sunk, and had lost their joyous brilliancy; her dimples were less frequently in play, and the slight peach-like bloom of her cheek had disappeared. I have observed that intense anxiety about a beloved object runs into opposite extremes; being attended either by an obstinate blindness which resolves to see no danger, or else by a fretful watchfulness which perceives it

every where. It may be rash to say that the latter is incidental to weak minds; but be that as it may, Mr. ——— belonged to the first class, and perceived no change until I felt it my duty to point it out.

"Oh! the deep, deep searching of his eyes, as he would sit and gaze upon her to make himself quite sure that I was mistaken, and the repressed quiver of his lips, if he sometimes felt it impossible to resist conviction. Still his hopes greatly overbalanced his fears, till, at last, the paleness of her delicate cheek was occasionally varied by the fatal red spot, and the lately dull eye sent forth a new and alarming lustre. Good God! what was his agony—but I cannot dwell on what I can never forget. She sunk rapidly, and, before her head was laid in the grave, I had the grief to observe that anxiety and unceasing vigilance had shaken the constitution of my master. I urged change of scene, and, accompanied by the young heir and a suitable train of domestics, we set sail for a climate more adapted to a sinking frame. He lingered on for some months, while he seemed divided between indifference to life on account of his irreparable loss, and an ardent desire to protect his son. With a broken heart he saw that his doom was inevitable, and committing his boy to my care, a charge which I never doubted to fulfil, he departed this life.

"We sailed for England, I never lost sight of the child for one moment—could he be otherwise than dear to me? O! human nature, thou frail thing!

"When almost touching our native shore we were overtaken by a dreadful tempest; destruction soon became certain, and in that awful moment my mind was occupied by my charge alone. I wrapped him up in a large sheet of silk oil-cloth, which had been used for some of the more elegant packages. As I stood upon the last raft I could descry the abode of his next heir. O! how I longed to reach it! But alas! that was a hopeless consummation. For some time I was true to my trust—how shall I tell you the rest? I found—in short I found, that to save myself I must quit my charge!

"Here the poor man stood still, and seemed to suffer deep mental agony. They walked on in silence for a considerable time. At length he made a strong effort and continued.—

"I saved my own worthless life—and for what? to find it one train of misery. Ungrateful monster! Little did my confiding master and friend dream that, in the moment of danger, I should divide the chance of life between his offspring—the child of his de-

voted love—and myself, and that I should have cast his child from me! I reached the shore, stunned and worn out—was carried to a hut for recovery, and cursed those who had saved me. I shall attempt no description of my remorse. I abandoned myself to beggary and wretchedness, and at last, chiefly that I might divulge my crime, I became a Catholic. Several priests sought to soothe and comfort me, urged that human nature in so trying a moment could not be master of itself, and that repentance like mine, even had my crime been of a more positive nature, might surely hope for pardon. Their lenity disappointed me. I longed for some severe infliction; for my life, though that of a beggar, with all its precariousness, had nothing pungent in it, excepting my own miserable conscience. I wandered from place to place, and at length reached this northern town, where I understood that the priest, though amiable in his general conduct, and humane to the simply wretched, was stern and inflexible to the wicked, exacting the last farthing of penitential retribution. I laid my heart open to him. He said that my crime was one of the deepest die; that the weakness of human nature in such a case formed no excuse; that I had been actuated by the mere paltry love of life, and that in the stimulant of some active passion he could have beheld a better apology. I had forgotten the long, long debt of gratitude—the brotherly-kindness I had experienced from a superior, and the very peculiar sacredness of the trust confided to my sole care.

“‘To such a culprit,’ said he, ‘beggary is luxury—to occasional want you must add labour of the meanest order—eat no bread that you do not work for, and seek no employment that is not offered.’

“‘The mandate suited the nature of my compunction, and hence you find me, after the lapse of twenty years since my misfortune, in the most revolting occupation I could devise.’

“Here his narrative ended. The curiosity of the student was whetted, and he resolved—though to resolve *was* an effort—to quit his present abode next morning and travel to the coast of —”

“Of what?” said Lord A. starting up, and fixing on his protégé a look of ferocity. “The coast of what?” he repeated.

A sudden change came over the spirit of the unhappy young man, his knees smote against each other, and he returned the desperate gaze of his patron with that unsteady wavering eye, which bespeaks doubt and apprehension.

They stood thus for some moments, perhaps minutes, during which time a rapid revolution seemed to have taken place in the mind of Lord A. “Young man,” said he, “I see the conflict which you are enduring—I am not *all* brute. But while I perceive a struggle, I cannot guess at what is actually passing through your mind. Go to rest. Come to me at eight to-morrow morning, and in the mean time, while something good predominates in me, receive an advice, and, if you love your own soul, follow it. Never fall in love with the toys of life. You will find them as unsatisfactory—as unfilling up of all that is rational in man, as are the bells to the mountebank, round whose ears they tingle. Would, for the sake of mankind, for the credit of human nature—would that I stood alone; but a toy-loving nation will at last come to that destruction which is now to me inevitable.”

Charles retired to his room, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed. His mind was disturbed to agony. His tale, such as it was, had caused the father of Clara some painful emotions. Was it not ungrateful in him, to have alluded to Lord A.’s capricious conduct towards himself? But on the other hand, was the sense of an unsought dependence to crush in him all that was manly?

“Is it a fear,” said he, “that I shall be dismissed on the morrow which thus shakes every nerve of my frame? Such a fear shall no longer have any power over me. Have I, the son of a poor foreign domestic, any right to look at Lady Clara, far less to make her the loadstone which continually draws me back, after my foot is on the threshold to depart? This must no longer be. I cannot say, ‘I will arise and go to my father,’ but I can assuredly shake off this unmanly dependence, and what is worse—this presumptuous—I may say, sacrilegious love. To-morrow at nine I leave this house for ever.”

He accordingly wrote a letter of thanks to Lord A. for the support he had afforded, with a brief and somewhat haughty apology for any occasional want of respect, or appearance of ingratitude.

After this he packed up such articles as he could call his own, and then sought, still dressed, a little repose. At eight next morning, an hour sooner than Lord A.’s valet generally waited upon him, Charles entered his room, considerably more agitated than even when they had last parted. He held in his hand what he deemed his last letter to the

man, who, however painfully dispensed, had yet bestowed upon him a liberal education, and permitted him a seat at his own board.

It was the depth of winter, and, in a room well curtained with the deepest green, Charles could not fail to feel himself in almost utter darkness.

There was a relief in this—he paused—listened for a breathing—heard none—the agitation of the last night had probably, after a few hours, superinduced a heavy sleep. He sat down by the window, glad of even a short respite from the fulfilment of his intentions. Venturing—for we are very timid in the presence of the great—venturing to admit a glimmer of light, he thought that he might surely distinguish a splendid portrait of Clara, which hung over the chimney-piece, and exactly opposite to Lord A.'s bed. In vain he fixed his eyes on the spot, he could see nothing. "Surely," thought he, "the white dress and the glittering frame should be visible, even in this feeble light." At last he rose from his seat, walked on tip-toe, and put his hand on the frame: it was covered with a piece of cloth. The circumstance was a trifle, but at that particular moment seemed portentous. He became sick, threw open the shutters, and saw that a table-cover had been thrown over the picture. He looked towards the table, and upon it observed an empty vial, labelled "Laudanum;" and two letters, one open, the other sealed with black. The former was directed to Lord A.'s principal land agent, the latter to George Saumurez, Esq., hitherto known by the name of Charles Savannetti.

He tore it open, and read as follows: "I am far more guilty than the feeble-minded

old man whose narrative was the history of your parents, and of your own supposed death.

"I had a retainer in Italy, who wrote me of your father's death, and of your sailing in the 'Ann.' An anxious, demoniac restlessness seized upon me. I wandered perpetually on the shore which the vessel was likely to near. At last, one evening, I saw a ship in the offing, and, viewing her through a good telescope, felt assured that it was the same which contained all that stood between me and the consummation of my utmost ambition. A tempest arose almost on the instant. I watched its progress—the vessel went to atoms, and—good God—the child of my heart's rival was rolled to my feet!

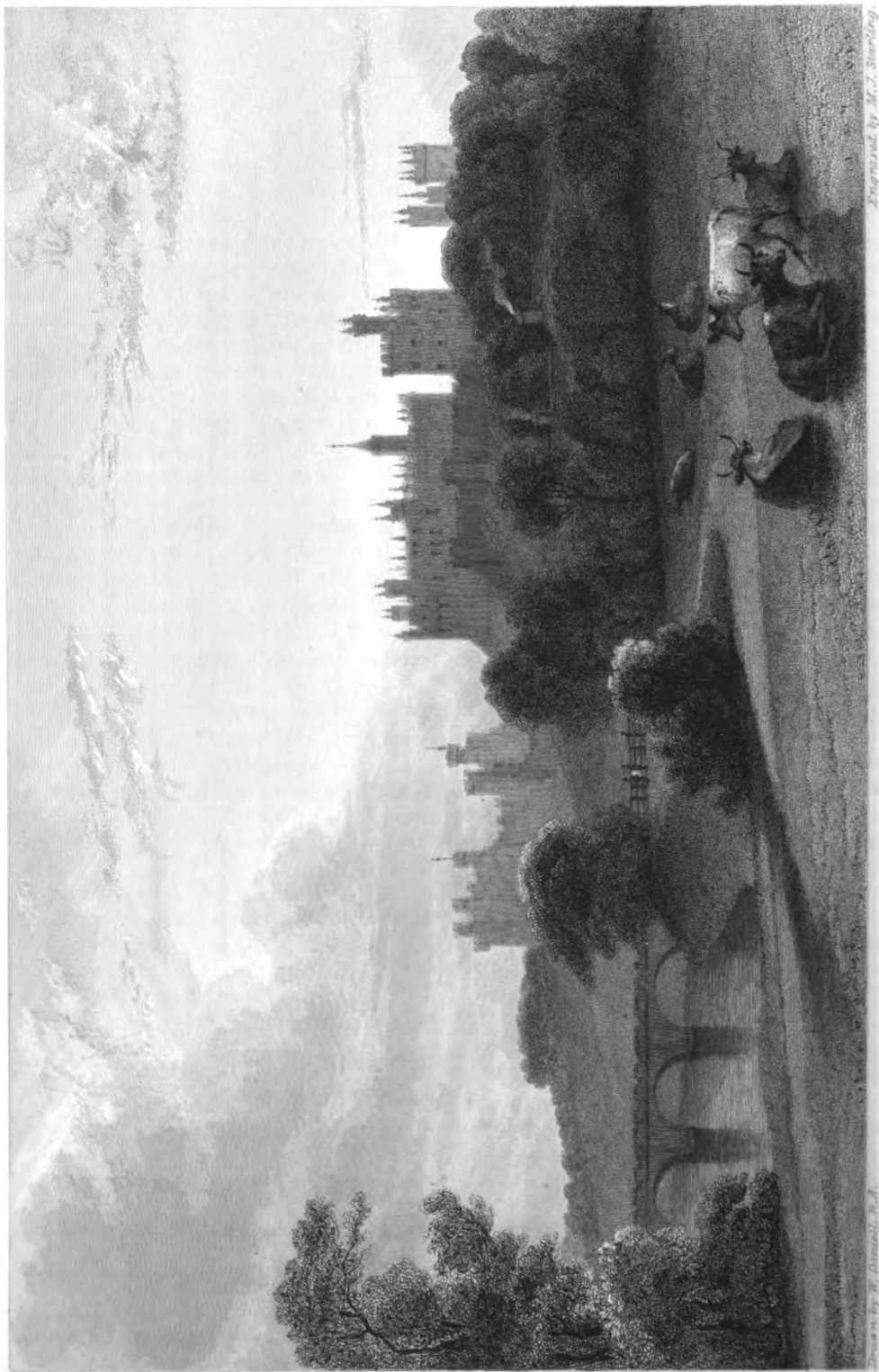
"I found you were alive—I did not stop for examination—for proof, but hurried to the next post town, where, going quietly and secretly to a retired cottage where I was assured of being unknown, I examined your clothes, and found the initials which told me that I held the heir of — in my arms. I procured a horse; and, hastening into a remote part of the country, posted to London. I sent a note to my house-steward, saying, that a demurrage (which did actually take place at that time) in a foreign house of business, in which I had large sums, obliged me to go abroad instantly. No one presumes to investigate very closely the movements of a rich and titled man. I found pretexts for remaining abroad for three years; and, on my return, easily passed you off as the orphan of an Italian servant. I cannot dwell on the subject—besides, it is needless. Lady Clara and you love each other: be happy, but conceal from her the guilt of her father."

A.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

From what pure vein, love, didst thou delve the gold
To form those twin bright tresses? from what thorn
Those roses pluck? that snow so pure, so cold,
On what Alps find, my loved one to adorn?
Where gav'st thou life to smiles inanimate,
Promethean Godhead! kindling with stol'n fire
Pearls set in coral? Beauty's whole attire
Which diadems her brows with more than royal state.

What winged angels' harps or seraphs' lyres
Taught their blest music to her gentle tongue?
And, say, what distant orb in ether hung
Supplied her bright eyes with those magic fires,
Whose flash arouses war and peace by turns,
Chills and inflames at once, freezes and burns?



Engraved by M. J. Starling.

Drawn by H. Daniell, R.A.

THE TOWN OF DUBLIN, AS SEEN FROM THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

Published by the author, at the Castle of Dublin, in the year 1801.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE town of Alnwick is irregular, being built on the declivities of a hill in various directions. It is the county town of Northumberland, governed by a bailiff nominated by the duke (whose authority is derived from the obsolete office of constable of the castle), and four chamberlains annually chosen out of the freemen of the town.

The freedom of this borough was a whimsical institution of King John, who with mischievous pleasantry ordained that it should be obtained by passing through a deep and miry pond on the Town moor upon St. Mark's day; which, to render still more ludicrous, the hapless candidate is to perform in white clothing. This feat is sometimes achieved with great peril; but what immunities or privileges are gained by so strange a mode of accession we are unable to learn.

In the immediate vicinity of this ancient town stands Alnwick castle, the fortress of the illustrious house of Percy. The approach to the castle retains much of the solemn grandeur of ancient times; the inscription on the gateway, still legible, "*Esperance me comforteth*," appertained to the arms of the Percys, and was placed there when the repairs were made by the family; the moat is drained, and the ceremony of letting down the draw-bridge is forgot; but the walls which enclose the area still wear the ancient countenance of strength and defence. You enter by a machicolated gate, defended by an upper tower, and after passing a covered way, approach the interior gate, which admits you to the area; this entrance is defended by all the devices used in ancient times; iron studded gates, portcullis, open galleries, and apertures in the arching for annoying assailants.

The castle is a noble structure, rebuilt on the old foundation, and in the Saxon style; the architect has strictly preserved the whole mode and ornaments of the original; the battlements are crowded with effigies according to the taste of the Normans, in whose time it underwent a principal repair. These represent men in the art of defence, wielding such arms as were commonly in use at that period; some of these figures are disposed with striking effect; the guard of one of the

gateways appears in the act of casting down a mighty stone on the heads of assailants.

The building consists of beautiful freestone in chiselled work; its form is singular, being composed of semicircular and angular bastions. This edifice stands in a spacious area, which at the time of its greatest strength, it is to be presumed, totally surrounded it, defended by a complete circumvallation and a moat; otherwise the principal part of the fortress would have lain unguarded by any outwork except a moat.

At present, the front is opened to the northeast; and the wall having towers at proper intervals, shuts it in on the other quarters. As the traveller approaches the castle, the walls with its towers form a noble flanking to the principal structure; to the southward, the garden grounds appear tastefully disposed; to the north and west the town of Alnwick is seen spreading on the back ground. He will, however, lament the want of some of those fine woodlands and lofty grey rocks which impend over the Aln, above Alnwick, to give rural and romantic graces to objects so imperial, (if we may be permitted the expression,) in distinguishing this noble edifice.

Alnwick castle contains about five acres of ground within its outer walls, which are flanked with sixteen towers and turrets that now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and retain, many of them, their original names, as well as their ancient use and destination. There are,

1st. The Great or Outward Gate of entrance, anciently called the Utter Ward.

2nd. The Garner or Avenor's Tower; behind which are the stables, coach-houses, &c., in all respects suitable to the magnitude and dignity of this great castle.

3rd. The Water Tower, containing the cistern or reservoir that supplies the castle and offices with water.

4th. The Caterer's Tower, adjoining to which are the kitchens and all conveniences of that description.

Behind the adjacent walls are concealed a complete set of offices and apartments for most of the principal officers and attendants in the castle; together with a large hall or

dining room to entertain the tenants at the audits; with an office for the auditors, and housekeeper's room; and underneath them a servants' hall, with all other suitable conveniences.

5th. The Middle Ward.

6th. The Auditor's Tower.

7th. The Guard House.

8th. The East Garret.

9th. The Records Tower, of which the lower story contains the evidence room, or great repository of the archives of the barony; over it is a circular apartment, designed and executed with great taste and beauty for a banquetting room; being twenty-nine feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet six inches high.

10th. The Ravine Tower, or Hotspur's chair. Between this and the round tower was formerly a large breach in the walls, which, from time immemorial, had been called by the town's people the bloody gap.

11th. The Constable's Tower, which remains chiefly in its ancient state, as a specimen to show how the castle itself was formerly fitted up.

12th. The Postern Tower, or Sally Port. The upper apartment now contains old armour, arms, &c. The lower story has a small furnace or laboratory for chemical experiments.

13th. The Armourer's Tower.

14th. The Falconer's Tower.

15th. The Abbot's Tower; so called either from its situation nearest the Alnwick Abbey, or, which is more probable, from its containing an apartment for the abbot of that monastery whenever he visited the castle.

16th. The West Garret.

The castle properly consists of three courts or divisions, the entrance into which was defended by three massive gates, called the utter ward, the middle ward, and the inner ward. Each of these gates was in a high embattled tower, furnished with a portcullis, and the outward gate with a drawbridge also; they had each of them a porter's lodge, and a strong prison, besides necessary apartments for the constable, bailiff, and subordinate officers. Under each of the prisons was a deep and dark dungeon, into which the more refractory prisoners were let down by cords, and from which there was no exit but through the trap-door in the floor above. That of the inner ward is still remaining in all its original horrors.

Nothing can be conceived more striking than the effect at first entrance within the walls from the tower, when, through a dark gloomy gateway of considerable length and

depth, the stranger suddenly emerges into one of the most splendid scenes that can be imagined, and is presented at once with the great body of the inner castle, surrounded by semicircular towers, expanding majestically to the eye, and gaily adorned with pinnacles, figures and battlements.

The impression is still further strengthened by the successive entrance into the second and third courts, through great massy towers, till the stranger arrives in the inner court, and in the very centre of this great citadel.

Here he approaches a most beautiful staircase, of a very singular but pleasing form, expanding like a fan: the cornice of the ceiling is enriched with a series of 120 escutcheons, displaying the principal quarterings and intermarriages of the Percy family. The space occupied by this staircase is forty-six feet long, thirty-five feet four inches wide, and forty-three feet two inches in height.

The first room that presents itself to the left is the saloon, which is a very beautiful apartment, designed in the most elegant style of Gothic architecture, and is forty-two feet eight inches long, thirty-seven feet two inches wide, and nineteen feet ten inches high. To this succeeds the drawing-room, consisting of one large oval, with a semicircular projection or bow-window. It is forty-six feet seven inches long, thirty-five feet four inches wide, and twenty-two feet high.

Hence the transition is very appropriately to the great dining-room, which was one of the first executed, and is of the purest Gothic, with niches and other ornaments, that render it a noble model of a great baron's hall. This room is fifty-three feet nine inches long, twenty feet ten inches wide (exclusive of a circular recess formed by a large bow-window at the upper end, which is nineteen feet in diameter), and twenty-six feet nine inches in height.

From the dining-room, the stranger may either descend into the court by a circular staircase, or he is ushered into a beautiful Gothic apartment over the gateway, commonly used for a breakfast or supper room; this is furnished with closets in the octagon towers, and is connected with other private apartments.

The stranger is thence conducted into the library, which is a very fine room, in the form of a parallelogram, properly fitted up with books, and ornamented with stucco work in a very rich Gothic style. It is sixty-four feet long, and sixteen feet one inch in height. This apartment leads to the Chapel, which fills all the upper space of the middle ward. Here the highest display of Gothic ornament

of the greatest beauty has been very appropriately exhibited; and the several parts of the chapel have been designed after the purest models of Gothic excellence. The great east window is imitated from one of the finest in Westminster; the ceiling is borrowed from that of King's College, Cambridge; and the walls are painted after the Cathedral at Milan. The windows, of painted glass, are perhaps equal to any thing of the kind hitherto attempted, and worthy of the present improved state of the arts in this country. Exclusive of a beautiful recess for the family, the chapel is fifty feet long, twenty-one feet four inches wide, and twenty-two feet high.

Returning from the chapel through the library, and passing by another great staircase, we enter a passage or gallery leading to two great state bed-chambers, each 30 feet long, furnished with exquisite taste; to which are attached double dressing-rooms, closets, and other conveniences, all of the greatest elegance and magnificence, but as conformable as possible to the general style of the castle. From these bed-chambers the passage opens to the grand staircase by which we first entered, and completes a *tout ensemble* not easily paralleled.

It is now time that we should turn our attention to the antiquity and history of this place.

Alnwick Castle is believed to have been founded in the time of the Romans, although no part of the original structure is now remaining. But when part of the dungeon, or castle keep, was taken down to be repaired, about seventy years ago, under the present walls were discovered the foundations of other buildings, which lay in a different direction from the present; and some of the stones appeared to have Roman mouldings.

The first proprietor of the Barony of Alnwick mentioned in history is Tyson, who fell at the battle of Hastings in defence of Harold his king. William the Conqueror gave the heiress of Tyson in marriage to Ivo de Vesey, one of his attendant adventurers; his possessions being very great, as well at Alnwick as in Yorkshire. Their daughter Beatrix was given in marriage by Henry I. to Eustace Fitz-John, from whence descended four generations, who successively possessed this Barony.

During the reign of William Rufus, Alnwick Castle was besieged by King Malcolm of Scotland, who, resenting a breach of truce committed by the former, entered the borders with a powerful army, accompanied by Ed-

ward his son, and laid waste the county of Northumberland.

Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, had collected a few troops to oppose the invader, and with them possessed this castle. It was too strong to be taken by assault; but a circumvallation being made by the Scotch forces, the garrison was cut off from hopes of succour, and was on the point of surrendering, when a person undertook its relief by the following stratagem: he rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender the fortress. Malcolm advancing hastily without his armour, received a mortal wound from the knight, who escaped by the fleetness of his horse, and by swimming the river, which was then flooded by rains. The Chronicle of Alnwick Abbey, now deposited in the British Museum, says that his name was Hammond, and the place of his passage was, long after, named Hammond's Ford. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, too incautiously advancing to revenge his death, fell into an ambuscade, and was slain. The garrison sallied forth, the Scotch were thrown into confusion by the loss of their leaders, and a panic succeeding, victory declared for the English.

After King William of Scotland, surnamed the Lion, made his disgraceful retreat from the castle of Prudhoe, A. D. 1174, he beset the castle of Alnwick with his whole army, consisting of 80,000 men. Bernard Baliol, a youth of great fortitude, with about 400 horsemen raised at Newcastle, engaged in an enterprise to surprise the Scotch monarch: they were favoured in their march by a thick fog, which kept them concealed till they reached the environs of Alnwick, where, discovering the king attended by about sixty of his chief followers, on a reconnoitering party, they came upon them unexpectedly. A conflict ensued, in which the king's horse was killed under him, and many of his attendants were slain; the king being made prisoner. He was removed to London, and afterwards ransomed for 100,000*l.*, at the same time doing homage for his crown: as a memorial of which submission he deposited his arms at the altar of York Minster.

In the reign of King John, A. D. 1212, Eustace de Vesey being accused of a conspiracy against the king's life, fled into Scotland. His castle was ordered to be razed; but the apprehension of a southern rebellion diverted the purpose. Eustace afterwards did

homage to Alexander II. King of Scotland, his brother-in-law, and lost his life by approaching too near Bernard Castle, with a view to plan an assault upon that fortress.

In 1264, John de Vesey was summoned to Parliament in the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Third's reign. This was the glorious æra in which our mode of parliaments was first settled, and the Commons regularly admitted to a share in the legislative power. His son, William de Vesey, the last baron of that family, dying without legitimate issue, but leaving a son born out of wedlock, King Edward I. enfeoffed Antony Beck, Bishop of Durham, in the Castle and Barony of Alnwick, in trust for such natural son; but this prelate got the infant deprived of his barony, and also obtained a confirmation from the king of a sale thereof, made to Henry Lord Percy, Baron of Topcliffe and Spofford, in Yorkshire, an ancestor of the present illustrious family.

And here we had designed to give a short history of this truly noble family,—but we were reminded at once of the impossibility of condensing into so small a space the splendid annals of a house which might justly demand a volume. In a happy moment, however, we hit upon a rapid but admirable sketch of the house of Percy, drawn by the hand of a master, which appeared a few years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, and we think we cannot do better than lay it entire before the reader. To abridge it were impossible, to add to it superfluous. It may be necessary, however, to state, that the design of the author has been to show that the history of the house of Percy, in common with many other illustrious families, has been a tale of melancholy and suffering.

“The great house of Percy was strikingly unfortunate during the reign of the Tudors, and, indeed, long before. Their ancestor, Josceline de Loraine, a younger son of the ancient princes of Brabant, and brother of Adelia, second consort of our Henry I., married, in 1122, Agnes de Percy, the heiress of a great northern baron, seated at Topcliffe and Spofford, in Yorkshire, on condition that her male posterity should bear the name of Percy. Their son, Henry, was great-grandfather of Henry Lord Percy, summoned to parliament 1299, whose great-grandson, Henry, fourth Lord Percy, was created Earl of Northumberland, 1377, at the coronation of Richard II. He was slain at Bramham Moor, 1408. His son, Henry Lord Percy (*Hotspur*), had already fallen at Shrews-

bury, 1403. Henry, second Earl, son of Hotspur, was slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455; and his son Henry, third Earl, was slain at the battle of Sowton, 1461. His son Henry, fourth Earl, was murdered by an insurrectionary mob, at Thirske, in Yorkshire, 1489, third Henry VII. Henry, fifth Earl, died a natural death, 1527: but his second son, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, 1537, for his concern in Ask's rebellion. Henry, sixth Earl, the first lover of Queen Anne Boleyn, died 1537, issueless; and the honours were suspended for twenty years, by the attainder of his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, in 1537, already mentioned: during which time the family had the mortification to see the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. But this nobleman being attainted, 1553, the earldom was restored to Thomas Percy, the son of the attainted Sir Thomas, who became seventh Earl of Northumberland. Such a long succession of violent deaths, closed by attainder, and loss of such great and venerable honours, was calculated to afford a lesson of caution and love of quiet, when once the precious boon of restoration took place, which would have seemed to be irresistible. But all was lost upon him; as early as the second of Elizabeth, this restored earl grew discontented, that William, Lord Earl of Wilton, an excellent and experienced commander, was made Warden of the Middle and East Marches. Still, however, he did not lose the favour of the court; and the Garter was conferred on him. In 1568 he joined the strong faction of nobles against Secretary Cecil. In this year, he and Charles Neville, Earl of Westmorland, were at the head of the great northern insurrection, where Richard Norton, of Norton Conyers (ancestor of Lord Grantley), accompanied by his five sons, erected and bore the banner of the Cross—an incident emblazoned in one of the finest passages of Wordsworth's poetry. The insurgent's force retreated before the Queen's troops, under the Earls of Sussex and Warwick. Northumberland fled to Scotland, was betrayed, confined in Lochleven Castle, and delivered up by Morton to Lord Hunsdon, for a large bribe, in July 1572; and being conveyed to York, was beheaded there in August following. He left only two daughters, of whom Lady Lucy, wife of Sir Edward Stanley, was mother of the too celebrated Venetia, Lady Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm. His brother, Henry Percy, was allowed, in right of the new entail, to succeed as eighth

Earl of Northumberland. In 1585, this earl, still blind to his family sufferings, entered into the intrigues in favour of Mary Queen of Scots; and being imprisoned in the Tower, committed suicide on the 21st of June. His son, Henry, ninth earl, memorable for the charge of being privy to the gunpowder plot, 1605, grounded on the patronage he had afforded to Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators, a relative, whose exact connexion in blood is not known, was confined in the Tower for fifteen years and upwards, till 1620, where he showed himself a great encourager of literature and science, and kept a table for several learned men. This long imprisonment did not break his spirit; for on his release, hearing that Buckingham, the favourite, had six horses to his coach, he put *eight* to his own, and passed through the city of London to Bath in this pompous manner, to the admiration of the people. He then retired to

Petworth, kept up great hospitality there, and died at this celebrated seat of the Lovain-Percys in 1632. Of his son, Algernon, tenth earl, and the part he took in the rebellion, Lord Clarendon has spoken so fully that it is unnecessary to repeat it. He died in 1668. His son, Josceline, eleventh and last earl, survived his father not two years, dying on his travels at Turin, 21st May, 1670, Lady Elizabeth Percy, his only daughter and heir, married Charles Seymour (called the Proud) Duke of Somerset; whose son, Algernon, was the last of the male descendants of the protector-duke, by his second wife, Anne Stanhope; and whose daughter and heir married Sir Hugh Smithson, and was grandmother of the present Duke of Northumberland. Thus seven out of twelve died violent deaths—and thus came to an end the male line of this once flourishing and numerous family."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Wonders of Chaos and the Creation Exemplified. A Poem.

Night-Watches, A Poem by William Ball, Author of "Creation." A Poem in Six Books. Naples. Printed for the Author, 1834.

Or the first of these poems, which is to consist of eight cantos, we have only the two first cantos before us as a specimen and a part. We doubt the propriety of publishing a work of this sort piecemeal, and think the reasons assigned for so doing are given with too little modesty. "This poem" says the advertisement, "is published in parts containing each two cantos, *in order that the public may have an early opportunity of judging of the merit of the work*, and with the intention of conducting to its more extended circulation."

As far as we can judge from this first part, the public might have waited very patiently for the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the author's *merit*, and we do not think that an "extended circulation" will encourage him to produce the three other parts. Whether he will go on without such encouragement is another question, and one that he and his bookseller may settle between them.

The intention is meritorious; it is to convince Infidels and Sceptics of the great truths of the Christian faith. But well-meaning is not in itself, alone, enough to produce good effects. A weak advocate may injure the cause for which he pleads with perfect honesty of heart, and the orator who sets his audience asleep while recommending some

salutary measure is always a stumbling-block in the way of its success.

In the first canto, our poet of unfledged wings, dares attempt to penetrate the awful regions which only a Dante and a Milton could explore. Heedless of the sublime *Paradise Lost*, which ought to have filled his mind with deference and awe, and prevented him from grappling with such a theme, he has ventured to describe the fall of Lucifer and the rebellious Angels! And what has he made of this?

"Thus fell the devils;—and how great their fall!"

In good truth nothing but a crude, common-place material picture, without the least spirituality in it; nothing but a bathos or a fall of poetry.

That all religious subjects should be approached with matured reflection, and reverential caution, that the Deity should never be personified or introduced but with an awful sense of his omnipotence and perfection, are points decided not merely by canons of literary criticism, but by the general feeling of enlightened humanity. What then shall we say of this writer, who represents the Almighty Essence, like a poor mortal, bending over a volcanic crater or bituminous spring, as having his sense of smell sorely annoyed by foul stench? These are his words:—

And now the spirit of Jehovah sat
Midway 'twixt heaven and chaotic gloom,
Brooding o'er tumult, whilst his spotless soul
Yearn'd with disgust at the foul gulph below
Which from its fulsome breast *ejected smoke*
And poisonous vapour. Canto II.

We need say no more on the subject.

Mr. William Ball, the author of "Night-Watches," has also treated of grand and solemn matters, but *his* is a very different mind to that of the writer we have just dismissed. He too would do better if he kept to subjects nearer to this earth, and had less confidence in his metaphysical powers and his faculty of dealing with what must ever remain unknown or abstruse; but he has *powers* of no common order, and a degree of poetical cultivation that ought to procure him more attention and respect than he has yet met with.

In his delightful *Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith says something about the critics of the day being all too busy in praising the works of their friends and decrying those of their enemies, to have any time or attention to bestow on the productions of an unknown adventurer in the fields of literature.

As it was in those days, so, we apprehend, is it now. When Mr. Ball first appeared before the public, some three years since, as the author of "Creation," a poem of unequal merit, but of great promise and unquestionable originality, with two or three honourable exceptions, our periodical reviewers either took no notice of it at all, or condemned it without having been at the pains of reading it. Mr. Ball had no literary connexions: living in seclusion at Naples for many years, he was altogether unknown to those who dispense praise and blame, and affect the questions of popularity, and profit or loss, in publishing speculations. Had he been otherwise situated the critical verdicts *might* have been somewhat different. As it was the books remained on the publisher's shelves. A few, however, found their way to the hands of persons of superior judgment and taste, who were struck by the talent and frequent beauty of thought and expression displayed in the poem of "Creation." Among these gentlemen the author had the good fortune to count Sir Walter Scott, whose approbation must have gone to console him for the neglect or levity with which he had been treated at home. It is with peculiar satisfaction we give Mr. Ball's sober modest advertisement prefixed to his present poem.

"The poem entitled 'Creation,' being presented to Sir Walter Scott, during his residence in Naples, he invited the author to his house, and kindly making him an offer of advice and assistance, he expressed a wish to see any other manuscript that might be preparing for publication. The work now laid before the public, was accordingly submitted to his inspection, and was sent by him to Mr. Lockhart with the avowed object of being useful to its author: the melancholy result of Sir Walter's return to England defeated this purpose, the manuscript was lost sight of, and, it seems, has not been found since.

"Approbation expressed by so distinguished a person and unquestionably implied by his kind and active, though unfortunate interference, seemed almost a guarantee of success; his friendly intention was, however, wrested from its aim, and the disappearance of a manuscript copy of the work was, alone, a sufficient motive for desiring its publication.

"But English booksellers say 'the public will not read poetry.' If this is true and subject to no limitation, so much the worse for the public. However, in the want of all literary connexion, the author could not venture to publish in his own country, on his own account; it was therefore thought advisable to resort to a foreign press, in order to make the work known. Whether this was wisely done or not, the event must determine."—Naples, 1834.

We particularly request attention to the gentleness of spirit that pervades this extract, and the quiet, *uncomplaining* manner in which the author speaks of the loss of a M.S., which loss must have arisen from the culpable negligence of *some one*, while it might have so happened as to have been irreparable to the expatriated poet. We have heard Mr. Ball described by those who have known him many years as a *gentleman*, in the true, elevated sense of the word; and, moreover, all that he states in relation to the lamented Scott, and the transmission and loss of the copy of the poem, has been confirmed to us by several gentlemen who were residing at Naples at the time, and whose friendship we are proud of.

We are sure that all our readers, though (happily for them!) they may never have felt the impatient longing, the anxious solicitude, the thousand indescribable sensations of authorship, will yet sympathise with the poet's loss, and long uncertainty, and deem him a person of proper feeling on the evidence of his own advertisement.

When Drury Lane Theatre was in flames, and Sheridan was gazing on the destruction of all his property and hopes, a witling of the day who had written a farce chose that opportune moment for demanding his manuscript, which we suppose was in the green-room, in the midst of the fire. The situation of the great orator and dramatist, was nothing to the petty egotism of this man; he wanted his farce!—his farce! This is a striking contrast to Mr. Ball's patient forbearance.

In the poem now before us, as in "Creation," the passages most to our taste are those descriptive of real objects and scenery, and natural and domestic affections. With the depth of feeling, and command of language he possesses, we think the author could not fail of success if he would confine himself to his proper range, and to subjects calculated to awaken popular interest and sympathy. This may be a Utilitarian, but it certainly is not a metaphysical age, and we doubt whether poetry was ever the proper vehicle of such matters. One more word of advice to Mr. Ball, and we have done. He should not so frequent indulge in that melancholy gloom, which people of the world are too apt to consider as a foppish affectation meant to betoken genius in him who assumes it. In his case it may proceed from the sad realities of life, but the world neither knows, nor cares to know this, and will therefore make no distinction between him and the lack-a-daisical youngers, and poetasters about town, who would be sad, and genteel, pale and pathetic, with a cast of misanthropy like Lord Byron, though in plain truth, his lordship, taken out of his poetry, and in real life,

was the very opposite of the imaginary character they caricature.

We subjoin one short extract from "Night-Watches" as a specimen of the beauties the reader may expect to find in Mr. Ball's poetry. There are many other passages equally touching and true to nature.

"The moon is *gone*, my *love*, if yet such word
I may, unblamed, employ; the moon is down.
How kind she seem'd at parting! Can it be
That even that inhabitant of heaven,
So sage, I've heard, and so surpassing fair,
Can unto earth decline her gracious looks
To note two mortal lovers, whom her lamp
Leads, a permitted hour, through friendly shades
That mock not their affections? Yet, methought,
In her last smile there was some sadness, too,
As she had wiped off tears! I cannot think
So lofty and majestic a thing
Hath any touch of passion for herself;
Why did she grieve then? hath she seen,—
For haply she can farther see than we,
Through the great gloom of time,—hath she descried
Aught of approaching harm which threatens us,
That, hence, presympathizing with our woe,
Her gentle nature sorrows e'en to tears?
Tell me thy thought, though it should be reproof,
Reproof is sweet from thee; tell me thy thought!
Thy voice is dearest now, when, in the grove
We walk, by amicable eve bescreen'd;
For though fear seizes me when heaven looks dark,
Methinks it doth protect me like a charm,
While nothing jars with the soft note it sounds.
Dearest of women! how shall I condemn
What in thy bosom hath its sacred home,
Though but a passing moment? and no more
Can vanities abide there; for thy mind
Will, with its lustre, like a sun disperse
That morning mist of youthful fancies false,
That covers all the landscape of this life,
To those, like thee, who have but seldom seen
Time turn the glass wherewith he schools us all.

Book IV. p. 148.

**A Voyage Round The World, including
Travels in Africa, Asia, Australia,
America, &c. From 1827, to 1832.
By James Holman, R.N. F.R.S.**

WE believe some unfortunate persons have returned blind from a voyage round the world, but we are certain Mr. Holman is the first who ever thought of undertaking such a voyage in a state of total blindness, and this merely for his own instruction and amusement. Even before this expedition, and when all was "total eclipse" for this amiable gentleman, he had travelled more than many of those men with their eyes open, who bear and pride themselves on the name of travellers. It has been our good fortune to meet him in the South of Italy, and to be delighted with the interest he took, spite of his

melancholy privation, in the wonders of Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, the Bourbon Museum of Naples, Sorrento, the shady birthplace of Tasso, and the lovely islands of Procida and Ischia in the Neapolitan Gulf. This was in the good year 1821. We have known those who met him a few years after far from the sunny south, in the bleak regions of Russia. As, among other previous and interesting accounts of his travels, Mr. Holman has published his journey in the dominions of the Czar, some of our readers may remember a curious circumstance connected with it. As some, however, may not have seen it, or may have forgotten it, we will repeat it here. A critic or any other kind of writer may reasonably count on a large portion of forgetfulness. The curious incident is simply this. Our enterprising blind traveller, not satisfied with going the regular routine of Russian travel, resolved to penetrate into Siberia. Had he been permitted to go on it would be difficult to say where he would have stopped; the frozen Baikal lake might have been as a half-way house; he might have reached the volcanoes of Kamschatka and thence crossed to the Kurile Islands, where savages and almost equally barbarous criminals and adventurers provide many of the furs and skins that comfort and adorn the fair ladies of England as of China and other countries, which said fair ladies seldom think of the how or the where such things have been procured. But to return to our traveller. No sooner had he reached the frontiers of Siberia than he was seized by Russian Gens-d'armes and driven back to Moscow. No doubt there was much to be *heard* among the political and other exiles of Siberia, that might not redound to the credit of the absolute government of Russia. Mr. Holman, we are told, on being so unexpectedly and unceremoniously prevented from continuing his expedition, suspected he might have incurred the suspicion of being a political spy, and said in the proper quarters, "Do you think if the government of England had need of a spy, they would have chosen a blind one?" The affair was curious, but as this happened in the time of the Emperor Alexander, who was a man of many kind feelings, we can just fancy that Mr. Holman was stopped merely through consideration of the risks, fatigues, and privations which must press particularly heavy on a person in his situation on such a boreal journey.

Autocrats are accustomed to do good things, or at least things dictated by good feeling, as well as bad deeds, in a despotic manner, and explanations are not to be expected from them. As well as we can remember this matter never was explained, though it gave some annoyance to one of the greatest ministers this country has ever produced.

The voyages and travels round the world of which the volume before us describes a part, are however as extraordinary as any exploration could have been from the side of Siberia. Some points are particularly striking, and not only rare, but altogether new.

In 1827, Mr. Holman being in England, and in possession of the means of enjoying the comforts and

luxuries of life, felt that mania for travelling which none but a true traveller can feel, return strong upon him; he also thought he was in weak health, and that a warmer climate might prove beneficial. The reader who is unacquainted with the facts, would never guess whither he repaired. He went, in the first instance, to Sierra Leone, the grave of so many Englishmen, the golgotha, as it is considered, of European humanity, and there Mr. Holman grew better. From Sierra Leone he proceeded to the African island of Fernando Po, from Fernando Po to the wild mid-ocean isle of Ascension, from Ascension he went on to Brazil, where he leaves us for the present. Three other volumes, to be published in regular succession, will complete Mr. Holman's circumnavigation, which, as we again desire to impress on our readers' minds, is an extraordinary feat for a man in his condition.

