Per. 2705-d. \[ \frac{397}{5} \]
THE

COURT MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING

Original Papers,

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS,

AND

FINELY ENGRAVED

PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, AND COSTUMES,

FROM PAINTINGS BY EMINENT MASTERS.

VOL. V.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1834.

LONDON:
EDWARD CHURTON, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
(LATE BULL AND CHURTON.)
1834.
LONDON:
PRINTED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS,
WHITEFRIARS.
EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. V.

A Landscape View of Lowther Castle, the Seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Lonsdale, engraved by H. Wallis, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq., R.A.
Two coloured Figures of Costumes, from original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. II.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Irby, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Painting by J. Moore.
Three coloured Figures of Costumes, from original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. III.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Pelham, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Miniature by Mrs. J. Robertson.
A Landscape View of Goodwood, the Seat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, engraved by R. Acon, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq., R.A.
Two coloured Figures of Costumes, from original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. IV.—Portrait of the Most Noble Anna Maria, Marchioness of Tavistock, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Miniature by G. R. Ward, R.A.
Three coloured Figures of Costumes, from original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. V.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Ashley Cooper, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
A Landscape View of Penshurst Castle, the Seat of Sir Philip Sydney, Bart., engraved by M. J. Starling, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, Esq., R.A.
Two coloured Figures of Costumes, from original Drawings by Mr. Parris.

No. VI.—Portrait of Lady Boughton, engraved by J. Cochran, from a Miniature by Collins.
Three coloured Figures of Costumes, from original Drawings by Mr. Parris.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblee,

FOR JULY, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY LOUTH.

Anna Maria, present Baroness Louth, is of the family of Roche of Limerick, which has branched from that of Castletown Roche in the county of Cork. John Roche, of Castletown Roche, descended from the Viscounts Fermoy, was a member of the Catholic Parliament, or council, held at Kilkenny during the civil wars, and his name appears in the declaration of the Irish Catholics in 1641. His eldest son,

Robert Roche, espoused Juliana O'Moore, daughter of Alexander O'Moore, of Ballina in the county of Kildare, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Stephen Roche, known by the designation of Dor, or Black, from his complexion, whose estate, already injured by composition in consequence of the absence of his heir, was entirely forfeited under William III. Compelled in consequence to leave the county of Cork, he retired to Kilmash in Clare, and afterwards took up his abode at Pallas in the county of Limerick, in the vicinity of his brother-in-law, William Apjohn, Esq. He married Anastasia, elder daughter and co-heir of Thomas Lysaght, Esq. (the other co-heir, Catherine, was the wife of Mr. Apjohn), and was succeeded by his son,

John Roche, Esq., born in 1688, who wedded Anne, youngest daughter of Philip Stacpole, Esq., of Mountcashel, Kilmeen, and Kilecan in Clare (by his wife, Christian, daughter of John Creagh, of Ballyvolane in the same county, colonel in the Irish army in the year 1642), and had, with other issue, three sons,

1. Stephen, his heir, who married, first, Margaret, daughter of Richard Meade, Esq., and had issue,
   1. John, his successor, who died in 1825.
   2. Richard, in holy orders, who died in 1805.

2. George, successor to his brother John, and now George Roche, Esq., of Granagh Castle, in the county of Kilkenny.
3. Anne, married to Peter Long, Esq., of Waterford, and had issue.
4. Mary, married to Peter Grehan, Esq., of Dublin, and had issue.

Stephen Roche wedded, secondly, Sarah, daughter and co-heir of John O'Bryen, Esq., of Moyvanny and Cloncots, both in the county of Limerick, chief of the O'Briens of Arran, lineal descendants of Brian Borroimhe, and had issue,

5. Stephen, of Killarney, now in possession of the ancient estates of Moyvanny and Cloncots, who married Maria, daughter of John Moylan, Esq., of Cork, and has issue.
6. Thomas, of Limerick, who married Hellen, daughter of John Anketle, Esq., and has issue.

7. James, of Cork, who married Anne, daughter of John Moylan, Esq. (sister of his brother's wife, both nearly allied to the late Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, of Cork), by whom (now deceased) he has two daughters, Marianne and Sarah.
9. William, M.P. for his native city of
Limerick.
II. John, who espoused Miss Harold,
cousin of General Harold, of the Saxon
service, and had a daughter, Mary Anne,
who wedded John Meade, Esq., of Lime-
rick, and was mother of Captain Roche
Meade, of the twenty-first regiment, Deputy
Adjutant-General.

III. Philip, who married Margaret,
daughter of John Kelly, Esq., of Limerick,
and had, with other issue,
John, who wedded Miss Whyte, daugh-
ter of Charles Whyte, Esq., of Leixlip, and
had a son,
Philip, who espoused the Hon. Anna
Maria Plunket, daughter of Randall, thir-
teenth Lord Dunsany, and by her (who
wedded, secondly, Captain Ryder Burton,
R.N., son of the late Bishop of Killala) had
one son, John, and two daughters, the
younger of whom,
Anna Maria, the subject of this month's
illustration, was married in 1830 to Thomas
Oliver Plunket, present Lord Louth.

The noble family of Plunket, Lords
Louth, is of Danish extraction. Sir Hugh de
Plunket went over from England into Ireland,
in the reign of King Henry III., and was ances-
tor of John, living in the reign of Henry III.,
who had two sons, of whom Richard the
younger was the progenitor of the Lords
Fingall and Dunsany; and the elder, John,
the ancestor of

Sir Patrick Plunket Knt., of Killarney,
Bewley, and Taltanston, who was appointed,
in 1497, Sheriff of Louth, during pleasure;
and dying in 1508, was succeeded by his only
son,

Sir Patrick Plunket, Knt., of Killarney,
who was elevated to the peerage of Ireland,
15th of June, 1541, as Baron of Louth.
His Lordship was succeeded at his decease
by his eldest son,

Thomas, second baron, who dying in
1571, left his honours to his eldest son,

Patrick, third baron. This nobleman
was slain by one Mahon, in the recovery
of a prey of cattle at Essexford, in the county
of Monaghan, in 1575; and leaving no issue,
the title devolved upon his brother,

Oliver, fourth Baron. This nobleman,
with the Plunkets of Ardee, brought six
archers to the general hosting at the hill
of Tarah, in 1598, and was appointed to have
the leading of the county of Louth. He
died in 1607, and was succeeded by his eldest
son.

Matthew, fifth Baron, who dying in
1629, left his honours to his son,

Oliver, sixth Baron. This nobleman
joining the royalists, in 1639, was at the siege
of Drogheda; and at a general meeting of
the principal Catholic gentry of the county
Louth, held at the hill of Tallaghtosker, the
Lord Louth was appointed Colonel-general
of all the forces to be raised in that county;
and on the event of his Lordship's declining
the offer, then Sir Christopher Bellew, and
upon his refusal, then Sir Christopher Barnes-
wall of Rathaskir; which latter gentleman
accepted the said post of Colonel-general, for
which he was imprisoned, in 1642, in the
castle of Dublin, and persecuted by the usurper
Cromwell's parliament. Lord Louth
was succeeded at his demise, in 1679, by
his only son,

Matthew, seventh Baron, who, like his
father, suffered for his attachment to the
cause of the Stuarts. His Lordship died in
1689, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Oliver, eighth Baron. This nobleman,
upon taking his seat in Parliament, was
informed by the Chancellor, that his grand-
father Oliver, sixth Baron, had been outlawed
in 1641, and not being able to establish the
reversal of the same, the dignity remained
for the two subsequent generations unac-
knowledged in law. His Lordship died in
1707, and was succeeded by his only son,

Matthew, ninth Baron, who was suc-
cceeded, in 1754, by his eldest son,

Oliver, tenth Baron, who dying in 1768,
left the honours to his eldest son,

Thomas, eleventh Baron, who had the
outlawry of his ancestor annulled, and was
restored to his rank in the peerage in 1798.
His Lordship espoused, in 1808, Margaret,
eldest daughter of Randall, thirteenth Lord
Dunsany, and sister of the present Lord, and
of the Hon. Mrs. Burton, mother of the pre-
sent Lady Louth, by whom, who died in
1831, he had, with other issue,

Thomas-Oliver, twelfth and present Bar-
on, who was born 5th August, 1809, and
succeeded to the dignity upon the demise of
his father, 25th June, 1828, and wedded Miss
Anna-Maria Roche, as aforesaid, 29th No-
vember, 1830.
TO A LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HELIOTROPE."

A ROUND the storm-girt Apennine
December clouds career:
The torrent's dirge, the groaning pine,
Bewail the dying year!
With roaring and impetuous sweep
From Nature's frozen clime—
As swells you tide the briny deep,
So life the sea of time!

Ye torrents—life and time! ye own
No tarrying spot below!
Still hurrying where the past is gone—
Still flowing—and to flow!
Its fateful page the expiring year
Hath silently unraveled:
Its joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
Past like a tale that's told!

And leaves it on my brow the while
Some trace of sickening care:
Ah! but for thee—thy love and smile—
What furrows had been there!
Tho' tossed upon a stormy sea—
Tho' slender be my sail—
My faith in Heaven, my love for Thee,
Are stronger than the gale!

Genoa, Dec. 28th.

THE SYRIAN AND EGYPTIAN BEDOUINS.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

As the power of Mohammed Ali, and the remarkable position which Egypt appears destined to occupy in the political world, in a great measure depend on the disposition and military force of the Desert Tribes, every thing calculated to throw new light on the habits and manners of those wild races must be regarded with interest. The ideas, nevertheless, generally entertained both of them and the wildernesses they inhabit, are most erroneous. Considering the whole of the nomadic hordes as mere robbers, differing little from the gentlemen who, formerly, in search of fortune, engaged in perilous adventures on Hounslow Heath, we commonly dash off, with a few hasty strokes, the repulsive portrait of a Bedouin. The picture, however, has commonly one defect,—that of being wholly unlike the original. Beheld among his flocks and herds, or beneath his hospitable tent, on the boundless plains of the desert, his appearance and character suggest wholly different ideas. Nothing can be more dignified or chivalrous than his demeanour, nothing more pleasing than his occupation and manner of life. It is not, however, to be disputed that, from the very nature of the circumstances in which the wandering tribes are placed, their knowledge is extremely limited, and their ideas of what is due both to themselves and others peculiar.

But several events, some of very recent occurrence, others of more remote and doubtful character, appear to have effected considerable changes in the condition of the
Bedouins. Ideas, originating in Europe, have opened themselves a way even into their deserts. New opinions have been formed, new wants arisen; and a general effervescence or agitation, the forerunner, perhaps, of remarkable changes, is distinctly perceptible in the great body of the Sons of Ishmael. The dangerous predicament in which misrule, or that natural decay of energy incident to all long-established governments, has placed the Turkish empire, invests the desert tribes with additional influence and importance. If the power of the Ottomans in Africa and Syria is destined to be permanently suppressed, it must, in all probability, be effected by the ministry of the Bedouins. Of this truth Mohammed Ali is thoroughly convinced. He labours, therefore, at the project of conciliating and obtaining the active co-operation of their principal tribes, with all that earnestness and enthusiasm which characterise the usual operations of his government; and, to a certain extent, his efforts have been crowned with success. Still, it must by no means be inferred that this hardy independent race of men, though in amicable relations with the Pasha, and favourable to his views, are, strictly speaking, to be numbered among his subjects; for, notwithstanding that they have, in several instances, been approximating, in occupation and manners, to the Fellahs, a wide distinction still exists between them, and must always continue to exist, until the desert shall become fertile, and all these fierce wanderers stationary.

By reference to the tables in the recently published work, entitled "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," it will be seen that a large proportion of the effective force, with which Ibrahim Pacha achieved his Syrian victories, consisted of Bedouin horse; and, from the history of the war, we discover that, in almost every battle, these were the troops which threw into disorder the ranks of the Turks; which pursued and cut them off in their retreat; which formed, in every perilous enterprise, the van and rear guard, both to lead on the Fellahs to the attack, and to deprive them of all chance of safety in flight; in short, which, during the whole campaign, performed the most arduous and important services. For the hardships and dangers of a military life, they are, in fact, admirably calculated. In their native wilds, their whole existence is a state of warfare. Perpetually on horseback, with spear or matchlock in band, liable to sudden invasions, to midnight attacks; harrowed, so to say, by enemies constantly in sight; engaged in inextinguishable blood-feuds, they always,—to borrow an expression of their own,—carry their lives in their hands; and are, by habit, trained to lose, or, at least, to hazard them, on the slightest occasion. The deserts,—nominally included in the dominions of Mohammed Ali, but over which his power, depending on the adroitness with which he manages the various Sheiks, is extremely precarious,—may, therefore, be regarded as so many vast store-houses, filled with soldiers ready trained, and in part disciplined for the field. From the same inexhaustible armoury, Mohammed and the early Khalifs drew the instruments of their conquests, which extended, with unparalleled rapidity, over half the world; and, could the present ruler of Egypt fully avail himself of this resource, he might with safety set at defiance, not the Sultan only, but any other power disposed to attack him.

His Highness, however, misled, perhaps, by his Frank advisers, appears to imagine, that the most effectual mode of deriving advantage from his Bedouin allies, is to convert them into husbandmen, and make them his slaves, or subjects; that is, to render them to all intents and purposes Fellahs. Accordingly, I observed, in various parts of Egypt and Nubia, small Bedouin settlements, in which a superior degree of industry, energy, cleanliness—the concomitants of a certain degree of freedom—was strikingly visible. But, to what is this to be attributed? To any inherent superiority in the Bedouin over the Fellah? Not at all. The ancestors of the Fellahs, the men who conquered Egypt, and converted it into a dependency of the Bagdad Khalifate, were themselves children of the desert. That which imparts to the above settlements their comparative cleanliness and prosperity, would likewise raise the villages of the ancient peasantry to the same condition; I mean the degree of freedom, which, in order to encourage them to settle in the valley, and exchange the shepherd's crook and spear for the plough, is granted to the desert class. Already, however, the more ancient Bedouin hamlets begin to experience the effects of despotism; for, though less poor and wretched than those of the ordinary peasants, they by no means exhibit that neatness, comfort, and gaiety, which are observable in the dwellings of those clans who have recently yielded to the allurements of what in Egypt is denominated civilisation.

But, in seducing the Bedouins to become
Fellahs, his Highness, without perceiving it, is diminishing his military strength. Happily for him, however, and no less for the nomadic tribes themselves, it is impossible that this process should be carried on to any great extent; and if confined to the merely filling up, by colonies from the desert, of the vacancies created by misgovernment in Egypt and Nubia, no very great evil can arise from it. Though naturally attached by habit to the sweets of a wandering life, which are, perhaps, much greater than is commonly imagined, the Bedouins are vehemently inclined towards the exciting ambitious career opened up by foreign conquest. From ignorance, moreover, of the means usually regarded as necessary to the effecting of great political purposes, they enter boldly, because blindly, into schemes which, by more civilised men, would be condemned as hopeless, and often succeed; fortune, according to the old adage, favouring the bold. Nothing can be easier than to fire their imaginations with magnificent prospects, with golden dreams; for, though accustomed to poverty and an abstemious life, their temperament by no means arises from any philosophical contempt of riches, or love of moderation, in dress, or regimen. On the contrary, no men can be more taken with finery and show; and I have known them, after a modest resistance, and a degree, perhaps, of superstitious dread, yield to European temptations, and, in spite of their prophet, drink spirits like so many Turks. Their unsettled mode of life, and the feeling that danger is never far distant, inspire them with an aversion to cities, and every species of durable and immovable dwelling. While engaged in negotiations with a Mount Sinai Bedouin, at Cairo, in the house of a Turk, the clock, near which the Ishmaelite was sitting, happening to strike, he started from his seat, as if shot through the body, and instinctively laid his hand upon his weapon; but, observing us laugh, he blushed, and became ashamed of his panic, which was, however, perfectly natural; and, by way of apology, observed—"I am unused to your houses and the contrivances of cities. The sound was new to me. In the desert you would not have seen me start thus."

By inflaming their imaginations with the hope of vast treasures, you may lead them into the wildest undertaking. Excitement of some kind is necessary to their existence. As soldiers, therefore, they are better adapted for conquest than defence; though, being by nature and habit brave, it would not, under any circumstances, be an easy matter to subdue them. The idea that they are all robbers, is a vulgar error. On the frontiers of the desert, where, as in all border districts, the depraved and desperate of the contiguous nations herd together, there are frequently found small robber castes, who, having been driven for bad conduct from their tribes, know no other means of subsistence than pillage. But, in the interior of the desert, whom should they rob? No strangers penetrate thus far; and, in many instances, one numerous tribe wanders at its own will over immense tracts of country into which no other tribe has a right to enter. Settled and civilised nations are too apt to imagine that nomadic hordes have no rights to defend, no property to protect, no insults, no injuries to revenge. But this logic the Bedouins by no means comprehend. If, therefore, such of them as dwell near the routes traversed by the commercial or religious caravans, find a number of Turks, Persians, or others, exhausting the wells they have sunk,—where water is more precious than wine,—turning huge droves of camels into their pastures, or cutting down their scanty woods, it is not surprising that they should demand compensation for the damage, and, where this is refused, have recourse to the sword. What would an European proprietor say to thirty or forty thousand Turks who should encamp on his estate, turn their cattle into his fields, and fell his woods? It is probable that, whether they called themselves merchants or pilgrims, they would meet with but a disagreeable reception.

Besides, all those tribes who encamp near the frontiers of the Turkish empire, whether in Egypt or Syria, have always been regarded by the Pashas as legitimate objects of pillage. If horses are wanted for the army, a foray against the Bedouins supplies the deficiency. Does the governor's harem require replenishing? The wives and daughters of the nearest Bedouins are seized upon for this righteous purpose. When poor, they are plundered because they can make no effectual resistance; when rich, their possessions are sufficient to induce the Turks to incur some danger in the attempt to appropriate them to their own use. These atrocious wars occur most frequently on the Syrian frontier. In general, the conduct of the desert tribes is honourable, if not humane; but the Turks, with the bad faith inherent in their race, exhibit, in these petty campaigns, all the resources of their despicable policy. From many curious relations which might be given,
in illustration of what has been said above, I select the following, communicated to me, in Egypt, by John Barker, Esq., late His Britannic Majesty’s Consul-General at Alexandria.

The Pasha of Aleppo, without having any cause of complaint, but incited merely by the hope of plunder, undertook, at his own expense, a grand expedition against the Fahel, an ancient chief of the tribes of sedentary Arabs, inhabiting the Zor, on the banks of the Euphrates. His army, which was placed under the command of the Motsellim of Khilis, consisted of two thousand Turkish soldiers, one thousand armed peasants, one thousand Arabs of the tribe of Hadadeen, whom he had prevailed upon to act as his auxiliaries, and four pieces of cannon. This formidable array was well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the old patriarch, the fame of whose riches was much greater than that of his power. In the first place, therefore, he had recourse to negotiation, and, in order to avert the impending danger, made an offer of a large sum of money. But, as might have been anticipated, this mark of submission and fear served only to stimulate more strongly the Pasha’s cupidity. The army, therefore, continued its march, and his Highness was already, in imagination, possessed of the golden hoards of Fahel, when his forces were suddenly enveloped, attacked, and dispersed, leaving in the hands of the victors the four pieces of cannon, and the Motsellim, whose life was spared in the manner related by a peasant who was one of the Pasha’s musketeers. "It was not," said he, "the affair of a long summer’s day—of an hour—of half an hour. It was over in a shorter space of time than I have employed in relating it. The first discharge of the artillery killed five of our own men; and the cannoners had hardly time to reload before they were surrounded, and compelled to have recourse to their swords and pistols. Having the Motsellim in the midst of them, they made an obstinate resistance; but they all fell by the lance of the Fahel, excepting the commander, whose life was spared by one of the sons of the Bedouin chief, who was seen scouring the field in every direction, exclaiming, ‘No quarter to the Rooma,* but spare the peasant, for he has been brought here against his will.’ The auxiliary Arabs, abandoning camp and baggage, saved themselves by flight, leaving, however, one of their women behind. On the Fahel’s coming up to the empty tents, she was recognised and accosted by one of the soldiers, who said to her—‘Sister, what are you doing here?’—‘I am in labour,’ she replied. ‘Then thou art the booty which God has assigned me,’ rejoined the Arab; and respectfully retired to a short distance. There he waited patiently until it was proper for him to return; when, finding the mother had nothing wherein to swaddle her infant, he tore off the skirts of his tattered undergarment, and presented them to her for the purpose. He then assisted ‘his sister’ (a respectful term applied by the Arabs to all women) to mount his mare, and with the halter in his hand, and words of comfort and urbanity in his conversation, journeyed on many a weary league in the traces of the fugitive tribe. Having, at length, overtaken it, he restored the woman and her child to their family. He was now introduced, by the grateful husband, to the chief of the Hadadeen, who invited him to spend the remainder of the day, and the ensuing night in his tents. With the view of effecting a reconciliation between the hostile tribes, from whose enmity none but the Turks derived any advantage, he accepted the Sheikil’s invitation, and, on the morrow, when about to depart, prevailed upon him to proceed in his company to the camp of the victorious Fahel.

On reaching the tent of the patriarch, the old man gently upbraided the Arab for having sided with the Osmanlies. Having patiently listened to his reproaches, which he was conscious of deserving, the young chief replied with dignity, ‘O Fahel, I am a Hadadeen! Can you think me capable of uniting in sincere friendship with those Osmanly dogs? Between you and me there is an honourable warfare. We fight for the goods of this world. But the Rooma are not restrained by the sacred laws which regulate the actions of the Arab! They respect not the chastity of women. They will slay a brave man whom they have by chance unhorsed; or with still greater baseness, will stoop to take away his sandals and his water-bottle, and expose him to perish of thirst in the desert!’

Sentiments which resemble their own are sure to generate in all men approval and sympathy. The Fahel, charmed by the expression of that hatred of the Osmanlies which animated his own breast, though not strictly in keeping with recent occurrences, exclaimed, ‘Thou art a brave man, and shall hereafter be esteemed among my dearest friends!’ This brief colloquy between the

* This is the appellation given by the Arabs to the Turkish soldiers, whether from Roumelia or not.
rival chiefs had scarcely terminated, when the naked and trembling Motsellim was conducted into the tent. Fahel rose at his entrance. Then commanding him to be furnished immediately with a proper suit of apparel, and giving him, in the most solemn terms, assurances of safety, he was next ordered to be presented with the pipe and coffee, and, as the last guarantee of hospitality, with a cake of coarse unleavened Arab bread.

The Motsellim, accustomed to a luxurious style of living, broke, and endeavoured to eat it; but, after many fruitless efforts, relinquished the attempt, and declared that he could not swallow it. ‘What!’ exclaimed Fahel, sternly, ‘you cannot eat our bread; yet this it is of which your master envies us the possession!’ When this laconic rebuke was supposed to have made a due impression on the Motsellim, he was regaled with the choicest viands that could be procured; and from that day forward continued to be treated with respect, and even with kindness, during his captivity.

In the anguish of defeat, the Pasha of Aleppo, notwithstanding the humane treatment experienced by his lieutenant, expressed his determination to be revenged; and made several vain demonstrations of his design of raising another army. But these menaces were nothing but so many verbal flourishes, intended to conceal his deep sense of the disgrace which had befallen him. The peasantry, impressed with a salutary fear of the Bedouins, though they might by terror be compelled to take up arms, would, he foresaw, inevitably abandon them at the first onset; and his Turkish forces, accustomed to plunder undissembled defenceless villagers, exhibited no alacrity to engage in this service. For which reason, the punishment of the Fahel was indefinitely postponed; and, in the midst of his ineffectual endeavours to accomplish it, the Pasha was called away to the command of a distant province.

Meantime, instead of a prison, the Motsellim had enjoyed in the Zor an asylum against the fury of his master, who would have been disposed to wash away his own disgrace with the blood of his unhappy lieutenant. He was at length dismissed with many tokens of distinguished kindness, and honourable vestments, horses, and other marks of Arab hospitality and munificence. The new Pasha, won by this noble conduct, or fearing to experience reverses like those which had attended the enterprise of his predecessor, prudently accepted from the Fahel the tribute they voluntarily paid, in consideration of the privilege of selling to the people of Aleppo the surplus of their corn, sheep, and butter.

In this little picture of real living Arab manners, it will be seen that the victorious chief rose from his seat at the entrance of a distinguished captive into his presence. But this mark of civility he shows to the meanest individual, whether Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian. So very different are the manners of this desert chief from those of the Turks, in authority, that he never suffers his hand or vest to be kissed, on occasions of ceremony, except by women and children. From respect, also, to the dignity of human nature, he will accept of no degrading services from the meanest of his followers; and even fetches, on certain occasions, the water for his own ablutions. But this philosophical sentiment is not peculiar to the Fahel; on the contrary, it is so common in the desert, among a people whom we regard as barbarians, that it excites neither attention nor remark.

Mohammed Ali, with that quick sagacity which distinguishes him, soon discovered the military value of the Bedouins. But numerous circumstances opposed his project of availing himself of their services in his various wars. Even at this day a small portion only of this redoubtable force can be properly said to be at his disposal; all those tribes, west of the Nile, who are known under the appellation of the Mogrebins, being so fierce, treacherous, and intractable, that they have been hitherto regarded by his Highness rather as enemies than subjects. Sometimes, in passing to and fro between Cairo and Alexandria, on occasions when rapidity is thought to be important, the Pasha traverses the desert on dromedaries. But, as he is frequently attended but by a few followers, he takes care to perform these journeys in disguise, lest he should be encountered and cut off by these audacious marauders. Various contrivances have been resorted to, both by Mohammed Ali and his son, to attach the other tribes to their interest; and it has been said, I know not with what truth, that, in order, by exhibiting unbounded confidence in their fidelity, to ensure a like confidence in return, Ibrahim Pasha has lately placed one of his infant children in their hands, to be educated in the hardy discipline of the desert.

Before it was known to what extent these brave, but restless and intractable warriors, could be made to co-operate in the furtherance of his enterprises, or, whether, indeed, they could be led to co-operate in them at all, the
Pasha had directed his views to the Black Countries, which he hoped to convert into so many nurseries of soldiers. But, though black slaves, when employed in domestic labours, well clothed, well fed, and protected at night by walls and warm coverings from the influences of the air, are found to bear extremely well the climate of Egypt, they have proved utterly incapable of sustaining, in any northern country, the fatigues of war. Without the agency of any visible disease, their ranks melted away like vapour; so that, before the enemy appeared, the army had vanished from the earth. Even the Fellahs want that bounding elasticity which distinguishes youth and health in more robust natures. When moving under arms, they drag their limbs along listlessly, as if mere motion was irksome to them; and I always remarked, in crossing any portion of the desert, attended by a number of the peasants, that they could with difficulty endure the heat and fatigue, though to me the same degree of exertion only afforded agreeable exercise. But the case was very different when my attendants were Bedouins. It was then my turn to be last; for, accustomed to brave the sun, naturally hardy, and supported by that buoyancy of spirit and moral energy which are inspired by the enjoyment of freedom, they appeared incapable of lassitude or depression, and bounded lightly along the sand, as if it had been some elastic floor that rose beneath their light footsteps.

I have often meditated on the probable result of an event, which, in the present position of the Ottoman empire, seems not at all unlikely to happen—the invasion of Egypt by the Russians. Setting aside all other considerations, the climate would probably effect, among their ranks, the same havoc that the cold of a Muscovite winter caused in the armies of Napoleon. It would certainly be the height of madness to march an army of Arabs into Siberia, into the vicinity of the Arctic Circle; and from all the experience which history supplies, it may be inferred that a body of hyperborean barbarians, with the habits and vices fostered by their climate, would be as incapable of withstanding the heat of an Egyptian summer. On the Bar- bury coast, the French, with all their armour and military science, find the Bedouins a people not to be subdued. And what are the feeble straggling clans, inhabiting that portion of Africa, compared with the natives of the Eastern desert, and of Arabia Petraea, who would all rally their invincible chivalry round the standard of Mohammed Ali, if attacked by Nicholas, or any other ally of the Sultan, in the heart of his own territories! This is what Hussein Pasha, and the Grand Vizier, notwithstanding their vain boasting during the recent struggle, well knew to be the truth. No Turkish general, whatever might be his numerical force, would willingly venture into Egypt, supposing Mohammed Ali to be heartily supported by the desert tribes; as, independently of their valour and ability in distressing an enemy's army on its march, they can retire at will, whether no one can follow them, and issue forth again with renewed vigour and increased numbers, at times and points wholly unexpected.

But no one can view the Bedouin without feeling convinced that he was born for war and conquest. His firm masculine features, fiery eye, and agile, muscular, nervous form, impress the beholder with the persuasion that he would prove an able friend or a dangerous enemy. The qualities of his mind correspond, also, with those of his body. Ardent, enthusiastic, persuaded, from his habitual piety, that he enjoys the favour of God, no dangers appal, no hardships subdue him. From the very peculiarities of his nature, moreover, he is highly susceptible of attachment to his general, and, therefore, under an able commander, he would unite with all his other soldierly qualifications, strong personal affections for the chief, under the influence of which even ordinary men are elevated into heroes. Like all other enthusiasts, he is more affected by rewards which flatter his ambition and sense of honour, than by any increase in his worldly possessions. He dwells, even in the midst of the wilderness, on the sweets of reputation, and that ineradicable love of fame, by which men can be inspired with a contempt even for existence itself, when not accompanied with those honours and distinctions which they have learned to prize. But to the Bedouin, fame must come in the shape in which he has been accustomed to behold it, accompanied by the voice of songs, by the shoutings of his tribe, by the smile of those lips, and the approving sparkle of those eyes that have always appeared to him bright and beautiful. Like those

"Youths that died to be by poets sung."

the Bedouin can be urged to any daring deed by the incitement of the bard. Poetry, among men in such a state of civilisation, is an instrument of incalculable power. It is not, as among us, regarded as an amusement; its possessor, the herald and interpreter of fame, knows none of the motives, which, in
When we have just put off the trammels of childhood and look abroad into the busy world from the distant eminence, everything seems invested with the freshness and beauty of paradise. There appears everywhere before us but one attractive and bland prospect. All that is rugged lies softened in the distance; all that is repulsive is so blended with the beautiful as to escape the careless scrutiny of the young and ardent enthusiast. The fair valley smiles, and the mountain towers sublime, but the treacherous bog may stagnate within the one, and the grim precipice yawn behind the other. Thus, to the unpractised perceptions of the young, all objects are magnified or diminished according to the bias of their hopes, their prejudices, or their passions. They are either steeped in the hues of beauty or curtailed of their unsightly proportions, by that prismatic and microscopic influence which the feelings so frequently communicate to the mind, when they bring it into a blind subserviency to their rash and unchecked impulses. Female beauty, to the distempered fancy of the young, is almost everywhere blotted. As in the calenture, the eye is cheated by the imagination. Time, however, so strengthens the discriminating faculty, that we soon distinguish spots through the brightness, and discover to our vexation, that beauty is but often nothing more than a gloss cast over deformity, like a thin growth of flowery verdure over the deep and treacherous morass. As in the organic, so in the moral distemper, time and discipline alone can dispel that illusion which is the very radix of the disease.

Such were the reflections of Horace Leslie, as he was returning from the Athenaeum on a dark cold evening in November. He had been but a few days from the country. Passing through Golden Square, his attention was arrested by a slight female figure lying on the step of a door, apparently in a state of extreme distress. She was clothed in a thin homely dress of printed calico. Her head was very insecurely protected from the inclemency of the night by a tattered straw bonnet. Her arms and shoulders were entirely exposed to the rain, which now began to drizzle in a languid but piercing shower, while the cold was so acute that Leslie shivered under his thick cloak. The night threatened to be stormy: the atmosphere was thick and murky. The streets were almost entirely deserted, though the hour was yet early. The lamps emitted a dull, glimmering ray, for oil had not yet yielded to the radiant supremacy of gas—and their long line of misty, ochreous light was so completely neutralised by the density above, that the tops of the houses were altogether obscured. It seemed as if a vast black pall were hanging between them and the sky, which excluded all view of the heavens, where the imagination readily represented active preparation for elemental commotion. The whole firmament was one intensely opaque void. The stars had withdrawn their shining and were shrouded in "the blackness of darkness." The dim, yellow glare of the lamps scarcely extended beyond the pavement. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional rattle of a carriage rolling through the deserted streets, or
the hoarse tone of the drowsy watchman, as he croaked forth the hour, associating the most dismal ideas of catarrh and rheumatism.

Leslie was extremely distressed for the sufferer, who, in a state of apparent stupefaction, reclined against the iron railing which enclosed the area of a large house, groaning heavily at intervals, though making no appeal to the casual passenger for relief. He advanced towards her, but she did not raise her head. Her arm, which was naked almost to the shoulder, was thrown backward; and as a large lamp immediately over the door of the house flung its broad steady light directly upon her, he could perceive at once, by its shape and whiteness, that it belonged to no common person. It was small and delicately rounded. The almost ethereal texture of the hand and the exquisitely tapered fingers, showed at a glance that the limb, though apparently somewhat abridged of its fair proportions by disease or suffering, was no ordinary one. The poor creature, who had by this time excited Leslie’s sympathy to a most painful degree, continued all but motionless. She appeared to be absorbed in one feeling of concentrated agony. Leslie gently took her hand; she neither met nor recoiled from the pressure. After a few moments she slowly changed the position of her head, but spoke not. He cast his eyes upon the haggard countenance now fully exposed to his anxious scrutiny, and immediately recognised in the supposed stranger, the outcast daughter of Lord Darlington. He was thunderstruck. His bosom heaved, his heart sickened, his temples throbbed. He was subdued in a moment, and tears of painful sympathy rolled down his cheeks. Recollections of the past rushed back against the struggling current of his thoughts, and he could scarcely repress a groan of bitter compassion, as he saw realised in the object before him, the dispensation of a retributive Providence. He had not addressed her. He was closely muffled up in a large wrapping cloak. He had, moreover, lately allowed his beard to grow upon the upper lip and beneath the chin, so that he was the less likely, upon a superficial view, to be readily recognised. He did not hesitate one moment as to what course he should pursue: requesting a poor boy, who happened to pass, to call a hackney coach, he lifted Lady Mary Trevor into it, and ordered the coachman to inquire her address, and drive thither. He, in the mean while, mounted upon the box with the coachman fearing that if he entered the coach, she might discover who he was, which he desired, at least for the present moment, to conceal from her.

The coach at length stopped at an obscure house in Crown-court. Soho, when Leslie paid the fare, and followed his trembling charge into her miserable apartment—a cellar of the narrowest dimensions, paved with brick, cold, damp, and cheerless. She was too much exhausted to speak, so that Leslie assisted her in silence to a seat, the only one in the room, and which was an unshapely fragment of a butcher’s chopping-block. He had not yet spoken; in fact he was too much overpowered to speak, but maintained his incognito by keeping his cloak wrapped tightly round him. He now placed his back against the rough, slimy wall, and surveyed with harrowing pity, the miserable abode of the daughter of a British peer. In one corner, on a straw matress, spread upon the damp brick floor, lay, in the agonies of death, the wretched man from whom Leslie had suffered the most unpardonable of provocations, the foulest of wrongs. His face was sharp and withered, his skin discoloured and flaccid, his eyes glassy and bloodshot. Upon his cheek there was a deep red suffusion, which centered in one glowing spot, where the blood appeared absolutely to boil, it was so fixed and intense. He was in the last stage of consumption, lying in a narrow cellar, which realised a picture of the most deplorable destitution. Close by his squalid bed lay a dead infant, on which the mother gazed with a look of speechless agony, expressed only in the rapid undulations of her quivering countenance. The tears, gradually forcing their way through the compressed lids which closed convulsively as if to prevent their flow, rolled down her hollow cheeks upon her heaving bosom. There was no furniture in the apartment besides the stool, and a window-shutter supported on low trestles, which served instead of a table. The walls were covered with mildew, and large drops hung from the ceiling, which every now and then fell with an ominous splash upon the bricks beneath. There was about a handful of wood ashes upon the hearth—for there was no grate—the remains of the fire that had been lit in the morning to prepare the last meal for the two wretched inhabitants of this abode of sin and of sorrow—the only one they had yet shared for the day. Before the fire-place part of an untanned dog’s hide was spread as a substitute for a rug, while a long piece
of flat, rough stone, placed upon its edge, served as a fender. In one corner of the room were heaped together a few shrivelled potatoes, the only substance in the shape of food which had met Leslie's eye. Everything around him exhibited the most complete privation. The apartment was scarcely fit to be the habitation of a brute. The floor was sunk into numerous hollows, while the ceiling, which had given way in several places, displayed a most "beggarly account" of rotten laths and decayed rafters, through which the dirt, shock from the floor above, occasionally fell; thus adding an additional feature of repulsiveness to the aspect of this dismal dwelling.

The mattress, upon which was extended the once sprightly and elegant Delmar, was torn in several places, disclosing a scanty mixture of black straw and dirty wool. His sole covering was a tattered horse-rug, and beneath this he lay in the only suit of clothes which he possessed, wrestling with the great conqueror, death. His neck and chest were sufficiently exposed to show that he wore no shirt; while his withered throat, yellow, fleshless, and developing the minutest anatomical structure, presented a sight almost appalling. The coat that very imperfectly covered the portion of his body, for which it was contrived, had but one sleeve, so that the naked arm, which he frequently threw out of bed, during the paroxysms of his suffering, was seen by Leslie, and sufficiently indicated what the dying man must have endured. It was like the arm of a skeleton forced into a dead skin that hung loosely about it without any muscular tension, as if all vitality had ceased within. The utter laxation of the fibres was so death-like, that Leslie felt his blood curdle as he gazed upon it. He could not, however, help reflecting upon the terrible retribution which had overtaken the author of his domestic misery—the blighter of his cannibal joys; yet the tear gathered in his eye as he witnessed how signally his injuries had been avenged by the unimpeachable justice of Him who cannot err. What a lesson, he thought, for the profiteer! How would the seducer and adulterer tremble, could they be but here present and behold the terrible issue of vice! Who that could anticipate the possibility of such a punishment, would run the risk of undergoing it? What must be the portion of that guilt which snaps asunder the great moral tie by which society is held together, and flings into the social circle the plague-spot of infamy? What, but a penalty, commensurate with its enormity, either here or hereafter!

How did Leslie now rejoice that he had not redressed his wrongs by those sanguinary means, which have, nevertheless, the sanction of the higher classes, and are upheld not only as laudable, but as the most honourable that can be employed, to vindicate moral injury. Those wrongs had, indeed, been much more effectually redressed by the avenger, who, though he is "mighty to save," is also mighty to destroy.

Lady Mary Trevor, who, since her disgrace and consequent divorce, had taken the name of Mrs. Forrester, after a considerable pause which had enabled Leslie to observe, as has been already described, the state of utter destitution to which Delmar and herself were reduced, interrupted his reflections by inquiring, with a sigh, to whom they were indebted for such unwonted liberality as had been evinced by him in visiting their miserable abode.

"We have both seen better days, sir," she said, "but never in our bereavement have we yet found compassion until this night. I have been of late a stricken wanderer upon the highway of the world, and no one has either poured oil into my wounds, or consolation into my heart. How could I expect it? You see before you, a wretch, who deserves neither pity from the world, nor mercy from heaven. How did I wrong the worthiest of husbands, and the best of men?"

Delmar groaned deeply, raising himself at the same moment from his hard, flat pillow. Alas! who but such, can estimate the dying agonies of an adulterer, with all the terrible uncertainty of an eternal world in immediate prospect before him!

"Sirs," continued Mrs. Forrester, "I will not tire you with my history, unless you have a desire to hear it. It is too revolting for innocent ears, and what right have I to challenge the sympathies of strangers? I perceive you have a charitable heart, and that our state of deplorable bereavement has already moved your compassion; may I therefore be permitted to ask, without incurring the reproach of impertinent curiosity, to whom we are indebted for so much kindness?"

"To Horace Leslie," was the reply.

At the name of Leslie the conscience-stricken Delmar started from his pillow with a look of dismay, and attempted to rush from the room. The exertion overpowered him—he fell upon the floor. Leslie tried to raise him, but he shrank with a look of convulsive horror from the touch of the man whom he
had cruelly wronged. Mrs. Forrester had fainted, and lay insensible by the side of her dead infant. Leslie called in the landlady of the house, and, with her assistance, raised the unhappy Delmar, when, to his dismay, he beheld the floor deluged with blood. The dying man was speechless, but still conscious, for he shuddered instinctively in Leslie's grasp. His eyes however were fixed, and almost rainless; his tongue protruded from his expanded jaws, whilst the gore continued to pour from his throat, as if discharged from a piston. The dews of death gathered rapidly upon his temples; he spoke not—he moved not; the blood shortly ceased to flow, and only bubbled faintly through his lips; at length his eyes suddenly dilated—his hands clenched, and turning one pentitent and imploring look towards Leslie, he fell dead upon his miserable pallet. His appearance was spectral. In a few minutes the gore thickened round his mouth—his eyelids, which the death-pang had forced apart beyond their natural boundary, exposed the whole of the rigid orb beneath, lapped in dim unconsciousness, and glaring in the startling vacuity of death. It was fixed into a broad, lifeless, glassy stare. The jaws had fallen; and his attenuated frame, macerated to a shadow with mental suffering and bodily privation, presented an appearance too painful to contemplate. Leslie turned as a sort of relief to Mrs. Forrester, then lying insensible in the arms of the landlady, who had by this time raised her, and was supporting her on her knee.

After restoratives had been administered, the miserable sufferer opened her eyes, but turned them on Leslie with such an expression of vacant unconsciousness, that it was evident reason had not returned with the senses. When he spoke, the sound of his voice seemed, for a moment, to recall her ordinary faculties, and she shrieked so piteously, that even the landlady, down whose rigid cheeks the tribute of sympathy had not rolled for years, wiped a tear from her eye, and confessed herself overcome. Leslie desired the sufferer might be conveyed to a comfortable apartment, whilst he gave orders for the funeral of Delmar and the fruit of his guilty intercourse with the once lively daughter of Lord Darlington.

Mrs. Forrester was now put into a decent bed, and a medical man called in, who attributed her state to the effect of over excitement upon a distempered frame; at the same time expressing his conviction that her life was near its termination, as she exhibited every symptom of phthisis, doubtless imbibed during her frequently close attendance upon Delmar, and aggravated by her numerous privations. Leslie visited her daily, and saw that every necessary attention was paid to her. Meanwhile, the remains of Delmar and the infant were decently buried. The injured husband was now the only support of the guilty wife. The law, indeed, had dissolved the connubial tie, and consequently released him from all responsibility on her account; but the feelings of a Christian prompted him to take care that the remainder of her melancholy journey to that silent land, where all things are forgotten, should be as undisturbed as his best efforts could render it. He had her therefore removed to more respectable lodgings, where she might receive all that human "appliances and means" could furnish, in order that she might pass with as little suffering as possible, to that "still and populous city," which we must all finally inhabit.

Leslie had been informed by the landlady of the house in Crown Court, that the life which the guilty Mrs. Forrester had led with the still more guilty Delmar, was miserable in the extreme. He was tormented by such an incurable jealousy, that he could not bear her to be a moment from his sight; and though he left her day after day to indulge his own besotted propensities, it was only to reproach her with the greater bitterness at his return. He professed the most ardent attachment towards her; it was, however, the passion of frenzy—the morbid love of a distempered mind—not the tender attachment cherished by the heart, and directed by the reason. He would often tax her with infidelity; in fact, he suspected her of the basest attachments. His conduct was, at times, so outrageous, that during the paroxysm of his ferocious jealousy, he has struck her insensible to the earth. He had even threatened her life, and on one occasion actually attempted to stab her. This recital, painful as it was, Leslie listened to with the most agonising interest, nor could be forbear offering up a silent prayer to heaven for the guilty soul which had so lately gone to its reckoning, and for that no less guilty soul also about to receive its final summons.

Mrs. Forrester soon recovered her reason, but her peace of mind was gone, and it was evident to every one that she had but a short time to make her peace with heaven. Leslie was indefatigable in his attentions to the sufferer. He procured for her the best advice which the metropolis afforded. But she daily declined, and very soon became sensible that
her recovery was hopeless. Her spirits lan-
guished; nor did she reflect upon the near
approach of death without many a fearful
presentiment. Several days elapsed before
she could encounter the presence of Leslie;
but after a while, his unremitting attentions
and tender anxiety overcame her reluctance,
and so reconciled her to his presence, that
it became her sole consolation. He not
only never reproached her, but never even
referred, by the most indefinite allusion, to
the past. He sent to her family a touching
account of her situation; his letter was
not answered. He called to make the com-
munication in person, but was denied admis-
tance. He returned to Mrs. Forrester, and
stated as delicately as he could, the fruitless
result of his application to her unnatural
parents.

"Had he," she replied, "who had such
just cause, been so unfeelingly obturate,
what must have become of me? Leslie (for
your kindness emboldens me again to address
you by that familiar name), you know not—
you never can know how amply you have
been avenged, and how fully I have paid
the penalty of dishonour. The scorpion
sting of remorse has rankled in my heart,
while the irritation of maddening thought
has at the same moment convulsed my
brain; and during the dreadful conflict of
these unappeasable agents of evil, the
'troubled waters' of guilt, foul with all
their horrible pollutions, have been boiling
in my distracted soul. Oh! I have been
all but mad. I have passed my days in horror
and my nights in agony. My dreams have
been thorns in my pillow—my waking
thoughts daggers in my bosom. The loss of
reason would have been a relief to me; but,
alas! no such relief was mine. My conscious-
ness was too keenly alive to the dreadful reality
of my condition, to be for one moment de-
luded. I could not lose sight of it for an
instant—not even in my slumbers. I had
no prospect but misery; and how terribly
has this prospect been realised! I had no-
thing to hope—nothing to live for; and yet
I dared not die. I was the veriest coward
that ever shrank under the lash of conscience.
There was a blot upon my spirit which I felt
to be too vile for heaven, though the tortures
of hell would have been almost a release from
what I sometimes endured; but I had not
the daring to run the risk of encountering
them. I have often fancied that I could see
my name written, in blazing characters, upon
the fiery record where the names of the out-
casts from heaven are enrolled, as doomed to
everlasting horrors. How frequently have I
endeavoured to persuade myself that I was
frenetic—that all was a frightful fiction!
But, no; Truth, strong as death and immu-
table as eternity, encircled my soul with the
grasp of omnipotence, and sent her awful
voice through its inmost recesses. I could
not hide myself from myself—how could I
then from the scrutiny of the Eternal! In
my own eyes, I was a canker upon the face
of creation. What then must I be in those
which are neither confined by space, nor
marred by time! I shuddered at my own
deformity; but I had plunged voluntarily into
the gulf—deep into the darkness—deeper
into its foul and mephitic atmosphere. There
was no longer any possibility of retreat, while
the whole essence of my being was so im-
pregnated with the pestilence, that no mortal
power could disinfect it. I felt abandoned
by heaven, and knew not where to turn for
consolation. The man for whom I had made
the sacrifice of all upon earth that is really
valuable to woman, treated me with reproach
and ignominy, triumphed bitterly in my dis-
grace, and mocked me in my misery. How
has my spirit writhed under the savage in-
fictions of his jealousy!—how have I been
stung by the gibings of his brutal indigna-
tion! He has spurned me from him; he has
taunted me with my infamy; he has accused
me of the vilest acts; he has bruised me with
unmanly blows. Great God! what have I not
endured at the hands of him to whom I owe
all my wretchedness! How often has he
maddened me into forgetfulness of my sex
and birth! And yet he was less to blame
than I! It was I that encouraged him to
make those advances, which proved in the
issue so fatal to my peace. He required not,
however, such encouragement: he was the
false friend, the treacherous guest, the per-
fidious paramour. I have never known a
moment's peace from the day I quitted your
roof. That was the dark hour of my destiny—
the total eclipse of my happiness. I soon
discovered that I had abandoned an angel
for a demon, who repaid the sacrifice I had
made for him, at such a dreadful cost, with
ingratitude, cruelty, and scorn. But he is
gone to his account; and may the Great
Arbiter of human actions have mercy upon
his guilty soul, as also upon mine!"

She shuddered. Her whole countenance
was agitated from inward emotion; she closed
her eyes, and was silent for a few moments.
Leslie, after a pause, ventured to ask how it
happened that they were reduced to a state
of such extreme poverty.
“Alas!” replied Mrs. Forrester, “Delmar soon ceased to find pleasure in my society, which he relinquished for that of the most profligate associates, who enticed him to the gaming table, where, after repeated losses, he reduced himself to absolute beggary. The few jewels I possessed had been all disposed of, and the produce basely squandered. He then resorted to acts of swindling, which, coming to the ears of his relations, they abandoned him to the vile resources of his profligacy, and he speedily sank into habits of the lowest debauchery. Frequently has he brought to our miserable dwelling the most abandoned females, to add their mockery to his, and laughed at the bitter tears which those insults wrung from me. A few weeks before his death, his habitual intemperance became so insufferable—for he was now almost perpetually in a state of the most disgusting intoxication—that, to escape his violence, I applied for shelter to that last refuge of the destitute, the parish workhouse, but was refused admittance. Stung by an unmanly taunt, I returned in despair to the scene of my sufferings. Delmar’s excesses at length brought him to the brink of the grave, and it was but a day or two before his death that he ceased his daily potation of ardent spirits, only because he was without the means of procuring it; for in order to indulge his fatal propensity, he had disposed of every thing we possessed in the world, except what you saw in the room in which he died. He has not left me a farthing! If I appear harsh to his memory, remember that he never gave me cause to respect it. Alas! how much the reverse!”

Leslie was a good deal affected by this interview; it recalled many painful recollections. He could not but remember that the unhappy being whose tale of woe had thrilled him with such sad alternations of emotion had been once his wife—that he had once loved her, not, indeed, with the fervency of an affection won by the virtues of the mind and heart, but with a passion based upon the visionary creations of a heated and enraptured fancy. His affections perhaps may be said rather to have been seduced than won; nevertheless he had looked upon her with fondness, and had anticipated from his union with her a life of easy enjoyment. The spell, however, suddenly broke, and the demon of disappointment stood unmasked before him. How soon had all his social prospects been blasted! How soon were his growing affections withered by the chilling blight of neglect! How soon had his fair dreams of happiness been superseded by the most revolting realities! Although the treatment he had received at her hands, had dashed with gall the fresh stream of his existence, he still could not look at her now in his bereavement, stretched upon the bed of suffering, and shortly to pass that awful boundary where the shoreless ocean of eternity is disclosed, without feeling a pang as he contemplated what she might have been, had a mother’s tenderness and a father’s solicitude withheld her young mind from the contagion of fashion. How fearful the contrast between what she had been and what she was! The past, however, was not to be recalled; it only remained, therefore, to dedicate the present to a preparation for that future over which the dominion of time shall cease.

Leslie signified his resolution to do everything in his power for the sufferer’s benefit: although the tie by which he had been united to her had been snapt, both legally and morally, his attentions were unremitted. He passed several hours daily in her chamber, sparing no efforts to calm the anxiety of her latter moments; and as the term of her existence drew nigh, gradually but perceptibly, he poured into her ear and heart the consolations of religion, lifted her depressed soul to the sublime elevation of hope, and she imbibed from his lips the words of eternal life.

Although Leslie had been repulsed in his endeavours to obtain an interview with Lord Darlington, he still determined to see him, and state the condition of his once favourite child. He anticipated repulse and even insult; yet was he resolved, if necessary, to encounter both, in the discharge of what he considered his duty towards a dying but penitent offender, who, if she might still hope for pardon from God, might surely, with far juster reason, expect it from man. According to his determination, therefore, Leslie proceeded to the Earl’s residence, when the servant, upon being asked if his Lord was at home, answered in the negative. Leslie said that he had a very urgent communication to make, and must see the Earl immediately.

“I have to inform you,” replied the minion, “that my Lord has given orders not to be disturbed. I cannot deliver your message. You had better write. You are no welcome visitor here.”

Leslie hesitated a moment. He felt a sudden heavy throb at the heart, and a scorching flush of the cheek, those premonitory symptoms of rising passion, at being
thus accosted by an insolent footman; but checking his indignation, he replied in a mild, yet determined, tone, "If you do not choose to deliver my message I shall proceed to his Lordship's room, without further ceremony."

"It is my duty to take care that you do no such thing," said the fellow, "and I shall perform my duty."

Without condescending to reply, Leslie seized the man by the collar, and ejecting him into the street, shut the door upon him with considerable violence. Lord Darlington, hearing the scuffle, came into the hall to ascertain the cause, and arrived just at the moment when his insolent retainer was darting through the door, like a thief from the dreaded grasp of a Bow Street runner. The Earl was, for a moment, so overcome with astonishment and rage, that he could scarcely articulate. He stood like an antique upon his own chimney-piece, looking grim with years and indignation, fixed in an attitude of the most aristocratic superciliousness; and after a vain attempt to embody his ire in words, he remained mute and motionless, like another Marius, amid the wrecks of Punic magnificence, frowning in bitterness of spirit, and brooding over his contemplated revenge. His eyes distended, he bit his lips until the blood started. After a somewhat awkward pause, he stuffed his clenched fists into his breeches' pockets, stood with his legs apart, rocking himself upon his heel and toe, and looked unutterable things, though he spoke none.

"My Lord," said Leslie, calmly, at the same time advancing respectfully towards the incensed nobleman, "your servant has insulted me, I therefore make no apology for having chastised him, as I am sure your Lordship would not desire that such a scoundrel should escape punishment. I am satisfied he could not have had your authority for his insolence."

"How dare you—" commenced the irreful peer, but his throat collapsed; the word that should have succeeded was strangled in the birth; he felt all but suffocated with passion—he could not proceed.

"This is not the place, my Lord, for altercation. I have something for your private ear; and must therefore request a few minutes' audience."

Lord Darlington now suddenly turned upon his heel with the swing of an indignant magnate, and advanced quickly towards the door of the apartment from which he had entered the hall while Leslie was turning his impertinent menial into the street, passed into the room, and was about to close the door violently, when Leslie promptly interposing, frustrated the design. He then entered, and closing the door gently behind him, stood before the angry peer.

"My Lord," said he, "this is no time for idle ceremony. The importance of what I have to communicate is beside all form; and it is as much your Lordship's duty to hear, as mine to speak. Lady Mary Trevor—"

"Name her not," vociferated the enraged father, at length recovering his powers of articulation; "it is less welcome to my ears than would be her knell."

"Her knell will soon be tolled, my Lord, for she is now dying."

"Let her die. I have discarded her for ever. She first married against my consent, then forfeited all further claim to my affection, by an act of the vilest degradation: my heart has therefore no longer room for compassion towards an abandoned child."

"Abandoned, your Lordship may well say—abandoned by an unnatural father, and a still more unnatural mother."

"Quit my house—you are a vile calumniator—you first robbed me of my daughter, and now that you have flung her into infamy, you seek my protection for the degraded outcast."

"My Lord," replied Leslie, calmly, "I married your daughter, and, as her husband was indulgent and his fortune ample, she might have been happy; but she was seduced from her home, and is now draining the dregs of her cup of bitterness. She has fearfully expiated her offence; or, if not, she is about to answer for it before a higher tribunal. It is our duty to forgive."

"Quit my house, sir, or you will shortly find me less courteous than to command your absence."

"My Lord, if you dare attempt personal violence," said Leslie, turning the key in the lock, "it must be by your own hands; for no one shall enter this apartment until our conference is at an end. I will be heard; and your Lordship may as well listen peacefully to what I have to say, since any interruption will only prolong an interview which promises to be no less disagreeable to me than to yourself."

The Earl turned pale; he was evidently alarmed at the quiet resolution exhibited in Leslie's manner, and suddenly seating himself in a chair near the window, he said bitterly, "Well, sir, if I must be insulted by your intrusion, let me hear what you have to
communicate, and be brief, as I am anxious to be alone.

"My Lord, I disclaim any intention to insult you; but I must be treated with courtesy. Your rank arms you with no authority to offer an unmerited offence."

"I beg, sir, you will do me the favour to proceed to the subject of your intended communication without further delay."

Leslie, quietly placing a chair by the fire, replied, "I do not desire to delay, and shall therefore be as brief as the nature of my communication will admit. I have already informed you, my Lord, that your daughter is dying."

"Well, sir, we must all die; 'tis the common lot."

"But if your condition were reversed, and you were about to be called into the presence of your judge?"

"Well, sir?"

"Could you hope for mercy, yielding none?"

"I have not yet appointed you my confessor, sir; when I require a catechist I may send for you, should no better offer; but until then, you may as well reserve your eloquence for those who shall be more disposed to listen to and admire it."

"Your sarcasms, my Lord, might be spared upon the present occasion at least, when one who is so nearly allied to you is on her death-bed. Your daughter solicits an interview: she desires to implore your forgiveness, and to leave this world with your blessing."

"That she shall never have," cried the Earl impatiently, "my curse is upon her; she has done nothing to reverse the curse, and I will, therefore, never revoke it. She has entailed disgrace upon the name of Darlington; let her, therefore, meet the penalty of her infancy."

"Is it possible that a father can refuse his blessing to a dying child?"

The Earl was silent. In spite of the natural obtundancy of his temperament, he felt an intruding compunction which he could not entirely smother, at the thought of his inflexible severity towards his unhappy daughter. In defiance of his stern and unbending pride, the softer emotions were for a moment roused within him; still, with a dogged determination he stifled his rising sympathies, and by a savage effort succeeded in mastering the tenderness which had already begun to mollify the flint within him. The moroseness of his nature had moreover been considerably aggravated by Leslie's resolute determination in obtaining an interview; and perhaps there was no person in the world so little likely to be a successful pleader in behalf of his suffering child as his former son-in-law.

"Will your Lordship permit me," asked Leslie, breaking the silence which had by this time become painful to both parties, "to return to Lady Mary with some expressions of consolation from a parent's mouth? It is not much to ask, and less to grant."

"However inclined," replied Lord Darlington, "I might be to send a message of consolation to an outcast from her family and the world, sir, would be the last person whom I should select for the trust. I have servants from whom I receive respect, and should prefer therefore to select an agent from among them than to intrust the commission to one who considers himself privileged to insult me under my own roof."

"I do not at all covet the honour of your Lordship's confidence. Do but perform the duty of a christian parent, and I am utterly indifferent as to the means or agents you may employ in so laudable a service. Only condescend to inform me if your daughter shall see or hear from you."

"I fancy, sir, I am not bound to do any such thing."

"Will you see your child?"

"Never!"

"Then may the curse which you have imprecated on her recoil upon your own head; the judgments of Heaven must some time or other overtake the unnatural father!"

Lord Darlington started from his seat, and laid his hand upon the bell.

"Remember, my Lord," said Leslie, with some heat, "the door is locked, and I warn you, that should you attempt to summon any of your rascals around you, I shall stand upon my own defence, without any deference to your rank."

"Mr. Leslie," replied the peer, relaxing his hold of the bell, "Why am I thus insulted? Ought not a nobleman's house to be sacred from impertinent intrusion? Am I to be goaded into an act against which my very soul recoils? And why are you my persecutor? Have I not a right to do what I will with mine own?"

"No! Divine laws are paramount over human. The latter, indeed, may confer this right upon you, but the former do not. You are as strongly bound by christian and social as by political and civil obligations, and I therefore appeal to you as a christian to visit your dying child."
"You have already heard my determination. I will never see her in this world."

"Then, my Lord, you will never see her in the next; for while the poor contrite offender is received into a better father's glory, though she is among the outcasts now, you will be among the outcasts then. I would not have so great an enemy within my bosom, as your Lordship harbours within yours, for all that empty pomp of nobility which you cannot carry with you to the worms that banquet as daintily upon noble as upon common clay. Farewell, my Lord; remember you have a daughter now lying upon the bed of death, and if she dies unforgiven, I would not, to gain the wealth of worlds, be doomed to witness the dreadful gnawings of remorse that shall close your Lordship's account with time."

Saying this, he unlocked the door, bowed haughtily to the Earl, who did not condescend to return it, and immediately quitted the house. He found the sufferer worse upon his return, and therefore made known to her as favourably as he could the result of his interview with her father. She seemed shocked at his heartlessness, but rallying herself said, while the big tears cours ed each other down her faded cheeks, "I could not expect it; he never forgives."

"Then," replied Leslie, "how can he expect to be forgiven?"

"I do not deserve forgiveness; he has cause to detest me; yet God is merciful."

"But he is also just, and will not spare the unforgiving."

"Then am I lost! What can a wretch like me expect from his immutable justice but everlasting excision!"

"In his eternal sanctuary there is joy over one repenting sinner."

"But my guilt is too deep for pardon. I must be beyond the reach of his mercy."

"We have the authority of Scripture that publicans and sinners shall go into heaven before the religious hypocrite, and no doubt also before the unnatural father. Salvation was never yet denied to a contrite heart."

"Alas! why am I pitied by one who has so much reason to loathe me?"

"Because it is more delightful to forgive than to loathe."

Leslie now left his dying charge to repose. She fell into a brief sleep, but it was feverish and disturbed. She frequently called upon her father in terms of piteous entreaty, and at length awoke in a state of distressing agitation. The nurse was at her bedside; she grasped her hand convulsively, and inquired for Leslie.

"He'll be here anon, ma'am, he bade me say. He won't be long afore he cumns back."

"How long has he been gone?"

"About two hours, or may be three."

"Did he expressly say that he should return?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Perhaps something detains him. He did not say where he might be sent for?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why am I so impatient? What right have I to expect that he should make any sacrifices for me?"

Her breathing by this time had become extremely difficult; she complained of a feeling of suffocation, and a burning heat through her whole frame.

"I shall die," she suddenly exclaimed, "before his return. I feel I shall die. This must be death. Raise me higher."

The nurse raised her, and supported her upon pillows in an almost upright position, when her breathing became less short, though at intervals the choking sensation returned with augmented severity. She grew exceedingly restless from the dread that she should expire during Leslie's absence. She prayed fervently for a moment, but her intense anxiety to see him once more before she quitted the world, interrupted her prayers and distracted her attention from those reflections which ought exclusively to engage a departing soul. His well known knock was at length heard; she uttered a shrill scream, and fell forward upon the bed. She soon revived, but the shock had greatly affected her. Her anxiety had been so intense, and its relief so sudden, that the faint pulse of life was almost arrested by the rapid transition. The effect of the re-action was soon perceptible. She was obliged to open her mouth to an unusual extent, in order to relieve her oppressed and laboured lungs. Her chest heaved with a convulsive motion, while the pulsation of the arteries upon her neck and temples might be seen through the transparent skin.

Leslie approached the bedside and took her fleshless hand. She faintly blessed him. There was a languid smile lingering, as loth to depart, upon her lips, which mutely but eloquently declared the pleasure that his presence communicated to her departing spirit. He poured out part of a cordial from a bottle which had been just sent by the medical attendant. She drank it with some difficulty, but it immediately revived her. Her
breathing became somewhat less difficult, and after a while she was able to speak at short intervals.

"Leslie," she said at length, "I am dying. This is an awful moment to a sinner such as I am; and but for you it might have been far more dreadful. You have indeed made the rough way smooth before me, though there is still darkness upon my path. Doubt and uncertainty hang over it."

"That darkness will be succeeded by the glories of eternal day."

"God grant it! My state of uncertainty cannot now be long. A few minutes will be all; and while they are granted to me, let me unburthen my surcharged heart of its last earthly wish. I know, Leslie, that you will not deny the request of a creature even so abandoned as I have been, when it is the last she will ever have the power of making. You have assured me of your forgiveness."

"As I look for Heaven's mercy," he replied, "I forgive you as freely as I hope to be forgiven."

She pressed his hand with her lean and trembling fingers that rivalled the sheets in whiteness, and in every one of which he could feel the thin faint pulses rapidly throb.

"But what is the request?" asked Leslie, kindly. "I unhesitatingly promise to grant it, as I am satisfied that, upon the confines of eternity, you could ask me nothing with which I could refuse to comply."

Her eye turned towards him with an expression of unwonted tenderness, while a slight tear stole into it, suffusing the bright lens, but trembling within the narrow lid over which it had not volume enough to force its way.

"State your wish," said Leslie, his feelings evidently subdued into emotion, "and rely upon me for its fulfilment."

"I dare not!" her head fell upon his shoulder; the hectic flush in her cheek brightened to an intensity that was almost dazzling: she sobbed convulsively for some moments, but he kindly reassured her.

"I am too vile a creature," she continued, "to expect that you should accede even to my dying wishes—you above all others in the world whom I have used so vilely. My parents abandoned me in my misery, when they might have rescued me from it and restored me at least to virtue, if not to happiness; for I had suffered too much under the stern dominion of vice, not to have rejoiced in a release from her detested and intolerable thraldom. But they spurned me in the rigour of their outraged dignity—they left me to the desolation of guilt and the harrowings of despair. Alas! have you not done more than enough for your bitterest enemy, that I should still expect a richer token of your forgiveness than you have already bestowed upon me."

"I call heaven to witness," said Leslie, solemnly, but at the same time trembling with emotion, "that whatever you request I will not refuse it. I am secure in its propriety. This is not at a time when you could entertain a questionable desire. I give you my promise, with the most perfect confidence, that you can now ask nothing which I can hesitate to grant. Talk not of what I have done. How little have I given in comparison with what I have received. I am but an humble instrument in wiser hands, permitted, I trust, to pluck the thorns from the death-bed pillow of a contrite offender. State your request—I am prepared to do your bidding."

She suddenly raised her head from his shoulder, and looking anxiously in his face for an instant, said, with unwonted energy, "Bestow upon me a pledge of your forgiveness—kiss me, and I shall die happy."

Leslie instantly bent his head towards her, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon her forehead.

"God be praised! I am happy—quite happy."

She sank back upon her pillow. Her eyes were lit for a moment with an almost supernatural lustre. There was in them a brightness so intense and unearthly that it seemed as if the etherealised spirit had irradiated them in its transit from the tabernacle of clay to the glory that was about to be revealed to it; while there was at the same time visible in them such an expression of sublime confidence, that Leslie perceived she was dying with the impression of divine forgiveness upon her departing soul. Her tongue gently murmured, as if in prayer. He again kissed her cold, pale forehead. She drew his hand, which she still retained, towards her, and pressed it fervently against her bosom. The heart seemed still. She looked in his face; a smile passed over her countenance, and trembled upon her colourless lips; his ear just caught the faint blessing, as it escaped from her faltering tongue, and then, with one full, deep-drawn sigh, she yielded up her spirit to the God who gave it.
LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

No. I.

LORD JOHN AND MISS FUGGLESTON.

Oh! beautiful Miss Fuggleston, I cannot go to sleep; 
Oh! exquisite Melpomene, I cannot cease to weep; 
It is no common lover's muse, I'm one of the élite, 
And I lay my title and myself most humbly at your feet.

I've seen you act in Tragedy and tear yourself to bits, 
I've seen you act in Comedy in artificial fits; 
And I've seen you act in Farce, in pantaloons and boots, 
Displaying a pre-eminence that nobody disputes.

I've seen you, in a dying scene, fall flat upon your back; 
I've heard you sing so very loud, I thought your voice would crack; 
And is not this enough to make me wish for such a wife? 
Accomplishments like these must shed a charm o'er private life.

I will not choose a noble wife my noble name to share, 
I will not woo an Almack's girl, though Almack's girls are fair; 
To courtly dames I never breathe one tender vow, 'tis true;— 
And 'tis because I feel myself much more at home with you.

The Green-room in my memory the "one green spot" will be; 
I love to loiter at the wings—they're Cupid's wings to me; 
Your own maid waits with lemonade, and salts' bottle, and shawl, 
But Lord John Opie is your humble servant after all.

Then sing, sweet Fanny Fuggleston, and act with all your might, 
And never take one shilling less than twenty pounds per night, 
And I will be your Treasurer and put it in the bank;— 
You're fortunate in marrying a person of my rank!

Oh! each right honourable miss, each Lady Jane I shun, 
To seek the most engaging girl engaged by Mr. Bunn; 
The House of Commons I abhor, I rush to Drury still, 
And in that house I take my seat and there bring in my Bill.

LOWTHER CASTLE,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

The village of Lowther, in Westmoreland, was formerly not inconsiderable, consisting of the hall, the church, the parsonage house, and seventeen tenements, messuages and cottages, all of which were purchased by Sir John Lowther, first Viscount Lonsdale, in the year 1682, and were pulled down and demolished for the purpose of enlarging his demesne, and of opening the prospect to his house, for they stood immediately in its front. After he had thus removed the village, he built, in lieu of it, Lowther New Town,—a very handsome exchange for the old neighbourhood, consisting of neat and comparatively modern dwelling-houses. He, likewise, having obtained the consent of the archbishop and incumbent, pulled down the parsonage house, which was an exceedingly mean one, and built a handsome tenement, with suitable out-houses, in a more convenient place; exchanging at the same time the lands and other revenues appertaining to the
church, greatly to the advantage of the incumbent. Lastly, in 1686, he pulled down all or most of the church, and rebuilt it in a more handsome style, with a cupola in the middle, and furnished the same very elegantly, and enriched it with noble communion plate.

In the meanwhile, in 1685, Sir John Lown-ther had taken down and rebuilt a great part of Lowther Hall, as it was at that time called, and embellished and enriched the fine scenery around it with three extensive plantations, which now render it, perhaps, the most beautiful demesne in England. Unfortunately, however, this fine building, with the exception of two wings, was burnt down in 1730.

The late Earl of Lonsdale had long designed to raise a new and a more splendid fabric upon the ruins of the former,—and had collected immense quantities of stone and timber for that purpose; but the honour of carrying his intentions into effect was eventually and, perhaps, happily reserved for the present earl, of whose elegant and liberal mind and refined taste the edifice of which we are about to speak affords sufficient and satisfactory testimony.

In the month of January, 1808, the first stone of this magnificent castle was laid, and with such expedition were the buildings raised, that the chief portion of them was fit for occupancy in the following year, and, indeed, were partly occupied by the family in the summer of 1809. The castle consists wholly of stone, of a beautiful rose-tinted white, remarkable for its smoothness and durability. The style of architecture adopted by Mr. Smirke, to whom the honour of its erection belongs, and which has been adhered to alike in the interior as the exterior, is that which prevailed in the more considerable edifices in Europe, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The entrance to the castle is from the north, and proceeds through an arched gateway with porter's lodge, &c., from which a lofty embattled wall, surmounted by towers at equal distances, branches out on either side, and encloses the entrance court, which is of "smooth-shaven lawn," intersected by a gravel-walk. On each side of the lawn a road, thirty feet broad, rises unto and meets upon the terrace, which is 500 feet long, and 100 feet wide. There is also a flight of steps, 60 feet wide, from the entrance court to the terrace, opposite the gateway. A rich open porch for the reception of carriages embellishes the centre of the north front, and leads to an entrance hall, sixty feet by thirty.

The magnificent staircase, which is sixty feet square and ninety feet high, opens out of the hall, and is surrounded by arched corridors on each story communicating with the several apartments. This splendid staircase is formed entirely of stone, lighted by windows above of stained glass; and in the centre of its ceiling has an inscription round of stucco-work, commemorating the earl under whose direction this noble castle was begun, and the architect by whom it has been so admirably completed.

The saloon, sixty feet by thirty, occupies the south front, and is fitted up with oak and grey silk damask. On the right of the saloon, the dining room, forty-five feet by twenty-six, its doors and furniture of oak,—the walls hung with scarlet cloth enriched with gold, and the curtains of velvet. In this room is a portrait of the late earl. The drawing-room is on the left of the saloon, and is of the same dimensions as the dining-room, hung with richly-embroidered satin, white and gold. The other apartments on the south front are the billiard-room to the left of the drawing-room, and the breakfast-room on the right of the dining-room; and branching off at right angles from each extremity of it, arched open cloisters communicate with the riding-house and stables on the left, and on the right with the kitchen offices; and the prospect extends into a long vista of the deer-park, enclosed with rising grounds, surmounted by ancient forest-trees on each side. This front, within the cloisters, is 280 feet long.

Arched stone corridors open on each side from the staircase through the centre of the castle, into corridors with arcades of stone, lighted at each end by windows of painted glass.

The ground-floor apartments on each side of the north front are, on the right, Lady Lonsdale's room, thirty feet by twenty-four, fitted up with scarlet and light-green satin; a dressing-room, thirty feet by twenty-one; a bed-chamber; and Lord Lonsdale's room, in which are several beautiful paintings. On the left, is the library, forty-five feet by thirty, fitted up with oak; a state bed-chamber, communicating with the arched stone corridor; and lastly, offices for his lordship's agents. The length of this front is 420 feet, and eight lofty towers crown this imposing aspect of the castle. The prospect from hence is open from Penrith beacon-hill to Saddleback and the Scotch mountains.

The parks and pleasure-grounds surrounding and appertaining to this princely edifice,
LOWTHOR CASTLE.

are of considerable extent, and present a variety of prospect and scenery, not equalled perhaps, and certainly not surpassed in any other part of this country. The great terrace is nearly a mile in length, and runs along the verge of a deep limestone cliff, and over looks a part of the park, irregularly scattered with forest trees of immense growth, and well stocked with deer. The park of the Emperor of China, at Gehol, is called in the language of that country “Van-Shoo-yuen,” or the paradise of ten thousand, or innumerable trees. Lord Macartney tells us (in the account of his Embassy to the Celestial Empire) that he “wandered in it for several hours, and yet was never weary of wandering,” for “certainly so rich, so various, so beautiful, so sublime a prospect, my eyes never beheld,” and he concludes his description of that “wonderful garden” with this observation: “If any place can be said in any respect to have similar features to the western park of Van-Shoo-yuen, which I have seen this day, it is at Lowther Hall in Westmoreland, which (when I knew it many years ago) from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extent of woods, and commanding water, I thought might be considered by a man of sense, spirit and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions.”

If Lord Macartney could speak thus rapturously of the natural advantages of this beautiful spot, with no less enthusiasm does another gentleman, no less qualified to judge, and certainly as disposed to feel its attractions, descend upon the peculiar and surpassing combination of gifts, which Nature, it seems, has so profusely lavished upon this place.

The Rev. Thomas Robinson, rector of Ormsby, in his Essay towards a Natural History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, published in 1709, speaking of Lowther Hall, says, “It is not only, by the elevation of the grounds, freed from those fogs and waterish frosts, which in the spring mornings draw down to the rivers, and so corrupt the air as to harbour flies and other noisome insects, or else, by the intensity of the cold, kill the fruit in the blossom; but is also so much below and at such a distance from the mountains, that all those fierce and rapid blasts of wind, occasioned by the declivities of the mountains, are either spent or strike a level before they reach it. Yet this situation hath so much advantage from the mountain winds, that as they brush and fan the air, and preserve it from stagnation and corruption. It is not only fenced from violent winds by all kinds of fruit trees of nature’s own production, but adorned and beautified by such foreign trees and winter greens as are raised by human art. It hath by nature such a gradual ascent to the house, as renders the avenue to it both noble and magnificent. The situation is upon a limestone rock, which doth not only secure the foundation, but so fertilises the earth and soil, as to make it proper for gardens, orchards, terrace walks, and other most delightful conveniences. The demense and parks which surround the house, are of the most fertile soil, producing rich and plentiful crops of grass and corn. The elevation of its situation gives it a most curious landscape of woods, waters, mountains, vales, towers, churches, and castles, which entertain the eye with a delightful prospect. Those thick and pleasant copses of wood and trees by the sides of the river Lowther, near two miles in length, do so multiply, refract and reflect the sunbeams, that it enjoys as warm and a more fragrant air than the lower dales and vallies.”

The family of Lowther is of great antiquity in the county of Westmoreland, and has flourished there beyond any record, and produced many eminent persons, who have honoured and benefited their country by the most considerable services, and it has also produced one Viscount and four Baronets, who were all living at the same time.

The name of this ancient family is local, and according to the various pleasure or caprice of the writers, or the varying custom of former times, has been written Lowther, Louder, Loder, Lother, Lothair, Lothayre, Louthre, Lauther, Louther, and, lastly, Lowther.

Olaus Wormius, the Danish antiquary, however, being consulted by Sir Henry Spelman concerning the derivation of this, among other English names, says that he finds it among the ancient Danish names of their kings: and informs us that it is derived from the words Loðr and ðær, which together signify “fortune and honour.” But, since most of the English names, and those of the most noble families, are taken from the towns of which they were lords, we are compelled to set aside this flattering derivation, and refer the origin of this name to the river Lowther or Louder, “the dark water,” which has its source in the moors above Westdale, and rolls its course on the west of the mansion, of which we have just given a brief account.

The first of the name of Lowther of any considerable note that we have met with, is
Sir Gervase de Lowther, who held a knight's service of King Henry III., and married a daughter of Lord Roos de Kendal, grandson of Robert, Lord Ross of Hamlake, and Isabella his wife, who was daughter of the King of Scots.

Sir Hugh de Lowther, grandson of the above Sir Gervase, took part with the Earl of Lancaster, and other nobles, in resenting the haughtiness and insolence of Piers de Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the infamous favourite of that weak monarch Edward II.; and was included in the king's pardon for taking arms, and being concerned in the death of Gaveston. He was afterwards commissioned to array and have ready all men-at-arms in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, an invasion being threatened by the French king.

We pass over several intervening knights, until we come to Sir Richard Lowther, who was made Lord Warden of the West Marches, and thrice commissioner in the great affairs between England and Scotland. In the eleventh year of Queen Elizabeth, when Mary, Queen of Scots, fled into England, and arrived at Workington, Queen Elizabeth sent orders to Sir Richard Lowther to convey her to Carlisle; but while Mary was in his custody at Carlisle castle, he incurred the queen's displeasure by permitting the Duke of Norfolk to visit her.

Sir John Lowther, Knight, a descendant in a direct line from the above Sir Richard, was, in the year 1640, created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, and was a great sufferer for the royal cause in the reign of Charles I., and during the usurpation lived retired, but was one of the knights for Westmoreland in the parliament which restored Charles II.

Sir John Lowther, Baronet, the grandson and heir of the last Sir John, was chosen one of the knights for Westmoreland in the parliament that met at Westminster on the 8th of March, 1678,—which being dissolved in July, and a new one called to meet on the 17th of October following, he was again elected for the same county. This parliament, after several prorogations, did not sit to do business till the 21st of October, 1680, when it brought in a bill for disabling James, Duke of York, from inheriting the crown, by a majority of 207 to 128. This bill was not finally agreed to until the 11th of November, 1680, when it was carried to the House of Peers by Lord Russell. It was no sooner received by the Lords, than the members who attended Lord Russell expressed their joy by loud shouts. The Lords rejected the bill by a majority of thirty, and the house was dissolved on the 18th of January in the following year.

The dissolution of the last two parliaments put the nation into considerable ferment, and obliged his Majesty to call another, to meet at Oxford on the 21st March; but this change of place very much displeased the major part of both houses, who apprehended some arbitrary designs in it; and Sir John Lowther, with most of the old members, being chosen, proceeded with the same zeal upon the bill of exclusion, whereupon they were dissolved seven days after their meeting.

In the first parliament called by James II., Sir John Lowther was again elected, as he was also in the convention parliament, that settled the crown on the Prince and Princess of Orange. He had the courage to concert with his friends the revolution brought about by King William; and on his landing in the West, secured the city of Carlisle, and procured the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland to declare in his interest.

For these services, on William's accession, he was constituted Vice Chamberlain of his Majesty's household, and sworn of the privy council; he was also made lord lieutenant of the county of Westmoreland, and in the following year appointed one of the lords of the Treasury. In 1696, he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount and Baron, under the style and title of Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale. In 1699, he was made Lord Privy Seal, and died in the year 1700, at the age of 45.

The biographer of this remarkable man represents him in his retirement at Lowther Hall, as "enjoying that happy solitude which he called 'his dearest companion and entertainment.' He took great pleasure in adorning his magnificent house with paintings of the most eminent masters; he indulged his taste for rural elegance in improving and enriching its noble scenery by those extensive plantations which he formed and matured with the tenderest care."

Though in an almost uninterrupted state of bad health, which he attributed to excess of exercise in his youth, he uniformly enjoyed a tranquillity and composure of mind, the result of those habits of temperance in which he always persevered. He had no curiosity in his appetite for rarities in meat and drink. "The plough, the garden, and the dairy, with a cook of forty shillings a year, would provide all that he wished for." When he presided at his table, he was hospitable but not luxurious; encouraging the learned and the good, but banishing with indignation the flatterer and the calumniator.
He was succeeded by his son Richard, who died at a very early age.

Henry, third Viscount Lowther, was a great patriot, and was made one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, Constable of the Tower, and Lord Privy Seal. He died unmarried, whereby the title of Baron Lonsdale became extinct.

Lord Nugent, in 1774, wrote the following epitaph on this amiable nobleman, as "a tribute of affection and reverence to his dearest friend, and the most perfect man he ever had the happiness and honour of being acquainted with."

"Could every virtue of the human breast,
Taught by the wisest, practised by the best,"

"Could kind beneficence, with open hands,
Whose tender heart, at pity’s call expands,—
Could patriot zeal, ren’d in freedom’s flame,
Pure as from heaven the bright effusion came;
Could patient fortitude, whose powers restrain
The rising sigh, and blunt the edge of pain,
From fate’s relentless doom persuasive save,—
The wise, the good, the generous and the brave;
Not yet would Britain her lov’d son resign,
Nor grateful Lowther* mix his tears with mine."

The present Earl of Lonsdale is a collateral descendant from Sir James Lowther, and was advanced to the dignity he now enjoys in 1807.

*This Epitaph is addressed to Sir James Lowther, the heir-at-law of the deceased lord.

MR. BULWER’S “ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.”

(Third Edition.)

By René Aliva.

Mr. Bulwer, on examining the vast extent of the British empire, found it, amid all the elements of prosperity, a prey to the most lamentable distress; where man ought to have appeared in all his native dignity, he saw nothing but an excess of moral debasement. He therefore resolved to expose to his countrymen the real causes of their demoralisation. It was to attain this praiseworthy end that he wrote his book, which must assume a very high station in modern literature and philosophy, whether we consider the novelty of its plan, the light of new and glowing truths which pervade it, or the rare talent displayed in its execution.

But though Mr. Bulwer seems to have intended a thorough reform in the views and ideas of his contemporaries, we should be wrong in imputing to him an intention to revolutionise or demonarchise them. He has no notion of leading them into the regions of republicanism; for he knows well enough that they would not follow him thither. Neither does he undertake converting them at once into demi-gods; but is content to aim only at rendering them a little more enlightened, and a little more happy, by the destruction of those vices and prejudices which are not absolutely necessary to make them good protestants and loyal subjects.

The work of which I here attempt an outline is divided into five parts. The first is devoted to a description of the manners and character of the English people; the second
depicts the social order of England, considered in all its various bearings; the third
treats of education, religion, and morals; the fourth embraces literature, philosophy,
science, and the fine arts; and the fifth comprehends the present political state of Great
Britain.

To treat these different subjects, undoubtedly required talents of the most varied nature,
as well as deep and extensive knowledge; and Mr. Bulwer has shown himself worthy of the
undertaking. Not only has he displayed all the resources of a powerful mind, but has
called to his aid the greatest beauties of English literary composition.

Though "England and the English" is addressed to the most intelligent classes of society,
the author has nevertheless developed his ideas with so much lucidity, that the least
cultivated understanding cannot fail to comprehend him. His book must therefore
be read with interest by all classes,* and will assuredly become popular even in the
fashionable world. It is no doubt with a view of interesting and captivating the
general reader that he has adorned his work with several characters skilfully drawn, and some
powerfully-wrought fictions. That of Modesty personified by a mighty giant chained
to the ground, is a fine conception: it is borrowing from the painter’s art its most
vivid colours, and from poetry its most picturesque images. With regard to the portraiture
of character, such as Lord Lucrýmal, the plebeian aristocrat, Lord Medici, Sir
Harry Hanggrave, Lord Mute, Tom Whitehead, Sir Paul Snarl, Mr. Warm, M’Caven-
dish Fitzroy, Mr. Bluff, the practical man, and others, they evince a deep knowledge of
human nature, and are written with a felicity of expression truly admirable. When I
state as my humble conviction, that in these portraits Mr. Bulwer has reached the height
of the immortal La Bruyère, it may excite dissent from the envious, but I am not alone
of this opinion.

As this work deserves to become a subject of deep meditation, I shall give a brief ana-
lysis of its several parts. The first and second are replete with acute observations, pro-
found reflections, and novel remarks on English society. According to Mr. Bulwer, the
most unfavourable points in the English character are pride, reserve, unsociableness, self-

* Is it not this admirable lucidity, this graceful
elegance, with which Mr. Bulwer treats every subject,
that has led certain critics to look upon him as a
"superficial" writer?
increases, so does the respect he commands. Hence, not only a general emulation to obtain riches by every means, but also a fictitious kind of existence, a wish to impose upon the world the belief that one is possessed of more fortune than he really is. Hence, small traders become rogues, and poor gentlemen swindlers, to be considered respectable, and have their share in the public esteem."

But how is it that the English aristocracy more frequently than the aristocracy of the continental states, forms alliances with wealthy plebeian families? I will endeavour to explain the cause. In absolute monarchies, the nobles alone are citizens, that is to say, possessed of political rights, and forming part of the state; and if they raise to their own level and admit into their councils, men of the plebeian order, they do not select them from among the rich whose vulgar arrogance excites their contempt, and the display of whose wealth causes them a secret vexation; they choose them, on the contrary, from among the most intellectual members of the community, I mean those men of genius, by whom they are both entertained and enlightened. Lewis XIV., who let the rich plebeians vegetate in their native insignificance, admitted into his intimacy, Molière, Boileau, and Racine, whom the monied men of our times would look upon with disdain as not being respectable. Thus, on the continent, talent and virtue leading to every honorable distinction, form a second aristocracy, and surround its members with respect and admiration. In constitutional monarchies, the taxes being voted by the rich, the wealthy plebeians become by right legislators; and it is for them that a lower house of parliament has been instituted. Hence arises a natural alliance between the hereditary and the elected legislator; but as in all constitutional monarchies, not only the possession of wealth is necessary to constitute a legislator, but also a certain amount of fortune is requisite to enjoy the electoral franchise, it is not surprising that the mass of the people, who hitherto have, in no country, been very remarkable for their superior judgment, should feel such respect for wealth, which raises any individual, whether clever or a fool, whether upright or unprincipled, to the rank of citizen and a lord of society; nor that they should at the same time entertain an indifference bordering upon contempt for genius and virtue, which leave and often keep in the class of non-citizens, the man deprived of wealth.

If, therefore, the English prostrate themselves with much humility before the rich, and show bitter contempt for the poor, it is because they wish to be deemed respectable. In spite of their native generosity, they have been corrupted by the nature of their constitution, which declares poverty to be the only vice that renders a man unworthy of the rights of citizenship, and the only cause why he has no more share in the election of his magistrates or legislators, than the beasts of the field have in the choice of their keepers, or horses in the selection of their drivers.

Some of my own countrymen, blinded by national prejudice, and who fancy themselves very superior to the English, may triumphantly exclaim: "It is not thus in France: there, virtue and talents are honoured, and lead to the highest legislative dignities." But to such I may with truth reply that, according to the present constitution of France, there, as in England, the constitutional monarchy has rendered man selfish, has debased and vulgarised his nature.

Scarcely twenty years have elapsed since the "Charte" erected the possession of wealth into a virtue, and declared it the only indispensable qualification for constituting a citizen and a legislator; and already is the thirst of gold, which prompts man to enrich himself by every possible means, considered, in France as in England, the infallible token of incorruptibility.

In no country upon earth have circumstances conspired so strongly as in France, to show how vile and degraded is the soul of one who acquires esteem only in proportion to his wealth. When the absolute monarchy was attacked and overthrown, what became of the wealthy plebeians? They fled, and hid themselves, as they did during the three days of July 1880, and the struggle took place entirely between the high nobility and the working classes. But to what class belonged those representatives of the people who formed the plaine et juste milieu of the convention—those men of infamous memory, whose dastardly selfishness led them always to vote with the conquering party? They all either belonged to the wealthy classes, who wished to preserve their possessions, or to the lowest rabble who, thirsting after respectability, were man non-citizen, and the slave in our colonies, is that the latter is so entirely the property of his master, that his existence is sometimes as much taken care of as that of other domestic animals; whilst the former being claimed by no master, is at liberty to starve, wherever he pleases, unless society assumes the right of life and death over him, and forces him to become a soldier or a sailor.
eager to enrich themselves with the spoils of the vanquished party. These were the same men who afterwards assisted Bonaparte in overthrowing the republic; who formed his senate of notables, at a salary of 36,000 francs a year each; and who, in 1814, betrayed their master, sold themselves to the elder branch of the Bourbons, and are now the property of the younger branch. In a word, who are the individuals now composing the gentry of France, the supporters of the constitutional throne of Louis-Philippe? I state at once, that they are the heirs of the regicides of the convention; the heirs of the attorneys, stewards, and lacqueys, who denounced their masters and brought them to the scaffold, in order to succeed to their wealth; the heirs of those execrable vampires, known under the denomination of la bande noire, who managed to divide amongst themselves the estates of the noble emigrants; and, lastly, the heirs of the traitors and plunderers of every party, now displaying the most arrogant respectability, and affecting the most supercilious contempt for the people. These are the worthies whom France, under the sway of her châterie of 1830, recognizes as her masters, because they are rich; and yet many of her sons dare to condemn the respect paid to money in England, where it has been for centuries recognized as the sole indispensable virtue constituting the free-born Briton!

I shall close my observations on the two first parts of Mr. Bulwer's work, with the following quotation on the regular thief:

"Ah, he is, indeed, a happy fellow! Take him all in all, I doubt if, in the present state of English society, he is not the lightest-hearted personage in it. Taxes afflict him not; he fears no scarcity of work. Rents may go down; labour be dirt-cheap: what cares he? A fall in the funds affects not his gay good humour; and as to the little mortifications of life,

"If money grow scarce, and his Susan look cold,
Ah, the false hearts that they find on the shore!

"why he changes his quarters, and Molly replaces Susan.

"But, above all, he has this great happiness—he can never fall in society; that terror of descending, which in our complication of grades, haunts all other men, never affects him; he is equally at home in the treadmill, the hulks, Hobart Town, as he is when playing at dominoes at the Cock and Hen, or leading the dance in St. Giles's.

You must know, by the way, that the English thief has many more amusements than any other class, save the aristocracy; he has balls, hot suppers, theatres, and affaires de cœur, all at his command; and he is eminently social—a jolly fellow to the core; if he is hanged, he does not take it to heart like the Fitzroy; he has lived merrily, and he dies game. I apprehend, therefore, that if your Excellency would look for whatever gaiety may exist among the English, you must drop the 'Travellers' for a short time, and go among the thieves."

It is said that Prince Talleyrand, to whom the chapter, containing the above passage, is dedicated, exclaimed, on perusing it—"Why did not Mr. Bulwer write his book sooner? Had I known that these gentlemen were such pleasant fellows, I should have experienced much less ennui in this country; and to enjoy the delights of their society, would willingly have left all the honour of protocol-making to Lord Palmerston."

In the third part, Mr. Bulwer enters into very judicious details relative to the system of education in general; he points out defects, inveighs against the abuses that have crept into the system of endowments, although he acknowledges the excellence of the principle upon which they were founded. He suggests several improvements; among others, that religion and morals should be more carefully attended to in the education of youth, and that public instruction should be under the especial care and patronage of government. Mr. Bulwer is in favour of an established church; he considers the clergy as the most efficient persons for directing the studies of youth; —and I think he is right, for it would be a want of judgment to suppose that those to whom we confide the care of our souls, and to whom we look up for information in the most serious moments of our existence, are not competent to educate our children. Mr. Bulwer recommends the observance of the Lord's day, but deprecates, at the same time, the lower orders being forced, on leaving church, either to resort to public houses, or to pass their Sundays in joyless seclusion, and wishes that intellectual pleasures, far from being denied to them, should, on the contrary, be placed within their reach.

The fourth part, which, we think, must prove the most attractive to the generality of readers, and the least offensive to their prejudices, contains judicious and original remarks upon the periodical press, science, the fine arts, the drama, and literature in
general*. It is impossible not to admire the noble impartiality which has dictated the opinions he passes upon his rivals in literature. Mr. Bulwer may have proclaimed in his book some opinions in which other great writers do not concur; but having no pretension to be a judge in these matters, I confine myself to the observation, that for my own part, I cannot conceive how Lord Byron can be the type of his age; for, if we except that restlessness of mind, emptiness of heart, and satiety of every thing, which pervade a portion of the upper class, I find but little analogy between the thoughts and feelings of the noble poet and those of the British nation in general. I could also have wished that Mr. Bulwer had disclaimed the opinion, according to which every great author corrupts his language, and had boldly proclaimed what undoubtedly was his real meaning—that every great author improves and enriches his native language.

In the fifth and last part, which is addressed to the English nation, Mr. Bulwer resumes the principal points of the former portions of his work, describes the present state of the different political parties in England, and shows the vast influence exercised by the aristocracy both over the people and over the king. I agree with him that the power of the sovereign in this country is little more than nominal, and that it would be impossible for him to govern with ministers who were neither Whigs nor Tories; whilst if it pleased the King of the French to imitate one of his ancestors, and form his council of his barber, his cooks, and his coachmen, the chamber of peers would not dare to whisper their discontent, and the chamber of deputies would welcome with the most rapturous loyalty, these new and worthy servants of the citizen-king. Our author states clearly and candidly his political creed: he proposes the formation of a third party, which he would call the national party, composed of members entirely independent of either Whigs or Tories. This party, if supported by the people, would aim at freeing the king from the yoke of the aristocracy, and giving him an equal ascendancy over every class of the community.

Royalty, thus emancipated and supported by the nation, could place itself at the head of the social movement, direct its course, and proceed, without commotion, towards future improvements. But as wholesome alterations cannot take place in the political state of a nation unless public opinion becomes more enlightened, Mr. Bulwer uses every exertion to improve that which his countrymen entertain on various most essential points. He justly points out to them that so long as they will think rich people alone respectable, and property the legal claimant to respect, they will continue a morally degraded people; for "a successful industry in amassing money," says he, "is a poor quality in the eyes of men who cherish high notions of morality; it is compatible with the meanest vices, with the paltriest exertions of intellect, with servility, with cunning, with avarice, with overreaching! compatible! nay, it is by those very qualities that nine times out of ten a large fortune is made."

To conclude, Mr. Bulwer, who by his "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," and "Eugene Aram," had raised himself to a level with the most illustrious writers in Europe, displaying in these works the vigour of a highly powerful intellect, with the richness of the most lively imagination, has by his "England and the English," proved himself qualified to become a political leader, and I doubt if there are many so justly entitled as he is to the gratitude, confidence and admiration of his countrymen.
SUMMER SONGS.
BY MRS. HEMANS.

NO. VII.—THE FAIRIES' RECAL.

While the blue is richest
In the starry sky,
While the softest shadows
On the greensward lie;
While the moonlight slumbers
In the lily's urn,
Bright Elves of the wild wood!
Oh, return, return!

Round the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more;
While the joyous boundings
Of your dewy feet
Ring to that old chorus
"The Daisy is so sweet!"*

Oberon, Titania!
Did your woodland mirth
With the Song of Avon
Quit this work-day earth?
—Yet, while green leaves listen,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return, return!

THE RIVALS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

The establishment for young gentlemen, superintended by the Rev. Dr. Ferule, was situated on Blackheath; a convenient distance from the metropolis, and at the same time enjoying every advantage of salubrious air; two circumstances productive of much pleasure to the thriving pedagogue, and to the parents and guardians of the boys committed to his charge.

The fortuitous concourse of heterogeneous urchins at this time under course of discipline might consist of about forty—forty thieves, in a very small way, of knowledge—all, more or less, involved in occasional jars, although, indeed, judging from the arid dustiness of their hairy summits, no Morgiana was there to pour oil upon their youthful skulls. This small selection from the middle classes, comprised the usual variety of the human face and person observable in our English youth and contained the average diversity of manners and temperament. Thus, some were handsome, volatile, and mischievous as Robin Goodfellow; others sullen, brutish and ugly as Caliban;—some were hot and fiery as a pepper box; others sour and slender as a vinegar crust; others, again, as compact and grave as a mustard pot. All, however, were as unlike as possible the representations of youth by some too fondly

* See Chaucer's "Flower and Leaf."
partial philosophers, who describe it as ingenuous, docile, and delighting in study; these being, on the contrary, cunning as foxes, refractory as wolves, and averse from study as the insensate swine. And, strange to say, however much other boys may respect and esteem their masters, these had by no means imbided such worthy and befitting sentiments, but carried about in their bosoms a sense of wrong, until it matured into a fierce hatred of the doctor and of every person and thing appertaining or belonging him unto.

Let me rescue from cold neglect and oblivion the ministering spirits that waited to do the bidding of the prevailing pedagogue. Resident in Busby House, were two—Mr. Josiah Clipquill, and Mr. Horace Sedley. The former of these had been selected by Dr. Ferule, after due search and preparatory references, to fulfil the duties of his predecessor; weighty duties, it seems, which the other had forgotten, or had only borne—in mind; and who, after creating an immense score at the adjoining public-house, had at length liquidated the debt of nature by drinking himself into his grave. But Josiah Clipquill was not of, nor affected, these ardent spirits; and now for some time past had religiously performed all the terms of the engagement he had entered into, for which he received the liberal compensation of twenty-five pounds per annum. These, his duties, consisted in teaching the perfect mastery of the pen as formed from the discovered pinion of the goose; which learning included the making and combining the invention of Cadmus into beautiful and flowing lines of several sizes and appearance. He also taught the mysterious potency of figures, and their various modes of operation; and, for an additional fee, instructed such as were disposed to comprehend terrestrial and celestial motions, in the art of pawing about two highly respectable globes which ornamented the study of Dr. Ferule.

Grave in his deportment, Mr. Clipquill was, nevertheless, courteous and conciliating in his manners; and with the united aid of a large circular cornelian brooch in his shirt frill, and two white neckcloths per week, (got up by contract by Mrs. Suddles, of the neighbourhood,) contrived to preserve an invariable, genteel, and even imposing appearance.

Mr. Horace Sedley, the classical assistant, was a young man of pensive but possessive exterior; with a pair of promising and progressing whiskers—a vermeil tinge upon his cheek, which he hoped might at length turn out to be a hectic; and a latent notion that preyed, like a worm in a cabbage leaf, upon his susceptible spirit, that he was not the son of his parents; but the offspring of some great unknown; great, he felt assured, unknown he knew too well. This young gentleman had already, after school-hours, reeled off from his fancied Dulcinea, or spun from the jenny of his brain, a large volume of poetry—he had committed (to paper) a horrible tragedy—he had meditated and manufactured a comedy. His poems were full of "sadness" and "madness" "spell," "too well," "sorrow," "borrow," "pain," and "in vain." The first word in his book was "Oh!"—the last was "Death." In fact he had every reason to believe that his broken heart would prove a valuable commodity. His dramatic performances, also, were of no mean merit, had but a judicious exchange of portions of each been suffered to take place between them: that is to say, had all that was ludicrous in the tragedy been transferred to the comedy, and all that was serious in the comedy been handed over to the tragedy, I stake my reputation upon it, they would have caused a great noise in one or both of our large theatres.

Twice a week did the melodious kit of Mr. Quiverleg tickle the ears (for walls have ears) of Busby House; twice a week did the floor of the dining room bend with scarcely perceptible undulations to the pressure of his fantastic toe. Quiverleg was great in the gavotte, mighty in minuet, inimitable in hornpipe. When he cut his capers, the intoxicated beholder could discover no heel-taps; and when he pervaded the apartment, one might indeed have supposed that one saw double—and yet, not so: for although seeming parted, Quiverleg was a union in partition.

Quiverleg was admirably qualified for these active duties of his profession, being, though tall and slender, muscular and compact. He carried the serious aspect of one impressed with a becoming sense of the paramount importance of the art he was called upon to render familiar to the young, and attainable even by the aged and infirm; and a black and sparkling eye, profuse tresses of a sable hue, and an immense neckcloth beneath his gills (without which his diurnal friskings must long ago have caused his agitated cheeks to refuse allegiance to his jaws), all these combined to render Quiverleg a person of no common interest and importance.

And now that I have introduced my readers to the co-operating functionaries of Dr. Ferule's establishment, it may not be too
presumptuous to ascend into the parlour of the master himself. The Doctor was a short fat man, of considerable self-importance, with an eye that a basilisk might have coveted for its own, and a voice as of many blended into one. The terrors of his brow were heightened by a wig of the old school, restored weekly to a more snowy whiteness by pulverised chalk, or well-sprinkled flour; and his massy arm wielded the birchen sceptre with ultra-pedagoguish force. His niece, Miss Charlotte, recently domesticated with the Doctor, was a lively agreeable girl, susceptible, however, of the softer affections, and I will not take upon me to say confidently, that the sentimental Mr. Horace Sedley had not already succeeded in appropriating to his own bosom a portion of her heart; but this, of course, is merely conjecture.

I should pass over an important member of the Doctor’s family, were I to omit mention of a pinguified pest, that had once borne the likeness of a spaniel, but was now something resembling a door-mat on a peripatetic footstool. This unwieldy quadruped had been made much of to this grievous extent, by the deceased partner of the Doctor, and, out of respect to the departed, had been secured in its immunities of abortive barks and painful wheezings. Latterly, however, the Doctor had insisted upon the preservation of the peculiar privileges it possessed, more, I suspect, for the purpose of creating it into a sensible symbol of his power and authority, than out of any love he bore to the creature in question; seeing that, in private, he assailed its sides with uncommon energy of purpose. The infirm cur had, some years before, acquired an asthmatic complaint by running snappishly at the wooden leg of a Greenwich pensioner, who, probably alarmed at its object, or nervously alive to chances, however remote, of hydrophobia, kicked it into the river, whence it emerged with a sad cold, that settled upon its lungs, and a strong claim upon the compassion of its mistress, who pampered the beast thereafter most odiously.

Let me now, having thus minutely, and perhaps unnecessarily, described the several inmates of Bussy House, proceed to the “great argument” of my present labours.

It was half-holiday. Under the surveillance of Mr. Horace Sedley, the boys were playing their academical gambols on the heath. Messieurs Quiverleg and Clipquill alone occupied the school-room. A silence and lassitude, the consequence, it may be surmised, of the recently masticated dinner, seemed to quell the tongues, and to possess the several physical functions of these gentlemen. At length Clipquill took occasion to observe,

“ That was a fine gooseberry pie we had at dinner.”

“It was a nice gooseberry pie,”

“Gooseberries rather woody, eh? Don’t you think so?”

“They were rather woody,” replied Quiverleg, picking his teeth.

“By the bye,” said Clipquill, “it was made, I understand, by the Doctor’s niece.”

“Indeed!” cried the other; “by the way, what’s her name?”

“Charlotte, I think; I won’t be sure, though.”

“A nice girl, Mr. Clipquill, eh?”

“Why, yes; so, so, Mr. Quiverleg.”

“Talking of her, reminds me,” cried the dancing master, drawing his chair closer to the other, “when I was putting on my pumps in the hall, the cook told me—she is fond of a dish of chat now and then—that Miss Charlotte is mistress of two thousand pounds.”

“Ha?” exclaimed Clipquill, interrogatively, “two thousand pounds!” and he raised his eyes to those of his companion.

The two friends continued to gaze at each other for some time.

“A good round sum, two thousand pounds,” at length observed Quiverleg; and he began to whistle a quadrille.

“I believe you,” said Clipquill.

“Not so easily got now-a-days; I fancy rather hard to be come at, Clipquill?”

“Oh! very—very—very much so,” replied the other, musing; and again the friends gazed at each other for a not inconsiderable period.

“Well, I must be gone, positively it’s four o’clock,” cried Quiverleg, returning his watch to his fob; “I shall be too late for the Misses Tomlin,”—and shaking Clipquill by the hand, he gracefully vacated the apartment.

Long after the departure of Quiverleg, the writing assistant sat buried in profound meditation. At length, shaking himself out of his reverie, he raised the lid of his desk, and drew thence a splendid piece of ornamental writing—the labour of his leisure—and applied himself towards its completion. For some minutes he hung enamoured over the neck and bill of that rara avis, a black swan, which he intended for the crowning effort of his wondrous pen. And now he would fain have wound up his flourishing concern by a series of exquisite wavelets,
the proper accomplishment of which demands a firm, and dexterous, and decisive hand. But, no—he could not proceed. The pen dropped from his fingers. Wherefore that sigh? He returned the precious symbol of his powers to the desk.

Presently after such proceeding, rubbing his chin with his hand, he was heard thus to soliloquise:

"Now, if I could get, or had, this two thousand pounds, what a thing it would be! I could take a house in London, or in the suburbs, and commence an academy on my own account. Fifty boys, at eight guineas per annum—four hundred,—stop, let me see." Here he wriggled intensely upon his seat, whilst he pressed the palms of his hands against each other between his knees, "Yes, and evening instruction for young ladies, besides the occasional adults. Then I could keep a gig, and attend ladies' schools out of town, and—"

Cliquill was silent for a few minutes, and a shade of painful anxiety travelled over his brow; but words were again spoken, although at intervals, and with an uncertain and varying emphasis. "That fellow Quiverleg,—" 'snake in the grass'—" Quiverleg—' Quiverleg shan't—'* hang me if Quiverleg—" and so on.

Nor let me fail to record a similar self-communication on the part of the dancing master, as he bent his way over the heath, towards the seminary so respectfully conducted by the Misses Tomlin. It was to this effect:

"Yes—that's precisely the situation—Lisle-street, Leicester-square, would be just the thing for my public rooms. But first go to Paris, and give myself the final touch—the last finish. Two thousand pounds would just compass all my schemes so admirably! And why shouldn't I be as likely a man as another to gain her hand? let me ask—a man of my figure"—and he extended his green bag, containing his kit and pumps, at arm's length, in order that he might indulge himself with a more perfect view of his person. "I am sure to succeed,"—he continued—"I know I am—it's no use talking about it. Ha! ha! there's that fellow Cliquill has a design upon her; I know he has—I can see these things with half an eye. Poor devil! let him do his worst. All fair in love and war; but one thing is clear, he never can succeed—Cliquill never shall succeed, that's pox." Here, coming to a piece of a sward of a singularly velvet appearance, he discharged a portion of his ecstasy in an amiable gambol, while he murmured in melodious repetition—" Cliquill never shall succeed, that's pox;" and resuming the gravity of his visage, as he proceeded more sedately along, he uttered these words, with his fore-finger applied to his nose, "'Tis settled!"

Mr. Cliquill betook himself, at the usual hour of tea, to the Doctor's parlour, and was informed by Miss Charlotte that her uncle had gone out to spend the evening with a friend in the neighbourhood. "So much the better," thought he: "now, if I can but get rid of Sedley for half an hour, I may probably contrive to see how the land lies, at all events."

"Sedley," cried he, as he set down his tea-cup, "I suppose you mean to take your evening stroll on the heath, as usual."

"No, not to-night," said the young man; "I feel tired, and Miss Ferule has done me the honour to propose a game of cribbage."

"Oh!—indeed!" cried Cliquill, with a gravity not unlike that of the Sphinx when Oedipus had solved the enigma she proposed.

But Cliquill's fertile mind soon suggested another line of action. "If I cannot make much way myself, I can at least prevent him from doing so."

"Pray, what do you think, Miss Ferule, of our dancing master?" he took occasion to inquire.

"He appears a very respectable man," answered Miss Charlotte.

"Oh, yes, very respectable; but is he quite polite enough for his profession?—don't you think there's a certain—eh?—stiffness—eh?"

"Oh no, not at all; he appears to me an exceedingly polite person—too polite, perhaps,—"

"Um," said Cliquill.

"Rather a fine man, too," continued the young lady; "what is your opinion, Mr. Sedley?"

"Yours, Madam, completely; Mr. Quiverleg is certainly a fine man."

"Now, really, Miss Ferule, you jest," persisted the usher; "only look at his legs."

"His legs," tittered Miss Charlotte, "bless me!"

"His legs!" remonstrated Sedley, "why his legs are—"

"Padded," cried Cliquill with emotion, "at least," he muttered in a qualifying tone, "I have no doubt they are."

"At any rate," remarked Sedley, "no one can say that of your legs, Mr. Cliquill;" and
AN APPROVING SMILE FROM MISS FERULE SANCTIONED THE, PERHAPS, TOO CRUEL JEST.

A TRUCULENT GRIN DISLOCATED THE FEATURES OF THE WRITING MASTER, AND FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE EVENING HE AVOIDED THE IMPOSITION OF PROXIMITY; AND IT MAY ALSO BE REMARKED, THAT THE SHADOW OF HIS PROFILE REFLECTED ON THE WALL OF THE STAIRCASE, AS HE CRAWLED UP TO BED, WAS CONSIDERABLY LONGER THAN IT WAS WONT USUALLY TO APPEAR.

MR. QUIVERLEG MANAGED TO ARRIVE AT BUSBY HOUSE ON THE NEXT DANCING DAY, SOME FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE BOYS WERE DISMISSED FROM THEIR MORNING STUDIES, IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT BE PERMITTED TO AGITATE A CONVERSATION WITH MISS FERULE IN THE PARLOUR.

"A FINE DAY, MADAM," HE REMARKED, WITH A PECCULAR EMPHASIS, AS HE ENTERED.

"VERY, INDEED."

MR. QUIVERLEG PULLED A REMNANT OF THREAD FROM HIS SHOE-STRING, AND SMACKING HIS LIPS AUDIBLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF ATTRACTION, ANNOYANCE.

"WELL, MADAM, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SITUATION OF YOUR UNCLE'S ESTABLISHMENT?" HE SAID; "THE GENTLEMEN WHO ASSIST HIM IN HIS ARDROUS LABOURS ARE AGREEABLE?"

"OH! QUITE SO."

"MR. SEDLEY IS AN INTERESTING LAD."

"A VERY MODEST YOUNG MAN, CERTAINLY," SAID MISS CHARLOTTE, AS SHE APPLIED MORE DILIGENTLY TO HER NEEDLE-WORK.

"BY THE BY," ROCKETED QUIVERLEG, WITH A CASUAL AIR, "WHAT A VERY PLEASANT COMPANION CLIQUILL IS?"

"EXCEEDINGLY, SIR."

"A PITY HE'S SO FORMAL IN HIS MANNERS."

"DO YOU THINK HIM SO?" INQUIRED THE YOUNG LADY, RAISING HER EYES; "I HAD NOT REMARKED IT."

"OH, YES, DREADFULLY SO," CRIED QUIVERLEG, IN A DECISIVE TONE; "BUT, YOU KNOW, A MAN OF HIS AGE—HE CERTAINLY CARRIES HIS AGE WONDERFULLY."

"HE CANNOT BE MUCH MORE THAN SIX OR SEVEN AND THIRTY, SURELY!" CRIED MISS FERULE.

"OH! MY DEAR MADAM," SAID THE OTHER, SMILING AND SHAKING HIS HEAD, "YOU ARE BAD AT THESE GUESSES. CLIQUILL IS HALF A CENTURY IF HE'S A DAY."

"HALF A CENTURY! DEAR ME, HOW FUNNY!" LAUGHED THE LADY: "NOW, REALLY, MR. QUIVERLEG, YOU ARE TOO BAD; I SHALL BEGIN TO SUSPECT YOU HAVE SOME SPIE AGAINST MR. CLIQUILL."

"I, MY DEAR MADAM—for heaven's sake! I? AGAINST MY FRIEND, CLIQUILL?" CRIED THE DANCING MASTER, RAISING HIS HANDS, "OH NO! OH NO!"

"WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS," SAID MISS CHARLOTTE, RATHER WICKEDLY, "MR. CLIQUILL IS A VERY AGREEABLE MAN, AND VERY MUCH RESPECTED BY THE DOCTOR."

"OH! VERY MUCH RESPECTED, NO DOUBT," CRIED THE OTHER GRAVELY; "BUT, AH! I HEAR THE BOYS IN THE DINING-ROOM: MADAM, GOOD MORNING."

QUIVERLEG LEFT THE PRESENCE OF HIS PROPOSED VICTIM WITH A SOMewhat WO eFUL COUNTENANCE, AND, AS HE STEPT ALONG THE PASSAGE, ENCOUNTERED HIS RIVAL.

"OH!" EXCLAIMED THE LATTER, ADDRESSING HIM, "I WAS COMING TO CALL YOU: THE BOYS HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR SOME TIME PAST."

"Indeed!" CRIED QUIVERLEG, TESTILY, "THEY ARE MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR THE TROUBLE YOU HAVE TAKEN."

"Why so snappish, Mr. Quiverleg?" DEMANDED THE OTHER: "Why so snappish, as the donkey said to the dragon—ha! ha!"

"If I am the dragon," QUOT Quiverleg, "You must be the donkey, I suppose—and so there's a ha, ha! for you, which you can't easily get over, I fancy."

"Brute!" SAID CLIQUILL INAUDIBLY AS HE PASSED FORWARD.

"Ass!" Muttered Quiverleg as he entered the dining-room.

Three months elapsed from the date of the foregoing conversation, during which the ingenuity of the two gentlemen concerned therein, was exerted to the utmost in devising schemes to establish a claim of priority to Miss Charlotte's affections; to make it plainly apparent to that young lady that each was enamoured of her, and yet at the same time to conceal the interesting fact from each other, and from the inmates of Busby House.

But, however much they severally succeeded in the two former endeavours, they were by no means so fortunate in their exertions to throw a veil of secrecy, as it is called, over the intentions of the other, or of blinding the awakened suspicions of parties more or less interested in the issue of their designs.

Indeed the hostile collisions that now perpetually took place between those two excited beings, and the involuntary references they could not choose but make to the particular cause of such frantic conduct, too plainly displayed the state of feeling into which each was so deeply plunged, and the particular passion to which it must inevitably be referred. Even the pinguid dog had, or appeared to have, his reasons for suspecting that some underhand proceeding was con-
templated by this Palamon and Arcite of the academical world; for he had latterly exhibited a strange desire to evince his contempt of them in the most marked manner, and upon one or two occasions had received at their hands, or rather from their feet, a private acknowledgment of the receipt of his snappish favours in the form of unbounded kicks and unmeasured ill-treatment.

It may naturally be supposed that no common hostility had generated itself, or been engendered in the minds of these two gentlemen when we record the following scene that took place between them in the dining-room of Dr. Ferule's establishment.

"Well, sir," cried Quiverleg, addressing his once valued friend, but now his implacable foe, "I have at length written to Miss Ferule, and at the same time that I have formally declared my attachment to her, I have taken care to apprise her of your unprincipled intentions."

"You—you have written to her," sneered Clippquil, with a flourish of his finger in the air, "you write!—I doubt whether you can; but, however, I also have written to that lady and disclosed the state of my affections, not forgetting to hint at your mercenary designs."

"Mercenary designs! vile pot-hook maker, what mean you?"

"Oh! you know full well, disgusting caper-cutter," retorted Clippquil; "but, thank God, no one can accuse me of such base considerations."

"You're a—stupid ass,"—cried Quiverleg, turning up his mouth, and blowing the expression with its accompanying adjective towards his opponent.

"No matter what I am," said Clippquil coolly; "I have exposed you, at all events, and—here he drew nearer to his adversary, and added, in a voice of triumph, "you have no chance, I can tell you."

Quiverleg raised his right hand, in which his fiddlestick was tightly grasped, and thought him whether he should draw it on the skull of his antagonist; but prudence predominated. "I'll tell you what," said he, "I should like to give you a dot over your eye," and as he put forth this threat, he jerked his stick over the bow of his instrument with such rapidity as to come within an inch of Clippquil's visual organ, ere he had time to withdraw that precious orb from meditated mischief.

Clippquil recoiled, as well he might, and hastening to the door,—the handle of which he pounced upon—uttered with uncommon emphasis the word "Fool," and would have darted into obscurity, but—

Dr. Ferule entered the apartment at this moment.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have heard your unwarrantable language, and I know the cause. Behold these two letters: my niece has delivered them into my hands. —Follow me."

With a nervous excitement proper to the occasion, the rivals obeyed the solemn behest of the pedagogue.

And now the doctor, having led the lovers into his study, in which Miss Charlotte and Mr. Horace Sedley were in attendance, thus addressed them.—

"Gentlemen, you love my niece?"

"I do," said Clippquil, with a marked emphasis on the pronoun.

"My love," followed Quiverleg, "will abate but with my life."

"Are you aware," said the doctor, "that my niece is entitled to property?"

"We are," slowly responded the candidates.

"And that her enjoyment of it is conditional?"

"Conditional," faltered Clippquil.

"Conditional,—of course," remarked Quiverleg, who seemed not to have attained the precise meaning of the word.

"In short," continued Ferule, "that without my consent she forfeits every farthing in the event of her marriage."

"Forfeits every farthing in the event of her marriage!—I was not aware," stammered the writing master, and he gazed ruefully towards his rival.

His rival was also employed in the same manner,

—and each

"In other's countenance read his own dismay."

A dead silence ensued, of several minutes' duration. Clippquil was the first to break that silence.

"Dr. Ferule," said he, with a deep sigh, "what are pecuniary considerations to me? Nothing. But I must say I have seen, since I entered this room, unequivocal symptoms of preference shown to Mr. Quiverleg. Shall I mar their happiness?—never; shall I stand in the way of reciprocal affection?—perish the thought."

"Generous man!" cried Quiverleg, with animation: "do you mark, Doctor, the amiable device? but no—I too can be generous,—it is time that I also should make sacrifices. Take her, Clippquil; take her, my friend," and he advanced towards him, laid his hand affec-
tionately upon his shoulder;—"be virtuous and be happy!"

"I can't, Quiverleg, I can't," cried Clipquill.

"You shall, my friend, you shall," replied Quiverleg.

"I'll be hanged if I do,—why, lord bless you, Quiverleg, my salary hardly finds me in the common necessities of life."

"And my income," replied Quiverleg, "barely supplies me with rosin and silk stockings."

"Gentlemen," interfered the doctor, "you hesitate. My dear," he added, addressing his niece, "upon which of these two gentlemen are your affections placed?"

Miss Charlotte raised her hand and seemed to point towards Quiverleg,—but instanta-

neously her finger was directed towards Clipquill.

"I cannot, I will not, I have her,"—shouted the two, with a voice miraculously simultaneous.

"Then, Mr. Sedley, she is yours," cried the doctor; "and permit me to give you joy of the two thousand pounds, which I may as well state was never liable to the condition I spoke of."

"Fool!" cried Clipquill, beating his forehead.

"Do you address that term to me?" demanded Quiverleg, fiercely.

"No, no," said the other "to myself of course."

"But I also am a fool," generously cried Quiverleg affected,—and the rivals sank upon each other's shoulders.

A LUCUBRATION

ON THE SYMPATHIES OF THE MAJOR AND MINOR IN MUSIC, WITH THE PERSONAL AND MORAL PECULIARITIES OF WOMAN. BY CLEON.

It was in Germany, the land of fantastic theory, that the whimsical art of classifying characters by chords, was first cultivated. It consists in discovering at a glance how far the appearance, manners, and qualities of individuals whom we encounter, may be assimilated to and represented by the respective sounds of major and minor in music. To reduce to definite rules, a system so purely imaginative, can hardly be attempted with success; but to assist the researches of those who may adopt its notions, a few remarks from an old votary of music, and observer of its sympathies with mortal conformation, may not be inapplicable.

The ear may be regarded as the high road to the head and the heart, and the ideas received with the one, awaken corresponding emotions in the other. The full major chord, round, swelling, harmonious, gratifies the sense with a sound to the melody of which nothing is wanting. The minor chord, wild, plaintive, and mysterious, fascinates the imagination by the very incompleteness of its wayward tone. To these musical expressions, the corresponding individuals in human life will be the good-humoured, happy smiling person, that at once conciliates our good will, and the pensive, romantic character, that attracts our interest and curiosity. To each division appertain peculiar charms or failings, which experience and observation enable us to perceive and classify.

I would fain attempt from womankind,—that connecting link between the nature of man and of angels,—a portraiture of the major and minor variety.

The lady, then, who shall be considered to belong to the first of these classes, is a person of appearance more engaging than striking, and of manners peculiarly retiring and feminine. Her fair hair is parted over her forehead like that of the Madonna; her laughing large blue eye beams with mingled archness and good humour; the habitual smile of innocence and kindness of heart plays around her lips; and when she speaks, cheerfulness and gentleness are the handmaids of her words, whether they be addressed in social affability to her friends, in joyous levity to the gay, in language of encouragement to her dependents, or in that of
consolation to the afflicted. Her temper is even, and rarely excited. She is more framed for lasting attachment than addicted to ardent passion. Her virtues are of that sterling quality which are best fitted to adorn and endear the scenes of domestic life. The celestial purity of her soul is reflected in every lineament of her face, and each graceful movement of her person is characterised by mingled diffidence and dignity.

Let us now turn to the image my fancy draws of woman in the minor key. "Oh, what a form was there!"—a figure of fairy lightness; dark hair in many ringlets, soft black eyes, complexion dark and clear as the summer night of Southern Europe, and a countenance alternately lighted up with smiles and shaded by deep emotions. Her words are of poetry and romance; her thoughts of love’s passion and constancy; her feelings all enthusiastic, whether for the friend that shares her intimacy, or the lover who will some day perchance with coldness requite her devotion. Music is in her soul and her voice,—not the light strain of joyous hours, but a more soft, more sad, more voluptuous melody. She looks upon life, less as the scene of active duties and quiet pleasures, than as a fitful state of alternate happiness and sorrow, dependent on the fantastic fluctuations in her own feelings and sensibilities. Her figure is the portraiture of the tragic muse, and wherever she appears, worshippers fall down before the beauteous vision.

Less by way of comparison than of contrast, I will, on a few points, bring Major and Minor into juxta-position.

The first is more occasionally generous, the other more habitually benevolent. Major wins all hearts by the unvarying sweetness of her smiles and temper, Minor by the love-lighted gleams which, at times, only illuminate her expressive face. Major endears to us the scenes of every-day life, Minor is the Being that haunted our most youthful dreams. Major is the one with whom we would placidly sail along the stream of existence, Minor the one with and for whom we could brave the stormiest waves of passion. Our love for Major is more durable and sincere, for Minor more fervent, and, alas! more fleeting. Major, in fine, is unvarying sunshine, Minor the beautiful beam of moonlight emerging on a sudden from a mass of clouds. The warmth of the first gladdens every hour of life, the brightness of the second illuminates its holiest epochs!

---

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The higher branches of painting have, within the last few years, made rapid progress in this country. Not only are purity of design and composition, and that higher intellectual requisite, the poetry of art, become objects of ambition, but more lofty and imaginative subjects are selected by the rising generation of painters belonging to the British school.

It is an error generally prevalent, especially in this country and in France, that homely and familiar subjects give no scope to elegant feelings, nor lead to those higher and more imaginative effects which raise works of art above the mere mechanism of execution. It is true that the majority of the Flemish painters, particularly those of the Gerard Douw school—with the sole exception perhaps of Metzu—have been content to produce an exact representation of nature in her most familiar garb, conveyed through the charm of a very brilliant and faithful colouring and elaborate execution; and that the eye, though not the mind, is delighted and often fascinated by these productions. Yet it does not follow that such scenes are not susceptible of the poetry of art, and that, too, of the most exquisite kind. These Flemish artists were mere painters: they had a thorough knowledge of the powers and effects of their craft, but unconnected with that glow, that enthusiasm, that thrill of excitement, that power of seeing objects through the imagination, which constitute genius and make its inspirations rush to the heart and feelings through the external senses. That such effects may arise from the very homeliest scenes in life, is not to be disputed; for every one will expatiate on the high tone of mind perceptible in a landscape by Claude Lorrain, a herd of cattle by Paul Potter, a water-course or a mill by Ruysdael or Both, and picturesque scenery by Wilson or Gainsborough. And if the most common and humble objects in
rustic life, if the most familiar animals of the brute creation, can excite the thrill of poetry, why should not this be the case with man, "the lord of the creation," even in the lowest degree of his social existence? If a want of poetry is discernible in a representation of Flemish boors by A. Ostade, an interior by Gerard Douw, or peasants playing at skittles by Teniers, and such pictures are confined to a matter-of-fact, though exquisitely-wrought delineation of mere vulgar nature, it may be attributed to the fact, that these painters, though consummate artists so far as regards skilful handling and "cunning limning," had, nevertheless, not caught that spark which lights up the fancy and guides it to the realms of poetry. Genius is the power of giving to any object, through the imagination, a spiritual character far different from its material form; and the justness of perception which acts as the pilot to this power, may render such spiritualisation more or less appropriate, and therefore more or less striking. The selection of a subject for a work of art depends upon the bent of the artist's mind; but if he possesses knowledge and intellectuality—if his imagination is wrought upon by the object he delineates, no matter what it be—his pencil must, in a corresponding degree, be directed by the spirit of poetry. Let no artist, therefore, be discouraged by the unjust stigma cast upon "Tableaux de genre." Is Beattie, or Crabbe, or Allan Ramsay, or Wordsworth, less a poet because his strains do not embrace the bold, sublime, and awful subjects of the "Paradise Lost"? Will he be deemed wanting in poetry, or be read with less delight, because he has confined the flights of his peaceful muse to ordinary life, and clothed in the overflowings of his fancy, the least cultivated classes of man, and his humbler pursuits? Why then should not the painter of genius impart the same charm to similar objects? Has not our countryman Wilkie succeeded in this style beyond every other contemporary artist, and even beyond those of preceding ages? To the exquisite and artist-like skill of Teniers—and this is the result of mechanical practice, for which all have not the same aptitude—he has, over the Flemish painter, the advantage of a truly poetic spirit; he has caught a bright flash of inspiration from the mighty Bard of the North, whose conceptions he has embodied in a manner as striking to the senses as to the intellect.

The most glaring defect of the British school is bad drawing in the human figure. Though our artists possess a force and beauty of colouring to which no other modern school has attained, still the want of correct design cramps the imagination and weakens the roarings of genius. Unhappily, the desire of prematurely producing pictures, greatly tends, in this country, to prevent that careful study of academic drawing, as well from the life as from the most perfect models of the beau ideal, which imparts grace to human form, and therefore gives effect to the painter's conceptions. The extraordinary power and richness of Rubens have captivated most of our British artists, who, blind to his defects, aim at producing something as near to his style as possible. But Rubens, though a man of powerful genius, and at times displaying an inconceivable strength and vigour of imagination, is, exclusively of his mechanical skill, the very worst model to follow. His drawing is often bad, his mind coarse; and though, like a magician, he forces us into admiration in defiance of our better judgment, no imitator could do this, because such effects belong to the idiosyncrasy of Rubens' genius.

