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Original Papers,

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS,

AND

FINELY ENGRAVED

PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, AND COSTUMES,

FROM PAINTINGS BY EMINENT MASTERS.

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EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. VII.


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THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
Belle Assemblée,
FOR JULY, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY HOWE.

Lady Howe is a scion of the house of Brudenell, Earls of Cardigan, a family that existed in England as far back as the time of Henry III. In that reign, William de Bredenhill was a person of considerable note and extensive possessions. He was seated at Dodington in Oxfordshire, and held lands there; and in Adderbury and Bloxham, in the same county; as also in Aynho and Sibbertoft, in the county of Northampton. From this William de Bredenhill descended,

Sir Robert Brudenell, Knt., a distinguished lawyer, who in the reign of Henry VII was one of the King's Serjeants, and in the reign of Henry VIII was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Sir Robert married Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Entwisell, Esq., of Stanton, relict of William Wivell, Esq., and cousin and co-heiress of the valiant Sir Bertine Entwisell, Knt., Viscount of Brickbee, in Normandy. By this lady he left, with other issue, a son and successor,

Sir Thomas Brudenell, Knt., who resided at Dean, in Northamptonshire. His grandson,

Sir Thomas Brudenell was created a baronet by James I in 1611, and by Charles I, in 1627, Baron Brudenell, of Stanton-Wivell, county of Leicester. A staunch cavalier, Sir Thomas Brudenell faithfully adhered to the royal cause through its long course of adversity. He frequently had an opportunity of doing the King good service in raising men, and contributing otherwise to his aid in defending, against the rebels, the garrisons of Newarke, Lincoln, and Hereford. On the triumph of the Parliament he was committed to the Tower, where he relieved the tedium of a long confinement, by making extracts and collections from the national records there deposited, most of which still remain in manuscript in the library of the Earl of Cardigan, at Dean, in Northamptonshire. Soon after the restoration, he was advanced by Charles II, in 1661, to the dignity of Earl of Cardigan. This gallant nobleman married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Tresham, of Rushton St. Peter, in the county of Northampton, and dying 16th September 1663, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Robert, second Earl, who wedded first, Mary, daughter of Henry Constable, Viscount Dunbar, and secondly, Anne, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage. By the former he had one daughter, and by the latter three daughters and a son, Francis Lord Brudenell, who died before his father, leaving, with other issue, a son, who, at the demise of his grandson, in 1703, succeeded as

George, third Earl. This nobleman married Lady Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, by whom he had issue,

George, of whom presently.

James, successor to his brother.

Robert, who married, in 1759, Anne, daughter of Sir Cecil Bisshopp, Bart., and sister of the late Lord de la Zouche, and died in 1768, leaving, with two daughters, a son, Robert present Earl of Cardigan.

Thomas, created Earl of Ailesbury, father of the present Marquis of Ailesbury.

His lordship dying in 1732, was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, fourth Earl, who espoused
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Lady Mary Montagu, sole heir of John, Duke of Montagu, and at the demise of his father-in-law, in 1749, assumed the surname of Montagu. In 1766 his lordship was created Duke of Montagu and Marquis of Montmorency, and, in 1786, Baron Montagu of Boughton, Northamptonshire, with remainder to his grandson, Henry James Montagu Scott second son of Henry third Duke of Buccleugh, by his daughter Elizabeth. His lordship died 23rd May 1790, and his only son, John Marquis of Montmorency, having died before him, the titles of Duke and Marquis became extinct; the Barony of Montagu devolved, according to patent, on his grandson, and the Earldom of Cardigan on his next brother.

James, Fifth Earl, who had previously been raised to the peerage in 1780, as Baron Brudenell of Deane. This nobleman married, first, the Hon. Anne Legge, eldest daughter of George Viscount Lewisham, and, secondly, Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, eldest daughter of John third Earl of Waldegrave, but had no issue. His lordship died 24th February 1811, when the Barony of Brudenell became extinct, and the Earldom devolved on his nephew.

Robert Brudenell, present Peer. His lordship, who was born posthumous 26th April 1769, espoused, 8th March 1794, Penelope Anne, second daughter of the late George John Cooke, Esq., by whom, who died 2nd February 1826, he has issue—

James Thomas, Lord Brudenell, Lieutenant Colonel of the 15th Hussars, born 16th October 1797, married 19th June 1826, Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Tollemache.

Hannah Georgiana, of whom presently.

Charlotte Penelope, married to Charles Sturt, Esq.

Emma, married to David Pennant, Jun., Esq.

Mary, married to the Earl of Chichester.

Augusta, married to Major Henry Bingham Baring, M.P., Captain 1st Life Guards.

Anne, married to George Lord Bingham, eldest son of the Earl of Lucan.

His lordship's eldest daughter, the Lady Harriet Georgiana, whose portrait forms this month's illustration, was married on the 20th March 1820, to Richard William Penn Curzon Howe, Earl Howe, and has issue—

George Viscount Curzon, born 16th Jan. 1821.

Richard William Penn, born 14th February 1822.

Frederick, born 16th July 1823.

Henry Dugdale, born 20th September 1824.

William, born 1st June 1827.

Ernest George, born 12th Aug. 1828.

Leicester, born 25th October 1829.

Georgiana Charlotte.

LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.—NO. I.

GREENWICH FAIR.

You bid me, my pretty "Mahoon Cousins," to send you forthwith the best "London Guide" I can lay my hands on, in order that you may make yourselves perfectly acquainted with all the "sights" and other singularities of our vast city, preparatory to your coming among us in a body, a season or so hence, to examine and report upon them all with your own eyes and tongues—just as I have seen other country cousins of a less refined description purchase the play of the evening in the pit of our theatres, and spell it all through beforehand, during the half hour they were waiting for the performance to begin.

But, to say nothing of this latter being a practice altogether incompatible with the true pleasure to be derived from play-going, it is liable to much the same sort of result that would ensue if I were to comply with your ill-considered request touching the London Guide. Only think of a strait-laced aunt, or "serious" guardian, accompanying their young and light-hearted protégées to the theatre for once by way of experiment, on the strength of an announcement that the performance is from the pen of Miss Hannah More's moral muse;—naturally thinking that she would be able to extract "sermons" not merely "from stones," but even from those still more intractable matters, stage plays; and then fancy the "most admired disorder," into which their faculties and feelings would be cast, on listening unconsciously (in consequence of some un-
looked-for change in the performance) to the soft rhapsodies of "Romeo and Juliet," the sparkling repartees of "Love for Love," or the mad vagaries of the "Merry Wives of Windsor!" Somewhat different, I confess, but not a whit more literal, or like what you would expect, would be your feelings, on seeing the sights of London after having had them presented to you in effigy beforehand, by any of those printed valets de place which you beg me to recommend to you.

What, then, would I counsel you to do? Would I have you remain "ignorant of the knowledge" of all these (to you) important matters, till you are in a condition to "applaud the deed?"

By no means. A detailed description of anything, if it be lively and natural as far as it goes, always enhances the pleasure to be derived from seeing the actual object, without in the smallest perceptible degree anticipating or injuring the actual effect produced by the sight itself.

But, you reply, I have intimated that no such descriptions are to be obtained of those scenes and objects with which you wish to gain a distant acquaintance before you are formally and personally introduced to them.

No. But there may be. In a word, for fear you should hereafter wish to engage me as your "Guide," in proprià personà, I volunteer my written services in that capacity now. And I make this proposal to you expressly with a view to our mutual advantage and satisfaction; for as I am the worst actualceiverine in the world, and am not able to see things even for myself, much less for other people, when they areliterally present with me, so I pique myself on being able to recapture in the impressions they make on me, and describe from those impressions, ten times more vividly, and even correctly, than if I were to attempt such description at the time and on the spot. There is a proverb which says, "out of sight, out of mind." But with me it is exactly the reverse. Nothing exists in my mind but that which is out of my sight. Nothing is present to me but that which is absent. "Nothing is but what is not." I shall proceed, therefore, without more ado, to place before you, from time to time, pen-and-ink drawings of all the principal scenes and objects peculiar to London and its immediate appendages and environs; on the express condition, however, that you keep them by you for reference (either in your memory or your portfolio), and thus preclude the necessity of my again copying them out from my tablets hereafter, and also

GREENWICH PARK AT EASTER AND WHITSUNTIDE.

But in order that your superfine sensibilities on points of genteel breeding may not, on our outset together, take alarm at the nature of my introductory topic, I shall copy, for your especial information, a paragraph from that oracle of taste in such matters, "The Morning Post and Fashionable World," of this 22nd day of April, in the year of grace 1835:—"In St. James's Street on Monday last, an omnibus with four post-horses started from Crockford's for Greenwich fair. Among the passengers were Lord Castlereagh, Lord Elphinstone, Hon. H. Fitzroy, Mr. C. M. Sutton, Mr. Oriel, &c." We learn, moreover, from the same favoured source of fashionable information, that the above was witnessed with marks of great satisfaction by "a large concourse of the elite of White's and Crockford's."

By this you will learn that a fair may be deemed as innocent and decorous a branch of aristocratic delectation in London as it often is in the country, and that an heir-apparent to a Marquisate or any other Peerage may be as neatly angled for on the gay green sward of our picturesque suburbs as in the more solemn scenes of that "Almanack" of which you have yet to learn the "mysteries and moralities," and with which you are destined to become acquainted in the first instance through the medium of these amiable missives.

I dare say, however, my dear cousins, you flatter yourselves that the nature and merits of an English fair are already perfectly well known to you, and you will, on first arriving at this part of my epistle, wonder what I can mean by addressing you on so superfluous a topic. But give me leave to let you know that a fair in the suburbs of Leeds is one thing, and in the suburbs of London another, or rather a great many others; and though nothing can be learned at the former but the value of a horse or the merits of a dairymaid, much may be gleaned at the latter highly instructive to all those who,
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like you and me, pique ourselves on being able to find as many "sermons in stones," as other people are now-a-days wont to find stones (i.e. stumbling-blocks) in sermons.

Not that I think a fair a fair place in which to indulge in the luxury of either moralising or being moral. On the contrary, its chief merit (all the cant of all the moralists, methodists, and magistrates in Christendom notwithstanding) results from its privilege of laughing all moralising to scorn, and holding morality itself in a pleasing state of abeyance for the time being. Besides which, it is not the purpose of these epistles to be particularly edifying. If we, I should have the modesty to pay the postage of them; for everything in the shape of instruction is concocted and put forth for the sole emolument and satisfaction of the party propounding it. No. I write these letters that you may read them, not that you may throw them into the fire. I shall, therefore, instead of sending you sundry reflections on Greenwich fair, and its various adjuncts and concomitants, present you with as many reflections of these as the mirror of my memory will consent to throw off; premising, however, that the said mirror is not exactly a "Vauxhall plate," which shows absolute fac-similes of all that is placed before it, but rather like those cheap substitutes which the Italian peddlers provide for their country customers, consisting of a material which is as likely to twist an unguainly face into a fair one, as it is pretty sure to invest the latter with forms and colours neither its own nor anybody else's, and the consultors of which become acquainted with a new self every time they change their looking-glass. Such is something like the mental mirror from which are thrown off the reflections I shall from time to time forward to you—unless, indeed, it is not more like the late "looking-glass curtain" of the Coburg Theatre, which consisted of a number of distinct pieces, so inartificially put together, that the whole formed, not a mirror, but a multiplication-table, which moreover disjointed each and every of the objects presented to it respectively,—putting the head of one person upon the shoulders of another—transferring the plumed bonnet of a third to the bald pate of her next male neighbour—lifting the dirty apprentice out of the back row of the pit into the dress circle—and, in fact, confounding objects, looks, and localities, in a manner amusing enough to the beholder, much more so perhaps than if it had presented a perfect picture of the scene before it.

In visiting Greenwich on Easter or Whit Monday we shall find it expedient to leave our gentility behind us. Let us put it off at once, then, and sallying forth to Charing-cross, mount one of those nondescript vehicles which are never wanting on that spot. We will go outside, of course; otherwise we shall miss the sports that are to be picked up on the road, and may afford us far from the worst part of the day's entertainment. Behold us, then, seated in the "sociable" of a Greenwich stage, in a somewhat "mixed company," consisting of:—imprimis, your "humble" servant—always so—but more particularly so when in humble society. Secondly, a couple of as spruce and sprightly soubrettes as ever cast up wistful looks through the bars of an area in Harley-street. They are as good girls, I'll be sworn for them, as ever longed to have honest men for their husbands. But not the less does a liquid something floating within their large black eyes, and a latent laugh hovering round their ripe lips, proclaim to all those whom it may concern, that they are by no means prepared to dispute the validity of that no less pleasant than popular casuistry, which asserts that "all is fair in fair time." Their dress is tend à quatre épingles, and consists of cambric muslin gowns, of gay, but not gaudy patterns, kerseymere shawls with the gloss upon them, and Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with spring ribands—the shawls and head-gear new on to-day. I would not swear that the two latter will look as trim and speckless six hours hence as they do now; but if their wearers' hearts do not go home as unsoiled as they came abroad, then I can only say that virtuous thoughts and happy faces are no kin to one another.

Opposite to the above are two male holiday makers of the same grade of society; but oh, how unlike them in every conceivable particular! They are the emancipated apprentices of artizans, and have not been "let out" for a whole day since this time last year. What a reckless and vagabond look has taken possession of them already, young as they are! What a total disregard of all personal appearance,—that surest sign of a corrupted and diseased nature! And then what an inveterate love of mischief lurks in their dull eyes—of mischief for itself alone, not for any fun or frolic that may be connected with it. I would wager that we shall not reach the Elephant and Castle before they have afforded us the first proof of their inclination for "a lark," as they will call it, in the form of certain black streaks and
smudges from their filthy shoes on the snow-white stockings of the young women opposite to them. I can see very well, too, that if it were not for my (in their eyes) somewhat august presence, and the pretty tolerable certainty of my pitching them headlong out of the dickey in case of their going to anything like extremities in their impudence, the above would be but the beginning of their practical jokes upon their in all respects opposites. The person who occupies the sixth seat in our (mismanned) sociable, is sufficiently contrasted with all the other occupiers to attract the momentary curiosity of all, without in either case satisfying it. We all seem to agree in thinking that he is anything but a holiday maker like ourselves; but what that anything is, we should be puzzled to make out. It is evident, however, that his errand to Greenwich is not that of being happy, or helping to make others so, in which two things consist "the whole duty of man" on Easter Monday. On the contrary, he is one of those who, instead of "turning diseases to commodities," turn commodities to diseases. He is a holiday breaker, not maker, and because his "dancing days are over," he would have everybody else walk through the world as if they were following a funeral. How he came to take his place for Greenwich is, I dare say, more than he himself could explain. I will therefore try to do it for him, by saying that it affords him a kind of malicious pleasure to have an opportunity, twice a year, of fancying that the pleasures of a hundred thousand other people are little better than pains, and of arguing thence that he is at least as well off as they. But he would be wrong, even if he were ever so right; for as

"He that is robbed, not missing what is stolen,
Let him not know it, is not robbed at all;"

so they that are "pleased with a rattle," are pleased as really and truly as if the rattle were a regal sceptre. But no more of him or his character. We have stopped at the Elephant and Castle, and have something better to do than try to weave idle speculations out of the immoveable materials furnished by his inmoveable countenance and lack-lustre eye.

Of all the "moving scenes" that our metropolis and its suburbs can boast, there is none to compare with the Elephant and Castle on Easter and Whit Monday. If a frank would cover a volume instead of a couple of sheets, I would take the trouble of getting one on purpose that I might have the temptation of transmitting to you a slight sketch of this most entertaining canto in the great prose poem of "Human Life," (not Mister Rogers’s production so called—in which, I doubt, you will find no scene of this sort). But as nothing less than the above-named space would suffice for the merest outline or sketching of the objects that make up the scene, we must pass them over with a mere glance, especially as most of them are not peculiar to the day which has tempted us to visit the spot.