Mr. Holman, as the respected initials on his title page will show, was an officer in the British Navy. He was evidently born to be a sailor and a traveller. In his introduction to the present volume he says—"When I entered the naval service I felt an irresistible impulse to become acquainted with as many parts of the world as my professional avocations would permit, and I was determined not to rest satisfied until I had completed the circumnavigation of the globe. But at the early age of twenty-five, while these resolves were strong, and the enthusiasm of youth was fresh and sanguine, my present affliction came upon me. It is impossible to describe the state of my mind at the prospect of losing my sight, and of being, as I then supposed, deprived by that misfortune of the power of indulging in my cherished project. Even the suspense which I suffered, during the period when my medical friends were uncertain of the issue, appeared to me a greater misery than the final knowledge of the calamity itself. At last I entreated them to be explicit, and to let me know the worst, as that could be more easily endured than the agonies of doubt. Their answer, instead of increasing my uneasiness, dispelled it. I felt a comparative relief in being no longer deceived by false hopes; and the certainty that my case was beyond remedy, determined me to seek, in some pursuit adapted to my new state of existence, a congenial field of employment and consolation. At that time my health was so delicate, and my nerves so depressed by previous anxiety, that I did not suffer myself to indulge in the expectation that I should ever be able to travel out of my own country alone; but the return of strength and vigour, and the concentration of my views upon one object, gradually brought back my old passion, which at length became as firmly established as it was before. The elasticity of my original feelings being thus restored, I ventured, alone and sightless, upon my dangerous and novel course; and I cannot look back upon the scenes through which I have passed, the great variety of circumstances by which I have been surrounded, and the strange experiences with which I have become familiar, without an intense aspiration of gratitude for the bounteous dispensation of the Almighty,

which enabled me to conquer the greatest of human evils by the cultivation of what has been to me the greatest of human enjoyments, and to supply the void of sight with countless objects of intellectual gratification. To those who inquire what pleasures I can derive from the invigorating spirit of travelling under the privation I suffer, I may be permitted to reply in the words of the poet,

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame;
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfanned by strong desire.

Or perhaps, with more propriety, I may ask, who could endure life without a purpose, without the pursuit of some object, in the attainment of which his moral energies should be called into healthful activity? I can confidently assert that the effort of travelling has been beneficial to me in every way; and I know not what might have been the consequence, if the excitement with which I looked forward to it had been disappointed, or how much my health might have suffered but for its refreshing influence."

We refer our readers to his books, and the present volume more particularly, for Mr. Holman's explanations as to the use of travelling to a man who cannot see. We can vouch for the fact that he can *hear* very well, and that he is indefatigable in his inquiries. We also give full weight to his queries—"Does any traveller see all that he describes? and is not every traveller obliged to depend upon others for a great proportion of the information he collects?"

With much respect for his courage and perseverance, and with admiration of his contented, cheerful spirit under one of the greatest of mortal privations, we take our leave of "The Blind Traveller," hoping soon to meet him again.

Family Classical Library. Livy.

IN the course of its publication, we have frequently given our humble commendation to this cheap and useful series. The volume now on our desk completes it; and we recommend it, collectively, as well as in parts, to the public, or to the great mass of the public, who cannot read the great poets and historians of ancient Greece and Rome in their original languages. In these fifty-two small volumes the reader will find the essence of antique lore. The translations, with one or two exceptions, are the best in our languages—some of them the best versions of the classics existing in any language. Among the exceptions, we should place Beloe's Herodotus, which is held in contempt by all Grecians. Would it not be easy and profitable, for the intelligent and enterprising publisher, Mr. Valpy, who is the son of a great scholar, to procure a good writer and scholar to correct the mistakes of Beloe, or, which would be much better, to translate Herodotus anew. Mr. Valpy has in several instances done good service to the public, and we are of opinion that, with an inconsiderable outlay of

money for corrections, notes, or other new matter, he might have been at once more useful to those who buy, and more successful himself as a seller. Improvement and profit would have gone together. Taking it as it is, however, Mr. Valpy's Family Classical Library is highly meritorious to him, and a great acquisition to the public. The chief merit lies in the cheapness. The volumes cost only 4s. 6d. each. The whole series of fifty-two volumes costs no more than 11*l.* 12*s.*, and it can be had entire, or any author may be purchased separately. We are glad to see that Mr. Valpy announces a re-issue in monthly volumes. We wish it success.

National Lyrics, and Songs for Music. By Felicia Hemans.

Mrs. HEMANS' style and merits as a poet, are too well known to require any comments of ours. The present volume will not detract from her reputation. It is printed and published at Dublin.

The following is a fair sample of her "Songs for Music." We are informed it has been well set by John Lodge, Esq.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

The muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep-rolling sound,
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear,
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour,
By a mountain stream of Spain.

The oaks of England wav'd
O'er the slumbers of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above *his* last lone place.

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep-rolling sound
Which call'd strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,
By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its waves the plumes
Of many a stately head;

But a mother, soon to die,
And a sister, long to weep,
Ev'n then were breathing prayer for him,
In that home beyond the deep:

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep-rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourn'd around,
O'er the soldier's burial-rite.

THE FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of the Bible, from original Paintings, made expressly by Richard Westall, R.A. and John Martin, Esq. With descriptions, by Hobart Caunter, B.D. Parts I. and II.

THE publication of these "Illustrations" ought to mark an era in the history of the art. Here are eight superior engravings, from the works of two of our most distinguished artists, publishing for one shilling! Even in this age of economy, this exceeds all, and we feel assured, that almost every person who possesses a copy of the Scriptures, will purchase a work so worthy of universal patronage.

The Gentle Student. Painted by G. S. Newton, R.A. Engraved by Samuel Sangster.

THIS is one of the most delightful ideal portraits we ever met with. The face is full of beauty and intelligence, and there is a feeling of sweetness ex-

pressed in the whole arrangement of the portrait which it is impossible not to admire. The Student is one of the fairest beings that ever took pleasure in stories of love and chivalry; one who delights in Petrarch and adores Shakspeare. We have compared the engraving with the original, and have been much pleased with the manner in which Mr. Sangster has treated the subject.

The Pedlar. Painted by D. Wilkie, R.A., Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty. Engraved by James Stewart.

HERE is one of this popular artist's best productions in the good old style, and it possesses all those peculiar characteristics which mark his finest pictures. The subject is a Scottish Pedlar, trying to dispose of his goods among the inmates of a cotter's dwelling, and the variety of expression visible in the features of the different persons in the group is admirably portrayed. We wish that Mr. Wilkie had not been so much in the habit of using the same

model for different subjects, for we recognise in the persons surrounding the Pedlar, some of "the old familiar faces" whose acquaintance we have made elsewhere. The engraving is a beautiful specimen of the art.

Hide and Seek. Painted and engraved by James Stewart.

This is a scene of juvenile merriment in which

we have often joined. We do not know which to admire most, the anxious inquietude of the hiders, or the smiling complacency of the seeker. It is a clever picture, and has called up in our minds many pleasurable associations. If Mr. Stewart has shown talent as a painter, he has evinced no less ability as an engraver.

THE THEATRES.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be denied that many of the subscribers were dissatisfied with the early performances at the King's Theatre, at the present time we are certain that no such feeling exists amongst them. Indeed, they must be difficult to please who cannot be satisfied with the most effective operatic company in Europe. Since our last notice was written, there has been a great improvement in the musical department of this establishment, and the attendance has consequently been both more numerous and more select. The first symptom of this superiority became visible in the appearance of Tamburini and Rubini in "*Il Barbieri di Seviglia*;" the former becoming the representative of the Italian Truefitts, and the latter taking the part of Count Almaviva. We need scarcely say that the opera went off with splendid effect. Tamburini's comic singing is marked with genuine humour, and his intonation is so perfectly beautiful, that a better Figaro is not to be found. The delightful sweetness of Rubini's voice was heard to great advantage in this popular opera of Rossini's. A new Prima Donna was the next novelty, and a most valuable acquisition she has proved. Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi made her first appearance in England in the character of Annetta, in that universal favourite "*La Gazza Ladra*." Her voice is a fine soprano, remarkably clear, sweet, and rich—of extensive compass, great flexibility, and extraordinary power. Her execution of the most intricate passages evinced a degree of perfection scarcely to have been expected from so young a singer; and her treatment of solo and concerted parts, showed that attention to expression which music ought always to receive. We cannot say much concerning her conception of character, because it is evident that she has studied Pasta and Malibran as models, and betrays in her performance her knowledge and appreciation of the excellencies of these distinguished cantatrici; but we are certain that when she feels herself strong enough to produce her own dramatic impressions, with the great advantages she possesses, she will create a sensation that has never been surpassed. Her person is beautiful, and her features eminently intellectual. She was ably supported by Rubini, Tamburini, and Zuchelli. Shortly afterwards, M. Ivanoff made his

introductory bow to a London audience, in the part of Lord Percy, in Donizetti's opera seria "*Anna Bolena*." Fame, with her trumpet tongue, had been busy with the name of the young Russian, but the cause which produced her rumours was not unworthy of her labours. It is long since we have had an opportunity of hearing so chaste a singer. The besetting sin of all Italian vocalists is love of ornament. To show their facility of execution, they destroy the most beautiful melodies with apparently interminable roulades, all of which signify nothing. In passages of deep interest, or strong excitement, they are sure to introduce some unmeaning cadence, as if any person in such situations could think of expressing their feelings by a flourish of semi-quavers. This fault is apparent in Grisi; is always conspicuous in Rubini, and too often mars the otherwise admirable execution of Tamburini. In fact, we have never heard one performer at the Italian Opera who was without it. Ivanoff appears to have studied in the German school; for he evinces all the fine feeling, excellent expression, and perfect intonation of German artists. His voice is remarkably similar to that of Haitzinger, but is sweeter in quality. It is a high tenor of a peculiarly agreeable character, and his *voce di testa* is delightfully clear. He manages it too with such excellent effect that no difference is perceivable in his head and chest voice. We hear him now under some disadvantages; for he is evidently suffering from the climate of the country. The only thing he is deficient in is power. He understands and enters into the spirit of the music with admirable judgment, and his articulation is expressive of every variety of feeling. He is, we hope, gaining ground in public favour. The persons who write what is called the criticisms in the newspapers, have not given him the attention he deserves; but as we know that nine out of ten of these self-constituted critics know about as much of music as they do of the moon, we imagine that their opinions will have no effect on the subscribers. Grisi represented the Anna Bolena, and a magnificent performance it was. It was almost a fac simile of Pasta, accompanied with the clear intonation of the young cantatrice. By the genius she displayed in this cha-

racter she strengthened the favourable impression she had made in "La Gazza Ladra;" and on her appearance after the fall of the curtain, she received the enthusiastic approbation of the audience. Tamburini made a capital representation of the English monarch. The same evening was also distinguished by the debut of Mrs. E. Seguin as Lady Jane Seymour. This young lady appears only to want confidence to become a very useful member of the company. The music of the part is exceedingly difficult, and her execution of it evinced laborious study and an appropriate regard to expression. As Miss Childe, this young lady, while a pupil of the Royal Academy, attracted considerable attention; and, with the talent she possesses, she will eventually be still more distinguished among the good sopranis of the present day. Mademoiselle Salvi appeared as the Minstrel Page; but she did not strengthen the favourable opinion she had made as Arbace, in "Semiramide." Her acting and singing were insipid to the last degree. We must enter our protest against the too frequent infliction of this weary opera upon the frequenters of the King's Theatre. "Anna Bolena" stands conspicuous as a dull production; a series of feeble imitations of Rossini and Cimarosa. The best chorus is a copy of one in "Euryanthe," the harmonies are the same; and although many of the melodies are pleasing, they are sadly deficient in character. Donizetti has no originality, and the opera is tolerated merely for the situations it possesses for dramatic effect. On the second night of its performance, her Majesty honoured the theatre with her presence, and a very crowded house was the consequence. We have since had "Otello," with so strong a cast as we do not think it ever possessed: Grisi as Desdemona; Rubini as Otello; Ivanoff as Rodrigo; Tamburini as Iago; and Zuchelli as the father of Desdemona. Scarcely anything could exceed the perfection in which the opera was heard. It is not a favourite of ours; the absurdity of the plot in its variations from Shakspeare, and the want of strong effect in the music, will never make it generally popular. Grisi's personation of Desdemona, was a fine piece of dramatic singing. In every scene she was highly successful; but it is evident that she possesses all the elements of a prima donna of the highest rank, and that she is capable of representing any character and portraying any feeling or passion in human nature with equal ability and success. For Zuchelli's benefit, "Il Don Giovanni" was produced. Having hitherto heard nothing but Rossini and Donizetti, Mozart became quite refreshing. Had the opera been indifferently performed, we should have listened with pleasure; but possessing the extraordinary talent which then filled the different characters, it was an intellectual treat of a rare kind. Tamburini was the Giovanni; Zuchelli, Leporello; Rubini, Don Ottavio. Mrs. E. Seguin, Donna Elvira; Madame Caradori, Zerlina; and Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi, Donna Anna. To those who could not attend the theatre, the effect of such

a combination of excellence employed upon so glorious a production may easily be imagined. It would be impossible to give to every individual the praise deserved by his or her efforts, for all exerted themselves with such success, that had we space we should never conclude our panegyric. We despair of giving a satisfactory idea of the merits of the performance, and must refer our readers to the next representation of the same entertainment for an adequate conception of its excellence. We are happy to see the house crowded every night; for it would be a sad reflection on our musical taste were we indifferent to such attractions. In the Ballet department, we have been much gratified with Duvernay, who, in Sire Huon, Nathalie and La Sylphide, has been making the most rapid advances in public favour. Perrot has arrived, and has distinguished himself favourably in several different dances with Duvernay and with the two Elslers. He is certainly the most finished artist the French possess. Some Spanish dancers have been much talked of at Paris, in consequence of their performances at the Académie Royale de Musique, and Mr. Laporte has engaged them for the King's Theatre, where they will shortly appear. A new ballet, invented by M. Faucher, is said to be in preparation. The subject is taken from Victor Hugo's popular novel "Notre Dame de Paris," and we know of few stories likely to produce so effective a ballet. Duvernay will make a charming La Esmeralda. The German company are expected to commence performing by the fifth of May, and we look to their appearance as a source of the highest intellectual gratification.

The Patent Theatres—the Siamese twins of the theatrical world—produce very little either of novelty or of interest. "Le Prè aux Clercs" has been again adapted to the English stage, under the title of "The Challenge," but although the opera had a run of two hundred nights in Paris, we do not expect any such favour for it here. The music, though light and pleasing, is remarkably ineffective. The Easter piece at Covent Garden was called "Anster Fair,"—it was splendid enough and foolish enough to please all parties. There was no Easter piece at Drury Lane. We have also been favoured with another translation from the French, called "The Good Looking Fellow," taken from "Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon." It is scarcely less comic than the original. At Drury Lane Lord Byron's beautiful dramatic poem (a tragedy we do not call it) Sardanapalus was produced, but only for the purpose of showing how little it was adapted for stage representation. A French company have been performing, with very good effect, three times a week, at the Olympic Theatre. The principal actors are M. Lafond, from the Théâtre de Vaudeville, whom we are disposed to regard as one of the best in his peculiar line of character; his Jean, in the clever vaudeville of that name, was excellent. M. Laporte appears to decided advantage as Barnabé, in "La Famille de l'Apothécaire," as Fortune, in "Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon," and in several

other parts in which his comic ability may be brought into action. Mademoiselle Irma is about the best of the actresses. She is pleasing and effective. Considerable talent has been announced. At the Fitzroy Theatre we have been agreeably entertained with a beautiful fairy drama, founded on the popular and clever novel called "The Frolics of Puck." It is exceedingly well arranged.

Concerts have been given without number, but they are so similar in character as to require no notice from our hands. One series, having so many points of difference, deserves to be distinguished from the rest. In so large a metropolis as London, a great number of musical amateurs must necessarily exist, and we have often thought, that could a society of them be formed what delightful concerts they might produce. We were not made aware till lately that such a society has been established, and that under the direction of Mr. William Rooke, well known in the profession as a musician of very superior genius; the members give, every Wednesday, to their friends, in a beautiful concert room, built expressly for them in his residence, 74, Newman Street, occasionally assisted by professional persons, a performance of vocal and instrumental music. We lost no time in getting an admission to the concerts, and were highly delighted with the satisfactory manner in which we passed the evening. The orchestra is remarkably efficient, and is led by Mr. Rooke, who is an accomplished violinist. The singers executed solos and concerted pieces with excellent effect, and had

the advantage of full band accompaniments. Several of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to this society are pupils of the conductor. They study the best music of every school and of every age, and occasionally have manuscript compositions, written by several eminent composers (among whom Mr. Rooke, for the very striking originality of his productions, deserves to be distinguished), submitted to their performance. Independent of the opportunity such performances give for the study of vocal and instrumental music, the respectability of the members, and privacy of the concerts, give a charm to the whole which nothing else of the kind possesses, and we were quite surprised that any body of amateurs could be brought to that perfect state of discipline evinced by their execution of the difficult and beautiful music we heard on the evening of our visit. We shall, on the first opportunity, recur to this subject.

The proceedings for the Royal Musical Festival, attract a considerable portion of the public attention. Westminster Abbey is undergoing the necessary preparations, and, in consequence of the great attraction of the performances, families are coming to town more rapidly than we ever remember them to have migrated. We expect that in a month or two London will contain more inhabitants than it has yet possessed. Nearly all the most distinguished families of the nobility have signified their intention of being present on the occasion, an example which has been nobly set them by their Majesties.

NEW MUSIC.

Of new music we have so much, and our space is so limited, that we scarcely know what to do with it; however, we can only briefly notice the most deserving, and "leave the rest to fate." The first deserving our regard is a collection of Six Canzonets, the poetry written by the late Mrs. Charles Greville, of Bath, and the music composed by Henry R. Bishop. Nothing can be more conspicuous than the graceful elegance of these compositions; indeed, they are far superior to anything we have lately met with, and we expect that they will soon become generally popular among all true lovers of melody. We regret not being allowed to enter into a detailed criticism upon their merits. Of Songs, we have received "Lovely Lady mine," the only song as yet published of "The Challenge,"—"All in the Sea so green," a pretty little trifle by H. Louel,—"I'll meet thee once more," by J. Blewitt, one of his most graceful productions,—"Yes, I know thy tender Sorrow," a very beautiful romance, with German and English words, adapted by C. Rudolphus from P. Lindpaintner,—"The Exile's Adieu to his Country," a charming canzonet by John Barnett,—Miss Mounsey's pleasing ballad, "Lady mine,"—and a host of others, for which we can find no room. Of instrumental

music, we have a "First Grand Trio for Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello," a clever production by Chopin, and a "Fantasie Brillante sur des Airs Nationaux Polonois," for the piano, by the same talented pianist. This forms a new number of the "Album des Pianistes de Première Force," and we recommend it as an exceedingly difficult and ingenious composition. We are much pleased with the series of "Les Petits Concerts," a collection of beautiful productions arranged for the voice, flute, and piano. The last number is an arrangement by Drouet, in D major, of Weber's charming air in Preciosa, "Einsam bin ich nicht alleine:" to which the German, English and Italian words are added. Sedlatzek's "Grande Fantasie" for the flute, a pianoforte accompaniment, possesses those attractive features we have always noticed in this gentleman's compositions. We are also much pleased with Lemoine's "Grandes Valse Brillante du Revénant," and the "Trois Grandes Pièces de Danse," composed by Weber, published under the title of "Hilarité." They are elegant and graceful productions, and will repay the student for whatever application they may require. We must defer noticing the guitar music till next month.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Court has been chiefly at Windsor, having come to St. James's, however, for some levees and drawing-rooms. On Wednesday the 23rd of April, his Majesty held a grand Chapter of the Order of the Bath; and then a levee, which was numerously attended. In the evening he entertained the Knights of the Garter, who were all in full costume, at dinner. The next day the King and Queen, with a large court party, went to Drury-lane Theatre, where they were cordially greeted by the audience. The play was Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

The debates, in both Houses of Parliament, have been interesting and animated. In the Lords, a discussion on the vested rights of the two Universities, and the exclusion of Dissenters from Degrees, gave the Chancellor an opportunity of bringing his "thousand and one" horse powers of wit and sarcasm into play. The cause of the two great learned bodies was advocated by the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Gloucester, who, whatever may be their other merits, are scarcely among the learned of the land. The whole debate, particularly as reported in that excellent work, the "Mirror of Parliament," is well worthy of attention.—In the Commons, Mr. O'Connell, in a five hours' speech, gave a history of Ireland *de sa façon*, from the deluge down to our days. This very much reminded us of a story told of Mr. J—— L——, another furious repealer, who some time ago called on a great publishing house in the city, and said, "Gintelmin, you have no such thing as a fair, *impartial* history of Ireland, and I'm the man that will write ye one!" Mr. Spring Rice, in a seven-hours' speech, did great execution on Mr. O'Connell's historical data; and Sir Robert Peel spoke wittily, but somewhat disrespectfully, of the "*ould* kings of Ireland," and the state of the country before the British conquest. Opposition makes Sir Robert more and more a wit and orator. His speech, however, was not so strong in point as Mr. Rice's facts, statistics, and political economy.

On Monday the 21st of April, the Trades' Unions made rather a silly display. About 30,000 of them marched in procession to present a petition to the King, through Lord Melbourne, praying for a mitigation of the punishment of their Dorsetshire brethren. His Lordship, of course, would not receive a petition presented by such a bullying force, and so they walked on to Kennington Common.

"The Times" calculates that the loss of their day's work, and the extra money spent on this state occasion, must have cost them altogether about 12,000*l*. To this must be added, that many of them have in consequence been dismissed by their employers. The *devout* Doctor Wade attended as

chaplain-general, and *in full canonicals*. The tail of the procession was closed by the respectable body of coal-heavers, in their peculiar and almost clerical-looking beavers.

The only thing to be praised in the awkward promenade was the orderly, sober conduct of all present. Only one accident occurred: a man driving a *flock of sheep*, in trying to get out of the way of these biped greges, was run over, and killed.

On Thursday a proper deputation of five waited upon Lord Melbourne, who then took charge of the petition.

FRANCE.—We sincerely regret to state that both Paris the capital, and Lyons, which is the second city of France, have been again convulsed by insurrection and civil war. The proceedings at Lyons more particularly have been on a grand scale, and of the most tragical description. The disaffected workmen formed into different associations and clubs, such as "The Rights of Man," "The Mutuellistes," &c. &c., all professing republicanism, irreligion, and the scope of equalising men by the plunder of the rich, after sundry minor operations, one of which was the interruption of the proceedings of a court of justice met to try certain Mutuellistes, and the beating of the witnesses who appeared against the prisoners, assembled in immense multitudes and in arms, on the Place St. Jean, on the morning of the 9th of April, and declaring Louis Philippe fallen from his throne, proclaimed a Republic for France, the provisional head of which was to be the city of Lyons, while they (the revolted workmen), we *suppose*, were to form the government of this hopeful commonwealth. They then formed into regular military order, and, with all the tactics, steadiness, and precision of old disciplined soldiers, attacked the king's troops. For five hours they fought most desperately in the open streets and squares. The troops employed artillery, and battered many of their barricades and several strong stone houses (in which the workmen were sheltered) literally to pieces, before they could dislodge these desperadoes. At nightfall the workmen were repulsed at all points, and obliged to retire into the narrower streets of the old part of the town, where General Aymar, who commanded with great talent on this difficult occasion, was much too wise to follow them.

On the second day the republicans renewed the combat, increased their numbers, extended their barricades, made and stole powder and shot, and in spite of severe losses gained a little ground. By this time they had ransacked and dilapidated the houses of all the merchants and manufacturers who were unpopular with them.

On the third day they drove the troops out of

most of the fauxbourgs, destroyed two telegraphs, which prevented intelligence to and from Paris, and nearly succeeded in cutting off General Aymar's communications. The troops were by this time worked up to frenzy by the losses they had sustained and by the cruelty and insults of the mob.

On the fourth day, by heavy attacks with cannon and mortars, and by a succession of condensed charges, several of which the General headed in person, the insurgents were thoroughly beaten and routed at all points. This day's hard fighting decided the business. The workmen resisted in the narrow streets and alleys till the 15th of April, when the half-destroyed, wretched city of Lyons was reduced once more to order.

The troops lost 2000 men killed and wounded—the insurgents upwards of 6000. The damage inflicted on property, houses, public buildings, and churches, in which the workmen took refuge, and which were carried by storm and deluged with blood, is incalculably great.

Republican attempts were made simultaneously at St. Etienne and other places, but the military were everywhere successful.

The government of Louis Philippe had scarcely announced that hostilities had ceased at Lyons, when the republicans, on Sunday, the 12th of April, made a mad attempt to revolutionise Paris. A more deplorable essay was never made by a dwindling, desperate faction. After some fighting on Sunday night and Monday morning, they were nearly all destroyed or taken prisoners. In the moment of victory the troops, and more especially the National Guards, committed some indiscriminate slaughters, which we cannot dwell upon without horror.

Paris remains quiet under 40,000 bayonets!

THE PENINSULA.—An *Estatuto Real*, or Royal Statute, for the convocation of the General Cortes of the Spanish Kingdom, has, at last, made its appearance. It was published at Madrid on the 15th of April, and appears to have given pretty general satisfaction to all the moderate parties.

The Cortes are very properly to form an upper and a lower house.

The *proceres*, or peers, are not, however, to consist solely of clergy and nobility, but distinguished though untitled men, such as ministers under former governments, ambassadors, generals, admirals, judges, learned professors, men eminent in literature or science, the heads of great mercantile or manufacturing establishments, are to sit in the upper house.

Every member of the house of peers must have completed his twenty-first year, and his estates must be free from mortgage! The pecuniary qualification is an annual income of 70,000 reals.

The *procuradores*, or deputies, are to be freely elected by the people, for three years at a time.

To obtain a seat in this house of commons, a member must be thirty years of age, possessed of an annual income of 12,000 reals, and free from mortgages and debts.

The date for the meeting of the Cortes is not fixed, but it is expected that their meeting will take place very soon.

In Portugal, though slowly, and not always without trifling reverses and checks, things are proceeding on the whole favourably to the cause of the young Queen Donna Maria. Several important provincial towns have spontaneously declared in her favour, and the brave untiring Napier is taking, by rapid *coups-de-main*, all the seaports on the northern coast, through which Don Miguel used to receive the supplies and reinforcements which have mainly enabled him to protract the struggle so long.

It appears to be now diplomatically settled that France and England are to interfere, and dispose of both Don Miguel and Don Carlos.

What has become of the Portuguese Cortes? we hear nothing more about the convocation of that body!

BELGIUM.—Brussels also has been again the scene of a disgraceful riot. At the period of the revolution in Belgium, among other things taken possession of by the new Government, were several horses belonging to the Prince of Orange, which, until recently, were kept in the possession of the Belgian authorities. It was, however, resolved to dispose of them, which was done publicly a short time since, and they were bought by a subscription entered into by several of the Flemish *noblesse*, for the purpose of being presented to the Prince of Orange. The horses, four in number, were informed, were bought for 7,000 francs, and they have been sent to the Hague. Among the principal Orange nobility, who took part in this proceeding, were the Prince de Ligne, the Duc de Chermay, and others; and they subsequently issued an advertisement, calling upon the friends of the House of Nassau to join in the subscription, in order to make up the amount for which the horses had been purchased. The populace, having thus obtained information as to the individuals who had taken part in this proceeding, on the 5th inst., commenced an attack upon the houses of the Prince de Ligne, the Duc d'Ursel, and several other individuals of the Orange party. The destruction of furniture and other property was continued during the next day, but little interference having taken place on the part of the government. An attempt was subsequently made by the troops, headed by King Leopold, with an escort of several officers, to quell the disturbances; his Majesty being received with the loudest acclamations by the people.

The *Courrier Belge* observes—"The most striking fact in this spectacle was the pillage of sixteen houses under the very eyes of the government, which appointed a force that literally assisted in the plunder."—We learn from a private letter, that "the garrison consisted of three thousand infantry and fifteen hundred of the King's body guard, more than enough to tread to powder twenty times the number the mob consisted of." Tranquillity has been restored.



Sir Tho^s Lawrence, P.R.A. pinxt.

J. Cochrane, sculp^t.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EMILIE MARY,
 DUCHESSE DE CAMBRIDGE.

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THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR JUNE, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF COUNTESS COWPER.

EMILY, Countess COWPER, is the wife of Peter-Leopold, present Lord Cowper, and daughter of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne.

The immediate founder of the family of Melbourne, Peniston Lamb, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, dying in 1735, left two sons, Robert, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, who died in 1768, and

MATTHEW LAMB, Esq., of Brocket Hall, in the county of Hertford, who was created on the 17th January, 1755, a baronet of Great Britain. Sir Matthew died on the 6th November, 1768, leaving issue by his wife, Charlotte, daughter of The Right Honourable Thomas Coke, of Melbourne, in Derbyshire, PENISTON, his successor, and Charlotte, who espoused Henry Bellasyse, the last Earl of Fauconberg.

SIR PENISTON LAMB, the second baronet, who succeeded his father, was born in 1748, and elevated to the peerage of Ireland on the 2nd May, 1770, as Lord Melbourne, Baron of Kilmore, in the county of Cavan. His lordship was created Viscount Melbourne, 11th January, 1781, and was subsequently one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, and member of parliament for Malmsbury. On the 11th of August, 1815, he was enrolled among the peers of Great Britain as Baron Melbourne. His lordship (who died 22d July, 1828,) wedded Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Melbourne, of Halnaby, in Yorkshire, whose ancestor was made a baronet on the 7th

August, 1661. By this lady, who died 6th April, 1818, he left issue,

WILLIAM, present viscount, born 15th March, 1779. His lordship, now Secretary of State for the Home department, espoused the Lady Caroline Ponsonby, only daughter of Frederick, Earl of Bessborough; and, by her ladyship, who died in 1828, has an only son, GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, born 11th August, 1807.

Frederick-James, G.C.B., P.C., Ambassador at the court of Vienna, born 17th of April, 1782.

George, M.P., late under Secretary of State for the Home Department, born 11th July 1784, married 17th May, 1809, Mdlle. Caroline St. Jules, and died in 1833.

EMILY MARY, the subject of this month's illustration, married, on the 21st July, Peter Leopold, present Earl Cowper, and has issue,

George Augustus Frederick, Viscount Fordwich, M.P., born 26th June, 1806.

William, born 12th December, 1811.

Charles Spencer, born 9th June, 1816.

Emily-Caroline, married 10th June, 1830, to Lord Ashley, eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Frances Elizabeth.

The house of COWPER derives from JOHN COWPER, sheriff of the City of London in 1551, and alderman of Bridge ward, who left, with other children,

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq., of Ratling Court,

in the county of Kent, who was created a baronet on the 4th March, 1642. Sir William was succeeded by his grandson, SIR WILLIAM COWPER, M.P. for Hertford, who had two sons—WILLIAM, his successor, and Spencer, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who wedded Pennington, daughter of John Goodere, Esq., and had, with other issue, John, D.D., Rector of Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, father to the celebrated poet, WILLIAM COWPER. Sir William Cowper was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR WILLIAM COWPER, Barrister-at-Law; who, after a few years of great success at the bar, was chosen recorder of Colchester, and returned to parliament (in 1695) by the borough of Hertford. In 1706, Sir William was elevated to the peerage as Baron Cowper, of Wingham, in the county of Kent, and the same year appointed one of the Commissioners to adjust the treaty of union between England and Scotland; in the following (4th May, 1707), he was constituted LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN. Lord Cowper, a zealous supporter of the Whig Administration, retired with his colleagues in 1710, on the triumph of the party that brought in the treaty of Utrecht. He resigned office greatly in opposition to the wishes of QUEEN ANNE, at whose decease he again accepted the seals. In 1716, his lordship sat as Lord High Steward of Great Britain, for the trial of the Jacobite lords, and the 18th March, 1718, he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Fordwich, and EARL

COWPER, but he soon afterwards finally retired from office. During the latter period of his life, Lord Cowper distinguished himself as the strenuous defender of religious liberty, and effected the overthrow of a bill by which those who impugned the doctrine of the Trinity were subjected to severe penalties. He was, however, accused of favouring the cause of the Chevalier, but without foundation, although he opposed the proceedings against Atterbury, and protested against a bill for imposing a tax upon Catholics. His lordship died at his seat at Herlingfordbury, in 1723. "By his death," says Smollett, "England lost a worthy nobleman, who had twice discharged the office of Lord Chancellor with equal discernment and integrity. He was profoundly skilled in the laws of his country; in his apprehension, quick and penetrating; in his judgment, clear and determinate. He possessed a manly eloquence; his manner was agreeable, and his deportment graceful. His lordship was succeeded by his elder son WILLIAM, second earl, who assumed the surname of Clavering before that of Cowper, in obedience to the will of his maternal uncle, Mr. Clavering, of Chopwell, in Durham. His lordship dying in December, 1764, was succeeded by his only son, GEORGE-NASSAU, third earl; at whose decease, in 1789, his eldest son, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, inherited as fourth earl. This nobleman dying unmarried, 12th February, 1799, the honours devolved upon his brother, PETER-LEOPOLD LOUIS-FRANCIS COWPER, F.R.S., present Earl Cowper.

L I N E S.

LIE down in that low quiet bed,
Thou weary, care-worn child of clay,
The earth's cold pillow props thine head,
Thine eyes have closed on busy day;
No sounds thy deafened ear can reach,
No dreams thy aching brain perplex,
Nor scornful eye, nor taunting speech,
Thy meek and wounded spirit vex.

A heavy doom was thine to bear,
No peace to hope, no rest to find,
With none thy lot to soothe or share,
Poor outcast of a world unkind!

What hour of thy brief tearful life,
From care, from bitterness was free?
And now escaped the unequal strife,
Blest sleeper, shall we weep for thee?

Oh! close the turf above her head,
And hide her from the world's cold eyes,
They shall not now profane the dead,
Nor see how calm and still she lies.
Come, let us steal away, and bid
These tears of selfish sorrow cease,
And leave her here in darkness hid,
To taste her new-found blessing—peace.

M. B.

THE APPROVER'S DEATH.

A TIPPERARY TALE.

"BUT Phelim, now, is it possible you never heard the adventure that happened to me crossing over the mountains from Dungarvon to Clonmel?"

"Why, then, upon my word, Pat, I never heard that there was any thing remarkable about you from the day you were born to this; and to say the truth of it, I always thought you were so amazingly quiet in yourself, that your corpse itself wouldn't lie easy, if it thought there was a tomb-stone stuck over you, for people to be talking about Paddy Grady."

"Well, well, Phelim, it's easy seeing you will never be hung for a witch; but just if you please, give me over as much of the tobacco as will fill another pipe, and put just as much porter into my pint as will make me feel I am tasting it, and I will tell you a story that will make you wonder, at all events."

Phelim complied with the requests that were made, and Paddy O'Grady, a little man with fiery foxy whiskers, and a pair of shaggy eyebrows, that knitted in close contact with each other, and covered his small ferret eyes, as he drew in his breath to give strength to the spark that was inflaming the tobacco rammed into the pipe, placed one hand on the pewter pint that lay before him, and waved the other to ensure silence in the entire crowd that circled around him in the shebeen-house, commenced his story, which is thus translated into something like intelligible English for the reader:—

"I need not tell you, Phelim, nor any one who hears me, what fine rattling fellows the fishermen of Dungarvon are. There is nothing can daunt them. They meet every weather, and face every storm—no matter, whether the wind be as soft and low as the whisper of a girl, when she says 'yes' to her bachelor, or as loud as the driver's voice, when he bids the poor tenant quit his little holding, it is all one to a Dungarvon sailor—his boat is over the bank that the hake came to visit, and his hand is ready to receive the small package of tea, or the light roll of tobacco, that the smuggling lugger tosses in to him, when the night is too dark, or the wind too high for the revenue cruisers to see or venture out. I know them well, Phelim,

and many is the pounds' worth I have carried under this frieze, from them to the shopkeepers of Clonmel; and in other places in Tipperary, who would much rather (and small blame to them), have a cheap pennyworth, than pay the king's duty.

"Perhaps you think I am going to tell you something that happened to the Dungarvon fishermen? Not at all, what I say to you, happened one night that I was carrying a parcel of tea across the mountains for them. It was the very mountain that is facing this door. There it is, you see, rising up like a great big black wall, and dividing, as if it was on purpose, the rich and yellow corn fields that lie on this side of Tipperary, from the bleak rock, and the black bogs of Waterford that are stretched on the other side. I never look on that mountain, and all those that are stretched along with it, that I do not think of those cursed things the judges call 'the laws,' and which seem to be set up in unfortunate old Ireland for nothing more nor less than for separating the rich and the poor, giving to the Cromwellians all that is good and profitable, and leaving to the poor peasant only the barren soil and the unwholesome marsh. There stand the mountains, and there are the laws, and you might as well think of pulling down the one, as upsetting the other; and take my word for it, that the fool who attempts either is as likely to have his bones broken by a big rock falling on him, as to have his neck cracked by a gallows falling from under him.

"You see that mountain before you, and you know as well as I do, that at the top of it, there is a lake that no one yet has ever seen the bottom of. Many and many is the day, when I was a young chap, I snatched from school, with two or three others to fish in it, and many is the pleasant dinner we had upon the fresh fried trout that we dressed on the burnt embers of the dry sticks that are to be found scattered amongst the wild and dreary rocks that cover in the lake, and embrace it all round, as if they were placed there as guards to prevent the waters running out.

"Never shall I forget the night that I was climbing up that mountain. It was dark and sultry, and as I mounted high up into

the air, the wind seemed to come thick and warm upon me: and then there was every now and again a close cloud of rank smoke rolling down, on or beside me, and after settling about me for a second was blown away into the empty darkness, like an evil spirit that was just let out of hell, to spite and vex a Christian, but had not power to harm him. I don't know how it was, but every moment I felt, as a man must feel, I am sure, who is going to his own execution. Something told me I would be the happier if I were to go back, but then there was the curiosity, the gnawing anxiety, and the dread to learn the worst, so that I thought that if I did turn back, it would be a disappointment, a hellish disappointment, like that which the young, the idle, and the vicious feel when the mercy of the king saves the victim from the agonies of a sudden, violent, and a doomed death. I was sure that what filled the elements was for bad; but I could not have avoided, even if I was to die in the attempt, knowing what was the reason for it.

"So thinking, so feeling, I may say, so almost choking, I clambered up the side of the mountain, and just as I reached the top, I could see a reddish light springing up, and thick clouds rolling over the sparkling flames.

"I ascended to the top, and I stood on the Tipperary side of the hill; never shall I forget the horrible sight that I looked upon. Down the side of the mountain, at its foot, and as I thought for miles around, the fields of corn were one sheet of fire. There it went, in darting flashes, rolling along in a white quick-formed line, as if you run a candle along the top of a piece of touch-paper, or indeed much more like the musket-shooting of a long range of soldiers, when they let off what they call 'a *few-dee-joy*.' There was the blaze going, the smoke rising over it—and there was not a word, nor a sound, nor a screech, nor a shout—nothing that would make you think it was human; it appeared as if the Father of Mischief himself had come upon earth with full power to destroy the labours of the husbandman, and that every creature that had the sign of the cross on him fled away from the sight and hearing of his bad works.

"I was thinking to myself, what the meaning of all the destruction could be, when of a sudden, I saw start up amidst the fields of fire a thick red conflagration, high, furious, raging, and whirling about flames, that exceeded in force and strength the sparkling flashes below, as much as the grate

in Lord Caher's kitchen fire outshines the farthing wick-lights the servants carry about. 'Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord,' I exclaimed, 'as sure as day, that is Neal Berry's the rich farmer's hay-rick that is burning this night—and these are his fields of wheat too, that he took from the Londrigans, and the Dwyers—by dad! *the boys* at last are paying him off for outbidding every poor creature whose lease was run out—there it goes, fire, fire, fire upon all sides—and this is done, I suppose, in revenge for that, and his having been some fifteen years ago an informer in Clare, against some gossoons, who helped himself to his rise in the world by killing of an old rich uncle of his own. Faith, they have waited a long time for vengeance—and they have it, at last, in full. But what has become of the poor unfortunate Neal Berry himself?—he was a rich man yesterday—what will he be to-morrow?'

"Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when, upon the opposite side of the lake, I saw—for you could see a pin drop by the light of the flames—four men, toiling and travelling on to its very brink—they had something that they were all helping to carry. They brought it up to the lake, they laid it on the bank—they went back two or three yards, and then putting their heads together for a minute, they seemed to be talking, when one of them, a young man about six feet high, with large broad shoulders, a head of hair that was close cropped, big black whiskers, his shirt collar open, his dark breast fully exposed, the redness of the fire itself in his face, and the forehead puckered up into wrinkles, looking as if hate and disgust had settled between his brows, darted away from the other three and made a violent kick at the bundle, as I thought, that was lying by the lake side, and as he did so, far off as it was, a cry of agony and fear came ringing into my ear, and piercing through my brain, as if you had run a sharp, chilling needle, cold as ice, into the flesh. I saw the countenance of the young man change—the wrinkles on the forehead scattered for a minute, and they seemed to fly to the mouth, which was close drawn, and as if twisted in between his teeth, as he gazed on the helpless bulk beneath him. He stooped—he raised it up—it was a man—a living man.—I could even, amidst the glare that made every thing else appear a burning red, perceive that the face was white, as the whitest streak that ever yet ran through a vein of Kilkenny marble—the head was

stooped down, as if the man was afraid or ashamed to look at him, who had raised him up—the arms too were bound; for he attempted to lift his hands, and they would not come higher than his breast—his legs, too, were so closely stuck together, that it was easy to see that they were tied also. For a minute or so, I could know by his gestures that the young man was speaking to him—he put out his left hand straight before him—he raised his right—it was clenched—he frequently struck it into the open palm of the left—he seemed to be telling over to the unfortunate wretch all the evils he was guilty of, and all the wrongs he had done—the other appeared either not to know what was said, or to be admitting its truth; for he often shook his head, in a wild manner, as the young man seemed to conclude every particular of his discourse. At last the young man stopped—he pointed to the blazing fields, to the lake, and then to the low clouds, which, from their colour, looked as if ready to catch the fire which was swallowing up every thing below. When the pinioned man saw the other point to the lake, again the same piercing shriek was uttered—even in the heat of the night, I felt frozen—a second cry was, I thought, coming upon me, when I saw a bright flash of steel pass beneath the head of the pinioned wretch—he tottered, and as he was doing so, the four men rushed forward—a kick was made by all—the body rose for an instant in the air—sprung slanting on, and then with a sullen, almost noiseless splash, sunk into the bottomless waters of the lake!