Another fault which many British artists have derived from the study of Rubens, is the extreme coarseness of execution in their pictures. But this is termed effect and vigour. Is it truly so? Let it be remembered that Rubens used these means only in paintings intended for churches or vast halls, where they were to be viewed at a great distance, and never approached; and that many of his most esteemed productions are so highly finished that they may be looked at within a few feet. In this country there are no places for very large pictures: all productions of art in Great Britain adorn private galleries and small rooms; and when we advance within a few yards of one of these imitations of the manner of the Flemish Colossus, the large dabs of paint, however skilfully put on, convey an idea of anything but the object they purport to represent. But are effect and vigour incompatible with high, or at least necessary, finish? Look at the early works of Rubens; look at the beautiful portraits of Vandyck; look at the works of Titian, of Correggio, of Guido, of Tintoretto, of Anibial Caracci. Are these wanting in effect, in breadth, or in vigour?

The study of the schools of Italy requiring much more labour, as combining the most chaste design with the more lofty poetry of art, is very much neglected by the generality of our artists. To a young and aspiring mind, it is sometimes difficult to undergo
THE ROYAL ACADEMY. 37

years of irksome application in the study of pure drawing, before he embodies his ideas upon canvas for the public eye; and hence many a good artist is spoilt before he reaches maturity, many a bud of genius nipped ere it can bloom. A few British artists, however, have rejected as models all but the old Italian masters; and among this select few, I may mention Westall, a painter estimated by his countrymen far below his deserts, but to whom justice is rendered in foreign countries, though but few of his works are known out of England. Westall, to a fine imagination, unites the pure and classical severity of composition and design peculiar to those old masters who revived painting in Europe. He has been reproached with monotony and tameness; but the reproach is unmerited. In his works are to be found none of those meretricious effects which by their glare dazzle the sight, and often mislead the understanding. All from his pencil is pure, elegant, and refined; and if the senses are not struck with the gaudiness and tinsel of many other British artists, the mind is wonted upon, and the imagination warmed by the sweet and lofty poetry of his conceptions.

In alluding to the schools of Italy, I would not have it supposed that I am so wedded to the old masters of that country, as to recommend the study of pictures purchased for a name, but which, had they been painted by the Genius of the Art, under the form of a Raphael or a Michel Angelo, would appear detestable to a person of refined understanding. I would no more recommend the mannerism of Parmeggiano or Giulio Romano, than the vulgar, though powerful delineations of Caravaggio, taken from nature in her vilest and most disgusting forms,—or the cold and mincing affectation of his contemporary and rival the Cavaliere Giuseppino, who never imitated nature. But I maintain that a long and persevering study of the Roman, Venetian, and Bolognese schools, the first for grandeur and elevation of thought, the two others for glowing poetic beauty and exquisite colouring, is the only true road to the higher walks of art.

The Exhibition at Somerset House, though rife in the defects I have ventured to mention, is nevertheless one of the most splendid collections that ever graced the walls of the Academy. The improvement in British art within the last ten years, does honour to the country; and doubtless in a few years more, we shall be able to boast of greater progress in painting than any other nation in Europe.

To enumerate the pictures deserving of notice, or even the names of the artists, would extend far beyond the few pages to which I am limited. In the brief observations I have to make, I shall not be guided by the opinions of others. Criticism on art is a thing of extreme difficulty to one who is not an artist. It is easy enough to detect faults—for what human work is without them?—but difficult to indicate the beauties of a picture, which, in many cases where severe censure has been passed, outweigh its defects. I know my inability in such criticism; but, in this respect, I am upon a level with nine-tenths of the writers who, in contemporary publications, pass judgment upon such works, and in some measure influence the public taste.

On entering, yesterday, the great room at the Academy, my attention was arrested by a wonderful picture, entitled “Scene of the olden time at Bolton Abbey,” by Edwin Landseer. Equally surprised and delighted at this beautiful representation of the well-fed and jovial abbot and his purveyors, and a pretty handmaid, and game of all kinds, and fish wet and silvery, I bestowed more time upon this attractive painting than was consistent with justice to the splendid works around me. As I turned to proceed to another part of the room, my eye caught the head of an Italian peasant girl, by Eastlake, hung close to Landseer’s picture. Riveted by this new object,—and one too which brought upon me, the rush of memory—I examined it more closely. The figure is still before me; and though I afterwards saw several other works by the same master, none produced a like effect, and the beaming and expressive countenance of the brown peasant girl was ever present to my thoughts. As I passed on to the right, Stanfield’s Isola Bella, on the Lago Maggiore, arrested my steps; and whilst in admiration of this beautiful little picture, I beheld, close to it, a scene I well knew: “Calcutta from Garden-House-Reach,” by Daniell. India is familiar to my mind;—many an hour in the buoyancy of my young manhood did I spend in contemplating its vivid landscape; and no artist but Daniell has brought the reality of its scenes again before me. A crowd of recollections rushed to my mind, and I hurried through the rooms in search of old associations from the various representations of oriental scenery by the same master. To say that these are executed with great skill and artist-like effect, is to say that which every body knows; but it is the privilege only of the few who have seen and felt the poetry of Indian landscape, the gran-
deur of Indian architecture, and the picturesque groupings of Hindoos and Moham-
medans in the populous provinces of Hindostan, to do adequate justice to the skill of Daniell's
pencil. The mosques at Muttra and Luck-
now, the view in Ceylon, and the Nautch
girl Zohara, are beautiful representations;
and though out of India, I can attest the
correctness, and every one else will join me
in admitting the merit, of the "Entrance to
the Harbour of Marseilles."

In wandering round the great room in
search of these pictures, I stopped before
"Hagar and Ishmael," by Westall. Pure and
correct taste, fine conception, an appropriate
soberness of tone, and sweet drawing dis-
tinguish this gem, which young artists would
derive benefit from studying. In speaking
of this master, I must avow that I was taken
by surprise when I saw his name affixed to a
landscape full of poetry and effect—a scene
by moonlight; because I had no idea that
Westall, skilful as he is in the purely classi-
cal composition of sacred or historical subjects,
had so fine a feeling for the deep and gloomy
forest, the clear and tranquil water silvered
with the moon-beams, and the still solitude
of nature, in which Nicholas Poussin some-
times delighted, when human actions sick-
ened his pencil.

I saw with gratification several portraits, of
a high order, by Pickersgill,—some few by
the President. I do not like the Ariadne of
the latter: the right hand and arm are awk-
ward, and badly drawn.

Several personifications of Puck appear in
different pictures at this Exhibition. Not
one, in my poor judgment, conveys the
slightest notion of the faery sprite who could
dance upon the gossamer, and hide himself
in a cowslip’s bell. One is a brazen-faced
babe, looking through a cloud; another, a
heavy Cupid, hanging to something like a
bramble bush. None of the artists who have
attempted to embody this beautiful conception
of Shakspeare’s, seem to have reached beyond
the notion of an arch but helpless infant,
totally unlike the nature, active, lively,
frolicksome, and omnipresent little imp of the
"Midsummer Night’s Dream."

Wilkie forsakes his vocation when he
descends to portrait painting. Much as I
admire him, and I believe no one does so with
greater enthusiasm, I cannot allow my judg-
ment to be blinded into praise of his portrait
of the Duke of Wellington. It is lamentably
common-place: there is nothing in it new or
striking; even the attitude of the horse is
the same used for the eternal charger in por-
traits of warriors, ever since the days of
Vandyck, from whom it is taken. The por-
trait of the Queen is no better. In the
"Not at Home," Wilkie is himself again;
but in the "Spanish Mother," beautiful as
the female figure struck me to be, I think
that of the child not so good as it might have
been.

Turner’s landscapes are admirable; full
of poetry, beautifully vapoury and mystical.
But I do not like the glare of crimson which
he always throws upon some part of his
vegetation. However vivid and bright the
tint given by the sun’s rays in Italy, still it
is in constant vibration, and its hues ever
changing. Surely Turner does not, nor can
he represent this; and a more subdued tone
would often produce greater effect, inasmuch
as it would be free from exaggeration.

The pictures by Phillips, Calcott, McClise —the Installation of Captain Rock—Howard,
Cooper, Etty—the "Cardinal," not the por-
trait—gave me great delight; as did likewise
those by Mrs. J. Robertson. I must omit
many names for want of space; but I cannot
pass over Charles Landseer’s Pamela, and his
family picture. The drawing of this young
artist is always admirable, as well as his
perception of beauty and appropriateness.
Inskipp is likewise full of charm and ele-
gance; his "Girl Teaching" is a beautiful
conception, and beautifully embodied.

Uwius is a great favourite of mine. I
have witnessed the scenes in which his pencil
delights, and he calls them to my mind in
all the vividness of truth. His "Festa of the
Pie di Grotta," is a clever and attractive
picture, well worthy of attention.

In a corner of the antique academy, among
the miniatures at which I was gazing in
admiration of the beauty of my fair country-
women, I stumbled upon a very clever little
picture by H. Pidding, entitled "The Tender
Thought." How it came there, I know not;
but it could not have been placed to better
advantage with regard to height and light,
though it is rather out of the way of obser-
vation. I have often regretted not seeing
more of the productions of this young painter
exhibited at the Royal Academy, because I
think he adds to his admitted talents, an
originality of mind calculated to shed lustre
upon his art.

I say nothing of the sculpture, for I saw
nothing in it to praise or admire.
THE COURT.

The Court of England never shone with a brilliancy more constant and pure than that which it has exhibited during the present season. The continued health of the King and Queen has enabled them to render their abodes at Windsor and Brighton scenes of uninterrupted festivity and rational enjoyment. At St. James's, the public duties of royalty have been punctually fulfilled with gracious dignity, devoid of ostentation, yet attended with the accompaniments of stately splendour befitting the majesty of a great nation. The royal patronage has been extended to our national establishments for the promotion of literature, art, and industry; our numerous charitable institutions have likewise been cherished by the indefatigable attention and generous support of their Majesties. "Though last, not least," the genuine English hospitality of the King, whose liberal spirit never "gave to party what was meant for mankind," has shed genial warmth over all entitled by birth, station, genius, or learning, to enter the royal presence.

The pages of him on whom the mantle of Scott shall fall, will doubtless delineate the unaffected manners and gallant spirit of our hearty "Sailor-king," whose pithy sayings will not yield less delight, in future centuries, than the characteristic exclamations of the "Good Queen Bess," which have been emblazoned by the genius of the Minstrel of the North.

In future it shall be our endeavour to publish monthly accounts of the movements of the Court; we shall now only give a list of the ladies who have had the honour of being presented at the drawing-rooms of her Majesty, during the present season. Our fair readers will thus have the satisfaction of seeing recorded, in pages less ephemeral than the public journals, the admission of themselves and friends to those bright assemblages of their "Country's Honour," whose virtue, grace, and beauty, were certainly never surpassed, perhaps never equalled, in any age or country.

The Queen's first drawing-room for this season, held on the 24th February, having been in celebration of her Majesty's birthday, no presentations took place. The company was numerous and splendid. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, as well as every other lady present, were, by her Majesty's most gracious desire, attired in dresses of British manufacture.

At the second drawing-room, held on the 20th of March, the following Ladies had the honour of being presented to her Majesty:

The Hon. Miss Isabella Stafford Jerningham, by the Countess of Stafford.
Lady Ramsay (of Balmain), by the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie.
Miss Chisholm (of Chisholm), by the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie.
Hon. Miss Byron, by her mother, Lady Byron.
Hon. Mrs. Duncan, by Lady Byron.
Mrs. Colquhoun, by Mrs. Bernal.
Lady Albert Conyngham, on her marriage, by the Marchioness Conyngham.
Lady V. Cameron, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. Abercrombie.
Lady Frances Cole, on her return from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lady Caroline West.
Lady Smith, by Lady George Murray.
Miss Harcourt, by Lady Elizabeth Harcourt.
Miss Emma Bernal, by Mrs. Bernal.
Mrs. Frances Alexander Grant, on her marriage, by Lady George Murray.
Mrs. Malthy, by the Countess of Euston.
Mrs. Hollen, by Mrs. Howley.
Mrs. George Hill, on her Marriage, by the Countess of Denbigh.
Mrs. Shouldham, by Lady Denman.
Miss Smith, by Lady George Murray.
Mrs. Colonel Ravenshaw, by Lady Caroline Wood.
Mrs. Charles Wood, by Lady Caroline Wood.
Mrs. Shaw Leeford, by the Countess of Denbigh.
Mrs. Gore Brown, on her Marriage, by Lady Anstruther.
Miss Fanny Story, by Viscountess Dillon.
Miss Farquhar, by the Countess of Denbigh.

Mrs. Kemp, on her Marriage, by Mrs. Fitzgerald.
Miss Grant, by the Duchess Dowager of Richmond.
Miss Maberley, by Mrs. Maberley.
Viscountess Torrington, on her Marriage, by the Countess of Cawdor.
Mrs. Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, on her Marriage, by Mrs. C. Wood.
Lady Ashworth, by Mrs. C. Vyse.
Miss Howard Vyse, by Mrs. Howard Vyse.
Miss Fuller, by Lady Fuller.

At the third Drawing-room, of the season, presented were—
Madame Tricoupi, the Lady of the Grecian Minister.
The Lady Denman, on her elevation to the Peerage, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne.
Lady Williams, by the Marchioness of Westminster.
The Hon. Miss Margaret Denman, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne.
The Countess of Durham, by the Marchioness Conyngham.
Lady Grant, by the Hon. Mrs. Grant, by Grant.
Miss Fitz Wygram, by Lady Fitz Wygram.
Mrs. S. Marindin, by the Countess of Selkirk.
Miss Harboord, by Lady Saffield.
Miss Bloomfield, by Mrs. Bloomfield.
Miss Harriet Tierney, by Lady Tierney.
Miss Susan Cavendish, by Lady Cath. Cavendish.
Miss Harriett Pitt, by Dowager Lady Rivers.
Miss Ashworth, by Lady Sullivan.
Miss Lloyd, by her mother, Lady Tristram.
Miss Margaret Home Purves, by her mother, Lady M. Sutton.
Miss Guthrie, by the Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget.
Miss Harriet C. Beresford, by Lady Eliz. Reynell.
Miss Eliza Carvick, by her mother, Mrs. Carvick.
Miss H. Forester, by Lady Anne Beckett.
Miss Bingham, by the Dowager Countess of Winterton.
Miss Petre, by Lady Petre.
Miss Jessy Hallowell Carew, by Lady Hallowell Carew.
Miss Porter, by her mother, Mrs. Robert Porter.
Miss Jane Anne Porter, by her mother, Mrs. Robert Porter.
Henrietta Viscountess Dillon, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield.
Lady Louisa Turnour, by her mother, the Countess of Winterton.
Lady Helen Toler, by her mother, the Countess of Norbury.
Lady Alicia Parsons, by the Countess of Rosse.

At the fourth Drawing-room, held on the 16th of May, were presented—
The Lady Mayoress, by the Duchess of Gordon.
Lady Oglesby, by the Dowager Lady Bedingfield.
Lady Edmonstone, on her Marriage, by Lady Sykes.
Lady Caroline Finch Hatton, by the Countess of Winterton.
Lady de Tabley, on her Marriage, by the Countess de Salsis.
Lady Barrett Leonard, by the Countess Albermarle.
Lady C. Russell, on her Marriage, by the Duchess of Bedford.
Lady Caroline Charteris, by the Countess of Wemyss.

Lady Yarde Buller, on coming to her title, by Viscountess Newark.
Lady Trinilweston, by Lady Harriet Clive.
Lady Mary Ashburnham, by the Countess of Ashburnham.
Hon. Mrs. Fleming, by the Viscountess Keith.
Hon. Miss Dillon, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield.
Hon. Mrs. Augustus Legge, by Lady Harriet Paget.
Mrs. Hamilton, on her marriage, by Lady Hamilton.
Mrs. Paterson, by Lady Elizabeth Reynell.
Mrs. Braddyll, by Mrs. Sotheron.
Miss Margaret Braddyll, by Mrs. Sotheron.
Miss Jane Braddyll, by Mrs. Sotheron.
Mrs. Rotb. Hovenden, by her mother, Mrs. Paterson.
Miss Catherine Alice Abbott, by Lady Geo. Stuart.
Miss Abbott, by Lady George Stuart.
Miss Caroline Littleton, by Mrs. Littleton.
Miss Balfour, by Lady Eleanor Balfour.
Miss Somerville, by her mother, Mrs. Somerville.
Miss Mary Somerville, by her mother, Mrs. Somerville.
Miss Scott, by her sister, Mrs. Dehaney.
Mrs. William Campbell, by the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.
Mrs. Robert Porter, by Mrs. Rodon.
Mrs. Henry Chissold, by Lady Saltown.
Mrs. Stirling Glower, by Lady Charles Somerset.
Mrs. Bannerman, by the Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget.
Mrs. Inglefield, by Lady Hallowell Carew.
Countess De Grey, by the Countess Clanwilliam.
Miss Paterson, by Mrs. Paterson.
Miss Ravenshaw, by Lady H. Clive.
Miss A. Legge, by Lady H. Paget.
Lady H. and Miss Paulin, by the Marchioness of Winchester.
Mrs. O. Loghill, by the Countess of Orkney.
Miss C. Ravenshaw, by Lady H. Clive.
Mrs. J. Ravenshaw, by Lady Clive.
Miss C. Cooper, by Mrs. Cooper.

Countess of Denoughmore, by the Duchess of Leinster.
Viscountess Milton, by Lady Mary Thompson.
Hon. Georgiana Foley, by the Duchess of Leinster.
Mrs. Pringle Taylor, by Lady Yarde Buller.
Mrs. Mitchell, by Lady Oglesby.
Mrs. Hogge, on her return from India, by Countess Anherst.
Mrs. John Lockhart, by the Duchess of Buccleugh.
Miss Craven, on her Marriage, by the Countess Craven.
Miss Emily Holford, by Mrs. Barnard.
THE COURT.

Miss Diana Halifax, by Mrs. Halifax.
Miss Leach, by the Dowager Countess of Clare.
Miss Lucy Tennant, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Tennant.
Lady Hope, by the Hon. Lady Hope.
Miss Hope, and Miss Eliza Hope, by their mother, the Hon. Lady Hope.
Hon. Lady Williamson, by Lady Ravensworth.
Hon. Marianne Drummond, by Lady S. Murray.
Lady Walker, on her return from India, by Lady Ongeley.
Lady Catherine Bell, by Lady F. Cole.
Lady Theodosia Hale, by the Dowager Lady de Clifford.
Lady Crew, by Lady Mosley.
Lady Hudson, by the Marchioness of Headfort.
Lady Cotton Shepherd, by Lady Mosley.
Lady de Bathe, by Lady A. Kennedy Erskine.
Lady Kier Grant, by the Countess of Rosse.
Lady Brooke, by Mrs. Bryan.
Lady Siwells, by the Hon. Mrs. Bland.
Hon. Arabella Howard, by the Countess of Rosseberry.
Lady George Parker, by Lady de Saumarez.
Lady Elizabeth de Chabot, by Lady Mary Ross.
Lady Hauneker, on her Marriage, by Lady Chetwynd.
Lady Harriett Garnier, by the Countess of Albermarle.
Lady Charlotte Guest, by the Hon. Mrs. Heathcote.
Lady Alderson, by Lady Gifford.
Lady Pepys, by the Countess of Ilchester.
Lady Humpe Campbell, by Mrs. Spottiswoode.
Lady Dunsmury, by the Countess Beauchamp.
Hon. Georgina Albinia Irby, by Lady Walsingham.
Hon. Mrs. Edwards, on her Marriage, by Mrs. Ellison.
Hon. Mrs. Yorke, by Lady Ravensworth.
Miss S. E. Cooke, on her Marriage, by Mrs. General White.
Mrs. Compton, by Lady Sarah Murray.
Mrs. Taylor, by the Dowager Countess of Clare.
Mrs. Stewart, by Countess Nelson.
Mrs. Green Wilkinson, by Lady Bridport.
Mrs. Pakington, by Lady Wheatley.
Mrs. Macleod, by Lady Mary Ross.
Mrs. Gregory, on her Marriage, by her Mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hood.
Mrs. Hamlyn Williams, on her Marriage, by Lady Hamlyn Williams.
Mrs. Bailey, by Lady Granville Somerset.
Mrs. Clifton, by Lady Warburton.
Mrs. Martyn, on her Marriage, by Lady Rodney.
Mrs. Ireland Blackburne, and the Misses Blackburne, by the Countess of Wilton.
Mrs. Donald Maclean, by Mrs. Garth.
Mrs. M. Smith, by Lady Ridley.
Mrs. Bosanquet, by Lady E. Palk.
Mrs. George Bryan, by Mrs. Bryan.
Miss Charlotte Denison, by the Hon. Lady Cockburn.
Miss Hill, by the Hon. Lady Cockburn.
Mrs. Widdrington Riddell, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield.
Mrs. Hartopp, on her Marriage, by Lady Palk.
Mrs. W. D. Tyssen, on her Marriage, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield.
Miss Keir Grant, by the Countess of Rosse.
Miss Emmeline Coghill, by Lady Ongeley.
Miss Bland, by the Hon. Mrs. Bland.
Miss Louise Baker, by Lady Elizabeth Baker.
Miss Musters, by Lady Knightley.

Miss Walker, on her return from India, by Lady Ongeley.
Miss Hale, by the Dowager Lady De Clifford.
Miss Maitland, by the Duchess Dowager of Richmond.
Miss Selby, by Mrs. Colegrave.
Mrs. Chamberlayne, by the Countess of Albermarle.
Mrs. Evans, by the Countess of Rosse.
Mrs. George Parnell, by Mrs. Evans.
Mrs. W. Edgell, by the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury.
Mrs. d’Aguilar, by the Duchess of Northumberland.
Mrs. R. Solly, by Lady F. Beauchler.
Mrs. Lewis Shedden, on her Marriage, by Mrs. Stewart Hall.
The Hon. Jane Maclonald, by the Hon. Lady Hope.
Miss M. Shedden, by her sister, Mrs. Pringle Taylor.
Hon. Mrs. Warrender, by Mrs. Stanley.
Miss Bailey, and Miss Margaret Bailey, by Lady Granville Somerset.
Miss Fuller Maitland, by the Countess of Winchelsea.
Miss Sophia Campbell, by Lady Wheatley.
Miss Harcourt Vernon, by the Countess Munster.
Miss Emily McMahon, by her Mother, Lady McMahon.
Mrs. Stapleton, by Lady Seymour.
Mrs. Horsey Palmer, by her Sister, Mrs. Howley.
Mrs. G. Lowth, on her Marriage, by Mrs. Lowth.
Miss Walker, by Lady Granville Somerset.
Miss Hodson, by her Mother, Lady Hodson.
Miss Leach, by the Countess Dowager of Clare.
Miss Mathilda Campbell, by Lady Wheatley.
Miss Stewart, by Countess Nelson.
Miss Catherine Colegrave, by her Mother, Mrs. Colegrave.
Miss Emily Halford, by Mrs. Barnard.
Miss Selby, by Mrs. Colegrave.
Miss d’Aguilar, by her Mother, Mrs. d’Aguilar.
Miss Knightley, by her Mother, Lady Knightley.
Miss Caroline Dering, by Countess Nelson.
Miss Fanny Irby, by her Mother, Mrs. P. Irby.
Miss Campbell, by her Mother, Lady Charlotte Bury.
Miss Ferguson, by the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, of Pifichon.
Miss Louisa Wiles, by Mrs. Chandos Leigh.
Miss Plunket, by her Mother, Lady Dunsmury.
Mrs. Hodgson, by the Duchess of Northumberland.
Mrs. Panton Corbett, by Mrs. Williams Wynn.
Miss Corbett, by Mrs. Williams Wynn.
Mrs. Granville Harcourt Vernon, by Countess Munster.
Miss Macleod, by Lady Mary Ross.
Mrs. Every, by Lady Mosley.
Mrs. Hunter Blair, by the Countess of Wemyss.
Miss Caroline Crutchley, by her Mother, Mrs. Crutchley.
Miss Fanny Cartwright, by Mrs. Cartwright.
Miss Maria Boothby, by Lady Boothby.
Miss J. Ridley, by Lady Ridley.
Mrs. G. Spencer, by Lady Churchill.
Miss Ponsonby, by Mrs. Ponsonby.
Miss L. Legge, by Mrs. Legge.
Mrs. Beresford, by Lady Berkeley.
Miss E. Severn, by Mrs. Severn.
Miss Kennedy, by Lady Augusta Kennedy Erskine.
Miss Campbell, by the Countess Nelson.
Miss Lucy Hill, by the Hon. Lady Cochran.

VOL. V. NO. 1.
The Fifth Drawing Room of the Season, on the 29th of May, having been held in honour of His Majesty's Birthday, no presentations took place.

At the Sixth and last Drawing Room of the Season, held on the 19th of June, the Ladies presented to Her Majesty were—

Viscountess Corry, on her Marriage, by the Countess of St. Germans.
Viscountess Forbes, on her Marriage, by the Marchioness Dowager of Hastings.
Countess Somers, on her Marriage, by the Countess of St. Germans.
Lady Vivian, by the Marchioness Wellesley.
Viscountess Southwell.
Lady Powke, by Mrs. Norton.
Lady Caroline Baillie Hamilton, by Mrs. Clifton.
Lady Caroline Hamilton, by Mrs. Clifton.
Lady Moore, by Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Richmond.
Lady Georgiana Pratt, by Lady C. Wood.
The Baroness Wenman, by Mrs. Clifton.
The Hon. Maria Rice, by Lady Dynevor.
The Hon. Mrs. Knight, by the Hon. Lady Hope.
The Hon. Lady Broadhead, by Lady Godolphin.
The Hon. Matilda Southwell.
Hon. Mrs. Kenyon, on her Marriage, by Lady Walsingham.
Hon. Mrs. Somerville, on her Marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. Belbey Thompson.
Mrs. Shepwin, by Lady Yardie Buller.
Mrs. P. Stewart, on her Marriage, by her Mother, Mrs. Dawson.
Mrs. Hope Johnstone, by the Countess of Haddington.
Mrs. G. Burnaby, by her Sister, Mrs. Henry Bathurst.
Mrs. Stewart, by Mrs. Dawson.
Mrs. Cary, of Tor Abbey, by the Dowager Lady Arundel.
Mrs. Birt, by Lady Walker.
Mrs. Trent, on her Marriage, by the Duchess of Richmond.
Mrs. William Plozden, on her return from China.
Mrs. Robinson, by Lady Emily Hardinge.

Miss Mary Law, by her Mother, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Law.
Miss Baillie Hamilton, by the Countess of Haddington.
Miss Hope Johnstone, by her Mother, Mrs. H. Johnstone.
Miss Harriet Bagot, by her Mother, Lady Harriet Bagot.
The Marchioness de Salsa, by Countess Ludolf.
Miss Strachan, by the Marchioness de Salsa.
Mrs. Kyd, by Lady Trimelstoun.
Mrs. Angerstein, by Lady Martin.
Mrs. Laing Meason, by the Marchioness Wellesley.
Mrs. J. Hall, on her Marriage, by the Countess St. Germans.
Mrs. Clayton Glyn, by the Hon. Mrs. Saunarez.
Mrs. Martin, by the Marchioness Wellesley.
Mrs. Charles Parke, by Lady Caroline Wood.
Miss Sparling, by Lady Lucy Clive.
Mrs. Gordon, by Lady Harriet Hostie.
Miss Martin, by the Marchioness Wellesley.
Miss Whitchotte, by Lady Lucy Lowther.
Miss Knight, by her Mother, the Hon. Mrs. Knight.
Miss L. J. Knight, by her Mother, the Hon. Mrs. Knight.
Miss E. Codrington, by her Mother, the Hon. Lady Codrington.
Miss Sinclair, by her Mother, Mrs. Sinclair.
Miss Woller, by her Sister, Mrs. Gordon.
Miss Emily Elwes, by Lady Harriet Mitchell.
Miss Isabella Stephenson, by Lady Stephenson.
Miss Pratt, by Mrs. Dawson.
Miss Marriott, by Lady Warburton.
Miss Helen Ellice, by Mrs. Walter Burrell.
Miss Anna Bentick, by Lady Frederick Bentick.
Miss Laing Meason, by the Marchioness Wellesley.
Miss Taylor, by Mrs. T. Taylor.
Miss Angerstein, by Lady Martin.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


This is an extraordinary and delightful book. Written upwards of fifty years ago, it places before us the scenes of by-gone days, lighted up with the feelings and impressions of a young man of highly-gifted and elegant mind, who deviated from the beaten track of travellers, caught glimpses of things which escape ordinary notice, and describes with striking originality and brilliancy of thought. These volumes will be extensively read, though we fear that but few will appreciate them so highly as they deserve. No matter: such as are unable to do them full justice will, nevertheless, peruse them with great delight. Mr. Beckford has long been known among us as a man of superior and carefully cultivated intellect; with the most vivid perception of the beauties of nature, the finest taste and critical acumen in matters of art, a proficiency in musie equal to that of its greatest professors, a deep sense of the elegance of life, and a commanding power over the harmonies of language, he has more
especially addressed his book to men of conge- 
nial minds and sympathies. Still it will be 
devoured by all; for all must and will feel the 
fresh and original glow which he has imparted 
to objects described a thousand times before, 
but here placed before them in a form as striking 
as it is new.

The following extracts are taken as chance 
has guided us; were we bound to select, we 
should be doubtful where to show preference.

"CHRISTENING OF THE YOUNG PRINCESS AT 
FLORENCE.

"Next day I was engaged by a very opposite 
scene, though much against my will. Her 
Royal Highness the Grand Duchess having 
produced a Princess in the night, every body 
put on grand gala in the morning, and I was 
carried, along with the glittering tide of cour-
tiers, ministers, and ladies, to see the christen-
ing. After the Grand Duke had talked politics 
for some time, the doors of a temporary chapel 
were thrown open. Trumpets flourished, pro-
cessions marched, and the Archbishop began 
the ceremony at an altar of massive gold, placed 
under a yellow silk pavilion, with pyramids of 
light before it. Wax tapes, though it was 
noon-day, shone in every corner of the apart-
ments. Two rows of pages, gorgeously accou-
tred, and holding enormous torches, stood on 
each side of his Royal Highness, and made him 
the prettiest courtesies imaginable, to the sound 
of an indifferent band of music, though led by 
Nardini. The poor old Archbishop, who looked 
very piteous and saint-like, led the 'Te Deum' 
with a quavering voice, and the rest followed 
him with thoughtless expedition.

"The ceremony being despatched, (for his 
Royal Highness was in a mighty fidget to 
shrink back into his beloved obscurity,) the 
crowd dispersed, and I went with a few others 
to dine at my Lord T——'s.

"Evening drawing on, I ran to throw myself 
once more into the woods of Boboli, and 
remained till it was night in their recesses. 
Really this garden is enough to bewilder an 
enthusiastic spirit; there is something so solemn 
in its shades, its avenues, and spires of cy-

ops. When I had mused for many an inter-
esting hour amongst them, I emerged into 
the orangery before the palace, which overlooks 
the largest district of the town, and beheld, as I 
slowly descended the road which leads up to it, 
certain bright lights glancing about the cupola 
of the Duomo, and the points of the highest 
towers. At first I thought them meteors, or 
those illusive fires which often dance before the 
eye of my imagination; but I was soon con-
vinced of their reality; for in a few minutes 
the lantern of the cathedral was lighted up by 
agents really invisible; whilst a stream of 
torches ran along the battlements of the old 
castle which I mentioned in a former letter.

"I enjoyed this prospect at a distance: when 
near, my pleasure was greatly diminished, for 
half the fish in the town were trying to rejoice 
the hearts of his Royal Highness's loyal sub-
jects, and bonfires blazed in every street and 
alley. Hubbubs and stinks of every denomi-
nation drove me quickly to the theatre; but 
that was all glitter and glare. No taste, no 
arrangement, paltry looking-glasses, and rat's-
"THE COURT AT NAPLES.

"A courtly mob had got thither upon the 
same errand, daubed over with lace and most 
notably be-periwigged. Nothing but bows and 
salutations were going forward on the stair-
case, one of the largest I ever beheld, and 
which a multitude of prelates and friars were 
ascending with awkward pomposity. I jostled 
along to the presence chamber, where his Ma-
jesty was dining alone in a circular inclosure 
of fine clothes and smirking faces. The moment 
he had finished, twenty long necks were poked 
forth, and it was a glorious struggle amongst 
some of the most decorated, who first should 
kiss his hand, the great business of the day. 
Every body pressed forward to the best of their 
abilities. His Majesty seemed to eye nothing 
but the end of his nose, which is doubtless a 
capital object.

"Though people have imagined him a weak 
monarch, I beg leave to differ in opinion, since 
he has the boldness to prolong his childhood, 
and be happy, in spite of years and conviction. 
Give him a boar to stab, and a pigeon to shoot 
at, a battledore or an angling rod, and he is 
better contented than Solomon in all his glory, 
and will never discover, like that sapient sove-
ereign, that 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' 

"His courtiers in general have rather a bar-
aric appearance, and differ little in the charac-
ter of their physiognomies from the most savage 
nations. I should have taken them for Cal-
mucks, or Samoeds, had it not been for their 
dresses and European finery."

Necessity of Popular Education as a 
National Object. By James Simpson, 
Advocate. Edinburgh; Black.

We strongly recommend this admirable little 
volume to the perusal of those now occupied in 
bettering the moral condition of the poor in this 
country. Mr. Simpson has studied the subject 
deeply; he has adduced a number of new and 
striking facts to illustrate the principles he has 
developed, and the adoption of which would, 
doubtless, have a happy influence upon the wel-
fare of the most numerous portion of the com-
munity. It is to be hoped that the attention of 
some influential members of the legislature will 
have been drawn to Mr. Simpson's book, convinced as 
we are that they may derive from it much use-
ful information.
MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

The opera of "L'Assedio di Corinto," by Rossini, was brought out at this theatre, during the last month. Much as this splendid composition has been decreed by some of our contemporaries wedded to light and tripping melodies rather than to the powerful effects of concerted music, so delightful to all true admirers of the art, we cannot but enter our protest against their judgment. This opera is really in Rossini's best manner; and there is a freshness and vigour throughout, which has seldom been equalled. Grisi, in this piece, is unrivalled; Rubini and Tamburini sing their best—and that best is of surpassing excellence. Our favourite, Ivanoff, is somewhat lost in the part assigned to him; it is not suited to his voice, and he is scarcely heard throughout the performance.

"L'Assedio di Corinto" was the opera selected by their Majesties when they lately visited the King's Theatre in state. They seemed highly pleased with both the music and the style of execution.

We regret to hear a report that M. Laporte has quitted London, leaving many of the performers and servants of the theatre unpaid.

If this be true, it fully justifies the objection we have always manifested to this or any other of our theatres, being placed in the hands of a foreigner who offers no guarantee of solvency, and may, by abounding, elude the fulfilment of his engagements. If Mr. Chambers again obtains possession of this establishment, as we sincerely hope he will, we trust that the management will devolve either upon his son, or upon some other competent person who may inspire the public with proper confidence.

NEW MUSIC.

We have only space, this month, to notice a collection of "Songs for the Drawing-room," composed and dedicated to the Queen, by William Aspull, of Nottingham. These compositions are of much higher character than the generality of English songs. The melodies are graceful and flowing; the accompaniments, though easy, are effective, scientific, and elegant. We call the attention of all lovers of good music to this collection, especially to the song entitled "Old Times," which is a highly impassioned strain, wrought out with much feeling, and superior to any contemporary production of the same kind, that we remember to have seen.

NOVELTIES.

THE PANTHEON.

The most attractive novelty of the season is the Pantheon, lately opened as a bazaar and saloon of fine arts. After having served the vorticaries of fashion, in various forms, during the last fifty or sixty years, this building has at length been converted into an establishment of great public utility, well deserving of patronage, whether as a cheap mart for every elegant and useful article required in the domestic economy of the affluent, as affording to the young and meritorious British artist an opportunity of bringing himself into notice, or as a means for giving permanent employment to a great number of respectable females. The building itself, as it is now fitted up, is the most splendid thing of the kind in Europe, and does great credit to the taste and skill of the architect, Mr. Sydney Smirke.

AFRICAN GLEN.

We may next mention the African Glen, at the Colosseum, in Regent's Park. This attractive novelty, aided by a magnificent panoramic painting, transports us at once into the wilds of Africa, with its hills and its valleys, its rivers and its animals. Here, in the heart of London, we have the reality of the scenes so vividly painted by the African poet, Thomas Pringle.

PERSIAN SWEET BAG.

Mr. Ede, the chemist, has sent for our inspection an elegant article for ladies, which he calls the "Odoriferous Compound, or Persian Sweet Bag." It consists of small and beautifully wrought silk bags, containing a compound of the most costly perfumes of Arabia, enclosed in an elegant little box. These bags communicate their sweets to whatever they touch, and radiate their fragrance around, as heat is radiated from a jet black surface. No lady should be without them.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,  
AND  
Belle Assemblée,  
FOR AUGUST, 1834.  

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. IRBY.  

The Honorable Mrs. Irby is the eldest daughter and co-heir of William Hopkins of Northey, Esq., and wife of the Honourable George Ives Irby, eldest son of the present Lord Boston.

The noble family of Irby is of great antiquity. They were Lords of Irby or Irvy, in Candlesho Wapentake, in Lindsey, near Wainfleet, in the county of Lincoln.

Sir William de Irby, Knight, the first upon record in 1251, the 35th of Henry III., was a witness to the charter of foundation of the Abbey of Dale, in Gloucesteshire, granted by the King’s brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans; as also to a charter of confirmation to the Monastery of St. Beza, in Cumberland, granted by William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle; and to a third charter of the before-mentioned Richard, Earl of Cornwall, to the Priory of Knarborough, in Yorkshire, dated April the 10th, 1257. This Sir William was probably in some considerable employment in the reign of King John, and was an attendant on his second son, Richard, Earl of Cornwall.

Anthony Irby of Irby, seated at Gosberton, in the county of Lincoln, who was living in the 16th of Henry VIII., by Alice, his wife, daughter of John Bampting, had, with other issue,

Thomas Irby, Esq., seated at Whaplode, in Lincolnshire, father of

Anthony Irby, Esq., M.P. for Boston in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., an eminent lawyer, a bencher of Lincoln’s Inn, and autumn reader to that society, which did him the honour of having his arms painted on the third window of Lincoln’s Inn Chapel. Mr. Irby was appointed one of the Masters in Chancery, tempore James I. He espoused, at Whaplode, Alice, widow of Thomas Welbye of Moulton, Esq., by whom he had, with other issue,

Sir Anthony Irby, Knight, M.P. for Boston in the reign of Charles I., and High Sheriff for the county of Lincoln. His eldest son,

Sir Anthony Irby, Knight, was recorder of Boston, and High Sheriff for the county of Lincoln. He represented the borough of Boston in parliament, during the reigns of Charles I. and II. He was among the forty-seven members imprisoned by the army on the 6th of December, 1648, and appears to be one of the sixteen sent for to Whitehall on the 20th of the same month, when, refusing to promise Commissary General Ireton not to attempt any thing against the parliament and the army, he was dismissed, and left at liberty to sit again in the house if he thought proper. Sir Anthony Irby wedded first, in 1628, Francis, daughter of Sir William Wray, Bart., of Glentworth, in the county of Lincoln, by whom he had one daughter,

Elizabeth, who was married, in 1645, to the Honourable George Montague of Herton, in the county of Northampton, eldest son and heir of Henry Earl of Manchester, and had issue Charles, created Earl of Halifax, and other children.

Sir Anthony married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of the Right Honourable Sir Richard Smith, Knight, and privy councillor, of Ostenhanger, in the county of Kent, by whom he had no surviving issue. He es-
poused, thirdly, Margaret, daughter of Sir Edward Barkham, Knight, by whom he likewise had no surviving issue; and, fourthly, Catherine, third daughter of William, Lord Paget, of Beaudesert, by whom he had, with five daughters, an only son.

**Anthony Irby, Esq.,** who inherited the estates at the death of his father in 1670. He married Mary, daughter and sole heir of John Stringer, Esq., of Ashford, in the county of Kent, by whom he had, with other issue, **Edward Irby, Esq.,** who was created a Baronet by Queen Anne in 1704. Sir Edward represented the borough of Boston in the first year of that sovereign's reign. He wedded Dorothy, daughter of the Honourable Henry Paget, second son of William, Lord Paget, Ambassador at Constantinople, and by her had a son and successor.

**Sir William Irby, Bart.,** born in 1707, who was page to George I. and George II. and equerry to Frederick, prince of Wales, in 1728, upon the first arrival of his Royal Highness in England. In 1734, Sir William Irby was chosen one of the members for Launceston in Cornwall, and served in the ensuing parliament for the same borough. He subsequently sat for Bodmin for several years, until 1761, when he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Boston, of Boston, in the county of Lincoln. His Lordship wedded, in 1746, Albina, eldest daughter of Henry Selwyn, Esq., receiver-general of the customs (younger son of John Selwyn, Esq., of Matson), and by her, who died in 1769, had issue

**Frederick,** his heir.

**William Henry** married, 25th October, 1781, Mary, daughter and coheiress of Rowland Blackman, Esq., of the Island of Antigua, and had one son, William Henry Rowland, and one daughter, Augusta, married to Sir William Langham, Bart.

**Augusta Georgina Elizabeth,** married to Thomas de Grey, Lord Walsingham.

Lord Boston died in 1775, and was succeeded by his eldest son, **Frederick,** second Baron Boston, born 9th July, 1749, appointed, in 1780, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the King. He married, in 1775, Christian, sole daughter of Paul Methuen*, Esq., of Corsham House, Wilts; and had issue,

**I. George,** his heir.

**II. Frederick Paul, R.N.,** married first, Emily Ives, youngest daughter and coheiress of William Drake, Esq., of Amersham; and had, by her, one son, Frederick William, born in 1806. He espoused, secondly, Frances, daughter of Ichabod Wright, Esq., of Mapperley Hall, in the county of Nottingham, and has several children.

Captain Irby, on the 6th February, 1813, when commanding his Majesty's ship the Amelia, displayed great gallantry, in a most severe and sanguinary action with a French frigate, l'Arabesque, fought off the Isle of Loss, on the coast of Africa.

**III. William Augustus,** in holy orders, who died unmarried in 1807.

**IV. Henry Edward,** Lieutenant-Colonel in the army.

**V. Paul Anthony,** in holy orders, Rector of Whiston and Cottesbrooke, in Northamptonshire; married, in 1814, Patience Anne, eldest daughter of Sir William de Crespygn, Bart.; by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Other Lewis, fourth Earl of Plymou, and has issue.

**VI. Edward Methuen,** an officer in the Guards, slain at Talavera.

**VII. Charles Leonard, R.N.,** married Frances, daughter of John Mangles, Esq., of Hurley, Berks, and has issue.

**VIII. Adolphus Frederick.**

**I. Charlotte.**

**II. Albina.**

**III. Christian Elizabeth.**

**IV. Augusta Matilda.**

**V. Anna Maria Louisa,** married, in 1817, to Henry John, present Lord Selsey.

The second Lord Boston died in 1825, and was succeeded by his eldest son, **George Irby,** now Lord Boston, born 24th Dec., 1777, who wedded, 17th Oct., 1801, Rachel Ives, daughter and coheiriss of William Drake, Esq., of Amersham, in the county of Buckingham, and by her Ladyship (who died 6th Sept., 1860) has issue:—

1. **George Ives,** born in 1803; married, in 1880, Fanny Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Hopkins of Northey, Esq.

2. **William Drake,** born in 1808.

3. **Augustus Anthony Frederick,** born in 1820.

4. **Llewellyn Charles Robert,** born in 1822.

5. **Rachel Emily.**

6. **Charlotte Isabella,** married, in 1826, to Thomas, Earl of Orkney.

7. **Frances Matilda.**

8. **Frederica Maria Louisa.**

9. **Georgiana Albina.**

10. **Catherine Cecilia.**
THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS;
By H. F. Chorley.

No. I.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL,
Born at Halle, February 24, 1684. Died at London, April 13, 1759.

I.

MAJESTIC—solemn—bold—thine ample eye
Filled with the stately visions of the past,
Days when the pilgrim nation’s trumpet blast
Shook down strong Jericho’s* defences high,
And the Lord’s ark went in to victory:
Days when the giant, nerved of God, did smite
His Israel’s Pagan foes with arm of might,
Fell slave to an enchantress, and did die
‘Mid the great triumph of revenge—the days
Of Seers and Prophets, when the song of praise
Rang through the golden-fretted temple, loud,—
O kingly Handel! to thy youth was given
The secret of those harmonies of Heaven,
Before whose mighty voice all human hearts are bowed!

II.

How doth his soul, mantled with rapture, rise
On wings of hope, to lands where all is day
And peace and love, where tears are wiped away,
Who hears thy sweet ethereal melodies
Lead the rude shepherds where the Holy † lies,
Born ’mid the pains of earth, that earth to save;
How proudly mark His triumph o’er the grave,
Who gave Himself a stainless sacrifice:—
How by thy Hallelujah’s glorious tone,
Like sound of thousand billows rolling free,
Upborne, behold the splendours of that throne
To which the quick and dead must gathered be.
Hast thou, inspired one, joined the radiant throng,
Who round that throne unite in never-ending song?

III.

An ancient grandeur breathes through every strain,
Like the rich echo of an olden hymn,
Filling some vast cathedral’s arches dim,
When mellow evening doth descend in rain
Of golden light through many a pictured pane;
Or like the voices of the winds which dwell
In some gigantic temple’s ruined cell
Beside the Nile;—all trifling thoughts and vain
Are gone, we know not where—the soul doth soar
Above the cobweb-bounds of space and time
Through the calm vastness of eternity.
O mighty seer, thy splendid mission o’er,
Thou hast among the just thy rest sublime,
And Earth shall keep thy name, till Earth herself shall die!

* The chorus ‘Glory to God! the strong cemented walls,’” in the Oratorio of Joshua, is deservedly ranked among Handel’s most sublime works.
† It is scarcely necessary to allude to the Messiah, except for the purpose of adding the date of its first performance: the year 1741. Its first success was enjoyed at Dublin, where it was given for the benefit of the city prison.
PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES VYVYAN, ESQ.

NO. II.—THE STORM.

"There is a ship upon the western deep,
One only which the eye discerns between
The cliff and the horizon—for the storms
Have made old Ocean's realm a solitude,
Where man may fear to roam."

N. T. Carrington.

My dear Percival,—
The deep excitement and fatigue incurred in the perilous adventure duly set forth in my last epistle, was more than this shattered frame could well endure. I bore up, however, for the first day bravely—suffered myself to be dragged unresistingly by my friend Rawlinson to see all the lions in and about the "station"—had a short cruise in his new galley—was regularly introduced to all his subs—learned to distinguish Dick from Tom, and Tom from Sam, as they climbed in a body on my knees to the great amusement of their sire; but when night approached, Nature struck her colours, and next morning saw me fairly stretched on a bed of illness. This was the more provoking, as, that very afternoon, I was to have accompanied Rawlinson, with a party of the coast-guard, in search of the smugglers' den. They went, nevertheless; but, strange to say, their journey was wholly unsuccessful. Nothing in the shape of a still or a cottage could be found in the direction I had pointed out; and the Lieutenant was therefore compelled, for once in his life, to wait patiently until I should have sufficiently recovered to lead the party myself.

In about a week—thanks to the attention of my kind hostess—I was able once more to inhale the fresh and briny air. As my recovery progressed, I became gradually familiar with the adjacent coast, and studied the ocean—the commensurate antagonist of the earth, as Charles Lamb hath it—and its hidden mysteries, with all the zeal and interest of a landsman. Now I wandered along rocks and shingles, among the pools which remained when the tide was out, in pursuit of shrimps and prawns; and then if Rawlinson was disengaged, and in the mood, we leaped into a bark,

"And straight put forth to sea,"
on a crusade against the tenants of the mighty deep. The novelty of a life like this restored me to health and vigour with surprising rapidity. In a word, Percival, before three weeks had passed over my head I became desperately in love with salt water. The sullen moaning and dash on the cliffs—the lightness of the foam—the swelling main—

the minute and glistening objects on the "solitary sand"—the gambols of the grampus and the seal—the conformation of the rocks and caverns—and the flight, and habits, and hoarse voices of the sea-birds—though very uninteresting matters to a man of the world, all furnished food for the gratification of a lover of nature like myself. On that lonely shore, I almost forgot the world and all its joys and sorrows.

My friend's house was situated at the foot of a romantic gorge, a little in the rear, and considerably above the level of a steep and huge mass of shingles, which the sea had progressively driven up to the extremity of his domain. Stern and almost precipitous acclivities, skirted with stunted underwood, rose on either side; and had it not been for the signal-post, embrasures—at which were mounted two guns, all the worse for service—and a miniature glacis descending to nearly high-water-mark, there was nothing to indicate the object for which the station was designed. Rawlinson's abode, a wooden structure neatly whitewashed, was partially surrounded with what I may term an attempt at a garden; in which a few hardy vegetables and stunted shrubs struggled for existence amid a wilderness of weeds. The place altogether bore an aspect wild and dreary. At the summit of the western acclivity, access to which was obtained by steep zigzag rows of steps cut out of the rock, was a watch-tower commanding an almost boundless lookout over the adjacent sea. Further to the west, a bold headland jutted out from the line of coast, forming one side of a miniature bay of great picturesque beauty, terminated by a corresponding though still more precipitous range of rocks, about half-a-mile distant. Near the middle of the intermediate space, most singularly situated at the confluence of a small river with the sea, was the village of Brannmouth, the haunt, according to Rawlinson, in despite of all his endeavours, of a nest of desperate smugglers. The lives and pursuits of the inhabitants of this place, widely differed: some tilled the land, others ploughed the deep, and many were employed in blasting or excavating the adjacent
limestone rocks for the "export trade." There were seldom less than half-a-dozen coasting craft lying at the foot of the rocks, or alongside the rude pier below the village, either discharging coal, or loading with this material. Brannmouth was not an every-day village: its houses, irregularly scattered on the side of a narrow valley, were but imperfectly seen amidst lofty hedgerows and mantling foliage; and such was the steepness of the ascent, that steps were formed to aid the passage up the humble little street leading to the church at the summit of the hill. On the opposite side of the glen, situated on an insulated rock in the middle of a waste of sand hills, were the shattered remains of a stronghold of remote antiquity. Extremely difficult of access, and founded to all appearance upon a sand-bank, this aged ruin was regarded by the good folks at Brannmouth, and indeed by the peasantry for miles around, with feelings of superstitious dread. Many a legend of horror circulated about the winter's hearth respecting it, and bold was the wight that dared to venture near its precincts after nightfall. It will not be long, Perceval, before I make you better acquainted with Brannmouth and its castle.

A month passed cheerily away. My strength was now restored; and in two days more I was to act as guide in a second expedition for the exploration of the abode of my recent opponents, the smugglers. Late in the afternoon I wandered out to the shore to watch the flow of the evening's tide. To my great surprise—for the weather had for some time been clear and settled—the sea was agitated in its advance with fearful violence. The ocean heaved tumultuously; and the sun, now lingering near the horizon, cast a dying radiance on the yeast tops of the waves, as they rolled darkly forwards from the main like a race-horse at his speed. I had never before seen a ground swell to equal this. Such a phenomenon, I should tell you, Perceval, is usually occasioned by a storm in the Atlantic with a westerly wind; and it affords an almost unerring indication of approaching foul weather. This effect of the distant hurricane, in fact, far outstrips the wind, and rolls before it towards our shores with tremendous fury.

I lingered on the beach for a considerable time, listening to the strange moaning sound of the ocean; but I perceived no alteration in the sky, which continued serene and cloudless; and when I reached the station, I found Rawlinson, who I verily believe never slept without dreaming of the enemies of his Majesty's revenue, full of bustle and animation, preparatory to an evening cruise in his galley, in consequence of some information which had just been received relative to an expected run on the neighbouring coast.

Before daylight next morning it blew a perfect hurricane. The whole tenement—which was none of the strongest—rocked and swayed with each successive gust that swept adown the gorge; and the distant roaring of the sea, which came impressively on the ear in the occasional pauses of the blast, told of its effect on that ever-changing element. When the day broke I could lie quiet no longer: I sniffed mischief in the "wind's-eye," and, hastily dressing, went down stairs with the intention of climbing to the watch-tower to note the progress of the gale. Rawlinson had just come in dripping with salt-water. He had been led on a false scent, but was fortunate enough to escape the violence of the tempest, which came on, it appeared, almost with the suddenness and rapidity of a storm in the tropics. I then wound my way, not without peril, up the precipitous path frequently cut in the naked rock, which led to the heights above.

It was, indeed, a wild morning. The sea was white with foam, and the tide, which was just beginning to flow, advanced in short but lofty breakers crested with spray, as if eager for the onset—like a noble horse, impatiently pawing the ground on hearing the sounds of approaching battle. It was not long before my attention was drawn to the Penwith Sands—a dangerous bank, about half-a-mile in length, and nearly double that distance from the shore—which on the most ordinary occasions, at early flood, seldom failed to exhibit a scene of high interest. On this morning, however, the wildness and sublimity of the view surpassed my imagination. The waves, as they came rolling onwards from the main, rose over "the Penwith" with an almost mountainous swell; a ship of the line would have been instantly engulfed in their fearful embrace; the vast agitated vortex of waters might have been the cradle of the Furies—it was indescribably magnificent and spirit-stirring. At advanced periods of the tide the existence of this deceitful bank could seldom, by the inexperienced, be discovered from the surrounding ocean; at dead low-water it was equally invisible; but there existed a fisherman who averred that he had once stood dry on its summit during a remarkable recession of the sea.

Whilst scanning with my glass the windward horizon, my attention was suddenly
riveted on an object at the extreme point of vision, which, from its relative magnitude, I imagined must be a ship of large burden. Then I lost the object, which could scarcely be discerned amid the portentous darkness of the sky. I looked again earnestly—it was, indeed, a ship driving under bare poles before the gale. I sat for a few minutes watching the movements of this solitary wayfarer on the desert bosom of the deep; and after a brief conversation with the man on the lookout within the tower, despatched him with the information to head-quarters. Rawlinson soon came toiling up the hill, under the load of a huge "Flushing" jacket; and, after swearing at the weather and, as in duty bound, at all offenders against His Majesty's customs, he took glass in hand, and confirmed an indefinite apprehension which I already began to entertain.

The course of the strange ship, which every instant became more distinctly visible, was indeed extraordinary: she seemed to be driving towards the coast, which lay directly under her lee, without an effort being made to gain any headway, so as to avoid the impending danger. The line of coast a few miles distant inclined to the southward; and the only chance in favour of a ship in her situation would be to endeavour to weather the point of land at that extremity. But she continued to drift onward, as if under the mysterious influence of the mountain of adamant in the Arabian tale. Rawlinson, inured as he was to scenes of peril, turned as pale as his countenance—bronzed in gale and battle—well could, as he watched her rapid advance.

"By—! Charley," he at last exclaimed, "that fellow must be raving mad not to spy the Penwith a-head of him."

A heavy driving shower at this instant hid from us the object of our anxiety; and when it cleared away, the dark and lofty hull of the stranger—evidently a ship of large burden—came lurching on towards the shoal, the existence of which was now distinctly discovered amidst the tumultuous assemblage of gigantic waves that rolled over it. The moment was one of deep interest.

"Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together!"

On hearing the Lieutenant utter this ejaculation, I glanced towards the beach below us—the sharks were indeed already abroad; half-a-dozen stragglers had just passed the foot of the cliffs which terminated the lay of Brannough; several others could be discerned like crows perched on their craggy summits; and whilst Rawlinson was giving orders to muster his force and man the galley in case of need, a little crowd of men, women, and children, from the adjacent village, followed the track of the stragglers like hounds upon a trail.

Meanwhile, I continued to gaze at the fated ship. An object more calculated to excite our sympathies than a solitary vessel in danger, I cannot well conceive. The companionship of man—the sailors' home—a thing instinct with life, walking the waters—our feelings are excited not only for the safety of the crew, but for the vessel itself, which we would stretch out a hand to save, as we would a friend from certain or impending destruction.

"Gracious God! Rawlinson," I said—for he again stood beside me, "she will strike the sand, and what boat can live in that sea?"

The report of a cannon, and then another and another, boomed faintly on the ear. Rawlinson again grasped the glass. "There flies a signal at last," he exclaimed. "A Spaniard, too, by Jove! and well manned—the cursed fools! I'm for the beach, Vyvyan—come along." And away he ran.

I was momentarily rooted to the spot. The ship—now beyond the reach of human aid—came swinging on towards the end of the bank, over which the waters impetuously flowed and recoiled with a rough cross "jumble." I almost gasped for breath; she struck—there was a fearful shriek from her despairing crew; and then two of her masts, once so taunt and lofty, fell nearly by the board. The gallant ship heeled over almost on her beam-ends, and for an instant was partly hidden by a gigantic wave which swept clean over her amid a cloud of spray; but, lightened by the loss of her masts, she righted. The shock, though tremendous, was not fatal; and the tide, for it was now half-flood, again swept her unresistingly onward. The rocks lay under her lee, the sky was darkening!

I looked not again, but hastened towards the shore.

The strand was now covered with some hundreds of the neighbouring fishermen and peasantry; and the crowd was continually increasing. The all-powerful attraction of a booty, as rich as it was unexpected, had drawn forth all who were able to crawl. It was a motley group—the hale and lusty fisherman, or the stout and ferocious smuggler, stood side by side with the aged and almost bedridden beldame, or the mother with her child "pulling in her arms." The wretched cripple, who had not perhaps wandered many
yards from his own door for years, now found
to take eagerly along the sands,
furnishing an object for the derision of every
mischievous boy that ran hastily by to join the
throne. It was a strange muster-roll—a field-
day for "the halt, the lame, and the maimed." 
Even the respectable farmer or shopkeeper at
Brampton did not disdain the invitation
held out by the elements. Every body was
there. In fact, on the more frequented
parts of the coasts of these islands, "wreck-
ing" is considered as legitimate a vocation
as fishing for herrings or sprats; the people,
from the force of habit and example, look
upon both as the bounty of the sea. A
good haul of pilchards, and a valuable wreck,
are viewed in one and the same light: nay,
hundreds who would recoil with horror at
the idea of committing what they esteem a
robbery, gladly avail themselves, without
scruple, of every thing that falls in their way.
Nor is this vestige of savage character, I
lament to say, wholly confined to the wilder
districts on our sea-coast; several recent in-
tances tend to prove that the old spirit still
lurks among us, and occasionally breaks
forth with its pristine violence and ferocity.
But to resume my narrative.
I avoided the mob, and soon found my way
to the place where Rawlinson, with the whole
of the coast-guard on the station, stood under
arms. Here, upon a point of rock, near a
sort of natural pier of loose stones, which
Rawlinson used jokingly to call "the har-
bour," a boat's mast had just been fixed, and
an ensign run up as a signal to the crew of
the wreck.
The doomed ship rolled sullenly on. She
was apparently settling in the water, and
the sea continually made clear breaches
over her. The people on board, who were
now distinctly visible, appeared from their
motions to be almost frantic with despair.
The crisis of their fate was indeed near at
hand. About midway between the Fenwith
Sands and the beach, was a lofty reef locally
called the Luffin Rock, easily accessible
when the tide was out, but almost wholly
covered at high-water, at which period it
might be taken for some gigantic marine
monster basking on the surface of the
waves. Sometimes—though only in violent
storms, or unusually high spring-tides—this
dangerous reef was entirely hidden, and its
situation could then only be guessed at by the
whiteness of the surrounding sea. Hither the
wreck was fast drifting.
One of our men now discovered that several
females were clinging round the remains of
the mizen-mast on the poop-deck. We could
hesitate no longer, and Rawlinson, who had
with difficulty restrained his impatience up
to this moment, instantly ordered the galley
to be manned. It is impossible, Percival, to
give you an idea of the excitement of my feel-
ings as we shot off into the surf. I had no
consciousness of peril—I felt not the fear
which even the idea of an attempt so highly
dangerous as that we had embarked in, would
have filled a landsman with at a cooler
moment— I can only compare my feelings to
the exaltation of spirits produced by wine, as
wees were along the waves, that now rose far
above us to a vast height, and then opened
almost to the very sands. We had not ad-
vanced far from the shore before we shipped
several heavy seas and aft; and as the
steady little crew pulled manfully, but with
great difficulty, the breakers hit our bows
at almost every stroke, and drenched us with
spray. It soon became evident that no-
thing but a life-boat could exist in a sea like
that, and it was not without feelings of the
deepest mortification that Rawlinson was
compelled, just as we had ascertained that
the ship had struck, to give orders to put
about, for we could no longer make headway
against the overwhelming force of wind and
tide.

On landing, we immediately proceeded to
a spot opposite the Luffin, whether the mob
had now gathered. Here we learned that a
boat had been seen to put off from the wreck
a little before she struck, which shortly after
went down head foremost, with all on board.
Several persons, however, among whom we
discerned at least one female, yet remained in
the ship. It was therefore probable that the
lives of the remaining sufferers might all
be saved, if they stuck by the wreck, which
might perhaps hold together—at least partially
—for several tides.
The people, whose appetite for plunder,
like that of wild beasts previously to feeding
time, grew stronger every instant, now
eagerly watched for portions of the wreck
floating towards the shore. Rawlinson took
the opportunity of remonstrating with them
on their designs, which he boldly declared
his determination of opposing to the utmost
of his power—but his words were "scat-
tered to the winds"—he might as well,
to use his own expression, have addressed
the "mainmast of a ship." The people—or
rather the older and more hardened of the
number—took his warning sullenly, and
seemed as if they would resent any interference with what they called their rights. The scene deepened in interest.

I can assure you, Percival, I made a very warlike appearance that day. In addition to a "brave of barkers" with which I had been previously furnished, Rawlinson, on returning to the station to recruit, "rigged" me with a cutlass; so that I "girded up my loins" for battle, in ease of emergency. Rawlinson stormed away in regular quarter-deck style;—but when I looked at the fearful odds against us—for we only mustered about twenty in all—should we actually come to blows, I candidly confess the mercury of my spirits was by no means elevated.

When we returned to the beach, the tide was about half ebb. The freshness of the gale was somewhat abated; but the sea, as if not satisfied with the ruin it had already effected, still "yawned around the wreck like a hell." Each wave that struck her shattered hull, seemed to sap away her strength, and almost threatened to shake her to fragments. The sea was now covered with floating packages, which by the violence of the storm were driven along the coast for several miles. With all their vigilance, but few fell into the hands of our party. We were at last enabled to bring off the survivors from the wreck. Out of thirty-five souls only seven were left; two were females—a Spanish lady and her attendant—who, almost in a state of insensibility, were carried by our brave fellows to the hospitable shelter of the station.

The ship proved to be the Sen José Spanish West Indian man of 500 tons burthen, with a very valuable cargo of colonial produce. The other survivors were the mate and four of the seamen. From the broken French of the former, we learned that the ship had lost her rudder in a violent storm during the night, and had then drifted onwards at the mercy of the winds and waves. The captain and the rest of the crew unfortunately took to the boats, which were swamped; had they remained on the wreck, all might have been saved. The survivors, with the exception of the mate, appeared to be in a state of stupefaction from the effects of drink; they gazed with listless apathy at our endeavours, and were unable to lift a hand for the preservation of the property.

The tide having now receded sufficiently, we decided on taking possession of the wreck, which Rawlinson intended to hold until he obtained further assistance from the other stations of the water-guard along the coast. The Lufin rocks, on which the ship lay, now raised, far above the beach, their black and rugged front, covered with masses of sea-weed and barnacles. Access to this reef was only to be obtained, a little before low water, by a sort of natural causeway of sand and shingles, the rock being insulated on every other side by a deep pool left by the receding tide.

Our design was no sooner perceived by the wreckers, whose passions were inflamed by the contents of several puncheons of rum which had been floated out of the wreck, than they endeavoured to gain possession of the ship before we could do so. The matter now began to assume a serious aspect—it was no time to hesitate. It had become quite clear, from the disposition manifested by the people, that unless we acted with decision, the whole of the property would be plundered and destroyed. By this time, our little party was surrounded by the wreckers, who were pressing forward to the ship, regardless of the threats and warnings we held out. A violent struggle now took place at the entrance of the narrow causeway. Before I had time to reflect, I was in the midst of the fray, dealing about blows like the most seasoned blue-jacket of the party. It was an exciting scene; still I possessed the most intense consciousness of the moment, without the slightest feeling of fear. After struggling with unequal success for several minutes, two of the wreckers were dangerously wounded. This absolutely maddened the people; setting up a fearful shout, they made a simultaneous attack upon us, and we were driven up the beach by the overwhelming force of numbers. Meanwhile, some of the more experienced wreckers, with many boys, had taken advantage of the scuffle to swim off towards the wreck, and when we got disentangled from our pursuers, some were climbing up her sides, and others spreading over her hull, like a pack of hungry wolves over the dead carcase of a victim. A scene of indiscriminate plunder and violence commenced. Encouraged by our repulse, the more timid, who had hitherto kept aloof from acts of violence or plunder, now hastened to the ship to partake of the booty. Her very decks were broken up with axes, saws, and sledge, in order the more readily to get at the plunder; for the hatchways were already choked. But even this temptation, great as it was, proved insufficient to draw these wretched people from the still more powerful attraction of the liquor which they found in the hold. This was a much more potent opponent than the
coast-guard; but Rawlinson had now determined, under any circumstances, to stand aloof until he was better able to rescue a portion of the property;—a determination which was indeed rendered absolutely necessary from the condition of many of the coast-guard themselves, who were literally hors de combat, from an encounter with some of the rum casks that lay strewn about the beach.

Although, from the excited state of the people, my appearance on the beach was not altogether unattended with danger, I continued to wander about at a prudent distance, watching the proceedings of the wreckers. Every thing around disposed the mind to reflection. The harsh cries and hurried flight of the sea-birds foreboded another stormy night; and the shouting of the heedless throng jarred strangely with the awful voice of the ocean, and the impressive memorial of his power which lay on the rocks below me.

I had wandered to a considerable distance from the wreck, near the verge of low-water mark, when something like a dark heap of sea-weed lying on the sand, caught my eye. I felt a strange and startling sensation, and before I had advanced many steps I knew that I looked upon the dead. It was, indeed, the last scene of "poor Jack's eventful history." Poor fellow!—there he lay, half-buried in the sand and sea-weed—an awful evidence of the nothingness of man.

"Without a grave, unclennell'd, unconfin'd, and unknown."

I had not pondered long upon this sad and sickening scene, before an angry wave flung itself upon the beach, and in its recoil floated away the object of my sympathy. In another instant I was compelled precipitately to retreat before a threatening rush of tide, which extended far beyond the place I had previously occupied. The face of the drowned seaman rose amid the short and yeasty waves with a leaden and lifeless glare; and the whole body was grotesquely tossed on their surface with an effect at once ghastly and horrible. It was a new edition of the Dance of Death.

I turned towards the ruin of the majestic ship that, within a few brief hours, had walked the watery plain in glory and in pride—but what a change was there! It was, indeed, a scene of wild confusion. Intoxication in all its stages, and in every possible variety and modification, from the first insipient "symptoms," the half-shut eyes and vacant stare, to the "half," and, finally, to the "whole seas," might there be seen. Every sort of distinc-

tion was now at an end. The parish magnates of Branmouth, and even a few of the "coast-guard" themselves, who had sily joined the throng, were anything but proof against the prevailing infection. Many of the men, may, even women, lay stretched upon the sand, perfectly helpless, beside the booty they had collected, which was snatched from their powerless grasp by others stronger or more sober than themselves. Here might be seen a knot of quarrelsome children—for they, too, were drunk to a boy—clustered without and and within the remains of a rum-cask, for a cup, or cap, or shoe full of spirits and (bilge) water; there, a long-faced fellow of pretended sanctity elevated on the top of an empty puncheon, holding forth as fast as his state would permit against the vice of drink-

ing, and the instability of all things human. A few kept aloof from the temptation, and hurried off to the interior, on cars or horses, the most valuable portion of the ship's cargo.

But the scene of desolation was not yet complete. The tide—it was a spring-flood—came rolling on with maddening speed; and, as the sky darkened and the waves roared louder, I saw with feelings of indescribable alarm that the consequences might be most fearful. I ran to the ship, and earnestly endeavoured, as well as my state of agitation would admit, to awaken the attention of the people to a sense of the imminent danger of their situation. A few, when they looked towards the tumultuous deep, but a gun-shot below them, turned pale, and seemed almost sobered at the sight; others impiously set the elements at defiance; and numbers were incapable of comprehending any thing.

Before ten minutes had elapsed, I gave the alarm at the station, but I reached it with a load at my heart, for I well knew the rapidity with which the tide closed round the Luffin. Our return was hastened by distant shouting which occasionally rose with an indescribable effect above the roaring of the elements. As we neared the scene, we observed that, during my absence, a partial dispersion of the wreckers had taken place. The more timid were retreat ing over the sands towards the foot of the cliffs, but a dense group lingered at the landward extremity of the causeway leading to the wreck, on which they appeared to gaze in helpless terror. A glance at the state of the flood confirmed all our fears. What I had left a level pool was now a raging surf—the causeway was already hidden, and the reef surrounded by a wild assemblage of breakers, which were every instant grappling with its sides, or
THE OLD PLACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "USUER'S DAUGHTER."

Who that has lived beyond the middle of life, in the vicissitudes which belong to humanity, and has been long and far away from his early home, has not at times had affectionate yearnings after a sight of the old place? And who, after years of absence, turning to visit the old place, has not felt himself in some measure disappointed? Who has not found, under such circumstances, his poetry wither and fade into prose? Life's poetry is like the rainbow: we can see it only at a distance—we can never catch it. Five and twenty years ago I left England for India, carrying out with me a mind's-eye picture of my native land, its manners, its customs, its people, its notions, its dress, its dwellings, and I cherished this picture with a lover's care and all the tenderness of a virtuoso. For the first six months of my residence in the strange land, I dreamt about this picture almost every night, and whenever I had any leisure for that sweetest of all mental occupations—building castles in the air, I used to delight myself with devising what should be my mode of life when I returned to England, where should be my residence, and who should be my friends. In India, I was in the habit of reading the English newspapers and magazines, which recorded what may be called the progress of society, but I made no record in my memory of these many changes, nor did I apply them to the picture I had continually before me, so that though I knew that many alterations had taken place, I did not bring that knowledge home to my feelings—it made no images in my mind. At length I am in England again, in my own native city of London. I was prepared to find it a much larger place than it was when I left it, and I had heard of its many improvements, yet I confess that when I saw them, I did not admire them as improvements. I was sorry to miss Exeter Change, and the King's Mews, and Carlton House. 'Tis true that many fine openings had been made, and so, if the whole city were destroyed, there would be a very fine opening. London may be London still, but it is not my London—it is a new city, belonging to a new generation of men; I feel myself to be in the preposterperfect tense: I ought by rights to be dead and buried. No one can imagine what a feeling of insecurity, of mutability, of almost nonentity, took possession of me, when I saw the changes in building that had every where taken place. I never thought much of St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street—and even when I was a boy, I never stopped to see the stone figures

dashing over its summit. But the human victims—the helpless wretches whom I had seen prostrated about the wreck—where were they? The crowd opened at our approach, and we learned, as we surmised, that many had been left in the ship. Boat there was none. One of our men, however, gallantly attempted to swim off with a rope, in the hope of effecting something; but, after struggling hard, he was at last compelled to return. The appearance of the weather was becoming fearful; the wind again blew a dreadful hurricane, and the evening began to set in, dark and starless.

Presently some of the unfortunate beings on the wreck were roused by the waves, which burst over her sides with restless violence—now recollecting for a brief space to gather strength—leaving a smooth hollow waste of oily sea, like the treacherous pauses of human passion, and then returning to the onset with wilder haste and aggravated fury. Nearly twenty heads could now be seen above the bulwarks of the vessel, and one of the most daring leaped into the surf, and attempted to swim towards the beach; but he disappeared after struggling for about thirty yards. I can still remember the frantic shrieks and heart-rending gestures of the despairing creatures in that fated ship. One by one were they washed from their hold, and engulfed amid the innumerable fragments of the wreck, which told also that the San Jose was no more. There was an awful scene on the beach when the bodies were cast up, fresh and warm, at the feet of the sobered and shivering relatives.

"Morning came at last:"
The eye looked out upon the watery world—
With fearful glance looked east and west, but all
Was wild and solitary, and the surge
Dashed on the groaning cliff, and foaming rose
And roared, as 'twere triumphing."

Surely, Perceval, I have now given you
enough of the horrors of "wrecking."

Yours ever. C. V.
strike the hour, though I have looked at them by accident when passing;—but now they are gone, I miss them. There is no security, no permanence in anything. The religious feeling with which I venerated, the affectionate feeling with which I regarded, old buildings and old places, are now destroyed. It seems as though some architectural harlequin had been flourishing his bat to the destruction of all that is venerable, and I feel as though he had nothing to do but to strike the earth, and it would vanish from under my feet. Shakespeare said very truly, "All the world's a stage;" and in the world called London, the scene-shifter has been barbarously busy. Even London bridge is gone!—
a thing that seemed as much to belong to the Thames as the very fish that swim in the river! This is not my London, I say again; it is not the place to which I had hoped to return. I am told that Regent-street is a very fine wide street; so it may be, but I did not want to see fine wide streets, I wanted to come home to the place of my earliest recollections and associations. I have been five and twenty years away from my home, cherishing its memory, and buoying myself up with the hope of seeing it again, and of loving it with my earliest love; and now that I am come home, my home itself is gone abroad. I am told, by way of consolation, that all things are not changed, but that some places and things remain as they were. This is poor comfort, and scarcely correct as a position, for that which is not changed in itself is changed by the things that are changed; the old and the new do not harmonise together, and what little of the old remains is ready at a moment's notice of the scene-shifter to change its place and be gone. When I go to bed at night, and shut my eyes upon a brick building, I know not but that I may open them next morning on a stucco palace—what is a street to-day may be a square to-morrow, and what was, last Sunday, an old church, may be, next Saturday, a new Institution! If London in its day vision is altered, so also is it changed in its nocturnal aspect. The broad flaring light of the gas pierces through the very eye-lids; there is not shutting one's eyes against it. Oh! how I do miss the modestly twinkling lamps, which were content to let the night be night, and not to rival the broad light of day! My ears as well as my eyes are disappointed at night—I miss the midnight music of the watchmen. There used to be something so solemn and admonitory in the information which they were wont to give of the lapse of time. The transparent clocks do not answer the purpose half so well: they give you indeed the literal information, but they sadly lack the pathos of a deep and solemn intonation. The transparent clocks are but as printed sermons, the venerable watchmen were eloquent preachers. There was also something very interesting in their appearance. I used to like to see their fine majestic figures slowly moving beneath a mountain of great coat, carefully bearing a candle in a horn lantern, and looking as if their sole concern was to guard that sacred light. They might be called octogenarian male vestales—there was not one of them under eighty when I left England; therefore by this time they must be all dead, and I suppose the race is extinct, like that of certain antediluvian animals. I cannot but say that I am sorry they are gone; they were not of much use to be sure, but they were a great ornament to the streets by night: indeed the streets hardly look like the streets without them. And then they were so kind-hearted and so peaceably inclined, that they never interfered in rows unless particularly requested, and then it was with the utmost reluctance.

The greatest change of all, however, in the old place, and that which affected me most deeply, was the change in my old friends—the companions of my youth. Some of them were dead—others worse than dead to me, they were changed—my old schoolfellows, my former neighbours, those with whom I was once as intimate as their own thoughts—the men, the women, the children, of whom I have frequently dreamt and constantly thought in India, all seem to be as completely altered as the Strand or Charing-cross. Judging from the manner in which they receive me, I should fancy they have never once thought of me since I left England. Several of them had some difficulty to recollect me, and made many mistakes about my name. Surely it lowers a man's sense of his own importance to be taken for another person—it signifies not whether the individual for whom he is mistaken be high or low, rich or poor—I think it would hurt my sense of self-love to be mistaken for the wisest, the best, the highest of mankind. When one loses his identity, he loses every thing; for there is something in self, which I know not how, why, or wherefore, places a man in his own thoughts above every other individual. I thought to surprise my old friends, and to give them by my presence a jubilee of admiration and interest; but they had all passed the age of surprise,
and admiration, and as for interest, they felt
none but for themselves, and in that they
were swathed and bound as fast and close as
an Egyptian mummy in its ceraed integu-
ments. I sought to amuse them by many
narratives and descriptions of the country I
had left, but they seemed to know quite as
much of that as I did myself—nay, rather
more, for they took the liberty of coolly con-
tradiciting me in many points, and setting me
right by questions which, appealing to my
recollection, corrected the errors of my me-

This I take to be the march of intel-
lect: every body knows every thing, and no-
body cares about any thing. The increase of
printing in London struck me as much as any
other of the wonders I met with at my
return to England. Knowledge is a very
good thing, no doubt. I remember to have
heard a great many aphorisms on the sub-
ject when I was a boy; some of them I wrote
in my copy-book; and, if I recollect rightly,
one of the recommendations of knowledge
was, that it conferred distinction; but now
every body is distinguished. Let that, how-
ever, pass. Here am I in London again; in
the place in which I was born; about which
I have been dreaming for five-and-twenty
years. I cannot say that I do not know it,
but it is not what it was; it is not
what I took it for. I do not seem to have
come back to the scenes of my youth, to the
place of my early recollection. I should
be just as much at home in Grand Cairo as I am
in London. I do not want for society, but I
cannot enjoy the society as I thought I should.
To my old acquaintances the past is nothing;
they have been separated and detached from
it by degrees, and it has for them no poetic
interest. During my absence from England
I have been in imagination dwelling upon
what the place was when I left it, while
those whom I left behind me moved on with
its changes, and transferred their interests and
sympathies with its changing scenes as they
succeeded each other.

In fact, I verily believe that I cannot bring
back the feelings of my youth without bring-
ing back its years too, and that of course is
impossible. Indeed, I am at times induced
to think that if Exeter 'Change, and Carlton
House, and the King's Mews, were still
standing together, also Old London Bridge,
and Old St. Dunstan's Church, I should not
find London to be to me as it was in the days
of my youth. Perhaps if London were to
criticise me as I criticise London, it would
find in me as many changes as I find in it.
Very likely those friends who scarcely knew
me, and took me for some one else, might
have made this mistake from my alteration, as
much as from their own indifference; and
while I was thinking that they looked blue
upon me, they might be thinking that I
looked yellow upon them. Solomon com-
plained that there was nothing new under
the sun; but I, who am no Solomon, com-
plain that there is nothing old under the sun.
I cannot bring back the past again; nothing
is left but to dream of it, and reality disturbs
and dispenses my very dreams. One never so
completely feels that the past is gone as when
one goes back to old places, and then we feel
and see that it is gone. If I should live
twenty years longer, I dare to say that I shall
be wishing to go back to India to see the old
place once more, to resuscitate by-gone feel-
ings, and to recall departed emotions; and if
I go back there, I shall be as much disap-
pointed as I have been in coming back here.
Still, however, I must confess, with all my
disappointments, that now and then there
comes upon me a little feeling of the past,
like a fragrant breeze from an orange-grove;
but it no sooner comes than it is gone again,
vanishing as a shapeless spectre, even before
I can discern its form. We cannot bring
back the past with any intensity or reality;
all that we can do with it is to convert it into
philosophy by meditation, thought, and anal-
ysis, or to melt and sublime it into poetry
by dreams, reverie, and imagination.

LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

No. II.

LADY ELIZABETH BURD.

How could an Earl's daughter wed plain Mister Burd!
Plain Mister in every sense of the word!
He spoke of the fortune his father had made,
And seeing me shrink at the mention of trade—
By all my friends I was goaded and spurred,
And so became Lady Elizabeth Burd!
He thought he could pay for the article rank,
As far as clothing and food, by a draft on the Bank;
And is it not natural I should have thought
All happiness might with his money be bought?
Thus, each had an object, and so it occurred
That I became Lady Elizabeth Burd!

And yet I was happy at first, I confess,
With plenty of carriages, and trinkets, and dress;
And B. going his way, and I going mine,
We met twice a day—just to breakfast and dine;
From home, arm and arm with the man, to have stirred,
Would have sadly bored Lady Elizabeth Burd!

By day, with Lord William I rode and I walked;
At night, with Lord William I waltzed and I talked,
And Mister Burd grew very jealous, and swore—
How low! I must flirt with his Lordship no more!
Must drop his acquaintance too? Must—what a word
To utter to Lady Elizabeth Burd!

And then—Oh! it wounds me to think it!—he said
He would check the extravagant life that I led;
He talked of my bills, too—a thing I abhor!—
What else upon earth could I marry him for?
He said that no fortune could stand it—absurd!
He little knew Lady Elizabeth Burd!

I raved, and I fainted, and rang for my maid,
Still coolly he talked of the sums he had paid!
I vowed I would spend twice as much as before,
He quietly quitted me, locking the door!
I wrote to the Earl, and to him I referred
The wrongs of poor Lady Elizabeth Burd!

Oh! what an unnatural union is that
Which is formed by plebeian and aristocrat!
My spouse says, “I cannot afford it,” forsooth!
Lord William would never have said so, poor youth!
A Lord without sixpence still spends like a Lord—
Oh! why am I Lady Elizabeth Burd!

LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.
WRITTEN DURING A RESIDENCE AT VARIOUS COURTS ABROAD.

Baths of Emst, June.

Faithful to my engagement, I now sit
down to redeem my pledge, and to inform
you of our safe arrival, three days ago, at
this fashionable and really attractive place
of resort—the Brunnen of Bad-Emst. I shall
not detain you with the particulars of our
journey from the Flemish coast, which oc-
cupied five days, and without leading to
either peril or adventure, presented much
novelty in the scenes through which we
passed, as well as much pleasure in the
society with which we came in contact.
Although so accustomed to Rhenish scenery
for some years past, familiarity has not yet
blunted my susceptibility on this point.
After passing Bonn with the Drachen-
fels on our left, Rolando's crumbling but
classic arch on our right, with the broad
Rhine sweeping between, I felt as if the
enchancing picture had been presented to
my eye for the first time. But, however
beautiful and rich the combination here pre-
sented, still it is by no means the finest por-
tion of Rhenish landscape; but is many
degrees surpassed by that which opens with
the plain of Coblence, and finishes with the
heights of Ingleheim. But of these you
must have already heard even to satiety—
every tongue grows eloquent upon them—
every portfolio is full of them; and with this
conviction I return to Ems, a summer loca-
licity very much to my liking.

The Lahn, a considerable tributary of the
Rhine, and channel of commercial inter-
course between the villages and bourgs on
its banks, flows under our windows; richly
wooded acclivities close the view to the
south; while on the north, the ground rises
abruptly into rocky escarpments, over which
the vine is cultivated in a succession of
artificial terraces. On all sides the views
are striking and extensive, and possessing,
what would give them an especial claim
upon your admiration—an easy access.

So much for the physique, and to illustrate
the morale we return to the company. We
have music at all hours of the day; and in
the evening either the "Hungarian Bro-
thers," or some other gifted fraternity, furnish
us with a concert. Our system as to the
distribution of time, has, of course, undergone
a thorough revolution; and while you are only
retiring to rest, exhausted with the pleasure
of Lady M.'s soirée, we, it is probable, have
already shaken off our night's slumber, and
are adjusting our morning habiliments for the
promenade! This commences at six o'clock,
and is enlivened by an excellent Bavarian
band, to which our paces keep time, and our
'voices,' I mean those so gifted, 'keep
trump.' Those who drink the waters, and
there are few who do not, surround the
fountain at a very early hour, and moisten
their clay with so much diligence and libe-
rality, that, by a stranger, the most delicate
of Hygeia's votaries might here be set down
as a confirmed toper. The water of Ems,
however, is a benign and salutary beverage,
and, although it "sparkles in the cup," ex-
cites no effervescence in the brain. Its
mysterious influence is highly appreciated;
and hither resort maids, wives, and widows,
with a well-grounded hope of obtaining
some special miracle in their favour. But
these are mysteries which the late learned
Thilenius, a brunnewarts of the first water,
has explained and printed, and to his author-
ity I devoutly refer you.

At seven o'clock this morning the gardens
were crowded with company, the music in
high glee, the drinkers at the well passing
their cups freely, laughing and coquetting in
nearly all the languages of Europe. The
belle of to-day is a pretty florette of a Prus-
sian, from Berlin; but as a blazing addition
is expected to-morrow, she may very pos-
sibly resign her supremacy, and be super-
seeded by some Saxon blonde or brunette
from Burgundy—così trappassà, all trappasar'
d'un giorno! The scene presented at this hour
was full of novelty, variety, and bustle. Nu-
umerous stalls, supplied with a profusion of
useful and ornamental wares, occupied every
vestibule and purliue in or near the baths; and
to thread their avenues with indifference ap-
ppeared to several ladies a severe trial—not
unlike a navigation between Scylla and
Charybdis. Here were turbanned Turks
and plumed Tyrolese; the former with
plies of pipes d'écume de mèr; the latter
descanting on the merits of a chamois suit,
but looking, nevertheless, like the picked
representatives of a free and fearless people.
I have always thought that I observed in the
unconstrained attitude, frank speech, fear-
less eye, and cheerful countenance of the
Tyrolese, wherever I have found them,
the beau ideal of inborn and conscious
liberty. Am I right? Next in order comes
the Hungarian, with his brief speech and
military strut, and who, whether mounted or
on foot, seems impatient for adventure, a
remnant worthy of the ancient, and a real
specimen of modern chivalry.

The company is already numerous and
distingué, but this place has not yet mustered
its wonted strength and title; although the
perusal of the liste would lead an un-Ger-
man visitor to conclude that he had drop-
th upon a congress of princes! The number-
less decorations, too, worn by the male
visitors, whether in dress or in dishabille,
though singular in appearance and materials,
it is true, but always ostentatiously displayed,
give an air of wonderful glitter and impor-
tance to the public walk. In this particular
the Germans are still what Tacitus describes
them. They feel and confess that

"A riband, as the boon of merit,
is touchwood to the soldier's spirit;
A tinsel star—nay, e'en a button,
Out-talks Demosthenes or S——."

Still the Germans, making every allowance for
national foibles, and letting them marry after
their own peculiar fashion, are a fine, if not
a fascinating people; and to love of their
country, a handsome charger, a sabre, a pipe
and tobacco, unite a thousand amiable
qualities.

Ems, as far as I may judge from first im-
pressions, offers a charming abode, not only
LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

"Pray pardon me,
For I am like a boy that hath found money—
Afraid I dream still."

Ford or Webster.

It was on a fine September evening, within my time (and I am not, I trust, too old to be loved), that Count Anatole L—, of the imperious and particularly useless profession of attaché, walked up and down before the glass in his rooms at the "Archduke Charles," the first hotel, as you know, if you have travelled, in the green-belted and fair city of Vienna. The brass ring was still swinging on the end of the bell-rope, and, in a respectful attitude at the door, stood the just-summoned Signor Attilio, valet and privy councillor to one of the handsomest coxcombs errant through the world. Signor Attilio was a Tyrolese, and, like his master, was very handsome.

Count Anatole had been idling away three golden summer months in the Tyrol, for the sole purpose, as far as mortal eyes could see, of disguising his fine Phidian fea-
tures in a callow moustache and whiskers. The *crimes ridentes* (as Eneas Sylvius has it), being now in a condition beyond improvement, Signor Attilio had for some days been rather curious to know what course of events would next occupy the diplomatic talents of his master.

After a turn or two more, taken in silence, Count Anatole stopped in the middle of the floor, and eyeing the well-made Tyrolese from head to foot, begged to know if he wore at the present moment his most becoming breeches, jacket, and beaver.

Attilio was never astonished at anything his master did or said. He simply answered

ategories.

"Si, Signore."

"Be so kind as to strip immediately, and dress yourself in that travelling suit lying on the sofa."

As the green, gold-corded jacket, keen breeches, buckles, and stockings were laid aside, Count Anatole threw off his dressing-gown, and commenced encasing his handsome proportions in the cast-off habiliments. He then put on the conical, slouch-rimmed hat, with the tall eagle's feather stuck jauntily on the side and the two rich tassels pendent over his left eye, and, the toilet of the valet being completed at the same moment, they stood looking at one another with perfect gravity—rather transformed, but each apparently quite at home in his new character.

"You look very like a gentleman, Attilio," said the Count.

"Your Excellency has caught, to admiration, *l'aria del paeze*," complimented back again the sometime Tyrolese.

"Attilio!"

"Signore?"

"Do you remember the lady in the forest of Friuli?"

Attilio began to have a glimmering of things. Some three months before, the Count was dashing on at a rapid post-pace, through a deep wood in the mountains which head in the Adriatic. A sudden pull-up at a turning in the road nearly threw him from his britska, and looking out at the "*anima di porco!*" of the postilion, he found his way impeded by an overset carriage, from which three or four servants were endeavouring to extract the body of an old man, killed by the accident.

There was more attractive metal for the traveller, however, in the shape of a young and beautiful woman, leaning, pale and faint, against a tree, and apparently about to sink to the ground, unassisted. To bring a hat full of water from the nearest brook, and receive her falling head on his shoulder, was the work of a thought. She had fainted quite away, and taking her, like a child, into his arms, he placed her on a bank by the road-side, bathed her forehead and lips and chafed her small white hands, till his heart, with all the distress of the scene, was quite mad with her perfect beauty.

Animation at last began to return, and as the flush was stealing into her lips, another carriage drove up with servants in the same livery, and Count Anatole, thoroughly bewildered in his new dream, mechanically assisted them in getting their living mistress and dead master into it, and until they were fairly out of sight, it had never occurred to him that he might possibly wish to know the name and condition of the fairest piece of work he had ever seen from the hands of his Maker.

An hour before, he had doubled his *bone manno* to the postilion, and was driving on to Vienna as if to sit at a new Congress. Now, he stood leaning against the tree, at the foot of which the grass and wild flowers showed the print of a new-made pressure, and the postilion cracked his whip, and Attilio reminded him of the hour he was losing, in vain.

He remounted after a while; but the order was to go back to the last post-house.

Three or four months at a solitary albergo in the neighbourhood of this adventure, passed by the Count in scouring the country on horseback in every direction, and by his servant in very particular ennui, brings up the story nearly to where the scene opens.

"I have seen her!" said the Count.

Attilio only lifted up his eyebrows.

"She is here, in Vienna!"

"Felice lei!" murmured Attilio.

"She is the Princess Leichstenfels, and, by the death of that old man, a widow."

"Veramente?" responded the valet, with a rising inflexion; for he knew his master and French morals too well not to foresee a damper in the possibility of matrimony.

"Veramente!" gravely echoed the Count.

"And now, listen. The princess lives in close retirement. An old friend or two, and a tried servant, are the only persons who see her. You are to contrive to see this servant to-morrow, corrupt him to leave her, and recommend me in his place, and then you are to take him as your courier to Paris; whence, if I calculate well, you will return to me before long, with important despatches. Do you understand me?"

"Signor, si!"
In the small boudoir of a maison de plaisance, belonging to the noble family of Leichstenfels, sat the widowed mistress of one of the oldest titles and finest estates of Austria. The light from a single long window opening down to the floor and leading out upon a terrace of flowers, was subdued by a heavy crimson curtain, looped partially away, a pastille lamp was sending up from its porphyry pedestal a thin and just perceptible curl of smoke, through which the lady musingsly passed backwards and forwards one of her slender fingers, and, on a table near, lay a sheet of black-edged paper, crossed by a small silver pen, and scrawled over irregularly with devices and disconnected words, the work evidently of a fit of the most absolute and listless idleness.

The door opened, and a servant in mourning livery stood before the lady.

"I have thought over your request, Wilhelm," she said. "I had become accustomed to your services, and regret to lose you; but I should regret more to stand in the way of your interest. You have my permission."

Wilhelm expressed his thanks with an effort that showed he had not obeyed the call of Mammon without regret, and requested leave to introduce the person he had proposed as his successor.

"Of what country is he?"
"Tyrolese, your Excellency."
"And why does he leave the gentleman with whom he came to Vienna?"
"Il est amoureux d’une Viennaise, madame," answered the ex-valet, resorting to French to express what he considered a delicate circumstance.

"Pauvre enfant!" said the Princess, with a sigh that partook as much of envy as of pity; "let him come in!"

And the Count Anatole, as the sweet accents reached his ear, stepped over the threshold, and in the coarse but gay dress of the Tyrol, stood in the presence of her whose dewy temples he had bathed in the forest, whose lips he had almost "pried into for breath," whose snowy hands he had clasped and kissed when the senses had deserted their celestial organs—the angel of his perpetual dream, the lady of his wild and uncontrollable, but respectful and honourable love.

The Princess looked carelessly up as he approached, but her eyes seemed arrested in passing over his features. It was but momentary. She resumed her occupation of winding her taper fingers in the smoke curls of the incense-lamp, and with half a sigh, as if she had repelled a pleasing thought, she leaned back in the silken fauteuil, and asked the new comer his name.

"Anatole, your Excellency."

The voice again seemed to stir something in her memory. She passed her hand over her eyes, and was for a moment lost in thought.

"Anatole," she said (Oh, how the sound of his own name, murmured in that voice of music, thrilled through the fiery veins of the disguised lover!), "Anatole, I receive you into my service. Wilhelm will inform you of your duties, and—I have a fancy for the dress of the Tyrol—you may wear it instead of my livery, if you will."

And with one stolen and warm gaze from under his drooping eyelids, and heart and lips on fire, as he thanked her for her condescension, the new retainer took his leave.

Month after month passed on—to Count Anatole in a bewildering dream of ever deepening passion. It was upon a soft and amorous morning of April that a dashing equipage stood at the door of the proud palace of Leichstenfels. The arms of Esterhazy blazoned on the panells, and the insouciant chasseurs leaned against the marble columns of the portico, waiting for their master, and speculating on the gaiety likely to ensue from the suit he was prosecuting within. How could a Prince of Esterhazy be supposed to sue in vain?

The disguised footman had shown the gay and handsome nobleman to his mistress’s presence. After re-arranging a family of very well-arranged flower-pots, shutting the window to open it again, changing the folds of the curtains not at all for the better, and looking a stolen and fierce look at the unconscious visitor, he could find no longer an apology for remaining in the room. He shut the door after him in a tempest of jealousy.

"Did your Excellency ring?" said he, opening the door again, after a few minutes of intolerable torture.

The Prince was on his knees at her feet!"

"No, Anatole; but you may bring me a glass of water."

As he entered with the silver tray trembling in his hand, the Prince was rising to go. His face expressed delight, hope, triumph—everything that could madden the soul of the iritated lover. After waiting on his rival to his carriage, he returned to his mistress, and receiving the glass upon the tray, was about leaving the room in silence, when the Princess called to him.

In all this lapse of time it is not to be sup-
posed that Count Anatole played merely his footman's part. His respectful and elegant demeanour, the propriety of his language, and that deep devotion of manner which wins a woman more than all things else, soon gained upon the confidence of the Princess; and before a week was past she found that she was happier when he stood behind her chair, and gave him, with some self-denial, those frequent permissions of absence from the palace which she supposed he asked to prosecute the amour disclosed to her on his introduction to her service. As time flew on, she attributed his earnestness and occasional warmth of manner to gratitude; and, without reasoning much on her own feelings, gave herself up to the indulgence of a degree of interest in him which would have alarmed a woman more skilled in the knowledge of the heart. Married from a convent, however, to an old man who had secluded her from the world, the voice of the passionate Count in the forest of Friuli was the first sound of love that had ever entered her ears. She knew not why it was that the tones of her new footman, and now and then a look of his eyes, as he leaned over to assist her at table, troubled her memory like a trace of a long lost dream.

But, oh! what moments had been his in these fleeting months! Admitted to her presence in her most unguarded hours—seeing her at morning, at noon, at night, in all her unstudied and surpassing loveliness—for ever near her, and with the world shut out—her rich hair blowing with the lightest breeze across his fingers in his assiduous service—her dark full eyes, unconscious of an observer, filling with unrepressed tears, or glowing with pleasure over some tale of love—her exquisite form flung upon a couch, or bending over flowers, or moving about the room in all its native and untramelled grace—and her voice, tender, most tender to him, though she knew it not, and her eyes, herself unaware, ever following him in his loitering attendance—and he, the while, losing never a glance nor a motion, but treasuring all up in his heart with the avarice of a miser—what, in common life, though it were the life of fortune's most favoured child, could compare with it for bliss?

Pale and agitated, the Count turned back at the call of his mistress, and stood waiting her pleasure.

"Anatole!"

"Madame!"

The answer was so low and deep it startled even himself.

She motioned to him to come nearer. She had sunk upon the sofa, and as he stood at her feet she leaned forward, buried her hands and arms in the long curls which, in her retirement, she allowed to float luxuriantly over her shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Overcome and forgetful of all but the distress of the lovely creature before him, the Count dropped upon the cushion on which rested the small foot in its mourning slipper, and taking her hand, pressed it suddenly and fervently to his lips.

The reality broke upon her! She was beloved—but by whom? A menial! and the appalling answer drove all the blood of her proud race in a torrent upon her heart, sweeping away all affection as if her nature had never known its name. She sprang to her feet, and laid her hand upon the bell.

"Madam!" said Anatole, in a cold proud tone.

She stayed her arm to listen.

"I leave you for ever."

And again, with the quick revulsion of youth and passion, her woman's heart rose within her, and she buried her face in her hands, and dropped her head in utter abandonment on his bosom.

It was the birth-day of the Emperor, and the courtly nobles of Austria were rolling out from the capital to offer their congratulations at the royal palace of Schoenbrunn. In addition to the usual attractions of the scene, the drawing-room was to be graced by the first public appearance of a new French Ambassador, whose reputed personal beauty, and the talents he had displayed in a late secret negotiation, had set the whole court, from the Queen of Hungary to the youngest dame d'honneur, in a flame of curiosity.

To the Prince Esterhazy there was another reason for writing the day in red letters. The Princess Leichstenfels, by an express message from the Empress, was to throw aside her widow's weeds, and appear once more to the admiring world. She had yielded to the summons, but it was to be her last day of splendour. Her heart and hand were pledged to her Tyrolese menial, and the brightest and loveliest ornament of the Court of Austria, when the ceremonies of the day were over, was to lay aside the costly bauble from her shoulder, and the glistening tiara from her brow, and forget rank and fortune as the wife of his bosom!

The dazzling hours flew on. The plain and kind old Emperor welcomed and smiled upon all. The wily Metternich, in the prime of his successful manhood, cool, polite, hand-
some and winning, gathered golden opinions by every word and look; the young Duke of Reichstadt, the mild and gentle son of the strick eagle of St. Helena, surrounded and caressed by a continual cordon of admiring women, seemed forgetful that Opportunity and Expectation awaited him, like two angels with their wings outspread; and haughty nobles and their haughtier dames, statesmen, scholars, soldiers, and priests, crowded upon each other’s heels, and mixed together in that doubtful podrida, which goes by the name of pleasure. I could moralize here had I time!

The Princess of Leichstenfels had gone through the ceremony of presentation, and had heard the murmur of admiration, drawn by her beauty from all lips. Dizzy with the scene, and with a bosom full of painful and conflicting emotions, she had accepted the proffered arm of Prince Esterhazy to breathe a fresher air upon the terrace. They stood near a window, and he was pointing out to his fair but inattentive companion the various characters as they passed within.

"I must contrive," said the Prince, "to show you the new Envoy. Oh! you have not heard of him. Beautiful as Narcissus, modest as Pastor Corydon, clever as the prime minister himself; this paragon of diplomatists has been here in disguise these three months, negotiating about—Metternich and the devil knows what—but rewarded at last with an ambassador’s star, and—but here he is; Princess Leichstenfels, permit me to present——"

She heard no more. A glance from the diamond star on his breast, to the Hephaestion mouth and keen dark eye of Count Anatole, revealed to her the mystery of months. And as she leaned against the window for support, the hand that sustained her in the Forest of Frini, and the same thrilling voice, in almost the same never-forgotten cadence, offered his impassioned sympathy and aid, and she recognised and remembered all.

I must go back so far as to inform you, that Count Anatole, on the morning of this memorable day, had sacrificed a silly, but prurient moustache, and a pair of the very sauciest dark whiskers out of Coventry. Whether the Prince Esterhazy recognised in the new Envoy, the lady’s gentleman who so inopportune broke in upon his tender avowal, I am not prepared to say. I only know (for I was there) that the Princess Leichstenfels was welded to the new Ambassador in the "leafy month of June," and the Prince Esterhazy, unfortunately prevented by illness from attending the nuptials, lost a very handsome opportunity of singing with effect,

"If she be not fair for me,"
supposing it translated into German.

Whether the enamoured ambassadress prefers her husband in his new character, I am equally uncertain; though, from much knowledge of German Courts and a little of human nature, I think she will be happy if at some future day she would not willingly exchange her proud Envoy for the devoted Tyrolese, and does not sigh that she can no more bring him to her feet with a pull of a silken string.

SLINGSBY.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

BY SYMPH.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

WINTER’S TALE.

JAMES DILLON, known many years to a considerable portion of the comitatus vulgus, under the facetious sobriquet of the Hobgoblin, from his extraordinary adroitness and activity of locomotion, or by the more characteristic cognomen of Slippery Jim, from the eel-like lubricity with which he slipped from the official clutches of watchmen and thief-catchers, was born in Plumtree-street, St. Giles’s, towards the close of a hot night in June, somewhere about the latter end of the last century. He first saw the light in the cellar of a small house, which, with only eight rooms, and these of the most moderate dimensions, gave nightly shelter to a hundred and ten squalid creatures, exhibiting "the human form divine" under the mask of that most odious moral deformity which eclipses the divine, and degrades the human into an object the most bestial and revolting. Vice here held her nightly orgies in unrestrained luxuriance, and so consummate was the profligacy which unceasingly prevailed in this moral pest-house, that it was com-
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.
organ on Frank Dillon's occiput was as flat as a Normandy pippin. Grace Dillon was in this respect the very antipodes of her husband. In spite of her poverty she loved the dear little transcripts of their paternal archetype, though she loved not him, and the more because all the neighbours told her they were the handsomest babies in the parish. She was, in short, proud that she had brought into the world two such promising representatives of future manhood; and all who descended into her underground tenement, where these little grimy darlings first saw light—through darkness visible, to congratulate the rejoicing mother upon her "safe deliverance," were regaled with whiskey toddy so long as they could see, and the whiskey last-d, which honest Frank had absurdly appropriated to his own use from the stock of a good-natured publican, whom he had prevailed upon to take his word for it instead of his money.

Grace Dillon, in spite of the cautions of the parish apothecary, within the week after her late signal triumph of maternity, in doubling "at one fell swoop," so thought Frank Dillon, her claim to her husband's love, contrived to get the wrong side of discretion and the whiskey bottle, and to "kick up a row" in the neighbourhood, which obtained for her a more commodious lodging than her own in the parish watch-house.

When little James and his brother were about eight weeks old, they were christened, the elder after king James of glorious memory, as Frank Dillon used to maintain upon every anniversary of the royal birthday—for he was a staunch catholic, though his wife was a lax protestant—and the younger, Swithin, after the potential and hilarious Roman Catholic saint of that name. Upon this memorable occasion, no sooner were the young Dillons received into the bosom of the church, than the father and mother determined to make it a festival day, and to celebrate it by a carouse on whiskey and mealy potatoes. It chanced to be oyster-day, and the parents determined to add a few of those cold testaceous luxuries to the warm mealy potatoes and the whiskey, in order to cool the smoking heat of the one, and qualify the ardent spirit of the other. Accordingly, within two hours of noon, the whole twelve inmates of the cellar, of which Frank Dillon and his wife occupied one-sixth, were as perfectly lapped in intoxicating forgetfulness, as if recollection had never formed a part of their moral organisation. In the visionary elevation of her hilarity, Mistress Dillon resolving, as she said, that her pretty minnicks should enjoy their christening as well as their elders, poured down the throats of each a tolerably copious mouthful of her elixir vitae, which, like certain quack lotions, cures all patients by ultimately killing them; and this she repeated sundry times, until the poor little sprawling urchins began to wriggle, to pant for breath, to stiffen, to foam at the mouth, and in short, to show every frightful symptom of speedy dissolution. The eldest, James, afterwards so memorable in the annals of furtive legerdemain, appeared rapidly approaching the climax of his mortal existence; for the gradual distension of his cheeks, the rigid clenching of his mandibles, the forcible compression of his eyelids, and the inky hue of his complexion, denoted a very perilous propinquity to suffocation, when, by the timely application, to the child's back, of the heavy hand of a neighbour whose senses were a little less opaque than those of Grace Dillon, the whiskey was happily regurgitated, or the day of James Dillon's christening would most certainly have been the day of his death. The father, who, though fuddled, was quick-sighted enough, in spite of his deep potations, to perceive that he might have been relieved from a burthen, but for the prompt interference of the burly dame who had just saved the life of his eldest son, looked at her with a dull, savage glare, at the same time rolling out his tongue with bestial, serpent-like ferocity, and muttered a curse so bitter that it aroused the ire of the dame upon whom it was imprecated, who, in the wild excitement of her indignation, seized that iron fixture, the crock, from the chimney corner, and launched it, vi hominis, at the head of her host, and laid him senseless on his own straw. A general storm followed, which terminated only by the rioters being lodged in the watch-house.

Though the hero of our narrative was saved a rapid exit from the stage of the world, he was, nevertheless, in considerable danger for several days after this piece of experimental juvenility. Death by whiskey at eight weeks old, would have been no common event, and an escape from such a death was equally uncommon; this, therefore, may with truth be recorded as the first remarkable escape which we have undertaken to chronicle of the Hobgoblin, alias Slippery Jim.

After the gala which had so nearly terminated in the death of little James, the brothers throve surprisingly, when, at the tender age of three months, they were deprived of their father, not by the doom of nature but by the
doom of the law. In short, he was hanged. What a finale!—but of a rogue's life, appropriation is the grand problem, and a halter the corollary. He confessed before he was suspended—not from the exercise of any official function, but by the neck, as a trophy of the triumph of criminal jurisprudence over the astuteness and dexterity of rogues—

that he had broken into three hundred and seventeen houses during a course of twelve years' practice, in conjunction with five or six associates, and stolen property to the amount of thirty-three thousand pounds, seven of which had fallen to his share, and had been dissipated in the most revolting debauchery. He was detected at last (for however cunning the fox, there's always a cunninger) as one of the principals in an extensive burglary, and committed for trial upon the capital charge. In due course he was tried and condemned to death. Frank Dillon's nerves were as rigid as a cast-iron chêneaux de frise, and the awful denunciation fell upon his ear, like the roaring breakers upon the millennial rock, without stirring a muscle of his imperturtable features. He braved the dreadful issue of his crimes with the indomitable ferocity of a savage, whose highest notion of magnanimity consists in a brutal contempt of suffering, and an extravagant defiance of death. He felt no contrition, and wrestled with remorse, exhibiting the giant energies of one accustomed to the strife, but still more accustomed to conquer. From those selfish fallacies which delude all bad men, he had established his own rule of right. He contrived to persuade himself—for sophistry steadily pursued, but too often ends in positive aberration of mind—

that, having adopted robbery as a profession, he had an indisputable right to follow it, and that human laws therefore are only the "thews and sinews" of a most despotic tyranny, when exercised to abridge the natural prerogative of man to act according to the suggestions of his own unfettered will. Man, as he contended, is born a free agent, with equal privileges and equal rights; he therefore cannot justly be responsible to man for the exercise of those rights and privileges which nature has conferred upon him. By these and similar reasons, he had fully persuaded himself—and his spiritual guide, a profigate, drunken priest, had helped to strengthen this self-delusion—that there was actually nothing criminal in robbery, further than its being made so by the laws of the land, which he consequently held to be arbitrary laws, and not binding upon either the conscience or the will of any one who had resolution enough to break them; and in his mind such a resolution was a most approvable one. He therefore robbed upon principle, as well as for the benefit of his own interest, though both principal and interest were at length summed up in a halter. Frank Dillon died without betraying the slightest symptom of compunction for his numerous delinquencies, but appeared as indifferent upon the drop as if he were certain of a speedy transportation to a better condition of things—as if heaven were about to be his ultima thule, its blessings the reward of his adroitness in knavery, and he had nothing to apprehend for the manifold outrages to be charged against him at the great trial of the last assize. Whatever might be his feelings at this terrible moment, he coldly declared that he should die happy. Insensibility, however, is not happiness, and the pale haggard hue of his features, the convulsive quiver of his lip, and the occasional twitch of his heavy eye-lid, showedledgey enough to the nearer scrutiny of those who could look under the rigid crust of his brutal fortitude, that a something was written upon his heart which, if it could be read, would not have displayed such fair characters as he would fain represent to be impressed upon it.

To his wife the loss of such a husband was not a cause of serious regret. There is little real sympathy in vice, and seldom any true interchange of affection among vitally depraved natures. Love, the source of every virtue and of all that is excellent in human feeling, is, with the single exception of self-love, to them a terra incognita, a thing of dreams and shadows. Mrs. Dillon visited the culprit once in his cell after he had been condemned, but he received her with that sort of sullen indifference which so strikingly betokened the inflexible obduracy of his nature. He blessed neither his children nor their mother, but sternly forbade a repetition of her visit. She rigidly obeyed his injunction, yet chose to be present at his execution, however contrary to the strict requisitions of cannibial propriety—and actually saw him hanged. She afterwards explained her motive. Her younger boy being sick, she was obliged to leave him at home in charge of an old sybil who was one of her co-tenants, but who, being an adept in vaticination, had told her that seeing his father dropped, as she technically termed hanging, would act as a charm upon the other boy, and secure him from a similar suspension, and that thus, bearing a "charmed life," he would escape many a disastrous contingency.
Upon this maternal plea the wife made a point of performing her last conjugal duty, by being present at the execution of her husband, and thus beholding his final struggle. It was, however, very near turning out in sober truth the performance of a last duty, since it had nearly proved fatal both to herself and the embryo knave, whose security from strangulation by a halter she had taken such a tender method of establishing.

Frank Dillon, as has been already shown, was, what those among the élite of his profession significantly styled, “game to the last.” The knowledge of his resolute character and celebrity in his art—for he was one of the most dexterous burglars of his day—had assembled an immense crowd to witness how he would pay the penalty at once of his skill and of his delinquency. No sooner was the bolt withdrawn from the drop, and the criminal seen dangling from the fatal beam, than there was a simultaneous rush towards the spot. Many of the anxious multitude who happened to be afflicted with diseases which they could not get rid of, came to obtain a touch of the dead man’s fingers, believing this to be an infallible cure, while others were equally anxious to possess themselves of a narrow strip of his garments, as a memento of jovial companionship now past and never to be renewed. Grace Dillon was standing at a considerable distance from the scene of inexorable justice, wedged in among the crowd, with her arms encircling her infant, and thus unable to use them for her own protection. Suddenly the dense mass began to oscillate, in another instant it rolled forward like a deluge, carrying everything before it, and she was borne along with the torrent. Resistance was impossible. Little James was almost smothered, but his struggling cries were drowned in the din and turbulence of that “sea of troubles” which continued to roll onward and onward with frightful impetuosity. The distracted mother raised the gasping boy above her head in an agony of horror, when a tall athletic fellow quickly grasped him, and instantly flung him into the arms of another a few yards off, who as speedily projected him into the bosom of a third, and so he was flung like a cricket-ball, from one to another, until he was finally pitched into the embrace of a fat sanguine publican standing at his window to see the sight, and thus saved from destruction. This was the second remarkable escape of James Dillon. Meanwhile, his mother had escaped with difficulty from the suffocating pressure of the crowd. She was carried forward in the sweeping undulation to the very foot of the scaffold, where she saw, with the most revolting distinctness, the last struggles of her delinquent husband. It was some time ere she could release herself from the crushing contact of the multitude. She was nearly borne down to the earth, and her uncertainty as to the fate of her babe added tenfold aggravation to the horrors which her extreme peril poured in upon her soul. Her brain grew dizzy, the breath hissed through her larynx in its fierce struggles to escape, her jaws expanded, and she was fast sinking beneath the populous flood that was still rolling on, when she was suddenly caught by the arm, and drawn up into a waggon, which happened for a moment to stem the living torrent, and was thus saved from accompanying her husband into “the place of graves.” She soon recovered her boy, and after regaining her cellar in safety, devoted the evening to a quiet carouse, in order to signalise her joy at her own and her little darling’s fortunate escape.

It happened some few weeks after the memorable death of Frank Dillon, that his relict had occasion to go into Scotland, in order to obtain a small legacy which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. Through the influence of one of the stipendiaries of a steamer, who, as she said, was a “friend in need,” she obtained a free passage to Edinburgh, whence she walked to the place of her destination, after having administered to her long agitated internals a sedative of genuine Farintosh that soon restored the tone of her troubled stomach, the qualms of which subsided at the very first dram.

Mrs. Dillon obtained her legacy, and as the harvest-time was about to commence, she determined before her return to add to her little store by enlisting herself among the reapers. She accordingly soon got hired, and repaired daily to the fields with her sickle, which she had been for several years accustomed to wield with considerable success in the corn-fields about the neighbourhood of London, as she found it full as profitable as washing, and much more agreeable. About the latter end of September, early in the afternoon of an exceedingly warm, bright day, she was busily engaged at her usual occupation in the corn-field. She had carefully swathed her two babes and deposited them under the shade of a high hedge, upon some well dried sheaves. The field in which she was at work was divided from the neighbouring estate by a deep but rather narrow and tranquil stream, which it was
necessary to cross in order to reach the beach, for they were on the coast. She was busily engaged with her sickle and her ultimatum of delight, the whiskey-flask, while the two little Dillons were sucking their thumbs and gazing up into the sky—because, being upon their backs, they had no other alternative so long as their eyes were open—when a huge eagle made a sudden gyration from behind a towering cliff, which stood like a giant sentinel of the land as if to protect it against the encroachment of the sea, and after soaring awhile over the field, paused for a considerable interval, as slumbering upon the buoyant air; then, suddenly pouncing down upon young Jenny Dillon, it inconstantly stopped his star-gazing by bearing him triumphantly aloft, to the surprise of the astounded reapers, and the horror of his distracted mother.

The tiny victim of this huge "bird of Jove" was seen to sprawl, though not heard to utter a cry, and was soon borne to so dizzy a height, that no mortal ear could have been accessible to such appeals, had they been ever so acutely made. The eagle continued to ascend for many moments, with a slow and majestic flight, then bore rapidly away towards the cliff. The reapers raised loud and continuous shouts in order to induce him to quit his prey, but he was deaf to such a clamorous mode of persuasion. He had been too near a neighbour of the thunder-storm, and too familiar with the "war of brumal hurricanes," to heed the bellowing of a group of hungry clowns in a corn-field. Onward he sailed, like a floating cloud before the tempest, until the little object of his plunder looked no bigger than a mustard-seed. What was to be done? There was no time for deliberation. The eagle had already carried his victim to the clouds, and was every moment waxing less and less to the wildly dilated eyes of the distracted mother. For several moments she stood in motionless despair—her mouth expanding as if in sympathy with her eyes, which were stretched open to their utmost point of extension. After a brief pause, her senses, which suddenly surprised and the whiskey had somewhat confounded, gradually flowed into a clearer channel of perception, when she recalled to mind the jeopardy of her pretty Jenny, and began to reflect upon what was to be done in an emergency so perplexing. She wrung her hands in agony. She called frantically upon the monster to relinquish his prey; but gallantry is not the eagle's virtue, and he paid no more regard to her supplications than if she had been a creature of rags and straw—the terror of sparrows and cock-robin's, but the sport of eagles. He still soared towards the cliff, over which he hovered, sometimes sailing in circles around it, sometimes poised motionless on the quiet air, as if in mockery of the agony which he had caused upon the earth beneath. Recalling her paralysed energies, the wretched mother darted forward, and, with that indifference to danger which is so frequently the consequence of extraordinary excitement, plunged undauntedly into the stream. She had no fears. She heeded not her peril, but dashed her arms through the clear element, and rode buoyantly upon the surface, as if she had been upheld by one of the invisible genii of the current. She had never before been in the water beyond her depth, and had never even attempted to swim; but now, so high was the tension of her mind, and so resolved the one fixed purpose of her soul, that she fiercely stemmed the deep placid stream, unconscious of terror from personal danger, and, after a few struggles, reached the opposite side in safety. She scrambled up the bank, which was rather precipitous, and with the speed of thought, flew in the direction which the aerial plunderer had taken in his flight. He was still on the wing, as if his burthen were a pastime, and he took delight in looking down from his sublime elevation, upon the anguish he had caused below. The agonised mother happily gained the cliff before the eagle had dropped his wing, but, spent and breathless with her anxiety and her exertions, she sank insensible at its base. The rock, here forming a natural rampart, was high, and inaccessible except from the upland, which rose for a considerable distance along the coast, full three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The eagle now plunged suddenly downward, and perched upon a craggy ledge near the summit of the barrier, where he gently deposited his victim, when a sportsman, who witnessed what had taken place, hastening to the spot just as the sanguinary robber was about to commence the work of dismemberment and deglutition, discharged at him the contents of a double-barrelled gun, which instantly frightened him from his helpless prey; but with the shock and sudden effort of his rising, little Jenny was forced over the ledge "into the empty air," at the height of two hundred and fifty feet. It fortunately happened that the crag from which he was thus rudely precipi-
tated, beetled over the foundation of the rock, and down came young Jennny Dillon, swathed to the very shoulders like a fresh mummy, darting through the air with the rapid gravitation of a plummet, his skull about to smash upon the broad, round pebbles beneath—when the eagle, which had recovered from its alarm occasioned by the double salute of the stranger’s gun, made a sudden swoop, and with the velocity of a bolt from the crossbow, once more seized the falling boy in its gigantic talons, when within about thirty feet of the earth and a fractured crown, and flew with him in a horizontal direction over the water. A second discharge from the gun, which had now been loaded with ball, again obliged the bird to drop its victim, who was received upon the broad bosom of the deep, and rescued from a watery death by the gallant stranger.

Little Jennny had not a single scratch upon him; he had been so securely swathed that the talons of his ravisher had not left even the slightest puncture upon his clear brown skin. The mother screamed with joy as she embraced him, clung to the stranger’s knees, and poured forth a torrent of eloquent gratitude. She returned to the field with her restored treasure, and found his counterpart asleep upon the corn-sheaf. Thus terminated the third remarkable escape of Jennny Dillon.

SYPHAX.

LINES,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HELIOTROPE.

E così la Bel'tà
Rapidissimamente, oh Dio! Sen va.—Lemene.

The rose upon her cheek was red;
And on its faithless tint relying,
Though languor came and vigour fled,
We little dreamt that she was dying.

We bore her to the Tuscan shore
Where Arno rolls—a stream of gladness!
But Alps and Ocean traversed o’er,
Still added sorrow to our sadness!

Yet long, unblanch’d, upon her cheek
The rose of England loved to linger;
But well the hectic’s glowing streak
Told where Decay had set her finger.

Devoted beauty!—days went by—
Sad days!—that but matured the canker,
Yet found her still with cloudless eye,
Like Hope reposing on her anchor!

So when autumnal suns arise,
And nature’s radiant form is lightest,
The leaf is clothed in richest guise,
And withers while the tint is brightest!

VOL. V.—NO. II.
TURKISH NOTIONS OF CIVILISATION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

It is exceedingly difficult for a European, however long he may reside among the Turks, to comprehend the ideas entertained by them of civilisation. In conversation with Franks, when they happen to possess the knowledge of any language common to both, it is their practice to affect great liberality of sentiment, and to endeavour, by re-echoing, in the politest terms, the notions of their company, to impress on those who discourse with them a high opinion of their wisdom and prudence. By these means they contrive to pass with many for persons of talent and information; and for the same reason, they are frequently very pleasant companions, more especially as, having cultivated their memory, and, perhaps, lived much among mankind, they abound in anecdotes, and season their conversation with smart observations, apologetics, and maxims, which, though trite in the East, have to us a naïve original air. Probably, however, they may not be in so fair a way to refining as they seem. Hypocrisy in their intercourse with those over whom they cannot tyrannise, is their leading characteristic; next to which may be ranked a bigoted, deep-rooted contempt for all Franks, which, though partly yielding before the will of Mohammed Ali, is still strong enough, even in Egypt, to occasion the most obstinate opposition to the sovereign.

By a species of fatalism, for which they cannot account, the Giaours of Frankistan seem, in several arts and sciences, to have made greater proficiency than the True Believers. This, in a great measure, they acknowledge. Their governors, moreover, in whom ambition has extinguished the dread of innovation, have long began, cautiously, and as if by stealth, to propose the Franks as models for their imitation; not, indeed, universally, but in certain points of view, in which, without any very imminent danger of Gehennam (a place we need not name), a Mussulman may imitate an infidel or a Yahooli (Jew). After the most mature reflection, it has appeared that victory in war, and prosperity in peace, are intimately connected with the habit of sitting on chairs and sipping champagne. Tea-drinking, moreover, and the liberal use of rum, contribute, according to their view of the matter, more than any other cause, to the success of the English in navigation; and to the same habits, seconded by the eating of potatoes, they ascribe all the glories of our Indian conquests. Formerly it was thought manly and refined to ride on horseback, throw the jereed, and perform other feats of agility or strength. But the Franks, who exhibit, as has already been observed, so decided a superiority over the Mussulmans, never throw the jereed, and prefer riding in carriages over smooth level roads, even to the exclusive enjoyment of caracolling on a barb, to the no small risk of those Arabs, Copts, and Yahoolis, who thread the narrow streets of Cairo and Alexandria upon asses.

These, and several other similar considerations, infinitely perplex the understandings of his Highness's Turkish subjects. It is well known that the great majority of this class of the population secretly look upon all approximation to European customs or manners with an evil eye; though at court, and in public, it is considered politic to affect different sentiments. The Sultan, in their opinion (and perhaps they are right), despises the Christians; and though he may be driven by necessity to imitate them in some things—as, for example, in drinking wine for the purpose of clearing his understanding—nothing, they suppose, could tempt him to encourage the wearing of narrow pantaloons, or eating potatoes, a disgrace reserved for the worst of heretics in Gehennam.

A Turkish gentleman, distinguished for his rigidly orthodox ideas, and the primitive simplicity of his manners, happening to be at Alexandria during the mission of the Capitan Pasha to his Highness, repaired to the palace in order to rejoice his eyes with the sight of a genuine Osmanli. Sitting on a divan, at the extremity of the audience-chamber, he narrowly observed all those who entered and approached the Pasha. Being unacquainted with Halil, the Turkish admiral, he had figured to himself a Moslem of the old school, with a solemn face, a turban larger than an ass's panier, a beard like the tail of a comet, and inexpressible three yards in width. Seeing no such person in the apartment, and perceiving Mohammed Ali in earnest conversation with a gentleman in a
TURKISH NOTIONS OF CIVILISATION.

blue frock coat, white waistcoat, white trousers, and a plain tarboosh with blue silk tassels, such as all Franks wear at Alexandria, he groaned inwardly, and began to repeat to himself, by way of incantation, the Mussulman's profession of faith: La Illah ul Allah, &c; that is, “There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!”

Several Turks belonging to his Highness's suite stood near him, or passed in and out of the apartment; but regarding these as apostates like their master, he refrained from putting to them any of the questions to which he would have been too happy to obtain answers. At length, however, his curiosity prevailed over his bigotry. Addressing an elderly gentleman, who appeared to regard the scene with a sad countenance, he said—“Tell me, Aga, who is that father of abominations with whom Mohammed Pasha, the Khalif's lieutenant, condescends to hold such familiar converse?”

“By the soul of the Prophet!” replied the Turk in a low tone, “have you been concealed of late in the cave of the Seven Sleepers? He who spits against the sun runs the risk of defiling his own beard! Pray to be delivered from an evil tongue. The man on whose head you cast so much dirt is his excellency Halil, admiral of the Padi- shah's invincible fleet.”

“Kopec e—am I a dog?” exclaimed the Caireen, “that you would have me mistake that half-naked Giaour for the Padishah's chief admiral?”

“Prudence and old age, says the proverb, should ride on the same ass. You are old, friend, yet your tongue is in the keeping of folly.”

“It is clear,” replied the Caireen, “that I am in a dream. Who ever beheld an Osmanli disguised as a Frank! If it be so, however, the eyes must be believed. But I thought the Padishah had banished to Mohammed Pasha the project of transforming the Osmanlies into baboons, or something still more unlike mankind, with their smooth chins, and limbs imprisoned in narrow bags?”

“What would you have?” said the Turk: “are we not in the audience-chamber? Does a man drive his thoughts before him in the open day, as a Bedouin does his camels? If you would converse on subjects like these, come to my house, where you may still find a carpet to pray on.”

On their way out of the palace they were met by Osman Aga, his Highness's favourite, who was at that time regarded as the most formidable advocate of innovation, the very Coryphæus of refinement. Nothing could have happened more mal-à-propos. He had been present at the conference between the Turkish admiral and his Highness, which being now over, he was about to return to his villa in the outskirts of the city. Hassan Effendi, whom he had long known, and the stranger who was supposed to be his friend, were invited to sup with him; and, though they would gladly have refused, as both were burning to give vent to their orthodox rage in secret, it was considered politic to suppress their feelings, and accept of the detested invitation.

“Janum!—my soul!” exclaimed Hassan Effendi, “my house was established under a lucky constellation. Osman Aga, the pink of courtiers, the patron of the Giaours—I mean the Nassari (Christians), is pleased to undertake the accomplishment of my fortunes; and I am, therefore, like the ant which travels in the ear of the elephant: I advance more rapidly by the aid of another, than if providence had gifted me with four legs of my own!”

“Come, come,” said Osman, “leave your Turkish compliments behind you in the palace. It is time to adopt a different language. Come, put spurs to your horses, I am anxious to show you my English chairs, my new porcelain tea-service, my English saddles, my urns, trays, and Birmingham knives and forks!”

Hassan and his new friend bit their lips, and the former replied: “Allah kerim! God is merciful.” I hope you have not abandoned for the uneasy position of the Giaours and Yahooodies, the manner in which our holy Prophet, upon whom be the mercy of God! sat during his sojourn here on earth.”

“Our Prophet himself,” rejoined Osman, “would have sat upon a chair, had he been sufficiently civilised to understand the use of one.”

“Our Prophet!” exclaimed the Turk; “may confusion alight on the beards of those who imagine they equal him in knowledge!”

“More of this hereafter,” replied Osman, good-humouredly; “let us hasten to the Frank quarter. My carriage is waiting for us; you shall ride home with me.” Accordingly they proceeded to the Frank quarter, where Osman Aga would have persuaded them to dismiss their horses, and accompany him in his carriage, but this they stoutly refused. It was unbecoming, they insisted, in the professors of Islamism to adopt a mode of conveyance unknown to their Prophet, and
which, moreover, tended to convert men into women. Not being able to prevail on them, Osman abandoned his calèche, and continued on horseback.