The most conspicuous of those objects are the stage coaches, each "turn-out" of which would have done honour to the far-famed four-in-hand club,—long since extinct, from its members not being able to compete with their plebeian rivals, even in external appearance; much less in the consummate practical skill displayed by the latter. I should like to have seen one of the former forced, by adverse circumstances, to make his way through the ever-moving labyrinth in the midst of which we are now placed, and out of which we shall presently wind along with as little let or impediment as if we had the whole road to ourselves. He would soon have been "perplexed in the extreme," and would fail have let some of his "people" (his only outside passengers) become leaders to his leaders; besides standing treat to all the rival Jehus on the road, who would be good-natured enough to get out of his way.

On ordinary days, the omnibuses and stage-coaches coming and going make up the chief features of this lively and spirit-stirring scene; and together with the infinitely varied collection of persons, in one way or other, attached to them,—such as ascending and descending passengers, and welcomes of the arriving ones, and speeders of the departing—purveyors of newspapers, penknives, pencils, porter, and hot pies—portmanteau bearers, horse-keepers, orange-merchants, hackney-Coachmen, carriers, carters, and cads; besides the driver of each vehicle respectively making his way leisurely through the moving miscellany, with an air of infinite officialness, yet utterly unconcerned at all the bustle around him, except so much as he feels an inward assurance that he in particular is the primary cause of it all: these, I say, together with the curious idlers that stop for a moment on their way, to gaze upon the goings on of the whole, or of any particular part, make up the ordinary every-day scene on this spot. But to-day we have all the above, with a host of additional objects, persons and particulars, which
make the scene quite unique, and also quite indescribable within any reasonable limits.

And as, moreover, we are passing away from it almost as soon as we have reached it, let us leave it behind by merely observing that every window of the wide building is alive with fair-going faces; that there is a confused convocation of sounds issuing from it, unlike anything that can be heard elsewhere; that the door of entrance is beset like the aperture of a bee-hive, and that all about the outside of the house, continuing also before the adjoining houses twenty or thirty deep down the road, are placed vehicles of every possible and impossible description, from the huge covered coal-wagon licensed to carry fourscore inside, down to the diminutive dog or donkey-cart that will scarcely hold one—the owners of every one of which are plying each and every of the pedestrians as they try to pass, and insisting that theirs is the only vehicle of all the set that can possibly reach its destination in safety.

We are now fairly launched into the triple stream which rolls along, without let or intermission, from hence to the place of our search. The centre portion of this stream, (that which occupies the highway,) rattle along lively enough, on account of the perpetual interchange of objects which is taking place within it, from the various rates at which their relative gravities permit them to go. It seems, also, to have an end in view, and to be in haste to reach it; but the two side portions which flow along the foot-paths, move more leisurely, seeming to lapse along upon their way, as if that were a sufficient pleasure in itself. And if there is no denying that these two side streams are not the cleanest and most crystal in the world, on the other hand it is equally certain that they possess the poetical merit of becoming purling ones, wherever their banks happen to present the impediment of a public-house!

The rural villas of the citizens, which line the road at intervals all along, need not be noticed, as they form no part of the peculiar features of the time. But the booths, stands, stalls, shows, games, &c., that intervene between the above, and make the road a sort of continuous fair for the whole five miles, may be glanced at, as they are peculiar to the fairs which take place in the immediate suburbs of London; everywhere else, the spot appointed for the scene of a fair affording "ample room and verge enough" for the whole of those who aspire to occupy it. I must now hurry you over the rest of the road, and arrive at the park-gate at once.

The assembly of booths and shows that make up the actual fair itself, we will for the present leave on the left, as these, though assuredly they furnish the principal material of the fair, bear, in this instance, no comparison, in point of interest, to the collateral portions of the scene. I don't know whether you will not pronounce me a cockney (and, to say the truth, I don't much care if you do, considering that I am one), when I tell you, that of all the similar spots I have ever visited, there is none to equal Greenwich Park, for that picturesqueness of general as well as particular effect which results from the ground of which it consists being everywhere broken and varied by risings and descents. Throughout the whole of it there is not a level spot of a hundred yards in extent. On entering the park from the town, you come upon a comparatively open space, from which you discover, dimly, through the groups of fine old trees that are everywhere scattered about, three lofty mounds, rising abruptly at about half a furlong's distance, and covered entirely to their tops with a short velvet turf. On the top of one of these elevations stands the celebrated Observatory, its irregular architecture looking out by bits among the boughs. The eminence on the left of this is bare of trees, with the exception of a lofty one on its top (recently dead, but still spared from the axe), from which it is called One Tree Hill. The rising ground on the right is almost entirely covered by a rich grove of horse chestnuts, and leads away to Blackheath, by which the park is bounded on that side. The path which leads from the gate of entrance is to-day beset on either side by a host of petty purveyors of all the little merchandise that the slumber pursers of Easter-Monday holiday-makers are likely to compass—the predominant objects being of course those which address themselves to the taste of the younger visitors. Interspersed among these, here and there, are itinerant musicians, round each of whom is collected a group of eager listeners, and round one or two (in particular a fiddling seaman) dancers on the green. This winding line of party-coloured objects, stretching away across the unbroken sward towards the rising ground in the distance, and varying every moment as you look upon it, and at last losing itself among the trees, gives a very lively effect to the scene, and corresponds prettily with the little gaily dressed groups that are everywhere and there
lying about on the grass, and the couples that are wandering beneath the more distant trees.

Making our way along the above-named path, we presently reach the foot of that open space, bounded on either side by a row of fine old Weymouth pines, from the summit of which, time immemorial, it has been the fashion of the fair-day for all true holiday-folks to make a descent. I do not know of a prettier and pleasant scene, (unless it be in some of the nice old pastoral operas and after-pieces of the last century, such as Love in a Village, Rosina, &c,) than to stand at the foot of this hill on a fine day of sunshine in mid April, when the chestnut trees in the distance on the right are one rich mass of blossoms, when the grass under foot is elastic with the new blades that are crowding up from the lately awakened roots, and bright everywhere around with its brilliant flush of fresh green—when the air is sweet with the breath of the young spring leaves, and alive with the various happy sounds shot forth into it from all about,—I say, that on such a day as this, and under such circumstances, I do not know of a prettier sight than to stand at the foot of this famous hill, and watch the motions of a party of coy maidens who have been led hither by their "sweethearts," merely to see the fun; for, far be it from the latter to think of wishing them to enter into a sport at once so hoydenish and ungentle as that of running, at the risk of rolling, down the hill! Still (the lads insinuate) there can be no harm in just walking up the hill. The pretty ones demur at first. But their scruples and blushes do but inflame the eloquence of their companions. And then, why should they not look upon the scene from the top of the hill, as well as from the bottom? Accordingly, up they pace the steep ascent slowly, not without significant glances exchanged behind their backs by their evil-disposed protectors. Ah! my pretty ones! I tremble for the safety of your footing. I can no longer bear your simple talk, or watch the changes of your eloquent and happy faces. But I see well enough, by the motions of both parties, that danger is at hand. What—now they have got you to the top of the hill, they would unsay all they said at the bottom, and persuade you that you came here to partake in the amusements of the day, not merely to look upon them. "Besides," (they urge,) "what more harm can there possibly be in running down a hill than along a level plain?" Ah! their looks and tongues, aided by your own dancing spirits, have prevailed; and you are all linking yourselves hand in hand, and preparing to descend. Beware! there is mischief in the wind. When your hands are not your own, your feet are not. If you must descend, do it alone. No; you think, that if there is any danger, it will be lessened by being shared. Well, you will take your own course, I see. They step forward from the summit of the hill slowly, placing their trim feet upon the soft turf mincingly, as if they were picking their way. A few steps embolden them, and they begin to quicken their pace, while the two mischief-makers who occupy the extremities of the string, press forward and give it a momentary impulse, which, as they soon find from the disposition to retreat which it causes in the centre, is a premature movement. Accordingly, the line is regained, the momentary fear dispersed, and the pace increased in consequence, till it amounts to a gentle trot. Ah! when once a young woman "o'ersteps the modesty of (female) nature," by quitting its prescribed pace, there is no saying where she may stop, or how soon she may lose that wise balance on which the proprieties of her being depend. See! they still increase their pace, first amid titters, and then amid open shouts of half alarmed, half happy laughter. Ah! the impulse given by each to each, and by the increasing descent to all, is upon them, and they cannot withstand it. They rush forward fearfully— they try to stop themselves when too late, and by so doing impede each other—they scream, they stumble, they fall! And thus end for a time the pleasures of the day, in vexation, anger, and (it may be) open shame!

And these are the mighty evils and indecorums for the abolition of which our Solons of the nineteenth century would deprive whole orders of the people of that healthful and necessary amusement, the craving for which is as much an instinct of their nature as the hunger of their bodies for corporeal food! It is like killing the patient in order to cure a few pimples on his face!

The thought, my fair cousins, has so moved me from "the even tenor" of my accustomed tolerant temper, that I must break off this epistle till I am myself again. In the interim I am still,

Your loving cousin,

Terence Templeton.
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

A POEM.—IN THREE CANTOS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK."

Canta the Second.

The confusion arising from what had occurred,
When the barrel of gunpowder blew up, deferred
The next meeting of parliament till the repairs
Of the hall were complete, with new galleries and
stairs;
And, while those were in progress, no tidings were
heard
Of the Queen or her train, so the quidnuncs in-
ferred
They to atoms were blown,
Or some shreds must have flown
Down of bonnets, lace, trinkets, wigs, sleeves or
whalebone.

Then the old maiden demons and male gossips
knocked
At the doors of their neighbours to say how much
shocked
Their nerves were at the sad and untoward event,
Till sensation, as usual, in nine days was spent.
But the King, to alleviate the general gloom,
And, no doubt, from mere policy, hung out a
broom,
Which denoted to all
His choice friends they might call
To partake of the cheer of his bachelor's hall.

Thus the court went on gaily, though some thought
it queer
To see Gunpowder raised to the rank of a peer.
But his Majesty, animadversions to set
At defiance, decreed that the next court gazette
Should announce the promotion of Alcohol too,
For his services rendered and still kept in view;
And which he should relate
To the monarch in state
When the hall was prepared to renew the debate.

Indeed, such an event as the loss of a Queen,
Was a change at the court that was quite unfore-
seen.
Each spinster not more than a thousand years old
Toiled long at her toilet, examined each fold
Of robe, kerchief and sleeves and each ringlet of
hair,
And, by secrets infernal, became almost fair.
Then, what jealous distress
All around would oppress
When his Majesty smiled on some belle diablosee!

At this singular period, the chronicles say
That his manner of life was unusually gay,
That he gambled, intrigued, smoked and lied,
drunk and swore
In a way more terrific than ever before,
But, one day, after playing all night "rouge and
noir,"
A shrill voice struck his ear—he felt "au des-
espoir."
And roared out, "Can it be?
Yes. By Styx! It is she!
So, an end to my bachelor parties I see!"

He was sitting alone in his study when bounce
Went the door, and her Majesty swung, with a
flounce,
Her magnificent person down in an arm chair,
And cried, "Nick, my dear fellow! Pray why do
you stare?
Why, you really look pale! Pshaw! I've not been
gone long.
I'm afraid, Sir, you've been doing something that's
wrong.
'Tis no use to deny—
But I'll tell you—oh, my!
You can't think —— but I've had such a capital
fly!

"You saw how we went off. No, I don't think you
did,
For you all, I remember, in smoke were then
hid.
Well—we went up and up, till I really felt sick,
For I don't recollect ever travelling so quick.
Our large hoops and all that in which you're little
versed,
Were like parachutes to us, and ready to burst,
For the powder below
Kept on driving us so,
We were forced to ascend—'twas no use to say no!"
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

Then she went on to say what her ladies all said,
How some shrieked and turned pale, how some
laughed and turned red,
How one lass lost a shoe and another a comb,
And the whole wondered how they should ever
get home,
Till the King, recollecting that that was the day
When it was Alcohol's turn all his schemes to
display,
Drily said to the Queen,
"Please to tell where you've been,
What detained you so long and what things you
have seen."

But her Majesty's lady in waiting had heard
Of the cause of the candidates being deferred,
And now stood at the door, with a face of distress,
Representing there scarcely remained time to dress,
So the Queen, understanding her signs, started up
Saying, "You shall know all when we sit down to
sup,
But my favourite, Clo
Wants me now, and I know
By her manner, that I have got somewhere to go."

The newspapers, that evening, contained a long
scene
Of the tender reception the King gave the Queen;
And declared he was almost affected to tears,
And surmised that they both were much troubled
with fears,
Lest the "blow up," not ending with loss of appa-
rel,
Should cause a young Prince to be marked with a
barrel;
And the low party prints
Gave indelicate hints
That the ladies at court wore Lord Gunpowder's
tints.

The King went to the hall in great state, as before,
And a hundred imp pages his dragon's tail bore,
Lest the spirited creature should give it a flirt,
And so cover his Majesty over with dirt.
The gall'ries were filled with rank, beauty and
fashion,
And the Queen condescended to fly in a passion,
And exclaimed, "I can see
People here whose degree
Must be low, as they ne'er were presented to me!

"I've no notion of such democratical ways!
One would think this a pit, where each laundress
who pays
At the door has a right to sit down and look grand,
'Pon my word, these are doings I don't understand!"
But 'twas whispered at court that the cause of her ire
Was the number of young belles, whose checks
glowed like fire,
While their bright sparkling eyes,
All around, like fire-flies,
Shot such glances as captivate hearts by surprise.

When the purpose for which they were met was
announced,
And all forms were complete, the dread Monarch
pronounced
That his pleasure was now to hear Lord Alcohol,
Recount all his proceedings. And then, with a loll,
He turned round to his courtiers, and said with a
leer,
"Audi alteram partem. We must sit and hear,
So, mind, give us a nudge,
If we nod ere we judge,
For we look upon all his pretensions as fudge."

Then the demon of alcohol rose in his place,
He'd a very odd voice and a very odd face,
Which a strong prepossension against him inspired,
And, at first, he prosed sadly, till seemingly tired
With his subject, he warmed; and, at length in the
hall,
Though the gall'ries were there, one might hear a
pin fall.
No orator ever
More gained his endeavour
Of making folks think him amazingly clever.

He began by describing the spirituous form
He assumed upon earth, and how, slowly while
warm,
He came, oozing to light from the still, drop by
drop.
"He thinks," yawned the King, "this is some
chymist's shop!"
But the speaker went on to explain at full length
His colour, and smell, fiery flavour and strength,
And to tell how he failed
At first, then prevailed
Over men and, by them, as their best friend was
hauled.

He said, "Those who first tasted me cried they
were burnt;
But, by frequent experiments, shortly I learnt
How to mingle myself with the things that most
pleased
Their strange pampered palates, and soon became
cased
Of all fear for the future, for those who had made
Such wry faces declared every pain I allayed.
And 'twas curious to see
How the fools came to me
After breakfast, lunche, dinner, and supper, and tea.

"All the names that I took their applause to win,
Were too many to tell; but I think that by 'Gin,'
In a town they call London, I gained rather more
Wicked subjects, just fitted to land on your shore,
Than I picked up elsewhere, though the custom-
house book
Will show clearly there's hardly a country or nook,
Take the globe all around,
Where mankind can be found,
Whence I haven't contrived to send some under-
ground.
"But, in that monstrous city, I do things wholesale, And would warrant almost the supply ne'er to fail. Be they poor, sick, or sorry, or haunted with debt, Down they swallow the gin and their trouble forget; While their wives and their children may starve if they will, Or rob, borrow, or beg if they get but their fill. Thus the wretches I ban, They don't think who I am, And I jump down their throats in the form of a dram."