“I was stupified—I felt myself becoming sick—my eyes were dazzled, and there was a choking about my throat—it was as if my mouth was filled with turf-ashes, and that standing longer to look on such a scene would kill me. I began to tremble, and was just sinking down on the ground, when I saw the four men hurrying round by the lake. ‘They have seen me’, thought I, ‘and it is better itself to be caught by a gauger, than be killed by such murdering villains.’ This notion gave me strength, and I give you my oath I never stopped till I was landed back safe in Dungarvon.

“Next day, there was no end to the talking about the burning of Neal Berry’s farm, and every one wondering what became of himself. From that time to this, he has never been seen or heard of; few inquired after him, because he was so hard on the poor, and less cared ever to see him again, because he had once in his life been an approver, hung three men, and thought to take away the life of a fourth—a very young gossoon, whom every body said himself was the first to teach mischief to; and that never was seen in the day-time since Neal Berry’s ‘informations’ banished him from the county Clare.

“For my own part, Phelim, nothing would ever persuade me but that it was the approver Neal Berry’s own murder I was by at, and that the young man he swore against was the very man who burned his farm first, and cut his throat afterwards, besides drowning him.”

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE BRAZILIANS.

No. II.

Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

I HAVE sojourned in many lands, and “have taught me strange tongues.” In the course of an eventful and a wandering life, it has been at one time my lot to gallop across the Pampas with the *Bolas* whirling like lightning round my head, in pursuit of the flying ostrich; at another, to pursue with equal ardour in the race of life and death, the flying Royalist, on the llanos of Colombia or in the vallies of Chili, to the tune of *viva la patria*. Again, I have contemplated amid the Cyclopean ruins of Cuzco, the relics of

an extinct phasis of civilisation, and in the virgin forests of Brazil, our mother nature fresh as at the birth of time. I have felt the soft witchery of the dark-eyed maidens of Lima and St. Jago, and when, with a heart absolutely riddled like an old target by the fine practice of their eyes, I had taken the desperate resolution of throwing myself into the crater of *Cotopaxi*, I have—

Heu prisca fides!

Yes! I have actually found myself—*mais tel est l’homme, mesdames*, by the bright efful-

gence of a tropical moon, reclining on a mat at the foot of a stately palm, and supping, '*en partie fine*,' on a jugged monkey, an olla of lizards and land crabs, or a fricassée de perroquets, with a brown Indian belle, at the magnificent confluence of the *Tangurragua* and the *Ucayle*. This was very naughty, I admit, but since

Sans un petit brin d'amour,
On s'ennuie même à la Cour,

in the solitude of an American wilderness, this little *distraction* may, I think, be excused in one who at *that time* perhaps looked upon the fairest and best part of creation "*un peu trop en Mousquetaire*." So without dwelling upon this unfortunate chapter, I shall lead my fair readers to the banks of the Mississippi, where I shot alligators with the wild Kentuckians; and to the cabin of a New England skipper, where I have regaled myself over and over again with that *chef d'œuvre* of American gastronomy, pork and molasses, and which I pronounce, in defiance of all the Trollopes in existence, to be an exquisite dainty, worthy of a place in Careme's immortal work "*Le Cuisinier Pittoresque*." I could, but that I fear the recital would blench their fair cheeks, tell them how I shot a Canadian rapid, in which, after all, there is less real danger than in shooting a *montagne Russe* at Tivoli, with their slender waists encircled by the arm of a beau cavalier—

Il est plus dangereux de glisser
Sur le gazon que sur le glace.

But no more of that. After smoking with Bolivar, bivouacking with Paez and his Llaneros, helping San Martin to fill his empty pockets with Spanish dollars, and the hopeful Pedro to place on his still emptier head an imperial diadem—faith, I began to think I had seen quite enough of the two Americas, so I re-crossed the Atlantic, sported my yellow phiz in Rotten Row, lost the best part of my hard-earned doubloons at the Salon in Paris—then rushed like Hannibal across the Alps—played the Pygmalion before the Venus at Florence—Byronised by moonlight amid the ruins of the Coliseum, and was strongly pressed by a romantic old Frenchman of the larmoyant school, to drop a tear upon the tomb of Virgil. But I grew tired of this foolery, and marched northwards, just halting at Venice to convince myself that the stately Venetians were worthy of their high reputation, and then to forget them while contemplating the charms of the fair *Kelnerinnen* of Gratz. Klopstock must have had these pretty Styrians in his eye when, in his celebrated

sonnet, he says the charms of his country-women—

Ich beir ein Deutches mädchen
Mein ang ist blau und sanft mein blick
Ich hab ein hertz das edil ist
Und stoltz und gut.

Again, these blue-eyed maidens were in their turn forgotten while treading a mazurka at Vienna with the bewitching Hungarians, or polonaising with the stately Poles. Then I maintained a thesis with the military pedants of Prussia upon the comparative merits of the "*ordre mince*" and the "*ordre profonde*;" but my most splendid effort was in Berlin, the improvisation of a new infantry chako, which elicited the admiration of royalty itself, who possesses certainly the most correct taste in such matters of any man in Europe. This success, by-the-bye, might have led on to fortune. But I was *blasé* with civilised life, and, like Jean Jacques, sighed for "*La Vie des Bois*;" so I again turned Guerilla, joined the wild Cossacks of the Don, and soon found myself skirmishing with the far-famed Turkish Delhis. By heavens! they were gallant foes. Methinks I see them now, issuing from the gates of Shumla, their horse-tails floating on the wind, and tossing their long lances high in air as they spurred madly into the plain. Mark how rapidly the deep column deploys into line—how wildly their war cry floats upon the breeze—

" 'Allah hu! Allah hu!'

Up to the sky with that wild halloo.

Onwards the gallant horsemen rush like the ruthless simoom of their native deserts, sweeping before them in their whirlwind charge the iron formations of their Russian foes, even as the last dried leaves of autumn are scattered by a northern wind. By the beard of the prophet, 'twas a gallant sight, and so I told, a few weeks afterwards, the Pasha of Scutari, who,

"Although the face of Mussulman,
Not oft betrays to lookers on
The mind within well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,"

fairly chuckled with delight at the recital, to the no small consternation of the attendant Karras, who were basking in the sunshine of his presence. Beyond, an "*Allah Acbar*," and so forth, the precise words used on this occasion by the gallant pasha, unacquainted as I am with the Turkish, I cannot repeat; but, as far as the genius of that language will admit of, my dragoman assured me that the outburst approached very closely to the celebrated

"Go it, Ned Codrington!"

Whether the head of my friend the pasha be

still upon his shoulders I profess to know not; the chances are, from the way these things are managed in Turkey, that it has long ago adorned the Seraglio gate. But this I do know, that the recollection of our last che-bourque, apart other points in his creed very captivating to youthful imagination, have made a Moslem of me. Yes! my fair readers, a wandering life has taught me, that man, however modified by climate, religion, or government, is "au fond," essentially everywhere the same animal, equally prone to good or evil, as sufficient pains are taken to direct him in the ways of either. Thus do I never measure national manners and customs by comparison, but by their own inherent peculiarities—thus have I long ago assumed the *nil admirari* for my motto, and, like the philosopher of old, have learned to exclaim—

Ubique bene—ibi patria.

And where indeed can a man dream away more sweetly his existence than in one of the pretty kiosks that line the banks of the Bosphorus, or stud the beautiful valley of Buyjudere?

The common sounds in the cities of Brazil, are the deep tolling of the matin and vesper bells—the roar of heavy ordnance, the hissing flight of rockets—the loud breathing of military bands, varied at the soft hour of evening by the beautiful Ave Marias, chanted by the assembled youth of both sexes, the tender Modinho that tells of broken hearts and unrequited love, or the more solemn *miserere*, that mournfully floating on the evening breeze, proclaims that some "poor child of clay has quitted earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

Well, whether our boasted modern civilisation has improved the condition of man, or extended the sphere of his happiness, is, after all, a question of argument. But it will scarcely be denied that it has cast its glittering veil over much that was picturesque and beautiful in its national character and manners, imparting to the whole system of society the type of undeviating and monotonous uniformity, not more strongly contradistinguished from the more romantic though unintellectual ages it has succeeded, than is the gorgeous fretwork and elaborate chiseling of the gothic cathedral, from the plain white-washed walls of the modern conventicle.

Under the burning clime of the tropic no pale gradations from saffron hue to roseate morn proclaim the approach of day, the fiery orb bursts suddenly from the bosom of darkness, and light awakes the world.

How magnificent is the dawn of a tropical day—how delicious the freshness—how balmy the sweetness that succeeds to the noxious vapours and sickly exhalations of the night! A magic stillness pervades all nature, through which the peal of the holy matin bell falls with solemn effect on the ear. At its earliest summons, the fair Brazilian and her sable duenna, her slender form veiled by the ample folds of the jealous mantilla, may be seen hieing to offer up her morning orisons at the shrine of her favourite Madonna. The poor African quits his matted couch to resume his daily toil, carolling as he goes some ditty of his native Africa, that perchance brings back to his memory the days of former freedom.

The beautiful bay of the Rio de Janeiro is covered with barks and canoes, bearing to the imperial city the auriferous produce of the distant provinces of Minaes, Goyaz, and Matto Grosso, and the glittering diamonds of the Serra do frio. Again, the quays are piled with the merchandise of every clime—the rich productions of the Indian loom—the hardware of Birmingham—the cottons of Manchester—the silks and velvets of La belle France—the linens of Germany—the schiedam of Holland—and the wines of Spain and Portugal. How varied the aspect and garb of yon motley group of traders of all nations assembled before the door of the custom-house in the Rua Directa—the public functionaries in all the pride of place, with their huge cocked hats and long tailed coats, are seen with stately pace repairing to their several posts. Observe that haughty churchman on his way to the imperial chapel, as he leans back in his well padded *legé*, the right hand is brought up upon his breast to display the glittering signet ring. How finely his lofty bearing contrasts with the meek ascetic air of the mendicant friar, who is filling his wallet at the stalls of a group of market-women, to whom he presents to kiss a picture of his patron saint, receiving in return as a pious guerdon, from one a luscious pine-apple, from another a bunch of bananas, from a third a small box of *doce*, or a small copper coin—

"Foul superstition, by whatever name
Thou art called, the churchman's good, the general
bane."

But hark—the more than Babel confusion of tongues, the wild discordant cries of the Negro porters as they toil beneath their ponderous burdens, cease for an instant—the iron clatter of advancing cavalry breaks upon the ear. A sub-division of the German lancers of the guard is seen debouching from the Rua do

Ouvedor, followed by a crowd of mounted officers and attendants, and a phaeton and six driven by a dark young man. Proudly he stands erect, and as he sweeps beneath the arch of triumph into the Palace Square, a regal flourish of drums and trumpets, and a thousand *vivas*, proclaim that the imperial Pedro has quitted his beautiful retreat at São Christovão to mingle in the affairs of state.

The sun has now attained its meridian height, and the indolent Brazilian of every class courts the balmy pleasures of the siesta, leaving their deserted streets to dogs and foreigners. Between four and five, all again becomes life and animation, the roads leading to the beautiful faubourgs of Botta Fogo and Eugênio Velho are crowded with equipages and horsemen; picturesque groups of both sexes may be seen sitting under the verandahs of the pretty Quintas, enjoying the cool evening breeze. But at this hour it is the Praca do Palacio that presents the most varied and animated picture of Brazilian life. The cafés are crowded with smoking politicians, discoursing the events of the day—groups of the natives of the inland provinces are seen in earnest conversation with officers and soldiers of the guard—friars of every order—civilians of every grade—Indians and negroes—intermediate casts of every degree. Mark the leather-clad Sertanego of the northern provinces, how finely his armour-looking dress contrasts with the singularly wild and picturesque costume of the tall Paulesta, or the fierce Menheiro. Mark again well the haughty air, the curling mustachoe lip, the profusion of raven curls that escape from beneath the broad gray sombrero, the dark blue poncho, and the ponderous spur. They remind you of some dark creation of Murillo's pencil. What hideous specimens of humanity are those that suddenly strike the eye! Black bristling hair, skin of the darkest copper hue, a flat Tartar countenance, devoid of all expression, and horribly disfigured by barbarian caprice, for their under-lips are perforated and brought up over the tip of the nose by the insertion of a round piece of wood; while their ears, distended by the same process, hang down upon their shoulders—they are a party of *Botocado* Indians, gazing with savage wonderment upon the signs of civilised life.

But let us turn from the savage children of nature to yon gilded balcony immediately opposite the palace. Reclining on a mat, sits a dark-eyed daughter of Brazil; at her feet you observe the guitar adorned with the

national colours, on her left breast, the national cockade, with its stern device—*Independencia ou morte*.

"Yet are Brazil's daughters no race of Amazons."

In the back ground are seen a party of slaves, who occasionally direct their young mistress's attention to something in the square below; but she heeds them not, her lustrous dark eye rests not on that holy friar, but on the martial figures of a party of foreign officers of the guard who are pacing beneath her window. Among them you will easily distinguish the swarthy Lusitanian, the blue-eyed German, the fiery Gaul, and the haughty Briton, disjointed fragments of the mighty hosts, when the setting of the sun of Napoleon, on the blood-stained field of Waterloo, had suddenly hurled from their sphere of action in Europe. How deeply impressed are their fine features, which that reckless daring character which the wild uncertainty of the camp so engenders!

But now sinks the sun,

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But in one blaze of living light."

The hum of human voices ceases, all nature owns the solemn softness of the hour, while the pious Brazilian chants the beautiful vesper hymn, and invokes the protection of the Madonna through the dangers of approaching night.

So limited is the space which a monthly periodical can be supposed to allow to any one subject, that I must on this occasion confine my observations to a few salient points in the moral and social condition of the women of Brazil, a country which, in spite of all the obstacles it has still to overcome, is in a singular state of moral and physical development. I shall therefore pass over many minor, though interesting illustrations of the domestic life of the Brazilians, and at once endeavour to describe to my fair readers what is that flower in Brazil, which in every country on the face of the globe is so highly prized, before which the heart of youth begins to palpitate, which over manhood still exercises its influence when every thing else has lost its empire, and which brightens up with a smile of unavailing regret the wrinkled cheek of age. Beauty, a flower which in Brazil fades almost as soon as it is blown. In fact, a Brazilian is in the zenith of her beauty at the age of fourteen; but as she takes no pains to cultivate it by exercise, her close sedentary life soon imparts a languid sickly hue to her countenance, and an extreme *embonpoint* robs her figure of its slender proportions. Indeed

so precocious is nature in the climate of Brazil, that married at fourteen or fifteen they are frequently grandmothers at thirty.

Le President Dupaty, in his *Letters sur l'Italie*, in speaking of the Romans, says:—"Le besoin des sexes trouve dans le cicisbeisme aliment, dans les meurs facilité, dans la religion indulgence."—Substitute the word slavery for "cicisbeisme," and the observation will apply with equal justice to the state of society in Brazil at the present day. In fact, love is what it may be expected to be in so burning a climate—in a system of manners where it never encounters obstacles that strengthen it—prejudices that give a value to it, or moral ideas that embellish it. With both sexes love is purely physical. In vain will you look for that deep-souled tenderness in the one, and that lofty self-devotion in the other, which with us encircle a pure attachment with so bright a halo—that moral love, in fact, which throws over the wild cravings of passion the glittering soul of refinement—still, in spite of all, a Brazilian courtship must be conducted with as much skill as the labours of a siege; and oftentimes when the engineer officer has reported the breach practicable, I have known a splendid failure to follow. The *système de guerre* on these occasions is as follows:—By means of a skilful emissary you establish a communication with the garrison by bribing a favourite female slave; thus you acquire a knowledge of the defences of the place, and of the movements of the enemy. Such, for an example, as the church at which your enamorata hears mass, at what hour she may propose to visit a *Comadre*, or on what saint's day she may go to the country, where an interview may be arranged.—In this manner the operation may last for months. The letters that pass on these occasions often reminded me of Sancho Panza's improvisation of Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea, for they are literally crammed with *Almas mias and ojos mios*, and such like endearing terms. Every thing depends upon the discretion and prudence of your Mercury, for should he play you false, the consequences may prove fatal. I once knew an Englishman who had consumed upwards of a year before a fortress in the shape of a married lady, but without success, so ably defended was it by the jealous vigilance of the husband. At length an opportunity offered of carrying the place by a *coup de main*—intelligence was brought that the fair senhora was going on a certain day on a visit to her sister in the outskirts of the city, and

that on her return she would give her lover rendezvous at the house of a *Comadre*. A trusty scout was accordingly despatched to hover on the flanks of their line of march, and observe their motions. Success now appeared inevitable, but fortune was unpropitious. The scout too boldly entered the house and mingled with the slaves of the establishment, whom he regaled with his master's largesses. An uproar was the consequence, which attracted the attention of the master of the house, who immediately ordered the strange negro to be brought before him. The family, for the sake of coolness, were at the moment *au trezieme*; the culprit is brought in—the fair object of his mission turns deadly pale. A ray of dark suspicion is seen upon the countenance of her brother-in-law, who, in a voice of thunder, questions the negro by whom he had been sent, and on his refusing to answer, he seizes him by the waist and holds him over the balcony. The poor devil of a scout, finding himself thus dangling between heaven and earth, confessed every thing. The lady was sent to the country, and the Englishman received an intimation from an acquaintance that it might be prudent not to be out after dark. In fact, on these occasions, the Brazilians *ne se genent pas*—there is no drawing of the triggers at twelve paces, nor work for the gentlemen of the long robe. The knife of a hired assassin renders recourse to either one or the other perfectly superfluous.

A very intimate friend of mine was one evening *en partie fine* with a fair Brazilian, when the *tête-à-tête* was rather disagreeably broken in upon by the presence of a Carmelite friar. Still the manners of the churchman were so polished,—his conversation so fascinating,—that the displeasure of the Englishman at his intrusion insensibly wore away. The clock of a neighbouring convent had tolled the hour of midnight, when the foreigner rose to take his leave:—so did the friar, but not to depart: he planted himself before the door of the apartment, and in the same tone of high-bred courtesy which had hitherto so captivated the Englishman, he said to him, "There are, sir, but two means of egress from this apartment,—the door and the window. Now take your choice of either"—pointing with his left hand to the open casement, and drawing with his other from under his robe a long and sharp knife. Unarmed as he was, to have attempted to execute a retreat by the door, would have been to court instant destruction. The astounded Briton had therefore no remedy

but to choose the lesser evil of the two, and make his exit by the window, which he effected by spraining both his ankles. Fortunate was it for him that the apartment of his dulcinea was *au-premier*, or he must have broken his neck; and still more fortunate was it that he was not a Brazilian, or the courtly Carmelite would scarcely have allowed him even the alternative he did. What was the nature of the *eclaircissement* between the terrified *senhora* and her spiritual director, who of course the friar was, I leave my readers to imagine. The condition of the women of Brazil, it will be supposed, varies in the different provinces, in the capital, and the principal cities on her extensive line of coast. The genial breath of European civilisation is daily making wide inroads into the domain of Brazilian prejudice, and of course breaking the fetters in which they have been so long enchained by a more than Moorish spirit of jealousy. But in the interior provinces they are still as closely confined as in the East. During the years 1825 and 1826, I was in the capitania of Piauí; and although on the most intimate terms with the president, yet I was never introduced to the female branches of his family, notwithstanding his lady was a European, and of course accustomed to a familiar intercourse of the two sexes. In fact his excellency apologised to me for this omission, by frankly giving me to understand that, as it was not the custom of the country, it might expose the ladies of his family to the ill-natured remarks of "*les mauvaises langues*" of the place. While in this part of the country, I had once occasion to return the visit of a planter who resided about twenty leagues off. I reached his habitation I rather fancy somewhat earlier than he had anticipated; for I was detained nearly half an hour in the hall; an interval passed, I have no doubt, by this jealous Brazilian, in stowing away his female kind, just as he would have driven his cattle into the corral, on the alarm of an onça (panther) in the neighbourhood being given. While awaiting, therefore, the moment of introduction, my attention was suddenly arrested by a negro, who, busily employed in fabricating a straw hat, whistled, as he worked, the "*Di tanti palpiti*" of Rossini. I recollected having heard that that celebrated maestro, when in England, was furious on hearing this beautiful cavatina hawked about our streets. Yet had he heard it as I did, whistled by an untutored negro amid a Brazilian wilderness, it would have produced on his mind far differ-

ent feelings. To me it conveyed the intimate conviction that the roof I was then under sheltered some accomplished being—perhaps, too, beautiful—for on these occasions the imagination will wander. Nor was my conjecture unfounded. At length I was introduced to the *senhor da casa*; was received with open arms; told to consider every thing in the house as mine own. But although the establishment of female slaves appeared to be very strong, I saw no symptoms of the being whom my imagination had arrayed with so many charms. However, I determined to manoeuvre on the old gentleman's flank, and ascertain the fact; so at dinner, after enduring an interminable discourse upon the importance of the independence of Brazil to the whole world, the brilliant destinies that awaited her, the sublime patriotism and heroic gallantry of her children, and more particularly those of the district in which he lived, I skilfully availed myself of a pause to unmask my battery.

"You are musical, I presume?"

"Not in the least, I assure you."

"Then you must have some one in your house who is so,—one, too, from an air I heard this morning, who has received a European education."

I shall not easily forget the sinister expression which the countenance of my host assumed on this occasion. His former courtesy vanished as if by magic; and, stammering out that his wife played a little on the piano, he turned the conversation by proposing a ride.

Vain, however, during the three days I remained, were my endeavours to gain even a glimpse of the poor captive. But on the third evening, the chords of a guitar were swept close to my window by a skilful hand, and presently a female voice sang, with exquisite pathos, the following stanza from a beautiful old Spanish romance:—

"Ah de mi, un ano felice,
Parece un soplo ligero,
Pero sin dicha un instante,
Res un siglo de tormento."

I could not help thinking, as the music died away upon the breeze, from the tender expression of the singer, that the words but too faithfully echoed the state of her own feelings.

A few minutes before departing on the following morning a Mulatto slave presented me with a very pretty box of sweetmeat, and which I observed at the time she carefully deposited in my portmanteau. That there was something more than met the eye in this

box I felt fully convinced of. Accordingly, on finding myself alone in my canoe, I hastened to examine its contents, and found, embedded in a layer of Guava jam, a letter directed to a gentleman in Lisbon, under a blank envelope, on which was written, in a delicate female hand, these words, "*Excuse and pity.*" Pity her I did from the bottom of my soul, on learning from the governor of the province her melancholy tale. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, a native of Coimbra, she had been betrothed from the very cradle to her own uncle, who had emigrated years before to Brazil, and to whom she was consigned on attaining her seventeenth year. Poor girl! perhaps the letter thus mystically entrusted to my care, was a parting farewell to him on whom thy young heart had placed its first affections, ere transplanted from the beautiful vale of the Mondego. You were sent to die broken-hearted in a Brazilian forest, the victim of a *marriage de convenance*.

This state of things must, as a necessary consequence, strike at the root of all sociality, and exercise a baneful influence over the national character. In fact there is no such thing in Brazil as society, in the European acceptation of the word. Some approach to it may be found among the European Portuguese of the highest class; but among the Brazilians there are none of the elements of refined society, the minds of both sexes being literally as gross and uncultivated as their manners are polished. I say of both sexes, for I have heard the ladies of Brazil conversing with the utmost *nonchalance* upon

subjects which, in England, a delicate female blushes even to mention to her medical attendant. The character of the men may be guessed at from that of the women—totally destitute of that high-flown gallantry, and generous self-devotion to the softer sex, that their ancestors had imbibed from the Moors. Sunk in the grossest sensuality, they yet, nevertheless, retain much of their fascinating polish of exterior. The Chinese mandarin is not a more punctilious observer of external forms than the modern Brazilian, which he carries to the most ridiculous excess; when abroad his hat is oftener in his hand than on his head, it is also *de rigueur* to return even the salute of a slave. I have more than once incurred the charge of ill breeding for not moving my hat on passing the residence of an acquaintance, although not one of its inmates happened at the time to be visible. Again, in bombast and grandiloquence, the Brazilian is the first of mortals. Does he give a banquet, he merely styles it "*hum copa d'agoa*"—a glass of water: do you enter his house, he immediately tells you that you are to consider every thing he possesses as your own. I really once knew a man who, on being complimented on the beauty of his wife, replied, "*he as seus ordems*"—in plain English, she is quite at your service. But I must expatiate no more for the present on the generosity of the Brazilian, who, in the estimation of my fair readers, will be charged, I fear, with carrying this virtue to an excess repugnant to their English ideas, and where it becomes as dangerous as its opposite vice.

L I N E S

BY MISS AUGUSTA CATHERINE FITZWYGRAM.

I.

When the bright silvery moon shines fair,
When the glistening stars that hang in air
Shine purely, calmly, heavenly, clear,
Think, think on God.

II.

When night's dark shades have pass'd away,
When light, once more, awakes the day,
When birds begin their carol gay,
Then think on God.

III.

When tempests dark o'erspread the sky,
When swelling clouds have burst on high,
List, list to nature's awful cry,
And think on God.

IV.

When evening fair is lost in night,
When morning with returning light,
Smiling o'er all, shines purely, bright,
Think, think on God.

SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MAN OF FASHION LATELY DECEASED.—No. II.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FASHION.

EVERY rational being must acknowledge the supremacy of fashion over the civilised portion of the world, but few could point out the peculiar principles in human nature most strongly affected by its influence. Pride, ambition, and vanity, are the most conspicuous of those passions we see occasionally produced under its fostering hand, yet there are few indeed in the catalogue of its effects. The powers it exercises are moral and physical—upon individuals and upon society. It existed from the earliest period. A certain style of dress has distinguished all ages and all nations; and different persons have generally followed that costume which their progenitors or predecessors had adopted. It is true that we have no Morning Post of the antediluvian ages, and I am fearful that every number of the Court Magazine published during the reign of Solomon is now out of print; but there is not a doubt that a Beau Monde of some kind existed in the periods to which I refer, and that somebodies and nobodies constituted the world much in the same manner they do at present. We know that Moses and David patronised dancing, but it is doubtful whether they ever heard of Almacks. Although we are told that Miriam, the prophetess, to the sound of timbrels, danced with her maidens for joy that the Egyptians had been drowned in the Red Sea, antiquaries are not certain that they trod the magic mazes of the waltz; and when we read that the royal Psalmist expressed his transport in a similar manner at the return of the ark, few are convinced that he did so in the very appropriate measure of the galopade. The scholar is informed that the Assyrians were partial to music, but there are no existing records to prove that Sardanapalus encouraged the Italian Opera in any part of his dominions. Some dramas, I believe, have been performed there with prodigious effect; indeed it might be said that in that distant part of the world “Semiramide” was first produced. “Medea” is of Grecian origin. “Mose in Egitto” belongs to the Hebrews. These it must be said created some sensation even in those remote times, but whether they produced as much harmony as they do in these degene-

rate days, has not been very clearly ascertained. It is most probable that when the Roman Empire was in the zenith of its glory and its grandeur, the Emperor Augustus held frequent levées—the Latin historians have almost said as much; but I have diligently perused many hieroglyphic papyri without gaining such information as would satisfy the important query—whether Cleopatra’s drawing-rooms were as brilliantly attended as those of more modern date? I would give something to learn who was the Ude of Heliogabalus, and who was the Truefit of Marc Antony; whether Apicius gave better dinners than Sir George Warrender, and if Aspasia arranged her soirées with more effect than the Marchioness of Londonderry. Whatever may be the result of these inquiries, it is certain that fashion was always respected, and that in the time of the more degenerate Cæsars, when Constantinople was the seat of their splendour, it possessed an influence which has seldom been more despotic.

There are many other things connected with our reminiscences of distant ages which are worthy of being known. We all know that races were very popular with the Greeks and Romans, yet it is much to be deplored that we are totally ignorant of the names of the officiating Tattersall, and of the Latin “levanters.” Not the result of one steep-chase has come down to us; and after all the trouble which has been taken to explore the ruins of Pompeii, though so many manuscripts have been perused, and so many monuments deciphered, no mention has been found of their jockey club. A betting-book that had been the property of some Arcadian black-leg would now be considered a treasure far more valuable than the *editio princeps* of Homer; and a portrait of some celebrated racer in the Olympic games would be acknowledged more precious than an original Apelles. A fortune would almost be offered for a Court Circular describing Belshazzar’s private amusements, and the most lively interest would be excited in all circles, if any one should discover an autograph love-letter of Alexander the Great. But, alas! Time has laid his iron hand on

those memorials of human pleasures, and they have crumbled beneath his touch, and mingled with the dust of those who gave them existence.

The moral advantages of fashion are manifold. That it produces a kind, a liberal spirit, among its votaries, the charity bazaars are a sufficient evidence; that it tends in a great measure to the diffusion of universal love, Doctors' Commons can testify; that it infuses into the heart a proper affection for the animal creation, lap-dogs and parrots are efficient witnesses; and that it encourages the most exalted genius, Stultz and Maradan Carson can acknowledge. In the bazaars the effects it produces are extraordinary. The ruling sovereigns of Haut Ton leave their absolute monarchies, and transform themselves into petty traffickers in fancy goods of their own manufacture. It is said that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," and it has been known to do so, but it is scarcely possible that in this instance there can be any moral deformity to conceal. There seems in these matters to be so much of that pure and gentle spirit of humanity, and of that sweet association with the feelings of others which prompt all good actions. Fancy fairs can never be got up for the mere purpose of display, or from the wish to gain admiration. It is true that a lovely woman always looks more attractive when engaged in such generous purposes; and it must certainly be very flattering to find some little trifle she has made, produce more than fifty times its value; but who would be so ill-natured to suppose that there is anything but genuine philanthropy in these proceedings? It is a very pleasing way of disposing of drawings, and little baskets, and many other pretty things made more for ornament than use; and if Lord George should purchase them at an extravagant price, his lordship of course is actuated by liberal feelings towards the poor people for whose benefit the money is to be bestowed, and cannot have any idea of complimenting the beauty of the manufacturer when making his purchases. I wonder how some folks can think differently. The Court of King's Bench is always an excellent authority on all subjects connected with the affections of the fashionable world. All classes during their sublunary existence have to endure their portion of suffering; but here, in Doctors' Commons, and in the House of Peers, must the votaries of fashion undergo their *trials*. And why are they punished? not for warring against their fellow creatures,

but for loving them too sincerely. It is true, they never told their love, except to each other; but "the flattering tale" became known to the lawyers, who do not encourage universal happiness, and they consequently put a stop to such St. Simonianism.

A familiarity with animated nature appears to be among the most prominent features in the portraiture of persons of fashion. Domestic animals are not the only objects of their attention, zoology is cultivated on a larger scale in the Regent's Park, and in the neighbourhood of Kennington. But it has been stated, on somewhat doubtful authority, that the beautiful and distinguished visitors of those delightful promenades are considered greater "lions" than the shaggy denizens of the place. Under the fostering care of fashion, Stultz has become as powerful as the Great Mogul, and Maradan Carson, through the same generous influence, is as great as Diana of the Ephesians. The first seems to possess the extraordinary power of making any man a gentleman, and without the latter no lady, who wished to be thought anybody, could be seen by civilised people. But there are a vast number of clever persons who, although they were not so fortunate as to have been tailors or milliners, have profited equally well from the patronage of the great, as the important personages just mentioned. Among the rest are tutors, governesses, and toad-eaters; the two former very frequently exercise the functions of the latter, while performing their own more immediate duties. The tutor enjoys the enviable privilege of teaching the male sprigs of the family whatever happens to be most agreeable to them. He must be a good scholar, to please the father, and a good shot to please the sons; evince his acquaintance with books to his lordship, and his knowledge of dogs to his pupils; forward the studies of the young gentlemen, to gain the favour of her ladyship, and superintend their love-affairs, to gratify themselves. The governess is honoured with the instruction of the female branches till they are found to be dangerous rivals to mamma, and are married out of the way, or till they are considered to be sufficiently talented to become stars in the gay world. She must be acquainted with every science, intimate with every language, adorned with every accomplishment, and she must possess every virtue under heaven, for the purpose of making each of the fair juveniles committed to her management a wonder and a

prodigy. The toad-eater has still more important duties to perform. This individual is of either sex: the female is known by the name of companion or housekeeper, the male is generally some friendly tiger or fire-eater. They possess a great knowledge of human nature founded on continual observation, and know perfectly well the wiles and wishes of those hearts in whose service they are engaged. They are perfect machines, and go with the regularity of clock-work; will affirm anything or deny anything, remember anything or forget anything, as they are required; will fetch and carry like a spaniel, and fight like a dragon, if it is thought necessary. Although you may be no more an Apollo than Sir Lumley Skeffington, it is the business of Mr. Toadee to make you consider yourself a perfect Adonis; and if you should happen to wear less diamonds than the Duchess of St. Alban's, it is the duty of Mrs. Toadee to convince you that yours are, as the Macassar Oil says—"the only genuine."

Other effects proceed from the same cause. It is generally considered that the privilege of sanctuary had ceased to exist, but it is very evident that it is not entirely annihilated. Let an offender, no matter how great the offence may be, get shelter within the pale of fashion, and he will be allowed to escape without punishment. No man will lift his hand against him, no woman will frown upon him. He will be considered

an innocent man, and welcomed with smiles wherever he goes. Another instance of liberality is evinced in the ordinary dealings of fashion with tradespeople. The foreigner is patronised—the native is not. Although an Englishman may produce goods superior and at less price, the Frenchman is preferred. For what reason? Because he is a Frenchman. To be sure, your countryman must suffer; but we were born to suffer, and fashion should be above all vulgar prejudices. Fashion is a sort of philosopher's stone, making every thing precious with which it comes in contact. A golden story shadows it—it is hallowed. What is necessary to its existence is *tabooed*, as are articles set apart for religious purposes in the Friendly Islands, and preserved from vulgar use and scrutiny. There is nothing of human creation so mysterious. The influence of the Venetian Council of Three was not more obscure and more absolute than is its power; and the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more sincerely honoured and more strictly observed than are its decrees. Kings are swayed by its supremacy, beauty bends beneath its rule, and the unhonoured by fame or fortune are raised by its fiat above the heads of rank and genius. Things, trivial in themselves, gain from it a value they could never otherwise possess; and riches, unaccompanied by its influence, may almost be said to be unprofitable to their owner, and worthless to the world. W*.

SONG.

"THE EYES THAT LOOK SMILINGLY ON US!"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

'Tis a strange world we live in, this same world of ours;—
 Yet its landscapes of beauty, sweet sounds, and bright flowers,
 Its holy affections, and magical ties,
 Oh! they keep back the soul from its own native skies.
 Though in dreams we may picture a world of more grace,
 But awaking again to each dear social face,
 The eyes that look smilingly on us impel
 Our hearts still to worship the world where they dwell.

Oh! it is not in Nature to turn from the *kind*,
 Or to wish to leave Friendship and Love far behind;
 Though Heaven itself be our guerdon and goal,
 Yet Love still will fetter the wings of the Soul:
 As the wild Eagle soars to the Sun in his flights,
 So the Spirit will mount to the "Father of lights;"
 But the eyes that look smilingly on us impel
 Our hearts to return to the world where they dwell.

THE REGAINER.

"And when you would say something that is sad,
"Speak how I fell."
SHAKESPEARE.

IN one of the islands of the Hebrides were to be seen, not long ago, the remains of two deserted houses. The territory on which they had been built was formerly owned by Ronald Dunvegan, a chieftain once of great power, but at the time he occupied the lonely dwelling of Earl's Dyke, dispossessed by a long train of injuries and misfortunes of the lands of his ancestors, and driven to seek refuge, with a few faithful retainers, in the only part of his domain where his right was unsurped. The personal residence of the decayed chief had been to his fathers, in prouder times, an occasional place of resort when engaged in distant excursions, and generally tenanted by some of their most trusted dependants. It was a long, narrow, low building, of melancholy appearance, darkened by the surrounding trees, and gaining yet more gloom from being placed so closely above the dyke, as to be only accessible of entrance from the bridge. The other building, situated at the foot of the winding pass by which the bridge is first approached, was infinitely smaller and more commodiously constructed; the seclusion of its position was less sombre and stern, though only broken by the unvaried gurgling of the imprisoned waters streaming into the broad current from which they were temporarily detained. During the last year that Ronald the chieftain lived at Earl's Dyke, the lower dwelling was rented by a stranger, so called by the islanders because none were acquainted with his birth place, or any circumstance relating to his life or family, before he sojourned amongst them; and that on every subject irrelevant to the present he maintained a quiet and complete reserve. It was suspected that Michael Stewart was of higher condition than his present humble and solitary mode of life denoted, but no proof confirmed this idea beyond the fact that he could read and write. Be it as it might, his habits accorded wonderfully with the seclusion of the retreat he had chosen; he joined neither the festivities nor disputes of his neighbours, ate at his own solitary board, and generally avoided all sociability and fellowship. In the excursions of hunting, however, an intimacy began with Ronald Dunvegan, that became esta-

blished by daily visits of the chief to his tenant. Michael Stewart involuntarily inspired the wild islander with a respect and regard that he at first rather suffered than encouraged, until their intercourse gradually and imperceptibly became that of friends. The stranger was about forty years of age; his figure was remarkable even amongst the hardy people where he resided, for a strength and vigorous activity seldom equalled by their more gigantic. A high, proud outline of feature that retained the appearance of a younger person (to which effect the fairness of his hair greatly contributed); a firm step, as of a man that treads an open path; a head slightly elevated, as one that cannot meet the glance he fears; a slow calm tone, and slight peculiarity of phraseology, were the leading observations to be made on Michael Stewart: his religion was the presbyterian, and his fulfilments of its precepts strict and undeviating.

The Chieftain of the Dyke, a title first given to Ronald in derision, by those who had deprived him of more extended power, (and since become familiar to friend and foe) submitted to the burden of his wrongs, because he had found himself reduced by a necessity too stern for the admission of a ray of hope in redressing them. The complete destruction of his power, and the numerous forces by which the usurper was confirmed in his possession of the lands of Glenluce, forbade any attempt of rescue, on the part of their late owner; but while year glided after year, in insolent security on one side; and tame and powerless resignation on the other,—the heart of Ronald Dunvegan was bursting under a degradation, that he was careful of rashly aggravating. Up to the present moment, himself and household were noted for the indifference they maintained in the politics of their country; apparently deprived of interest for what passed around; the fierce and warlike dispositions of these men were all devoted to the chase; and in that pursuit they seemed absorbed, to the exclusion of every other excitement. They held therefore little communion with either the islandmen or borderers, and in their uniform uncivilised life, neither a gra-

dual and secret increase of followers, nor any change of feeling had lately been perceived—unless by one who, well practised “to find the mind’s construction in the face,” thought of those that “to beguile the time, they did look like the time”—of that one, no other than the stranger Michael Stewart, had Ronald determined in his extremity to ask an assistance that might be of the last importance. He had been recounting to his neighbour the result of a long and weary day’s chase; and he stood ready to depart, still leaning at the door, with the air of a person that ruminates on something yet unsaid, and scarce determined whether it shall so remain: while his eyes followed the steps of some ten or twelve athletic islanders, slowly ascending the pass, laden with the spoils of their expedition. The looks of his tenant (seated on a low bench near the chief) took the same direction; but while those of the one became animated by a proud satisfaction, the other glanced as a careless, though intuitively keen observer. “A fine race,” observed Ronald, complacently, of his followers, “well limbed and broad-chested, with muscle and sinew in those iron frames that would do good service did the time call for it—those men have handled musket and broadsword ever since they have had sense to know their use; their weapon hilt comes as ready to their gripe, as the bonnet to their brow.”—A light restrained smile wreathed the stranger’s lip, but he made no comment—“When the lands of my forefathers extended farther than your eye can carry you, the ancestors of these men were their retainers; born under their roof, bred from one generation to another within their halls, paying the homage of subjects to their kings; the last handful now clings to the relic of an illustrious house; and with me they must rise again, or with me become extinct, after a service and fellowship of centuries.” “Go to,” said Michael Stewart, with a slight expression of satire, “you place your honour in the tombs of your ancestors, and raise you retainers to the level you boast of.” “Our vassals,” replied Ronald proudly, “owe their lineage to their chief and protector.” “And you?” interrogated Michael—“It matters little: why ask of what I no longer possess; trodden to the earth—bereft as I am, these my few faithful followers alone excite a feeling that should indeed with me have been long extinguished—they bear no signs of indignation in their look or speech; but nevertheless they wait for their revenge.”

“They bear the signs of men, whose nostrils already scent their prey; whose daggers are now whetted in their sheaths,” returned the stranger. “Have you noted this, Michael? do you think they would collect under my fallen banner, and answer again to the war-cry of Dunvegan?” “They would muster at the cry of blood, like wolves round a Christian carcase,” said the presbyterian, with momentary vehemence. “You do my people wrong,” replied the disinherited. “They have been rendered fierce and stubborn by ill-treatment, and it is not to be wondered at; but their rough intractability is well outweighed by their constancy and good faith towards my house.” “Yet I must tell you, chief, they are scarce more than savages; their truth to you is instinct: your wrongs are theirs, they ‘reap the harvest of your oppressions,’ and without regard to law of God or man, will spoil, and slay, raze, and burn, till they stand over the foe that treads on them, and ‘pour into the bosom of their enemies their former measure.’ Let me say that christians right not so their wrongs, nor carry justice at the sword’s point.” “And where should we look for restitution? to whom should we appeal for justice? Shall we wait to see our inheritance usurped, our friends and children slaughtered, our people scattered by the right of the strongest, and our line extinct without a hope of redress? We have done so; we are left to perish under wrongs that would raise the coldest heart in our defence; wrongs that we have endured through a long season of silent obloquy; but for which every point and purpose of that time has been bent to avenge. The issue is at hand, Michael Stewart, and it is to ask your assistance in my need that I am here. My plan is laid, my men prepared, my secret in no hands but yours: help me, or leave me, as your heart inclines. But if you think the confidence I thus gratuitously thrust upon you, deserves for me the disclosure of your own history and connexions, need I say, they cannot be intrusted to one more inclined to value such a mark of friendship, more eager to be tried in return.”