On arriving at the villa, they were ushered into a handsome apartment, furnished, as far as possible, in the English style, with Brussels carpet, rose-wood chairs and tables, ottomans, sofas, looking-glasses, and fine coloured engravings. Osman, having presented each of his guests with a chair, took one himself, and, drawing near the neatly-glazed windows, began to descant on the beauty of the prospect, the elegant feathery-leaved palm-trees, the gardens, the young plantations, and the calm glassy surface of Lake Mareotis. His guests, though utterly unused to sit bolt upright and discuss the merits of a landscape, bore the infliction for a considerable time with some degree of patience; but, at length, unable to contain themselves any longer, they jumped up simultaneously, and losing in their feeling of discomfort all sense of propriety, exclaimed, "Mashallah!"—in the name of God, what do we hear? Is it that cluster of insignificant date trees which excites your wonder? Have you lived so long in Egypt without discovering, until to-day, that a palm tree is not a cucumber? By my beard, if you forswear not shortly the company and conversation of the Franks, your soul will seem in Paradise at finding that the Nile consists of water, and is not a stream of sand!"

To this uncivilised remark, Osman, who thought it a sign of superior refinement to be in raptures with beautiful scenery, and was determined, at all hazards, to convince them of his immeasurable superiority, only replied,—

"Our fingers are not all of the same length! A pair of new babouches, or, perhaps, a pair of tweezers for extracting the superfusious beard from your cheeks, would probably possess more interest for you than the finest landscape! But the mule which remains at home conceives himself superior in knowledge to the camel that has ten times traversed the desert. In Frankistan, a verdant grove, a mountain, a lake, or a river, inspires the imagination of the wise with delight. Even their muffs, which should rather, perhaps, be thinking of Jinnet (paradise), and of the methods by which Sheitan may be made to bear the ass's panniers, have been known to write long poems on the beauties of mountains and rivers.

The latter portion of this tirade was lost upon Hassan Effendi. By the direct application of a proverb, he had been compared to a mule; and, accordingly, his anger was so violently excited, that, however imprudent it might be to offend his Highness's favourite, he could no longer refrain.

"Wallaah! (by G—d!) Osman Aga, who am I? Your father's beard is not whiter than mine; yet, in your eyes, I am a mule,—the unclean offspring of an ass; which even the Gisors, though they fatten their unholy bodies on pork, regard with contempt."

"Nay, nay, Hassan Effendi, you misunderstand me. My intention went no farther than to try the wisdom of the Franks by submitting it to the test of your judgment; but, since you have put the bridle on the tail of the dromedary, let us think no more of it. Here, Kafoor!" said he, at the same time clapping his hands for the purpose of calling his slave (for he had not yet adopted the use of bells), "here, spread carpets for the effendis; and bring in a number of cushions on which they may recline."

The conversation was now diverted, for a time, into a more agreeable channel; and the soothing effects of the best Geobeli tobacco, and several finjans of Mokha coffee, restored, in all parties, the feelings to their proper tone. At the usual hour, the evening meal was served. Osman, true to his improved style of manners, seated himself at the table, in the European fashion; his guests, squatted on the ground, were served in trays, and eschewing all new-fangled inventions, plunged their hands into the pilaus, instead of making use of the elegant silver spoons which were placed before them. The supper being over, Osman ordered claret and champagne to be set on the table. At first, Hassan and his Caireen friend refused to join their host in sipping this Frankish beverage, which they maintained to be wine, "the mother of abominations!" But Osman, who knew they only required something which might serve as an apology to their conscience, contended that champagne and claret were not wine.

"Wine," said he, "is a kind of liquid manufactured in Portugal, in which it is said, a quantity of pig's milk is mingled! These drinks, on the contrary, are merely the juice of fruit, preserved in bottles. And who ever heard that eating fruit was a sin? Our holy Prophet himself ate fruit; and shall we, who can make no pretensions to vie with him in holiness, be so arrogant as to refuse that which he thought good? I have seen champagne made. Nothing more is necessary than to collect the grapes in baskets, pile them in a heap, press forth the juice, and when it has remained for some time
exposed to the air, by which it is doubly purified, to put it into bottles. There is another reason why all true Mussulmans should drink it: this, in fact, is the cause of all the superiority of the Franks in the arts and sciences. No man in their country, is capable of any great work until he has swallowed several glasses of this juice; after which his eyes grow brighter, his face beams with joy, and while he laughs and sings like a Dervish, Paradise with all its Houris is present to his imagination. In this state the first ideas of all improvements in the arts and sciences spring up in his mind. He contrives machines for weaving fine muslin, he puts vessels in motion without sails; and, I am told, that, having swallowed a larger quantity than usual of this divine water, one of the Ingleses has imagined a method of making a small house travel, without the aid of horses, much swifter than the fleetest camel. But this has happened since my return from Frankistan."

Osman had said quite enough to recommend champagne to his guests, who, when they saw it sparkle and rise in the glass, and increase every moment in volume, made haste to drink it, lest it should, by some miracle, swell to a flood, and float them out of the apartment. Finding themselves greatly enlivened, they began to confess that it was a liquid of wonderful properties, and must have been produced by some Gin, genie, or genius).

"No," replied Osman, "but I have another liquor in the house which the Ingleses attribute to those supernatural beings, and denominate gin, from the name of the spirits who first taught them the use of it."

"Wallah! let us taste that miraculous liquor," exclaimed the Cairoen. "If it be better than chimpan (champagne), it must be a drink for Harut and Marut* themselves!"

Accordingly, Osman ordered one of his slaves to bring in several bottles of this inestimable liquid; instead of which, they, by mistake, placed strong French brandy on the table. The host immediately filled a tumbler for each of his guests, who, at first, found it less agreeable than the champagne; but quickly became reconciled to its more pungent flavour. Dates, pomegranates, bananas, and other fruits, were on the table; but Hassan Effendi, who had heard much of potatoes, demanded of his host whether he possessed any of that kind of fruit, which he was extremely desirous of tasting. Osman explained to him that potatoes could not be eaten until they were boiled; but, heated by the wine and brandy he had taken, he could not be persuaded.

"What! boil fruit!" he exclaimed; "the Kafirs! why, they might as well boil bananas. No: let me eat fruit as Allah created it. None but infidels could ever thus disparage the gifts of God."

Osman Aga, who was not averse to amuse himself at the expense of his friends, having just received a quantity of potatoes from Signor Zamit, of Malta, commanded his slaves to place a plateful, cleanly washed, upon the table. They were, in fact, fine shining reds, which looked quite as tempting as so many Ancona apples. The Turks immediately took each a large one in his hand, and began to eat it. But the first mouthful was sufficient. Hassan Effendi, disgusted with the cold watery, and insipid taste, and unable to swallow what he had bitten, rushed out of the room as if so much ipecacuanha had been given to him; while his host and Cairoen friend, beholding the strange contortions of his countenance, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. When he had re-entered;—

"Confusion," he exclaimed, "be upon the beards of the Kafirs! I will burn their fathers! What poison have you given us, Osman Aga? Is this the fruit that sharpens the wits of the Franks? What worse could a man be condemned to in Gehennam? If this be their food, I forgive them for beating our fleets and armies; for, being condemned to subsist on aliments so detestable, what pleasure can they have in life?"

"But did I not tell you," said Osman, "that it was a fruit which required boiling?"

"Boiled, or not boiled," replied the Effendi, "no true believer can subsist on a food which even a Ghoul would reject. I taste it still. Give me another glass of the liquor of the ginn, that I may be delivered from all remembrance of it; and if you are wise, Osman Aga, eat no more potatoes. Perhaps the Franks have stomachs different from ours. Why not? God created different kinds of animals. And we see that the camel grows fat on thistles and bitter plants, which the horse would rather starve than feed upon. So, perhaps, it is with the Giaours, who may be condemned, for their unbelief, to subsist upon these excrecible fruits."

"But the champagne and the ginn*" inquired Osman.

"God is great!" replied the Effendi. "Who knows but that Allah, in his mercy, may have intended these to enable the unbelievers to swallow their potatoes!"

* Two Angels of the Mohammedan celestial hierarchy.
MARIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND BRIDE."

He gaz'd upon the ruins round,
The solitary man—
But all was still: no earthly sound
Broke on his ear, the very ground
Seem'd blasted into silence; wan
And haggard sat the exile there,
A living image of despair.

The blacken'd ruins, round him cast,
Were emblems of his lot—
He brooded fiercely o'er the past,
O'er wrongs, though too severe to last,
Still never to be forgot.—
Though silent, in his aspect dread
The sternness of his soul was read.

His fix'd and lurid eye bespoke
A purpose and intent
More dreadful than the thunderstroke,
Which, in its might of ruin, broke
O'er some fair monument.
Within him, all was storm and rout
That mock'd the seeming calm without.

Behold him in his savage mood
When vengeance arm'd his hand!
O'er prostrate Rome the tyrant stood,
Her streets, her altars, red with blood,
By his accursed command!
It was a holocaust of crime—
A stain upon the page of Time.

THE FESTIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Plus spaud nos vera ratio quam vulgi opinio."—CICERO.

It appears a singular anomaly, that, in a country which has made so little comparative progress towards perfection in music, the most gigantic, if not the most successful, attempts, should be made to reach those great and soul-stirring effects found only in the very loftiest inspirations of the art. No orchestras ever formed in Italy, Germany, or France, can at all be compared in number and strength with those of our periodical music-meetings in different parts of Great Britain, much less with the far-famed commemoration of Handel which took place fifty years ago, and the festival just past. Can this fact justify the prevalent notion that we are not a musical people? Must there not exist among us a strong and general love of music, a deep sense of its high poetic beauties, to kindle a unanimous enthusiasm throughout the land in favour of those manly harmonies, those mighty bursts of the poetry of sound which rush to the heart and awaken the noblest and most delightful emotions? No doubt the natives of our island are as much alive to sweet and thrilling strains, and as much moved by them, as the people of neighbouring countries; but the art is not cultivated among us as it ought to be. Genius shed its fires among us with a lavish hand only during the first years of the present century, and its sparks, where they now fall, are suffered to smoulder, without catching into a blaze. What the cause may be of our comparative backwardness in this fascinating, and certainly one of the most intellectual of arts, I shall not now stop to examine: this inquiry will be the subject of a future paper. My object here is to offer some observations on the late festival at Westminster Abbey, which, like the commemoration in 1784, is intended to form a marked epoch in our musical annals.

The frequent recurrence of such festivals in our metropolis, the only great city in England deprived of periodical music-meetings, would prove of immense advantage in propagating among us a purer taste, and ultimately establishing a national school of music. It is therefore of extreme importance that such performances should approach as near to perfection as possible, and bear the test not only of our own criticism, but of that of foreigners accustomed in their native countries to enjoy the art in its most advanced state of improvement. We have yet much to do before we reach this con-
summanation, and the first step towards it is the knowledge, and consequent correction, of the imperfections of each preceding performance. It is with this conviction, and with great deference, that I venture, in bestowing praise where it is due, to indicate those blemishes which some little knowledge of the art has enabled me to detect.

Westminster Abbey was, no doubt, chosen for this grand national attempt, rather to gratify old prejudices, than from any appropriateness to the object. Of all the Cathedral churches in the kingdom, it is the very worst that could have been selected for such a purpose. The narrow nave, with its contracted aisles, were ill-calculated to give the effect required, whilst the beautiful and elegant clustered columns which divide the interior of the building into three distinct parts, necessarily intercepted the sound from one to the other, and injured the general effect. The numerous monuments which fill the open spaces, and cover the walls, tended likewise to break the current of the harmony and weaken its power. These unavoidable difficulties of locality, far from being counteracted, were much increased by the situation of the orchestra and the manner of its distribution.

The instruments were in the nave, the choirs distributed, on either side, in the north and south aisles. The consequence of this was, that the power of such an immense mass of performers was not general, concentrated, and simultaneous. The sound produced in each separate aisle predominated in that aisle, and the audience there heard in much more subdued intensity, the other and more distant divisions of the band. Hence, there was a want of general effect, imperceptible perhaps to unpractised ears, but which must have been acutely distinct to every competent judge of orchestral power.

To this defect was added another not less striking. The orchestra was much too high; the strength of the voices and instruments was thrown into the roof, where, after striking against the pillars and arches, and waver in broken streams through the spaces left by the architectural ornaments, it fell upon the audience weakened and partially destroyed. This accounts for the disappointment expressed by many at not finding the crash produced by the combined efforts of so prodigious a body of musicians, superior to that of an ordinary band. Had the orchestra been built much lower down, it would in some measure have counteracted the defects of the building, and improved the general performance, without at all detracting from the beauty of the coup-d’œil.

The part of the church allotted to the audience, was fitted up with great taste and elegance. Nothing was omitted that could please the most fastidious taste. The effect and brilliancy of the scene wrought powerfully on the feelings, and toned the mind to the requisite pitch for the enjoyment of the music. But the very necessity of this display of splendour incontestibly proved the unfitness of the abbey for such a performance; for these very fittings-up helped to deaden and destroy the sound, and the principal, nay, the sole avowed object of the meeting, was thus forced to yield to one of its accessories.

St. Paul’s would have been much more suitable as the scene of this great national festival. There, the sound would have come unbroken upon the ear, and the superiority of numbers among the performers, over that of any band ever before assembled, would have told with astounding power. But as many conscientious men among us, and especially some of the most respected members of our hierarchy, deemed the use of churches, for such a purpose, a desecration of God’s temples, a place might have been found superior even to St. Paul’s, in which the music would have received its full effect, the scene have proved equally brilliant, and the religious scruples just mentioned have been respected. I allude to Westminster Hall. Through this immense parallelogram, with a deal roof or canopy over the orchestra, the uninterrupted body of sound proceeding from so large a band would have floated without restraint in broad masses, and the strains of our immortal Handel would have been given with that bold grandeur which he himself never heard save in the poetry of his imagination. Westminster moreover, would have accommodated three times the number of hearers; and the enjoyment of so rich a treat of harmony would have been extended to some thousands of individuals who, from the cupidity of speculators as well as from the limited issue of tickets, were denied all participation in this great national attempt.

After having heard all that is most effective in music—after having revelled in the searching inspirations of Beethoven, and Mozart, and Haydn, brought into light and life by the most skilful orchestras in Europe—after having been wrought
upon, at York, and at Oxford, and at the various music meetings throughout the country, by the simple majesty of Handel, my expectations from the Abbey festival were raised to a pitch of breathless excitement. With intense anxiety I watched for the first stream of sound from the Coronation Anthem, with which the festival opened. It came at last;—the swelling harmony sent a thrill through my nerves, and a rush of blood to my heart. I was in a delirium of joy and delight, but it was only transient: the illusion was soon dispelled, and my excited imagination sank down to the sober reality.

This stirring effect produced upon me and many others, was natural enough: for such is the power of musical sound in a large space, that a band of much inferior skill, nay, even one composed of itinerant street musicians, would, under similar circumstances, have exercised a similar influence. Hence, the indescribable pleasure given by military bands in the open air, or by those jarring instruments and voices, heard at a distance, which invade our streets and thoroughfares, and serenade us in all the public walks of the metropolis. Taking into consideration, the great comparative excellence of the Abbey band, and its immense power of sound, the effect which it produced must have been extraordinary, although its intensity was much modified by the defects of locality. Had it been heard either in St. Paul’s or Westminster Hall, its powers of excitement would have been increased twofold; and if, with all its imperfections, it gave so much delight, what may it not effect, at some future festival, when its dross shall have been separated from the pure metal, and its natural powers brought to the highest state of cultivation and improvement?

I must however observe, that the great sensation produced at the Abbey was not entirely due to the music. Other circumstances tended to keep up the pleasurable tension of the mind. This venerable and religious pile, dear to us by associations connected with our history, with our faith, nay with our very existence as a nation,—transformed, as by the wand of a magician, into a modern temple of beauty and elegance, and yet having nothing effaced which stamped its antiquity and sacred destination—the excitement of eager expectation beaming from each joyous countenance—the presence of the sovereign and his consort, attended by the great nobles of the land, and by a host of courtly beauties in brilliant and becoming costumes, eclipsed only by their natural charms:—all this constituted a scene of intense interest, and communicated the enthusiasm necessary to exaggerate the perfection of music naturally possessing the advantages of the large space by which it was surrounded, and sending forth its streams of sound, through the lofty vaults of the cathedral, in lengthened undulations, like the majestic swell of the calm and broad Pacific. Bursts of harmony would at times break forth like the surgy billows suddenly lashed by the passing hurricane, but ere they could reach the extremity of the building, they were broken and reduced to the “last sounds of the subsiding storm.” Sometimes, for want of correct time and proper care, they resembled the conflict of the chaotic elements rather than concerted strains representing the ferment of “created things,” and the lofty deeds of “God’s image upon Earth.”

Nevertheless, nothing could exceed the impression made upon that portion of the audience to whom music was not the only source of gratification, and who had therefore no leisure for discovering blemishes. With these persons, every thing they saw, the associations raised by traditionary excellence, nay, the very gossip which, during the two preceding months, had kindled their sympathies and desires,—tended to throw over the whole performance a dazzling but false lustre, which blinded their judgment, and made them often mistake the glittering pebble for the peerless gem. The same impotency of criticism, however, extended at first to the most fastidious connoisseur; with these the illusion was soon over, but it still hangs, like a bright cloud lighted up with the summer beams of the setting sun, over those who have judged of the performance rather by what it should have been than by what it really was. Many have declared—and perhaps some of the fair readers of the Court Magazine may be among the number—that they have heard the one performance, and that nothing in future can ever reach the same excellence. This illusion, which springs from their over-excited imaginations, acts like a spell upon their judgment—for many of them are well qualified to judge—and will not be dissipated until at some future and more perfect festival, the great works of Handel and Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart, with the same external causes of excitement and the same gigantic means of execution, are given with the improved effect of surpassing skill and precision, and with that
warmth imparted only when each individual performer is strongly imbued with the poetry of the music.

The first performance, which took place on Tuesday the 24th of June, was perhaps, upon the whole, one of the least defective. The Coronation Anthem, with which it opened, may be said to have gone perfectly, if we except a little inaccuracy once or twice in the choral parts, which somewhat detracted from the requisite crispness and energy. The beautiful swelling of the introduction from gently breathing harmony to the full intensity of the orchestra—the rushing of great and mighty bodies of sound, as of the Spirit of God—"walking upon the wings of the wind"—the solemn majesty of the strain, and the breaking of the choral counterpoint into masses of indescribable beauty and grandeur—the voices of assembled multitudes offering the outpourings of their gladness to the Most High—all this was calculated to act powerfully upon imaginations already excited, and raise that creeping thrill which those only who have felt it can comprehend.

The "Creation," followed, but did not go so well as the anthem. I have heard this oratorio in Germany, and the feelings it raised in me can never be effaced. Having made the score a subject of deep study during the most enthusiastic years of my youth, I was prepared to relish its beauties, which were then realised to a degree of perfection, perhaps, surpassing even the most sanguine dreams of Haydn himself. I was therefore the more alive to the imperfections of the performance at the Abbey. The introduction was tame though laboured, and many of the most striking beauties of the Creation breaking forth from Chaos, were lost through slovenly execution. The chorus, however, beginning with "A new created world," was given with spirit and effect, and, with the exception of a few bars of defective time, did the band great credit.

I cannot here express too strongly the pain with which I listened to Mr. Vaughan's solo singing. His cold, nervous style, his voice without vibration or the power of poetry, show that no bright spark of genius ever fell upon him. And yet he has been praised into celebrity, and to him, for the last five-and-twenty years, have been assigned those parts to which Braham alone, in the vigour of his manhood and the maturity of his powers, could have done justice. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Vaughan was unjustly preferred to Braham, and to this circumstance may be attributed much of the bad taste introduced among us. Braham had not strength of mind to bear up against this injustice: he appealed to the stupid amazement of the least intellectual class of the community, and was content to elicit the applause of the "Gods," at the expense of all that is noble in his art. A host of vulgar imitators have taken him as their model, and, unable to comprehend his motives or to catch any portion of his excellence have palpited upon the wonder-stricken and gaping crowd, as the very perfection of art, those things which Braham himself condemns, since he never ventures to use them before an intellectual auditory. On such occasions he adopts, as he did at the Abbey, that bold, broad, and flowing style, which shows him to be a profound master of his art.

Miss Stephens, the kind, the amiable, the gentle songstress of by-gone days, showed that "the mouldering hand of time" had seized her in its heavy grasp. Her powers were unequal to her courage, and it is a pity she should have undertaken to sing "The Marvellous Work"—for it was a total failure. Phillips improves every year; he seems to be closely following the path left open to him by the death of the lamented Bartleman. He never sacrifices good and appropriate expression to trickery; he is never ambitious of shining at the expense of the composer, whose conceptions he always endeavours to give pure and unimpaired by gaudy ornament. He sang delightfully "Rolling in foamy billows;" though, were I inclined to hyper-criticism, I might express a doubt whether the frequent use he makes of jerking or reinforzando notes be not an error in judgment. Caradori's "With verdure clad," was pure, fresh, and delicious; but she was not well accompanied—there was a want of appropriate sweetness, and an absence of sunshine, owing to an undue proportion in the different instruments. Miss Clara Novello, though badly seconded, gave proof of talent which bids fair to lead her to the foremost rank of her profession. Madame Stockhausen, with the floating and bird-like notes of her native mountains, and Mrs. Bishop, who rises in public estimation each time she appears, are entitled to unqualified praise, as are likewise Mr. E. Seguin and Mr. Sapio. I regret being unable to speak
in favourable terms of Mr. Robinson and Mr. E. Taylor: the former was lamentably deficient in his time, the latter had not sufficient power to make himself heard.

I cannot pass over in silence the slovenly manner in which this noble oratorio has been adapted to English words. The recitative in many places is entirely spoilt. The adapters appear not to have known that in applying musical recitative to any language, the peculiar character and cadence of that language must never be lost sight of. Here we have the original notes as given with the German words, perhaps also those adapted to the French translation; and many monosyllables in English are expressed by two and sometimes three notes, intended for words of as many syllables, and conveying a sense totally different from that which the change of language has caused by its necessary inversions.

The English version of this oratorio is the worst possible; it is a bad translation from the original German, which is itself either a translation of, or founded on, certain passages of the "Paradise Lost." Is there no man of sufficient talent in the country to embody with Haydn's magnificent music the original words of Milton?

"Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black Tartareans cold infernal drugs
Adverse to life; then founded, then conglom'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth, self-born'd on her creste, hung.
Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native East
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud.

How beautifully would such words respond to Haydn's inspirations! The great mind of the composer beat in unison with that of the poet, for to the perusal of the "Paradise Lost" do we owe the most powerful conceptions in this oratorio.

A selection from Handel followed the "Creation." The overture was well and effectively given; a return to the simple majesty and less complicated strains of our own great master, seemed to bring with it an invigorating power, which told well with the instruments. Brahms sang "Total Eclipse" as it had never been sung before, except by himself. Most deeply did he feel the part; most pathetically did he depict the helpless and lingering agony of blindness; most beautifully did he realise that precept of the Venetian bard:

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.""

Miss Stephens again failed, and it is painful to listen to her as we compare the present with the past. She has now reached a period of life when science, and warmth, and the poetry of execution, must compensate for that youth and freshness of intonation which, from the sweetness and peculiar quality of her voice, spoke to the feelings even when she felt not, and turned attention from deficiencies in art. These natural gifts are now faded, and alas! little is left but the memory of what is gone.

The dead march was the most successful performance during the day. It went without a blemish, and its solemn and lugubrious effects awakened a deep and breathless emotion in every person present. The double chorus of the Israelites and the Priests of Dagon, though rendered with great power, was nevertheless at times a little unsteady. The voices were rich in freshness and purity, and it is surprising, when we consider the want of professional knowledge, which was but too apparent among them, how they could have been drilled to sing so well as they did.

The second performance took place on the following Thursday, and consisted of selections of sacred music. The Coronation Anthem was repeated, and went extremely well. I wish I could bestow equal praise upon the "Gloria in excelsis," from Beethoven's mass in C, adapted to English words. My first impression was that the copied parts were full of errors; my second, that the performers were running wild; my third, that some sacrilegious hand had been mutilating the score. Which of these suppositions is the nearest to truth, I know not; but I can safely aver, that the composition itself was not given as Beethoven wrote it, or at least as I have always heard it performed in Germany. Moreover, the English words were but a sorry substitute for the original Latin, and there is a woeful want of talent in their adaptation. Nevertheless, the choral body did their best, and barring a little occasional unsteadiness, came off with flying colours.

Haydn's second mass is the least powerful of this composer's church music. The "Kyrie Eleison," which is nothing but a bright and transient flash without depth
THE FESTIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

or elevation, sounded but poorly after
Beethoven's chorus, mutilated as this was.
Mozart's sweet and melting "Agnus Dei"
was beautifully sung, though perhaps a little
too coldly, by Madame Stockhausen. There
is a character of unpretending tenderness and
gentle sorrow about this composition, deeply
affecting. The "Et Incarnatus," by Madame
Stockhausen, Rubini, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr.
J. B. Sale, went badly, as might be expected
from the injudicious union of the two latter
singers with the two former.

Rubini's solo from the "Divide Penitente"
of Mozart, was well sung, though the tremen-
dous effect of the voice, in which, like Bra-
ham, this singer indulges to excess, was at
times quite painful. But the accompaniment
was by far too independent of the singer,
many of whose finest passages were so com-
pletely aborded as scarcely to reach beyond
the precincts of the orchestra.

Miss Stephens rallied in "Angels ever
bright and fair," which brought some bright
recollections of her best days; but she should
not have attempted the recitative "Sing ye
unto the Lord:" it was never within her
reach, and is less so now than at any former
period.

"The Snares of Death," a cold, spirit-
less composition by the late Sir John Ste-
venson, was sung by Phillips, who ren-
dered it more nervless from his endeavours
to give it effect. It should not have been
heard on such an occasion. It may be taken
for a mere commonplace exercise, wanting
both character and poetry.

At length came "Israel in Egypt," the
greatest and most soul-kindling of all
Handel's compositions. This noble oratorio
seems to have been too much neglected
among us, and the Messiah is unjustly placed
above it. Beautiful as this latter work is,
it cannot bear comparison with the vast
powers of genius displayed in "Israel in
Egypt," which consists principally of choral
effects to which Handel has brought the
whole resources of his mighty mind. Here
he depicts the captive descendants of Israel
uttering "their cry to God by reason of
their bondage," the arm of the Almighty
stretched out to save his chosen people, and
inflicting plagues upon the Egyptian tyrant;
and the whole is described in such wondrous
strains, in such stupendous masses of har-
mony, that the soul shrinks with awe, and
bows down in adoring humility before Him
"that worketh such marvels." Nothing
ever represented in music, comes to the
senses with profounder intensity than these
gigantic choral strains. Theestone chorus,
"Thick Darkness," "The Lord is a Man
of War," and "The Lord shall reign for
ever and ever," are of astonishing power;
the effect which they produced upon the
audience was electrical—the first and last
especially—though I could at times perceive
a little want of simultaneous action in
certain parts of the concluding chorus.

The third performance, on Saturday the
26th of June, was in many parts more
strikingly defective than the two preceding.
The choruses and semi-choruses appeared
playing with each other at cross-purposes,
and there was oftentimes absence both of
time and tune. The instrumentists seemed
to think this a sufficient excuse for a falling-
off on their part.

The fine oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus,
always excepting some of the solos, was by no
means done justice to. The splendid and pure
harmony of this composition, coupled with
fields, and camps, and military glory, were
reduced to mere ordinary power, and I must
confess I have heard them much better given
at some of our provincial music-meetings.

Mr. Bennett sang very sweetly, "O Li-
berty!" to Lindley’s violoncello accompa-
niment. This young singer, to a thorough
knowledge of his art, joins great taste and
feeling, which excites regret that nature
should have denied him that power of voice
which she often lavishes upon those who are
unable to make it available. The rich tones
of the violoncello filled the abbey; but Lind-
ley would have acted judiciously had he omiss-
ted his final cadence, the same we have been
accustomed to hear, note for note, during the
last twenty years, without any change of
character or expression. What a pity it is
that one who surpasses every other performer
in power and brilliancy of tone, and in the
mechanism of execution, should want the
thrill of poetry.

The most striking part of this day’s per-
formance, and which atoned for many of its
blemishes, was the "Et incarnatus," from
Haydn’s first mass, sung by Madame Stock-
hausen, Miss Clara Novello, Messrs. Ivan-
hoff, Tamburini, and E. Seguin. Nothing
could be more perfect than the manner in
which it was given. The "Laudate," by
Mozart, was, I maintain, beautifully sung by
Signora Grisi to Dr. Crotch’s accompa-
niment on the organ, though several critics
have made this gifted lady, and with great
injustice too, the object of severe censure. In Pergolesi's "Gloria in excelsis," the band seemed anxious to make amends for past offences, and rendered it with great purity and effect. The "Panis omnipotens," by Mozart, was extremely well sung by Ivanhoff, though, either from timidity or from not being aware of the defects of locality, he did not give out the full powers of his beautiful voice.

In Himmel's solo and quartet, "Inclina ad me aures tuam," the sopranos were woefully deficient, and Tambrini had to contend against a pressure which would have borne down a less gifted musician.

Braham's "Deeper and deeper still," was given in his very best manner, though I do not think this great singer "the exclusive" in that song; he may, perhaps, at no very distant period, find a powerful rival. Mrs. W. Cuyvett was delightful in "What though I trace," a composition peculiarly adapted to her feelings and style. She is certainly the only person in the country who can give it as it ought to be given.

The choruses from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," barbarously mutilated as this noble Oratorio is by the stupid fanaticism of our puritans, and the handicraft of arrangers in their adaptation of English words, still retain much of their original power. They were, however, cruelly mangled, especially the magnificent "Hallelujah!" and the time in which the stretto of the latter was taken, is a complete perversion of the author's idea. The decided failure of this part of the performance was the more inexcusable, because much of the fault lay with the conductor of the orchestra, who did not seem to understand the music he was directing.

I was sorry to hear the long and tedious anthem, by Purcell, which followed, because I may perhaps give offence by speaking freely of a composer whose memory is held in such high veneration. Purcell is termed the father of English musicians, and there is a feeling in his favour, carried to an extent which his works by no means justify. With a limited portion of genius, and all the defects of his times, though with a deep knowledge of the intricacies of the old stiff counterpoint which characterises the music of the seventeenth century, his works are made up of conceits and ambitious combinations, rarely emitting a bright flash of true inspiration. Thus they always tire, because they fail to excite the imagination.

The fourth performance, on Tuesday, July 1st, consisted of "The Messiah," given by the express command of the Queen. This beautiful oratorio is associated so strongly with our earliest impressions, with all that is most venerable in the institutions of this protestant country, that we have been led to value it as the greatest of Handel's efforts. The sacredness of the subject, the religious mysticism and exquisite pathos which pervade it, and the number of beautiful melodies unequalled in any other of his oratorios, have also contributed to attach an idea of superiority to this work, which some other compositions by the same master, especially the oratorio of "Israel in Egypt," might justly contest.

In the highly-wrought instrumental fugue, which serves as the introduction to "The Messiah," I must confess that I do not find any thing to impress upon the mind the nature and magnitude of the subject. There is a want of grandeur and dignity in the conceits of the fugue, which renders them quite inappropriate to the high-toned feelings intended to be awakened. The key of D minor, in which it is written, though capable of expressing great tenderness, is of a persuasive or rather a coaxing character, not sufficiently dignified to depict the sweet sublimity of highly wrought religious emotion.

The opening recitative, "Comfort ye my people," in E major, is the most splendid piece of musical declamation in this or any other language; the air, "Every valley," which follows it, evinces, like all the quick airs of Handel, the hard outline, prinness, harpsichord effect, and affectation of the age in which that great composer lived. Braham sang both, and in doing so gave a strong proof that time spares no one. The tremulous action of the voice, by which alone he can now sustain holding notes, was very distressing, and once or twice I fancied that he sang rather flat.

When the chorus began, "And the glory of the Lord," it was evident that some singular arrangement had taken place in the orchestra. In the aisle to the right of the instruments, the searching alti predominated, the bassi boomed fearfully through the lofty vault, and the sopranis and tenoris seemed pent up in the closed organ-swell. In the opposite aisle, the sopranis alone were shouting their triumph over the other voices, which rolled in the distance like the receding thunder-storm. I have no idea of the cause of
THE FESTIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Miss Shirreff displayed her powers to great advantage in "But thou didst not leave." She has a beautiful and full-toned voice, which reaches the heart; and if she will but free herself from the trammels of those who have inoculated her with some of the worst defects of English singing, and pursue her art with steady perseverance, the genius she possesses will carry her far beyond what she has already acquired.

The Hallelujah Chorus went much better than preceding inferiority had led me to hope. The vastness of mind displayed in this wonderful chorus, will ever render it one of the most striking monuments of Handel's fame. It is bold, gigantic, and soul-stirring; it seems as the mighty host of Heaven sounding the praises of the Most High.

Miss Stephens was never able to give proper effect to "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the conception of which requires much more lofty feelings than she is gifted with. This song, even in the ear of memory, awakens the most elevated thoughts; it depicts the reliance of hope, the confidence in his Saviour of the "heavy laden" and miserable sufferer, whose anguish is thereby soothed, and his soul lifted up in the contemplation of the "Life to Come."

Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Golding, with their spiritless voices and icy manner, got through the duet "O Death where is thy sting," which requires much poetry of effect to render bearable the monotonous and insipid character which the composer has imparted to it. The chorus "Worthy is the Lamb" went but indifferently well, and the "Amen," as if each musician was anxious to close the scene. With this the performance concluded.

Here then is the festival which has been so long talked of — here then is the anticipated triumph of native talent, which, on this occasion, has certainly obtained a fair trial. "But," say the advocates for excluding all but native talent, "if the test has not been quite favourable, it is because undue preference and favouritism have been shown by the directors." This is a complete fallacy: for admitting that undue preference and favouritism had existed, which however I am disposed to doubt, it could have extended only to some twenty instrumental performers, because it is well known to every musical man that the choruses in London are the weakest throughout the kingdom, and
that without the aid of provincial singers
the music could not have been performed.

Our native musicians have long been
inveighing against the preference given to
foreign performers, without once taking into
consideration the cause, namely: their own
woeful deficiencies in the art, and their
dogged resistance to any improvement
which interferes with their prejudices, or,
what is worse, gives evidence of their
inferiority. There is immense musical genius
in this country, among the present generation;
but it is prevented from soaring, by a
set of men who consider themselves the
aristocracy of the musical profession, though
the most deficient among its members.
These individuals are as devoid of genius as
of acquired talent, and are often uneducated;
their souls are deaf to the breathings of
poetry, their imaginations are as the sandy
desert where vegetation is unknown.

The consequences of so lamentable a state
of the art among us, have stood out in sadly
prominent relief during the whole of this
festival. The mass of fine and pure intonation
heard at the Abbey, was like a rich soil
overgrown with weeds. Soprani singers with
voices of the utmost freshness and beauty,
but scarcely in the first stage of cultivation,
were thrust forward to sing solos at the festi-
vial, when they ought to have been vocalis-
ing at home. And yet Malibran was not
engaged!

A comparison of our native singers with
the few foreigners whose assistance the direc-
tors found themselves compelled to engage,
placed the striking deficiencies of the former
in a more glaring point of view. Weakness
of conception, want of poetry, and absolute
nullity of effect are some among the blo-
ishments of these singers. I must, however, do
justice to a few of our native musicians,
whom genius has dragged from the mire of
our national school—which, though some of
it may adhere to them still, is wearing off
apace. Among these, I may mention Miss
Shirreff, Miss H. Cavse, Miss Clara Novello,
Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Machin, who are
living proofs that the true poetry of art will
occasionally burst through the darkness of
prejudice and ignorance, as a bright sun-
beam sometimes pierces through the dense
and murky vapours which so often overhang
this fair metropolis.

On seeing Sir George Smart at the head
of this great national festivity, I was natu-
rally led to enquire what works this gentle-
man had ever produced to render him
worthy of holding the conductor's wand,
that sceptre of musical power wielded by
Haydn, and Mozart, and Beethoven, and
Weber, and Spohr, and many more master
spirits. Is Sir George a great composer, or,
is he not!—and if not, are his qualities as a
musician incontestible? Does he not seem
rather to have converted conducting into a
separate profession, without considering that
it requires all the resources of genius to do
it as ought to be done? And does Sir George
possess these resources? Is he able himself
to reach the vast conceptions of the great
masters whose music is performed, and im-
port their poetry to every musician under
him? If so, where lies the proof of his
capacity?—if not, how came he to be in-
trusted with an office for which he is not
qualified?

During the performance of "The Creation,"
I am much mistaken if I did not see the Che-
valier Neukomm beating time with his foot
upon the foot of Sir George Smart, until
each piece was brought to the proper move-
ment of time. At first I doubted, then
doubted less, and at last doubted no longer.
Am I under a delusion, or is this fact true?
If it is, then might I be justified in attribu-
ting much of the badness of the per-
formance to the incapacity of the conductor.

I must here conclude, with expressing a
hope that nothing I have said in the above
remarks will be considered as emanating
from any but a kindly spirit. I am sincerely
devoted to music, and anxious for the im-
provement of native art. I have here fear-
lessly stated my opinions; they may be
erroneous but they are conscientious, and I
have found that they coincide with those of
some of the best judges of music in this
country. If they are correct, I humbly
trust that they may be of service in dispel-
ling some of the illusions which this festival
has raised, and which might prove injurious
to future attempts of the same magnitude.

C.
THE COURT.

We here fulfil the promise made in our last number, and continue our chronicle of the movements of the Court. The Royal Musical Festival, in Westminster Abbey, held by his Majesty's most gracious command, attracted a greater concourse of distinguished persons to London than has been seen since the Coronation. The most strenuous efforts were made to render the execution of the King's design worthy of the taste and benevolence from which he has always displayed, and the admirable arrangement at the Abbey for the reception of the audience and the performers presented, when the whole of each assemblage was collected, a spectacle of unparalleled beauty and splendour. On entering the Abbey by the principal door, the first object that met the eye was the Throne, fitted up for their Majesties, and those members of the Royal Family who honoured the performances with their presence. It was divided into three parts: the centre for the Sovereign and his Consort, the right and left for the Royal Family. The frames, pilasters, and Gothic cornices, were of gold and crimson, in fretted work; the draperies were of superb crimson silk, richly trimmed with bullion fringe; the interior was lined with royal purple silk, looped up with gold cords, and trimmed with gold fringe. The seats on the right and left were finished to correspond with the seat for their Majesties, except that, instead of purple, they were lined with scarlet silk fluted. Rich purple velvet cushions, with gold tassels and fringe, were placed in front of the seats of the King and Queen. The orchestra, which faced the Throne, was arranged with great skill and taste; the front was decorated with rich crimson cloth, and a variety of gold ornaments. Galleries for the chorus singers were erected on each side of the orchestra. The seats in the nave, the aisles, and the galleries destined for the accommodation of the public, were covered with crimson cloth, bearing rich figured velvet trimmings of a gold colour. The backs of the aisles were fitted-up with white serge, tastefully fluted, and ornamented with golden lyres. The entrances were commodious and complete; and so attentive to the comfort of the visitors were the gentlemen who acted as ushers, that although nearly three thousand persons were present (without counting the period was not observed that a single individual was left to the inconvenience, or in want of a seat. On the morning of the first performance, the company began to arrive at the Abbey before nine o'clock; as the hour of twelve approached, the most intense interest was manifested among the numerous and elegant assemblage congregated within the walls of the venerable edifice to behold their Majesties. More than once, on the entrance of one of the attendants, there was a general rise, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the Royal Oratory. At last their Majesties made their appearance, attended by a suite of about fifty persons of distinction. The King looked remarkably well, and was dressed in an admiral's uniform. The Queen also appeared in excellent health. On her Majesty's left were the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent, and on the King's right the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Augusta. Behind his Majesty stood the Duke of Devonshire, and seated near the Queen was her Majesty's brother, the Duke of Saxe Meiningen. Behind were Noblemen in waiting, dressed in full uniforms; and in the divisions on the right and left of their Majesties were the ladies in attendance, and other distinguished members of the Nobility. Before the Royal Box were placed many of the dignitaries of the Church and the Noble Directors, and on each side stood one of the yeomen of the guard. The performances closed about a quarter before four o'clock. As their Majesties did not retire for some minutes, there was abundant time to gratify every spectator with a view of the royal party.
All who composed it seemed in the best health and spirits, and in the highest degree gratified by the silent and refined homage of which they were the objects, as well as by the whole of the splendid scene. The King bowed and the Queen gracefully curtseyed several times to their delighted subjects; the royal party then took their departure from the Abbey in the same form in which they had entered it. In addition to the Members of the Royal Family we have mentioned, there were also present the Princesses Sophia, and Sophia of Gloucester, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex. Their Majesties and suite came from the Palace in eleven carriages, attended by the first regiment of Life Guards; the Blues lined the road. The royal pair were much cheered during their progress by the crowds of respectable persons assembled to view the royal cortège. In the evening the noble directors had the honour of dining with the King, when his Majesty was pleased to express his high approbation of the whole arrangements of the Festival.

The royal visit to the Abbey was repeated on the following Thursday, Saturday, and Tuesday, with, if possible, increased gratification to their Majesties and the public. We should not omit to mention, that the kindness with which the Queen appeared to explain to the Princess Victoria all that was presented, gave much pleasure to the audience; her Royal Highness seemed to be much entertained, and entered into animated conversation with her majesty. The Royal Musical Festival has in every point of view been highly honorable to the nation; we trust it will be repeated, at least, triennially. If, in the intermediate years, efforts on the same grand scale were to be made for the encouragement of the arts of Painting and Sculpture, and, "though last not least," of the Drama, equally happy results might be anticipated. "Honos sit arctis."

The spontaneous and affectionate homage which the Queen received from the crowds that were assembled at Woolwich, on the fifth ultimo, to witness her embarkation for the Continent, was a most striking proof of the high esteem in which her Majesty's character is held by her subjects of all ranks.

We rejoice particularly that the humbler classes evinced so much gallantry and good feeling on this occasion; John Bull, is, perhaps, too apt to grumble if he suspect his fancies are likely to be thwarted, but he never forgets his good manners in the presence of those whose conduct deserves his veneration. Scarcely had the day dawned, when the road to Woolwich was covered with well filled vehicles, which continued pouring into the town for several hours. The river was equally crowded with boats and pleasure yachts; and at half past seven o'clock, the steam-packet wharfs at London Bridge and St. Katherine's, were covered with spectators. The Magnet steamer had been engaged by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, to carry the Queen to Yantlet Creek, being the limit of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction as Conservator of the River Thames; and at eight o'clock she left the Tower, with a large party on board, among whom were the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, several of the Common Council, the Duke of Newcastle and family, the Marchioness Cornwallis, Lady Saltoun, Miss Frazer, Ladies A. and C. Hastings, Lord Elliott, Admiral and Lady Rod, Sir John Frazer, Col. Higgins, Major Elvington (Fort Major of the Tower), Major and Mrs. Calgreave, several Directors of the Bank of England and the East India Company, and many other distinguished individuals.

An awning was spread over the deck of the Magnet, which was decorated with the National banner, the City flag, and other colours. The display of cold was on board the ships and steamers, and especially the large Scotch steam ship Soho, decorated with upwards of two hundred flags of all nations, added greatly to the splendour of the scene. While these preparations for the reception of the Queen were in progress on the water, no less activity was observable on the land; and the taverns, the houses, Woolwich church and steeple, the Dock-yard, and in fact every spot whence a view of the Royal Yacht could be obtained, was covered with spectators. At nine o'clock detachments of the Artillery and Royal Marine marched into the Dock-yard, and were drawn up in readiness to receive her Majesty with due honours, and the whole of the military, naval, and civil authorities of the place also met for the same purpose. The road over which the Queen had to pass was newly covered with gravel; and green cloth was laid down for her Majesty to walk to the boat.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, appointed to the command of the Royal George, had set out at half-past seven o'clock on Saturday morning, and, until the Queen's arrival, was occupied in making the necessary arrangements. About nine o'clock, her Majesty, accompanied by the Earl of Denbigh, the Earl and Countess of Errol, the Earl and Countesses of Brownlow, and Howe, Sir John Barton, Sir W. H. Freemantle, and other members of the royal household, in five travelling carriages, each drawn by four horses, and preceded by outriders, left St. James's palace for Woolwich, where their arrival was announced to the people on the river by a discharge of artillery, and the band striking up "God save the King." After a short stay in the Dock-yard, where her Majesty was received with loud and lengthened plaudits, she proceeded to the Admiralty shallop, in which Rear-
Admiral Sir T. M. Hardy, Bart., G.C.B., governor of Greenwich Hospital, acted as helmsman. The royal suite followed in a barge, steered by William Feud, Esq., of the Spitfire steamer. Her Majesty, on entering the boat, was hailed with loud cheers from the assembled multitudes on the river, answered by those on shore, and the several bands on board the steamer played the national anthem. Her Majesty was received on the deck of the Royal Yacht by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, in their robes. His lordship addressed her Majesty, and expressed the regret which he and his fellow-citizens felt at her departure from these realms, and their hope that she would soon return in health and happiness to receive the congratulations of the nation. Her Majesty replied, that she felt deeply grateful for this mark of kindness and respect; that her stay in her native country would be but short, and that she should be most anxious for a speedy return to England. Preparations were then made for departure, and the Royal Yacht was taken in tow by his Majesty's steamer Phenix, under the command of Lieutenant Smith. The bells of Woolwich church rang in merry peals, salutes were fired from Lord Yarborough's yacht, from the Soho, and from the Dockyard, and the fleet of steamers and sailing vessels were soon seen gliding rapidly along. The former alone were able to keep up with her Majesty, in consequence of the wind being adverse; but the appearance of the steam fleet, by which the Royal George was completely surrounded, formed one of the most imposing sights ever beheld. In Barking Reach the Queen first made her appearance on deck, and was received with deafening acclamations by the people, and the waving of handkerchiefs, the various bands again striking up "God save the King." Her Majesty went successively to each side of the Royal Yacht and bowed to the company. The motions of the Soho, which, as she proceeded down the river, seemed a gliding mass of colours, appeared particularly to attract her Majesty's attention. The boatswain's whistle, having sent forth its shrill note, in an instant the crew of the Royal George were seen climbing the rigging, and the yards were manned with the greatest expedition. This manoeuvre was loudly cheered, and the tars, on a given signal from below, returned the compliment. In Half-way Reach, just opposite the Half-way House, the Queen again showed herself to the people, and again the plaudits were renewed. The Royal William, shortly after, dropped alongside the Royal Yacht, and the company on board every steamer, including the fleet, cheered her Majesty, the air with their shouts. The Queen bowed to the passengers in the Royal William, who returned this mark of condolence with three cheers more, the band of an adjoining steamer playing "Here's a health to the King, God bless him!" Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence now waved his hat, the Queen her handkerchief, and three cheers were again given. Soon after, the Magnet came again nearly abreast of the Phenix, and the band immediately struck up "God save the King," which was sung by nearly all the passengers. On the arrival of the flotilla at Gravesend, the banks of the river were lined with people, and the heights near Northfleet were crowned with a dense mass of human beings. The vessels, though not so numerous as at Woolwich, were decorated in a similar manner, and the French ships, adorned with flags. A salute was fired from the batteries at Tilbury Fort, the bells at Gravesend church struck up a joyous peal, and the Queen, who again made her appearance on deck, was received with the same demonstrations of loyalty and respect that had marked her embarkation at Woolwich. Opposite to the mouth of the Medway, where the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor as conservator of the river terminates, the Magnet slackened her speed, until the Royal Yacht came alongside, when her Majesty stood in full view to take leave, and was greeted with long and enthusiastic cheering from the Magnet and the surrounding steamers. The crew of the Royal George piped ahoof, and after manning the yards, bade a respectful adieu to the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The bands again struck up "God save the King;" directly afterwards a parting cheer was given, and the Magnet and other steam vessels turned back, and commenced their return to the metropolis.

As her Majesty was expected to arrive at Helvoetsluys on the next day, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands (Lord High Admiral), accompanied by his royal consort, and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, with their three sons, the Governor of South Holland, and Count Von Heerdt the King's Master of the Horse, went at an early hour in the morning on board the Dutch King's private steam yacht, to meet the Queen and attend her Majesty to Rotterdam. The royal steam yacht had been cruising for a while beyond the bar of Helvoetsluys, when, at about half past three in the afternoon, the British squadron was hailed. At four her Majesty and attendants left the Royal George in a barge, and went on board the Dutch yacht under a salute from the guns of the Fortress. The royal party dined on board of this latter vessel, and arrived at Rotterdam at half past nine in the evening. The Queen reached her sister's residence at the Hague about midnight, and having passed the whole of the next day there, she set out again at half past seven in the evening, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess, to return
to Rotterdam and resume her journey to Germany. Her Majesty quitted Rotterdam on the morning of the 8th, and in the evening reached Nimeguen, where she was received at the Hotel of the Place Royale, by the Prince of Orange and his eldest son. After remaining for a short time, her Majesty set out for Cleves, and on the 11th arrived at Frankfort.

The Berlin State Gazette of the 12th, announced the arrival of the Queen at the Castle of Altenstein, near Liebenstein. The Duchess Dowager, her Majesty's mother, had already taken up her residence there. The presence of the Queen will fill the bathing-place of Liebenstein this year with many illustrious visitors.

Since her Majesty's departure the King has resided at Windsor Castle, with the exception of those days on which his Majesty has held his weekly levees.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta will reside at the Castle until her Majesty's return, which is expected about the middle of this month, in time to celebrate his Majesty's real birth-day. The great officers of state will remain in London, to attend the addresses of congratulation that are to be presented to their Majesties.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria will shortly proceed to Tunbridge Wells. Mount Pleasant House in Calverley Park is in a course of preparation for their Royal Highness's accommodation. Lord Melbourne has kissed hands on being appointed Lord Grey's successor; and Lord Duncannon has been created a peer on his succeeding Lord Melbourne as Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. Sir John Hobhouse supplies Lord Duncannon's place as First Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, with a seat in the Cabinet.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Philip Van Artevelde. A Dramatic Poem.

Even in these sober, matter-of-fact times, when (it is said) people will not read poetry, this work can scarcely fail of making an immediate sensation. Of the author, Mr. Taylor, nobody seems to know anything except that he is a friend of Mr. Southey,—he has come upon us of a sudden, and is evidently destined to carry everything before him by a coup de main. He is decidedly the best poet that has appeared since Byron, and (we do not say it without mature consideration and honest conviction) in some respects a greater poet than his lordship.

We hope such an assertion as this will awaken our readers' attention to "Van Artevelde."

When we first took up the work, we had no very exalted expectations,—we had never heard a word either about it or its author—yet we had not read three pages before we felt we were communing with a man of high intellect and original genius. We will not tell how far we read—for how long a time we were chained to it as by a spell; but when we did lay down the volume, we said, or rather, our heart said it for us, "This is a great poet."
The impression was so very sudden and deep, that we almost feared the correctness of our own judgment, and waited with anxiety to see whether those whose critical taste we most respect would be similarly affected. We can now say that they have been so affected, and that their opinions of this new bard's excellence fully confirm our own. It would require more time than we have to spare, to describe the dramatic and lyrical beauties of this remarkable composition, and we have no room for extracts. All that we can then do is to repeat our hope that this simple announcement will direct the attention of our readers to Van Artevelde. If, after half an hour's attentive perusal, they do not feel that the work is what we have stated it to be, we will undertake to read all the bad plays and poems that have been published these last ten years—and "their name is Legion."

Catarrh; A Familiar Description of its Nature, Symptoms, and ordinary Modes of Treatment. By John Stevenson, Esq.

This little book is written with particular reference to the operation on catarrh, performed by Mr. Stevenson at the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye. The style is familiar, absolutely free from technical terms, and its object is to show a more expeditious and safer mode of eradicating this distressing disease. A book like this, from a man of Mr. Stevenson's high celebrity and talents, should be read by every member of the community, as it points out a speedy and certain mode, wholly free from the danger and inconvenience of the old practice, by which sight may be completely restored.

The operation is simple, it gives the patient scarcely any pain, and it requires neither confinement nor local applications.


It is certainly an oversight of the Directors of the National Gallery not to have published a catalogue raisonné, giving a critical description of the works of art belonging to the nation, which are intended as models both for the formation of the national taste, and for the improvement of the British school of painting. Mr. Landseer, however, has courage-
only come forward to perform this task, to which he has brought the highest knowledge of the art and great critical acumen, conveyed in a firm, nervous, and delightfully original style. His book forms a most valuable appendage to the National Gallery, and its circulation ought to be promoted as much as possible by those to whose charge this valuable collection is intrusted.


Having, in a late number, given our opinion of this delightful volume, we are now anxious to offer a specimen of its contents to our readers. In our extremely limited space, we scarcely know which to select from so great a variety of graphic and vividly coloured pictures, all of stirring interest; we therefore take as chance directra. In speaking of the virgin valley in which Mr. Pringle and his fellow-settlers pitched their tents and formed their agricultural establishments, he says:

"On this and other occasions, the scenery and productions of the country reminded us in the most forcible manner of the imagery of the Hebrew scriptures. The parched and torrny desert—the dry beds of torrents—the green pastures by the quiet waters—the lions' dens—the mountains of leopards—the roes and the young harts (antelopes) that feed among the lilies—the coney of the rocks—the ostrich of the wilderness—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;—these and a thousand other objects, with the striking and appropriate descriptions which accompany them, recurred to us continually with a sense of their beauty and altitude, which we had never felt before."

The following account of a visit which the settlers received from a lion, is very graphic:

"The serene weather with which we had been favoured during our journey, was succeeded, on the 3rd of July, by a cold and wet evening. The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily, that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which we had luckily provided, it was not without difficulty that we could keep our watch-fire burning. Having appointed our watch for the night, we had retired to rest, and, excepting our sentinels, all were buried in sleep, when, about midnight, we were suddenly roused by the roar of a lion close to our tents. It was so loud and tremendous that for a moment I actually thought a thunder-storm had burst upon us. But the peculiar expression of the sound—the voice of fury as well as of power—instantly undeceived me; and instinctively snatching my loaded gun from the tent pole, I hurried out, fancying that the savage beast was about to break into our camp. Most of our men had sprung to their arms, and were hastening to the watch-fire with a similar apprehension. But all around was utter darkness; and scarcely any two of us agreed as to the quarter whence the voice had issued. This uncertainty was occasioned partly, perhaps, by the peculiar mode this animal often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars, so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth; partly, also, to the echo from a mountain rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river; and, more than all, to the confusion of our senses in being thus hurriedly and fearfully aroused from our slumbers. Had any one retained self-possession sufficient to have quietly noted our looks on this occasion, I suspect he would have seen a laughable array of pale or startled visages. The reader who has only heard the roar of the lion at the Zoological Gardens can have but a faint conception of the same animal's voice in a state of freedom and uncontrolled power. Novelty in our case, no doubt, gave it double effect, on our thus hearing it for the first time in the heart of the wilderness. However, we resolved to give the enemy a warm reception; and having fired several volleys in all directions round our encampment, we roused up the half-extinguished fire to a blaze, and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. And this unwonted display probably daunted our grim visitor, for he gave us no more disturbance that night."

"A few days afterwards, some of our people had a daylight interview with a lion—probably the same individual which had given us this boisterous greeting. They had gone a mile or two up the valley to cut reeds for thatching the temporary huts which we purposed to erect, and were busy with their sickles in the bed of the river, when, to their dismay, a huge lion rose up among the reeds, almost close beside them. He leaped upon the bank, and then turned round and gazed steadfastly at them. One or two men who had guns, seized them hastily, and began to load with ball. The rest, unarmed and helpless, stood petrified; and, had the lion been so disposed, he might easily have made sad havoc among them. He was, however, very civil—or, to speak more correctly, he was probably as much surprised as they were. After quietly gazing for a minute or two at the intruders on his wild domain, he turned about and retired; first slowly, and then, after he was some distance off, at a good round trot. They prudently did not attempt to interfere with his retreat."

MUSIC.

The approaching Music Festival, to be given by the Amateurs of England, at Exeter Hall, on as large a scale as the late performances at Westminster Abbey, has become the general topic of conversation in those fashionable circles where the progress of music in England excites any interest. We therefore feel called upon to communicate to our readers the information we have obtained concerning this bold and novel attempt, which, from its very nature, deserves the support of every true lover of the art.

In this vast metropolis, a great many amateur
societies exist, strong in numbers and talent. They are composed of proficient in music qualified to take a part in any orchestra; and some of them possess, besides the intellectual feeling of art which belongs to every highly cultivated mind, a proficiency in mechanical skill which would not disgrace the musical profession, if they belonged to it. During the last twenty years, they have been practising the music of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and have reached a degree of excellence in giving the great choral effects of the first of these masters, scarcely suspected by those who have not had an opportunity of hearing them.

Having taken into consideration the complaints of the numerous lovers of music unable to procure tickets for the performances at the Abbey, and desirous, moreover, of doing something for certain charitable institutions excluded from any share in the proceeds of the late festival, the amateur societies, which have hitherto modestly shrunk from public exhibition, have resolved to unite and get up a Music Meeting upon the same extensive scale as that at Westminster Abbey, giving as nearly as possible the same performances. It is to take place in October, and the great room chosen for it will have the advantage of holding at least as many auditors as the Abbey, besides being more favourable for grand effects of sound.

The preparations are in a state of great forwardness, and we have no doubt that public expectation will be fully realised. At all events, we can safely aver, that the choruses will be free from many of the imperfections of arrangement and locality which proved such a blemish at the late Festival.

The opera season is about to close, and that of our annual concerts may almost be said to have ended on Monday the 21st of July with a selection of excellent music, given at Cellini’s rooms, by Miss Mayer, a young pianiste of considerable talent, lately arrived from Dusseldorf, where her father holds an appointment under the Prussian Government. This young lady, who unites to her professional skill many other elegant accomplishments and great personal attractions, is likely to prove a star in the musical world, on the opening of the next season. She gave the first movement of Hummel’s concerto in A minor with such effect and precision, that we regretted not hearing the two other movements of this splendid composition. Her duet with Rousselet (Piano and Violoncello), and the Fantasia by Kalkbrenner, were done equal justice to. Madame Stockhausen delighted the audience, as she always does, with her thrilling and sunny notes, in a beautiful air to French words. The duet of “Claudio!” by Mercadante, was extremely well sung by Ivanoff and Giubilei. Mori performed an air with variations, on the violin, and although the room was very unfavourable for music, he produced a power, a purity, a brilliancy of tone, and a neatness of execution, which we have never heard surpassed.

Mr. Dizi, the celebrated harpist, who, though not an Englishman born, may be considered such from his having spent the best years of his life in this country, has lately brought out, in conjunction with his partners, Messrs. Pleyel of Paris, a harp on improved principles, which may obviate many of the objections to that instrument. The harmonic table is formed by a system of veneering upon deal, and a prodigious volume of tone is thereby produced, which throws every other kind of harp into the shade. Mr. Dizi has likewise made many improvements in the action of the pedals; also in the division of the semitones, which, by his process, are now perfectly in tune with the pianoforte or any other instrument. But the greatest of his innovations is in the pedals themselves, which have hitherto proved a stumbling-block to the most skilful professors, from the complication of movement necessary to bring them into play. To the left foot, which, in performing upon this instrument, is wholly free, Mr. Dizi has assigned those motions heretofore given to the right; for the latter, being almost under the instrument, cannot, without great awkwardness, be extended to the pedals. The advantage of this change is greater simplicity of action, and of course considerable comparative facility in overcoming mechanical difficulties. We recommend these improved harps to the attention of all harp players.

FINE ARTS.

We have been much gratified by the sight of a portrait of Mrs. Norton, in pen and ink, by Mr. Minasi. This style of drawing is quite new, and is susceptible of the most exquisite and elaborate finish, without at all injuring the general effect. The work is so beautifully fine that it might be studied with great advantage by our line engravers.

As a work of art, this portrait deserves great commendation. The beaming and classic countenance of the gifted original is rendered with a force of expression and truth, which we never could have supposed this branch of art capable of producing.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblee,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1834.

---

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. PELHAM.

---

THE HON. MRS. PELHAM is daughter of Cornwallis, present Viscount Hawarden, and wife of the Hon. Charles Anderson Worlsey Pelham, eldest son of the present Lord Yardborough.

The surname of the ancient family of Hawarden indicates Roman origin, from the Latin appellation De Monte Alto, which, as appears by ancient record, has been variously Monte Alto, Montalt, or Moald, Monthaut, Montalto, Monbault, and finally, Mawde or Maude, the present name. All these denominations have the same signification: they denote, first, and literally, High Mountain, alluding to the locality of the place whence derived; secondly, a family of high antiquity, from their calling their lands after their own names; and by this are they doubly honoured, the situation of the land or inheritance being consonant to the name of the possessor or chief, like many of the old Roman and Sabine families of distinction, whose names and armorial ensigns had the same signification; thirdly, the name may be applied, in its simple meaning, to a family exalted in birth, rank, or power. From ancient records, it is proved, that the Maudes derive their origin from the Piceni or Picentes, one of the chief tribes of the Samnites, descendants of the Sabines. Picenum, the country of the Picentes, is represented by historians as highly fruitful and populous, three hundred and seventy thousand of the Picentes having, according to Pliny, submitted to the Romans about the 180th year of Rome. It contained, among other places, the Marquisate of Arconia, where still is preserved the name of Montalto, the seat and chief town of the Montaltians. This Montalto stands on a high mountain situate on the river Monacio, ten miles north of Ascoli, and forty-five south of Anconia. Pope Sixtus V., who was born there, and whose surname was Montalto, formed it into a bishopric, suffragan of Fermo. The family afterwards settled in France. Eustace de Monte Alto, styled the Norman, or Norman Hunter, came, in the reign of William the Conqueror, from Normandy, to the aid of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. Shortly after his arrival, he united his forces to those of that powerful nobleman, and totally subduing the Britons in the province of Flint, shared with his companion in arms the lands of the conquered. Among these territorial possessions were the manors of Montalt and Hawarden, which still designate a branch of his descendants, the Viscounts Hawarden, and Barons of Montalt. Eustace was succeeded by his eldest son, Hugh de Monte Alto, the second baron under Hugh Lupus, who gave a large portion of his possessions to the monks. He was succeeded by his brother, Roger de Monte Alto, the third baron, to whom succeeded his son, Ralph de Montalt, fourth baron, sewer to Ranulph, Earl of Chester. He had two sons and a daughter, viz. —
ROBERT, his heir.

Simon, living in 1610, who removed into the county of York, holding land in the second fee of Shipton, under the De Romillies. He was father of Richard de Montalt, Lord of West Riddlesden, Morton, Potter Newton, Barnby on Don, &c. who, his son Simon dying in his lifetime, and without male issue, gave all his Yorkshire estates to Robert Montalt, son of his cousin, ANDOMAR.

BEATRIX, married to William Malpas.

The elder son,

ROBERT DE MONTALT, first baron by tenure, erected, in the reign of Henry II., Montalt, now Mold or Mould Castle in Flintshire. This Robert, who was steward of the Palatine to the Earl of Chester, wedded Emma, daughter of Sir Robert Delaval, and had, with other issue, Robert, the eldest son, the second baron by tenure, and

ANDOMAR OR AYLMER DE MONTALT, the youngest, who founded the York, and only surviving branch of the family. In 1174, accompanying the expedition against William the Lyon, Andomar had the good fortune to make the Scottish monarch prisoner by surprise; and conveying the royal captive to Henry II., then at Falaise, in Normandy, that prince granted him, instead of his ancient ensigns, "a lion gu (the lion of Scotland) debruised of two bars sa," to denote captivity. The son and heir of Andomar

ROBERT DE MONTALT, inherited West Riddlesden, and the other estates of his cousin Richard. From him we pass to his descendant, Thomas Monhault, or Maude, of West Riddlesden, whose third son,

CHRISTOPHER MAUDE, Esq., of Hollney Hall and Woodhouse, was patron of Ilkley in 1554. This Christopher left two sons, and a daughter, viz.,

Thomas, of whom presently,

JOHN, of Stayland, near Halifax, ancestor of the Maudes of Alverthorpe Hall, in the county of York, now represented by Francis Maude, Esq., of Hatfield Hall—of John Maude, Esq., of Moor House,* and of the Maudes of Kendal, and Sunny side. See Burke's Hist. of the Commons. Isabel, married to William Currer, Esq., of Marley.

The elder son, THOMAS, of West Riddlesden, who died 3d January, 1633, was grandfather of

ROBERT MAUDE, Esq., who, disposing of his English estates, purchased others in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, whither he removed. He died in 1685, and was succeeded by his son,

ANTHONY MAUDE, Esq., M.P. for Cashel, in 1695, who was succeeded by his only son,

ROBERT MAUDE, Esq., M.P. who was created a baronet of Ireland, 9th May, 1705. Sir Robert married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Francis Cowans, Esq., of Albemarles, in the county of Carmarthen, by whom he had several children. He died 4th August, 1750, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR THOMAS, who was elevated to the peerage 18th July, 1766, as Baron de Montalt; but dying without issue in 1777, the barony ceased, while the baronetcy devolved upon his eldest son,

SIR CORNWALLIS. This gentleman represented the borough of Roscommon, in Parliament; and was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, 4th May, 1785, by the title of Baron Montalt, and created 10th June, 1791, Viscount Hawarden. His Lordship married thrice; first Letitia, daughter of Thomas Vernon, Esq.; secondly, Mary, daughter of Philip Allen, Esq., and niece of Ralph Allen, Esq., of Prior Park, in the county of Somerset; and, thirdly, Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Monck, Esq., barrister-at-law, and niece of Viscount Monck, by all of whom he had issue. He died 23d August, 1803, and was succeeded by his eldest son (of the second marriage),

THOMAS RALPH, second viscount, who espoused Francis Anne Agar, only daughter of his grace, Charles, Earl of Normanton, Archbishop of Dublin, but dying without issue, 26th February, 1807, the honors devolved upon his half-brother,

CORNWALLIS MAUDE, third and present viscount. His Lordship was born 28th March, 1780; he espoused, 8th July, 1811, Jane, youngest daughter of Patrick Crawford Bruce, Esq., of Taplow Lodge, in the county of Bucks, by whom he has issue, Cornwallis, born 4th April, 1817; and two daughters, Adelaide and Isabella, the elder of whom, the subject of this month's illustration, was married, 19th December, 1831, to the Honorable Charles Pelham, M.P. for Lincolnshire (parts of Lindsey.)

* Author of "A Visit to the Falls of Niagara."
LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.

BY T. HAYNES BAILY, ESQ.

No. III.

THE LORD AND THE JEWESS.

Come open your casement, Miss Moses;
A fig for your father the Jew!
No dream to the sleeper discloses
My little flirtation with you.
He dreams of some plan by which copper
May soon be converted to gold;
Some diamond that lies in his shop, or
Some pearl that he yesterday sold.

But you are yourself the bright jewel
I want for my coronet now:
Consider, before you are cruel,
How splendid 'twill look on your brow.
'Tis grown rather brassy, I grant you;
But don't for that cause be a jilt,
For that is the reason I want you
To help me to have it re-gilt.

Come down, then, my exquisite Jewess;
Come down, lest my voice should be heard:
I'll show you how fond and how true is
The sensitive heart of a Lord!
Still cling to your Jewish persuasion,
Still weekly the synagogue view;
You'll learn, on some future occasion,
Some Lords are for sin a-gog too!

Come, Zillah, I'll make you my Lady:
You can't think how pleasant it sounds;
Come, if your portmanteau is ready,
Slip in some additional pounds.
But do not suspect that I covet
The wealth of your father, good man:
Gold bores me, in fact, and I'll prove it
By spending as fast as I can.

Believe me, great people are noted
For leading exemplary lives:
The husbands so very devoted!
And such very stay-at-home wives!
And then if confined their resources,
They manage to keep up the ball,
And dash on with carriage and horses,
With next to no income at all!

Faux-pas and crim-cons and divorces
Occur now and then I allow,
—Dear Zillah, this sort of discourse is
The last I would touch upon now;
But, spite of all worldly derision,
That man shows an exquisite heart,
Who, marrying, makes a provision,
To serve should they afterwards part.
DAME DEBORAH BOREHAM'S ALMSHOUSES.

Oh come then, my embryo Lady,
And leave your paternal abode;
The chaise and post-horses are ready,
And you'll pay the 'pikes on the road.
I'm sure your relations will double
Your fortune, rejoice'd at the news,
They love me so, that, when in trouble,
I always apply to the Jews!

DAME DEBORAH BOREHAM'S ALMSHOUSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER."

And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."—Old Song.

There was a great deal of giving and bequeathing in the will of Dame Deborah Boreham of Barncastle Abbey, and such an iteration of items, that the lawyer who drew up the document would have been tired to death, had it not been for the consoling thought of his fees. The most troublesome and most frequently altered items were those which had reference to founding and endowing six almshouses for the comfort and support of six poor pious widows of the village of Barncastle. Dame Deborah Boreham was well stricken in years at the time when she made her will; and she had in the course of her life experienced many troubles of one kind or other, most of which received their embellishment, if not their existence, from her own natural fidgetiness of constitution. But it had so happened that as the evening of her days came on, the agitations of her life abated. So have I seen an April day, restless from morn to eve, with its flying clouds, and passionate showers, and gusty sobbings of an uncertain wind, at last sink quietly down into the lap of night with a calm and placid smile, and with an evening breeze as gentle as the breath of a sleeping child. Such were Dame Deborah Boreham's latter days, and so much did she enjoy them, that she thought she could not make a better use of part of her fortune than in founding almshouses for the use of the aged poor, that they might therein pass their latter days in peace. Most anxious was she that the benevolent intentions of her will should be carried into full effect; for which purpose every clause which had reference to them was examined and weighed, considered and re-considered, with a most exquisite and wearisome scrupulosity. Seeing how much charity had been abused, and charitable bequests diverted from their proper application, the good old lady did all in her power to prevent such evil from befalling her bequests; and therefore she gave her lawyer much trouble, for which she made much apology, always adding: "My wish is to make the poor creatures comfortable." If she used these words once, she used them a hundred times; and, singular enough, they were the last she spoke. And when she died, and the almshouses were built, the words, "My wish is to make the poor creatures comfortable," were graven on the tablet which told the world, that "These six Almshouses were founded and endowed by Dame Deborah Boreham of Barncastle Abbey, A.D. 1692."

When Cicero wrote his treatise De Senectute, he had never seen or visited a set of almshouses. Poor old women living in such seclusion were a modification of humanity unknown to the Romans, who, like all fighting people, did not see much in old age to admire or to be interested about. It is to the benign influences of Christianity that we owe the increased attention and sympathy which are bestowed upon the helpless. Till that religion had civilised the heart, there had been merely a cold respect paid to age; but there was no feeling of sympathy towards it, and it was supposed to have neither form nor comeliness. Another and a better feeling has now found its way to the human heart, and there is thought to be something interesting and beautiful in old age. And so there is for those who have leisure to observe, penetration to discern, and taste to admire it. When Cicero wrote his book on the blessings of age, he wrote it with ingenious sophistry, in order to reconcile himself to the approach of those days in which life should grow unlovely—he desired life, and therefore he dreaded the coming of that
DAME DEBORAH BOREHAM'S ALMSHOUSES.

Much uneasiness among the neglected; and as it was Dame Deborah Boreham's wish to make the poor creatures comfortable, we have no right to do any thing to make them uncomfortable. Now let us see how comfortable they are.

Number one of Dame Deborah Boreham's almshouses is occupied by a very old—what shall we call her?—not lady, for ladies do not live in almshouses, nor woman, for there is no such being as an old woman,—old women went out of fashion soon after the abolition of witchcraft;—well then, an old body, for so she is generally termed by her neighbours. This old body, whose name is Martha Crump, has been in the house upwards of twenty years. She was not very young when she came in, and of course is now much more remote from youth than she was then. But you never saw such a picture of neatness, such an image of exactness, in your life. Upon her head she wears a white muslin cap, plaited all round with mathematical precision, from the zenith of her forehead to the nadir of her chin; and within that oval muslin frame appears her face, as a picture of profound placidity, a homily of contentment and peace. The very wrinkles which time has made in her visage are exact and uniform,—nay, they are not wrinkles,—they are rather superannuated dimples, all smiling,—not laughing,—for smiling age is beautiful, and laughing age is irreverent,—they are the trophies, not the triumphs, of time, for there can be no triumph where there has been no resistance, and Martha Crump was never known to struggle against time, either to urge his flight or to retard it. Tradition says that she was once the prettiest little girl in the village, as lively as a bird, cheerful with unboisterous mirth, and prettily blending in pungent combination the purest innocence and the utmost fun. They used to say of her that her heart was too light to break,—but sorrow, alas! found its way therein, and made it heavy enough. A thoughtless and wicked young man, who mistook passionate admiration of a pretty face for the sober sincerity of honest love, gained her unsuspecting heart, became her husband, and deserted her even before her first and only child was old enough to call her mother. But even then, deeply as she felt her sad and worse than widowed lot, she gave not way to gloomy despondency, nor did she make others wretched by wearying them with the tale of her sorrows. She toiled diligently for the support of herself and child; but by the time her son was
able and willing to labour for himself and his mother too, he died; and when the neighbours expressed their commiseration that her boy had not lived long enough to repay the debt of gratitude which he owed to his mother, she replied that he had more than repaid a mother’s care each hour that he had lived. Every body pitied the bereaved mother, and they wondered much at the tears she shed when she heard that her wicked husband had perished miserably in a foreign land. Every body also thought that she was a very proper object for Dame Deborah Boreham’s charity; and after waiting twenty years for a vacancy, she obtained admittance. Now, every body said that Dame Deborah Boreham’s wish would be abundantly gratified in the instance of Martha Crump. They were right enough. Here Martha has lived upwards of twenty years, and here, for aught that appears to contradict it, she may live upwards of twenty years longer. There is a look of durability about her, which seems not so much to defy the effect of time by a hardness of resistance, as to evade it by a sweet placidity. Her days are so much alike that she can hardly distinguish one from another. Her time never hangs heavily, and never moves too rapidly,—she finds no fault with anything that is,—she has no vain regrets for anything that has been,—she has no fears or apprehensions for anything that may be. The furniture of her apartment, in addition to the usual indispensables of a table and chairs, consists of a Bible, a Prayer-book, a pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box; and with these she amuses herself all day long, save the little intervals that she occupies at her meals. Her tea-pot is always standing by the fireside—it is a little round red thing, about the size and shape of an apple-dumpling, with a spout as long as a baby’s finger, and the lid is made fast to the handle with a silver chain. As for her dinners, they are large enough to feed a dozen sparrows. The neatness of her room, and the cleanliness of herself and all about her, are really surprising. She takes snuff, it is true, but with such economical cleanliness that not a grain of it falls upon the table, the Bible, the carpet, or the good old body’s dress, nor is it visible on her lip, nor has the dye of it stained her finger or thumb. The little fireplace, and the little fender, and the little poker, shovel, and tongs, look as bright and as neat as a set of silver mathematical instruments, and not much larger. The very smoke seems to go carefully up the chimney, curling and twirling and rolling itself up into the smallest possible compass, as if it would take all possible pains not to leave any soot behind. The good old creature too has a watch, which hangs over the fire-place,—I don’t know of what use it can be to her; perhaps she likes to hear it tick. When people are alone and cheerful, the ticking of a watch is cheerful,—it is something alive and companion-like; but when people are alone and gloomy, or moody, or brooding, or melancholy, then the ticking of a watch is dismal,—it is something death-like, and the sound of it makes the solitude feel more intense. But Martha is always happy,—I don’t think she would be moody and gloomy if she had a screech-owl for her constant companion,—she would cure the owl of the mulligrubs, and make him as lively as a lark. However, we must not give all our attention to Martha, or her neighbours will be jealous.

In number two of Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses, dwells one whom we should very grievously offend if we denied to her the title of lady,—she will perhaps compromise it for gentlewoman. Indeed, she often says that she is a gentlewoman born, and so she is,—her father was an apothecary, and her husband was an apothecary, and if between the two apothecaries she be not a gentlewoman, I should like to know who is. This gentlewoman’s name is Penelope Hicopts. She also has a Bible, a pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box, but she makes most use of the last-named article. None of them look such paragons of neatness as those at the next door. Mrs. Hicopts would not for the world wear such a close cap as Martha Crump does; but then Martha Crump is not a gentlewoman born, and what might be very suitable to Martha Crump would not at all become Mrs. Hicopts. “People ought to know their station,” Mrs. Hicopts says, and I think she is right; and if she does not know hers, I am sure it is not for want of talking about it. I don’t at all wonder that Mrs. Hicopts does not wear the same sort of cap as Martha Crump wears, for the face of Mrs. Hicopts is excessively long and very thin. Moreover, Mrs. Hicopts has a cast in the eye,—indeed, I believe that one of her eyes has a perfect s Gutier, seeing that it receives no light and sheds no tears; for when Mrs. Hicopts is very pathetic, as she always is when she adverts to the good old days that are gone, she generally sheds tears, in which case all the burden of grief falls upon her right eye, which weeps alone,—her left eye neither knows nor cares what her right eye does. Mrs. Hicopts is a solitary kind of person, because knowing
her station, and feeling her superiority to the other occupants of Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses, she cannot associate with them on equal terms. She has had an education, which is another badge of superiority; she spells uncommonly well, and she reads with a very capital emphasis, which now and then she is pleased to call *hempesis*, by way of marking her high sense of its importance. She also knows something of Latin, which she gleaned from the prescriptions that used to be sent to her husband’s shop. Moreover, she knows something of geography, for in her father’s study there used to be a pair of globes. Indeed, the other tenants of the almshouses are decidedly of opinion that Mrs. Hipkins is far too high company for them to associate with,—they might, indeed, drink her tea and take her snuff, and warm their old fingers at her fireside, but they could never understand her fine long words, nor rightly apprehend the beauty of her *hempesis*. Indeed, between you and me, gentle reader, I don’t believe that any one of the inhabitants of Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses, excepting, of course, Mrs. Hipkins herself, knows the meaning of the word *hempesis*; if they attempt to pronounce it, they are sure to be seized with a fit of coughing. I have read and heard a great deal concerning the peculiar pains and sorrows of elevated station, and I think that Mrs. Hipkins experiences some of these pains. She is a person of great sensibility. Perfectly aware of her rank in society, she speaks of it with tears to every one with whom she converses. She never thought of being reduced to live in an almshouse,—she was once as good a lady as any within ten miles of Barncastle. True indeed it is that during her husband’s lifetime she experienced many troubles, as, for instance, when the people of the village and the neighbourhood, having a decided partiality for mutton in preference to medicine, left poor Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins little else for dinner than their own jalap and pills and squills and rhubarb; but still, though the pantry was thin, and the kitchen fire had little else to do than to keep itself warm, Mrs. Hipkins was a lady. Mrs. Hipkins is a lady still; she despises everything low and vulgar, and speaks very contemptuously of Martha Crump’s little, round, red tea-pot standing all day long by the fire-side. Mrs. Hipkins cannot possibly exist without the help of something in the shape of a servant,—so she spares a little out of her slender finances to pay a great, large, clumsy, fat, flat-sided, two-fisted girl from the village, named Phæbe Lobb, to come as an occasional help, to light her fire, and pump water for her tea. Mrs. Hipkins speaks with a sigh of those days when her dear departed husband kept a man-servant, as she is pleased by courtesy to style a lubberly boy who washed phials and gallipots, carried out medicines, cleaned knives and shoes, and filched the fat from the dripping pan whenever they had roast meat on Sundays. Mrs. Hipkins thinks that the world is going very wrong, regards the nobility and gentry as very proud and exclusive kind of folk, because they seem to forget that she was once an apothecary’s wife, and now take no more notice of her than of the common people in the other almshouses. She has been contriving a long time to convert her bed-room into a drawing-room, only the worst of it is that she shall then have no where to put her bed. She blames Dame Deborah Boreham for not having made a more liberal provision for the tenants of the almshouses, especially such as have seem better days. If she could but have a drawing-room, she would be perfectly happy. So she says,—but the fact is, that she is much more happy in grumbling about what she has not, than she possibly could be in possessing what she fancies she desires.

Now we come to number three,—and here we have the most wonderful being that this earth contains:—a perfect, a faultless woman! And yet she has a head, and a tongue in it too, as you may hear any day that you may choose to call at her house. This is no less a personage than Margery Dabble, widow of the late parish clerk of Barncastle. She obtained an almshouse before she had been a widow six months; for she worried the trustees with such an incessant and unmerciful inundation of talk, that they were glad to promise her the first vacancy. She thought indeed that she had the best right of any widow in the parish, and that, if a vacancy did not soon take place, one ought to be made for her. She almost imagined that Dame Deborah Boreham had founded the almshouses with an especial and prophetic destination for her own particular self. She had every possible claim: she was of the village of Barncastle,—she was a poor widow,—and she was unquestionably pious, as being the widow of the parish clerk, who had said “Amen” for forty years and upwards. As soon as Mrs. Margery Dabble had taken possession of her new residence, with all its appurtenances, privileges, and endowments, she began to find ten thousand
faults with everything,—for nothing was done as she would have done it had she had the ordering of all things. The almshouses were not properly built, nor properly furnished, nor properly endowed, nor properly managed, for the trustees very carelessly admitted very improper persons. Sometimes they put in those that were too young, sometimes they admitted those that were too old, sometimes the occupants were too genteel, and sometimes they were too vulgar, and sometimes their piety was not quite so entirely unequivocal as that of the widow of the parish clerk who had said "Amen" for forty years and upwards. But not only does Mrs. Margery Dabble find fault with, and interest herself about everything that concerns the almshouses,—she extends the liberality of her anxiety to all manner of matters, public and private—births, marriages, deaths, courtships, legacies, quarrellings, scandal, calumny, gossip, and news of the village, together with a general attention to politics. Nothing comes amiss to her in the way of talk,—her eyes and her mouth are always open, and she gapes for gossip as an unfledged sparrow gapes for its daily worms. There is not one of the almshouses which has so many visitors as that in which Mrs. Dabble dwells. The people of Barncastle don't like gossiping, only they think that poor Mrs. Dabble likes to know what is going on in the world. Mrs. Dabble would make an excellent editor of a weekly newspaper. She exaggerates everything into a matter of wonderment. When she is telling you anything, she lifts up her hands in astonishment, and opens her eyes so wide that you would fear they might drop out of her head. She talks also with marvellous rapidity, for the words come tumbling out one after another, helter-skelter, as though they would break each other's necks, and some of them are very long words too. Only, as Mrs. Penelope Hipkins says, she uses no hæmaphasis; indeed, she can't spare time for it,—her words hop out too quickly to have the salt of hæmaphasis laid upon their tails. Oh, if Mrs. Dabble ever hears of any wicked doings in this wicked world of ours—and wicked doings there will be, so long as the wicked world endures—with what torrents of eloquent vituperation will she deluge the name and reputation of the transgressor, expressing herself so utterly astonished and overwhelmed with amazement at the most unprecedented abomination! The fact is, she so completely forgets her own wonderings, that she has a fresh stock of the marvellous every day. She lives upon monstrosities, and she never heard the like of everything she hears. There is not a man, woman, or child in the whole village of Barncastle, of whose history she does not know something—perhaps everything—aye, perhaps even more than they know themselves. Every body tells Mrs. Dabble every thing in confidence, and Mrs. Dabble reciprocates by telling everybody in confidence every thing she knows, and more too. Mrs. Dabble is a woman of such extraordinary mental powers, that she is hardly aware of the stupendousness of her own intellectual resources. She hardly knows, for instance, where memory ends and imagination begins. Her memory has the same effect upon a fact that the water of a ditch has upon the body of a dead cat, swallowing it most prodigiously. She quite the reverse of forgets a story, especially if it is a calamitous one. But she hates scandal and calumny and all that sort of thing, and never mentions or dwells upon the sins of her neighbours from any other motive than a pure principle of virtuous indignation. She thinks it a sin not to reprovere sin, so that her mind is in a state of continual effervescence of virtuous indignation. She has no patience with the wickedness of the world; so she scolds it in good set terms every day, when she can get any one to listen to her. She is in a towering passion because every body won't do as they ought to do; though, if they were, she would be very likely to go hang herself for want of something to talk about. She of course must be perfect herself, or she could not be so eloquent concerning the imperfections of others.

Who has not travelled out of London into the country?—And who has not observed and enjoyed that deep sensation of quiet and repose which takes possession of the frame, when, emerging from the rumbling of the stones and the noise of the streets, the carriage first rolls smoothly along on the well-beaten road? Even so did we feel when, quitting the elloquent presence of the glib Mrs. Dabble, we found our way into the peaceful abode of the meek and quiet Susan Prime. She is a widow indeed,—she looks as if she had been born a widow. Her husband had been dead four and twenty years; yet, to look at her widow's cap, and the face which fits it so well, you can hardly suppose that the coffin has been nailed down two hours. Mrs. Susan Prime is a small woman, and so very humble withal that she seems to shrink into herself, and to become as nothing in a stranger's presence. She thinks Mrs.
Dabbel a wonderfully wise woman, and Mrs. Hopkins mighty genteel; but she envies neither the wisdom of the one nor the gentility of the other. She thinks so very lowly of herself that she is almost miserable because she is so happy. Her feeling is, that she has more than she deserves; and she imagines that, peradventure, she is keeping out others who have a better claim than herself. If, when Mrs. Dabble was fussing and fidgeting and prating and canvassing for an almshouse, it had been proposed to Mrs. Prime to walk out in order to make room for the widow of the parish clerk, she would have retired with all becoming modesty, and even with gratitude, thankful that she had been permitted to enjoy the retreat so long, though she had been there but six years. She would willingly have acknowledged the claim of superior piety in her whose husband had been parish clerk, and had said "Amen" for forty years and upwards. Mrs. Susan Prime is the widow of an honest man, a carpenter by trade, who passed through life very respectably, and so quietly that he was no sooner dead, than he was forgotten by everybody except his widow, who persists in immortalising his memory by her widow's caps. His successor in the business put up a wooden monument to his memory in the churchyard, but the paint was laid on so thin that the first shower washed it all off. His widow's mourning is now his only monument. Either Mrs. Dabble had spoken so loud as to make us deaf, or Mrs. Prime cannot speak loud enough to be heard. Her voice is as gentle as a midnight breeze, that seems to fear lest it should wake the sleeping birds. She is not afraid to look in your face when she speaks, but, when her eye catches yours, she feels abashed, hangs down her head, and looks upon the ground. To talk with her, you would think that some special grief weighed heavily upon her heart, or that some deep remorse preyed upon her spirit. But she never had any grief save the loss of her husband,—she never had any children to lose,—and so tremulously anxious is she to do right, that she is always afraid she is doing wrong. She would not for the world find fault with any thing or any body,—she would think it a sin; and she is so consistent in her anti-censorious principle, that she does not even censure the censoriousness of Mrs. Dabble. She believes, with Mrs. Dabble, that the world is very wicked, but does not imagine herself to be the best person in it,—her humility almost leads her to an opposite conclusion. If it had not been for some kind friends, who thought better of her than she thought of herself, poor Mrs. Susan Prime would never have found her way into the almshouses of Dame Deborah Boreham.

Number five is next door to number four; but the occupant of number five differs from the occupant of number four much more widely than any such small numbers as four and five can express. Some years ago there was a public-house in Barncastle known by the name of the Green Man, and kept by the widow Higgins. But though the widow Higgins kept the Green Man, the Green Man would not keep the widow Higgins; and as there happened to be a vacancy in Dame Deborah Boreham's almshouses at the time the Green Man was on his last legs, and about to give up the ghost,—not that the widow Higgins is a ghost, far from it,—the trustees very kindly nominated the widow to the vacant dwelling and its privileges,—and there she has been for the last fifteen years.

She was tolerably corpulent when she led an active and anxious life; but since her activity has been exchanged for repose, and her anxiety superseded by competence, her dimensions have pretty considerably increased. The widow Higgins, as she is emphatically called, in consequence of having borne that designation when she kept the public-house, takes things as easily as most people. She enjoys the repose of her easy chair, and is the only one of the six who thinks it too much trouble to go up stairs to bed. There is nothing at all about the widow Higgins savouring of gentility: she hates gentility with all her heart, and it would really do you good to hear the broad horse-laugh with which she ridicules the grave and solemn assumptions of Mrs. Penelope Hoppins. Widow Higgins having enjoyed a state of rude health for many years, has had no occasion for the administrations of apothecaries; therefore she speaks and thinks of them with a wonderful deal of contempt. It is her serious opinion that if the people of Barncastle had drunk more copiously of the home-brewed ale at the Green Man, there would have been no occasion for any such animal in the village as an apothecary. Like the rest of the tenants of the almshouses, she has a bible and a pair of spectacles on the table; but they are of little use, for she can't read. She has no snuff-box, for she prefers tobacco, which she smokes abundantly in a little, short, black stump of a pipe, which she pops under her apron if any of the trustees of the almshouses happen to look in upon her. Her spectacles are useful in hot weather to
light her pipe withal. She has a tremendously broad face, which, when she smokes, looks very much like the full moon in a fog. She is always in very good humour, and sometimes in a humour rather more broad than becomes the character which belongs to her as an inmate of one of Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses, namely: that of a poor pious widow. Far be it from me to say a word derogatory from her piety, of which she has given such manifest symptoms by conquering a bad habit that had too much the mastery of her while she kept the Green Man; for when she was landlady of that house she used sometimes to—to—to—absolutely to swear: but at the particular request of the trustees of Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses she has totally left it off, though I must say that she sometimes looks as if she thought what she would not say. The widow Higgins is what is called a funny old woman; she makes a joke of every thing. She quizzes her neighbours most unmerrily, especially Mrs. Hipkins, whom she calls “My lady apothecary.” There is certainly a want of dignity about a funny old woman. Mrs. Higgins knows that, and enjoys the fun so much the more because it is destructive of dignity. Some people wonder how it is that she can manage to keep such a constant supply of good spirits; but so it is, that her heart is as light as her body is heavy. She not unfrequently amuses herself with the foible of Mrs. Margery Dabble, by telling that outrageous and intemperate gossip the most improbable tales in perfect confidence, and with a strict injunction that the matter is never to be mentioned on any account whatever; and then, as sure as a gun, the story is known all over the village in less than four-and-twenty hours. Mrs. Dabble does not at all like Mrs. Higgins, but is rather afraid of her; she questions the wisdom of the trustees in placing a woman so fat and funny in an almshouse destined for the use of the pious. Mrs. Dabble has a great deal of spiritual pride, as being the widow of a man who has said “Amen” at church for forty years and upwards; whereas it is very likely that Mr. Higgins never said “Amen” in his life after he was married.

Lastly, finally, and to conclude, let us take a peep into number six of Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses; and there we shall see a bit of supernannuated sentimentality, that is just not quite ludicrous because it is so very pitiable. Mrs. Clarissa Cobb is the widow of a hair-dresser, if we may dignify with the title of hair-dresser the man whose business it was to shave clodhoppers on Saturday, and frizzle the wig of the parish clerk for Sunday. When Mrs. Clarissa Cobb was Miss Clarissa Hobbs, she fell in love with Mr. Cobb, not knowing him to be a hair-dresser; and when she found out that he was a hair-dresser, and nothing more, but rather something less, she was gone too far to retreat. She became Mrs. Cobb, and she woke from a dream of romance to the reality of a barber’s shop. But “what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh:” Clarissa still cultivated sensibility and sentimentality, though surrounded by wig-blocks, soap-suds, and ten-penny razors. The death of Mr. Cobb was a severe blow to Mrs. Cobb, for he did not leave her money enough to buy a new husband; and he left her at that time of life at which husbands are not to be had for nothing. Mrs. Cobb had something of a literary turn; and by way of raising the wind after her husband’s decease, she set about composing a monody to the memory of the dear departed, with a view of publishing it by subscription; but some of her friends persuaded her that it would answer her purpose much better if she would draw up a memorial, stating her case, and soliciting admission into Dame Deborah Boreham’s almshouses. She attended to the suggestion; and in order that what was already composed of the monody might not be altogether thrown away, she melted down the sublimity of the poetry into the plainness of prose, making of it a portion of her memorial. But even when melted down into plain prose, it was tremendously sublime and pathetic; so that when the trustees of the almshouses read it, they were so exceedingly diverted with its ludicrous pathos, that they could not possibly reject the prayer of the petition. And here is Mrs. Clarissa Cobb, in number six, as lackadaisical and sentimental as a milliner’s apprentice who lives upon weak tea, thick bread and butter, and supernanntuated romances. She has upon her table a bible, a pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box, after the fashion of her neighbours; but the snuff bothers her: for, in consequence of her sentimentality, she has frequent use for her handkerchief up to her eyes, and then the snuff gets into her eyes and makes the matter worse still. By the way, it may be here remarked, that nothing so much interferes with the pleasure of crying for nothing, as being under the necessity of crying for something. Mrs. Cobb was at one time desirous of keeping a pet lamb; but the trustees not
wishing that the old ladies should kill their own mutton, recommended her to keep a cat instead. This good lady has, in addition to her other treasures, a choice collection of pathetic stories and sentimental ballads, by means of which she keeps alive the recollection of her early days. Nothing pleases her so much as talking about Mr. Cobb and her courtship. She is not very pretty now, and I don’t think she ever was remarkable for her beauty. She is large and rather clumsily formed; her face is neither oval nor round, but a kind of uncouth potato-like shape, and something like a potato in colour; her eyes are dull, her nose flat and her mouth wide; upon her chin are divers bristles; and when she sports the pathetics, you had need have a wonderful command of countenance to avoid laughing outright. She sighs like the abortive pullying of an asthmatic pair of bellows. It is full fifty years ago that she fell in love with Mr. Cobb; and when I called to see her, she wanted to tell me the whole history of her courtship. But my nerves will not bear anything very pathetic, so I shuffled off as well as I could; and I am told that I may think myself very fortunate in having escaped it, for almost all who call and see her are destined to undergo the story of her early love. She is of course a great reader and admirer of poetry. One of the first questions she asked me was, what I thought of Mr. Scott, as a poet; and when I spoke highly of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, she forthwith wept with very rapture, and quoted the memorable lines about

Loves rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

And she quoted them forth with hemphasis enough to please the fastidious ear of Mrs. Penelope Hipkins.

Dame Deborah Boreham, farewell! blessings on thy memory for having founded and endowed the Barncastle almshouses. Thy wish was to make the poor creatures comfortable, and thy wish is granted, for thy tenants are all comfortable in various ways; they enjoy their contentment, or their discontent, their smiles or their tears, their gentility or their vulgarity, as the case may be.

THE PAWNBROKER’S LODGER.

No. 1.

Partly from economy, partly from the peculiar bent of my mind, I have for several years past been the tenant of two rooms above a pawnbroker’s shop. Make a dead pause here, dainty reader, and go no further, if the announcement displease you. I have purposely set it forth thus early, that the pool of (some will say foul) water which lies before the threshold of my lucubrations being once crossed, the adventurous may, peradventure, find something curious and entertaining within, to reconcile him to the long step his fastidiousness hath taken.

For my own part, I ought to be thankful for the disrepute in which mine host’s profession is held: for I owe it to it the comforts I enjoy—the clean, tidy drawing-room, tricked out with one or two rarities, which you might go far and not find in many a grander mansion; and the snug closet beyond it (quite large enough for a bachelor to sleep in) at the moderate rent of—shillings per week. The family are not patronised in the neighbourhood. The straw-bonnet-maker nearly opposite, who thanks her stars that she had never to put a card in the window since the day she began to let lodgings, minces and talks of “a profession which a lady may follow.” The prim schoolmistress (I beg her pardon, seminary is the word nowadays) at No. 18, will not allow her flock to pass on our side of the street. The same feeling has extended to the apartments which I now occupy. Many a gentlewoman of a certain age has sighed that her fears of the Mrs. Grundys of her circle have compelled her to relinquish so cheerful a situation. Many a travelling artist has looked wistfully at the rooms—doubted—decided that his connexion would not find them genteel enough, and hung up his frame full of satirical comments on, not copies of, the human face divine—at the confectioner’s door round the corner. Long ago, indeed, a young Catholic Priest, whose miserable stipend prevented his being nice in his choice, took up his abode in the suspected quarters. It would have been impossible for him to have kept them: so many of his parishioners would not be persuaded that he, too, had not money to lend—making strange and wilful confusions between the confessional above and the shop
below. But he died of consumption in the seventh month of his sojourn—whence good-natured neighbours took occasion to put it about that the rooms were unhealthy:—I know better. All these things made Mr. Smith and his sister willing to let them at a low rate. They stood empty long; public opinion is a masterful thing in a county town—till I, feeling that fifty years give a man a right to please himself—and not repelled by the three blue balls above the door, or the words “Money lent on pledges” in the window, entered boldly, and took possession of the premises. I hope and trust to exchange them for no other residence, till I am carried to my last narrow home in the church-yard.

A man cannot live without his amusement. Now my riding days (if I could afford to keep a horse) are past and gone, and a rheumatic sportsman is a contradiction in terms which I have no fancy for reconciling in my own person. I never was much of a reader. My eyes are weak—and it is waste of time. I have fallen asleep over books in my youth, it is true; but that is only dull work as a man grows old. Whist is good for a change, but one can’t play at it all day, except under peculiar circumstances. I remember once going to condole with a family who had lost a near relation—they were four of them sitting round a table, looking sad enough. I was pleased to see them together, and took my seat sorrowfully among them, when awkwardly enough, an ace of spades dropped on my knee from under the table-cloth, followed by the court and commons of the pack. Well—to return.

A news-room is not to compare with one’s own paper in one’s own chair by one’s own window; and mine, I am happy to say, looks out into the very heart of a market-place, whence the principal streets of our busy little town diverge. ’Tis as good as a panorama—nothing that comes or goes escapes me—and if I do not choose to look abroad for my entertainment, I can find it within doors in the nicest way imaginable.

Mine host’s establishment is the oldest of its kind in the county, the business having descended for four generations from father to son in uninterrupted succession, which is now likely to be broken, as the present Mr. Smith is a bachelor, not inclined to the marriage state. His father doted upon it—it was meat and drink to him—he used to say that it let him into the histories of all his neighbours—bad ones some of them were no doubt—and when he grew too infirm to attend in the shop, he had a sort of sleepy-hole made in the floor, near the fire-place, which looked right down upon the counter to which the customers came. This had been closed up before I came; but I presently made Mr. Smith open it again. He knew I was discreet—and it is a constant source of amusement to me. My bed-room window, to be sure, is dull enough—it merely looks out upon the garden, and an orchard, and a river, and a hill on the other side, covered with fuzes bushes and what not—but the other two supply me amply with opportunities for learning life—nothing being truer than the saw, that a man is never too old to learn.

With tolerably good sight—I leave spectators to the young folks—and sufficiently nimble ears—it may be supposed that the scenes I have witnessed and the tales I have heard are not a few—many an up and down has come before me such as I never dreamed of before; for as Miss Kitty (more commonly called Miss Smith) says, “there is not a common profession, if carried on honestly.”

And an honest woman you will not find than she is—search from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Penzance. She may know that she is not good looking, and has taken up honestly to make amends for her plain face. People used to try to tease me about her—for she has money in the Bank—but, dear me! the sight of her thin face, mottled red and white like a wash-ball, and her long hard nose, and her large and sunken eyes, which always seem as if trying to look clear of her stingy straggling ringlets, is in itself enough to falsify any report; and of late they have let me alone—not that we either of us cared for their nonsense, I am sure that she has been a positive blessing to the poor round about—many a pound has she given in shillings out of her own pocket, in spite of her brother’s declaring she would be the ruin of his trade—many an old garment has she brought out to make up for the warm cloak or decent gown which as she has said, “had no business to come there,” and on Saturday nights, the kitchen (I have been down to look) is a perfect beggar’s rest, impostors and all.

She says a meal’s meat can do no one any harm, and she will give it to them—and somehow or other she always gets the upper hand of her brother, being a brave talker. And he had need give up to her in small matters; she having refused no fewer than three offers of marriage (one was the sexton’s) to stay with him and keep his house.

He, too, is an oddity; most people are so that are driven by the world to lead a lonely
life, save in the way of business. To hear him talk to the folk that come near him, you would think him a hard man; his very black wig, which sits off above his ears like a penthouse, has a fierce look—and when he says a thing, he has a way of striking his stick on the ground (he has always a stick with him, even in the shop) that makes timid people afraid of him, and I don’t know that he dislikes it. But he is a good man in the main, and has a wonderful number of fancies of his own—one, in particular, his being very fond of flowers and endlessly busy in growing them, I cannot think a sign of an unkind heart—though I have known some gardeners who were very wicked men, and one who beat his wife to death with a vine branch. He has a great many dumb pets too—cats, canaries, a cockatoo, and a dormouse—far more than Miss Kitty likes—and “such a plague as it is,” she says, “to clean after them.”

This pair are a wonderful instance of love for each other. I have heard two lines like these (speaking, I believe, of an owl and his wife)

"Thrice happier in her since his fearful fate
Has reft him of all beside,"

which remind me (whenever I recollect them) of Smith and his sister. They were left easily off in the world when their father died; and, more to please their neighbours than themselves, I believe, would have given up business, had not the breaking of a bank compelled them to go on. Sad things those banks, as I, too, know to my cost! They have lived together ever since they were children, and never been separated for more than a month at a time. When she goes, as she does once in two years, to see her cousins, at Worcester, he walks about like a lost man all the time she is away. I would advise no one who wishes to get anything extra out of him to come a-borrowing then; and he always contrives to make some particular pink, or other choice flower, blow just upon the day when she is coming home (her visits being always paid in summer). If the coach be ten minutes later than the usual time, you may see him fidgetting with his hand under his wig, the very picture of discontent, looking sourer and sourer every moment—his eyes fixed upon the clock in front of the Frightened Horse—till he hears the wheels; and yet, to see them meet, you would not fancy they cared much about each other,—save from his making out that she looks no better, for her journey, and his invariable greeting, “Well, Kitty, let this last you.”

One good trait in these old-fashioned people I must mention: their having maintained their nurse to the last moment of her life, and treated her with as much respect and carefulness as if she had been their mother. For nearly a year I thought it was so, till it occurred to me as odd that they should call her plain Judy; and then I asked, and found out the truth. Miss Kitty would have her nurse’s picture taken by one of those travelling drawing-masters, and there it hangs over the chimney-piece in their little dark parlour,—not a bit like her; and he has gone and put a rose into poor old Judy’s large bony hand! A stocking would have been fitter, for she was always knitting.

Some will think I have been prosy over all these little things, but it is far better to tell them and have done with them, and then there can be no further curiosity nor disappointment. I am a lone man—I have lost kindred, money and friends—it is odd how the last two hang together—and have become strangely attached to my present habitation and its inmates, brute and human; and now I am sitting down to tell a few things I can recollect,—why, I scarcely know, only, as Miss Kitty says, and she has always a proverb at her tongue’s end, “Where is the good of experience, if others are not to benefit by it?”
THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

NO. II.—JOSEPH HAYDN,

Born at Rohrau, in March, 1732. Died at Vienna, May 31st, 1809.

I.

A second gem in Music’s starry crown,
But not a less—what shall we call like thee,
Strong—cheerful—daring master?—Wilt thou be
A torch *, whose flame, by passing winds unblown,
Sheds its broad beam through treasure-caves unknown?
Or the trim ship, wherein an ardent band
Seek, o’er the sea, some rich unrioted land?—
Or shall we, Haydn, more fantastic grown,
Liken thy spirit in her mighty mood,
And when she shows her keen and subtle skill,
Or with her sportive lightness deigns to charm,
To sturdy first,—an engine rude,
Next, glistening in a blade of tempered steel,
Last, wrought to fairy chains for Beauty’s polished arm?

II.

Wast thou admitted, in some blissful dream,
To Eden’s happy garden?—didst behold
Their plenteous orchards dropping fruits of gold,
And on the sky, at evening, mark the gleam
Of bright-robed angel armies,—while a stream
Of music fell from their ascending wings;
And caught’st thou this to tell the wondrous things
Of earth †, created by a hand supreme?
Or did’st thou hear, in dark remorseful mood,
The awful thrilling tones of Seraphs’ woe,
When round the Cross ‡ upon the mount they stood,
And saw the blest Redeemer’s life-blood flow?
O wondrous change!—from earth, in beauty born,
To earth’s expiring Lord ’mid agony and scorn!

III.

A blessed lot was thine,—although the wheel
Of young life’s chariot ran on rugged ways
Of unremitting toil, and scanty praise,
And home made dark with strife—yet did’st thou feel
One sovereign balm thy spirit’s bruises heal,
In thy loved art. Thou did’st not die unknown,
While fame was like a flower as yet unblown;
Nor from a changed capricious world did’st steal,
Stunned by the lauded noise of some new lyre.
To thee, in life’s declining years was given,
The sum of many a burning hour’s desire;
And while the heavens were with War’s tempests riven,
Thou, all untroubled ’mid their thunders deep,§
Shrouded in calm renown, sank peacefully to sleep.

* In characterising Haydn as one who did much to enlarge the sphere of musical resources, I have the authority of all his biographers. "Haydn," says one of them, "entered upon his proper career, presenting himself in the list as the composer of six trios. The singularity of the style, and the novelty of this description of music, gave these pieces an immediate celebrity; but the grave German musicians warmly attacked the dangerous innovations in them."

† "The Creation" was performed for the first time in the Schwarzenberg palace at Vienna, during the Easter of 1798, at the expense of the Dilettanti Society.

‡ "The Seven last words," was composed for the use of a religious order at Madrid, and it is said to have been Haydn’s own favourite work.

§ Haydn was unfortunate in his married life, as well as poor during his youth.

The French having reached Schönbrunn on the 10th of May, 1810, fired the next morning 1500 cannon shot at the ramparts of Vienna. They were only a hundred yards from Haydn’s house. Four bombs fell close to it. It is said that upon his servants bringing him the news, he rose from his arm chair to which he was confined, and with a dignified air said, "Know that where Haydn is, no evil can happen."
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. II.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Tale.

Mrs. Dillon, immediately upon her return from Scotland, and somewhat better off in circumstances than when she went there, established herself in quarters more respectable, by a long scale of degrees, than the cellar in which she formerly resided; but, still attached to the neighbourhood, because, so long as she did not quit it, she should be in the midst of her friends and pot companions, she took an attic within a few doors of her former abode, but had no co-mates—herself and the two young Dillons being the only occupants. These two little corpuscularian hypotheses*—for though they were a pair of perfect axioms in material science, so far as their infant identities were concerned, nevertheless each was a vital speculation with reference to the future man,—I say, these two diminutives of man, that vast substantive in spite of three letters, seemed to thrive greatly with their change of atmosphere and nutriment, and soon proved to a demonstration, that ox-check porridge and sheep's trotters are a far more fattening kind of provender for such babes of promise than mealy potatoes and red-herrings. Mrs. Dillon very soon discovered an equal proclivity to an enlargement of her outward woman, and, in fact, shortly became in her own person an a-priori argument in proof of the trite old maxim, "the better you live the fatter you grow." She in fact displayed, by a daily increasing obesity, the triumph of good feeding.

Before she had been long established in her new abode, she made an acquaintance who gave a very extraordinary colour and direction to the events of her future life, and especially to those of young Jimmy Dillon. Shakespeare's glorious dogma here admirably dovetails with the framework of this history.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of this life Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

"On such a sea" were the young Dillons, especially Jimmy, "now afloat;" and their mother, wisely concluding with the philosophic bard of Avon, that

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures, determined to snatch the golden opportunity

* An improvement upon the atomic philosophy.—Consult Bayle and Locke, ad loc.

which she imagined had offered of securing a wealthy friend for her minikins, James and Neddy.

A middle aged spinster, tall, lean, and spiritualised by the fumes of supralapsarian mysticism, had been in the habit of visiting those parts of St. Giles's, most distinguished for riot and debauchery, in order to reclaim the delinquents, or, in her own favourite phrase, "to separate the sheep from the goats," who were consigned and fast hurrying to perdition, and bring back the former, predestined by an especial grace to immortal fruition, from the error of their ways to the peace and sobriety of a godly life. Foul of groping for spiritual pearls among the mud and stench of moral and physical uncleanness, she devoted her mornings to this ungracious quest, and the issue of her search was invariably more filth than pearls. Still she persevered, and as disappointment generally attended her efforts, she frequently purchased the jewel she could not find. She practically experienced that money will, with talismanic influence, soon make a neophyte of the greatest knave alive.

This antecedent Mrs. Fry had attained to the matronly maidenhood of fifty-three. She was grave in her address, saturnine in her aspect, rigid in her morals, gaunt in her body, and narrow in her mind. Her name was Miss Biddy Mackinnon. She imagined she was one of the elect angels, sent upon a mission of love "to turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just," that she was endowed with a prodigious measure of the holy spirit, and commissioned to teach the acceptable way of the Lord. And teach she did, with a vengeance, as in the sequel will appear.

One afternoon she tapped at the door of Grace Dillon's attic and readily obtained admittance; for Grace was fond of a gossip, and therefore never turned her back upon a visitor. The offer of a dram was immediately made, and as immediately declined, when Miss Biddy, at the flattering invitation of her obsequious hostess, allowed her body to gravitate, with the stiff regularity of the base and side of an isosceles triangle, until her chin, hanging over her knees like the pendu-
lous crag of a cliff, loosened by the lashings of many storms, she found herself quietly deposited in one of the two chairs which adorned that scanty portion of a fourth story, forming at once the dormitory and refectory of the Dillon family. After a non-descript sort of guttural aspiration, at the same time depressing the galled lids of her eyes over the flat watery lenses that radiated with a glassy lustre beneath, she began.

"Sad times, good woman; wretched times these; the roaring lion is abroad; there is abundance of food for the foul feeder; his maw is crammed with the ungodly! Hah! a sad world—truly a sad world; it lieth in wickedness, it abideth in iniquity; but praise be to Him who seeth and knoweth its back-sidings—there is a remnant left."

Grace Dillon stared at this spiritual rhapsody with an intensity and sudden dropping of the nether jaw, which indicated as distinctness as the gnomon of a sun-dial, that she was perfectly innocent of understanding one single word which the elect lady had been so enthusiastically uttering.

"How the lambs of the flock are worried by the wolf," continued Miss Biddy MacKinnon; "but they shall find a place of refuge until this tyranny be overpast."

These, and similar ejaculations, were continued by this female apostle of St. Augustin, as she proudly claimed to be, until her compliant auditor began to feel symptoms of impatience; for she had been accustomed to look upon this world as a very agreeable world upon the whole, and the sinners, against whom Miss Biddy pronounced such a very unbecoming and undesirable doom, as, in the main, a most companionable sort of creatures, with numbers of whom she had frequently contrived to while away many a social hour.

"Bless your sober heart," said Grace, who was a genuine Londoner, "why where's the harm o'sinning? It does one's heart good. How can one act against one's nature? And surely the good things o'this world won't given to be cast away like offal. Pleasure was made to be enjoyed—that's my view of the matter; and to tell you the truth, I couldn't be happy without what you pious folk calls breaking the commandments."

"Aye, there it is now; you, too, are of those who call evil good, and good, evil. But listen to the advice of one who has the welfare of your wicked, lost soul, at heart, and who is willing to snatch a misguided sinner from the coil of the old serpent, in spite of her determination to rush into it; for something tells me, and 'tis I feel a prophetic communication, that thou art among the few reserved to show forth the divine mercy in this cloudy and dark day, in being the object of thy Maker's gracious election to eternal life; 'who hath chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth'; so that you shall be saved, do what you will, and in spite of the most cunning wiles of the tempter. Will you listen to me?"

"Aye, that I will," replied Grace, with a half credulous chuckle—"that I will, if you can prove your good tidings, and show me that I am sure of a quiet place in the next world; for I confess that would add a mighty relish to one's little harmless enjoyments in this. Do you know I had always somehow a notion that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, for I never yet got too much of Hodges' cordial into my head that any harm came of it."

"Did you never feel a call of the spirit?" asked the energetic Miss Biddy, beginning to wax enthusiastic, and waving her head with a pendulous oscillation, like a sixpenny Italian image.

"I certainly have had a call to imbibe the spirit of malt many a time and often, and have never refused to listen on those agreeable occasions."

"But have you not sometimes heard the busy monitor within, warning you against the wrath to come?"

"Why as to that, I have often heard a sort of a silent whispering within, persuading me to take a drop of the great Lambeth distiller's best to fortify me against the wrath of my late husband, Frank Dillon, as was hanged last spring for housebreaking."

"Shocking!" cried the maiden interlocutor, pausing, as if this last communication had swept her vernacular vocabulary from the tablets of her memory, and left it like a sheet of white paper, ruled, but without characters. At length, starting as from a reverie, she resumed—"Did you never feel a knocking at the door of your heart, and when it was opened, become startled by the suggestions of its new occupant dissuading you from following a multitude to do evil?"

"I can't say as I have," replied Grace with un wonted energy, "for I've never done nothing to be ashamed of; and as to being a little fuddled now and then, 'tis a family inheritance; I took it from my mother before.

* Toplady.
me, who gave me the strong cordial with her own milk. I love it, lady; it mingles warmly and cheerily with my heart's blood, and often serves to soothe a wounded spirit, for I've had my hard trials. Surely, then, it must be a harmless indulgence; and when our betters set us the example, too, we can't be much behind the right to follow it."

Miss Biddy was silenced for a moment by this puzzling conclusion. She could not deny the corollary of Grace Dillon, who had come triumphantly to the Q. E. D. of her proposition. After a long pause, the spiritual sister of charity, thinking that it would not do to be knocked off her theological stilts by a washerwoman of St. Giles's, endeavoured, by an induction of very heterogeneous particulars, to persuade her that she was wrong. Her reasonings fell loudly, for they were vehemently urged, upon the ear of the spirit-loving mother, but rolled from her convictions like water from the feathers of a duck. Not a single argument against dram-drinking was absorbed; the sponge of her reason was too constantly saturated with the overflowings of a most potential prejudice. Her love of the thing so steel'd her heart against Miss Biddy Mackinnon's eloquence, that it stubbornly refused to be the recipient of her theological postulates. With regard to the more palatable doctrine of her chance of a better destiny in the next world, Grace was far less pertinaciously incredulous, and listened with quiet assurance to this part of her pious visitor's declamation, who preached, in fact, a besotted and perilous Antinomianism — a doctrine which I verily believe has lost more souls than the most degrading creeds of pagan superstition.

In the course of sundry visits, Miss Biddy contrived to persuade the good easy bleacher of unclean linen, that she and her babes were born with that mysterious mark upon their foreheads, invisible to vulgar ken, but palpable to her as the nose above her own chin, which showed them to be among the few elected souls, plucked as brands out of the burning, for an angelical transformation at the great and terrible day.

The silly bigot from this time paid her matutinal visits to the attic of Grace Dillon, who always received her with a fawning welcome, listening to her with plausible attention, until what Grace did at first from mere selfish policy, became, after a while, so settled a habit, that she ultimately declared herself a rigid believer in exclusive predestination. She was, in truth, a noble convert to the Antinomian creed, that faith is the saddle in which the chosen ride to heaven upon the flying dragon of sin.

As, with the calculating cunning of her vocation, Grace Dillon always pleaded poverty whenever her spiritual patron appeared, Miss Biddy, in the overflowing of her zealous exultation at having discovered a hidden gem in the very lazar-house of profissigacy never failed to leave behind her a signal memento of this exultation in the shape of sundry circles of silver, stamped with the king's head. But though her ready proselyte had been bribed into belief, she really at length appeared to be persuaded that she was foredoomed to an immortality of fruition, and that her offspring, being two integral portions of herself, must be likewise in the same happy predicament. Such was the consoling creed of the washerwoman of St. Giles's, constantly laying it down as an axiom of her new faith, that she and her children were fated, as she termed it, to a jocund life here, and to everlasting felicity hereafter.

Toplady was Miss Biddy Mackinnon's theological oracle; he also soon became the oracle of her pupil, who understood as much of this Calvinistic autocrat as she did of the institutes of his great prototype Calvin, who, by-the-bye, has been greatly misrepresented by his enthusiastic but indiscreet admirers. Dr. H——, exclusive in faith but latitudinarian in works, was Miss Biddy's favourite preacher; he, therefore, became also the favourite of Grace Dillon, who went regularly to church every Sunday evening, and as regularly concluded her observance of the sabbath with so deep a potation of her favourite elixir, that she not only saw double, but invariably reeled to bed in her best Sunday attire. In spite, therefore, of the improvement in her spiritual condition, she never relaxed a single scruple from her love of spirit distilled by human hands, having become righteous in belief only—not in practice. This was in perfect accordance with the exclusive dogmas of her instructor, who was perpetually growling in her ears the consoling text, "he that believeth shall be saved;" never failing, however, to associate in her pupil's mind the double proviso, by enunciating, with a lugubrious drawl, the other member of the sentence, "but he that believeth not shall be damned."

The boys were by this time three years old. Miss Biddy undertook to communicate to them the rudiments of their mother-tongue, at the same time expressing her determination, in teaching the "young idea how to shoot," to see that it did not shoot beyond
the mark, nor explode in impiety. As the boys were both quick, they readily surmounted the difficulties of the alphabet, and could soon decipher words of three letters with tolerable accuracy, although, as the Anti-spelling-book, by which the labours of a year are surmounted in fourteen days, had not then come into vogue, many a dull week elapsed before they could spell their mother's favourite beverage and their own, though only a delicate little word composed of two consonants and a vowel.

As the twins grew up, the same remarkable resemblance with which they were born, continued, so that it was still necessary to distinguish them by some mark of identity, lest Neddy should get the box on the ear intended for Jenny, who proved a sad pickle, and evinced symptoms of the precocious rogue, even before he was breeched. The eldest boy, therefore, had his little finger adorned with a copper ring, of which he was as proud as his father had been of his skill in burglary, or what he significantly called the transfusion of property.

As Jenny Dillon advanced in childhood, he soon displayed those propensities to fun and rогnery which so eminently distinguished his adult years.

One day, during Miss Biddy's morning visit, little Jem was seated in a corner of the fire-place, teasing a poor unhappy kitten, which had lately become one of the members of his mother's domestic establishment. He was delighted with the snarling of the unhappy creature while he was pulling its ears and tail, as if it were a like pastime to both. Neddy Dillon was seated on the bed, with one thumb in his mouth, and the other at the bottom of a pewter pot which his mother had drained to the very shadow of a drop just before the entrance of the "elect lady"—a titular appellative by which Miss Mackinnon was known, not only in Grace Dillon's attic, but likewise in the cellars and attics of many a neighbouring habitation. While her urchins were thus employed, the industrious mother was ironing some caps for her visitor, who gave Grace all her washing, as she never employed any but such as she was sure to take "sweet counsel" with in the next life, to do for her those worldly necessities for which she was obliged to be dependant upon other hands.

Miss Biddy was seated near the fire, with her foot, a limb that would have served to prop a brazen column of victory, gently reposing upon the hearth-stone, and by its side purred the kitten which little Jemmy had just released from its torment. The fair apostle of Antinomian evangelism was busily employed in discoursing with her obsequious proselyte upon the exclusive rights of futurity, to which they had the unaccountable good luck to have an indefeasible claim, when, during a gesticulation of extraordinary energy, her pious declamation was suddenly arrested by a pang far more likely to put her in mind of what was prepared in the next world for the reprobate and not for the elect. It was so excruciating as to cause the poor lady's nose suddenly to shrink into such minuteness of dimension, that it scarcely looked bigger than a large pimple, placed there as a subsidiary, in the temporary absence of the principal; nor did it gradually elongate into its natural segment until the pang which produced her nasal transformation had somewhat subsided. The fact is, that little Jem, whose love of mischief, even at the tender age of three years, was as invincible as the love of mouse-torment in an over-fed cat, had silently taken from the fire a round heater with which his mother warned the cylinder used by her for the purpose of ironing the fine cambric or lace frills of Miss Biddy Mackinnon's caps. It was glowing hot when the mischievous urchin drew it from between the bars of the grate; and whilst the washwoman's pious patron was in one of the climaxes of her elocution, he popped it plump upon her large brawny instep. In a moment the agonised lady flung her foot upwards, with a velocity and momentum that could only be compared to the kick of a dray-horse, searing the kitten out of the arms of little Jenny, who had again seized it in the transport of his infantine delight, though he himself remained undisturbed, watching, with a queer little baby grin, the issue of his first practical joke. The iron, urged by such a sinewy catapultum, flew directly towards his temples, and had he not bobbed his head on one side, with instinctive celerity, he would have been as surely laid low as his father was raised high at the hour of his death. As it was, the heated missile just grazed the left ear of the budding knave in its rapid trajectory, giving him such a twinge of retribution, and causing him to scream so lustily, that his outcries completely smothered those of the poor lady whom he had so grievously tormented. The mother having given him a box upon the seared member, which only made him pipe the shriller, rushed to the assistance of Miss Biddy, who was writhing, like a choked alligator, under the agonies of temporal burning.
Potatoes were scraped, and applied in the shape of a bulbous therapeutic to the burn, the obsequious Grace very irreverently calling the Almighty to witness how grieved she was at the good lady’s mishap. With her toes muffled, like a dish of roasted chestnuts, in a ragged bandanna, the property of Mrs. Dillon and a relict of her late husband’s wardrobe, Miss Biddy got into a hackney coach and made the best of her way home, where she was laid up for six weeks, and little Jemmy was then spared sundry taps on the head, with which it was the custom of his instructress to visit him in the arbour of her zeal to behold his tree of knowledge expand into righteous blossoms, and bring forth fruit unto holiness.

Things went on much in the same way for about a year after the affair of the heater, when Grace Dillon died of typhus fever, and young Jemmy and Neddy were consigned to the parish workhouse. It appeared that the poor caretaker’s child had many misgivings about the state of her soul, when the fearful warning came that she was about to yield it up to the God who gave it. The assurances of Miss Biddy, who, to do her justice, was daily at her side, cheering her with golden promises, fell upon her ear like the far-off boominings of the thunder;—they carried terror rather than hope to her restless spirit. She had now no passions, no selfish prejudices to bring to the support of her preceptor’s delusive creed, but truth, strong as death and immutable as eternity, knocked at the door of her heart with an authority that no sophistry could impugn. She lived a hypocrite and died despairing. Her unhappy death wrought no change in the stubborn belief of Miss Biddy, who rescued the eldest-born of the late Grace Dillon’s twins from the parish workhouse, and took him to her own abode, in order, as she said, to prevent him from falling into the power of the evil one; though how this could happen even to a predestinated rogue—predestinated, be it remembered, to faith and eternal life, not to petty larceny and the hulks—is more than my poor brains will enable me to conceive or than I can find words in the scanty vocabulary of my own vernacular speech, to express.

To the younger boy, Miss Biddy Mackinnon paid no attention, and simply because she had taken it into her pious head that one twin of a pair was enough to be saved—that a mystical but infallible sympathy would attach her to the elected one, and that as the other must of necessity go to the devil for the glory of God,*, she should be guilty of a sin by encumbering herself with an embryo hell-kite. In his new abode, young Jemmy threw surprisingly; he grew fat and impudent, and was an object of vexation to the whole household, except only his saintly patroness. He was perpetually at loggerheads with a testy pug which shared with himself the partialities of Miss Biddy, and he consequently scrupled not, on every convenient opportunity, to bestow upon this canine rival sundry kicks on the ribs, which the wrinkled-nosed brute never failed to acknowledge by leaving his mark on his aggressor’s legs, as a receipt in full.

Very shortly after the elected twin had been transported, not to Van Diemen’s Land, but to Hart Street, Bloomsbury, an accident happened, which had nearly put an end to his prospects in this world—an issue that would have saved him from a long catalogue of malversations, and from many a recorded act of dexterous rogues. Miss Biddy Mackinnon had assigned for the especial convenience of our hero one of the garrets of her habitation, to the windows of which she had neglected to put bars, never dreaming, good easy woman, that it could be possible for a child scarcely four years old to tumble out of window. But little Jem, who was as curious as he was mischievous, and marvellously fond of observing what passed without the house as well as within, being left alone one morning while the housemaid was making her mistress’s bed, climbed upon a chair, mounted to the window, perched himself upon the sill, and began to contemplate at his leisure what was passing underneath. At first he remained stationary within the window-frame, being unquestionably the discretion side of it; but at length, for who ever heard of discretion in so young a head, in the excitement of his anxiety to see a Punch that had just commenced its gambols near the opposite pavement, he forced himself out upon the stone ledge, which an older head would have told him was the sinister side of security, when, losing his equilibrium, he fell from a height of full five-and-forty feet into the street below. It fortunately happened that a chimney-sweeper was standing immediately

* The Supralapsarian Calvinists assume that God created some men to be saved, and others to be damned, in order to signalise his own glory. Also that a God of mercy should be so misrepresented!
GOODWOOD.

under the window with a large bag of soot upon his shoulders, eagerly gazing at the sight, unconscious of any danger from above,—when in an unexpected moment, some came a tremendous percussion upon his sack, which sent him to the earth as if he had been knocked from his perpendicular by a huge granite shot from a Turkish mortar. He incontinently fell on his face with his head under the sooty incumbrance upon which the young hobgoblin was perched, as black as a little devil, being pounced all over by the volumes of carbonated dust which issued from the sack. He had fallen from the window in his anxiety, as already stated, to see the droll gambols of Punchinello, and his head being so much lighter than the converse extremity, he had, during his rapid illustration of the centripetal force, maintained his head uppermost, like a bottle in a cistern. Thus was his neck saved from dislocation, while the receptacle of condensed smoke saved the other extremity from complete maceration against the curb-stone. When the black cloud, raised by the sudden concussion of his little body, had subsided, he appeared squatted like a tiny incubus upon the back of the poor sweep, who lay, dark and motionless, under him, while the eyes of our astonished hero were opened to their utmost extension, with a speechless stare expressing a vague emotion between wonder and alarm. His mouth was expanded into a doleful gape, and when he saw a cunning grin upon the countenances of some of the bystanders, his teeth suddenly closed, big tears forced their way through his compressed eyelids, and he bellowed with all his heart and voice to the no small amusement of Punch and his company. He was perfectly free from gash or contusion, though he had received a terrible fright and a good shaking into the bargain. The poor sweep, on the contrary, lay senseless under his sooty coverlid, and when it was removed, presented a piteous sight to the numerous but unfeeling spectators. His face was almost converted into a dead flat, for the nose no longer protruded, but had disappeared, like the horns of a snail, and the grim black surface of his physiognomy was covered with blood. He had evidently swallowed three of his teeth, which had manifestly been just cashiered from the gory jaws, as they were no where to be found. After a deep sob or two, the unhappy rectifier of smoky chimneys wiped the perspiration from his temples, the tears from his eyes, and the soot from his face; with the same diagonal motion of his sleeve, he took up his sack, threw it bravely upon his shoulders, and proceeded on his way. Meanwhile, Jimmy Dillon was taken into the house, and received from his patroness a long lecture upon the impropriety of looking-out of window, together with many a grave rebuke for his stupidity in falling from the house-top with the chance of pitching upon a soot-sack; all which "passed by him like the idle wind that he respected not." The boy grew under the spiritual guidance of Miss Biddy, but his furtive propensities so soon began to develop themselves that she finally determined to get rid of him with the first convenient opportunity—for her charity was never found to continue very energetic when it interfered with her own personal comforts.