"This is shockingly low!" whispered one of a set Who always contrived near the Monarch to get, "Our Lord Gunpowder visited Princes and Kings! While he talks about debt and those low kind of things, What a bore!" Here the King exclaimed "Silence, we pray! We are much interested in what he may say, And begin now to feel That his uncommon zeal May have really accomplished a very great deal."

"This was excellent sport, Sire," the speaker pursued, "When I once got possession, of course I subdued Every scruple, and led them to sin in such style, As I am sure must have made your dark Majesty smile, However I did not stop there, but soon flew Up at game somewhat higher, and quickly drew Some gay mortals to sit, Sporting what they call wit, Round a bowl where I swam, laughing ready to split."

"Then I got up a fashion—and fashion with them Is a thing which, though reason and prudence condemn, They all follow, like maniacs, and sacrifice health, With rest, character, freedom, and even their wealth, To what they call 'The Goddess'; so I took her place, And said, ' If you wish your own tables to grace, Every guest you invite Should be made drunk at night, Or, if they've hard heads, why, sit up till daylight!"

"This strange fashion I called Hospitality, and I've seen scores at a time when not one dark e'en could stand. And these were not your dram-drinking poor, but the great, Who would sometimes go drunk to a public debate: Till at last (pray don't think that I'm stretching the cord Of my bow) they'd a proverb, ' as drunk as a lord,' Thus I broke up their health, Dissipated their wealth, And made vice and disease creep upon them by stealth.

"With what pleasure I've oft seen a fellow (who gave Splendid dinners, and made of himself quite a slave Of my favourite fashion) to poverty sunk, Begging, borrowing, and swindling, but still getting drunk! For they seek me, when ruined, e'en more than before, Since I teach them the secret to shut memory's door. So, when once they the way Find their thirst to allay By my aid, I am sure they'll at last be my prey.

"Still, though great my success, there were multitudes left, Whom I had not of all moral notions bereft: And to them I appeared in a different form, As a tonic, a bracer, a something to warm The dull organs digestive, cure rheumatic pain, Or to strengthen the nerves, and applied not in vain. Your sly drinkers, I found, Worked themselves under ground As surely as gay ones who pushed bottles round.

"'Twas in this way, when almost reduced to despair, I contrived to ingratiate myself with the fair, I had tried other methods in vain, o'er and o'er; They invariably drove me, disgraced, from the door. All my bowls and my bottles they left to the men; And, among the whole sex, I don't think there were ten Of the decent sort, Whom I ever have brought To endure me—the rest frowned or set me at nought.

"So I scented myself with rare perfumes, and came Upon table each day by a different name, And appeared in small glasses, which none could think wrong Just to sip at; and though most infernally strong, I managed so well to disguise my real presence They usually thought they were drinking the essence Of flowers, sugar and spice And all things that were nice, And would sip, and then swallow me down in a trice.

"Then I called myself Curao, Noyau, Alkermes, Eau de Vie, Creme, Rosolio, and other odd terms, Which I mostly picked up in a country called France, Where the people believe they are much in advance Of the rest of the world, and I cannot deny That, in my estimation, they stand very high. My great 'fabrique' is there, Where I make for the fair My specifics their delicate nerves to repair.
"But, do all that I could, my success was so slow
With the ladies, I'd almost determined to go
And leave them to their fate, when I happened to drop
One day in at a chymist's, who kept a large shop,
Where the belles of high fashion came crowding to buy
Things to mend their complexion and looks, so,
I think it,
Now for clandestine war!
If I reach the boudoir,
All may yet turn out well in the end, Vive l'Espoir!"

Here a noise, which commenced when he sought to explain
His endeavours the ladies' affections to gain,
Had increased in the gallery so much that all eyes were directed that way, and they saw with surprise
That the Queen and her ladies were rummaging out
The contents of their reticules; but what about
No one present could guess,
And the King sent express
To say noise was forbidden, and beg they'd make less.

"This is always the way!" said the Queen. "Why you grudge
Een to give us our seats, when we're more fit to judge
In this matter, by half, than you creatures below.
Take this box! and I'll fly down and let the King know
What he never had dreamt nor found out but for me!
For this Lord Alcohol, like Gunpowder, I see
His choice secrets would keep,
While the harvest he'd reap.
Precious judges! You all might as well be asleep!"

Much marvelled the imp who kept fluttering before her,
But bowed, and direct to his Majesty bore her
Eben box and her message, at which the King said,
"What conceit can she now have got into her head?
This is scandalous really! Fly back quick, and say—
No—no matter—I see she's already half way.
But soon back she shall go,
For we'll give her to know
That the nation's affairs shan't be trifled with so."

"Nay, dear Nick! don't look grumphish!" her Majesty cried,
As, fluttering, she sank on the throne by his side,
While the belles of the court all kept hovering round
With one wing in the air and one foot on the ground;
And attracted, of course, all the young dingy beauties
By their attitudes, smiles, and display of fine clothes.
But the King bent a frown
On wing, ankle, and gown,
And then some that were modest drew back and looked down.

"Come!" continued the Queen, "My dear fellow, cheer up!
You remember I told you, when we went to sup,
That I'd tell you about whereabouts we had been,
And all the strange things that I'd heard of and seen;
And depend on't I will. But—it's really so queer!
We were blown up to Earth; and, dear Nickey, look here!
I have brought you home such
French, Italian, and Dutch
Nicolettes! and some others we liked not so much.

"Only smell this and taste! Could you ever believe
That those mortals made nectar? And, only conceive!
Why it cost a mere nothing, and glides o'er the tongue
So deliciously! making one feel one's self young.
Here's a different sort. They're all labelled, you see,
Crème d'Abydene, Curaçao, Old Schiedam, Eau de Vie.
And—oh, la! I've let out
What I came down about!
They're the candidate's making, I have not a doubt."

"Now, by Styx! 'Tis prime stuff," cried the King, and his lips
He smacked loud, while his knuckles reposed on his hips.
"Come! we'll now condescend to taste every sort
Which our Queen has most graciously caused to be brought.
Our dear consort has shown a most excellent taste,
And, in cases like this, we must not judge in haste.
Then he looked at the Queen,
With a look she'd not seen
For some years, as she gave him a dram of potheen.

"By the powers!" he exclaimed, "that would bother us soon,
For, though coming from earth, it tastes strong of the moon;"
And he hummed "Fly not yet!" as her Majesty filled
Him a glass of the best in Glenlivet distilled,
Which he swallowed, and said, "You can't be so bad to take;
So we'll thank you, our duchess, bonnie Queenie, to make
Just a special decree,
In your tablets, that we
Without siccan restorateeve never may be."

Then, o'flowing the glass, on a salver of marble,
She gave him Noyau, and he roared out "Diabli!
C'est superbe!—magnifique! Le vrai nectar des Dieux!
Bel ange! Goutez donc! Sans façon, entre nous!"
And he handed the glass, when he'd drunk more than half,
To the Queen, who returned him a nod, wink, and laugh;
And said, "Vraiment, mon cher!
Vous—vous avez tout l'air
D'un très bon diabli! Oui, ça est bien clair!"
THE SELLER OF STARS.

It was evident now the contents of the box
Had attained to that point when the wild spirit
mocks
All the fetters of custom, and spurns etiquette,
For she hiccuped, and added, “I have not done
yet.
This is called Kirchenwaszzer. Come, hold out
your paw!
Now, isn’t that good?” The King mumbled,
“Yaw, yaw;”
Not a syllable more,
But looked down on the floor,
As if smoking, or dreaming, or ready to snore.

“Come!” her Majesty cried, “Just taste this:
it will cheer
Up your heart. ’Tis from Florence, and cost
somewhat dear.”
“Yaw, yaw,” said the King, and in court a low
Titter
Was heard till he sang out, “Belliassima Citta!
Viva! Viva Firenze!” then sprang on his feet,
And, with them and his hands, time continued to
beat
While, all in his glory,
* Improvisatore,*
He warbled a mad love banditi-like story.

Of all his potions to speak were too long,
They were somewhat like mortals between toast
and song,
When anger and laughter alternate prevail,
And the evening is closing with dull jest and tale.
So we skip till the Queen, having gone through her
case
Of liqueurs, asked her lady in waiting (whose place
Was to carry a small
Reticule, which held all
She might want) for the bottle she’d brought to the
hall.

’Twas prime London gin, so she poured out two
glasses,
Observing, “I think, Nick, this compound
surpasses
All the others you’ve tasted, but sip it and try.”
The King nodded and drank, and then cried out,
“My eye!

Vot! you wixen! You thought as old Nickey
would funk?
No, by Newgate! I’m blew but I’ll get precious
drunk.
Vot! you wanted to prig
That ere bottle to swig
By yourself? But you shan’t! If you does, dash
my vig!”

“You’re a bang-up old covey,” her Majesty said,
“So, here goes! Only mind it don’t get in your
head.
For my part, when in Lun—but, blow me! that
an’t fair!
Vy, he’s helping his-self! But I will ’ave my share.
Vy, you greedy old warment! It’s all gone, I
wow!”
And she stormed till the King said, “Ve can’t
stand this row.”
So they bere off the Queen
To her own palanquin,
And the curtains were drawn that she might not
be seen.

And thus silence again was restored in the hall,
But the King strove in vain his lost wits to recall.
He commenced a short speech, was obliged to “try
back”—
Hemm’d and ha’d, and then said, “Our most
gracious Queen’s clock
We suppose has deranged our ideas, so prefer
Final judgment on this weighty case to defer;
But will soon fix a day
When each candidate may
Rest assured our definitive purpose we’ll say.”

Then he rose, and, as some say, reel’d out of the
hall,
And soon, chiding his grooms, was heard loudly to
bawl.
Then he spurred his fierce dragon till, piercing its
mail,
It winced, plunged, and floored all the imp at its
tail!
So he went cantering home, and no sooner got in
Than he sent to the Queen for a bottle of gin.
But not e’en for his sake
Would the damsels awake
Her dread Majesty, knowing their places at stake.

(The third Canto in our next.)

THE SELLER OF STARS.

A LEGEND OF THE EAST.

History is not precise in mentioning in
what particular year, of what particular cen-
tury, the venerable Khalfad flourished at
Ispahan. He was a half-physician, half-
soothsayer, who dispensed intelligences of the
heavenly bodies, in return for purses of money
or rich garments from the wealthy, and, from
the poor, for the humbler offerings of jars of
honey or pigeons. In one of the narrowest
streets of that city you may still see a small
and quaintly-ornamented house, with a pro-
jecting minaret and balcony at one angle of
THE SELLER OF STARS.

the front. Here the sage dwelt and studied; the building is still called, after him: "The Tower of the Seller of Stars."

Vast and various were the endowments of the venerable Khalifad. The more credulous of his visitants fully believed that he had power to cause the spirits of the dead or absent to appear in visible presence before them; and tales, too horrible to be repeated, of the secret macerations he underwent to extort and maintain this supremacy over the capricious race of unearthly powers, were commonly coupled with his name.

Khalifad was of lowly birth, being the son of a water carrier: but his power exceeded that of any of his contemporaries or ancestors; and at length so great became his importance, that on one occasion he dared to contradict the wishes of the King himself, and refuse the enormous offers made him to take up his abode in the palace at the time when the favourite wife was expected to bless the throne with an heir.

"The King may find," said he, sturdily, "other sages who will prophecy the fate of his child as he wills, rather than as the stars decree, but not Khalifad!"

About a month before the time when the Queen's deliverance was expected, the sage was walking alone at midnight on the roof of his house. As he gazed earnestly upon the map of futurity which was spread before him, peopleed with those myriad indexes of human weal or woe, whose pointings he knew so well how to interpret, he fancied that the orbs of fate shone more brightly that night than usual, or that his discernment of their peculiar significance was keener than its wont. When, lo! there arose in different quarters of the horizon two new luminaries, large and sparkling. The one shot up, as it were, from the roof of the palace, and with its glory made thousands of surrounding fires grow pale. So intent was Khalifad upon watching and marvelling at its course and rapid ascent, that, for a while, he could only just remark the other light, which arose more steadily above a part of the city inhabited only by the meaner class of artisans, till at length its increasing lustre could no longer be overlooked. In proportion as the second star grew larger and more radiant the fire of the first began to wax paler. They approached near to each other, when a white cloud dropped lightly from around the moon, and cast a temporary veil over the path of these two new travelers through the heavens. The cloud passed away as it came, but the eye of the sage could discern the two stars no more even his skill and severe scrutiny failed to separate them from the galaxy of worlds in which they were involved; his power seemed gone, and, for the first time in his life, the watcher felt baffled and desponding.

He descended into his chamber of study; into it opened a small cell, the threshold of which was never passed by any foot save his own. The inner chamber was in total gloom: in the outer, burned only a single cresset, which cast a feeble and uncertain light upon the uncouth furniture of the apartment.

"Powers, mighty and viewless!" he solemnly exclaimed, "wherefore, for the first time, do you veil yourselves from me? Is there aught of sacrifice, aught of patient endeavour yet unperformed whereby I may wing from you a clearer manifestation of your will?"

While he spoke, a sound like the rushing of mighty wings filled the inner chamber, and then, on its thickly-carpeted floor, was heard the heavy tramp of more than one giant foot. Khalifad bowed himself to the earth to await further revelation, and listened in awe to the two voices that spoke with each other as if in debate or contention. But their tones were not familiar to his ear, and their words unknown and unintelligible. The voices soon grew louder, and their wrathful vehemence shook with its might the soothsayer's cell,—for the floor rocked, and the instruments of magic quivered violently upon the walls. This contention lasted only for a few moments,—the sound sank gradually to a whisper, and the waving of receding pinions was heard. Burning with impatience and anxiety, Khalifad seized a lamp and rushed into the inner chamber. There was no trace of their presence except that, on the marble table or altar in its centre, were two rings of a pale white metal deeply engraved with unknown characters. Every scroll on Khalifad's shelves was searched to discover some resemblance between these and any written signs, but in vain. While thus employed, a loud knocking was heard, and the tumultuous cry of people without.

As soon as the door could be opened, in rushed promiscuously a throng of officers of the King's household, headed by the Grand Chamberlain. They bore torches, and were half clad in their robes of ceremony, which the urgency of their mission had obviously prevented them from entirely assuming. With these were some few of the common populace, who, in their eagerness to learn the news, had crept in among the state officers. So great was the total number, and,
in consequence, the confusion, that it was some moments ere silence could be obtained, and Khalfad stood on the lowest step of the staircase facing the crowd, to the front of which the Grand Chamberlain, who was a man of short and portly stature, had struggled with much difficulty.

"The King," he said, taking breath and endeavouring to assume a graceful attitude, as he tendered the sage a brilliant ring and a scarlet and gold tissue purse full of heavy gold coins,—"the King desires—requests you, O most venerable Khalfad! by the remembrance of your old friendship, to repair without delay to the palace, the Queen having an hour ago been happily delivered of ......by Allah, this crowd is insufferable! daughter of a dog, stand aside, or thou shalt feel the weight of the bastinado:—turn her out!" The person thus addressed was a poor old woman, clad in the meanest attire, who looked no less surprised at the grand company in which she found herself than the court authority was disgusted at so unbecoming a neighbour.

"Turn her out, I say!" repeated the irascible Chamberlain—but Khalfad interposed. "You forget," said he, sternly, "that you stand in the hall of one to whom titles and possession are only as so many bits of glass with which the child sitting by the way side adorns itself. Go to, servant of a proud master, you shall know that I am prouder than he, and that this poor woman's claim, if she have any, finds as much favour in mine eyes as his, although she hath brought me neither purse nor amulet of brilliants. Speak first, my good woman, what seest thou here?"

Aisa, the baker's widow—for the object of his notice was no better—burst hardly reply to the public encouragement of so powerful a person, and made many humble apologies for her intrusion; "her daughter," she said, "had, an hour ago, become a mother, and she had been warned by a dream to come and consult his Mightiness upon the child's fortunes,—that was all."