“I thank you, Ronald,” answered the presbyterian, rising from his seat, and speaking in a more hurried voice than usual; “but I have nothing to disclose. Michael Stewart is himself; he claims no honour from his ancestors; he has no heritage to conquer back, no power to regain. Alone and independent he came to your country, and so

will he depart ; if his arm may do you help, it is one that never shrunk in the cause of the injured." " You know my cause," said the islander, " and must judge it. It is hundreds of years since the Dunvegans and Illanmores were enemies. Those grey towers on the distant peak belong to the Eyrie of Glenluce, which became their prey upon my father's death. The usurper Illanmore has also died within the last few years, and it is now the property of his nephew, a youth who could excite no feeling but contempt, were he not surrounded by a force sufficient to make guarded an attack on which so much depends. They have ceased to fear the ' Chieftain of the Dyke,' but he prepares yet a rouse for the usurpers of Glenluce. Within four days is the bridal of the baron with the daughter of Monteith, to whom I was betrothed in my cradle. The contract is signed, the priest engaged, the guests are chosen. Well, it is I will seal that contract—'tis I am the supposed priest that will present myself at those nuptials, and read them an office that shall collect more guests than the bridegroom can welcome. 'Tis I will put a brand to that altar, shall light further and wider than they would be seen ; and their blood or mine must quench it. To carry my plan into execution, you will perceive it is necessary that I should make good my entrance alone. I have no friend to replace me ; none that I can trust to await my signal, and lead the rescue. Too eager each to be first, and too proud one to take command from another, I fear the impetuosity of my men may prove my ruin at the most decisive moment, unless restrained by some one who possesses my confidence, and inspires them with respect. There is none to do me this office but yourself, my friend. Will you take it ?"

The stranger appeared for some minutes to reflect within himself on the appeal of Ronald ; then, advancing towards him, as if impelled by what was passing in his mind, he placed his two hands on the shoulders of the islander, and silently fixed him with a gaze that became painfully wild and penetrating. Whether he thought to dive into the heart of the disinherited chief, and read there the sufferings by which he had been excited to this step ; or whether the detail of one, wronged and persecuted, recalled some individual remembrance of suffering and injustice, hard to have forgiven and difficult of obliteration, it never can be known ; for Michael Stewart made no allusion to his own

fate or circumstances, when he gave his simple and unshaken word to assist the cause of the oppressed, accepted the command assigned, and pledged life and limb to the utmost in regaining to their rightful heir the lands of Glenluce.

There was, amongst the followers of Ronald Dunvegan a man of the name of Ardenruhner, remarkable for his cunning and discretion ; this man was much esteemed by the chief, to whom his fidelity was indeed well known and tried. The idea that he would have been appointed to command the attack had exposed him to some jealousy amongst the ill-governed islanders ; and when it was known that Michael Stewart would be their leader, Ardenruhner alone received the intelligence without any sign of satisfaction ; he however betrayed no unwillingness to accede to the arrangement, and the following morning repaired to the dwelling of the stranger with a register it was requisite to sign, of the engagement taken by Michael Stuart to help and support Ronald Dunvegan, " rightful heir to the lands and barony of Glenluce, the castle denominated the Eyrie, &c. &c., in asserting by the sword his just claim to the above, to the confusion and extirpation of Alain Cawdor, chief of Illanmore, successor in usurpation of the said rights, heritage, and title." When Michael Stewart perused the parchment, he is said to have started at the name by which he, who was for the time recognised as Lord of Glenluce, was there designated.

He asked one or two immaterial questions, concerning the age and appearance of the youthful adversary ; and placed his own name, as required, at the bottom of the page : but the islander had remarked the involuntary gesture of the stranger, and what Ardenruhner noted, he remembered. When the night was at the darkest, Michael Stewart left his solitary dwelling, and he walked unceasingly till he came before the entrance of the castle of the Eyrie. Lights were still to be seen within, and the voices of a few remaining wassailers interrupted each other in jests and laughter. The stranger would have been admitted to the hall, but he stated that his errand was private and important, and was conducted to another apartment, to await the Lord of Glenluce. When there, the first and only object that seemed to interest him, was a picture placed against the door ; it represented, in the proportions of life, the head and face

of a woman, and was so admirably designed, and shaded with so much depth and softness, that the gay, beautiful countenance seemed in reality about to start from the dark sky that surrounded it; in which the throat and dishevelled hair lost themselves with inimitable effect.—It was the likeness of one long dead, that thus fixed the attention of Michael Stewart—of one who had died, after the dimple of mirth and contentment had been driven from her cheek—after the bright merriment of her eyes had been blinded by despairing and unpitied tears, and the hue and freshness of youth been soiled and faded with untimely sorrow—so had he last seen the original, and the laughing picture, in its mockery of health and happiness, occupied him so painfully and entirely, that he was not aware when the Lord of Glenluce entered the apartment and stood beside him. An exclamation burst from the young man, as he first perceived the features of his guest, and then threw himself into his arms; but the stranger returned his greeting coldly, and to the expressions of affectionate welcome with which he was accosted, made a stiff and contemptuous acknowledgment. Michael Stewart recognised in the usurper's heir, one who, for many past years, had been the only being that retained a place in his affections, and on whose childhood he had bestowed scarcely less than the interest of a father. Since they had last met, he knew that Alain's wealth had been much increased by the death of a relation; but it was only now that he was aware that relation had been the Baron of Glenluce; he told Alain Cawdor that he had come far to visit him that night, but it was to accept of no courtesy within his roof: he came to require him to make restitution of the wealth he had unlawfully gained; to bind him to a sacred engagement to give up his bride, his title, and his broad lands, within eight-and-forty hours; and when the youth resisted so imperious a summons, he warned him that his life was on the risk. He regarded the effeminate and irresolute countenance of the young man with stern disdain, while he thus concluded, "you have riches of your own, Alain, and you know that Providence has blest me with wealth, at a time when I have no interest to make it precious to me; and mine you may command; but seek not to remain here—the spoils of the world will never compensate for a dishonoured name."

"Once I was tempted to act of treachery by lips long gone to give up their account;

but to the praise of Heaven, I did not yield: those were the lips, Alain," and the stranger's glance softened as he turned from the young man to the picture, (between whom a strong resemblance might be traced) "and her hand the bribe. I retained with my truth my humble poverty, and she became the wife of another. Never in my misery did I belie my resolution; and by the truth that failed not—by the love of past days—I will compel you to this act of justice; everything shall else be seized in an unlooked-for hour, and my arm will enforce this retribution. Your person alone will I protect from the vengeance of your enemies, and a life thus preserved must ever be a scorned and abject one."

The nephew of Illanmore was at length brought to listen to the warning of the presbyterian, and he agreed to tender to the Dunvegan the resignation of the property he held, and to leave the country where he had maintained his unjust claims. An arrangement to this effect was to be drawn up and placed in the hands of Michael Stewart by the evening of the after-morrow, who was to prepare the means by which Alain might, in the same hour, privately leave the scene of his altered prospects. The stranger then returned home, where his absence excited no observation from his neighbours. These were steadily engrossed during the two ensuing days, in preparing for the hour they had so long awaited. The ceremony of the bridal remained fixed for the one after, and every individual appeared excited to the utmost pitch of daring and enthusiasm. The preceding night, after Michael Stewart had listened to the last suggestions of Ronald Dunvegan, he retired to his own dwelling, which he soon after quitted alone, as before, and proceeded this time by a different path, leading immediately to the coast, where in the recess of a small bay, a boat already with a single rower waited by his direction. Having ascertained that this precaution was not neglected, Michael climbed up the rock to look out for the approach of Alain Cawdor. The hour appointed for the meeting passed, considerably passed; and the presbyterian continued pacing up and down the cliff, with a cold nervous fear growing over his frame, that Illanmore had forfeited his word. When at last he appeared, so much time had elapsed that it was unsafe to prolong the interview. The boy appeared extremely dejected when he gave up the document, and unwilling to tear himself away, while the arguments of

the presbyterian were expended to rouse his resolution and abridge the useless delay. He promised shortly to join him in Scotland, and reminded him that he had the power and the will to supply his most extravagant wishes. As the words were uttered, a shadow fell before them. Michael stretched his arms towards the youth, and grasped the plaid of Ardenruhner, whose finger pointed to the struggling form of Alain Cawdor, as it fell headlong from the cliff! The stranger's foot was on the brink; a light from the little bark below showed his boatman seized. With fearful instinct he pressed his hands against his ears, ere they received the sound with which the waters closed upon their prey; and the fatal plunge that fell on the stifled sense was echoed by a cry of agony from the powerless hearer that rent the air. His hair collected in his clenched hands—his lip blue and trembling—veins starting—and large burning tears gathering in his eyes—he listened to the vain prayer for aid. "Help, Michael Stewart!"

was heard amongst the waves in the stretched voice of earnest and imploring terror. "Help! Michael, help!" was again shouted in the hideous accents of despairing frenzy. "Help, Michael Stewart!" sunk for the last time in the unconscious murmur of the departing soul—but help was past!

The stranger's arms dropped for a moment to his sides; he turned his mutable and fiery glance on one hand and the other, and met those of Dunvegan and his follower. They appeared prepared to take him prisoner; but enlacing his arms within theirs, he dragged them to the extremest verge of the cliff, as if they had been children, and looked with a desperate meaning to the deep below. One arm of each was free, and Ardenruhner drew the stranger's dagger from its sheath, and stabbed him.

Beside the wound from which the life of Michael Stewart flowed, and scarcely legible from blood, was found the deed by which the Regainer received the quiet possession of his paternal estates. H.

THE BETRAYED,

BY MRS. LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

THE hectic of an anxious mind
Was burning on her cheek;
And fever'd was her feeble hand,
Her pulse was wild and weak.
The fount of hope which fed her heart,
Afar—afar had stray'd;
And branded by the bold and base
She stood bereft—betray'd!

Oh, when the soul has learn'd to lean
With all confiding trust
Upon some cherish'd, chosen thing,
It *cannot* deem it dust.
It is immortal to *her* love
Immaculate—divine!
And when the desolator comes,
How does she shield the shrine!

She *cannot* think the lov'd will die;
She doubts e'en when the mace
Of dark petrific death has touch'd
The once expressive face!
Alas, there is a foe more dire
That love still less dare meet—
That kills e'en that which death will spare—
That foe—is dark deceit!

Oh, curses, cankers, crimes there are
That spot the world with woe;
But TREACHERY is the master fiend—
Most black of all below.
There's power to heal each other's hurt,
But that which *he* has made;
For cureless is the wound of one
Whose trust has been betray'd.

No lights of memory cast their glow
On *her* departed days;
And o'er the onward future not
One beam of promise plays.
The gems of soul all cast away
Upon a worthless one,
But mock the pillag'd prodigal
So easily undone:—

The mourner may be sooth'd—she looks
To hopes in Heaven array'd;
But the grave—the grave alone can give
Repose to the betray'd!
The grave—wherein the fondest dream
That ever fired the breast
Is lost—forgotten—and the heart—
The cheated heart hath rest.

LA MORGUE;

OR,

"IT IS CERTAINLY THE SAME."

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

It was late in an autumnal evening in the year 178— that Heinrich Engelmann, and his wife Wilhelmina, arrived in Paris from Mayence. They had performed their long and toilsome journey in the public diligence; and this sufficiently accounted for the weariness and fatigue which had made the pale cheek of the delicate Wilhelmina, even paler than it was wont, and dimmed the energy and fire of her husband's eagle eye. The motive, too, which had led them to quit the city of their birth for the French capital, was one not calculated to lend gaiety to their aspect, or confidence to their step. Engelmann had journeyed to Paris, to use a homely, but expressive phrase, "to seek his fortune,"—and his young devoted wife would have followed his footsteps, though the path was through a burning desert, and a dungeon the goal of destination. Engelmann was the son of a German count, who had left him at his death the patrimony of a few hundred acres wherewith to pay the heavy debts, which a prolonged and a dissolute life had accumulated. To sell the small estate of his forefathers, to a heart gushing with that deep fervent love of country, which to its possessor is a boon of joy, or dower of pain, was in itself a sacrifice hard to make. But it was made; and the green fields, and sunny vineyards, where he had gambolled in all the undimmed freshness of boyhood's happy hours, were transferred to a stranger! and bitter was the sigh which wrung his breast when he looked on the fertile possessions which lay in their still picturesque loveliness, wherever his eye turned, and felt that not one rood of "Fatherland" was now his by right! Various were the schemes which offered themselves to his imagination, by whose instrumentality his fortunes might be retrieved, and his name aggrandised. He would enrol himself in the

army, and win a chaplet from glory's fadeless wreath! But the mournful expression in Wilhelmina's blue earnest eyes, reminded him that the laurel's green leaves are too often stained with blood and watered with a widow's tears; that the mantle of renown is too often the pall, whose fatal shadow dims the holy light of domestic happiness for ever. This thought was enough, and the incipient warrior was vanquished by the sympathies of the husband. He was at length determined in the choice of a pursuit, by an accidental glance at some old deeds to an estate of immense value, which his ancestors had formerly held in Hungary, but which was now in the possession of a powerful family, from whose grasp, his father, sunk in the indolence of dissipation, was too inert to endeavour to wrest it. To compass all the legal technicalities of the case, for the purpose of prosecuting his claim, Engelmann adopted the law as his profession, and entered himself, immediately on his arrival in Paris, as a student of the *Ecole de Droit*.

Engelmann had been settled in Paris a few months, when one evening returning homeward with his wife to their obscure apartment in the Cour du Commerce, he was accosted in the crowded thoroughfare of the Pont Neuf, by a young but meanly attired woman. He gently pushed her from him, but the suppliant was not thus easily to be diverted from her purpose. She followed their footsteps, and when the comparative solitude of a less public pathway gave distinctness to her words, again besought them to listen to her. Irritated by her importunity, Engelmann turned hastily round, and the full glare of an unclouded moon, falling on her face, gave to his view a countenance whose beauty was of the highest order, but darkened by the ravages of despair and want. Her age seemed scarcely eighteen, but the worn and emaciated features told too palpably that she had gathered in the few years she had numbered, a harvest of grief and suffering. Engelmann's was a kindly nature. Wilhelmina, whose breast was as gentle as it was guiltless, looked on the poor worn girl

* La Morgue is the name of a building at Paris, where the bodies of those, who meet a sudden and violent death, and whose names are unknown, are conveyed for the purpose of being recognised. There are seldom less than two or three, and often six lying exposed for public inspection.

before her, with tears in her eyes; and urged her husband to attend to her complaints. In broken, and almost incoherent accents, she stated to them that she had but recently arrived in Paris, where she had hoped to obtain a situation in service, but that her last sours had been exhausted two days since; and that she was now wandering, she knew not whither, shivering with cold, and almost wild with the fierce pangs of hunger. Heinrich briefly debated with his wife—should they allow the hapless creature to roam through the streets another night—perhaps ere morn she might find her death-bed on the snow-covered ground! No—they offered her the shelter of their roof for the night, which was accepted with the fervent blessings of a grateful heart, and she accompanied them to their lodgings. When arrived there, she eagerly devoured the refreshments provided; and the flush which the wine called into her cheek, gave evidence how faultlessly lovely that face must have been, when freshened with the impress of health,—how perfect the form, when even the wasted outline still retained the stamp of unerring symmetry. They retired to rest, and Stephanie, for so she called herself, occupied a sofa bed in the little salon which adjoined their own sleeping-room.

The morning broke in bright and dazzling sunshine. Wilhelmina arose from her couch, full of that fearless elasticity of spirit which always follows the performance of a beneficent action. She tapped lightly at Stephanie's door, but obtained no answer. Fearful of disturbing her, she allowed an hour to elapse before she again sought admittance. A second time she knocked, still all was silent! She now softly entered the apartment, and approached the bed—one glance was enough! Death had crossed their threshold while they slept, and another soul had winged its flight, to render up its account into its Maker's hands. Stephanie was that common, yet most awful of human spectacles—a cold unconscious corpse! her sorrows and her sins, be they what they might, were now a portion of the engulfing irrevocable past.

The shriek, which accompanied her perception of the fact, brought Heinrich to her side; and his horror at the discovery even transcended hers, for he felt that from the singular and mysterious nature of the occurrence might result to them consequences of the most serious character. The attendance of a neighbouring surgeon was immedi-

ately procured, not to confirm their fears, for, alas! the appearance of Stephanie precluded the entrance of even a ray of hope; death had dealt his blow sternly and unequivocally. The surgeon who examined the body started with surprise and horror, at discovering on her fair and slender throat the black and fearful marks of strangulation!—Heinrich and Wilhelmina were questioned; they could only assert their innocence, and their utter incompetency to explain the cause of her death. Their protestations availed them not—the commissioner of police and another surgeon were summoned, who corroborated the opinion already pronounced. Their decision was enough; the body of Stephanie was conveyed to La Morgue for recognition, and Heinrich and his wife became the inmates of a felon's cell on a charge of murder!!!—Their trial followed, in quick succession, the period of their apprehension, and produced a strong and powerful sensation in Paris. It has before been stated, that they were strangers in the French metropolis, and during their residence there they had lived in entire seclusion. They were proud and poor; they shrunk with timid apprehensiveness from that class of persons whose station, in outward seeming, was on a level with their own, and the fear of repulse deterred them from seeking the acquaintance of those who would have appreciated the fine mind of Engelmann, and the polished manners of his wife. The testimony of such in their favour, at the present juncture, might have proved influential in their behalf; but this aid was denied them. The noble bearing of Heinrich, and the surpassing loveliness of his wife, proved indeed advocates in the minds of the young and sympathetic who made many in the multitude who assembled to hear their trial. But it was not on their fiat that the doom of the accused rested; had it been so, a triumphant acquittal would have terminated the judicial inquiry. But their destiny was in the hands of a judge, unfevered by excitement, and supposed to be especially inaccessible to all the sweeter charities of human nature—Monsieur ——— was a man, rigid, exacting, and unrelenting; from whose justice there was no appeal, in whose mercy there was no hope. He listened to the evidence with unrelaxing attention, and pronounced the prisoners—Guilty!

In consequence of the singularity of the case, it was determined that the body of Stephanie should remain in La Morgue till

the latest period possible; and the necessary expedients were resorted to to prevent decomposition. The police of Paris has been long celebrated for its acuteness and vigilance; at the period when the facts I have related occurred, it was under the superintendence of Monsieur le Brun, a man of unexampled shrewdness and activity. From the commencement of this tragedy, he had taken a strong interest in its progress, and each day, habited as a private individual, mingled in the groups whose curiosity led them to visit La Morgue, or loitered in the precincts, for the purpose of listening to every passing commentary, and to balance the meaning of each involuntary exclamation. It now wanted but a few days to the execution of the prisoners. Le Brun still haunted La Morgue—still searched with inquiring eyes the countenances of all who looked upon the corpse; still bent with breathless eagerness to catch each whispered remark, still nothing had transpired to excite his suspicions. When on the day previous to that which was understood to be fixed for the interment of the ill-fated Stephanie, Le Brun observed a man, of respectable appearance, to gaze with great intentness on the lifeless form before him; then suddenly starting, he exclaimed, as if speaking aloud—"It is certainly the same!" The stranger was at this time apparently alone in La Morgue, as Le Brun was concealed from observation. He then went towards the door, but returned again to gaze upon the deceased, repeating—"it must be her." Again he made an effort to quit La Morgue—again he turned to the corpse. "God of Heaven! it is certainly the same woman—how extraordinary!"

These words were sufficient for Le Brun; he emerged from his concealment, and peremptorily demanded their solution. He immediately replied, that six weeks previously he had been at Rouen, where he witnessed the trial of a young woman for theft: interested by her extraordinary beauty, her features had been indelibly stamped upon his mind. He attended her execution, which immediately followed her conviction; stood by the scaffold, saw the last fearful act of the law*, which terminated the unhappy girl's existence; and yet that very girl, he declared, and was ready to attest upon his oath,

he believed to be the same who was now lying in La Morgue!

An immediate inquiry was instituted at Rouen into the truth of the statement. The authorities confirmed it, by attesting the trial and execution of Stephanie Prevost, for robbing in the house of her master, Monsieur de la Vigne, who was summoned to Paris, and instantly identified the body of Stephanie to be that of his late servant! These conflicting and apparently irreconcilable facts became the topics of general conversation. A reprieve for Heinrich and his wife was obtained; and curiosity was powerfully excited, when the voluntary testimony of a surgeon from Rouen, developed the intricacies of the case. The body of Stephanie had been brought to him for dissection. Ere the knife had scarred the fair form, he fancied he discovered traces of existing life. With eager haste he administered every possible remedy to promote resuscitation; and his long and patient endeavours were crowned with success. In the small chamber of the surgeon, Stephanie opened her eyes, which a short time before she had closed, as she thought, for ever, upon a scaffold! Great lassitude and debility succeeded her recovery; during which time the surgeon, though with considerable difficulty, kept her concealed from observation in his own house. Believing her health to be sufficiently re-established, he gave her a few Napoleons, and advised her visiting Paris, as affording the least chance of detection, and the greater facility for procuring a livelihood. She was to perform her journey on foot, and it was supposed the agony of mind and weariness of body which she had undergone, together with the want of proper nourishment, had produced that state of fragile debility in which Hienrich and Wilhelmina had found her. The too great indulgence of food and wine, had produced in her enfeebled frame, apoplexy; and she had been rescued from an ignominious death, only to place those who had succoured her, in peril of the same fate. The marks, which the surgeons in Paris believed to have arisen from strangulation, were the branding traces of the fatal rope. On the substantiation of this testimony, Hienrich and Wilhelmina were instantly liberated; and the notoriety which the former obtained by his conviction, with these events, paved his way to future patronage and success.

E. R.

* Prior to the Revolution, hanging was the punishment for theft, instead of the guillotine.

THE PRIVATEER.

As I was of a roving and unsettled disposition, I became quite tired of boarding-school before I was fifteen years of age, and urgently requested my father at the Midsummer holidays not to send me back to encounter birch and Latin. He would not consent: so I thought what was best to be done by a boy of my spirit, being then very wise in my own opinion, and came to the resolution of leaving my father's protection, making the best of my way to London, there enter for a merchant-ship, and go to sea.

This magnanimous resolution strengthened day after day, and I only waited for the means of transporting myself to the metropolis. Two kind old maiden aunts, on their departure from a visit to my father's house, each presented me with a guinea for pocket-money when at school; so I made that sum help me on my journey.

Clandestinely quitting home, at an hour when I should not be called for, I got into the London coach, and was put down in Fetter Lane. The next morning I found my way by inquiry to the West India Docks, and wandered about, admiring the different vessels, endeavouring to please my taste as to which was the one most worthy to receive on board a person of such imaginary consequence as myself,—a would-be-hero; who, if he should never have the good luck to rival a Raleigh or a Drake, certainly imagined his fortune was to be made on the ocean.

After surveying with a most inexperienced eye about twenty vessels, I was much taken with a long low craft, sitting beautifully on the water, newly coppered, and her main and mizenmasts taking aft in an extraordinary degree. She was black as a coal all over, and appeared quite a new vessel, almost ready for sea. Two sailors were employed rattling the rigging down, and the black cook was boiling turnips. Every thing appeared perfectly quiet on board. I gazed at the figure-head; it represented a sailor, but the sides of his face had a different expression: on the left it was full of smiles, while on the right it had the appearance of fierceness and revenge. After some hesitation, I ventured to ask one of the seamen if I might come on board. "Aye, sure master, you may," answered he, "but don't forget to wet the gang-board, for fear you should slip." The opportunity was too tempting to be refused; so pulling out a shilling, I mounted

the plank which communicated with the shore, and found myself, for the first time, on board a ship. I strolled about, my senses absorbed in wonder at the extraordinary appearance of this great novelty to me. I admired the rigging, was astonished at the number of ropes, and could not imagine how they could find names enough to call them by. I went down into the captain's cabin, there again admired; and after looking, as I thought, every where, was so fascinated, that I determined to become at once an able-bodied seaman in spite of all opposition.

Under this feeling I applied to the before-mentioned sailor, and asked him when he expected the captain to come on board; he replied, within an hour. The hour was quickly passed away in examining this phenomenon, and the captain made his appearance. He was a large stout man, apparently about forty years of age, with round shoulders, sun-burnt face, and a profusion of whiskers. He had a voice like thunder. When he spoke I felt inclined to jump two or three feet from the deck; but I summoned courage, and, after some difficulty, uttered in a faltering tone—"Sir, if you please, I should like to go a voyage to sea in this nice ship."—His sharp reply of "What!" brought my hands involuntarily to my ears. On repeating my question, he desired me to go below into the cabin, and he would speak to me there. Following me down the companion-ladder, he told me to be seated, when he said gruffly, although it was in his most gentle tone,—“You want to go to sea, do you, boy? What are you good for? How old are you? and where do you come from?” These questions were rather difficult to answer, so I evaded them as well as I could, only adding two years to my real age. “Can you read, write, and cast accounts, my lad?” On my replying in the affirmative, he said, “Well, well, we shall see what can be done for you, so come on shore with me.”

He now took me across the river to Deptford, and asked me to dine at his lodgings, where I likewise slept and passed the greater part of the next day; but, in the evening, the captain (Herbert was his name) told me to prepare to embark with him, as his vessel had quitted the docks, and was at moorings in the stream. He took me on board, and the ship was immediately under sail on her course down the river, nor was she anchored until

the flood-tide made, and then we were at the Lower Hope.

When daylight appeared, and I was able to look about me, with what various feelings did I perceive the difference between the quiet appearance of the vessel when in the docks, and the bustle which now prevailed on board! Where I had observed only two seamen and the cook, I now saw between thirty and forty, and, to my mind, they were the ugliest and most forbidding-looking set I had ever seen in all my life. I resolved, however, not to appear alarmed, but to notice quietly all that would come to pass.

The ship was under weigh again at high water with a fresh increasing breeze, which caused the motion of the vessel to operate so strongly on my senses, that I was glad to get below, and lay myself down on a mattress in the captain's cabin.

Three or four days passed away sailing and anchoring as wind and tide compelled us, until at last a fair wind took us past the Isle of Wight; and the captain desiring me to remain after the others had gone from dinner on deck, said, "Now, younker, I'll tell you what use I mean to make of you. My owners have made me take a fellow on board as a clerk, who is no more good to me than a marlinespike to a marine recruit; so you must do the writing for him, and help him when his hand shakes; and if you can contrive to capsize his grog bottle by accident, I'll bear you harmless, and thank you too, if it be every day in the week; here, take this key, it will open a box you will find in your sleeping berth, which contains some traps I have ordered for you, they may be wanted mayhap before we reach home again; so now on deck with you—*scud*."

In this box he mentioned I found eight check shirts and other necessities, quite sufficient for a sailor's equipment.

We had been running nearly before the wind all day, keeping about six leagues from the land; but, as the evening drew in, the ship was hauled up more in shore, and sail gradually shortened to reduce her speed. At eleven o'clock, she was hove-to within a mile of the town of Poole. In a few minutes I observed two dark specks on the water, which as they neared us I made out to be boats full of men. They ceased rowing when within pistol-shot of the ship, and a voice called out, "What course ahoy?" Our captain shouted in reply through his speaking trumpet, "The Universe!" This answer was received with a loud hurrah! from the people in the boats; they were

instantly alongside, and nearly forty men came on board with their baggage. The boats then left the ship and made for the shore, the few sailors in them giving three hearty cheers, which were returned tenfold by our crew.

How different was the caution of the preceding movements to the boldness of action while making all sail, when the boatswain had piped the captain's order to that effect! In an almost incredible time every sail in the ship was set, and she rushed through the waters at a furious rate, bearing from their country many a stout heart and reckless spirit, fit for the dangerous enterprise they had cheerfully undertaken; and only one poor fool who was totally ignorant of the intention of the voyage. Need I name him? he was to be found on board the *nice* ship he saw in the docks when the black cook was boiling turnips.

On the last day of August, 1804, we took our departure from the Lizard; fair winds and still fairer weather carried us pleasantly onward to the southward and westward for eight days, when we made the Azore Islands, and cast anchor at Flores, near the town of Santa Cruz. Here we took in a stock of sheep and fowls, some salted turtle, besides fruit in great quantities, and completed the water; and now I found out the exact situation in which, by my extraordinary boyish folly, I had placed myself. The mask was here to be thrown off. The carpenters were ordered on deck, and in a short time they removed a false bulk-head of thin wood which ran fore and aft on both sides as high as the hammock-netting. On this being done, to my surprise, I saw nine port-cells on each side, with their fittings all complete, ready for the reception of the guns and their carriages. The ports, which had been caulked in, and so painted as to be hidden from observation, were now knocked out; the guns and their carriages were hoisted from the hold where they had been concealed, and were speedily mounted; an officer, whom I had not seen before, also made his appearance in a sort of uniform, and was busily at work superintending and arranging this part of the duty; and as soon as the lights were out, the magazine was opened, and the gunner (for he was our new officer) was with his crew actively employed in sending filled cartridges on deck—that being done, others were busy handing up shot, wads, &c. which were systematically arranged. Muskets, pistols, and pikes were likewise in great plenty. The guns being first scaled, were loaded, shotted, run fore

and aft, and secured. The small arms were ranged in racks fitted for the purpose against the bulk heads of the captain's cabin and gun-room, and two cutlasses, each with a becket affixed to the handle, were suspended over every gun crosswise, and ready for immediate use. The rigging likewise underwent an alteration, for the lower yards were slung in chains, and secured round their separate mast-heads; preventer braces were rove, an extra shifting backstay was clapped on each topmast head; in short, a few hours before, I fancied myself on board a merchant vessel bound to the West Indies; and now I found myself the inmate of a corvette, mounting sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades, and two long twelve-pounders, armed at all points, and with a determined crew of 110 men and boys in all. In the evening, at supper, when the grog was served out, and double allowance was given on this occasion, the captain made a speech to his officers and crew, congratulating them on the voyage having proved so far satisfactory, and calling upon them to be attentive to their duty, and obedient to the orders they received; after which, filling a bumper, he drank it off to the following toast, "Success and three cheers for the Saucy Jack, our new Privateer!" The toast was received with deafening shouts by the crew, who, on being piped down, seemed all at once to have considered themselves under a new and more strict discipline than before the real state and condition of the vessel were publicly made known. Noisy mirth, much drinking and singing, however, were continued deep into the night, and the ship's bell had tolled eight for midnight ere all was hushed in repose.

The first officer had the middle watch on deck, and as I could not sleep under the excited state of my feelings, I joined him, and endeavoured to ingratiate myself so far with him, as to induce him to tell me the real plans for the future movements of my once nice ship, now the formidable Saucy Jack. My manœuvre did not succeed; for although I called him *lieutenant* Winstanley, he was not to be flattered into any communication, merely answering, "I'll tell you what, boy, you will be shaved when you cross the tropic, and that will make a man of you, after which you will have a right to know all!"

"Indeed! I thank you, sir," said I.

"Yes," replied he, "all I think fit to tell, and that will not be much I am thinking."

I felt this rebuff most cruelly, as I had hastily anticipated a promise on his part to

communicate something of our mysterious cruise; therefore was glad to sneak away from his company, and turn into my berth, where I soon fell asleep as soundly as if I had been at home in my father's house.

When I awoke, I found the privateer under sail, standing to the southward and westward with a steady breeze, which continued all that day and night. On the next morning, at daylight, a sail was observed on the lee quarter, about five miles off; our glasses showed her to be a frigate of the largest class, and sail was being crowded on her in chase of us when she was first seen.

"I am glad of this," said our captain; "we must try our rate of sailing with this fellow; but let him come a little closer before we notice him. He's on the track for some homeward-bound craft, I suppose—we will lead him a dance."

The frigate continued to approach but slowly, considering the vast press of sail she was under, until Captain Herbert, after a long look at her with the glass, called out, "Winstanley, make all sail directly; I know that ship; it is the *Indefatigable*—Graham Moore, who commands her, knows well what he is about, and we must no longer trifle if we are to outsail him; send Edwards, the quarter-master, to the helm, and keep the ship two points nearer the wind."

These orders were promptly obeyed, but, as it turned out, there was but little occasion for them, as the frigate lost ground from the time sail was made on the Saucy Jack; and after prolonging the chase for four hours, gave it up, and wore round on the opposite tack.

"This is a good specimen," said Herbert to the mate; "yon frigate is no heavy sailer—what think you?"

"Why, that we have a clipper under us, by G—d," answered the mate, "and I'm glad of it, sir."

Soon after this, our ship was in the trade-winds, and whilst running down before them, two or three hours in each day were passed in exercising the crew at the great guns and small arms, making and shortening sail, and other nautical evolutions, which are absolutely necessary to be brought to perfection before any vessel can be termed a smart ship. Our crew were all seamen, and merely required a little practice to act together, for each knew his duty in detail; therefore every day there was an evident improvement in their tactics.

We crossed the tropic in latitude N. 23° 3'; longitude W. 22° 51'; and now a new scene

presented itself, which was the formal visit of the sea-god Neptune, to muster the ship's company, and bereave those of their beards who had not before paid forfeit as visitors to his worship's dominions. The weather was fine and warm, the ship going between six and seven knots, with a light breeze on the quarter, when she was hailed by a Stentorian voice through a speaking trumpet with "Ho! the ship ahoy!"

"Hallo!" answered our captain, loud enough to have frightened Neptune himself to the bottom.

"What ship it that?" inquired the voice.

"The Saucy Jack," was the reply.

"Why, then, heave-to, you saucy rascal, until I can get on board and see if you have any young fry who have not been this way before."

His order was obeyed; the ship was brought to the wind under easy sail, and the motley group soon made their appearance from over the bows on to the fore-castle. On a car constructed from a gun-carriage sat Neptune and Amphitrite; they were drawn by eight tritons, who were nearly naked, their skins being spotted with black paint, and their heads adorned with canvass caps, each ornamented with fantastical figures suiting the taste of the wearer. Their faces were painted red and blue, and terminated with a long beard made of sheep's skin. The most curious figure, as well as the most responsible personage in the procession, was the barber; he was excellently clad. He wore a pair of very short trowsers, which did not reach his knees, and had his legs blacked to imitate Hessian boots; a very old and faded black coat, the sleeves not reaching near the wrists, was put on next the skin without any shirt, which being left unbuttoned, his body was displayed painted all over in front with the most extravagant devices. His head was covered with a wig made of oakum, having a long tail, and ornamented at top with a very small paper cocked hat, which was tarred round the edges. He held a razor in his hand about three feet in length, made from an iron hoop, and notched like a saw along the blade. He was accompanied by two odd-looking attendants, one carrying a huge strop, and a lather-box containing nearly two quarts, which he continued stirring actively with a brush; and the effluvia produced was not of that nature to excite agreeable sensations in those who, like myself, had to undergo the operation: The other attendant had a sort of banner displayed, on which was badly painted "Good

easy shaving with Nile soap and Copenhagen razors." After marching in procession round the deck, the captain and officers saluting the god and his spouse (who by-the-bye had been selected because he was the ugliest-looking rascal in the ship, and had a squint in his eye which would have turned all the milk in the ship sour, had there been any), they ascended to the long boat on the booms, which had been half-filled with water for the occasion, and there on a temporary throne awaited the commencement of the ceremonies. Four of Neptune's emissaries, who officiated as constables, now interrogated the different officers; but they had all passed the ordeal before, and my lot became first. I was accordingly seized, and placed on a board in the boat; then blindfolded, my face was rubbed all over with some mess made up with tar, tallow, and pease-soup. Neptune then asked me my name; I opened my mouth to inform him, when a dab from the brush rendered me as sick as death. The barber now began his operation, and scraped the filth from my face with the huge razor; when, having finished, the board was suddenly drawn from under me, and I was instantly over head and ears in water. After being nearly half drowned, I was allowed to make my escape in the best manner I could, the ship's engine playing into my ear until I got out of reach. This rough treatment did not prevent me from laughing heartily, and enjoying the joke when it was practised on the few others of the uninitiated; and as all was done and taken in good humour, there was much fun on the occasion. After the ceremony was over, Neptune and Amphitrite left their throne, remounted their car, and were drawn forward on the fore-castle, from whence they and their suite disappeared as they came.

On the evening when the island of Antigua appeared in sight, the captain detained Mr. Winstanley and the second mate as they were about to retire from table after supper, and addressed them as follows:—"We have now arrived in view of the island off which I am at liberty to communicate in some degree the purport of our voyage to the West Indies. My instructions distinctly point out to whom such communication is to be made, and it is to yourselves only, at present. You have both received your appointments from our owners. You, Winstanley, I have known a long time; and Mr. Grafton, what I have known of you since you have joined us has been in the highest degree satisfactory." The second mate bowed graciously at this flatter-

ing observation. "There is a young scape-grace here (meaning me) of whom I know nothing—but he is my own bargain, and it is necessary he should be in the secret. As he is my own, should he betray his trust, you are aware, gentlemen, I have the power as well as the will to nail his hands and feet against the foremast, like a rascal weasel is nailed against a barn door; but he will be true, I am sure, and not urge me to so disagreeable a necessity;" this last observation was accompanied by a look which went to my very marrow. "Government, gentlemen," continued the captain, "has not always the best information of what is going on abroad; there be merchants in our wealthy metropolis who can afford to pay certain individuals intrusted with the state secrets of foreign cabinets a much higher price for their rascality in disclosing them than the government can offer. From this practice arises our voyage here. It will be supposed we are to appear in the Caribbean seas to cruize against the French—that is true; but it would not have been worth the trouble and expense to our owners to have fitted out so fine and well-appointed a vessel as the Saucy Jack, merely on that speculation, when there are English men-of-war enough already on the station to keep Monsieur in order. No, no! therefore now attend to me. There is certain private intelligence in London of a speedy rupture with Spain; although every thing appears at present so quiet, the war is certain; and we have been sent out here to obtain the earliest advantages therefrom, as on the first news of the declaration all the enemy's ships will endeavour to make their way from New to Old Spain. Some may have private information of the intended war, and sail before it is declared; we must prevent them too, at all risks. Such orders will be certainly forwarded from Madrid, and the ships hurried to Europe, as our fleets will be so occupied with the Monsieurs and the Dons at home, there will not be a ship to spare to increase the naval force in these parts. I have been out here before, no matter when or in what capacity, but I will show you I am a pilot for these seas—there is not a port on the Spanish main with which I am unacquainted. I know the whole coast from Cape Roque to Vera Cruz. Our agents are appointed at Jamaica, not only at Kingston, but at other ports in the island to which it may be more convenient to send our captured vessels, should we be fortunate; and this precaution has been taken to prevent our people who may conduct a prize into

harbour from being impressed on board a king's ship. I have now clearly explained the object of our voyage—you like our prospects, I hope?"

"Excellent, captain," exclaimed the young men, "and beyond our utmost expectations."

"Good night, then, gentlemen," replied the captain, "and remember to be secret."

The officers bowed and retired. Now came my turn. I expected a long lecture, but was dismissed with a simple "good night," and an order to hold myself in readiness to copy some documents on the next morning at eight o'clock.

From this time our course was continued under favour of the trade-wind, until we arrived at the island known by the name of Old Providence, which is uninhabited, and situated in lat. N. 13° 30'. long. W. 80° 30'. It is almost barren, and surrounded by shoals and rocks, which render it a shelter to vessels whose officers are aware of the navigation, it being extremely dangerous to approach. As it is only one hundred and fifty miles from the Spanish main (so called in 1804), it was the best place which could have been chosen for our rendezvous, and our captain gave us an early proof that when he asserted he was a pilot for these parts, this island was not forgotten by him; but it is no place to remain long at, either for the safety of the vessel, or the secrecy required, therefore merely taking time to set the rigging up fore and aft, and to repair some trifling damages occasioned by the voyage, the Saucy Jack was again at sea, her crew in high health and spirits, anticipating active service, and a rich reward for their labour.

After cruising for a week without meeting with any vessel, the land was made, and the city of La Guira in full view. A vessel was at anchor under cover of the batteries—"You see yon schooner, Winstanley," said our captain; "we will have her, and you shall take command for that purpose. The news of the declaration of war has not reached us, to be sure, but as we are certain it is on the way out, we may as well take time by the forelock, and try the mettle of our men. Note the vessel well with the glass; she appears merely moored with a kedge, to prevent her swinging athwart the swell when the land wind sets in. You must capture her with the larboard watch in the ship's boats, and assistance shall be at hand from the Saucy Jack, should you require it, which I think you will not. Come below to the cabin, I will give you further private instructions."