GOODWOOD,
THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Goodwood, or as it was anciently called, Godinwood, a woodland tract, received its name from its Saxon owner, Godvinnus, to whom his former property is stated to have been continued, in Doomsday-book, and himself styled "Liber Homo," because not yet holding in demesne. This estate descended, as Halmaker, till the exchange made by T. Lord La War, when it became vested in the crown.

But, to drop these legal ambiguities, we may simply mention that, in 1560, Henry, Earl of Arundel, obtained a grant of Goodwood, to hold absolutely; and in 1584, in the reign of Elizabeth, John Lord Lumley and Jane Fitz-Alan, his wife, parted with it, by sale, to Henry Walund, Esq. In 1597, the lessee was Thomas Cesar, and soon afterward, Henry Bennet, jun. It was likewise held by the Carylls of Harting; and John Caryll, who was declared an outlaw in the reign of Charles II., appears to have been in possession of this estate.

In the year 1720, Goodwood was pur-
GOODWOOD.

At Carnie’s seat, in the immediate vicinity of Goodwood, the general aspect of the country is extremely beautiful, an effect arising from the irregularity of the surface, and the diversity of the scenery. Of these the leading features are, the English Channel, Chichester spire, and the Isle of Wight, and the variety of verdure in the foreground. Towards the north, the surface becomes irregular, and partakes of a pleasing character of landscape peculiar to the neighbouring chalk downs, with their wooded acclivities. The entire circuit of the park is enclosed within a lofty flint wall. Many of the knolls and bays into which the downs are broken, were clothed with plantations of fir and beech, to the extent of several hundred acres, by the same nobleman, who, with singular perseverance and success, realising that fine line of the poet,

‘Has hung with woods the mountain’s sultry brow.’

The most striking object in the interior of Goodwood House, is the colonnade in the vestibule or entrance hall. This room is divided by six columns of Guernsey granite, of a light grey colour, which, every circumstance considered, may be deemed a unique specimen of fanciful architecture. The shafts are thirteen feet in height, with a diameter of one foot seven inches;—the plinth and tori are composed of white and black marble, nine inches high; and the bronzed Ionic capitals, two feet more.

The plan of the Egyptian dining-room was suggested by certain details given in the elaborate and splendid work of Denon on Egypt, in which mention is made of the discovery of a temple and palace at Tentyra. The floor of this fine apartment is wrought in marquetry; and the wainscot is composed of scagliola.

The library is painted with designs from the antique, copied from those in the baths of Titus, at Rome; and contains a large, and at the same time a judicious, selection of works of the best authors.

The picture gallery is not remarkably rich with respect to the number of paintings, but contains several valuable portraits.

In the drawing room are four subjects which cannot fail to attract, and which deserve admiration. They pourtray certain adventures in which that chivalrous and puissant knight Don Quixote was engaged, delineated upon a large scale, and finished in Gobelin tapestry. These four subjects are marked “Gobelin, Cozette, 1762,” and were purchased at Paris by the third Duke of

chased of the family of Compton, of East Lavant, by Charles the First Duke of Richmond, for occasional resort as a hunting seat; but having greatly enlarged and modernised the building, it was fixed upon as the chief residence of that family. Its present extent and grandeur, with suitable appendages in a style of unusual magnificence, were entirely the work of the third Duke, who devoted his leisure and ample fortune to plans of improvement, both in planting and building, which were designed and perfected during the last forty years of his life. The chief addition to the former mansion was commenced in 1740. It is a principal front extending 166 feet, with a colonnade consisting of two orders in its centre for the entrance, and is terminated by two circular towers with hemispherical roofs. From either of these a front of 106 feet stands towards the east and south upon an angle of 45 degrees. This elevation, from the extent of space it occupies, is noble and imposing in its effect. The building is composed of squared flint stones, of the most finished masonry, the whole architectural design having originated with the noble founder, who superintended and anxiously watched over its execution.

It appears that the Duke was very desirous to restore the fashion of adopting the squared (or, as they are technically called the snapped) flints in the buildings of this country. In the Archeologia, is an interesting account of the very ancient usage of squared flints for castles, churches, and houses, particularly in Norfolk and the eastern counties, written by the ingenious Mr. Wilkins, the architect. He observes, that the Romans availed themselves of this material; and we find their works in as good and, generally, in a better state of preservation than those of others; and none can exceed them in durability. In the reign of Edward I., some instances were known of making a chequer-work of freestone, or chalk, and black flints; but this art of tracery was improved in its progress as late as the reign of Henry VIII. There is a curious specimen both in the castle and church at Arundel.

At the death of the Duke, in 1806, much of the interior remained to be completed. This spacious edifice enjoys great advantage of situation; the front presents a prospect of rich woodland, and a range of down; and the house is surrounded by a park, in which forest trees of remarkable growth and beauty are properly scattered. Valdo Coppice is intersected with various coppices and ridings.
Goodwood.

Richmond, when he was ambassador to the court of France in 1765.

Besides these, and no less worthy of notice, is a chimney-piece of white marble, carved by the late John Bacon. This was his first claim to reputation as a sculptor, and was not excelled by his subsequent works, either in felicity of design or beauty of manipulation. The design consists of two figures, small life, draped, and representing male and female beauty; they are standing, and each engaged in the action of drawing aside a curtain which admits the fire place.

The third Duke of Richmond acquired a taste for sculpture during his residence in Italy. Bacon, afterwards so deservedly known among English sculptors, had about this time designed and executed the chimney-piece in question, and exhibited it as a proof of his talents, fixing the price at 300l. It remained with the artist for some time, admired, but not purchased. At length, almost in despair, Bacon offered it to the Duke, at his own price, and received from him 500l.

The appendages to Goodwood House are within the limits of the parish of West Hamptonet. In extent and magnificence they are exceeded by none in England,—particularly the stables and dog-kennel. The stables were begun in 1737, and finished six years, from a design by Sir William Chambers. The architect was James Wyatt, and the building is remarkable for its novel construction, especially in the underground works. It is said to have cost 25,000l. The front is so well designed as to form a pleasing termination of a view from the mansion house.

On a hill adjoining the park, the same duke made an excellent race-course. The races are usually held in April, or early in May, and last two or three days.

Among the curiosities of Goodwood, the lion carved in wood, which adorned the head of Commodore Anson’s ship the Centurion, during his circumnavigation of the globe, must not be forgotten. It is set up against the Duke of Richmond Inn, on a stone pedestal, with the following inscription:

Stay, traveller, awhile and view one who has travel’d more than you.
Quite round the globe, in each degree, Anson and I have plough’d the sea;
Torrid and frigid zones have pass’d, and safe arriv’d on shore at last,
In ease and dignity appear,—he in the House of Lords, I—here.

King Charles the Second created the Lady Louise Renée de Pevencour de Querovaill, Duchess of Portsmouth, Countess of Farnham, and Baroness of Petersfield, all in the county of Southampton, to enjoy during her life, by letters-patent, dated at Westminster, on 10th August, 1673. And likewise, by his intercession with the then French king, Louis XIV., the territory of Aubigny in France, which, by the death of Charles Stuart, sixth duke of Richmond and Lenox, reverted to that Crown, was given to her by grant dated at St. Germain-en-Laye, during her life,—the remainder to such of the king’s natural sons by her as he should name; under the same limitation as the grant by Charles VII. of France, in 1422, ancestor to the aforesaid Duke of Richmond.

Charles, first Duke of Richmond, was the only son of this lady by Charles II., who, being present at his baptism, gave him the surname of Lenox, and his own Christian name, Charles. He was born in 1672, and in the third year of his age was created by his father, Baron of Serington in the county of York, Earl of March (a title derived from the Marches in Wales), and Duke of Richmond in Yorkshire, by letters-patent.

And His Majesty, considering with what lustre and glory the house of Lenox had shone in former times, and that by the death of Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, the dignity of the latter dukedom had become immersed in the Crown; therefore, that the honours might be again revived, His Majesty bestowed the estate of Lenox on his son, the aforesaid Charles, Duke of Richmond, and by letters-patent, passed in Scotland in the same year with those granted for the creation of the English honours, created him Duke of Lenox, Earl of Darnley, and Baron Methuen of Tarbolton, and to the heirs male of his body.

On the 7th April, 1681, being then nine years of age, he was elected a knight companion of the most noble order of the Garter, and installed at Windsor on the 20th of the same month. There is an incident connected with this investiture which may be deemed worthy of mention in this place. At that time, and formerly, as pictures show, the Knights of the Garter wore the blue ribbon round the neck, with the George appendant on the breast; but the young duke’s mother having, a short time after his installation, introduced him to the King, with his ribbon over the left shoulder, and the George appendant on the right side, His Majesty was so pleased with the conceit that he commanded all the knights companions of the order to wear it the same way.
GOODWOOD.

The duke was also made master of the horse to the king on the removal of the Duke of Monmouth, which office, during his minority, was executed by three commissioners; but on the accession of James II. to the throne, his mother having promoted the bill of exclusion, his grace was removed from that honourable employment. In the reign of King William he served in Flanders, and was aide-de-camp to His Majesty. He was also one of the lords of the bedchamber to King George I.; and, departing this life, at his seat at Goodwood, in 1723, aged fifty-one, was buried in King Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey, but was afterwards removed to the mausoleum under Chichester Cathedral. In 1699, he married Anne, widow of Henry, son of John, lord Delasaye, of Worlaby, by whom he had issue two daughters and a son, of which last we are now to speak.

Charles, second Duke of Richmond, in the lifetime of his father, was chosen a Member of the House of Commons for the City of Chichester, and likewise for the Borough of Newport, in the County of Southampton, in the Parliament summoned to meet in September 1722. And when King George I. revived the ancient military order of Knighthood of the Bath, he was declared one of the Knights of that order, in the year 1723. Also, in May, 1726, he was elected one of the Knights Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and installed at Windsor in the June following; at which time he was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and Aid-de-Camp to His Majesty; and at his coronation, in October, 1727, was High Constable of England for the day.

The Duchess of Portsmouth dying in 1734, the dukedom of Aubigny in France, with the peerage of that kingdom, devolved on him; and in January, 1735, he was appointed Master of the Horse to His Majesty, and on the next day sworn of his Privy Council.

In 1739 he was made Brigadier-General of His Majesty's forces; in 1740, elected one of the Governors of the Charter House; in May of the same year, declared one of the Lords Justices for the administration of the Government during the king's absence. In 1742 he was constituted Major-General of His Majesty's forces, and of the staff of general officers for South Britain; and also in 1745 promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

In 1743 he attended George II. during the campaign, and was present at the battle of Dettingen. He had been declared one of the Lords Justices before his Majesty's departure; and was again invested with that most honourable trust in 1745.

In this year, Charles Stuart, commonly called the young Pretender, but styling himself Prince of Wales, having landed in Scotland, and advanced as far as Derby, the Duke of Richmond attended the Duke of Cumberland in his expedition against the insurgents, and assisted in the reduction of Carlisle.

In 1748 he was again appointed one of the Lords Justices, as also in 1750. On the death of the Duke of Somerset, he was chosen High Steward of the city of Chichester; and accompanying the Duke of Newcastle to his installation at Cambridge, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1749. He departed this life in 1750, and was buried in the cathedral of Chichester.

He married at the Hague, in 1719, Sarah, eldest daughter and co-heir of William Earl Cadogan, and one of the ladies of Her Majesty's bedchamber, by whom he had a numerous family.

Charles, the third Duke of Richmond, son of the former, was born in London, 22nd February, 1734-5, and in September, 1750, set out on his travels on the continent. Choosing a military life, he was, in 1756, appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd, having previously served in the inferior commission of an officer, and being constituted colonel of the 72nd regiment of foot in 1758, was promoted to the rank of Major-General in 1761; to that of Lieutenant-General in 1770; to that of General in 1783; lastly to that of Field-Marshal, July 30, 1796. He was also Colonel of the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and of the Militia for the county of Sussex; Fellow of the Royal Society; High Steward of the city of Chichester; and one of the Vice Presidents of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. At the accession of George III., he was nominated one of the lords of the bedchamber, but soon after resigned that situation. In 1763 he was declared Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Sussex; in 1765 he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, and in October of that year sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council. In May, 1766, he was appointed principal Secretary of State for the Southern department, which high post he resigned in the following August. In 1782 he was ap-
pointed Master-General of the Ordnance, from which he was removed in 1783, and again appointed in December of the same year, and so continued till November 1795. In 1782 he was elected a Knight of the Garter.

He married in 1757, Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury, but had no issue by her. She died in December, 1806.

About 1762, this nobleman opened, at his house at Whitchall, a gallery for artists, completely filled with a small but well chosen collection (afterwards destroyed by fire) of casts from the antique; and engaged two eminent artists to superintend and direct the students. This noble encouragement, although shortly afterwards superseded by a royal establishment, is still entitled to respect and honour; it not only served as a prelude to a more extensive institution, but contributed towards forming several excellent artists. The name of Mortimer alone is sufficient to reflect considerable lustre on this early school.

He was succeeded by his nephew Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, born in 1764, who was made Lieutenant-General of the army, and Colonel of the 35th regiment of foot; and, in April 1807, succeeded the Duke of Bedford as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and resigned the Vice-royalty in 1813. His grace was afterwards Governor of the Upper and Lower Canadas,—a trust which he held until his decease, at Montreal, in 1819. He was succeeded by his son, the fifth and present Duke of Richmond.

OLD WOMEN!

BY T. HAYNES BAILY, ESQ.

No. II.—THE DEFUNCT.

Having made a candid avowal of my predilection for old women, I may appear inconsistent when I protest that I have always made a jest of their superstitions. An old woman’s story, particularly if it had a ghost in it, was from my very boyhood received by me with a laugh or with a sneer. But this is no proof that my love for old women is insincere. Are we not all too apt to trifle with the weaknesses of those most dear to us?

This incredulity of mine was not, however, calculated to awaken in my early idols a reciprocity of attachment; and there was one old woman in particular, who evidently disliked my irreverent laugh, and yet seemed determined to win me over to the full enjoyment of the pleasures of her imagination.

And most imaginative she was—and assigning to every old mansion its spectre, to every corner-cupboard its midnight visitant. She could give the most elaborate version of all old stories; and whilst she narrated the mysterious and supernatural, she would glance with indignation at him who ventured to trace her stories to the excited nerves of individuals, or indeed to any other natural cause.

She lived in a habitation most congenial to her temperament,—an old Elizabethan mansion forming three sides of a quadrangle, with a large, lofty, shadowy hall, very long passages, tapestried chambers, and surrounded by a moat. In this house I have spent some of the happiest days of my life; and it was in my boyhood, during the long winter evenings of my holidays, that I first listened to, and laughed at, the wonderful stories of old mistress Sally Douce.

Though Sally was a very important personage at Maltby Hall, the reader is not to suppose that she was the lady of the mansion. My host was Sir Charles Maltby, a young baronet of three-and-twenty, and my hostess, his beautiful bride, was in her nineteenth year. In the schoolboy days to which I have alluded, I had been the guest of older persons,—the father and mother of my friend Sir Charles, then a schoolboy like myself,—but the venerable pair were now reposing in peace under the family pew in the neighbouring church, and Charles, my former playfellow, being now a baronet and a married man, invariably gave me a hospitable reception.

Mistress Sally Douce had been housekeeper at Maltby Hall for fifty years; and having been born in a cottage on the estate, she considered herself, and really seemed to be considered by my friends, one of the family. Charles used to be her greatest pet. Whilst I laughed outright at her most marvellous narratives, he laughed only in his sleeve; and when I was affronting the venerable storyteller by a voluntary and most unnecessary avowal of disbelief, he would soothe her into smiles, by affecting to shudder, declaring at
the same time that she made him afraid to
turn his head lest he should see the spectre
at his elbow. Still I believe I was rather a
favourite; at all events I was always sure to
hear her very best stories, told in her very
best style. It was indeed natural she should
wish to make a convert of so great a sceptic
as I professed to be.

To the reader I will confess what I
never could be induced to own to the old
lady—her stories, or rather perhaps her
manner of telling them, often made a very
deep impression on me; and my incredulity,
at first assumed, because I thought the
world imputed cowardice to the credulous,
was afterwards persisted in, partly from a
desire to appear consistent, but principally
to irritate Mrs. Douce.

All this may seem a little unamiable; but
it must be remembered that I was a mere
youth at the time of which I speak;—indeed,
all that I am about to tell, happened when I
was but three-and-twenty.

I carried my bravado so far, that after
laughing at all her ghost-stories, I declared
that to live in a haunted house, to sleep in a
haunted chamber,—nay, actually to be visited
by a real authenticated ghost, would be to
me delightful! Then did Sally Douce shake
at me her wrinkled head, point at me her
attenuated finger, and solemnly and slowly
say:

"Young man, young man, beware of what
you say. If the dead can visit the living,
when I am buried in Maltby church-yard
we shall meet again!"

It shortly afterwards seemed but too pro-
able that I should be myself the first inha-
bitant of that bit of consecrated ground. It
was Christmas time: I was as usual the
guest of my friend Charles, and never was
there a merrier Christmas circle than that
formed by myself and the family of my
friend. His brothers and sisters were with
him at the time, and we were all as gay as
health and youth could make us. Lady
Maltby, though already a mother, was the
greatest child of the party; and we were
none of us ashamed of hide-and-seek, hunt-
the-slipper, or pass in the corner.

After these sportive gambols, old Sally's
stories were heard with double effect; and
often did we sit at midnight in some large
tapestried chamber, dark with oak, and pur-
posefully left in gloom, whilst her clear and
solemn voice riveted the attention of the
party. When she paused there was always
silence for a minute, and then, I am
ashamed to say, the spell was generally
brok

broken by my most irreverent titter. Then
did the old lady look round upon me; the
head was again shaken, the finger again
pointed, and the words of warning were
again repeated!

It was during this visit that I was seized
with a most dangerous fever. For many
weeks did I lie almost unconscious of what
passed around me. Nothing could exceed the
kindness of my friend and his family; and
had Mrs. Sally Douce been my mother, she
could not have been more devotedly atten-
tive. I called her my ghostly comforter;
and one day, half in earnest, half in jest, I
said, that after all it seemed probable she
would receive a post mortem visit from me,
instead of her fulfilling her oft-repeated pro-
mise. She shook her head, pointed her finger,
and if she did not audibly add the usual
words of warning, I saw that it was only
from a consideration of my weak state.

When I was restored to health, this same
warning became quite a jest in the family;
and though I had a secret awkward recol-
clection of having felt chilled when her finger
was pointed at me as I lay on my bed of
sickness, still I strove to drown the recol-
clection,—and when it would not pass away,
I laughed more loudly than before, and
affected even greater unconcern.

When I left Maltby Hall I was about to
travel for some months on the Continent. I
took leave of all my kind companions, who
were assembled on the steps to bid me adieu.
After entering the carriage, I called to
Mrs. Sally Douce, who stood curtseying at
the top of the flight, saying that I hoped to
encounter a real German goblin ere I saw
her again. She looked vexed; and with a
malicious smile, which I never saw upon her
face before, she shook her head, pointed her
finger, and, as the carriage drove off, I heard
the warning words mingled with the laughter
of my friends.

How wrong is it to jest with serious sub-
jects! Who shall say, that in the still hour
of night, the disembodied spirit may not
walk the earth, and, in the semblance of its
mortal form, bend o'er the couch of those
dear to it when encased in its mortal tenement?
I say not that it is so; but, oh! let no one say
it cannot be so. I that have been the first to
laugh, to boast of incredulity, I here declare
that "there are more things in heaven and
earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

For more than a year I rambled on the
Continent; and so rapid and uncertain were
my movements, that after the first two
months I received no communications from

VOL. V.—NO. III.
my Malthby friends. I returned by the Rhine, visiting all those places most celebrated in the legendary tales of Germany. Here the latent seeds of superstition were called into bud and bloom; and I returned to England fully qualified to be a boon companion of old Mrs. Sally Douce—to become not only an attentive listener, but to give her tale for tale!

As soon as my arrival was announced, I received the kindest letter from Sir Charles Malthby, requesting me immediately to pay the hall a visit. This letter concluded thus: "My brothers and sisters are now with me, and will be delighted to see their old playfellow again. Lady Malthby desires me to say that we have recently lost your ancient friend (or rather, perhaps, I ought to say foe) Mrs. Sally Douce. But the intelligence may after all be unnecessary, should she have carried her oft-repeated warning into effect."

I may be thought silly, nay, almost imbecile, in acknowledging the effect which this announcement of a very old housekeeper's demise had upon my nerves and spirits. I could think of nothing else—I could dream of nothing else—the warning seemed for ever ringing in my ears, whilst I saw the finger pointed, and the old head shaking.

I dreaded going to Malthby Hall. It was not so much that I feared missing the old lady, as that I anticipated not missing her! I thought that, though invisible to others, for me she might "revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous."

It was, however, impossible I should avow these feelings, and make them a plea for refusing my friend's invitation. On the contrary, I accepted it, making no allusion in my letter to the death of Mrs. Douce; and on the appointed day (it was a day in November) I alighted at the door of Malthby Hall. My friend rushed out to receive me on the steps, and I hastily and involuntarily glanced beyond them to the spot where the old lady had stood on the day of my departure. She alone was absent from the group; yet I felt as if she still stood there, pointing her finger, shaking her head, and breathing the never-to-be-forgotten warning. I am sure that my friends noticed my abstraction, and guessed the cause—indeed they have since confessed as much; but at the time no notice was taken of it, and no mention made of the late Mistress Douce.

It was time to prepare for dinner when I arrived; and as it was getting dark, my friend escorted me to my room, and placing a light on the table bade me make haste, and left me to attend to my toilet. It was the same room I had occupied at Malthby when last there, during my serious indisposition—the same bed, the same furniture, all arranged in the same way. There, stood the sofa on which poor Mrs. Sally for many a night reposed while I needed her attendance; and by the fire I beheld, to the best of my belief, the very same tea-kettle with which she used to make my midnight tea. I would have given the world to have occupied any other room in the mansion, any other but that, and the one formerly tenanted by the old lady herself. But what was I to do? Expose myself by an avowal of my superstitious dread—I who had so often laughed at the fears of others? It was not to be thought of. I hastily changed my dress and descended to the drawing-room. Dinner was soon announced, and with Lady Malthby on my arm I crossed the spacious hall, whilst the rest of the family followed us to the dining room. The hall was dimly lighted, and at its extremity we had to go through a passage in which was the housekeeper's room—that room which had formerly been the abiding place of Mrs. Sally Douce. As we passed I involuntarily started back—I had glanced towards that dark passage, and there—could it be fancy—I had seen, far off indeed, and dim, and shadowy, the form of the old housekeeper herself! My companions eagerly asked me why I paused; but having glanced that way a second time and seen nothing, I attributed my hesitation to the slipperiness of the marble pavement, and proceeded to the dining-room. Never did I pass so dull an evening in that mansion, yet never did I feel less inclination to retire for the night. But everybody betrayed their consciousness of my want of agreeableness, by remarking how fatigued I seemed to be after my journey; and as they one by one took their candles and withdrew to their bedrooms, I was at length obliged to light my own, and prepare for departure. Lady Malthby, ere she left the drawing-room, expressed a hospitable wish that I should be comfortable.

"You have got," said she, "the same chamber you occupied during your long illness; you will, I hope, find all your old comforts about you—but—"

She did not finish the sentence; she sighed, looked down, and left the room; and I, feeling sure that we were both thinking of the defunct, felt my cheeks glow, and my heart palpitate.

To bed I went; and leaving a large wood
fire burning on the hearth, after a very considerable, and far from comfortable period, I fell sound asleep. How long I slept I know not; but I started from a dream of the dead, fully convinced that I had heard a noise in my room. I lay tremblingly awake for a few seconds, and all around me being quiet as the grave, I at length ventured to draw aside the curtain and peep forth. The large wood fire had dwindled down to a few flickering embers, just enough to make every part of the room visible to me, without any part being distinctly so. Far off in the corner, most dim and remote, stood the sofa, as it used to stand; and there (did my eyes deceive me?) lay the form of Mrs. Sally, as she used to lie in the by-gone days of my typhus fever! Was it a shawl, a cloak, a garment of any kind left accidentally there, and did my fears fashion it into the semblance of a human form? It might be so—I would ascertain—certainty could hardly be more horrible than doubt. I raised my head, I sat up in my bed;—still it was no shawl,—no cloak,—no garment; it was the housekeeper—nothing but the housekeeper! I know not what possessed me; there was desperation in the effort; I called her!—called the dead by the same name, in the same voice with which, in the days of my illness, I used to summon the living! There was a pause, and then,—oh! how shall I paint my feelings?—the form slowly arose, and in a moment more the eyes of Mistress Sally Douce were fixed upon me! She shook her wrinkled head, she pointed her skinny finger, and though I heard no sound, I knew by the motion of her colourless lips that she was exulting in the fulfilment of her warning words. I moved not, I spoke not; the perspiration streamed from my brow, and there we sat gazing on one another, I scarcely more alive than herself!

At length she moved! With noiseless step she crossed the chamber, and waving her hand began to prepare, as of old, one of those messes so palatable to a feverish patient. If a supernaturnal visitant be awful in repose, how much more awful is it when in motion!—the step so noiseless, the gown without a rustle, and when preparing my unearthly drink, the tea-spoon came in contact with the tumbler without a sound. At length she seemed to have mingled the ingredients in their due proportions, and noiselessly again she moved towards the fire; she raised the tea-kettle from the embers, and having poured some water into the glass she held, she silently approached the bed. Still I moved not, I called not for assistance; and when she extended towards me the draught she had prepared, I felt it would be useless to reject it. Though mixed by no living hand, though bearing inevitable torpor to the vitals of the drinker, still I knew that I was doomed to drink. Oh, how I dreaded the icy coldness of that fatal potion! The pale hand was still extended, and with rash impetuosity I put the tumbler to my lips:—Oh, hot—hot—burning hot; hotter than the flames of a place that shall be nameless, was the supernatural burning of that spell-wrought decoction! With one leap I sprang from my bed to the centre of the apartment, and rearing with pain and terror, I lay extended on the floor. In an instant the whole family of the Malthys rushed into my chamber, all laughing with a heartiness which could only be equalled by the heartiness of the laugh of the ghost of Mistress Sally Douce.

I very soon swallowed a second tumbler of hot punch, which she was kind enough to prepare for me; and though I am still on the most intimate footing with the Malthy family, I shall be the very last person in the world to vindicate their conduct.

THE WHIMSEY PAPERS.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTION—THOUGHTS ON PROCRASTINATION—MOPE THE POET FOR PESTERY, &c.

I have an indistinct remembrance of a tale in the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments. It is of certain giant, who suddenly emerges from a river, and acquaints a panic-stricken fisherman, that, with the stones of dates, which the latter had been enjoying on its banks, he had knocked out the eye of his son.

This tale appears to me, if not originally intended for an allegory, to be easily capable of an allegorical construction. The giant is the past—his son is the future—the river is human life. There is something so re- pulsively hard and dangerous in the inside of dates, that by carelessly flinging them about us, as we sit at ease by the stream of existence, we may do much more injury than we are aware of, or than we can easily remedy. The best way, therefore, is to
swallow our dates quietly, and to put the stones in our pocket for future appropriation.

I must confess, also, that, while I purpose to avoid all mention of dates in the following papers, I mean to eschew every other contrivance which may seem to indicate a tact for, or a talent in, arrangement. I purpose to treat the reader to a recital of every thing that my memory will furnish of an interesting nature, and to offer to his acceptance the suggestions of my experience, arrayed in the best drapery that my intellectual wardrobe will afford. But let me not be pestered with alphabetical or chronological references; these literal and temporal matters are altogether beneath me. Neither let me tie down to subjects. I may dilate upon this—I may be laconic upon the other. I may draw this character in crayons—I may paint that on ivory. I may take up any subject I please—I may put aside which of them I may be disposed to reject.

Again, let no one be curious or impertinent enough to inquire who I am. I am a human being. Enough. My name is Whimsey. It is sufficient. I had a father and a mother. I never had a wife or children. I still exist. I am very old, ugly, irritable, fantastic, testy, spiteful, but (as poor Slyboot, the waiter upon Providence, says) "a very good fellow in the main," "heart in the right place," "a feeling for others," "a kind soul," &c. The said Slyboot has conceived hopes (hence his humane estimate of me) of coming into a good slice of my property when I expire, such hopes being founded upon the fact of my living in a very squalid and miserable lodging, and wearing time-honoured garments. But Slyboot is mistaken in supposing that he will come into any portion of my property—for I have none.

The reader will know by this time what he has to expect from my lucubrations; that is to say, a heterogeneous jumble of facts, fancies, recollections, speculations, and what not, string together after a fashion of my own, and connected by the only true and legitimate affinity, that of being forcibly brought into juxta-position. Thus, these papers are intended to comprise the miscellaneous works of Teetotum Whimsey, Esq., now for the first time printed.

I wish from the bottom of my inksand that I had taken to type earlier in life. It is a hard thing at my years to be beating my brain-pan for fugitive fancies, as boys tinkle upon a kettle when they desire to lure the bees back again. But the present was always an awkward time for me to commence work upon, and all my to-morrows changed into to-days as naturally and easily as grubs turn into butterflies, and they flew away much in the same heedless manner. And this reminds me that I have something to say concerning your putters-off and procrastinators, which I cannot do better than introduce in this place.

The futility of waiting for uncertain events has been strongly insisted upon, and gravely denounced by many of our approved authors; and yet, I think, by none has the absurdity in question been set in a more philosophical light than by a friend of mine, who likens such passive obedience to the future to the patience of a rusty conductor waiting for a flash of lightning.

It is recorded in the works of Josephus (Miller), that a certain person being found sitting at the foot of Westminster Bridge stairs, and requested to state his reasons for such couchant proximity to the river, replied that he was going to sing bass at the theatre that evening, and was waiting for a sore throat. The same authority assures us, an aged gentlewoman laid out specie in the purchase of a juvenile raven, with a view to ascertain whether those ill-omened birds could manage to exist a hundred years, as some villatic Buffon had informed her they could.

Now, it is proper to remark that these two instances, striking as they are, do not exactly touch the precise point to which I was about to apply myself: for, in favour of the first, it may be urged that although, indeed, the vocalist was waiting for a sore throat accompanied with the required hoarseness, yet he had previously taken steps (I deprecate the imputation of a pun) to bring about the desired object; and in the latter case, we merely observe on the part of an aged lady a complacent anxiety to insure her life on the security, not of the Phoenix or the Eagle, but of the Raven.

In other words, the former of these individuals was waiting for something which he had almost a good right to expect, and the latter was trying an innocent experiment against time,—a matter strictly personal to herself.

But the putters-off and procrastinators are a very different class of people. They walk not to Westminster Bridge—no, another time—not now, at all events. They lay out no money in the purchase of a raven. Every thing about them looks black enough already—"let us wait and see what will turn up," is their motto.

These are the men who can by no means
consent to make themselves parties in any way, directly or otherwise, to their several destinies. They do nothing, and call it Fate. Yes, they are waiting to see what will "turn up." Alas! how many a bunch of turn-ups may present itself before they behold a leg of mutton attached to one of them!

My friend Mope was one of this description. Mope was a man of great poetical genius,—at least he caused his friends to believe so,—and was about some great poem. When I first became acquainted with him, he had already taken a wife, and was muddling away a thousand pounds which his father had left him. Now, whether it arose from the extreme fastidiousness of his taste, a nervous distrust of his own powers, or a determination of waiting for the happy moment—the hour of inspiration, as it is termed—I know not, but certain it is, call when I would, he was never at his desk. He had either gone out for a preparatory stroll, he was collecting imagery and ideas, or he was not in the vein. And I always noticed that to-morrow there was to be no stroll—
to-morrow was not to be devoted to the growth of ideas—and that he was to be in the vein to-morrow. To-morrow was always to be a day of labour. Alas! had Mope but remembered that a neglected to-morrow becomes an expostulating yesterday, and that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," could he not have taken timely steps to dispense with the attendance of such officious chamberlains?

The worst of it was that his wife encouraged him in this mischievous inirminity of purpose. "Men of genius," she said one day (poor simple woman!), "were not to be judged or condemned by ordinary rules; they could not work upon system; they were formed of more exquisite materials than common men." And then she appealed to me. "How can you, Mr. Whimsey, talk to Mr. M. in the manner you do? It is really quite cruel of you. He'll soon begin his great work; won't you, Mr. M.?

"To-morrow, my love—it's all here," said Mope, pointing to his head with mysterious complacency.

"I wish some of it were here," said I, taking up a quire of writing paper upon which the atomic theory was set forth in the shape of accumulated dust; "deceive the world, Mope, if you can, but never deceive yourself. It is no use any further talking about it; you're a lost man. What have you done? What are you doing? What do you mean to do? Nothing. You pay yourself an ill compliment when you virtually acknowledge from day to day that you are incompetent to put pen to paper."

"My dear Whimsey, no such thing," retorted Mope; "you seem to suppose that works of imagination may be as regularly proceeded with as the manipulator operations of mechanics."

"The genius for that sort of thing presupposed," said I,—"and in a great measure they can. Genius is a birth-right, not an occasional loan. You wait for a happy thought, and, like all other happiness, you may wait long enough for it. How many are lost while you are waiting for one! Do you suppose that the mind is a passive recipient of ideas suggested from without, or rather is it the active modeller of thoughts created from within? Pluck up a good courage, and a goose-quill as good, my friend, and if you have any thing in you, let us see it; if not—but I will not believe that yet."

"How am I to be assured," enquired Mope, musingly, "that the world will appreciate my writings? Merit has no better chance of success now-a-days than heretofore."

"Perhaps not," Mr. Mope; "but do you mean to write for a living, may I inquire?"

"I do."

"Then you must take your chance as others are content or compelled to do. Merit is another matter altogether. Remember what Mat Prior says—

"Tis not how well an author says,
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise;
Thus, each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

And let me tell you, Sir, you must down with all you think ere you will be permitted to convert the illustration into an available precedent."

"You are one of the common-sense men, I perceive," cried Mope, with a sneer; "the old bread and cheese argument. But no matter;—I may fit audience find, though few. At all events, I write for posterity."

"Ho! you do, do you?" said I, taking my hat, "then I'll bid you good morning. But a word in your ear: pray put pen to paper, or posterity will be dead before you begin! Good bye."

Now, I knew that this could not last for any length of time. I felt that the poor creature Mope must be now undone; and as the afflictions of our best friends are usually sources of consolation to ourselves, I dropt in upon him frequently.

"Well, Mope, and how are you this morning?"
"Shocking feelings, Whimsey,—horrible feelings—such nights! My mind is going—fast going."

"Yes, at a dreadful sacrifice, as the auctioneers say. Come, cheer up—make a bold effort—work."

"Lord bless you, I can't. I'm not in the vein."

"Pshaw! not in the vein—what fatal folly are you talking? You may as well say that your blood is not in the vein because you permit it to stagnate."

Mope shook his head.

"It is not that: there is some vile incubus squatting upon my spirits that I cannot for the life of me shake off!"

"You are right, Mope, there is—it's name is idleness; it will soon enlarge into a giant."

"How little you understand me," interrupted Mope. "I want to apply myself to my great poem—I must—I will commence it; but I can't just now—my nerves are unstrung."

"One strong effort will brace them. Be resolute—"

'Throw but a stone, the giant dies!'"

"Do you know," said Mope, not heeding me, "I think there's something in these lodgings—a kind of spell—a fatality about them. I feel I can do nothing while I remain here. It is very important, Whimsey, to regard one's feelings in trifles, as they are absurdly called. Now, for instance, I can't write except upon paper of a certain size; when I am about to apply myself to solemn subjects, the room must be darkened; should the theme be light, I must wait for a day of sunshine."

"Oh yes," said I, gravely, "there is something in your remark, certainly; but you should carry out your principle to the fullest extent. You should vary your inks—you should change your oils—you should alter the decorations of your study."

"What do you mean?"

"When your subject is very solemn, the most soluble ink should be adopted—red ink for the light and airy. Your midnight lamp must be trimmed with equal care. Should the theme be vast?—whale oil, by all means. Of a pastoral nature?—Florence in flask must be resorted to. A mysterious tale?—scrawl away in the dark. Horrors must be written on a coffin; epigrams with a steel pen. Odes should be commenced on the landing, and completed at the top of the stairs. But I need not point out to you the infinite variety of situation and materials which your new system will enable you to occupy and employ."

Mope mustered a sickly smile, and was silent; and I shortly afterwards left him, giving myself very little credit for the gift of prophecy while I foretold that he was too far gone to leave any hope of recovery.

It were unprofitable and painful to dwell further upon the weakness of my friend, which, after all perhaps, I am not philosopher enough to account for, or to ascribe to its right cause. Not long after the preceding conversation he died, and lies in a dreary church-yard in the neighbourhood of Soho—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot;"

and, however hard a case it may appear, I am very much afraid that posterity must continue to do without his great poem, of which only a few lines were ever written.

I have seen his widow frequently since her loss. She, poor woman, was for a time inconsolable; for Mope had been gentle and amiable enough, and if good intentions had been good application would have been one of the best husbands in the world. But latterly I find she has acquired the strenuous look of one who has duties to fulfil and labour to accomplish; and I believe her day-school is answering very well.

When I last saw her, and was about to take my leave, she said with a sigh (for we had been talking of him), "Mr. M. was all genius, Mr. Whimsey; his mind was of too fine a texture for this world—he was too sensitive; but he was such a good creature."

—Ah! Mr. Whimsey, you don't know what a good creature he was!"
NIAGARA, AND SO ON.

"He was born when the crab was ascending, and all his affairs go backward."—LOVE FOR LOVE.

It was in my senior vacation, and I was bound to Niagara for the first time. My companion was a specimen of the human race found rarely in Vermont, and never elsewhere. He was nearly seven feet high, walked as if every joint in his body was in a hopeless state of dislocation, and was hideously, ludicrously, and painfully ugly. This whimsical exterior contained the conscious spirit of Apollo, and the poetical susceptibility of Keats. He had left his plough in the green mountains at the age of twenty-five, and entered as a poor student at the University, where, with the usual policy of the college government, he was allotted to me as a compulsory chum, on the principle of breaking in a colt with a cart-horse. I began with laughing at him, and ended with loving him. His name was Job Strong.

Getting Job away with infinite difficulty from a young Indian girl who was selling moccasins in the streets of Buffalo (a straight, slender creature of eighteen, stepping about like a young leopard, cold, stern, and beautiful), we crossed the outlet of Lake Erie at the ferry, and took horses on the northern bank of Niagara river to ride to the Falls. It was a noble stream, as broad as the Hellespont and as blue as the sky, and I could not look at it, hurrying on headlong to its fearful leap, without a feeling almost of dread.

There was only one thing to which Job was more susceptible than to the beauties of nature, and that was the beauty of woman. His romance had been stirred by the lynxed-eyed Sioux, who took her money for the moccasins with such haughty and thankless superbia, and full five miles of the river, with all the gorgeous flowers and rich shrubs upon its rim, might as well have been Lethe for his admiration. He rode along, like the man of rags you see paraded on an ass in the carnival, his legs and arms dangling about in ludicrous obedience to the sidelong pitch of his pacer.

The roar of the Falls was soon audible, and Job's enthusiasm and my own, if the increased pace of our Narragansett ponies meant any thing, were fully aroused. The river broke into rapids, foaming furiously on its course, and the subterranean thunder increased like a succession of earthquakes, each louder than the last. I had never heard a sound so broad and universal. It was impossible not to suspend the breath, and feel absorbed, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, in the great phenomenon with which the world seemed trembling to its centre. A tall, misty cloud, changing its shape continually, as it felt the shocks of the air, rose up before us, and with our eyes fixed upon it, and our horses at a hard gallop, we felt ourselves unexpectedly in front of a vast white hotel! which suddenly interposed between the cloud and our vision. Job slapped his legs against the sides of his panting beast, and urged him on, but a long fence on either side the immense building cut him off from all approach; and having assured ourselves that there was no access to Niagara except through the back-door of the gentleman's house, who stood with his hat off to receive us, we wished no good to his Majesty's province of Upper Canada, and dismounted.

"Will you visit the Falls before dinner, gentlemen?" asked mine host.

"No, sir!" thundered Job, in a voice that, for a moment, stopped the roar of the cataract.

He was like an improvisatore who had been checked by some rude barbore in the very crisis of his eloquence. He would not have gone to the Falls that night to have saved the world. We dined.

As it was the first meal we had ever eaten under a monarchy, I proposed the health of the king; but Job refused it. There was an impertinent profanity, he said, in fencing up the entrance to Niagara that was a greater encroachment on natural liberty than the stamp-act. He would drink to no king or parliament under which such a thing could be conceived possible. I left the table, and walked to the window.

"Job, come here! Miss—by all that is lovely!"

He flounced up, like a snake touched with a torpedo, and sprang to the window. Job had never seen the lady whose name produced such a sensation, but he had heard more of her than of Niagara. So had every soul of the fifteen millions of inhabitants between us and the Gulf of Mexico. She was one of those miracles of nature that occur, perhaps, once in the rise and fall of an empire—a woman of the perfect beauty of an angel,
with the most winning human sweetness of character and manner. She was kind, playful, unaffected, and radiantly, gloriously beautiful. I am sorry I may not mention her name, for in more chivalrous times she would have been a character of history. Every body who has been in America, however, will know whom I am describing, and I am sorry for those who have not. The country of Washington will be in its decadence before it sees such another.

She had been to the Fall, and was returning with her mother and a troop of lovers, who, I will venture to presume, brought away a very imperfect impression of the scene. I would describe her as she came laughing up that green bank, unconscious of every thing but the pleasure of life in a summer sunset; but I leave it for a more skilful hand. The authoress of Hope Leslie will, perhaps, mould her image into one of her inimitable heroines.

I presented my friend, and we passed the evening in her dangerous company. After making an engagement to accompany her in the morning behind the sheet of the Fall, we said good night at twelve—one of us at least as many "fathom deep in love" as a thousand Rosalinds. My poor chum! The roar of the cataract that shook the very roof over thy head was less loud to thee that night than the beating of thine own heart, I warrant me!

I rose at sunrise to go alone to the Fall, but Job was before me, and the angular outline of his gaunt figure, stretching up from Table Rock in strong relief against the white body of the spray, was the first object that caught my eye as I descended.

As I came nearer the Fall, a feeling of disappointment came over me. I had imagined Niagara a vast body of water descending as if from the clouds. The approach to most Falls is from below, and we get an idea of them as of rivers pitching down to the plain from the brow of a hill or a mountain. Niagara, on the contrary, comes out from Lake Erie through a flat plain. The top of the cascade is ten feet perhaps below the level of the country around, consequently invisible from any considerable distance. You walk to the bank of a broad and rapid river, and look over the edge of a rock, where the outlet of an inland sea seems to have broken through the crust of the earth, and, by its mere weight, plunged with an awful leap into an immeasurable and resounding abyss. It seems to strike and thunder upon the very centre of the world, and the ground beneath your feet quivers with the shock till you feel unsafe upon it.

Other disappointment than this I cannot conceive at Niagara. It is a spectacle so awful, so beyond the scope and power of every other phenomenon in the world, that I think people who are disappointed there mistake the incapacity of their own conception for the want of grandeur in the scene.

The "hell of waters" below needs but a little red ochre to out-Phlege-thon. I can imagine the surprise of the gentle element after sleeping away a Qheinfright of moonlight in the peaceful bosom of Lake Erie at finding itself of a sudden in such a coil! A Mediterranean sea-gull, which had tossed out the whole of a January in the infernal "yeast" of the Archipelago, (was I not all but wrecked every day between Troy and Malta in a score of successive hurricanes?)—I say, the most weather-beaten sea-birds would look twice before he ventured upon the roaring cauldron below Niagara. It is astonishing to see how far the descending mass is driven under the surface of the stream. As far down towards Lake Ontario as the eye can reach, the immense volumes of water rise like huge monsters to the light, boiling and flashing out in rays of foam, with an appearance of rage and anger that I have seen in no other cataract in the world.

"A nice Fall, as an Englishman would say, my dear Job."

"Awful!"

Halleck, the American poet, (a better one never "strung pearls") has written some admirable verses on Niagara, describing its effect on the different individuals of a mixed party, among whom was a tailor. The sea of incident that has broken over me in years of travel, has washed out of my memory all but the two lines descriptive of its impression upon Snip:

"The tailor made one single note—
Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!!"

"Shall we go to breakfast, Job?"

"How slowly and solemnly they drop into the abyss!"

It was not an original remark of Mr. Strong's. Nothing is so surprising to the observer as the extraordinary deliberateness with which the waters of Niagara take their tremendous plunge. All hurry and foam and fret, till they reach the smooth limit of the curve—and then the laws of gravitation seem suspended, and, like Caesar, they pause, and determine, since it is inevitable, to take the death-leap with becoming dignity.
“Shall we go to breakfast, Job?” I was obliged to raise my voice to be heard, to a pitch rather exhausting to an empty stomach.

His eyes remained fixed upon the shifting rainbows bending and vanishing in the spray. There was no moving him, and I gave in for another five minutes.

“Do you think it probable, Job, that the water of Niagara strikes on the axis of the world?”

No answer.

“Job!”

“What?”

“Do you think His Majesty’s half of the cataract is finer than ours?”

“Much.”

“For water, merely perhaps. But look at the delicious verdure on the American shore, the glorious trees, the moss’d foliage, the luxuriant growth even to the very rim of the ravine! By Jove! it seems to me, things grow better in a republic. Did you ever see a more barren and scraggy shore than the one you stand upon.”

“How exquisitely,” said Job, soliloquising, “that small green island divides the Fall! What a rock it must be founded on, not to have been washed away in the ages that these waters have split against it!”

“I’ll lay you a bet it is washed away before the year two thousand—payable in any currency with which we may then be conversant.”

“Don’t trifle!”

“With time, or geology, do you mean? Isn’t it perfectly clear from the looks of that ravine, that Niagara has back’d up all the way from Lake Ontario? These rocks are not adamant, and the very precipice you stand on has cracked, and looks ready for the plunge. It must gradually wear back to Lake Erie, and then there will be a sweep, I should like to live long enough to see. The instantaneous junction of two seas, with a difference of two hundred feet in their levels, will be a spectacle—eh, Job?”

“Tremendous!”

“Do you intend to wait and see it, or will you come to breakfast?”

He was immovable. I left him on the rock, went up to the hotel and ordered mutton-chops and coffee, and when they were on the table, gave two of the waiters a dollar each to bring him up noles-volens. He arrived in a great rage, but with a good appetite, and we finished our breakfast just in time to meet Miss ———, as she stepped like Aurora from her chamber.

It is necessary to a reputation for prowess in the United States to have been behind the sheet of the Fall (supposing you to have been to Niagara). This achievement is equivalent to a hundred shower-baths, one severe cold, and being drowned twice—but most people do it.

We descended to the bottom of the precipice, at the side of the Fall, where we found a small house, furnished with coarse linen dresses for the purpose, and having arranged ourselves in habiliments not particularly improving to our natural beauty, we re-appeared—only three out of a party of ten having had the courage to trust their attractions to such a trial. Miss ——— looked like a fairy in disguise, and Job like the most ghostly and diabolical monster that ever stalked unappreciated abroad. He would frighten a child in its best black suit—but with a pair of wet linen trousers scarce reaching to his knees, a jacket with sleeves shrunk to the elbows, and a white cap, he was something supernaturally awful. The guide hesitated about going under the Fall with him.

It looked rather appalling. Our way lay through a dense descending sheet of water, along a slender pathway of rocks, broken into small fragments, with an overhanging wall on one side, and the boiling cauldron of the cataract on the other. A false step, and you were a subject for the “shocking accident” maker.

The guide went first, taking Miss ———’s right hand. She gave me her left, and Job brought up the rear, as they say in Connecticut, “on his own hook.” We picked our way boldly up to the water. The wall leaned over so much, and the fragmented declivity was so narrow and steep, that if it had not been done before, I should have turned back at once. Two steps more and the small hand in mine began to struggle violently, and in the same instant, the torrent beat into my mouth, eyes, and nostrils, and I felt as if I was drowning. I staggered a blind step onward, but still the water poured into my nostrils, and the conviction rushed for a moment on my mind that we were lost. I struggled for breath, stumbled forward, and with a gasp that I thought was my last, sunk upon the rocks within the descending waters. Job tumbled over me the next instant, and as soon as I could clear my eyes sufficiently to look about me, I saw the guide sustaining Miss ———, who had been as nearly drowned as most of the subjects of the Humane
Society, but was apparently in a state of resuscitation. None but the half-drowned know the pleasure of breathing.

Here we were—within a chamber that Undine might have coveted, a wall of rock at our back, and a transparent curtain of shifting water between us and the world, having entitled ourselves à peu près to the same reputation with Hylas and Leander, for seduction by the Naiads.

Whatever sister of Arachne inhabits there, we could but congratulate her on the beauty of her abode. A lofty and well-lighted hall, shaped like a long pavilion, extended as far as we could see through the spray, and with the two objections, that you could not have heard a pistol at your ear for the noise, and that the floor was somewhat precipitous, one could scarce imagine a more agreeable retreat for a gentleman who was disgusted with the world, and subject to dryness of the skin.

In one respect it resembled the enchanted dwelling of the Witch of Atlas, where, Shelley tells us,

"Th' invisible rain did ever sing
A silver music on the mossy lawn."

It is lucky for Witches and Naiads that they are not subject to rheumatism.

The air was scarcely breathable—if air it may be called, which streams down the face with the density of a shower from a watering-pot, and our footing upon the slippery rocks was so insecure, that the exertion of continually wiping our eyes was attended with imminent danger. Our sight was valuable, for, surely, never was such a brilliant curtain hung up to the sight of mortals, as spread apparently from the zenith to our feet, changing in thickness and lustre, but with a constant and resplendent curve. It was what a child might imagine the arch of the sky to be where it bends over the edge of the horizon.

The sublime is certainly very much diluted when one contemplates it with his back to a dripping and sliny rock, and his person saturated with a continual supply of water. From a dry window, I think the infernal writhe and agony of the abyss into which we were continually liable to slip, would have been as fine a thing as I have seen in my travels; but I am free to admit, that, at the moment, I would have exchanged my experience and all the honour attached to it, for a dry escape. The idea of drowning back through that thick column of water, was at least a damper to enthusiasm. We seemed cut off from the living. There was a death between us and the vital air and sunshine.

I was screwing up my courage for the return, when the guide seized me by the shoulder. I looked around, and what was my horror to see Miss — standing far in behind the sheet upon the last visible point of rock, with the water pouring over her in torrents, and a gulf of foam between us, which I could in no way understand how she had passed over.

She seemed frightened and pale, and the guide explained to me by signs (for I could not distinguish a syllable through the roar of the cataract), that she had walked over a narrow ledge, which had broken with her weight. A long fresh mark upon the rock at the foot of the precipitous wall, made it sufficiently evident: her position was most alarming.

I made a sign to her to look well to her feet; for the little island on which she stood was green with slime and scarce larger than a hat, and an abyss of full six feet, foaming and unfathomable, raging between it and the nearest foothold. What was to be done? Had we a plank, even, there was no possible hold for the further extremity, and the shape of the rock was so conical, that its slippery surface evidently would not hold a rope for a moment. To jump to her, even if it were possible, would endanger her life, and while I was smiling and encouraging the beautiful creature, as she stood trembling and pale on her dangerous foothold, I felt my very heart sink within me. For the first time, I fear, in years, I put up a momentary but fervent prayer to God.

The despairing guide said something which I could not hear, and disappeared through the watery wall, and I fixed my eyes upon the lovely form, standing, like a spirit in the misty shroud of the spray, as if the intensity of my gaze could sustain her upon her dangerous foothold. I would have given ten years of my life at that moment to have clasped her hand in mine.

I had scarce thought of Job until I felt him trying to pass behind me. His hand was trembling as he laid it on my shoulder to steady his steps; but there was something in his ill-hewn features that shot an indefinable ray of hope through my mind. His sandy hair was plastered over his forehead, and his scant dress clung to him like a skin; but though I recollected his image now with a smile, I looked upon him with a feeling far enough from amusement then. God bless thee, my dear Job! wherever in this unlit world thy fine spirit may be fulfilling its destiny!

He crept down carefully to the edge of
the foaming abyss, till he stood with the
breaking bubbles at his knees. I was at a
loss to know what he intended. She surely
would not dare to attempt a jump to his
arms from that slippery rock, and to reach
her in any way seemed impossible.

The next instant he threw himself for-
ward, and while I covered my eyes in horror,
with the flashing conviction that he had
gone mad and flung himself into the hopeless
whirlpool to reach her, she had crossed the
awful gulf, and lay trembling and exhausted
at my feet! He had thrown himself over the
chasm, caught the rock barely with the extre-
mities of his fingers, and with certain death
if he missed his hold or slipped from his
uncertain tenure, had sustained her with
supernatural strength as she walked over his
body!

The guide providentially returned with a
rope in the same instant, and fastening it
around one of his feet, we dragged him back
through the whirlpool, and after a moment or
two to recover from the suffocating immo-
sion, he fell on his knees, and we joined him,
I doubt not devoutly, in his inaudible thanks
to God.

A Here-and-Thereian.

LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.

No. II.

Baths of Ems, June.

You will remember the occasion which
led to my acquaintance with the Baron Von
R—berg; that circumstance, I am happy
to say, is likely to be attended—so far as you
are concerned—with favourable results. He
is a special favourite with his royal master,
has just received a fresh decoration, and pro-
mises me the full weight of his interest in
that quarter. He depicts Prince A—- as
a most estimable character, and as one who
is neither ignorant of, nor unfavourable to,
the important object in view.

Trusting, therefore, that my next—and
probably last from this, will prove the medium
of a pleasant dénouement in this domestic
drama, I hasten to give you some particulars
of such light and passing scenes as this con-
gress of gaiety and fashion is daily presenting.

The arrival took place as stated in my
postscript. The following morning I was
charged with a complimentary message to
the Princess on her arrival in this territory,
and which I delivered at the early hour of
eleven A.M., after being conducted by an
officer of the household through several
chambers, all replete with “Indian weed,” and
where several pipes, in great activity, kept
up the mutual process of refection and dis-
fection. The Princess, who is sister to the
King of B—-— has the character of being
highly spirituelle and accomplished; while
in manners she is dignified, graceful, and
even fascinating. Nature, however, either
in spite or compassion, has constrained her
to the practice of a peculiarly monoto-
nous “step” through life; but in all other re-
spects has liberally indemnified her. It has
been rather aptly observed on this defective
point, that “nature having originally intended
her for wings, had overlooked the feet.” She
is not in good health, nor so happy, it is
said, as she deserves to be; and the physi-
cians have advised her to visit the provinces,
and drink the waters. It is highly deserving
of record, that these waters of Ems, like
certain others in the Apennines, and even in
the Black Forest, Lucca, and Liebenzell, for
instance, are famous for a certain mysterious
influence which has dispensed life and joy to
many a desolate heart; and restored many
a beautiful and disconsolate Barraness to
her natural rank and privilege in society. In
witness hereof, several votaries are now offer-
ing maternal sacrifice to the Genius of the
spring, and others supplicating his clemency
for the same regenerating grace, particularly
a Field-Marshalless (Feldmarshallinn), whose
history is as full of interest as that of the
last campaign in her own native Silesia, of
which at a future occasion. But pray state
these important facts in your first tête-à-tête
with the Duchess of ——.

In my last, I mentioned the belle of the
day; her reign, as I predicted, was brief, but
cancelled in a way which no one at that time
anticipated. Some months since, it appears,
she was wooed, and so far won by a young
Hungarian Nobleman (an officer of hussars),
that the marriage was on the point of being
solemnised. By some well or ill-timed inci-
dent, however, suspicions were excited,
doubts entertained, hard words exchanged
among the elders, and the marriage suddenly
marred and broken off. With the heart thus chilled at its highest temperature, the lady fell sick; and the Hussar lover went no one knew whither, unless it were to make love in some more auspicious quarter. Hufeland being consulted in this case, recommended Ems, which, with the friendly surveillance of the fair Muscovite mentioned in my last, offered at once a safe and salutary residence, and here she has been drinking the waters ever since. Two nights ago, a concert was given in the little opera-room in the garden, when all the titled and talented strength of the place assisted, and among these, the duenna and her interesting ward—the latter much more successful in attracting the eyes, than the concert in fascinating the ears, of the company. On leaving the room, as the concert finished, to step into her carriage, she accidentally dropt a lace scarf, which a tall military figure, stationed at the door, took up, and, folding it after a particular fashion, presented to her as she turned round to take her seat in the landau. Instead, however, of thanking the courteous stranger, as a young lady should have done, she only shrieked aloud, convulsively grasped the scarf, and then swooned into total insensibility. The cause of this not a soul could even conjecture, but it spoiled the evening's excursion, and the young lady, instead of being driven to Nassau, was conducted to her apartment. Hereupon, Dr. D.—ng was instantly sent for, and accounted for the fit upon rational and scientific principles, satisfying every bystander that it was produced by an over-dose of the Kessel brunnen, a beverage of which, to his certain knowledge, the patient had that very morning imbibed thirteen half-pint glasses! To counteract this excess, rest and the same quantity of the mulubrunnen, the following day, were recommended as the sovereign remedy, and the young lady quietly left to sleep off the fit. At five o'clock next morning, however, she was so far recovered as to be able to take the fresh air on the balcony, and to be dressed at eight for a previously-arranged party to the Rauenburg. At the very instant, however, that her toilet was finished, and she put her head accidentally to the window, she was startled by the sudden arrival of a courier in her father's livery, and with every mark of having performed a rapid journey. The next instant his despatches were in her hands, and, melancholy to say, informed her that her only brother had but a few hours to live! The instructions were, that she should not lose a moment, but return under escort of the bearer, horses having been already engaged, by estafette, throughout the whole route. She rushed into the apartment of the princess—showed the letters—exchanged a hasty but most affectionate adieu—and the next minute, without even changing her dress, was seated in the carriage. Pitying her affliction, yet deeply struck by the almost unnatural fortitude which her young friend showed under circumstances which might certainly have excited at least one more hysterical fit, the princess resolved to accompany her to the next relay, and, seating herself beside her, ordered her own carriage to follow. At this point, as a proof of her solicitude, she proposed that her confidential jager should attend her as far as the Weimar territory; but to this proposal the young lady politely objected, assuring her kind friend, that the courier who brought her father's despatches was so well known, and in every way so deserving of her confidence, that she would not hurt his feelings by thus implying a doubt of the zeal or efficiency of his services, knowing his devotedness to the object of his mission. The princess, however, made a rejoinder, and at the same instant called for Gottlieb, the jager, with the full intention of carrying her point, by desiring him to take his place behind the drosose, and see the young lady to Erfurt at least. Gottlieb, however, was nowhere to be found; and the young lady expressing great impatience to be off, so as not to frustrate the last chance of seeing her brother alive, the four posters made a sudden start forward, which quite unexpectedly cut short all farther parley, and threw distance and a cloud of dust between them. Gottlieb now answered his summons with great alacrity, but "could not at all account for the sudden deafness which had seized him."

While waiting for the arrival of her own carriage, the princess felt some misgivings, which the sight of five handsome thaler pieces in the hands of the last postilion, greatly increased. "A perfect right good freiherr—they were sure; or there was not one in all Westphalia—the very picture, too, of P— Alt—. He a courier? A courier he might be; but," giving their jaded horses a thick double slice of Schwartzbrod, and calling lustily for schnapps, "the fair fraulein knew best." The joke that followed on the part of the Schwager, it is here unnecessary to repeat—they filled the wide court-yard of the post-house with boisterous mirth, the echoes of which haunted the princess till she alighted at her own door, where her sus-
Quixote Redivivus

Quixote Redivivus invokes the gallantry of every man of spirit and taste in behalf of two nymphs of Grecian origin, who, since

"Learning triumph’d o’er its barbarous foes," have been naturalised, domesticated, and cherished in the British isles,—but, whose fair dwellings have of late been made the den of the lion and the garden of the bear,—whose spacious halls have been converted into stables,—whose native votaries have been impoverished to enrich the dancing girls and mountebanks of foreign lands,—while the masquerader and the midnight reveller have defiled the scenes hitherto closed against every visitor but the sage, the poet, and the patron of the arts. Is there a civilised being who will hesitate to buckle on his armour, and wield a lance in defence of the erst adored, but now insulted Thalia and Melpomene? Alas! even the recollection of the bright age of chivalry has been long faded; the golden days of the drama will soon be lost in like oblivion; the professors of the histrionic art, like those of knighthood, errantry, will be numbered with the shadowy heroes of romance; and the brilliant achievements of Garrick, and Kemble, and Kean, will be as apocryphal as the miraculous deeds of Amadis de Gaul, St. George of merrie England, and the patron saint of the Emerald Isle.
Since coats of mail have fallen into desuetude, and sleeves of lawn are vainly raised in vindication of oppressed damsels, the "grey goose quill" is the only weapon left to defend the Dramatic Muses against the foe, who, like the savage Hun*, would desecrate the classic temples reared for the instruction and delight of rational beings, by mingling the depraved orgies of the rude barbarian with the pure rites inculcated by genius and refinement.

Quixote Redivivus, in professing himself a disciple of the Knight of La Mancha, has endeavoured, by anticipating, to defeat the ridicule which may be thrown on him who, in these utilitarian times, dares to speak of the drama with the earnestness which the subject demands. But though his Quixotism were to bring on him all the ludicrous mishaps that befel his renowned prototype, he trusts the cause he advocates would not suffer by his overstrained zeal.

The patience of the lovers of the drama, during the late degradation of the English stage, has been sustained by the still-deferred hope that the present ridiculous laws for the government, or rather for the misgovernment of theatres, would be, at least, revised, if not totally abrogated. But though some relief has been given to dramatic authors by our reformed legislature, the public and the players still suffer under the thraldom of obsolete privileges, that have long been profane to their possessors, and injurious to the art for the encouragement of which they were ostensibly instituted.

Still, while there continued to be a competition between the two chief theatres, some chance remained that one of them, at least, might fall into the hands of a Theatric Avatar, who would "redress the Drama's injured realm." Unhappily this last hope has been defeated by the union of the theatres under a lessee as fond of spectacle as Falstaff was of sack, and whose preference of foreign artists to English actors and authors is in the same ratio as the fat knight's expenditure with the vintner and the baker,—

"Sack, five and eight pence; bread, a halfpenny."

The unnatural coalition has had a patient trial, and has failed in every respect. The annals of the winter theatres do not record a series of representations so humiliating to the theatrical profession as those of the last season.

Yet, if the individual, at whose expense the experiment is said to have been made, still escape being the subject of a Commissio de Lunatico Inquirendo, the same disgraceful and unprofitable system will continue to be acted upon, unless John Bull have at last the spirit to resist the depravation of his amusements as stoutly as he opposed the invasion of his pockets by the celebrated O. P. war.

Quixote Redivivus, like other agitators, does not counsel honest John to break the peace; but would have him exhibit every legal demonstration of warfare. Let him prepare to sound the cat-call, and the cow-horn, the penny trumpet, and the rattles of the Charley and the child; let him post the placard and hoist the banner, "Fair play to English actors"—"No foreigners at Covent Garden."—"No horses at Drury Lane." "No admission behind the scenes;" and, in the words of the Chancellor, "Plays fit for grown men and women to see." The speculators in theatricals will thus be forced to have recourse to legitimate sources of attraction. They will be compelled to foster English actors, and to encourage English authors. Supply will follow demand. More than half a century since, when the fortune of Drury Lane theatre was reduced to the lowest ebb, the appearance of Siddons and Jordan in the same season, restored the full tide of success. If the public at that time would have sanctioned the meretricious style of entertainment which was suffered last season, the most brilliant ornaments of the British stage might have remained in obscurity.

Let the public be firm in their resistance of farther innovation, and they will not again hear of the possessors of dramatic genius being compelled to cross the Atlantic in search of a subsistence.

The dramatic literature of England is superior to that of any other country; but it must inevitably decline if Englishmen continue to be passive spectators of the misappropriation, the absolute degradation, of the national theatres, which, no longer ago than the commencement of the present century, were rival schools of literature, elocution, music, painting, and still more, of morals, and of manners.

(* Query: Bunn?—Printer's Devil.)
THE COURT.

From the time of the Queen's departure until the prorogation of Parliament, the even tenor of the King's life has only been interrupted by his Majesty's journeys from Windsor to St. James's, to hold his weekly levees. At one of these, Mr. E. J. Stanley had the honor of being presented as Under Secretary of State, and the Earl of Mulgrave and Sir John Hobhouse kissed hands on their respective appointments to the Privy Seal, and the Woods and Forests. On Wednesday, the 13th inst., the King held a Chapter of the Order of the Garter. Earl Bathurst delivered the ribbon and the order worn by his late father, which his Majesty conferred upon the Duke of Norfolk with the usual ceremonials.

On Friday, the 15th, the King again came to St. James's. A Court was held at one o'clock, attended by the Cabinet Ministers, the Duke of Argyll as Lord Steward, and Lord Albermarle as Master of the Horse. A Privy Council was afterwards held, and the King's speech on the prorogation of Parliament agreed upon. Soon after two o'clock, his Majesty went in state to the House of Lords, attended by several members of the Household, the Yeomen of the Guard, Marshalmen, &c., arrayed in their state costume. The procession consisted of four carriages and six, besides the state coach, drawn by eight horses. A detachment of Life Guards escorted the procession. The King took his seat on the throne a few minutes before three o'clock. The attendance of ladies was very numerous, not only in the body of the house, but in the gallery, painted chamber, and the avenues. The spectacle was extremely brilliant. The King, who appeared in excellent health and spirits, was warmly greeted as he passed through the painted chamber to take his seat on the throne. His Majesty's tone, as he read the speech, was, as usual, firm and decided. The procession returned to the Palace a few minutes before four.

On Monday, the 18th, the Queen, attended by the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, the Earl and Countess of Errol, the Earl and Countess Howe, and Miss Bagot, embarked at Mayence on board a steam vessel, and proceeded to Helvoetsluis, where the Royal George, commanded by Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence, was in waiting. At nine o'clock in the evening, her Majesty and suite went on board the yacht. On Tuesday, at one o'clock, it was taken in tow by the Phœnix steamer, and proceeded direct for the river Thames, accompanied by the Spitfire, another Government steamer, that followed close astern with her Majesty's luggage and carriages. At the Nore, her Majesty was met by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation of London, on board the Magnet steamer. After having paid the customary honours, they proceeded in advance of the royal vessel up the Thames. Her Majesty's progress from Gravesend to Woolwich was hailed with the most gratifying marks of enthusiastic attachment by the multitudes assembled both on the land and water. About half-past three, the royal yacht cast anchor off the Dock-yard at Woolwich, where the whole population of the surrounding country appeared to have turned out to welcome the Queen's return to these realms. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Corporation of London went on board the Royal George; his Lordship congratulated the Queen on her safe return, and expressed the deep anxiety which the loyal citizens of London entertained for her happiness and welfare. Her Majesty graciously replied, that she felt grateful to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London for this mark of their kindness and respect, and assured his Lordship that the enthusiasm and loyalty with which she had been received by the people would never be effaced from her memory. The Lord Mayor and the members of the Corporation present, after kissing hands, returned to the Magnet. The Queen stepped into a boat steered by Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, and was rowed by the King's watermen to the Dock-yard, where she
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Thomas Campbell, Esq.

We are old enough to remember the soul-subduing performances of the greatest actress this country, or perhaps the world, ever produced. Many of our fair readers have not been so fortunate as to enjoy this advantage, which is, however, coupled with the disadvantage of being so much older than they are! As Obber well remarks, nearly all the fame of actors of necessity dies with them. They cannot, like the poet, the painter, the musical composer, and others who instruct or delight us, leave lasting monuments behind them; and the recollections of their biographers can but imperfectly retain, and their pens but faintly describe, the magical effects their talents produced when they walked the stage and moved the hearts of thousands. Almost as much as could be done in this respect, we think has been done by Mr. Campbell, who knew Mrs. Siddons for many years, and became her biographer at her own request. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope" has brought a warm and willing heart to the task, and in describing the private life, the moral worth, the cheerful spirit, and unwearying industry of the Tragic Queen, has produced an enduring record, and a most valuable example for others. What Henderson, the most competent of critics, said of her acting, "that she never had an equal, and never would have a superior," may be said of Mrs. Siddons, with almost equal justice, in her several domestic positions as daughter, wife, mother, and friend. Her whole history is a great moral lesson, and contains things applicable to persons of every grade and condition.

Mr. Campbell's dramatic criticisms,—his anecdotes of the great actresses that preceded Mrs. Siddons, and the sundry quaint stories he introduces to enliven the narrative,—will all be found exceedingly amusing. We are happy to see that this true poet, whom the mediocrity of the day would in vain attempt to disparage, expresses a high opinion of Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Woman,"—a delightful work, which ought to be read by all who love Shakespeare and the drama.

Dacre, a Novel. Edited by the Countess of Morley.

TAKEN altogether, this is as pleasant a tale as we have read this season. The incidents, though neither startling nor altogether novel, are interesting, and are well put together. They have always perfect verisimilitude, and rise out of and succeed one another in a natural order. The character, and the peculiar, trying position in society of Francis Dacre, the hero, are painted with great truth and effect. Lady Emily, the heroine, is a delicately beautiful conception, and also true to the life. Lady Anne Preston, who is mainly the cause that makes the course of true love run unsmooth, is a married coquette, and a very fair specimen of the class to which she belongs. Some of the subordinate characters in the novel are happily sketched, particularly those of the poor-protecting, peanuty-educating Lady Whitby, the literary gentleman (Mr. Rowley), "a dull man, of deep reading and profound ignorance," whose fame rested on his once having written "an article in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the illegible inscription of a newly
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

129


WILLIAM GODWIN, the author of "Political Justice," and "Caleb Williams," and "St. Leon," and a host of other works breathing the most lofty spirit of philosophy and philanthropy, displaying the most noble views of social freedom, and diving into the innermost recesses of the human heart, has enjoyed, during a series of at least fifty years, more universal celebrity, perhaps, than any living writer. Having existed long beyond the span of ordinary human life, he has heard the judgment of succeeding generations passed upon his labours, and has lived to see the principles of his youth—principles which were at first spurned and held up to execration—placed upon the pedestal of truth, and the dark clouds of prejudice dispelled, by which they were surrounded. He was the first who dared to inquire into the defects of the modern social state, and to expose the abuses by which nations were degraded and enslaved. He underwent his share of persecution; but it only tended to the more complete triumph of truth. His works were translated and eagerly read by foreign nations, and they have raised a monument to his fame throughout Europe which he has lived to witness. Mr. Godwin is now near eighty years of age, and, with his powers of mind unimpaired, he continues to delight the grandchildren of those whom he delighted in the vigour of his manhood. The volume before us is a history of the individuals, in successive ages, have claimed or acquired the reputation of possessing magical power. It contains a great variety of entertaining information clothed in the beauty of Mr. Godwin's inimitable style; and we strongly recommend it as well to those who merely seek to while away a dull hour, as to searchers after instruction.


Twonsh the subjects of the poems comprised in this volume are extremely varied, the same ardent love of freedom, and enlarged sympathy with the wrongs and sufferings of the people, pervade the whole. In these qualities, indeed, properly speaking, lie the sources of the author's inspiration; for, though in the more quiet and contemplative pieces we discover a fine vein of thought, clothed felicitously in chaste and harmonious language, our feelings are chiefly interested by his earnest appeals in favour of the oppressed, the captive, the slave. All poets, whatever may be their political creed, abhor tyranny and despotism in the abstract, it being inherent in the very nature of poetry to take high and catholic views of human nature. But they often err when they descend to the level of existing institutions, and sometimes direct the fierce torrent of their indignation the wrong way, mistaking the loud complaints of the injured for the clamours of restless anarchists. But Mr. Roscoe's political bias fortunately leads him into the right track; and, where the subject demands it, he embodies his sentiments in bold unequivocal expressions. These poems, in which
the hopes and fears, the transitions, anticipations, and regrets of the world of passion, are embodied, full short, perhaps, in truth and vigour, of the patriotic ode; but in the lines "On the Death of an Infant Boy," the anguish of blighted paternal affection, the dreary vacancy of the soul when it has bid farewell to hope, the impassioned recollection of the value of what we have lost, are admirably blended with a philosophical style of consolation, and the higher and more influential suggestions of Christianity; and, in the descriptive pieces, the delights of solitude, the varying charms of external nature, the hushed quiet of ancient woods, are portrayed with much classic elegance and feeling.


Too many of our travellers run over the world in search of the picturesque and the curious, without ever giving a day's journey to the beauties and wonders that abound at home. Taking the whole of the United Kingdoms, we have as much picturesque beauty, and infinitely more variety, than is to be found in any country of the same extent on the continent of Europe. Ireland is very rich in this respect, and in the caprices of nature; and we are of opinion that Mr. Ainsworth has done good service in drawing attention thereto. We copy part of his description of these curious caves.

"The bay of Ballybunnian is about 500 paces in width, and its sands, which are piled up the sides of its inner portion, are dry and firm, through the prevalence of westerly winds, and the strength of the currents mars the pleasantness and security of the bathing. The cliffs, which front the northern side, extend about 290 yards, and gradually from the east to the west, or towards the sea, where they attain a height of 110 feet. They preserve throughout great perpendicularity, and are composed of two great beds, from thirty to forty feet in thickness, of compact amphiolite, divided by a seam of the same slate, but fissile and anthracititious, and pouring out streamlets of water which contain iron and salts in solution, and tinge the rocks with bright yellow and ochreous colours. These cliffs are also penetrated by several caves of small dimensions, which open upon the bay, and are crossed in one place by a fissure occasioned by the fracturing of the rock, which dips at a small angle of inclination (4° to 5°) to the east. The last cave on the sea side, which has also an entrance from the bay, immediately curves round, and allows the sea to be seen breasting its foamy way with much impetuosity, even on calm days, up two distinct apertures, through which the light gleams with almost starlight brightness. About thirty paces to the right another passage, at first lofty and easy of access to many persons abreast, but gradually diminishing until blocked up with sand, leads by a first corridor to the right into other caves opening to the sea, this again extending inward to a little circular chamber, which joins the inner branch of the vestibule, or first passage; secondly, by a low passage which must be cempt into, and which, after following a circuitous course, ultimately leads into a vaulted chamber of small dimensions; and thirdly, by a passage which, at the time the author explored these caverns, diminished gradually in height and width, still at about sixty paces from its extremity it was entirely closed up by the water-worn trunk of a tree. It was confidently stated that this passage had been followed across many, if not most of the caves which penetrate this headland, extending from the north end of Ballybunnian bay to that of Dune, at a distance of more than 300 yards. The headland between these two points throughout its whole extent, presents a nearly horizontal distribution of compact stratified rocks, fronting the sea in nearly vertical precipices, and perforated by a great number of channels of different sizes and depths, which communicate more or less with one another, and which, from their size being rather less than the loftier and deeper grottos to the north, are called the smaller caves."

Speculation. A Novel. By the Author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal."

Though the fair author sometimes ventures beyond her depth in treating of the great streams of society, and though she is not yet mistress of the very difficult art of constructing a complicated story, we trace great talent, liveliness, good taste, and good feeling in these volumes. Portions of them are indeed excellent, and the whole work has the merit of never being dull or offensive. For a young lady like Miss Pardoe it is a remarkable production. But this young lady has made good use of her time, being evidently a thinking and accomplished person. We have just seen a translation she has made of a recently published Italian poem called the Plague. We like neither the subject nor the original author's manner of treating it, but, in rendering it into English, Miss Pardoe shows that she is well acquainted with the Italian, and is versed in many of the poetical graces of her own language.

Oriental Fragments. By the Author of the Hindû Pantheon.

Major Edward Moor, a retired officer of the Bombay army, has here presented us with some amusing essays, and much odd, out-of-the-way information, picked up during a residence of a quarter of a century in India.

It is an honourable distinction of the East India Company, and one that ought never to be forgotten, that their service, both military and civil, has produced an unprecedented number of men of
high talent and enlarged philanthropy. We cannot here discuss the causes that have led to such results, but the obvious fact is that some of the brightest ornaments of our country in modern times have been fostered, and have educated themselves, in India; for most of them went to the East too young to have received anything like a finished education at home. Has not a great portion of their merit arisen from this necessity of self-tuition, and reliance on the energies of their own minds?

It is truly delightful to see so many of them, after their return with honourable independence to their own country, employing their active minds in literary pursuits, and giving the world the advantage of their campaigns, travels, adventures, and difficulty acquired knowledge.

The present volume contains a great deal to interest the philologist and to amuse the general reader. The chapters that trace the existence of Sanscrit names in Greece, Africa, England, Ireland, South America, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands, is peculiarly interesting.

The volume, which we recommend to the notice of our readers, is embellished with several curious plates, among which are representations of the great seal that belonged to Dowlat Rau Sindiah, and a remarkable Indian shield made of rhinoceros' hide and elaborately ornamented.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations, &c. By W. I. Thoms, Editor of the "Early English Romances," Parts III. and IV.

This cheap, agreeable little work, continues to be equal to the fair promise of its commencement. Of the monthly parts before us, one treats of the legendary lore of Ireland, the other of that of Spain.

The following Irish story is well told:—

"LEGEND OF THE BUILDING OF ARDMORE ROUND TOWER, BY ST. DECLAN.

The round towers of Ireland are universally regarded by the peasantry, as the produce of supernatural agency. "As ould as the hills, your honour, and treth an' they say it was all built in a night,"—is the general reply to any question about them; a saint or a devil, a fairy or a giant, are alternately the constructors, and the period of the work never exceeds one night. Latoncay, in his "Promenade d'un Francois dans l'Irlande," already quoted by us, speaking of that at Cloyne, remarks, "si c'est le dieable qui l'a bateau, le diable est un bon macon." The visitor of Ardmore will bear abundance of tales, in which the patron saint, Declan, appears as the "Minister of Miracles." The limb of a cross which surmounted this tower, frequently seen by our informant in the years 1804 and 1805, was said, by the country people, to be the thigh-bone of an old woman who came out one night and interrupted saint Declan, when he was building this tower. "Yea, then," says she, "Saint Declan, will you built it up to the sky?"—"You could wrench," says he, turning to her, "I'll build it no higher, and you'll be sorry for using me." In a moment the conical top was finished; and, seizing the old woman by the leg, the holy saint whisked her high into the air: she descended and remained on the top of the tower; she descended, and piece by piece fell, and bone after bone, as the integuments perished, until this one alone remained."

This account of the origin of Round Towers is much more amusing than, and probably quite as correct as, the erudite Mr. O'Brien's.

London at Night, and other Poems. By Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

Tus fair and noble author (the daughter of the Duke of Rutland) is already known to the lovers of poetry by the publication of a former volume, and by several detached pieces, some of which first appeared in the Court Magazine.

The elegant little volume now before us is characterised by the same delicacy and tenderness of thought and expression that distinguished her preceding works, and we think we observe some improvement in vigour and spirit, and a greater mastery of the "ars divisor.

An extract will invite attention to "London at Night."

"Honour to thee, thou strong and gracious Night! Honour to thee, in thy prevailing might, Thou sanctifier—thou beautifier—all Consents to thy most glorifying thrill! 'Tis thine with reverential love to enfold, And, oh! to adorn the ruined fanes of old; 'Tis thine, in thy calm watchfulness, to spread A mantle of deep beauty o'er the dead— The mighty or the lowly—all who trod, A thousand years ago, earth's vernal sod, And all who yesterday were summoned hence; (Oh, let us hope, fenced round with innocence!) The sovereign masters of the sovereign mind— Those who left past and present far behind, And met the future on its shadowy flight, Piercing its dimness with prophetic sight;— And they who humbly lived, and meekly died, Unwarped by selfishness—unchilled by pride, Passing through each probationary stage, Uphorne by faith—from youth to wintry age; They whom love watched with keen and jealous care, Tempering for them life's too inclement air, Beguiling mortal hours of their dull weight, And strengthening them to meet each turn of fate With still submission, calm and high;—and they Who trod a bleak and unaccompanied way, Who vainly loved, and felt they lived in vain— Fond martyrs of a deeply-bosomed pain. Lo, fancy cites them from their chill retreats, Robed in the sackcloth of their winding sheets! Dine, pale, and beautiful, from their channel-grounds They rise, with their faint smiles and staunchless wounds."

p. 24.
Two Old Men’s Tales.

The author of these two tales is one of the most promising novel writers we have met with for some time. We know nothing of the party, but should judge from internal evidence, that the author is neither a man, nor old. The first of the stories, called “The Deformed,” relates to a young man of the highest birth, and of the noblest and purest mind, but who is unfortunate in the qualities of health and person. Though melancholy in its termination, it offers in its progress a consoling example of the prevalence of mind over matter. There is a female character (Silla) which is drawn with admirable truth, softness, and beauty. The second tale, or the Admiral’s Daughter, begins excellently, but is not quite so good towards the close. We take these things, however, as a token and a promise of future excellence, and in the mean time can recommend the Two Old Men’s Tales as deeply interesting.

MUSIC.

THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

We are happy to announce that the preparations for this undertaking are far advanced, and that it bids fair fully to come up to the expectations which it has raised. The festival is patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Spencer, Earl Howe, Lord James Stuart, Lord Monson, Lord Arden, and the Honourable P. P. Bouverie; the Duchess of Northumberland, the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Roseberry, the Countess Cowper, the Countess of Tankerville, the Dowager Lady Arundel, and Lady Rolle. The proceeds of these concerts are to be equally divided between the Westminster and Charing Cross Hospitals, two institutions of great public utility, and deserving of the warmest support.

Too great praise cannot be bestowed upon the committee of the Amateur Festival for the persevering courage with which they have overcome every obstacle—and they have not had few to encounter; neither must we omit to mention the talents and activity of the conductor, Mr. W. Holderness, who has certainly one advantage over the conductor of the Abbey Festival—that of understanding the music to be performed under his direction.

The first concert, which will take place on Thursday, October 31, will consist of a Selection from the Dettingen Te Deum, from the Oratorios of Judas Maccabees, Jephtha, Samson,—from the Mount of Olives, by Beethoven, and from Mozart’s 12th Mass.

Second performance, Monday, November 3d,—A Selection from the Creation, Israel in Egypt, the works of Mozart, Beethoven, &c.

Third performance, Wednesday, November 5th, the Messiah.

The opposition which this projected festival has raised among the musical professors of the third and fourth classes is truly surprising. Every professional musician of real talent looks with satisfaction upon an attempt likely to improve the state of the art in this country; but those who have only vast pretensions without talent, regard this undertaking with inconceivable jealousy, probably because it is likely to expose their own deficiencies, and without reflecting that, but for the amateurs, there would be no professors. Among the opponents of this festival, Sir George Smart stands prominent, and has even gone out of his way, as we are told on the very best authority, to induce the musical societies which shared in the proceeds of the Abbey Festival, not to assist the amateurs. Sir George Smart had better beware; he is placing himself under a glass-case. He will surely draw public attention to his own woful deficiencies, and lead people to inquire into his qualifications for the high station in the musical world which he has ventured to assume.

FINE ARTS.

Queen Esther, engraved by Alfred Martin, after a drawing by John Martin.

The young artist who has produced this beautiful engraving is under twenty years of age. He is the eldest son of John Martin, whose extraordinary talents are so highly appreciated throughout Europe, though he is excluded—how injudiciously we need not say—from the academy of his own country. Mr. Martin, junior, in this plate, shows that he is worthily following his father’s footsteps, and a few more such works as the present must necessarily place him in the highest rank of mezzotinto engravers.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblée,

FOR OCTOBER, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE MARCHIONESS OF TAVISTOCK.

The Marchioness of Tavistock is a scion of the noble house of Stanhope, Earls of Harrington, which descends from Sir Richard Stanhope, who held large possessions in the north during the reign of Henry III. Sir John Stanhope, Knt. of Elvaston in Derbyshire, the tenth in descent from this Sir Richard, married first Cordell, daughter and co-heir of R. Allington, Esq. and had a son, Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. He espoused, secondly, Catharine, daughter of Thomas Treenthorn, Esq. of Rochester Priory, in Staffordshire, by whom he had, with other issue,

Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, who represented the county of Derby in Parliament, during the reign of James I., and from that monarch received the honour of knighthood. He likewise sat as member for the town of Leicester in the third year of the reign of Charles I. Sir John espoused, first, Olive, daughter and heir of Edward Beresford, Esq., by whom he had an only daughter wedded to Charles Cotton, Esq. By Mary, his second wife, daughter of Sir John Radcliffe, of Ordsall, in Lancashire, Knt., he had, with other issue,

John Stanhope, of Elvaston, Esq., who was but nine years old at the death of his father. He espoused Jane, daughter of Sir John Cardleston, and, dying March 26, 1662, was succeeded by his only son,

John Stanhope, Esq., who married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Charles Ayard, Esq., of Postow in the county of Derby, and left three sons. The eldest,

Thomas Stanhope, Esq., who succeeded his father, wedded Jane, one of the daughters of Gilbert Thacket, of Ripton Priory, in the county of Derby, Esq., and relict of Charles Stanhope (second son of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield) who took the surname of Wotton. Mr. Stanhope represented the town of Derby in the first parliament of Queen Anne, and, dying without issue April 10, 1730, was succeeded, in the estates, by his next brother,

Charles Stanhope, Esq., of Elvaston, Secretary of the Treasury, and Treasurer of the Chamber in the reign of George I., who died unmarried, when the estates devolved upon his youngest brother,

William Stanhope, Esq., a distinguished soldier and statesman during the reigns of the first two monarchs of the house of Brunswick. Early in life, Mr. Stanhope embraced the profession of arms, and in 1710 was appointed colonel of a regiment of infantry. In 1717 he commenced his diplomatic career as envoy to Spain. In May, 1721, he served as a volunteer in the French army under the command of Marshal Berwick, who was then laying siege to Foutarabia. During the war, Colonel Stanhope concerted a plan for the destruction of three Spanish ships of the line and a great quantity of naval stores, in the port of St. Audero, in the Bay of Biscay. An English squadron carried the plan into execution, whilst he himself contributed to its success by accompanying a detachment of troops which Berwick sent at his solicitation, and he was the first that leaped into the water when the boat approached the shore. On the peace with Spain, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and again returned as envoy to Madrid. During his residence at the Spanish court he witnessed many extraordinary events, which he has ably detailed in his despatches,—among others, the abdication of Philip V., the succession and death of Louis, the resumption of the crown by
Philip, the return of the Spanish Infanta, the separation of Spain from France, its union with the house of Austria, and the rise and fall of Ripperda. He manifested great firmness and discretion on that minister being forcibly taken from his house; and his conduct on this occasion impressed King George, and his ministry, with a deep sense of his diplomatic talents, and contributed to his future elevation. On the rupture with Spain, which commenced with the siege of Gibraltar, he returned to England, and was appointed vice-chamberlain to the King, and shortly afterwards nominated, in conjunction with Horace Walpole, and Stephen Poyntz, plenipotentiary at the congress of Soissons. On the 9th of November, 1720, in consideration of his services, and chiefly for the ability he displayed in concluding the treaty of Seville, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Harrington, of Harrington, in the county of Northampton.

In 1730 his Lordship was appointed principal secretary of state, and continued to hold the seals until a change of ministry took place in 1742, when he was nominated lord president of the council, and, on the 9th of February of that year, raised to the dignities of Viscount Petersham, of Petersham, in the county of Surrey, and Earl of Harrington, in Northamptonshire. The Earl subsequently resumed the office of secretary of state, and in 1746 was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In this important government he continued until 1751, when he was replaced by the Duke of Dorset. His Lordship died on the 5th of December, 1756. Endowed with strong sense and moderation, a man of high honour and disinterested integrity, the Earl of Harrington added new lustre to British diplomacy. Philip V. of Spain paid the following compliment to his honesty. "Stanhope," said that monarch, "is the only foreign minister who never deceived me." His Lordship married Anne, daughter and heir of Colonel Edward Griffiths, one of the clerks comptrollers of the green cloth (by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Dr. Thos. Lawrence, first physician to Queen Anne) and by her had two sons, twins. He was succeeded by the surviving one,

William, second Earl. This nobleman served as a lieutenant-colonel during the campaign of 1745. Having displayed great gallantry at the battle of Fontenoy, George II. constituted him captain, and colonel of his second troop of horse-grenadier guards. He subsequently rose to the rank of general. His Lordship married, 11th of August, 1746, Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles, second duke of Grafton, and, dying April 1, 1779, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Charles, third Earl, born 17th March, 1733, and who married, 23rd May, 1779, Jane, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Fleming, Bart., of Brompton Park, in the county of Middlesex. By her, who died 3rd February, 1824, his Lordship had issue,

Charles, Viscount Petersham, his successor.

Leicester-Fitzgerald-Charles, C. B., born 2nd Sept. 1784, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, married 23rd April, 1831, Elizabeth-William, only child and heir of William Green, Esq. of Jamaica (of the family of Green, of Wilby, Norfolk), by his wife, Anne Rosse, fourth daughter of the late Cosbey Hall, of Hyde Hall, Jamaica, Esq. Colonel Stanhope has a daughter, Anna, born 16th July, 1832.
Francis-Charles, born 29th Sept. 1788, a major in the army, married Hannah, daughter of — Wilson, Esq., and has issue, Charles, Frances, Augusta.
Anna-Maria, of whom presently.
Caroline-Anne.
Charlotte-Augusta, Duchess of Leinster.
The Earl of Harrington, who was a general officer in the army, colonel of the first regiment of life guards, captain, governor, and constable of Windsor Castle, and a knight grand cross of the Bath, died in September, 1829, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Charles Stanhope, fourth, and present Earl, who married, on the 7th April, 1831, Miss Maria Foote, by whom he has issue, Charles, Viscount Petersham, born 17th Dec. 1831.
The eldest daughter of the late Earl, the Lady Anna-Maria, whose portrait forms this month's illustration, was married the 8th Aug. 1808, to Francis, Marquess of Tavistock, eldest son of the present Duke of Bedford, and has an only son, William Lord Russell, born 16th July, 1809.
THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS.

BY H. F. CHOELEY.

NO. III.—JOHN CHRYSTOPH WOLFGANG GOTTLIEB MOZART,
Born at Salzburg, January 27th, 1756. Died at Vienna, December 5th, 1791.

I.

Among Tradition's scrolls a tale doth lie
Of a strange Indian song—wherein a spell,
Awful and fraught with agony, doth dwell;
For he, who dares its fatal tones to try,
By self-enthralled flame consumed must die;
Say—doth this legend shadow out the fate
Of fiery genius, in its prime elate
Expiring?—Memory, making quick reply,
Breathes thy loved name, Mozart! O far endued,
Beyond thy fellows, with the soul of song,
Earth could not hold thine ardent spirit long,
Which to the tomb its fragile prison bowed:
Woe to that earth! our place of sojourn cold,
When gifted ones depart—and weak and dull grow old.

II.

Mourn! for the star that vanished while its ray
Was young in heaven—mourn for the silent lute,
The broken wand which held the nations mute,
And bade their swelling hearts its might obey;
Methinks some mournful presage of decay
Crept through thy dreams—and, whispering "All is vain,"
Breathed its prophetic tones through every strain,
Linking in sadness† even 'mid measures gay:
Give me thy music—not in joyous mood,
When the heart bounds with glee, and seeks not why,
But when the spirit—purified—subdued,
Strives with asprings indistinct and high
Towards that bright world, where parted friends shall meet,
Love finds its full reward—and Hope a rest complete.

III.

What need above thy dust of fond lament—
What need of requiem?—thou hast left thine own
Immortal dirge: "O how in every tone,
With Prayer's intense sublimity, is blent
The awe that thrills through helpless penitent
In th' presence of his Judge—when vile and clear
Shows every crime of each departed year—
O lofty funeral strain!—O monument
Noble as his|| who bade the gorgeous pile
'Mid ruin's waste uplift its majesty,
Where England's brave their resting-place have found,
And as the pilgrim treads its hallowed aisle,
He reads—and as he reads, his heart beats high,
"If you would seek his tomb who built this shrine—look round!"

* "There is a tradition that whoever shall attempt to sing the Rauo Dheepuck is to be destroyed by fire." The story proceeds with an account of a certain Naick Gopaul, who, on attempting the aforesaid extraordinary melody, in obedience to the despotic command of the Emperor Akber, was consumed to ashes by flames which burst from his body—though, as a precautionary measure, he had placed himself up to his neck in the Jumna, previously to commencing the fatal tune. See Sir W. Jones's Oriental Collections, vol. i. p. 74.
† I believe all Mozart's critics are unanimous in detecting in his music a certain earnestness of character incompatible with gaiety. I have fancied that I could discern this undertone of sentiment, if not of sadness, even in the midst of the airiest melodies of his charming Figaro.
‡ The peculiar circumstances attending the composition of the Requiem are known to every one. Mrs. Hemans, in her beautiful lyric "Mozart's Requiem," has made it difficult for any else to mention it in verse.
§ Sir Christopher Wren's. I do not remember ever being more strongly moved, than by the "Si monu-
mentum quaeris circumspice," over the gates of the choir in St. Paul's cathedral.
THE HERE-AND-THEREIAN.

No. II.

The next bravest achievement to venturing behind the sheet of Niagara, is to cross the river in a small boat, at some distance below the Phlegethon of the abyss. I should imagine it was something like riding in a howdah on a swimming elephant. The immense masses of water driven under by the Fall, rise splashing and fuming far down the river; and they are as unlike a common wave, to ride, as a horse and a camel. You are, perhaps, ten or fifteen minutes pulling across, and you may get two or three of these lifts, which shove you straight into the air about ten feet, and then drop you into the cup of an eddy, as if some long-armed Titan had his hand under the water, and were tossing you up and down for his amusement. It imports lovers to take heed how their mistresses are seated, as all ladies, on these occasions, throw themselves into the arms of the nearest horse and doublet."

Job and I went over to dine on the American side, and refresh our patriotism. Captain Basil Hall had arrived at the hotel, and had put Job in a great rage, by asking him questions with a notebook in his hand, and requesting him to repeat his answers as he wrote them down*. The "patient little traveller" too was brought to table, and squatted unmcerfully; and Job, who was not "of Uz," and had a natural infantiphobia, thirsted for deliverance and a republic. We dined under a hickory-tree on Goat Island, just over the glassy curve of the cataract; and as we grew joyous with our champagne, we strolled up to the point where the waters divide for the American and British Falls, and Job harangued the "mistaken gentlemen on his right," in eloquence that would have turned a division in the House of Commons. The deluded multitude, however, rolled away in crowds for the monarchy, and at the close of his speech the British Fall was still, by a melancholy majority, the largest. We walked back to our bottle like foiled patriots, and soon after, hopeless of our principles, went over to the other side too!

I advise all people going to Niagara to suspend making a note in their journal till the last day of their visit. You might as well teach a child the magnitude of the heavens by pointing to the sky with your finger, as comprehend Niagara in a day. It has to create its own mighty place in your mind. You have no comparison through which it can enter. It is too vast. The imagination shrinks from it. It rolls in gradually, thunder upon thunder and plunge upon plunge; and the mind labours with it to an exhaustion such as is created only by the extremest intellectual effort. I have seen men sit and gaze upon it in a cool day of autumn, with the perspiration standing on their foreheads in large beads, from the unconscious but toilsome agony of its conception. After haunted its precipices, and looking on its solemn waters for seven days, sleeping with its wind-played monoton in your ears, dreaming, and returning to it till it has grown the one object, as it will, of your perpetual thought, you feel, all at once, like one who has compassed the span of some almighty problem. It has stretched itself within you. Your capacity has attained the gigantic standard, and you feel an elevation and breadth of nature that could measure girth and stature with a seraph. We had fairly "done" Niagara. We had seen it by sunrise, sunset, moonlight; from top and bottom; fasting and full; alone and together. We had learned by heart every green path on the island of perpetual dew, which is set like an imperial emerald on its fruct, (a poetical idea of my own, much admired by Job,)—we had been grave, gay, tender, and sublime in its mighty neighbourhood,—we had become so accustomed to the bass of its broad thunders, that it seemed to us like a natural property in the air, and we were unconscious of it for hours; our voices had become so tuned to its key, and our thoughts so tinged by its grand and perpetual anthem, that I almost doubted if the air beyond the reach of its vibrations would not agnoise us with its unnatural silence, and the common features of the world seem of an unutterable and frivolous littleness.

We were eating our last breakfast in tender melancholy;—mine for the Falls, and Job's for the Falls and Miss ———, to whom I had half a suspicion he had made a declaration.

"Job!" said I.
The Here-and-Thereian.

He looked up from his egg.

"My dear Job!"

"Don't allude to it, my dear chum," said he, dropping his spoon, and rushing to the window to hide his agitation. It was quite clear.

I could scarce restrain a smile. Psyche in the embrace of a respectable giraffe would be the first thought in anybody's mind who should see them together. And yet why should he not woo her—and win her too? He had saved her life in the extremest peril, at the most extreme hazard of his own; he had a heart as high and worthy, and as capable of an undying worship of her as she would find in a wilderness of lovers; he felt like a graceful man, and acted like a brave one, and was sans peur et sans reproche, and why should he not love like other men? My dear Job! I fear thou wilt go down to thy grave and but one woman in this wide world will have loved thee—thy mother! Thou art the soul of a 

preux chevalier in the body of some worthy grave-digger, who is strutting about the world, perhaps, in thy more proper garb. These angels are so over hasty in packing!

We got upon our horses, and had a pleasant amble before us of fifteen miles, on the British side of the river. We cantered off stoutly for a mile to settle our regrets, and then I pulled up, and requested Job to ride near me, as I had something to say to him.

"You are entering," said I, "my dear Job, upon your first journey in a foreign land. You will see other manners than your own, which are not therefore laughable, and hear a different pronunciation from your own, which is not therefore vulgar. You are to mix with British subjects, whom you have attacked vigorously in your school declamations as "the enemy," but who are not therefore to be bullied in their own country, and who have certain tastes of their own, upon which you had better reserve your judgment. We have no doubt that we are the greatest country that ever was, is, or ever shall be; but, as this is an unpalatable piece of information to other nations, we will not stuff it into their teeth, unless by particular request. John Bull likes his coat too small. Let him wear it. John Bull prefers his beef-steak to a fricandeau. Let him eat it. John Bull will leave no stone unturned to serve you in his own country, if you will let him. Let him. John Bull will suffer you to find fault for ever with king, lords, and commons, if you do not compare them invidiously with other governments. Let the comparison alone. In short, my dear chum, as we insist that foreigners should adopt our manners while they are travelling in the United States, we had better adopt theirs when we return the visit. They are doubtless quite wrong throughout, but it is not worth while to bristle one's back against the opinions of some score millions."

The foam disappeared from the stream as we followed it on, and the roar of the falls

"Now loud, now calm again, 
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still alters,"

was soon faint in our ears, and, like the regret of parting, lessened with the increasing distance till it was lost. Job began to look around him, and see something else besides a lovely face in the turnings of the road, and the historian of this memorable journey, who never had but one sorrow that "would not budge with a flippet," rose in his stirrups as he descried the broad blue bosom of Lake Ontario, and gave vent to his feelings in (he begs the reader to believe) the most suitable quotation.

Seeing any celebrated water for the first time was always to me, an event. River, waterfall, or lake, if I have heard of it and thought of it for years, has a sensible presence, that I feel like the approach of a human being in whom I am interested. My heart flutters to it. It is thereafter an acquaintance, and I defend its beauty or its grandeur as I would the fair fame and worth of a woman that had shown me a preference. My dear reader, do you love water? Not to drink, for I own it is detestable in small quantities—but water, running or falling, sleeping or gliding, tinged by the sun-set glow, or silvered by the gentle alchemist of the midnight heaven? Do you love a lake? Do you love a river? Do you "affect" any one laughing and sparkling brook that has flashed on your eye like a jay overtaken by the cock-crowing, and tripping away slily to dream-land? As you see four sisters, and but one to love; so, in the family of the elements, I have a tenderness for water.

Lake Ontario spread away to the horizon, glittering in the summer sun, boundless to the eye as the Atlantic, and directly beneath us lay the small town of Fort Niagara, with the steamer at the pier, in which we promised ourselves a passage down the St. Lawrence. We rode on to the hotel, which we found to our surprise crowded with English officers, and having disposed of our
Narragansets, we enquired the hour of departure, and what we could eat meantime, in as nearly the same breath as possible.

"Cold leg of mutton and the steam-boat's engaged, sir!"

The mercury in Job's Barometer fell plump to zero. The idea of a monopoly of the whole steamer by a colonel and his staff, and no boat again for a week!

*There* was a government to live under!

We sat down to our mutton, and presently enter the waiter.

"Col. ———’s compliments; hearing that two gentlemen have arrived who expected to go by the steamer, he is happy to offer them a passage if they can put up with rather crowded accommodations."

"Well, Job! what do you think now of England, politically, morally, and religiously? Has not the gentlemanlike courtesy of one individual materially changed your opinions upon every subject connected with the United Kingdom of Great Britain?"

"It has."

"Then, my dear Job, I recommend you never again to read a book of travels without writing down on the margin of every bilious chapter, ‘probably lost his passage in the steamer,’ or ‘had no mustard to his mutton,’ or ‘could find no ginger-nuts for the interesting little traveller,’ or some similar annotation. Depend upon it, that dear delightful Mrs. Trollope would never have written so agreeable a book, if she had thriven with her bazaar in Cincinnati."

We paid our respects to the colonel, and at six o’clock in the evening got on board. Part of an Irish regiment was bivouacked on the deck, and happier fellows I never saw. They had completed their nine years’ service on the three Canadian stations, and were returning to the old country, wives, children, and all. A line was drawn across the deck, reserving the after quarter for the officers; the sick were disposed of among the women in the bows of the boat, and the band stood ready to play the farewell air to the cold shores of Upper Canada.

The line was cast off, when a boy of thirteen rushed down to the pier, and springing on board with a desperate leap, flew from one end of the deck to the other, and flung himself at last upon the neck of a pretty girl sitting on the knee of one of the privates.

"Mary, dear Mary!" was all he could utter. His sobs choked him.

"Avast with the line, there!" shouted the captain, who had no wish to carry off this unexpected passenger. The boat was again swung to the wharf, and the boy very roughly ordered ashore. His only answer was to cling closer to the girl, and redouble his tears, and by this time the colonel had stepped aft, and the case seemed sure of a fair trial. The pretty Canadian dropped her head on her bosom, and seemed divided between contending emotions, and the soldier stood up and raised his cap to his commanding officer, but held firmly by her hand. The boy threw himself on his knees to the colonel, but tried in vain to speak.

"Who’s this, O’Shane?" asked the officer.

"Sure, my swateheart, your honour."

"And how dare you bring her on board, sir?"

"Och, she’ll go to ould Ireland wid us your honour."

"No, no, no!" cried the convulsed boy, clasping the colonel’s knees, and sobbing as if his heart would break; "she is my sister! She isn’t his wife! Father’ll die if she does! She can’t go with him! *She shan’t go with him!*"

Job began to snivel, and I felt warm about the eyes myself.

"Have you got a wife, O’Shane?" asked the colonel.

"Plase your honour, never a bit," said Paddy. He was a tight, good-looking fellow, by the way, as you would wish to see.

"Well—we’ll settle this thing at once, Get up, my little fellow! Come here, my good girl! Do you love O’Shane well enough to be his wife?"

"Indeed I do, sir!" said Mary, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand, and stealing a look at the "six feet one" that stood as straight as a pike beside her.

"O’Shane! I allow this girl to go with us only on condition that you marry her at the first place where we can find a priest. We will make her up a bit of a dowry, and I will look after her comfort as long as she follows the regiment. What do you say, sir? Will you marry her?"

O’Shane began to waver in his military position, from a full-front face getting to very nearly a right-about. It was plain he was taken by surprise. The eyes of the company were on him, however, and public opinion, which, in most human breasts, is considerably stronger than conscience, had its effect.

"I’ll do it, your honour!" said he, bolting it out as a man volunteers upon a "forsaken hope."

Tears might as well have been bespoken
for the whole company. The boy was torn from his sister's neck, and set ashore in the arms of two sailors, and poor Mary, very much in doubt whether she was happy or miserable, sank upon a heap of knapsacks, and buried her eyes in a cotton handkerchief with a map of London upon it, probably a gage d'amour from the dévoué O'Shane. I did the same myself with a silk one, and Job item. Item the colonel and several officers.

The boat was shoved off, and the wheels splattered away, but as far as we could hear his voice, the cry came following on, “Mary, Mary!”

It rung in my ears all night:—“Mary, Mary!”

I was up in the morning at sunrise, and was glad to escape from the confined cabin and get upon deck. The steamer was booming on through a sea as calm as a mirror, and no land visible. The fresh dewiness of the morning air ashore played in my nostrils, and the smell of grass was perceptible in the wind, but in all else it was like a calm in mid-ocean. The soldiers were asleep along the decks, with their wives and children, and the pretty runaway lay with her head on O'Shane’s bosom, her red eyes and soiled finery showing too plainly how she had passed the night. Poor Mary! she has enough of following a soldier, by this, I fear!

I stepped forward, and was not a little surprised to see standing against the railing on the larboard bow, the motionless figure of an Indian girl of sixteen. Her dark eye was fixed on the line of the horizon we were leaving behind, her arms were folded on her bosom, and she seemed not even to breathe. A common shawl was wrapped carelessly around her, and another glance betrayed to me that she was in a situation soon to become a mother. Her feet were protected by a pair of once gaudy but now shabby and torn moccasins, singularly small; her hands were of a delicate thinness unusual to her race, and her hollow cheeks, and forehead marked with an expression of pain, told all I could have prophesied of the history of a white man’s tender mercies. I approached very near, quite unperceived. A small burning spot was just perceptible in the centre of her dark cheek, and as I looked at her steadfastly, I could see a working of the muscles of her dusky brow, which betrayed, in one of a race so trained to stony calmness, an unusual fever of feeling. I looked around for the place in which she must have slept. A mantle of wampum-work, folded across a heap of confused baggage, partly occupied as a pillow by a brutal-looking and sleeping soldier told at once the main part of her story. I felt for her, from my soul!

“You can hear the great waterfall no more,” I said, touching her arm.

“I hear it when I think of it,” she replied, turning her eyes upon me as slowly, and with as little surprise as if I had been talking to her an hour.

I pointed to the sleeping soldier. “Are you going with him to his country?”

“Yes.”

“Are you his wife?”

“My father gave me to him.”

“Has he sworn before the priest in the name of the Great Spirit to be your husband?”

“No.” She looked intently into my eyes as she answered, as if she tried in vain to read my meaning.

“Is he kind to you?”

She smiled bitterly.

“Why then do you follow him?”

Her eyes dropped upon the burden she bore at her heart. The answer could not have been clearer if written with a sunbeam. I said a few words of kindness, and left her to turn over in my mind how I could best interfere for her happiness.

On the third evening we had entered upon the St. Lawrence, and were winding cautiously into the channel of the Thousand Isles. I think there is not, within the knowledge of the “all-beholding sun,” a spot so singularly and exquisitely beautiful. Between the Mississippi and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, I know there is not, for I have pic-nic’d from the Symplegades westward. The Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence are as imprinted on my mind as the stars of heaven. I could forget them as soon.

The river is here as wide as a lake, while the channel just permits the passage of a steamer. The islands, more than a thousand in number, are a singular formation of flat, rectangular rock, split, as it were, by regular mathematical fissures, and overflowed nearly to the top, which are loaded with a most luxuriant vegetation. They vary in size, but the generality of them would about accommodate a tea-party of six. The water is deep enough to float a large steamer directly at the edge, and an active deer would leap across from one to the other in any direction. What is very singular, these little rocky platforms are covered with a rich loam, and carpeted with moss and flowers, while immense trees take root in the clefts, and interchange their branches with those of the neigh-
bouring islets, shadowing the water with the unsunned dimness of the wilderness. It is a very odd thing to glide through in a steamer. The luxuriant leaves sweep the deck, and the black funnel parts the drooping sprays as it keeps its way, and you may pluck the blossoms of the acacia, or the rich chestnut flowers, sitting on the taffrail, and, really, a magic passage in a witch's steamer, beneath the tree-tops of an untrodden forest, could not be more novel and startling. Then the solitude and silence of the dim and still waters are continually broken by the plunge and leap of the wild deer springing or swimming from one island to another, and the swift and shadowy canoe of the Indian glides out from some unseen channel, and with a single stroke of his broad paddle he vanishes, and is lost again, even to the ear. If the beauty-sick and nature-searching spirit of Keats is abroad in the world, "my basket to a prentice-cap" he passes his summers amid the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence! I would we were there with our tea-things, sweet Rosa Matilda!

But come! I must wind up this summer's day chronicle; for London is gone to the country, and who would stay in town? Let me but tell you of the fate of the dark-skinned Mrs. Mahoney (that should have been) and then "horses for two!"

We had dined on the quarter-deck, and were sitting over the colonel's wine, pulling the elm-leaves from the branches as they swept saucily over the table, and listening to the band, who were playing waltzes that probably ended in the confirmed insanity of every wild heron and red deer that happened that afternoon to come within ear-shot of the good steamer Queenston. The paddles began to slacken in their spattering, and the boat came to, at the sharp side of one of the largest of the shadowy islands. We were to stop an hour or two, and take in wood.

Every body was soon ashore for a ramble, leaving only the colonel, who was a cripple from a score of Waterloo tokens, and your servant, ladies, who had something on his mind.

"Colonel! will you oblige me by sending for Mahoney? Steward! call me that Indian girl sitting with her head on her knees in the boat's bow."

They stood before us.

"How is this?" exclaimed the colonel;

"Another! Good God! these Irishmen! Well, sir! what do you intend to do with this girl, now that you have ruined her?"

Mahoney looked at her out of a corner of his eye with a libertine contempt that made my blood boil. The girl watched his answer with an intense but calm gaze into his face, that if he had had a soul, would have killed him. Her lips were set firmly but not fiercely together, and as the private stood looking from one side to the other, unable or unwilling to answer, she suppressed a rising emotion in her throat, and turned her look on the commanding officer with a proud coldness that would have become Medea.

"Mahoney!" said the colonel, sternly,

"will you marry this poor girl?"

"Never, I hope, your honour!"

The wasted and noble creature raised her burdened form to its fullest height, and, with an inaudible murmur bursting from her lips, walked back to the bow of the vessel. The colonel pursued his conversation with Mahoney, and the obstinate brute was still refusing the only reparation he could make the poor Indian, when she suddenly reappeared. The shawl was no longer around her shoulders. A coarse blanket was bound below her breast with a belt of wampum, leaving her fine bust entirely bare, her small feet trod the deck with the elasticity of a leopard about to leap on his prey, and her dark, heavily fringed eyes glowed like coals of fire. She seized the colonel's hand, and imprinted a kiss upon it, another upon mine, and without a look at the father of her child, dived with a single leap over the gangway. She rose directly in the clear water, swam with powerful strokes to one of the most distant islands, and turning once more to wave her hand as she stood on the shore, strode on and was lost in the tangles of the forest.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDETERMINED ROGUE.

No. III.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Tale.

As Jemmy Dillon approached his first climacteric, Miss Biddy did her best to advance him in knowledge, as far as he was already advanced in grace; and by the time he had reached the earliest notable period of human life, which the wise consider one of moral and physical mutation, namely, his seventh year,—he read with a fluency that made his patroness look forward to seeing him some day or other a preacher, if not a doer, of the word. He moreover acquired such calligraphical skill that the walls of his tenement were perpetually ornamented with words, chalked in a fine flowing hand, but selected rather from the kitchen than the drawing-room vocabulary.

These little flourishes of precocious talent were, by the elect lady whose stockings had a slight intermixture of blue in the weaving, most philosophically considered the beautiful rosy tints of a dawn that promised to open into a glorious noon; but as the growth of a cabbage is eminently promoted by stripping the superfluous leaves, by a process of analytical induction, she came at length to the conclusion, à fortiori, that young Dillon's intellectual growth would be both vastly accelerated and improved, if she docked off a few of the exuberant and supererogatory buds of his rapidly fructifying intellect. As soon as she came to this practical conclusion, she immediately grafted another upon it, which was that the summary process of curtailment she had determined to adopt could not be too soon proceeded upon. She accordingly summoned her charge into her presence just as he was going to enjoy the liquorish refreshment of a piping hot apple-dumpling; when, parting the hair upon his forehead by way of encouragement, she bade him be seated on a low rickety stool, purchased for the repose of the foot which the mischievous urchin had seared with a hot heater about four years before. Wiping his nose in the sleeve of his pinafore, and with a lachrymose look of reproach at having been so unseasonably withdrawn from the very unusual luxury of a smoking apple dumpling and brown sugar, little James looked up into her face with a corrugation just above each eye that plainly told his disappointment, and at the same time with a ludicrous expression at the corners of his mouth tantamount to the anxious exclamation of Hamlet to his father's Ghost: "Speak, I am bound to hear."
The grave Miss Biddy Mackinnon poured forth a volume of old maiden eloquence upon the impropriety of chalking naughty words upon the walls of her tenement, which, as she very truly averred, was not only a waste of time, but likewise a waste as well as a wanton dissipation of money, because chalk could not be had without paying for it, and consequently ought not to be employed but for some useful purpose—frugality being one of the surest diagnosticks of true wisdom.

The lecture continued so long that the apple dumpling had for some time ceased to smoke; nevertheless the Hobgoblin was no sooner dismissed from the penance of his patroness's declamation than he, with a special inclination, sat himself down before the tempting sphere of dough, and despatched it with an appetite rendered more keen by disappointment and delay. This duty to himself being performed, he seized his chalk, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in illustrating the advantages of being taught to write, and in practically confuting the use of Miss Biddy's lecture. This, however, had only the effect of convincing Miss Biddy that there was no conflicting with the decrees of an especial predestination. "What must be, must be!" she exclaimed resignedly; and, therefore, Jemmy was permitted to scrawl on.

It became clear to her reason that chalking her walls all over in vulgar English was a predestined hallucination of young Dillon's, and that therefore no attempt should be made to interrupt the course of the divine determination. She never allowed herself to reflect upon a subject too far removed from human comprehension to make a matter of mental abstraction, subscribing literally to the philosophical dogma of Sir Philip Sidney.
that "reason never shows itself more reasonable than in ceasing to reason upon things above reason."

"Reason to faith obedient homage pays,
Nor clouds with human wit disperse rays
Of wisdom infinite."

Impressed with the belief that Sir Philip's logic was onural, Miss Biddy never for a moment questioned the propriety of any thing that was done by one of the elect, as, though proper to be, it was quite above reason, and she therefore took it for granted that it would all be for the best. Under this impression her protégé was allowed to do just as he listed, so that instead of his natural propensities to ill being corrected under the religious superintendence of Miss Biddy Mackinnon, all his evil tendencies were the more directly and irremediably confirmed.

In less than three weeks there was scarcely a spot upon the walls of the elect lady's first story, within four feet from the floor, that was not covered with the juvenile compositions of Master James, which was the title of distinction now assigned to him by his maiden protector. The boy discovered a quickness of parts which made her vain of him to the last degree; and although he had been already detected by the servants in one or two slippery tricks, yet she could not be convinced against her will of any thing to his disparagement. Whatever he was represented as having done amiss, she attributed to the envy of her domestics, who, it must be confessed, thought, and with much justice, that she was by far too fond of a brat who, as they averred with some truth, would have been a fitter inmate for a workhouse than for the habitation of their mistress. They might, however, as well have blown mustard seed at the clouds to bring down the eagles, as have attempted to persuade the pertinacious Miss Biddy that she had hatched the egg of a cockatrice, and had hitherto only escaped mischief because the reptile was too young to sting. She never could be persuaded that a predestinated virgin could go wrong, and therefore harboured little Dillon in spite of his roguery.

The boy grew strong and handsome. He was compactly made, firm on his legs, muscular, robust, and active. His limbs had much symmetry, and there was about him that air of natural ease which led at once to the conclusion that had he been born a gentleman he must have turned out a very accomplished one, as far as the outward man was concerned. He had light curly hair, a bold prominent forehead, a complexion fair, but glowingly ruddy, with a deep full bright blue eye, which bespoke fearlessness and an ardent spirit of enterprise. Every stranger that came to the house remarked his laughing countenance; nor was it easy to detect under the boyish smile, which continually played like a radiant halo upon his open features, the sly under-current of purpose that occasionally gave to every lineament an animation and an equivocal astuteness of expression at once arch and penetrating.

Impatient of confinement, the boy used frequently to escape from the restraints of Miss Biddy's kitchen, and repair to the neighbourhood of his late father's cellar, where he had formed a circle of acquaintance more likely to lead him to the hulks than to heaven, whether it was the decided belief of his protectress, as she vehemently protested, that he would eventually go. These associates were in a fair way of becoming any thing but a saint, though, according to the creed of Miss Biddy Mackinnon, he carried, and would carry to the end of the chapter, the soul of a saint in the carcass of a sinner. This is a theological paradox which antinomian faculty has grafted upon certain doctrines spiritualised by Calvin from the grosser alembic of St. Augustine, with whom originated the dictum of the divine decrees whence the monstrous dogmas of exclusive reprobation and election have emanated. Miss Biddy was, in truth, a devoted Calvinist, though had she happened to have known as much of the early writings of the far-famed Bishop of Hippo as she did of the Genevese divine, she would have been as likely to have proclaimed herself a Manichee as a Calvinist.

One morning young Dillon was at the corner of Hart-street, surrounded by a troop of young urchins who always swam with the tide of circumstance, and had been early initiated into the mystery of appropriation, when an elderly gentleman happened to pass on the opposite side of the way. It was easy for a quick observer to perceive that there was mischief brewing among this little villainous confraternity. As Grumio once said, or we may eschew all faith in Shakspeare, "Here's knavery! See, to beguile..."
the old folk, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there! Ha!* Poor old gentleman! With all the unconsciousness of a sucking babe, he left the street minus a silk pocket-handkerchief and a tortoise-shell snuff-box.

Under such ready instructors, Jimmy soon grew an adept in these little larcenies. He daily spent several hours with the chums of his boyhood, unobserved by Miss Biddy, who either fancied he was in the kitchen, or, which was by far the most probable, did not trouble herself about the matter. One spring morning—

* Whanne that April with his shoures sote,
  The droughte of March hath perceit to the rote,
  And bathed every veine in swiche nicour,
  Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
  Whan Zephirothes eke with his sote brethe
  Enspired hath in every bolt and beth
  The tendre croppes; and the yonge sonne
  Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne γ,†

—on such a morning Jimmy Dillon and two of his adolescent coadjutors were standing at the end of Southamptom-street, Bloomsbury-square, at the corner which abuts upon High-street, Holborn, watching for an opportunity of exercising the skill of their craft upon some simpleton who had never dreamed of the abstraction of a pocket-handkerchief. They had not remained long upon the watch before a supreme exquisite strutted past them with a swell of manner and magnitude of pantaloons that spoke volumes both for his posture-master and for his tailor. His right-hand was armed with a huge Panang-lawyer, ǂ which he flourished in the air, to the consternation of all commoners who happened to "pass between the wind and his nobility." James Dillon, nothing daunted by the swagger of this man of broad-cloth, seeing the end of a fine silk handanna peeping temptingly from the corner of his pocket, advanced warily, lifted up the skirt of his coat, and dexterously extracted the gaudy prize, which he immediately handed to one of his companions.

Not content with this successful issue of his enterprise, he thrust his hand with an adept celerity into the very bottom of the pocket which he had already lightened by withdrawing the whole of its contents in the shape of a newly-starched square of painted taffeta, when the sturdy Bobadill, in an ecstazy of frolic, making a sudden lunge with his judi-

dicial bamboo at an audacious sparrow that happened to fly within four yards of his nose, the unexpected curvature of his body prevented the Hobgoblin, as Jimmy Dillon was henceforward designated among his chums, from disengaging his feelers with his usual adroitness from the posterior depository of his tall victim. The latter feeling that a stranger's hand was fixed in that part of his outer garment which had been expressly designed for his own—for when he wanted to give either hand a furlough he was sure to stick it there—he made a sudden gyration, bringing, into precisely the same figure of rotation, his Panang-lawyer, which was only stopped from describing a complete circle by coming in violent contact with the occiput of the young knave who was standing at the moment behind Jimmy Dillon as a ready recipient of whatever the invaded pocket might produce. The alert Hobgoblin escaped the ponderous visitation by dexterously bobbing his head the instant he perceived the rapid direction of the stick, thus allowing it to crack the crown of a very little urchin, but a very great rascal, who had frequently merited hanging before he had numbered his eighth year.

No sooner did Slippery Jim—for from this time henceforward he became one of those polynominous members of society who have an alias for every week in the year—no sooner, I say, did Jimmy Dillon perceive the issue of his rash experiment than he slipped through the cural gap formed by the curved shanks of the enraged exquisites, and made his escape down a narrow street, a little above the scene of his associate's disaster. After a while he paused to recover his breath, which had been suspended by the united operation of alarm and extreme rapidity of locomotion. Finding that he was secure from pursuit, he proceeded at a leisurely pace towards the workhouse, where his brother Neddy was quietly domiciliated, and demanded admittance, upon the very natural and undeniable plea of seeing his relative. He was accordingly admitted without question or demurrer. The janitor of the parish refuge for the destitute eyed him, however, with a keenness of scrutiny as he passed that made him feel not quite so sure of his security.

The brothers met and embraced, when the elder, having expatiated in the ears of the hungry Neddy upon the luxuries of Miss Biddy Mackinnon's kitchen with all the apparent warmth of brotherly affection, persuaded the younger Dillon to exchange clothes and repair to the elect lady's house,—for the likeness born with the twins had not in
the slightest degree abated—where he might enjoy the luxury of a day or two's feasting. The unsuspicious but delighted Neddy was soon equipped in his brother's habiliments, and, starting off from the workhouse, repaired with his best speed to the house of feasting, as he imagined it; and in truth it was so to him, for no sooner did he reach Miss Biddy Mackinnon's abode than he intuitively repaired to the pantry, which he was not long in discovering—for hunger has a very discerning instinct—and there attacked the remnant of a roast goose with such prodigious fervor that a fit of indigestion was the consequence. This was likely to have been a most fatal indulgence, for had not one of the maiden members of Miss Biddy's establishment drenched the little Sybarite with copious draughts of warm water, which happily caused him instantly to disgorge the goose, poor little Neddy Dillon would never, in all human probability, have been any further incumbrance upon the parish.

Although he appeared in the dress of Jimmy, and bore so perfect a resemblance to him, that no inmate of Miss Biddy's establishment for a moment suspected he was not really the boy of their mistress's adoption; nevertheless there was something about him so different from his usual habits, that they could not at all account for such an extraordinary moral transformation. He was so much more tractable than they had ever before found him to be, that they were delighted with his improvement, though what puzzled them extremely was, he appeared quite a stranger in his own home. He did not even know the way to his bedchamber. The domestics, however, after a few hours wonder, made up their minds upon the suggestion of the cook, who was not only considered a culinary phenomenon, but likewise the oracle of her mistress's kitchen, that this was nothing more than one of the boy's pranks—for in good sooth Jimmy played so many that they had almost ceased to be astonished at anything he said or did; while the elect lady reconciled herself to the notion, which never failed to be uppermost in her mind upon such occasions, that the Hobgoblin was destined to be a funny fellow all his life long. At the same time she thought that the proverb, "What is bred in the bone will never come out in the flesh," must have emanated from Solomon himself, for it had all the verisimilitude of a perfect oracle. She was sure, in her own mind, that the devil had no chance of having her young ward for a subject, and therefore sensibly came to the hundredth time to the conclusion, that he had better go his own way, since he could not go wrong. A noble old poet has said,

"
A thousand times I have herd men tell
That there is joye in heven and pain in hell,
And I accord it wele that it is so:
But nathlessse, yet wot I wele also
That there 'n is non dwelling in this countre
That either hath, in heven or hell, the "
"

Although to this dictum of the bard Miss Biddy Mackinnon would readily have subscribed, it was nevertheless her firm belief that nine-tenths of the people "in this countre" would eventually go to the latter place, whilst the former was almost exclusively reserved for herself and Jimmy Dillon.

The resemblance of Edward Dillon to his brother was so complete that his identity was not suspected. In the course of the afternoon, after his arrival in Hart-street, having cashiered the goose from his stomach, with which it had taken such disagreeable, though not unprovoked, liberties, as he was standing on the step of the front door, gaping at a half-famished monkey playing its unwilling gambols to the piping of a screeching Dutch organ, his grinning was suddenly subdued by an arrest as summary as it was to him unintelligible. A constable, who had observed his brother on his flight from the scene of his morning's depredation, taking the amazement Neddy Dillon to be the delinquent, seized him unceremoniously by the collar, and, in spite of Miss Biddy's vociferations and the grinning of her maids, bore him off to a neighbouring police office, and brought him up before his worship of the quorum upon the grave charge of having picked the pocket of a gentleman unknown. As the officer had not witnessed the theft, the boy was remanded for two days, in order to give the robbed exquisite an opportunity of coming forward. Poor Neddy was amazingly perplexed at this unaccountable proceeding. He protested and blubbered in vain. He was committed to prison for two days, to his inexpressible astonishment and alarm.

Meanwhile Jimmy was snug at the workhouse, where no one suspected the change, though many of the paupers could not help exclaiming that they wondered what had come to Neddy Dillon, he was such a lively little kid, and so much more frolicsome than he had been wont. Several, however, of the

* Chaucer. See Prologue to the Legende of Good Women.
poor inmates of this college for the penniless, soon began to miss halfpence, scissors, knives, thimbles, now and then a sixpence, together with sundry other things, for the absence of which they could not account, but no one entertained the slightest suspicion of little Dillon, as Neddy had hitherto maintained a good character for probity throughout the pauper asylum. There happened to be among the old female inmates of the establishment a quondam housekeeper of an Irish lord, who had dismissed her from his service in her old age, because she had been guilty of the unpardonable sin of getting stone-blind. The fact is, she had suffered from cataract in the right eye since she was twenty-five years old, and she was now seventy-six. For the last six years the sight of the left eye had entirely failed. According to the advice of a celebrated oculist she had waited just one-and-fifty years for the ripening of the cataract, which still remained just as unfit for extraction as it had been half a century before. There was now no chance of it being removed but by a far greater than any human operator —Death. The poor old woman consequently quit her place, when she became quite blind, for the parish workhouse. Unhappily for this venerable soul, Mr. Stevenson was then unborn, or only in statu pupillari, and his admirable system of removing this dreadful disease by an operation of two minutes duration, unknown.