In vain did the Chamberlain chafe and fume at such an unforeseen instance of condescension. Khalfad heard her tale to an end, and promised that he would straightway cast the baby's nativity.

"Inform your master," said he to the Grand Chamberlain, "that I can read the future as well on my own roof as from his rose gardens, and will not therefore come to him. Bid him send to me at this same time tomorrow night, and I will deliver to his messenger that which he desireth. Say to him, further, that the eye of the wise man is not to be blinded by gold dust, nor his tongue prompted by the tune of the pearl dulcimers of the palace."

The Grand Chamberlain remonstrated, threatened, besought, but the man of art was inexorable, and dismissed all the company without further satisfaction, save to the poor and the meagre officers of the household, among whom he distributed the purse of sequins.

From that time for four and twenty hours was Khalfad invisible. The King besieged his doors with messages of threat and exposition, but in vain. At the same hour, however, on the following night, he came forth, and to Aisa, the baker's widow—who, had her protector's consequence been a whit less, would undoubtedly have been visited by some signal mark of royal displeasure—and to the Grand Chamberlain Nadir he delivered two sealed bags of Egyptian silk, precisely similar in form and colour, and his speech was verbally the same to the poor half-clad old woman and to the haughty courtier.

"These," he said, "contain the will of fate concerning the newly born; bind ye them round the child's neck, see that they be preserved carefully, and beware how you open them, and begone; the future will unfold itself without the further aid of my prophecy."

Back went the disappointed messengers to the King, who raved at the tidings of Khalfad's impracticability, and would have set forth in person to remonstrate with him, were it not known that many who had visited the magician against his will had been terrified by hideous sights and sounds. Khalfad had forbidden any one to disturb him, and the King was a very timid man. So, after more manifestations of anger than it would be seemly to recount of one so great, he was fain to content himself with binding the talisman round the neck of his infant daughter who was called by her mother's name Zoradine,—and, for her rare beauty, by the wise women and ladies of the harem "The Star of the Summer Night."

Poor Aisa, too, returned with her talisman to her miserable hovel. She found her grandson, a feeble boy, crying on the bosom of its dead mother, and ere she could dry her tears at this sudden loss of her daughter, a new calamity overwhelmed her. Two soldiers and a Cadi, emissaries of the Grand Chamberlain, came to her—and, under pretence of extorting payment of her rent, which was a few months in arrear, seized all the house contained, and drove the broken-
THE SELLER OF STARS.

hearted mourner, cumbered with her helpless charge, out of the gate of the city, close by which she resided.

Time went on, and the King had no other child but the little Zoradine, who grew up a girl of surpassing loveliness:—a being to break the hearts of men, and to make poets hunt through air, earth and sea to find new similes whereunto they might compare her large soft dark eye, her rich flowing hair, the exquisite purity of her complexion, and the symmetry of her form. And the child was as sweet tempered as beautiful, as gifted as she was gracious. Her song was already a marvel to well-trained musicians, her motions might have made the lightest dancers lame with envy; and the idolatry of father, mother, court and people had hitherto done little to spoil the goodness and simplicity of her heart.

At the age of fourteen she was deemed a miracle of perfection, the wonder of the world.

To celebrate the day when the maiden entered her fifteenth year the King made a gorgeous festival, and invited thereto every monarch and prince of note in the East. Such a glorious assemblage of wealth and royalty had never been seen at Isphahan before. The city was too small for all the guests, so that many were constrained to abide in tents without the walls. The streets were full by day of the gay company, and when night came on were illuminated with millions of coloured lamps, fed with fragrant oil. Rich awnings of gold and silver tissue were thrown from house to opposite house, under cover of which hookahs were smoked, and sherbets drunk on costly carpets. The poor adorned their dwellings with green boughs and garlands, beneath which they feasted and rejoiced; and within the King’s palace the combined magnificence passes description. How could the story-teller hope fitly to describe its vast halls, sparkling with gold and precious gems; its illuminated gardens, where gushing fountains made the cooled air musical all the short summer night; its spacious courts, whose hangings were of the costliest brocade, filled by thrones of Princes and the sons of Princes, the meanest ornaments upon whose turbans were pearls and moon-like crescents of diamonds;—where the most skilful singers and dancers, collected from every nation under the sun, by turns exhibited their accomplishments.

On the second evening of the festivities, when the guests were most of them assembled in the hall of the hundred pillars, there came sweeping from the garden of the harem a wild and confused cry of wonder and distress. The words, “The Princess Zoradine has been stolen!” which ran from lip to lip, could not be true; yet they came nearer and nearer, and the rumour swelled and strengthened. Presently among the guests was found one who told how the Princess had been seen approaching a rose arbour, and when, a few instants afterwards, her ladies had sought her there, it was empty, and her veil found upon the turf floor trampled and torn.

The tale was disbelieved, and it was not until strict search and inquiry, and after every corner and hiding-place had been explored, that with pale dismay on their faces, all were constrained to admit that the Star of the Summer Night was literally gone,—none could guess whither!

Cimiters were drawn, fleet steeds saddled, soldiers armed and sent forth to scour the country. But in vain were quest and inquiry, and lamentation, and proffered reward. In vain was Khalfad and every other wise man of note consulted:—neither soothsayer nor soldier could discern any traces of her. Zoradine was lost,—and the city, from intoxication and rejoicing, was plunged at once into woe for a sudden and inexplicable calamity.

But I must pierce the veil which covered Zoradine’s disappearance. There chanceed at that time to be hovering round Isphahan a band of robbers, few in number, but of invincible audacity. Their ravages had already been immense, and their existence hardly guessed, in consequence of their schemes of crime having been carried on singly,—their band assembling rarely, and that only in the most lonely and desolate places. Their chief, Dilfeng, was a man of consummate talent and bravery, and had for some months resolved to attempt the seizure of Zoradine, that she might be reserved for an enormous ransom, or disposed of at some distant court as a slave ; that he might, in short, avail himself of any advantage which the possession of her person would secure to him. He resolved to dare the adventure in person, and as he was a total stranger at Isphahan, ventured in boldly, and with a few followers, who entered the city at different times and by different quarters, contrived without much difficulty, to lurk about the palace, as perhaps one unguarded moment, one fortunate chance might place the object of his wishes in his power. This at length occurred: having succeeded in entering the harem garden he concealed himself in a thicket. The young Princess soon after
entered the arbour of roses unattended; he sprang upon her, and muffled her so completely in a huge shawl that her form was wholly disguised, and she was deprived of all power to cry out. He was fortunate enough to drag his victim beyond the precincts of the garden unobserved. The company were too deeply engaged to notice him, as he passed rapidly among them, drawing his prize so close to him, as almost to conceal her under his mantle, and enforcing obedience with a sharp short knife, which he threatened to plunge into her heart if she did not obey him. As he passed, he signified to his followers that his design was accomplished; in fact, its very desperateness ensured its success, and in a few moments the damsel was on the back of the fleetest steed in Persia, before its fiercest chief.

Zoradine's captor compelled her to swallow an opiate of great power, and soon the wonder and the dread of her situation gave way to an overpowering drowsiness. She slept long and heavily without one gleam of consciousness, whilst every moment was bearing her further away from her glorious home, to dwell a prisoner among those to whom every variety of crime was familiar.

Like one who hath been wasted with a sore and protracted sickness did she return to recollection. All was darkness. "Lilla!" cried she, impatiently, "where art thou?" but no well-known voice answered her. She raised her hand to remove something, she knew not what, which shrouded her face, but was so weak that it required one or two efforts before her touch ascertained that a tight bandage, partly adhering to her brow, was firmly fixed round her head, and covered her eyes. She tried to raise herself, but that was beyond her power. Distrustful of her own identity, she called again, though her accents were tremulous as those of a frightened child. This time she was answered by a coarse loud voice, speaking a mixed language she could scarcely understand. A cold fear came over her. "Where are my father and mother," she asked. A thrill of agony shot across her forehead as she spoke.

"About two hundred leagues from thee," answered the voice.

The individual arose from his seat (she was sure by the voice that it must be a man), and approached the ward pallet here she lay.

"Lie thou still!" he replied roughly, "or we shall tie thee; less service than thou hast been used to must content thee now!" Here a returning feeling of confusion seemed to overwhelm past, present and future in its vortex, and she lost the remainder of his answer.

Days passed away, for her intervals of reason were so short that she knew nothing of the flight of time. At length, after a long stupor, she awoke again; her ideas were clearer. The certainty that she was not at home, but in bad hands, and that she had received a wound, smote on her mind with the full conviction of positive wretchedness; but she made no complaint, and lay weeping silently and bitterly, though by reason of the bandage across her brow, she could not wipe her tears away. After a long interval of mournful thought, and painful fears for the future, she was suddenly startled by the same voice speaking in the same language close beside her.

"The Hakim says she is better, and almost fit to travel."

"Well, Ibrahim," replied another voice, "here we cannot stay for the chance of a ransom: we must take her with us."

"For what purpose, need we be burdened with a sick girl on our flight? she would not bring an asper now were she to be sold for a slave; that cursed horse's hoof of thine has written ugliness upon her face for ever."

Zoradine's tears flowed faster at these words.

"What would'st thou do then, Dilfeng? resumed the first speaker. "Is not thy dagger a sharp one? Give it to me here, I have lost mine in the desert. Schemaleddin shall scrape a hole in the sand for her."

"No, no! hold thy hand,—at least for a few hours."

A voice was here heard at the door of the tent, summoning the robbers, and to her unexpressable thankfulness, they left her side. Again all was silence in the tent. Presently a solitary step approached. Trembling with terror, Zoradine heard it draw near, and doubted not that it announced the approach of her murderer. It was now close beside her, but the blow was delayed, and a voice of no ungentle tone said,—"Alas! I wonder not that one so gently nurtured should here tremble in her sleep."

"Allah!" she sobbed, "has any one pity on me, in this horrid place?"

"Speak low," said her visitor; "thou art in the power of bold and bad men. They say that the fever hath left thee,—thou hast well nigh died of it three weeks ago—and they intend at day-dawn to go from hence, and ———"

"I heard the rest," she whispered in the
lowest tone of horror; "three weeks! Ah! shall I ever see my home again?"

"Hope for the best," answered the voice; "I am a captive like thyself, but if thou hast strength to fly, at midnight" ...... Other voices now approached, and she listened with grief and vague wonder to the retreating step of her comforter. The faint hope of deliverance which his last words seemed to imply, were too much for her feeble frame; and stumped by such contending emotions, she lay still and submitted to the rude tending of her captors, who brought her coarse food more than once in the course of the day.

Hours wore away;—by the cessation of sounds, and by the fresher breath of the air, she was aware of the approach of evening. At length the inhabitants of the tent seemed to have composed themselves to rest, and she presently heard nothing but the deep snoring of those who lay round her.

Whilst she was reflecting upon the mysterious words of her visitor of the morning, she was aware of a very soft footfall close to her bed; an instant afterwards a hand gently touched her brow, and a well-remembered voice whispered into her ear—"Be not afraid, sweet Princess Zoradine—I am come to deliver you," and by the cautious use of some sharp instrument, the bandage was removed from before her eyes.

On what a strange object did she open them! Before her stood a small dwarfish figure, with a huge head and hands, large bright eyes, a cavernous mouth, a brown and uneven complexion, and thin, rusty hair. The figure of the boy, for so he seemed, bent over her, and administered to her some cordial from a small flask. His look was mild and full of pity, and the touch of his hand soft. "Raise yourself quietly," he whispered, and, almost before she was aware, he clasped her firmly in a pair of hard sinewy arms, and stepped lightly over the recumbent Arabs who lay sleeping around. A noble steed was pavin the sand at the door of the tent. Her deliverer sprang upon the animal's back, and, bidding her place her foot on his, she too was in the saddle in an instant. One word, one whisper in the ear of the gallant creature, and away they flew, leaving the stars behind them. There was no pursuit, for it was high day ere the robber chief awoke and missed his fleetest charger, together with Zoradine and Schemaledin.

The Princess Zoradine, thus safely delivered from so great a peril, had not strength to inquire much, and Schemaledin's history was soon told. He had been captured by the robbers at an early age, and for his activity, which had procured him the surname of the "Arrow of the Desert," had been retained among them. But there had been born with him, though his childhood had been one of penury and sickness, a love of civilised life, and he had never ceased longing to separate himself from his captors. He had been unwillingly compelled to accompany them on their marauding expeditions, but vehemently disavowed any participation in their late deed of violence, he having been absent in a contrary direction. From the first, he had meditated Zoradine's deliverance and restoration, trusting thereby that his service might atone for the offences to which he had been forced. He had been prevented from executing his scheme earlier, by the unfortunate accident which had befallen her, and yet which had made his task easier by leaving her comparatively unguarded. She was now, indeed, far from being fit for the journey, and it was only by the constant administration of the wine of Schiraz, a flask of which her thoughtful benefactor had provided, that she was enabled to bear so long and fatiguing a flight.

The King of Persia was sitting disconsolate in his garden, awaiting the return of messengers, but now almost hopeless of their bringing him any good tidings. Suddenly a confused shouting arose from afar. One by one the domestics of the palace stole forth to listen, and the heart-sick mother, who had not breathed the air of heaven since her darling had been taken from her, wrapped herself in her veil, and ascended a turret to ascertain what this might mean. Presently a name was heard, the sound of which sent the blood from her heart and the colour to her cheeks. Regardless of all forms, she rushed into the great court of the palace, and so great was her rapture, that many moments elapsed before she was aware how sadly changed was the stolen one restored to her.

About twelve months after this, the chief of the eunuchs and Zoradine's old nurse, were one evening enjoying the cheap amusement of confidential gossip.

"I knew," said the old woman, "how it would turn out, Haleb; he saved her life at peril of his own."

"True," replied Haleb; "and the reward he expected was doubtless a great one, but the Lord of True Believers has, methinks, been somewhat—ahem!—walls have ears, Lilla."
"I am not afraid," said she, stoutly, "of speaking in my mind, were he even here, sitting between us — been somewhat ungrateful thou wouldst say; but, expected,—'tis all a fabrication! I never saw a modester youth, and you must needs believe that he was in love with the Princess. Some of us may know better,—ahem!" and she wiped her mouth very diplomatically as she spoke.

"Tush, Lilla! thou wouldst not persuade me that he preferred thee, for instance."

"I persuade nothing," she retorted, sharply; "and when such insinuations are cast out against persons of my years and experience it is high time to depart."

"Nay, good Lilla, thou art as sour as an unripe citron this evening; but canst thou tell me whither Schemaleddin has gone?"

"I?—no; why dost thou ask me?"

"Because I can," returned he, importantly. "Thou art not like indiscreet girls, who cannot keep a secret, and therefore I may tell thee: Khalifad sent for him under the cloud of night."

"Pity upon the boy—Allah protect him!" she answered; "he will presently lose all his good looks if that magician once engages him to work among his furnaces and mortars. And to think, she added with a sigh, "how he had improved since he came here. Why, he was growing tall and shapely, and his face somehow seemed changed; poor youth, he will lose it all again!"

"True," said Haleb; "but old Khalifad will not live long. He has not been seen abroad in the city since those cursed robbers, who ran away with the Princess Zoradine, were taken. May perdition seize them! Canst thou believe, Lilla, when thou lookest at her, that she is the same whom so many Princes sought in marriage so short a time ago."

"She is changed in looks, indeed," sighed the nurse, "and, to my thinking, pines and grows worse daily. That terrible scar too across her brow! and his Highness has ceased to care much about her since this young Circassian has promised him an heir. But I must go: be close, good Haleb, and tell no one what thou knowest of Schemaleddin."