Immediately after dark the privateer was.

hauled to the wind, and sail made to get so far off the shore as to keep the sea breeze, and be to windward of the town. At midnight the desired position having been obtained, the boats left the ship for the attack. The pinnace, with twenty seamen, was placed under the command of Mr. Winstanley, and I asked and obtained permission to go with him. A cutter with ten men was entrusted to the second officer, Mr. Griffith; and a third boat of the same size was confided to the charge of the boatswain. The men were armed with cutlasses and pistols, with three spare muskets in each cutter, and four small-armed men in the pinnace: boarding-pikes were also in each boat. With the oars muffled, the boats approached in silence the object of attack, which it soon became evident was prepared for our reception, as a blue light was burned as a signal to the shore, by which we discovered the schooner was armed, her boarding-nettings triced up, and her crew at quarters. This did not damp the courage of our officers and men, for when Winstanley gave the order, "Forward, lads—board her!" three loud heart-cheering shouts were returned by the people in the other boats. "Give away alongside, my hearties!" cried Winstanley. The pinnace was placed on the larboard side of the schooner, when a gun, loaded with langridge and musket balls, was discharged directly into the boat, and in an instant ten of our men were down. The boatswain had placed his cutter on the enemy's bow, and had made his way on to the fore-castle, when a huge fellow ran at him with the butt end of a musket uplifted to strike him down. Being unsupported, the boatswain threw himself back into his boat, and after pointing his musket, with the muzzle through the hawse hole of the schooner, he made a second attempt to get on board. The device succeeded; for, as the same man again advanced with his weapon uplifted, the boatswain fired, the ball passed through his antagonist's breast, and he fell. Grafton was in the mean time on the starboard quarter, and, with the assistance of his boat's crew, had cut through the boarding-netting, obtained a footing on deck, and threatened those in the rear who were opposing the crew of the pinnace on the larboard side. One of the schooner's men here was particularly active in preventing our people in the pinnace from boarding, until in the act of cutting a seaman down, another, who was armed with a pike, thrust his weapon through the tarpaulin which formed part of the upper-works of the vessel, and pierced the man in the

groin; he fell forward, with his head over the iron railing, and was in an instant dead from a multitude of wounds. The boatswain and his party, being now fairly on board, opened the way for the remainder of the crew of the pinnace, and the vessel was speedily carried, the cable cut, and the two smaller boats a-head with the prize in tow; the batteries on shore keeping up a wild ill-directed fire from the commencement of the engagement. Captain Herbert had stood in with the privateer as near as he could without getting becalmed, and was ready to assist in securing the captured vessel within half an hour from the time she was ours. To remove our wounded and the prisoners was a task of difficulty. Mr. Winstanley was shot through the right arm, which, although but a flesh wound, would deprive us of his services for some time. Two seamen were killed and seven wounded in the pinnace, and a musket ball had mortally wounded, and indeed carried away, the crown of my hat; fortunately without damaging the owner. Two men more, hurt in Mr. Grafton's boat, was the extent of our loss. As soon as the wounded were removed, sail was made on both vessels, and a good offing was obtained before it was attempted to ascertain the value of the prize. She was about ninety tons' burden, had on board four guns, carronades, and a crew of twenty-five men; every one of whom was either killed or disabled. But what was of the greatest consequence to us, she was laden with a valuable cargo of quicksilver. Both vessels kept company at sea under easy sail, after having stretched over into the track of ships from Europe, in the hope of obtaining news of the war, as it would have been dangerous to have sent our prize to Jamaica before we had intelligence such had been declared. For a week we looked out in vain; but at last had the good fortune to fall in with an English ship, an armed runner, the master of which showed us the Gazette containing what we so much desired. No time was therefore lost in proceeding to Port Antonio, where the captured vessel was given up to the agent appointed by our owners as before mentioned.

After having received our men from the prize, and a supply of water from the shore, we landed the prisoners, again put to sea, and stood towards Carthage. We had just made the land when we perceived a ship to windward, which certainly was in the utmost confusion; her maintopmast had been carried away; her sails on the other masts were scarcely half hoisted; the *tout-ensemble*, in-

deed, appeared to be in a most deplorable condition. This vessel immediately made towards the privateer, firing her guns, and displaying a Spanish ensign of quite formidable dimensions. As she neared us (for we waited her arrival), it was difficult to make out what in the name of fortune was bustling about her decks. Some of our fellows said she was laden with pigs, that had come on deck, had taken command of the ship, and were cantering fore and aft for exercise. The perpetual motion of the living things on board of her, whatever they might be, had certainly a most ludicrous appearance; and the size and colour of the animals no doubt strengthened the opinion that they were pigs, and fat ones too. Yet a ship laden with pigs, and bound to the Spanish main! what a strange cargo!

Much conjecture was hazarded on the occasion, but without arriving at any conclusion, until the Spaniard passed within hail, and was desired to bring-to. Having obeyed, a boat was lowered from the Saucy Jack, and sent to examine the vessel, under the charge of Mr. Grafton. He returned with the intelligence that the stranger was a Spanish ship from Cadiz, bound to Carthage, having on board one hundred and fifty friars, for the purpose of confessing, or, in other terms, living upon the good subjects of our Holy Mother Church in the last-named city. The stock of provisions and water had been exhausted by a too superabundant use of them in the early part of the voyage. The friars, being thirsty souls, had become perfectly unmanageable, and had frightened the master and crew almost out of their wits by anathemas and denunciations hurled against them, both individually and collectively, until the unfortunate laymen did not feel themselves likely to escape in whole skins on their arrival at their destination.

They had not heard of the declaration of war, having been upwards of two months at sea; and when Mr. Grafton told them of it, the news was very differently received. The master begged in the name of all the saints in the calendar to be captured immediately, seeming willing to become a prisoner among heretics rather than proceed on his voyage with his numerous priests.

The friars had a different opinion; they had no idea where they were, or how far Carthage was still distant. The land had never been seen by them, and never would have been discovered had Columbus been of their indolent habits. The matter appeared

difficult to settle, until the plain, blunt, straightforward wisdom of Captain Herbert put it at once to rest. "Tell them," said he, "to make up two hundred doubloons among them for ransom. We want Spanish coin, not Spanish friars. Give them the bearings and distance of Carthage, that they may find their way there; they will be in port tomorrow. Bring away whatever cordage and canvass you can find, and we in return will give them two hogsheads of water, and a couple of bags of biscuit, which, I think, is a very liberal and sufficient exchange." All this was settled. There was some difficulty at first about the gold, until the principal ecclesiastic was threatened to be keel-hauled, and then he caused the amount to be forthcoming from the pouches of his inferiors.

There was a man on board of this ship who pleaded hard to be removed from her into the Saucy Jack. He would take no denial, and urged his case so strongly, by asserting he would be made prisoner if he went to Carthage, that the captain consented to receive him on board as a foremast man. This individual was an Irishman, if we might judge from his accent. He was finely formed, and despite of his sailor's dress and attempt at disguise, there was something in his appearance which showed he had seen better days, and that he had been used to move in better society than could be found on the fore-castle of a privateer. As there will be occasion to allude to this person again in the sequel, further observation is for the present unnecessary.

The evening proving very fine, and the wind being so light that the sails flapped against the masts, the courses were hauled up, and the ship went slowly through the water at the rate of about two knots an hour. The land was in sight to the southward, although at a great distance. There could be no mistake as to the position of the ship, as the mountains, the summits of which we saw far above the clouds, were of that celebrated chain called the Andes. The high land of Teneriffe or Pico, or the huge mountains in the neighbourhood of the Caraccas, are but pigmies when compared with those at the back of Santa Martha. It is almost dangerous to the veracity of any one who is unknown, to publicly state to those who have never seen very high land, the enormous distance at which the eye can plainly distinguish it. Our ship was at this time one hundred and thirty miles from the land, and at a considerably greater distance from

the mountains in view, which are in the interior.

The wind continued on the decrease until an hour before sunset, when our ship was surrounded by numerous fish, the fin on the back of the shark appearing here and there above water, although the ugly body of the monster, being of the same colour as the sea, could not be so easily distinguished. Some of the crew were employed endeavouring to strike a dolphin or albacore with the harpoon, whilst others, less expert, had stuck two feathers into a piece of wax-candle, through which a hook had been passed, and attached to a line which was made fast, or stopped, as the sailors call it, with a rope-yarn to the end of the jib-boom; so as when the ship was uplifted by the slight swell of the sea, the candle was for a time out of the water; then, as she descended, the candle was again immersed. This precious contrivance was intended to represent the flying-fish, and although but clumsy in its execution, it had the proper effect on the dolphin, several of which were taken. It is an easier and more certain method than the use of the harpoon, as it requires a practised hand and a steady eye to strike vitally the fastest but one of all the finny tribe.

A large shark having approached somewhat near the stern of the ship, the deep sea lead-line was brought aft, and a regular shark-hook fastened to it. This hook was about a foot or fifteen inches in length, and from the barb to the opposite stem it might be about five or six inches across; a strong chain being attached to the hook, about two feet in length, to prevent the fish when taking the bait from biting the line in two. On this hook was placed a piece of pork, weighing from three to four pounds, which was lowered overboard, and suffered to drift from the ship; great care having been taken to coil the line, so as to be free for running when the fish should seize the bait. A very few minutes had elapsed before that beautiful and devoted little creature the pilot-fish approached the pork, swam round and round it several times, appeared both above and below it, seeming to examine it with great attention, then darting off, rejoined its mighty companion, who had remained stationary about one hundred yards astern. No sooner did the pilot-fish rejoin the shark, than the monster rapidly advanced, and turning partly on his back, struck at and received the bait within his ponderous jaws, making off with the most astonishing rapidity to a considerable distance, then stopping and

resting quietly on the top of the water. This was the moment to secure him; first gathering in the slack line, the shark was hooked by a violent jerk; the difficult part now was to play and weaken so powerful an antagonist, and bring him safe on board. This was managed by three or four men gradually drawing on the line, and bringing the fish by degrees nearer the ship; but not easily effected, as their strength was no match for that of the monster when it was exerted, and several times they were under the necessity of slacking the line, from fear the shark should snap it. At length, with great caution, the fish was brought so near as to enable one of the officers to fire his rifle with effect; the ball perforated the back of the neck of the shark; the line was immediately let go, and it was quite necessary to do so, as the monster darted away with the rapidity of lightning, striking the water with his enormous tail until it foamed. This manœuvre was repeated, the fish becoming weak, offered less resistance. Three men being now ready with muskets, fired together; the balls lodged in the head. The shark was for a short time stunned, and remained motionless on the water; no time was lost in passing a running bowline knot over the standing part of the line, which was slipped over and drawn firmly round the shark's head; this enabled the crew to drag their prey on deck from the water by main force. The faithful pilot-fish had never deserted his companion, but kept swimming about him, exhibiting the greatest uneasiness throughout the struggle, and appeared to be endeavouring to join him even in this extremity; but when the huge form was hauled over the stern of the ship, then, and not until then, did the beautiful little faithful fish abandon his gigantic friend, and seek refuge in the deep.

Some of our people thought the shark was dead, but they had speedy proof to the contrary whilst undergoing their examination, for he struck right and left with his tail indiscriminately, and soon made a clear deck, and had it all to himself, until the carpenter's mate dealt him such a severe blow with an axe upon the joint, that he was rendered powerless; a few blows on the head from the same instrument despatched him. Although sailors in general are certainly not skilful anatomists, they commenced speedily to open their voracious captive, and took from the stomach part of the head of a horse, a sheep-skin, and a quantity of flannel. Where such a meal had been procured it is difficult even

to suppose, but I am certain we were glad to heave all overboard, and the remains of the shark after it; for of all the compound of villanous smells ever inhaled, I think that was the worst. The extreme length of this spectre of the deep was fourteen feet, as measured after death.

About a week after this we met with an adventure which had well nigh put an end to all further exploits of the privateer.

The morning was misty, accompanied by squalls of wind and rain, which prevented the look-out men from seeing far beyond the end of the flying jib-boom. The ship was under her double-reefed topsails and fore-topmast staysail, but had every thing in readiness to make sail, should any vessel be in sight at daylight. As day began to break, a large object was discovered on the lee-beam, through the fog, which appeared like an immense castle; it did not appear on the water, but in the air, the water-line being apparently below the object several fathoms; this was, as we soon ascertained, an optical illusion, occasioned by the refraction of the rays of the rising sun, which soon became in view, and the castle was then transformed into a line-of-battle ship, under easy sail, on the same tack as ourselves. It was our interest to avoid such an intruder, whatever nation she might belong to; and little doubt was entertained of being able to do so, through the superior sailing qualities of the Saucy Jack; but those qualities were to be put to the test in a more severe manner than we had anticipated; for another vessel was now seen on the weather quarter, which we made out to be a large frigate. No time was to be lost in our endeavour to escape, as the two ships hoisted French colours, and crowded sail to overtake us, the frigate to windward bearing away a little so as to keep us three points on her lee bow.

The Saucy Jack was in a dangerous predicament—an enemy on each side, of vastly superior strength, so as to render all hope of escape by repelling force by force impossible, and, unfortunately, within nine miles, was that frightful shoal, called the Seranilla. This dangerous reef is in latitude, N. 15° 53' long. W. 80° 0', and extends about fourteen miles, opposing a bar to our course which was supposed to be insurmountable. The Saucy Jack lost none of her reputation; she increased her distance from the line-of-battle ship every minute; yet the frigate, from her position to windward, was enabled to get

within point-blank shot, and opened her bow-chasers on the privateer: the fire was not returned, and affairs were in this situation for about an hour. Our men were at their quarters, and ready to defend the Saucy Jack to the sinking: courage beamed from every eye, and every eye was turned with astonishment on Captain Herbert, when he gave the order to retreat from quarters, secure the guns, and batten the hatches down. This was immediately done, however strange it appeared: no English sailor likes to be disappointed of a fight after his gun has been cast loose; they knew their captain too well to suppose for a moment he was about to surrender his vessel without firing a shot; yet what was about to be done? To weather the frigate, should we tack, was impossible; to run to leeward was equally so, as the line-of-battle ship would inevitably intercept our course: hurried and anxious whispers passed between the men, each endeavouring to assign some cause for this strange proceeding. Not one on board could imagine the captain's intention, even when he ordered the crew to their stations for trimming sails. An intense anxiety was pictured on every countenance, as the ship was within a quarter of a mile of the lofty and foaming breakers, which, should she advance within their fury, would dash the vessel instantly to pieces against the coral rocks beneath, and then no hope of saving a single life could be possibly entertained.

The frigate kept up her fire, but as the sea was rough, the motion of the vessel rendered it difficult to do so with effect; therefore, no damage of consequence was sustained. The Saucy Jack still approached the breakers at a rapid rate; they were plainly heard on board as they were furiously lashed against the coral ribs of this frightful shoal; every soul on board regarded the captain with fixed attention—not a word was spoken fore or aft until he called out to clap the helm a-weather. The privateer obeying the impulse, came before the wind, bringing her sidelong to the dreaded danger. The Frenchman bore up likewise, keeping the Saucy Jack between the frigate and the breakers, then opened her broadside, and, no doubt, looked upon our capture or destruction as certain.

In this manner the two vessels ran on for about a mile, when we came to where the water on the shoal was comparatively smooth, but for so very narrow a space, two ships could scarcely have gone in abreast. Luffing

suddenly up, the Saucy Jack shot through this opening with the swiftness of an arrow, and was immediately out of sight of her pursuers, who did not dare to follow.

Neither officer nor man on board knew of this mode of escape, and even now we could not see the result, as the breakers were roaring and foaming as high as our mast head on both sides of us, threatening every moment to overwhelm our frail vessel and all who were in her. Seizing a speaking-trumpet, Captain Herbert ran aloft to the weather fore-yard-arm, and from that position hailed the steersman and directed the progress of the ship. It was a frightful sight; yet the perfect knowledge evinced by the captain, his firm voice and confident deportment, warmed each heart and exhilarated the spirit of the crew.

Having fairly entered this narrow channel, we perceived the extremity of the danger, as a violent current carried us along at a rapid rate, and seemed likely to whirl the ship against the numerous rocks, some of which we passed merely within a few fathoms; the spray of the surf at the same time wetting our sails, yet by a strict and immediate obedience to the orders given from the fore-yard-arm, and a steady management of the head braces, we were enabled to overcome the difficulties which presented themselves; and after being in this intricate channel for an hour and a half we emerged once more into the open sea, unharmed, leaving our mortified foe to chew the cud of disappointment in being deprived of his prey at the moment he thought it was in his grasp.

Three days after this very fortunate escape we observed the same two ships, which had chased us into the difficulty, again in our track. It was evident we were watched, therefore our captain determined to change the cruising ground for a time, and, to use his own words, "We will," said he, "leave these Frenchmen to leeward and see whether the Dons are awake to windward—we will just look into Porto Rico—I was there once before; but it will be as well, before we quit these seas, to allow the Frenchmen to identify this ship, which they so recently chased, and, no doubt, thought would be their own; or we shall have a flaming bulletin in the *Moniteur*, at Paris, giving an account how the lubbers have driven on shore and totally destroyed an English frigate; and, although none may be for a twelvemonth hence missing from the Admiralty, or Steele's Navy List, Monsieur will not be the less con-

vinced of the fact, therefore we will stand towards them a bit until they cannot mistake us, then make sail, and leave them in their glory."

While beating up to our destination the crew had little else to do but to amuse themselves with the vagaries of a pet sheep they had nick-named Bob; the animal had become so docile from being being allowed to run loose about the decks, that he would receive food from the hands of the men, and would make his rounds regularly to the different messes at meal times, begging part of the allowance of coffee or grog—of the latter beverage he was particularly fond, and, like most sailors, did not always know when he had enough. When in a state of intoxication, which was frequently the case, he became very riotous and savage, and would butt at and frequently overturn such of the men who refused to administer to his inebriated cravings, nor would he be pacified until the cook of the mess had cleared away and washed up the plates and drinking horns, then he would stagger aft to the steerage to seek out a comfortable berth where he might sleep himself sober. Some time before this our captain's stock of fresh provision being exhausted, he gave orders to have Bob put to death and made mutton of; but the ship's company received the warrant for execution with so much dissatisfaction, and made such pitiful remonstrances on behalf of their favourite, that a respite was granted during pleasure. He most likely has since died a natural death, as his diet and disorderly manner of living must have rendered him most unsavoury mutton, and little worth the roasting.

A fortnight elapsed before we gained the situation intended, and it was to me wonderful how it could be in the power of any man to place his ship at midnight in an appointed station, without having previously made the land in the day time, and that had been carefully avoided. To be sure there were two chronometers on board, which were esteemed as first-rate; but I, at that time, was ignorant of their use, excepting as common watches.

The Saucy Jack was hove-to within a mile of the town of Aguadilla, on the north side of the island of Porto Rico; the boats were hoisted out, and being hauled up alongside on the opposite side from the shore, were manned and armed. The captain undertook the command of this expedition, leaving Mr. Winstanley in charge of the ship, as he was

still a sufferer from the wound in his arm. The town of Aguadilla is in a bight, and there is plenty of water for ships in the bay. There is a fort mounting six pieces of cannon to the eastward of the town—to surprise this fort, and profit by the consequences, were the objects of the present undertaking.

On this occasion, the captain pushed off from the ship, accompanied by only one seaman, in a small boat, called in derision by the sailors "the Dingy," and rowed towards the shore; in less than half an hour he returned with the assurance that all was quiet and success almost certain; then jumping into the pinnace, and commanding the other boats to follow, they soon effected a landing about half a mile to the eastward of the fort. Captain Herbert's local knowledge enabled him to lead his people by a circuitous route, so as to surprise the half-sleeping Spanish sentry, who, before he had time to put his head forth from under his cloak and cry "alerto," was gagged and made prisoner. So totally unprepared were these people, that the guard-room door was even left open. Our men entered, seized the muskets of the unresisting Spaniards, eighteen in number, and took their owners prisoners, without firing a shot; their arms and legs being now bound with some spun-yarn brought for that purpose, they were left to obtain their liberty how they best might. The guns in the fort were immediately spiked and thrown over the parapet on to the beach. The officer of the fort had, in the mean time, been secured, and now begged hard for time to don his inexpressibles, after which, he was desired to accompany our party towards the governor's house, where, it was supposed, much specie and other treasure was concealed. The prisoner was with difficulty induced to proceed, until a pistol was presented, with the muzzle close to his eye, and a bayonet somewhat sharply administered in the rear, then, my gentleman marched manfully on the way he should go.

Advancing speedily to the governor's house, the doors of which were not sufficiently strong to resist the united efforts of our men, that officer was taken in his bed. To shoulder him and carry him to the beach, where one of our boats was ready stationed, was the work of but few minutes; and ere he had quite recovered from his first sleep, he was safe on board the Saucy Jack. Our other boats were soon alongside, in one of which there was a chest—great care was taken in

hoisting this on board, and it was deposited in the captain's cabin.

When the Spanish governor observed the chest in our possession, his grief was beyond description—he swore innumerable oaths, wrung his hands, tore his hair, and danced about as if he was frantic—cursed the whole English nation most particularly, and at last went down on his knees and implored the captain and officers, and in his eagerness and anxiety he besought the black cook who was grinning in high glee, to put him on shore with his chest.

The captain's answer to this modest request was, "Why, señor, do you suppose I should have taken all this trouble to bring you on board, if I intended we should part so soon and so easily? No, good señor, I must first see the contents of yonder chest you seem so anxious about, and then perhaps we may talk of what is to be done with you. Hoist the boats in, Mr. Winstanley." This order was obeyed, and the privateer stood out to sea under her topsails.

Having ordered an iron crowbar to be brought, the captain went down the companion ladder, desiring me to follow and hold a candle. His powerful arm applied his iron assistant with such force to the lock, that it speedily gave way, and on opening the lid of the chest I was struck dumb with astonishment. The immense quantity of doubloons and dollars, ingots of gold and silver, and lumps of platinum! "Ha!" cried the captain, whilst his eyes opened as wide as saucers, "this will do! this," continued he, laughing, "may purchase the poor governor's ransom—we will not be too hard; no, no—we will be merciful—we will set him on shore again, without his chest, but with a caution, that should he ever again be possessed of so much treasure, he had better keep a sharper lookout and not be taken napping."

Sail was made to close with the land, and after being a prisoner something less than two hours, the unfortunate officer was again on terra firma, about four miles to the westward of Aguadilla, at liberty to walk back to his seat of government, the exchequer of which had been rendered very considerably lighter by his morning's excursion. The captain gave his crew the gratifying intelligence of this easily gotten booty, and signified his intention of distributing a part of it immediately among them. This was accordingly done on the capstan, thirty dollars being given to each seaman; and when I state that

all this was paid from the silver coin in the chest, some idea may be formed of the total value of the contents.

Quitting the island of Porto Rico, the course was shaped for the south side of the island of Cuba, with the intention of looking into the Havannah, and trying what might be done there, previous to our resuming our station on the Spanish main. This intention was frustrated by the following occurrence. As we opened the land at the back of Cape Antonio, we observed a vessel standing out to sea, apparently to meet us—it was evident we had been seen from the shore, and the object was to intercept us. The stranger was a polacre rigged ship of large dimensions, and our glasses showed us she was pierced for twelve guns on each broadside—they were long guns, as was ascertained from their projection through the ports—her decks appeared crowded with men, and she was prepared for action. The Saucy Jack was immediately cleared for the same purpose. Captain Herbert appeared very angry at this interruption. "Why," said he, "does this fool cross us on our way? My instructions command me not to seek an engagement, and I therefore have not done so; but here comes one to make me either fight or make sail away—I do not like to do the former, against my owner's express command, and *I will not* do the latter from any thing at all like equal force for the honour of the old colours which now are flying above our heads—so what the stranger seeks he must find." Up went the Spanish colours on board the polacre, and a shot came whizzing past the Saucy Jack. "There's the first music," said our captain; "the Don has opened the ball, I trust he will be able to go through the dance. Winstanley and Grafton, remember, accidents may occur to any of us, but our colours are not to be struck under *any* circumstances. The Saucy Jack may be sunk, but she is never to be surrendered; now, to your stations if you please." Watching with a hawk-like eye to catch the intended manœuvre of the enemy, our captain already saw he was about to commit an error, by passing to leeward too closely, so as to lose the advantage he otherwise would have derived from his long guns; and the first broadside given and returned convinced him of the fact; for while his twelve-pounders did but trifling damage to the Saucy Jack, our thirty-twos, at so short a distance, shook him to the very keel. Perceiving his mistake, the Spaniard wore round to increase his distance. Our commander

was too experienced a sailor to throw such a chance away:—the Saucy Jack bore up likewise, and was, by her advantage in sailing, enabled to stick to the polacre like a leech. For twenty minutes did the ships run before the wind, pouring broadside after broadside into each other, until a great confusion was observed on the Spaniard's deck, and he endeavoured to lay us on board. This was prevented by putting our helm a-port, and discharging a most destructive fire, the guns having been levelled lower than before, by order. The consequence was, in hauling nearer the wind, the polacre's mainmast went by the board;—our mizentopmast and gaff were shot away at the same moment;—the colours were directly nailed to the head of the mizenmast. The polacre having her way through the water impeded by the wreck of her fallen mast, the Saucy Jack shot a-head,—then crossing her hawse, poured two raking broadsides into her bows, and took up a position on her larboard beam. The Spaniard could now hardly bring a gun to bear on us, they being covered on this side by the maintopsail and the topmast rigging. His seamen were using every exertion to cut away the masts and sails which hung over the side, but were dreadfully annoyed while attempting to do so, by the grape-shot with which our guns had been loaded for that purpose. The action became murderous; the Spaniard had not a chance; yet he bravely refused to strike his colours; in a few minutes there was an explosion on board the enemy, and his foremast fell. Captain Herbert gave orders to cease firing, and prepare the boats to save the polacre's crew. At this moment an officer was observed on the poop of the Spanish ship waving his hat as a token of submission. Our two quarter boats were instantly lowered, but only one would swim; she was filled with men, and sent to the assistance of our distressed antagonist, which was now one mass of flame. Our other boats were being hoisted out, as fast as the crippled state of our rigging would permit, when we observed the Spaniards jumping overboard in all directions, and our people endeavouring to get to their boat:—then came a noise louder than the loudest thunder, and the atmosphere was covered with smoke and flame:—the wreck of the polacre lurched heavily three or four times, and went down head foremost, leaving the surface of the sea strewn with spars, booms, stores, and unfortunate men swimming for their lives. Our boats were soon on the spot, and succeeded

in rescuing all our own men but one, who had been killed by the explosion, and seventy-three of the Spaniards,—but not one officer; they had either been killed during the action, or had shared the fate of the ship. From the prisoners we learned that the Spanish polacre was called the *Esmeralda*; mounted twenty-four long twelve-pounders; and had on board, at the commencement of the engagement, one hundred and ninety men. She had sailed four days previously from the Havannah, on a cruise against our homeward-bound ships.

The number of Spaniards saved from the destroyed polacre proved a great inconvenience to the officers and men of the *Saucy Jack*, as they not only occupied much room, but consumed water and provisions almost to the extent of our own ship's company. Humanity demanded from us every attention to a brave conquered foe, but it was lamentable we should suffer from our inclination to be kind. The crowded state of the ship, and the dirty propensities of the prisoners, caused the yellow fever to make its appearance on board the privateer. Every precaution had been taken—the vessel having been built for a tropical climate—ventilation had been carefully attended to, whitewash had been unsparingly used, sulphur had been burned on sheets of tin on the lower deck, the windsails were constantly down the hatchways, yet nought availed. The Spaniards had brought the pestilence with them, and disseminated it among our crew. Captain Herbert saw that something decisive must be done to stop the progress of this frightful visitation; he therefore determined to get rid of his prisoners—they were accordingly landed on an island called the *Grand Camayne*, and left to shift for themselves. It was heart-rending to hear the cries of the wounded and the sick, as they were being removed from the ship to the shore; but there was no alternative. Would that the Spanish polacre had never been built, or at least had kept out of sight of the *Saucy Jack*! In spite of every antidote, the fever made its way among our men, there were thirty-six in their hammocks, one or two dying daily, and but few convalescent; and these sick people being placed near those who had been wounded in the last engagement, aggravated their sufferings, as a seaman who had been but slightly wounded caught the infection and died.

Captain Herbert never lost his firmness of mind during this scene of distress; it is true, the good-humoured smile, and the hearty

laugh, were no longer seen or heard; they had given place to deep reflection as to the best means to be adopted to administer comfort and restore health to his suffering crew.

It was determined to run into a port where the privateer might remain for a time secluded, until the fever could be got rid of or subdued. There is a place in the island of Cuba known by the name of the *Queen's Garden*, which is formed by a vast number of small islands; it is totally uninhabited, and difficult of navigation. Our Captain determined therefore to avail himself of this security, to land his ship's company and refit his vessel.

For this purpose the privateer was taken in between two small islands, the rocks as she passed exhibiting themselves under her main channels. She was made fast to the shore safe from every breeze which could assail her: a watch tower was ordered to be built on the highest point of land, but we found, on going there, one ready made for our use. This was just the place I had fancied, when at school, where old Blackbeard and his savages caroused and refreshed, during the olden time of the *Buccaneers*.

The sick were landed and placed under tents made from the ship's sails, the doctor was actively employed, yet still the fever increased, and I became amongst the afflicted. To this hour I remember the horror I endured whilst weakened and prostrate from the effects of this pestilential epidemic; some died and were speedily buried to prevent the extent, as far as could be, of the contagion—buried, indeed, almost without ceremony or funeral service.

My constitution was good; I was young, and I recovered partially; but to what purpose? To become an emaciated being, and nurse and attendant to that kind good young man, Mr. Grafton, our second officer. He had been seized with the fever in its most malignant state; there was no chance whatever of his being able to bear up against it; in less than forty-eight hours he was visited by that terrible symptom known by the name of the black vomit, and his fate was consequently decided. His cot was suspended in a tent, in which there was a table and a chair, the former covered with cooling drinks, although our doctor had instructed me to give the sufferer porter, or even brandy if he expressed a wish to have it. Decomposition follows death so rapidly when any one dies from this horrible disease, that I think it

necessary to state, however painfully, that the coffin for Mr. Grafton was nearly completed, and his grave had been dug some hours, before he breathed his last. I watched by his cot, he had been for some time senseless, the lips moved rapidly, but the teeth were firmly set; the eyes opened occasionally with a convulsive unmeaning stare, and were again half closed; at length a violent rattling in the throat was heard, the sufferer clenched his fists convulsively, and sat bolt upright in his cot; his eyes were wide open, and his mouth covered with foam; this was but momentary, as the poor fellow directly fell backwards on his pillow a corpse.

This disease acts differently on those afflicted; some become rapidly convalescent, and are restored in a few weeks: others require change of climate to give them a chance of their lives. My case was among the latter. The captain had perceived it, and spoke to me as follows:—

"I do not know, in point of fact, whether I was justified in receiving you on board the *Saucy Jack* when you first made your appearance; but I did not like to refuse a young volunteer who was so anxious to get afloat. I feel it my duty to tell you now, although you may find my advice hard of digestion, that you must immediately return to your native air; this climate is no place for you, now you have once felt the withering effects of the yellow fever. There are others who must likewise quit this country. I will soon provide the means of sending you to England." For this purpose our pinnace was sent out, and in two days returned with a small Spanish schooner, laden with sugar, which she had captured. On board of this vessel I embarked with fourteen seamen, who had been ill, and were ordered home. We made sail for Jamaica, and there placed ourselves under the direction of our agent, to wait until he could procure us a passage to our native country. In parting with Captain Herbert he shook hands with me, and said, "I am sorry to part with you, my lad, as I always am with those I esteem, but it is absolutely necessary. If you should get thoroughly well and wish again to join the *Saucy Jack*, be she east or west, a snug berth shall be provided for you;" then shaking me heartily by the hand, he turned and left me.

I was admitted as a passenger with four of the invalid seamen on board a ship bound to London, among whom was an Irishman we had received from the Spanish ship with

the cargo of friars. He went by the name of Patrick Doyle; he had suffered severely by the attack of fever—it had reduced him almost to a skeleton; still however, tenacious of life, he would crawl on deck and bask his emaciated form in the sun as we crossed the Atlantic; but when we approached the fogs in the chops of the Channel, he took to his hammock and could not be induced to leave it. He had singled me out as his only associate during our voyage, and earnestly requested me to give him the earliest intelligence of the sight of land. He kept gradually sinking and grew weaker every day. On the evening when we cast anchor at Spithead, I went to the side of his hammock and told him we were to go on shore next morning. "It may be your case," said he, "but not mine; I shall never see another day break—I am dying—I feel that my heart is now struggling with the destroyer. I never can survive the exertion of the passage on shore, therefore beg of the commanding officer to have the humanity to let me die here. I feel quite exhausted and can scarce speak. You may have observed some peculiarities about me, which perhaps may have led you to believe that I am not the low-bred character my fate has compelled me to assume. My name is here only known as Patrick Doyle, but I once could boast a better, and with brighter prospects before me than Providence has allowed to be fulfilled. God his will be done! You, young man, have shown a good heart in attending to me during our voyage home; I will recompense you as far as I can. Here," continued he, drawing forth a paper from under the bed-clothes, "is my will, by which you will become entitled to all my pay and prize-money; the latter may prove considerable, from the affair at Aguadilla." I attempted to give him hopes of recovery, but he shook his head, and answered, "Impossible; but do not leave me, watch by me this night." I gave my promise. "So, now," said he, "place my arms across my breast, and retire, but not out of call." This was about two o'clock in the morning. I was aroused from a slumber by the voice of Pat Doyle. He was exclaiming vehemently, but all I could collect was, "My country; consider my country; the land of my birth; the many friends; all associated, firm, and true." I quietly asked the wretched man if he wanted for anything? My voice had the effect of recalling for a moment his scattered senses; he grasped my hand violently—fixed on me a look, which, by a smile, betokened

recognition; and, in an effort to speak, the body parted with the soul.

I never could ascertain the real name and condition of this unfortunate man, but suppose him to have been an Irish gentleman, whose life had become forfeit, from having taken too active a share in the last rebellion.

After seeing his remains decently interred in the burying-ground at Gosport, I proceeded to London, and waited upon the owners of the privateer with the letters intrusted to my care, by Captain Herbert and our agents at Jamaica. I experienced a most flattering reception, and was invited to make their house my home until I should have an answer from my father, to whom I had written. As I had received all I was entitled to, and by the kindness of the owners of the

privateer been supplied with the amount of the bequest of my deceased friend, I was in possession of several hundred pounds. This I had not failed to communicate in my letter home, and I believe it had the effect of securing me a better reconciliation and easier forgiveness than if I had returned as poor and assilly as I went. My health was soon restored by the invigorating effects of my own native air; but, like most young men who have made one voyage to sea, I could not shake off the inclination I felt to make another. Year after year, however, rolled away, until the death of my parents left me at liberty to do as I wished. I had more experience when I set out on my second voyage, and did not in ignorance enter on a board a privateer.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Rookwood: a Romance.

THIS work was recommended to our notice as being an extraordinary one; and such, indeed, have we found it!—The first four chapters, or ninety-four pages of the first volume, being passed in a family-vault, in which the personages present are, a most ghastly, unnatural old sexton, called Peter, a scapegrace of a gipsy lad, called Luke, the natural child of the said sexton's seduced daughter by the Lord of Rookwood, who is just dead, and, finally, a snappish cur of a dog called Mole.

These parties, or at least the grandfather and the hopeful grandson, are met to discuss the wrongs of Luke's mother, who has been long dead, and occupies one of the many coffins that stand all round them in that loathsome, subterranean charnel-house. The old sexton tells, or rather hints, to his grandson, that his mother had been murdered by the now deceased Lord of Rookwood, who, however, after her seduction, is supposed to have made her his lawful wife. As this point, however, is not quite clear, our ingenious author makes Luke, in his agitation, to stagger against one of the stacks of coffins, when a dreadful crash ensues, a coffin tumbles to the ground, is split asunder in the fall, and the dead body—that of his own mother, rolls at his feet. Master Luke, indeed, did not know her, as she had died when he was quite a child; but his grand-papa, the sexton, assures him that it is his mamma. The body is as perfect as if it had been buried but yesterday; the complexion as pure and bright—the tracery of its features as exquisite as when life and youth animated them. Now the sexton's daughter has been dead some eighteen years at the time of this sudden disclosure of her remains. But

what of that? Our ingenious author, who does not let trifles stand in his way, tells us that the body has been embalmed by an Egyptian. To have the tedious process of embalming performed upon the body of a murdered mistress, or wife, which the murderer must be most anxious to get hastily and secretly buried, is, of course, quite natural—we say nothing on this head; but, unfortunately for the preservation of the complexion, it happens that the Egyptian process reduces all flesh, not, indeed, to grass, but to the colour of mahogany—consequently, the face of the sexton's daughter, instead of being as it is described, would have been as dingy as one of his old shells.

We are, however, losing sight of the lady's lawful wedlock, and Master Luke's consequent legitimacy. After a deal of talk and raving, just as the sexton's candle is going out, they think of restoring the body to the coffin; in so doing, the left hand of the corpse breaks off, from the arm, and remains clenched in the hand of the son. A wedding-ring is firmly set on the proper finger of the dead detached hand. This is all the proof required, and this establishes beyond the reach of a doubt, that the fair sextoness was, *de jure*, the Lady of Rookwood, and that her son Luke, a poacher and a gipsy, is indisputable heir to all those wide domains. As soon as this said Luke has put the dead hand into his pocket, the sexton's candle goes out for good, but not for this do they leave the family vault, where they have been fumbling, and mumbling, threatening the living, and blaspheming the dead, so long. They sit down on another coffin to finish a bottle of gin, and let the sexton finish his story about his daughter.

At last (we had begun to think we should never get out of this grave) Luke felt a longing to commune with himself, and, leaving family vault,

church, and church-yard, he leaps over the paling into Rookwood Park, where he finds some of his gipsy companions deer-stealing, and where he kills one of his lately deceased father's game-keepers—this is bad enough, in Master Luke, considering that his father is lying dead in Rookwood House at the time. But this is nothing to what follows. Luke finds his way into the mansion, rates his father's widow (for his father had married a noble and very fierce dame after he had disposed of the sexton's daughter), and forcibly drags her into the silent chamber, where her husband is lying in state. He is going to proceed to extreme measures with the old lady, when a third figure is mysteriously seen standing near the baronet's coffin. This third person is the lady's son by Luke's father, and consequently Luke's half-brother. The author makes use of all his energy or emphasis to describe a scene in which the brothers are near tearing each other to pieces. Luke, however, succeeds in performing what he calls his mission. He draws forth the skeleton hand of his mother, and having first taken the wedding-ring from the finger, he places the withered limb upon the left breast of his father's body, saying—"rest there for ever!"

Lady Rookwood then works up her son to fresh fury—the young men storm, wrestle, and snatch at the cere-clothes that cover the body of the dead—but in the end the hand is discovered lying upon the baronet's breast.

We confess that when we got thus far with this unnatural, revolting, and very extraordinary story, we had enough of it, and we threw it down with a conviction that it must have been inspired among body-snatchers, and the Burkes and the Hares. Having, however, a duty to perform, we took it up again, and tried to read it to the end; but finding five more long chapters devoted to the baronet's funeral—to Dick Turpin, the notorious highwayman—and then to the funeral again, to thunder and lightning, to coffins and tombs, and the same ghastly family vault in which we had already passed four chapters, we shut up the book in despair.

Some of our readers may have more patience or more taste for such matters than we possess, but surely nobody can deny that this is doing in a small way what Lord Byron called

"Turning Parnassus into a church-yard."

Faust; a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Goëthe. By David Syme.

THE great German people, for whose character, intellect, and literature, we entertain the highest respect, consider Faust as an advantageous specimen of their genius, and as one of the best, if not the very best, of the works of the great and venerable Goëthe. We therefore rejoice to see the translations of this extraordinary dramatic poem increase and multiply—not only because in such ways we show our proper estimation and reverence

for a foreign luminary, but also because, from a variety of translations, the English reader who cannot peruse the original may be enabled to obtain a correct and complete notion of it.

Within these few years we have had in poetry the spirited, the generally exact, and almost complete version of Lord Leveson Gower, the splendid fragments of Shelly, the translation in prose by Mr. Hayward, and paraphrases of detached passages from Faust of greater or less merit.

As a whole, however, we can recommend Mr. Syme's translation, which has just been published at Edinburgh, as being the closest to the German, and by far the most complete translation that has hitherto appeared in our language—which is the nearest relative and by far the best medium of the German.

Lord Leveson Gower omitted altogether the opening dialogue between Mephistopheles and the Almighty, which, though strange and startling, is indispensably necessary to the proper understanding of the awful drama to which it serves as introduction. This and other omitted portions are fully rendered by Mr. Syme. Nor, in being complete and correct, does our elegant translator fail to be spirited and highly poetic. We have only room for one short extract, which is that where Faust in the days of his innocence describes his feelings on Easter Sunday—the season of our Saviour's resurrection.

The streams and streamlets now are free
From winter's icy fetters,—see
How down the vale they lapse, and fling
O'er all the fields a tinge of spring;
While aged winter turns his back,
And climbs the steepest mountain track,
Now pelting, in his feeble spite,
The green with handfuls of his white,
And rattling hail-stones, till the sun
Bid hail and hoar frost both begone.
Meanwhile, for flowers, we have this gay
Assemblage in their best array,—
From the black cavern of the gate
See how they pour! They celebrate
The rising of our Lord, and they
Themselves are risen up to-day:
From narrow streets, from crowded rooms,
From tyranny of forge and looms,
And from the night of ghostly piles,
Sent out to where the day-light smiles.
Look down from this commanding height,—
I have not seen a fairer sight;
Through fields and gardens how they flow,
And how the river seems alive,
As shallops against shallops strive,
Across and down, from here below,
Where the last, loaded to the brim,
So full that it can hardly swim,
Is pushing from the bank,—to where
The water mingles with the air!

Along the pathways of the hill
 I can distinguish colours still,
 And from the fading hamlets, hark !
 The sound of voices through the dark.
 Here great and small together pass
 Some hours of equal happiness !
 This is the people's heaven,—I can
 Here own myself to be a man.

To such of our readers as may only know Goëthe's Faust from Madame de Stael's analysis, we earnestly recommend the present complete translation. The original drama, or poem, is justly characterised by the translator in his title page, where quoting Coleridge (who is in many respects the English Goëthe), he calls it—

"An Orphic tale indeed ;

A tale obscure, of high and passionate thoughts,
 To a strange music chanted."

Before the appearance of this excellent version from the German, Mr. Syme had already a claim on the public regard by his translations from the Italian.

South African Sketches. By Thomas Pringle.