This old housekeeper was known to be in possession of a purse, which was duly deposited in the bottom of her pocket every morning. It contained five golden guineas. These she had scraped together, the surplusage of a very niggard salary, in order that they might be added to the parish allowance for her burial; for she felt a good deal upon the matter of being decently as well as quietly interred.

The Hobgoblin had, somehow or other, obtained information of this golden treasure; and in the morning, as the venerable matron was groping her way up stairs, he offered her his assistance, which she readily accepted. During the ascent he contrived to lighten her pocket of the purse, leaving in its room a small linen bag containing four copper counters, which he had found in his brother's fob, and were generally known throughout the house to have been the property of Neddy, who daily practised with them his favourite game of chuck-farthing, of which he had acquired a tolerably competent knowledge, since his residence there under the auspices

of the parish authorities. When the dexterous Hobgoblin had consummated this profitable exchange, and conducted his infirm companion to her chamber in the third story, with that unconcern for which he was at all times remarkable, he proceeded to the window for the mere purpose of gaping into the paved court beneath; but he had no sooner lifted the sash than his longing eyes were fixed upon several bunches of ripe grapes which hung in tempting maturity, on a vine that nearly covered the whole end of the building. Without balancing a moment between prudence and inclination, and mentally disdaining to allow his thoughts to be occupied by a cowardly peradventure, he darted his legs out of the window with a rapidity equal to his appetite, fixed his toes upon the slender branches of the vine, to which he clung like a snail, and advanced eagerly, but without the slightest precaution, towards his prize. Having got within reach of the nearest cluster he raised his hand with too rough an eagerness to grasp it. At this moment the branch gave way under his feet, and down he came with the inverse ratio velocity of a skyrocket. His head, which had considerably increased in ponderosity since his former perilous descent from the attic window in Hart-street, was now foremost to gravitate towards the pavement, and he was within six feet of leaving the impression of his brains upon a diagram of coarse granite, when his progress was arrested by a long hook projecting from the wall, placed there for the support of a washing-line which was fastened to it every Monday morning. In young Dillon's rapid gravitation, the hook fortunately caught his collar, which gave way, and his progress was finally arrested by the waistband of his breeches, for breeches are part of the poorhouse livery, he the while roaring for help to the full pitch of his lungs, and dangling like the coffin of the lying prophet of Mecca, between earth and sky, until he was released from his perilous exaltation by a strapping serving-wench of the establishment, who unhung him with a broomstick, and let him drop from the crook upon a heap of old blankets which happened to be in the court for the benefit of the air. This ominous fall shook from Jenmy's pocket the stolen purse, which was immediately picked up by the girl, who was naturally enough at a loss to account for a workhouse brat, as she very pertinently designated the young Hobgoblin, being in possession of a purse of gold.

Jenmy sprang upon his legs, and shaking
his ears, as if to discover whether his head was in the right place, he instantly quitted the court, contrived to steal out of the work-house, and made the best of his way to Miss Biddy Mackinnon’s dwelling. It happened that this very morning Neddy had been released from confinement and brought up for re-examination, but as no prosecutor appeared, and as the officer who apprehended him had not witnessed the theft, he was sent about his business, with a grave reprimand by the worshipful functionary who received from his Majesty’s lieges eight hundred a year for dispensing justice to rogues and vagabonds. He had just got to the home of his brother in Hart-street, when Jimmy arrived piping hot and panting from the work-house, and shortly resumed both his clothes and his character. Scarcely had Neddy got on his coarse grey jacket and breeches, badges of charity with which long habit had rendered him happily familiar, than an officer, sent by the parish authorities, came to seek him. Little suspecting what awaited him at his old home, he quietly proceeded with the burly messenger, who maintained a dignified silence the whole of the way, as if it were beneath the dignity of a parish de- legate to exchange breath with an urchin who had earned, as he imagined, the title of rogue and the castigation of a scourging. Scarcely had Neddy Dillon arrived at his destination than he was seized and charged with sundry thefts and malversations, every one of which he most vociferously denied. All, however, would not do. The purse of gold had been seen to fall from his fob, his own four copper counters had been found in the pocket of the old woman, and against such irre- frangible evidence what could his assertions of innocence avail? He was pronounced guilty of this and sundry other misdemeanors, and given over to the discipline of the broom, with a large bunch of which he was so lustily belaboured upon the spherical organ of repose that he could not sit at his ease for, at least, fourteen days, which were to him, in truth, a fortnight without a Sabbath. His slippery brother all this while was laughing in his sleeve at his own ingenuity, though he had his retribution in the loss of the blind pauper’s guineas, which he deplored with unusual sincerity.

The singular escapes which had hitherto distinguished the career of Jimmy Dillon, served but to render him the more reckless, and from the daily lectorings of Miss Biddy he had come to the conclusion that he was predestined to roguery as well as to heaven, and that, therefore, to attempt to interrupt the course of destiny would be a piece of gross moral dereliction. “What must be must be,” was the postulate from which all his reasonings had been taught to diverge as from one common centre. He was very regular in saying his prayers, in going to church, in listening to the scandal which Miss Biddy heaped upon her neighbours, whom she generally condemned to a very undesirable plight in the next world; in fact no one could be more orderly than he was in going the round of a set of ceremonials which his oracle, the elect lady, persuaded him was good for his soul and positively necessary to make his election sure. Strange contradiction!

Do what he would he could not be damned, and yet it was necessary to do something to be saved, because he was a sinner; for all elected sinners, though foredoomed to salvation, must still work it out to the shame of the devil, though do what they will he can no more clutch them than he can topple down the throne of Omnipotence. How many has such theological logic, such ghostly blasphemy, driven mad! What an unhappy instance was poor Cowper the poet! His was a mind shrouded in its own dark misgivings until its fervid and glowing light was utterly quenched in the gloom; the genial warmth of his kindly and pious nature having been chilled by the icy contact of a morbid and paralysing fanaticism.

Young Dillon, however, ran no risk of being driven crazy by religion, which was quite a secondary matter to him. Upon the question of madness he might have said with the notable prince of Denmark, “I am but mad north, north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.” He had not long escaped the whipping to which Neddy had been subjected for roguery not his own, when he made a capture in his usual way that had nearly brought him to the quotient of his reckoning. He was one day playing with a ragged little rascal before a grocer’s shop, when he espied a paper bag containing six pounds of moist sugar just weighed out in order to be sent to a neighbouring coffee-house. The hobgoblin, always upon the watch for an opportunity to pilfer, perceiving that the shopman had left the counter, flung his cap into the shop close by the spot where the sugar stood. This he had no sooner done than he began to abuse his associate for having thrown away his cap, with such well counterfeited earnestness that no one could have

* Hamlet.
suspected the subterfuge. Upon pretence of regaining it he boldly entered the shop, and whilst the man’s attention was withdrawn from the object of which Jemmy Dillon had resolved to obtain possession, he adroitly slipped the bag from the counter and decamped unobserved with his prize. So soon as he had gained the street he quickened his pace towards his home, and as it was now dusk he was not long in accomplishing his purpose. Afraid to knock at the door with stolen property about him, he got over the area rails, and was crossing the roof of the cistern, when the lid, having no fastenings, slipped from under him and in he fell, sugar and all, sinking to the bottom like a plummet. It fortunately happened that the cistern was not only very old, but likewise very rotten, the bottom being just strong enough to hold together without any additional weight or violence; but the young delinquent’s body was an additament which it could not support, and, fortunately for him, giving way, let him and about two hogsheads of water immediately through the rent, flooding the area in a few seconds, and souxing him like a fresh gurnet. The saccharine luxury was so cunningly mixed with the water, that not a trace of his theft remained to convict him. The grocer, who soon missed his sugar, after the Hobgoblin had quitted the shop, instantly commenced a pursuit, and arrived just in time to witness the dissolution of his property and the pilferer’s escape from a petty drowning; but representing to Miss Biddy Mackinnon the knavery of her ward, and threatening an immediate prosecution, she reluctantly paid the damage by an impulse of predestination, and thus saved the young varlet from that punishment which usually precedes the tread-mill.

SYPHAX.

LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.—No. IV.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

ROMANTIC LOVE.

They err who say romantic love
Is now gone out of fashion;
That modern hearts are much too tough
To feel the tender passion!
For when fair Ladies frown upon
Their offerings of marriage,
Lords always take a lover’s leap,
Into—a travelling carriage!

And more than all they err, who say
That woman lacks discretion,
Indulging with devoted zeal
Each tender prepossession:
I think it quite astonishing
How easily she smothers
Her fondest partialities;
That is—for younger brothers.

Love rules mankind at ev’ry age!
One vows he loves sincerely,
And then puts on his spectacles
To see the object clearly.
And canst thou scorn thy “gallant Gray,”
No youthful swain is brisker,
Alas! he’ll die for love of thee,—
He’ll dye—his hair and whisker.
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

And see again the stripling Lord,
His Grace's youngest brother,
Woos Lady Mary Pettingale,
Who looks just like his mother.
Her lord and master, Major P.
May just as well resign her;
The Major key is out of tune,
Her love songs suit the Minor.

Throughout the world, by ev'ry class,
And in all situations,
The self-same amorous song is sung,
Though set with variations:
’Tis warbled ’neath the torrid sun,
’Tis whispered where deep shade is;
And rural lads and lasses mock
The loves of Lords and Ladies!

CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.—No. I.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

JOHNSON.—What news from above? Does literature still flourish? When I quitted the earth, I cannot deny that authorship brought me a sufficiency of distinction and homage.

CANNING.—It was not less so in my time; and with me political power was added to it.

BURKE.—Yes; you were more fortunate than I. There was a time when I also had abundance of incense, though it was more mingled with obloquy and the vulgar abuse of malignant falsehoods.

BYRON.—Falsehoods! ay, the popular cry is always made up of falsehoods.

SCOTT.—You are too severe; there is more benevolence and good nature in the public than you give it credit for.

GRAY.—It is a many-headed monster, with a hideous aspect, and a thousand forked tongues.

JOHNSON.—Sir, you are rather inclined to be splanetic; you spent your life on earth too much in a cloister.

GRAY.—Dr. Johnson, there is no occasion to be rude; otherwise I might retort upon you by repeating your old name of the Great Bear!

BURKE (with a smile of the most affect- ing kindness).—You forget yourselves; be gentle; we are here to throw off our earthly asperities. Cast aside the little bickerings that clouded your glory in life!

CANNING.—Spoken in the spirit of that character which has left you so imperishable a name.

SCOTT.—Yes; the greatest, the wisest, the most eloquent, the most splendid statesman and orator of his day, or of any day or age, from the time of Cicero downwards.

JOHNSON.—But in what have the habits of literature changed, since we left the earth?

CANNING.—In every thing! Above all, in criticism; or perhaps I might rather say in works of imagination. Criticism has placed its force in pungency; and imagination has cast away all restraint.

SCOTT.—You are not speaking of your own literary habits, at least so far as regards the latter. Your imagination lay in metaphors and similes, and they were always appropriate, happy, and beautiful.

CANNING.—I had to carve out my own fortune, and I took the course of practical life. I was not at leisure to dream in Elysian fields, and in the regions of fiction.

BYRON.—Those domains were left for Scott and me; and we have indulged in them with sufficient freedom, according to our respective temperaments and opportunities: he has loved the sunshine, and I, unhappily, have loved the gloom and the tempest.

SCOTT.—Even so, my dear lord; you have
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

Byron.—You need not flatter, Sir Walter! Give me but the variety of your rainbow lights, of which I am never tired!

Johnson.—Really, these youngsters talk very big; they seem as if they had forgotten us!

Gray.—Mad times enough! Little deep scholarship, but a good deal of true fire.

Canning.—Ah, Gray, we Etonians have been a little apt to be too nice, and to think too much of our Latin verses, and our classical precision!

Johnson.—Yes, Sir, you are right; Mr. Gray never thought that any one could write well but an Etonian; and he buckramed and polished till nobody knew what he meant. Mr. Gray, excuse me, but you have probably heard what I have said of your great Odes in my Lives of the Poets!

Gray.—Yes, Dr. Johnson, I have heard of your Lives of the Poets, and I must say, that they are a very ill-natured, tasteless work, written in a corrupt, pompous, pedantic style, with a great deal of jealously, a great deal of affected contempt, and an utter want of sensibility. Nothing which you say about me can touch me, when I look at your treatment of Milton’s Minor Poems.

Burke.—Peace, peace! Again I say, peace!

Canning.—Yes, forbear Dr. Johnson! otherwise I must enter the lists for one of my own school, who though too shy, timid, and fastidious, to defend himself, may be easily defended by one like me, not afraid to speak out, and accustomed to the war of words.

Johnson.—Sir, in respect to my friend, Burke—not you, Sir—I hold my tongue!

Byron.—War, war, war, even in Purgatory! I have not lost my taste for war!

Johnson.—My lord, news has reached us here that your wars have been fierce indeed, in various ways; and, excuse me, that they have received good pay too! Strange times! No such pay in my days, and to a peer, into the bargain!

Byron.—Yes, Dr. Johnson, I refused pay at first, but at last I was convinced that there was no indignity in receiving it. Do you mean to reproach me?

Johnson.—Far from it; but I had a veneration for the peerage, and would have peers keep up the respect for their order, which I hear is now much diminished by the multitudes of upstarts introduced among them. But I know that you was one of the truly ancient nobles of the realm, and I pay homage to you accordingly.

Byron.—Dr. Johnson, we are friends: I love your name, and the memory of my ancestors.

Scott, (smiling).—Ah, Dr. Johnson,—ancestors half Scotch too—and of as good a name as Byron! Now, good Doctor, you know that you did not much love the Scotch!

Johnson.—Sir, the Scotch in my time had too much rule: we had a Scotch premier; two Scotch chief justices; and Scotch functionaries in every department of the state. Then we had Scotch authors, who were all the vogue—Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, Beattie, and many others.

Burke.—But, dear Doctor, you forget us Irish. Here is my friend Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and Canning; and I hear of one who is not yet come among us, the Anacreon of his age!

Johnson.—Well, well, but who rules now? Scott.—“Divisum Imperium!”—Southey. Jeffrey, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Wilson, Campbell, Moore, Croker, and many others. Here is a mixture of English, Scotch, and Irish; but do not be angry, good Doctor, the Scotch still predominate!

Johnson.—Why, Sir, I hear a good report of all of them; but some of the dogs are whigs! And so the noble lord pretended to be; but he had too much wisdom and sagacity at bottom for it. I like that witty saying of his, that “democracy is the aristocracy of blackguards!”

Canning.—Yes; I envy him that bonmot; it was admirable. In short, I envy the noble lord’s genius, and cannot enough commend the beauty of his poetry.

Byron.—Nothing went to my heart more than Canning’s praise.

Johnson.—But, my lord, why, when blazing with glory, did you spend so many of your last years in foreign countries?

Byron.—Dr. Johnson, without knowing the whole details of my history, you cannot form a judgment on that subject. The fame lavished upon me was capricious, perverse, and hollow; the malice that pursued me was incessant, positive, and invariable. My habits and manners were not conciliatory; my fortune was not equal to my rank; my domestic disagreements were all laid exclusively on my own head. Besides, I knew the humour and the unreasonableness of mankind; I knew that familiarity begets contempt; that wonder, and surprise, and eccentricity, excite interest; and that the chances would be, that even the splendours of Shaks-
peare and sublimities of Milton, might, without adventitious aids to attention, pass unnoticed by the people. Add to this, that I love foreign climes better; that John Bull has a most absurd and ignorant conceit of the blessings and beauties of his own country; and that Italy is the region of genius, the depository of the arts, and the climate of clear and splendid skies.

Johnson.—My lord, I perceive that you know the characters of mankind well, and have not reflected in vain. But excuse me for saying, that I cannot approve of all your writings, of which I have heard reports. You have dealt lightly with holy subjects, too sacred for human blindness to venture to speculate upon, and you have treated human follies sometimes with too much jest and ribaldry, and sometimes with too much bitterness.

Byron.—Dr. Johnson, mine has been

—Moody madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe!"

Johnson.—With rank, my lord, and fame, and money, how could you be unhappy?

Byron.—My rank exposed me to insults; my fame was mixed with poison; my money, till almost the last, was dependent on public caprice.

Johnson.—Sic transit gloria mundi! Such is man in situations apparently the most fortunate and enviable!

Scott.—Byron's countenance grows gloomy; let us turn to other subjects.

Burke.—How go politics now? Have the dregs of the poison of the French Revolution been exhausted?

Scott.—No! nor will be for centuries, if ever! At this moment they are in full ferment.

Burke.—What is the effect of this reform of parliament?

Scott.—I did not live to see it; but I hear, that since the session commenced, things have worn a woeful appearance; the Commons have lost all dignity, and preserve no more decorum than one of the lowest debating clubs or parish meetings. Some violent change in the constitution must result from this. I augur the worst. Either the lords will get entire predominance, or there will be democracy and anarchy.

Burke.—I lament, but do not wonder: I saw, and predicted it from the first, as you well know. I did not survive to see Napoleon in his power; but I plainly foretold the use of such a military career of sword, flame, and destruction.

Johnson.—In my time we had no concep-

tion of such political tempests and revolts. We did not suspect that politics could come home to our private hearths and altars.

Burke.—The thirteen years during which I survived you, produced revolutions which your imagination could not have anticipated.

Johnson.—And did you stem the tide, my eloquent and illustrious friend?

Burke.—I endeavoured to do so, according to the measure of my humble talents.

Johnson.—Humble!—You was the first man of your day, and would have been the first man of any day!

Burke.—You are too flattering, Doctor!

Johnson.—No, Sir! I do not flatter! but if you think so, let me tell you some of your faults. You encouraged those rebels, our American subjects, and for this you have much to answer; and this too weakened your authority, Sir, when on the French Revolution you took the right side.

Burke.—I am aware that I was charged with inconsistency, but there was no similitude in the cases. To resist unjust oppression and to overturn an ancient government by levers and principles which can only end in anarchy, bloodshed, and ruin, bear the reverse of similitude. From my earliest entrance into public life, to the day of my death, I explicitly professed and advocated the principles and opinions which necessarily led to my most decided horror of the French Revolution.

Johnson.—Well, Sir, I confess I thought you a factious demagogue; you have redeemed all. But this young nobleman will not deny that he has been a Liberal and a Radical.

Byron.—Liberal, I hope; certainly not Radical! Nor have I been blinded by the splendid qualities of the mighty usurper of thrones. See my Ode to Napoleon.

Gray.—It is a grand effort of intense and sublimed intellect, raised by a poetical imagina-
tion of the first order.

Byron.—This is praise which I scarcely dare hope for. My conscience strikes me, and I must own that I have not been just to the merits of the admirable Elegy in the Churchyard.

Gray.—These little human vanities are forgotten here, all human passions, "save charity, that glows beyond the tomb."

Canning.—Beautifully said, and worthy of the great Lyric Poet's pure conscience and tender heart.

Burke.—For that Ode I kneel in gratitude and devotion to the noble lord.
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

JOHNSON.—But, Sir Walter, they say that you have not succeeded in your Life of Napoleon.

SCOTT.—Very probably not! You may rely on it, Dr. Johnson, that I have no overweening opinion of myself. Sometimes when I took my pen, it is well known that "it was my poverty and not my will consented." I often wrote in haste, with a weaned attention, and a wearied hand.

GRAY.—The more pity! My system is toil, polish, retouching.

BYRON.—Excuse me, Sir, this is not a good system. If I have written any thing well, it is that which I have written hastily, as my Corsair.

GRAY.—It may be so;—if I were to live again, perhaps I should come over to that habit! I confess to you that my Elegy was the mere unabated ebullition of a full heart.

BYRON.—Scott always wrote hastily as I have written; with him at any rate the habit has been successful.

BURKE.—I cannot but be frank enough to own that I added and blotted, till scarce a word of the original sketch remained; and when at the press, the compositors had to do their work two or three times over.

JOHNSON.—For my part, the first copy went with me, and I seldom had time to read it over.

CANNING.—Such is the variety in the powers and disciplines of the human mind. Eloquence is commonly rapid, but Rousseau's eloquence was very slowly and laboriously produced. It ought to teach us to judge with candour, and not according to any obdurate system.

JOHNSON.—We have received intimations that genius and literature in England are much more rare in the last thirty years.

CANNING.—I believe it to be a very erroneous supposition. Some departments of literature may have declined, others have improved. The literary journals are grown wonderfully more original, vigorous, and splendid. Criticism in your hands, Doctor Johnson, had occasional passages of great sagacity, discrimination, strength, and merit, but those passages were catching rather than continuous; while on the other hand, criticism was an insipid and feeble commonplace. Biographia also was little other than a dull compilation of barren facts. There is now more book-making than ever; but then books are better made. The trash soon sinks, and supplies waste paper for the trunk-makers and the confectioners. The trade of book-making for the mob has existed from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Robert Greene and George Peele were in full employment.

JOHNSON.—But the art of puffing is much more resorted to than in my time.

CANNING.—I admit it; but it never buoyed up books beyond a year or two, and perhaps not beyond a few months. It does not finally answer even to the publisher, for it often costs him more than he gains by it. These false wings lead the poor author a miserable life: he trembles at every thunderclap, every shower, and every cloud; when down go those wings, and dash he comes on the earth, with broken head and shattered body.

JOHNSON.—Sir, I remember this sort of fate in my time with one David Mallet, and many others. But then you have severe and unjust criticisms, which sometimes silence and sink good authors.

CANNING.—My friend, the noble author was thus foully attacked at his outset, but it did not sink him, it roused him. Who could be more attacked and ridiculed than Wordsworth? Yet see him now, at the height of fame! My noble friend and Southey have duly belaboured each other, but both live in all the brightness of their glory.

GRAY.—I could not stand ridicule! It would have made me shrink into my hole, and hide my head for ever.

CANNING.—You would not then have done for a politician and a senator. To what inconceivable calumnies and insults were we every day subject!

JOHNSON.—Do you remember the anecdote I have related of the morbid sensitiveness of Ambrose Phillips?

CANNING.—Yes; it is not uncommon—the noble lord here, with all his defiance, was subject to the same.

BURKE.—I had the character of irritability; but it did not arise from vanity, or conceit, or mortified pride; it was from the anxious and ardent desire for the success of opinions, on which, according to my conviction, the public welfare depended.

GRAY.—Did you not often feel indignant, when you found that you were "cutting blocks with a razor?"

BURKE.—I pretend not to say that mine was a razor; but the materials I had to deal with were often too hard for me.

BYRON.—Did you admire Sheridan?

BURKE.—He had great wit, but I could not persuade myself to think that he was often in earnest. He had none of my enthusiasm.
JOHNSON.—His bon-mots were too often studied; but he had great natural talents; else how in idleness, dissipation, and constant embarrassment, could he have done what he did do?

CANNING.—I owe him much for the notice he took of me in my boyhood, though accident threw us into opposite political parties. My friend Pitt had to the last not only a great dislike to him, but a fear of him. They had cultivated their respective minds in different channels. Pitt had no imagination, and little feeling for literature: business was his element. He was a cold, dry, matter-of-fact man, with great quickness of apprehension, great solidity and calmness of judgment, and great rotundity of strong, clear, appropriate words. He thought of nothing but the public; and his whole heart and soul were occupied in the desire to promote its welfare and glory. But he was too technical in all his ideas of mankind; he did not make sufficient allowance for the influence of passions and characters; and he had not mixed enough with the world. His unbending decision was more useful than amiable; and being democratic in his heart, his whole ministerial power depended on a sort of equivocal aristocracy, which sometimes involved his systems in painful contradiction.

TURKISH BATHS.

By J. A. St. John.

In the Mohammedan countries of the East, the public baths are not places resorted to merely for the purposes of ablation. They are at once the coffee-houses, conversazione, and concert-rooms of the city, where persons of distinction frequently assemble to smoke, listen to the songs of some musical slave, or converse at their ease on the current politics of the neighbourhood. To the ladies they are, perhaps, of still greater importance. Here, once or twice in the week, the fair votaries of the false prophet congregate together, in their most magnificent attire, for purposes of pleasure, and, like the ladies of antiquity during the celebration of the Thesmophoria, are for the time perfectly emancipated from the dominion of their lords. In these inviolable retreats, formed solely for enjoyment, they throw off, in congenial society, the restraints of home, sip coffee or sherbet, laugh, tease each other, or revel in the music of their own sweet voices.

Here, also, in the luxurious indolence and delightful tranquillity of mind which succeed the operations of the bath and constitute its greatest charm, they are commonly entertained by the marvellous compositions of the story-teller, too happy to find an indulgent audience, whose applauding smiles, looks of anxiety or terror, tears, or sudden involuntary exclamations of “Beautiful! beautiful!” wonderfully enhance the enthusiasm of the fair narrator. Half the interest of these, and, perhaps, of all other fictions, arises from the frame of mind in which they are listened to. In a state of happy serenity we are little disposed to be hypercritical. And the oriental bath, by removing all sense of weariness, and setting the warm blood into rapid motion, produces a buoyancy of spirits akin to that of childhood, and disposes us, while reclining on the soft cushions and carpet-spread couches of the frigidarium, to be pleased with tales which, heard elsewhere, might possibly be pronounced too wild and improbable.

Among the male Turks, other pleasures are sometimes tasted in the dressing-rooms of the baths; for example, opium-eating, smoking the intoxicating hashish, or drinking the maddening juice of the Burgundy or Champagne grape. To these amusements the no less exciting delights of scandal are occasionally superadded. For, although in public they ostensibly abstain from meddling with the affairs of their neighbours' houses, little or no reserve is kept up in the bath, which is a kind of Masonic Lodge Independently, however, of these enviable accessories, the luxury of the frigidarium is of a very high order. The Orientals, above all people, appear to understand the sweets of idleness,—of that dolce far niente, which is, perhaps, almost incompatible with the restlessness of our northern natures. Stretched outlistlessly upon rich carpets, or silken divans, with the long jasmin tube, or serpent-like chicha in their mouths, they surround themselves with clouds of perfumed smoke, and
watching the eddying volumes pouring out through the doors and windows before the breeze, indulge their imaginations the while is building up visions brighter than paradise. Much of the pleasure of such moments is, however, attributable to the high temperature of the atmosphere. The very soul seems in a state of delicious relaxation, scarcely conceivable in our northern climates. But, in vigorous temperaments, this feeling never amounts to languor, which would be inconsistent with complete enjoyment, though I have seen individuals reduced under its influence to a state of enervation so lamentable, that the act of speaking was a painful exertion to them. Such persons, nevertheless, are only the exceptions. In general, the operations of the bath are succeeded, as I have said, by a sort of waking dream, accompanied by an uneasy sense of delight, a rapacious consciousness of existence, rendered visible to others by the perpetual smile that plays upon the lips. It is probable, indeed, that the too frequent indulgence of the taste for so high a state of effervescence may very much contribute prematurely to wear out the constitution;—but, in the midst of happiness, who thinks of the morrow?

At Cairo, the public baths are extremely numerous, falling very little short, perhaps, of a hundred, though, a few years back, they did not exceed sixty-five. To distinguish them from the private dwellings, their façades are profusely adorned with fanciful arabesques in bright red colours; porters are stationed at the doors, and on those days when women only are admitted, the entrance is closed by a curtain. Arabic sentences, probably from the Koran, are intermingled with the ornaments, which, in obedience to the injunctions of the Prophet, never represent any living thing. Among the ancients, likewise, it was customary to engrave some poetical distich, or pithy saying, on a stone or marble, at the entrance of a bath; and an example of these inscriptions, preserved by Athenaeus, has been thus translated:—

"Balnea, Vina, Venus corrupta corpora sana: Corpora sana debant Balnea, Vina, Venus."

As they are constantly resorted to by persons of distinction, who generally bathe several times in the week, it is thought necessary to keep them very clean, which, in a country where the twin-sister of godliness is not otherwise much respected, may be reckoned among their greatest recommendations. Bathing is regarded by the Cairoans as a remedy for various disorders. In nervous affections, gout, rheumatism, and other chronic complaints, which resist the power of medicine, it is supposed, and not without reason, to be a remarkable palliative; and even in Europe, with an extremely inferior apparatus, I have seen it produce a similar effect.

Though the ladies of the East habitually enjoy the pleasures of the bath, there are two occasions on which this luxury is accompanied with circumstances of peculiar splendour: on the second day before their marriage, which may be termed the nuptial bath, and as often as a new member is added to their family. The bride, in the first case, is conducted to the baths, in great pomp, by her female relations and friends, and is received there by another party of unmarried ladies, who, immediately on her entrance, compliment her with presents of jewels, embroidered kerchiefs, and other articles of female dress or ornament. She is then conducted by her companions, after being entirely freed from the encumbrance of dress, into the interior apartments, now converted into music and banqueting rooms. Sweetmeats and sherbets are served round on trays of gold or silver filigree; the air is perfumed with aloes and benzoin; and, during the banquet, both eyes and ears are delighted with the pantomimic dances and songs of the Alma. In these tranquil retreats, amid the odoriferous vapours rising from burning censers, a delicious coolness is maintained by numerous fountains, falling with a splashing continuous sound in the adjoining apartments. Meanwhile, the bride undergoes the operations of the bath; her hair is braided and adorned with jewels, and her rich dresses are perfumed with essences. Surrounded and congratulated by her friends, elated with the prospect of happiness, ignorant of the world, unschooled in disappointment, she is rapt with delight, and, in after days, when the landscape of her destiny has perhaps become less bright and sunny, these moments are frequently recollected as the most delicious of her life. On the birth of her first-born she again repairs in great pomp to the baths, in order to perform the ceremony which they call ashood. Being seated in the centre of the inner apartment, her female attendant rubs over her whole person a composition of ginger, pepper, nutmegs, and other spices, made into a sort of paste with honey. In this state she continues for some time, while her companions amuse her with songs and mirth; and when she is supposed to have remained sufficiently long in paste, she enters the water, and the ceremony concludes.
Mohammed Ali, whose private baths I have elsewhere described, has recently added to the comforts and conveniences of Alexandria a very spacious and commodious suite of buildings of this kind. On my first visit to them, I was accompanied by a Frank gentleman, born in the east, and perfectly conversant with all its customs and manners. That we might enjoy all the pleasures of the establishment to the greatest advantage, our Turkish attendants carried along with us our own chilbruges, tobacco, and small camel-hair bags, which, in the operations of the bath, supply the place of the ancient strigilt. On arriving at the door of the baths—a low, but extensive and handsome edifice, lying within the walls, a little to the west of modern Alexandria,—we alighted from our beasts, and entered, through a small vestibule, into a very spacious apartment, covered with a dome, and sparingly lighted from above. This chamber, paved with marble, and furnished on two sides with a lofty broad divan, contains on either side a number of small rooms, where the bathers undress and leave their clothes, and exactly corresponds with the apodyterium of the ancients, as I afterwards observed at Pompeii. In antiquity, the attendants intrusted with the care of the garments of visitors were responsible, on pain of death, for any theft committed, and this is said to be still the case in other parts of the Turkish empire; but though a delinquency of this kind would probably not be visited, in Egypt, with capital punishment, a salutary fear is certainly maintained, for robbery committed in a bath is unheard of.

When undressed, we were furnished with a large striped cloth, fastened round the loins and falling to the ankles, which corresponds with the ṭeptōw, or subligar, of the ancients; and a long towel, answering to the arcatus, was twisted round our shaved heads. Thus accoutred we proceeded towards the interior. Numbers of attendants, with short towels round their waists, were passing to and fro, escorting in or out grave Turks, or other persons of respectable rank, who, even when half naked, could easily be recognised by the erectness of their gait, and the fullness and fairness of their persons; for the poor, half-starved, hard-working Arabs, employed in these establishments, resemble so many scare-crows, with their parchment visages and stick-like limbs. It was clear, however, that they were genuine Islamites, and gloried in the distinction; for from the crown of their orthodox heads, sprang a long tuft of hair, like the tail of a fawn, by which, when they have shuffled off this mortal coil, the angels in waiting are to lift them up into paradise. It should be remarked that, as the floors of the baths are of marble, visitors are furnished with high wooden pattens, from which they descend only when on the scouring platforms. Upon entering the inner apartments, divided, in some instances, from each other by curtains instead of doors, the pores of the body are immediately opened, and the most profuse perspiration produced; for the atmosphere is filled with clouds of warm vapour, arising from the hypocausts, and escaping slowly through small apertures in the roof. For a moment a certain faintness and fluttering of the heart are experienced, but soon pass away, though not without leaving behind them a slight dizziness, which continues during the whole operation.

Having remained in the greater sudarium long enough to allow the steam, which appeared to descend upon us like dew, to produce its proper effect upon our skins, we were, for greater seclusion, conducted into a small side chamber, covered, like the rest of the building, with a vaulted roof, containing several diminutive windows of ground glass, which admitted a soft agreeable light. Nothing, however, is altogether exclusive in these establishments. The first grandee in Egypt, whatever may be his pride or aversion to general society, must here be content to share every apartment, excepting the apodyterium, with the meanest peasant who can pay. In one corner of the room into which we were now ushered, sat an old withered Arab, with the beard of a Sheikh, who seemed to have been ennobled by the suns of a thousand years. He sat with his knees gathered up under his chin, perspiring with the utmost gravity, and might easily have been mistaken for the mummy of a Pharaoh.

"Revisiting the glimpses of the moon," had he not, from time to time, lifted up his eyes in astonishment at our white skins, which presented so startling a contrast with his own hue of bronze.

Active operations were now commenced. Having been extended, by our nut-coloured familiars, upon wooden platforms, raised about six inches above the marble pavement, we were rubbed from head to foot with small camel-hair bags, fitted on, like a glove, upon the hand. The effect was incredible. To judge by appearances, we had lost our epidermis, like so many snakes in spring, and were to depart with new skins, soft and glossy as satin. This, however, was only the
commencement. All dust, &c., having been removed by the bag, we were smeared over with baylooon, an unctuous kind of clay, imported from Syria; then taking a handful of soft silky tow, and dipping it in soapy water, the Arabs rubbed therewith our smarting skins, until we were covered all over with foam, in which state we were suffered to remain for some time. This soft tow, in Arabic loofeh, is merely the fine filaments of the date tree, imported from the neighbourhood of Mecca, where they are whiter and much more silky than in Egypt. On one side of the apartment was a small marble cistern, supplied by two cocks with hot and cold water. From this reservoir the attendants, when they thought we had remained long enough in soap, inundated us with water, properly tempered, from small brazen bowls, suspended in great numbers round the cistern. Among the Orientals, it is customary to proceed, after this, to the fountains, or bathing cistern, but, as the water is not renewed after each visitor, Europeans generally dispense with this part of the process. This, at least, was what we did.

Having remained the requisite time in the caldarium, we retreated, passing successively through a long suite of apartments, each lower in temperature than the preceding, until we reached the dressing-room, where our couches were prepared. Pipes and coffee were now brought in, and shortly after came the merry-looking Arabs, to shampoo us, and crack our joints. This, to me, seemed a most useless and absurd process. What pleasure or advantage, in fact, can you derive, from a man’s putting his knee against your back, and bending it until the spine seems about to crack? Europeans accordingly seldom submit to this operation, but the Orientals consider it essential to the enjoyment of the bath.

Thus far the whole process might be said to be more laborious than agreeable, a thing submitted to for the sake of health, rather than a means of pleasure; but the delicious calm, the unpeable tranquillity, the thrill of indescribable satisfaction, which succeeded, and absorbed the whole mind, were so entirely out of the ordinary course of our sensations, that they seemed, for the moment, worthy of being purchased by years of toil. It is in such moods of mind that music breathes its sweetest spell over the soul. Our Turkish attendant, a native of Syria, well acquainted with the usages of the bath, now seated himself on a mat, at the extremity of the apartment, and, in a low plaintive voice, not wholly destitute of sweetness, sang several songs, of one of which I have endeavoured to convey some idea by the following imitation:—

THE BATH SONG.

The Syrian vale, the Syrian vale,
Where first we loved, where first we met,
Where clustering jasmines scent the gale,—
Canst thou, my love! canst thou forget?

My arm around thy slender waist,
The moon, the stars, they heard our vow!
From that too happy Eden chased,
Ah! where does Hassan mourn thee now?

Far, far beneath the burning sky,
Where the fierce Arab wanders free,
He drowses, in seeming mirth, the sigh
That rends his breast at thought of thee.

Aye, while regret his heart devours,
To notes of lively tone he sings,
As once with thee, in happier hours,
He touched the soft lute’s trembling strings.

No more we meet, no more I see,
With words of joy thy bright lips sever;
Yet, fairest, loveliest! must thou be
The Koleh * of my soul for ever!

All the Turkish airs I ever remember to have heard are remarkable for their peculiarly lugubrious tone. The singer seems to be constantly on the verge of tears, and keeps his eyes fixed upon the ground, or turns them round slowly, as if pursuing the movements of some distant object. In the present instance, the poor fellow appeared to enter heartily into the feelings described by the poet, and had, perhaps, selected this song, among others, as in some measure applicable to his own situation. No doubt he regretted his country, and, at such moments, sent back his imagination to the groves and valleys of his native land. Nostalgia is not peculiar to the Swiss.

* Koleh—Mecca, “the praying point” of all Mohammedan nations.
WRITING IN ALBUMS.

CONTENTS.
The Author requested to write something in an Album—declines; reasons for declining; his reasons attempted to be refuted; is urged again; inquires how the task is to be performed; receives a lesson; endeavours to understand it; succeeds; writes something; his performance approved.

Or all the bores that ever were invented,
There's nothing like an Album. You're tormented
To write—"What?"
"Why, anything."

"Why, anything:—about a rose—a rout—
A bird's-nest—hall, the spring, the moon, the sun;
'Tis just to fill the book, and must be done.
The subject's no great consequence, and all
I beg is, let it be original."

"But really I'm no poet. I've no more
Idea how to rhyme than yonder door;
And could I rhyme, I know not what to say
About the things you mention. Tell me, pray,
How I should set about it; and suppose
You teach me what to write about a rose."

"I'll try. Now, when you write on anything,
First think of what it is, and this will bring
Ideas to your mind; and thus you'll see
What qualities are fit for Poetry.
Roses are flowers, and flowers are beauftous things,
And beauty is poetical, and brings
Much pleasure to the eye. A rose, too, throws
Perfume, which brings much pleasure to the nose."

"But is the nose poetical?"

"No: hence,
You dress a word like 'nose,' and say 'the sense;'—
It glads 'the sense' with soft perfume, you'd say
In poetry. Well, then, 'its charms betray—'
And treason is poetical."

"But tell
Me how a rose betrays; and why you—"

"Well,
Its charms betray, because they tempt the touch,
And then you feel a thorn which hurts you much.
And treason is poetical, because
People have always thought it was: it draws
One's tears to hear of any one betrayed.
Well, then—a rose is like a gentle maid—
(In poetry you always want a smile)—"

"But why?"

"Because—But poets all agree
In that. I really can't explain it quite.
Don't Milton, Shakspeare, Byron, all unite—"

"No doubt. But then—'a rose is like a maid;'
Now why is that? You said a rose betray'd;
Do maids betray?"
LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.

"No; not in poetry.
In real life, I'm told, you sometimes see
A maid betray; but men alone deceive
In poetry, and women should believe."

"But then your simile should sure be like:
Now, if a rose betrays, it sure must strike
You, that a gentle maid, if like a rose,
Should follow the example, and disclose
A few sharp secret thorns."

"Now I beseech,
That if you wish to learn, you'll let me teach.
A rose is like a maid, because it's sweet
And beautiful, and not for its deceit.
You always say we're sweet and beautiful,
And we can't help believing you. To pull
One's meaning the wrong way, quite puts one out.
Now pray do write some verses, and about
What'er you like. You only want to tease,
I know that you're a poet, if you please."

"Well, after your kind lesson, I'll disclose
My coup-d'essai, by writing on a rose."

THE ROSE.

A Rose is a flower so fair,
Its perfume glads the sense;
But its beauty is all a snare,
And its fragrance mere pretence.
Though lovely and sweet as a Maid,
Yet it should not be trusted like her;
For its beauty in thorns is array'd,
And a rosy-lipp'd Maid we prefer.

"Now, thank you; put your name and date—'tis all
I could have wish'd, and quite original."

HENRY ADOLPHUS ROTS,
October 1, 1834.

LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.—No. III.

Wenn die Sonne lieblich scheine
Wie in Weichland laut und klaa
 Ging ich mit der Mandoline
Durch die uberglanzte Aue.

FRANDER V. EICHENDORFF.

SCHLOSS-RAVENSTEIN, JUNE 30.
I had hardly forwarded my last communica-
tion, when it was announced to me that
some stranger, who declined sending in his
name, was desirous of having a few minutes
conversation with me, on business of impor-
tance. An interview thus sought, appeared
rather a command than a solicitation, and,
for an instant, I felt disposed to be inac-
cerisible; but reflecting that our ancestors
nature of the circumstance, he trusted, would at least palliate, if not excuse. Among gentlemen, I replied, a question of mere etiquette was soon disposed of; and in the present instance, I did not doubt, the breach, if such he considered it, would be more justifiable than the observance. Begging him to be seated, and expressing my perfect readiness to learn the purport of his visit, I sat down in the chair opposite.

"I am," said he, "as you readily perceive, an entire stranger; and I again thank you for having admitted me under circumstances which might, in other minds, have given rise to very plausible suspicion. In a word, I am commissioned by a party which will at once stamp my errand as honourable and authentic, and, as I flatter myself, ensure your attention to its import." I expressed my satisfaction. He paused for an instant, and regarding me with fixed attention,—"You know," he continued, "the Graf Von R——ein, and have heard the circumstances which have given a more than ordinary eclat to this time-honoured name. Presuming, also, upon what I have gathered from sources open to us both, namely, that you are fully predisposed to take an active part in the success of any measures calculated to reinstate the object of our solicitude in the honourable and active sphere from which one thoughtless act has debarr'd him, I have chosen this unseasonable hour to assure you of the hearty concurrence of one who, although for the present unknown, takes a lively interest in furthering your design."

During this address, I felt my conviction drawn to two opposite points, without being at all able to fix the identity of my guest, but of whose station I could pronounce with certainty.

"The charges," he continued, "which have been brought against him, and certain reports now industriously circulated to his prejudice, he can, and will, I doubt not, thoroughly refute; unless, indeed, the mood and temper of his own mind should thwart the measures now pursued by his friends."

I expressed an earnest hope that such would not be the case, and quoted the opinion of his brother officer (the Baron Von R——berg, mentioned in my last), in support of my persuasion that the comte was the victim of a party, and no delinquent in principle,—a sentiment which gave apparent satisfaction to my mysterious guest.

"One thing, however, must be done," he resumed, "with the least possible delay;" and throwing his cloak open, "this," said he, presenting a packet, "you will materially serve the comte and his friends, by delivering in person, before four o'clock to-morrow morning! To night he is in danger from various causes,—but dangers which a lively co-operation on your part may remove."

Thanking me once more for my attention, and enjoining, at the same time, all possible secrecy and despatch, he consigned the mysterious packet to my hand and withdrew.

Hoping to make assurance doubly sure, I took my station at the east window, for he would not permit my attendance, and kept my eye on the terrace leading to the baths, where I saw him pass rapidly, and then disappear, at a point which justified a right apprehension of my visitor.

I now felt myself in a singular predicament; perplexed by a host of circumstances, which the abrupt visit had allowed me no time to explain, or rather, which in the surprise and mystery of the interview I had entirely forgotten. I had important official business to despatch, involving the deepest responsibility, and which could not be postponed; yet, here I held in my hand a packet which, by accepting, I had pledged myself to deliver in person. The penalty attached to my omission of the first engagement I could calculate; but in the latter was involved an enigma, on the right solution of which might depend the happiness of a family to whom, both from principle and inclination, I was studiously devoted. Turning over the packet, and observing the seal, I perceived in the impression a double argument for despatch, and sitting down, resolved to do what I should otherwise have deferred till morning, namely, to arrange the public business with which I was intrusted, and immediately after to set out on my new commission. At midnight every thing was arranged; and I stole forth into the open air with that sort of mingled courage and distrust which the circumstances, to a certain degree, excused. At the very instant, however, that I took my seat, incognito, as I supposed, in the drogue, a well-known head appeared at the casement, and joined by others, became irrefragable evidence of my nocturnal expedition. I need not add what cogent reasons I had for wishing that every head had been dream-bound on its pillow.

Desiring the postillion to drive for the old Abbey of Arnstein—a sound which not a little startled him,—I resigned myself to silent speculation on the fruits of my mission. As I reflected, my resolution acquired fresh vigour,—my enterprise fresh importance,—
till, at last, I felt as if charged with some great act of amnesty between a monarch and his subjects. The romantic défilé, too, through which I was rapidly wheeled, contributed to calm the excitement to which I had been wrought up, by calling off the attention to the ever-varying features which, under the magical influence of a full moon, showed themselves in endless groups and combinations, and gave ample scope for the indulgence of a playful fancy. The scathed and roofless fortress of Nassau stood sentinel-like, but disarmed, over the dark and richly wooded hill on my right; while at its base the village population were hushed in repose, and the watch dog and the owl were the only seeming witnesses of my solitary expedition, or that kept me companionship, at least, by their responses. Moonlight, on the Lahn, however, must not interrupt the tenor of my epistle.

About a mile from Nassau, and just where an opening gorge shows the long rows of unglazed casements and romantic towers of Arnstein, looking in their monastic perch as if suspended for a plunge into the stream, an accident suddenly forced me to alight; an axle had snapt, and so far laid an embargo upon my proceedings. It was in vain that my Jehu set about the repairs, for on examining the fracture with a practised eye, he shook his head hopelessly, and added in speech, that “he had been momentarily expecting an accident, and it was well it was not worse!”

Without questioning his meaning, for though no philosopher, he is half a south-sayer, I had one of the horses instantly unharnessed, and throwing my cloak over him, resolved to complete the remainder of my journey in the becoming style of a Ritter. Thus remounted, and desiring Schwager to halt till my return, I hastened forward, but now felt—from my conscious ignorance of the path, and the probability that, should I meet other travellers on this uncharted route, my grotesquely caparisoned steed might subject me to certain impediments—that I was really in a delicate position, and where the dignity of a diplomatist ran some little peril. But as the day was approaching, and would unavoidably double my embarrassment, I determined on a great effort, and to accomplish my mission by a forced march. In this, however, I calculated without my host; my steed feeling his independence, and sensible that his rider had nothing beyond simple persuasion to conciliate his good will and consent in the case, took it at first very leisurely, then became restive, and finally endeavoured to dismount his rider into the Lahn. Nothing could have turned out more mal-a-propos; day was advancing; the mysterious “four o’clock,” with all its inferred consequences, stared me in the face, while that of my steed was turned in the opposite direction. Before I could alter my course, a neighing and the clattering of hoofs along the road I had just passed, approached; and before I was again seated in equilibrio, I felt myself borne to the rencontre, with a speed which, had it been exercised in the opposite direction would have delighted me.

The mystery of this sudden manœuvre was not far explained, for the next instant I was met by my trusty Jakob mounted on the other horse, and in full career, as if he came to break a spear with me. The moment the horses came abreast each other, they stopt short; and the shock, owing to the want of stirrups, was so sudden, that I was pitched clear out of my seat, while my antagonist, with rather better fortune, had only shifted his position to within a couple of inches of his horse’s ears. In spite of the pain caused by this sudden concussion, I could not resist a hearty laugh at the truly ludicrous posture in which this capricious turn in my affairs had placed me. The first word which attested Jakob’s resuscitation, was—“Twenty-ninth of June! and well tisn’t worse!” But how, I inquired, how have you dared to desert your post, and follow me at this furious rate?

“Excellenz,” he replied, without altering his new perch, “it was not I that came—the black mare—she is a Holsteinscher, as your excellenz knows, and will always be in company, so she brought me along with her.” “But why did you not hold or tie her to the wheel of the drogue?” “Why,” he replied, “thinking to coax her by allowing her to nibble a little grass by the roadside, I took the bridle off; but to prevent, as I thought, her escape, I took myself to her back. No sooner had I done this, than, by a preconcerted plan between herself and the Weimar horse, she set up a loud neigh, and off she sprang, neck or nothing, carrying myself along with her, as your Herrlichkeit perceives; and well tisn’t worse, if your excellenz knew the day of the month!” “Return to your post, instantly,” said I, “and wait till my arrival!” At this my groom of the stables smiled gravely, but made an immediate effort to obey; and as a preparative, transported himself cautiously from the neck to the back of his charger, and turned his head to Nassau.
I also remounted, but the effects of the contusion became more and more sensible; and turning into the road, "die Herrschaft," said I akob in a significant tone, "will soon return, I suppose?" "In two hours." "In less," muttered the other, "if this be the same old Holsteincher your excellency saw me on a few minutes ago." And sooth to say I had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before a neigh from the old black mare completely turned the helm against me, and threw my progress into complete discomfiture.—"What is the cause," I emphatically demanded, "of all this charging and dismounting like knights at a tilt?" "Why, your excellency," answered I akob, who was once more at my side, "the twenty-ninth of June! well isn't worse!" Rendered half desperate by opposition, I now dismounted, threw the long reins, which for convenience I had rolled into a coil, into his hands, and determined to complete the expedition on foot, enjoining him to remain where we left the drooscope till the sun appeared above the Kellerberg; and then, if he received no further instructions, to return home, but without breathing a whisper how, where, or by whom he had been employed.

This said, I pressed forward, and happily the moon was in excellent trim, towards a huge pile of rocks, crowned with the remains of an ancient thurn or keep, near which, as I had learnt in a previous excursion, the intricate path I was in quest of made a sudden dip into the forest. Having scaled this rock-strewn acclivity, I was for a full half hour in doubt, and pursuing with difficulty my way through a dark and steep pine-forest. At length, threading the margin of a deep, sinuous, and savage-looking gorge, through which a roaring torrent hurled its copious tribute to the Rhine, and cautiously groping my way through a natural avenue of immense linden trees, which met in lofty arches over my head, I was suddenly brought to a pause by the abrupt termination of the path, or rather gallery, which I had pursued. During my temporary uncertainty a flash of light suddenly crossed my way, and turning round I descried, through the dense foliage, a sombre, shattered-looking pile at a great height above me, projecting its castellated ramparts over the verge of a ledge of rocks so perpendicular and inaccessible that it appeared the very "Gibraltar" of all Germany to my hopes of admission! I felt assured, however, that it was the identical Rasten, where my packet was to be deposited before four o'clock! I continued my exertions plunging and struggling along the precipices, supporting myself by the branches of trees or roots of vines that flung their rosy tendrils from rock to rock—now uprooting a tree, and now dislodging a fragment of rock the noise of which was happily drowned by that of the torrent. I found myself slowly advancing upwards, and in half an hour within a stone's cast of the gate, where one of the most wild, solitary, and impressive scenes I had ever witnessed presented itself, and by its features fully identified the description I had heard of it on my first arrival in Nassau.

The light which had so opportunely appeared seemed now to invite and direct my steps. Quitting the thick and tangled cope which impeded my way along the precipices, and surmounting with great labour and some risk, one or two chasms which threatened to engulf me, I at last entered the great avenue through which a once-paved, but now grass-covered, road led to the dismantled gate. This was the Ultima Thule, the most important stage of my adventure; for should my approach be welcomed with the welcome of olden times, I should be treated as a marauder, and accommodated in one of the dungeon-safes reserved on all similar occasions for subjects of a night-errantry so suspicious. Having already, however, had some experience in delicate points of diplomacy, I resigned myself to fate, and in five minutes more my hand rested on the gigantic knocker which still clung to the thickly rusted iron door which secured the inner court. Here, with a momentary misgiving, I held the summons suspended in the air; then letting it fall heavily upon the hollow iron plate, started back at the report which in the deep solitude of the place rang through the vaulted courts like a thunder-peal.

The breathless suspense with which I waited the result of my summons was speedily relieved. The sound of sliding bolts, and the gruff voice of a dark tall mustachioed porter, expressing mingled surprise and suspicion, demanded the purport of my unseasonable visit! "Business," I replied, "which requires an immediate interview with the Comte, your master." The porter seemed incredulous, and was gradually diminishing the angle of 45º at which the door stood open, with a show of other symptoms, all of which augured ill for my admittance, when suddenly producing the packet, the action upon the hinges was as suddenly reversed; for the porter, having some knowledge of arms besides those worn in his master's service, by a nod of recognition threw the gate open at a
right angle. I entered without further ceremony, and the next instant at a signal the hall door flew open, when another veteran, half civilized, half military in his equipments, presented himself and demanded the "pass." A sign from the Cerberus, who accompanied me to the steps, settled this point. Leaving me for an instant while the porter kept his eye upon me, the jager returned with a torch in one hand, and beckoning me with the other to approach, I was greatly surprised to hear, in detached fragments, certain directions given in my native tongue, but which, if followed implicitly, would have cut short all further negotiation.

After threading a labyrinth of passages, such as would supply a sufficiency of Gothic architecture for a whole romance, I was ushered into a vaulted saloon, where lights were still burning, and every thing arranged as if the guests had but just left, or were momentarily expected. The windows too were open, and looking out through their narrow casements, commanded a wide forest, where streams and waterfalls, as they caught the last rays of the westering moon, flowed and flickered in a thousand silvery ramifications. On the table at which I stood lay books, maps, and scraps of fortification; in the corner stood a harp, and over the hugely sculptured marble chimney-piece hung the portrait of a lady, which powerfully arrested my attention. While thus engaged, an official entered, and with much politeness of address offered to take charge of the packet for the Comte, of which he understood I was the bearer. This I begged to decline, by stating that my orders were to deliver the packet into the Comte's own hands. With this the former withdrew, and in less than five minutes the Comte himself appeared with that air of ton and affability which could hardly belong to any other, and expressed at the same time the pleasure he felt in seeing so early a visiter under his roof. I acknowledged the compliment by presenting the packet, begging him at the same time to charge the occasion and the bearer with the very unseasonable intrusion of which I felt myself an example.

As he carefully examined the seal, opened and perused the contents, his countenance fully evinced the powerful effort which it cost him to suppress an emotion of which satisfaction and surprise were the predominant characteristics. "Sir," said he, turning round to me, "my especial thanks are due to you as the bearer of tidings such as nei-

ther my services nor even my most sanguine hopes could have anticipated." He paused and then resumed—"How this has been accomplished I need not inquire; to know that my name was vindicated, my motives appreciated, would of themselves have enriched me; still to receive an appointment—but," interrupting himself, "I must apologize for the apparent emotion with which your letters have affected me, and which you will excuse when I confess to you that had they arrived but one hour later your mission had been fruitless and misfortune triumphant! But come," he added gaily, and addressing me by name, "you are no longer to be received as a stranger; it is but right the messenger of good tidings should share in the joy they have diffused; allow me then to present you to one who will thank you in your native tongue for the return of that prosperity of which you have been the honourable and, as I believe, the unconscious instrument." So saying, he led me into another apartment where a young and beautiful figure, dressed in an English riding habit, was busily occupied in evident preparation for a journey. "E—y," said he entering, "allow me to present Mr. W., and although you do not usually receive visits at this early hour, yet I must intercede with you in the present instance in behalf of one who is in every sense a timely visitor, though a little matutinal!"

Though for an instant surprised and disconcerted by this sudden entree and address, the lady soon recovered both her presence of mind and serenity of expression, and with a sweetness of voice which I shall never forget, replied, "Your friends, my dear Bernard, can never come too early nor too often," then, bidding me heartily welcome, beckoned me to take the chair on her right, while her cheek suddenly kindled, as if it reflected the warm tint which the last few minutes had thrown into that of her husband, and every look inquired a solution of the enigma. "Friedmann," said the Comte, addressing the secretary already mentioned "We shall not quit Ravensstein to-day! Let everything be returned to its place as hitherto, let the servants be recalled, and the establishment proceed on the same footing as heretofore. Ten days hence I shall set out to take my command on the frontier!" The secretary stood for an instant quite aghast, but suddenly disappeared, and before many seconds his orders had communicated a boisterous mirth through the whole establishment.

The lady, in the meantime, appeared half incredulous of all she heard, and was so
evidently a sufferer from the suspense of the moment, that I was on the point of offering some explanation—for I was totally ignorant of the real circumstances of the case—when the Comte, with a serio-comic face, presented her the letter for perusal; while with folded arms and suppressed delight he stood watching the surprise and pleasure which alternately played and lightened over her beautiful features. Without lifting her eyes from the paper, she perused it to the conclusion; then looking up, and overcome with the struggle maintained against nature, she became suddenly faint, and was only prevented from falling by the outstretched arms which instantly supported her, and into which she now sank, pale and senseless. In a few minutes, however, by the aid of eau-de-Cologne, burnt in a censer, and other delicate helps, she slowly recovered; whereupon approaching to offer my congratulations I now begged leave to withdraw, alleging, that as I had succeeded in the fulfilment of one important, and, I would add, most pleasing duty—I must return to the duty of fulfilling others. My departure, however, was mildly, but firmly opposed; and the lady joining her husband in terms the most persuasive and flattering, I felt that I could not, without rudeness, decline a civility so evidently the spontaneous offering of hearts which were not ashamed to appear grateful. I was not a little amused by an incident which showed, at least, the earnestness with which my compliance was sought—the Comtesse finished her arguments by insensibly quitting the German, which she speaks very fluently, and addressing me in her native tongue—an appeal, which, however unimportant in itself, called up an association which was irresistible. She little knew whom she was at that moment addressing, or how soon the circumstances of this day would take the direction of H——y Park.

As the morning now streamed full and gorgeously through the gothic casement, “That light,” said the Comte, playfully addressing his now radiant partner—the proper Aurora of that hour—“that light,” he repeated, “should have seen us some leagues hence, and this same ‘mine ancestors’ goody schloss’ left as a legacy for the hereditary owls! But, according to the adage, the darkest hour is just before daybreak,—fortune returns when least expected, a guest who likes to take her favours by surprise. Our German halls have, many of them, the benefit of presiding divinities, of whom mine has certainly had one. Why then should I have almost despaired? Was it because, having stolen the brightest jewel in England, I dreaded reprisals? No, my Emily; with thee for my ministering spirit, the donjon of Ravenstein has had, and will now have, more of true happiness than any other spot within our German Circles!” The fair partner whom he thus addressed only smiled in reply, but it was a smile more eloquent than speech, and accompanied with those tears which relieved the oppression which a stranger’s presence, and the sudden change in prospects, had imposed. The tender solicitude with which the Comte watched this overflow of the heart, was soon rewarded by a smile as bright, and a brow as unclouded, as the fresh and beautiful morning which now invited us to enjoy it more at freedom upon the open terraces which ran under the windows.

“Here,” said the Comte, pointing to an arbour, through the embowering foliage of which several statues of white marble seemed struggling for light, “we shall enjoy an English breakfast, and in the mean time, if you would desire so to employ it, you will find the materials for any communication you may choose to make to the Bad, while I also, with your permission, will withdraw for the purpose of replying to your most important despatch, and countermanding my last night’s orders.”

Thus left alone, and distracted by the wild scenery and strange circumstances in which I am involved, I have herein sent you a sketch of my proceedings thus far, and promise you in another part, the final results of a day at Ravenstein.
THE SISTER MARTHA.

BY THE LATE R. BYLANCE.

In a conversation some time ago with a modern philosopher, I was grievèd rather than surprised to hear him argue that the morality of the gospel is impracticable, in the present state of society, and assert that the duties enjoined by the founder of the Christian religion are nowhere acted upon in their full extent. I was, as it were, challenged to point out a single instance of a human being in modern times, sharing his property with the poor, and devoting his life to acts of disinterested beneficence. That which Doctor Johnson has exhibited in his pathetic stanzas to the memory of the humble inmate of his house, Mr. Robert Levett, did not at the time occur to me, or I should have adduced it; I have since met with a more striking example of the charity peculiar to the apostolic age, in a person of more lowly station—of the gentler sex; and, to the humiliation of my feelings as a Protestant and an Englishman, let me add, of the Roman Catholic communion, and of a foreign land. It is contained in the following short memoir from a German Encyclopaedia of recent date.

The Sister Martha, an object of general reverence and wonder, for her active and pious humanity, was, before the French revolution, mure tourière at a convent, her office being to attend the tour or revolving cupboard, by which provisions could be received into the cloister, or given from it, as alms, without the nun herself being seen. Her real name was Anne Biget. After the suppression of religious houses, she resided at Besançon, on the slender annuity of a hundred and thirty-three francs per annum, in a small house, which was her property. Here, with a female friend, she devoted her time and her income to an unwearied tending of the poor and the sick, and preferably of those who were prisoners of war. The greater the numbers needing relief, as in 1809, when six hundred Spanish prisoners came to Besançon,—the more zealous and active was the Sister Martha, then in her sixty-second year. She attended to every thing herself, acting alternately as nurse, cook, and housekeeper; even the appeals of the prisoners to the commandant she supported in the most strenuous manner by her humane intercessions. She gave the same affectionate tendance to the captive and wounded English. "All the unfortunate," she would say, "are my friends." With unabated zeal, she redoubled her exertions in 1814, when she undertook the care of the wounded French, and also of the foreign soldiers—those of the invading armies. The duke of Reggio avowed that he had become well acquainted with the name of Sister Martha on the field of battle; for the wounded warriors languishing in places far from their native land, would frequently exclaim, "Ah! if Sister Martha were here, I should have less to suffer!"

When the allied sovereigns came to Paris they desired to see this venerable woman. The emperor of Russia received her on the 24th of August, and gave her a medallion of himself, with a considerable sum in money; the emperor of Austria bestowed on her the cross of civil merit and 2000 francs; and the king of Prussia a gold medal. A cross was sent to her by the king of Spain. She was afterwards presented to the king of France. This truly noble creature had never aspired to any earthly rewards; but she heartily rejoiced over the presents that were made to her, as they enabled her to do more good to the unfortunate. A portrait of her, adorned with the French and foreign orders, was engraved and published—orders bestowed in acknowledgment of a heroism which has caused no tears but those of gratitude for help received! She died on the 29th of March, 1824, at Besançon, in the 75th year of her age, honoured as the superior of all the pious associations of the Sisters of Charity in France.

I have one or two particulars to add on the testimony of a friend, a native of Lyons, who knew the Sister Martha. When any of the sick or wounded expressed a wish for religious consolation, she would candidly tell them that it must be administered by others, her own humble capacity being limited to the relief of bodily ailments. She had no pretensions beyond that of a sick-nurse;
and in this vocation it might be said of her, as Dr. Johnson said of his friend—

"Her virtues walked their narrow round, 
Nor made a pause, nor left a void, 
And sure the Eternal Master found 
The single talent well employed."

Her features, he said, were, to use a qualified phrase, very plain, but the kind-heartedness that beamed from them caused their homeliness to be forgotten. She was very cheerful and light-hearted. These qualities may be inferred from the engraved portrait, which, in other respects, I would fain hope, does imperfect justice to the original.

There is something very grand and very memorable in the homage rendered by the kings of the earth to this pattern of Christian charity, in the person of a poor and aged nun. If, after such an homage, the Emperor Alexander, in the retirement of his closet, ever presumed to exult in the good which he purposed to effect for Europe, as head of the Holy Alliance, his conscience must have rebuked him in the language of Deborah to the son of Abinoam—“It shall not be for thine honour; for the Lord will vindicate his cause by the hand of a woman.” And the sceptic who scoffs at religion as fabulous, or the man of the world, and the utilitarian, who unite in deriding it as impracticable or imprudent, may stand abashed at an illustration of it which has called forth the unanimous applause of warring nations, and commanded equal reverence from the wounded soldier on his pallet, and the monarch on his throne.

---

**THE MODERN NARCISSUS.**

**Narcissus** was faultless in figure and face, 
And his person by no means deficient in grace; 
But Montague, not without reason, exults 
In the equal attractions of Rowland and Stultz.

Narcissus, the might of his beauty to prove, 
Eschewing the fair, with himself fell in love; 
But Montague has his monopoly too, 
And loves himself dearer than ladies can do.

Narcissus himself to a river conveyed, 
And gazed, till he wore himself into a shade; 
But Montague wisely keeps clear of the water, 
And wears out a looking-glass once every quarter.

Narcissus, by some strange botanical power, 
In a daffodil vein was transformed to a flower; 
But Montague also has nourished his passion, 
And now he’s a pink in the hotbed of fashion.

To the pink or the daffodil let us be loth 
To give preference undue,—they are exquisite both. 
Let us place them together; and this is my reason— 
They wither alike at the end of the season.

W.
THE CULPRIT'S GRAVE.

A FRAGMENT.—BY MISS MACAULEY.

At a little distance from the spectators assembled to witness the unhappy Wilmot's funeral, stood an aged female. She was dressed in the Highland costume. Her figure was commanding; and her face, only partially shaded by her plaid, was marked by a peculiarly striking expression. Her arms were folded across her breast, and her eyes bent with intense anxiety on the scene before her.

In the deportment of this woman there was a strange admixture of loftiness and humility, which left the observer at a loss to determine her rank in the social scale. It was difficult to conjecture whether pride was soaring above the fancied debasement of lowly birth, or humility bending under the consciousness of exalted rank. Her appearance, however, was remarkable; it attracted the attention of all. She seemed as if she stood alone in this wide world—powerful in herself, independent of the advantages or disadvantages of her origin, and neither honoured nor debased by the casualities of birth.

The ceremony over, the funeral attendants departed, all save one. This was Harold Moncrieff. He stood bare-headed at the foot of the grave, gazing upon the coffin. His fine countenance bespoke the sensations by which he was agitated. A thousand recollections rushed at once upon his mind, and the unbidden tears chased each other down his cheeks. He raised his head, and his eye rested on the aged female, who had advanced towards the grave. He sprang forward, and eagerly grasping her hand, exclaimed—

"Ah, my friend, my generous friend, whom I have so earnestly desired again to see, do we now meet at the grave of that wretched man, from whom you—"

"He is gone to his account, Harold Moncrieff, and therefore—"

"And therefore, Alice Macrea, we will banish the remembrance of his crimes, and pray that he may be forgiven. But I rejoice to meet you once again. I owe you a large debt of gratitude. Come with me to Dunstanley Hall. Allow me to present you to my wife, to my father."

A slight shivering passed over her frame, and her lip quivered while she replied—

"I—I go to Dunstanley Hall! Well, be it so; but not just now. I will meet you there in less than hour."

"You will not fail, Alice?" said Harold, dubiously.

"I have promised, Sir. Alice Macrea does not break her word. If I am alive, you shall see me within an hour, at—at Dunstanley Hall."

She turned from him, and hastily departed, while Harold slowly moved towards his home, wondering who this singular being could be, that had taken so deep an interest in him and his whole family.

Not long after he reached home, Alice was ushered in. Harold took her hand. She trembled excessively, and the self-command which had so surprised him formerly, seemed now to have forsaken her.

"I rejoice to see you," said he. "I have longed for an opportunity to return my thanks for your kindness to me at Edinburgh; and though I was not prudent enough to profit by it, I do not less feel the obligation. We will not refer to the past, because it casts a reflection on the memory of him whose grave we have just left. But, my faithful friend and counsellor, you must let me know how I can repay your manifold services."

"I am repaid, Sir,—repaid ten-fold! When I first undertook the task of warning you to avoid impending danger, I had no other motive of action than a general impulse of humanity, and under that impression my poverty would have induced me to accept the trifling reward of my services. But when I found it was the son-in-law of Sir Edward Dunstanley whom I had been endeavouring to save from ruin, I was more than rewarded."

"And how came I to be an object of so much interest with you?" inquired Sir Edward.

She gazed upon him for a moment solemnly.

"Forty years ago," she replied, "I could sooner have died than answered such a question. Nay, twenty years ago, I should perchance have felt some tinge of shame; but I am aged now. My bleached locks may sanction my sincerity, and permit me to own, without a blush, that Love for Sir Edward Dunstanley excited the interest I felt for his son-in-law!"

"Love for me!" exclaimed Sir Edward, in surprise. "Who are you? What are
you? I have been out of the world for many years, a recluse in the solitary island of St. Kilda. I left no wounded heart behind me, save one—save only one, and she—"

"Is it in her grave, Sir Edward. I know that. But am I so totally banished from your recollection? Has age and sorrow so changed these features, that Edward Dunstanley can discover no traces of the friend and companion of his youth?"

As she spoke she threw aside her plaid, and exposed her face. Sir Edward caught both her hands.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, "do I behold my dear foster-sister, Alicia?"

He threw his arms around her,—her head rested upon his shoulder. She could not speak until relieved by a torrent of tears. Sir Edward kissed her affectionately, and placed her in a chair, while Mona brought water, and with her handkerchief wiped away the tears which streamed down her fair cheeks. She soon recovered.

"Thank you, love," said she, kissing her forehead and gazing intently upon her. "I have heard much of your sweetness and beauty. How strongly she resembles your sainted mother, Sir Edward."

"She does indeed resemble her, Alicia. But come, my sister, take off your plaid. This house, where the days of your childhood were spent, must be the residence of your age. Little, indeed, did I think, among all who have welcomed me to my native home, that there was a heart so affectionate as my dear sister's to greet my return. They told me you were dead, Alicia, and I shed tears to your memory. Mona, my sweet child, you must revere Alicia as the beloved sister of your father. We were nursed at the same breast, reared by the same hand, and educated by the same preceptors. Next to yourself and Harold, I know of none nearer to your father's heart than Alicia Wentworth."

Mona threw her arms round Alicia's neck. "The friend of my father must be dear to the heart of his child; but you are doubly dear, for you would have been the preserver of my husband also."

"It is to hope, though hope were lost,
Though Heaven and Earth thy passion cross'd—
Though she were bright as sainted Queen above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain—
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love."  

Alicia Wentworth's mother, brought up in the family of Dunstanley's grandfather, had been from infancy the chosen companion of his mother. They were strongly attached to each other, and were both married on the same day, the young lady to Sir Robert Dunstanley, and Alicia's mother to Mr. Wentworth, the steward of Lady Dunstanley's father. Too much attached to desire a separation, even after marriage, it was agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth should be established in a farm on Sir Robert's estate.

Lady Dunstanley and Mrs. Wentworth became mothers within a week of each other, but were not equally fortunate in the performance of their maternal duties. Lady Dunstanley was of a delicate constitution, and having suffered much in her confinement, her health was so much injured that it was deemed expedient to engage a nurse. This intelligence was most painful to her feelings, but Mrs. Wentworth, being herself in the most perfect health and vigour, entertained that she might take charge of the infant heir, Lady Dunstanley, when assured that her young friend would sustain no injury from this addition to her family, most gratefully accepted the offer. This circumstance more closely cemented the regard which the young mothers bore to each other, and a most sacred obligation was conferred upon the most wealthy.

As the children grew up, they each considered themselves as having two mothers, and became fondly attached to each other as brother and sister. When, a few years after, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth were cut off in the prime of life, Lady Dunstanley took the little orphan Alicia, now in her tenth year, entirely under her protection. The attachment of Edward appeared to increase as Alicia became more dependent, and Lady Dunstanley was pleased with his tender and brotherly affection towards her orphan charge.

As years sped on, Alicia's regard for her foster-brother, and a protecting friend, assumed a more delicate and tender character; but a secret pride, raised by her sense of the difference in their relative stations, led her to disguise her real feelings under a cold and almost haughty reserve, which, as she advanced towards womanhood, induced the sensitive Edward to suppose that her affection for him had not outlived her infant years. There were moments when, in bitterness of spirit, he pined at the thought that his sweet sister considered him less worthy of her esteem than she had formerly done.

In this manner three years were passed, from the age of seventeen to twenty, Edward totally unconscious of being beloved, and
Alicia indulging in the fond hope that, by some fortunate chance, he would discover the secret of her love, and return it with a tenderness equal to her own. The gentle girl did not for a moment suppose that her own reserve checked all advance on the part of Edward; and it was not until a treaty of marriage took place between him and the daughter of a neighbouring family, that Alicia’s cherished hopes became extinct.

From that fatal period her spirits dropped, her health declined; and while the sorrows of a bereaved heart were bringing her to a premature grave, no human being suspected the cause of her illness.

The day of Edward’s marriage was at length fixed, and the ceremony was to take place at Dunstanley Park. All was bustle, joy, and gaiety. Every heart, save one, was bithe and happy. Before the ceremony took place, Edward was to accompany his intended bride to London, for the purpose of making some necessary arrangements. It was on this, his first departure from his native home, that Edward felt anxious to inquire of Alicia the cause of her dislikfe, and offer atonement to the sister of his adoption for any inadvertent offence he had given her. For this benevolent purpose he sought her, but in vain. Unable to trace her steps, and wondering at her determined enmity towards him, he set out on his journey, in sorrow.

On the Sunday after the announcement of Edward’s intended marriage, the villagers had, as usual, assembled after service in the churchyard path, to pay their heartfelt homage to their benefactress; but though their words were addressed to Lady Dunstanley, their eyes unconsciously wandered towards Alicia, on whose arm she leaned. There was something in her appearance new and strange, a singularity felt by all, yet which none could describe.

“A nameless interest circled her around,
She scarce appeared a being of this earth!
Her cheeks just tinted with the hue of health,
A lovely hectic bloom, health’s mimic shadow,
Which for a while usurps the lily’s empire.
The smile which played around her lips was sweet,
So witching sweet, it thrilled the inmost soul.
*Was not the smile of mirth, nor did it mirth
Create, nor animate returning smiles.*
The eyes which saw, returned it with a tear—
The breast which felt, returned it with a sigh.
And vulgar lips unconsciously were mute,
Or softly craved a blessing on her head.”

Poem of Mary Stuart.

Soon after, a malignant fever broke out in the village, and the benevolent Lady Dunstanley, in her too constant attendance upon the sick and dying, caught the contagion, and in the course of a few hours fell a victim to its virulence. Sir Robert, the smooth tenor of whose life had been unruffled by any calamity, sank under this unexpected stroke, and died of apoplexy a few minutes after his wife had breathed her last.

About an hour before Lady Dunstanley’s death, Edward made his appearance. There was sadness in his look; affliction had laid its iron hand upon him, yet this affliction had not been occasioned by his mother’s danger, for of that circumstance, until his arrival at the hall, he was entirely ignorant. Whatever, therefore, was the cause of his affliction, it was evidently personal. Was there then a breach between him and Miss Belgrave? Alicia’s heart, so lately the seat of hopeless resignation, beat tumultuously as the idea shot through her brain. The variety and intensity of her emotions exceeded all power of endurance. Her agony in beholding the last dying moments of her beloved benefactress,—the terror of Sir Robert’s momentary death,—the sudden appearance of Edward,—and the wild conjectures, fears and hopes, which it caused, all combined to overwhelm her. A few hours after, she was raving in the delirium of brain fever.

“There is a destiny pertains to man
Which human judgment sees not, nor evades.”

Edward Dunstanley’s visit to London had not been productive of that happiness which his fond hopes had pictured. Charlotte Belgrave did not possess a congenial spirit, and their time was spent, or rather miserably wasted, in “lovers’ quarrels” and “lovers’ reconciliations.”

It had been Edward’s misfortune to give offence to a young man of worthless principles, who had sworn to be revenged for the public disgrace which his own improper conduct had drawn upon him. This spirit of revenge had been evinced, in seducing the affections of the volatile Charlotte, who, with cold and systematic treachery, gave her hand to Wilmot two days before the time fixed for her marriage with Dunstanley! With the irritated feelings consequent upon this event, he had hastened to his home of peace and love, there, in the bosom of his parents, to seek consolation. He arrived only to witness the death of those parents, and he felt stunned by the accumulation of misfortune which thus pressed upon him. The anxiety of the servants and relatives induced them to conceal from him Alicia’s danger, lest it might have an ill effect upon his own health and spirits. Edward sat with his eyes fixed upon the door, watching from hour to hour for the entrance of his kind sister, whose soft voice and gentle manners would, he
thought, have soothed his affliction. But he watched in vain; she came not, and his total ignorance of the cause proved fatal to his health and peace.

After the funeral of his parents, he disappeared, and nobody knew what had become of him.

Meanwhile, Alicia had been removed to the house of Lady Dunstanley’s father, where she was treated with the utmost tenderness. She slowly recovered; but when by degrees the uncertain fate of Edward Dunstanley was imparted to her, she relapsed, and it was nearly two years before her senses became entirely settled. She was then informed that Edward had returned to his native home, but had forsaken it again, after giving up the management of his estate to his steward.

This was a heavy blow to poor Alicia, but she conceived a sort of indistinct hope that her affection might yet be the balm which would heal the wounded mind of Sir Edward. Upon this hope she lived. But, alas! year after year sped on, no tidings came of Dunstanley, and Alicia’s hope almost resembled despair.

At length the steward died. He had been faithful to his trust; but his son could not resist the temptation of so much wealth, and in conjunction with an attorney unprincipled as himself, contrived, by false title-deeds, to sell the Dunstanley estate to a rich stranger, whose unsuspecting nature rendered him an easy dupe to the successful artifices of two villains, who, with the produce of their villany, escaped to France.

Mr. Christie was an honourable man, and when he discovered the imposition practised upon him, he determined to hold the estate in trust only, and restore it whenever the rightful owner should appear. He offered to continue Alicia’s annuity, but her proud spirit rejected the kindness. Affliction rendered her unjust. She looked upon Mr. Christie, not as a deceived man, but as the usurper of Edward’s property. He became hateful to her. The very atmosphere of her native village seemed to breathe a contagious pestilence. Her senses again became bewildered. She left her home, and wandered she knew not, and cared not, whither.

For many years Alicia resided under an assumed name in the Highlands of Scotland, living upon the hospitality of the Scottish peasantry, and rendering herself useful to them in various ways. She soothed the sick, comforted the distressed in mind, and instructed the ignorant. Many families urged her to take up her residence with them, but in vain; for though her mind had resumed its composure, yet she was ever restless, and it was only by a perpetual change of scene that she could preserve her tranquillity.

Many years were spent in this manner, when Alicia visited Edinburgh, where her talents were immediately called into action, to watch over the fate of Harold Moncrief, whose fortune, reputation, and domestic peace were in danger through the machinations of a set of sharperers, headed by a treacherous friend.

Alicia undertook the task, as she had done others of a similar nature, from motives of benevolence alone; but when she learned that Harold Moncrief was the husband of Edward Dunstanley’s daughter, and that her exertions tended to preserve the peace of Edward’s child, she was actuated by a more powerful feeling. Unfortunately, her efforts were of no use;—Harold was self-willed and obstinate; and though he received her mysterious visits, and listened to her admonitions with courtesy, yet he rejected what he considered superstitious influence. He regarded her words merely as the “sybil’s warning,” and neglected them accordingly; while on the other hand, such was her credulity and confidence in his false friend, that he fell readily into his snares. At length his fortune was lost, his domestic peace destroyed.

This treacherous friend was the son of Wilmot and Charlotte Belgrave. He was a man of talent, and had he been properly brought up, might have proved an ornament to society. But a neglected education, and the influence of his dissolute father, rendered him a profligate. Yet at all times he maintained an outward appearance of respectability, which ensured him a favourable reception in society. His father, to the last hour of his life, had cherished his feelings of revenge against Edward Dunstanley, and had enjoined his son, should he ever meet with Dunstanley or his children, to wreak his vengeance on them in any way consistent with his own safety. After the death of his father, young Wilmot resided for many years at Paris, and was intimately associated there with a band of gamblers. Among his companions was young Donaldson, Dunstanley’s steward. This wretched man, on his death-bed, confided to Wilmot his unprincipled conduct, and gave into his hands the title-deeds and other necessary papers of the Dunstanley estate, imploring him to visit England, and restore to Sir Edward or his heirs the property which he had fraudulently sold to Mr. Christie.
Wilmot received this commission, and gave his promise to the dying man, secretly rejoicing that chance had thus thrown in his way an opportunity of redeeming the pledge given to his father, though he knew not where to find Dunstanley.

During his residence at Edinburgh, some time after this period, his friend and companion, Harold Moncrief, became the husband of Dunstanley's daughter, and he then learned that Dunstanley himself resided in the Island of St. Kilda. He now began to reflect upon the mode in which he should proceed, when his feelings of revenge were somewhat softened by his growing passion for the lovely and artless Mona. The remembrance of his pledge perplexed him, until he recollected that no revenge could be greater than that of seducing the daughter of his father's foe.

Harold's ruin was the first step, and in this he succeeded most completely. He allured him to the gaming table, plundered him of his fortune, and with the assistance of his myrmidons, seized and confined him in a dungeon, where he might have perished had not the most active vigilance discovered his retreat. Wilmot now began to feel alarmed for the consequences of his conduct, and flight was necessary. Not being, however, prepared with adequate means of support in a foreign land, he resolved on a bold effort to obtain a few thousands from the actual proprietor of the Dunstanley estate, by making a skillful use of Donaldson's papers. With this intention, he hastened to Dunstanley; but his deep-laid scheme of villany was foiled by Alicia, then called Alice Macrea, who had arrived there before him.

The purport of her journey was singular. She feared that Sir Edward's delicacy and high notions of honour would deter him from making any application to Mr. Christie for a restitution of his family estate. She feared also that the loss of fortune which his son-in-law had sustained would induce a prosecution of Wilmot, and she shuddered at the thought of Edward Dunstanley leaving the world stained with the blood of a fellow-creature.

"He was ever good and merciful," she said, "and oh! be his age as peaceful as his youth was innocent."

Alice wept as she spoke, and many a year had gone by since a tear had trickled down her deeply furrowed cheek. She resolved to hasten to Dunstanley, and urge Mr. Christie to make a restitution of part of Sir Edward's property. Should she succeed, she would then return, and, throwing herself at the feet of her beloved brother, implore him to withdraw the prosecution, and leave the guilty Wilmot to the justice of heaven. She felt assured of success in her undertaking, and, supported by a kind of supernatural energy, proceeded on her way, scarcely stopping to take either food or rest.

The very day Alicia reached ***, to her great surprise, Sir Edward Dunstanley arrived at the hall, and the villagers ran in crowds to greet him. Alicia mingled in the throng, and saw him at a window. Acclamations of joy rent the air. She alone was silent. Yet no heart throbbed with a joy like hers. Her eyes dropped tears of strong emotion. She longed to rush forward, clasp his knees, and say, "Behold! the sister of your childhood comes to greet you on your return to the house of your birth;" but she checked her feelings.

Meanwhile, Wilmot, who had for years been leagued with a desperate band of organised plunderers, had, during the preceding winter, committed with them various robberies. The fate of Moncrief having excited the public attention, officers of justice were in pursuit of him. This Alicia knew; and as he proceeded to visit Mr. Christie, she suddenly appeared before him, and seizing the bridle of his horse, in prophetic language warned him not to proceed to Dunstanley Hall. Wilmot was somewhat startled at her appearance and manner, and her apparent knowledge of his affairs; but urged on by the hope of obtaining five thousand pounds from Mr. Christie, he determined to brave all danger, and rudely striking her hand from the reins, put spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment. Immediately on his arrival at the hall, he was apprehended by an officer waiting there for him, and conducted to the neighbouring town. Here he was lodged in gaol, and, in the frenzy of despair at this failure of his schemes, he dashed himself on the ground, burst a blood-vessel on the brain, and died.

Alicia had not yet appeared before Sir Edward Dunstanley:—she indulged in a sort of fancy to observe his conduct. She was desirous to ascertain whether the gentleness of his age bore any resemblance to the sweetness of his youth. When she learned that every angry feeling was dissipated,—that all due respect was to be paid to the remains of the wretched Wilmot,—that he was to be buried in the churchyard of Dunstanley,—and that Sir Edward himself and his friends were to attend the funeral,—her Christian spirit and exulted feelings
were gratified. She clasped her hands in ecstasy—"Thanks be to thee, O God," she exclaimed, "he has not persecuted the living—he has not waged war against the dead! He is still the same,—good, gentle, and benevolent."

On the day of the funeral, she mingled with the crowd, and fixed her ardent gaze on Sir Edward,—she traced every variation in his venerable countenance, and her glowing heart told her there was no expression there which the most rigid virtue might not dwell upon with delight! When, therefore, Harold Monerief invited her to visit Dunstanley Hall, she waited only until her spirits were sufficiently composed to encounter the trial of a meeting with the object of her early love.

Ten years—ten happy years—had passed away, when the Angel of Death again visited Dunstanley. Its cold hand was suspended over the benevolent Sir Edward; yet so gentle was his decline, that none but Alicia was aware of his danger. For some weeks his strength had failed, but without creating alarm. One day he was more than usually animated, and dwelt upon the happy days of his youth. After this conversation, he sank into a gentle slumber, from which he soon awoke, and expressed a wish to sit upon the lawn and view the setting sun.

The evening was beautiful, and the rays of the declining sun, playing upon the face of Dunstanley, gave to his countenance an expression of more than usual benignity. Alicia sat by his side, her hand clasped in his. Mona in the balcony was playing on the harp an air which her father loved to hear, and her children, with Harold, were sporting on the grass. After a pause of some minutes, Dunstanley turned his looks upon his aged companion—he gently pressed her hand—"Alicia, my beloved," said he, "our pilgrimage is drawing towards a close, but we have nothing to apprehend, my sister, in our transition from this world of care."

"Nothing, dear Edward, nothing."

"Can you, dearest, endure a transient separation with fortitude?"

"Yes, my brother, yes,—for I shall not tarry long behind you."

"I trust not, my Alicia. We came into this world together, and together I could wish we might depart. Fate placed years of calamity between us here. Had our union been uninterrupted, our destiny would have been too happy,—but we have passed our probationals."

Dunstanley called to his daughter. "Mona, my child," said he, "it is long since I have heard your sweet requiem,—that which, in the true spirit of Christian charity, you composed for the poor culprit Wilmot. Let me hear it, love."

Mona immediately called the household together, to unite in the chorus. Their voices, full and sonorous, floated sweetly on the air. When the requiem was ended, Dunstanley calling his children around him, kissed and blessed them. Mona started,—there was something in the manner, in the look, in the tone of voice, which whispered to her heart that it was a farewell blessing. Her thoughts were read by all present,—dismay filled every countenance; but the uplifted finger of Alicia, and her expressive, beseeching look, enjoined silence. Sir Edward expressed a desire to hear the requiem a second time, and Mona, with a trembling step, returned to her harp. The voices were now tremulous; but ere they could reach the close of the requiem, Dunstanley's head fell upon the bosom of Alicia, and his noble spirit took its flight to everlasting realms.

On the evening of the funeral, when the coffin was taken from the hall, Alicia unconsiously stepped forward,—Harold and Mona as unconsciously retreated,—and Alicia, as chief mourner, headed the procession. During the service in the church, she stood in the aisle with her hand on the coffin. When the funeral hymn was sung, her voice was heard among the choir, and when the body was removed to the churchyard, she followed with a firm and steady step, and took her station on the side of the grave. There she stood motionless, until the words "Dust to dust—as to ashes," with the accompanying sound of the earth thrown upon the coffin, aroused her. She uttered a sudden cry, and dashing the covering from her head, stretched forth her arms, and gazed upon the setting sun. The voice of the priest was no longer heard,—every eye was fixed on the vision before them, and the most awful silence prevailed. Alicia's silver locks floated round her shoulders. Her full, dark eyes shone with lustrous brightness,—her face, pale as marble, assumed an appearance of almost infantile loveliness,—while a celestial smile played upon her lips, which moved, as in soft and plaintive accents she murmured, "I come, my Edward,—our union now will be eternal!"

Her hands fell powerless by her side, and Harold Monerief received in his arms the lifeless body of the fond and faithful Alicia Wentworth.
THE COURT.

The King arrived at St. James’s Palace on Wednesday the 3rd ultimo, attended by Sir Herbert Taylor. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex presented congratulatory addresses from the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council on the safe return of the Queen from Germany. Afterwards a Privy Council was held, at which the Earl of Gosford kissed hands as Captain of the Yeomen Guards, and was sworn in as a Privy Councillor. His Majesty then gave audience to Lord Holland, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Spring Rice, and the Earl of Albemarle. Their Majesties gave a grand dinner in St. George’s Hall, Windsor Castle, on the 8th ultimo, being the anniversary of their Coronation. Among the most distinguished guests were the Princess Augusta, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Howley, Viscounts Melbourne and Palmerston, Mr. Spring Rice, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Denbigh, and the Earl and Countess of Sefton.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 10th ultimo, the King and Queen arrived at St. James’s Palace. Shortly afterwards the Mayor, Aldermen, Recorder, and other Officers of the City, were introduced to the Queen, who was seated on the Throne in State, surrounded by her Ladies of Honour, the Lord Chamberlain, and other members of the Household. The Recorder read an address from the Mayor and Aldermen, congratulating her Majesty on her safe return from Germany. A gracious reply was delivered by the Queen, and the deputation withdrew. The king gave audiences to Viscounts Melbourne and Palmerston, and Mr. Spring Rice; and in the evening returned with the Queen to Windsor.

On the 17th his Majesty came to town, and held a Court at St. James’s Palace, which, of course, at the present season, was very thinly attended. A Privy Council was held, and attended by the Cabinet Ministers who are in town. It was then resolved to prorogue Parliament from the 25th ultimo to the 23rd of the present month.

In the evening, the King, attended by Sir Herbert Taylor, dined at the Stud-house, Hampton Court, where Mr. and Lady Theodosia Rice and a select party were invited to meet him. After dinner his Majesty proceeded to Windsor.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria remain at Tunbridge-Wells, in the enjoyment of excellent health. The Duchess of Cumberland and Prince George returned to Berlin from the Baths of Pyrmont, about the commencement of last month. It is said that a great improvement has taken place in the young Prince’s health and sight.

LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS.


Instead of our usual literary notices, we are compelled this month to unite literature to the fine arts, because the works to which, in the present number, we draw the attention of our readers, are connected with both.

Dr. Beattie’s Switzerland, with which we begin, is one of the most delightful and attractive works we have ever seen. Each part, as it appears, so strongly excites our interest, that we look with impatience for its successor. Before we enter upon the merits of the letter-press, we shall say a word concerning the plates, engraved after drawings by Mr. Bartlett. The views taken on the spot, expressly for this work, display a deep sense of
the beauties of nature. Their selection is judicious, their execution true and skilful, and they evince much taste and artist-like knowledge. The engravings from them are executed by some of our most eminent artists, and are highly creditable to the latter and to the publisher of the work.

We now come to the letter-press. Dr. Beattie, with a poetic mind of the highest order, a rich and elegant fancy, and much warmth of feeling, has combined keen observation and great judgment, with powers of description which bring each scene before us like a picture. It is delightful to follow him through a country where the stern grandeur of nature kindles emotions so powerful and so new—where, as he himself states in the words of Campbell,

"Grandeur is encamped
Impregnable in mountain-tents of snow;
Realms that by human foot-print ne'er were stamped,
Where the eagle wheels, and glacial ramparts glow!"

and to witness the fervour, the vivid imagery, the calm and beautiful philosophy, which these wondrous works of the creation have called forth in a mind highly wrought upon by their impression, and overflowing with the kindest feelings of human nature.

There is a glow of earnestness in Dr. Beattie's style, and an elegance of diction, which warm our imaginations and delight our ear; and he seems in reality, as we proceed, to transport us, as by some mighty spell, to the regions through which he has wandered.

We were anxious to offer some extracts from this attractive work, to justify our sense of its merits; but our space is so confined, that we can only give one which we have taken at random. It relates to the journey from Geneva to Chamouni.

"It was on a May morning we entered this beautiful defile, of which Florian has expressed his admiration. A profound, but far from melancholy, stillness invested its hoary precipices and dark ascending forests—the whole exquisitely relieved by the vivid tints and flushing verdure of an Alpine spring. The Arve swept by in a swift but smooth current—here losing itself in shadowy foliage, and there stealing suddenly from its retreat, as if it sprang fresh from the earth, and rejoiced to run its course."

"We reached Sallenche at sunset, and, passing through its streets intersected by ramifying torrents, halted on the green heights above the church. Here, fatigued with the previous walk, we sat down under the delicious shade of a cottage orchard, and, soothed and refreshed by the cool evening air and fragrant verdure, were speedily absorbed in the contemplation of the scenery around us. Beneath were the towers of Sallenche, with the broad, variegated, and winding valley of the Arve. Above these, in shadowy magnificence, the enclosing mountains seemed to melt away in the sky; while their shattered pinnacles glowed with rich crimson radiance, and all below reposed in the soft purple of twilight. Following the ascending vale, till lost amidst pine-clad ridges, the majesty of the 'Alpine Monarch' threw everything else into shade or insignificance; and with his stupendous retinue of glaciers, icy precipices, and trackless wastes of snow, claimed undivided homage, and in awful pre-eminence overlooked the scene. The same phenomenon which we noticed in our descent from the Jura again presented itself, but, if possible, with a still more dazzling effect. The tint with which the summit was invested approached nearer to that of the ruby, and gradually diminished as we gazed, till at length it completely disappeared, and left the cold cloudless summit starting up in an isolated, snowy mass, into the liquid purple of heaven. Slowly, and as if in obedience to the signal, the evening vapours stole forth, hovering along the river, then diluting and floating upwards, till they threw a transparent veil over the inferior mountains, and delivered them over to the dominion of night. The shades of night, however, detracted little from the dazzling whiteness of Mont Blanc: the blue vapour hardly reached his girdle, above which, as if fresh moulded and towering in snowy serenity, he stood like a sheeted ghost betwixt earth and heaven."

"It was now beautiful to watch the stars as they gradually kindled along the blue vault above us. From the cottage gardens, all the mingled odours of an Alpine spring ascended like incense. The night winds began to stir with increasing breath the rustling foliage along the cliffs; while the faint but incessant murmur of distant waterfalls, with a broken watchword, or salutation from the town beneath, were all that now interrupted the solemn and increasing stillness. Continuing our saunter and contemplation for a little longer, the scene again underwent a sudden and striking change. The snowy shoulder of Mont Blanc deepened into shadow; but, slowly climbing his eastern pinnacle, the moon threw 'her mantle of light' upon the scene; and the mountains, till this instant in comparative darkness, sprang suddenly forth into new existence, and, bathed in silver, and exhibited in beautiful detail, left an impression never to be forgotten."

Plates of the Oriental Annual for 1835.

This is the second year of the existence of the Oriental Annual. In noticing the plates of the first volume, published last year, we expressed our warm but sincere admiration of their beauty and variety. They are, however, greatly surpassed by the engravings now on our table. The rare degree of success, which attended the publication of the first series, has
encouraged the proprietors to aim at still higher excellence, and spare no outlay or exertion to procure it. Some of the best engravers of the country have worked upon the plates "con amore," and have produced works that may triumphantly challenge a comparison with whatever has been hitherto done in this branch of art. There is a clearness, a brilliancy, a transparency in most of these gems that are absolutely startling! The burin seems to have been gifted with new faculties to produce them!

As in the preceding volume, all the plates are after original pictures and drawings by Mr. William Daniell, the academician, whose long residence in the East qualified him better than any other living artist for the task of representing to us Oriental scenery and architecture, and the wonders of the animal creation in India. The painter's merits require no support from our pen. We may merely say that among them are great simplicity and purity of taste—an entire avoidance of trickery and phantasmagoric effect—a scrupulous adhesion to nature, and a truth and fidelity of representation which make us almost feel the glowing sun and the rich breath of the East, as he did when he painted them.

The plates of the former volume were devoted to the Presidency of Madras; those now issued delineate the most remarkable scenes and objects in the Presidency of Calcutta, and a third collection will illustrate the Presidency of Bombay. The three series will thus have a completeness, inasmuch as they will embrace all British India.

To be just, we ought not to pass over in silence any of the twenty-two choice engravings now under our notice; but space necessitates a selection which we scarcely know how to make.

The Frontispiece is so exquisitely delicate that we have scarcely courage to remove the tissue paper that protects it. It represents the interior of a splendid and most richly ornamented Mohammedan Mosque at Juuanpore, and gives a better idea of those religious edifices, and of the finest style of Eastern architecture than is to be obtained from whole quartos of description or hundreds of port-folios of inferior engravings. The vignette for the title page is also beautiful, but as different as possible. Indeed, all through this selection, the variety is striking and very judiciously adopted.

The next plate before us represents a Rhinoceros in just such an Indian glen as the enormous quadruped delights to inhabit. This with other objects of natural history, as the Yak of Tibet, and the combat between an enormous Boa Constrictor and the crew of an Indian boat, is admirably managed.

We have also to thank Mr. Daniell for two very agreeable representations of the interior of domestic life in India. A plate, called The Favourite of the Harem, presents us with a view of the hall of a native lady of high rank, whose figure and those of her attendants are grouped with great and original effect. Among the accessories, which together form a picture essentially Oriental, there is the splendid hookah—(It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that in eastern countries the practice of smoking is not confined to the male sex). The other plate represents a scene of life in India, is called "The Salaam," and shows a young European, in the Company's Civil Service, enjoying himself in a manner that must excite envy in all lovers of luxurious ease. His Sirrar, or house-steward, with an Asiatic reverence, requests his orders for the day; one turbaned valet stands over him to fan him with the broad leaf of the palmyra; another is close at hand to replenish his hookah; and other attendants are seen across the verandah awaiting his commands.

The eleventh plate is one of the most curious and beautiful of the twenty-two. The subject, which presents several difficulties, is managed with great skill. It is the Moah Punkee, or grand state barge of the Newab of Lucknow. The extraordinarily shaped boat, the host of rowers within it—the tranquil, broad expanse of the Goomty, on which a few small craft are gliding along—the precipitous banks of the stream, where some elephants are drinking—the mosques and minarets on a bold headland, with the immense palace of Lucknow in the middle, and some parts of the city in the distance, together with a few adjuncts tastefully thrown into the foreground, form a beautiful and most essentially Oriental picture.

The Rajpoot Bride, a portrait of a beautiful native girl, is a very delightful plate, and curious for the delicate and almost classical character of the costume.

The plates representing the splendid mausoleum of Suffer Jung, the Mosque at Muttra, the Garden of the Palace at Lucknow, and the Mosque in the Coimbatore, are as well calculated to convey a notion of the external features of Eastern architecture as the frontispiece is to show us the beauties of its interior decorations. It must be understood that we are now speaking of, and that these plates relate to, that species of architecture introduced by the Mohammedan conquerors of India. Edifices in a very different and much more ancient style exist in many parts of the country. The latter were the works of the Hindoos. In the views of the Pagoda at Benares and of the Hindoo Temple at Muddenpore, Mr. Daniell has given us some of the leading and peculiar characters of the older style of building. The more modern, or Mohammedan style, though in some instances it seems to have blended Hindoo parts, and to have appropriated pagodas for minarets, still bears a close resemblance to the
architecture of the Mussulmans in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, and is distinguishable at a glance from the style of the old masters of the country. Vain attempts have been made to trace our Gothic architecture and the Moreseque or Saracenic to one and the same source; but in the engravings we are now examining there is a view of the castle of Rhotas Ghar, a structure, as we have always understood, of the Hindoos, which resembles wonderfully our oldest castellated Gothic. We have neither space nor time to follow up this subject, but all these engravings of Indian buildings, whether Mohammedan or Hindoo, will be peculiarly interesting to students and amateurs of architecture.

We hope that, without entering into any further details, we have said enough to recommend the plates of the second volume of the Oriental Annual to the attention of our readers. Five minutes’ inspection will convince them that the praise we have bestowed is even beneath their merits.

Illustrations of the Bible. Parts I., II., III., IV., V., and VI.

As this remarkably cheap and excellent work is now half finished, we may very properly offer a few words on the manner and spirit in which it has been conducted.

The proprietors in the first place engaged Mr. R. Westall, R.A., and Mr. Martin, two artists who have reached the highest distinction in different walks; and the original drawings of these gentlemen were put into the hands of the best copyists and wood engravers that could be procured. At the rate of remuneration usually given to inferior artists, it would not have been difficult to produce a cheap work; but the proprietors, being anxious to combine high merit with the quality of cheapness, allied themselves with the most distinguished artists of the day, relying on increasing appreciation by the public of what is good in painting and engraving, and on an extensive sale for the reimbursement of the heavy outlay thus incurred.

They began to publish the work in monthly parts, each part containing eight engravings, with eight pages of explanatory letter-press, and costing only twelve pence! For the letter-press they had recourse to the Rev. Hobart Counter, B.D., well known to the public as a poet, and as the author of the Oriental Annual. Thus they combined the minimum of price with the maximum of merit.

They put forth, however, at the same time, and at a necessarily increased price, a royal quarto edition that might serve for binding up with the larger impressions of the Bible.

The shilling numbers admit of being bound up with the octavo editions of the Bible, with all the intermediate sizes, down to the smallest diamond Bibles now printed. The purchaser of these engravings can therefore either use them for illustrating his Bible, or he can have them collected as a separate work. From its very commencement there was ground for believing that the experiment made, though bold, would not be unsuccessful. The effort, and the intrinsic worth of the publication, were soon noticed from one end of the kingdom to the other; and the lovers of that volume, which is at once the guide of our lives and of our faith, and the great classic of our language, began to welcome such illustrations of it—so superior to any that had hitherto been within the reach of the poor man.

It is not necessary to say anything of the peculiar styles of Westall and Martin. They are perfectly well known, and are as different from each other as possible. A most agreeable variety is thus introduced, and by each taking to himself the subject best fitted to his manner, we see the merits of both to the greatest advantage.

Martin, with his love of gloom and grandeur, mysteriousness and the great convulsions of nature, threw the power of his genius into such scenes as the Creation, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Rescue of Lot by night, the Burial of Sarah in the cave, the Destroying Angel, the Death of Moses on Mount Nebo, the Fall of Dagon, and the like, while Westall (whom as a book illustrator we have always considered equal to any and superior to most of those of former times) with his fine feeling for the graceful, the beautiful, and the pathetic, lights up with the brilliancy of his imagination such subjects as the Expulsion from Eden, Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert, the Angels visiting Abraham at his tent, Rebekah at the Well, the infant Moses abandoned by its grieving Mother, Samuel and Eli, and similar points of Scripture.

It is a trite remark, yet one so important in its bearing on education that we will repeat it—namely, that nothing so strongly impresses historical facts, whether sacred or profane, on the minds of children as prints and pictures representing those scenes and occurrences. This was a fact well known to Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Barbauld, and others, who many years ago devoted such laudable attention to the subject of juvenile instruction. But they were far from possessing in this respect the advantages we now enjoy. At a somewhat later period, when we were children, we were accustomed to turn over with delight an old Family Bible embelleshed with engravings. We still remember the pleasure those prints afforded us—how greatly they assisted our recollection of what we read—and even now, at the distance of many years, those engravings frequently recur to our minds, with the events they illustrated, though we believe that, as works of art, they were not of a very high character.

But now, while the important effects just alluded to are produced, and the impressions of
MUSIC.


The talents of this young composer are well known to all lovers of elegant and tasteful music, both here and at Paris. There is a warmth of imagination and a purity of effect in his compositions, which will always render them in great request at the music party and the concert. The work before us is replete with the beauties so remarkable in all Osborne’s piano-forte pieces, and we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our musical readers.

Bouquet des Melodies, Fantasia for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to his Pupil, Miss Elvira Walter (six years of age), by J. Moschelles.

The reputation of Moschelles needs no aid from our pen: as a piano-forte player he is very great; as a composer in the higher branches of his art he is greater still. The present Fantasia was written for that interesting child, Miss Walter, who played it at Windsor before their Majesties, and whom we also heard perform it, if we rightly remember, at one of Paganini’s concerts. It is elegant, appropriate, and beautiful, extremely brilliant and showy, though not beyond the reach of most lady amateurs.

Manning; the third, "The Sleeping Nymph," by Baily. Each is illustrated in verse, and preceded by an account, in prose, of the artist. These illustrations constitute a work of high art, and one too of exquisite beauty; and it is to be hoped that the proprietors will meet with that extensive patronage which alone can indemnify them for their immense outlay. It ought to be in the possession of every true lover of British art.

Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Appendix to the Illustrations.

These illustrations are admirable engravings of the most striking scenes from the poems of the mighty bard of the North, whose lays will, to the remotest generations of man, delight the Saxon as well as the Celt. The Appendix is a great acquisition to the work; it is well written, and affords much amusement as well as information. We strongly recommend these illustrations to all whose imaginations were ever warmed by the melody and glow of Scott’s muse.

MUSIC.

Brilliant Variations on Auber’s Tirolienne, in “La Fiancée, by Henry Herz. These variations are, as they purport to be, extremely brilliant and spirited; and, though rather deficient in bold and broad harmonies, as most of Herz’s compositions are, will nevertheless afford much gratification, not only to such performers as have conquered their mechanical difficulties, but to those who hear them. They are excellent practice, and ought to be studied by amateurs who wish to acquire power, brilliancy, and rapidity of finger.

Celebrated Airs and Choruses, by Handel, arranged for the Harp, by N. C. Bochsa. Why these choruses and airs were thus arranged, and a flute accompaniment put to them, we know not, unless it was with a view to “raise the wind.” Nothing can be more disgusting in music than to hear the noble, broad, and majestic strains of Handel, intended for a full and powerful band, scratched upon the harp, to the accompaniment of a squeaking flute. It is a profanation of these noble works. Mr. Bochsa is a man of undoubted genius; he has talents of the highest order; but he does all in his power to be mistaken for a charlatan. If his oratorio, and some of his more elevated compositions, were not done justice to,—and this is really the case,—still he is not justified
in laying the public under contribution for such works as the present, which cost him the mere labour of copying, and are only fit to be sent to the grocer's.


In these songs Mr. Hodson has displayed great taste; they are equal to the best ballads of the day, and superior to many. We have a dislike to the common run of English ballads, which are generally cold and mawkish, and only fit to be squalled by boarding-school misses, to the accompaniment of the music-master. There is a glow and fervour, and at the same time an effect of accomplish, in these songs of Mr. Hodson, which claim for them a better fate than that which generally awaits such works.

"Let Fools, their Fate deserving," the favourite Song introduced into Herold's Opera of the Challenge, composed by T. Cooke. "Time is flying," a favourite Air in Herold's Opera of the Challenge, adapted by T. Cooke.

We regret that the state of music in this country is at so low an ebb, that a man of genius, like Tom Cooke, should be reduced to lose his time in adapting, when he might produce original works which would do honour to his art. "Maître le prêtre vit de fau tel," and if Mr. Cooke cannot find proper encouragement for his talents,—which are of a very high order,—he must needs manufacture that which, in the depraved taste of the day, will find a ready market. These two songs are, however, beautifully done, and have become deservedly popular.

"Oh! for my native Northern Land," and "Place the Lamp in your Casement to-night." Songs composed by John Barnett.

What we have said with regard to Tom Cooke applies equally to John Barnett. This young composer has one of those gifted minds calculated to lead him to the summit of his art. But his genius has hitherto been kept down by inferior talent. We have been told that some of his scores would do honour to many of the great German composers, and they show what native genius can produce when allowed free range. But a knowledge of these noble productions is confined to a few of his friends; they would not be accepted at the soli-distant English Opera House, or at either of the great theatres. Mr. Barnett is therefore under the necessity of writing operas to suit the taste of the audience who hear them, and of composing ballads. The two before us are pretty, elegant, and well worthy of attention.

Roundelay of the Spanish Mountaineers.

Duet by Henry R. Bishop.

We should hope that Mr. Bishop's great reputation is built upon a more solid foundation than this duet can form. We really should have expected something of a higher character from one whose talents have always had full scope, and who is therefore not under the necessity of pandering to the mawkish taste of the day. If Mr. Bishop would maintain the high rank to which his works have raised him, he should carefully abstain from publishing anything that could detract from his fame. If this duet were the production of a young and unfledged composer, trying his wings for the first time, we might say that it is pretty; but as it emanates from the matured talent and long experience of Mr. Bishop, we assert that it adds no chaplet to the laurel crown which he has already won. We may be thought severe upon a composer of such eminence, whose operas are popular throughout the country, but our honest opinion cannot be qualified, and we give it conscientiously.

The Favourite Venetian Waltz, arranged for the Piano-Forte, by T. Valentine. This waltz will be no doubt acceptable to young ladies who are beginning to learn the piano-forte. It is tastefully arranged, and very easy.

Lay of the Sailor's Bride. "They say that Hope is Happiness." Songs by John Thomson, Esq.

The first is a poor melody, with a total want of character throughout. We are really tired of such productions, which swarm upon the shelves of the music shops. How they pay the expenses of publication, we are at a loss to conjecture. Mr. Thomson can really do better. The second of these productions, "They say that Hope is Happiness," is an admirable canzonet, full of feeling, beauty, and originality. It deserves success.

__Amateur Festival at Exeter Hall.__—

The preparations for this festival, which is to begin on the last day of this month, are going on admirably. Besides numerous private rehearsals, three great choral rehearsals have taken place by nearly five hundred singers. The effect at each was splendid, and the time beautifully kept. Since the publication of our last number, the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, and Newcastle, the Duchesses of Beaufort and Buccleuch, the Dowager Marchioness of Conwaygham, the Countess of Essex, the Bishop of Exeter, Lord and Lady Henley, Sir Herbert Taylor, and C. W. Hallett, Esq., have added their names, as patrons, to the list we then published. Thus supported, the amateurs cannot fail to have fair play; and we can vouch for the excellence promised by the rehearsals.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND

Belle Assemblée,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HONORABLE MRS. ASHLEY COOPER.

The Hon. Mrs. Ashley Cooper is the eldest daughter of Colonel Hugh Baillie, and wife of the Hon. Anthony William, second son of the present Earl of Shaftesbury.

The noble family of Cooper, earls of Shaftesbury, descends from Richard Cooper, Esq., living in the reign of Henry VIII, who inherited large estates from his father and brother, in the county of Southampton, and who purchased the manor of Paulet, in the county of Somerset, which still forms the principal inheritance of the earldom. In the purchase deed, Mr. Cooper bears the title of Solutarius, whence it may be presumed he was a paymaster under Henry VIII; but whether of his army, or in any other office, cannot with accuracy be ascertained. He married Jane, daughter of Sir John Kingsmill, of Sydmonton, in the county of Southampton, Knt, by whom he left, with other issue, an eldest son,

Sir John Cooper, of Rockburne, in the county of Southampton, who inherited the estates of his father, and received the honour of knighthood from Queen Elizabeth. He died 24th November, 1610, leaving by Martha, his wife, daughter of Anthony Skutt, Esq., of Stanton Drew, in Somersetshire, an only son,

Sir John Cooper, of Rockburne, who, July 4th, 1622, was created a baronet, and subsequently received the honour of knighthood. Sir John sat in parliament for the town of Poole, in Dorsetshire. He married first, Anne, daughter and sole heir of Sir Anthony Ashley, Knt., of Winbourne St. Giles, in the county of Dorset, secretary at war in the reign of Elizabeth, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. He espoused, secondly, Mary, relict of Sir Charles Morrison, and daughter and co-heir of Baptist Hicks Viscount Campden, but had no other issue. He died 23rd March, 1631, and was succeeded by his elder son,

Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, one of the most distinguished statesmen and orators of the era in which he lived. Sir Anthony was born at Winbourne, 22d July, 1721, and at fifteen became a fellow-commoner of Exeter College, Oxford, under the tuition of the then rector, the celebrated Dr. Prideaux. At the University, where he remained but two years, he acquired a reputation for great assiduity and genius. From Oxford, he removed to Lincoln's Inn, where he applied himself closely to the study of the law, but was not called to the bar, being elected in 1640, before the completion of his nineteenth year, member of parliament for Tewkesbury. At the commencement of the civil war, he enlisted under the royal banner, although ever the friend and adviser of peace. To accomplish a suspension of hostilities between the contending parties, he repaired to the king at Oxford, and proposed a plan for terminating the war by treating with the parliamentary garrisons, promising them amnesty for the past, and full security for their future liberty. The scheme did not succeed, and Sir Ashley perceiving that he had lost the confidence of the court, that his conduct was disliked, and his person in danger, went over to the parliamentarians, from whom his great talents and influence obtained for him a welcome reception. In 1644 he raised forces in Dorsetshire, reduced that county, and took Wareham by storm. The next year he served the office of high-sheriff of Wiltshire. So desirous was he of putting a
stop to the civil contest, that his influence in the western counties gave rise to a third party, denominated the Clubmen, which, spreading over the country, became formidable both to the royalist and parliamentary army. The avowed intention of the clubmen was to compel the two factions to lay down their arms, and to submit their differences to the arbitration of a free parliament, convened for that especial purpose. The rapid success of the republican arms defeated this project. Sir Anthony vehemently opposed the usurpation of Cromwell, and was a member of the convention that met after the expulsion of the Long Parliament. He again sat in parliament in 1654, and signed, with other distinguished persons, the famous protest that charged the Protector with tyranny and arbitrary government. On the deposition of Richard Cromwell, Sir Anthony entered into a secret correspondence with the friends of Charles II, and became greatly instrumental in promoting the Restoration. In 1660, he was one of the twelve deputed to invite the return of the monarch, who, in consideration of his services, made him a privy councillor, gave him a commission for the trial of the regicides, and in the April of the ensuing year raised him to the peerage by the title of Baron Ashley of Winsborne St. Giles, in the county of Dorset. He was soon after appointed chancellor, and under treasurer of the exchequer, a lord commissioner of the treasury, and became the leading member of the celebrated Cabal administration. His Lordship was constituted lord lieutenant of the county of Dorset in January 1672, advanced the ensuing April to an earldom, by the titles of Baron Cooper of Paullett, in the county of Somerset, and Earl of Shaftesbury, and appointed, in the November of the same year, Lord Chancellor of England. He retained the seals for thirteen months, during which period he performed the duties of his station with equal ability and integrity. After quitting the court, Lord Shaftesbury became the avowed enemy of the Duke of York, and steadily promoted the object of an exclusion bill; but James soon made him feel the weight of his resentment. On the 2nd July, 1681, the Earl was committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason, and, after remaining a prisoner upwards of three months, was at length tried, acquitted, and discharged. Finding, however, the ruling powers strongly excited against him, he retired to Amsterdam, where he died of an attack of gout in the stomach, the 22nd January, 1683, in his sixty-second year. It is perhaps Lord Shaftesbury’s misfortune that those who were his political opponents have alone written the history of the times in which he lived, and of that government in which he had so important a share. Still, his frequent abandonment of political principle, and his invidious violence against the Catholics, in contriving the odious Popish plot, are charges from which his best friends can never wholly redeem his character. As the author, however, of the second great charter of English freedom, the Habeas Corpus Act, his memory must ever be cherished by posterity. The Earl married, first, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Lord Coventry, by whom he had no issue. He espoused, secondly, Frances, daughter of David, Earl of Exeter, by whom he had a son, Anthony. And, thirdly, Margaret, daughter of William, Lord Spencer, of Wormsighton, but had no other issue. He was succeeded by his son,

Anthony, second Earl, who dying 10th November, 1669, left his honours to his son,

Anthony, third Earl, a distinguished moral and philosophical writer, who attained, at one period, considerable reputation in the literary world. His Lordship was succeeded in February, 1712, by his only son,

Anthony, fourth Earl. His Lordship married, first, in 1725, Lady Susannah Noel, daughter of Baptiste, third Earl of Gainsborough, by whom he had no issue. He wedded, secondly, Mary, daughter of Jacob, Viscount Folstone, by whom he had

Anthony, his successor.

Cropley, present Peer.

Mary Anne, widow of Charles Sturt, Esq.

His Lordship died 27th May, 1771, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Anthony, fifth Earl, born in 1761. This nobleman married, in 1786, Barbara, daughter and heir of Sir John Webb, Bart., of Oldstock House, in the county of Wilts, one of the coheirs of the ancient barony of Mauley, now in abeyance, by whom who died 5th October, 1819, he had an only daughter,

Barbara, married 8th August, 1814, to the Hon. William Francis Spencer Ponsonby, third son of Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough. Lady Barbara Ashley Ponsonby inherits her mother’s right to the barony of Mauley.

The Earl dying, in 1811, without issue male, was succeeded by his brother,

Cropley Ashley Cooper, sixth and pre-
THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS.

sented Earl, who was born 21st Dec., 1768; and married, 10th Dec., 1796, the Lady Anne Spencer, fourth daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, and by her has issue Anthony, Lord Ashley, M.P., born 26th April, 1801; married 9th June, 1809, Lady Emily Cowper, daughter of the Earl of Cowper, and has a son, born 27th June, 1831, Anthony William, of whom presently, Anthony Henry, M.P., Captain 85th Foot, born 5th May, 1807. Anthony John, born 25th Dec., 1808. Anthony Lionel, R. N., born 11th April, 1813.

Caroline Mary, married, 1st January, 1831, to Joseph Neild, Esq. Harriet Anne, married, 18th March, 1830, to the Honorable Henry Lowry Corry, second son to the present Earl of Belmore. Charlotte Barbara, married, 13th Oct., 1824, to Henry Lyster, Esq. The Hon. Anthony William, the second son, espoused on the 8th March, 1831, Maria Anne, eldest daughter of Colonel Hugh Baillie, the Lady whose portrait forms the subject of this month's illustration. Mr. Ashley Cooper is Vice-Chamberlain to her Majesty.

THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

NO. IV.—GIOACCHINO ROSSINI. Born at Pesaro, in February, 1792.

I.

O for fair Italy!—to break away
From cities roofed with smoke and cloudy skies,
Where the sad sun even if he deign to rise,
Peers through the mist with stained and sickly ray.
O for glad Italy!—to lie all day
On some hill side above her deep blue seas,
To see the water-girdled palaces
Of ancient Venice—and the maskers' play
I th' shadow of St. Mark's—Flowers! sunshine! air!
I sicken for your sweetness!—I would know
The luxury of life in southern lands;
Gaze on the glory of their beauties rare,
And listen to their voices rich and low,
Singing above sweet lute, held in two ivory hands.

II.

I am in Italy!—the land of Song—
Boccaccio's land!—whence Claude the sunshine stole
That bastes his Tempes—and with haughty soul
Tempestuous Rosa seized the whirlwind strong
And dashed it on his canvas—here, where throned
Bright Naples' laughing sons—by Music fired
To rapturous frenzy—here, O Priest inspired
Of that sweet Power—thou leadest me along
Without a wish to free me from thy spell;
Strong as the chains wherewith the Lydian Queen
The God of many toils in bondage held,
Pourtrayed by Titian's love-taught hand so well,
Her dainty limbs clad in his lion's skin,
His huge obedient arm the distaff taught to wield.

* For the sake of variety, I have in this particular set of sonnets abstained from particularising any separate work of this delightful master. I have preferred to treat of him as the incarnation of Italian music, in contrast with Weber, who is as essentially of the North as he of Pesaro is of the South.
III.

The blood of the warm South is in thy veins,
Now, of some sudden fervent passion dying,
Thou livest, beneath thy Lady's window lying,
A full voluptuous sadness through thy veins,
Now, like the bird that soars amid the plains
Of fresh intoxicating ether, singing
The sweeter song, the higher she is winging,
Thou dost forget all agonies, all pains
In rich and buoyant joyousness—the ear
Drinks in thy gladness, as the eye, the sight
Of the steep torrents of some sunny river—
Constrained, we scarce know why, to linger near,
And mark its waters' eye increasing flight
Till we could wish to watch their sparkling fall for ever!

CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.—No. II.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDOES.

POPE, BURNS, BLOOMFIELD, AND SHELLEY.

POPE.—How goes my favourite art above?
SHELLEY.—With the same uncertainty as ever.
POPE.—Who are in fault, the critics, the people, or the authors themselves?
SHELLEY.—All! They were more steady in your time; though, excuse me for saying, they had then but a very dull and dry taste.
POPE.—Mr. Shelley, I am not surprised at what you say, for I have heard of your eccentricities!
SHELLEY.—They called me eccentric;—I thought it my duty fearlessly to propagate what I believed to be right and true.
POPE.—I do not doubt your intentions; I doubt only your judgment.
BURNS.—Every age has its character.
POPE.—Yes; but true taste is fixed and eternal;—it is not changeable at the caprice of the people, or of critics.
BLOOMFIELD.—So I have always understood; but I confess that I was deficient in the boldness and spirit of some of my contemporaries.
POPE.—Eccentricity must not be mistaken for genius. Reason and poetry should never be disunited. Authors should not be so presumptuous as to differ from all their predecessors. That in which successive ages have concurred, must be right.
SHELLEY.—I call this feeble and blind prejudice.
POPE.—Young man, you seem to have been brought up in a strange age, when all old opinions were set afloat.
BURNS.—The sun of Liberty had begun to blaze upon the world, when I was called thence.
POPE.—A sun, whose rays cast blood and destruction.
SHELLEY.—The mind was set free from the chains of thousands of years!
BLOOMFIELD.—But let us hear something of the critical opinions of the great master of moral wisdom and harmonious verse! I hate politics.
BURNS.—I am equally desirous to hear those opinions.
SHELLEY.—All prejudice and artifice, I fear!
POPE.—Perhaps it will be found that there is artifice in oddity!
SHELLEY.—But imagination!—what is poetry but imagination?
POPE.—Not an insane imagination!
BURNS.—And what is imagination without passion and tenderness?
BLOOMFIELD.—And nature,—simple, unadorned nature?
POPE.—My principle was, to write nothing which was not approved of by the understanding. The times of visionary and fanciful poetry were passed.
BURNS.—Permit me to say, that you had fallen on rather a cold and formal age!
POPE.—It was a classical age; and it will
not be found that those which followed
have improved upon it.
BURNS.—You borrowed your models from
France, which is not a poetical nation.
SHELLEY.—You should have borrowed
them from the ancient Greeks. The Greek
classes are my passion.
BURNS.—Spare your learning before such
uneducated men as Bloomfield and me!
POPE.—If, young man, you had written
in the spirit of the Greeks, I would have
admitted all your claims. You cannot sup-
pose that the translator of Homer is insen-
sible to Greek poetry.
SHELLEY.—But they say that you were not
a perfect Greek scholar?
POPE.—I must leave that to more candid
and sound judges.
BURNS.—I had heard that the Greek clas-
sics were pre-eminent in clearness, trans-
parency, and simplicity of thought, senti-
ment, imagery, and diction!
POPE.—So they were.
BURNS.—Then how did you, Shelley, if
you followed those models, fall into such
obscurities? I can draw no meaning from
many of the passages of your poetry, which
have been repeated to me here.
SHELLEY.—My business was to dream,
and to follow what I dreamed as well as I
could.
POPE.—My business was to write when
broad awake, and to meditate over and over
with the whole force of my understanding
and judgment, before I committed anything
to the public.
BURNS.—I watched the passions, and the
natural movements of the human bosom in
imagined situations.
BLOOMFIELD.—My business was to give
undrowned pictures of the more beautiful
pictures I had actually observed of the
manners of rural life among the peasantry.
POPE.—You both did well: let every one
work with good faith in his own department.
But I do not know what Shelley’s depart-
ment was: it was a non-descript!
SHELLEY.—Do not be severe, Pope; I
never was severe on others.
BURNS.—What is this poetical calling,
after all, but a calling of mortification and
misery?—of raptures, which exhaust,—of
hopes, which are raised only to be blighted?
BLOOMFIELD.—I found it an ignis fatuus,
which led to poverty, neglect, disease, and
death!
POPE.—Yes, because you, none of you,
employed your reason! To me it was
honour, wealth, respect, and enjoyment,
even in a deformed person and feeble
health.
SHELLEY.—To me it was an early death
beneath the weltering waves!
BURNS.—And what was it to Otway, Col-
lins, Chatterton, Kirke White, Byron, and
Leyden? Nay, to Dante, Tasso, and Spenser?
POPE.—There can be nothing good, with-
owardly prudent, and moral controul.
BURNS.—But did not these qualities damp
the fire of your genius a little?
POPE.—If the flame was not so brilliant, it
was more lasting.
BURNS.—But with all your prudence, you
also had your stings and persecutions?
POPE.—I had revenge of them in my
Dunciad.
BURNS.—Revenge is not a pleasant passion.
Were you easy under the gall which it gen-
erated?
POPE.—Not always easy! To be sure I
trembled, and fretted a little! But then I
scorched the snake, and had joy in my vic-
tory!
BURNS.—Would it not have been better
to have forgotten your injuries by transporting
yourself into the fields of imagination?
POPE.—Just satire is an important part of
moral instruction. But did you never
indulge in satire?
BURNS.—I was the creature of passion: I
never pretended to be otherwise.
SHELLEY.—If passion is a fault, it is one
from which my friends say that I was free.
BLOOMFIELD.—Your good-nature and
benevolence were generally acknowledged.
SHELLEY.—Well, then, critics may differ
about my genius as much as they will.
POPE.—Your genius was clouded by meta-
physical obscurities, and a vain and labo-
rious search after fantastic novelties.
SHELLEY.—It was an age of fantastica-
lities.
POPE.—That alone should have been a
reason why you ought to have avoided it.
SHELLEY.—Of such contradictions is
human nature made up.
POPE.—But why is poetry to be unphiloso-
phical? Why is it not as much its business
as it is that of prose to teach wisdom?
BURNS.—Is wisdom all confined to the
head? We ought to direct the passions, as
well as the understanding. You, yourself,
have nobly said, that its great purpose is
"To melt the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the heart!"
POPE.—True;—but a wild and ill-regu-
lated imagination does not do this. We must
be faithful to nature; we must exaggerate
no feelings; we must indulge in no capricious and wanton fancies; we must beware, that we do not lash ourselves up into false heats. Burns.—But tameness will not do; and sober reason rarely rises to poetry.

Pope.—You do not then approve of my moral couplets.

Burns.—I must confess that some of them are dry.

Pope.—My contemporaries allowed me to be the first poet of my age.

Burns.—Your patrons were statesmen and men of the world—not poets.

Pope.—I own that I loved the grandeur and luxury of rank, in defiance of some bold lines of my own, which have been pleaded against me.

Burns.—And I preserved my independence before it, even while holding the plough!

Bloomfield.—Rank oppressed me; my spirit was meek; and I could not conquer my diffidence.

Shelley.—Rank, titles, fashion, wealth: what odious stuff! give me leisure for lonely and uninterrupted musing on the sea-shore! Nothing delighted me like the murmuring and melancholy break of the wave upon the strand!

Pope.—Times are changed; our walks were in trim gardens, gravel walks, terraces, flower-beds, and parterres.

Shelley.—Yes; those things have been all happily swept away!—and your formal poetry into the bargain, Mr. Pope.

Pope.—And yours never had its day, nor ever will!

Bloomfield.—I had my little day, but it was a very short one; perhaps, however, more than equal to my merits.

Pope.—Not at all: you have since been most unjustly neglected and forgotten.

Bloomfield.—You cheer my broken spirit. Praise from one so very eminent is, indeed, a cordial!

Burns.—True genius never fails to do justice to others. It is a consciousness of weakness which makes us jealous and malignant. But why do men continue to pursue an employment which has proved itself to be so full of evils?