The seed of the events whereof these two discoursed, seemed in a few months to spring up. Zoradine's beauty and health decayed daily; she was cared for by few, for her own mother had died within a month after her recovery, and every knee was bent in homage, and every tongue tuned to court the favourite of the hour, the young Circassian. The Princess had time, therefore, in her loneliness, for much painful musing, and, ere long, chagrin so wrought upon her frame, that she fell sick, and was declining so rapidly, in spite of the efforts of the most skilful physicians, that the King, in fear of losing her ere he was secure of an heir, went to her bedside, and swore that any one who could cure her, should receive her hand in reward. So the heralds went and made proclamation of the same up and down the city.

In less than an hour after the royal will had been proclaimed, about sixty applicants of all ages, states, and conditions, appeared at the palace. Khalifad and his new pupil came among the rest, and contrived to gain entrance before all other competitors. The King received the old man with reverence, and so much had Schemaleddin improved in appearance since the soothsayer had received him as an inmate, that he passed unrecognized, and the more easily, as, during his brief sojourn in the King's household, he had been rarely seen and little noticed by his Sovereign. So he passed into the invalid's chamber, while the King and the old man sate in the ante-chamber, talking of former times. Men have said, that the magician, in that brief space, gave the monarch much wise counsel for his future guidance.

In the course of half an hour, the cheerful voice of Zoradine was heard within, declaring that she already felt much better; and so anxious was she to impart the joyful news to her father, that she came forth from her chamber with Schemaleddin, forgetting her veil.

"Then," said the King, "know that this youth is to be thy husband. I have sworn it by my beard; and—nay, no objections—will not depart from my oath. But how is this: a miracle! a miracle!" he shouted joyfully; for, wonder of wonders! the scar was effaced from her brow, and the colour dawned upon her cheeks, which actually looked less spare than they had done an hour before, and laughter was once more dancing in her eyes; in short, with only one draught, one anointing of some cosmetic, and the placing of a certain ring upon her finger, she declared herself to be "well—quite well." And her beauty promised to return with even a brighter luster than of old.

Khalifad looked upon her solemnly, and addressing her father, he said—"The finger of Fate is here. Behold, when I cast the nativity of thy daughter, and the grandson of Aisa, the baker's widow, I foresaw that, on some future day, their destinies were to
LETTERS FROM A LATE ATTACHEÉ. 19

The marriage, of which you express a desire to have some account, has been celebrated with great pomp, and under peculiarly favourable auspices. The event was looked forward to with anxiety, and seems to have consolidated the power of “both houses.” I was this morning awakened, as usual, by music—but music such as I had not previously heard, even in Bavaria, where, on the bugle at least, the very post-boys are Paganins! It was five o’clock. A group of minstrels stood in a circle within the palace gates, chanting a recitative in honour of the day, and communicating a like passion to the whole neighbourhood. At every pause, fresh voices and instruments came in for a share of the festivity, while from an old fort—old as Henry the Fowler—the brazen ordnance joined the burthen, and proclaimed “Joy to the house of Rozenstein!” Flags waved from every eminence, festive melodies and other manifestations of joy continued to multiply, and the day gradually brightening, gave token of happy omens to the multitudes who had so anxiously expected it. I started, and taking my station, for more convenience of observation, in one of the turrets, the whole country around presented one rich, animated panorama. Every road leading to the palace was sprinkled with peasantry, all parading their “holiday best,” and hastening to the scene of festivity. Here and there little squadrons of cavaliers deployed their strength through the openings of the forest, while the heights, commanding the expected line of procession, were already occupied by the youth and beauty of the State. Even the timber-floats lay deserted by their rowers, and moored to the river bank. All occupations seemed thrown aside, and every mind absorbed by the festival which had now called them to its celebration. But, as you know how these things are done at home, allow me to tell you how they are managed in Germany.

The Prince, who, as I have just stated, was lately married to the daughter of a neighbouring potentate—was now, after a short sojourn beyond the frontier, to make his triumphal entrance, conduct his bride to the palace of his ancestors, and present her to the homage of his people. To witness this ceremony more in detail, I joined the procession already on its way to the frontier. At short intervals triumphal arches, thrown across the road, surmounted by flags of “both nations,” and inscribed with loyal sentiments in gold characters, formed an imposing, and, in the bright morning sun, a brilliant feature in the landscape; while mounted heralds and light-armed huzzars, and the shrill bugle notes that summoned each to his post, were full of novelty and animation. The method and arrangement were different from anything of the kind I had yet seen, and, in the distribution of the different parts, resembled the gorgeousness of Gothic ceremony in all its variegated costume and colouring. It was indeed a treat of the highest order to witness so many happy faces, and often amusing to
hear the artless expressions of wonder and delight as the procession advanced through the ranks of forest youths and maidens. All eagerly waited to hear the signal gun that was to announce the passing of the "Rubicon" and the arrival of the fair Princess who was now to confer happiness on the people, and lustre on the reign, of their sovereign.

At eleven o'clock, buzzars, richly caparisoned and at full speed, descended the heights. At a given signal the numerous bodies of landwehr and household troops formed in line, and flanked with the civic authorities, made ready to discharge their several duties. The next instant a salute of artillery broke like distant thunder upon the ear, and from cliff to cliff died away in responsive echoes. This was the signal for which the spectators had waited in anxious suspense, and now all was song, shouting, music, and congratulation. On the higher points of the road, flags were unfurled, bands struck up, bugles answered each other, and at length the prince and his bride appeared in sight, encircled by their court, and receiving at every step the cordial greetings of their assembled subjects. These manifestations of attachment were deeply felt and gratefully acknowledged by the Princess; for while they were flattering to herself, they evinced a loyal enthusiasm in favour of the illustrious husband who, so to speak, approached the hall of his ancestors through the hearts of his people.

Every flower scattered before her seemed a pledge of that "summer of the soul," which hope had promised and fancy so often painted. She was more than once overcome by her feelings; and when the venerable palace-towers first met her eye, closing a magnificent avenue, and gay with festal flags, she seemed lost in admiration of the scene, and turned in mute appeal to the partner who shared her emotion. Addresses from every class of the inhabitants were read, sung, or recited at short intervals; whilst the civil authorities, each in their station, received their new princess with shouts of acclamation and songs of joy. This scene continued with little interruption for several miles, till, at a short distance from the palace gate, the cavalcade was met by a fresh body of ministers and others, forming members of the State Council, who, after a loyal address and every demonstration of welcome, gave place to others—each expressing similar sentiments, and all combining to enhance the great object that had brought every man to his post. The triumphal gate erected at this point was peculiarly handsome, and in symmetry and design did honour to the native talent employed in its erection. Over the principal arch, numerous flags richly emblazoned, and bearing many ingenious devices, waved in cordial welcome; whilst a troop of young girls, dressed in white, and scattering flowers before their royal mistress, mingled their voices in such pleasing harmony, and moved in such graceful measures, that I thought I had never witnessed anything in better taste, even in classic romance. The song, of homely composition, expressed the sentiments in words like these:—

"Wilkommen, Fürstenpaar,
Am hehren Festaltar
Fleh'n wir empor;
Und wünschen glück herab
Von dem, der dich uns gab—
Und sagen steigt herab
Zu unserm Thor," &c.

In the square opposite to the principal church, the "Fürstenpaar" were again met by a fresh troop of civic maidens dressed as nymphs, and priestesses of a handsome Gothic temple erected for the occasion, on the altar of which incense was kept burning, and songs of congratulation were poured forth.—But it would occupy much more space than I am entitled to, were I to particularise the features of the scene as they were presented: I therefore hasten to the evening festivities, to which, from the great preparations that had been made, all seemed to look with high anticipations.

The palace gate was thronged with the elite of this and the neighbouring state, and here the princess was received by a full muster of the "court and camp" authorities, and conducted in great ceremony to the splendid suite of apartments prepared for the occasion. The full band now struck up, and an anthem, composed for this solemnity, had ample justice done to it by the beautiful voices which had been six weeks in training, and now exhibited the full vigour of their melodious powers. The numerous relations and guests who now prepared for the banquet mustered in the great hall, or mixed with the joyous groups who filled the spacious court with their salutations.

At sun-set the business of a general illumination commenced, and in an hour every street presented a blaze of light. Here the variegated lamps were clustered into wreaths of flowers—there they spanned the street in triumphal arches—followed the architectural forms of the buildings—wreathed the columns—hung in festoons from the windows—or sparkled in starry groups through the odoriferous shruberies under which the com-
pany sat or sauntered in admiration of the scene. The paths through the adjoining pleasure-gounds were all thrown into brilliant outline, by rows of lamps hanging in graceful wreaths from the branches, and sprinkled in great profusion through the leaves of the tallest trees.

One object in particular was surrounded by crowds of admirers: it was a temple of Corinthian architecture, the compartments accurately defined, and its most minute tracery marked out by parti-coloured lamps, so that the very clustering of the acanthus leaves round the capitals, seemed as if sculptured in the solid Parian or snowy alabaster. Many thousands of lamps were here exclusively distributed, and with the effect of numerous transparencies—all emblematic of the joyous occasion, presented a spectacle of great classic elegance and fascinating attraction. Bursts of admiration still continued from time to time, to announce some fresh addition to the spectacle, and as we promenaded the streets and avenues opening upon the palace, not a window was to be seen without some appropriate device in lamps and transparencies.

At the market place, wine was liberally distributed, but used by this temperate people in such sparing libations as not to betray a symptom of that inebriety for which the importance of the occasion might have been so plausibly offered as an apology. Whatever their ancestors may have been, to drink “more Palatino” is no longer applicable to the present race, who are habitually sober, even where the incentives to indulgence are strongest. Of the lower orders, beer of an excellent quality is the ordinary beverage, and of this, owing to the universal habit of smoking, there is always a free consumption. While among the higher and highest orders, the light wines of Burgundy, the Rhine, and Neckar, are those in daily use, and only during, never after, meals. I was invited to taste of a favourite quality of hock the other day, which I was told had been several years in the palace care. The cask appeared to give satisfactory evidence as to the antiquity of its contents, for it bore the date of 1683—and I am not permitted to doubt that the wine and cask are coeval, when the owner of his Highness’s cellar has told me they are literally so. At night liberal supplies were furnished from this extensive depot, and the health of the Fürstenpaar pledged with successive flourishes of bugles—“Joy to the House of Rozenstein.”

When the festivities were at the height, the “Fürstenpaar” were announced by a full chorus of music, and, attended by a splendid retinue, left the palace gates, and began their “progress” through the principal street. Nothing could have been better timed, or more gratifying to the longing eyes of the assembled multitude. The royal bride was received with enthusiastic shouts, and as the procession moved slowly along, the open landau showed her to great advantage, equally delighted with, and the delight of all. Flowers of every hue, and shape, and fragrance, were showered in upon her, and it was an object of the highest emulation to attract one smile from her whose smile, as a complimentary bard has just written, “Could save a sinking state!” a question, however, which the flourishing condition of the principality has not made it necessary to test by experiment.

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After a survey of the animated and exhilarating picture of which she was the bright and living centre, the princess retired amid the reiterated plaudits of the multitude, who continued to follow her with all those terms of loyal and endearing attachment for which the German idiom is so peculiarly adapted. The band, in a new and splendid uniform, again struck up in the palace court, and continued to pour forth a succession of melodies framed for the occasion, and uniting all that was refined in sound and sentiment. This was the signal for the commencement of a grand civic ball, as well as various others given by the nobility and officers of the court, and in a few minutes the domestic revels were in full glee. To-morrow the grand ball is to be given at the palace—a theatre is opened with a fresh corps dramatique—and for a month to come the chronicler of this court will be fully occupied in discharging the duties of his office. During the festive proceedings, which I have thus briefly, and I fear very meagrely, recorded, several incidents occurred of a character, too highly dramatic; but nothing has interested me so deeply as the history of a peasant girl, a stranger, who after anxiously following the procession, and exciting no small share of admiration from those of the royal suite, dropped down at length from exhaustion. She has now recovered so far as to relate a story which proves that here, at least, the very spirit of German romance is still in active operation. The greatest attention has been paid to her, and, if I may risk a conjecture, from other motives than those of mere humanity. But at present I can only promise an extract when this mystery shall have been more freely developed.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDETERMINATED ROGUE.
No. XII.

Immediately after having administered a digester to the justice, Dillon and his companions quitted the premises, in order to avoid any unpleasant consequences to themselves for having thus taken the law into their own hands. They determined to get out of the way of the burly functionary, and while his ire was at blood heat, take a trip in the Nancy to the little island. The vessel being always kept ready to put to sea at a moment's warning, they got on board, weighed, and were soon beyond the reach of judicial indignation. She scudded over the indented waters like a thing begotten upon that element which the ingenuity of man has now peopled with multitudes of living souls; for how many thousands are there whose whole lives are passed upon the broad sea, with only a plank between them and destruction, and who enjoy but a few intervals of recreation upon land! The breeze was fresh and rapidly increasing; the lugger was a good sea boat, that defied all weathers, and her hardy crew prepared for a boisterous night.

About midnight, the wind had increased to a gale, which drove the little vessel into the broad Atlantic. The tempest howled fearfully, but she rode over the billows like a dragon of the deep. All her crew were awake—there was no sleeping under such violent commotion. The mast every moment groaned as she flew hissing down the steep sides of the billows into dark grey hollows, that looked like so many graves opened to swallow her up. The waves swept over her deck in such heavy tumbling masses, that every soul on board was obliged to cling to the rigging or to her sides for support; but she bravely dashed off the invading spray with an arm of might, chiding the saucy billows, and thus scattering them into impotent fragments before her bows, as Samson burst the bonds in which he was secured by the artifices of the harlot of Sorek*. The gallant lugger rose high and buoyant above the howling ocean, to new conflicts and new triumphs.

The gale still increased. Almost every wave dashed over the bows of the lugger, and gurgled through the scuttles like wine through the neck of a bottle. The howling of the wind was deafening, the agitation of the sea appalling, and the quick clear intensity of the lightning fearfully menacing; but the trim little vessel rode bravely upon the surface of the gnashing sea, rose with the lightness of a gull upon the crest of every swell of the deep, bounding like a fiery barb on her way, as if she were determined to outstrip the storm in a race that would have baffled the eagle's speed.

"Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the eternal frame;
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar;"

Still the little Nancy "laughs at the vain thunders," and goes merrily on her way.

Not a sail was set, and she scudded under bare poles before the wind. Burrows was stupefied at the scene;—he expressed his terror in loud lamentations. In order to silence the cowardly expression of his fear, the crew shut him into the common cabin, where he rolled into one of the berths, and, shutting his eyes, listened to the howling of the wind, expecting every moment to be buried in a grave where no tombstone would ever record his "hic jacet." The tempest continued for two days, then subsided into a perfect calm. The vessel now lay with her bows gently reposing upon the surface of the sea like a sleeping child upon its mother's bosom.

She had sustained little or no damage during the storm, and when it was fairly over, Burrows crawled from his place of refuge like a toad from its hole to enjoy the fresh breeze, and rejoice in his imagined escape from death. The crew, who despised the dastardly spirit of this worthless man, greeted him with harsh jeers, and made his cowardice the topic of general conversation, till their jeers became so insufferable that he was glad again to retire to the silence of his berth, where he hoped to be allowed to enjoy undisturbed the companionship of his own thoughts. But this did not happen to be within the limits of his good fortune, for every one of the crew who descended into the cabin, taunted him with some bitter gibe, which at length excited his anger to such a degree, that he muttered curses against the whole fraternity of smugglers, swearing in silent bitterness of spirit—for he feared to
make his feelings known—that he would never more put his foot on board ship after he had once again set it on shore.