THIS delightful, genuine volume, has reached us so late in the month, that we can do little more than direct our readers' attention to it, proposing to ourselves the pleasure of giving a detailed account of it in our next number. As, however, we have nearly read it through at a sitting (so much has it interested us), we can safely say that it conveys, through a pleasant, spirited, anecdotal medium, more information about our fast-extending Cape of Good Hope and Great Fish River Colonies than any other dozen works we are acquainted with. We are moderate, and considerate of the reputation of travellers in Southern Africa, when we say a dozen ; for we have recently had occasion to consult many of those authorities, and were we to say that we have not found the information in fifty of their cumbrous tomes that we have derived from the compact, neat little volume now on our desk, we should be nearer the truth. As to the faculty of amusing and deeply interesting the feelings of the reader, Mr. Pringle is still more in advance of his precursors. His book is, in short, the most amusing and instructive account of travels that we have read for many a day.

Mokanna, or the Land of the Savage. 3 Vols. 8vo.

MANY detached passages, of considerable beauty and spirit, and conveying interesting information, might be selected from these volumes. It seems the author has travelled in Southern Africa, and, in our opinion, the best parts of his work are those that relate to the stupendous scenery of that con-

tinental, to the Dutch boors at the Cape of Good Hope, and to the free native tribes in the interior. Some of his African battle scenes are spirited, and appear to be correct delineations.

There is a very good description of a Rhinoceros-hunt, which, as our readers may well imagine, is a very different affair from a fox-hunt. We should have given this hunt as an extract, but our friend Leigh Hunt has been before us, and by inserting the hunt in his new journal, has made all the town acquainted with it ; for, of course, every body, of "any mark or likelihood," reads the "London Journal." If, however, that truly estimable three-halfpenny periodical should have escaped the notice of any of our fair friends, we earnestly recommend them to purchase it from its commencement. They will find it a delightful repertory of anecdote, domestic affections, chastened wit, and refined, amiable criticism. Only hear, gentle ladies, how pleasantly the author of the "Feast of the Poets," and "Rimini," and "The Indicator," gossips about the huge monster, whose infant, *little* great-grandchild, is now amusing the world at the Surrey Zoological Gardens !—

"The rare sight of a Rhinoceros in England (a sort of hog-elephant, or mixture of elephant, hog, tapir, and *cattle-mouth*, cased in compartments of armour, and with a bit of horn on his nose,—whence his name,—Rhinoceros signifying Nose-horn),* will give double zest to the following description of a hunt of him in the new novel, 'Mokanna, or the Land of the Savage.' . . . The Rhinoceros, with its strange compound of sensibility and callous skin, acuteness and awkwardness, irritability, bulkiness, mildness, and huge appetite, looks like a sort of lesser Dr. Johnson among animals, as the elephant seems the larger and more respectable prototype. It was, doubtless, from an instinct of this sort, that Davies the bookseller struck out that simile, which every body thought so unaccountable, and yet somehow so happy. He said that the Doctor *laughed* like a Rhinoceros."

For the sake of the Rhinoceros, and the hunt, and the other things we have hinted at, we can recommend Mokanna ; though as a novel,—as a prose epic,—it has numerous and glaring defects.

Lays and Legends of various Nations : illustrative of their Traditions, Popular Literature, Manners, Customs, and Superstitions. By William J. Thoms, Editor of the "Early English Prose Romances."

THE idea of this work is an excellent one. We have before us two parts, the one treating of the old stories of Germany, the other of those of France. Both are cleverly done.

* From the Greek. *ῥίς* (Rhin) a nose ; and *κέρας* (Keras) a horn.

As a sample, we extract a very early German story, which, slightly modified, has found its way into the popular literature of many other nations.

“ THE SEXTON OF MAGDEBURG.

“ In Magdeburg there was to be seen formerly, and may be still, a house, on the front of which was a stone tablet, representing a horse looking out from the upper window of a house, and which is reported to have been placed there in commemoration of the following circumstance:—A wealthy burgher, upon the decease of his wife, buried her with all the splendour which his circumstances permitted, leaving upon one of her fingers a diamond ring of inestimable value. The sexton of the place, aware of this circumstance, allowed his avarice to get the better of his fears, and ventured to go in the middle of the night, and, having removed the lid from the coffin, endeavoured to draw off the ring from the finger of the corpse. This was not, however, an easy task, and in his attempt to force off the ring, he awoke from a trance the seeming and supposed dead lady. Horrified at the first symptoms of her awakening, he had fallen senseless to the ground, while the lady, upon coming

to herself, was not much less alarmed at her helpless situation. Taking courage, however, she seized upon the sexton's lantern, and made the best of her way to the house of her disconsolate husband. She knocked. ‘Who is there?’ inquired a domestic.—‘It is I, your mistress,’ was the reply. ‘Hasten and open the door.’ The terrified servant flew to the chamber of his master, and related what he had heard. ‘Alas!’ cried the afflicted burgher, ‘my wife can no more return from the grave, than my old horse could come up these stairs to look out at the window!’

“ Instantly he heard something come tramp, tramp, up the stairs—it was the old horse. Then the man believed, went down, opened the door, and received into his bosom his supposed dead wife—and many more happy years did they afterwards live together *.”

* Busching's Volksmarchen, s. 389, 391, where it is related from oral tradition. The incidents of persons being awakened from trances, in the manner here described, is of frequent occurrence; but no where else, I believe, combined with the part which the horse plays in the present tale.

THE THEATRES.

THE Opera season appears to be proceeding in a most flourishing manner. Every night the theatre has been crowded with fashion and nobility, and we have been obliged, more than once, after having made good our entrance with much exertion, to stand during the performances—not a seat being procurable. Certainly the singers are deserving all the patronage they receive; but we wish they would occasionally attempt some music differing a little in character from what they are too frequently in the habit of executing. Since the opening of the King's Theatre, the only operas which have been performed are “*La Gazza Ladra*,” “*Il Barbière di Siviglia*,” “*Semiramide*,” “*Otello*” and “*Anna Bolena*,” which have been repeated without mercy and without judgment—and since these we have had “*Il Don Giovanni*” twice, and “*La Sonnambula*” once,—the last two having, with the exception of the second representation of *Don Giovanni*, been only produced upon benefit nights. Although we acknowledge ourselves to be among the numerous admirers of Rossini, our admiration is anything but exclusive. We are desirous of doing justice to his excellences, but we cannot close our eyes upon his faults—and the more frequently they are thrust before us, the less likely are we to be ignorant of their existence. Donizetti is the last musician we should think capable of improving upon acquaintance. His dull piece of plagiarism can have no other effect upon its repetition than to strengthen that somnolent influence over the mind which its

first representation created. It was with great congratulation that, on the occasion of the most recent performance of “*Anna Bolena*,” we observed that it was announced “for the last time.” Bellini's opera has infinitely more merit. It possesses much that is pleasing, and something that is good. It was produced for Madame Caradori's benefit, on which occasion that graceful singer represented the heroine. Malibran, in her performance of the *Sonnambulist*, more particularly in the English version of the opera, has so completely identified herself with the character, that the appearance of another person in it seems out of the question. Nothing could be more finished than her singing, nothing more expressive than her acting. It is but justice to say that Caradori exceeded our expectation. She certainly does not possess the energy of her more gifted contemporary, but her personification of the fair sleep-walker was highly creditable, and her execution of the music equally satisfactory. Zuchelli had the good taste to select “*Il Don Giovanni*” for his benefit, in which he performed the part of Leporello. We have seen better representatives of the Spanish rogue, but have heard few singers so capable of doing justice to the music. Tamburini made an excellent *Giovanni*; the best that has appeared since the days of Ambrogetti. Grisi appeared as Donna Anna, and delighted the audience with her impressive performance. Her scena was delivered with fine dramatic vigour. The only fault we have to find with her is her close ad-

herence to her predecessors. She is an amalgamation of Pasta and Malibran, and also frequently reminds us of Grassini, whose niece and pupil she is. Caradori made an interesting Zerlina. Her singing did not want sweetness, though it was somewhat deficient in vigour. We never heard Rubini to greater advantage than as Don Ottavio. He sang the beautiful melodies of Mozart with much true feeling. The manner in which he executed "*Il mio tesoro*," particularly the passage in which he swelled out the crescendo and took the shake ascending,—an exceedingly difficult passage, was magnificent. It well deserved the enthusiastic encore with which it was honoured. We were glad to see, on the second representation of this opera, the theatre crowded in every direction. Such a performance ought to attract all lovers of the opera, and as it assembled the most productive house during the season, its popularity says much in favour of the musical taste of the English people. Although we greatly admired the delightful manner in which a great portion of the music was executed, we could not be deaf to the deficiencies of the orchestra and stage. More than once, both were at fault, and the prompter's voice was heard continually all over the house. To be perfect in the performance of such an opera requires the most intense study. "*La Donna del Lago*" was advertised for Tamburini's benefit, but when we were proceeding to see its representation, we were stopped at the doors by an announcement of Giulietta Grisi's sudden indisposition, which had caused the opera and the benefit to be deferred to a future day. "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*" was substituted, in which Caradori played Rosina at a very short notice; but as she had so frequently executed the music, there could not have been much difficulty in her performance. The ballet of "*Masaniello*" followed, which, in consequence of no one knowing a note of the music, was but an indifferent exhibition.

Duvernay has left us and Taglioni has not yet returned. We miss both. The latter is announced to re-appear on the night of Laporte's benefit. The Elsers have produced a new ballet—if anything can be called new of which nearly all the materials are old. With the music, the dresses, and the scenes we had previously been familiar. It is called "*Armide*," and the story is taken from an episode in the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*." It merely describes the adventures of Rinaldo, or, as the French call him, Renaud, (Theresa Elsler), one of the heroes of chivalry, and three valiant knights, who have fallen into the power of the beautiful enchantress Armide (Fanny Elsler), who exercises her fascinations with powerful effect upon the brave but now subdued paladin. From her seductions he is at last rescued by his three companions, assisted by a holy palmer, whose wand destroys her enchantments, and the ballet concludes by sending the bewitching Armide, in a most ungallant manner, to a place never mentioned in the pages of the *Court Magazine*. Simple as the plot is, it affords

scope for the introduction of some very pleasing dances, and some effective grouping, in which blue and pink scarfs, garlands, and flying sylphs are introduced to much advantage. The Elsers danced a *Pas de Deux*, in which Theresa personifies the hero, and Fanny the heroine—both by their dancing and acting acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of their audience. Fanny afterwards danced a *Pas de Deux* with Perrot, in which the latter made an extraordinary display of grace united with physical power. The manner in which he vaulted and bounded along the stage was truly wonderful. Some Spanish dancers from the Theatre Royal at Madrid, whose performances at the Académie Royale de Musique at Paris, have recently there been much admired, made their first appearance before an English audience in a *Divertissement*, in which they introduced two of their national dances—the *Bollero* and the *Zapateado*. The former we do not much admire, and being no novelty it was invested with no attraction. The latter is decidedly worth seeing, as it possesses features entirely new to us. These dancers are four in number—two of each sex, and when dressed in the picturesque costume they assume in the *Zapateado*, have an attractive appearance. The gentlemen accompany their motions with the tamborine, and the ladies with the castanets—both of which are used with a very agreeable effect. The dance is remarkable for the rapidity of motion and pliability of limb which it requires, and cannot be considered ungraceful.

The German company commenced their season with Mozart's "*Die Zauberflöte*." Pamina was represented by a Madame Walker, who, though very inferior to Schroeder, has a fine voice, and sings with considerable expression. She has for some time been the *Prima Donna* at Leipsic and Hamburg. Tamino found an able representative in Herr Schmetzer, a remarkably good tenor singer; (far superior both in style and voice to Haitzinger), whose performance was distinguished by his accompanying himself on the flute in those passages for the magic flute, which have hitherto been played by some person in the orchestra. It was an exceedingly difficult attempt, but was completely successful. Herr Delcher appeared as Sarastro. This singer has a deep bass voice, which descends to B flat, below the bass-clef. The Queen of Night was personified by Madame Braun. She is something better than the *Astriffiamantes* we have hitherto seen and heard, but considerable improvement might be made in her intonation. Herr Uetz again appeared before us as Papageno. His merits are sufficiently known. The attendants on the Queen of Night were far superior singers to those we have been accustomed to hear in the same characters, and the three beneficent genii were represented by three children—the Dreslers—one of whom was a little fellow who scarcely appeared to have escaped out of his long-clothes: they executed the music with a degree of perfection which surprised us. The orchestra was numerous, but

we think the performers require somewhat more practice to attain that degree of perfection which characterises the performance of a German orchestra. They were ably conducted by Herr Hofcapellmeister Mangold of Darmstadt. The chorusses went off magnificently; they were under the direction of Herr Rockel, the best chorus-master in Germany. No one who has not heard a German opera performed by Germans, can have the least idea of the effect produced by their chorusses; on the whole, this company, with the exception of the *Prima Donna*, is superior to the last, and with the exception we must rest satisfied, because there were insurmountable obstacles to the engagement of Schröder, and there are not two such singers in the world. The operas they have already performed are "*Die Zauberflöte*," and "*Der Freischütz*"—both were produced with excellent effect; the latter particularly so. Winter's "*Das Unterbrochene Opferfest*," is announced: after which we shall have "*Euryanthe*," to be followed by "*Des Adler's Horst*"—the Eagle's Eyrie. We think that to all true lovers of music, these performances will be a source of great attraction; for there are no musicians who infuse so much real feeling into the music they execute as the Germans; and after all, the finest operas which have been composed, are the productions of German artists. After the opera, there is a ballet or divertissement, in which the best dancers of the King's Theatre appear.

The patent Theatres are proceeding very heavily, with few novelties, and little attraction. The second part of Shakspeare's "*King Henry the Fourth*" was produced at Drury Lane for the purpose of getting up a coronation pageant, and of attempting a grand musical festival, in imitation of the one about to take place, both of which, we have no hesitation in saying, were failures. The first was remarkably grand, and remarkably dull, and could not have been of the least attraction to any persons except those who had the honour of walking in the procession as dukes or countesses. The second was still more ridiculous. Imagine the stage fitted up so as to represent the interior of our ancient Cathedral, in the time of Henry the Fourth, filled with an orchestra, containing a variety of instruments which had never been seen or heard of at that period, performing with some slight exceptions the music of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini and others of the present time; and then fancy the effect produced by seeing Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi, with Signori Tamburini, Rubini and Ivanoff appearing among the crowd of kings, lords, and commons, who honour the coronation of Henry the Fifth, to sing this music in the unpicturesque costume of our William the Fourth! Nothing could be more absurd. The orchestra, which was said to contain more than two hundred performers, played most villanously. In fact they accompanied the Italian singers in a manner which would have disgraced a village band: and we must imagine, in consequence of Grisi and her three

talented associates not appearing after the first night of the representation of this "grand musical festival," that they had had quite enough of it. It is but justice to say, that on the evening of their appearance, the theatre was crowded in every part. At Covent Garden we have seen a still more extraordinary performance. Our patent theatres, after having robbed Astley's of its horses, have deprived Richardson's of what would have been its greatest ornament—a juggler. A certain Carl Rappo has had the honour of disgracing one of our national theatres, by exhibiting some wonderful feats with heavy weights, and by balancing a variety of things upon his nose! His performances are most astonishing, but they appear fraught with great danger. A slip, or a miscalculation as to distance, when throwing and catching on his body the heavy cannon balls, and hundred-weights, which he flings about him with as much ease as if they were oranges, would crush him on the instant: with this dreadful result in perspective our sensitive females are condemned for two hours to look at the wonders executed by Carl Rappo! What shall we have next—bull-fights or gladiators,—conjurers, or rope-dancers? We have also been promised two novelties. The first is a Masquerade on the stage, in which gentlemen and pickpockets, countesses and courtesans may, by paying for it, be allowed to represent any character they please, and, for once in their lives, before as many spectators as the theatre will hold, enjoy the privilege of associating with the scene-shifters, figurantes, and the other worthies attached to the establishment. The other novelty is a Lottery, which of course will be legal when produced under the direction of "His Majesty's servants," though against the law in all other places, in which, by paying an extra sum beyond the price of admission, any person may have the chance with a thousand others of gaining a prize worth little more than he paid for it. The two national theatres obtained a patent for the purpose of upholding and encouraging the legitimate drama. Alas for legitimacy!

Since the departure of Lafond the French plays have, in some measure, decreased in attraction. Laporte has given the performances some interest, and he has acted with great spirit as Mademoiselle Marguerite, in the pleasant vaudeville of that name, and as M. Girard, in "*Les Vieux Pêches*." In the latter Mademoiselle Larcher made her appearance as Ninette. We have had several novelties, among which "*La Dette d'Honneur*," was conspicuous for its absurdity; and Scribe's "*Philippe*," and "*Toujours, ou l'Avenir d'un Fils*," possessed far more merit. Since then, M. Perlet, whom we have not seen these five years, made his first bow at the Olympic, in his original character, Soufflé, in Scribe's laughable vaudeville "*Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier*." From this piece, with considerable alteration, the English farce of "*Fish out of Water*" has been taken. The difference between the two

is, that with Perlet the principal character is a French cuisinier—while in the other Liston represents an English cook. Both are exceedingly amusing. The same evening he played his original character, in "*Le Comedien d'Etampes*." His acting does not seem to have lost any of that excellence for which it was remarkable.

The minor theatres have not produced any novelty which calls for remark. Mr. Morriss opens the Haymarket theatre in a few days, and we hope with a better company than he produced last season. His actors were then very inferior, and among his singers there was scarcely one worth hearing. Mr. Arnold will also shortly open the English Opera House, the building of which is progressing rapidly. We trust that he will see the advantage of producing English Operas. We know of one, at least, by an English musician of great genius, of the success of which there cannot be a doubt. If he attempts merely to get up adaptations of foreign operas, we are certain they will not attract; and the Society of British Musicians,—whose petition to the king, praying to be allowed the same advantages that have been granted to foreigners (a theatre for the performance of their productions, they having been most unjustly excluded from the national stage), we are glad to see lying at the music shops covered with the signatures of the numerous friends of English music,—will erect a theatre of their own. With regard to this petition, we think that every person who has the least pretensions to national feeling ought to sign it.

The concerts this month have been almost without number. They have been the occasion of introducing

to us M. Ghys, a violin player, who executes his own difficult and indifferent music with great brilliancy; M. de Vrugt, principal tenor-singer to the king of the Netherlands, who sang a Dutch ballad called, "*Maria*,"—and a beautiful composition it is—in a most feeling and impressive manner. His voice is of extensive compass and of great sweetness; and he exercises it with remarkable taste and skill. Mr. Herz had a room crowded with fashionable company, nine-tenths of whom were elegantly dressed ladies. He performed in four different pieces of his own composition: his grand concerto in A major, a grand quatuor for four performers on two pianos, from the chorus in Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato*, in which he was assisted by Messrs. Cramer, Moscheles, and Cipriano Potter; a new duett concertante for two pianos on the *March d'Aline*, in which he introduced an air from *La Donna del Lago*, assisted by M. Moscheles; and brilliant variations di bravura from a theme in Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*. The last two were composed for the occasion. All were productions which showed the capabilities of the instrument and the skill of the performer. The brilliant manner in which they were played excited universal approbation. Mr. Sedlatzek also gave a concert at the King's Theatre concert room, which was well attended, and his performances were heard with undisguised pleasure.

The preparations at Westminster Abbey for the Grand Musical Festival are nearly completed. Next month we will endeavour to devote a few pages to a description of the performances, which will then have taken place; and also a brief history of former festivals.

REGISTER OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Court came to town from Windsor on Wednesday, the 30th of April, when his Majesty held a levée, and then returned to Windsor. Another levée was held at St. James's on the Wednesday following; and on Thursday, 8th of May, the King gave a splendid entertainment to the Knights of the Orders of the Thistle and St. Patrick. Her Majesty's drawing-rooms have been unusually well attended. The household of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria is put in mourning for the death of the infant son of Leopold, King of the Belgians.

The debates in both Houses of Parliament have been animated, and devoted to interesting subjects.

The tailors of London, taking the post of valour to which a proverb entitles them, have put themselves in the van of the "Trades' Unions," and made a strike. Mutiny, however, is in their camp; many of the members have deserted to their old masters, and the worthy Schneiders, like all others who have tried the strike system, will go to the wall.

FRANCE.—Ministers have carried a most rigorous

bill for the punishment of all future *émée* and barricade-makers. They have increased the standing army (for twelve months certain) to the enormous amount of 425,000 men—with less, they say, they cannot keep the country in order. Government also has determined on keeping possession of Algiers as a colony, which, according to Soult, and in spite of Louis Philippe's assurance to England to the contrary, they have all along been determined to do.

An immense number of arrests, on political grounds, have taken place at Paris, Lyons, and in some other departmental towns.

The report of the Deputies' committee on the project of law relative to the Customs' tariff has at length appeared in the *Moniteur*. It recommends a greater extent of modifications than M. Thiers had been willing to allow; among them, a reduction of one-third in the duty on foreign coal, which the original project left untouched; a reduction of six francs per kilogramme in the present rate of duty on foreign iron; a reduction of 10 per cent. in the

present duty on foreign raw wool, that is, from 30 to 20 per cent.; and a trifling reduction in the duty on foreign cattle. Some other amendments to the original project are also proposed, but they are of inferior importance.

The Paris papers of Tuesday, 29th May, brought intelligence of the death of the well-known General Lafayette, after a short and violent illness. This event took place on Tuesday morning, at a few minutes past five o'clock. The deceased was in his 77th year, and was one of the most remarkable men of his time.

Speaking of Lafayette, whom we should designate as a man honest in folly, and as the constant dupe of the dishonesty of others, a contemporary journal says—"His name, more than that of any other individual living, is connected with modern history, and may be said to be so identified with that of revolution, as to be almost a convertible term for it. Without any immediate connexion with the causes of the great convulsions which have shaken the world for the last half-century—for he was an actor, not a plotter—Lafayette was present at the birth, and acted as the godfather to most of them. His interference in North American affairs influenced the secession of the United States from this country, and upon every occasion he is found most prominently mixed up with all the extraordinary scenes which occurred in his own country some few years subsequently. But, though cradled in insurrection, his character was mild, and his disposition merciful. He revolted from scenes of blood; but, strange to say, justified those outbreaks, which, necessarily provocative of resistance, must in their nature be sanguinary. He was weak enough to think that the most violent disorders might be perpetrated in an innocuous and peaceful manner. He would not hurt a fly, and could yet approve of convulsions which unsettled all the guarantees of life, liberty, and property. Weak and inconclusive in council, he was straightforward and formidable in action. Most commonly the slave of his own impulsive attachment to abstract liberty, or a tool in the hands of somebody more cunning and less principled than himself. He was the last of that theoretic school which received its notions of sedition from the writings of the philosophers, and was as unlike a modern republican as D'Alembert to a member of the Aide-Toi Society. His reputation belongs to the former rather than the latter revolution."

SPAIN.—The Queen of Spain has announced in a semi-official manner that the Cortes will be convoked on the 24th July. Her army, under General Rodil, in Portugal, is aiding the cause of Don Pedro, and before the Duke of Terceira and Admiral Napier every thing falls. The Miguelites and Don Carlos, it is now said, are retiring upon Elvas, which is provisioned for six months. It is not supposed that they will quit Santarem without a battle.

Other accounts, however, represent both Don Carlos and Don Miguel as gaining, rather than losing

ground. In the north of Spain the Carlists have certainly obtained some advantages in the open country, but they are still without fortresses.

The northern courts are said to be indignant at the conclusion of the quadripartite treaty between England, France, Spain, and Portugal. The ambassador of Prussia is withdrawn from Spain; the long-established ambassador of Russia—not ostensibly on that account—is removed from England, to assume the office of tutor to the son of the emperor. The northern courts have no ambassadors at Lisbon, and it is expected that a corresponding demonstration of their displeasure will be levelled at France. It is said, that this counter-alliance has caused the congress of Vienna to resume its sittings.

In Portugal there have been numerous bickerings, dissensions, and resignations, among the British and other mercenaries in the service of Don Pedro. Sir John Milley Doyle, the blundering hero of many farces, has again made himself conspicuous. The *Examiner* tells the story with its usual felicity:—"He (Sir John) wrote a letter to General Bacon, informing him, as a matter of kindness, that reports injurious to his reputation were in circulation, and offering to give the names of the accusers. General Bacon denied the charges, and asked for the names of his traducers. Sir J. M. Doyle refused to give up his authority, upon which General Bacon challenged Sir John; but Sir John answered, that he could not fight him till he had cleared himself of the charges preferred by the persons unknown, whom he (Sir J.) had refused to name. General Bacon then applied terms to him which we do not choose to copy, and sweetened the letter further by informing him, not that he might consider himself horsewhipped (a gentle and convenient fiction which Sir John himself had employed towards Sartorius), but that he, General Bacon, would leave nothing to the imagination in the business of chastisement. General Bacon claims inquiry into the charges. Sir J. M. Doyle is dismissed from the staff appointment he held, and so the matter rests." Explanations, and re-explanations explaining nothing, and printed letters that nobody will read, have since appeared on the subject.

DENMARK.—This country, which is generally so tranquil and so retiring from all public notice, has been much agitated of late by the extraordinary wild conduct of the Prince Royal. Many people say his highness is mad, and that he has forfeited his right of succession to the throne. The head of his offences seems to be family disputes, and his ill usage of, and separation from, his wife. To reclaim him, and revive his conjugal affections, many cures have been proposed. Some of the moral doctors would have sent him to sojourn in Italy (about the least likely country to work the cure proposed); while others, with more wisdom and less mercy, would have confined him for a time to the cold, bleak, poor, most virtuous island of Iceland. The course adopted by the king, his father, has been to send him into Jutland, to take the command of a regiment of cavalry!

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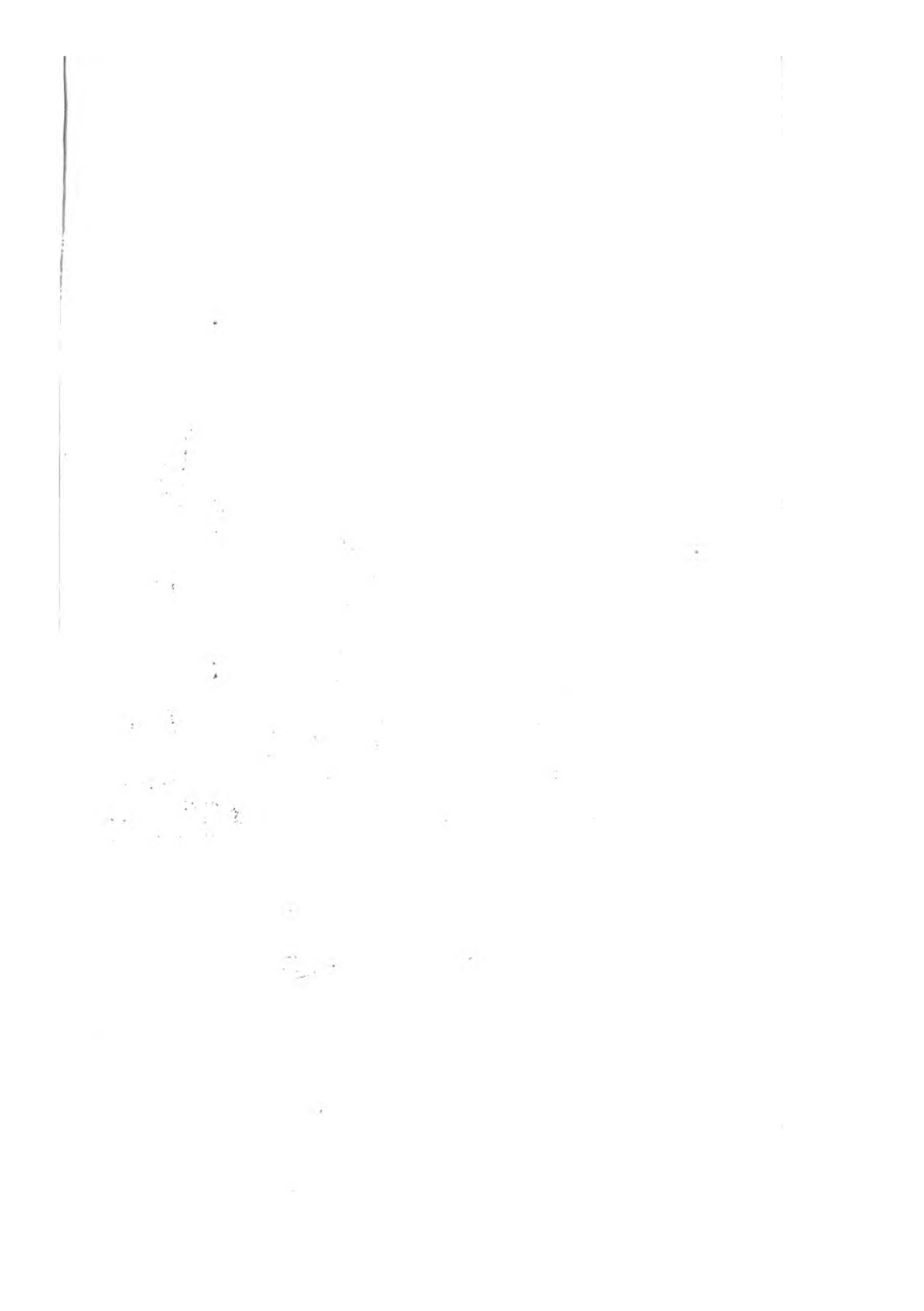
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LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, (LATE T. DAVISON.)
 WHITEFRIARS.





Morning and Walking Dresses.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1834.

MORNING DRESS.

A FIGURED lemon-coloured satin robe, the *corsage* is made up to the throat, and sitting close to the shape before; the back is plain at the upper part, but has a little fulness drawn in under the ceinture. Amadis sleeves with cuffs turning up in points. A lappel of the same material as the dress, arched round the border, trimmed with a rouleau of plain satin, and a row of black real lace, forms the shape in a very graceful manner before, and goes round the back and shoulders in the pelerine stile. The throat is encircled by a full *ruche* of white *tulle*. The front hair is arranged partly in a platted band brought high across the forehead, and partly in loose full curls at the sides of the face; the hind hair is combed up tightly, and the ends platted and twisted round the crown of the head.

WALKING DRESS.

Pale orange cashmere robe; a high body, disposed in folds round the upper part; they are confined by a plain band in the centre of the *corsage*. Gigot sleeves. Green velvet mantle lined with green *gros de Naples*. Large square pelerine, and square collar; both trimmed, as is also the bottom of the mantle, with black real lace laid on in light waves, and edged with a satin rouleau. Orange satin bonnet; a round brim descending very low at the sides; it is trimmed on the inside with a row of velvet *dents* to correspond, edged with narrow blond lace, and blond lace *mentonnières*. The crown, of the jockey shape, is adorned with two white ostrich feathers. Collerette of blond lace quilled very full.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

MANTLES trimmed and lined with fur are now beginning to be very generally adopted. Sable, Isabella bear, and that delicate fur called Kolinski, are all employed for that purpose. The greater number of these mantles are confined round the waist by a silk cord corresponding with the cloak in colour; it ties in front, and terminates in rich tassels, which hang low. A similar cord, but much smaller, attaches the collar round the throat. Where fur is not employed, the collar is generally of velvet, and a velvet piping borders the mantle. All the new ones are made with pockets in the lining. There seems to be no decided fashion as to sleeves, some being made with and others without. The excessive fulness of the pelerine is extremely disadvantageous to the figure, particularly when, as is often the case, it is cut straight.

Velvet and satin pelisses are also adopted in carriage dress. We observe that those of both materials, but particularly of the latter, are frequently adorned with fancy silk trimmings. The most novel, and in our opinion the most elegant, pelisses are those of the rich new material called *satins moyen âge*, with dark-blue grounds, and orange patterns; or else the ground black and the pattern in rose or ruby. The *corsage* high and plain, covered with a very large pelerine of the same material, trimmed with broad black real lace. The pelerine closes before by three brandebourgs of the olive form. The skirt, of the usual width, is also closed down the front by a row of olives, on each side of which is a light embroidery in silk braiding of the two colours of the pelisse; it is narrow

at the waist; but enlarges gradually as it descends. The sleeves are made wide from the shoulder nearly to the wrist, but the fulness of the lower part is confined from the bend of the arm downwards by bands placed obliquely; they are lightly embroidered, and terminated at each end by a small olive.

Satin bonnets, trimmed with plain satin ribands to correspond, and bordered by curtain veils of black real lace, are adopted by many *élégantes* in morning dress. Several are of the *bibi* kind, but yet differ in some respects from any that have yet been introduced. The crown is of the jockey form, and not placed so backward as that of a *bibi*. The front is a little turned up at the edge, short at the ears, and of moderate depth. The curtain at the back of the crown is very shallow, and moderately full; this is a generally becoming stile of bonnet, and has a particularly youthful effect. *Brides* of tulle or blond lace are generally adopted with it; the majority are of the cornette kind. We may cite among the prettiest half-dress bonnets one of turquoise blue velvet; the crown, slightly rounded, was encircled with a bandeau, placed rather lower than usual; a rose formed of blue satin riband, set on one side, was its sole ornament. Half-dress hats continue to be made with the brims very long, close at the sides, but standing out very far from the forehead. Although the majority are trimmed with feathers, yet we see several of the new ones adorned with velvet flowers of the fancy kind, in which a mixture of black and orange continues very predominant.

Velvet begins to be generally adopted in half-dress robes. Several are made with high bodies, and worn with mantelets of plain satin corresponding in colour. Pelisse robes of satin are also fashionable in half-dress. The most novel are made with three large plaits down the front of the *corsage* and skirt; the remainder of the body is plain before; the back is plain at the sides, but is drawn in full in the middle under the ceinture. *Pelerine-mantelets* continue in favour. We see also that those made with four points have again become fashionable; they are in general trimmed with black blond, or real lace.

Among the new silks that have appeared for evening and dinner dress, we may cite the Persian taffeta, one of the best imitations that has yet appeared of the silks that were fashionable between fifty and sixty years ago. The prettiest are those with a milk-white or lemon-coloured ground thickly strewn with small bouquets of roses.

Blond lace turbans begin to be in great request; they are certainly a most becoming stile of head dress. Some are composed of a scarf, sustained by a long piece of satin twisted; it may be either white or coloured, according to the taste of the wearer. Some, but very few, turbans are composed of black blond lace over coloured satin. Fashionable colours are geranium, olive-brown, claret colour, orange, violet, and various shades of rose colour and green.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN
CORRESPONDENT.

Our *élégantes* exclaim against the heavy magnificence with which fashions decorates her fair votaries at present, but they make no attempt to resist her sovereign decrees; on the contrary, they adopt with eagerness the materials and the modes of the middle ages, which without doubt will destroy in a great degree that sylph-like lightness both of form and motion on which our *belles* have of late years piqued themselves.

Shawls of printed silk *pluche* have just been introduced; they are of a very large size, and showy patterns; but though at present very expensive, they are not likely to become generally fashionable, because they are of a kind easily imitated, and consequently will soon be common. Satin mantles, with palm patterns in velvet, have also made their appearance within the last few days. They are made with a round and deep collar to correspond, and a palatine tippet of plain velvet. The prettiest are those of marron satin with black velvet palms, and a lining of orange sarsenet. These mantles are extremely elegant; they have already been adopted by several ladies of acknowledged taste.

An attempt has been made to bring fancy muffs into fashion, but it has been quite unsuccessful; those of sable, squirrel, or Kolinsky furs are the only ones adopted; they are of moderate size, lined with silks of full colours, and trimmed with a rosette at each end. Boas decline much in favour; for one that we now see in the public promenades, there are at least four palatine tippets.

Velvet is this season fashionable both for robes, mantelets, and hats. If the first are intended for half-dress, they must be of a full colour, as granite, violet, scabieuse, or marron. If a mantelet is worn, it should be of black velvet, or else of rich silk of the colour of the robe. Some of these latter are closed by velvet knots. *Satin de Chine* is a new material, that may be worn in half-dress or for evening parties; it has the richness but

not the brilliancy of satin, and is generally of light colours, rose, blue, pea-green, &c. Some of the new half-dress robes have the front of the *corsage* arranged in plaits which forms a fan; they come from the shoulders, and unite in the centre of the breast under a narrow band. In some instances the back is arranged in the same manner. Long sleeves of the double bouffant kind are much worn in half-dress; the upper bouffant is very wide, and as long as a short sleeve; the second smaller; and the one at the bottom almost close to the arm. A short knot of the rosette kind is sometimes attached between each bouffant.

It appears likely that *coiffures en cheveux* will this year be of a simple kind, and of

very moderate height. Nothing, however, can yet be positively decided on this point. It appears also that crape, *tulle*, and gauze, trimmed with flowers of various hues, will be the materials adopted for ball dress. Very few silk or satin robes have been seen at the late balls, except on chaperons. Black, which it was supposed would be in high vogue during the winter, is already very much on the decline for balls. It will no doubt remain fashionable for evening *negligé*, in embroidered satin, or blonde over coloured silk or satin, but not for ball dress. The colours most in favour are granite, violet, scabieuse, marron, ruby, rose-colour, and different shades of green and orange.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AN important elementary work is just published, entitled "The Anti-Spelling Book," a new system of teaching children to read without spelling, accompanied with an introduction to parents and teachers.

"Victor Jacquemont's (the French Naturalist) Letters from India" are on the eve of publication, describing a journey in the English dominions of India and Thibet, the Kingdoms of Lahore and Cashmere, in the years 1828-33, undertaken by order of the French Government. The work will be accompanied with a portrait and a new map of India.

The third Volume of Landseer's illustrated edition of the "Romance of History," is now ready. It completes Neele's Romantic Annals of England; with 21 Illustrations. The illustrations are also issued separately, at a moderate cost, for the convenience of those who have purchased former editions of the work.

The sixth and concluding part has at length appeared of "The Fishes of Ceylon," by G. W. Bennett, Esq.; which work exhibits the extraordinary and grotesque forms of the Fishes found on the coast of Ceylon, beautifully coloured from the living specimens, with descriptions.

The XXIVth Number, just published, of "The Portrait Gallery of Female Nobility of England, with Memoirs, by John Burke, Esq." author of "The Peerage," brings this cheap and popular periodical to a conclusion.

A Second Edition of "Reasons for Christianity, and the Hope therein founded," revised and considerably enlarged, and another small work, by the same author, entitled "Lessons on the Lord's Prayer," are just ready for publication.

Mr. Montgomery Martin has in the press (dedicated by special permission to the King), a complete and elaborate national work on the "Colonies of the British Empire," which has occupied the author several years in preparing, while personally visiting the Colonies to collect information. Volume the first, comprising the British Possessions in Asia, will appear in January.

A new production, from the pen of Mrs. Jameson, the author of that much admired work, "The Characteristics of Women," may shortly be expected; it is entitled "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad."

A work of fiction is in preparation, from the clever authoress of "Mothers and Daughters."

Sir Egerton Brydges has just ready an amusing and original work entitled "Imaginative Biography."

"Biographical Sketches of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Architects," in a pocket vol.

"Adam, the Gardener," by Charles Cowder Clarke.

"History of the Glove Trade, with the Customs connected with the Glove," by Wm. Hull, jun.

"A History of Germany, including Biographical Sketches of the most distinguished Persons of that Country," in 2 vols. 8vo. Also, "an Abridgment of the same work, for young people," in 1 vol. 12mo.

"The Art of Being Happy," from the French of Droz, in a series of Letters from a Father to his Children: with Observations and Comments, by Timothy Flint, Esq., Author of "The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley," &c. &c.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Newbattle Abbey, the Marchioness of Lothian of a son.

The lady of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., M.P., of a son.

At St. John's Wood, the wife of J. W. May, Esq., Consul-General of the Netherlands, of a son.

At Wimborne, Dorset, the lady of Henry Castleman, Esq., of a daughter.

At Brompton, the wife of Lieut. Poek, of twins.

Mrs. Turmine, wife of the Perpetual Curate of Minster, Sheppy, of twins.

In Eaton Place, the lady of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., of a daughter.

At Sidmouth, Devon, the lady of Arnold Francis Wainwright, Esq., of a son.

In Audley Square, Mrs. Baillie, of a daughter.

At Cairo, the lady of Robert Hay, Esq., of Linplum, of a daughter.

At Froyle Parsonage, Hants, Mrs. Langford Sainsbury, of a son.

Mrs. Joseph Birkell, of Agbrigg, near Wakefield, of three fine children.

At Hanover, the Duchess of Cambridge, of a daughter.

At Pimlico Lodge, Mrs. John Lettsom Elliot, of a son.

At her house in Upper Brook Street, lady Louisa Finch, of daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At. Portslade, Sussex, Henry Eliot Hoole, of Green Lane, Sheffield, to Eliza, daughter of John Wallis, Esq. of Portslade Lodge.

At Corsbie, Captain Horatio, son of the late General Sir W. Stewart, to Sophia, daughter of the Hon. Montgomerie Stewart.

At Keston, Kent, the Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Martin, Rector of Keston.

At St. James's Church, Charles Henry Pigot, Esq., of Great Marlborough-street, nephew of Sir George Pigot, Bart., of Pats-hull, Staffordshire, to Leonora, second daughter of Sir William Russell, Bart., of York-place, Portman-square.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Gilchrist Whicker, Esq., nephew of John Borthwick Gilchrist, LL.D., to Cecilia Somerville, only daughter of the late Capt. Burton, Hon. East India Company's Service.

At Doddington, Gloucestershire, Henry Lannoy Hunter, Esq. jun., of Beach Hill, Berks, to Charlotte Octavia, daughter of Sir C. Bethell Codrington, Bart., and the Hon. Lady Bethell Codrington.

At Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, the Hon. Mr. Barham to Lady Catherine Grimston, second daughter of the Earl of Verulam.

At St. Helena, Captain F. Harding, R. N., to Eleanor, daughter of Brigadier General Dallas, Governor of St. Helena.