Pope.—They have not the choice. If the faculties and dispositions implanted in them by nature lead to it, they cannot let the fire burn within them: it must have vent!

Burns.—I cannot refuse assent to this opinion: my heart tells me that it is true.

Bloomfield and Shelley.—And we all admit it.

Pope.—We may, however, moderate and calm the propensities of nature. If our sensibilities are apt to get the better of our reason, we may most cultivate this latter power. Thus—

"Not in fancy's maze I wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moral'd my song!"

I overcame violent and dangerous affections, and wrote no second Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

Burns.—But your poetical character would have stood still higher if you had done so?—high as it is!

Pope.—Then this loss, if it must have been gained at such a price, is no subject of regret to me.

Burns.—If strong emotions are virtuous, and are of an amiable and tender nature, I cannot permit myself to believe that they will injure us.

Bloomfield.—How would you fashion out a poet's life?

Pope.—To delineate that, would, indeed, be a delicate and hazardous task. Poets vary like the lights of the skies—and who shall direct their course? As what they see is often their own creation, who can guard them against what is invisible to others? Though it may be a non-existence to others, it is a reality to them.

"What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade!"

It is thus that we are often under the subjection of spirits; and reason, which I would cultivate, then loses its command. But we must seek society, and haunt the broad light of day. The melancholy of woods and forests and solitary rivers is too delusive an enjoyment. Use imagination only as an ornament, not as the foundation of thought. Dress and adorn as you will, but have substance beneath.

Burns.—With deference to your high authority, I think that this is the reverse of the true principles of poetry.

Shelley.—I am glad that our worthy dictator has so explained himself. We now see how little faith is to be put in his canons of criticism. He has spoken with contempt of my poetry—I may now venture to return the compliment.

Burns.—Do not forget yourself, Shelley! If we differ from such a splendid authority, we are bound to differ with respect.

Bloomfield.—What was Mr. Pope's opinion of Milton?

Pope.—I must pause before I explain myself frankly to you on this subject. The young gentleman is rather confident both in
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

his taste and in his language. It is probable that he may set up Milton for one of his gods. His opinions were not lightly adopted, nor persevered in without long examination. I took up poetry as an art; and laboured at it as a duty. My object was to teach morality and wisdom in the most attractive form. For this purpose, I considered polished language and harmonious metre most calculated to make the due impression. Now I will confess that the model of Milton did not seem to me best fitted for this purpose. His blank verse is not harmonious to my ear; his language is not easy; his imagery is sometimes too lofty, and sometimes too learned, for the general reader. He wanders away from life into the regions of high imagination and possible existences; and though his visions are holy and sublime, there is little practical sympathy with men’s business and bosoms. The age in which I lived had been taught another model of diction and versification. Dryden had set the example of an elastic and bounding vigour of versified composition; his intellect was acute, his good sense was abundant; he had all the lively polish and poignancy of a man of the world; and he possessed that sort of dominion over the public mind, which neither ridicule can resist nor dull inattention be callous to. In him I saw much to approve, admire, and be ambitious of rivaling. But I saw also some specks; some imperfections of haste and inadvertence; some vulgarities; and some principles, arguments, opinions, and sentiments too inconsiderately and contradictorily advanced. I saw also that he was more witty than eloquent, and that his morality wanted pathos. I thought, therefore, that I saw an opening in which I could still improve upon him, and while in many respects I could not hope to eclipse him, I might still give a character of my own to what I should attempt. This plan I steadily pursued through life; and I do not repent it. I hear that Milton has now attained a height of glory in the world’s eye, which he did not possess in my time; but if he had, it would not have altered my destination. Every one is bound to pursue the track for which his own peculiar faculties best suit him. My mind, I confess it, was not cast in Milton’s mould. His was the cast of a giant belonging to another order of beings. His language was his own, and not the language of the people. But my friend—so at least we ventured to denominate each other,—my friend Addison has told all this, with an exquisite display of the great Bard’s various merits, in a style of criticism which exceeds all praise, and which, though it did not entirely convince me, at least filled me with delight at the admirable talents of the critic. My powers of description were not like Milton’s; nor did I ever pretend to the higher faculties of invention.

Shelley.—Your candour and frankness make me forget all the momentary irritation I felt towards you.

Burns.—We learn that you have lately had a powerful advocate in Byron.

Bloomfield.—But I must stand up for some of the principles well argued by Bowles.

Shelley.—Yes: I love the description of natural scenery; we never can have too much of it.

Burns.—I do not think that mere description without sentiment will do. I remember that Gray thought so, speaking of Thomson.

Bloomfield.—No: we should people scenery with the intellects and bosoms of human beings.

Pope.—What say you to my Windsor Forest?

Burns.—The descriptions are too vague and trite.

Pope.—That is the cant of your day. You require the minuteness of a naturalist.

Burns.—Not at all!—we require the freshness of living images.

Pope.—You have resorted back to the rudeness of half-polished ages. You have even imitated the inharmonious nakedness of the Old Ballads. Bishop Percy put this into your heads; and then the vulgar cynical Ritson abused Percy like a pickpocket, because he was not rude enough.

Burns.—Are my songs too rude, then?

Pope.—Certainly not!—the soul of poetry and tenderness preserved you from the infection of your models.

Bloomfield.—I am afraid that I have been often too colloquial, and dealt too much in vulgar life.

Pope.—The just simplicity of your incidents and pictures, the extraordinary truth of nature, and the richness of original imagery, will preserve you.

Bloomfield.—No one speaks of me now.

Pope.—You will revive soon. But did you receive no encouragement in your life?

Bloomfield.—For a little while; but no powerful patron. Capel Loft brought me forward with sincere and admirable generosity; but all the return he got for it from the public was ridicule and abuse. Then my publisher broke, and I was ruined!
Pope.—You "left a calling for the idle trade!"

Bloomfield.—What a calling! A journeyman shoemaker in a fetid street of London; the most unhospitable and most corrupt of all the capitals in Europe!—I, whose childhood was past in the fresh fields, and under the green hedges!

Pope.—Well! it cannot be denied that the ways of Providence are mysterious!

Burns.—One day of poetical delight was worth years of misery. When I turned up the daisy with my plough, though I grieved for its fate, how exquisite was my enjoyment in composing the little elegy which lamented over it! Oh! those days of rural happiness, before I tasted too much of the world's ambition! Then what dreams I experienced of loveliness, of hope chastised and brightened by melancholy! All the raptures of poetical description fall short of the feelings which then glowed through my heart.

Bloomfield.—I was formed of more faint and lowly energies: my temperament was generally one of dejection. I knew not the bracing air and sublime mountains of Caledonia.

Shelley.—The ocean was the element of my delight. I threw myself into her arms; I enjoyed her tempestuous embraces; I sank into her bosom; I died, and was freed from a miserable, persecuting, and merciless world!

Pope.—I chose with deliberation the calm paths of reason; I pursued them steadily. I was easy in my circumstances, respected, flattered, and covered with laurels. I preserved a feeble constitution to a middle age, and died in peace and comfort. My posthumous fame has never grown dim. Behold the contrast of reason and passion!

---

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. IV.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Tale.

By the time our hero had reached his sixteenth year, he had obtained a reputation in roguary seldom enjoyed by one who had numbered so few summers; and it is remarkable, that although he had been engaged for the last six years of his life in the daily commission of some offence against the laws, he had hitherto contrived to escape detection. This but served to render him the more confident, and he had a quiet way of applying a salvo to his conscience by adopting the maxim of the jealous Moor—

"He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.—"*

a moral axiom which would do honour to the most memorable rogues that ever figured in the Newgate Calendar. The professional dexterity of James Dillon was quite extraordinary, and the manner in which he evaded the keen vigilance of the police functionaries was no less marvellous than his adroitness in practically illustrating his favourite postulatum—that appropriation is a natural right,—a notion imbibed with the first glimmerings of reason, as it was a favourite dictum of his father before him.

* Othello.

Although Miss Biddy was daily pestered with accusations against her knavish ward, she determined not to credit a word to his disfigurement, especially as these were accusations not substantiated by evidence, which they could not well be, for he had never yet been actually and substantively detected in a violation of the criminal code. He therefore pursued his career with the greater recklessness, while the idea of an absolute predestination to eternal life had so fixed upon his conviction, that he claimed to himself impunity from sin as a matter of divine and indefeasible privilege. Impelled by the confidence which such a conclusion naturally awakened, he cast himself into all sorts of peril without once looking to the issue; and to Erasmus' question in the colloquy of the soldier's confession, "Do you never think what will become of your soul if you are knocked on the head?" he would no doubt have exclaimed with the murderous thane—

"I bear a charmed life!"*

The venerable Miss Mackinnon, who had

* Macbeth.
now attained a period of most respectable senility—for she was by this time fast verging upon seventy—though she became at times excessively peevish when the malversations of her ward were made the topic of discourse, doggedly adhered to her old conclusion that a predestined sinner must make an elected saint; and, therefore, no matter to her how the dogs of the world, who had no part nor lot with him, represented his backslidings, she felt satisfied, nevertheless, that he was perfectly secure of a communion with Calvin in the world of beatified spirits, where he would exult over the fall of Arminius and his three able defenders, Barnevelt, Grotius, and Hoogerzetze, whom the Oudewater heretic had seduced from the simplicity of the truth, and involved in that everlasting doom which he had brought down upon himself.

A change was soon to take place which made a very material alteration in the temporal condition of the Hobgoblin; he, however, anticipating no change but for the better, so far as he was concerned, boldly pursued his career of antinomian freedom, and, strong in faith, would more than probably have taken up the query of old John Dryden, had he been aware that he had ever written such a parable as the Hind and Panther—

"Why choose we then, like bylanders, to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?"

And launch he did with the most energetic resolution, until he was fairly at sea in the wide ocean of prodigality, with nothing better than his own cunning and quickness of perception as rudder and compass to direct his bark through that sea of troubles in which he had so venturously plunged her.

About this time Miss Biddy, who had been long ailing, began to manifest symptoms of a very rapid approach towards "that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" which discovery did not, it must be confessed, project the shadow of sorrow over the usually hilarious countenance of Jimeny Dillon, as he calculated, and not unreasonably, upon a comfortable legacy. This being the case, according to the suggestions of his own selfish casuistry, he naturally looked forward to the poor old elect lady's departure hence with any thing but symptoms of an immedicable grief. He was once, at least, heard to say, "Well, dear old soul, 'twill be a happy release when she's dead;" but whether he meant for herself or for him, he did not think proper to specify.

VOL. V.—NO. V.

The venerable maiden, in the seventieth year of her virginity, was pronounced to be labouring under the influence of dropsy in the chest. Notwithstanding the evidently fatal tendency of her disease, she could not for a moment prevail upon herself to think that it was likely to have a fatal termination. Although her mind had been so long daily engrossed by religious contemplation, yet it were too exclusive and confined to admit of any idea so all absorbing as that of death, which is apt to lay an incubus upon the spirits, when these are not sustained by "that anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast," a faith that worketh by love, the two pillars of which are love towards God and love towards man. Universal charity is the buttress of vital religion, which maintains the fabric erect, and by which "the foundation thereof standeth sure." Miss Biddy saw the approach of death, but did not notice it. Is this to be wondered at? She was a living paradox; she knew that she bore upon her narrow scalp the frost of sixty-nine winters; she was conscious also of being very ill, yet was loth to persuade herself she was going to die. But man's common creditor is no triler; when he demands his due it must be paid, and his receipt in full is "bliss or bale."

"Death, great proprietor of all, 'tis thine To tread out empires and to quench the stars."*

Miss Biddy, however, seemed prepared to contest his supremacy, and was at least determined not to yield without a struggle. Her great-grandmother, she said, had lived to the age of ninety-two, and she saw no earthly reason why she should not live just as long. In fact, the apprehension of quitting this wicked world, although so sure of a happy condition in that to which she was rapidly hastening, was to her one of terror, not of assurance; she consequently never allowed her mind to entertain it, when she could manage to repudiate so unwelcome an intruder. Her medical attendant flattered her with hope of a long remnant of existence; so did her spiritual adviser, who assured her, as Goodwin did the Protector Cromwell upon a somewhat similar occasion, that the elect could neither fall nor suffer final repudiation. Hence it logically followed, that Miss Biddy, being one of the elect, could not be damned. This assurance, notwithstanding that it came from such a high spiritual authority, was very far from satisfying the anxious mind of Miss Biddy Mackinnon, who, although she had been in

* Young.
the daily habit for the last half century of exclaiming against this ungodly world as utterly unfit for an elect lady to dwell in, was nevertheless sadly unwilling to receive the dismal summons to quit which death was about to serve upon her, and would gain, at the age of three score and nine years, live a little longer among the reprobate, for the quiet of her own soul, if not for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. Bad as this world is, and no one thinks it a paradise, it is astonishing how reluctant to leave it are many of those who claim to be exclusively elected, although it be for the possession of that promised inheritance which is "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." They prefer the enjoyment of that which is actually in possession, with all its varieties of evil and of contingency, to that which is only in expectancy, though bright with the most transcendental glories which the imagination can depict; and when about to depart to their everlasting heritage, how often are their convictions confounded by the dim and shadowy delusions of their preposterous creed!

The miserable invalid became every day more and more doubtful whether the doctrines, which she had been accustomed to cherish for so many years, were tenable when submitted to the test of Scripture. She began to question whether those interpretations to which she had so long given ear, were sound evangelical expositions. Nevertheless, she felt it no easy matter to relinquish at once the stubborn prejudices of a tolerably extended life, and these prejudices either relaxed or continued stationary according as her pains increased or abated. In her intervals of suffering, when her hopes of recovery seemed for a moment to permeate and refresh her sinking soul, like so many rays of celestial light, she would occasionally pester her ward with a dull lecture upon the necessity of showing to the world by his actions that he was in a state of grace; yet no sooner did the paroxysms of her disorder return, than it became to her a bitter question, whether those doctrines which she had laboured to instil into him from his birth were really the truths of that gospel, upon the sincere acceptance of which the Christian's hopes in eternity are based. She could not help feeling that her alliance with a party of a strong sectarian bias might have narrowed her views, by allowing only a portion of divine light to penetrate through the natural darkness of her mind; and the doubts which now continually mingled with her thoughts, like storm clouds in an autumnal sky, turned all into confusion and gloom.

Watts has excellently well said, "Let us learn to abstract as much as possible from custom and fashion, when we would pass a judgment concerning the real value and intrinsic nature of things." This Miss Biddy had never done, but servilely subjected her judgment to the bondage of an overweening bigotry, becoming the feeble echo of a few self-elected separatists. And even when the reality began to pass like a brightening glory over the shallows of her understanding, so fixed had been her habit of looking at the doctrines maintained by the supralaparian Calvinists as the oracles of heavenly truth, that she could not altogether divest her conviction of their reality; though whenever the image of death, in its dire array of consequences, was presented to her imagination, her confidence invariably began to give way, and apprehensions to rush in upon her soul, which did not at all tend to minister peace to her now distracted mind.

She was daily visited by Dr. ———, who did his best to re-assure her, but in vain—she continued dissatisfied and unconvinced. As she found no consolation in her views of religion at a period when consolation was so especially needed, she naturally entertained suspicions of their validity. It occurred to her at last—the only wonder is how she could ever have thought otherwise—that to create creatures to be damned, merely to maintain the glory of God's vindictive justice, could not be consistent with the perfection of benevolence and of mercy. As the fallacy of such a proposition occurred to her startled apprehensions, now quickened into morbid activity by the potent operation of her terrors, she felt that the foundation of her hope, which she had been industriously laying for upwards of half a century, was utterly insecure, and that the fabric erected upon it was tottering to its fall.

As her disorder increased, her alarms augmented in more than an equal ratio; the oppression of her chest was at times dreadful in the extreme, and syncope so frequently supervened, as the doctor affirmed in the technical eloquence of his wisdom, that her condition became one of momentary peril. She frequently felt a sense of suffocation, which filled her with the most frightful apprehensions. Occasionally the violence of her symptoms abated, when her physician led her to hope that a favourable turn had taken place, and she might still look for a respite from that fearful issue which she

* Watts's Logic.
never thought of but with dreadful perturbation.

"When threatening death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience we apply to art
Life to prolong amid disease and pains!
Why this, if after death no sense remains?
Why should we choose these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure?"

The question is easily answered, so far as poor Miss Biddy was concerned; her creed had failed at the hour of her extremity to realise its golden promises.

Young Dillon, whose mind was fully imbued with those doctrines which from his infancy he had been daily taught to receive as the oracles of inspiration, felt somewhat puzzled at beholding his spiritual guide and temporal guardian so extremely reluctant to quit a bad world for a better, now that she had evidently lived out her time, and a good long lease of life she had enjoyed, as he thought. Still it never for a moment occurred to him that her convictions were wavering under the influence of a new light. To do him justice, he really felt for her sufferings, now and then sitting by her as she reclined in her easy chair, gasping under the influence of her grievous malady. She once or twice took occasion to express to him her doubts as to the orthodoxy of those opinions she had hitherto maintained, but in so excited a manner and with such extreme agitation of aspect, that he concluded her head was affected by the torments of her body. His early impressions were therefore not in the slightest degree effaced by what he considered the half-crazy tergiversation of poor Miss Biddy. Every hour her strength abated, and every hour her terrors increased. She had scarcely a respite from either mental or bodily anguish. In the morning she would cry, with the afflicted sinner in Scripture, "would God it were even, and at even, would God it were morning." Nevertheless, Jimmy Dillon could not refrain from exercising his furtive dexterity in spite of his occasional good feeling, even while his patroness was suffering under such an awful visitation. In this instance, however, he practised his ingenuity, as it soon after appeared, to his own disparagement.

He knew that the poor old lady was in the habit of keeping sundry notes of the Bank of England in a drawer in her bedroom. One night, when he concluded she must be fast asleep, as it was long past waking time, he entered stealthily into her room, and having, as he imagined, fully ascertained that her senses were too profoundly absorbed in sweet unconsciousness to give her the chance of becoming a witness against him, he cautiously applied a skeleton key to the lock of the drawer which contained the money, and having secured possession of his prize, effected a noiseless retreat. Although he had managed the matter with the ingenuity of an adept, he had not, as he fancied, appropriated the property unobserved. Long before he entered her room, the invalid had been lying awake in a tolerably composed state, the medicine she had taken having relieved her pains, and her hopes of recovery having in consequence considerably revived. Whilst her thoughts were engrossed by the delightful anticipations of a speedy restoration to health, she saw the door gently opened, and, notwithstanding her general dimness of vision, plainly distinguished Jimmy Dillon advance deliberately into her chamber. Not immediately suspecting any mischief, but having frequently heard of his slippery tricks, though she had hitherto disdained whatever to report to his prejudice which met her ear, she lay perfectly still, in order to discover what would be the issue of this nocturnal visit. Jimmy cautiously approached the bed, pronounced her name in the gentlest and kindest tone, and placed his hand before her mouth to ascertain if she was conscious of his presence. As he received no answer, and perceiving that her breath came hard and regular, he concluded she was sound asleep. With this too premature conclusion he proceeded to possess himself of two ten-pound notes and seven guineas in gold, which were folded within them. When Miss Biddy became an eye-witness of her ward's delinquency, she lost all command of speech, while the rogue was robbing her in fancied security. She lay in the bed, unable to utter a sound, though more from agitation than astonishment, and he quietly decamped with his booty. The very next morning the effect lady sent for her lawyer, with whom she was closeted for several hours. Numerous were the whispers and surmises respecting the cause of such a visit, as she was known to have made her will several years before, and young Dillon had very good reason for believing that he had not been forgotten. The mystery was soon after solved, though it gave rise to much busy conversation for the moment.

 Shortly after the departure of her legal friend, the poor old lady's symptoms returned with increased asperity, occasioned, as it was
naturally enough surprised, by the excitement she had undergone during her interview with the lawyer. Such a visitor was not likely to pour wine and oil into the wounds of her lacerated spirit: she required that medicament which the physician of souls can alone administer. The keenest tortures of mind returned with her bodily agonies. She had now no interval from distracting reflection; the idea of death was a dread, and of God a terror. To lie down with the worm in that dark and narrow bed, where all things are forgotten, until the last trump shall raise the scattered particles of the once living dust, and endue them again with consciousness and, alas! with memory, was to her a thought that made every fibre of her frame quiver with horror. To moulder in the silent sepulchre, in the midst of darkness and of corruption, the body forming at once a banquet and a tenement for the most disgusting reptiles, was a picture which she could not efface from her imagination, and it sent a thrill of anguish through her soul. She declared herself to be the most sinful of human beings; she magnified her slightest errors into the greatest enormities; all the good deeds of her past life she, with a morbid obliquity of perception, looked upon as actions which would lie in the balance against her, when she would be "weighed and found wanting." Hope seemed to mock her with a thousand momentary fantasies, which only ended in a fierce and settled despair. She protested that she was the chief of sinners; she called upon God to visit her with his mercy, but her prayer returned into her own bosom. The prop of religion was stricken from beneath her; the spiritual edifice which she had reared was suddenly toppled down, and all her fondest cherished hopes were crushed beneath the unsightly ruins. She found no peaceful shelter for her bereaved spirit. She resorted to her bible, she read and read, but the recoil of her mind was dreadful; her soul staggered at the shock. When she ventured to look abroad into the future, nothing was presented to her warped imagination but one mighty void of repulsiveness and gloom. All was dreary and desolate before her; not one light spot to cheer her onward; not a single oasis amid the unvarying blank of the howling wilderness through which she would have to pass to those limitless shores, where the mighty current of time is lost in the unfathomable ocean of eternity. What a bereavement it is, when the words of inspiration fail to impart a solace to the sinner's heart! Such was her state at this sad hour. She had never put a right construction upon the words of that blessed book, and it therefore afforded her now no consolation. The riches of divine wisdom therein contained had been to her as a gilded counterfeit; she had endured them with a facetious radiance, of which she knew not how to divest them. She had rendered them, to use the words of a wise king, "like a potsherder covered with silver dress," and although she began to detect her error, she knew not how to come at the true mintage. What could she do?

"Try what repentance can; what can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot repent?"

And she had no longer a thought or feeling that was not dictated by despair. The sins of omission were those which lay heavy upon her soul; if she had done little evil, she had neglected to embrace many opportunities of doing good. This was the food of her remorse. To think that her bible should afford her no consolation! What a state of abandonment in the hour of extremity! But she had never interpreted it truly, and now she sought for the true interpretation. It showed the spiritual delusion under which she had so long lived, presenting to her fevered imagination the possibility of that reprobation for herself, which she had been in the habit of assigning to those whom the exclusive doctrines of her own creed had given over, without a single reservation, to eternal death.

One day, when she was visited as usual by Dr. ———, she declared to him the misgivings which now pressed with the weight of an ocean upon her tortured imagination, excluding the fair light of hope, and pouring upon her agonised spirit a flood of appalling anticipations. It is true her life had not, in the general view of it, been mispent; but she had confined her good offices towards her fellow-creatures to the few whom she looked upon to be the objects of an especial election to eternal life; and many a time had she withheld her aid from the suffering and the bereaved, whom she could not persuade to adopt the tenets which she herself embraced, and who, she therefore fancied, were not among the exclusive few having the divine signet of election stamped upon their foreheads. The remembrance of this priest and levite-like neglect of many who had been cast upon the highway of the world, like the poor Jew in the parable, "naked and half dead," now smote her recollection with a powerful oppression. She could not call to mind that

* Hamlet.
she had ever taken the good Samaritan for her prototype,—an apologue in which the obligation of universal benevolence is most beautifully illustrated, and the unsocial doctrine of partial charity practically condemned. She felt that she had never done her duty to her neighbour in the full and evangelical sense of the term, and consequently never could have fulfilled her duty towards God, as a defalcation in the one is a positive neglect of the other.

It was the day after her consultation with her lawyer, that the poor invalid declared the state of her conscience to the learned Dr.

He had called for the purpose of affording her that spiritual alleviation which, though in truth it was sadly needed, she was not likely, in the present state of her feelings, to attain. She had for several days occasionally taken up Whitby's powerful refutation of the five points of Calvinism, and read it during the intervals of calm which she at times obtained, after the interruptions of terror had subsided. She was, therefore, armed with a few arguments against the Doctor's grave declaration in favour of the Genevese dogmas. In the course of conversation she expressed her doubts as to the orthodoxy of that doctrine which she had for many years allowed herself to believe the very essence of evangelical truth.

"If," said she, in answer to one of the Doctor's luminous expositions of the creed of Geneva, "Christ died for all, how can it happen that any are positively excluded from salvation, provided they fulfil the conditions of the Christian covenant, seeking God's aid in their holy calling, and doing his will from the heart? If Christ died for all, surely to all are the means of salvation offered!"

"Nay," quoth the Doctor, "Christ died sufficiently for all, but intentionally only for the elect. He died so far for all as to procure for them pardon and salvation, if they will believe and repent; but he died, moreover, to procure for the elect faith and repentance."

"Does not this leave all men, the elect only excepted, under an impossibility of pardon, and therefore of salvation? And if so, does it not follow that it cannot be the duty of any but the elect to believe in Christ; since no one can be required to do what will profit him nothing, either morally or spiritually; for every duty, both moral and spiritual, supposes an advantage derivable from the performance of it, as tending to secure the final object of all human endeavours,—the consummation of happiness in a world eternal."

"You mistake the spirit of the proposition. Christ died for all, and by his death procured to all the means of working out their own salvation; yet he withholds his preventing grace from all but the elect, for "He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth;" and as without his preventing grace the reprobate cannot obtain his assisting grace, since these blessings can only operate in conjunction, they who are pretermitted must be inevitably damned, although they have the choice of working out their own salvation."

"But if they are denied that by which alone they can make this assisting grace available, what does the choice benefit them? Is it not mocking them with a shadow? How should they choose but fall, if the means of standing are withheld?"

"The means are not withheld; they have a choice of alternatives, and sufficient motives are proposed to them to embrace the right; so that they go wrong by their own will, and not in consequence of the divine decrees. Their absolute pretermission is not the cause of their failing to work out their salvation, but the divine prescience of their disobedience is the cause of their being pretermitted. 'God leaving them under the want of that special grace and effectual guidance, proceeding from divine predestination, they never fail of running themselves wittingly and willingly upon their own damnation.'"

"But what are their means of preservation? It appears to me clear that if a man must fall, in spite of any effort he can employ to stand, to punish him for so falling is an act of merciless tyranny, incompatible with the perfections of a just and benevolent God."

"To question the divine justice, however it may be dispensed, is an act of presumption of which one of the elect could not be guilty. 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour? What can be stronger than this, and various other texts of the same nature? Will any one dare to deny the express declaration of the Divinity himself, through the mouth of the prophet of Pathor—'Hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?'

* Romans ix. 18.
† Bishop Davenant.
‡ Romans ix. 21.
§ Numbers xxiii. 19.
“True; but surely he never spoke any thing the consummation of which would be an act of injustice; and it forcibly strikes me that wherever an interpretation of Scripture, however apparently true, places the Almighty at variance with his acknowledged attributes, that exposition cannot be a sound one, and, therefore, some other must be sought, which will not put him in direct opposition to his own immutable and perfect nature. I have but this morning been reading a commentary of the very passage which you quoted from St. Paul’s epistle to the Romans, of which I made a memorandum. You shall hear it. ‘It is God’s power and sovereignty only that is described by the figure of the potter. ’The same lump’ signifies the mass of mankind, out of which particular nations are formed; consequently, the ‘one vessel’ means, not any particular person, but a nation or community. And ‘a vessel to honour,’ or an honourable use, means a nation made great and happy by the favour and protection of God. On the other hand, a ‘vessel to dishonour’ signifies a nation which God depresses, by denying it the advantage bestowed on others, or by depriving it of the advantages it formerly enjoyed. (Acts xiii. 17.) The meaning of this question is, may not God, without injustice, exalt one nation by bestowing privileges upon it, and depress another by taking away the privileges which it has long enjoyed?’ If this be the just interpretation, the passage before quoted from the ninth chapter of the same inspired Scripture, must likewise be understood of nations.’

“Bless me, Miss Mackinnon,” exclaimed the half-astounded divine, “what can have produced so singular a revolution in your sentiments within the last few weeks? Your faith, which I had always considered to have reached the highest degree of spiritual temperature, seems all of a sudden to have fallen below zero.”

“Why, Doctor, the fact is,” and she trembled as she spoke, “my former creed affords me no consolation at this hour of divine visitation, when religion ought to be my balm and strong stay. Instead of a support, I feel it to be a stumbling-block: I am therefore apprehensive that I have mistaken a mere dumb and hollow idol for the living principle. I feel as if I were torn by the recolling eddies of hopelessness and despair from the rock of salvation, and were about to be engulfed in an abyss where nothing meets the eye but ‘the blackness of darkness’ and the shadow of death. Finding that my former conclusions have sunk before the terrors which encompass my soul at the near prospect of dissolution, I have sought for other expositions of the sacred text than those with which I have been so long and I now find vainly, familiarised. I have applied to other sources of information, and these powerfully impel me to the decision that I have been hitherto wandering in a labyrinth of error, though I make this discovery at a perilous time, when I am about to be summoned to that still and populous city, where ‘the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor.’ I tell you candidly, I have a dread of death which I cannot surmount, and every nerve quivers within my frame when this fearful image rises before me. My soul rests with no strength of confidence upon the equivocal assurance of an especial election. I do not at this awful moment find my hopes sustained. I have a frightful pre-sentiment that I shall die in utter abandonment—that my spirit will exhalate its last respiration amid a storm of horrors.”

During the whole of this conversation, she suffered extremely, being frequently obliged to pause and gasp for breath. She was by this time so exhausted that she sank upon her couch in a paroxysm of mental and bodily agony. Doctor —— tried in vain to console her; her anguish of mind increased in proportion as she strove to subdue it, and every reference to the doctrines of the creed which she had so recently abjured, seemed to make her writhe with pangs too dreadful for description. The excitement caused by this interview had evidently heightened the fatal symptoms of her malady. The effect upon her frame was almost immediately visible, and for some time after the holy man’s departure she struggled for respiration with a momentary fear of suffocation. The violent exacerbation at length subsided, and she obtained comparative ease, though evidently in a state of great mental disquietude. She could not endure the perpetual reproaches of her conscience. She found no solace in reflection. Every thought was a burning brand, which seared and withered her heart to the very centre. That reprobation—those everlasting burnings, to which she had so often declared others to be doomed, now appeared to be ready to engulf her. Her mind was tossed about amid the whirl and blast of an excited and distempered fancy;

* Macknight, Note on Romans ix. 21. See Whitby also on the same chapter.

+ Job iii. 18.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

It must be confessed that young Dillon, in spite of his nigrier, was not insensible to the common sympathies of humanity. His eyes frequently filled with tears as he beheld the extreme suffering of one who had been the protector of his infancy, and the kind guardian of his boyhood; but she was insensible to his sympathy. The one absorbing idea so entirely engrossed her, that she could not even pray, without aggravating the morbid sensitiveness of her mind. In the midst of her most earnest obsestations, the irruptions of tempestuous thought would break in upon her startled soul, and leave her overwhelmed with a flood of the most frightful imaginings. It was evident that her last struggle was nigh. She was hourly declining; and as she grew weaker, the energy of her terrors imparted so high a stimulus to her physical powers, that she appeared to meet death with the resistance of a giant. Dr.—— was at her bedside when she died. It was a sight to appall the stoutest heart. She almost sprang from the bed, threw her arms strenuously round the neck of her spiritual adviser, and screamed in his ear—“Save me from this agony!” After a short pause she fell back upon her pillow exhausted, but, speedily rallying, suddenly raised herself, and, supporting her body with her right hand firmly planted on the bed beneath it, fixed her dark sunken eyes, now sparkling with intensely dazzling lustre, upon the holy man, and uttered, with a hoarse half-choked expression of horror—“Do you see death in my countenance?” The Doctor shuddered. The bony prominence of her attenuated features—the bloodless clayey hue of her skin, contrasted with the keen, quick lustre of her wild restless eye, for the moment struck him dumb.

“What!” she muttered gaspingly, “am I dying? Where is my election now? I shall be the companion of devils! Down—down to the fathomless gulf of perdition! Oh, horror—horror!”

“Nay, why this despair,” said the reverend Doctor, soothingly; “who ever called upon the Lord, and was forsaken?”

“I—I have called, but he has not hearkened! I have supplicated, but he has refused! I am betrayed—deluded—abandoned! Save me!—raise me—I am falling—falling——”

She was lifted from the pillow upon which she had again sunk, when her eyes dilated into an intense glassy stare. She gasped for a few moments as if she was suffocating. The paroxysm again subsided, and she said, with a faint gurgling scream—“Oh! this is death!”

she saw visions of tortured spirits, and heard the howlings of the damned. What an awful thing is a misprision of sacred truth! Religion is either our bane or antidote. It is a light that “shineth more and more unto the perfect day;” but it may be converted into a vehicle of peril and delusion. To Miss Biddy Mackinnon it had only been a penance and a mystery. She had accepted the counterfeit for the true—she had mistaken the mask for the natural face. And it will ever happen that, where religion is either distorted from her fair proportions, or warped from her pure purposes, she will infallibly delude her followers, whose end will be “gall and bitterness of soul.”

The poor invalid’s sufferings hourly increased. She was so thin and shrunken that there appeared little more than the hard outline of a human figure; while her naturally sharp features had become so haggard, that she looked more like a resuscitated corpse than “a thing of life.” Her eyes were constantly raised towards heaven in utter hopelessness. “Oh, God!” she would suddenly exclaim, with her hands clasped fervently together, “shall I be saved? What have I done to merit this affliction? Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising;” but what has been my offence, that I am thus overborne at this trying hour by the apprehensions of eternity?” She shuddered. “Lord of all power and might, who art at once the fountain of mercy and of love, am I to be cast among those who are doomed to everlasting groans? I cannot look forward into the shadowy vista of the future, without a dread that appalls my spirit, and freezes the very spring of life within my heart. My senses recoil at the shock of anticipations which press upon my brain like mountains.”

This continual agitation of mind soon brought her disorder to a crisis; she had not a moment’s respite from suffering, either mental or bodily. It was piteous to see her wrestling with the mighty conqueror. How fearful a thing it is to look upon a dying delinquent, who has rendered religion nugatory by torturing its balmy promises and blessed revelations, into a creed which can afford no solid ground of expectation at the hour of extremity! Such was Miss Biddy’s state of spiritual abandonment at this awful period, that even the Word of God spake no comfort to her agonised heart. She had her bible, indeed, constantly before her, but her thoughts were so abstracted by her terror, that it left no more impression than a stroke upon water.
LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.

—keep me—from the darkness—that is—
closing in around me. I cannot—die;—I
will—not—die! Mercy! mercy!"

All efforts to soothe her were utterly un-
availing. She had no ear for the voice of
comfort. The sharp fetters of despair were
upon her, and "the iron entered her soul."
A cordial was administered; a small quantity
only passed beyond her lips; it was evident
the great struggle was over. Her eyes
closed, she threw her left arm suddenly over
the bedside, when a slight convulsive tremor
of the lip announced that the spirit had passed
from its tabernacle of clay to be clothed upon
anew in another and a better world.

Syphax.

LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.—No. V.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

AN OPERA DANCER.

An Opera Dancer! oh! hasten
To show me the latest debut;
 Permit me to kneel down and fasten
The sandals that tie up her shoe.
Oh! let her shoot by like a star, meant
To dazzle on Midsummer nights,
One exquisite gossamer garment
Worn over her flesh-coloured tights.

Bring one whose light foot, like a feather,
 May harmlessly trip over eggs;
Who stands, like a duck in wet weather,
 On one of her exquisite legs.
Bring no intellectual lady
Who points jeu d'esprit and bon mot,
Bring one who for ever is ready
To charm with the point of her toe.

I know that my mother the Duchess,
And also my father the Duke,
If once I get into their clutches,
Will bore me with jest and rebuke;
They'll say, like my brother Lord Harry,
A wife of high rank I should get;
But say what they will, I'll not marry
A queen—if she can't pirouette!

The dames of high rank and high station
Are always looked up to I see;
But higher in my estimation,
The girl who jumps highest will be.
They tell of her faults, their pens dipping
In Scandal's black ink, but I say
That if she was ever caught tripping,
'Twas in a professional way.
I have promised to put down a few of the things I have seen and heard, and yet, now that I fairly set about it, I scarcely know where I am to begin. Miss Kitty, however, to whom I mentioned my intention, and who reads in her way, and will sometimes bring her novel, or good book, up stairs with her on a wet evening, and go on with great fluency, obliged me with a hint: "Do be genteel in your stories, Mr. Townsend," said she, "for your own sake, and the credit of those you live with. Depend upon it, Court ladies like to hear of gentlemen and ladies, and nothing beneath them." I promised to consider what she said, and it is as well to please the ladies when it makes no difference. Besides, I had already begun turning in my mind some notable events which had happened in our neighbourhood, in a mansion called, because of its colour, "The Red House."

The suburbs of the town I live in, are, as every one knows, peculiarly pleasant. There are few poor houses bordering on the country, but mostly small sweet cottages, set in herb gardens, with flow'rs climbing up against them. Basket-Makers' Row, in particular, I would match against any street of its length in the kingdom. The trade is a clean one, and the people who follow it are civil and respectful. It is a favourite walk of mine, though the numberless children who play all day long upon the causeway are a nuisance, and their squalling sometimes puts me past my patience, when I throw my stick after them to make them quiet. Perhaps I like the walk, because I think more of the tall trees behind the dense heavy wall which overtops the houses, and the domain which they enclose, than either baskets or cottages. At the end of the row are a pair of immense solid wooden gates, formerly painted green, and beyond them the wall again, and the trees above it so thick and solemn-looking, that they make the foot-way underneath them quite gloomy. I am mostly a fancier of cheerful things, and I am sure I don't know why this walk is so favourite a one of mine.

Within those gates every thing is yet more desolate than any one could fancy. The grounds round about the Red House are not large, and are surrounded quite by that high wall. The person who laid them out must have had what the gardeners call "a tree fever," for they are planted all over, quite dismal; and I have heard that it was necessary to light candles in the Red House half an hour before they were wanted in any of the cottages. If this be true, I could not have lived there for a week.

The garden, too, is in a sad neglected state; and I cannot understand that it was ever planned properly. There are long lines of high walls where the sun could scarcely ever come, and old apple and damson trees planted so close together that they quite choked each other; and all the walks are grass walks, (preposterous for wet weather!) edged with laurels, now so thick and tall that there is no seeing over them. Every thing is so close and damp, that nothing can hope to thrive properly. The hot-house frames are rotting to bits, and the pond before them is enough to breed a pestilence, though the house was inhabited scarcely five years ago.

The mansion is just as gloomy, and (in my opinion) as good-for-little as the garden. It is a great square house, three stories high, the very picture of an hospital; all small windows and chimney-stacks—and round the west story there is a sort of piazza, which must make the rooms dark at noon-day. There is not one large room in it, though enough to make it fit for a barrack, if we should (Heaven forbid!) ever go to war again. The staircase is just like the way into a well. All the rooms up stairs have double doors, and there are large waste mouldy closets, where no daylight can come, or, at best, lighted from narrow passages. I have heard a sea-faring man, in my youth, describe the Inquisition at Goa, and the Red House always reminds me of his account of that awful prison. And yet it would make a famous hotel, with such a tea-garden! and there is plenty of room (if the trees were cut down) on the east lawn for a bowling-green. Some one, perhaps, who reads this, may profit by the hint.

The last inhabitants of the Red House quitted it, as I have said, scarcely five years ago. These were the Bellays family; a stranger race of people never was seen. I never could find out what stock they were sprung from. Irish, French, and Mulatto mixed, I should think, from their extraordi-
nary fashions. They had travelled half over the world, and every one of the four daughters had been born in a different country; the son was born at sea. Whether Mrs. Bellasys was a widow, or only separated from her husband, could never be properly made out; some even said—but I know better than to pen old scandals. They were high Catholics, however, and set themselves above the rest of the town, as if they had been so many queens—giving out, when they took the Red House, that they wanted no society, and were therefore "not at home" to the few who would not take the hint, and went to call. This gave great offence, for our ladies wanted to see how the house was fitted up, and like no fubs but what they tell themselves. As for the son, Colonel Bellasys, no one could tell what to make of him. Many said that he shut himself up in the house for weeks and weeks together, and was never seen even by his own mother and sisters. A very tall man he was, six feet two at least, with the darkest complexion I ever saw, and his face shut up in thick bushy black hair. He looked as if he fasted and never slept. I have seen some in whom it was a disease, and know the look of their hungry, leaden, wakeful eyes. I was, somehow or other, sorry for him, as he used to ride about on that glorious black horse of his, for which, it was said, he paid two hundred guineas—a great price indeed, if true.

The Red House was always full of staying company—people who came in dozens at a time—and just went away when one was becoming tired of seeing them in the streets, for they were endlessly driving about. They used to sit up all night playing cards and music—Miss Clara Bellasys being as good a singer, Miss Kitty used to say, as Handel himself. She had been told so by Miss Clara's maid, with whom she had scraped an acquaintance, and by whose means she came at the knowledge of what further I am about to tell.

Mrs. Bellasys, it seems, was an arrant match-maker, and yet she could never get rid of any of her daughters; all showy-looking girls, too, and who spent a fortune on their backs. Party after party came—gentleman after gentleman—and rode away without taking any of the Miss Bellasys with them, or coming back to fetch them:—a disappointment I take it. Miss Kitty began to be quite uneasy about it; for having given up all thoughts of matrimony herself, she has leisure to think of her neighbours.

"Well, it's to be the Colonel, now," said she one evening; "there is a great heiress being fetched from Cornwall to be married to him—such preparations as they are making! They have given up all hopes for Miss Julia, ever since Major Dickenson went; but she has won a handsome sum from him at some game of cards, at which only two play together, so it is of less consequence."

"Why, Miss Kitty?"

"It is the fashion of the house, Mr. Townsend; and Mrs. Prince would not be so familiar with me as she is, if she were not sometimes short of money. You need not say so in my brother's hearing, though."

"Never fear me, I am very discreet."

A few days after this, the cavalcade arrived. A party had come all the way from London to meet Sir Edgar Le More and his daughters. A cook had been sent for, from the same place, on purpose to dress the dinners, and heaps of gay clothes for the young ladies. It was hard upon our townsfolk to see all this driving from shop to shop—all this unpacking of parcels off the waggon, day after day, and to know that this was all they would see. They talked it over not a little, and agreed that Sir Edgar was a very fine, stately, handsome old gentleman, with the best powdered head ever seen in our streets. His daughter was not thought so much of; she was little and brown, and laughed at everything; her mouth, too, some said, was crooked, which made the two sides of her face different. Her companion, Miss Mortison, was a pale, down-cast looking girl, whom every one was sorry for, and pitied her shabby blue spencer, till I was weary of hearing of it. Miss Kitty was in her glory, for she knew all that was going on. I was edging in a sly question or two, one evening, when she was arranging my tea-things, when she stopped me with—"I tell you, Mr. Townsend, the long and the short of the matter is, that if all end well with that family, either my name is not Catherine Smith, or there is no justice in heaven!"

"Why, Miss Kitty, what makes you say so?"

"It is a wretched tale, Sir, about poor Miss Millicent, the youngest of the ladies, and the gravest of them all—no wonder!—and it happened when they were living at King's Chedworth. She fell in love with a poor, quiet young man; he was a painter, Sir—I mean of pictures—and had no money, and so of course none of the family would hear of it.
Such a life as her sisters led her, Mrs. Prince tells me!—mocking at them both, and asking her how she would like to live in a garret and turn colour-grinder. But Miss Millicent never heeded them. They tell me she was as quiet as a mill-pond, still and deep. Well, they grew angrier and angrier about the matter, and at last got to watching for his letters to her, and opening them—a shame upon them! One, which told how he was coming down into the neighbourhood on purpose to be near her, and full enough of love to melt a heart of stone, they showed to Mr. Bellasays, the Colonel's eldest brother, a fine dashing young man, as handsome, and as proud as Lucifer. Well, he laid in wait for this poor young Osborne (that was the painter's name), and as soon as ever he came down, met with him, and told him (I dare say not very civilly) that the thing must be given up once for all. The young fellow was spirited, though so gentle, and would not hear of such a thing, and high words passed between them. The end was, that they went out together. O the wickedness of those duels! They met in the little grove at the foot of Chedworth Hill; poor Osborne was nothing of a marksman—how should he?
—Mr. Bellasays shot him stone dead at the first fire.

"And what was the end of it?"

"He got away, Sir:—got abroad, and may be living there still, for aught I know; but for all they are so gay and victorious, the family has never been like itself, Mrs. Prince tells me, since the thing happened. And there's something or other which makes Mrs. Bellasays desperately anxious to get one of her daughters, or her son married, any how. Well, no good can come of it." So saying, and shaking her head mysteriously, Miss Kitty left the room.

It happened that for the next few days I had no opportunity of having any chat with her, but I noticed that she went about the house like one who has got a secret fast—
I know the looks of such people. It was an understood thing that there was to be a great party given at the Red House that very night, and many more strangers were expected to arrive. Every lady in the town was up in arms about it. "Come all the way from the other side of Worcester, and none of us invited! Were there ever such airs?—not that it is of any consequence!" I wonder, if this last was true, why they talked so much about the matter.

I own that, towards night-fall, I stole out to see whether I could make any discoveries; and through one of the gates which was open, as a carriage and four drove in, I could catch a peep at the Red House, all lighted up, and looking like a lantern; for there came a blaze from every window, bright enough to be seen miles off, had not the house stood so low, and been choked up so by trees. I will also confess, that somehow or other, I could not settle to go up to bed as usual, and, from the occasional step in the room above my head, it would seem as if Miss Kitty was no more sleepy than myself. And this was all owing to the gossip which had been going on about this same party. One would have thought that people at our sensible time of life might have been wiser.

Well, this was just beginning to occur to me, and I was on the point of raking out my fire (a practice I never omit), when, just as the clock had chimed the last quarter to one, I heard a carriage come rattling down the market-place as though Death had been behind it:—no guests, I was sure, for none of them had come through the town, and why should they go back that way? And so fast too—I never heard any thing like the speed. As it flew across the end of the street opposite to our house, just close under a lamp, I saw, I was confident I did, the Le More livery. "Bless us!" said I to myself, "what ever can it mean at this dead time of night?"—and I declare I heard my heart beat as if it had been a mill going. Once I thought I would go out again, and try if I could find out whether any thing was the matter; but I was half ashamed of my curiosity:—besides I had already a sore throat, and the night was very damp.

Another good hour did we wait (for I could be sure that Miss Kitty had never quitted the window at which she rooted herself when the chaise came flying past), but there was nothing more that night, and so at last, quite worn out, I went to bed. Such dreams as I was troubled with!—but if I were to tell them, people would say I was doting.

In the morning, before I had awaked, much less got up, all had got out, and was buzzed about the town from one end of it to the other. Miss Kitty was the person who told me. "Mr. Townsend," said she—but on second thoughts, I will begin at the beginning, and tell it in my own plain way.

That bull had been planned by Mrs. Bellasays, it seems, to bring the matter on which she had set her heart a step nearer its end, though the youth was so shy and sulky that she was like to despair. Miss Le More, however, did not appear to notice it, which
was a comfort. A very splendid thing, I do suppose; that ball was; and as all the guests came from long distances, it broke up early; perhaps it might be a dinner party, with dancing after. I can’t tell, but the house I knew, was cleared by twelve o’clock, save of those who were going to stay all night.

Mrs. Bellasys had done her best; but brick and mortar won’t stretch beyond a certain point, and she was obliged to ask Miss Morison to go into Miss Millicent’s room, just for that one night, making the less scruple, of course, as she was only a companion. The young ladies (I had my tale direct from Miss Kitty) were both very glad to retire, as they had driven a long way in the morning to look at a ruin some miles off, and both had been dancing hard all night. Miss Le More had declined dancing—“she hated it, and of all things in a country house.” Not over civil to Mrs. Bellasys, who had made the party expressly for her; but then, to be sure, she might say what she pleased.

Well, the two young ladies went up to their room, and Miss Morison soon was in bed, and laid down. I should have said that they were to sleep together. Miss Millicent had no maid like the rest of her sisters, so they were alone; and after some little delay, and fidgeting about the room, she followed her companion’s example.

But she did not lie down, or settle; she was half sitting up, busy with something underneath the clothes; and if she stopped, it was only for a moment, so that there was no chance for sleeping; and at last, Miss Morison, who was very weary, began to grow impatient.

“Dear Miss Bellasys,” said she, “I wish you would lie down, and be quiet.”

Miss Millicent made no answer, and did stop for a moment, when, just as her companion was dropping asleep, she disturbed her again, worse than ever.

“Do be still, Miss Bellasys,” cried the other, almost sharply; “what can you be about?”

“Whetting a knife,” was the strange answer.

“Whetting a knife at this time of night!” exclaimed Miss Morison, wakening up.

“Yes, I am whetting a knife on the sole of my shoe,” replied the other, going on with her work under the clothes.

“What for?”

“To cut your throat!”—I am told that she spoke quite calmly.

Miss Morison did not know what to make of her; but at all events there was no lying still after such a wild speech, so she sprang up, only half awake. Her first impulse was to get out of bed. The other laid her hand on her shoulder.

“You need not,” said she, “you may spare yourself the trouble. I have locked the door, and the key is in my pocket, and I have thrown up the bell-ropes on the top of the bed;” and sure enough, Miss Morison saw that this much was true, and that she had a small knife clenched in her hand.

Miss Morison was on the floor in an instant, screaming with terror, and looking round for a way to escape; the other preparing to follow her, but like one too sure of her aim, to be in a hurry. Half dead with terror, Miss Morison flew at one door—it was locked—Miss Millicent, who was now out of bed, laughed.

There was another door, however, in the chamber, and by good luck this was open; it opened inside too. Miss Morison made to it, and by her forehead striking violently against shelves, became aware that it only led to a small closet. It was, however, between her and that fearful creature, which was something; and spurning her feet against the opposite wall, she leaned her full weight against it. But the other was very strong, and tried hard to get in.

I have said that some of the closets at the Red House received light from the staircases; this, by Providence’s mercy, happened to be of the number. The terrified girl cast her hands round her for some weapon of defence; there was none—the closet containing only china—till it occurred to her that there must be a window, as she perceived a faint glimmer of light. And now, almost crazy with fear, (for her strength was failing her, and the other every moment becoming more and more furious), she began to throw all the fine old bowls and dishes (a pity!) at this glass; some went through, she heard by the sound. She knew that they must have fallen within the house, and went on, shrieking for help, till the family was fairly roused. Sir Edgar le More, I am told, was the first out of his room.

Well, before they could get at poor Miss Morison, they had to break open Miss Millicent’s door; and when they got into the bedroom, they found the poor creature raving mad, and pushing against the closet door with all her might and main, the knife in her hand. The gentlemen could hardly force her away, she was so violent; and she even wounded one or two of them.

It appeared that she had been out of her mind before, owing to her love troubles, no
THE SISTERS.

By the Author of the "Island Bride."

There were five sprightly daughters,
In sooth a blessed boon;
As dark as forest waters
Kiss’d by the silver moon.
Though gentle as their current,
And purer than their stream,
Yet sportive as the torrent
That bounds before her beam.

How lambently around each lip
The smiles of beauty play,
Where the young bee might honey sip,
Nor ever seek to stay.
When parted, from each lovely shrine
What fragrance is releas’d!
O that ’twere mine—’twere ever mine
To be its sole high-priest!

Their eyes are like the living jet
Split into lustrous gems;
Their lips like roses, opening yet,
Just gathered from their stems.
Their sighs are like the zephyr’s, heard
Among Arcadian bowers,
Or when his breath has gently stirr’d
A bed of spring-born flowers.

Their cheeks are like the ruddy east
When morning gilds the hills,
Their voices—would they never ceas’d!—
Like dash of distant rills:
Their tempers, like those gentle days
When spring embalms the weather;
In short, and 'tis but feeble praise,
They’re lovely altogether.
PENSHURST PLACE.

Penshurst is situated about six miles from Tunbridge, on the banks of the Medway, and to the eastward of the parish of Chiddingstone. The original name of this place, as we find it in the Textus Roffensis, was Pennesherst; derived from the Saxon *pen*, the height or top of anything, and *hyrst*, a wood. Ancient records mention it as Pencestre or Penchester, from some fortified camp or fortress formerly found there.

Penshurst was anciently the property of a family bearing the name of the place. Stephen de Penshurste or Penchester, appears to have possessed it about the reign of Henry the Third. This person, whose monument may still be seen in the parish church, dying without issue, the estate passed to John de Columber, whose son disposed of it to John de Pulteney, renowned for his large and extensive charities, and not less for his wealth and magnificence. Under the latter owner, the property became greatly improved, for he obtained from the crown the grant of free warren, and other valuable privileges, with a licence to embattle the house at Penshurst. This licence was confirmed by Richard II., when afterwards, by marriage, it fell into the possession of Sir John Devereaux. The estate was subsequently enjoyed by many different proprietors, until, on the attainder of the grandson of the Duke of Buckingham, it was forfeited to the crown.

At length, upon the execution of Sir Ralph Vane, who had purchased it for a very large sum, Penshurst, by letters patent of King Edward, was granted to Sir William Sidney, “to him and his heirs for ever,” and it is celebrated principally on account of thus becoming the property and belonging to the family of the illustrious house of Sidney, and of being the birth-place of its most distinguished member, the memorable Sir Philip, whose virtues and genius are the boast not only of his descendants, but of all posterity.

The mansion is a noble building, situate at the south-east extremity of a very beautiful and extensive park, immediately adjoining the village and church. It consists of a large irregular pile of buildings erected at various times, containing a range of ample and elegant apartments, and seeming in its entire state to have embraced more principles of comfort, than are generally to be found in houses of that description. The plan (so far as plan can be expected in a work the result of so many different hands) is similar to that of most buildings of the same date. The principal entrance is through a court not of very large dimensions, which conducts through a passage into the great hall. At the left-hand corner is a staircase leading to the council-chamber, the state apartments and the gallery; to the right is the passage to the chapel and lower room in ordinary. The hall is a magnificent room, where a conqueror of the olden time and his valiant chiefs might have been entertained in such numbers as would have made a hundred dishes look but mean, and yet had “ample room, and verge enough.” The barbarous elegancies of the modern time, however, have stripped it of all its appropriate costume. It is within the memory of some, even in this day, when the fine old timber roof was entire, and when the side walls throughout were covered with pikes, lances, and matchlocks, while at the end of the hall stood erect in frowning dignity, whole rows of men-shaped suits of armour; among which was a rich and gorgeous suit, said to have been worn by Sir Philip Sidney himself. The great gate was wont to creak on its hinges for the admission of the stranger, and the responses of the deep-toned bloodhound echoed through the chambers. Then might we in imagination have conjured up the manly forms of those brave and chivalrous knights, braced in perfect steel, that flourish in the immortal tales of “ladye love” and “courty hardiment.” Alas! alas! the charm is now dissolved, and all those sweet associations are quite obscured by our modern miscalculated refinements, to the no small lamentation of ourselves amongst others. Nor is this all: on the upper part of the hall, on the side immediately opposite the door conducting to the staircase, was a small window.
improvements have blocked this window up. It was an index of ancient manners that deserved a better fate. This was the window, in palaces, of the council-chamber, or rather of a closet annexed to it; in mansions of less dignity, of the lord’s room of business, whence he could look into the great hall, the usual place of attendance, and summon to him whosoever he desired. It was in this room that the council were sitting (as represented by Shakspeare in the play of Henry the Eighth), whilst Cranmer was doomed to wait.

"Among boys, grooms, and lackeys" in the hall. Dr. Butts, it will be remembered, sees him there, and with indignation proceeds to the council, and from an upper window—this very important window—exhibits the strange sight to the king.

"I'll show your grace the strangest sight
I think your highness saw this many a day;
There, my lord—
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys."

These are pleasing illustrations of ancient manners, which, it is to be lamented that heedless and indiscriminate innovation should ever obliterare. We fully agree with Mr. Amsmuck in all he has said upon this subject, and join him earnestly in the expression of our sorrowful regret that such interesting relics of by-gone ages should not be allowed to remain; and we pity the taste of those who anticipate time in the destruction of them. For our own part we love every trace of antiquity; not with that ridiculous enthusiasm that gropes into every hole and corner for some new specimen of ancient remains and every day curiosities, but with that love which looks with filial veneration on the days of our forefathers, and on every thing that displays the remnants of their manners and customs.

The park surrounding the mansion is very extensive; but that tree which is said to have stood

"—— the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney’s birth,"

will be sought for in vain amid its umbrageous tenantry,—

"That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the muses met," and which Ben Jonson, in his undying verse, has set afresh, has been cut down, and exists alone in the "Forest" of "rare Ben," where, in the words of Waller, "it lives in description, and looks green in song."

Sir Philip Sidney, the soldier, the scholar, the statesman, and the poet; eminent in each;—the favourite of Elizabeth, the idol of the people; possessed alike of gentle sentiment and manly daring, was born, we have stated, at Penshurst. No man ever lived so much honoured and so much loved, and no man ever died so much regretted. Early—very early in life, he manifested the most uncommon powers, and subsequently, under Dr. Thorntoun*, having entered himself at Christ Church, by his assiduity and astonishing mind, productive as well as acquisitive, he fully confirmed the most sanguine opinions of his precocious and elastic intellect. "He cultivated," we are told, "not one art or one science, but the whole circle of arts and sciences; his capacious and comprehensive mind aspiring to pre-eminence in every part of knowledge attainable by human genius or industry."

It would be idle to attempt, in the brief space we are permitted in this notice, to give even a very faint sketch of this celebrated man, who enjoyed at the same time, and equally, the esteem of the rich, the friendship of the wise, and the admiration of the poor. It is said that upwards of two hundred authors have written in his praise. The beauteous Spenser describes him as

"—— the president
Of nobleness and chivalry;"

and in a letter from Sir Philip’s father to his second son Robert, the following passage is to be found; a passage which may with greater authority be quoted, independently of the feeling of the father, as it is by far the most moderate of all accounts of him. "In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or myself; he hath the most virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels, these documents I will give you not as mine, but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every prince, court, and city that you pass through. Address yourself to the company to learn this of the older sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge; by the other, acquaintance, languages and exercise. Once again, I say, imitate him."

The literary merits of Sir Philip Sidney are very highly esteemed. His Arcadia, which

* This amiable divine had it recorded upon his tomb that he was "the Tutor of Sir Philip Sidney." Lord Brooke also had the following inscription placed on his grave. "Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Eliza- beth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."
being written at the house and chiefly in the presence of his sister the Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia, is called “The Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia.” Some misunderstanding,—we believe at court,—caused him to retire into the country for a while, and to the leisure hours thus afforded him we may return our acknowledgments for this production. It has been stated, and upon no less authority than that of Ben Jonson, which is recorded in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthorned, that Sir Philip Sidney’s intention with respect to the “Arcadia,” had he fortunately survived, was totally to have changed the subject, by celebrating the prowess and military deeds of King Arthur. Be that as it may, “that charm of ages,” as Dr. Young calls it, will not be read the less, or be less admired on that account. “The Defence of Poetry” has received the unqualified approbation of succeeding times. Unqualified! No! Mr. Hazlitt has lifted up his critical voice in disparagement of it; but we rather suspect it was more to exhibit such ingenuity and power as he happened to possess, than to manifest any sincere indifference which he really entertained to its beauties. That strange old prose-poet, George Wither, has the following lines upon this work:

“This in defence of poetry to say
I am compell’d, because that at this day,
Weakness and ignorance have wrong’d it sore;
But what need any man thereon speak more
Than divine Sidney hath already done?
For whom (though he deceased ere I begun)
I have oft sighed and bewailed my fate,
That brought me forth so many years too late
To view that worthy.”

“Astrophel and Stella,” “The Lady of May,”” and “Miscellaneous Poems,” complete his writings. A sonnet from the latter may furnish probably a fair specimen of the peculiarities of his style.

“Thou blind man’s mark! thou fool’s self-chosen snare,
Fond fancies scum, and dregs of scatter’d thought, Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care; Thou web of woe, whose end is never brought: Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware; Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought, Who shouldst my mind to other things prepare; But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought; In vain thou mad’st me to vex things aspire; In vain thou kindest all thy fumeys fire. For virtue hath this better lesson taught, Within myself to seek my only hire, Desiring nought but how to kill desire.”

From the peaceful labours of the poet, Sir Philip was now summoned to stir amid the fury and the riot of the field; and, foremost in the battle, was struck in the thigh as for the third time he was charging the enemy at the head of his troops. Being borne from the field, and parched with loss of blood (the story is somewhat mystic, but we cannot forbear re-relating it), he called for some water, which was brought him. As he was lifting it to his lips, he observed a poor soldier carried along severely wounded, who cast an anxious longing look upon the bottle. Sir Phillip instantly withdrew it from his own mouth, and delivered it to the poor fellow with these words: “Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.” This last act of his life was characteristic of the whole of it, and neither Spenser’s pen nor West’s pencil could add a thought or shade to that memory which history awards him.

The celebrated republican Algernon Sidney, was of the same family, and during the government both of the Protector and his son Richard, lived in retirement at Penshurst, where he is supposed to have written his “Discourses on Government.” Subsequently, he accepted the appointment of commissioner to mediate a peace between Denmark and Sweden, and while engaged in this embassy, the Restoration took place. His exile and death on the scaffold are so well known to every English reader, that an account of this unfortunate gentleman could be viewed in no other light than as a piece of impetuous supererogation. Thus associated with two great names, conspicuous in history, Penshurst possesses an almost sacred claim to our reverence. The Countess of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, whom we have already mentioned, used to delight in its many walks and twilight stillness. This lady lies immortalised in the verse of Jonson. The following admired epitaph was designed for an inscription on her tomb, and written by that great poet.

“Underneath this sable herse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill’d another,
Fair, and learn’d, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”
LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHÉ.—No. IV.

CHATEAU D’HOMBERG, JULY.

RETURNING to the subject of my last letter from Schloss-Ravenstein, I proceed to the circumstances of the day. After making a tour of the ramparts, which had produced such an impression upon me when I approached them under the shadow of night, I returned to the summer-house—a sort of Casino, ornamented after the Italian fashion—and there, as had been promised, found a truly English breakfast. The countess had exchanged the travelling dress for an elegant morning robe of Cachemire, and sat at the table for the performance of that early act of hospitality, which in a foreign land calls forth so many associations with English hearts and habits. While she poured out my cup, her hand still trembled with the agitation she had not yet been able to subdue, while her features, beautiful as they were, bore no equivocal token of the struggle with which they had been imposed. The comte, she informed me, would join us in a few minutes, and introduce me to a new acquaintance, in the person of a relation whom he had sent for, in order to communicate to him the sudden and strange vicissitude which had, this morning, converted the pains of anticipated exile into actual enjoyment of home and its blessings. In a few minutes the comte appeared, with the announcement that his friend was on the road, and would join us immediately; but at the same time communicated, by a word and look to his lovely partner, something which threw a feverish flush into her cheek, but without causing her any further apparent distress. “And will he come alone?” she inquired, after a brief pause. “No,” said the comte, “there will be one to offer you those congratulations which, I am well aware, will be as welcome as they are sincere. The truth is,” he continued, “I have been taken again by surprise; you and I, my dearest Emily, have lived of late so much by, and for, ourselves, that we know not at a title of what passes every hour around us! The baron is married!—rather suddenly perhaps, but, as far as my conjugal experience and penetration go, most happily. I met him even at this early hour, carrying his wife in triumph to the Wolfsberg, where they are to be our neighbours for the next month. Circumstances must be left to explain themselves; but when I briefly related to him the event of the last night—I have something more extraordinary than that,” he replied; “but which I reserve for a longer interview!” saying, he left me to my best conjecture.” “You greatly surprise me,” said the countess; “I know not what to expect next!” “My dearest Emily,” said the admiring husband, “expect nothing but happiness; and, leaving every thing else to the course of events, let us return to the happy subject of our own enlightened lot,

To thread the thorny path was ours;
But now, our steps shall tread on flowers.

In ten days more, I shall have taken my command on the frontier.” While he continued to speak, Friedmann, the jager already mentioned, approached with tidings which he felt were important, and would gladly have resented as impertinent. “Baron R——’s Hofmeister,” said he, “is at the gate, and desires that the chef rooms be vacated immediately, as his master, after spending the morning with a party of friends in the forest, on a hunting excursion, will dine here at two o’clock, and has already forwarded various items for the banquet.” The comte smiled at the earnest indignation with which his trusty servant related the circumstance of this intrusion of the baron’s (late a financial Hebrew in Cassel). “Show the Hofmeister into the adjoining apartment,” said he, “in order that we may learn the purport of his message more fully.” This was instantly done, and a portly personage introduced, distinguished by the Hofmeister’s peculiar badge of embroidery round the coat-pockets and lapels, with two small buttons nicely adjusted on the former, in confirmation of his rank in household.—“Gut morgen, Herr Kläger,” said the comte, addressing the functionary, “How fares my hoch wohl geboren freund und herr der Baron von Reichstadt?” The Hofmeister made a low bow. “He intends to dine here?” resumed the comte. “He does; he is already in the forest with his friends, and will dine here at two o’clock,” said the Hofmeister. “Indeed! I lament the disappointment which my friend the baron is destined to sustain on that score,” coldly continued the comte, “but I must for once deny myself the pleasure of his company, having, as you will report to him, one friend arrived, and others on the road, who, for this time at least, will take precedence even of the Baron of Reichstadt. Report also my
intention of hunting in the forest during the early part of the day, for the amusement of my friends, and that I shall expect the hochwald to be a clear field for the resumption of our ancestral sports."

The surprise and confusion of the Hofmeister, as these brief directions were delivered in the calm dignified manner of one accustomed to command and to be obeyed, were apparent in a high and even ludicrous degree; while the exultation of Friedmann was no less conspicuous as he eyed askance the disappointed visitor, and regarded the auspicious change in his master’s circumstances as something closely approaching the miraculous. "Friedmann," said the comte, as the crest-fallen official retired, "should any fresh message arrive from the same quarter, let the bearers be introduced to the Lust-kammer (a strong turret so named), till further inquired for." This last order seemed peculiarly gratifying to the veteran, who received it with a grim smile, and retired for the proper and timely execution of his trust.

The interview, which did not exceed five minutes’ duration, seemed to put the comte and his household into the most perfect good humour. Returning to the summer-house—"One night," he, "at Wiesbaden has endangered the independence of Ravenstein; and at four o’clock this morning it was to have passed, by a new order of things, into the hands of one who congratulates himself on being its legitimate lord, and even now insults me by an unseasonable intimation of his presence in those very precincts where, for five centuries, my ancestors were wont to take their pleasure, and where yet, thank God, I shall be able to follow their example."

These last words, pronounced in the presence of the countess, seemed to call forth an expression of beauty and animation, which perhaps nothing else could so well have developed, and proved how deeply her very soul harmonised with the sentiments of the speaker.

The English breakfast, aided by all that is considered of highest reich in Westphalia, was but half tasted. The anticipation of happiness, like that of misfortune, appeases the most healthy appetite more readily than the daintiest combinations of gastronomic science; so that, with an eventful day before us, we felt like Cardinal Wolsey when the "Now to breakfast with what appetite you may" was addressed to him, and sat for some time in expressive silence, absorbed in the various thoughts which severally affected us.

Our reverie, however, was speedily dissipated by the notes of a Rhenish bugle, which broke sweetly into the serenity and silence that pervaded the forest. It is the custom of the German postilions, both in the Rhenish and Bavarian provinces, to sight wherever the ascent is steep and difficult—an occasion by no means rare in the forest roads—and animate their horses by a concert on their bugles, of the well-known melancholy air, derived, it is said, from remote antiquity, and breathing a species of music which, judging by the effect it has sometimes produced upon strangers, must be allowed to possess a remarkable influence over the mind. The comte, who seemed to comprehend every note, and to feel in all its force the influence to which that air lays claim, rose instantly and proceeded to the extremity of the terrace, where he stood for some time in silent auscultation of the "morning melody," as it woke the forest echoes, and then died away in the distance, in faint and prolonged undulations. When silence again ensued, he returned to where the countess and I were seated, musingly exalting on the beauty of the scenery around us, and, taking the former by the hand, led her in silence to a point of the terrace where a long vista opening through the forest, showed the winding route of the Inghilberg. In a few seconds we descried a party of horsemen, and again heard the same bugle note, but more near and distinct, and evidently ascending the wooded steeps. Not a word was spoken; but the countess seemed fully to comprehend the important signal, and changed colour as she silently gazed in the direction from which the mystic sounds proceeded. At the same moment a noisy altercation, succeeded by a seeming trial of strength, drew our attention to the court of the chateau, but which the appearance of Friedmann instantly explained, as originating in the execution of his orders, and the gratifying intelligence that, after much resistance, the expected messengers were now, according to his excellency’s pleasure, safely lodged in the Lust-kammer! "Good!" said the comte, "let me know an hour hence, how the worthies comport themselves. Let them have ink and writing materials in abundance, for they shall have music, and may wish to take notes. Order the best horn to the loop-hole. Wish them all possible enjoyment, and say that I shall be ready anon with my sign manual. My worthy successor is, of course, anxious for instalment, and I should be unfeeling to throw impediments in the way of one who has received so many from mine! The
bitter smile with which this observation was accompanied, seemed to recall some vivid reminiscence of past wrongs, but which the countess, moved by the ludicrous position of affairs, and a well-timed observation touching the prison discipline proper to be observed on the present occasion, converted into a hearty laugh on the part of the count and myself, and thereby restored the cheerful equanimity which a mysterious incident had interrupted.

"I now," said the comte, after a few seconds' steadfast observation of the forest, "long as much for the hour of nine as I did for that of four. At the same instant Friedmann, with an air of unwonted hilarity, announced the arrival of Baron von R—berg! The baron was in high spirits, but confined his speech to such terms as should prepare them for the reception of a guest to whom the comte was well known, and who was now fast approaching the chateau, with the intention of taxing its well-known hospitality, and of enjoying a day's sport—more majestum—in its ancient thier-garten or chase. Before any further explanation could be given, the expected guest made his appearance on the terrace where we stood, and in the person of P. A—-, of P., discovered my disguised visitor of the preceding night, by whom I had been enlisted in a cause which, although mysterious, was now about to receive its full explanation, and form a remarkable epoch in the domestic records of one of the most distinguished names in Germany.

B. W.

MANNERS OF THE BELGians.

BY L. DE BEAUCLAS.

ESTAMINETs* AT BRUSSELS.

How many men of the upper and middle ranks in England wander from country to country to see the world, and yet how few either derive or confer benefit from their travels. At Calais, at Dieppe, or at Rotterdam, they enter the aristocratic berline or the lumbering diligence, are dragged through France, and Germany, and Italy, sometimes even reaching the dominions of the northern autocrat, without making any other observations than those immediately connected with their every-day wants, or their habits of indulgence. Ask one in fifty what he has seen, and he will tell you that "the Italian poultry are dry and fibrous" (which, by the bye, is not the case); that "the hotels are dirty, and swarm with fleas;" or that in France and Germany, and still more in Italy, "there is an absence of that solid, wholesome fare, which is the Englishman's boast." With reference to this latter piece of information, I may be allowed to say that, in the favoured and sunny lands where man riots in the effervescence of his imagination, and lives upon those lighter aliments which suffice for his wants without destroying the effulgence of his intellect, he would shrink with disgust from gorging masses of half-raw flesh, cut from the huge joints that form "the Englishman's boast," because such food in such a climate unspiritualises his mind, corrupts the juices of his body, and shortens his life.

Now and then, it is true, we are favoured with the observations and criticisms of an intellectual and elegant-minded Sybarite like Mr. Beckford, or with a few sparkling bubbles blown by an old man from the Brunnen of Nassau, or with a bird's-eye view of Rome by a writer in the Athenaeum.† But very few ordinary travellers pay much attention to external objects, still less do they examine the natives of the countries they visit. Their only intercourse is with their banker and their valet de place; the only females they see are actresses and something worse; and by such specimens do they pretend to judge a whole nation. Nothing is more laughable than the mistakes and convictions of such travellers.

Some, however, profess a desire to obtain information. They visit public libraries, stroll through museums, examine collections of natural history, view works of art, and

* Estaminet is probably a corruption of the Spanish word Estammento, which signifies assembly, meeting, or place to which the citizens are summoned to discuss state affairs. The Cortes chamber is termed Estammento.

† These admirable papers were published in the Athenaeum about two years ago. They were suddenly discontinued, to the great regret of every admirer of fine taste and original observation. Is the writer dead, or has he not leisure to continue them?
even seek the society of savans. But their observations are made from books, and their information is obtained at second-hand, very often from doubtful sources. Nevertheless, they talk as if they had seen, and will gossip very fluently about the progress of the arts in such and such a nation, but know not a single word about its trade, its industry, its agriculture, or its government. As for the manners of its people, they have never observed them, or perhaps fancy they can form an estimate of them from having conversed with maitres de poste, postillions, and innkeepers. A few rich and aristocratic travellers describe the manners and habits of the higher classes, with whom they have associated, as those of the nation, though these classes are, with some slight shades of difference, the same in every part of Europe. The original imprint of the national character is effaced in them; they resemble those coins which have become polished by use until the original effigy is scarcely perceptible.

To acquire a knowledge of any nation, the inferior grades of the community must be examined. But the observation must be directed to collective masses, and not to individuals, otherwise a traveller might fall into the same mistake which the Irishman did at Montreuil, when he stated that in that town all the women were scolds and had red hair, because he had quarrelled with his hostess, whose golden locks seemed to contain an undue proportion of copper alloy.

In England, the habits of the master mechanic and the shopkeeper may be closely observed in the public-houses, to which they resort after the business of the day to drink their ale, smoke their pipe, and discuss the affairs of the nation. In like manner, the Brussels estaminet affords an excellent opportunity for observing the bourgeois of that city, a numerous class of the Belgian community, forming the medium between opulence and poverty, between the nobles and the populace; displaying neither the pale and sickly features of the one, nor the hanger-stricken wretchedness of the other. This class bears the true stamp of nationality.

The estaminet contains one or more rooms, like those we often see in the old pictures of the Flemish school, though somewhat modernised. They are laid out with small tables, chairs, and benches. Near the entrance is a counter, behind which the host or hostess is seated, to receive the money and gossip a little with the more favoured customers. In the middle of the room stands a large stove, with a chandelier or lamp generally hanging above it. What distinguishes the estaminet from the café is the exclusive use of tobacco and beer, for no other beverage is tolerated there, and everybody smokes.

There are from four to five hundred estaminets at Brussels. Three-fourths of them are frequented by the working classes; the remainder are used by master tradesmen and shopkeepers. Eleven or twelve possess, without going beyond the classes of inhabitants I have mentioned, a slight aristocratic tinge.

The want of a pipe in his mouth, and a glass of beer on a table before him, is not the only motive that induces the bourgeois of Brussels to prefer the estaminet to the café. The expense is much less, and the practice of strict economy is one of the leading characteristics of a Belgian—in this he is already half a Dutchman.

When night begins to throw her shadows over the city of Brussels, a great many of the shops are closed, and the habitués crowd to their estaminets from all parts of the town, like flies to a pot of honey. The daily customer stalks into the room without noticing anybody, and silently takes possession of the seat which he occupies each day. The garçon immediately brings him his pipe, which is taken from a numbered pipe-holder near the counter, to which it is returned when the owner retires. Certain bourgeois, however, carry their pipes in their pockets, in order to enjoy during the day the fumes of their favourite weed, but oftener from prudence and economy. Pipes are brittle things; and besides the expense of new ones, they are not perfect till black and saturated with the essence of tobacco, or, to use a technical term in smoking, until they are enlotées. No sooner is the customer seated, than he fills and lights the instrument of his luxury; clouds of smoke soon curl round his face, and then gradually lose their identity as they mingle with the other smoke's and vapours which compose the atmosphere of the room.

He has no occasion to call for beer: the garçon knows precisely the quality and the quantity he requires, and it is set down before him as a matter of course. There then he sits, and whiffs away to his heart's content, raising his glass to his mouth once in a quarter of an hour, wetting his lips with its contents, and phlegmatically replacing it upon the table.

He however seldom remains long alone, unless he is a stranger. A party is soon formed at each table; cards and dominoes are then introduced, but more generally the evening is spent in conversation.
papers pass from hand to hand, and their contents often lead to animated discussions.

At eleven o’clock the curfew is rung. On hearing the first notes of its iron tongue, each hastily swallows the contents of his glass, knocks out the ashes of his pipe, takes his departure, and the house is shut up for the night.

The Flemish estaminets have been variously described by travellers who have visited Brussels. The Parisian exquisite, who swears by Tortoni, and, if we may believe Count Alfred de Vigny, adjusts his scanty locks on the brink of a torrent before he crosses it, in order that they may appear to have been kissed by the passing zephyr, represents these establishments as dens in which men are smoked like badgers; where every thing disgusts the sight, is disagreeable to the taste, offends the smell, and horrifies the sense of hearing. According to others, the estaminet is a real cave of Trophonius, where the mind is brutified, and the finer sparks of the intellect extinguished—where man is completely materialised, weaned from his duties, and snaps asunder the ties which bind him to civilisation.

Let us turn our backs upon the empty coxcomb as upon the gloomy pessimist, and judge for ourselves. In these establishments the Brussels people appear before us without preparation or disguise. Each estaminet is a little temple of concord, whose votaries, in the course of their harmless libations, often forget animosities, contract friendships, and yield to the happy influences of kindness and cordiality. It is a sort of Masonic lodge, where notions of freedom and equality are encouraged; or rather it is a club of congenial souls, where the seeds of liberty are continually watered and germinate, and the blossoms of constitutional monarchy, blooming upon the tree of patriotism, produce the fruit of order and loyalty.

Gentle reader, I will now take you by the hand, and lead you into one of these truly national houses of public entertainment, where I will show you two or three original and well-known characters, to serve as the principal figures of the picture I have endeavoured to paint.

One of the most distinguished estaminets at Brussels is that which bears the sign of the EAGLE. From its proximity to the principal theatre, and the select company who frequent it, many strangers are attracted to its enjoyments. The first person who excites your attention, as you enter, is the host, generally seated behind the counter. For thirty years past he has continued to enjoy great celebrity on account of his excellent beefsteaks and his scrupulous honesty, his sterling qualities and his unadulterated beer. He has no political opinion, being neither a Greek nor a Trojan, but strictly neutral. Thus you will see him with equal zeal and attention serve an Orangeist with beer, light the pipe of a Leopoldist, shake hands with a liberal, and offer a pinch of snuff to a republican.

Observe at the third table on the right hand side of the room, that man who appears at least fifty, and whose hair is assuming the piebald hue of age. This individual is one of the fixtures of the establishment, for from his youth upward he has never failed each day to visit this estaminet, with a single exception—the day of his marriage.

He is very methodical, tolerably original, and a complete slave of habit. One of his fancies is to keep an exact account of the beer he consumes; and during thirty-two years that he has frequented this house, up to the present day, the totals amount to 9574 glasses of Faro, 1184 of Pitterman, 929 of Lambic, and a single glass of Louvain.

The individual further on, and who is generally alone, is an old French serjeant. Examine him well, and you will perceive that he is in close conversation with his pipe, a weather-beaten invalid like himself, and is talking of the instability of human greatness. Now listen.

“What,” says he to the black and grimy tube, “is that importance which a corporal attaches to being made a serjeant?”

“What?” replies the pipe.

“What is conquest?”

“What is victory?”

“What is glory?”

The poor old man takes the pipe from his mouth that he may receive no reply, casts a look at the chevrons upon his arm, and a tear glistens in his eye.

At the table opposite to him you may perceive two men seated face to face, with the board between them. One is a Belgian noble, the other a master mechanic. Their long pipes meet upon the table, and diminish the social distance that separates them. By degrees the noble familiarises himself with the idea that both he and the mechanic are moulded in the same clay, which is as brittle as that of his pipe. On the other hand, the mechanic, in his present uselessness, almost fancies himself a noble.

Take notice of that little ill-favoured old man seated close to the window. He is the
OLD WOMEN.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE SPINSTER.

I think the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life was Laura Smith. Smith is a common name, and there are doubtless many pretty Miss Smiths in the world; but my Laura, or rather the Laura whom I or any other man might have been proud to call his own, was numbered among pretty persons as far back as fifty years ago.

Her style of beauty was that which I most admire,—the beauty of expression and animation, more than of strict outline and uniformity of feature; and yet the features could not be found fault with, or if they were not exactly faultless, so dazzling and ever-varying was their expression, that no one could critically point out precisely where the error lay. Her figure, like her face, was lovely, and that too was all animation; she laughed and flew about like a joyous child, actually unconscious of the meaning of the phrase "out of spirits." Her beauty and vivacity attracted many admirers. She laughed with some, and at others; and though she really would have been grieved to inflict pain on any living creature, she never grieved when she rejected a suitor, because she never could be persuaded to give credence to protestations of unalterable attachment, accompanied by assurances that her frown would inflict a deep and never-to-be-forgotten wound.

Never was there a more loveable creature; but never was there a being less addicted to falling in love. Her volatile thoughts never rested long enough on one object to become utterly fascinated by its peculiar merit. She tried to please everybody, and always succeeded; and everybody pleased her, because she was easily pleased, and because a disagreeable eccentricity in another person was to her rather an object of mirth than of annoyance.

She was not heartless, only light-hearted; and the warmth of her heart could never be doubted by those who were intimately as-
OLD WOMEN.

207

associated with her, or by the poor who were relieved by her liberality.

Still she was deaf to the voice of love, and laughed incredulously when young gentlemen talked to her of desperation and broken hearts.

Such was Laura Smith at the age of eighteen, the fifth and youngest daughter of a clergyman, who was also the father of three sons. She enjoyed at the parsonage a very comfortable home, with all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries of life.

At two and twenty Laura was still gay and light-hearted; but though love had imparted to it no heaviness, it could no longer be said that to all who spoke to her on that fond theme she listened carelessly, or laughed derisively. One young man, the only son of a neighbouring rector, was her constant companion. His spirits were as gay as her own, and if they were to be considered lovers (and all the gossips did so consider them), they were not, most assuredly, of the sighing order.

Young Barton had been educated at Eton, and just taken his degree at Christchurch, where he formed intimacies with several noblemen and young men of independent fortune. Some of these were residents in the county where he and the Smiths lived, and witnessed his devotion to the clergyman’s daughter. As far as beauty went they highly approved of his choice; but they unanimously decided that matrimony with the portionless daughter of a poor parson was not to be thought of.

Barton did not think much about the matter. Like other very young men, he became insensibly and involuntarily associated with a pretty girl, without being aware that his affections were likely to be engaged. He again sought her to-day, because he had been happy by her side yesterday; and “tomorrow and to-morrow and to-morrow” they were inseparable for the same good reason.

Young gentlemen so circumstanced are apt to forget that the young lady’s affections may be irrevocably given to those who thus constantly seek their society; and Barton forgot it, until an accidental circumstance impressed it forcibly upon his mind.

There was a young curate, who had been for years a constant guest at Mr. Smith’s. He had been Laura’s playfellow, and now he evidently aspired to the honour of becoming Laura’s lover. The intimacy with young Barton very sadly inconvenienced him; and poor Mr. Simpson was in a state of feverish excitement whenever he saw that gentle-

man’s handsome Stanhope, on its way to the parsonage, pass by his own humble abode.

Mr. Simpson was, in every sense of the word, a plain man: very plain in his person, plain in his dress; his manners were plain, and he was very plain spoken. Barton was handsome, well-dressed, and fashionable; and without being, perhaps, exactly witty, he had always something to say which made the gay girl laugh, the subject springing from his own light spirits, while habit, tact, and familiarity with society, enabled him to give due effect to his thoughts, by clothing them in the most appropriate language. Such a companion was invaluable to Laura, and he completely threw into the shade the very excellent and respectable, though particularly dull, common-place, Mr. Simpson.

It is not the sentimental, novel-reading, ever-loving, and ever-changing damsel who really can love devotedly. She will cast her eyes and set her cap at every man who falls in her way, and will fancy herself smitten (as she will probably call it) with each youth, civil or military, who addresses to her a common-place compliment. But it is one, like Laura Smith, who has never been in the habit of falling in love, who, when once caught in the snare, becomes irrevocably entangled.

Barton never had “committed himself;” that is, he had paid Laura exclusive attentions which no young man is justified in paying to a woman, unless his intentions are serious; yet he had never said one word which, should he afterwards think proper to “back out,” could be quoted by a brother or a father as anything approaching to a proposal.

Poor Simpson, from the very dawn of manhood, had cherished the idea of making pretty Laura Smith his wife; and now that he found himself excluded, superseded, actually talked down by Barton, he felt broken-hearted. Often would he set out to dine at the rectory in his thickest shoes, and his broadest-brimmed hat, determined to sit by Laura, and talk, and make himself agreeable; and then Mr. Barton would arrive in pumps and silk stockings, and lemon-coloured kid gloves, throw himself into a chair by Laura, and talk and laugh so incessantly, that he found it impossible to get in a word. Then he would trudge home at night, always refusing Barton’s kind offer of a “set down,” dissatisfied with himself, and with the world.

But he never blamed Laura; nor did he ever for one moment wonder that she should prefer Barton’s rosy cheeks and curling locks to his own lanthorn jaw and straight-combed hair. But he could not like Barton. Not
that a selfish jealous feeling made him insensible to his attractions. He thought him handsome, gay, and agreeable; but he doubted his stability, and suspected that he was only trilling with the feelings of the woman whose affection, had it been bestowed upon himself, would have been valued beyond the wealth of worlds.

Doctor Barton was unexpectedly made a bishop; and the consequent removal of the family to take possession of the palace in a distant county, threatened an immediate separation between the lovers—if lovers they were. For some weeks after the promotion of the Doctor they did not meet: Barton was engaged in receiving the congratulations of his friends, or perhaps in planning schemes of splendour for himself, arising out of the greatly increased income and importance of his right reverend father.

When he did call, it was to take leave. He spoke much of his father, never failing to call him "his lordship," assumed a sort of patronising air when addressing Mr. Smith, and seemed awkward and embarrassed when he spoke to Laura. As if afraid of coming alone, he brought with him a young nobleman, who said little, and seemed to look at the personage and its inhabitants with sovereign contempt. Barton, in a hurried way, shook hands with both father and daughter, wished them health and happiness, hoped that something or other would induce them to visit his part of the country (than which he well knew nothing could be less likely), and then left the house, looking particularly ashamed of himself.

There could be no mistaking his manner. Laura saw at once that she had been trifled with. She parted with him coldly, and then, in her solitary chamber, wept bitterly and without hope.

Some well-behaved persons will say that a girl has no business to fall in love with a gentleman who has never in good set terms formally professed love for her. But how is she to act with one who seems to insinuate a proposal, who hints all that a devoted admirer could explicitly express, and yet has the art to confine himself to insinuations and hints—uttering no definitive proposal, which can be afterwards quoted as an excuse for the poor girl's attachment?

Barton had implied everything, but he had said nothing; and Laura, unable to control her feelings, yet conscious that she could give the world no sufficient excuse for their display, covered her face with her hands, and thought herself foolish and wicked.

But the mind of Laura Smith was too well regulated, long to dwell with repining on such a theme. She had many duties to attend to, and though at first she performed them with a heavy heart, yet she did perform them, and was rewarded for the effort. Still there was a paleness on her cheek, and a sadness in her manner, which could not escape the notice of one so attentive as Mr. Simpson. He felt for her with all his heart, and never had he been so kind in his attentions; but never, alas! had his kindness been less acceptable. She however smiled upon him gratefully, and his interpretation of that smile led to disappointment and sorrow.

It was many weeks after Barton's departure, that the poor curate met Laura alone in her little garden. He saw she had been weeping, but when he approached she held out her hand, and greeted him with assumed cheerfulness.

Poor Simpson had but one wish in the world, and that was to make Laura happy. He would have sacrificed his own happiness, his own life, if necessary, to attain that object, and fearing that his intrusion on her privacy might be irksome to her, he, with some hesitation and embarrassment, offered to depart.

"No," replied Laura, "pray stay—I should be ungrateful were I to object to the presence of so old, so kind a friend;" and then, as it occurred to her that recently she had paid that kind old friend but little attention, she added, "I trust you never have been led to suppose by my manner that your presence here could be unwelcome to any of the family."

"No, dear Miss Laura," said the curate, "not unwelcome; but I have sometimes suspected that one of the party thought so little about me, that my presence or my absence were alike indifferent to her."

"Never think that, never again," said Laura, "I can answer for myself, and—"

"Answer for yourself only, Miss Laura, and if you are glad to see me, that will suffice."

"However indifferent you may have thought me," said Laura, looking on the ground, "I can never forget old times, and old friends."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the curate, with more than his accustomed share of animation; "for the term old friend implies, that friendship has been put to the test of time, and he who has been your friend from boyhood to manhood, may be in some degree trusted, when he vows to be your
friend in after years. Oh! Miss Laura, new friends may have more to recommend them to your notice; they may be more fortunate in the possession of personal and mental gifts; but none will estimate your good qualities like the poor old friend who has often sat silently envying their power of pleasing you."

"Do not speak thus, Sir," said Laura, with much emotion. "You allude to events—to a person—" she hesitated, and burst into tears.

"Oh! forgive me!" cried the curate, "forget the past, as I will do; think only of the future. I will not speak of the present: I will not ask you to love one like myself—the contrast is too great; I ask only your esteem, and that I know you will give me, for I will deserve it. And in years to come, when time shall have soothed your present grief, then perhaps my disinterested watchful love may have won from you some love in return; or if not, I will be content with friendship, content with anything, if you will only let me guard you from the buffets of the world, and watch over you in sickness."

Laura could not answer him; her tears fell in silence, and it was some time before she could regain composure. At last she said,

"I ought to have been prepared for this, yes, long ago; for I, in permitting your attentions, have been as much to blame perhaps, as—"

"Oh! name him not," said Simpson.

"I will not name him," Laura replied, "but I must think of him, and so I fear must you. The affection which he cruelly—hurty, I perhaps am wrong—which he thoughtlessly excited, never can be obliterated from my heart, never can be transferred to another."

"I have addressed you prematurely," said the curate.

"No, not so; for both our sakes it is best that you should at once understand my feelings. Time will do much."

"Ah! yes, you know not how much."

"It will restore me outwardly to what I have been. Those around me will see me cheerful, perhaps gay, but I shall never marry."

"Hear me!" cried Simpson.

"No, I have said enough, and why should I listen more. You can say nothing that will alter my resolution. I appreciate your friendship, but I shall never marry."

The curate attempted to reply, but tears gushed from his eyes, and his quivering lip refused to give utterance to his thoughts. In silence he pressed her hand, kissed it respectfully, and left her.

There are many well-regulated persons who will imagine, that Laura’s refusal of a very plain and homely-looking personage, who was not the man of her choice, was by no means a proof that she would not in due time look about her, and eventually marry somebody more like her First Love. It was no proof certainly, but time will show.

Poor Mr. Simpson was seen no more at the rectory; he attached himself to a missionary distinguished for zeal and philanthropy, and left England a few months after his rejection.

How little can a young lady of high fashion appreciate the feelings of Laura Smith. She treats proposals, if not exactly as every-day occurrences, certainly as events to be ever and anon expected; and she writes refusals with a Bramah pen on pink note paper, talking all the time to the unfortunate young gentleman whose rejected proposal may very probably be the next on her list. Of course all young ladies do keep lists of such occurrences; and at the end of the season she gains most laurels who can display the longest "list of killed and wounded."

The morning of Laura’s life had been unclouded; the desertion of young Barton was the first storm that assailed her, but it was the forerunner of many others. Her mother had died very young, and Laura had no recollection of her person. Her disease had been a lingering consumption, and the seeds of that most dreadful malady had descended to most of her children. Laura was the only one who resembled her father, and her constitution, as well as her person differed from the rest of the family. Her sisters were all beautiful, but at the age of sixteen, the hectic symptoms became apparent, and, after nursing them with unwearied care, Laura mourned for them all. Her brothers struggled longer with the slow but certain enemy. At the age of thirty, Laura was alone in the world.

Her father was dead, and with him passed away his small income; for he had nothing except his church preferment, and that produced but four hundred a year. Though surrounded by so large a family, he had contrived to lay by a few hundreds; but illness and death had so often visited his dwelling, that the old clergyman’s store was exhausted, and Laura was left with but a few pounds in the world.

Before a year had elapsed, Laura Smith was living in the capacity of governess with a family in a distant county.

G G
Were I to give a detailed account of her life, and do full justice to the calm resolution of her character; were I to describe her patience, her resignation, her holy reliance on the mercy of a Supreme Being, I might fill volumes. But as I am limited to a few pages, I must leave her in her mourning garb, with the young children intrusted to her care, and request the reader to imagine a lapse of eight and twenty years.

I resided for a very long period on the Continent, and so estranged was I from the associates of my early days, that no tidings of Miss Smith reached me, after her acceptance of the situation to which I have already alluded. And though, during her father's lifetime, I had often been a guest at the parsonage, it appeared improbable that I should ever hear of Laura again.

On my return to my native country I landed at Southampton, and meeting with an old acquaintance in the High Street, I determined to remain some time in that very cheerful town. Those with whom I associated were excellent elderly persons, who delighted in assembling beneath their moderately-sized roof, as many people as could possibly be squeezed together without actual suffocation; and in honour of my arrival, cards were immediately issued for an omnium gatherum.

There was a little back parlour with a candle in it, and a maid-servant, and a looking-glass; and there ladies took off their thick shoes, and put on their thin, and elaborated their ringlets, and twitched out their full sleeves with their fingers and thumbs; and there gentlemen deposited their hats, cloaks, and umbrellas, and poked up their hair with their fingers. Then there was a little front parlour (locked up all the early part of the evening), where on a long table, the master and mistress of the house had arranged what they denominated “supper.” The principal dishes were of the flummery, frothy, creamy, tasteless kind, but at intervals might be found plates of sandwiches cut early in the morning; and the room having a bright sunny aspect, the thin bits of bread which enclosed the thin bits of meat, were actually toasted into chips. This secret chamber was, as I before remarked, carefully locked up, for fear the waiters who were hired for the occasion should prematurely enter the hallowed precincts, and drink up the Cape Madeira.

We must now ascend the little staircase with the company, and enter the little front drawing-room, the carpet of which was taken up for a little dance, and a little piano was placed in a corner, as a kind friend had promised to play some quadrilles. The little back drawing-room was lighted up for cards, and there I sat with the host and hostess, inspecting and criticising the guests as they entered.

For something to say, I admired some really pretty dust collectors which adorned the chimney-piece, (by that name have I been in the habit of designating the little gum and gilt paper contrivances which ladies manufacture for chimney ornaments).

“Are they not pretty?” said my hostess; “Mrs. Smith made them; and Mrs. Smith does everything well. Do you know Mrs. Smith?”

I answered “No;” for though, the name being so common, I had known dozens of Smiths in my time, it seemed very unlikely that I should recognise the identical Mrs. Smith then resident at Southampton.

The room began to fill, which, considering its diminutive size, was no difficult matter; and as my host was anxious to “set the young people going,” as he called it, he prevailed upon a young lady to sit down and play. The young lady had a partner, and wanted to dance herself, so she drew near the piano with a slow and sulky air, took off one glove, and then the other, and then declared that the seat was so low she could not possibly begin. Music books were placed on the chair, and then it was too high; but having abstracted a moiety, down she sat, and rattled away old opera airs regardless of time.

Grave persons have wondered how rational beings can find any amusement in “hopping about a room,” yet dancing, with a pleasant partner, and to good music, timing your movements to the measure of a sweet melody, is vastly agreeable—at least so I used to think in my dancing days. But dancing to a piano, unless that piano be touched by one woman in a thousand, is torture.

“Miss Jinks does not excel,” whispered my hostess to me; “but when Mrs. Smith comes, you will have a treat.”

At this moment the door opened, and the little waiter announced in a loud voice, “Mrs. Smith and Miss Barton.”

In walked the palest, quietest, and most simply-dressed old lady I ever saw in my life, and leaning on her arm was a beautiful young girl. The first set of quadrilles being over, Mrs. Smith immediately volunteered to play, and the moment she began, I discovered that she was the identical “one woman
THE PILGRIM.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE ROMAN JUBILEE.

BY MISS JANE ANNE PORTER.

Who in this great metropolis of England has not seen and admired the beautiful painting by Wilkie, which represents a well-known lovely Princess at Rome, washing the feet of the Pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. Peter in that renowned city, during the Jubilee? After having witnessed the interesting scene from which he made his sketch, and seen this high-born woman perform her act of humility, our party proceeded to the refectory of the Sacred Institution, where the whole body of fasting and wearied pilgrims were assembled to partake of some needful refreshment. At a given signal, each pilgrim approached the amply spread board, and awaited her turn to be served by the noble ladies who attended the table in a menial, but far from degrading capacity. I remarked when the pilgrims were all placed, and the blessing had been said, that there was still, at the end of the board, one vacant seat, to which every eye seemed directed. A strange whispering took place among the spectators, when suddenly a light quick step was heard on the marble floor. I looked round, and beheld one of the
fairest visions that my fancy had ever painted. It was a young girl of about seventeen, dressed in the costume of a peasant of the environs of Duomo d'Ossola, over which she wore the scalloped cape, and massive rosary, which denoted her to be one of those with whom she now, for the first time, associated. All humble though her garb might be, there was still something about her which bespoke a superiority of station. Her face was very pale, but exceedingly beautiful, and her large lustrous dark eyes cast an unearthly light around as she glanced wildly from side to side. Her countenance wore a mingled expression of dread, repentance, and bitter despair, which even the presence of so large a company failed to subdue. As she proceeded up the room, every one seemed to shrink back from the very touch of her garments, as if in horror and loathing. So absorbed was she, however, in her own thoughts, she scarcely heeded the attention she was exciting, but walked steadily to the place she was to occupy. There, indeed, she paused, and a deep flush gathered on her cheek; but it was only for a moment, and she stood paler than before. Just then, the Princess, perceiving her confusion, and becoming aware of what was passing, went up to her, and taking her hand, led her forward, uttering, with a sweet and holy smile, these words:

"Sister, be seated! and eat in peace. Where Christ accepts repentance, it is not for man to rebuke it."

The last words she pronounced in a severe and reproving tone, as her eye caught the jealous and surprised looks of some of the pilgrims.

The beautiful penitent gratefully pressed her quivering lips to the truly Christian hand thus extended for her protection, and took her seat among the rest.

"Who is she? and why is she here?" said I to an aged Abruzzian woman near whom I stood.

"Who is she, Signora? Why, no other than Antonina, the only daughter of 11 Marchese di V —-; she has walked barefooted hither all the way from her father's palazzo in the vale of the Duomo d'Ossola to expiate a great sin! a horrible crime!"

Here the old woman turned up her eyes to heaven, shook her head, and sighed mysteriously.

"And pray what is that crime, the enormity of which seems thus to shock and overwhelm you?"

"Una grande grandissima colpe," she muttered whilst she told her beads—"Ha amato un ministro di Dio!" "(She has loved a minister of God!)" shrieked my informant at length in my ear, as if wound up to the highest pitch of religious abhorrence.

"Is that all?" said I; "in my country that would be considered no sin: for our priests marry."

"Ah! malefetta eretica! (accursed heretic!)" the Hag exclaimed. "It is such as you who spread sorrow and sin over the land!" And she turned from me with aversion.

I was afterwards told that she too was a great sinner, though of a very different description—this being her third pilgrimage, for three separate murders committed by her connivance. But verily she saw not the beam in her own eye! Finding I could gain nothing further from her, I addressed myself to one of the officiating priests, and learnt that her account was perfectly true. The object of the unhappy Antonina's love was a relation of her own, who had been educated for the church from his earliest boyhood. His parents dying shortly after he had attained his sixteenth year, left him to the guardianship of his uncle, the Marchese di V —-. When dwelling in the same house, and enjoying an uninterrupted intercourse with his lovely cousin, the young people had become ardently attached to each other. Who shall attempt to paint the despair of their fond hearts when the fatal hour arrived which was to tear them asunder for ever?—or the bitter and cruel reproaches lavished by the bigoted Marchese on his wretched daughter when he made the startling discovery of her hitherto secret tenderness for her handsome and gifted kinsman? Sooner would he have beheld her death than been thus compelled to know that she was guilty of what appeared to him so black and heinous a sin! Without the slightest pity or regret, he observed the gradual decline of her health, and the woes which parched up her young blood. Some people even heard him utter a prayer that she might be speedily removed from the world, to save the honour of his ancient and illustrious house. Two years had elapsed between the above period and the one of which I am now writing. During this time the Lady Antonina had been consigned to a neighbouring convenant, where every thing was tried to induce her to take the veil; but she firmly refused. Her sorrow at length took a more deadly turn; and being finally brought upon by the discourses and representations of the nuns, her mind became a prey to the
most gloomy remorse. A very feebler hope of divine forgiveness was at last awakened in her breast, and the devoted victim of superstition and penitence came at length to the determination of undertaking a long and painful pilgrimage to Rome! Here, for the first time, I beheld her in company with some of the lowest and most degraded of her sex, all of whom regarding her with the most cutting contempt.

The meal was finished and the pilgrims arose. There were some whose countenances could not fail to interest by the chastened and subdued feelings which they expressed; while others inspired disgust by their bold and hardened looks. Preceded by a venerable-looking matron, they all defiled in pairs up the room—some who were mothers carrying their infants in their arms, and each arrayed in the costume of her separate province. The spectators followed in a crowd, and entered after them into a large dormitory. This apartment was very long and narrow, with an extremely low ceiling, and on either side were ranged small pallets. The whole was wrapped in partial obscurity, the room being illuminated by a single lamp that hung at the furthest end, flickering with its red and smoky flame before a dingy painting of the Madonna and Child, which appeared through the gloom like the silent spirit of the place. We had not been many minutes assembled before an indescribable sensation of awe seemed to steal over us. We could not gaze on so many heart-broken and blighted fellow-creatures prostrating themselves before one shrine, and addressing the same words of repentance (though from different causes) to that beneficent Being who has never yet refused to hearken unto the voice of the penitent sinner, and to pour the streams of light and life on the heads of the truly contrite, without feeling deeply affected; and, with a consciousness that we too might need mercy, we knelt and wept with them. There is something about the nature of the Roman Catholic religion peculiarly impressive. That intermixture of humility with the pomp and splendour of most of its ceremonies never fails to touch the most unbelieving heart; and, though a protestant, many a time have I surprised myself, during these ceremonies, yielding to an overwhelming emotion. I remember having fainted the first evening that I heard the Misereere, merely from the effect of its soul-subduing melody; and never during my sojourn at Rome did I venture to listen to any more of those wonderful sacred strains. But my mind again and again recurs with a deep and strong feeling to the scene of the place of repose for the weary pilgrims. That vast hall, with its mysterious light shed around upon those kneeling forms, and the murmured prayer sounding like the rush of a far distant stream, and the little door that opened in the wall, like a panel pushed back; and the calm stately young priest who entered, his black garments hanging in graceful folds as they swept the ground, and his calm and pale face, and the look of commiseration that he cast on his flock, as he took his station under the lamp, and prepared to preach his extempore sermon—and the profound attention which every one seemed to pay to his words—all! all! dwells in my memory, like a beautiful and holy dream which I would never wish to forget. Deep but entrancingly soft was the tone of his voice; it conveyed the true sense of his thoughts, for his every sentence was a thought, and his every thought was as a rare gem, drawn from the golden casket of his mind, increasing in value as in quantity, the last still brighter than the first. The subject he had chosen was well adapted to the occasion: it was the story of Mary Magdalen. He spoke of her manifold sins, of the sincerity of her repentance, and expressed a hope that those for whom he now raised his voice, would profit by her example and be warned in time. He drew their attention to the unlimited pardon granted unto that erring woman by her blessed Master; and prayed that the like grace might be the portion of his audience. As he proceeded, his eloquence increased, his tones deepened, and his manner became more impressive. Large drops rolled from his brow, over his kindled cheeks, while his lips quivered with uncontrolled fervour. A breathless silence was observed by all present, only interrupted now and then by a half-stifled sob from a distant and unseen mourner. The light was growing fainter and fainter, till at length exhausted it sank into its socket, and all was darkness. Still the preacher spoke on, when suddenly a sound rose up from amid that black chamber as from a tomb, which stopped the current of my blood. It was a wailing sound, like the soul-struggle of a dying person; and then a feeble voice gasped forth these thrilling words:

"Giulio! mio Giulio! Pregate per me! la misera!" (Giulio! my own Giulio! Pray for me, the miserable!)

At that moment, a slight bustle was heard
among the kneeling throng, followed by a heavy fall to the ground. Oh! what a tale was here revealed. By mere instinct I knew, I felt, that those heart-rending accents could proceed only from one individual present—from the lovely and repentant girl who had so interested me in the refectory. Lights were speedily brought from an adjoining gallery, and there on the floor, beneath the wondering gaze of more than two hundred persons, lay, in a state of insensibility, the wretched Antonina di V——, with her equally ill-fated lover Giulio Montecchi bending over her, in the person of the eloquent young priest! I saw the look of mute despair with which he regarded her prostrate form; and I heard the deep groan of anguish that at last burst from his lips. I wished to see or hear no more, and with a full heart I quitted the dormitory. The rest of the spectators were all hurried out as soon as possible by the superintendents of the place.

It was a beautiful night! The moon shed her light upon the Piazza di Spagna in one wide stream, which was at times crossed by the shadow of some tall Roman, gliding along with his graceful but sinister-looking mantle flung across his shoulder. The distant bell of St. Peter’s Basilica had just chimed to the last stroke of twelve (or, as they have it, twenty-four o’clock). There was merry music pealing forth from the windows of a palazzo in a neighbouring street, where the young and the lovely were dancing with heedless gaiety; for the Jubilee was just over, and the inhabitants of Rome, freed from the religious restraint under which they laboured during that period, were now pursuing their usual amusements. All at once the light waltz ceased; but it seemed only to give place to a more solemn sound, for at the same moment a long procession of priests advanced up the Via della Croce, singing, with their full swelling voices, a requiem to the dead. Onward they came, two and two, bearing in their hands long waxen tapers, the pale gleams of which threw a cadaverous hue over their features. Six of them supported a bier, upon which was extended the wasted form of a young female, dressed with great care, and a half-blown white rose fixed between her lips, as an emblem of her youth and purity. The whole group were in the act of turning the corner of the street, in order to pursue their way across the piazza, when a magnificent equipage, drawn by four splendidly caparisoned horses, dashed up behind the sacred train. The carriage was attended on each side by two running footmen, whose perfumed torches illuminated the whole procession so entirely, that every part of it could be distinctly seen. It stopped for a moment, and the equipage halted too, when an aged man, dressed in the first style of courtly splendour, and covered with orders, leaned out of one of the windows, and in an authoritative voice commanded his coachman to drive on, or he should be too late for the prince’s entertainment. As he reseated himself, and the carriage rolled past the bier, his eye fell by chance on the face of the dead; when, with a sort of hoarse, imbecile shriek, the horror-stricken Marchese di V—— (for it was himself,) sank back as he recognised, and for the last time gazed upon, the shrunken and livid features of his only child!

And Giulio Montecchi, where was he on that mournful night? He was there, even among that crowd. Silently and sadly he had walked beside those who bore his beloved to her last earthly resting-place; and if he breathed a prayer, it was in the depths of his own heart, and that prayer must have been—— “Peace be unto the dead, and mercy unto the living!” For such was the preaching of Jesus.
THE COURT.

Their Majesties continue to enjoy their tranquil abode at Windsor Castle, taking occasional rides in the park and neighbourhood. On Wednesday, the 24th of September, his Majesty, attended by Sir Herbert Taylor, arrived in town, and held a Court at St. James's, which was attended by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Hill, Lord Palmerston, Lord William Russell, and the Marquis of Miraflores, the Spanish Minister, who had an audience to take leave. In the afternoon, the King, having given audience to Lord Palmerston, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Melbourne, and Mr. Charles Grant, returned to Windsor.

On Thursday, the 2nd ultimo, their Majesties arrived in town about two o'clock, and soon after the King held a Court, which was attended by the Ministers then in town, and some members of the Household. A Privy Council also was held, at which Sir Charles Pepys kissed hands as Master of the Rolls; Lord Gardiner, as Lord of the Bedchamber; and Lieutenant-Colonel Colebrooke, as Lieutenant-Governor of the Bahamas. Their Majesties then returned to Windsor.

On Wednesday, the 8th, the King came to town from Windsor, and held a Court, at which Namek Pacha, the Minister from the Porte, had his first audience, and delivered his credentials. Sir George Shee was presented by Lord Palmerston, as Minister to the Court of Prussia. After giving audience to several of his Ministers, his Majesty returned to Windsor, escorted by a detachment of Light Dragoons. On the 10th, their Majesties dined at the Queen's Lodge, Bushey Park, and returned to Windsor Castle in the evening.

On Wednesday, the 15th, his Majesty arrived in town, and held a Privy Council, at which it was decided that Parliament should be further prorogued from the 23rd inst., to Tuesday, the 25th of November. After giving audience to several of his Ministers, his Majesty returned to Windsor.

On Thursday, the 16th, his Majesty dined at Hampton Court, with the Earl of Albemarle, and a select party; the guests being Lords Melbourne, Althorp, Auckland, and Palmerston, Mr. Spring Rice, and Mr. Abercromby.

The King, on being informed of the burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, with equal promptitude and munificence offered the New Palace at St. James’s Park for the accommodation of Parliament.

On Saturday, the 18th, the King and Queen arrived in town, and went to view the scene of the late calamitous fire. After remaining there about an hour, they returned to St. James’s Palace, and left town in the evening for Windsor Castle.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, the King held a Court at St. James’s Palace; his Majesty afterwards gave audience to several of his Ministers, and to some other distinguished persons; and returned to Windsor in the evening.

Preparations are being made for their Majesties' departure from Windsor, for Brighton, on the 1st of November.

THE FINE ARTS.

In our Number for August we had occasion to notice a portrait of Mrs. Norton by Mr. Minasi, a pen and ink drawing of extraordinary and elaborate finish. We have since seen one of the Duke of Devonshire by the same artist, a most faithful and striking likeness, the more surprising because there is no possibility of correcting any error of drawing, or rectifying the slightest inaccuracy. A portrait of Mrs. Maberly, with a pet dog introduced, is also in a state of great forwardness, and promises to become a very splendid specimen of this novel style of art. Mr. Minasi was a pupil of Bartolozzi, to whom our school of engraving is so much indebted. He has spent an irreproachable life in this, his adopted country; but of late years misfortune has stricken him heavily. We have no doubt that portraits in this style will become fashionable, and that Mr. Minasi will be able, from the patronage he receives, to acquire a provision for his family, and means of procuring those necessary comforts which advancing age and ill health require.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


This is one of the most admirable works of fiction in the English language. Much as we admire the former productions of the writer, neither of them has afforded us such entire satisfaction. In "The Last Days of Pompeii," there is a vigour and freshness of genius, an exuberance of imagination, and a skill of handling, all sobered down into harmony with, and converging to, one beautiful design, which constitutes the most perfect "romance," or prose epic we ever remember to have read. We may discover detached passages of equal, nay, perhaps, of greater power, in "Paul Clifford," and "Eugene Aram," but in neither do we find the same unity of design, the same equality throughout, the same beautiful appropriations of thought and character. In writing of contemporary life, peculiar views and feelings continually peep forth, and cast the writer's identity like a shadow over his most highly wrought scenes. Thus, in "Pelham," in "The Disowned," in "Paul Clifford," in "Eugene Aram," and even in "England and the English," we ever perceive the station held by Mr. Bulwer in society, and he unconsciously conveys to his readers the ideas there imbibed, like "a second nature." In describing the life of remote ages, where no personal impressions can exist, we have the flow of genius pure and free; but in the latter undertaking, none but a mind of the highest order could prove successful.

Mr. Bulwer, though moving in the upper circles of society, whose manners, and even whose feelings are covered with an artificial varnish that forms them into a herd of men apart, has nevertheless detected among his equals and associates the "wayward wanderings" of the human heart. Nor has he confined his observations to this class. He has analysed the middle ranks, and pursued his inquiries down to the very lowest orders; nay, he has probed and examined that foul ulcer which attacks the extremities of the social body, and which, were the infected joints not lopped off, would corrupt the whole mass of its blood. He has, moreover, wandered through foreign lands to read the great book of man. The fruit of the knowledge he has thus gained, and the great success of his mind, appear in every work he has written; but they have proved especially useful in depicting the man of antiquity. Human nature, divested of its outward forms and considered in the abstract, is the same in every country, though the sterner and more fearful passions may owe their greater or less degree of development to the peculiar circumstances of climate, manners, and educa-

tion. Thus, the man of antiquity, in his abstract nature, was precisely the same as the man of to-day.

There was, however, a still greater difficulty to overcome in "The Last Days of Pompeii," and we need scarcely state, that it has proved no difficulty to Mr. Bulwer. We allude to the peculiar manners of the age to which his story refers. When Scott wrote "Ivanhoe," he could find but few materials to preserve him from the anachronisms imputed to him by a few learned antiquaries. Mr. Bulwer has one advantage over the Scottish bard: the stores of classic learning were open to him—he has availed himself of them, and mastered his subject. Mr. Bulwer is evidently a man of great erudition, and the wonder is how a young gentleman, scarcely beyond thirty, who has already produced eight or nine popular works, and yet spent the summer of his manhood in the vortex of fashionable life, and is, moreover, assiduous in his duties as a member of parliament, should have found time to dive so deeply into the lore of the ancients. Yet such is the fact; though the immense research shown in the work before us is so entirely free from pedantry and affectation, and the whole narrative so easy, flowing, and natural, that Mr. Bulwer's learning will not be perceived by the unlettered reader, and can be duly appreciated only by the erudite.

From every attempt that we have hitherto seen to portray, in the manner of the work before us, the life of antiquity, we have turned with ridicule and contempt. Why is this? or, as Horace says, (we crave the pardon of our fair readers for the Latin—let them recollect that it was the language spoken at Pompeii)—

Amphora cepit Instituti; quanta rotas, cur aureas exit?

Why does a ruddlet dwindle to a wine-glass? Why does a mountain shrink into an anti-hill? Because in such works there has always been a lamentable want of truth and propriety, and a ponderous affectation of unmeaning pedantry. Men of all ranks are made to twaddle grandiloquently about the philosophy of the schools, whilst peasants and washerwomen converse in rounded Ciceroan periods about the Lord knows what. The whole is upon stilts, which a single kick from the reader's good sense overthrows. Even the far-famed Anacharsis, and his successor Antarcor sicken and tire the mind: the labour of reading them is just as much as if they were divested of the form of narrative. They are statues talking by means of a tube and a speaking-trumpet, just as Mr. Bulwer describes the oracles of Isis to have been delivered at Pompeii. There is in them neither life, nor even the shadow of life—no motion, no soul. Mr. Bulwer, on the contrary, carries you back into the rea of
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The past. You see Pompeii before you, such as it was eighteen centuries ago, with its amphitheatre, and its cars, and its population swarming through the streets. You see the blood mantling over the features of the persons before whom he places you—the flush of anger, of joy, of hope, of love, is distinctly visible. You lose the recollection of intervening ages, to contemplate the truth of antiquity brought before you like the present.

Such is Mr. Bulwer's work. To give an outline of the story would be unfair to our readers, as each of them will doubtless read "The last days of Pompeii." Indeed, we venture to prophesy that no book published in the present century will be more extensively read.

Mr. Bulwer has been very happy in his delineations of character. Nydia, the blind flower girl, is a beautiful conception, and quite original. She wins our love by her artlessness and her generosity, and we pity that power of human passion over the best constituted mind, which led her to commit a base action. Glauces is a noble character, glowing with the enthusiasm of his conquered race, and full of lofty and heroic feelings. The account of the early Christians is admirable; and throughout this part of the work there is a glow of religious feeling, with a cutting satire on intolerance, not inapplicable even at the present day, which proves how much Mr. Bulwer must have thought on a subject not always in harmony with the feelings of the young and the gay. The introduction of the widow's son raised from the dead by Christ, and working in the Lord's vineyard to testify the power of his Saviour and bring men to salvation, is a happy thought.

The Roman and Pompeian gladiators are well hit off. No doubt that race of men were in thought and feeling, with the sole difference caused by local manners, much the same as our own athletes of the present time, whom Mr. Bulwer, and we ourselves, have beheld in the Fives' Court, if not elsewhere, practising for lucrative brutal trial of strength and address. The backing of these men by the patrician exquisites of those days, differs little from the backing of prize-fighters by the perfumed dandies of our own aristocracy, and still less from the backing, by the wearers of bag wigs, lace ruffles, swords, and diamond shoe-buckles, of those masters of the "science of defence" who flourished in this country about a century ago.

The destruction of Pompeii is admirably wrought: we fancy the scene before our eyes. The lion, driven from its instinct by fear, and crouching near a man for companionship in danger; the angry mountain vomiting its fire and its ashes upon the doomed city; the confusion of the inhabitants, each striving to save his property as part of his life; the indulgence in brutal propensities and mean passions, leading the base and depraved to death;—all this is depicted with a felicity of effect quite unrivalled.

We had marked a great many passages which we intended to have added to this notice. But after all, such fragments could give no correct idea of the work; we therefore insert, merely for the gratification of the feminine portion of our readers, a description of a Pompeian lady's toilette, in the first century of the Christian era.

"The elegant Julia sat in her chamber, with the slaves around her: like the cubiculum which adjoined it, the room was small, but much larger than the usual apartments appropriated to sleep, which were generally so diminutive, that few who have not seen the bed-chambers, even in the gayest mansions, can form any notion of the petty pigeon-hole, in which the citizens of Pompeii evidently thought it desirable to pass the night. But, in fact, "bed" with the ancients was not that grave, serious, and important part of domestic mysteries, which it is with us. The couch itself was more like a very narrow and small sofa, light enough to be transported easily, and by the occupant himself, from place to place; and it was, no doubt, constantly shifted from chamber to chamber, according to the caprice of the inmate, or the changes of the season. For that side of the house which was crowded in one month, might, perhaps, be carefully avoided in the next; so susceptible were the inhabitants of the most beautiful climate in the world of those alternations of sun and breeze, which, to our hardier frame, inured to the harsh skies of the North, would be scarcely perceptible. There was, also, among the Italians of that period, a singular and fastidious apprehension of too much daylight; their darkened chambers, which at first appear to us the result of a negligent architecture, were the effect of the most elaborate study. In their porticos and gardens, they courted the sun whenever it so pleased their luxurious tastes. In the interior of their houses, they sought rather the coolness and the shade.

"Julia's apartment at that season, was in the lower part of the house, immediately beneath the state rooms above, and looking upon the garden, with which it was on a level. The wide door, which was glazed, alone admitted the morning rays; yet her eye, accustomed to a certain darkness, was sufficiently acute to perceive exactly what colours were the most becoming, what shade of the delicate rouge gave the brightest beam to her dark glance, and the most youthful freshness to her cheek.

"On the table before which she sat, was a small and circular mirror, of the most polished steel, round which, in precise order, were ranged the cosmetics and the unguents—the perfumes and the paints—the jewels and the combs—the ribbons and the gold pins, which were destined to add to the natural attractions of beauty the assistance of art, and the capricious allurements of fashion."
dimmess of the room glowed brightly the vivid and various colourings of the wall in all the dazzling frescos of Pompeian taste. Before the dressing table, and under the feet of Julia, was spread a carpet woven from the looms of the East. Near at hand, on another table, was a silver basin and ewer, an extinguished lamp of the most exquisite workmanship, in which the artist had represented a cupid reposing under the spreading branches of a myrtle tree, and a small roll of papyrus, containing the softest elegies of Tibullus. Before the door, which communicated with the cubicleum, hung a curtain richly brocaded with gold flowers. Such was the dressing-room of a beauty eighteen centuries ago.

"The fair Julia leaned indolently back on her seat, while the oratrix (i.e. hair-dresser,) slowly pilled one above the other a mass of small curls, dexterously weaving the false with the true, and carrying the whole fabric to a height that seemed to place the head rather at the centre than the summit of the human form. "Her tunic, or deep amber, which well set off her dark hair and somewhat embrowned complexion, swept in ample folds to her feet, which were cased in slippers fastened round the slender ankle by white thongs, while a profusion of pearls were embroidered in the slipper itself, which was of purple, and turned slightly upward, as do the Turkish slippers at this day. An old slave, skilled by long experience in the arcaena of the toilette, stood beside the hair-dresser, with the broad and studded girdle of her mistress over her arm, and giving from time to time (mingled with judicious flattery to the lady herself,) instructions to the maids of the ascending pile.

"Put that pin rather more to the right—lower—stupid one! Do you not observe how even those beautiful eyebrows are? One would think you were dressing Corinna, whose face is all of one side. Now put in the flowers what, fool! not that dull pink—you are not suiting colours to the dim cheek of Chloris: it must be the brightest flowers that can alone suit the cheek of the young Julia!"

"Gently!" said the lady, stamping her small foot violently, 'you pull my hair as if you were plucking up a weed.'

"Dull thing!" continued the directress of the ceremony, 'do you not know how delicate is your mistress? You are not dressing the coarse horse-hair of the widow Fulvia. Now, then, the riband—that's right. Fair Julia, look in the mirror—saw you ever anything so lovely as yourself?"

"When, after innumerable comments, difficulties, and delays, the intricate tower was at last completed, the next preparation was that of giving to the eyes the soft languish produced by a dark powder applied to the lids and brows; a small patch, cut in the form of a crescent, skilfully placed by the rosy lips, attracted attention to their dimples, and to the teeth, which already every art had been applied, in order to heighten the dazzle of their natural whiteness.

"To another slave, hitherto idle, was now consigned the charge of arranging the jewels—the ear-rings of pearl (two to each ear), the massive bracelets of gold; the chain formed of rings of the same metal, to which a talisman cut in crystals was attached; the graceful buckle on the left shoulder, in which was set an exquisite cameo of Psyche; the girdle of purple riband richly wrought with threads of gold, and clasped by interlacing serpents; and lastly the various rings fitted to every joint of the white and slender fingers. The toilette was now arranged according to the last mode of Rome."

Tylney Hall. A Novel by Thomas Hood. 3 vols.

To do justice to the oddities of Thomas Hood, would require more space than we can well spare, and an able pen than ours. This long promised novel has at last appeared, and every page—we may safely say every sentence—sparkles with that irresistible drollery, the secret of which Mr. Hood alone possesses. It is a sovereign remedy against spleen and melancholy—the best possible book of exorcism against the blue devils, whom incontinent it drives into the Red Sea. Its effect upon ourselves, we of grave pursuits and still graver muscles, was so overpowering, that we cannot offer a better panegyric on the work, than by making the reader our father confessor in this particular case. "Tylney Hall" was sent to us for review: reclining, for want of a sofa, upon our curtainless bed, we read it in the small attic room where we lucubrate by the light of a candle ten to the pound, elaborate our criticisms for the periodicals, and by assuming the plural pronoun, magnify ourselves into a host. Peaks of laughter in quick succession were forced from us, and in our struggles against the undignified convulsion, we rolled from the bed to the floor, without, however, discontinuing our yells—for yells they actually were. Being somewhat of the Johnsonian build, large in bone, large in muscle, and large in flesh, (how the deuce we acquired the latter we know not;) it could scarcely proceed from our eating-house dinners at eight-pence halfpenny, or our coffee-shop breakfasts at three-pence,) our fall shook to the very foundation the tenement in which we lodge. Underneath our attic lives a friend, who being a step higher than ourselves on the ladder of literary profit, since he writes books for the "diffusion of useful knowledge," and "entertaining knowledge," and "political knowledge," can afford a second floor. Roused, by our fall, from his recondite meditations, how he could best "diffuse" with advantage to himself, he rushed up-stairs to our Parnassus, with the other lodgers, ab inferis close at his heels. We were still rolling on the
floor, with a volume of "Tynney Hall" clutched in one hand, and our sides aching with the boisterous laughter we were still unable to control, in spite of this unseemly exposure to our co-inmates. "Run for a doctor!" was the first cry. But our friend perceiving the volume in our hand, with some difficulty extricated it from our grasp. Having cast his eyes upon the open page, and read a few lines aloud, our solo was converted into a chorus of laughter, which having lasted, until, from exhaustion "we could no more," each withdrew to his occupations.

Let not the reader, however, imagine that "Tynney Hall" is made up wholly of fun, without any of the materials which constitute a modern novel. No such thing; there is romance, and sentiment, and adventure, and love enough to satisfy the most fastidious, and tearing tears from the love sick maiden; and yet, like the sun shining through a May shower, a smile must play through the limpid drop that sparkles under the long silken eye-lashes of the sentimental lady who may peruse these volumes.

To give an account of the plot of a novel is against our principles; it is unfair to the reader of the book, and we have no wish to be thought a Marplot. Our duty is to call attention to every work worth reading, and to let its interest have fair play. We have likewise an objection to giving extracts: such fragments cannot enable our readers to form a just estimate of a work, and may take from the interest, by destroying the first impression produced by a good passage when read in the book itself. Nevertheless, we cannot resist the desire of inserting a short account of "Unlucky Joe," because it has already appeared in a contemporary publication.

"Joseph Spiller was a living example of that cross-grained fate, which attends upon certain devoted individuals through life. Born under an evil star, probably a falling one, he had been oftener thrown from the saddle, or pitched from the bar, than any other postboy of his standing, or rather sitting. He was literally a marked man, in a stricter sense than the term generally implies, for the bridge of his nose was broken, he had lost one eye, with the whole of his front teeth, and had a limp in his left leg, personal deodands levied against him from mishaps purely accidental. He had been a careful driver and a sober, but sometimes the commissioners of the roads left stumbling blocks in his path; sometimes he was the victim of inexperience or inebriated charioteers who drove against him; and above all, he had the luck of being associated with more stumblers, kickers, shysters, and other four-legged vices, than any boy of his school. *

Rendered superstitious at last, by such a succession of mishaps, poor Joe had become something of a fatalist; he gave up inspecting the harness, or looking at the linchpins, and was never particularly ready to pull up his horse's head in case of a stumble. *

Want of care thus coalescing with want of luck, an increased number of casualties obtained for Joe the unenviable name of 'unlucky.' *

He had been discharged by five successive postmasters, for falls and casualties, which had inflicted cuts, sprains, bruises, and fractures on his own person. He had been rejected by the officers of the army, the navy, and the parish. He had been imprisoned for poaching because he picked up a dead hare; discharged one king's birthday, and committed the next morning for sleeping in the open air. He had been crossed in love by the only girl he ever addressed; he had been made a father by a fair one he never saw; and, to conclude, he was in custody for a murderous act he had never contemplated—penniless, friendless, and hopeless." *

Joe wrongly accused by a ranting Methodist of an assault he had not committed, appears before a magistrate.