Dillon had long desired to get rid of him, but knowing his subtle and viperous malice, thought it better to have him on board the lugger whenever she put to sea, in order to obviate any mischief to which his restless spirit would be sure to incline him, were he left alone to the deliberate workings of his own base and brutal mind. The gipsy had frequently murmured at what had been allotted to him as a compensation for services, which in fact were valueless, during the several lucrative voyages made by the Nancy, when she brought home rich cargoes of contraband commodities. She had been so successful, that Dillon had realised a considerable sum of money, which Burrows chose to fancy he had a right to share, and when refused, he expressed his dissatisfaction in such unequivocal terms, that it was evident he entertained hostile intentions. Our hero, therefore, determined to keep him a prisoner on board the lugger until it should be convenient to dismiss him, then set him at liberty, and take the vessel to some other part of the coast. Burrows, notwithstanding his dissatisfaction, had been liberally rewarded for his confederacy with the smugglers, but his brutal propensity to intoxication, in which his wife joined him with extravagant readiness, absorbed every farthing they received, and he was never anything the better for his unmerited gains. The more he squandered, however, the more he desired, and more he determined to have at all hazards.

On the day after the storm, as our hero and his hardy mariners were entering the chaps of the channel, they saw a vessel bearing down upon them, which they suspected to be an enemy. They immediately prepared to receive her. The decks were cleared, the guns charged, and every man on board, save Burrows, was busy in preparing for the expected encounter. The gipsy had a strong instinct of personal safety, and calculating that the shot from an enemy’s guns were less likely to reach him in the hold of the lugger than in the cabin, he repaired to the former place of security, spread a rug between two water casks, and laid himself upon his back, hoping that there the chances of life and death would be as one to a thousand between this and the upper deck. He had never boasted of his bravery, and therefore was not at all ashamed to prove himself a coward. What would he have given to sleep away the noise and terror of the battle—

"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven."

but it sealed not the gipsy’s eyes: he lay upon the floor of the hold, like a porpoise upon a shallow.

When the stranger had approached within about half a mile, she slackened sail, and as the Nancy did not attempt to get away from her, she hove to for some time. It now became evident to Dillon and his men that she was a French privateer. She was a smartly rigged sloop, apparently about eighty or ninety tons burthen, and it was agreed by the crew of the lugger to give her chase in case she should alter her intention of attacking them. The lugger was an admirable sailer, and it was determined, provided the enemy proved an overmatch for her, to attempt to carry her by boarding, or, if that did not turn out feasible, to run away from her after a few broadsides.

After considerable manœuvring, the French sloop suddenly hoisted sail and bore down upon the lugger. Dillon hailed her as she approached, but no answer being given, and as she was about to bring her broadside to bear upon the Nancy, the latter by a skilful manœuvre was brought across her bows, into which she poured the shot from four of her guns. The enemy almost instantly returned the compliment with a broadside, which passed harmlessly over the low deck of the lugger. The sloop was the larger vessel, with a better complement of men and heavier metal, and thus the Nancy fought against great odds; but her crew were resolute, and Dillon, who for the first time had been in a position where his natural courage might display itself to advantage, determined to show that he was behind none of his companions in personal bravery.

The enemy threw a grapnel upon the deck of the Nancy, and for some time they fought hand to hand from the deck of the opposing vessels. The lugger, being much the lower of the two, had the advantage of escaping most of the enemy’s guns, while her own told with terrible effect upon the sloop, at every discharge. The contest was extremely obstinate. The smoke was so dense, that not an object on either deck could be distinguished, except occasionally, when the fire slackened and the wind swept it a

* Ancient Mariner.
moment from the fearful scene, only to be succeeded by new volumes at every fresh discharge of her cannon. Shrouded in the dim atmosphere, the awful effects of the conflict were not visible to those who plied the guns, which were served on both sides with destructive energy. The deck was slippery with blood, but the fierce excitement of the scene rendered the mind comparatively insensible to its horrors. Two of the Nancy’s crew had fallen, and three others were wounded, when our hero determined to board the enemy.

This was no sooner resolved upon than attempted. Dillon seizing a cutlass, leaped over the side into the sloop, followed by several of the most resolute of the Nancy’s crew. Here the struggle was obstinate and bloody for some time, but being overborne by numbers, the Hobgoblin and his followers were forced to retire. They, however, did not yield until three of the enemy had been cut down, Dillon having received a severe sabre cut in his left arm, and one of his men a desperate gash in the head. They were finally forced back into the lugger, followed by the captain of the sloop and several of his crew. The conflict was now renewed with tenfold fury. Dillon, in spite of his wound, engaged the commander of the enemy with a vigour that showed he was not likely to relinquish his liberty but with his life.

“They swapped together, whyll that they swette Wyth swords scharpe and long.”

His wound appeared to give an impulse to his energies. After a brief but sharp conflict, he disarmed his adversary, at the same moment making a blow at him, which the latter avoided by an active movement. Our hero’s weapon came in contact with the breach of one of the guns, and snapped off at the hilt.

Meanwhile the Frenchman had armed himself with a pike, and was advancing towards Dillon with the most determined aspect. Seeing there was not a moment to be lost, our hero sprang upon him, seized him with a firm grasp by the trousers behind, and holding him by the collar, with a sudden swing, literally cast him over the side of the vessel. In his rapid descent, he happened to fall before the mouth of a gun which was discharged at the very moment, and he was severed in two. Four of the enemy who had boarded the Nancy were killed, and the rest were glad to retreat.

As soon as they were on board the grapnels were cut, and the sloop, separating from the lugger, began to sheer off.

The carnage on board the Nancy had been considerable: out of eighteen men four had been killed. The vessel had sustained but little damage. Being so low in the water, most of the shot from the sloop had passed over her. Her rigging was a good deal cut, and a ball had passed through one of her masts. It was a melancholy sight to see the effects of the late encounter. Several of the crew were wounded, two severely. The bodies of the four men who had been killed were laid upon the deck, and Dillon offered up an extemporaneous prayer for their departed souls. He was willing to believe that they were among the elect, since they had been associated with him in a conspiracy to defraud the revenue, and had comported themselves with the most resolute spirit in the late conflict. It was a singular proof of the influence he obtained over the bold fellows by whom his lugger was manned, that he induced them to adopt his Antinomian creed, and in a short time he brought them all into the habit of praying three times a day, as regularly as if they had been reared in the service of the synagogue. He was very plausible in enforcing the doctrines which had so strangely coloured his own life, and as they were anything but disagreeable to the feelings of men to whom self-control was at all times an unpalatable duty, they readily concurred in a creed that allowed them full latitude of action if it were only countervailed by a rigid singularity of belief. Indeed, the more reckless the man, the more readily did he become a convert to the tantalising doctrines of special and absolute predestination. This is generally the case, and it will fully account for the singular fact, that so many knaves are to be found among the professors of extreme creeds. Many people like excitement in religion; they swallow it as they do strong wine, and when the excitement produces mental aberration, as the wine induces drunkenness, no wonder they are guilty of very great solemities in morality.

The first port the lugger made was Falmouth, where she put in to rest. Here the bodies of the men who had been killed in the late fight were taken on shore and buried. They were committed to the earth in the church-yard belonging to a dissenting chapel, where our hero was permitted to perform the funeral service. He gave such a specimen of extemporaneous eloquence in prayer, as quite astonished the by-standers, who deemed him a marvel, and would have elected him on the spot for their minister.
This flattering offer he wisely declined, knowing from experience that smuggling and privateering were far more lucrative employments than preaching the word. He therefore determined to relinquish the honours of the latter for the acquisition of the unrighteous mammon which had lately flowed upon him in such inspiring abundance.

He put Burrows on shore at Falmouth, determining that he would no more be encumbered with such a noisy, worthless fellow, who was not only without a particle of virtue, but likewise without a particle of religion.

"Each village inn had heard the Russian boast,
That he believed in neither God nor ghost;
That when the sod upon the sinner rest,
He like the saint had everlasting rest;
That never priest believed his doctrine true,
But would for profit own himself a Jew,
Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen do;
That fools alone on future worlds rely,
And all who die for faith deserve to die."

The gipsy loudly expostulated against the proceeding, but Dillon silenced him with a threat, gave him money sufficient to take him home upon the top of a stage-coach, then left him muttering threats of vengeance—and he never threatened without the intention at least of putting his threats into execution. He was stung to the quick at being cast on shore, as he said, like a dog, as if unworthy to associate with a parcel of law-breakers, who deserved—such were the half-uttered thoughts of his splanetic humour—had they each a thousand lives, to have every life terminated by a halter. Amidst the sore grievances of which he so bitterly complained, he was not left destitute. He had the means of enjoyment for a few days at least, and true to the habits of his race, was resolved not to stint the measure of it. It was not often that his pocket was encumbered with guineas, and he had no less than four. This was an irresistible temptation, and for a whole week he was drunk without intermission. When the whole of his funds were exhausted, he set out on foot for his home, and begged from town to town, sleeping at night in the fields, and reaching his abode in the cliff after a travel of twelve days, without a farthing in the world. He was now obliged to renew his occupation of itinerant tinker, in order to obtain bread for his starving children. Whatever his gains, whether great or little, they were alike dissipated in brutal indulgences, and his children daily left to provide their own meals from the fields and gardens in the neighbourhood of their cavern dwelling.

As soon as the Nancy was refitted, Dillon quitted Falmouth, intending to proceed to Guernsey and take in his usual cargo of contraband commodities. He had already realised a capital beyond his expectations, and was at this moment a wealthy man; but the love of gain almost invariably increases with the acquisition of it, and he seemed likely to go on increasing his store, until the lust of accumulating wealth should subside, and he should feel the desire to sit down and spend it. The love of enterprise, moreover, stimulated him, and the ardour which his late engagement with the French sloop had roused, gave him a zest for any exercise of his energies, accompanied with peril. As the wind blew strongly down channel, he passed the little island, resolving to cruise about for a day or two, and take his chance of a prize. Should he fall in with anything worth taking, he could dispose of his prize and her cargo at Guernsey, or if not, send her forward, with part of his crew, to the first convenient English port, take in his usual quantity of spirits and other articles, and thus secure himself the chance of a double tide of success. He had now an available crew of only twelve, but these were resolute fellows on whom he could rely, and he had little fear of success should a prize come within his reach.

On the evening of the fourth day after he had quitted Falmouth, a distant sail was discovered through the coming twilight. Observing her course, our hero kept under easy sail in order that he might escape suspicion, resolving to bear down in the direction of the strange vessel so soon as the darkness should cover his motions. Though there was no moon when evening had fully set in, yet the sky was spangled by myriads of stars, the clear light of which being reflected upon the calm bosom of the sea, rendered objects distinguishable to a considerable distance. Dillon shaped his course in the direction which, as it appeared to him, the strange sail was taking, and about midnight perceived her, or some other vessel, looming through the gloom. She was a brig, and her bulk was so magnified to the eye in the imperfect light, that he considered it imprudent to bear down upon her, but advancing within hail, asked, through a trumpet, what she was and whither bound. He received no reply, and perceiving that she immediately hoisted more sail, he prepared to give chase at all hazards. As she sailed heavily, the lugger was soon at her side
The stranger nevertheless did not slacken her course. Dillon still receiving no reply to his inquiries, fired a shot into her. This was answered by a discharge of musquetry from her decks. Our hero now determined to board, but as the brig stood so high above the lugger, this was no easy task to accomplish.

The enemy seemed resolved to make a vigorous defence, though it was evident that they had nothing but small arms on board. The brig had received several shots into her hull from the Nancy's guns, yet she showed no disposition to surrender. The night being calm, they pressed all their sail, and continued to discharge their small-arms, but without effect. Dillon, after several ineffectual attempts to board, at length threw a cord over the shank of an anchor that hung from the enemy's bows, and drawing himself quickly up, leaped upon her deck. He was actively followed by six of his men, and the brig was almost immediately in their possession. Her crew consisted of four men and three lads. He who commanded her, being her owner, made a furious resistance. With the lively energy of a Frenchman he stamped and swore very emphatically, every oath being a most amusing figure of speech, imprecating curses upon Dillon and his men, and making impotent vows of vengeance like an excited maniac. His arms being fast pinioned, he was put in irons and confined below. The prize turned out to be a French vessel from the Brazils with a valuable cargo of hides. She was an easy capture. Not a wound had been given on either side. The brig had received six shots in her hull, but none between wind and water; the damage therefore was easily repaired. Dillon put four of his men on board the prize, with orders to take her immediately into Falmouth. He meanwhile made straight for the island of Guernsey, where the Nancy soon anchored within the pier.

Burrows having by this time reached his cavern dwelling in the cliff, determined to watch the return of the lugger, and, if she brought home a contraband cargo, to inform the revenue officers, by which means he should at once accomplish his revenge and secure half of the penalty. He chuckled with delight at the thought of his late companions losing the profits of their labour, and of seeing them cast into prison. He watched hourly for the Nancy's arrival, expecting that she would return with smuggled goods. Fancying he could all the suspicions of Dillon and his crew by a social behaviour, he resolved to meet them with a show of cordial welcome, and, when he had disarmed their caution, bring the government officers unexpectedly upon them. But he had to deal with a man of calculation as well as of enterprise. Our hero knew the gipsy's malignity too well to be so easy a dupe to such a shallow artifice, and had already calculated what would be its probable effect. He had heard and marked the muttered vows of vengeance. In order to disappoint this, he determined so soon as he should be ready to sail, to weigh anchor about noon, if the wind served, which would bring him to his destination about midnight. A breeze blew just to his mind, and he cast anchor six miles further down the coast than where he was usually in the habit of anchoring. Before dawn the whole cargo was landed and safely disposed of without the slightest suspicion on the part of the vigilant gipsy.

Early that morning the lugger was seen beating up towards the cove, to the delight of Burrows, who fancied he was about to take his enemies in a sure toil. As soon as the Nancy was anchored, Dillon went on shore, and was met by Burrows with a fawning smile of welcome. When asked of his success, he led the gipsy to suppose that he had a rich cargo of spirits and other unlawful commodities, which it was his intention to land at night. Improbable as it was that he would lay at anchor all day with a contraband cargo on board, Burrows swallowed the bait, and immediately posted off to the neighbouring town, where he lodged the necessary information.

Our hero having anticipated this, was fully prepared for the officers when they arrived. The cave in the cliff was first searched, but nothing was found there that could criminate the smugglers. The officers then proceeded to search the vessel. Burrows, in the energy of his delight at the near prospect of accomplishing his revenge, seized the boat, and, leaping on board, beckoned to the officers to follow. Dillon, exasperated at his insolence, grasped him by the collar, and dragging him over the stern, cast him upon the beach. The officers did not interfere, as he had acted without authority. Burrows, enraged at this rough mode of chastisement, got up, and, watching his opportunity, struck Dillon upon the temple with a loaded stick, knocked him down, and repeated the blow with increased severity while the latter was prostrate. The Hobgoblin, though stunned, soon recovered his legs, and catching his coward aggressor by the waistband
and shoulder, with a sudden dexterous swing flung him upon his back into the water, where he would have soon gone to his account, had not the ruffian been rescued from a watery death by the ministers of excise.

The ship underwent a rigid examination, but, to the disappointment of the sharks, as excise officers are significantly called by smugglers, and the bitter vexation of the gipsy, nothing was found in her forbidden by the laws. The anger of Burrows knew no bounds. He stormed and raved like a mad bull. By the next morning his temerity in the cliff was deserted, and no one knew whither he had gone. Phoebe did not accompany him; she still continued at the cottage where she had lately become an inmate, and gained a comfortable subsistence by basket-making. Though the enemy had retreated, Dillon was not without apprehension that he was bent upon mischief, which suspicions were verified in the course of that day. The anger of such a man is not easily appeased.

"Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murther and wantonry seeth,
Bitter despot, with rancorous rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;
And these and many evils more hasst ire,
The swelling spleen and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsy and St. Francis' fire—
Such one was wrath."