DEATHS.

At Largo, Fifeshire, Mr. Alexander Leslie, jun.

At her residence in Wimpole Street, lady Durrant, in her 83rd year.

At East Hill, Wandsworth, in his 59th year, after a long illness, the Right Rev. John Jebb, D.D., F.R.S., Lord Bishop of Limerick, Ard-fert, and Aghadoe.

At Wellhouse, Richard Millar, Esq., late Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Glasgow.

At Como, Prince Esterhazy, in his 68th year.

At his house in Saville Row, of scarlet-fever, Francis Squibb, Esq., in his 42nd year.

At Swinton Park, Yorkshire, in his 82nd year, William Dandy, Esq.

In Harley-street, Lady Beechey, in her 69th year.

In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the Rev. Thomas Deacon, incumbent of Whitworth, Durham.

At Buckingham, the Rev. T. Burkitt, formerly Dissenting Minister at Kenilworth.

At Inchicore House, near Dublin, Penelope Anne, wife of Lieut.-Colonel William Cator, R.H.A., and only daughter of the late Sir John Farnaby, Bart., of Wickham Court, Kent.

At Kew Green, Robert Tunstall, Esq., in his 74th year.

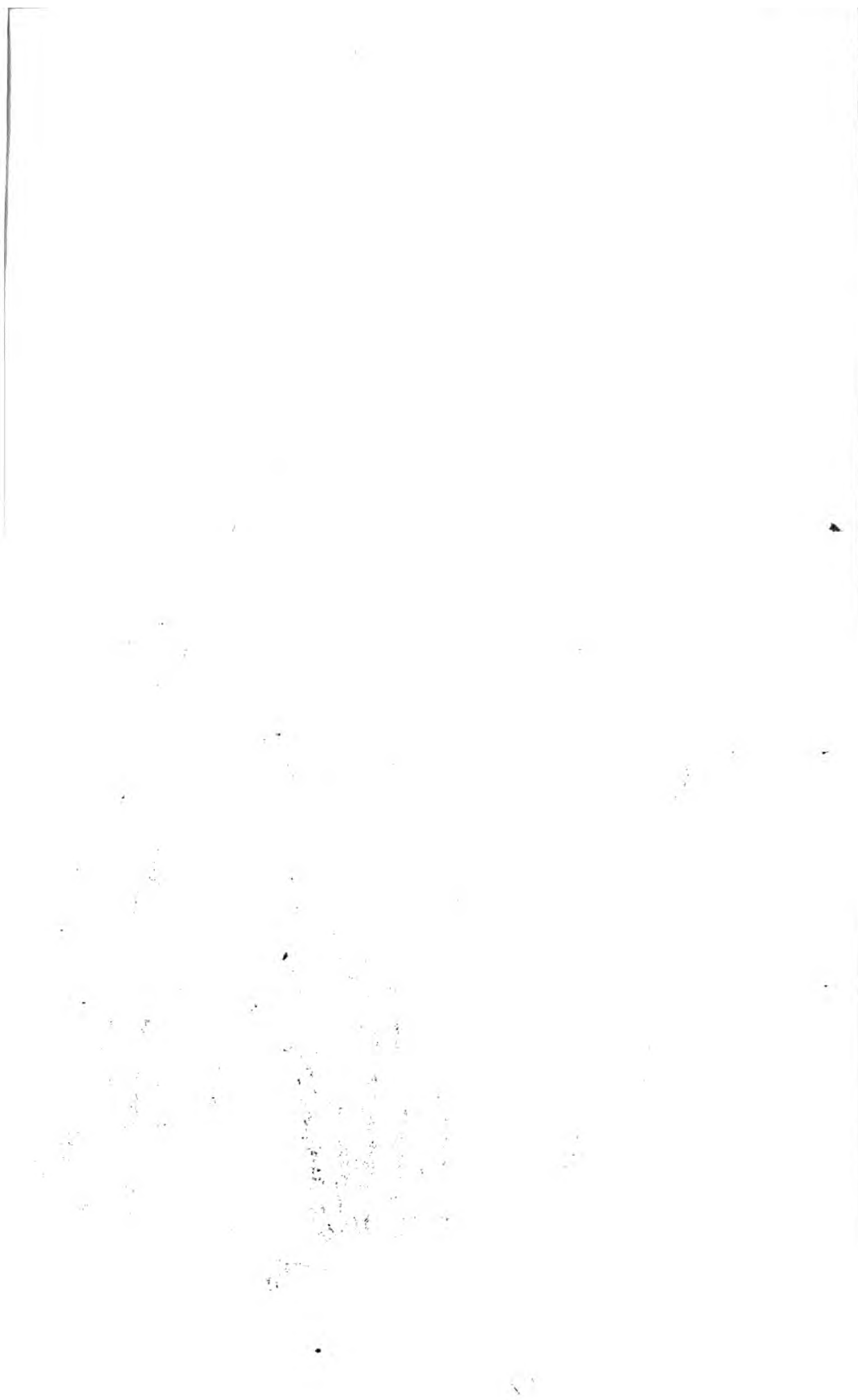
At Manchester, in his 70th year, John Close, Esq.

1871

1872



Dinner Dress





Evening Dress

Full Dress

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1834.

DINNER DRESS.

ROBE of pale rose-coloured satin, the *corsage* low, and sitting close to the shape; is covered with black lace, and trimmed round the top with a black lace *ruche*, and a round rosette of gauze riband in the centre of the breast. Short sleeves of satin, over which are long ones of white *tulle*, the latter *à l'imbecille*, but with cuffs of the antique kind, trimmed with black lace. The *mancherons*, deep and very full, correspond with the trimming of the skirt, which is also black lace; it is headed by a wreath of rose-coloured gauze riband, arranged *en coquille*. Head-dress, a hat of *oiseau* crape; the brim small and quite round, the crown of the same shape as the foundation of a turban. The inside of the brim is trimmed in a very light style with blond lace; the *brides* are also of blond. The crown is decorated with two white ostrich feathers, one tipped with *oiseau*, the other with rose-colour; they are attached on one side by a knot of gauze riband. Jewellery of coloured gems.

EVENING DRESS.

The robe is gold coloured crape, over satin to correspond. A low body, trimmed round the top with a lappel of the heart form; it is bordered with black blond lace, and trimmed on each shoulder with tassels formed of jet beads; they fall low over double *bouillon* sleeves. The trimming of the chemisette is just seen above the *corsage*; it is a row of white blond lace set on plain. The hair is parted on the forehead, arranged in soft loose curls at the sides, and disposed in two bows, one of which is formed of a platted braid on the crown of the head; it is decorated with gold flowers. Ear-rings, gold and jet.

FULL DRESS.

The under dress is white satin; a low body, bordered with black lace, and double *bouillon* sleeves. The robe of *satin Sultane*; a black ground richly flowered; has the *corsage* open, in such a manner as to form that of the under-dress into the stomacher shape; it is bordered with a rouleau of pale orange satin, and trimmed with black lace *mancherons*. The skirt descending a little in a point at the bottom of the waist, is attached by a cord and tassels; it is bordered with black lace, and a rouleau of orange satin. Toque hat of white crape, trimmed with gauze ribands, and a long white ostrich feather. Jewellery of gold and jet.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

WE perceive that the new carriage mantle that have appeared in the course of last month, are most of them made in the pelisse style. In addition to their being confined round the waist, which we noticed last month, many of them are now made with a lappel of the shawl kind; this has a much more graceful effect than a large collar, as it displays the form of the bust and shoulders to very great advantage. Some new figured satins, of uncommon richness, have been introduced for mantles, but the lappel is always of velvet, and generally of the colour of the lining. Sleeves are indispensable to these cloaks, and we observe that where they are trimmed with fur, the sleeves have very deep turned-up cuffs of fur. Hats and bonnets composed entirely of velvet, appear to be more in request than those of satin and velvet intermingled. Several of the new hats have

the brims round, and wider at the sides than those made in the beginning of the season. The trimming consists of a bouquet of three short feathers; they are in general the colour of the hat; the bouquet may be either placed on the right side, drooping a little to the left, or else two of the feathers are placed upright, and one falls upon the brim. The bouquet is always attached by a knot of gauze riband, a band of which encircles the bottom of the crown, and terminates in a bow behind. The inside of the brim is also trimmed with gauze riband, which crosses the forehead, and is arranged in small knots on each side. Other hats are of the demi capote shape, but with round brims, ornamented on the inside with blond lace of a very light pattern; it is arranged *en ruche* at each side, like the trimming of a cap.

Pelisse robes are less generally adopted in morning dress than those made with plain high *corsages*; both are made with pelerines. Several of the former are trimmed *en tablier*, with sable fur; the pelerine, of moderate size, rounded behind, and very open on the bosom, is bordered to correspond. The most fashionable pelerines for high dresses are those made with long points in front; they are also trimmed with sable, but it is disposed *en rouleau*.

A good many full dress robes, and particularly velvet ones, are made open before, or on one side of the skirt. Those that have the *corsage* draped and crossed upon the bosom, frequently have the skirt open *en tablier* on each side; it is attached, from distance to distance, either by knots of riband or by ornaments of jewellery. The most novel of these dresses have *corsages* low and plain, trimmed round the bosom with a *ruche*, composed of a double quilling of riband to correspond with the dress; the same kind of trimming arranged on each side forms a stomacher, and descending, borders the opening of the skirt on both sides, the apron part forming the shape of a broken cone; knots of riband, with long ends, attach it to the back part of the skirt. The sleeves are always short, they are divided into oblique compartments by *ruches* of riband *nœuds de page*, the ends of which float loosely over the sleeve, are attached on each shoulder. The under dress, which is always of white satin, is partially seen through the openings on each side of the skirt. This is a very novel style of trimming, but rather heavy. *Berets*, so long in favour, are now no longer seen in evening dress. The turbans we described last month

continue in request, as do also blond lace caps, remarkable for the simplicity, grace, and lightness of their form. Hats are fashionable both in dinner and evening dress. We have selected two of the most novel as well as elegant for our plates. Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN
CORRESPONDENT.

It is only in evening dress that we find any thing new this month, and the *novelties* that it affords are merely revivals of the fashions of the time of Louis XIV. and XV. A *coiffure* of the latter period, the *pouff*, so celebrated in its day, is at present in high favour; it is formed of puffs of gauze, generally of two different colours, intermingled with platted braids of hair, and either gems, or ears of gold or silver corn. Head-dresses of hair, low behind, and disposed in voluminous curls at the sides of the face, such as we see in the portraits of Louis Fourteenth's beauties, are also very fashionable. They are adorned with *guirlandes à nœuds*, composed of small tufts of flowers of delicate hues, placed on a cordon at some distance from each other. Another *coiffure en cheveux*, that has lately been adopted by several *élegantes*, is composed of platted braids of hair; one is doubled on each side of the face; the ends meet near the summit of the head, and are fastened by a gold pin with a large head, enriched with precious stones. The hind hair, also platted, forms a round knot at the back of the head, which is traversed by two pins to correspond with the one in front.

A mixture of black continues highly fashionable in evening dress, both for patterns and trimmings. The most novel style for the latter are wreaths of flowers or foliage down the fronts of open robes. Some of these wreaths form rings of small flowers of a striking colour, the effect of which is extremely pretty. The bodies of evening dresses are for the most part made of a very decorous height round the bust. Some are trimmed with drapery which comes from the shoulders, and descends in the *demi cœur* style, to the centre of the breast, where it is attached by a knot of riband. A succession of knots usually trim a *corsage* of this kind. Jet is now in great favour in jewellery; it is employed even in full dress, sometimes intermingled with gold or diamonds. The favourite colours are those of last month.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new work of fiction, of an original character, is announced for immediate publication, entitled "*The Frolics of Puck*."

"The Old Maiden's Talisman," by the facetious author of the "Invisible Gentleman;" "The Gentleman in Black," is also to appear in a few days.

The second part of the Duchess of Abrantes' "Lives and Portraits of Celebrated Women," to be published the 1st of *March*, it is expected will excite even greater interest than the first. It will contain, Anna Boleyn; Catharine of Russia; Madame de Stäel Holstein; and Beatrice Cenci.

The fourth volume of Landseer's illustrated edition of "The Romance of History," just published, commences France, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq.; with seven illustrations.

A Series of Sermons on Good Principle and Good Breeding, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Geography of Sacred History considered, &c., by Charles T. Beke, Esq.

The Letters and Journals of a Gentleman filling a judicial situation at Swan River, by Martin Doyle.

National Education as it exists in Prussia. Translated from the Official Report of M. Victor Cousin, Pair de France, Conseiller-d'état pour l'Instruction Publique, &c., by Sarah Austin, under the immediate direction of M. Cousin, with Original Matter.

Morris's Flora Conspicua, consisting of Sixty Coloured Engravings from Living Plants.

A new Monthly Magazine of Botany, under the superintendence of Mr. Paxton, author of the "Horticultural Register."

An Exposition of the Parables, and of other parts of the Gospel, by the Rev. E. E. Greswell, B. D.

The Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c., by Mr. Inglis, author of "Spain in 1830."

The third and concluding volume of Mr. Smedley's History of the Reformed Religion in France.

Mr. Madox's long-promised "Excursions in the Holy Land," is on the eve of appearing.

Twelve Sermons upon the Advent, by the Rev. J. H. B. Mountain.

Scripture Biography, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, M.A.

A new and much improved edition of Clarke's Introduction to Heraldry.

The Cabinet Annual Register for 1834.

A Dictionary of Geography, by Josiah Conder, author of "The Modern Traveller."

A Concordance to the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms, by the Rev. C. Girdlestone.

The History of the Church in Scotland, by the Rev. Dr. Russell.

Memoirs and Remains of Bishop Lowth, by the Rev. P. Hall, M. A.

Essays and Letters on Theological Subjects, by the Rev. James Hargreaves.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, the Lady of W. G. Hayter, Esq., of a daughter.

At Paddington, the lady of the Reverend J. G. Gifford, Esq., of a daughter.

In Grosvenor Place, the lady of T. W. Bramston, Esq., of a daughter.

At Zierow, in Mecklenburgh, Baroness Biel, of a son.

Of Christ Church, Middlesex, the lady of the Rev. Frederick Sturmur, of a son.

At Brixton Hill, the wife of Mr. Hodgson, of a son.

At Headingley, near Leeds, the lady of John Marshall, jun., Esq. M. P., of a son.

At Shute House, Mrs. Schenley, of a daughter.

At Trinity House, Aberdeenshire, the Hon. Lady Forbes, of Craigievar, of a daughter.

At Tunbridge Wells, the lady of Dr. Mayo, of a son.

In Upper Harley Street, the lady of Benjamin Goad, Esq., of a son.

At Empingham Vicarage, Rutlandshire, the lady of the Rev. Lovick Cooper, of a son, still-born.

At 17, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of Thomas Hankey, Esq., of a daughter.

The lady of E. de Pentheny O'Kelly, Esq., of a son.

At Edwards Square, Kensington, Mrs. Major Thornton, of a son.

At the Royal Mint, Mrs. Henry Bingley, of a son.

At the Grange, Brompton, the lady of John Braham, Esq., a daughter, still-born.

MARRIAGES.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Edward Eugene Coutelait, of the 10th French Chasseurs, youngest son of Antoine Coutelait, of Normandy, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Leyon Levison.

Horatio Ross, Esq., of Rossie Castle, M. P., to Justine Henrietta, third daughter of Colin Macrae, Esq., of the Grove, Nairnshire, and formerly Member of the Courts of Policy and Justice in the colony of Demerara.

John Casley, Esq., of Guilford Street, Russell Square, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late John Braddick, Esq., of Broughton Mount, in Kent.

At Enterkene House, Ayrshire, John Campbell, Esq., only son of Sir John Campbell, of Airds, Bart. to Hannah Elizabeth, only daughter of the late M'Leod, of Rasay.

At Hamsey, Sussex, George Hoper, Esq., of Lewes, to Henriette Louisa, third daughter of Sir George Shiffner, Bart., of Coombe Place.

At Bedfont Church, Frederick Pollock, Esq., M. P., for Huntingdon, to Sarah Anne Amowah, second daughter of Captain Richard Langslow, of Hatton, Middlesex.

DEATHS.

At his official residence in Whitehall Yard, the hon. George Lamb, in his 49th year.

At Cockwood House, Devon, the Rev. Dr. Drury, formerly Head Master of Harrow School.

In his 79th year, Andrew Berkeley Drummond, Esq., of Charing Cross, and Cadland, Southampton.

At Combe Hay, near Bath, William Papwell Brigstock, Esq., in his 45th year, Magistrate, and Representative in Parliament for the Eastern division of Somerset.

At the house of her son, William Collins, Esq., R. A., Bayswater, Mrs. Collins, in her 73rd year.

At his residence, 13, Grosvenor Street, in his 77th year, William Sotheby, Esq., of Sewardstone, Essex.

At his house in George Square, Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Inglis.

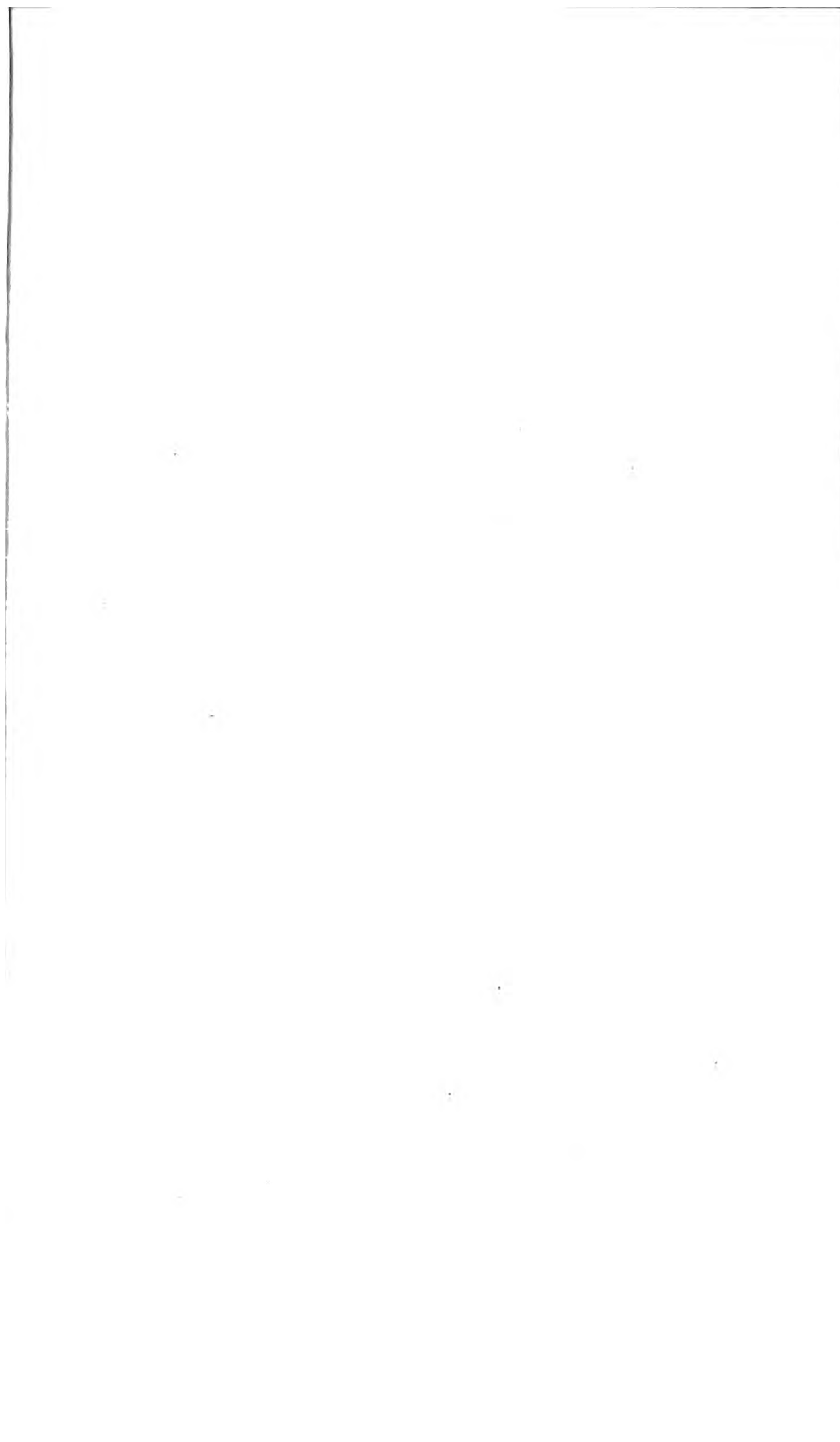
At Great Saxham Hall, in the county of Suffolk, Thomas Mills, Esq., in his 85th year.

At Brighton, in his 85th year, William Welch, Esq., of Hawford, in the county of Worcester, Doctor of Civil Law, Bencher of the Inner Temple, and late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

At Walbottle House, Northumberland, in his 89th year, William Potter, Esq.

In his 64th year, John Calvert, Esq., of Astyes Row, Islington, and the Phoenix Fire Office.

At Boulogne, Richard Martin, Esq., formerly M. P. for Galway, in his 80th year.





Evening Dresses.

Pubd. in the Court Magazine, 27th 22 March 1846. Publ. & Printed by F. & J. Hurst, 25 Pall Mall Street, near the Strand.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1834.

EVENING DRESSES.

First Evening Dress.

ROBE of *bleu-raymond* satin; a low *corsage*, plain behind, but disposed in drapery folds in front, which is formed in the stomacher-shape by a lappel descending on each side of the breast, and turning back round the bust in the pelerine form. The lappel and the bust of the dress are both bordered with blond lace, and the former is ornamented with a knot of gauze riband, the ends of which descend upon the shoulders. The sleeves are of the double bouffant form; the lower bouffant is extremely small; it is shaded by a row of blond lace, which falls over it. The border of the dress is embroidered in detached bouquets in silk to correspond. The *ceinture* tied in short bows, and long floating ends, is of the rich riband called *Luxor*. Head-dress, a turban of white and blue gauze; it is of a moderate size, the folds are disposed with much lightness and grace; a bandeau of gauze riband placed immediately over the forehead passes under the turban at the sides, and terminates on the left side in long ends which float over the neck. A white ostrich feather, tipped with blue, rises from the bandeau, and completes the trimming.

Second Evening Dress.

Satin under-dress of a peculiar shade of grey; the *corsage* is cut low, sits close to the shape, and is bordered with blond lace, which stands up round the top. A deep blond lace flounce encircles the border of the dress. The open robe is of blond; the *corsage* is plain; the sleeves of the single bouffant form over satin, are terminated by *manchettes* of a round shape, and surmounted by *mancherons*, which, as well as the sides and

border of the dress, are of a very rich pattern. Knots of fire-coloured gauze riband decorate the sleeves, and the sides of the robe. The hair is divided on the forehead, falls in loose curls at the sides of the face, and is combed up tight to the summit of the head, where it is arranged in a cluster of light bows, in which a sprig composed of coloured gems is inserted. A bandeau, composed also of coloured gems, is brought from the sprig round the forehead. Necklace and ear-rings *en suite*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Velvet and satin pelisses are at present in a decided majority in carriage dress. Those of satin of dark colours, closed down the front, or on one side, by knots of satin riband, are very generally adopted. They are for the most part made with double pelerines, which entirely conceal the body. In some instances the pelerines and front of the dress are cut at the edge in *dents*. This is not a new fashion, but the manner in which the *dents* are cut is novel. Sleeves are in general made wider from the elbow to the wrist, and terminate in a deep tight cuff, which is frequently covered with a *manchette* of embroidered muslin, *tulle*, or blond. Some of them terminate in a point which rises high upon the sleeve. Several of those of embroidered *tulle* are trimmed round the upper part with a narrow and very light *ruche*. The brims of morning bonnets have increased in size, as has also the bavolet at the back of the crown. Those of plain velvet are at this moment most in request: the most general style of trimming is a simple rosette of riband.

Morning dresses of Cashmere are coming much into favour; they are of the robe kind, with plain high *corsages* that lace behind. A cravat of glazed taffeta riband turning twice round the neck, and passing under the *ceinture*, is frequently adopted with a dress of this kind.

Caps are indispensable in morning costume. They are composed either of blond or *tulle*; those of the most simple form have a low caul, with the trimming disposed *en auréole*, very short at the ears, but high over the forehead. A more novel shape has a caul of plain blond or *tulle*, sewed into a small round piece; the front is trimmed with two narrow rows of *tulle* or blond lace placed very low; they are surmounted by very small *coques* of satin riband of a light colour; the ears descend very low, and sit close to the face.

Robes of the half pelisse kind, that is, open in front, and made with shawl bodies of a three-quarter height, are much in favour in half dress. Those of velvet and satin appear to be in equal request. Close robes, though not so much worn, are nevertheless fashionable; they are made with half-high bodies. We observe that several are trimmed with black real lace mantillas; and when that is the case, the long sleeve is always ornamented with a *manchette-parement* of lace to correspond. A very deep black lace flounce generally encircles the bottom of the skirt.

Black and gold silks, and satins, are much in favour in full dress. Some of the most elegant are figured in bouquets of gold flowers. Those which are made with low *corsages* descend a little in the *demi cœur* style on the bosom. The body is pointed, but slightly so, and profusely trimmed with blond. There are generally three rows round the back and shoulders; they fall over the sleeve to the upper part of the *manchette*, which is of the Medicis kind. A black and gold *cordelière* encircles the waist, and falls low over the under dress, which is frequently of blond, embroidered up the front *à l'échelle* in a very rich pattern. Some of the prettiest ball dresses are of embroidered *tulle*; rose, citron, and blue, embroidered in silk of the same colour, are particularly fashionable. There are also several worked in coloured flowers upon a black or white ground: those of the former, however, are not much seen in ball dress, but are a good deal employed for grand *soirées*.

Robes trimmed with flowers are still more fashionable than those that are embroidered;

they are disposed *en tablier*, or ascend in a bias direction from the bottom of the robe on the right side, nearly to the *ceinture* on the left. Several robes, both of gauze and *tulle*, are lined throughout with satin, but the greater number are worn over satin slips. Several are looped on one side in such a manner as to display the under dress.

Although there is a good deal of variety in head-dresses of hair, yet we observe that low ones are in a majority. Several are adorned with a diadem of gold enriched with precious stones, brought low upon the forehead. Others are trimmed with two *gerbes* of flowers. The one is placed on the tuft of curls on the right side, and rises in the style of a feather. The other placed on the left side drooping over it and mingling with the curls. In some instances the hair is disposed in plaited braids, which fall low and doubled at the sides of the face; but this fashion is very partially adopted, curls being much more general. Fashionable colours are rose, azure, blue, geranium, violet, *souci*, orange, and various shades of green, brown, and grey.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN
CORRESPONDENT.

THE weather is at last sufficiently fine to permit our *élégantes* to appear in the Tuilleries gardens. The majority of the married ladies are in satin or velvet pelisses; and unmarried ladies in round dresses with high bodies. Several have a round pelerine of the same kind trimmed with fur. Where a married lady is seen in a robe, which is rarely the case, she adds a shawl and boa, or a large Palatine fur tippet without the shawl. Velvet and satins are the materials in favour for hats and bonnets; black has rather declined in estimation; orange is still in request. Several of the prettiest promenade hats are of that colour, trimmed with a bouquet of small red flowers placed on one side.

An attempt has been made by some fashionable *modistes* to bring very rich but heavy broad-figured satin ribands into favour for the trimming of hats and bonnets. This innovation has not succeeded; plain satin ribands of moderate breadth are employed by some celebrated milliners; but in general the trimmings are of gauze riband, with feathers for hats, and flowers for bonnets. The brims of hats increase in size; a new shape that has just been brought out at Herbaut's has the brim deeper than any that has

appeared this season; very wide over the forehead, and long at the ears. The crown is high, and very little smaller at top than bottom. The inside of the brim is trimmed with riband and blond lace. The crown may be adorned with feathers, flowers, or ribands; but, whatever the trimming is, it is placed far back, and two ends of riband which make part of it fall upon the shoulder. Some of these hats are rendered *demi capote* by a *bavolet*, which, instead of being gathered, is disposed in equal plaits, and sometimes falls into the neck. Those hats are placed far back. The carnival has been peculiarly brilliant; the balls and *réunions* given on account of it have been numerous and splendid. Open dresses predominate. Some are of velvet or fancy satin trimmed with agrafes of coloured gems, which attach knots of riband. The under dress is of satin covered with blond, or trimmed with blond flounces. Other robes are of *velours épinglé*, with an under dress of *gros de Naples* trimmed with lace. A good many are of crape, lined with *gros de Naples*, and ornamented with bouquets of flowers. The under-dress is of white satin. Round robes are mostly of light materials, as *tulle* or crape; some of the prettiest of the former are worn over white satin. The skirt of the *tulle* dress is disposed in three very deep

folds on each side, which descend to the bottom of the skirt, and are retained by a bouquet of convolvuli. The centre of the skirt is trimmed with four rows of the same flower of different colours. The *corsage* draped *à la Sevigné*, and the sleeves of the triple *bouillon* form; one of the *bouillons* retained by a flower. The sleeves of ball dresses are of two kinds; those of two *bouffants*, which are certainly smaller than they were last year; and those with three *bouillons*, the first of which, a little larger than the others, is lined with satin and falls like a sleeve; the two others are single; they form puffs, and are confined by a flower or a knot of riband.

Head-dresses of hair are in the *juste milieu*, between high and low; two plaited braids upon the temples are still very fashionable. Instead of a *Ferronière*, a diadem of fancy jewellery, or of gold and cameos, is placed upon the forehead. Flowers are also in great vogue, particularly those light and beautiful wreaths called *guirlandes à nœuds*. Fashionable colours are rose, ruby, lilac, orange, pale blue, dark green, a new and brilliant shade of light green, and citron. This last colour, which used to be adopted only by ladies of a certain age, is this year worn even by the youngest married ladies.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Anti-Spelling Book has been so widely and suddenly circulated throughout the Kingdom, that a very large edition has been exhausted within the short space of a few weeks. The Second Edition just published, comes forth with improvements.

The Architectural Magazine, or Popular Journal of Improvements in Architecture, Building, and Furnishing, and in the various Arts and Trades more immediately connected therewith; conducted by J. C. Loudon, F. L. S. &c., Author of the Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture, &c., will appear March 1st, and be continued monthly.

Cleone, a Tale of Married Life, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, author of "Woman's Love," "Character," &c.

We understand that Mr. Collen, of Somerset Street, Portman Square, has received the honour of being appointed Miniature Painter to their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

Dr. J. S. Memes, of Edinburgh, has just completed his Life of Cowper.

Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, has nearly ready for publication the first volume of his Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c.

Mr. Sillery has just completed his new Work, entitled "The Royal Mariner," giving an Historical Sketch of the Naval Scenes in which his present Majesty bore an honourable and conspicuous part.

"The Sea-Wolf" will form the eleventh volume of the Library of Romance.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has just completed the second volume of his excellent Miscellany of Natural History.

"The Protestant;" a Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary, will appear in a few days, forming the seventh volume of the new and uniform edition of Mrs. Bray's Historical Novels, now publishing in monthly volumes.

"The Rival Sisters;" a Tale of Love and Sorrow, with other Poems, will appear early in March.

Sir Egerton Brydges' new Biographical Work, on an original plan, has just appeared, entitled "*Inaginative Biography*."

Preparing for publication, *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, illustrative of their traditional Literature, by W. J. Thoms, Editor of the *Early English Prose Romances*. The first Monthly Part, containing *Lays and Legends of Germany*, will be ready in March.

Mr. Bulwer's new production, "*The Pilgrims of the Rhine*," has just appeared: its unique and costly embellishments admirably illustrate the scenes through which the Pilgrims are made to wander.

The new Novel from the pen of the Author of "*Mothers and Daughters*," is to be entitled "*The Hamiltons*."

Mrs. Jameson, the Authoress of that delightful work, "*Characteristics of Women*," is about to publish her "*Visits and Sketches at Home and*

Abroad;" it will contain some interesting information on Germany, and the state of the Arts in that country, collected during her recent residence there.

A new Edition is just ready of Captain Marryatt's amusing novel of "*Peter Simple*."

Miss Pardoe is preparing a new Edition of her "*Traits and Traditions of Portugal*," a work to the merits of which all who can appreciate fine feelings and fervid imagination will bear ample testimony.

An elegant and interesting Work on Flowers, will appear on the 1st of March, entitled "*The Language of Flowers*," with plates, beautifully coloured after nature.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At the Glebe House, Macroom, in the county of Cork, the lady of J. Lawford Kingston, Esq. of a daughter.

In Gloucester Place, Portman Square, the lady of John Kingston, Esq. of a son.

At Fawley Rectory, the lady of the Rev. Charles Fanshawe, of a daughter.

In Montague Square, the Hon. Mrs. Trotter, of Ballinacan, of a son.

In Portman Square, the lady of Sir Charles Edward Grey, of a son.

At Berlin, the lady of the Rev. R. W. Jelf, of a son.

The Hon. Mrs. Grey, of a son.

The Marchioness of Clanricarde, of a daughter.

At Powis Castle, Lady Lucy Clive, of a son.

At Westerfield, the lady of the Rev. George Whiteford, of a son.

In Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Lluellyn, C. B. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone Square, George Lowth, Esq. son of the late Rev. Robert Lowth, to Emma Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Watkins, of Pennoyce, Brecknockshire.

At St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, John Grant, Esq., of the Honourable East India Company's Artillery, to Susan Pellew, only daughter of Capt. Coghlen, Royal Navy.

At Edinburgh, Stewart Bayley Hare, Esq., of Calder Hall, to Mary Anne, daughter of the Hon. Alexander Macconochie, of Meadowbank, Lord Meadowbank, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

At St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. Mr. Close, Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Glendarnel, in Argyshire, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Dr. Hume, Physician Extraordinary to the King, Curzon Street, Mayfair.

Miss Ida Goring, third daughter of Sir Charles Goring, Highden, Sussex, to Aubrey William Beauchamp, M. P., eldest son of Charles Beauchamp, Esq., of St. Leonard's Forest, Horsham.

At St. Leonard's Church, near Exeter, Sir H. M. Farrington, Bart., of Spring Lawn, Heavitree, to Susanna, daughter of the late Robert Kakewich, Esq., of Banry Place, Heavitree.

At the Church of All Souls, Langham Place, by the Rev. A. M. Campbell, Rector of Paddington, Thomas Hamilton, Esq., brother of Sir William Hamilton, of Preston, Bart., to Lady Townsend Farquhar, widow of Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar, Bart., late Governor of the Mauritius.

DEATHS.

At Willesley Hall, Derbyshire, in her 78th year, Lady Hastings, relict of General Sir Charles Hastings, Bart., G. C. H., Colonel of the 12th Regiment of Foot.

At his residence in Portman Square, the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, in his 83rd year.

At his residence, Hatton Hall, in the county of Salop, Robert Slaney, Esq., in his 70th year.

At Roydon Hall, Kent, Sir William Jervis Twisden, Bart., in his 74th year. The Baronetcy in this family was created in 1611.

At his residence in Russell Place, John Poyyer, Esq., in his 82nd year.

In August last, at Banda, in Bengal, of cholera, Mrs. Ainslie, wife of Montague Ainslie, of the Civil Service, in her 33rd year, and Agnes, their youngest daughter, in her 4th year.

At Mill Hill, Billericay, in his 67th year, the Rev. Charles Richard Landon, B. D., Rector of Vange, Essex.

At 8, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, General John Hamilton, of Dalzell, in his 92nd year.

At Oaklawn House, near Eye, Suffolk, Rear Admiral Cunningham, K. G. H., in his 78th year.

At Kanturk, Cork, in his 101st year, Peter Bunworth, Esq., attorney.



Ball Dress

Opera Dress



Morning Dress.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1834.

MORNING DRESS.

Pou de soie robe, the colour is a bright geranium, the *corsage* is low, square behind, and in crossed drapery before; the drapery is crossed low upon the bosom, displaying a *guimpe* bordered with blond lace. Long sleeves disposed in large bouffants at top; the lower part is of moderate width, but confined at the wrist by a deep tight cuff. Blond lace mantelet, very deep and rounded behind, with scarf ends. A light green riband is disposed round the top of the mantelet, which may be employed to close it at the throat. Blond lace cap, a low caul; the trimming of the front consists of a single row, disposed in a very light style, short and narrow at the ears; a knot of light green gauze riband, and a sprig of flowers corresponding with the robe, are placed immediately over the forehead; the *brides* float loosely on the shoulders. Gold ear-rings, white Cashmere reticule, embroidered in green, with gold snap and chain.

BALL DRESS.

An azure blue *tulle* robe, lined with satin to correspond; the *corsage* is cut low, it is plain behind, and arranged in the heart shape before by a lappet bordered with blond lace; the lace turns back in the mantilla style. Short sleeves, very full; they are ornamented with a cluster of short bows upon the shoulders, the ends of which float in the *nœud de page* style over the sleeve. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed in front with three rows of blond lace, arranged in drapery one above another, each row is terminated by knots of gauze riband. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged in light bows, which are sustained by a platted braid on the summit of the head. Two small bouquets of wild flowers are inserted in different

directions in the bows. Ear-rings and neck-lace gold and jet.

OPERA DRESS.

The robe is composed of citron-coloured satin, a low *corsage* sitting close to the shape. single bouffant sleeves, over which are long ones à l'imbécille of plain and extremely clear blond. Mantelet of satin to correspond; it is cut at the top as low as the dress, is of the stomacher shape in front, and turns back *en pelerine* in a manner very advantageous to the shape. The *pelerine* part is cut in points on the shoulders, and plain behind; the ends, which are long and pointed, are trimmed, as is the round of the mantelet, with blond lace. The bust is bordered with a *ruche*; knots of gauze riband, which attach it from the top to the bottom of the waist, complete the trimming. Head-dress a *toquet* of crape to correspond with the robe; it is trimmed under the brim with blond lace; ends, and *coques* of gauze riband; a bouquet of white ostrich feathers is inserted in the latter. Massive gold bracelets.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

It is yet too early for the summer fashions to be in any way decided either as regards form or material; nevertheless, several novelties are ready to appear in the latter, and some in the former; and from the known reputation of the houses that are about to present them to the public, we may conclude that they will be successful. The new carriage hats and bonnets will be *paille de riz* and *pou de soie*. The only change that has as yet taken place in the form of hats, is that the brim is now made long and narrow at the sides, but much deeper in front, and

standing very much out from the forehead. It is expected that gauze ribands and flowers, corresponding in colour, will be most in favour for carriage hats. We may cite, among the prettiest, one trimmed with a single moss-rose, attached near the top of the crown by a light knot of riband; another knot is placed behind. The interior of the brim is trimmed next the face at the sides with blond lace; a row of half-blown moss-roses, extremely delicate both in size and colour, is placed just over the forehead. The rose attached to the crown balances itself on its long and slender stalk with every movement of the wearer. This is a graceful and original style of trimming. As the season advances, feathers will most probably be little used, but they will preserve their vogue for at least a month to come: they must be of one colour only, those tipped with a different hue being now quite obsolete. Most of the new *pou de soie* bonnets have the brims cut in such a manner as to meet in a point under the chin. The crowns high, and inclining to a point. There is nothing yet decided as to flowers; it is supposed that early ones, and those of delicate hues, will be most in request. Veils of plain white blond, with very narrow borders, have recently come into favour, and will continue to be adopted during the summer.

It is nearly certain that pelisses will be very fashionable in carriage dress during the early part of the season. Several of light colours, both in *pou de soie* and *gros des Indes*, but particularly the former, have been already ordered. They are made in a very plain style, with pelerines of the same material. The principal change appears to us in the sleeves being decidedly of more moderate width at the top, and made to sit less close to the lower part of the arm. Some have the skirts made to wrap across in front, others are attached down the centre by knots of the material of the pelisse.

Some beautiful new shawls of a very large size have just appeared in printed foulard; it is expected that as soon as the weather becomes a little warm, they will replace the Cashmeres, which are now adopted.

Silks are expected to be very fashionable this summer, both for morning and evening dress. A great variety of foulards have appeared, some of very large and grotesque patterns; others flowered in running patterns, which resemble the chintzes of our grandmamma's early days; and some of a singular but rich description, called *foulard moyen-âge*. Another silk, something of the

same kind as foulard, and likely to be equally fashionable, is called *fontange*; it is figured in very small patterns and in vivid colours. The prettiest are blue, on wood colour, white on granite, green on black, and fire colour on black. These materials, and also *mousseline de laine* of new patterns will be very generally adopted in elegant morning dress. *Soies mouchetées* and printed jaconot muslins will be in favour for *deshabille*. The first are dotted all over with little black points on green, granite, rose, or blue grounds. The patterns of the latter offer nothing remarkable; they are delicate and of light colours.

Foulards, *mousseline de soie*, *pou de soie*, and *gauze de soie* are expected to be fashionable in evening dress. Some new patterns of uncommon beauty have appeared both in *mousseline de soie* and *gauze de soie*, but they will also be worn plain.

Blond lace is not likely to lose any of its attraction in full dress. *Fichus* and *canezous* of white blond are expected to replace the mantilla which has been so long in favour. The new spring colours are different shades of light green, straw colour and rose; lilac azure, gray, and some fancy colours.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN
CORRESPONDENT.

THE near approach of Longchamps has this year created more than usual bustle. The promenade is expected to be brilliant; and, notwithstanding that it is yet very early in the season, our manufacturers, *marchandes des modes*, and *couturières*, have exerted themselves to produce such novelties as may add to their reputation. The new hats are of rice straw, Italian straw, and *pou de soie*. Some of the former are cut in such a manner as nearly to resemble the *chapeaux à la Pamela*. Others have the brim deeper than any that have lately appeared, but exceedingly long, and standing out very much from the face. The *chapeaux à la Pamela* are always trimmed with flowers. Some of the others are adorned with feathers; others with flowers; but *plumes panachées* are no longer seen; feathers are now of a moderate length, and of one colour only. Some of the hats of *pou de soie*, of the form we have just described, are of citron, glazed with white; they are trimmed with white feathers; three of different sizes compose a *bouquet* placed a little on one side. Blond lace veils, of light but rich patterns, will, it is expected, be worn with these hats.