"'If I don't confess myself,' said Joe, 'somebody will confess for me; so guilty or not guilty, it's all one. Other people proves ali bis, and if I hadn't been there, I should have been somewhere else; but that's my old chance. I know my fortune without a gipsy. As I'm too poor to sleep any where but the open air, I can't be burnt in my bed; and, as the sergeants won't list me, cause I'm short, I shan't be shot; and as the press-gangs won't look at me, I ain't to be drown'd; so hanging is likely enough, for I know I shan't die natural.' *

"'Nobody ever believed me yet,' answered Joe, 'and it's too late to try now. My dice always runs one way. Mayhap, after I'd danced my dance upon nothing, and been leg-pulled, and hung a full hour, and stroked all the old women's wens, there'd come a reprieve on a lame post horse; for that's my luck.' *

"'Prisoner, what is your name?' asked the justice, in a tone which he reserved for the chair and the bench.

"'Joseph Spiller,' answered the culprit, 'and I wish I'd never been born to be baptized.'

"'How do you get your livelihood?' enquired the same stern voice.

"'I was a post-boy aforesaid,' said Joe, 'but now I'm nothing, and nobody suffers from my misfortunes but myself.'

"'Now then,' said the magistrate, with a manner meant to be peculiarly impressive; 'now then Joseph Spiller, pray tax your memory, and inform us how you were employed during the morning of Friday the 21st.'

"'Starving,' was the brief answer, and it thrilled every heart in the room except those of the justice and his cock-fighting clerk. *

"'And now fellow,' he resumed, 'you stand here charged with stabbing with a knife, or some sharp instrument, one Uriah Bundy, with an intent to kill, a capital felony, whether the murder was consummated or not, and
punishable with hanging. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I've no wish to say one word," answered Joe with the serenity of a captive Indian warrior when brought to the stake. "I was born to mischances, and this is one. My life isn't worth caring for; and if you hang me, it's only taking the sin of it off my own hands, for it's been in my thoughts afore now. I was cut down my last birthday."

Joe receives his discharge.

"Your worship, if it's all the same," said Joe, addressing the justice, "I don't want my discharge. As the woman's boited, I don't mind going to prison in lieu on her. It will be bed, board, and lodging, any how; and that's more than I get outside."

The Oriental Annual.
To enable our readers to form a correct notion of this beautiful work, we cannot do better than transcribe the following passage from the EXAMINER of Oct. 19.

"The Oriental Annual is a book of very valuable observation. Mr. Caunter tells us what he has seen, and tells it graphically. His descriptions of scenery and animals are admirable, and his remarks on the manners and customs of the native tribes of India are those of a well-informed, acute, and benevolent man. The fidelity and authenticity of Mr. Daniell's pictures are as well known as their neatness of execution."

The Forget-Me-Not.
This first of the annuals, which has produced a very numerous progeny, seems to become more brilliant as it advances in age. In a rich and gay morocco dress, and with pleasing contents, this publication keeps up its long established fame.

Heath's Picturesque Annual.
This is a beautiful volume; the plates are all well executed, and some of them of a very high order. But there is nothing new or striking in them; the scenes which they delineate have been represented over and over again. Mr. Ritchie, in his letter-press, has had to go over ground, from which every thing has been culled that was worth taking away. Nevertheless, like a skilful advocate, he has dressed up a bad case in a very attractive garb.

Friendship's Offering.
Though none of the plates in this annual are first-rate, still all are very pretty, and the letter-press is selected with much taste and judgment.

Comic Offering.
This book is well got up, and without containing anything very striking, is nevertheless not unworthy of patronage.

THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

Before our present Number appears, the question will be solved, whether the amateurs of this country are able to do justice to the great undertaking in which they have embarked; for the first public performance of the Amateur Festival will have taken place. We have no doubt of a favourable result. Just as we were going to press, a first trial rehearsal with the orchestra took place at Exeter Hall, and though the band was literally confined to amateurs, with the exception of Mr. Dando, who led, not a blemish was perceptible beyond those trifling inaccuracies which always exist at every first rehearsal even among professors. Every department of the orchestra was good and effective, especially the violoncelli and bassi, which were admirably crisp and powerful. Several professional men were present, and expressed unqualified approbation. The choruses have been excellently well trained, thanks to Mr. Travers, who directs them, and is himself an amateur. The choral rehearsals at the Lowther Rooms have already been noticed in terms of praise by our contemporaries. We have, however, been asked by many, whether the amateurs, whose rehearsals promise so much, will feel the same confidence when facing a large audience. "Young troops," they say, "who perform their exercise, and execute their parade manouevres with the most admirable precision, are much less skilful when brought up against the enemy." This is a mistake. Napoleon used to say that his best troops were fresh conscripts, in the ardour of youth, and under experienced officers. Their numbers allay personal fear, and they are ignorant of the full extent of the danger. Thus it will be with the amateurs at Exeter Hall; and when led by such veterans as Cramer, Dando, Lindley, Dragonetti, Willman, Platt, Harper, and others, the presence of an audience will only stimulate their enthusiasm, and their desire to do well, and not excite fear, with its consequent diminution of power. A solo singer or player, who appears for the first time in public, is very differently situated. He is isolated from the rest, has no companionship to lean upon, and is left entirely to his own resources. Under such circumstances, the sound of his own voice or instrument, heard alone, or with a subdued accompaniment, might at first appal a timid man, and make him play or sing worse than at a previous rehearsal. But this would not occur in a piece of three or four performers, much less in a host of seven hundred. We earnestly call public attention to this Festival, for its success is likely to prove of immense benefit to music in this country, and while it promotes the improvement of this delightful art, it ministers to the wants of the destitute victims of poverty and disease.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblee,

FOR DECEMBER, 1834.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY BOUGHTON.

Lady Boughton is the youngest daughter of Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., of Wormsley Grange, and wife of Sir William Rouse Boughton, bart., of Lawford Hall, in the county of Warwick, and Downton Hall, in the county of Salop.

The name of Boughton is apparently of local origin, and seems to have been first assumed from Boveton, in the county of Northampton, at which place we find Robert de Boveton seated during the reign of Edward III. The lineal descendant of this Robert de Boveton, Thomas Boughton, Esq., member of parliament for the county of Warwick, in the reign of Henry VI, having married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Geoffrey de Alleley, acquired the manor and seat at Lawford, in Warwickshire, and other adjacent lands, and there fixed his residence. His lineal descendant William Boughton, Esq., of Lawford, was sheriff of Warwickshire in the eighth year of Charles I, and was created a baronet on the 4th August, 1641. He married Abigail, eldest daughter of Henry Baker, Esq., and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir Edward Boughton, second baronet, member of parliament for, and sheriff of the county of Warwick, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Charles II. Sir Edward married first the eldest daughter of Thomas Pope, Earl of Devon; and secondly, Anne, daughte of Sir John Heyden, knight, governor of the Bermudas, but dying without issue, the title and estates devolved on his next brother,

Sir William Boughton, third baronet, high sheriff of Warwickshire in the first year of William and Mary. He wedded Mary, daughter of Hastings Ingram, Esq., of Little Woolford, in Warwickshire, and dying 12th August, 1683, was succeeded by his only son,

Sir William Boughton, fourth baronet. This gentleman, on the Earl of Northampton’s being summoned to the upper house as Lord Compton, in the reign of Queen Anne, was unanimously chosen one of the knights of the shire for the county of Warwick, and in that station, with unchangeable firmness, not only preferred the independence of a country gentleman to the seductions of courtly favour, but declined the offer of a peerage. Sir William married first, Mary, daughter of John Ramsey, Esq., an alderman of the city of London, by whom he had Edward, his successor, and two daughters. He espoused, secondly, Catherine, daughter of Sir Charles Shuckburgh, bart., and had, with other issue,

Shuckburgh, who wedded Mary, eldest daughter of Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke Lord Brooke, and left,
with other issue, Edward and Charles-William, of whom hereafter, as eighth and ninth baronets.

Sir William dying 22d July, 1716, was succeeded by his eldest son,

**SIR EDWARD BOUGHTON**, fifth baronet, high sheriff of the county of Warwick in the seventh year of George I, who married Grace, eldest daughter of Sir John Shuckburgh, by whom he left an only child,

**SIR EDWARD BOUGHTON**, sixth baronet, high sheriff for the county of Warwick, in 1748. Sir Edward married, first, a daughter of —— Bridges, Esq., by whom he had no issue, and secondly, Anna-Maria Beauchamp, an heiress, by whom he had a daughter, Theodosia, married to Captain John Donegan, and an only son, his successor, in 1772.

**SIR THEODOSIUS EDWARD ALLESLY BOUGHTON**, seventh baronet. Sir Theodosius died during his minority at Lawford-Hall, 21st August, 1780, but the suddenness of the demise created such strong suspicions, that the body was taken up for examination after it had been deposited in the family vault at Newbolds. In pursuance of the verdict of the coroner’s jury, Captain Donegan, the brother-in-law of Sir Theodosius, was committed to Warwick jail, where, at the Spring Assizes of 1781, he was indicted for the murder at the joint prosecution of Sir Theodosius’ mother, Lady Boughton, and his successor, Sir Edward; and being found guilty, after a trial which lasted twelve hours, underwent the extreme penalty of the law, to the last, however, solemnly protesting his innocence. The widow of Captain Donegan was married to Sir Egerton Leigh, baronet, and, after his decease, to Barry E. O’Meara, Esq., the medical attendant of Napoleon at St. Helena. Upon the death of Sir Theodosius, the title devolved on his cousin,

**SIR EDWARD BOUGHTON**, eighth baronet, grandson to the fourth baronet, as above stated. Sir Edward dying unmarried in 1794, the title devolved upon his only brother,

**SIR CHARLES WILLIAM ROUSE BOUGHTON**, ninth baronet. To this gentleman had previously been bequeathed the estates of the ancient family of Rouse, by their last possessor, Thomas Rouse, Esq., of Rouse Leuch, in the county of Worcester. He, in consequence, assumed the name of Rouse, and represented the boroughs of Evesham and Bamber, as Charles William Boughton Rouse, Esq. Mr. Boughton Rouse was chief secretary, in 1784, to the Board of Control, and upon retirement from office was created a baronet 21st June, 1791, but soon afterwards inherited the baronetage of his own family, the Boughtons, and resumed his paternal surname. Sir Charles espoused, in 1782, Catherine, sole daughter and heiress of William Pearce Hall, Esq., of Downton Hall, in the county of Salop, and dying 27th February, 1821, was succeeded by his only son,

**SIR WILLIAM EDWARD ROUSE BOUGHTON**, present baronet, born 14th September, 1788. This gentleman wedded, on the 24th March, 1824, Miss Charlotte Knight, whose portrait forms the subject of this month’s embellishment. Her ladyship is, as above stated, the youngest daughter of Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., the able and talented President of the Horticultural Society. The late celebrated R. Payne Knight, Esq., of Downton Castle, in the county of Hereford, was her uncle. This gentleman, who bore the reputation of being one of the most eminent Greek scholars of his day, chiefly distinguished himself in the literary world by a work entitled “An Account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus, lately existing at Ionia, in the kingdom of Naples.” This production excited great interest at the time of its appearance, but, from the nature of the subject, was not likely to obtain general circulation. Mr. Knight, as well as being an excellent connoisseur in matters of vertu, enjoyed some fame as a poet; and if his works exhibit few proofs of original genius, they at least display ease, learning, and taste. He died 23d of April, 1824, having bequeathed his unvalued collection of medals, drawings, and bronzes, valued at more than £30,000, to the British Museum.
THE GARLAND OF MUSICIANS.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Nov. V.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER. Born at Eutin, in Holstein, in the year 1787. Died at London, June 5th, 1826.

I.

Lo! Music waves another wand! and fade
The unclouded southern skies. Around me sweep
Gloomy pine forests, through whose silence deep
Wild elvish voices shout; the quaint parade
Of fairy revel shines in every glade;
I'm in the North!—upon its foaming sea,
With the stout Jarls I take my pastime free,
Or with brown gipsies ramble thro' the shade.
Of oaken woods;—and now, from mountain hold,
Brave knights come riding down, with casque and spear,
And broad'rd scarf of emerald and gold,
Wrought with some choice device;—and now I hear
Wild clarions call to war.—I wake—How well
Sweet wizard of the North, hath wrought thy tuneful spell!

II.

Child of Romance!—how varied was thy skill!
Now, stealing forth in airy melody,
Such as the west wind breathes along the sky
When golden evening lingers on the hill:—
Now, with some fierce and startling chord, didst chill
The blood to ice, and bathe with dew the brow;
Anon, thou didst break forth in brilliant sound
Of wild rejoicing, such as well might fill
The bright sea-chambers, where the mermaids play;
All elemental sounds thou didst control,
The roar of rocking boughs—the flash of spray—
The earthquake's muttered threat—the thunder's roll,
Scattering, like toys, their changes through thy lays,
Till wonder could no more, and rapture silenced praise.

III.

O, had we but the monarch's ring of might
That ruled the spirit world, we would compel
Thy shade to visit earth—thy voice to tell
The secrets of the grave:—'twere strange delight
To hear, some starry breathless winter night,
When on thy solemn form the moonbeams shone,
The awful mysteries of those realms unknown,
Which old tradition mantles with affright:—
Come back, mild spirit! from the golden shore
Where thou hast joined the white-robed skriph quires;
And let thy song, tuned to celestial lore,
Comfort our sorrows, quicken our desires—
Vainly for such a bliss we weep, we yearn,
Hark! how the night-winds sigh—“the dead no more return!”
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. V.

"Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue."

Winter's Tale

The day after the death of poor Miss Biddy, her will was read—somewhat prematurely, as it was whispered by several of the neighbours, to whom the circumstance was almost immediately made known—when young Dillon was more surprised than angry at finding that he was a legatee for six pounds only, which the testator had kindly bequeathed to him for the purchase of suitable mourning, and in order to obviate the scandal of cutting him off with a shilling, which the elect lady had mercifully intended to do within twenty-four hours of her death. When our hero expressed his surprise at the extreme moderation of the late Miss Biddy Mackinnon's bequest, the lawyer, who was sole executor, took care to tell him that there was a former will in existence, rendered of course invalid by one of a later date, in which he, James Dillon aforesaid, had been nominated an annuitant for no less a sum than a hundred and fifty pounds, in four quarterly payments of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings, on four given days, every year during his life. Such were the terms of the will which had been cancelled in consequence of his mis-timed visit to the sick-chamber, and his consequent appropriation of the notes and gold, as already related, when his venerable patroness was upon her death-bed.

When the surprise of our hero had somewhat abated at his unexpected position in the late Miss Biddy's last will and testament, he expressed no feeling of vexation, but at once conscientiously admitted that he had no claim to a more profitable boon. With an impulse of overflowing emotion—for he had his moments of strong and generous feeling, in spite of his proclivity to rognerity in some of its worst forms—he confessed, without reserve, his utter unworthiness of a benefaction so liberal as that originally intended for him by one whom he had so grievously wronged. He frankly acknowledged that her conduct to him had been kind and affectionate in the extreme, from the time of his early infancy up to the moment of her decease, and a tear started into his eye as he recalled her almost maternal tenderness as far back as his recollection could pierce into the past. But although this impulse of awakened sensibility for an instant passed with the warmth but suddenness of a summer exhalation over his heart, breaking the cold uniformity of its temperament, seldom excited to a flush of emotion, and only now warmed by solemn and tender memories, the gentle impression soon died away, like the hiss of the summer breeze with the sinking sun, leaving behind no memorial of its existence. It was

"In the vapour of his glory smother'd,"

for the great intent and aim of his ambition was to be pre-eminent in thief-craft—a propensity as common as poverty and self-affection; the one suggesting, the other urging, to many an act of which the issue is a halter. Although, as I have said, our hero not only felt, but confessed that his late guardian had been kind, and that he had owed her a long debt of gratitude, which, up to the present hour, remained unliquidated, still he seemed to think that in thus acknowledging what was due from him, he had at length fully discharged the obligation, and therefore considered himself justified in dismissing Miss Biddy Mackinnon from his memory for ever. He, nevertheless, as a matter of decency, attended the funeral in deep mourning; but his thoughts, which by this time had recovered their tone and elasticity, after the shock received by the reading of the will, were engrossed by matters very remote from the sombre scene then passing before him. The array of death was to him a pastime rather than a lesson, and he inwardly smiled at the lugubrious faces which crowded round the grave of the departed spinster. She is gone, he thought, and all her alarms are now quieted for ever:

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave.
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Jemmy Dillon looked upon it quite as a matter of course sort of thing; and when he returned to his late home in Hart-street, Bloomsbury, but no longer to offer him an asylum, he had as completely discharged from his memory everything of a solemn or melancholy nature, as if that memory had been a slate just
cleaned with a new sponge, or a sheet of white paper not yet traced upon by the indelible finger of circumstance. Nothing sepulchral remained.

"Within the book and volume of his brain," he was as jocund as if death had given no proof of his dismal supremacy, in taking from the world, so sore against her will, a sealed predestinarian. The Hobgoblin, in spite of his indifference to her remains, had no more doubt of her going to heaven than he had of his own final ascension to the Ultima Thule of the predestinated; and therefore, he fancied the maxim of old Erasmus a wise one: "I have no more any anxious thoughts upon the consideration of death than upon the day of my birth. I know I must die, and to live in fear of dying may shorten my life, but can never prolong it."

Our hero, however, did not practically illustrate the latter part of the maxim, and therefore would scarcely have subscribed to the corollary which lies at the end of it—"so my only care is to live honestly and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence; no man can live happily that does not live well."

He left all to Providence, having warped his mind to the incongruous conclusion that he should be a saint in heaven when the measure of his ruggery upon earth should be full.

"Who could believe that wicked earth, When nature only brings us forth To be found guilty, and forgiven, Should be a nursery for heaven?"

In reply to the poet's question, it may certainly be predicated of Jimmy Dillon, that he most devoutly considered himself one of the nurslings.

It appeared, upon examining the will of the late Miss Biddy Mackinnon, that, some short time before her death, she had deposited within a small iron box, fixed in the wall at the head of her bed—a secret repository for money or other precious commodities—three fifty pound notes of the Bank of England, together with sundry gems of various size and value. Jimmy Dillon determined to appropriate the former in his usual way, but to leave the latter, being well aware that detection was much more likely to follow the purloining of jewels than of bank notes, which last, unless the numbers happened to be ascertained, were a sure booty. Now, it did happen that the numbers, in the present instance, if known to the elect lady who had so lately gone to have her election consummated among "saints made perfect," were not so either to any of her friends who had attended the funeral, or to any of the legatees who had not, because none of them had opened the iron chest, and therefore could not have inspected its contents. The very night after the interment, our hero proceeded to the bed-room so lately tenanted by the living and the dead, and with his accustomed dexterity opened the lock of the iron box, having previously taken an impression of the wards, and provided himself with a duplicate key, by means of which he very soon managed to remove every impediment between his fingers and the bank-notes. These he unceremoniously rolled up into as small a compass as he conveniently could, and thrust them into his breeches pocket, leaving the gems that had been polished and set for at least three centuries, as he did not think them of sufficient value to increase the hazard of detection. No sooner had the slippery rogue possessed himself of the treasure, than he quitted the apartment, took the notes from his pocket, and sewed them within the lining of a very antiquated pair of trousers, which he had provided for the occasion. These had formerly been of a drab colour, but were now a perfect russet-brown, muddy in complexion and ragged in character. One of the legs had been abstracted, in a drunken brawl, as high as the knee, and the seam of the other was ripped up nearly to the hip. This part of the knife's wardrobe he drew over his other man, and clothed his upper in a vest and coat which corresponded so perfectly, that the suit might be said, by a metaphor only, which often expresses practically by contraries, to be all of a piece, though flapping to the gentle breeze in a hundred tatters. He now plastered his hair with a white paste, which was to exercise the convenient virtue of turning it black, drew an oil-skin cap upon his head, over which he put on an old hat without a crown, and showing a deficit of at least one-third of its brim, the remaining portion being of a vast width, and coated with certain fatty incrustations which fully indicated the squallid misery of those whose heads it had previously covered. He had lost a front tooth from the upper jaw in a professional skirmish two years before; it had, however, been skillfully supplied by a dentist of repute, and so exactly matched the lost one, that the most cunning scrutiny could not have detected the counterfeit.
 REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

Taking this alien from his jaw, he stained its dental associates with a brown dye, thus giving them that curious appearance so common to teeth which are daily smoked with the fumes of tobacco, or bathed with the spirit of malt. He now fixed over his right eye a glass copy of some other original, which matched so imperfectly with his left, that they looked like twins from a Dutchman and a Hottentot, one being black, and the other a smoky yellow, having a grey pupil peering with a broad saffron stare, as if it had been tinted with the jaundice. He next slipped two pieces of rounded ivory, something like a pair of castanets, between his gums and cheeks, in order to project them to an appropriate distance, then smearing his eyebrows with the same paste that covered his hair, the disguise was so complete that there remained not a single mark of identity by which he could be recognised. His precautions against detection had

"Taught him to shift
Into a poor man's rags: to assume a semblance
The very dogs disdained,"

and he could not have resorted to a surer protection.

The Hoboblin having completed his disguise, quitted the scene of his depredation, and repairing to the neighbourhood of Kentish Town, passed the night under a rude shed near a brick-kiln, where, having withdrawn the plumpers from his cheeks, that they might not interrupt his slumbers, he slept profoundly, hushed to a most comfortable repose by the agreeable assurance of having reclaimed, by a feat of knavish dexterity, part of the legacy of which an unlucky after-thought had deprived him. He said his prayers before he slept, a practice so associated with early habit that he never neglected it, thinking that the observance of a mere idle form, in which the heart bore no share, was a sort of quit-rent service, and a sufficient acknowledgment to the Giver of all good, for the rare distinction of election to eternal life. The next morning he fearlessly repaired to the vicinity of Hart-street, having previously cast aside his oilskin cap, and brushed out his full curly hair, which was now turned from a light flowing blond to an intense black. Relying upon the completeness of his incognito, early in the day he placed himself with a broom in his hand at a crossing not far from the door of his late abode, an oddly exposed his countenance to the gaze of every passer by, shrewdly concluding that he could never be suspected by the parties whom he had robbed, or by those employed to capture him, to be so near the neighbourhood of his successful but lawless enterprise. Meanwhile, a hue and cry was raised after him, as soon as it was ascertained that he had absconded from Hart-street, and that the iron box already spoken of had been lightened of three fifty pound bank-notes belonging to the various legateses of his late guardian.

A strict search was made after the delinquent, but so perfect was his disguise, that it baffled the penetration of the greatest adepts in thief-catching, and his near pro-prinquity to the scene of his depredations entirely disarmed suspicion. He passed the whole day at the crossing where he had taken his stand in the morning, and by the plausible tone of supplication he assumed, skilfully adapting the inflexions of his voice to the disposition which he read in the countenance of the passer by, at which he had an acquisitive tact peculiarly his own, he managed to scrape together many shillings during the day's employment in his new avocation. He had an extraordinary power of contracting the muscles of his nose at will, by which he could abridge that useful member of nearly one-third of its ordinary longitude, at the same time flattening the tip by the same process of muscular contraction, and so expanding the nostrils that the nasal protuberance no longer retained the least portion of its natural symmetry. He exercised this singular power upon the present occasion, placing upon the flattened extremity a piece of sticking-plaster, having first scratched off the skin with a pen-knife; and so confident was he of the impenetrability of his disguise, that he made a point of poking his distorted nose into the face of every police officer who happened to pass him.

"Bringing his face into the open sun,
For all mankind to gape their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they're of generous breed or base."

In the evening he quitted his post, and repairing to Monmouth-street, procured a suit of respectable second-hand habiliments, which had been "the property of a gentleman lately deceased," and having provided himself with a few other necessaries, he resolved to leave London, for the present at least, and exercise his dexterity in some of the large provincial cities, where he was unknown. His resolution was, no doubt, a provident one, for, like the

* Lear.

* Butler.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

I'm called Wopping Joe in our village, and there's them as knows it well."

The choler of the cattle-vender was rising like mercury on a July noon, when our hero soothed him with the skill of an eastern juggler, who, with a celerity almost magical, calms the ire of the most venomous reptile, which he had previously excited to the highest pitch of exasperation. What had just dropped from his companion made the ears of our hero tingle under the excitement of anticipation; but with a quiet earnestness, which he assumed with a wary discretion, he advised Wopping Joe to secure his money inside his waistcoat, as there were always rogues abroad, and a hundred and seventy-three pounds was a large sum; "besides," he continued, "though you might thrash one rascal or even make two keep their distance, what could one pair of fists do against a dozen?"

"Let 'em come," said the countryman, flourishing above his head a set of knuckles that looked as if they could have made greater havoc on a hard skull than the cestus of the ancient Athletes—"let 'em come," said he, elevating his voice to a roar, "and they shall soon learn that Joseph Muller has got more nor one bunch of fives, and, moreover, knows how to use 'em."

The travellers had by this time arrived at a public-house, bearing the somewhat equivocal sign of the Muffled Drum. Over the door were enumerated in respectable English, the various potables which the house afforded; and from these the variety and quality of the eatables might be taken for granted. Jenmy Dillon now separated for a few moments from his travelling companion, in order to put his bundle into a place of security. Having, unseen by any one, bestowed it behind an old wall, which lined a neighbouring hedge, he entered the pot-house. The publican eyed him with a look of sinister inquiry, scanning him from head to foot, and mutely indicating that he did not look upon him as a man to be trusted. Dillon, however, affected to be utterly unconscious of the suspicious scrutiny of the landlord, and seated himself without further ceremony before the fender in the tap-room, which happened to be without visitors, save Joseph Muller and himself. The former, in the hilarity of his recent success at Smithfield, treated his travelling chum, as he facetiously called Jenmy Dillon, to a supper of hogs' pudding and mulled stout, of which latter the Hobgoblin partook very sparingly, as he required clear wits for the accomplishment of a pro-
ject upon which his mind was brooding, even at that moment, while his companion indulged in copious draughts of his favorite beverage. By the time the hour of ten had been announced by a cuckoo clock that hung in a corner of the tap-room, where, for the last thirty-two years come next Christmas, as the landlord averred, it had exhibited "the triumph of machinery," Wopping Joe had so much stout in his head as to increase the centripetal force to such a degree, that but for the landlord and a strapping serving wench who carried him up stairs to bed, he would have dropped like a plummet downward, to the peril of the floor, if not of his own skull. When the countryman was safely disposed of, Jemmy Dillon, with great humility, bargained for a night's lodging in an empty stable, where he was supplied with straw for fourpence, as he could not afford the more desirable luxury of a bed-room, which, in truth, would have been denied to him by the suspicious Boniface, had he even tendered a good shilling for a night's occupation.

Before he retired to his straw, the provident knave took care to acquaint himself where the countryman slept, having officiously offered his aid in getting him up stairs, which was no easy matter, Wopping Joe being "a tun of man" though with barely "a kilderkin of wit." The situation of his victim's bed-room being precisely ascertained, Jemmy resolved to pluck the goose bare before morning. He crept into his lair, but not to sleep, carefully watching the twinkling of the stars through a hole in the roof, and thus impatiently awaiting the moment when sleep should have fairly cast its fetters upon the whole pot-house establishment. The chamber upon which our hero meditated a nocturnal trespass, was lighted only by a small lattice, reticulated like an old church casement, with small diamond-shaped panes, and overlooking the stable in which slippery Jem was watching the opportune moment for a profitable adventure. As the room was small, and the blood of its inmate up to fever heat, in consequence of the stimulating potions he had swallowed, Margery, the maid, had no sooner seen him safely deposited upon his bed, than she opened the window, "to keep up from smotherin in his own steam," as she artlessly expressed it; and, although it was a chill November night, the sot was too well fortified against cold, both within and without, to be sensible of it. The night was beautiful; there was no moon, but the stars studded the heavens, diffusing their serene light over the slumbering earth, and in the radiance of their unclouded glory, mutely addressing to the heart a language which, when it finds an echo there, lifts it in adoration to its God. By James Dillon their voice was unheard, and all he felt about the stars was, that they now seemed to be propitious, and he valued them no further than their light was favourable to his unholy purpose.

About two hours before day-break, our hero, having previously provided himself with a strong cord to which a short thick hook was attached, adroitly flung the armed end within the window, and the hook catching the frame, he was instantly provided with the means of ascent. He paused not a moment, but, seizing the cord, drew himself up the wall with the agility and ease of a cat. Having reached the casement, he rested for an instant to take breath, then silently entered the chamber. It was perfectly dark, the window being small and situated in one corner; he soon, however, was directed to the situation of the bed by the hard breathing of its occupant. He approached stealthily, but the sleep of Joseph Muller was too profound to render the chances of being "caught in the fact" very formidable. Dillon, nevertheless, warily groped his way, and upon reaching the bed-side, gently disengaged a parcel of notes and guineas from the fob into which they had been somewhat roughly crammed, then regaining the window, let himself down by the cord, which he disengaged as soon as he stood firmly upon mother earth, and immediately quitted the house. He passed the remainder of the night under a temporary shed erected for the occasional shelter of cattle in a field about a mile distant. He was too cautious to sleep, and, indeed, it is likely the flush of success would have "murdered sleep," however he might have tried to keep it alive by offering his senses for a banquet. He now had leisure to count the whole gains of his professional life, and the sum total was no less than seven hundred and eighty-four pounds, thirteen shillings, and two-pence. Though a plunderer, both wholesale and retail, our hero was neither prodigal nor intemperate; he saved his unhallowed thrift, and regularly became the proprietor of so much stock, whenever he could muster up a fresh hundred to purchase. He had a friend upon 'Change, who managed his pecuniary matters in a manner perfectly satisfactory.

As soon as it was day, the Hobgoblin cast aside his old coat and rent trousers, cut them into strips, and scattered them in various
directions. Having put on the suit with which his bundle was provided, he removed his counterfeit eye, withdrew the ivory plumpers, restored his front tooth, and expunged the stains from its neighbours, elongated his nose to its natural dimensions, stripped the patch off its apex, when, from a very ordinary man, apparently of one and forty, he was suddenly transformed into a handsome youth of eighteen. Having washed himself in a narrow stream that watered the field, without the slightest apprehension he returned to the public-house in which he had committed the robbery, and entering as a traveller, desirous of proceeding by coach to Bath, ordered breakfast, to which he sat down with a moderate and leisurely appetite. His conscience was neither disturbed nor his relish blunted by the robbery he had so lately committed. Honesty, according to his notion, was an "empty bubble," and honour merely what Falstaff defined it to be, "a word." He was not learned in the dead languages, or he might have adopted a different creed: for true honour, according to Cicero, "is the concurrent praise of good men; the incorrupt approbation of those who form a correct judgment of eminent virtue; it is the echo of virtue." Dillon's answer to the Roman orator, had he heard his definition of true honour, would, no doubt, have been, that "the better part of it is discretion;" and that is the only true discretion which best provides against "the natural ills that flesh is heir to," by whatever means, these being always sanctified by the end. This was, in short, the brief moral of his philosophy.

He had not been seated more than a few minutes at his breakfast, when a roar of painful astonishment was heard above stairs, and almost immediately afterwards Wopping Joe rushed into the tap-room, his eyes projecting from their sockets, like those of an over-driven steer, his nose twitched upwards and the nostrils ludicrously gaping, his jaws expanded to such an angle of elevation and depression as to exhibit the whole capacious inclosure within, his lips quivering in a delirium of consternation, and his whole countenance expressing the most violent commotion. He stamped his thick hobnail shoes upon the floor, bellowed out the most tremendous oaths, gnashed his teeth till his mouth was covered with foam and blood, and exhibited the fiercest paroxysms of desperation. Dillon calmly inquired the cause of such an unexpected interruption; and when he had been informed by the officious publican, in a tone of ludicrous self-possession he declared there could be no doubt but that the tattered vagrant was the robber. The restoration of his front tooth had so perfectly restored our hero's articulation, that no one could have detected him to be identical with the object of his accusation, towards whom he did not spare those ungentle abuses which, upon such occasions, pass for the fervor of sympathy.

A dozen scouts were sent in pursuit of the delinquent, in whose capture the Hobgoblin, which cognomen Jimmy Dillon had by this time fairly entitled himself to, appeared to take a very earnest interest, declaring that he should defer his journey, and remain at the public-house to see the issue. The parties returned after some hours' search, but no clue had been obtained of the robber's retreat, and all hope of a capture gave place in the heart of Wopping Joe to "cursing and bitterness." He renewed his imprecations: the plunderer had not left him a sixpence, so that he could pay neither for his board, nor his bed, and Dillon was too wary to offer him any pecuniary assistance, lest such apparent generosity to a stranger should arouse suspicion. He therefore allowed the countryman to depart with nothing but his sympathy and good wishes, and the publican was obliged to put up with the loss of six shillings and seven pence halfpenny. Our hero had been so securely concealed behind his disguise, that suspicion did not for one moment attach to him; and having passed the following night in the very room where he had committed the robbery, he proceeded the next morning on the coach towards Bath. He secured a place no farther than to the nearest market town, purposing to walk the remainder of his journey, as it would keep him more aloof from the prying eyes of strangers. On arriving at the next town, he took up his temporary abode at the meanest looking inn he could find, as there he was more likely to avoid the contact of unknown companions. Here he carefully packed up in a parcel, well secured with stiff brown paper and sealed with a stag's head, the unlawful fruits of his late enterprise. The money stolen consisted chiefly of one pound notes, among which were seven guineas; the numbers of the notes did not happen to be known to the robbed party, so that no risk could arise from paying them into the bank, and Dillon, as I have said, had a friend at head quarters, upon whom he could rely, to convert this new accession of property into Bank stock. To him the parcel
was despatched, Dillon retaining only the seven guineas for immediate use. He determined to keep out of the way for a time, at least until the affair should be somewhat blown over, thinking that a couple of years added to his present youth would make such an alteration in his person, that with dyed hair and the appendage of bushy whiskers, which were by this time rapidly thickening, he should be quite a new man.

Next morning he quitted the inn, and pursued his journey, resting at small publichouses on the road-side, where he took his meals, and in one of which he passed the succeeding night. On the evening of the second day he entered a common. The night promised to be dark, for the twilight had set in with an asperity and gloom unusual even in the dreary month of November. As he advanced, a thick mist enveloped every thing around him with so dense a covering, that he could scarcely discern an object, of whatever size, five yards before his nose; and by the time twilight had given place to the deeper shades of evening, he could not clearly distinguish the path under his feet. The heath was of considerable extent, and he was utterly unacquainted with the route. He was perplexed and uneasy, but, shaking off the depression which was gradually seizing upon his spirits, as well as the cold upon his limbs, he determined to push forward at all hazards. To pass the night in the open air was to him neither a novelty nor a penance. He wandered out of the high road, and of this he was soon conscious by the interruptions which the heather occasionally offered to his progress. Still he pursued his course in the direction that his mere instinct suggested. He had not been long bewildered when he perceived a light, apparently at a short distance,—a sight, indeed, of welcome, as it seemed to promise shelter for the night, or at least a guide to the next town. He quickened his pace, but the pale sickly ray seemed to retreat as he advanced, and at length suddenly disappeared. It now occurred to him that the light must have been further off than he had apprehended, being seen through a heavy mist which, like the lenses of a telescope, magnifies objects and brings them apparently nearer to the eye. Supposing, nevertheless, that the light might have been removed by the inmates of some neighbouring cottage, he proceeded onward with cautious celerity, hoping that it would shortly reappear. His expectation, however, was not realised, and he stood in the midst of a wide and barren heath, uncertain which direction to pursue. He paused, and, with daring impiety, offered up a prayer to the God of mercy for a shelter in this hour of perplexity.

SYPHAX.

---

SKETCHES OF GREECE AND TURKEY.

BY J. HAMILTON BROWNE, ESQ.

INTERVIEW WITH THE CHIEF DRAGOMAN.

Being sent, with two military officers, on a mission to the Capidan Pacha, Kora Ali, we proceeded from Corfu to the opposite coast of Albania, then in a state of blockade in consequence of Ali Pacha of Joanna having hoisted the standard of revolt. We were accompanied by a guardiano, or official from the health office, to watch that we infringed no sanitary regulation, by coming in contact with any person, or prohibited commodity. Our boatmen pulled straight to the anchorage of the fleet, posted at about twelve miles' distance. On hoisting the flag ship, a motley assemblage of bearded, whiskered, and smoking figures, dressed in every variety of turban and costume, presented themselves, staring at us over the bulwarks, or peeping through the port-holes. From the solemn silence and decorum that prevailed, we suspected that the Capidan Pacha was among the curious gazers, though another circumstance that afterwards came to our knowledge, might justly account for this grave taciturnity, so contrary to the loquacity of the lively Greeks, many of whom were on board. That dignified functionary, if he was on deck, deigned not to enter on any personal conference with such humble envoys. A Greek interpreter informed us that we were to consign our despatches from the Lord
High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, to a personage who would put off in a boat from the ship to receive them. We were then to proceed to the shore, where a messenger would follow us with His Highness's reply. On our way to the beach, we passed under the stern of several Turkish line of battle ships and large frigates, which, had order and cleanliness marked their appearance, would have been worthy of admiration from their graceful models; but the rigging hung dangling from the masts with no regard to neatness, their unsquared yards were suspended after a lubberly fashion, and they were dirty and dingy in the extreme, when contrasted with the superb ships of the British squadron which we had been accustomed to see. Around the Ottoman stern galleries were suspended in grotesque confusion, fresh meat, strings of dried figs and onions, melons, pumpkins, jars filled with rose vinegar, and other queer-looking articles, making the vessels resemble Indiamen arrived in the Channel, and just furnished with a superabundance of fresh provisions, rather than a squadron fitted out on an expedition. We passed close under the bows of one ship, from which, to our amazement, proceeded shouts of merriment, and the sound of female voices. A whole bevy of fair ones suddenly crowded to the quarter gallery, and some did not scruple, for an instant, to withdraw their veils, giving us a tolerably distinct view of their features. So far as we could discern from the transient glimpse, the ladies seemed young, and fattened up like prize sheep, but without much to admire. None wore turbans, but ornamented skull caps, similar to those of the Greeks. A noisy bustle instantly followed this scene, upon which the women beat a sudden retreat. Shriil screams immediately afterwards assailed our ears, which led us to conclude that their sable guardians had discreetly interrupted their hilarity, and were chastising those who had given way to curiosity, probably allured by the attractive red coats and glittering gold epauletts of my companions. Our peep was quite unpromeditated, for it had never entered our heads that the Turkish commander was attended by the fair inmates of his harem.

The object of our mission was to demand satisfaction for a wanton and deliberate murder, perpetrated by a Turkish Aga, at Parga, on the person of an Ionian subject, a native of Paxo. The unfortunate islander, owner of a small bark navigated by himself, his brother, and a little boy, his son, had carried some wine and oil from Paxo to Parga for sale, and having disposed of the cargo, had reloaded with deals for his native place. An Aga, who held a quantity of maize, understanding that this commodity had considerably advanced in price at Corfu, had repaired to the port of Parga, to hire a boat to convey it to market. Deeming the bark of the Paxiot the best adapted for the purpose, he insisted that he should unload the deals to receive the Indian corn. This demand the Karaboukiris refused to comply with, and showed off to some little distance from the shore, to avoid the threats of the incensed Turk; but the ferocious Aga drew a pistol from his girdle, and levelling it at the poor Greek, shattered his arm. His comrades, terrified by the savage act, foolishly pulled in again to the shore; whereupon the monster, not content with the outrage he had already committed, rushed into the boat, and seizing a crow-bar, literally beat out the brains of the wounded wretch. After this atrocious deed, he calmly walked home.

We had waited some time on the beach, when two barges put off from the squadron, and made towards the landing place. From one disembarked the chief Dragoman of the fleet, a Phanariot Greek, one of the finest specimens of that handsome and elegantly formed race, I ever beheld, despite the high felt kalpar, typical of the interpreters, which concealed his hair. He seemed quite conscious of the surpassing beauty of his person. He was attired in a fawn-coloured flowing beneesh of broad cloth, richly embroidered, and lined with costly fur; from his shoulders hung suspended a huge boa, similar to those worn by ladies in England; a crimson velvet gicibbe, exquisitely worked with gold thread, appeared beneath the beneesh, and a rich Cashmere shawl was compressed tightly round his spare loins, from which dangled a gold or gilt instand and pen-case, the appendage of his profession; ample trousers of very light blue, with red morocco short boots, and the usual accompaniment of papooses, completed his equipment. His natty moustachios of jet, trimmed with sedulous care, accorded well with long silken eyebrows and lashes, tinged with sulphur, imparting additional lustre to his sparkling black eyes; and what is rare among his countrymen, he displayed a row of teeth, vying with polished ivory in whiteness,—of which ornament he left no one in ignorance, for an incessant smile lighted up his countenance. Every thing announced an Eastern exquisit of the first water; and on the slightest
motion, there exhaled from his vestments a perfect bouquet of perfumes. Added to possessing manners, we found, on further acquaintance, that his mind was not without cultivation, for he was familiar with the immortal authors of his own nation, and conversant with all the French writers of celebrity.—But, alas! poor Papadaki was de-captivated a few days after our interview, by Kora Ali, from either suspicion or proof that the unfortunate young man maintained correspondence with his countrymen, who had just commenced their insurrection. Whilst we were occupied in exchanging mutual civilities, the crew of the second barge landed an infinite variety of refreshments, consisting of sherbets, confectionery, and sweetmeats prepared in the Turkish fashion, a miniature cocking apparatus, and a plentiful supply of excellent Champagne. A rich carpet was immediately spread on the ground, together with splendid cushions, on which the friendly Interpreter squatted, inviting us to follow his example; but as the rules of quarantine prevented us from availing ourselves of his civility, some cloaks, for our accommodation, were brought from our own boat. The Dragoman would enter on no business until we had satisfied the cravings of hunger. Silver ewers containing scented rose-water for our hands and faces, were deposited on the ground by two of the most hideous-looking, bloated, black eunuchs I ever beheld; these were then handed to us by our officious guardian, who, with much pomposity, played the part of master of the ceremonies. After this, a silver tray, beautifully enchaired, of enormous dimensions, was brought forward in a similar manner, and conveyed to us by the guardian with the aid of the sailors of our boat. It was loaded with the most luscious sherbets, conserves of fruits, and sweetmeats, tastefully arranged in a superb service of diamond-cut crystal. Our Turkish hosts had also taken the trouble to kindle a fire to warm for us some pilau, the odorous steam from which made our mouths water. But the rascally little guardian, like Sancho Panza’s Baratarian doctor, interposed his confounded veto, affirming that he could permit us to eat nothing hot for fear of infection. This was a cruel verdict on a frosty winter day, the cold of the marshy coast of Albania being infinitely more intense than the mild climate of Corfu, although so near it. We comforted ourselves with some excellent Rosoglio, and a glass of delicious Champagne, in which we were pledged by the Dragoman, who, imbedded on a pile of cushions, sat in solitary state on his magnificent carpet, devouring pillan. At the close of our meal, the silver ewers were again introduced, and we performed our ablutions; but we cut a sorry figure by the side of the gorgeous Interpreter, who wiped his hands and dried his moustaches with a splendidly embroidered napkin, whilst we for that purpose had to make use of our pocket handkerchiefs. Coffee in small China cups, inserted in fillagree gold cases, and pipes ornamented with superb amber mouth-pieces, carved and jewelled, were now tendered to us, after which, conceiving the entertainment at an end, we expected to commence our palaver. Our hospitable friend, however, entreated us to repress our impatience, and the unwieldy black eunuchs reappeared on the scene, bearing a China bowl of extraordinary size, out of which a purser’s clerk might have issued rations of grog to a whole ship’s company. It was accompanied by a good sized cask of spring water, great part of which, together with the contents of various bottles of spirits, was emptied into the capacious recipient. The liquor was sweetened with sugar-candy, and an agreeable acidity imparted to its flavour by the juice of some Pargà citrons squeezed into it, forming punch which might have satisfied the most curious connoisseur at Glasgow or Bristol,—my military companions noting down, for the benefit of the mess, the proportions of each ingredient in its composition.

Under the exhilarating influence of the punch, we began to regard with greater complacency our attentive sable Ganymedes, envying the Pacha the possession of such accomplished menials. These wretched beings, who at first had inspired us with feelings of compassion, mingled with involuntary disgust, were decked out in the most magnificent style, wearing enormous white turbans, with a glittering crescent in front, gilt collars round their necks, aneke rings, white vestments profusely spangled, and, round their clumsy waists, red sashes, into which were stuck handsome hanjars. Their feet were bare, being only partially covered by small popoashes, adorned with false gems. They seemed proud of their finery, and walked, or rather waddled, with a consequential air.

The Dragoman now directed his carpet to be folded up, and placed himself in front of us, near the jolly bowl, joining us in partaking of its contents. He informed us aloud, in Italian, that Kara Ali had learnt with extreme regret the unfortunate outrage committed at Pargà, and the head of the delin-
SKETCHES OF GREECE AND TURKEY.

233

quent, he said, would be without delay sent to Corfu. This compliment we begged to decline, stating, that the Ionian government merely required that the whole business should be duly investigated, and punishment according to law inflicted on the Agà, if found guilty. The crews of the barges formed a circle around, whilst we carried on our conference. They were Greeks, mostly fine athletic fellows, with countenances bronzed by the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather. They wore loose snuff-coloured and blue jackets, some of them handsomely braided, which were extremely curtained behind, but hung down, cut away to a fine point, in front. Their shirts were open, exposing to view their shaggy chests. Sashes of different colours compressed their hips, from under which protruded ample drawers, reaching only to the knee—their muscular, finely moulded legs being without any covering, except a kind of slipper for the feet. Many of them sported tiny tiger-like moustaches. We remarked that none of these men were armed; but a Turkish guard, accoutred with cimeters, and having staghorns and pistols in their girdles, stood beyond the circle.

The Greeks appeared to listen with an attentive ear to our discourse, which at first related to indifferent topics; but the Dragoman, on a sudden, inquired if any one of our party spoke French,—I answered by addressing him in that language. He then eagerly asked if it was true that his countrymen were in arms against their tyrants? I stated, that it was currently reported Prince Ipsilant had raised the standard of independence in the principalities, and that a partial effusion of popular fury was said to have been produced in the Morea by the cruelty of the Osmanlis, but that I was unacquainted with the particulars. The unhappy young man now unfolded to us a tale of horror, informing us that the Capidan Pacha, shortly after the receipt of a secret despatch brought by a Tartar from Churchid Pacha, had, without any assignable motive, commanded the execution of numerous Greeks, on board the squadron; but the reason of this barbarity was now evident. These revolting scenes occurred almost daily, and that very morning, the moment before we made the flag ship, the bloody work was going on. Eleven of the crew had been strangled and decapitated, the heads preserved to be transmitted to Constantinople, and the trunks consigned to the deep. The boats were carefully secured every night, in consequence of some of the men having effected their escape by swimming. The remainder were in a dreadful state of alarm, as, from being unarmed, they had no means of resistance, and feared that the intention of Kara Ali was to exterminate all except those absolutely requisite for the navigation of the ships.

Papadaki, himself, now began to be apprehensive of a like fate, in consequence of the distrustful character of the ferocious Kara Ali. He expressed his determination, should he again be allowed to proceed on business connected with the fleet, to the Lazaretto at Corfu, to implore the protection of the British, and refuse to quit the Ionian territory. He asked us if we thought it would be granted. As we had no instructions on that head, we could give him no assurance, though we pitied his unhappy position; but death deprived him of the opportunity of carrying his scheme into execution.

He now ventured to assert that the message of the admiral to the British commander was a mere subterfuge, because anarchy prevailed in Epirus, and neither his authority nor that of Churchid Pacha was respected at Parga. That place still remained in the power of the Arnouts, with whom it had been garrisoned by Ali Pacha after its cession to him by the British government. Had the offer of the Agà's head been accepted by us, he said, it was more than probable that one struck off from a Greek would have been substituted for it, and palmed on the Lord High Commissioner as that of the real criminal.

This information proved correct in substance, as no further satisfaction was afforded for the murder.

After drinking a few tumblers of the superbly excellent punch, we expressed a wish that some of it should be distributed among the bystanders, our boatmen having been plentifully regaled; but we were told by the Dragoman that he durst not comply with our request, as it was contrary to all Turkish etiquette. We now thought it full time to cease our potations.

The Dragoman seemed astonished at our squeamishness, and we laughed heartily on his telling us that this enormous quantity of liquor had been compounded expressly for our consumption, the Turks having most extravagant notions respecting the Bacchana
tian prowess of Englishmen. Remarkings that several of the men had deep scars on their limbs, we were informed they were spots left by the plague, from which they
had recovered. The guardian, himself, who had not failed to indulge in the punch, now contrived to stumble against one of the eunuchs engaged in removing the fragments of the feast. The fright of the poor devil was amusing; but as, perhaps, we did not see very clear, we thought it best to counterfeit total blindness, else it would have subjected the whole party to forty days’ quarantine; for the interpreter assured us that the fleet was free from sickness, as the plague itself rarely, or ever, shows itself in the cold season.

However necessary sanitary regulations may be in the neighbourhood of the Turks, the plague, when it has made its way into the Ionian Islands, has done so by means of smuggling, or in consequence of the people of the health office refusing to allow vessels having the pestilence on board, to be expurgated and afterwards to perform quarantine, merely furnishing them with provisions, and insisting on their leaving the port. Apart from the inhumanity of this proceeding, it is fraught with great danger, for the remaining crew, in this appalling situation, are frequently so much debilitated as to be unable to work the ship, and, perhaps, take refuge in some remote creek, where they communicate with the country people, by bartering for fresh provisions, thereby introducing and propagating the infection. Caprice not unfrequently regulates the laws of quarantine, which are unequal in their operation, exceptions being made in favour of the rich and powerful, whilst, for any infraction of them, the poorer classes used occasionally to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Moreover, the officers of the establishment are not always endowed with the most enlightened ideas on the subject; and I remember, when a quantity of Latakia tobacco plants were imported into a certain island, in the hope of obtaining from them a superior growth of that leaf, the sprient inspector directed them to be steeped in sea water, so as to spoil them completely, although this aromatic weed is esteemed unsusceptible of conveying disease.

We now arose, our business being concluded, and bade farewell to the Dragoman, who insisted on our retaining as a gift the pipes we had been using; when, with a courteous salaam, he saluted us, re-embarked, and we saw him no more.

---

LOVES OF THE LORDS AND LADIES.—No. VI.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

DEAR DOWAGER DUCHESS.

Dear Dowager Duchess, though treble my age,
There’s a pain in my heart you alone can assuage;
And, poor as I am, when your jointure I see,
Your Grace appears one of the graces to me!

For misses not out of their teens I have sighed,
But a pauper must not wed a penniless bride;
And Prudence has whisper’d, “Mind what you’re about,
Say ‘your grace’ before dinner, or else go without!”

Your lip is no ruby, no diamond your eye,
But diamonds and rubies in plenty we’ll buy;
No pearls are your teeth, yet in pearls you shall shine,
And I’ll call you my mother of pearl when you’re mine.

No rose is your cheek, no lily your neck,
Yet your wig with the lily and rose we will deck;
An attachment like mine well deserves a reward,
Though there’s “Captain half pay unattached” on my card!

That tell-tale, the Peerage, your age may betray,
Yet, if people blame you, ne’er heed what they say;
For when your young husband is seen with his bride,
At least they must own you have youth on your side!
RETROSPECTIONS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

SCENES IN ARACAN.

During the Burman war, in the year 1825, I was attached to that unfortunate force, the south-east division of the army, commanded by Brigadier General Morrison, C.B., which invaded the Burmese province of Arracan, passed eight or nine months in that pestilential country, and the greater part of the time in the capital which bears the same name. My abode on that occasion was the house of some Poonghees, or Buddhist priests, who, prior to the capture of the place by assault, officiated in the neighbouring temples. I am ignorant whether the fraternity, of their own accord, abandoned their residence on the appearance of their new masters, or whether, being expelled by our troops during the confusion of a tumultuous entry, they were afraid to return to them,—all I know is that the poor men never sought to dispossess us by the exercise of the only power they held, that of entreaty, or demanded any remuneration for six or seven months' accommodation in; as may be surmised from the profession of the owners, one of the most comfortable domiciles in the place, though, as will be shown, it was not particularly remarkable for comfort, according to European notions of that comprehensive term. This Poonghee house was situated on a ridge, or spar of an eminence, parallel to, and about eighty feet above the river. It commanded a tolerably extensive view of the fort and town, with its numerous pagodas, the temporary lines and huts of the army of occupation, and the distant country overgrown with gloomy and majestic forests. Immediately at the back of it arose a lofty hill, which terminating in a point, was crowned by a tall conical pagoda, somewhat in form like a glass-house or speaking-trumpet, but with a broader base than either, surmounted with a light gilded Jé or spire, intended to represent a chatta or umbrella. This temple occupied the centre of a paved terrace, encircled by a battlemented parapet-wall little more than breast-high, and was approached from the valley beneath by a long flight of many hundred steps of masonry, ten or twelve feet broad. These were flanked by a low parapet, and had two or more landing-places, at intervals guarded by hideous figures, intended, I fancy, to represent Rakhas or demons, the guardian genii of the sacred place—grim, griffin-like looking monsters, with goggle-eyes and terrific grinders, which, without violating the Decalogue, might have been tolerated in the camp of the Israelites, for assuredly they resembled nothing in heaven above or in the earth beneath. On the same ridge with my house, about a hundred yards further to the right, were two or three more pagodas of similar form, but more humble architectural pretensions. The former was dignified by the title of Shoé, or the golden, the Burmese type of excellence; the others, stained by the successive rains of this country, covered with a few wild balsams springing from their crevices, and long dark lichen, like a mantle of sea-weed dangling from their sides, ministered to my love of the lonely and picturesque, and formed the point of attraction for many an evening lounge. The largest was surrounded by a high wall, with an archway on the edge of an abrupt woody descent, through which appeared a dark narrow glen, the river and its wooden bridge, a few huts, and the more distant woody mountains. Having given this account of the immediate localities, it may be considered essential to the completion of the sketch, that I should offer some description of the house itself. Let the reader then imagine a large skeleton or frame-work of timber rough from the forest, with walls of stout bamboo matting, pierced with sundry apertures of the same material, like the doors of a child's fly-box. Let him further picture a high sloping roof, thatched with palmeto leaves, projecting beyond the body of the building, so as to form a sheltered verandah of six or eight feet in breadth. The floors of the apartments (to which the inmates ascended by a short ladder on the outside) were formed of split bamboos laid across transverse beams, which last were fastened, about
six feet from the ground, with wooden pins and ligatures of split rattan to the upright timbers of the building. This singular kind of floor was covered with a strong bamboo matting, which emitted a most doleful creaking when walked upon; and upon it a musing person like myself, fond of see-sawing, could never indulge with any degree of safety in the luxurious propensities, as, if he did, he would often find himself roused from his reveries by a sudden shifting of the centre of gravity, caused by the chair-legs on duty bursting through their frail support, and burying themselves up to the seat in empty space, and himself measuring his length upon the floor, sprawling amongst the "disjuncta membra" of his hookah, if he happened to smoke one, as I did occasionally. On casting the eye upward, the whole internal economy of the penthouse, bamboo, joists, and rafters, was fully revealed to view, festooned with a few cobwebs, through the light drapery of which a rat would now and then scramble on a foraging expedition, or a hideous Gecko* wriggle along its bloated lizard-like form. Indifferent shelter did this apartment afford, for here bad was the best accommodation. The rain often found its way through the roof, and every gust of wind pipped mournfully through the crevices of the matting, "discoursing most excellent music." It was the end of the month of July, and the rains descended in an almost incessant deluge. The swollen rivers wheeled in turbid eddies through the valleys to the sea, the accumulated waters of a hundred mountain torrents. Rank vegetation, "like the fat weeds which grow by Letcher's banks," shot forth luxuriantly on every side, as if to display its pride of life in mockery of man's mortality; and everything seemed to realise to the fullest extent the most exaggerated idea which could be formed of the horrors of a tropical monsoon. The sickness and mortality, which had long been fearfully on the increase, now attained their greatest height. The hospitals were crowded, the members of the medical department in full employment. Each day brought us intelligence of the death or hopeless state of some of our friends and brother-officers, whilst the return exhibited a total of nearly seven hundred souls who in this month had sunk under the baneful effects of the climate. Death here appeared in his most appalling form, and awful and sudden were his summonses—widely different from his visits, "few and far between," in happier climes, where from the village church the

—"Soft and solemn toll"

Speaks the departure of a soul,"

called to its long home in a ripe maturity. But here the mournful drum, or the soldier's only requiem, the parting volley over the grave, waked the echoes of the lonely forests which surrounded us, and daily told that the career of the young and the brave was ended, far from the home of their kindred. But Nature, ever bountiful, who provides for all emergencies incident to our state, has happily so formed us that intensely painful emotions cannot long endure. Like an acute disease, they must either kill, or subside, or settle down into something of a more chronic and bearable nature; and the overwrought yet pliant feelings often find, in the very causes which originally disturbed them, the sources of a painful interest, a melancholy pleasure which disarms them of half their poignancy, as the captive at last plays with his chain, or solaces himself with the "song of happier days." So it was with us, or at least with me. I at first felt pity, and sorrow; but excited by the scenes around me, until I could feel no more, the tide at length fairly turned. I began to experience a sort of interest in speculating on the lives or deaths of my acquaintance; I felt a curiosity to know whose turn would come next, and the extent to which disease would carry its havoc and destruction. The hopes long cherished of being able, after the rainy season, to renew active operations, and of planting our colours on the walls of Ummerapoora, had fairly subsided; our army had become a perfect wreck, and our cares were absorbed in our present condition, the sufferings of which, and the firmness with which we bore them, were to supply in some measure the place of the more desirable honours which we had hoped to reap on the exciting and congenial theatres of the stormed stockade or the battled field. We were like those who long cherish the dreams of youth, till past a certain point; but when fairly landed in old age, they glory in the grey hairs which art can no longer conceal. I must confess, too, that I sometimes consoled myself with the reflection that if I got safe out of the scrape, I might at some future period astonish the inhabitants of my native village by relating my perils,

* The gecko is a species of ugly guana, peculiar to these countries, speckled like a toad, of a most venomous appearance, and inhabiting old trees and the thatch of houses. It utters a loud noise, in which it seems to articulate the word gecko, whence its name, which it is said to repeat a certain number of times, according to the hour of the day. The claws are singularly constructed, with a number of little holes, the air of which it uses, and by forming a vacuum in each is enabled to cling with the greatest tenacity to the smoothest surfaces.
when happily fixed among the smoky comforts
of Inglewood.

One day, about this time, I found myself,
at about three P.M., seated with my legs on
the camp table, a tumbler of half-and-half
by my side, and a pilot cigar half a foot long
in my mouth. My friend and chum, who,
from the length of his legs, would have
personated admirably the first Edward, sat
opposite to me, with those lengthy appendi-
dages likewise horizontally disposed, and
whistling "Begone, dull Care," in a lugu-
brious style little calculated to banish un-
pleasant emotions.

"Sad work this," said I, "and a melancho-
ly wind-up of all those glorious anticipa-
tions in which we used to indulge, when
first, six months ago, we broke ground in this
excelable country, which seems made as if
only to be rained upon, and where there is
entertainment for neither man nor beast."

"A true bill, by Jove," replied my friend;
"the mortality is certainly frightful, and if
we go on at this rate till October, for the
General talks of resuming active operations,
we stand a chance of crossing the Roomatong
mountains with as ghastly a crew as ever
wandered on the shores of the melancholy
Styx. I think it, however, by no means
unlike our friends the Burmese, unless
much pressed by Sir Archibald Campbell's
forces, will, on learning our crippled state,
pay us a visit before that time, and give us a
quid pro quo. Even now the reports in the
town from the other side of the mountains
are, that they are concentrating their forces
at Shembawghnow for that express purpose."

"It cannot be helped," I replied, "though
certainly it would be as well to let us alone
for the present, since we could not muster a thou-
sand effective men under arms, and three days'
skirmishing at this season would assuredly
send three-fourths of them to the hospital.
As half of our cattle are dead, and the greater
number of the boatmen have absconded, it is
clear we are in a condition neither to fight nor
fly. I have no objection to a fair share of
danger, in the regular way, from swords and
muskets, though I have an insuperable one to
the idea of being embowelled or impaled
alive for the gratification of uncouth bar-
barians, with still more uncouth names,
ever intended to be pronounced by civilised
organs. This would surely be our fate if
they obtained the upper hand; our former
experience of their sanguinary character is a
ture indication of it. But let us not croak.
Give us 'All's well' in your best style. I'll
take first, and hang all care and low spirits."

I was just turning the last line of the song
in my most dulcet and effective manner,
when the rain, which had been pouring
heavily all day, like the hearty perpendicular
discharge from a shower-bath, suddenly
ceased, as with a click, of which we were
made aware by the cessation of the clattering
it made in falling on the crisp and sonorous
thatch of the building. A warm gleam of
sunshine lighted up the valley, and a rich
amber ray broke obliquely through the jamps
into our matted apartment, turning my half-
and-half into a liquid amethyst, and startling
a poor little lizard, which, under cover of the
dubious light, was making its cautious ap-
proach towards a fly settled on the table. It
is surprising, and few Englishmen or hypo-
chondriacs will dispute the truth of the
remark, what an instantaneously exhilar-
ating effect is produced on depressed spirits
by such a visitor as sunshine. It has often
cheered me, when all my philosophy has
failed, and induced me to think that the
sunshine of the mind is something more than
a mere figurative expression.

"Who's for a walk?" I exclaimed, rising
from my chair, "for I am determined to make
the most of the agreeable change in the
weather, and take a longer ramble than
usual."

My friend seemed to approve of the propo-
sal, for deliberately buttoning up his pocket-
holes, and slowly heaving his legs off the
table, one after the other, like the descending
shafts of a windmill, he gave a long last pull
at his hookah, and discharging a mighty vo-
lume of smoke, the anticipated effusion of a
dozen ordinary puffs, shouted out in a stento-
rian voice—

"Qui haram zada loge hazir kyn." Anglice, "Are any base-begotten rascals in
attendance?"

This flattering summons, to the style of
which Indian domestics are sufficiently
accustomed, was responded to from more
than one quarter of the building, by the
words, "Sahib," and "hazir kodshund," in
the most whining, spiritless, and tremulous
tones that can be imagined, and, immediately
after, staggered in the ghost-like apparitions
of Kalipha, the tailor, and poor Ponchoo, the
sirdar-bearer, swathed up to the eyes, like
mummies, in their ressies and blankets, and
shaking like aspens on their frail and spindle
supporters, from the effects of the prevailing
intermittent fever. My friend ordered them

VOL. V.—NO VI.
to bring his hat, boots, stick, &c., and when duly equipped, we sallied forth on our stroll. We descended the ridge of the hill, and directed our steps through a small grove of Areca palm trees to a kioum, or priest's house, not far distant. This was a large wooden structure of rather an interesting appearance. It formed three sides of a square, had a fantastic roof and turned up eaves in the Chinese taste, with an open verandah on the inside. It was half obscured by a luxuriant mango grove, mingled with the dark foliage of the jack-tree, whose huge fruit dangled from the stems, and the light and vivid green of the refreshing banana. Over all was seen towering a grove of noble cocoa-nut trees, those peculiar ornaments of an Eastern scene, waving on high their graceful plumes. We rested for a moment as we passed, to see what was going on within. A monastic stillness pervaded the spot, only broken by the soft and thrilling cooings of a pondeek, or turtle dove, perched on the dead branch of a neighbouring tree, and appearing, like ourselves, to be enjoying the evening sunshine. In the open verandah supported by a row of thin wooden pillars, sat an old Poonghee, with a shaven head, and yellow robe. He was chanting, in a monotonous voice, some part of the sacred writings of the Buddhists, which he read from long slips of palm leaves, lying on his lap before him. One of the beautiful wild peacocks of the country, (which these people are fond of domesticaing,) its long tail nearly touching the ground, was perched on the edge of the wooden stage, and was adjusting its plumage by repeated graceful movements of its long and flexible neck. The only other living creature we saw was a large black buffalo, pickedet by the nose, in a corner of the enclosure, and quietly munching the tops of some sugar cane, its hide as dark and shining as if it had received the full benefit of a bottle of Day and Martin's blacking. As we approached, the buffalo slowly turned round its poking head, garnished with tremendous horns, and gave us one of those sullen and malignant looks peculiar to the animal, and which those unacquainted with its generally inoffensive disposition would have viewed with some alarm. We now commenced ascending the flight of steps leading to the Shoedong pagoda, which last may be considered the cathedral of Arracan, and the place just described the residence of the Dean and Chapter, in which, if things are managed as in more civilized states, any one with interest enough to get his utility and learning sufficiently appreciated, may obtain a snug berth, and otium cum dignitate for the rest of his days. It was a hard pull to mount this almost interminable Jacob's ladder; but as we got higher, the range of vision expanded and disclosed prospects which amply compensated for our trouble. We met several women of the country descending, gaudily attired in gay wrappers of Burman silk, who had been to pay their devotions at the Temple. Their broad, Chinese, good-humoured countenances were radiant with unsophisticated grins. As we passed, we addressed them in a jocose way, which made them laugh heartily, though they understood not a word we said. On reaching the terrace of the pagoda, more than six hundred feet above the valley, we sat down to breathe and contemplate the prospect which spread around us. We now leaned over the wall and gazed on the expansive scene. To our left, and behind the Shoedong temple, we saw part of the extensive line of Burman intrenchments, formed to protect the town; and following the cleared tops of the hills, here and there a peak or superior eminence breaking the continuity, would arise, crowned with some little stockade or guard-house, and perhaps a solitary tree, standing up in bold relief against the wild and cloudy sky. Below, on the other side, lay mapped the straggling town of Arracan, its long lines and clusters of matted houses perched on stilts, spreading over the valley, and intermingled with the foliage of plantain, jack, and cocoa-nut trees. Through it the narrow Oratung river wound its tortuous course, now lost among the huts, again emerging to the view. A few fishing canoes shot along its surface. The paddles of the rowers, as they glided on, seemed, in the dubious evening light, to be dabbling in quicksilver, leaving a long luminous streak behind them, like the shining trail of a reptile. Parallel to the river, the old fort displayed its long grey lines of low and dilapidated walls, patched with stockading, its concentric squares crowded with the barracks of the European regiments, and the temporary matted bungaloes of the officers. To the right lay the lines of several Seapoy regiments, spread over an extensive space, the low sheds arranged in formal rows, like companies in open column. Groups of soldiers, dwindled by distance to almost piggy dimensions, were moving about them, their arms gleaming brightly in the evening watery sunshine. Here and there we observed an officer on horseback, plodding along to visit.
his guards and pickets. Two or three elephants were slowly moving across the plain, bringing home their loads of fodder. On all sides of the town, excepting on one where the country stretched away a wide expanse of plain of sunderbunds, bounded by a chain of hills on the Colandyne river, appeared an amphitheatre of knolls and eminences, crowned with tall Buddhist temples and wooden buildings. Through the opening of one of these, our eyes caught the glimpse of a shining lake, fringed with dark hanging woods. On enlarging the circle of our view, the eye rested on lofty mountains, rising tier above tier, and waving with one unbroken surface of dark and majestic forest. Long sluggish clouds rested on their ample breasts, over which floated broad and beautiful bands of light and shade,—an appearance seen to the greatest perfection during the rainy months in the East. The sun now sank behind the distant mountains, with a sudden dip, as if exhausted by its course, amid an assemblage of massive clouds, tipped with gold and amber hues, which seemed like the bright and glowing portals which fancy paints as leading to the mansions of the blessed. The hills now cast their dark shadows over the town, a few lights twinkled in the hats, and the cold mists of a tropical eve spread their beneful volumes around. From all sides arose the notes of drums and fifes, sounding the retreat, which warned us to retire; and, rising from our seats, we descended the hill and returned to our quarters. We had scarcely entered to the house, lighted candles, and seated ourselves at the table, when I began to feel strangely indisposed. A cold shudder ran through my whole frame; my teeth chattered, and repeated yawnings convinced me that all was not right. I rose, paced rapidly up and down the apartment, took a warm stimulating draught, whistled and sang, and tried to shake it off—but I could not succeed. The chill night dew and the malaria had done its work; and a few hours saw me stretched on my camp bed, which occupied a little partition corner of the building, a prey to a burning fever. It will be long ere the sensations of that night fade from my recollection. Whether it was the effect of the disease, or that of some medicine I had taken, I know not, but my brain was fearfully excited, and my dreams presented one riotous and unbroken succession of images of a horrible or a pleasing nature. One moment I thought myself pursued by a troop of savage Birmans, their long black hair streaming in the wind, and yelling their wild war cries. Yielding to my fears, I fled like a roe, over hill and dale, bounding with frantic speed, down cataracts and precipices, which I scarcely seemed to touch. At last I felt that the savages were upon me; my hands were pinioned, and their gleaming daws flourished over my head to give the fatal stroke. I started up,—awoke—and looked wildly round me;—all was silent in the house, save my watch, which ticked under my pillow. A flickering earthen cheragh, or lamp, emitted a feeble ray from the corner of the apartment, and my faithful servant, Shaickjee, was kneeling by my bedside, softly champing my feet.

"Who's that, and where am I?" I exclaimed.

"It is I, your slave Shaickjee," said the faithful fellow. "Sahib ke tubyat maunda-hyn. Sahib is not well, and I thought it not right he should be alone. Lait yee Kodabunt. Lie down, sir, and compose yourself, it will do you good."

This kindness affected me. I once more addressed myself to sleep, with an increased good opinion of my fellow-creatures, whom I thought, black or white, are made of better stuff than some stern misanthropes are willing to admit. But my slumber was still troubled. I was now a hero, caracolling on a proud charger, amid dancing plumes and stirring music, with elated visions of glory, and love flying through my brain in the wildest confusion. At one time I presided in a bowered hall of interminable length, where the banquet was spread, and I heard a song, and beheld a blaze of light and beauty. Thus I was tossed about until morning. The cold raw fog, and the crowing of the cocks from the Mugh houses around, roused me from my unrefreshing slumber. In about ten days the fever had considerably abated, leaving me debilitated and weak. My kind friend, General **** advised me to proceed to one of the hospital ships, and try the effect of change of air. I gladly embraced the offer, and directing my servant to put up a few things in a couple of pataras, with a box of cigars, and a few bottles of port, I shook hands with my friends, and hooking on my boat-cloak, directed my tottering steps to the Babadong Ghaut, the station of the small craft, where I proposed to embark. There is not a more delightful feeling than that which we experience after having been confined to a sick couch, when we emerge once more into the open air.

I felt revived as I proceeded through the groves and plantain gardens, which lay be-
OLD WOMEN.—No. IV.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

A STAR IN THE HEMISPHERE OF FASHION.

When I first knew Araminta Briggs, she was the unsophisticated daughter of a very respectable schoolmaster resident in the town of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire. She was, without dispute, the prettiest girl in that neighbourhood, and most of Mr. Briggs’s big boys, ere they finally quitted his roof, fancied themselves in love with the gentle Araminta.

Briggs was a great personage in his own little way. Most of the good country families sent their juniors to his preparatory seminary, and he prided himself upon the gentility of his muster-roll. Araminta’s admirers were therefore of a rank and station above her own. Two right honourables considerably turned her little head, and when, by some odd accident, a young lord sojourned at the house of Briggs, bowing before the rod of the father, and smiling surreptitiously on the fair and blue-eyed daughter, the poor girl began really to imagine herself a person of infinite importance.

This olive branch of an illustrious house, this slim sprig of nobility, had lost his father when he was a mere infant; and that father having very deeply involved himself, the noble widow retired to a small seat in Gloucestershire, where her attention was most sedulously devoted to double duty of nursing—the estates and the infant. Lord Killkitten was, as might be guessed from his name, an Irish viscount, yet the very moderate property which he was to inherit was situated in England; the Killkitten estate having gradually softened down into an extensive bog. The late lords had made the most of the timber, and such solid advantages having disappeared, the present viscount, suffering for the extravagance of those who now slept under the turf, had nothing left in Ireland which could be turned to account, except the turf on his bogs, which he caused to be cut for fuel.

Lord Killkitten, after enduring for a certain time the discipline of Mr. Briggs’s birch, was destined for Eton and Oxford; but poor timid Briggs was not the man to inflict corporal punishment upon a person of young Killkitten’s rank. Never having had occasion before to address any living individual as “my lord”, he “my lorded” his pupil from morning till night; and if his lordship happened to be particularly dull about his moods and tenses, verbs and nouns, he used to make a bow, and say—

“My lord, you will excuse my saying that this won’t do; and your lordship will pardon my adding, that if it happens again, I shall be under the painful necessity of whipping your lordship, as I am just going to whip Master Snooks, who has committed the same fault for which I have been obliged respectfully to scold your lordship.”

* Litters for carrying the sick.
OLD WOMEN.

The young nobleman, boy as he was, seeing Snookses, the plebeian, well whipped for an offence which involved him only in a lecture (to which he did not listen), began, of course, to feel his own consequence, and to dominate over the surrounding Snookses, as if they had been creatures formed of inferior earth. At cricket he was always to be in; if anybody bowled him out there was a mistake somewhere, and the bat was retained by his lordship. Playing at horses he was always the charioteer, and the Snookses were harnessed at his bidding; and when leap-frog was the order of the day he had the proud privilege of jumping over everybody, without ever once thinking of stooping to let anybody jump over him.

But the greatest advantage of all which the young aristocrat enjoyed, was the participation in the family tea in the parlour of old Briggs, and the occupation of the seat next to Araminta, while she superintended its preparation.

Mrs. Briggs had long since been carried away to that bourne from which no traveller, nor indeed anybody else, returns. Had she been alive, no doubt her maternal breast would have cherished dreams of future greatness for her beloved Minny, when she witnessed the apparent devotion of the heir of Killkitten. But such notions never for a moment entered the bald head of the venerable relict of that lamented lady.

He "looked up" with a feeling of awe to the little personage who daily said his lessons at his knee; and the idea of the young viscount ever becoming his son-in-law never entered his thoughts. But Araminta, who was now some few years older than Lord Killkitten, and really began to like him exceedingly, had her own little secret and unacknowledged dreams of carriages and coronets in store for her; and when his little lordship playfully called her (as all boys are apt to call some little girl of their acquaintance), his "little wife," Araminta blushed, and secretly indulged in the idea that the time might arrive when she should be called "my Lady Killkitten" in earnest.

In due course of time his lordship, who was become a long thin hoheyboy, left Mr. Briggs's preparatory establishment, which, so far as young Killkitten had been concerned, was preparatory to nothing but ignorance and self-importance on his lordship's part; and vanity and future inevitable vexation of spirit on the part of Miss Araminta Briggs.

I should be involved in a very long story were I to follow his lordship through his future career; it is therefore with the deepest regret (on Miss Briggs's account), that I here take leave of him for ever, confessing at the same time that she never from the moment of his departure heard anything more about him.

For some years I lost sight of the gentle Araminta; and when again I visited the town of Thornbury, old Mr. Briggs had gone to join his wife (in the church-yard), and Miss Briggs had been two years married to Mr. Deedums, the highly respectable solicitor.

This was rather a downful, certainly, and at Thornbury tea-parties the sound of "Mrs. Deedums's maid is come with lantern and pattens" was hardly an equivalent for the loss of "Lady Killkitten's carriage stops the way."

Still, however, in a country town the lawyer's lady is rather a great person, and poor Araminta's head had been too much turned in days gone by, to ever become quite steady in a quiet straightforward way again. She therefore, it must be acknowledged, gave herself airs, and led the fashions among the Snookses of Thornbury. Mrs. Deedums's "tea" were really very smart things in their way, and often, as Araminta prepared for the reception of her guests, she sighed, and thought how much she might have been admired had it been registered in the Peerage that "the present Viscount Killkitten had married Araminta, only daughter of Peter Briggs, Esq., of Briggs House, Thornbury, Gloucestershire."

Again I lost sight of Araminta, and when by chance I revisited Thornbury, she was the still fair widow of the late Mr. Deedums, who, having died much richer than had been anticipated, had left her a very handsome jointure. She was about forty, and still handsome; and having just thrown aside her weeds, it seemed to be her object to forget Deedums and his set as quickly as possible, and become on visiting terms with some of the more aristocratic families of the neighbourhood. Chance in some measure promoted her views, for she accidentally had formed an acquaintance with an Honourable Mrs. Moore, during a short visit to Cheltenham, to which place she had gone immediately after Deedums's death, to recruit her health by change of air, and her spirits by change of scene; or, in other words, to forget her late husband as soon as possible, and all the disagreeables attendant on his illness and demise.

Mrs. Moore was acquainted with some of
the best families in Gloucestershire. Having accepted an invitation from the widow, she arrived at that lady's residence in the town of Thornbury. She called upon her friends in the neighbourhood; they, of course, when they returned the visit, left cards for the widow. The long-desired object was gained; and the widow knowing that none of these great personages visited "the towns-people," determined immediately to give the latter the cut, and to cultivate in future the more exclusive and recherché suburban society.

During the stay of the Honourable Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Deedums accompanied her to dinner and evening parties at all the great houses within ten miles of the town; and after the departure of her fair guest, the widow determined to open her house, for the first time since the death of her husband, and give a rout.

Now all these great people had received Mrs. Deedums as a sort of necessary appendage to their old acquaintance, Mrs. Moore, but knowing that the widow had always been one of "the set" in the town, they never dreamt of visiting her, or indeed of keeping up any sort of acquaintance after Mrs. Moore's departure, beyond a distant bow, or a patronising smile of recognition.

When, therefore, the little three-cornered pink notes of invitation arrived, there was an exclamation of surprise, and a general wonder expressed of "whom shall we meet?" and very brief indeed was the debate, which ended in a determination to send civil refusals.

I, being in the town, happened to be among the persons invited, and having called in the morning, had been told by the widow that it would be rather a large party, as she had received no excuses, and that I might come as early as I liked, though it was probable few of her guests would arrive before ten. Not wishing to help light the candles or witness the slow accumulation of the party, I determined to make my appearance at half-past ten. There is no such bore as witnessing the gradual mixing of the ingredients of a party; it is like tasting again and again a pudding in its culinary progress. I like to enter the party when it is ready made, and to get a slice of the pudding when it is served up hot at table.

Lights gleaned from the windows of the widow's house, and servants were in attendance to usher me into the room, which I expected to find full. As the door opened, there was a death-like silence; and on entering, I discovered half a dozen persons, who sat under a brilliantly lighted chandelier, looking like the members of a family who have given a party, and who sit together when the guests are gone, "to talk it all over." The widow, with a flushed face and quivering lip, advanced to receive me, upbraiding me for being late, and telling me of notes she had just received from her dear friends in the neighbourhood, who had all been prevented by the merest accident from attending her party that evening.

"But," said I, "is not the town independent of the neighbourhood for its society?"

"Oh dear, no," said the hostess; "of course, you know, I did not ask the Snookes to meet such a party as this."

I looked round me with a glance of inquiry.

"I mean," added the widow, "to meet the party which I expected to-night."

"When we last met, they were your most intimate associates!"

"Yes, yes, they were poor dear D.'s friends; but you know it would have been awkward, poor things, to have met the Fortescues, and the Montagues, and the Howards, and the Montgomeries, and—"

"Yes, truly," said I, wickedly, "but as all those great folks have thought fit to absent themselves, and you have prepared supper for about one hundred, is it too late now to send out and ask the Snookes, and the old set whom I remember to have met here?"

"Bless your heart," said the widow, "they are all in bed and asleep!"

All this happened twenty years ago; and having occasion recently to revisit Thornbury, I was rather curious to know how the widow was getting on, and to ascertain whether the dignity of the suburbs and the resentment of the towns-people had driven her into solitude and seclusion.

But I was soon convinced of two things: that "pride" is apt to "have a fall," and that in a small community no very lasting resentment is openly evinced against one who is rich enough to give pleasant parties.

Araminta had again changed her name, and having married one of the once despised family of Snooks, I was soon kindly received at a very crowded rout, by my old acquaintance, now a leading star in the little hemisphere of fashion at Thornbury, and bearing the name of Mrs. Samuel Snooks.
Château d’Hombourg.

The abrupt conclusion of my last must have caused you a degree of suspense which I embrace the earliest moment to remove. It was exceedingly fortunate for me that an extension of furlough, at the very instant I expected to have started for Berlin, enabled me to be a spectator, and in some degree an actor, in the drama whereof I now communicate the éclaircissement.

The arrival of P—— A——t at this early hour, and at a time when it was reported that he had gone to Erfurt to inspect the garrison there, caused a degree of pleasure only restrained in its expression by the simple doubt of some contretemps which the gravity of the prince’s demeanour seemed to indicate. The grace and peculiar elegance, however, with which the Comtesse received him, soon dissipated the cloud which for a moment damped the scene, and restored a cheerful confidence in the breasts of all present.

“Madam,” said the prince, “in expressing the pleasure I feel in once more finding myself a guest in the ancient hall of Ravenstein, I must at the same time offer my apology for an intrusion which a few hours may explain.”

This said, and turning suddenly round——

“Comte,” he inquired, “having but a day to spend with you on the present occasion, what do you say to our resuming our ancestral pastime of a boar-hunt? The Hochwald,” he significantly added, “is as prolific as ever; and with your aid, and the use of your English stud and our German rifles, we might spend the morning cheerfully.”

The comte, with a rather embarrassed air, approved most highly of the project, and affected to give immediate orders for preparation, while the gallant young prince employed the interval, in profiting by the cold gibier and Niersteiner which stood invitingly on the table.

“And you, fair Comtesse,” said he, “you will also, I trust, honour our ‘hunting;’ for although different from your Berkshire, in point of show and scenery, I promise you not the least amusement, and, with your skill in equestrian science, the forest can offer few obstacles. Ha!” said he, suddenly interrupting himself, and leaning over the parapet towards an opening through the forest, “yonder comes a right goodly company. R——berg, who are those?”

The baron started from his station behind the prince, and gazing steadfastly for a minute, seemed surprised, and perplexed what answer to make. The prince, however, without waiting till his conjecture found words, turned round with an arch smile to the Comtesse——

“So you did not tell me of this joyous occasion, and why? No one enjoys a solemnity of this sort more than myself; and if report says true, I am likely to see how they celebrate such things in Holland before long. Better postpone the hunting for to-day, and replace it with the dance. I know,” he continued, looking carefully through his glass, “almost all the party.”

The comtesse, who regarded the advancing procession with an interest and attention little surmised by the others, hinted that it was probably one of those marriage ceremonies which so frequently took place during the fine season between parties who considered the adjoining chapel of St. Hildegonde a more propitious altar of Hymen than their parish church.

“True, fair Comtesse,” interrupted the prince, archly, “yet the way to St. Hildegonde, methinks, lies not through the halls of Ravenstein!”

Silence ensued, during which it fully appeared that in the present instance St. Hildegonde was not the attractive object, whatever share she might previously have had in constituting the party.

At this moment an unusual bustle was heard in the court, as if indicative of some mighty preparation for festal rites, or, as it might have been in remoter times, of hostile measures. This, with other symptoms which need not be enumerated, produced a degree of uncertainty as to the cause, and an excitement, always proportioned to the uncertainty, which argued very unfavourably for those who calculated upon a morning’s sport. The comte, on the plea of preparing for the ensuing pastime suggested by the prince, had been absent nearly half an hour, and returning at this instant, explained, with an air of chagrin too evident to escape observation, that “an accident had occurred which——” he hesitated——“which he greatly lamented would limit his resources of loyalty and——”

“Not in the least,” interrupted the generous prince; “having taken your hospitality
by surprise, let there be no especial distinctions, I pray you. Let the Hochwald remain unhunted for to-day, while I join in those home festivities which I see are at hand, and in which, as I have just told the comtesse, I have at all times the heart to participate. Let us waive all cumbersome ceremony, and, like soldiers whose 'tomorrow is in the Black-forest,' live like comrades amongst whom bravery is the best distinction,—a distinction which the lord of Ravenstein, whose personal and ancestral attachment to the house of Brandenb——

The latter sentence was completely drowned by a sudden blast of vociferation from the battlements, where, from a tower-grating, the highest in the building, a small flag was actively brandished, followed by two heads partially thrust through the bars, and chanting, at the top of their voice, the following strain:

Püllt das glas, flingt an und trinkt;
Hoch! Auf Gottlieb's leben!
Heute wo der krauz ihm blinkt
Und zum trauularte winkt,
Soet sich's jubeind heben!

"Ha!" said the prince, "Gottlieb's leben! How is this?"

He looked to the comte, who, in reply, looked up to the turret, where the flag continued in brisk gyration, and the voices, though not in tune, made up for this defect by the length and loudness of their notes, which fell with peculiar force from the haunted tower where they were pitched, and where, save the doleful notes of unhappy captives, no music had been heard for centuries. Though surprised for the moment, the cause immediately occurred in the circumstances respecting the lust-kammer (already mentioned); but to the prince and his aid-de-camp this manner of greeting was both novel and inexplicable, yet without the slightest show of impatience the former seemed to await the progress of the drama, as it might be termed, while the latter, with a most inquisitive expression in his face, sued pressingly for a solution of the riddle.

As I was endeavouring to satisfy him on this point, Friedmann suddenly appeared, and whispered that a courier waited to deliver to me despatches, which having anticipated, I hastened into the great hall, and there, to my no small astonishment, I found my trusty Jakob, pale with fatigue or apprehension, and with a long detail of his night adventure. This, however, I cut very short, as the recurrence of the usual phrases indicated a lengthy communication. Previously to this,

however, he delivered me a packet, accompanied by this note:

"Dear W.—Learning from your trusty servant that you have, unfortunately for yourself, engaged in an enterprise which could have no possible relation to a department in which various circumstances led me to suppose you might one day distinguish yourself, I hasten to inform you, that unless you return forthwith to your post, and relinquish for the future all similarly Quixotic and nightly adventures, it will become my painful duty to write to ——— on the subject, a measure which would unavoidably lead to your being superseded. I am well informed as to your object, and whatever may be its results as regards other, it can hardly fail to hurt yourself. I am equally grieved and surprised that you should have so soon forgotten the first great lesson of diplomacy as to forget your own personal interests—sae verb. sap.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"——"

By the time I returned to the company, the sensation produced by the "cherubs aloft" had become more apparent, their song of "Gottlieb's leben" more boisterous, and the mystery of the whole more inexplicable. The comte endeavoured to explain, but having in the meantime, as it seemed, forgotten his previous order to close any intruders who might be importunate in their desire for admittance, the concert from above struck him with amazement.

The plot, however, thickened apace. Friedmann again made his appearance to announce the arrival of the "new baron with his family and a numerous suite, who were that instant dismounting in the court and proceeding to take possession of the great hall." This was no sooner announced than a second messenger confirmed the intelligence that the "hall was occupied by the new arrivals, and that the servants had entered into violent altercations respecting the question of occupation"—facts, of which every one present had boisterous evidence. Hastily apologising for this most unseasonable interruption, the comte hurried towards the scene of uproar. Each of the party looked to the other, while the comtesse, pale and agitated, kept her eye immovably fixed upon the door where her husband had just disappeared. A deep pause ensued, but which was followed by a scene which greatly shocked and alarmed the party. On the small square parapet which surrounded the lust-kammer, a violent struggle ensued between the two prisoners and
Friedmann, who, in mutual attempts to dislodge each other, threatened the most inevitable destruction to themselves; for, becoming desperate, the two former fastened upon their opponent with an aim of hurling him over the parapet. The latter, nevertheless, maintained the unequal conflict with a strength and resolution which staggered the others. Losing his hold, however, which gave his antagonists the advantage, he was thrown backwards upon the balustrade, and, to the horror of every one present, seemed within a hair's breadth of being precipitated into the deep ravine. Incurriated by the resistance which he had caused them, the ruffians seemed determined to avenge their imprisonment by his destruction—but, if to add to the horror of the doom that seemed inevitable, they held him suspended over the dizzy precipice, and appeared to feel a savage pleasure in witnessing his violent but fruitless struggle to extricate himself. Every eye was fixed on the impending catastrophe, and for some seconds of agonising suspense, I confess that I lost all power of motion under the appalling spectacle of a human being, ready to be plunged into an abyss which it was fearful even to contemplate in the quiet sunshine.——On recovering breath a simultaneous rush took place on the part of the baron and myself; but, completely foiled in our attempts to reach the turret, owing to its being approachable by a secret passage only, we returned to the terrace, and looking up, saw the fortune of the contest strangely reversed. Friedmann, by some unaccountable effort of strength, or agility, had exchanged places with his antagonist—for only one was now visible—and held him immovably fixed between the jutting limbs of some wooden framework, which the weather and the worm had mutilated into a most frail and perilous state. Half dead, to all appearance, and appalled by the fate of his friend, with whom, but a few minutes before, he had chanted so lustily, the paralyzed songster felt himself helpless in the iron grasp of the exasperated Friedmann, and clung despairingly to the struggling saplings which fringed the wall. The next moment had sealed his destiny and sent him to his companion, but, arrested by an arm yet more powerful than his own, the soldier stood aghast in the desperate act contemplated; for the comte, well knowing his man, had rushed to the spot, and by so doing, had saved, to all appearance, the perpetration of a second homicide. Greatly relieved by this timely intervention, I turned my eyes to the company, but to my surprise, the Prince, whom till this moment I had figured to myself as one of the most humane men living, appeared to observe the whole proceedings not merely with an air of unconcern, but as if he actually derived pleasure from that which, to others, had caused the most lively distress. This could not escape the eye of the contessa, but her present agitation and anticipated embarrassment, kept her a silent spectator of what was so strangely passing around her.

At length every thing seemed hushed within the court, as if an ominous silence installed the new lord in his castle. The scene on the roof, also, if it did not lead to reconciliation, led, at least, to compromise, and the combatants, preceded by the comte, descended sullenly from the battlements. Hereupon the latter was accosted by a person whose voice, pitched in an authoritative tone, made certain demands which the comte seemed greatly to dispute or to misunderstand. The evident want of respect on the part of the stranger was keenly but dignifiedly resented, and, in terms which the other deemed highly injurious to his own self-importance, and answered by a retort which, but for the presence of a royal guest, had received its due punishment on the spot.

“Never!” said the comte, calmly but firmly, and striving to suppress his indignant feeling——“Never shall I submit to countenance a transaction which is in itself illegal; which is the last subterfuge of villany—a mean advantage taken of an act which a moment would have rectified,—but which the generosity of a soldier and the grasping avarice of a Jew have converted into an instrument of torture. Never——never!”

“Nay,” replied the other, with insolent familiarity; “right is might, and if force be necessary for the execution of my errand, force is at hand, and will be employed. The Comte of Ravenstein forgets that since four o'clock his excellency abuses the hospitality of the right high and well-born freyher, von Holzberg!”

“What sayest thou?” demanded the Comte, indignantly——“hospitality! by every saint in the Rheingau, if thou further pursuest the question, I will make thee such hearty return of that hospitality, that thy master’s welcome to Ravenstein shall be written so legibly in thy memory, as to extinguish every previous record.”

“When my master indulges in the hospitality of Ravenstein,” rejoined the other, coolly, “its former haughty lord will have commenced the more humble and preca-
rious life of an exile—dependent on the hospitality of strangers!"

To these words a significance was given which was peculiarly grating to the high-spirited soldier—"The words," said he, with well-sustained composure, "which I bandy with thee, are waste; but in worthier hands weapons had decided. Begone, and bear yet once more to thy master this token of my forbearance!"

"I obey," said the functionary; "and in doing so my journey will be short, seeing that my master, the baron, is already lodged in the star-chamber of Ravenstein."

So saying, the speaker withdrew, leaving the comte in the most mortifying conviction of a fact which, till this hour, he had regarded as impossible. He turned round, resolved at once to divulge the whole matter to the prince, and at the same instant received a note from his highness, who, either from secret policy, or in order that his presence might impose no disagreeable restraint at a moment of such importance, had withdrawn to a short distance; while from a small opening in the forest, a party approached by the postern gate, and without traversing the great court joined the comte on the terrace where we stood.

"Welcome, my dear Ethelbrand," said the comte, "and thrice welcome to the fair partner, whose bright eyes are doubly acceptable in an hour when the light of Ravenstein is waning to an eclipse."

This, uttered in a half jesting, half desponding, accent, was received with an air of incredulity which rendered the announcement more ludicrous than affecting.

"Come," said the comte, "let me show you the way—the comtesse is already warned of your intention of waiving ceremony and taking the old schloss as you find it: things have altered a little—yet without alteration, he observed, significantly, there would have been no amendment." Proceeding to the door of the apartment, the party were met by a servant in strange livery, who opposed their entrance by stating that the "Baron, his master, desired to be alone, and to acquaint the comte that the postern gate remained open for his accommodation." The coolness with which this message was received—so inconsistent with the impetuous temper which, under much slighter provocations, the comte had so often betrayed,greatly surprised every one. The whole scene, indeed, became more and more inexplicable. The comte was mysteriously and evidently embarrassed, and an insinuation thrown out by the functionary in the interview a few minutes previously, had acted like an incantation. How was it to be explained? The morning's arrangement for departure, and re-arrangement for resuming the usual mode of life—the recalling the servants—the joy expressed at the tidings of which I had unconsciously been the bearer—and then, in the midst of all these pleasing anticipations, the forcible entrance of a stranger, and ousting of the comte and his family! My suspicions, I confess, were rather unpleasantly excited, and much that I had heard of the comte's adventurous life, flashed painfully across my mind. The only thing that weighed powerfully in his favour was the presence of the royal guest, who, nevertheless, took no seeming interest in the passing events, but continued either in desultory conversation with his aid-de-camp, or in listless observation of the fine panorama, of which Ravenstein formed the eye and centre.

The last party introduced I instantly recognised—as one whom I had but very recently seen under other circumstances. While the comte received this ne plus ultra upon his own threshold, the comtesse, who for the last half hour had disappeared, came suddenly forward, and receiving the new guests with a saddened yet smiling countenance, conducted them by a private staircase to another apartment, which, it appeared, had yet escaped the sudden occupation of the "fortress." On reaching the supposed sanctuary, it was found completely closed, and the party compelled to seek shelter in the casino before mentioned. This seemed the acme of passive endurance, and roused the comte from his strange apathy . . . .

A sudden thought seemed to convert his stoicism into some daring resolution, and, requesting me to follow, he darted up the first flight of steps, threw the opposing menials forcibly aside, and the next minute we stood in the presence of the marriage party who had come at an hour so unreasonable for bridal festivities.

"What," said the master of the approaching banquet, starting from his seat, "is the privacy of myself and friends to be thus rudely intruded upon by one who was, indeed, but no longer is, the lord of this domain? The delicacy which I have so studiously observed has been abused! But," he added, with vehemence, "I let the law have free course."

Before the comte could reply to this tirade, a door opened at a signal, and in stepped an official in black, attended by two
Letters from a late Attaché.

Gendarmes! Had the roof of the chateau been upon us, the shock could hardly have been more astounding. This was, literally, bearding the lion in his den; yet, to my utter astonishment, the comte bore the insult in a manner which proved him to be either the weakest or the most magnanimous of men.

"I am here, Baron Holzberg, and here I remain; let the intruder, and not the rightful owner, look to the consequences! One of us must quit the mansion forthwith—the castle of Ravenstein can ill accommodate both."

"To shorten this unexpected parley, Comte Ravenstein, we," said the freiherr, "possess a document which will spare us the use of words. Herr Klagenfurth," said he to the attendant, "show our authority; the comte seems incredulous; yet perhaps he may still have sufficient penetration left to recognise his own signature,—let us see."

The functionary advanced in front of the comte, opened a scroll of parchment, showed the signature, and, in a loud and pompous intonation, read the following passage:

"And he the said Bernhard Graf v. Ravenstein, doth hereby engage to pay to the Baron v. Holzberg, on or before the 29th of June, the sum of forty thousand florins, convention money, being the amount of a debt contracted by him the said Graf v. Ravenstein to the said freiherr v. Holzberg, at Wiesbaden, on the night of the seventeenth of April last. And the Graf v. Ravenstein farther engages that, in fault of the said payment at or before the date specified, the chateau of Ravenstein, with all its appurtenances, park, forests, vineyards, plate, with all other effects therein or thereto belonging, shall be given up as the lawful property of the said Freiherr v. Holzberg, and as a liquidation of the debt aforesaid. Four o'clock on the twenty-ninth of the month aforesaid is that appointed for the free and full ratification of this bond."

"Now, Comte Ravenstein, what weight attach ye to this our authority? Think ye farther to question our right to the forfeited estate? If so, we are fully prepared to establish our claim by the arm of law. Bauermann," he exclaimed, "prepare to do your duty."

The official made a step in advance; the comte made a similar movement; while the baron, retiring for security behind his son-in-law, seemed awed into a lively apprehension of a mustering storm. The ladies, too, who had come in quest of pleasure, and to celebrate at once the recent marriage and a fresh accession of demesne to the baron, were evidently discomfited; and where they had anticipated a banquet and a ball, now saw the first symptoms of a broil. A party entirely bent upon pleasure,—the nature of which has been repeatedly talked over and applauded,—when overtaken in their plan, and the entire current of their sweet anticipations crossed by unforeseen accident, is the best possible illustration of human disappointment. The Baron, although he presented a bold front, felt, nevertheless, that he was rather in the predicament of the bear-hunter, who, entering, as he supposes, the empty lair, sets himself at ease, till admonished by the unexpected appearance of his grim host, he feels that he is only a guest who must either retire quickly, or maintain a most unequal struggle with the original occupant. The law however inspired courage, and the Baron seemed resolved to retain possession vi et armis. The temporising manner of the comte, under circumstances the most provoking to his temper, continued quite inexplicable. He neither refuted nor confirmed the nature of the paper, by which it appeared he had made away with his hereditary possession.

"Comte Ravenstein," said the freiherr, trembling with rage and impatience, "to evince to you still farther my extreme reluctance to resort to those measures which the legal instrument now in my hand enables me to put in force, I give you yet half an hour for your quitting these premises in peace; if at the expiration of that interval you still persist in obstructing my arrangements, the expulsion shall be prompt and inevitable." So saying, the baron resumed his chair, while a servant presented him with a note, to which he replied—"No; a jewel case will not weigh 40,000 florins; and as for the other, I will retain it for consideration, though I doubt the validity of an engagement on the part of a lady. Her family, however, are by reputation rich,—there's something in that. The demesne, however, is better; and I have no doubt that with a few embellishments, Ravenstein may be made a very becoming residence. But where," he added, hastily recollecting himself, "where are the two Ripples?—they appear to have done nothing according to my orders, and are ashamed, I suppose, to show their faces. Call them instantly."

In a few minutes the two functionaries arrived; one in a sorry plight, and bearing, both in expression and person, the evidence of severe contest. It was a great relief,
however, to see both alive; for after what had passed in the turret, we had feared that one, at least, had been hurled from the ramparts. The story of their capture, confinement, concert, combat, and final liberation, was related in their own defence, and, followed by the avowal that their commission had entirely failed, produced a degree of choleric excitement in the baron which had nearly manifested itself in some responsive act of violence.

"Rascals," said he, "begone, and never appear again in my presence! Ye have disgraced the livery ye wear; and were the laws now as I would have them, you should both pay the forfeit with your lives."

This sudden rage, so disproportionate in appearance, to the occasion, yet so violently expressed, led only to fruitless surmises as to the real cause.

The comte, who had witnessed with surprising apathy the rôle played by the new baron and his company, made no reply to the warnings addressed to him, but, with apparent composure, maintained his position in front of the intruder and his guests.

The half hour allowed him for reflection was quite unemployed, and it was evident with what satisfaction the baron anticipated its expiration, as the signal of forcible ejectment. The moment for this experiment at length arrived: the freyherre rose with much assumed dignity, exclaiming—

"My indulgent offer being rejected, I commit what remains of this affair to the rigid execution of the authorities now present. Bauermann!" he said, with increased vehemence,—"rid me of the intruders; do justice to the authority with which you are invested, and see that—"

"Halt, sicher!" exclaimed a gruff voice, as the folding-doors of the saloon burst open, and a party of grenadiers, in a well-known uniform, took their stations at the opposite doors of the apartment. On witnessing this unexpected arrival, the baron made an attempt to compliment his official Bauermann upon the very efficient manner in which he had thus provided against contingencies; but before the flattering sentence had closed, his exultation on the apparent success of his stratagem was suddenly checked; his features collapsed and assumed that cadaverous tint, which the appearance of some gaunt phantom might be supposed to impose upon the startled spectator. "Ha!" faintly exclaimed, lifting his hands at the same instant towards his head, and then dropping them silently,—while the second impulse was to look behind him, as if he contemplated retreat; but every avenue towards the outer walls was guarded.

This sudden transition from the highest point of self-importance down to that of conscious abasement, heightened by some indefinable and secret conviction of speedy retribution, may be imagined. The immediate cause of this consternation, however, was not the mere introduction of the soldiers,—for these the baron had believed the instruments of his own authority,—but the appearance of an officer, whom, it afterwards appeared, the freyherre had long believed "at rest with his glory," and who but an hour before had come with his young bride to make their first visit to Ravenstein.

A breathless pause followed this most unwelcome introduction, when, to put an end to our suspense, which had become truly painful, the officer thus addressed the soi-disant host of the château: "Well met, Herr Holzberg! the surprise which my presence occasions you here must be charged to your own private account, and before I am again 'officially' slain, I gladly avail myself of the present interview to strike that balance with you which my former recall to Hungary so unexpectedly prevented. Having heard the recital of the important document by which it appears you have become suddenly invested with the barony of Graffthum, and the comte of Ravenstein, I also hold in my hands a second document, in which the Comte-Baron will observe certain modifications." So saying the speaker withdrew, and the following document was read by the officer of the guard, Rosenberg:—

"Whereas, a charge of grave import hath been stated, and, by competent evidence, proved, against the herein-named Ulric v. Holzberg, some time holding an office of trust under us, in our province of Silésia, and latterly advanced by powerful, but now suspected recommendations, to the dignity of freyherre; and whereas the said Ulric von Holzberg stands charged with various illegal acts of financial embezzlement and usurious impost, as well as of disaffection towards our government, and with secretly fomenting among certain of our subjects a spirit of insubordination highly prejudicial to the existence of good government and social order: we hereby authorise and command you, Friderich v. Ravenstein, and those acting under you, to arrest,"—(at this expression the greatest confusion possible arose in the festal party)—"the said Ulric v. Holzberg, wheresoever found, and lodge him
safely in our fortress of Merksburg, with all possible diligence and despatch, there to remain till the ends of justice are fully satisfied. This as ye shall answer to us."

The consternation which this reading produced upon the Baron in particular may be conceived, but the agony which seized upon his daughter—a dark-eyed Jewess—at the conclusion of the fatal edict cannot be described. From the first sentence a lofty sense of her father's integrity was apparent in her look; and with the noble indignation with which she listened to the charge, was mixed a deep feeling of the wrong it inflicted, and an impatience for its retribution. But when the close arrived, and her father, agitated and overcome, neither replied by one reassuring look, nor rose to repel the charge, her confidence instantly forsook her, and the dreadful possibility of his guilt flashing upon her mind, threw her lifeless and exhausted into the arms of an attendant.

The duty of the officer, however, was only half done: drawing a second paper from his girdle, or rather belt which confined his side arms, he proceeded thus:—"Furthermore, we charge you the said Friderich v. Ravenstein, that ye do strictly inquire into the grounds of the following charges against Steinmann Höfer, now supposed to be in league, or living with the aforesaid Holzberg, but passing under a feigned name:—Charged, in the first place, as an active leader in the late disturbance of the public peace at Ludwigshafen;—secondly, with having headed a troop of banditti in the communal forest of Enslibich, and with having committed various acts of robbery and outrage upon such travellers as fell in his way;—thirdly, with having espoused under disguise the daughter of a Westphalian baron, and with being still industriously occupied in the dissemination of principles subversive of the constituted authorities. These premises, we recommend all possible diligence in apprehending the same, and lodging him in our fortress afore Said; and to which end the following may facilitate legal inquiry—age 26, stature 5 ft. 10 in., eyes dark and scowling, eye-brows large, mouth capacious, moustaches (supposed cut short) unequal, wore when last seen an academical dress."——Here the reader paused, while he observed with severe scrutiny the stranger opposite, but in whom, although there might be a resemblance, still there was nothing sufficiently strong to warrant his detention,—a conviction which he himself seemed to feel, for he never once changed countenance, but kept his eye haughtily fixed upon the officer, till the latter again and unexpectedly proceeded,—"Nose aquiline, chin round and pitted, sabre-scar on the left cheek" (at this instant he shrank instinctively from the reader's eye), "and passing under the assumed name of Mittelwald." A piercing shriek from his unhappy partner, whom that name, so loved, and which till now had been like music to her ear, threw into a fit of frantic grief, gave full and fearful confirmation to the identity. The overwhelming sorrow into which this discovery plunged the beautiful but unhappy bride of a week, melted every one present; while the comte, now unobstructed in his movements, gave orders to have her carefully attended in the adjoining apartment, whither the ladies of the party, half dead with the ordeal which had just passed before them, were invited to accompany her.

Left thus alone, some seconds of profound silence ensued. The baron, so lately proud and overbearing, appeared subdued beyond the reach of hope. His associate, too, though greatly abashed, and betraying by the flitting and hectic flush, the violent agitation of his mind, still made a powerful struggle to carry himself with an air of unconcern, or even levity, but which, like sunshine on troubled waters, served only to depict more clearly the violence of the conflict.

The comte now came forward with formal step, and addressing the baron, inquired if he had any cause to allege, why the orders should not be instantly obeyed. The prisoner, for such he now was, made a strong effort to answer this question by an expression of high disdain. This was sufficient. The comte, then addressing a similar question to the other, received for answer that he reserved his words for more impartial ears, and intimating by a look, to which the scar already mentioned gave a most sinister expression, that circumstances might yet put them on a level. "Now," said the comte, little regarding the sign, "now that my duty is performed as a servant of the Crown, I descend to examine the question, as it stands between us privately. I lost, it appears, in one night at Wiesbaden, and at the baron's table, forty thousand florins. Being unable to pay them the same night, I executed a bond, stipulating that, unless that debt was liquidated by four o'clock on the morning of a certain day, the baron was to take possession, as already stated, of Ravenstein and its domain. Unable to raise the sum by
mortgage, I made up my mind, I confess, to exile, and was on the point of quitting my paternal hearth for ever, when shortly before the stated hour, circumstances which I need not now recapitulate, rebuked my precipitation, and pointed out certain measures which it became my duty to prosecute. But as these cannot now avail the baron, I come to the fact which absolves me from my engagement. The Baron started convulsively from his seat, as if he anticipated some fatal catastrophe. The comte proceeded—"The dice, with which I played, and by which I lost the sum specified, are now in my hands, and their identity incontestable, as I shall prove even to the baron’s conviction." Calling a late employe, at whose appearance the unhappy prisoner covered his face in despair, "Are these," inquired the Comte, addressing him, "the dice supplied to us at the Baron’s table, on the 17th of April last?" "They are." "And loaded, are they not?" "They are." "Villain!" exclaimed the Baron, with a look of ferocity, which formed a striking contrast to the passive temper with which he had hitherto supported this most strange vicissitude in his fortunes. "Villain, or honest man," answered the menial, "these dice are the dice of Ulric v. Holzberg; and false,—aye, false as he has proved to one whose culpable silence has so long spared him the just punishment of his crimes. I have made this disclosure, Freyherr, neither rashly nor vindictively, nor even remembering the shame brought upon my family, but in duty to my country." "Enough, enough," interrupted the comte. "The case is closed; and unless the baron can rebut the evidence of his own household, and private mark, Ravenstein is mine." "Aye," muttered the baron, "and a curse to boot!" "Oh, as for that, the curse of Holzberg," replied the comte, "guarantees prosperity to the house of Ravenstein. We accept the pledge. Now to the fortress."

At this instant, a presentation of arms announced the prince, and the folding doors thrown open, showed his Highness approaching the tribunal, as the apartment might now be called, attended by a retinue of officers, civil and military, who seemed as if called up by enchantment to witness the ensuing ceremony and instalment. "I shall interrupt you but for one instant," said the prince, "in the discharge of your duty; but in order to show, in as public a manner as circumstances permit, the sense entertained by our most gracious Sovereign of your worth as a private citizen, and deserts as a soldier, and to give a final contradiction to the aspersions with which the worthless and designing have endeavoured to brand you, I hereby, in the King’s name, ratify the appointment of you, Friderich v. Ravenstein, as Commander of the frontier garrison in Silesia. As an accompaniment to that promotion, and a pledge of his Majesty’s consideration of your past services, and confidence in your firm attachment to his royal person and government, I further, by his most gracious command, invest you with the most honourable insignia of the Black Eagle." The comte knelt for the ceremony of investiture, and rose amid the hearty congratulations of his prince and brother officers, who vied with each other in their expressions of unfeigned pleasure on the occasion. "And now," said the prince, cheerfully accosting the newly installed knight, "I have to extend my claim upon your hospitality in behalf of my friends, whom this happy occasion has brought together, in order that we may laugh over the mighty events which threatened the fall of Ravenstein."

To be compelled to witness this most unwelcome and little expected scene, seemed to inflict a keener pang upon the guilty mind of Holzberg than all the charges previously recited. Misfortunes, the result of guilt or misconduct, acquire double poignancy from the sight of honour bestowed as the reward of merit, in the same proportion, probably, as it is said the miseries of Tartarus are increased by the visible blessedness of Elysium.

In a quarter of an hour after this, Holzberg and his domestic accomplice were on the march to Merksburg, the state prison of the southern province; but his daughter, whom the comte pledged himself to see restored to her home, continued delirious, and, with her three sorrowing companions, occupied a small room, the casement of which commanded the road through the forest. Near this window, thinking to revive her by free exposure to the air, they placed their delicate charge, while the comtesse, by every tender office which a sister’s love could have suggested, strove to soften the dreadful circumstances which, in one brief hour, had completely blasted her happiness. By continued assiduities she appeared to revive, till accidentally directing her eye to the line of road already mentioned, the fearful cavalcade, which conveyed the prisoners to their destination, met her eye! The sight of this inspired her with sudden and almost superhuman strength. She sprang from the arms of her companions, leaped from the casement, which fortunately
opened upon the terrace on the ground floor, and, uttering the most wild and melancholy cry I ever heard, rushed forward to that point of the forest where the escort had just disappeared. Intelligence of this being instantly communicated, the comte despatched trusty servants in pursuit, and with instructions that, if she could not be induced to return, nor to halt at the nearest village, suitable accommodation should be provided for her in the fortress, till such time as her reason was restored, or the unhappy prisoners finally disposed of. This little incident, against which it was impossible to guard, threw a sudden damp upon the festivities in preparation for the prince’s party and his officers.

At two o’clock, however, the great hall was festooned with wild flowers, decorated with flags, and hung with innumerable fragments of ancient armour. The dinner was also in a state of great forwardness; and although no gentleman dresses in this country for that meal, yet the ladies uniformly do, and on this occasion the comtesse and her fair companion had made a most becoming selection.

“But why, my Emily,” inquired the comte, after some explanatory conversation, “why do you not wear your jewels to-day? for though I think you,—as one of your own poets has said,—when unadorned adorned the most; still, in honour to our illustrious guest, I think the Ravenstein diamonds would well become this fair neck to-day; and to these I would say, add your English set; do, dear Emily, for,” said he, playfully, “unless you do so, it will be said your husband has gambled them away!” The comtesse seemed greatly disconcerted, and finding she could not extricate herself from a most unpleasant dilemma, burst into tears, and, to the comte’s utter astonishment, confessed that the jewels were not in her possession. “In whose, then?” She hesitated, till gently but firmly pressed on the subject, she confessed that she had, as she firmly believed, sold them for more than ten times their value!

“How—why—for how much—to whom?” hastily inquired the comte. “To purchase my husband’s liberty!” The truth at once flashed upon the comte’s mind, and he remained silent and thoughtful.—

As I descended the stairs, I was encountered by my trusty Jakob, who had never shown his face from the instant he had delivered the note; but now, with whimsical glee, told me “how exceedingly glad he was to see the younger of the prisoners sent to the Merksburg, for,” added he, “I’ll be sworn that he’s the same that tied my hands in the forest of Enslibich, on the twenty-ninth of June last year, and carried off my seventeen guilders! Ay, he continued, despondingly, “that same twenty-ninth is always a sad day for me! Drafted for the landwehr on a twenty-ninth; put under arrest on a twenty-ninth; robbed on a twenty-ninth; drosha, as your Excellency knows, broken down on a twenty-ninth; and,” he added, as a climax of all his earthly misshaps, “married on a twenty-ninth! —”

“And are you sure, young man,” gravely inquired the comte, who had joined me, “that the person you name is the same who robbed you in the forest?” Jakob repeated his assertion, adding—“how should I mistake him? Surely the scar on his face is sufficient, which, to say nothing of the guilders, has haunted me ever since!” Thus encouraged, Jakob would gladly have proceeded with his evidence, but the comte dismissed him with the caution to keep what he knew for another occasion, when, should his testimony substantiate the charge, he might yet recover the lost guilders.” On hearing the latter clause, Jakob was ready to fall at the feet of the comte, in acknowledgment of the grateful impression it had made upon him.

In a surprisingly short space the castle, so lately the scene of confusion, had assumed an air of feudal splendour. The immediate vassals had been summoned; servants in gorgeous liveries, and soldiers armed à l’antique, took their accustomed places in the hall and corridors leading to the banquet-room. The drawing-room,—a specimen of the rich empanelled carving of the fourteenth century, but slightly modernised, contrasted with the company assembled, who, by some secret but preconcerted arrangement on the part of the prince, had been considerably reinforced within the previous hour.

In a few minutes after the guests had met, the folding doors were thrown open, and the prince, with the comtesse on his arm, and attended by two aides-de-camp, one of whom was the veteran Th—*, took his station in the circle, where, moving slowly from guest to guest, he seconded the fair hostess in addressing a few friendly words to each, and with that air of unaffected cordiality which makes its way to the hearts of all. Arrived at a part of the salon, which the drapery of the gothic casement partially obscured, the prince made a sudden pause, followed by a more than usually formal bow, which was

* Marshall Th—died in command of the fort of Ehrenbreitstein, in August, 1826, equally eminent for his virtues as a citizen, and his valour as a soldier.
acknowledged by—what every lady knows the difficulty of—a most graceful curtesy. I thought the prince betrayed a rather embarrassed air, but I was probably mistaken; or, granting that he did, he speedily recovered himself, and stepping towards the comte, drew him imperceptibly aside. A conversation ensued of some minutes’ duration, and in which both seemed most deeply interested. The only detached words that caught my ear appeared explanatory, were but too few to develop the topic. After some hesitation, however, the prince’s scruples seemed overcome. “Well,” said he, “I consent to see him;—example, Ravenstein, is contagious, and there is much to be said in his excuse for having followed yours.” The comte, evidently delighted with the two-fold compliment addressed to him, disappeared for an instant, and returned with a young grenadier, now wearing the uniform of the guard, and whom he presented to the prince. A moment’s severity was apparent on the brow of the latter, but his generous nature speedily regained the ascendency, and secured for the stranger a gratifying reception. “I will intercede for you with the king,” said the prince, in an encouraging tone, “and although misrepresentations may have injured you in the royal ear, yet his Majesty, as we all know, is ever patient in the investigation of truth, and when both sides of the question are fairly weighed, some valid excuse may yet be found why an officer of the king’s guard should have been detected in the garb of a courrier! We shall see what can be done. In the meantime, let me beg the honour of being presented to your wife,” stepping, at the same time, to the point from which he had so lately retreated. “Your family, madam,” said the prince, graciously addressing the fair stranger, “are well known and appreciated by the king, and as I have just stated to your husband, I shall smooth the way to a reconciliation, but only,” added he, smiling, “only on one condition,—that our gallant friend shall engage not to repeat the adventure, but to show me in our next campaign as much address in carrying off an enemy’s standard, as he has lately done in carrying off a bride!” So saying, the prince bowed and retired to the window, when, after a moment’s reflection, “It occurs to me,” said he, addressing the comte, who endeavoured to express his deep sense of the condescension just evinced, “that your new appointment will afford you means for employing this young runaway; and I shall to-night put the matter in train.” At this instant the fourrier made his appearance. The doors were thrown open, and the Prince, giving his arm to the comtesse, led the way to the banquet-room.

II.

I AM but short-tempered at the best of times: I hate being disturbed in my own ways. Most especially do I dislike stupid, proisy morning callers, who come brimful of bustle just to pry and see what one is about; and ever since that spruce, bold Mrs. Sandilands made her way in, to take shelter, as she said, when I was sitting in my night-cap without my wig,—I have forbidden Miss Kitty to let any one up without leave. There are some days when the street cries of sweeps and oyster women, and the old rag-picker, who has no end to her breath, make me quite cross and red in the face. I was once fined five shillings for baptizing a black, oily-looking hurdy-gurdy man with a basin of water, so worn out was I with his eternal hundredth psalm. But, of all things (though I am very tidy in the main) I cannot bear white-washing. Besides being turned out of one’s own room, there’s all the splash and bustle and disturbance; and ever since I found my pepper and salt spencer hanging against the wall—looking for all the world as if it had been pelted with confits, and it had only been a week out of the shop—I have had no patience with white-washings,—no wonder.

When these calamities happen, I am sent to sit below stairs in the back parlour, and a blind is hung over the little glass door, which looks into the shop, so that one might as well be in a nursery. Plenty of amusement, no doubt, there would be, for one who was a reader—as all the books upon which money is lent are there—and a queer medley they are. But I have said that I am not a reader, and if it comes a wet day, and I can’t get out, Miss Kitty takes good care to keep out of my way—for she is tender-hearted, and a hard word will make her cry at any time. She peeps in at the door, now and then, it is true, to see how I am going on, but no more—and hushes all the workmen, if she hears them shout. On the whole she is very considerate, and has the more merit, for she cannot know that I have remembered her in
my will. One evening I was very uncomfortable indeed, for my umbrella was broken, had I been disposed to venture through the shower—and the workmen had begun so early that morning, that I was forced to get up at cock-crow—a bad thing that same rising betimes, it is sure to make the best humoured man proud or peevish all day! Well, I was imprisoned as usual in Miss Kitty’s den, as she calls it—and very like a caged wild beast I felt—there was no newspaper to be had—no one came to lend or borrow—never a bit of news stirring—so, in a bitter bad humour, I was even obliged to have recourse to the shelf: the first six books I took down were bibles—what a shame!

The next I laid my hand upon, I was more lucky in (not meaning any disrespect to the above—only one does not read good books for amusement): it was an old, a very old music book, almost the first collection of songs published in England, I dare say, set by Mr. Handel and Mr. Leveridge, and Signor Buononcini (I copied the name letter for letter), and Dr. Greene—something about “sweet Florimel” his was. There was “Mad Boss,” too; and really I think that they might have found something a little more respectable to sing about than such a dismal crazeling as she looked in the picture at the top of the song. All the songs had pictures; such fine genteel ladies in hoops, and waists no thicker than my wrist, and such well behaved smiling gentlemen—those were the days for dress! and there was the “Dected Lass” in a Joseph and high-crowned hat, poking at a pet lamb with a crook; and the “Melancholy Nymph” going to drown herself, with bare legs—very disagreeable—and the “Lapland Lover” on his skates in a good warm fur tippet. There are no such amusing pictures now-a-days, except on teacups.

Well, I really quite forgot myself over this book, and began to read some of the songs up, to make them quite plain to me, when, suddenly—but I will give the song—as one cannot be too particular when one writes what is to be printed.

**The Frank Lover.**

“O Chloe! do not look so proud, With pouthing lip, and flashing eye, Nor lift thy pretty voice aloud, In scorn of my sincerity! That thou wert fair I always knew, But not that thou wert faultless too! I’ve likened thee in many a song To Diana of the starry night, Nor can thy beauty ever wrong If matched with hers—the empress bright! Yet shadows on her face there be, Like to the trifling flaws in thee.

**For thou hast wit—and lend’st it oft** To vain captives, and silly pretence; Pride climb’s thy marble brow aloft, And folly sometimes cloud’s thy sense— Nay, frown not, if the truth I tell; Thou knowest withal I love thee well!

“**And thou art dearer, O by far!** Than some insipid, perfect maid, Whose polished charms as dazzling are As gaudy tints unchecked by shade.— Then, charming Chloe, cease to frown, This honest heart is all thine own!”

“**And a very sensible fellow, too!**” said I, “when I had spelled it out—worth a dozen of your flashy lovers in those romances.”—when, lo! and behold! there was such a large sigh close to my ear! I turned round briskly—no one can bear to be caught talking to himself—and there stood Miss Kitty with tears in her eyes—

“**What in the world,**” I began—

“**Now don’t say any thing sharp, Mr. Townsend;**” I did not know that book was there—and it makes me quite sorrowful to look at it. Dear, dear, how many stories must belong to it, besides what I know.”

The cunning woman!—she knows well how to escape from a scolding—for there is nothing I love half so well as a story! So I put aside my wig from over my right ear—(she had only come in to bring my tea after all), and I made her sit down and take a cup with me, which she is unwilling to do, on common occasions, not thinking it discreet. To pacify me, however, because it was white-washing time, she consented, and told me how they came by that old music-book.

“**You have heard, I dare say, Mr. Townsend,**” began Miss Kitty, “of the banker, in whose hands my poor father had all his money. Mr. Macnamara was his name: my father’s sister was his housekeeper; let me see—no matter how many years ago—and I was a good deal at the Hall—then a little child running about, scarcely six years old—the servants used to tease me and call me ‘Fright.’ ”

“The Hall, as it was only called—though its whole name was Durham Hall, was a grand place indeed, Mr. Townsend. Huge long galleries full of pictures, standing as high as life, and bedrooms without end, and a vestibule and staircase that you might have held Parliament in; five men servants in the house, and carriages and horses I can’t tell how many; and all for only Mr. Macnamara, his wife, and their daughter. He was plain enough—just a common-looking man, with a short leg, who had little to say out of the Bank; but his wife was fit for a queen. She was six feet high at least, and not awkward, as some of your may-pole
ladies are,—and with large keen black eyes, like eagles’ eyes, and a fine Roman nose, and hair that came to her knees when let down. The hair-dresser from Worcester begged to be allowed to bring his young man all that way only to see it. And her motions were so stately,—always gliding about, never tossing her head, nor stopping short,—always a glide. I think I see her with her long purple velvet train sweeping behind her, and her deep lace ruffles at her elbows, giving her orders to my aunt in the stillest voice possible, without moving a muscle of her face. She once gave me a guinea, too, I remember; she had dropped it, and I picked it up and ran after her with it. ‘Take it away, child,’ said she, ‘and never let me see you in this part of the house again.’

‘But, oh, she had a spirit! I have heard it said that she kept all the ladies round about in famous order, though she was not as well born as many. She never forgot herself—she never gave herself airs; but she got the mastery over every body, and kept it. No one liked her; her ways were so stately, her curtsey so freezing. She never laughed, a smile was all; and she talked little. When Mr. Macnamara had any business company (that is, when she let him have it), she never opened her lips at the head of her own table. She gave so much away in charity to the poor, in such and such sums, but not a penny more, if you would have prayed to her on your bare knees. She went regularly to church, and always sat in her pew; never knelt, nor stood up, and, to make a long tale short, took as much pains as she could to make her daughter the very image and picture of herself; and I verily believe that, of the two, Miss Macnamara (her Christian name was Sybil) was the haughtier; for she was brought up to it from her cradle, whereas her mother came to the tip-top of her pride by degrees. I remember when she was quite a little thing, a gipsy happened to come up to the avenue gates, and nothing would serve the child but she would have her fortune told. Well, the fortune-teller knew what she was about, and, besides, her palm had been crossed with a new crown-piece, so she prophesied that Miss Sybil should marry a very rich man, and have two carriages to ride in. ‘Only two!’ exclaimed the child, in a great passion, ‘get away, you nasty gipsy,—only two! Papa has four already!’ and with that she walked off, with her mother’s grandest air, and she scarcely four years old!

I suppose you will think me desperately mean spirited, but I must confess, that I always admired this pride, both in the old lady and the young one. It seemed like something they were born to, and, feeling so, makes me thank God I am poor; for if it had been otherwise, I am sure I should have been like them,—ay, and worse.

‘To go on,—when she was seventeen, Sybil Macnamara married the richest man in all the country round, and of the oldest family, too,—Colonel Brackwell, of Brackwell; a splendid place it is. The connexion was delightful to Mrs. Macnamara. Some said she shut her eyes and her ears to all but the grand estate and the title that was to come; and there was a story of a poor girl who was found drowned in one of the Brackwell fishponds on the morning of the wedding-day, about which more would have been said had the Colonel been a poorer man. However, the old lady was thought to know this, and more; and I have heard, that to some one who had brought her some such piece of scandal, she answered, ‘Never fear for Sybil,—she is my daughter.’ But it turned out that the Colonel was not quite so manageable as that poor dry little Mr. Macnamara.

‘I never saw such a magnificent looking couple,—he was fair, for a man, and she was very dark. And, bless you, she did queen it when she was taken home! Of course, all the ladies round about Brackwell called upon her, but she went near never a one of them, not she!—and it got out that she had said she should go to the hunt-ball, and make her husband point them out to her, and she might, perhaps, return the visits of such as she liked the looks of!

‘If this was true, it might be the beginning of Colonel Brackwell’s unkindness to her; or he might have heard something about Mr. Macnamara’s bank;—we poor folks never did till it went. The two together killed Mrs. Macnamara,—nay, in addition to this, her daughter had behaved insolently to her, who loved no one else, I am sure. All these things together, however, broke her down at once, and she died a few days after the failure. But, dear me, I have missed telling you how, when she tried to make peace between Colonel Brackwell and his wife, both of them turned upon her, and how she was mobbed in her own garden, two days after the bank broke. Well, she died, and no one was sorry for her. How can you expect it, when half the people in the town were ruined outright by the failure, and it had been all brought on by her grand ways; for if I were to begin to tell you the out-of-the-way extravagancies
she committed, I might make tea for you till breakfast time.

"There was a shilling in the pound for the creditors; and of all of them, none was madder than Colonel Brackwell, who from this time began to use his wife shamefully, leaving her for — , but you will in propriety excuse that branch of the subject. For a time, however, they kept up an amazing show; nay, it was afterwards said, that when they were not worth ten thousand pounds, they entertained the King and Queen, and that Mrs. Brackwell had handsomer diamonds and lace than Her Majesty. How they went on so long is a mystery; but the Colonel was guardian to some orphan children, and when they came of age they had to whistle for their property. I do believe, that a more thoroughly wicked man never was let loose on earth. They had a large family; but Mrs. Brackwell must have been an indifferent mother, for she left her first baby when it was three months old, to go to Bath for some nonsense or other,—I think to see Garrick, perhaps it was,—and when she came back, the child had had neglected convulsions, or some accident, no one could ever tell, but the upshot of it was, that he turned out an idiot. I don't wonder at the Colonel's being angry about that.