On that evening there was a bright moonlight. Our hero was walking on the beach, enjoying the cool breeze, and gazing at the sea upon which the moonbeams danced and glittered in a thousand fantastic radiations. All around was hushed, save by the lulling ripple of the waters upon the strand, which gently interrupted the silence only to make it the more perceptible. It was one of nature's evenings of tranquil solemnity and repose, which never fails to impart to the Christian bosom a sentiment of profound adoration towards the great cause of all this harmony and beauty. Dillon's mind was excited to devotion. As he paced the beach leisurely, he thought upon the extraordinary good fortune with which the Almighty giver of all good had so remarkably signalised his life. Everything had prospered that he had undertaken. His early violations of the law had almost been invariably crowned with success. He had met with the most marvellous escapes, and he could less than ever dissent from the conclusion that he was the object of a special predestination. The arm of Providence was over him, and he felt a confidence that the blessings of a uniform prosperity were to be his. He was already a rich man. His successes of late had been so complete and so rapid, that he was now master of upwards of thirty thousand pounds in the funds, and this store he was likely to increase. His had been a singular life, but so marked, as he thought, by the operation of a predestined agency working to protect and bring it to that final and glorious consummation to which it was pre-ordained, that in the vain confidence of his creed he looked forward to the enjoyment not only of riches, but likewise of honour and length of days. He walked onward musing, but as he passed the rock before the cavern, he saw a sudden flash, a report followed, and he fell bathed in his blood. He became immediately insensible.

Upon recovering his consciousness, he discovered that he was lying in his bed, with Phoebe by his side anxiously gazing upon his pallid countenance, and watching with a lively interest the return of animation. For several moments nothing definite recurred to his mind. He had an indistinct recollection of a flash and a report, but his succeeding insensibility was so immediate that he had no clear perception of what had taken place; yet from the extreme lassitude by which he now felt himself overcome, and from an acute pain in his left side, the truth soon flashed upon his senses that he was desperately wounded.

Upon inquiring how he had been discovered, he was informed by Phoebe that on her return from the town, whither she had been to dispose of her baskets, it being market-day, she had heard the report of a gun or pistol on the beach, and hastening to the spot, suspecting mischief, had discovered him at the foot of the rock before the cavern, weltering in his gore. Having alarmed the neighbouring cottagers, they assisted in bearing him home, when a surgeon was sent for, who, upon examination, found that he had been shot through the body, the ball having passed directly through the lungs. He pronounced the wound to be extremely dangerous, though not positively mortal, and enjoined perfect quiet and a rigid dietetic discipline. It was clear to the mind of our hero that the assassin who had attempted his life was no other than Burrows, who had muttered threats of revenge on the day of his disappointment in searching the Nancy with the officers of excise. Dillon knew of no other person in the world, save the young Oxonian, of whom we have formerly spoken, likely to have acted towards him with such deadly hostility, and that hope of the magistracy was then at Oxford; he consequently could not have been a party to so foul
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDETERMINED ROGUE.

a transaction. Besides, however inveterate his dislike to Dillon, it was scarcely probable that he should be urged to such a sanguinary mode of revenge for a provocation which he had gratuitously called upon himself. The deadly malignity of Burrows was no secret to our hero, who had witnessed it in more instances than one. He determined nevertheless to let the villain escape, and therefore did not utter his suspicions.

For six weeks the wounded man lay struggling between life and death. His sufferings were great, but he bore them with that fortitude to be expected from his resolute and vigorous constitution. He did not for a single instant despair of rising from his bed of suffering to renewed life and to new hopes. Phœbe was his constant attendant. During several days and nights of severe agony she scarcely ever quitted his bedside. It was now that he saw the deep and fervent affection of this amiable girl. She was the saviour of his life. She watched him during the period of extreme suffering with a vigilance that showed how intense an interest she took in his recovery. All his wants were anticipated by her quick perception of them; she read his very thoughts, and ere a wish was uttered it was realised.

"O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and sorrow wring the brow
A ministering angel, thou!"

For at least three weeks his life was despaired of, yet was there no expression of gloomy apprehension to be traced upon her countenance. Her feelings were kept down by the arduous of hope. The satisfaction with which her attentions were received by Dillon gave an ardor to every impulse of her bosom and preserved her from despondency; and, as her beautiful countenance beamed upon the sufferer during the occasional intensity of his pangs, bearing in its eloquent lineaments the legible index of her pure soul's emotions, he was overjoyed to discover that in spite of long neglect, his studied coldness, his rudeness, and his scorn, he still remained the object of her first and only affection. It was impossible to mistake her feelings towards him. Her devotion to him was such as woman could show only to the man in whom her whole affections were absorbed.

When our hero was pronounced out of danger, Phœbe's attentions were not withdrawn. She read to him; she occasionally sang some of those wild strains peculiar to her tribe with a sweetness and expression that more than counterbalanced the absence of high professional skill. He was now always uneasy at her absence, and the knowledge that he had inquired for her with interest never failed to bring her joyously to his bedside. She could not but perceive that his heart was not utterly closed against her. There was a tenderness in every word he addressed to her, in every look he directed towards her, that spoke with a noiseless eloquence not to be misunderstood.

"Phœbe," said Dillon to her one day as she was seated at the foot of his bed, "you have been very kind to me, after so much unkindness on my part towards you. To what am I indebted for such undeserved attention?"

"You have been cold to me, in truth, James, but not unkind; and is it not natural, that, in the hour of peril and of suffering, I should show some attention to one who once saved my life at the risk of his own? Besides, I feel the duty imperative on another account. I cannot withhold from you my suspicions that the assassin who aimed at your life was my own father."

"Why do you suspect this?"

"Because I know the indomitable malignity of his nature, and the intensity of his hatred towards you. I know that he would not be deterred from taking away the life of a fellow-creature in order to accomplish his revenge, and I know of no other man who could be guilty of so black a deed. You are perhaps shocked that I thus speak of a father, but my heart recoils with such strong a revulsion against the idea of a parent that pollutes my very blood with a taint, at the thought of which my soul sickens and recoils, that I feel I am not his child. My nature rebels so earnestly against the tie that it cannot exist. He is not my father, for I could never hate the being really allied to me by so sacred and indissoluble a link of union."

"But have you really any reason for supposing that he is not your father?"

"None but the instinct of a settled and immutable aversion. The warm pulses of a child towards a parent do not beat in this bosom towards him. I feel as if I could exclaim in the words of the poet, with the impulse of an identical sympathy—

'Cold on Canadian cliffs or Minden's plain,
Perhaps the parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent over her babe, her eye dissolved in tear—
The big drops mingled with the milk it drew,
Gave the sad presage of its future years—
A child of misery, baptiz'd in tears.'"

Dillon, when alone after this conversation,
VEVEY AND CLARENS.

By S. A. St. John, Esq.

"Clarens' sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love. The snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-buies sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly; the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks."

LORD BYRON, in his Notes to the third canto of "Childe Harold," compliments Rousseau on the taste and judgment he has displayed in selecting the scene of the "Nouvelle Héloïse"; remarking, however, that the scene itself derives no additional interest from the novel. "If Rousseau had never written, nor lived," observes his lordship, "the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them." But, perhaps, this view of the matter is unphilosophical. The virgin forests and vast savannas of America, however grand or beautiful in themselves, have never, so far as I have been able to discover, inspired any man with a delight or enthusiasm similar in kind or equal in intensity to that which is felt among the stunted olive trees or sun-burnt brushwood on the banks of the Ilyssus. Undoubtedly nature everywhere possesses sufficient beauty to captivate the poetical imagination; but this beauty never bursts with such force and rapture on the heart, as when it happens to be associated with historical or romantic traditions, suggesting ideas of man's heroic fortitude or of woman's love. Therefore, although the world perhaps contains few spots to which nature has been more bounteous than the neighbourhood of Vevey, the pleasure derived from the landscape would probably have been inferior, and less intense, had not Rousseau peopled its woodland recesses and rocky solitary shores with the shadows of beings beautiful, but
erring, yet deriving from the very imperfection of their characters no small portion of the power by which they fascinate the imagination.

Who that has ever set foot in Switzerland can have omitted to go in pilgrimage to Vevey? The heart throbs, the pulse beats quicker, the eyes are spontaneously suffused with a delicious dew, as we draw near the spot which has been rendered, by a powerful master of the passions, sacred to womanhood and to love! Existence, while we remain there, resembles an agreeable dream. Everything which presents itself to the eye—human nature excepted—is surpassing beautiful: the rushing streams, the snow-clad mountains, the broad, blue, placid expanse of waters forming a mirror at their feet, and reflecting, with additional softness, all the loveliness of their forms, all the inimitable brilliance of their tints.

I have resided at Vevey, I have passed through it in various moods of mind—sad and sorrowful, on my way to more distant lands; joyous, elate, triumphant, on my return—but the spell cast over it by the creations of genius never lost one iota of its power. This spell, however, it would perhaps be impossible to translate into words. The fields, the trees, the waters, nay, the whole atmosphere, seems perfumed and hallowed by the presence of her whom we love. It is not, we appear to imagine, the creation of a novelist that forms the connecting link between the external scene and our heart. We seem, on the contrary, to be visiting a spot recently trodden by one well known and beloved in former years, but now snatched from us by death, yet still beloved, and whose mere memory suffices to render sacred in our eyes the spots which, when living, she honoured with her preference.

But the people, as Rousseau has taken care to observe, appear at eternal odds with the scene. Coarse, worldly-minded, repulsive in features and character, they seem like so many excrescences in the landscape—rude aliens, who, by force or fraud, have intruded themselves into a land designed for the reception of their betters. I entered Vevey in the evening, and on the morrow it was market-day. In small country towns, both in France and Switzerland, it is customary for women of all ranks to repair, on these occasions, to the market-place, accompanied by their maids, in order to purchase the necessary provisions for their household. Here, therefore, as in the bazaars of the East, or the opera houses of great capitals, the whole beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood are generally to be met with; not, indeed, decked with jewels, or arrayed in gorgeous costumes, but dressed neatly, and with the evident intention of displaying to the best advantage whatever charms, natural or artificial, they may happen to possess. Accordingly, notwithstanding the caution of Rousseau, I still expected to behold, among the crowd, some youthful representative of Julia or Clara, some face lighted up with sentiment, or bearing the mark and impress of passionate love. Wandering, however, from group to group, and stealing, as I passed, a glimpse of each fair countenance, I discovered with horror that nearly every third woman, young and old, rich and poor, was afflicted with goitre, confirmed or incipient. Descending from thence to the beach, I observed numerous boats, laden with rural produce, from the Valais and Savoy, and thronged with young women, approaching the shore. Here, again, deformity and ugliness had usurped the place of beauty, for, though differing widely from their neighbours both in costume and features, the girls who landed from these picturesque barges exhibited the same swelling in the neck, the same uncouth exterior, and a still more striking absence, perhaps, of that physical manifestation of intellectual beauty which had shocked me in the youthful Vaudoises. A much greater simplicity, however, was observable in their manners. The want of beauty had evidently not soured their temper. Indeed, had they possessed the matchless charms of Helen herself, they could scarcely have laughed more heartily, or appeared on better terms with themselves.

Contentment, arising from a fortunate incapacity to institute comparisons between themselves and the few Englishwomen whom they had beheld, constituted their happiness, by freeing them from the stings of envy.

In the midst of this unsightly multitude, whose appearance and manners were the very antipodes of romance, a few young women of more prepossessing contour might, occasionally, be seen. But these, I was told, were chiefly from Montreux, a hamlet situated at the foot of the Dent de Jaman, a little beyond Clarens, in a situation the most picturesque in all Switzerland. The walk from Vevey to this Alpine village leads through peculiarly lovely scenes, rendered, by romantic reminiscences, still more lovely. Before us are the white towers of Chillon, which, when touched by the mild ray of twilight or the moon, glitter on the edge of
the lake like a star. On the right, St. Gingo and Boveret, near the mouths of the Rhone, thrown accidentally, so to say, among the roots of the Valaisan Alps, are distinguishable between masses of deep verdure, overshadowed by impending precipices, whose rocky flanks, in spring, are slightly sprinkled with snow, while their airy-pointed crests support a weight of unmelting glaciers, and frequently pierce above the stratum of clouds by which the whole base of the ridge is perhaps concealed. These aspiring mountains, sweeping round the eastern extremity of the lake, and separated only by a narrow opening from the Alps of the Pays de Vaud, form an irregular semicircle of rocks, torn by rain torrents into numerous deep ravines, partly clothed with pine-forests, and backed by the pyramidal summits of loftier chains, white, shining, almost transparent, like the unsubstantial vapour which deludes the eye amid the burning wastes of the desert. Towards the close of a summer’s day, a few minutes before the sun descends behind the Jura, the aspect of these mountains and the lake they enshroud is indescribably beautiful. Each peak of snow, each naked granite crag, each distant eminence and bold projection of the cliffs, touched by the magic pencil of light, resembles so many glowing masses of various coloured gems, while the whole surface of the waters, crimsoned by the setting sun, and slightly trembling or quivering beneath the breeze, appears to be converted into an expanse of molten ruby. The features of the landscape vary every instant. Changing rapidly from fiery red to a more subdued tone, the bases of the mountains by degrees grow sombre, while the superior ridges, clothed in eternal snow, losing their rosy tints, assume a spectral paleness, which, during moonlight nights, gives them the appearance of so many clouds, rendered stationary by supernatural agency.

Such are some of the accidents produced by the intermingling of light and shadow, which render delightful the walk by Clares from Vevey to Montreux. Close to the road, on the left hand, is a small green knoll, which, as I passed, was pointed out to me, by a peasant girl, as an interesting spot.

"Voilà, Monsieur, le bosquet de Julie."

"Mais où, mon enfant?" I demanded.

"Il n’y a point d’arbres."

"N’importe, Monsieur: c’est l’endroit où il a existé jadis; c’est là que Saint-Preux a vu Julie pour la première fois."

Thus Rousseau’s romance is regarded on the spot as history; the touching incidents and domestic events he describes have already been converted into traditions, forming an integral part of the popular annals of the district, and, if traced to their source, many other traditions might, perhaps, like the legend of Julie’s Bosquet, be found to rest on comparatively modern inventions. The ignorant peasantry believe, in all countries, without inquiry: and antiquaries, who would be sorry to be thought ignorant, care not to sift too curiously the testimony in favour of a story which may serve as a condiment to flavour their dry disquisitions.

All the rising grounds, in the immediate vicinity of this portion of the lake, are covered with vineyards, which, when in full leaf, very much improve the aspect of the scene. The Vaudois, who, to do them justice, are exceedingly industrious, appear to excel in this species of husbandry. Nothing can be cleaner, or more neat, than these vineyards. Rising terrace above terrace, from the edge of the lake to a considerable height up the slope of the mountain, they form, with their cheerful green and artificial features, an agreeable contrast to the sombre pine forests and naked cliffs towering above. Interspersed at short intervals among these hanging gardens of Lyæus, are cottages with small bosquets of walnut or other unbranched trees, where a stone or wooden seat is generally placed, from which the lover of the picturesque may enjoy a prospect of the lake and the surrounding Alps, the appearance of which varies at every stage of the ascent. Strangers, who visit Vevey in the hurried manner of tourists, know but little of the poetical and romantic beauties of its neighbourhood. Thoroughly to appreciate these, it is necessary to ascend, at different seasons of the year, the verdant eminences about the Château de Blonay, on the one hand, and, on the other, the wood-clad conical summit of Mont Chardonne. The path, when we begin to mount, leads through vineyards and groves, or between unpruned hedge-rows covered with the clustering honeysuckle and other odoriferous plants, beneath which, in the midst of luxuriant grass and wild-flowers wet with dew, are found an abundance of small, bright red strawberries. In a short time all traces of a pathway disappear, and diminutive precipices, clothed with trees and hazel bushes, present themselves, and must be climbed. From the summit of each of these, when the ascent has been achieved, we behold a new and peculiar phasis of the prospect, which continually appears to increase in magnificence.
as we recede further and further from the dwellings of man, and discover fewer indications of art, fewer mementos of the existence of an unimaginative, unimpassioned population, to disturb the tranquillity of our enjoyment.