Capotes of sewed straw are likely to be

in request for morning *negligé*; they are trimmed with *gros de Naples* ribands of light colours; *vert perruche* is very much employed. A few drawn bonnets also have been seen; they are composed of *gros de Naples* printed in squares, and trimmed with *ruches*; they differ from those of last year only by being a little larger in the brim.

Redingotes of foulard, made to fasten in front by knots of the same material, are already prepared for Longchamps. They are made high and close round the bust, with pelerines scalloped or dented round the border. A few foulard scarfs, printed in very beautiful patterns, have appeared, but it is yet too early in the season to say how far they are likely to become fashionable.

Chintz robes, printed in full colours, are fashionable for the early part of the morning—that is to say, till twelve o'clock. The robe is made high and plain; it is always worn with a black moire apron, and a small cap of the simplest form, trimmed with gauze ribands.

The new materials most likely to be in favour in evening dress are, *Foulard Pompadour*: the pattern dates from Louis XV.'s

time; it is rich but heavy; *Foulard Ulelmas*, a grenadine silk, of Egyptian patterns; *Foulard d'Orient*, a mixture of cashmere and silk, figured in another shade of the same colour.

Several new articles of jewellery have appeared: those expected to be fashionable are a mixture of gold and enamel, with cameos or turquoises. Earrings are, for the most part, ornamented with cameos, and of a long shape. Bracelets are very narrow, and divided into different compartments, in each of which is a cameo or a *plaque* of enamelled gold. Rings have a motto, traced in diamonds on a black ground. Some, less valuable, but very pretty, are in small compartments of enamel, which form a gallery round the finger. *Agraffes* for the draperies of *corsages*, or pins for *fichus*, have chains suspended from them, which descend upon the *ceinture*, where they attach the smelling-bottle or the watch. The colours that will be in favour are *vert perruche*, and other shades of green, violet, primrose, lilac, pale blue, and various shades of rose colour and citron.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE MIRABEAU PAPERS. The able English editor and translator of "The Recollections of Mirabeau" and "Marshal Ney's Memoirs" is preparing for immediate publication "The Memoirs of Mirabeau, biographical, literary, and political; written by himself, his father, his uncle, and his adopted son." Besides containing a fund of personal anecdote and adventure, these memoirs, it is said, will throw more light upon the early history of the French Revolution than any that have hitherto appeared.

A new work is announced from the pen of Silvio Pellico, entitled "The Duties of Mankind," translated by Mr. T. Roscoe; with additions and biographical notices by Pellico's fellow-prisoner, Maroncelli.

"The Physiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Asphyxia; including Suspended Animation in newborn Children, and from Drowning, Hanging, &c." by Dr. J. P. Kay.

A translation from the German work, entitled "Philosophy of History," by Frederick von Schlegel, which comprises a course of Lectures on Ancient and Modern History, delivered at Vienna in the year 1828.

"Wesleyan Takings; or, Sketches of eminent Preachers, with Remarks on their distinctive Peculiarities," &c.

"Sixteen Discourses on the Liturgical Services

of the Church of England," by the Rev. T. Bowdler, M. A.

"Scenes and Recollections of Fly-Fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland," by Stephen Oliver, the younger; with woodcut illustrations.

"State Trials, from the era of the Revolution of 1688 to the Special Commission in 1831," reviewed and illustrated by W. C. Townsend, Recorder of Macclesfield.

Dr. Lindley, Professor of Botany at the London University, has in preparation a Popular Introduction to the Natural System of Botany, on a similar plan to Rousseau's celebrated Letters on Botany: it is to be entitled "Ladies' Botany," and illustrated by numerous engravings.

"Napoleon's dying Soliloquy," by Mr. J. Stewart.

"Cruikshank 'At Home,' a new Family Album of endless Entertainment," with numerous original engravings on wood. Also, "Cruikshank's Trip to Greenwich Fair," with engravings, a Companion to "Hood's Epping Hunt."

"An Address to the Nobility and Landed Proprietors of Great Britain and Ireland, on the distressed State of the Agricultural Population, and the baneful effects of Absenteeism, displaying the benefits from small Allotments of Land," by a London Merchant.

"The Researches on Fossil Bones," a complete Translation, Illustrated, of Cuvier's celebrated work.

"A Popular Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects," serving also as a Sequel to the "Introduction to Entomology," of the Rev. W. Kirby and W. Spence, Esq., by J. O. Westwood.

"The Revolutionary Epick," by D'Israeli the younger.

A work on German Synonymes is preparing by an able linguist.

Mr. Montgomery announces a fourth edition of his poem, "Satan," thoroughly revised, and with arguments prefixed to each book.

"*Lays and Legends of France*," being the second number of *Mr. W. J. Thoms' National Lays and Legends*. The third number, containing "Lays and Legends of Ireland," will be ready on the 1st of May.

A Series of "*LIVES of CELEBRATED NATURALISTS*" has been a considerable time in preparation for the EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. The First Volume will speedily appear, containing *LIVES of EMINENT ZOOLOGISTS*, from ARISTOTLE to LINNÆUS inclusive, with an Introductory View of the Study of Natural History and the Progress of Zoology. The Second Volume will be devoted to the more remarkable Writers in the same department, from PALLAS, BRISSON, and BUFFON, down to CUVIER, and will conclude with Remarks on the present state of the Science. It is intended to offer to the Public similar Memoirs of the principal Cultivators of BOTANY, MINERALOGY, and GEOLOGY; so that the Series will form a useful Introduction to the study of those branches of knowledge; while the biographical narratives, independently of their scientific details, will embody a fund of general information.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Dalkeith Palace, the Duchess of Buccleuch, of a son.

At Holbrooke Farm, Horsham, the residence of Sir James Whitshed, G.C.B., the Hon. Mrs. Whitshed, of a son.

At Llandovery, South Wales, the Countess of Carrick, of a son.

The Lady of Sir Sandford Graham, Bart., of a son.

In Great George-street, Westminster, the Lady of Dr. Lushington, M.P., of a daughter.

The wife of John Kavanagh, a poor man residing at Glancullen, the estate of C. Fitsimon, Esq. M.P., of two boys and a girl, doing well.

At East Sheen, the Hon. Mrs. Penrhyn, of a daughter, which died the same day.

In Upper Harley-street, the Lady of James Morrison, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

The Lady of Samuel Girdlestone, junior, Esq., of a daughter.

At Bishop's Hall, Essex, Mrs. Charles Balfour, of a daughter, still-born.

At Devonshire Place House, Mrs. Henry Moreton Dyer, of a daughter.

In Lower Brook-street, the Lady of William Henry Blaauw, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Burnham, the Rev. Robert J. Gould, eldest son of John Gould, of Amberd House, Somersetshire, to Emma, third daughter of the Rev. Thomas Carter, Fellow of Eton College, and Vicar of Burnham.

In the Island of Anglesea, Captain Stewart Paget, eldest son of the Hon. Sir Arthur Paget, to Charlotte Jemima, fourth daughter of the late Sir Robert Williams, Bart.

The Rev. J. E. Tyler, Rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, to Jane, only daughter of Divie Robertson, Esq., of Bedford Square.

At Alne, Nash Vaughan Edwards Vaughan, Esq., of Reola and Lanelay, Glamorganshire, to Harriet Amelia, second daughter of Edward Swainston Strangways, Esq., of Alne Hall, Yorkshire.

At Ashton, John Welchman Whateley, Esq., of Bennett's Hill, Birmingham, to Lucy, eldest daughter of Isaac Spooner, Esq., of Witton Hall, Warwickshire.

At Dover, Robert Shore Milnes Bouchette, Esq., son of the Surveyor-General of Canada, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the Hon. Herbert Gardner.

Charles Sergison Smith, Esq., King's Dragoon Guards, son of George Smith, Esq., of Goldicote House, Worcestershire, to Georgina, third daughter of the Hon. Herbert Gardner.

At Leven, near Beverley, Benjamin Collett, Esq., youngest son of the late Ebenezer John Collett, Esq., of Locker's House, Hemel Hempstead, to Charlotte Harriet, second daughter of the Rev. George Sampson, Rector of Leven.

At Brighton, the Rev. Robert Farquharson, son of James John Farquharson, of Langton House, Dorsetshire, to Louisa, only daughter of the late General Robert Craufurd.

DEATHS.

At Walthamstow, Essex, Mrs. George Wigram, younger daughter of Mr. and Lady Theodosia Bligh. The late Mrs. W. was a lady of exemplary piety. She was niece to the Earl of Darnley, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Dowager Countess of Roden.

After a short illness, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in his 70th year, Major-General Sir George Bulteel Fisher, K.C.H., Commandant of the Garrison.

At Ryde, Isle of Wight, the Rev. Edward Cannon, Principal Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and Lecturer of St. George's, Hanover-square, in his 62nd year.



Evening Dresses.

Published by J. H. Johnson, 107 N. 3rd St., New York.

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1834.

EVENING DRESS.

Standing Figure.

ROBE of pea-green *pou de soie*, over a white crape slip; the front of the latter is painted in a light running pattern of flowers in various colours. The robe is open before; and the sides, bordered with blond lace, are looped back in half circles, by bows of pea-green gauze riband. The *corsage* is cut low and square; pointed at bottom, and trimmed with a lappel, narrow and rounded off upon the bosom, but deep over the shoulders and back: it is bordered with blond lace, with which the front and bottom of the *corsage* is also trimmed. Bouffant sleeves of one fall only, and very full. *Chemisette* of plain white blond, made half high, trimmed round the top by a fall of blond lace, which stands up, and drawn close round the bosom. The head-dress is a turban formed of a green gauze scarf, which is edged with a light gold border, and terminated at each end by gold tassels. The folds of the turban are so arranged as to display both. Neck-chain and ear-rings fancy jewellery.

Sitting Figure.

ROBE of *mousseline de Siam*, a fancy colour, bordering on grey, but of a very delicate shade; it is worn over a white *gros de Naples* under dress. The *corsage* is cut very low, draped horizontally, and trimmed with a row of blond lace, set on plain round the top; the bottom is slightly pointed before and behind. Short sleeves, embroidered with gold in a light pattern, in compartments, terminating in a bias fulness, and surmounted

by *mancherons* lightly embroidered in gold. The border of the robe is worked in an exceedingly rich but light pattern. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in a full tuft of curls on each side, and ornamented with a gold circlet and a blond lace veil: the latter is arranged round the knot of hair at the back of the head, so as to form a drapery of a very graceful kind behind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Paille de riz, and *pou de soie*, are, as we predicted, the favourite materials for the new hats and bonnets: it appears likely that the former will remain so during the summer months. We understand that Italian straw, of the plain kind, will be much in request; and although it is yet early in the season, we have seen several crape hats.

Morning bonnets of a very close kind will be generally adopted. We have seen some of white *pou de soie* made to wear over a small morning cap. They were trimmed with very rich plain ribands, or with points of *gros de Naples*, which formed the *brides*. Some had the edge of the brim bordered with a *ruche*, others were worn with *crêpe lisse* veils. This is a becoming style of morning bonnet, and very appropriate.

Hats in half dress have the brims wide and standing very much out from the forehead, but close at the sides; the crowns are high; the favourite form is the *chapeau capote*, particularly those of rice straw, trimmed with a wreath *à la Ceres*, composed of ears of corn intermixed with rich riband and straw. Some

few rice straw bonnets are trimmed with feathers. The bouquet is composed of either two or three short plumes; it is placed high on the left side of the crown. The *brides* are always placed outside of the brim, so as to keep it close upon the cheeks; they tie in a full bow under the chin.

We may now affirm with certainty that pelisses will be very fashionable in out-door dress, but we have nothing to add to the observations we made upon them last month. *Foulard* robes, we mean those of two colours only, are likely to be very fashionable in morning dress. They have generally a black ground; the pattern, which is very light, is either rose, French grey, marsh-mallows, green, or orange. Indian *foulards*, spotted in very large spots, either red, orange, or black, are the most in favour. Morning dresses are always made with high bodies; and pelerines edged with three or four pipings of *gros de Naples*, corresponding with the colours of the robe. A quilling of silk of the material of the dress is sometimes employed instead of the piping. Pelerines of this kind have very much the appearance of a *canezou*; they are attached behind and before under the ceinture, and are cut with points, which descend upon the shoulders. These dresses are always made with pockets, and the pocket-hole is edged to correspond with the pelerine, but the quilling is much smaller.

Sleeves are now set in a manner very advantageous to the shape, instead of a mass of plaits, which spoils the fall of the shoulders; the fulness is arranged in a plain piece, which descends upon them. This is done in different manners; the prettiest is that in which the fulness is arranged in three *coquilles*.

There is every reason to suppose that black blond lace mantelets and pelerines will be this season quite as generally adopted in out-door dress as they were last year; and from the orders that have been given for canezons and pelerines of embroidered muslin, both for out and in-door dress, we have reason to believe that they will also be very fashionable; they are of a novel description; the embroidery is beautiful, but lighter than that of last year, and there is less trimming. We may cite, among the most elegant, some canezou-pelerines of clear cambric; they were not embroidered, but were trimmed with plain *dents* placed one upon another, so as to display only the half of each *dent*; the trimming was edged with narrow Valenciennes lace of the finest kind.

The most elegant of the new materials for dinner and evening dress are the *carreaux*

écossais, *gros de Canton* and *Pekins Chines*. These are silks of the richest kind: the *Salamporis unis*, which is in fact another name for a superior kind of chaly; and the *Salamporis croises*, the same description of material, but twilled. They are of different patterns. Some arabesques on a white or coloured ground; others running patterns; others bouquets of flowers.

Evening dress has as yet suffered no remarkable change in its form, but it is generally understood that pointed *corsages* will not be adopted for dress robes during summer. Double Sabet sleeves are expected to continue in favour for grand costume. There is no decided fashion for long sleeves, some being made large, and others very tight at the lower part of the arm, but all are excessively wide at the top. They are ornamented with puffs, or with knots of riband placed upon the seam from the bend of the arm to the wrist. The colours given last month are those in favour; we have to add to them different shades of light brown.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIEN CORRESPONDENT.

THE summer fashions are only now beginning to appear, for there were scarcely any exhibited at Longchamps. The weather was indeed too cold and rainy to permit our *élégantes* to appear in summer dresses; but at present the *Bois de Boulogne*, and the Tuilleries gardens afford a very elegant display of summer toilettes.

Paille de riz, *crape*, *pou de soie*, and some figured silks, are the materials of hats and bonnets. The latter are close, and smaller than it was expected they would be; they are generally decorated with spring flowers, and are either worn over small morning caps, or else are trimmed inside of the brim in the cap style with blond lace, either intermingled with coques of riband, or riband arranged in small sharp points. Although it is yet early in the season, several bonnets of rose colour, or lilac *pou de soie*, covered with white crape, have appeared; the flowers that trim them always either correspond with the colour of the silk, or else are partly of that colour, and partly white.

The crowns of hats are generally high, and rather pointed; the brims close at the sides, but wide over the forehead. Some have the crowns ornamented by two or three bands of riband placed one above another, and attached at the sides by knots. Others have a

single band of very broad riband, brought round the crown, and tied on one side in a knot of four bows, and two long ends. These trimmings are generally adopted for undress hats, which are seldom decorated with flowers.

One of the prettiest half-dress hats that has yet appeared, is a *chapeau capote*, the crown of which is placed quite in the cottage style behind: the brim is quite round, and stands out from the face. A bouquet of feathers, or a light sprig of flowers, is placed on one side.

Open pelisses of *gros de Naples*, or *pou de soie*, over embroidered muslin robes, are very generally seen in the promenades. Some of the most elegant are of dust-coloured *pou de soie*, figured in a vermicelli pattern in blue, and lined with blue sarsenet. The round of the pelisse is edged with blue satin piping. The *corsage* and sleeves are of the usual form; the latter are encircled at the wrist by bands

of riband, quadrilled in blue and dust colour, and terminating in knots on the front of the arm. A very broad riband of the same kind forms a ceinture with long floating ends.

A few, but very few, pelisses of embroidered muslin, lined with coloured *gros de Naples*, have been seen. They are worked round the border in a rich pattern in feather stitch. Some have a row of lace set on with a little fulness round the edge. The pelerine is generally trimmed with lace, and is pointed.

Some summer shawls, of a new rich and brilliant kind of silk, have just appeared; the patterns are Turkish or Chinese, and extremely heavy. Others, much more appropriate to the season, are of a half transparent kind. They are composed of Cashmere wool, and printed in Cashmere patterns. Fashionable colours are those of last month, with the addition of dust colour and *noisette*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Series of Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding. By the Ettrick Shepherd. In one volume duodecimo.

A Treatise on Field Fortification, and other subjects connected with the duties of the Field Engineer. Illustrated with Twelve Plates. By J. S. Macaulay, Captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers. In one volume duodecimo, with the Plates in oblong quarto.

The second edition. The Life of the original Lawrie Tod; entitled, Forty Years' Residence in America; or the Doctrine of a Particular Providence exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, of New York. Written by Himself: with an Introduction by John Galt, Esq. Illustrated with a Portrait.

The Case of the Church of England. 12mo.

The State and Prospects of Toryism in 1834. 8vo.

Mr. Montgomery Martin has in the press the second volume of the History of the British Colonies, embracing our possessions in the West Indies; in which the actual state of those valuable islands will be fully developed, from official documents, furnished by authority.

Sylloge Theologica; a Systematic Collection of Tracts in Divinity, for the Use of Students in the Universities, and of the Younger Clergy, revised and illustrated with Notes, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth.

Reflections adapted to the Holy Seasons of the Christian and Ecclesiastical Year, by the Rev. James Brewster.

The People's Debt to the National Church; in a series of Readings, Historical, Biographical, and Doctrinal, Vols. I. and II., comprising the Age of Cranmer, by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. II. Part 2. This Part will comprise numerous valuable Papers by the late W. Roscoe, S. T. Coleridge, Dr. Nolan, Colonel Leake, &c.

The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall, by the Author of "Darnley."

A Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of Bones, by Edward Stanley.

An Account of the Medicinal Employment of Delphinia, by A. Turnbull, M.D., and J. Sutherland, M.D.

Remains of the late Alexander Knox, containing Letters, &c., on the Doctrines and Philosophy of Christianity, and the distinctive Character of the Church of England.

The last days of Pompeii is the subject of Mr. Bulwer's forthcoming novel.

Retzsch, the German artist, whose Shakspeare Illustrations have acquired for him an European reputation, has just consigned to English publishers some exquisite designs, which are to appear under the title of "Retzsch's Fancies."

Mr. Beckford, whose elegant literature and powers of composition are so highly appreciated, as about to submit some of his original papers to the press. We shall look with impatience for any thing from the pen which wrote the "Caliph Vathek."

Lays and Legends of France, and Lays and Legends of Ireland, by Mr. W. J. Thoms.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At his house, in Hanover Square, the Lady of the Hon. H. Lascelles, of a daughter.

At Irwell House, Bury, the Lady of E. G. Hornby, Esq., M. P., of a daughter.

At her father's house, in Bryanstone Square, the Lady of the Hon. Thomas Robert Keppel, of a daughter.

At Mersham Hatch, the Lady of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., of a daughter.

In Queen Anne Street, the Lady of Arthur Currie, Esq., of a son.

At Kirby Overblow, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Maclean, 81st Regt., of a daughter.

At the Dean of Faculty's, Granton, Edinburgh, Mrs. Hope, of a son.

At Dunnicher, Forfarshire, N.B., the Lady of James Whitshed Hawkins, Esq., of a daughter.

At the Rectory, Amersham, the Lady of the Rev. John Tyrwhitt Drake, of a son.

At Pembroke College Lodge, Mrs. Gilbert Ainslie, of a son.

At Tunbridge Wells, the Lady of G. F. Hencage, Esq., M.P., of a still-born child.

At the Hirsell, N. B., the Lady Dunglas, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Paris, by Bishop Luscombe, at the Ambassador's Chapel, Sir John de Beauvoir, of Connaught Place, Hyde Park, to Susannah Eliza, the only daughter of Dr. Latham, M.D., of Paris.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, R. S. Orlebar, Esq., eldest son of Robert Charles Orlebar, Esq., of Crawley House, Bedfordshire, to Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Valentine Ellis, Rector of Walton, Bucks, and Barnardiston, Suffolk.

At Hunton, Kent, the Rev. John Duncombe Shafto, Rector of Buckworth, Hunts, to Catherine Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Robert Moore, Rector of Hunton.

At Paris, the Hon. Major A. F. Southwell, to Miss Dillon, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Dillon, Esq., of Mount Dillon, county of Dublin.

At Rataspeck Church, Wexford, Frederick Darrolles, Esq., late of the 60th King's Royal Rifles, to Henrietta Louisa, second daughter of Lewis de Wilmsdorf Richards, of Rataspeck House, in the same county.

George Birmingham Crohan, Esq., to Anna Maria, second daughter of Richard Franklyn, Esq. of the Royal Mint.

At Amsterdam, by the Rev. H. Pascalidi, in the Greek Church, (the ceremony having been previously solemnised in the Protestant religion), Count George Spiridione Metaxa Anzolato to Marianne, only child of the late Captain Pillichody de Bavoy, of his Majesty's 47th Regiment of Foot.

At Plaxtol, Kent, the Rev. W. Waldegrave Park, youngest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Park, to Elizabeth Jane, youngest daughter of Edmund Yates, Esq. of Fairlawn, Kent, and of Ince, Cheshire.

At Longdon, the Rev. Thomas Arden, of Longcroft Hall, in the county of Stafford, to Isabella Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. E. Cooper, Rector of Hamstall Ridware, &c. in the same county.

At Milford Church, near Lymington, Hants, Philip Elliott Farnall, Esq. of Burley Park, Hants, to Marianne, only child of the late Samuel P. T. Parson, Esq. LL.D. of Doctors' Commons.

At the Manse of Denny, the Rev. John Thomson, Minister of Shettleston, to Beatrice, second daughter of the Rev. John Dempster, Minister of Denny.

DEATHS.

At Hertford House, Manchester Square, Isabella Anne Ingram, Dowager Marchioness of Hertford.

At his seat in Devonshire, Admiral Sir E. Thornbrough, in his 80th year.

As his house in Knightsbridge, Major-General Sir Sigismund Smith, Commandant of the 3d Battalion of the Royal Artillery, and Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

At his residence in Devonshire Place, John Fuller, Esq. of Rose Hill, Sussex, in his 78th year.

At his residence in Upper Wimpole Street, Godfrey Meynell, Esq. of Beadley Hall, Derbyshire, and Shawfield Lodge, Bromley, Kent.

Suddenly, at his house, Bank Hall, near Burnley, John Hargreaves, Esq. of Ormerod House, Lancashire.

In Grosvenor-square, at the house of Sir William Alexander, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Seymour Bathurst, third son of Earl Bathurst.

At his house in Montagu Square, George Dodd, Esq. in his 76th year.

In St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, in her 76th year, Margaret Thompson, wife of the late George Thompson, Esq. formerly of Argyll Street, having survived her husband only two days.

Henry Haydon, fourth son of Mr. Haydon, Historical Painter, aged three years and eight months, in consequence of suffusion on the brain, from a blow accidentally received while playing with his brothers. He was a child of great beauty, intellect, and promise. His unhappy death is, to those who loved him, quite irreparable.

In Arlington Street, the Right Hon. Lady Dundas, in her 65th year.

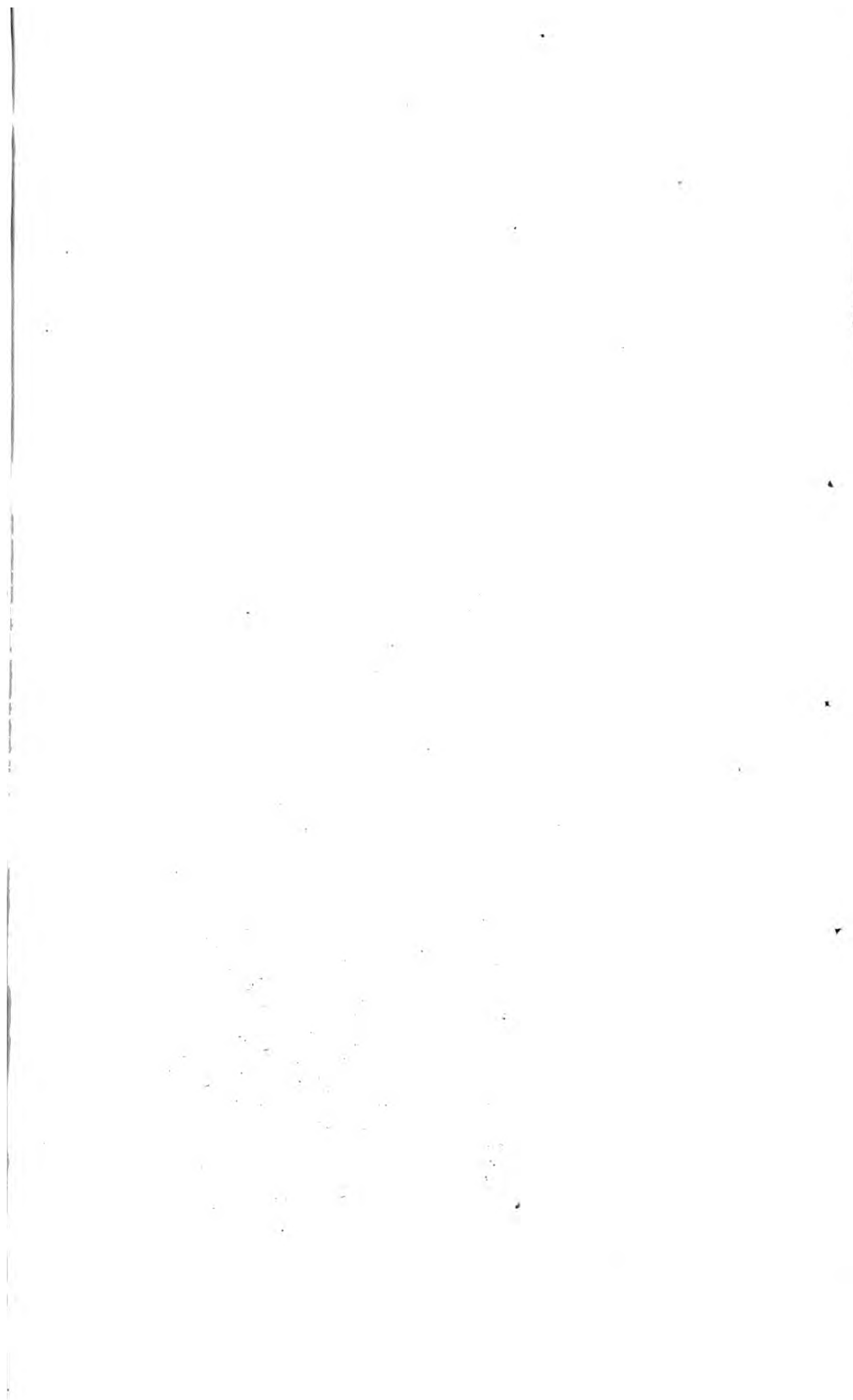
At his residence, Regent's Park, Rear Admiral Hardyman, C.B. after a long and painful illness.



Carriage Dress.

Walking Dress.

Wm. H. Wood sc.





Court Dress

THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1834.

COURT DRESS.

UNDER-DRESS of white *gaze chiné*, with a rich border of gold lama. Robe of *gros Pompadour*, vermillion ground, and rich antique pattern of gold. The *corsage*, cut low, square, and pointed at bottom, is trimmed on each side of the front with a blue satin border, richly embroidered with white; it is edged with gold, and laced with gold cord. Fancy jewellery girdle, from which is suspended a cordon of coloured gems, terminated by a lozenge and tassels of fancy jewellery. The back of the *corsage* is trimmed with blond lace, disposed *à la Médicis*, but not very deep. Mantelet of *tulle illusion*, lightly embroidered in gold. Under sleeves of white *gros d'orient*; the upper ones of *tulle illusion*, are *à la mameluc*, embroidered to correspond with the mantelet. The skirt just meets at the point, opens down the front *en tablier*, and is trimmed round with a border corresponding with that on the *corsage*. The hair is ornamented with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers, blond lace lappets, and a *ferronnière* and combs of gold and coloured gems. Necklace and ear-rings *en suite*.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

THE robe is *foulard*; the ground a new shade of *poussière*, a light pattern in green and lilac. The *corsage* a three-quarter height, is cut bias, seamed down the front, and trimmed with a small round lappel. The sleeves are of the double *bouffant* form at top, moderately full from the elbow rather more than half way to the wrist, and from thence to the bottom arranged in close

fold, disposed *en biais*. The folds are retained by a triple piping, the colour of the ground of the dress, which, we should observe, also borders the lappel. *Canezou* of Indian jaconot muslin, made quite up to the throat, with a deep square falling collar; it sits close to the shape at the upper part, but is drawn in full at the waist by a knot of *taffetas* riband, corresponding with the ground of the dress. The back descends considerably below the waist in the jacket style; the fronts are rounded, and also pass the *ceinture*. The *mancherons* are round, and rather deep. The edge of the collar, &c., &c., is cut in round *dents*, in each of which is a light embroidery in feather-stitch. Rice straw hat, the crown trimmed with a *bouquet* of green and lilac ostrich feathers, and lilac and white gauze riband. The interior of the brim is trimmed in the cap style, with an intermixture of riband and blond lace.

WALKING DRESS.

A MUSLIN robe, embroidered in a light pattern round the border. Pelisse of *gros de France*; it is of a new and very delicate colour, but one that we hardly know how to designate; it is between a blue and a gray. The *corsage* is made to sit close to the shape, quite high, and a little pointed, but very gracefully so, in front. The pelerine is very deep behind, and on the shoulders, and cut out in the heart form on the bosom: it is bordered, as are also the fronts of the skirt, with a new fancy silk trimming, corresponding in colour with the pelisse. *Amadis* sleeves. *Pou de soie* hat, of that shade of rose that borders on violet. The brim is very open, and short at the ears; the crown

is of the horse-shoe form; a sprig of roses is attached to it on one side by a knot of glazed *taffetas* riband. A band and knots of riband and blond lace *mentonnières* ornament the inside of the brim. Round *colleterette* of embroidered muslin, and neck-knot of glazed *taffetas* riband, corresponding with the trimming of the hat.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

SMALL cottage bonnets are at present quite the mode in morning dress. They are composed for the most part of *pou de soie*, or *gros d'orient*. Some are trimmed with knots of riband only, others with a small bouquet of flowers placed on one side. When these bonnets are becoming, their effect is very much so, as they give a very youthful appearance; but it is generally believed that when the weather gets very hot they will be discarded by our *élégantes*.

Hats and bonnets in half dress have the brims decidedly larger; several of the latter have them brought down so low at the sides of the face, that they almost meet in a point under the chin. The crowns of both are of various forms; some incline to the cone shape, others are of the horse-shoe kind; where these latter are composed of silk, the material is always laid on in drapery, which is sometimes mingled with blond lace. Drawn bonnets are now very much in favour, even for half dress, particularly those composed entirely of rich ribands; they are frequently trimmed under the brim with blond lace, disposed *en ruche*, but looped back at the sides by tufts of rose-buds, violets, or other small flowers, to correspond with one of the colours of the riband, which is generally figured or plaided in two colours; but when these colours are white and green, then the flowers may be of different hues.

We may cite as a model of lightness and elegant simplicity, the *capote Taglioni*; it is composed of *tulle illusion*; the crown is plaited, the brim drawn in large casings by rose-coloured glazed *taffetas* riband; a knot of riband to correspond adorns the crown. Small roses, disposed in tufts *à la Mancini*, decorate the interior of the brim, to the edge of which is attached a short veil, somewhat longer than they are usually made, of *tulle illusion*, embroidered at the bottom in a Grecian border, in rose-coloured silk, and terminated by a deep hem.

Pelisses composed of rich plain silk con-

tinue in request. They are generally made open before, but we have seen some closed down the front: the prettiest of these last have the *corsages* made high, buttoned down the front by very small buttons, and trimmed with three bias bands, which meet on each side at the *ceinture*, where they are very narrow, and spread out as they approach the shoulders; the front of the skirt is also trimmed on each side with three bias bands, arranged in the half-fan style; one goes straight down on each side in the centre of the skirt, the others are placed at some distance from it. A row of fancy silk olives are disposed at regular distances at the outer edge of the trimming, both on the *corsage* and the skirt.

Foulards, and half-transparent materials, are much in request for robes; but we see also several of rich plain silk, particularly *pou de soie*, *gros de France*, and *gros de Naples chiné*. The former of these materials is very generally employed, and is likely to continue long in favour; it drapes admirably, is rich without being heavy, and its high price will prevent it from ever becoming very common.

Promenade robes have the *corsages* always made high, and the sleeves decidedly large from the elbow to the wrist. Some are made moderately so, and retained only by a simple narrow band at the wrist; others have the fulness drawn in under two or three *rouleaus*, so that the sleeve sits close to the arm about half way from the elbow to the wrist; and several are made very large at the bottom, and without any under sleeve to sustain the fulness at the top, so that they appear exactly similar to the *imbécille* sleeves that were so fashionable a few years ago. Pelerines, of the same material as the robe, have lost nothing of their vogue; the most novel have now a broad hem instead of the piping with which the edge used to be trimmed. We have seen also the pelerine and the border of the dress trimmed *en biais* with silk of a different colour. We cannot say this is a settled fashion, but we know that these dresses have been made for distinguished *élégantes*. Embroidered *canezous* are very generally adopted. *Ruches* are becoming very fashionable, both in half and in evening dress, for the trimming of pelerines and bottoms of robes. We have seen them also adopted for dresses that are made with lappels of the shawl kind; that is, for the lappel only. Where the dress is of a figured material, the *ruche* is always of riband to correspond with the ground of it;

but if it is composed of plain white gauze, crape, or organdy, then the *ruche* is either rose-colour, blue, or green.

The most novel evening dresses have the *corsages* cut very low, the front disposed in hollow plaits; the corsage is bordered with a lappel, which is edged with lace if it is organdy, and with blond if it is of any other material. Short sleeves of the double *bouffant* form; the skirt is trimmed with a row of lace disposed *en tablier* on each side of the front, and a rich embroidery in the centre.

Head dresses of hair are now of a moderate and becoming height; they are ornamented only with the flowers of the season. Fashionable colours are pearl gray, pale blue, *noisette*, straw-colour, and all the lighter shades of rose and green.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE season is now sufficiently advanced to enable me to say that the fashions are fixed; and if the alterations are not very numerous, they are at least in good taste. Hats and bonnets are, with the exception of the very small *capotes* adopted in morning dress, much larger; the crowns are indeed ungracefully high. Thus a *merveilleuse* is frequently seen in a morning in a bonnet so extremely small and close, that one would be tempted to think she had put on one belonging to a child by mistake; while in the evening she will appear in a high-crowned hat, with a very large and wide brim.

Although silks continue in favour, yet light materials are more in request for the promenade. Clear muslins, printed in small patterns of two colours, are very generally adopted. These dresses are either worn with a pelerine of the same material, round,

very open on the bosom, and with a small square collar; or else with one of cambric trimmed with muslin, bordered with Valenciennes edging, and small plaited. Cambric *manchettes* are always adopted with pelerines of this latter description.

We see also, both in elegant promenade dress, and for the *spectacle*, muslin pelisses, lined with white or coloured taffetas; the latter are more in favour for the promenade, the former for evening *négligé*. The most elegant are those lined with white taffetas, and trimmed with a deep fall of English lace, set on nearly plain except at the corners, which are rounded. Small *coques* of white satin were placed in tufts just above the lace, at some distance from each other. A similar trimming, but in narrow lace, adorned the pockets. A round pelerine, closed before, and trimmed with lace corresponding with that round the dress.

Organdy, both plain and painted, is much in favour in evening dress; these robes are made with *corsages à la vierge*, or else in crossed drapery: those of the first kind are usually trimmed with a mantilla of English point lace, a richly embroidered *guimpe* is employed for the others; long sleeves are fashionable, but short ones appear to be preferred.

Rice straw, crape, and *tulle illusion* are the materials in favour for evening dress hats; the brim turned up forms, if we may so express it, an *auréole*; the crown and the interior of the brim are decorated with flowers; those employed for the latter are always extremely delicate; they are disposed *à la Mancini*. A *demi voile* of *tulle illusion* is a favourite accessory to these hats. Fashionable colours are *col d'aigle* (a redish shade of dust-colour) dove-colour, apple-green, and various shades of gray, rose and citron.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PREPARING for immediate publication, A Descriptive, Explanatory, and Critical Catalogue of Fifty of the earliest Pictures in the National Gallery, (including the Two Correggios lately purchased by Government), by John Landseer, Esq., F.S.A.

Sketches of Natural History, by Mary Howett.

Le Page's L'Echo de Paris, second edition, with a Vocabulary of Idiomatical Phrases.

Mr. Stevenson, Oculist to his Majesty, has in the press, a small familiar Tract on Cataract, by

the perusal of which, persons afflicted with that disease will be enabled to recognise its existence, so as to avail themselves of the mild and eminently successful operation performed by the author at the "Royal Infirmary for Cataract," and for the benefit of which Institution the work will be published.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle of 1834, is in the press, and will be published in February.

A New and much improved Edition of Clark's Introduction to Heraldry. The volume will contain several new plates, and will be brought out in style and size so as to range with Lardner's Cyclopædia, the New Editions of Lord Byron's Works, Waverley Novels, &c.

Major E. Moor, the talented Author of the Hindoo Pantheon, has just completed a highly interesting volume of Oriental Fragments, illustrated with a variety of curious plates.

Professor Rossetti's extraordinary work, "*Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma*,"—"Antipapal Spirit, which produced the Reformation, and Secret Influence exercised thereby on the Literature of Europe, and especially of Italy, as displayed by her classic writers, Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio," &c. &c. &c., has caused a tremendous

shock in Italy, and been laid under the ban of the Papal Church. We are, therefore, happy to hear, that the curiosity—we should say, the deep interest, of all the friends of Protestantism, will speedily be gratified, by the publication of a translation of this work, by Miss C. WARD, who, while she writes her own language with great elegance, is deeply versed in that of Italy, and has a profound knowledge of the great subject she undertakes to communicate to the English reader.

Mr. D. Richardson has just completed a highly interesting and useful volume for Youth, under the appropriate title of "*Trials and Triumphs*," and which will take its place on the same shelf with "*The Rectory of Valehead*," and "*Pictures of Private Life*."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

The Lady of Sir Codrington Edmund Carrington, of Chalfont St. Giles's, Bucks, of a son.

In Eaton Place, Mrs. Lubbock, of a son and heir.

At Adlestrop, Gloucestershire, the Hon. Mrs. Twisleton, of a son.

At Great Henny, near Sudbury, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, of a daughter.

At No. 3, Great Cumberland Street, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Douglas, of a daughter.

At Algiers, the Lady of Robert William St. John, Esq., his Majesty's Agent and Consul General, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's Church, Beverley, by the Rev. William Hildyard, M.A., the Rev. Thomas Inglis Stewart, M.A., to Agnes, second daughter of J. B. Arden, Esq., all of that place.

At Kensington, Lieut. William Staines Payne, Royal Artillery, to Emma, eldest daughter of Lieut. Colonel Fead, C.B., late of the Grenadier Guards.

At Exmouth, Henry, youngest son of Colonel le Comte de Visme (Comte Souverain), late Coldstream Guards, to Caroline Sarah Sophia, eldest daughter of the Hon. Captain Alex. Jones, R.N., and grand-daughter of Charles, fifth Viscount Ranelagh.

At Stamford Hill Chapel, by the Rev. C. J. Heathcote, M.A., the Rev. Matthew Plummer, B.A., Perpetual Curate of Heworth, in the county of Durham, to Louisa, daughter of J. D. Powles, Esq., of Stamford Hill.

At the Episcopal Chapel, Kelso, John Hamilton Cott, Esq., the younger, of Gartsherrie, Lanarkshire, to Jane, second daughter of George Cole Bainbridge, Esq., of Gattonside House, Roxburghshire.

At St. Philip's Church, Liverpool, by the Rev.

Thomas Bold, A.M., Thomas Bold, Esq., to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Thomas Naylor, Esq.

At Bath, by the Rev. John Brownlow, James Henry England, Captain 75th Regiment, youngest son of Lieutenant General England, to Sophia, third daughter of Thomas Daniell, Esq., of Michael Church Court, Herefordshire.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. T. Glen, the Hon. Edward Cecil Curzon, second son of the Hon. Robert Curzon and of the Baroness De la Zouche, to Emily, sixth daughter of James Daniell, Esq.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, by the Rev. W. Y. Hutching, Philip Button, Esq., of Wennington, Essex, to Elizabeth Rayne, only surviving daughter of the late William Allen, Esq., of Coedybryn, Flintshire, and daughter-in-law of the late Major General Rayne, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Service.

DEATHS.

At his house in Montague Square, H. Wodehouse, Esq., eldest son of the Hon. Colonel Wodehouse.

At Bishop's Caundle, Dorset, the Hon. Mary Digby, wife of the Rev. C. Digby, Canon of Windsor.

After a long illness, Georgiana Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir George and Lady Wombwell.

At Florence, after a severe and lingering illness, Mrs. Charles Rowley, wife of Lieut. Colonel Rowley (son of Vice Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, K.C.B.), and daughter of the late John Evelyn, Esq. of Wootton, Surrey.

At East Lodge, Enfield, the Hon. William Fullerton Elphinstone, in his 94th year.

At the Deanery House, Chichester, Mary, relict of the late John Chandler, Esq. of Witley, Surrey, and mother of the present Dean of Chichester, aged 90.