"However, that bubble burst, too, in due time, and people began to whisper about what was going on at Brackwell,—trees cutting down, tenants racked for rent, bills unpaid, and some grew bold enough to ask for their money. These reports began to grow more and stronger; and yet neither he nor she gave in. He was spending, so they said, a fortune on his race-horses, and she on her dress and equipages. I remember once, in particular, seeing her in her open carriage, which stopped for an instant opposite our shop door:—I never saw anything more beautiful; she was dressed in a pale green satin pelisse, with a transparent hat, and a long veil down to her knees; but I fancied she looked anxious, and a friend of mine from Worcester, who was with me, knows and declares that there was rouge on her cheeks."

"And what was the end of it, Miss Kitty?" said I.

"If you are tired of my story, there is enough to do in the house, I am sure," said she, rising with a little jerk. She does not like being interrupted.

"Nay, Miss Kitty, sit down again, and conclude, I beg of you. I was so interested, that I quite forgot my manners."

A few words suffice for Miss Kitty, so she sat down and proceeded:—

"Well, it was not quite a twelvemonth after this, that Brackwell was advertised to be let; the family were going abroad for the sake of educating the children. I said nothing, but from that instant was sure how things would end; and for my part, I never knew any good come of people going abroad. Brackwell was let—and, let me see—it was five—seven—eight good years before we heard anything more of them. They had only stayed a winter in Paris, and then went on no one knew whither. In fact, they were quite forgotten in the neighbourhood, till one summer day we heard that they were returning to England before winter; and in process of time the Caldecots turned out,—sorry we were to lose them!—and the Brackwells came back to their old quarters.

"But what a change, to be sure! Mrs. Brackwell, who, when she left England, was the gayest of the gay, and almost, to my thinking, the most beautiful woman I ever set eyes upon,—to see her come back so quiet, so altered—all her haughty spirits gone—and looking forty at the least,—I declare to you I should never have known her, had I not seen her in the carriage, and remembered the turn of her neck, which was quite perfect, just like a swan's. We were sure she must have suffered much, for she was now grown as gentle as she had been proud—very silent, and visited with nobody; and they said, had taken to religion, and read prayers to the servants twice a day. I should have said that the Colonel did not come down with her, or I dare say he would never have allowed such a good custom. All the people sneered, and talked, and wondered what would come next.

"They had not long to wonder; for before long we heard of some very strange-looking men down at the hall; and the next thing was, that all the Colonel's horses were to be sold. The French governness, too, Mademoiselle Rouget (an ugly sallow old woman she was, but there might be reasons which made her preferable to a prettier girl in that house) was sent away; the Miss Brackwells needed no further instruction,—a fine family they were, but entirely got the mastery over their mother, proud as she had been,—and, save the second son, who gained the first honours at college, never one of them turned out well.

"People were beginning to know what this meant; the servants, too, began to make very long visits to their friends. Brackwell Hall was found out to be damp (it was quite a new house); and the long and short of the matter was, that the family quitted it, and the place was sold. Still no news of
Colonel Brackwell; and we wondered whether he knew what was going on, and supposed he kept away because he did not like to face his old neighbours, over whom he had lorded it so. Some said he was in the King's Bench, some that he was hiding from his creditors. His wife and children left the neighbourhood, and from that time forth we did not hear of them for two years at least.

"Well, what I am going to tell you seems like a dream, but for all that it is true. I was one evening walking home from the nursery-gardens rather later than usual, and alone, when on the causeway before me, about a mile out of town, I was struck by the appearance of a person walking, so meanly dressed, that I should not have remarked her, had it not been for a certain air I thought I could not forget. I was absolutely shocked by the fancy, and made all possible haste to overtake the figure, who had no mind to be overtaken, it seemed, for as I walked faster she walked faster, till at length I fairly got into a run. You know that I am tolerably nimble on my feet, and she, it seemed, was very weak, for I overtook her presently, and she was breathing quite hard, ready to drop. 'Good woman,' I said, 'if you are tired, you are quite welcome to my arm;'—but she shrunk away into the hedge row, and said nothing. Some how or other, I never was so curious; and as I stared hard at her, the wind blew her rusty green veil aside, just for one moment, and I was right—as after all it was Mrs. Brackwell.

"Well, I declare I turned quite cold to see her there so meanly dressed, and alone, and at that time of night, and I would have given anything I had not spoken to her, poor thing! for I was sure she must be in sad trouble to be brought so low; she, that never used to stir a step, save into her carriage and from it again! I would not have looked again for the world, whatever had been the consequence. I walked home as fast as I could, never once turning my head; and I was so particular that I did not even mention what I had seen to my brother, because I know men can't keep secrets if they would."

I did not quite agree with this; but it was best not to contradict her, when I was curious to come to the end of the story.

"It might be a few months from this time," continued Miss Kitty, "that I was sitting alone one Monday evening, my brother having gone over to Worcester on some business, when I was aroused by a small modest tap at the house door, and, I don't know why, but I made haste to open it, before Jessy, the girl that I had then, could come up from the kitchen. I was glad I had done so, for there she was again, standing quite still in the twilight, with a large bundle and a book under her arm, and the same coarse bonnet and rusty green veil. If I had not remembered these I should have known her again by her voice, as she said, 'If you please, Miss Smith, can I speak with you alone?'

"'So humble! and she the grand Mrs. Brackwell that was!' 'Surely, Ma'am,' said I, as civily as I could, pretending not to know her; 'will you walk this way; perhaps you won't mind there being no lights in the back parlour;' and I called Jessy up to mind the shop, and ordered her not to disturb me unless I was wanted very particularly, and shut the door.

"'Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Brackwell,' said I, finding her unwilling to speak.

"'Ah, then! you know me?' she cried, bursting into a passion of tears. 'Can you believe it—and brought so low?' She sobbed so violently that I was afraid of hysterics, and, bringing out some wine, prevailed on her to sip a little, and do you know, it did her good, for I verily believe she was faint for want of food. I would have offered her some tea, but I dared not.

"After a while she came round a little; and seeing that I was sorry for her, opened her mind to me,—and what a tale of misery she had to tell! I could not help shedding tears while she was talking,—O, Mr. Townsend, you men do all the wickedness in this world, and we poor women have to suffer for it!

"'Her husband, it seems, had used her like a brute, as he was, left her for other women, beaten her violently, and worse: and yet she had always taken his part, and when he was put into gaol by his creditors, she would actually send him money out of the allowance they made her, though he never wrote her a kind word, or sent her a kind message, but was always grumbling that she had not more for him. Well, his creditors came to the hearing of this, and so angry were they at his knavery, that they threatened they would stop the allowance if she persisted; and she said she could not help it: he was her husband, and she would not give him up, however bad he was. I have not told you half of his villainies. So the end was, that they were as good as their word, and left her just barely enough to live upon, and no more; and she was compelled—she, who had never done a stitch of work since she was at school—to take in plain sewing to make both ends
PARTING AND MEETING.

FROM A JOURNAL.

Jan., 1834.—The L.'s are about to break up their establishment,—and intend passing the rest of the winter at Brussels—a ruse, I suspect, to elicit a declaration of my intentions as to Caroline. At any rate it must determine them. My intentions!—pshaw! I have none—I never had any respecting her. I have loved once, and once only,—I cannot love again, and will not marry, to endure through a life of constraint the satiety and indifference (perhaps aversion) litherto invariably produced by the re-action of my temporary preferences. Yet the connexion is unexceptionable: she is young, amiable, sensible, accomplished, pretty, i. e. as pretty as a dark girl can be; and, from some involuntary indications on her part, I think she could like me. In fact, she has all the requisites that a reasonable man can desire.—What, then?—She is not Catherine Douglas. Catherine Douglas! What delicious recollections does that name recall! What numberless associations does it awaken: Scotland, its mountains—its dark woods—its wild glens—its beautiful lakes,—and still dearer remembrances of the light steps that bounded with me over its hills,—of the sweet and joyous laugh, whose music the echoes of the shore so vainly sought to catch,—of the clear, full-toned sky-lark voice that was wont to pour forth its warblings as we skimmed over the waters,—of the ***. But why go on? It was a dream,—a dream of my boyhood;—yet its memory haunts me still. I awoke in time to a consciousness of my feelings for the wife of my friend—I left Scotland; and in doing so, I left Catherine in undisturbed serenity, and Gordon Douglas in possession of an unsullied treasure. How distinctly I remember every incident of our parting!—How often have I endeavoured to read her feelings, or attributed a meaning to the soft sorrowful glance her blue eyes bestowed on me, to the gentle thrilling pressure of her small hand as she murmured “God bless you!” Well, all that is past—years have since gone by; but Kate! bonnie Kate! dearest, sweetest, best; you are still unforgotten. The imagination may wander from its first resting place—but not the heart—"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."—I never felt any serious admiration for Caroline.

March, 1834.—Fortune is not always unjust. A most unlooked-for prospect of happiness opens before me—the reward of my long-visited constancy. Catherine is returned to England a widow! Clavers, who has also just arrived from India, mentioned, casually, the death of my schoolfellow and early friend, Captain Douglas—who, by the bye, in accepting the bequest of some property, was obliged to adopt the name of Jolley. A bad exchange! Catherine Jolley! It will not look well in the "Morning Post." I wonder how she wears! Let me see: it is fourteen years ago—she was
then one or two and twenty; thirty-six, and the seniority on the wrong side, but that matters little. Indeed, there is nothing like maturity: the beautiful blossom has, no doubt, blown into a glorious flower. May I hope to wear it? She is in London, but I have still to discover her abode. Meanwhile, I must get my whiskers in condition—black whiskers and white teeth are irresistible to half the sex. I wish I could divine whether she remembers, or has ever thought of me.

March 1834.—I have received a shock of surprise, disappointment, and disgust, from which it will take me an in calculable time to recover. What an impostor is fancy—what a cheat is memory! And for this creation, this phantom of a distempered imagination—I have undervalued, neglected, deserted, lovely and loveable women, and lost such a being as Caroline L!—

I called on Mrs. Jolley, for I can no longer name her Catherine, having previously despatched a note announcing my intention, to which I received a formal reply. In its cramped and almost illegible characters, I was ridiculous enough to imagine I could discover evidences of the agitation so consonant to my wishes. I doubted not that delicacy alone had prevented her expressions from assuming a warmer tone. Next day, after an elaborate toilette, I saluted forth, all anxiety, expectation, and emotion, prepared for a scene of the most exquisite interest. With hurried and unequal steps I gained her residence, knocked tremulously, and was ushered, in a state of indescribable palpitation, up-stairs into the drawing-room. The apartment was crowded with furniture and ornaments, and but dimly lighted. At the opposite end, I perceived, through the intervening objects, reclining on an ample couch, a Very Fat Lady, arrayed in purple and yellow striped silk, whose figure, from its proportions, might easily have been mistaken for the largest of a pile of huge cushions, among which she lay imbedded. I surveyed her bloated countenance surmounted by a furious red face, and a tawdry cap overlaid with artificial flowers. I bowed, without the slightest recognition.

"I'm very glad to see ye, Mistar—as none of the Jolley's most esteemed freinds,"

I started, as the shrill northern accents ran through my ears, and in my astonishment, I may add horror, scarcely touched the hand that was extended towards me. Good heavens!—was it possible? Were those the tones I had fancied so musical? those the locks I had epithetised as golden?

Could those dull glazed eyes be the orbs of light, whose hue I had compared, in my first Album sonnet, to the blue of the ocean? Alas! as ocean often does, they had changed to a yellowish green. Was this, in short, my Catherine?

I felt even more embarrassed than I had anticipated, and was so possessed with the desire of escape, that my awkwardness and pre-occupation only escaped the lady's observation by reason of her own very convenient disposition to loquacity. In spite of my uneasiness the tête à tête was prolonged. The topics it embraced were chiefly Indian, with the exception of a few interesting digressions on liver complaint, antibilious pills, sea sickness, and so forth. The sound of the lunch bell was a welcome interruption. I rose to depart, but she insisted on my going with her "to see the children, who always dined at her luncheon." I submitted, and found, on entering the dining-room, seven or eight little whitey-brown Jollies, in round holland pinafores, all clamouring at the table, with uplifted spoons and forks, for some of the ox-tail soup that was sending forth from a pantomimic tureen, a copious exhalation to mingle with the fumes of the roasted pork, stewed mutton, rice, and other delicacies, which loaded the table. I answered Mrs. Jolley's importunities by the fact, that I never eat luncheon.

"Indeed!" said she, with a look of pity; "in India we eat often, to keep up the stamina. Even here, my doctor, who knows what suits me, orders everything that is nourishing, especially beef steaks and bottled porter."

I made a desperate effort, and at length extricated myself from the labyrinth of Mrs. Jolley's conversation. The name is in perfect unison with her present appearance and manners;—I can by no means identify her with Catherine. And twelve years in India have effected this change—have transformed, into a most intolerable person, the fine, frank, good-humoured, and unsophisticated Scotch girl! For after all, now I think rationally on the subject, these were her only points of attraction. My fancy invested her with other attributes;—Pagan-like, I have worshipped an idol of my own creation.

Poor Caroline! I think I saw symptoms of attachment on her part, which perhaps her parents were fearful of encouraging. I have no idea when they return. I believe I shall go to Brussels.

Nov. 14th.

B. F. L.
THE COURT.

Their Majesties came to town from Windsor on Wednesday, the 29th of October. The King held an investiture of the Order of the Bath, to bestow the vacant ribands. Admirals Sir John Wells, Sir Edward Brace, and Generals Lord Edward Somerset and Sir John Taylor were knighted by his Majesty.

Dr. Joseph Allen was presented to the King by Lord Melbourne, and Dr. John Dodson by the Lord Chancellor, on being appointed King's Advocate. Dr. Dodson received the honour of Knighthood from his Majesty. Sir Herbert Jenner was also presented on his promotion to the offices of Dean of the Arches Court and Judge of the Prerogative Court. In the evening the King and Queen returned to Windsor.

Their Majesties, accompanied by Prince George of Cambridge, Earl and Countess Brownlow, Sir Herbert and Lady Taylor, and Sir Philip and Lady Sydney, arrived at Brighton from Windsor on Saturday evening, the 1st ultimo. The royal party was received with loud cheers from the multitude, who assembled to witness their arrival. The Princess Augusta left Frogmore Lodge, and reached the Palace at Brighton on the same evening.

On Monday evening, the 10th ultimo, their Majesties had a full-dress party, in celebration of the birth-day of the Princess Augusta. Among the guests were the Earls of Clarendon and Brownlow, Lords Maynard, Wharncliffe, and Cranston, the Bishop of Chichester, Sir George Grey, Sir William Ingilby, the Marchioness Cornwallis, Lady Brougham, Lady Jane Peel, and Lady Wharncliffe.

On Thursday, the 13th, Lord Melbourne arrived from town, and remained till Friday afternoon, after having been closeted with his Majesty during the greater part of the time.

The Duke of Wellington arrived at the Palace on Saturday afternoon, the 12th, and had an immediate interview with the King. During the consultation a special messenger arrived from town with a despatch for his Majesty from Lord Brougham. In the evening there was a dinner party, composed principally of military officers, to meet the Duke of Wellington. The Duke left the Palace on Sunday morning.

The King and Queen left Brighton at nine o'clock on Monday morning, the 14th, and arrived at St. James's Palace soon after noon. At two o'clock the King gave audience to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst. His Majesty soon afterwards held a Court, which was attended by all the Members of the late Cabinet, except Sir John Hobhouse and Lord John Russell. Several of the Ministers, including the three Secretaries of State, formally delivered up their seals of office to the King.

A Privy Council was then held; it was attended by the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Goulburn, Lord Rosslyn, Lord Jersey, Sir Henry Hardinge, Lord Cowley, and Lord Maryborough. The Duke of Wellington was sworn in as Home Secretary, and received the seals of that office from the King.

His Majesty held a Court on Thursday, the 17th, at which the Duke of Devonshire resigned the office of Lord Chamberlain. By the King's desire his Grace retains the key of office till the appointment of his successor.

A Privy Council was held after the break-up of the Court. It was attended by the Duke of Wellington, Lords Jersey, Lyndhurst, Rosslyn, Ellenhorough, Cowley, Mr. Goulburn, Sir John Beckett, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir Charles Manners Sutton. It was determined that Parliament be prorogued from the 25th of November to the 19th of December.

On Friday, the 19th, immediately after the holding of another Court, Lord Brougham arrived at the private entrance of St. James's Palace, and delivered up the Great Seal.

At a Privy Council, subsequently held, Lord Lyndhurst was sworn into office, and received the Great Seal from the King.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria arrived at St. Leonard's on Tuesday,
the 4th ultimo, from Tunbridge Wells. At each of the villages on the road, and at Hastings, triumphal arches, decorated with evergreens, were raised in honour of the royal progress. On arriving at the mansion prepared

for their royal highnesses at St. Leonard's, both spoke their thanks to the procession of inhabitants who had escorted them from Hastings.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Book of Beauty: edited by the Countess of Blessington, &c. &c.
Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty" certainly surpasses, as it may seem in beauty bound to do, all its rivals in that quality from which it takes and deserves its title, and falls short of no one of them, in its general or particular literary pretensions. As is the wont of the world, we must do honour to the latter first; for if Minerva herself were to descend among us under the guise of Venus, we should utterly overlook her wisdom till we had satiated our senses by banquetting on her beauty. Of the nineteen engravings which embellish this exquisite volume, the two gems are those by Ryall, "the Marquises" and "Constance." These two plates touch upon the perfection of the art in this class of production; and if there be any faulty points in the eye of stern criticism, they are to be found among the minor and non-essential portions of the compositions. The two next in merit are "the Fountain Nymph," which is exquisite for the poetical feeling that characterises every point of the composition, and "Lady E. Leverton Gover," the cherub child, whose divinely human face is given with a true feeling no less of nature than of art. Of the other engravings our space will not allow us to speak in detail; but we may say generally of them, that fifteen years ago any one of them would have made the fortune of the artist who produced it:—such has been the admirable effect on art of the introduction of "Annuals" among us! Would it had produced a corresponding benefit to the literature of our day—even to the light and fugitive portion of it! And so it might have done had the writers and compilers of these pretty playthings entertained a just sense of the value of the instrument at their disposal. But this is an ungracious theme, and we must not pursue it; nor, indeed, could we do so with any other than a very bad grace, with a volume before us like that whose title stands at the head of this notice; for "the Book of Beauty" is prepared in its literary department by a lady whose elegant taste precludes her from allowing it to be disfigured by any thing that has not some merit to recommend it, beyond that which exists in "a name" merely; and her own varied accomplishments enable her to supply any deficiencies that might arise from the growing reluctance among literary men to associate their names with the real "Rosa Matildas" of the "Annual" press. There are several charming pieces of writing in this volume; light, easy, graceful, elegant—a true type of the fair editor. Others there are less brilliant, thus constituting a judicious arrangement of contrast, and of light and shade throughout the volume. Our limited space forces us to close our notice of this volume without further detail; merely adding that we know not where to point to any one among its rivals, whose pretensions give it a better claim to general favour than "The Book of Beauty."

The Landscape Annual, or Tourist in Spain, by Thomas Roscoe, illustrated from drawings by David Roberts.

Of the plates of this volume we have only space to say that they are all which might be expected from the genius of Roberts and the talents of the engravers employed to transfer to steel the spirit of his admirable drawings. Of the letter-press, we can conscientiously state that it possesses literary merit of a high order. It will establish for Mr. Roscoe an enduring reputation. He has produced a volume of powerful interest, based upon the downfall of the Moors in Spain; having woven into an elegant fiction one of the most stirring events recorded in Spanish history. The texture of his fiction, as it ought to be, is slight, being merely employed as a frame-work to those important details into which his subject necessarily led him, and he has blended the real and the imaginative with a masculine spirit of purpose and cool severity of judgment that does equal credit to his heart and to his head. The vigour of his pictures is at once attested by the bold and startling realities which those pictures bring so distinctly to the mind's eye, and their truth by the total absorption into which the reader falls whilst he eagerly hurries on with the rapid course of the narrative. The continuation of events is skilfully managed, and intensely exciting; the incidents rush, as it
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

were, upon you with a force, an earnestness, and a verisimilitude which no work of mere fiction could realise. In no book that we remember to have read has the downfall of Granada and the final expulsion of the Moors from Spain been so powerfully detailed as in the valuable work before us. Mr. Roscoe's style is fresh and buoyant; there is a pulse in it that never languishes, giving it all the animation of hale and vigorous life.

The Amulet, edited by S. C. Hall.

This book is bound in sheep skin, and the purchaser is made to pay the price of morocco. The pictorial embellishments and the letter-press are of a piece with the binding.

The Comic Almanack for 1835, by Rigidum Funndidos, Gent. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

Truly Mr. Tilt is a man of Almanacks. Since the thriving trade of the lamented Francis Moore has been thrown open, he has published almanacks to suit the pockets as well as the tastes of his various customers: from the grave to the laughter exciting—from two-pence to half-a-crown. The work before us is the ne plus ultra of almanacks. It gives us the signs of the zodiac, the characters of the seasons, nay, the very nose and the down-sidings if not backslidings of a celebrated ex-chancellor, all illustrated by the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank. It likewise gives us in letter-press, the months in their comic garb, and in their serious garb: the former, with "the season's signs" and "odd matters," and the "weather likely," calculated to call forth a smile even upon the serious phiz of a sporting country justice examining a poacher; the latter being the dry and unsophisticated calendar of the months. We have also various other matters, being the lucubrations of our worthy friend Rigidum Funndidos, by the light of the moon and stars aided by a rush-light or a veilleuse du soir.

No one ever before attempted to impart raciness to the most common-place tell-tale of times and seasons; and Rigidum Funndidos, who, it appears, has taken leave of Chronomihontologists, and turned astrologer, deserves our strongest support. Glory to Mr. Tilt for bringing him forward! Henceforth his seasons shall be our seasons; his astrological signs and tokens shall be our astrological signs and tokens; and his almanack agent shall be our almanack agent.

The Excitement for 1835.

This little Annual for young people has been got up with great care and judgment. It combines instruction with amusement, in the most enticing form for children, and is well calculated for a Christmas present.

Francesca Carrara. By the Author of "Romance and Reality."

Miss Landon has acquired, and deservedly so, a great reputation. We did not relish her former novel, because we thought there was an effort throughout, a straining at something beyond the common, which considerably detracted from the interest of the work. We hate every visible attempt at brilliancy, every evident labour to be pointed:—when it comes, it may have its run, but let it not be hunted after. The present work is written more naturally, and therefore we like it much better. Still there is sometimes a heaviness of colouring, an obscure tint where it should be bright, and a too great disposition to be sententious. Nevertheless, the hand of genius is apparent, and were it allowed to follow the inspirations that would pain guide it, would give a glow, a harmony, and a lucidity to the canvass, which the painting now wants. The fair author, perhaps, brings too much wisdom to the task she undertakes; it would better suit a graver work than a novel. What would she say, if Michel Angelo had introduced the figures of his last judgment into a representation of Dutch boors playing at skittles?

Warleigh; or the Fatal Oak, a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Fitz of Fitz-Ford," &c. 3 vols.

This work will no doubt he extensively read. The tale is skilfully handled and full of dramatic characters and incidents. If we have any fault to find, it is that the fair author is rather too fond of landscape painting in detail, for she spares us neither "a stick nor a stone." There is much bustle and variety in this story, and a very well-wrought account of the peculiarities, prejudices, and superstitions of the good people of Devonshire, of which we ourselves happen to know something, and can therefore vouch for the accuracy of the picture. "Warleigh" has been published at a convenient season, and will, we venture to predict, serve to while away many a long evening during the approaching winter.

The Betrothed. From the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni.

"I Promessi Sposi" is as difficult for an Englishman to read in the original as the novels of Walter Scott or Galt would be to a native of France or Italy. The Lombard dialect, as it is called, pervades this work, and the most learned of Italian scholars, into whose ears the sweet Tuscan flows harmonious, would lose many of the most characteristic traits of this beautiful romance, if they were unskilled in the barbarous jargon and ignoble twang, from which no native of Lombardy can totally free himself, and which, at certain times, we can detect even in the enunciation of Madame...
Pasta, whilst pouring forth the strains of Romeo, or Tancred. Mr. Bentley has, therefore, rendered a service to the lovers of those works of fiction termed classical, by placing this translation among his standard novels. The work itself is one of stirring interest, full of adventure, and of scenes perfectly new to the untraveled English reader. Manzoni describes a state of society of which modern refinement has nearly eradicated every trace, and which tended to the overthrow, in Italy, of the despotism of feudality. Each event in his narrative is wrought with extraordinary power, and those who are satiated with the common run of novels, and seek for new and startling emotions, will find them in this work.


This is a translation into French of Dr. Beattie’s admirable work on Switzerland, noticed in the October number of the Court Magazine. We rejoice that a great demand for the work, in France, has encouraged the spirited publisher to undertake this translation, which has been placed in very competent hands. It has been executed in a manner worthy of the original. The style is pure, elegant, and spirited; the language and feelings of the author are beautifully and appropriately rendered. We confess we were not a little surprised at seeing the name of M. Gerard, as the translator of this work, because we happen to know that he did not translate a line of it; and we have now authority for saying that he has put his name upon the title-page without the translator’s sanction. Had the literary delinquency of M. Gerard injured himself alone, we should have said nothing about it; but when we find a man of talent thus robbed of his honest merit, it becomes our duty to expose the theft. The real translator of Dr. Beattie’s Switzerland, is M. de Bauclet, a man whose literary labours are well known and highly appreciated in his own country. He has come to reside among us, and give us the benefit of his talents; he, therefore, entitled to have, at least, justice done him by the British press. We trust that not only in the future numbers of “La Suisse Pittoresque,” but in those which have already appeared, his name will be substituted for that of an individual unable even to correct the proof sheets, much less to write the text.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

This is certainly the best conducted and most attractive of the French periodicals, established in imitation of our magazine. It appears, at Paris, once a fortnight; and besides an ample allowance of original articles, by the first writers in the French literary republic, it gives an account of the works published during each fortnight, of the fine arts, and of local politics. To those fond of reading French, this periodical is a source of great amusement and information. The literature is first-rate; the subjects all of stirring interest. The resources of the imagination are called forth only to illustrate, fact being the groundwork upon which the conductor of this journal seeks to build his success; and the name of almost every author of celebrity in France appears in the various numbers of the “Revue des Deux Mondes.” We have been much delighted with a biography of Dante, by M. Fauriel, in the first number of last October. It is written with great knowledge of the subject, and much elegance and feeling. Though our limits are too confined, we cannot resist the opportunity of extracting a short anecdote, which shows the occasion of Dante’s first attempt at poetry, in the composition of a sonnet. He was then in his nineteenth year. The poet was in love with the fair Beatrice.

“One day,” says M. Fauriel, “and it was the first on which Beatrice had ever spoken to him with kindness, Dante retired to his chamber and fell asleep under the charm of his good fortune. He had a very singular dream: Cupid appeared before him with a countenance which, though radiant and joyous, nevertheless expressed something threatening and terrible. The god held in his arms a sleeping female, whom Dante recognized as Beatrice, although she was encased from head to foot in drapery of a purple hue. The infant god bore in one hand an object burning with a bright flame. ‘Behold thy heart,’ said he to Dante. He then awoke his lovely burthen, and commanded her to eat what he held in his hand. Beatrice hesitated for some time, but at length obeyed, and, though in great fear, fed upon the burning heart. Cupid at first appeared quite delighted, but his pleasure was of short duration; for he suddenly began to weep, and, carrying off Beatrice in his arms, ascended to heaven, and disappeared with her.

‘This was the vision which Dante described in his very first poetical composition; and he put it in the form of a question, as if demanding to have it explained.’

A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834. By Henry D. Inglis. 2 vols.

We regret our inability, from want of room, to give any extracts from these very clever volumes, which convey great and truly useful information in a very pleasing form. Mr. Inglis is well known to British literature as an elegant writer, and a keen observer of men and things. He seems to have put his finger
upon the ulcerated wound which prevents the social body in Ireland from being a healthy member of the British empire. No doubt he will find many opponents, because the preventive of cure which he points out, interferes too much with private interests, personal injustice, and that selfishness of purpose, and impunity of action, to which the present state of Irish society gives full scope. Alas! we fear that coercion should be extended to other classes than those whose brutal ignorance, and the state of desperation to which they are driven by want and suffering, lead them to the most fearful excesses. If the cause were removed, would not the evil cease? Let our legislators read Mr. Inglis's book.


We read "Cavendish" with great pleasure, though we at times detected in that work a want of experience, whence we concluded that the author was a very young man, whom practice would form. In "Cavendish" we discovered great vigour of intellect, and at times passages of considerable power, which bid fair to realise what the author has effected in this his new production. "Will Watch" will please and interest every person familiar with naval scenes, and with the race of men which Mr. Neale so happily describes. This novel will prove an entertaining companion by a Christmas fireside, and no one will regret having opened the first volume. It is a pity that the Appendix should have been added. With the quarrels of Mr. Neale and Captain Marryat the novel-reader has nothing to do; and if an opinion may be formed on the merits of the case, the law of libel is there to enjoin silence. Had we been a friend of Mr. Neale's, we should have advised a different mode of publication; because the one he has adopted was sure to lead to an inference which Captain Marryat has found, to say the least, a plausible authority for drawing.


The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe has long been known as one of the best amateur musicians and composers in England; and though we may naturally infer that his lordship has a strong bias in favour of those strains which warmed his youthful imagination, and are associated with his earliest impressions, giving them a decided preference over the more lofty poetry produced, within the last twenty years, by the schools of Germany, still there is much elegant taste and good criticism displayed in the work before us. Lord Mount Edgecumbe has also given many new and striking points of information, upon which he descants in a very pleasing manner. We cannot, however, concur with him in his opinion of Rossini, whose manner more than his genius seems to have given rise to his lordship's severity. Neither do we agree with him in his remarks upon the late Abbey Festival, and its predecessor, the famous commemoration. But something may be allowed to old and deeply-formed impressions; and, even though we differ in certain points from the author, we have read the "Reminiscences" with great pleasure, and we strongly recommend them to our musical readers.

Lunar Tables, by which the Distance is obtained from the apparent altitudes; thereby avoiding the usual tedious preparations previously to clearing a lunar distance. By Mrs. Taylor, authoress of "Luni-solar and Horary Tables," "Navigation simplified," and inventor of the Mariner's Calculator.

The science of astronomy, and its practical application to the navigating of ships through the wide ocean, seldom form part of a lady's studies. Mrs. Somerville has however shown how far the female mind may be led in pursuit of the most difficult investigations offered by human science. Mrs. Taylor has closely followed her footsteps, and has the great merit of applying her extraordinary attainments to purposes of the highest practical utility to her country. Lunar distances, the least objectionable mode of discovering the longitude at sea, have hitherto been attended with a tedious and complicated process of calculation which often leads to inaccuracies. In the tables before us, the working of lunars is considerably simplified and abridged, and the result more to be depended upon. We call the attention of every naval man to this work; nay, more, we entreat him to compare it with every former system, and to adopt its use if he is convinced of its superiority, as we are ourselves. It is not the province of a periodical like the Court Magazine, to enter into a discussion on astronomical and nautical science, but we venture respectfully to suggest that our scientific reviews should give Mrs. Taylor's tables a page in their next number.
MUSIC.

The Amateur Festival at Exeter Hall.

—This festival, as we anticipated, has come off triumphantly. From press of matter we are unavoidably obliged to defer till our next number, our account of it in the literary part of our Magazine. We shall here merely state that the public has been highly satisfied, and that these concerts have proved that a musical taste pervades not only the higher, but the middle and working classes of the community; that many of the latter have attained considerable proficiency in the art, and that useful industry, instead of being a drawback, is a strong stimulus to its cultivation. Too great praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. W. Holderness, the conductor, Mr. Jones, the secretary, each member of the committee, and its active chairman, Mr. Hoile, for the talent, foresight, and attention displayed throughout this great undertaking. Nor must we forget to mention the activity and politeness of the stewards, whose exertions contributed much to the comfort of the audience. The gentlemen who composed the orchestra were highly gratified at the care taken to secure them every convenience that could be obtained, and many of them personally expressed how much they felt obliged to the committee. Need we add, that all bore testimony to the talent displayed by the Conductor, in his thorough knowledge of the music, and in the steadiness with which he gave the time.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

For the last six or eight months the good people of Paris have been afflicted with a monomania—that of aerial navigation. A company has been formed, composed of several leading men of science and of money, to carry into effect a plan for replacing our vulgar ships and steam-boats by vessels which sail through the air at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, ascend and descend with the same ease as a bird, and convey passengers and luggage. Bravo, Messieurs les Parisiens! We have seen M. Carlotti, the secretary of this society, who talks with so much fluency and plausibility on the subject, that he had nearly persuaded us out of our sober senses and judgment. Nevertheless, as the grand experiment is to be tried in this country, and the materials for the undertaking are now in process of manufacture at Manchester, we tell him that we will yield full credence to the possibility of the undertaking, the moment he takes us up in the Regent’s park at seven in the morning and whisks us to Paris to breakfast at nine; we will then undertake with him a voyage to India, which is not to exceed a fortnight. God knows whether we shall go or attempt to go, when this is accomplished. Be the plan practicable or not, and we incline decidedly to the negative, we shall, nevertheless, give our readers a description of the vessel in which we are to travel, Mr. Carlotti having been so obliging as to show us the plan.

The balloon ship is 130 feet long and 34 feet high. Its shape is that of the natatory vesicle of a fish, rather thick in the middle, and conical at the two extremities. The car or boat is fixed under it, and can impart to it any motion which it receives. The balloon is contained within an immense reticulated work, the ends of which meet at the place to which the car is fastened. Upon the net are placed rope-ladders like the rigging of ordinary vessels, to enable the crew to ascend to the top of the balloon and repair any damage that may occur. The car will carry thirty men; it is made of osier, like common basket work, and has the appearance of a long gallery with windows. There will be a rudder before and behind, and on either side wheels with linen sails, in shape like the paddle-wheels of steam-boats.

The process for ascending and descending is derived from the following phenomenon:—In 1787, Baron Scott and M. Meunier, of the Academy of Sciences, observed that the natatory vesicle in fish, enabled them to ascend to the surface or descend to the bottom of the water, according as they dilated or compressed the air which it contained. This phenomenon is the consequence of the fact that compressed air is heavier than dilated air. The aerial navigators have, therefore, introduced into their balloon, a much smaller one filled with air, which, upon the principle just described, will produce a difference in weight, more or less, of thirty pounds. Now, when the balloon is filled with gas, and is on the ground or at anchor, if the interior vesicle be dilated so as to produce only half a pound difference in the weight, it will be sufficient to make the vessel rise: therefore the power of taking away or adding thirty pounds is immense.

The car is to contain a compass, a barometer, an electrometer, a thermometer, and an instrument to ascertain the rate. Perhaps the projectors will adopt Mrs. Taylor’s Mariner’s Calculator. There will also be a safety lamp, and a phosphoric lantern to give light.

Such is the vessel intended to revolutionise nautical science, and turn the world topsy-turvy. What would our sober ancestors say, could they peep from their graves and witness such an attempt? We must not forget to add that the car is to contain an apparatus intended to render the air respirable by human lungs at any height of the atmosphere.
INDEX

to

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

Original Papers.

A.
Ashley Cooper, Genealogical Memoir of the Hon. Mrs., 178

B.
Boughton, Genealogical Memoir of Lady, 222
Bulwer's, E. L. Esq., England and the English, by René Aliva, 23

C.
Conversations in Purgatory, by Sir E. Brydges, No. I., 148—No. II., 180
Culprit's Grave, The, a Fragment, by Miss Macauley, 165

D.
Dame Deborah Boreham's Almshouses, by the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter," 92

F.
Festival at Westminster Abbey, 74

G.
Garland of Musicians, by H. F. Chorley,—No. I., Handel, 47—No. II., Haydn, 192—No. III., Mozart, 135—No. IV., Rossini, 179—No. V., Carl Maria Von Weber, 223

H.
Horace Leslie, by the Author of "The Island Bride," 9.

J.
Irby, Genealogical Memoir of Hon. Mrs., 45

L.
Letters from a late Attaché. Written during a Residence at various Courts Abroad,—No. I., 57—No. II., 123—No. III., 157—No. IV., 201—No. V., 243
Lines by the Author of the "Heliotrope," 69
Love and Diplomacy, 59
Louth, Genealogical Memoir of Lady, 1
Lowther Castle, 19
Lucubration, A, on the Sympathies of the Major and Minor in Music, 34

M.
Manners of the Belgians, by L. de Beauchas, 203
Marius, by the Author of "The Island Bride," 74
Modern Narcissus, The, 164
INDEX.

N.

Niagara, and So on, by the Here-and-Thereian, — No. I., 119—No. II., 136

Retrospect of an Officer in India. Scenes in Arracan, 235
Rivals, The, by Charles Whitehead, Esq., 28
Royal Academy, The, 35

O.

Old Place, The, by the Author of “The Usurer’s Daughter,” 54

S.

Sister Martha, The, by the late R. Rylance, 163
Sisters, The, by the Author of “The Island Bride,” 197
Sketches of Greece and Turkey, by J. Hamilton Browne, Esq., 230
Summer Songs, by Mrs. Hemans,—No. VII., The Fairies’ Recal, 28
Syrian and Egyptian Bedouins, by J. A. St. John, 3

P.

Parting and Meeting, from a Journal, 257
Passages in the Life of Charles Vyvyan, Esq.—No. II., the Storm, 48
Pawnbroker’s Lodger,—No. I., 99—No. III., 193—No. IV., 252
Pelham, Genealogical Memoir of the Hon. Mrs., 70
Penshurst Place, 198
Pilgrim, The, an Anecdote of the Roman Jubilee, by Miss Jane Anne Porter, 211

T.

Tavistock, Genealogical Memoir of the Marchioness of, 134
To a Lady, by the Author of the “Heliotrope,” 3
Turkish Baths, by J. A. St. John, 152
Turkish Notions of Civilisation, by J. A. St. John, 70

Q.

Quixote Redivivus, 123

R.

Remarkable Escapes of a Predestinated Rogue, by Syphax,—No. I., 63—No. II., 103—No. III., 141—No. IV., 184—No. V., 224

W.

Whimsey Papers, The, 115
Writing in Albums, 156
REGISTER OF MISCELLANIES.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH—FASHIONS—EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD—
MUSIC—FINE ARTS—THE DRAMA—MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS.

A.
Aerial Navigation, 264
African Glen, The, 44
Ainsworth’s Caves of Ballybunion, notice of, 130
Amateur Musical Festival, 87, 132, 176, 220, 264
Amulet, The, notice of, 261

B.
Bretta’s, W., Esq., M.D., Switzerland, notice of, 171
Beckford’s Italy, notice of, 42
Betrothed, The, from the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni, notice of, 261
Births, iii. vii. xi. xvi. xix. xxiii.
Bouquet de Mélodies, Fantasia for the Piano Forte, by J. Moschelles, notice of, 175
Brilliant Variations for the Piano Forte, by G. A. Osborne, notice of, 175
Brilliant Variations on Aubert’s Tirolienne in La Fiancée, by Henry Herz, notice of, 175

C.
Campbell’s, Thomas, Life of Mrs. Siddons, notice of, 128
Comic Almanack for 1835, notice of, 261
Comic Offering, notice of, 220
Costume of Paris, ii. vi. x. xiii. xvii. xxii.
Court, The, 39, 83, 127, 171, 215, 259

D.
Dacre, a Novel, edited by the Countess of Morley, notice of, 128
Deaths, iv. viii. xii. xvi. xx. xxiv.

E.
Excitement, The, for 1835, notice of, 261

F.
Fashions for the Month of July, i., August, v., September, ix., October, xiii., November, xvii., December, xxi.
Favourite Venetian Waltz, by T. Valentine, notice of, 176
Forget Me Not, notice of, 220
Francesca Carrara, by the Author of ‘Romance and Reality,’ 261
Friendship’s Offering, notice of, 220

H.
Heath’s Picturesque Annual, notice of, 220

I.
Illustrations of Modern Sculpture, No. VI., notice of, 175
Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir W. Scott, Bart., notice of, 175

J.
Journey throughout Ireland, by Henry D. Inglis, notice of, 262

K.
King’s Theatre, 44

L.
La Suisse Pittoreseque, par W. Beattie, M.D., notice of, 262
Landseer’s, J., Descriptive, Explanatory, and Critical Catalogue of Fifty of the Earliest Pictures contained in the National Gallery of Great Britain, notice of, 86
Last Days of Pompeii, by the Author of ‘Pelham,’ notice of, 216
Lay of the Sailor's Bride, by John Thomson, Esq., notice of, 176
Lays and Legends of Various Nations, notice of, 131.
Let Fools their Fate deserving, by T. Cooke, notice of, 176
Literary Intelligence, iii. vii. xi. xv. xix. xxiii.
London at Night, and other Poems, by Lady E. S. Wortley, notice of, 131
Lunar Tables, &c. by Mrs. Taylor, notice of, 263

M.
Marriages, iv. vii. xii. xvi. xx. xxiv.
Martin's Engraving of Queen Esther, notice of, 132
Minasi's Pen and Ink Portraits, notice of, 88, 215
Mountain Storm, by H. A. Hodson, notice of, 176
Music, 44, 87
Musical Reminiscences, by the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, notice of, 263
My Mountain Home, by H. A. Hodson, notice of, 176

O.
Oh! for My Native Northern Land, by J. Barnett, notice of, 176
Oriental Annual Plates, notice of, 172
Oriental Annual, notice of, 220
Oriental Fragments, notice of, 130

P.
Pantheon, The, 44
Persian Sweet Bag, 44

Philip Van Artevelde, notice of, 86
Place the Lamp in your Casement, by J. Barnett, notice of, 176
Pringle's, Thomas, African Sketches, notice of, 87

R.
Revue des Deux Mondes, notice of, 262
Roscoe's, W. S., Poems, notice of, 129
Roundelay of the Spanish Mountaineers, by N. Bishop, notice of, 176

S.
St. John's, J. A., Egypt and Mohammed Ali, notice of, 129
Simpson's, James, Necessity of Popular Education, as a National Object, notice of, 43
Songs for the Drawing-room, notice of, 44
Stevenson, John, on the Cataract, notice of, 86

T.
They say that Hope is Happiness, by John Thomson, Esq., notice of, 176
Time is Flying, adapted by T. Cooke, notice of, 176
Two Old Men's Tales, notice of, 132
Tynney Hall, by Thomas Hood, notice of, 218

W.
Warleigh; or the Fatal Oak, by Mrs. Bray, notice of, 261
Westall and Martin's Illustrations of the Bible, 1 to 6, notice of, 174
Will Watch, by the Author of "Cavendish," notice of, 263
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1834.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

The robe is of taffetas, a peculiar shade of grey glazed with white. The corsage half high and plain. The sleeves of the gigot form, but with the fulness extending considerably below the elbow. Mantelet of Indian book muslin: the corsage is a single fall with a pelerine lappel of the shawl kind, and scarf fronts that descend below the knee. The border is cut round in sharp points, which are surmounted by a lightly embroidered wreath. The fronts of the mantelet are fastened with knots of rose-coloured taffetas ribbon glazed with white. White crêpe hat lined with rose colour. The brim is round and long at the ears, the crown is almost perpendicular, and of the cone form. The interior of the brim is trimmed with a band and bow of taffetas ribbon, in which a very small sprig of rose-buds is inserted, and very short blond lace mentonnières en ruche. The crown is adorned with knots of ribbon and a bouquet of roses placed on the left side, and drooping to the right.

MORNING DRESS.

A pelisse robe of French grey gros de Naples, open in front, displaying an under dress of Indian jacnot muslin embroidered en tablier in a wreath on each side, light sprigs of foliage issue from the wreath and cross each other in the centre of the skirt. The corsage of the robe, made a three-quarter height and square behind, descends obliquely in front, displaying the rich embroidery of the chemisette, the square collar of which falls over the dress. A double lappel edged with ruches of ribbon, to correspond with the robe, trims the corsage. The head-dress is a cap formed of a double row of lace; it is placed on the summit of the head; there is no caul. A knot of pea-green ribbon is affixed behind, the ends of which float over the hair; and light sprigs of blue flowers are placed on each side in front.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The small cottage bonnets that we spoke of last month now begin to be adopted in half-dress, but they are not quite so much in favour as those of a large size, and with a brim almost perpendicular; however, as they are adopted by some distinguished élegantes, it is really difficult to say which of the two is the prevailing mode. We have no observation to make on the first, as neither the forms nor trimmings have altered; but the brims of the latter have again increased in size, and are now really very large. Extremely évasé on the forehead, they are cut narrow at the ears, and descend in such a manner as to nearly meet under the chin. The crown, of a cone shape and very high, is frequently ornamented with bands of ribbon which encircle it obliquely, and meet under a knot of ribbons composed of bows placed one above another. The curtain at the back of the crown is very full and deep; it has a most ungraceful effect, and must render the bonnet too warm for the season, since it intercepts the air. The most fashionable new bonnet ribbons are those of taffetas, or pour de soie plaided, or else plain, but glazed with white. Those most in request of the latter kind are rose, blue, green, and citron. These ribbons will probably remain in favour during the summer, because their high price will prevent their becoming common.

We have seen some bonnets that have just been made for one of our élegantes, whose taste gives laws to the votaries of la mode. One of these capes, which was for the seaside, was composed of taffetas ribbons plaided in two shades of green, the brim was sufficiently long to meet under the chin, and very close at the sides, and bent down over the forehead, so as not only to shade, but partly
to conceal the face. Certainly nothing can be better adapted for walking dress than a bonnet of this kind. We do not announce it as being yet the fashion, but we think it very likely to become so. Another of these head-dresses is a white pou de soie half-dress bonnet; the crown, something of a melon-shape, had the material laid upon it plain at the top, but descending in folds. The curtain at the back short and not very full. A small wreath of roses intermixed with tulle, which partly shaded them, trimmed the interior of the brim next the face, and an aigrette composed partly of roses, partly of the barbes of white ostrich feathers decorated the crown; it was placed on the left side in a full knot of rose-coloured riband glazed with white.

A new material, just come into favour for promenade dress, is a washing silk, foulard de Bruxelles: it is a small chequered pattern of white, green, or lilac, but the ground is always dust colour. Pelisses of pou de soie, or gros de Naples, trimmed with ruches of rich riband, partly of the colour of the dress, and partly of a strikingly different colour, are adopted by several élegantes in carriage dress. They are made quite high behind, but a little open on the bosom. The corsage is trimmed with a double pelerine deep enough nearly to cover it, and one fall considerably shallower than the other; it is rounded on the back and shoulders, but forms a point in front; each fall is edged with a ruche. The front of the skirt is also trimmed with one placed perpendicularly.

Pelisses of clear muslin, lined with coloured gros de Naples, are as fashionable as ever. The manner in which they are trimmed gives them a novel appearance: a row of broad taffetas riband, two shades darker than the lining of the pelisse, is passed through a broad hem round the border; the pelerine, which is always of a large size, is trimmed in a similar manner, and is fastened down the centre by knots of riband to correspond; these knots are continued down the front of the dress, on each side of which is a row of riband placed en tablier. We must observe, that the riband being very broad, is run in so as to have the appearance of a rouleau.

Promenade robes have not altered in form, but they are now seldom worn with pelerines of the same material. Cardeaux of embroidered cambric or muslin being more in request, we have given one of the most fashionable in our plate. Embroidered mantlets are also much in favour. They and the cardeaux also are trimmed with foreign and English thread-lace in addition to the embroidery. Our point seems to be preferred for half dress. Valenciennes, or our imitation of it, which really equals the original, is adopted in morning dress.

Organdy robes, embroidered in spots in coloured worsteds, are very generally adopted in evening dress. The corsages are cut low, plain behind, and arranged en gerbe in front: a mantilla of English point lace encircles the back and shoulders, it is confined upon the latter by nœuds de page in taffetas riband, plaited in colours corresponding with the embroidery of the robe. Double bouillon sleeves; they are very short, the bouillions formed by a band of riband with a bow in the centre. The ceinture of plaited riband is tied at the side in short bows, and ends that descend to the knee.

Ruches and knots of riband begin to be adopted for coiffures en cheveux in evening dress. Some of the former are twined round the bows on the summit of the head, and the ends descend on the tufts of curls over the temples. Others are disposed in a wreath which is placed obliquely. The knots are always disposed in tufts on each side, and a larger bow surmounting the braids or bows at the back of the head. Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Hats increase in size, particularly those of Italian straw. We have seen during the last week some at Herbaud’s, the brims of which were left as large as they were originally made. The crowns are always made straight and perpendicular. Rice straw hats are very little smaller. Those of silk have the brims a more moderate size, but the crowns are always very high. The curtains at the back are much smaller than they were at the beginning of the season. The favourite flowers are the acacia, roses of different kinds, the flowers of the double-blossomed peach, and the blossoms of the nut and chestnut-tree.

Several half dress hats and bonnets are trimmed with marabouts panachées; but coloured ostrich feathers begin to be more generally adopted. We have seen several rice straw hats trimmed with them within the last few days. One was ornamented with two apricot coloured feathers, and trimmed with rich riband of the same colour. The other was decorated with two feathers shaded in dark and apple green. The riband was gauze shaded in those two colours. Gauze
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. St. John, author of "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," is now preparing for publication a work of fiction, illustrative of Oriental manners, entitled, "Tales of the Ramadan."

Mr. Agar Hansard is preparing for publication two works on English rural sports, viz., "Salmon and Trout Fishing in Wales," containing notices of every celebrated angling station in the principality both on lake and river; and "Records of Archery and Falconry," illustrative of the ancient and modern history of those many diversions.


A Treatise on Primary Geology is in the press, being an Examination, both Practical and Theoretical, of the Older Formations. By Henry St. Bosse, M.D., Secretary of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.

Dacre, a novel, edited by the Countess of Morley, is just ready; in 3 vols.

The Auto-biography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay will be published shortly.

The Ionian Anthology, No. 2, a Literary and Philosophical Journal in Greek, Italian, and English, published quarterly at Corfu, and received regularly in London.

Sketches of Natural History, by Mary Howitt.

A Guide to the Highlands of Scotland, with a Map.

Raumer's Letters on History.


The Child at Home, by J. S. C. Abbott.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

On the 4th inst., at Hanover Lodge, the Right Hon. the Countess of Dundonald, of a son.

On the 18th ult., in France, the lady of Edward Hamilton Finney, Esq., late of the 62d Regt., of a son.

On the 14th inst., at Castle Forbes, the Hon. Mrs. Forbes of Brux, of a son.

On the 1st inst., at Walthamstow, the lady of Edward Wigram, Esq., of a son.

On the 3rd inst., in Montagu-street, Russell-square, Mrs. Charles Frederick Cock, of a daughter.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

On the 13th ult., at Naples, the lady of Captain Drummond, Melfort, of a son and heir.

On the 2d inst., at Gillwell House, Essex, the wife of Thomas Henry Osborne, Esq., of a son.

On the 31st ult., at Worthing, the lady of the Rev. Charles B. Pearson, of a son.

On the 31st ult., at Eton, in the county of Northampton, the lady of the Rev. J. C. Whalley, of a daughter.

On the 31st ult., in Bolton-street, the lady of the Rev. Frederick Sullivan, of a son.

On the 5th inst., in Wimpole-street, the Countess of Winterton, of a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at Tichborne Park, Hants, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Talbot, of a daughter.

On the 16th inst., the Duchess of Sutherland, of a daughter.

On the 18th inst., in Grosvenor-square, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, of a son.

On the 20th inst., the Countess of Sheffield, of a son.

On the 14th inst., at Croydon, county of Cork, the Viscountess Emnismore, of a daughter.

On the 12th inst., at Hampstead Heath, Mrs. Hill, wife of M. D. Hill, Esq., M.P., of a son.

On the 15th inst., at Bryanston, the Lady Emma Portman, of a daughter.

The Lady Albert Conyngham, of a son.

On the 16th inst., the Hon. Mrs. Howard, of a daughter.

At Wandsworth, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Horace Powys, of a daughter.

In Eaton Place, the Hon. Mrs. Osborne, of a son.

On the 14th inst., in Hertford Street, the lady of J. L. Wynne, junior, Esq., of a son and heir.

On the 13th inst., at the Vicarage, Peterborough, the lady of the Rev. S. W. Harman, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3d inst., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the Earl Somers, to Jane, widow of the Rev. George Waddington, youngest daughter of the late J. Cockes, Esq.

On the 4th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Esq., eldest son of John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Esq., of Blenkinsopp Castle, Northumberland, to the Hon. Mary Anne Byron, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

On the 29th ult., at Marylebone New Church, the Rev. George Grenado Graham Foster Pigott, to Miss Dixon, of Edward Street, Portman Square.

On the 3d inst., at Trinity Church, Marylebone, Ernest C. Stephenson, Esq., to Frederica Emma, third daughter of David Bevan, Esq., of Belmont, Herts, and Foundry House, Wilts.

On the 3d inst., at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Francis Burnand, Esq., of York Terrace, Regent's Park, to Emma, eldest daughter of S. N. Cowley, Esq., of Russell Square, and Heathfield, Surrey.


On the 17th instant, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, William Leveson Gower, jun., Esq., of Titsey Place, Surrey, to Emily, second daughter of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart.

On the 30th of April, at Savannah, Edmond Molyneux, Esq., his Majesty's Consul for the state of Georgia, to Eliza Harriet, daughter of the late Colonel Johnstone, of Savannah.


At Liverpool, T. Clement Sneyd Kynnersley, Esq., Barrister, to Eliza, daughter of J. Sanders, Esq., of Mount Vernon, Liverpool.

At Lavington, SUSSEX, the Rev. George D. Ryder, son of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, to Sophia, daughter of the late Rev. J. Sut- gent.

At Paris, Hugh, youngest son of the late Sir W. B. Forbes, Bart., of Crubiév, Aberdeen, to Anne, daughter of J. G. Morgan, Esq., of Bristol.

At Glasgow, the Rev. John Smith, Minister of St. George's, to Violet, daughter of the late Major-General W. Lockhart.

DEATHS.

On the 19th instant, at Redland, near Bristol, Richard Ball, Esq.

In Dublin, the Dowager Viscountess Arvonmore. In Dublin, the Hon. Harriet Sewell, daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam.

At Southampton, of apoplexy, Rear Admiral Manby, in his 64th year. The deceased gallant officer was one of the companions of Vancouver, in his voyage round the world.

At Nutra, East Indies, Hubert de Burgh, Esq., Major Bengal Native Cavalry.

At Hastings, Colonel Bumby, in his 80th year. The Rev. W. Pennington Thackray, Lecturer of Grantham and Vicar of Skillington, Lincoln.

At Fowey, Mr. P. Roberts, Master R. N. (1827.)


At Muckford, near Dorchester, Captain Sahine, Dorset Militia.

On the 15th inst., at Acton Park, in the county of Denbigh, in his 80th year, Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart.

On the 29th ult., the Right Hon. Lord Wadehouse, in his 83rd year.

On the 27th ult., at the residence of Dr. Bee, in Park Square, of a return of apoplexy, William Hammersley, Esq., of Ashe Lodge, Surrey, and Fradswell Hall, Staffordshire, in his 58th year.

On the 31st ult., at his residence, South Hill, near Liverpool, in his 72nd year, Robert Murray, Esq., Admiral of the White.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1834.

PROMENADE DRESSES.

First Figure.

ROBE of lilac gros de Naples, a half high corsage, a plain back; the front plain in the centre, but arranged in folds, which come from the shoulders, and descend in the stomacher style on each side, forming the shape in a very graceful manner. The sleeves are excessively ample from the shoulder to the wrist, but the fullness is confined a little below the elbow, so as to form the lower part of the sleeve into a bouillon: it is finished at the wrist by a broad band. Mantelet of Indian book muslin, lined with lilac gros de Naples; it falls square and deep over the corsage, with scarf ends. The collar square and very deep. The whole of the mantelet is embroidered in feather stitch, in a very rich and full pattern. A knot of Pomona green taffetas riband fastens it at the top, and another attaches it at the waist. Rice straw bonnet, a round and very open brim, lined with Pomona green cape, and trimmed with taffetas riband to correspond, and blond lace ménonnières. Knots and band of riband, a blond lace drapery, and a sprig of exotics decorate the crown.

Second Figure.

A printed muslin robe, a white ground and a delicate pattern in pale rose and dust colour. Plain corsage a three-quarter height, and sleeves à la Folle. French cambric mantellet, the pelerine part rounded, made to sit close to the shape at the upper part of the bust, and set-in round the shoulders so as to fall in a very easy and graceful manner. The collar forms a point in front, and another in the centre of the back. Short scarf ends. The mantellet is entirely bordered with Valenciennes lace. The bonnet presents a back view of that on the front figure.

EVENING DRESS.

The under dress is white blond lace, with a rich border, over white gros de Naples. The robe open before en demi-revingote, is composed of deep lemon-coloured pon de soie covered with tulle to correspond. The corsage is low, formed in demi cœur, and trimmed with blond lace, disposed in a lapped on the front of the bust, and quilted in a full ruff behind. Sleeves à l’antique, very short and full, slashed longitudinally, with blond lace protruding through the slashes; they terminate with blond manchettes. The skirt is trimmed on each side with a row of blond lace, turned back plain. Head-dress a turban of tulle, to correspond with the robe; it is of moderate size, lightly mounted, and trimmed with blond lace lappets, which partially surmount the folds and float over the shoulders. A bouquet of white ostrich feathers, inserted on the left side and drooping over to the right, completes the trimming. Scarf of mousseline de soie. Pearl necklace and ear-rings.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

White chip is still the most fashionable material both for hats and bonnets. In the morning it is worn in that small close shape, bent over the forehead, which we described in our last number, as being composed of taffetas ribands. The trimming consists of plain gros de Naples riband only. When adopted for half-dress, it is either a bonnet of an open shape, or a hat; the latter are most in favour. They are trimmed with flowers, principally wreaths, of a very light and novel kind, which encircle the crown. A good many are worn over small blond caps.
trimmed with ruches; the ruche divided in the
centre by single flowers, placed at some
distance from each other, and of great deli-
cacy both in form and colour. Crape hats,
covered with gauze, are also fashionable in
half-dress; some of the prettiest are of white
gauze over rose-coloured crape, the former
laid on in folds. Some are trimmed only
with knots of gauze, others are adorned with
sprigs of flowers.

Square shawls are the only ones in favour
in carriage or elegant promenade dress.—

Some are of damasked satin, of a black or
dark ground, thickly covered with large
showy patterns. Others, more fashionable,
and certainly more appropriate to the season,
are of taffetas plaided in blue and green, or
violet and green. Since the weather has
been so excessively hot, several ladies have
appeared in scarfs of glazed or figured taf-
ftas riband of very moderate breadth; it
passes twice round the neck, ties in a square
knot, and passes under the ceinture, which
is of the same kind of riband; it also turns
twice round the waist, and ties in front in a
rossette, the ends of which fall to the knee.
This kind of scarf is adopted only in neglige;
with a plain white robe or peignoir, it fre-
quently forms a part of home dress.

Notwithstanding the extreme warmth of
the weather, silk robes and pelisses are in
request. Some of the latter are trimmed on
one side of the front of the skirt by bias
bands arranged in the fan style, the other
side is left without any ornament: the effect
is rather singular than pretty. A row of
olives, in fancy silk trimming, fastens it
down the front. Clear muslin pelisses, lined
with coloured taffetas, continue in vogue.
Some of the most novel are trimmed with
Valenciennes lace quilted on.

Peignoirs are very fashionable in dechabille.
Some have been recently introduced in printed
muslin, a white ground with very small
patterns, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.
A ceinture of very rich riband, and a muslin
collar superbly embroidered, renders one of
these simple dresses an extremely elegant neg-
lige. Clear muslins painted, embroidered, and
plain, are adopted in evening dress. Some
of the new patterns of the former are ex-
ceedingly large, and in glaring colours.
Others are more delicate, as roses with their
foliage, sprigs of lilac, &c.

Opera robes, so fashionable during the
winter in full dress, are again come into
favour, although not universally adopted.
We refer to our plate for one of the most
elegant of these dresses. The corsages are
low, draped in general, but not pointed.
The skirt may be open either in front or at
the side. These dresses always have the
fronts ornamented, but there is rarely any
trimming at the bottom. Fashionable
colours remain the same as last month.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN
CORRESPONDENT.

A whimsical change of colours in the
trimmings of hats and bonnets has taken
place within the last week. White, rose,
and those other fresh and delicate hues
which accord so well with the season, have
been discarded for those dark colours which
are only calculated for winter toilettes. We
should hardly have noticed this change, only
that we have reason to believe it may be
partially continued during the remainder of
the season. Some of these hats are of rice
straw, trimmed with barbel blue ribands of
a very deep tint, and feathers of the same
colour; and others adorned with vert-bronce
ribands, and bronze-coloured feathers. Some
hats also of rice straw are trimmed in a still
more singular style with ribands of the
colour of unbleached cambric, and three
feathers, two to correspond with the riband,
and the third rose colour. Dark green
feathers and ribands are also in high favour.
This mode is not, however, universally
adopted. Some of our most distinguished
elegantes still continue to prefer summer
hues. We have noticed among the most
novel rice straw hats, some with the brims
shorter at the sides of the face than they
are generally made, but equally open on the
forehead. They were trimmed with grog de
Naples riband, shaded with white, cabbage
green, and myrtle green. A single rose with
a green heart is placed almost in the centre
of the crown, and a knot of riband, tied in
the cravat style, is attached close to it. The
interior of the brim is trimmed with blond
and small flowers, white, rose, and green
intermixed.

Rice straw is the favourite material, but
drawn bonnets of pou de sole crape, and
organdi are also fashionable. A few have
been recently seen composed of black blond
lace, and trimmed with straw colour, blue,
or rose ribands; the latter colour is most
generally employed.
Pelerines of printed organdy with very
broad hems are very fashionable in neglige.
They are lined with coloured taffetas, which
should correspond with the colour, or with
one of the colours of the robe. A row of
very fine narrow lace is sewed to the edge
of the hem. Half-dress pelerines are embroidered in a very rich but heavy style, and are generally finished with a broad lace at the edge. These pelerines are exceedingly costly. Foulard shawls are very fashionable, that is, those of two yards square; and there are some even larger. Those of a smaller size are completely out of favour. Organdie continues in favour for evening dress. These robes, when intended for grand parties, are always embroidered in the style of ball dresses. Some of the prettiest have three wreaths of small roses intermingled with honeysuckle on the front of the skirt; they are embroidered in coloured silks, and descend from the ceinture to the hem, but at unequal distances; the first terminates at the knee, and the second descends a little below it.

Indian muslin turbans embroidered in gold, and very lightly mounted in irregular folds, are favourite evening head-dresses for matronly ladies. Coiffures en cheveux only are adopted by youthful belles, and they are almost always adorned with natural flowers. We have already given the fashionable colours for trimmings of hats and bonnets. White is in decided majority for robes; where silk is employed to line them it is always of a light colour, as rose, straw, emerald and apple green, lilac and blue.

---

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A work of considerable interest is nearly ready for publication, entitled "Finden's Byron Beauties." It will consist of a series of ideal portraits of the principal female characters in Lord Byron's works. Several of the most eminent artists are engaged in its preparation.

Embellished with a view of the National Gallery, "Biographical Sketches of eminent Artists: comprising Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Architects, from the earliest period to the present time, interspersed with original Anecdotes, to which is added, an Introduction, containing a brief Account of the various Schools of Art. By John Gould."


---

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 12th inst. at Tunbridge Wells, the Lady of Col. Hull, of a son.

On the 9th inst. at Welsh House, near Welwyn, Herts, the Lady of Major Page, 80th regt., of a son.

At Blackheath, the Lady of Captain H. Thompson, of twins.

At Lewes, the Lady of Lieut. R. Parry, R. N., of a daughter still born.

On the 14th inst. the Lady of Lieut. Eversfield, R. N., of a daughter.

At Briers, Monmouthshire, the Lady of Captain Newall, of a son.

At Dublin, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. King, K. H., of a daughter.

In Pulteney-street, Bath, the Lady of Captain Dewell, R. N. of a son and heir.

At Leamington, the lady of Captain Pulteney, 12th Lancers, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.


On the 15th inst. at Greenwich, Captain T. Sandys, to Frances, daughter of the late Captain E. Sanders, Hon. E. I. C. S.

On the 15th inst. at St. Pancras Church, Capt. T. P. Ellis, 52nd regiment, B. A., to Catharine Munro, daughter of the Rev. H. Bethune, of Dingwall, Ross-shire.

On the 10th inst. Sam. Haines, esq., to Ann, daughter of the late Major Kitchen, E. I. C.

Captain J. Markham, R. N., to Mary Anne, daughter of the late J. B. Wood, Esq.

On the 15th inst. at Fording bridge, J. B. Wakefield, Esq., to Eglington, daughter of the late Col. Seton, of Brookheath, Hants.

On the 17th inst. at Falmouth, Mr. A. Thomas, R. N., to Fanny, eldest daughter of Mr. Bawden, R. N.

In St. George's Church, Dublin, P. B. Knox, Esq., late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, to Jane, eldest daughter of G. M. Knipe, Esq., of Erne Hill, Cavan.

At Castlerah, W. B. Keon, of Annefield Lodge, Roscommon, Esq., to Sophia, eldest daughter of Captain J. Gny, of Dealfield.

At North Wales, G. P. Wallace, of Rochester Avenue, county Dublin, to Amelia Anne, youngest daughter of the late Captain R. Warburton, R. N.

At Kensington, Lieut.-Colonel Stapleton, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Hon. Sir W. Ponsonby.


On the 24th inst., Capt. Sotheby, 34th Madras N. I., to Catharine, daughter of R. Lane, Esq.

On July the 3rd. at St. Mary’s Church, Hornsey by the Rev. Richard Harvey, Rector, Mr. Joseph Johnson Miles, eldest son of John Miles, Esq. of West-end, Hampstead, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Richard Marshall, Esq. of Muswell-hill.

DEATHS.

The Most Noble the Marchioness of Headfort.

The Right Honourable the Countess of Antrim.

At his residence in Arlington-street., on the 27th inst., the Right Honourable the Earl of Bathurst.

On the 27th inst. at the residence of his father, Lord James Fitzroy, in his 50th year.

At St. Christopher’s, on the 8th of February, Robert Williams Pickwood, Esq., many years Chief Justice of that Island.”
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1894.

Morning Dresses.

Standing Figure.—The robe is composed of Indian jacquobot muslin. The corsage, nearly but not quite high, is rounded at the top, and sits close to the shape; it fastens behind, and is trimmed round the top with a row of Valenciennes lace, which stands up. The sleeves are à la folle, but confined at the wrist by a rather deep cuff. The apron, also of muslin, is of a three-quarter length, made with a low corsage, which is trimmed with a round lappel of a peculiarly graceful form; it is bordered at each edge with Valenciennes lace, and ornamented with knots of rose-coloured glazed taffetas riband on the shoulders. The lower part of the body is drawn in full under the ceinture, which corresponds; and a rose-coloured riband is drawn into the broad hem round the border. Valenciennes lace and coques of ribands ornament the pockets. The hair is parted on the forehead, the hind hair arranged in two plaited, which are disposed in tresses à la Clotilde at the sides, and looped by bows of rose-coloured riband.

Sitting Figure.—Jacquobot muslin robe striped in alternate light green and white stripes, which are thickly strewed with an Egyptian pattern in delicate colours. The corsage sits close to the shape, and is trimmed with a lappel which forms deep manchons, and terminates in a point before and behind. The bust of the dress and the lappel are trimmed with lace, which is surmounted on the latter by a rouleau of lilac gros de Naples. Sleeves à la folle. Ceinture, bosom and shoulder nauads of green taffetas riband, glazed with white. The hair is parted upon the forehead, and gathered up tightly by a knot of riband, to correspond with the ceinture, &c., behind.

General Observations on Fashions and dress.

It is to the fashionable watering-places that we must this month look for the prevailing modes. This year they are characterised by even more than their usual simplicity. White jacquobot muslin peignoirs are a good deal in request for the morning promenade. Some are fastened up the front with bows of coloured riband, and are worn only with a large double pelerine trimmed with two rows of lace; that is to say, one to each fall, or else a row of riband run into each of the broad hems; the ceinture corresponds. Those with floating ends are not adopted in the early part of the morning. Pelisses of French cambric, fastened down the front with mother-of-pearl buttons, and having the front of the skirt and the pelerine bordered with lace, are also in favour. Valenciennes and Mechlin laces are the only ones fashionable. Some of the most novel cambric pelisses are open before, and are bordered both round the bottom and up the fronts with three or four small tucks, each of which is edged with a row of extremely fine but very narrow Valenciennes lace. These pelisses have no pelerine, but are made with a large square collar trimmed to correspond. This is a tasteful and simple style of négligé.

Silk pelisses, though less in vogue at this moment than those above cited, are fashionable; and we believe will by the end of the month be more so. We have recently seen some of sober colours, particularly those of the new shades of grey, that were a good deal trimmed. One of these, of poine de soie, was ornamented with a wreath of wild cumbine, cut in silk to correspond, which bordered the extreme edge of the skirt, the front of the dress, and the pelerine. Another, also of poine de soie of a very pale shade of dust colour, had a trimming en tablier of the shell kind on each side of the front; they were detached, but placed near each other, large at the bottom, but decreasing in size as they approached the waist. A row of knots of glazed taffetas riband, of a novel and pretty form, attached the dress down the front. The pelerine, which was very much thrown back on the bust, was bordered with a shell trimming, but of a small and light kind.

Small cottage bonnets continue in favour for the early part of the morning. They are principally of poine de soie, but we think drawn ones are upon the whole more in favour. It is only in the forms of half-dress hats that we find some novelty, and in these it is rather an improvement than an alteration in the shape. Some have the brim oval, of moderate
DEPTH, standing out from the face, but not so much as they have lately been worn. Others have the rim more of the aureole kind. We observe that in the first description of last, the sides of the brim are neither so long nor so close as in the beginning of the season, and in the second the brims are not so short. Rice straw and crape are the materials most in request for half-dress hats, those of pou de sole, though fashionable, being comparatively few in number. Flowered gauze ribands of new and very pretty patterns are generally employed for trimming crape hats, with the addition of a light sprig of flower or fruit blossoms. Those of the egliante, spires, jasmine, apple, and peach, are fashionable, but moss-roses are still more numerous. Glazed taffetas ribands continue to be employed with flowers or feathers for rice straw hats; feathers are arranged en bouquet; they are always short, and not more than three employed. A new washing silk has just appeared for home neglige; it is called Madras Ecosais; it is plaided in sober colours, and moderate sized squares.

Indian muslin, either clear or thin jacquemot, is now so generally employed for robes, for dinner or social evening parties, that nine dresses out of ten are composed of the one or the other. These dresses are generally made with long sleeves; some with corsages à la Vierge. Others have the corsages cut low, and trimmed with large pelerines also cut low; they are sloped so as to be very narrow in front, but fall very deep over the back and shoulders. These pelerines are always edged with lace; and if the corsage is not made with a pelerine, it is usually trimmed with lace disposed en mantile. The sleeves, if long, are à la folle; if short, those of the double boutant form are most in favour; they descend as low as the elbow. Flounces are coming very much into favour. We have seen within the last fortnight several dresses trimmed with them, some with a single flounce only, others with two; but in either case there is a heading to the trimming. They are generally embroidered.

Head-dresses of hair without ornament are frequently adopted by young ladies for social parties. If these coiffures are ornamented, it must be with flowers; wreaths are most in request. Crape hats with round brims are also in favour. The interior of the brim is trimmed in a very light style with small flowers arranged en aureole. A sprig of flowers, generally of a different kind, ornaments the crown. Fashionable colours are grey-lilac, straw-colour, dust-colour, and some new shades of rose, green, and grey.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

White and printed muslin are the only materials adopted for the promenade, or for toilettes de campagne. The prettiest among the latter are the mousselines satinées of the grandmère pattern. They are striped in alternate clear and thick glazed stripes. Some have the thick stripes coloured, the others white, and the whole covered with a small running pattern of flowers; but the most elegant are those striped in bias, the ground white, but the thick stripes lightly edged with brown. A row of violet rings forms a chain, separated by bouquets of delicate flowers strewn irregularly.

Dresses afford no actual novelty in their make. The pelisse form is preferred for the promenade. If the pelisse is white, the pelerine and the fronts of the skirt are frequently trimmed with the same material only, but printed muslins are often edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

Drawn bonnets of organandy, or of rice straw, are those most in favour for the promenade. They are in general trimmed with riband only. Bands round the crown, terminating in bows which form an oblique row on one side, is a style of decoration much in favour. Others have a single bow attached near the summit of the crown on one side, and one at the bottom of it nearly in front. In some instances the interior of the brim is not trimmed, in others a ruche of blond lace is placed in it, but only just over the forehead; it is terminated by a small knot of riband on each side.

Simplicity continues to prevail in evening dress. Clear muslin robes are still those most in request. Some of the most novel are cut very low upon the shoulders, but are brought high upon the bosom by a mantilla of English point lace, mounted on two bias bands of tulle, and attached at regular distances by knots of glazed taffetas riband. We see also several dresses made with corsages à la Vierge, covered by tulle fichus, which are copied from portraits taken fifty or sixty years back. They form irregular plaits upon the shoulders and bosom, are crossed upon the breast, and are not trimmed either there or at the throat, but the corners and the back part are edged with broad lace set in full. The ends of the fichu are drawn through the ceinture, and a small knot of riband of the same colour is placed in the centre of the breast.

The skirts of robes begin to be very much trimmed. Some composed of organandy have, instead of a broad hem, three bias folds, each about two inches deep; they are surmounted by a rich entrelacs, embroidered in an open pattern. Some few, but as yet very few, dresses have been seen trimmed with flowers, and others with bouffants. They cannot yet be said to be decidedly in fashion, but it is generally thought that they will soon become so.

Crape hats, of the chapeau capote form, but with drawn brims and crowns, are much in favour in evening neglige. Some of the most fashionable are of pale rose-coloured crape, with wide casings. A crape riband to correspond encircles the bottom of the crown, and crossing before, formed the bressis. The crown was ornamented with two sprigs of convolvulus, the one rising above it on one side, the other drooping over it, and falling on the brim, the interior of which was trimmed with a delicate wreath of convolvulus, arranged like a blond ruche. Crape hats, with brims of the aureole kind, are
also fashionable; they are principally trimmed with flowers formed of the beards of feathers, which are now coming much into favour. Some rich materials have already appeared for the approaching autumn. These most worthy of notice are the Satins Luxor, of Egyptian patterns on a black or white ground, and the mousselines des Indes, which have a mixture of silk; the ground is white, striped, and flowered in single flowers. Both are intended for evening dress; they are rich and beautiful, but we cannot yet say more than that they are likely to be fashionable. The colours most in request are poussee du desert, rose noisette, vert caillou, lilac, citron, azure, and various shades of green.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Oriental Annual, for 1835, is announced for publication on the 1st of October.

The Geographical Annual, for 1835, will comprise, in addition to its hundred beautiful Engravings, of all the states, kingdoms, and empires throughout the world, a compendious universal Gazetteer. This popular annual will be published about the middle of October.

The Biblical Annual, for 1835. This valuable companion to the Holy Scriptures will be published about the same time and uniform with the "Geographical Annual."

The Life of Prince Talleyrand, accompanied with a portrait, will be published in a few days.

Preparation for publication, Bibliopedia; or the Art of Bookbinding, in all its branches. Illustrated with engravings. By John Andrews Arnett.

Warleigh; or the Fatal Oak. A Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Anna Eliza Bray.

Mr. Rowbotham has in the press, A New Guide to the French Language, in Conversations, Dialogues, and a copious Vocabulary, with the Pronunciation to the most difficult words. For the use of Schools and Families.

Bancroft's History of the United States, from the discovery of the American Continent to the present time.

Scenes from Parisian Life. Translated from the French of M. de Balzac; by the translator of the "Recollections of the Marquise de Créquy." First Series: Ferragus, chief of the Devorans.

The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or, Poland in the Sixteenth Century. An Historical Novel. By Alexander Bronikowski. Done into English by a Polish Refugee.


Anatomy of the Seasons, and General Guide to the Weather. By Mr. Murphy, author of "Rudiments of the Primary Forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity," &c.


Select Sermons and Essays. From the MSS. of the Rev. George Crabbe.

Journal of a Residence in America. By Mrs. Butler (late Miss Fanny Kemble).

The Life and Correspondence of General Wolfe. Edited by Dawson Turner, Esq., assisted by Communications from Robert Southey, Esq. A complete Latin-English Dictionary, compiled from the best sources, chiefly English, and adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools. By the Rev. Ismond Riddle, M.A.

The Sacred Scriptures Illustrated from the Customs, Manners, Rites, Superstitions, Traditions, Parabolical and Proverbial Forms of Speech, Climate, Works of Art, and Literature of the Hindoos, by Observations made during a Residence in the East of nearly Fourteen Years. By the Rev. Joseph Roberts.

Lexilogus; or Helps to the Explanations of numerous Greek Words and Passages, particularly in Homer and Hesiod. By the late Philip Butt- man, Doctor and Foreign Professor in Berlin. Translated and edited by the Rev. J. R. Fishlake, A. M.

A Description of that part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy; its natural history, manners, and customs, superstitions, scenery, antiquities, biography of eminent persons, &c., in a Series of Letters to Robert Southey, Esq. By Mrs. Bray.

Scenes in Spain. By a Citizen of Louisiana.

An Introduction to Greek Prose Composition. Part II. Syntax. By the Rev. John Kentick, M.A.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 15th ult., in Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Ashworth, of a daughter.

At Blount Court, the Viscountess Dungarvon, of a daughter.

On the 1st ult., at Tooting, at the house of her father, Col. Rice, C.B., the Lady of Captain Food Bowes, 35th Regt., of a daughter.

Lady Mary Vyner, of a daughter.

At Blackheath, Lady Barbara Newdigate, of a son.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

At Leamington, Warwickshire, the Lady of Richard Bolton, Esq., of a son and heir.
At Eaton Square, Lady Mary Dundas, of a daughter, still-born.
At Egham Park, the Lady of Colonel Salwey, of a daughter.
At Henbury Vicarage, Gloucestershire, the Lady of the Rev. H. H. Way, of a son.
At Thornes House, the Lady of J. Milnes Gaskell, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.
At Stowlangtoft, Suffolk, the Lady of Henry Wilson, Esq., of a daughter.
The Lady of James Stephenson, Esq., of the Inner Temple and Portland Place, barrister-at-law, of a daughter.
At Albaro, near Genoa, the Lady of Edward Le Mesurier, Esq., of a son.
At Clifton, the Lady of W. Long, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George’s Church, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Dr. Macleod, Sir John Mordaunt, Bart., of Walton, in the county of Warwick.
At St. Mary’s Church, by the Rev. W. T. Briggs, John Kennedy, Esq., his Majesty’s Secretary of Legation at the Court of Naples, son of the Hon. Robert Kennedy, and nephew of the Marquis of Alisa, to Amelia Maria, only daughter of Samuel Briggs, Esq., of Alexandria.
At Christchurch, Marylebone parish, by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Moore, Charles Tankerville Webber, Esq., barrister-at-law, to the Lady Adelaide Charlotte King, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kingston.
At St. George’s, Hanover-square, Mr. Rushout Cockrell, son of Sir Charles and Lady Cockrell, to the Hon. Miss Foley, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Foley.
At Felbrigg, Colonel Sir Henry Frederick Cooke, C.B., to Katharine, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Wyndham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk.
At Edinburgh, Mr. Charles Augustus Stewart, merchant, Rotterdam, to Agnes Janet, youngest daughter of the late J. Wilson, Esq., of Tranay, Fifeshire.

At Florence, near the house of the British Minister, Fanny Lucy Shelley, eldest daughter of Sir John Shelley, Bart., to the Hon. George Edgcumbe, younger son of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe.
At Madras, Rowland Winaly Childfield, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s Civil Service, to Gertrude Trevor, youngest daughter of George P. Tyler, Esq., of the same.
At Barrackpore, Capt. J. Graham, of the 50th Native Infantry, to Harriette Anne, only daughter of Major-General James Watson, C.B., commanding the Presidency division of the army.
At Trinity Church, Marylebone, A. Johnston, junior, Esq., M.P., to Priscilla, eldest daughter of T. F. Buxton, Esq., M.P.
At the District Church of the Trinity, St. Marylebone, William Samler, Esq., eldest son of William Samler, Esq., of Blackheath Park, in the county of Kent, to Esther Maria Dickinson, youngest surviving daughter of the late Thomas Dickinson, Esq., of Iver, in the county of Bucks, and eldest adopted daughter of William Leake, Esq., of Upper Harley Street, in the county of Middlesex.
At St. Mary’s, Lambeth, Mr. John Idle, of Wallsworth, eldest son of the late John Idle, Esq., to Anne, eldest daughter of John Farran, Esq., late Secretary of the East India Dock Company.
On the 2nd ult., at St. James’s, Westminster, Charles Holworthy, Esq., to Mary Ann, only child of J. White, Esq.
On Tuesday the 12th ult., at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square, William Brougham, Esq., M.P., only brother of the Lord Chanceller, to Emily Frances, only daughter of Sir E. W. Taylor, Bart., Hollycomb, Sussex.
At Edmonton Church, the Rev. Thomas Salce, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Minister of Weld Chapel, Southgate, to Lydia Rawlinsen, youngest daughter of the late John Walker, Esq., of Arno’s Grove, Southgate.

DEATHS.

At Woodford, Northamptonshire, after ten days’ illness, Harriet, wife of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, in her 41st year.
On the 30th of July, Edward Hodges, Esq., of Olpham Common, in his 72nd year.
In the 62nd year of her age, Mary, the wife of Sir George Armytage, Bart., of Kirkles, Yorkshire.
In the 83rd year of his age, at his house in Great Malvern, Sir Robert Wilmot, of Osmanton, in the county of Derby, Baronet.
At Boulogne-sur-Mer, in her 88th year, the Dowager Lady Lake, relict of the late Sir James Winter Lake, Bart.
Katherine, the wife of Major-General J. Ross, Lieut.-Governor of Guernsey.
At Sheerness, of cholera, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King.
Evening Dresses.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1834.

MORNING DRESS.

Pelisse robe of clear muslin, lined with rose-coloured gros de Naples. The corsage is made high, it fits the shape tightly, and is ornamented with a pelerine of two falls, deep round the back and shoulders, but sufficiently open before to display the figure to advantage; it is edged with two rows of trimming, worked in feather-stitch round the border; they are surmounted by a row of embroidery. Sleeves à la folle, confined at the wrist by a band of rose-coloured taffetas riband, glazed with white, it fastens with a short full bow; one of a larger size but without ends is placed at the bend of the arm. A row of worked trimming, upon which knots of riband are placed, descends perpendicularly from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. English lace cap, a low caul, with a single row of lace in front, descending low at the sides of the face, set on with very little fulness, and turning back so as to form the front in a light round shape. A band of riband, corresponding with that on the robe, ties under the chin on the left side; three light knots of riband placed on the same side complete the trimming.

EVENING DRESS.

The under dress is pou de soie, the colour is white, slightly tinged with rose. The corsage is square, rises rather high in front, and is edged with narrow blonde de Cambray. The robe, a little shorter than the under dress, is composed of taffetas de Siam, the ground is a rich shade of golden brown, with a detached pattern delicately traced in green. Corsage à l’Elizabeth made tight to the shape, pointed in front; it is cut of the same height behind as the under dress, but much lower before. The trimming of the bust is blonde de Cambray set on narrow and almost plain on the bosom, but at its full width behind, forming a ruff in a lighter style than usual. A row of enamelled gold ornaments is placed perpendicularly on the corsage, and down the front of the under dress. The robe opens en tablier on each side. Short full sleeves, with manchettes corresponding with the lace on the bust. The hair is dressed very low, the front platted on each side, and the ends brought under a gold enameled comb at the back of the head. The tians ear-rings, and neck-chain correspond. Necklace of large pearls. White lace gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

The robe is composed of Indian jacquet muslin, and lined with Pomona green gros de Naples. Plain low body, trimmed with a row of English point lace set on full round the back and shoulders, and descending in a point on the bosom; it is headed by a rouleau, and a row of narrow lace standing up. The front of the dress is trimmed en tablier with three rouleaux on each side; they are placed near each other, are archd down the front, and finished with a row of lace on each side. The sleeve is of the usual size at the top, moderately full at the lower part, and terminates in a cuff formed by three rouleaux; it is edged at the top and bottom with lace. Rice straw hat, a cone crown, and round brim, the interior of which is trimmed with a small sprig of exotics, and a band of glazed pou de soie riband, which forms the brises. A larger bouquet of flowers to correspond adorns the crown. A Cashmere scarf, or else a high pelerine to correspond with the robe, may be worn with this dress for the promenade.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

The weather is still so very fine, that promenade dress is almost entirely of a summer kind. Nevertheless, some élégantes, distinguished for their taste, have already appeared in satin bonnets of full colours, trimmed either with ostrich feathers to correspond, or with white; there are generally three of different lengths, but none long, arranged en bouquet. The favourite colour for these bonnets is violette de Parme, but there are some also of ark green and marron. They do not differ from other bonnets either in size or form. Some of the most novel half-dress capotes are of white gros de Naples, lined with rose-coloured crape, and trimmed with a single knot of rose-coloured taffetas riband, glazed with white at the side; and a curtain veil of


tulle blonde. Both brims and crowns are drawn, the casings are small, and put two together.

Shawls begin to appear, but as yet they do not present any actual novelty. They are square and of a very large size. It is yet too early to speak of mantles, but we have reason to believe that embroidered ones will be very much in request.

Velvet trimmings are expected to be adopted both for pelisses and robes. Some of the former that have just appeared, are decorated in a very novel manner with brandebourgs. The pelisses are of tea-green, or dark fawn pon de soie, or gros des Indes, and the brandebourgs correspond in colour. They are composed of flat briding disposed in open work, and terminated by olives or round flat buttons wrought to correspond with the brandebourgs. The pelisse has a plain tight body with a small falling collar, and should be worn with a chemisette trimmed with Valenciennes lace quilled round the throat, and sustained by a riband or cordelletière tied in front.

Some new morning caps composed of tulle de soie bordered with ruches, and trimmed with satin riband, have recently appeared, and are already adopted by several élégantes.

The most remarkable of the new autumnal materials are the satin Walter Scott, they are of plaited patterns, but vary exceedingly both in size and colours. Some are of very small squares traced in black or blue, or violet and green. Others, called Marie Stuart patterns, are of an excessive size and damasked. The Quentin Durward are of a smaller pattern, but very rich, and in a great variety of colours.

Corsages à la Niobé will be fashionable for rich materials, they are draped in a style somewhat resembling those à la Grecque. Flounces will no doubt be continued during the winter, particularly those à la Ninon, which are now adopted for muslin dresses only. This style of trimmings consists of five flounces, each separated by a row of embroidery. We may cite, as one of the first silk dresses trimmed with embroidered edana, a pearl grey gros de Naples robe, the ground of which was embroidered in bouquets of red, black, and yellow flowers. It was trimmed with a single flounce with a very deep heading, which was embroidered, as also the border, with a wreath corresponding in colours with the bouquets. Fashionable colours are those of last month with the addition of violet de Parme, dark green, and marron.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Lettuce change has taken place since last month; it is yet too soon for the modes of autumn, and certainly too late for any new ones for summer, nevertheless fashion is never entirely idle. Let us see, then, what novelties we have to present our fair readers.

We may cite some carriage bonnets of the drawn kind as the first half-season ones that have appeared. They are composed of pon de soie, and trimmed either with flowered gauze, or taffetas ribands, according as they are of a morning or half-dress form.

One of the former, of that shade of brown called solitaire, is trimmed with a ruche of taffetas riband, edged with a satin stripe, shaded in two different shades of another colour. A full rosette placed on one side completed the trimming. We should observe that the bonnet brim was square, and close at the sides, and the crown perpendicular.

A half-dress bonnet of the cottage shape, composed of straw-coloured gros de Naples, was trimmed with ruches only; one circled the brim, the other was disposed something in the style of a diadem on the front of the crown. The ribands were of gaze Dubarry, flowered in sprigs of roses. Italian straw remains in favour, and probably will continue so during most part of the autumn; morning bonnets composed of it begin already to be trimmed with ribands, and ostrich feathers of full colours. Some of the most elegant of those for half-dress have the brim of even more than the usual size, standing out from the face, and not lined; the crown was trimmed with blue taffetas riband, striped with white, disposed in circles round it; they terminated in a rosette placed at the base of a bouquet of blue flowers. Pelisses have increased in favour since our last number appeared, and there is reason to believe they will be fashionable during the autumn. Fancy silk trimmings are also expected to be much in request. We have reason to believe that mantlets, with scarf ends, will come into fashion for carriage and promenade dress, when velvets and satins are adopted for robes. In the mean time we may cite, as an elegant novelty, a pelerine of dark-coloured pon de soie, made quite high in the back, but cut low on the shoulders and bosom, crossed in front in the shawl style, rounded behind, and descending as low as the ceinture, the ends of the scarf-kind hang low, and are broad at the bottom, but narrow at the waist; a light fancy silk trimming, corresponding in colour, borders it all round. These pelerines must always be worn with a high dress, but it is not necessary that the robe should correspond with them. Some new materials for autumn have already appeared, both for elegant negligé and evening dress. We may cite some mousselines de laines of perfectly new patterns; some of a simple kind, others complicated, but none of that large and glaring description that were so prevalent last year.

The most striking among the new patterns are the Odalisques of a great variety of colours on a green or grey ground; the fleurs Chinées, similar to those of pon de soie, and the palmes à ramages, traced in red, black, or white, upon a chocolate or grey ground.

Taffetas de Siam, and satin des Indes, are both full dress materials of a very beautiful kind. The first is flowered, and we think the richest taffetas we have ever seen; the other has a slight mixture of cashmere, which adds much to its softness and beauty; the lightness and delicacy of the patterns, and the beauty of the colours, have very much the effect of embroidery.

An evening dress, composed of satin des Indes,
The Domestic and Financial Condition of Great Britain, preceded by a Brief Sketch of her Foreign Policy, and of the Statistics and Politics of France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, by G. Browning.

Researches on Diseases of the Brain, &c., by J. Abercrombie, M.D., F.R.S.E.

Cases of Tic Douloureux, and other forms of Neuralgia, by John Scott, Esq.

Pryse L. Gordon, Esq., the Author of “A Guide to Italy,” &c., &c., has just completed a work of Belgium and Holland, in which he has depicted the Manners, Customs, and Habits of the Belgians and Dutch.

Mr. Bent is preparing for publication, a New Edition of the London Catalogue of Books, with their sizes, prices, and publishers’ names; containing all the books published in London, and those altered in size or price, from the year 1810 to December 1834, inclusive.

Mr. Sharon Turner is preparing a second volume of his Sacred History of the World, which will be published about Christmas.

Mr. William Wordsworth is about to publish a new volume of Poems, which is now in the press.

The forthcoming volume of Heath’s Picturesque Annual will illustrate the Tales, Romances, and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, from Drawings, by George Cattermole, Esq.

On the 21st of October will be published, embellished with 13 plates, engraved on steel in the best manner, elegantly bound in morocco, The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual: edited by the Rev. William Ellis. This New Annual will be devoted to the advancement of religion at home, and its extension abroad: and will include Original Contributions from distinguished Christian Writers, Travellers, and Missionaries.

Also, containing 36 Plates, Fisher’s Drawing-room Scrap Book for 1835, with Poems, by L. E. L.; several of which will be set to Original Music, composed expressly for this work. Quarto, tastefully bound.

Mr. Klaus Klattowsky has the following Works in the press—The German Prose Reader, No. 1, containing ‘Undine’—The German Dramatic Reader, No. 1, containing Kotzebue’s comedy, ‘Die deutschen Kleinlädte’—The German Poetic Reader, No. 2, containing Werner’s tragedy, ‘Der 24ste Februar’—The German Poetic Reader, No. 1, containing ‘Lyrics’—with explanatory notes, and a translation of the most difficult words and phrases.

Mr. Roseou, author of the “Landscape Annual,” and the “Life of Silvio Pellico,” prefixed to his “Duties of Men,” is preparing for the press a little work on the interesting and useful subject of woman’s duties considered in her social relations with respect to existing times and circumstances, and the right direction of her influence on man’s individual and social character.

In the Press, Archery and Archery, by Robin Hood. Dedicated to Leigh Hunt, Esq., J. Gwilt, Esq., George Robins, Esq., and other distinguished characters.


The Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister will be ready for Publication about the middle of October.

The next volume of the Library of Romance, to appear on the 1st of November, will contain Madame Pichler’s brilliant historical tale of the “Siege of Vienna.”

The fifteenth and concluding volume of the new and uniform edition of Mrs. Bray’s celebrated Historical Novels will appear early this month, being the completion of The Talba.

“The Country Town,” will form the fifth number of the popular and useful series of Treatises on Domestic Economy, now publishing by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, under the title of “Social Evils and their Remedy,” and will appear early this month.

Friendship’s Offering for 1835, will appear on the 1st of November, in its usual style of binding.

The Comic Offering, edited by Miss Sheridan, will be published at the same time, bound in embossed morocco cover.

A new edition of the Arabian Nights’ Enter-
tainments will be published early next month, in four neatly printed volumes, folio cap 8vo., embellished with a great variety of original and beautifully finished plates.

Lieutenant Holman, the celebrated Blind Traveller, has nearly completed the second volume of his singular and highly interesting Voyage round the World.

The Van Diemen's Land Annual and Guide, for 1834, has just been received from Hobart Town, and will be published in a few days.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 27th ult., at his house in Park Crescent, the Lady of the Hon. Baron Alderson, of a son.

On the 26th ult., in Hill Street, Viscountess Encombe, of a daughter.

On the 26th ult., the lady of Sir Henry Rivers, Bart., of a son.

On the 23d ult., at Ash Vicarage, the Lady of the Rev. Charles Foster, of a son.

On the 23d ult., at Scarborough, Lady Blackett, of a daughter.

On the 25th ult., at Ashley Rectory, Wilts, the Lady of the Rev. R. H. Fielden, of a daughter.

At Abercraig, N.B., the Lady Cardross, of a son and heir.

On the 27th ult., in Hertford Street, the Right Hon. Lady Barham, of a son.

On the 25th ult., at Lufpress, East Lothian, the Lady Henry Kerr, of a daughter.

On the 31st Aug., at Elvetham, near Hartford Bridge, Lady Charlotte Calthorpe, of a daughter.

On the 28th August, at 41, Moray Place, the Lady of Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaaskie, of a son and heir.

On the 27th August, at Cheltenham, the Lady of Sir William Marjoribanks, Bart., of a daughter.

On the 1st ult., at 15, Eaton Place, Belgrave Square, the wife of John Farquhar Fraser, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 2d ult., at 15, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, the Lady of Adam Duff, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 2d ult., in Bryanstone Square, the Lady of John Cotton, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th of May last, Riversdale William, youngest son of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., of Tapplooe House, to Charlotte Adelaide, fourth daughter of the late John Elliott, Esq., of Pimlico Lodge.


On the 23d ult., at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Frederick Hale Thomson, Esq., of New Cavendish Street, to Frederica Maude, eldest daughter of Charles W. Hallett, Esq., of Abingdon Street, Westminster.


On the 28th ult., at Trinity Church, Alexander Crombie, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and of Thornton Castle, Kincardineshire, to Mary Harriett, second daughter of Francis Richardson, Esq., of Upper Portland Place.

On the 15th ult., at Canterbury, the Rev. Edward Dix, A.M., Rector of Truro, in the county of Cornwall, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of St. Alban's, to Martha, only daughter of the late Rev. Joshua Dix, B.D., Vicar of Faversham, Kent.


DEATHS.

On the 25th ult., at Blount's Court, near Henley-on-Thames, in his 34th year, the Right Hon. Charles Viscount Dungarvan, eldest son of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

On the 25th ult., at Windsor Castle, in his 64th year, Sir John Barton, Treasurer to the Queen.

On the 24th ult., in his 65th year, the Rev. Richard Yates, D.D., Rector of Ashen, Essex, and for thirty-six years one of the Chaplains of Chelsea Hospital.

On the 22d ult., at Eye, Suffolk, in his 86th year, Mr. Francis Pack. He had retired thither, after having passed nearly half a century in the service of Messrs. Twining, by whom he was highly esteemed.

On the 27th August, of cholera, at Roostrevor, in the county of Down, after an illness of thirty hours, in his 69th year, the Hon. Richard Jebb, second Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland.

On Monday, the 25th ult., in Queen Street Place, of cholera, aged 27 years, Mr. Thomas Earle, third son of William Earle, Esq., of Mount Parade, York.
DINNER DRESS.

**White pou de soie robe**, a low and square corsage, a plain back, and stomacher front formed by plain blond, laid on full, and divided horizontally into compartments by blond entre deus, the upper one finished by a row of blond lace standing up. Sleeves à la folle. The skirt is trimmed round the border with a single deep flounce of blond lace, headed by a ruche of rose-coloured glazed gros de Naples riband, corresponding with the ceinture. Blond lace cap; the front forms a half circle, and is sustained by a wreath of damask roses without foliage, which are partially shaded by the lace. The caul is formed to the shape of the head by rouleaus of white and rose-figured gauze riband, disposed in a novel manner. A full knot of riband on the summit completes the trimming. The jewellery should be of gold and pearls.

MORNING DRESS.

The robe is of Indian jacquemot muslin, a high corsage tight to the shape, and embroidered in a light pattern in feather-stitch round the upper part of the bust. The front of the skirt is arranged en tablier by broad full bands of muslin, and narrow embroidered ones placed horizontally. Pellese robe of pale blue tigrine; a low corsage, trimmed with a pelerine lappel en cœur; it is bordered with lace. The sleeves, of the usual form at top, are arranged in two bouffants at the bottom by bands of the same material. Ceinture of cerulean blue pou de soie riband, fastened in front in short bows and long ends. The hair is parted on the forehead, disposed in thick flat curls at the sides of the face, and arranged in a round knot, formed of a platted braid, on the summit of the head.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Hats and bonnets are now decidedly of the half-season kind; indeed, almost wintry. Satin and pou de soie are the materials in request, and early as it is in the season, we have already seen some bonnets composed of black satin. They were lined with pale rose, or apple green, and trimmed with riband figured in the colour of the lining and black. There is as yet little change in the shape; but we observe that several of the new bonnets have horse-shoe crowns, and the brims are larger, particularly at the sides; they are rounded, and supply the place of a curtain behind; but are exceedingly shallow at the back, and cut out in a point in the centre. There is no doubt that bonnets of full colours, lined with more delicate hues, will be fashionable the season advances. We have seen some already of marron pou de soie, lined with pale blue satin, and scabieuse lined with emerald green. These bonnets were trimmed with velvet flowers; roses of different kinds, and sprigs of lavender of various shades, are the most in request. Black lace veils of Gothic patterns are expected to be much in favour, with bonnets of dark hues. We understand that several rich and elegant patterns of a similar description have recently appeared in blonde de Cambray.

The brims of the new hats are smaller than those of bonnets, nor do they stand out so much from the face. Curtains, which have latterly been indiscriminately adopted for hats and bonnets at the back of the crowns, are not made to the new hats. Ribbons are this season exceedingly rich; those of satin are most in request, but those of glazed pou de soie are also fashionable; plaided ones are in a majority, and likely to continue so. Most of the new hats are trimmed with feathers; frosted ones are likely to be very much in favour.

New materials for mantles begin to appear: those of cashmere have a great variety of patterns. Some, called *manteaux Chrétiens*, are plaided in two shades of the same colour. Others have the fronts and pelerine printed in a rich flowered or Turkish pattern. Some mantles of rich plain silk, as gros des Indes, or pou de soie, lined with gros de Naples, have just appeared: they are grey, fawn and green, lined with citron, blue, or rose-colour. They are made in the Mameluke style; that is to say, with a round velvet pelerine of moderate size, and large Turkish sleeves. The fronts are embroidered en tablier, either in coloured silks, or in silk strongly contrasted with the colour of the mantle. The borders of the sleeves are worked to correspond.

Furs are expected to be very generally adopted this season. Sable will be most fashionable: Isabella bear ranks next: grey squirrel is also to a certain degree fashionable.
Wadded pelisses of satin, trimmed with velvet, are now in preparation for carriage dress. We have nothing yet to notice of novelty in the form of these pelisses. The trimmings are either disposed in bias bands, *dents de loup*, or pipings; they either correspond with the colour of the dress, or are of another and more striking hue. The most elegant, in our opinion, are those that have the velvet of the same colour as the pelisse, but of a deeper shade. We particularly admired one of bright emerald green satin, trimmed with a wreath of oak leaves in dark green velvet. A cordonnet and rich tassels, also dark green, supplied the place of a waist riband.

Some satin hats, of a novel and pretty form, have just appeared for evening dress; they have round small brims, raised on one side. We shall cite two that we particularly admired: one, of oiseau satin, was trimmed with a single long white ostrich feather, *panache* with *oiseau*; it was attached on the inclined side of the brim, and drooped to that which turned up, so that the end of the feather fell upon the cheek. The other hat was of *bleu Louise* satin, trimmed in a similar style, with a white feather.

It appears that blond lace caps are not likely to lose any of their attraction. We have just seen some very novel and elegant ones for evening dress. Some have open caul; they are trimmed with a chaperon of roses or Easter daisies, sustaining *coquilles* of blond lace, which, turning up from the forehead, descend at the sides of the face. Others have the blond partially shading a light wreath of flowers, which descend on each side of the face. A third kind, of a more simple, but exceedingly becoming form, are arranged in an aureole of *coques* of ribbon and *coques* of blond lace intermingled alternately, and terminated by blond lappets, which fall on the bosom. The new colours are dark grey, myrtle green, cedar, marron, ruby, and fawn. Rose, blue, and apple green, also continue in favour, particularly for hats and in evening dress.

**Costume of Paris—by a Parissian Correspondent.**

Winter hats and bonnets begin to appear now very fast, and of different kinds. Satin bonnets, lined with velvet, and trimmed with single flowers with velvet hearts, are very numerous. So also are those of *pon de soie* of dark colours, trimmed with satin ribbons figured or quadrilled in the same colour. One of the prettiest of the new bonnets is composed of rose-coloured satin; the edge of the brim is encircled with a *rouleau* of rose-coloured marmous, and the crown simply trimmed with ribbons quadrilled in two shades of rose. This new style of trimming is likely to succeed, its lightness and transparency rendering it very becoming.

Some velvet hats have already appeared; the most fashionable colours for them are deep blue, green, and violet. They are trimmed either with ostrich feathers of the same colour, or white ones: the latter are employed only for half dress. Satin hats are also very fashionable; and some figured silk ones have already appeared. These latter are of two kinds: they are either two shades of one colour, or else of two strongly contrasted colours.

Satins and cashmeres of Scotch plaid patterns are expected to be very fashionable, both for robes and mantles. Some of the latter, intended for the promenade, are an exact imitation of the highland plaid; they have red, green, or blue grounds, with the pattern formed by black, white, or orange lines. The *manteaux Marie Stuart*, intended as *scraps* for the Opera or evening parties, are of satin, in large squares of vivid and brilliant colours. The *Quentin Durwards* are also very rich; the squares are marked by lines of very vivid colours, upon brown or marron grounds.

Tartan shawls of *lainne Cachemire* are already adopted by some *élégantes*, for the promenade. Those shawls which have hitherto been looked on from their cheapness as of a very common kind, are now likely to become fashionable; but the material of the new ones, as well as the pattern, are of a superior kind. Each square is figured in the centre, in bouquets of either black or coloured flowers. They are two yards square; some are rather more.

A new material for half dress, which appears likely to succeed the *mousselines de laine*, is called *romaines*; it is of woollen, but closer than the *mousselines de laine*, and figured in very small patterns. Another half dress material, called *tigrine*, is a mixture of silk and cashmere; it has something of the appearance of twilled satin, and is remarkably soft and supple. The grounds are thickly covered, and the patterns are an intermixture of two colours, as orange and black, green and brown, &c. &c.

Figured *reps* and *pouls de soie ramagies*, are the materials at present adopted for the theatres and social evening parties, grand soirées not having yet commenced. The patterns are wreaths in two shades of one colour, or else of a small and delicate kind, forming columns.

Evening dress robes have for the most part plain *corsages*, trimmed with lappels of the shawl kind, rounded and looped upon the shoulder by a knot of riband: a corresponding one is placed in the centre of the bosom. Some of these lappels of the same kind are also looped in the centre of the back; this style of trimming has the appearance of four draperies encircling the bust. An elegant robe of this kind is composed of Indian muslin, which, we must observe, is still very fashionable in evening dress. The border of the lappel is embroidered in a narrow wreath with gold thread, and each of the draperies looped with a cameo. Two wreaths, larger than the one on the lappel, and
also embroidered in gold, descend en tablier on each side of the skirt.

Turbans of a very simple form are adopted for the spectacle; they are composed of white, rose, or blue organdy, folded round the head with extreme simplicity. There are some, also, of Indian muslin, with the folds retained in the centre of the forehead by a gold pin, headed by a cameo. It is not yet possible to say anything decided on the subject of winter head-dresses; but those au chiffon are expected to be very fashionable. This kind of coiffure owes its name to its being composed of gauze, cashmere, gold tissue, &c. arranged in various forms on the head by the hair dresser. As diamonds, pearls, feathers, and other ornaments can be introduced into these head-dresses, they may be rendered equally splendid and becoming. The colours just introduced are palissandre, iron grey, pain brûlé, marron, lavender, claret. Light hues continue to be partially adopted.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

History of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Mary of Burgundy, &c., 2 vols. 8vo, in the Press.

Notes on Italy and Rhenish Germany, with professional notices of the climates of Italy, and the mineral springs of Germany. By Edwin Lee, Esq. M.R.C.S. With Plates.

Transactions of the Entomological Society of London. The first volume will be shortly published.

In the Press, in 3 volumes, post 8vo, Marston.


Colonel Murray's Sketches of Scottish Scenery, the publication of which has been so long delayed, are just being completed, in a double number, so that the whole will form one handsome volume.

In a few days will be published, the Captive, by the author of the Pilgrim Brothers.

The author of the Anti-Spelling Book, or as a contemporary writer has called it, the Anti-Torture Book, is about to publish a new work, entitled, the French Language its own Teacher; being a system to enable the pupil to learn French without the aid of a master.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication a work for the clergy in general, and for Students in Divinity, under the title of Skeletons of the Sermons of the most eminent British Divines. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes. To commence on the first of December, in monthly parts.

Tough Yarns; a series of Naval Tales and Sketches. By the author of "Greenwich Hospital." Embellished by George Cruikshank.

The Spirit of Chaucer. By Charles Cowden Clarke.


Original Fables, by Job Crichton, second edition; with 85 Designs by R. Cruikshank.

Appendix to the Black Book; with additions and corrections to the present time.

In a few days, Kean, a Poem. By Theodore Norton. With a Portrait of the late celebrated tragedian, engraved by Samuel Reynolds, from a sketch by S. Cousins.

Captain Boid has just ready for publication, a description of the Azores, or Western Islands, from personal observation; comprising remarks on their peculiarities, topographical, geological, and statistical, and on their hitherto neglected condition; the work will be accompanied with a chart, and four views of scenery in the Islands, from drawings by Admiral Sartorius.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th inst., in Carlton House Terrace, Lady Henry Cholmondeley, of a son.

On the 2nd inst., at Oatlands, Lady Francis Egerton, of a son.

On the 8th inst., in Parliament Square, Mrs. Cuthbert, of a daughter.

On the 7th inst., at Heathem Lodge, Twickenham, the lady of W. K. Ashford, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 11th inst., at Rempstone, the Lady Caroline Colcroft, of a son.

At Pau, Basses Pyrenees, on the 3rd inst., the lady of Henry Shepherd Pearson, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 13th inst., in Hyde Park Terrace, the Hon. Mrs. Raikes Currie, of a son.

At St. Vincent, West Indies, on the 1st of August last, the lady of James Crosby, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 22nd inst., at Errol Park, Perthshire, Lady Henrietta Allen, of a daughter.

On the 16th inst., at Leamington, Lady Edmonstone, of a daughter.
On Sunday, the 26th ult., at Bretenham Park, the lady of Major Dickson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

A few days ago, at Milan, General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador at Naples, to the widow of General Davidoff, who was well known at St. Petersburgh in the saloons of the Count de la Ferronays. By this marriage the General has become the son-in-law of the Duke de Grammont, the brother-in-law of the Duke de Guiche, and nephew of the Prince de Polignac. The lady is about 48 years of age, and has, we understand, no fortune.—French Paper.


On the 5th ult., at Castleton, near Dublin, the seat of Edward Conolly, Esq. M.P., George Fitz-Gerald, Esq., only son of the late Lord Robert Fitz-Gerald, to Mary, daughter to the late Thomas Barton, Esq., of Grove, county of Tipperary.

On the 4th ult., at Edinburgh, John N. O. Halloran, Esq., Bengal Army, son of Brigadier-general O. Halloran, C.B., to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Major-general James Pringle, Hon. E.I.C.S.

On the 7th ult., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Captain Falcon, R.N., to Louisa Cursham, widow of the late Capt. Cursham, and daughter of the late Richard Meyricks, Esq., of Runkton, Sussex.


On the 7th ult., at Croydon, Charles Kaye Freshfield, Esq., of New Bank Buildings, to Elizabeth Sims Stephenson, only child of Daniel Stephenson, Esq., of Guildford Street, Russell Square.

DEATHS.

On the 27th of Sept., at Freyenwalde, the Princess Eliza Radziewill, daughter of her Royal Highness Princess Louisa of Prussia, widow of his Highness Prince Antony Radzewill, late Governor of the Grand Duchy of Posen.

On the 5th ult., at Belvidere, Maria Maron Eardley, Baroness Saye and Sele, in her 66th year.


On the 6th ult., at Upleatham, Rear-Admiral the Hon. George H. L. Dundas.

On the 4th ult., at Royston, Herts, Thomas Wortham, senior, Esq.

On the 29th of Sept., at Trengwainton, Penzance, Sir Rose Price, Bart., in his 65th year.

On the 27th of Sept., in Eccles Street, Dublin, the Baroness Talbot de Malahide, in her 57th year.

On the 29th of Sept., at the South Sea House, Mr. Andrew White, Chief Cashier of the South Sea Company, in his 48th year.

On the 1st ult., at Cwmcyfelin, near Aberystwith, in his 29th year, Charles Lloyd, youngest son of Isaac Lloyd Williams, Esq., of the above place, and of Lincoln’s Inn, Middlesex.

On the 30th of Sept., at Robeston Watthen, Pembrokeshire, suddenly, in consequence of a fall from a carriage, John Vickersman, Esq., of Gray’s Inn, solicitor, in his 45th year.

Lady Lynch Blosse, relict of Sir R. L. Blosse, Bart., and sister to the late Lady Homfray, aged 54.

On the 19th ult., Robert Adair, Esq., of Harley Place, Devonshire Place, Marylebone, in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 20th ult., at his seat in Cheshire, Charles Watkin John Shatterley, Esq., of Shatterley, in Lancashire, and Somerford Park, in the county of Chester, aged 67 years.

At Florence Court, in Ireland, the seat of the Earl of Emskhillen, on the 14th ult., after a short and painful illness, in the 50th year of his age, Captain William Henry Wood, of the 10th Royal Hussars, and second son of Colonel and Lady Caroline Wood, of Littleton.

On the 29th ult., at Hammersmith, Sophia Charlotte, widow of Lord Robert Fitz-Gerald, whom she survived but 20 months.

On Wednesday week, at his seat at Jarey, Boeldieu, the composer of the “Dame Blanche.” His remains were interred in Paris.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1834.

MORNING DRESS.

Pelisse robe of green twilled satin. The corsage made partially high, and sitting close to the shape, is ornamented with a light embroidery in silk braiding, to correspond on the front of the bust. Sleeves à la folie. The skirt is worked from the waist to the bottom down the centre in an embroidery similar to that which adorns the corsage. The bonnet is composed of rose-coloured satin; the brim round, and shallow at the sides, is trimmed with blond lace in the interior. The crown, of the cone form, and moderately high, is ornamented with a spig of roses, attached on one side by a full knot of white and rose-coloured satin riband, the ends of which form the brides. The collar is of Indian muslin embroidered and trimmed with Brussels lace.

EVENING DRESS.

White pou de soie robe; a low corsage, square behind, and plain, draped in full folds in front, in the form of a demi-lozenge. Mantilla of blonde de Cambray: it forms deep mancherons over short, full velvet sleeves. The skirt is bordered with a single flounce of blonde de Cambray; it has a full heading disposed en ruche. Coinure of pou de soie riband plaided in two shades of blue, with a clasp of gold and rubies. Coiffure au chifon of blue gauze satinée: it is arranged something in the toque style, and ornamented with a bird of Paradise placed upon the left side; the plumage crowning the centre part of the coiffure, droops gracefully to the right; a bandeau of gold, finely wrought, crosses the forehead, in the ferronière style. The ear-rings are gold; the neck-chain gold, and coloured gems: Waverley scarf.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Gros des Indes robe; a lemon-coloured ground figured with white; the corsage, partially high, is trimmed, with a lappet, narrow and square on the back and bosom, but forming deep round mancherons. The lappet is edged with a satin piping. Mantle of blue cashmere lined with brown satin; it is made with a double velvet cape, a shade darker than the cashmere; it sits close to the bust, and the lower fall descends only a little below the shoulders. Ottoman sleeves, of a very large size, looped at the bend of the arm. The fronts of the mantle and the sleeves are embroidered in detached sprigs of foliage in dark blue silk; and the capes, sleeves, and round of the mantle edged with a dark blue satin rouleau; a rich silk cord and tassels confines it at the throat. Brown velvet hat; an oval brim descending very low under the chin, trimmed with blond lace mentonnières of the cornetta kind. A round crown, on which the material is laid in drapery; two ostrich feathers, attached by a knot of plain satin riband on the left side, complete the trimming. Neck-knot to correspond with the dress, fastened by a jewelled brooch.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Winter fashions are this year in advance of the season, for early as it yet is, we have a very splendid assortment of them both in millinery and mantles. As to dresses, the materials for them are as yet more numerous than the forms. We are, however, au fait of some changes that may be expected in the course of next month, and of which we shall speak by and by.

The new hats and bonnets are either velvet, satin, or rich figured silks; the latter, lined with velvet, are likely to be very much in request. The brims of bonnets, both in neglige and half dress, are now brought very much over the face and low at the sides. Many are of the cottage shape, with the crowns placed quite horizontally, and the brims deeper than any introduced for these last three years. Others, also of the cottage kind, have the crown a little raised. Rich figured satin ribands and velvet flowers, or else ribands only, are employed to trim these bonnets, several of which have the brims edged with a rouleau of swan-down. A good many satin bonnets are lined with black velvet; some of these have the crowns plaided and open in different places, so as to display the velvet with which they are lined; the satin is mostly marshmallows, oak green, or pensée.

Although bonnets are the most in request in carriage dress, yet hats are also fashionable; they have as yet suffered little change in their form; the crowns are lower than those of last year; several are of the cone shape; others
and we think these last are the prettiest, have the crown either of the melon shape or oval, with the material draped in various ways. The brims are long and narrow at the sides of the face, they are not brought so much over it as those of bonnets, but they do not stand so much out of it as those of last year; perhaps we might say they are now in the juste milieu, if fashion can ever be supposed to have one. The interior of the brim is variously trimmed, some with blond mentonnières of the corsette kind; others with ruches placed low at the sides, and the space over the forehead filled with riband disposed in various ways; ruches intermingled with coques of riband, or small flowers, although they have been so often in and out of fashion, are again the mode. Hats are very much trimmed, some few with velvet flowers, but the greater number with feathers; there are some also trimmed with riband only, but, even where feathers or flowers are employed, a good deal of riband is used. Those of figured satin are most fashionable, but it may be figured in one or several colours. There is no doubt that mantles will be the order of the day both in carriage and promenade dress. We have given one of the most elegant and graceful, both in form and materials, in our plate. Those described in our last month's number are also in great request. We have also to announce two new materials, principally intended for evening wraps. The one is of the cashmere kind, but much thicker than any that we have ever seen; nothing, however, can be more beautifully soft and fine. These mantles are variously lined, some entirely with sable or ermine; we must observe that the latter are few in number, the fur, beautiful as it is, not being in general request: they have a border wrought in the stuff, which has the appearance of ermine spots; the collar, square and very large, is entirely of fur. Others, lined with silk pluche, or satin, are plain, bordered with a rococo of the same, and have the collar of velvet. Another material, destined both for mantles and full dress robes, has a cashmere ground thickly strewed with velvet patterns in relief; this is really a superb stuff.

An evening dress which we have just seen composed of it, has a pearl grey ground with a chestnut pattern; it was made open and with a half train, being, we should observe, the only half train dress that we have yet seen: it was lined with chestnut satin, and edged with pipings of the same. A low corsage trimmed with a blond mantilla, and forming a stomacher, which displayed the Tyrolienne drapery of the under dress: it was white gros des Iles, trimmed at the bottom with a blond lace flounce. The sleeves of the robe were of the single bouffant kind, short, and nearly covered by superb blond snolots. The head dresses expected to be generally adopted in evening dress are turbans, dress hats, coiffures au chiffon, and blond lace caps. Tous jours blond lace caps! our fair readers will perhaps exclaim: it is even so; their vogue has been long, and is still likely to continue. The most novel are the smallest we have yet seen, and lightly ornamented with sprigs of flowers placed behind the trimming on each side; a light aigrette of flowers passes under the trimming from the sprigs upon the forehead. Fashionable colours are crimson, bottle and emerald green, chestnut, the darker shades of grey, brown, and puce. Light colours are also fashionable in evening dress.

**Costume of Paris.—By a Parisian Correspondent.**

The Tartan shawls that we mentioned last month continue to be partially adopted for the promenade, but mantles are still more fashionable; they are almost all made with sleeves, and are confined to the waist by a large cincture, under which the plaits of the back are regularly arranged. This fashion, which is quite in the Witzchonke style, gives them a more easy and graceful appearance. The pel erine is shallower, and the mantle shorter than those of last year, but they are quire as ample. Cashmere, satin, and silk are the materials employed for mantles; we see already some trimmed with fur, but the most elegant are those ornamented with embroidery.

Robes in walking dress are either of silk or cashmere; they are made with plain high bodies and pel erine canoes that descend but very little upon the shoulders. The sleeves à la folle, begin to be made something smaller at the upper part, but as yet the difference is trifling.

When the weather is very fine, satin pelisses are as much adopted as mantles for the fashionable promenade of the Bois de Boulogne. Several are adorned with olives, brandebergs, and other kinds of fancy silk trimming; but the most novel are those trimmed with satin of a different colour. A very elegant one is composed of bleu lupus satin, with a corsage of the shawl kind, and large sleeves with deep turned up cuffs. The lappel of the corsage and the cuffs were of rose-coloured satin, as was also the piping of the pelisse.

Velvet bonnets increase in favour, but those of satin are still very much adopted. Velours epingle and velours de la Reine are also much worn; the brims of bonnets are made very close at the sides of the face, and descend over the forehead. There seems to be no decided style of trimming, some being very much ornamented, others very little; some of the latter that have recently appeared were trimmed with twilled satin riband arranged in a band round the bottom of the crown, and a knot on the left side.

Satin douilletes (wadded pelisses) are now much in favour for home costume. They are
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

made in a plain style, and are of dark hues; the colours aile de mouche, pain brûlé, and the dark shades of green are most in favour. Brode- quins of the same colour, or open worked black silk stockings, are indispensable with these dresses.

Grand soirées are beginning to be general; robes for them are always of the richest silks, as figured pelisses, satins, &c. Some of the most novel have the corsage cut low, but not immoderately so, and trimmed with four double plaits on each side, which descend to the centre. The back and shoulders are trimmed with blond, which form sabots over the short bent sleeves. The skirt, more moderate in width than they have lately been worn, is ornamented with three flounces of the same materials; they have little fulness, but are each bordered with a row of blond put on excessively full.

Evening dress hats are principally of velvet. There are some, but not many, of white satin. They are made in the style of those worn at the court of Louis XII.; turned up on one side, and trimmed with a single feather, which, winding round the crown, droops at the back of it. The new ribands for bonnets and evening dress hats are of transparent satin, or else of foulard, with the edges of tulle or of mosaic satin. Feather fans are revived, the most fashionable are of black and orange; those that are composed half of cochele blonde and half of silver, wrought in gothic patterns, are equally fashionable and more elegant. The colours à la mode are those of last month, with the addition of aile de mouche, bleu Hoity, and some fancy colours. Light hues are also fashionable in evening dress.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days, "Domestic Life in England, from the earliest period to the present time; with Notices of Origins, Inventions, and Modern Improvements," by the editor of "The Family Manual" and "Servant's Guide."

The Practical Eloctonist.—Elegant Extracts, arranged according to a new system of improved punctuation, adapted to the nature of the voice; emphatic words and sentences made prominent to the eye and understanding of the student; the principles of elocution and theory of inflection more simplified than has been hitherto attempted, by Alexander Bell, Professor of Eloction.

Mr. Curtis has in the press a new edition of his Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye, showing the intimate connexion of the organs of sight and hearing, and containing a new mode of curing Catarrh without an operation.

The Exile of Erin; or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman, in 2 vols. post 8vo. are nearly ready for publication.

Faustus; a Dramatic Mystery.—The First Walpurgis Night.—The Bride of Corinth.

Transcribed from the German of Goethe, by John Anster, LL.D., Barrister at Law.

The Annual Obituary for 1835; containing memoirs of distinguished persons who died in 1834, will be published on the 1st of January, 1835.

Short Whist: a sketch of its history, with instructions for beginners, &c., by Major A****.

In the press, Hector Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta, an historical tale, by the Marquis D'Azeeglio; translated from the Italian.

We understand that "The Road Bock to Italy," by M. Brockedon, the publication of which has been for some time delayed, is now in so great a state of forwardness that it will be completed in February, 1835, when the three remaining parts will appear together, and at the same time the whole work will be published in one volume, containing twenty-five views.

Mr. Howitt's "Pantika, or Traditions of the Most Ancient Times," will be published on the 1st of January.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Wentworth, the Viscountess Milton, of a son, still born.

At Weymouth, the Lady of Roper Wester, Esq., of a son, still born.

On the 15th ult., at Sherley, near Southampton, the Lady of R. G. Hubback, Esq., of a son.

Mrs. Bullen Elphistone, of a daughter.

On the 8th ult., at Tatton Park, Cheshire, the Lady Charlotte Egerton, of a daughter.

On the 15th ult., in South-street, Park-lane, Lady Kilmaine, of a daughter.
On the 17th ult., the Lady of M. Flower, Esq., of Torrington-square, of a daughter.

On the 17th ult., at Woodlands, Hants, the wife of the Rev. E. Timson, of a son.

On the 27th ult., at Copenhagen, the Countess of Daunxkiold Samsoe, of a daughter, who only lived a few hours.

On the 28th ult., at Paris, Lady Scott Douglas, of a daughter.

On the 10th ult., at Chesterfield House, the Countess of Chesterfield, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th ult., at St. George’s Church, Hanover-square, W. A. Campbell, Esq., of Wilton-place, to Miss Charlotte Wentworth, of Wilton-crescent.

On the 8th ult., at Paris, at the house of the British Ambassador, by the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, and afterwards at the Church of St. Eustache, according to the Catholic Rites, Robert Alphonse de Strada, Equerry to the King of the French, and only son of the Marquis de Strada, Master of the Horse, to Charlotte Georgiana, daughter of the late Charles Chapman, Esq., of the Honourable Company’s Civil Service, Bengal, and of Mrs. James Stuart, of Portland-place.

On the 10th ult., at Lewisham, Kent, John Martin, Esq., of the Admiralty, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Henry Rolleston, Esq., many years of his Majesty’s Secretary of State’s Office for Foreign Affairs.

On the 2nd ult., at Edinburgh, George Augustus Campbell, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s Civil Service, to the Lady Sarah Lyon, second daughter of the Earl of Strathmore.

John Brabazon Maddend, Esq., of Ireland, to Adelaide Antoinette, youngest daughter of Edward de Montmorency, Esq., R.N., of the Royal Dock-yard, Deptford.

On the 18th ult., at St. Pancras Church, John Sadler Hartley, Esq., of Enfield, Middlesex, to Sophia Stephens Bullock, third daughter of the late D. E. Bullock, Esq.

On the 17th ult., at St. George’s, Hanover-square, Thomas, youngest son of the late David Denne, Esq., of Lydd, Kent, to Jane, youngest daughter of John Falconer, Esq., his Britannic Majesty’s Consul at Leghorn.

On the 17th ult., at Chailey, Edmund Bryan, Esq., only son of the late W. Bryan, Esq., of Harley-street, to Catherine, youngest daughter of T. Clarke, Esq., of Ades.

DEATHS.

On the 28th of October, beloved and regretted by all who knew her, Ann L., wife of Hugh Stuart Boyd, Esq., aged 47.

At Althorp, the Right Honourable Earl Spencer.

On the 18th ult., at Titterhanger House, the Right Hon. Philip Earl of Hardwicke, K.G., in the 77th year of his age.

On the 19th ult., Lady Miles, formerly of Conisbro, Yorkshire.

At Plymouth, at an advanced age, C. H. Forsyth, Esq.

Suddenly, on the 6th ult., in the 57th year of his age, Charles Parbury, Esq., of Leadenhall-street, and Seymour-place, Euston-square.

On the 4th ult., G. Martin Leake, Esq., Chester Herald of the College of Arms.

On the 5th ult., at Kensington Palace, Sarah, widow of the late Lieut.-Gen. Wynyard.


On the 18th ult., Mrs. Keith, of Cheapside, aged 50.

On the 17th ult., Mrs. Sarah Day, of Bryanston-street, Portman-square.

On the 17th ult., at East Farleigh, Agnes, the wife of the Rev. R. J. Wilberforce.

On the 17th ult., in Dover-street, Mr. Manton, aged 84.

On the 15th ult., at Richmond, Surrey, H. E. I. Calder, eldest son of Sir H. R. Calder, Bart.

On the 16th ult., at Fulham, the Lady Sophia Kent.

On the 15th ult., at Hither-green, Lewisham, Catherine Todd, wife of Francis Atkinson, Esq., aged 49.

On the 14th ult., at Stumford-hill, B. H. Inglish, Esq., aged 81.