In the course of the toilsome ascent many spots of unparalleled beauty present themselves. Of these one seemed to resemble, on a small scale, the Garden of Eden, in freshness and beauty. It was a narrow semi-circular terrace, nearly half way up the mountain, surrounded on three sides by lofty pines, and opening in front upon the lake. A tiny streamlet, trickling from the rocks above, made its way unperceived among the rich grass, which it maintained in perpetual verdure, while innumerable jonquils and white mountain-lilies filled the atmosphere with an exquisite fragrance. The bees, attracted by their luxuriant sweets, diffusing themselves murmuring around, alighted in clustering groups on their dewy bells, and crept with apparent delight into the soft chalices. The mere act of breathing, in this beautiful solitary spot, constituted a voluptuous enjoyment, greatly heightened by the character of the objects that presented themselves to the eye in the distance—the pure snowy peaks of the Valais, with its rocks, precipices, forests, and deep green meadows, traversed by the silvery windings of the Rhône.

Such spots are not, indeed, common; but the whole eastern slope of Mont Chardonne is replete with romantic interest. Here the man in whom poetry is a passion and an enjoyment, not a mere pursuit or instrument of amusement, might pass whole days, whole weeks, without enmity, saturating his fancy with those images which unsobered nature alone can inspire. Among the antique pine forests that clothe the precipitous sides and summit of this mountain, he may enjoy a solitude as undisturbed as in the primeval wildnesses of the New World. No trace of cultivation, nothing which can remind us of being in an inhabited country, appears during a walk of many hours; nothing but primitive rocks, brawling torrents, and walls of foliage, which closely surround and hedge us in from the world. On arriving at the summit, we enjoy a panoramic view of unparalleled magnificence, too vast and varied, perhaps, for description, and not to be represented by the pencil, yet distinguished from other Swiss landscapes by very striking characteristics; for it unites, in an extraordinary degree, the elements of softness, and an almost feminine beauty, with those rude, savage, fearful features, from a proper combination of which results the sublime. The Lago Maggiore, with its fairy isles and undulating sunny shores, is better calculated than that of Geneva to charm the soul of a voluptuary; but the superiority of the latter arises from the intermingling of the grand and terrible with the beautiful, in the scenery by which it is surrounded. On one side the eye wanders delighted over the woody eminences, the undulating plains, the verdant valleys of the Pays de Vaud, richly cultivated and dotted with villages and hamlets; on the other arise mountains which spurn the advances of civilisation, and must for ever be allowed to remain unclaimed in the savage domain of nature. Among these rude yet beautiful tints the eye reposes on successive chains of snow peaks and aerial glaciers, tinged with multiform colours, and glittering like diamonds in the sun. To view these dazzling heights, and to experience the desire of exploring at leisure their wild and dangers recesses, which few, even of the natives, ever behold, is generally the same thing. But magnificent as they are, when thus clothed with sunshine, as with a garment, these aspiring mountains seem invested with tenfold grandeur when black storms settle upon them, when loud thunder is heard hallowing above, and the red forked lightning flashes, with terrific brightness, between their peaks. Few of the pleasures derived from the contemplation of brute matter can equal that of watching the progress of an Alpine tempest. The gloom which suddenly overcasts the whole landscape appears to cast its influence over the soul. Stillness, and a silence which may be felt, brood over all things. The clouds, actuated by some invincible laws, hurry from all quarters towards one particular spot, as if endowed with consciousness, and inspired by a secret propensity to be present at the catastrophe. A few heavy, scattered raindrops now begin to fall. The lightning flashes, the thunder mutters in the distance. At length the latter becomes louder, the former more brilliant; the flashes and increasing peaks succeed each other with redoubled rapidity, until the clouds are weighed down to the earth, and the whole terminates in a deluge of rain.

Beneath our feet, on the east bank of the brawling Veveye, is the cottage in which William Hazlitt, attracted thither by the magic eloquence of Rousseau, passed six months of his unfortunate career. Beyond,
at the extremity of the town, towards La Tour-de-Peil, is the house of Edmund Ludlow, who, though constantly menaced by the assassin's dagger, wore away, at Vevey, the remains of an active enthusiastic life; and, extended like a map beneath the eye, is the whole scene of that portion of the "Nouvelle Héloïse," in which the purest natures may safely take an interest, which describes the loves of Julie, while she was yet an object worthy of love. On the opposite side of the lake is Meillerie, from the rocks above which Saint-Preux gazed, in temporary exile, at the dwelling of the Baron d'Etages, and whither he was afterwards driven, with Madame de Wolmar, in a small boat, by an Alpine storm.

Returning to the top of Mont Chardonne itself, we find, in one of the most delightful situations that can be conceived, a chalet, surrounded partly by mouldering woods, partly by pasture grounds, occupying the site of a portion of the ancient forest. All these fields, when I visited the spot, were clothed in the fresh verdure of spring, thickly enamelled with flowers. Several large pines, recently felled, served me and my young companions as seats, and here we ate our mountain fare, fanned by fresh breezes, which finely tempered the heat of the sun, and recounting, as we ate, the various little incidents which had occurred during the ascent. By making round the north-eastern side of the mountain, the summit may be attained, with much less labour, than by climbing up directly from the margin of the Vevey; but half the pleasure would be thus lost, for besides that chalets and farm-houses frequently occur on this side, we miss all the beautiful views that may be enjoyed from the steeper ascent.

RACES AND STAG-HUNT AT CHANTILLY.

(UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.)

Chantilly, May 21, 1835.

Great preparations had been making for the races which took place here, the 17th of this month, on the Pehouse, a small green plain in front of the town, partly surrounded by the forest, now almost in full leaf. Chantilly, during the whole period of preparation, was quite in an up roar. Every house had rooms to let, and nothing else was talked of; the people not being yet used to such things.

The horses, which had been here exercising during more than a month, were for the most part kept in the stables of the late Prince of Conde; a splendid building about six hundred feet in length, and seventy five feet in height, erected after the designs, or, at least, in the style of Mansard. In the centre is a large hall occupying the entire height of the edifice; near the summit a narrow gallery extends round the hall, from which branch off various passages, leading to the departments of the grooms, &c. The rest of the stables, stretching out from either side of the hall, is about forty feet in height, and twenty-five in width.

The horses are placed in little compartments on the side, divided from one another by poles suspended on cords, so that the horse can move them backwards and forwards in turning round. In the hall is a large fountain. This part of the stable alone will hold four hundred horses, independently of the smaller divisions in other parts of the building. One spacious court is surrounded on three sides by coach-houses. Beyond this, towards the East, is the manège, or cour d'équitation, a noble circular court, entered by three lofty arched gateways, and appropriated to the exercising and training of horses. On the right hand is another court containing the kennels, which are capable of holding three hundred dogs. By the side of this is a building, as good, to all outward appearance, as many English gentlemen's houses, which is nothing more nor less than the dogs' kitchen. In it is a room formerly used—for baking the dogs' bread and slaughtering animals for them.

All the jockeys were English, which is, in fact, the case in most parts of France. The horses, however, were all said to have been reared in France or Belgium. English horses were not allowed to run, they having gained so many prizes at Paris and elsewhere, that it is considered useless to contend with them. On the side of the
Palouse near the forest, three elegant pavilions were erected, adorned with pillars of wood, surmounted by prettily carved capitals of the Corinthian order, the whole painted to imitate marble—the central one, separated from the rest, for the princes of the blood and their suite, and opposite to it was the winning post; the others for the public. The platform, on which the courtiers sat to enjoy this spectacle, somewhat unusual in France, was elevated about ten feet above the green sward, and ascended by a flight of steps from behind. An ample crimson curtain, gathered up into festoons, extended along the back of the building, and a piece of tapestry of the same colour, with deep gold fringe, was thrown in front over the balustrade, on which the princes leaned. The figure of a horse’s head, rudely painted, in imitation of the relief of a mettallion, occupied the centre of the pediment. The other pavilions were not very different, except that they had no curtains, and had rows of seats rising in gradations. A Russian prince who resides at Chantilly, took twenty places at one end, and had it divided from the others by a railing; and that he might not be obliged to pass through the profane vulgus, he had also a separate door and a gallery leading from the great staircase. The whole, when completed, appeared more like an edifice designed to outlast the wear and tear of years, than a thing intended merely for the accommodation of a day. The rough temporary seats, run up hastily for the common people, and let at a cheap rate, were well filled. Besides these, there were in different parts of the Palouse, shows, gaming tables, drinking booths, &c. Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall proceed to give a description of the race itself.

The streets, on the morning of the "course," were crowded with carriages, post chaises, cabriolets, carts, wagons, and every conveyance that could be thought of, piled up with people; gentlemen on horseback from Paris, foot-passengers, assed saddled and loaded, and every face seemed merry. The women wore pink ribands in their caps, and gold chains and crosses well arranged upon their necks, goitred or not goitred, and all their store of ornament. Every inn was so full that tables were obliged to be brought into the streets. The top of the royal stables was let out to people to see the races; and the whole space inside the corse was forbidden to be entered unless by carriages and cavaliers who paid,—so that a large plot of ground, which would hold almost half a million of people, was left nearly empty. The carriages, &c., entered from the market place, and ranged themselves in lines in front of the royal pavilion. Many were English, and these could easily be distinguished from the rest. At the western extremity of the green the showmen were stunning you with what they called music, as well as with their bawling, and were answered by the crowd, for the French are great proficients in that science; and there were many persons running about crying—"here is the programme of the royal race at the city of Chantilly." Close at hand the showmen reply—"Come and see the amazing strength of a child five years old, and the young incombustible Saxon." At a short distance, a woman from her shop invited you to come and buy a lottery bill, to gain something at her expense; and in the drinking booths, laughing and singing were heard from those who were taking what Hamlet would have called their "annual rowse."

At about twelve o’clock, the cavalry arrived, with their brazen curasses and steel helmets flashing in the sun, to drive out the unpaying multitude from the inner circle. This was soon effected, though not without great grumbling on the part of the people, who imagined that, on an occasion of this kind, the commune would have liberally thrown open every convenient spot to the public. A national guard was placed at every pole, to second the horsemen in ejecting the crowd. Every moment carriages arrived, and entered the circle, and all around the place was crowded. At about one o’clock the Duke of Orleans, and several of his brothers appeared, upon which the music struck up, and continued playing at intervals during the whole day.

Having secured a convenient place, I impatiently awaited the beginning of the races, which did not commence until about two o’clock, when the seats were all filled. Presently the signal bell was rung, and four horses started, sweeping round the circle, amid the eagerly gazing multitude that pressed forward to catch a glimpse of them over each others’ shoulders. The jockeys were dressed, as usual, in different colours: two red, one white, and one blue. The white urged forward his horse at first, and kept a-head a considerable time, but the others, more prudent, reserved their strength for the last. As soon as they left the starting post, the horsemen within the circle, many of them "knowing ones" from Newmarket, and Corinthians of the first water, put spurs to their
RACES AND STAG-HUNT AT CHANTILLY.

horses, and spreading themselves over the green, came riding, some in this direction, some in that, and seeing the horses pass, spurred back as if with one consent, again resuming their stand near the winning post. Great bets seemed depending; every body appeared to be holding his breath with impatience. The horses disappeared for awhile behind a little hill, and then, near the end, rose again, one of the reds being in front. When there was no longer any chance of a change, to slide into the Epic strain, plain prose being quite unequal to the occasion, then—

"First a murmur rose
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,"

increasing every moment, until at length every one, on the side next the winning post, joined in the shouts; and the echoes, not to be behindhand with them, answered as it went round and round the course, now muttering at the stables, which threw back the sound, and it reverberated in the forest, until it seemed to die away in the distance. Then from the trees the shout was renewed by those who, eager to see the race, had climbed up and hung like great birds from the branches. The true inhabitants of the forest, startled at this unusual clamour, flew from their nests and raised themselves in the air. Then the prize, which was 3,600 francs, was presented by the Duke of Orleans to the winner. We saw the latter, a relation, we opine, of the celebrated Mr. Elves, carrying the cumbrous bag of francs across the green, and having secured it in his strong box, returned once more "to look out for squalls."

As soon as this race was over, the people again endeavoured to enter the inner circle, but were driven back. After causing us to wait a considerable time, there was another race of two rounds for 1,000 francs, given by the city of Chantilly. People now tried to secure themselves a position opposite to the royal pavilion, in which, however, they failed—for, after they had ensconced themselves in a better place, even than that held by the carriages, and were rejoicing at their good luck, there drives me up "a scurvy troop of horse" and dislodges them.

There now followed a race of three rounds, in which a yellow jockey (a Chinese I think) long kept a-head; but he looked behind several times, as if conscious he could not maintain his position long: and his suspicions were well founded, for, in the third round, "the man in red" passed him, and he gradually dropped to the last; and then another shout was raised as they reached the winning post. The prize on this occasion was 2000 francs, given by the King, for the Duke d'Aumale. This was the race of the greatest interest, it being longer and more eagerly contested than the others. The multitude now broke in once more, in spite of the efforts of the soldiery, and filled the inner circle, hastening across to reach the other side; but they lost their labour, not being able to see as well as before: this, however, they did not heed, for the crowd continually increased. But when their ardour was a little abated they began to walk about, and the soldiery galloping up, made as if they would tread on their kibes, but the horses knew well it was but a feint. The people, however, were chary of their heels, and effected their escape. Meanwhile the national guard were also employed in restraining the ardour of the ladies, (speakings of women it may, perhaps, be proper to observe, that if you wish to see beauty you must not go to a French race-course to seek it); one of them endeavouring to intercept a farmer's wife who was desirous of following her lord, she began to exclaim against his "injustices," observing that he had suffered others to pass, and why not her? She succeeded at last.

Two races for smaller prizes followed this. The last, which was called the "Course aux haies," took place late in the evening. This race was performed by English horses alone. In different parts of the course there were piles of faggots, in imitation of hedges and low ones too, over which the horses leaped at full speed. The prize for this was five hundred francs.

This was the conclusion. The princes departed, a long stream of carriages stretched across the Pelouse, and all rode away. During the whole day the soldiers behaved with the greatest civility, and no riots nor accidents happened. In the evening fireworks were exhibited, and all the shops were lighted up, displaying artificial flowers covered with glasses, bows and arrows, and all sorts of playthings. Then were to be seen the gingerbread sellers crying up their gingerbread. The dice were in action, and all sorts of gaming, and the shows continued their drum until very late at night.

On the following day there was a stag-hunt in the forest. This being a spectacle which the good people of Chantilly have not enjoyed since the death of the late Prince of Condé, crowds of people of both sexes,
and all ranks and ages, flocked to behold it. In fact, for some time before the chasseurs arrived, the road leading to the Place de la Table, the centre of the forest, which was the point of rendezvous, resembled a fair,—some hurrying forward—

On horse, on ass, in coaches, or in gigs; others, more pastoral, or more tired, sitting down on the grass by the way-side.

The Place de la Table is a circular open space, in the middle of which, on a rising ground, covered with short grass, is a large stone table, cut out of a single block, which, when struck, emits a sound like a muffled bell. From this point twelve roads diverge, some going deeper into the forest, others leading to the Etangs, the Paris road, or to Chantilly. All the trees are now in leaf; the forest abounds in the beech and the elm; and among the smaller trees the nut is most plentiful; the ground is covered with broom, now in flower; and the cowslip and daisy abound. The cuckoo and wild pigeon are continually heard, and the nightingale sings almost as sweetly by day as by night; which disproves the opinion of Portia, when she says,

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren."

It was one of the first mornings of spring, the sun brightly shining, the air mild and balmy.

When we arrived, we found the place crowded to excess, and among the gay spectators, there was one who had all the appearance of a veritable alderman from the city, but luckily from the city of Paris. All eyes were now directed towards one alley, where the postillion’s whip was heard, and in a few moments the royal carriages, which constituted the grand objects of attraction, drove into the place. The Duke of Orleans and the Duke de Nemours, two fine looking young men, dressed quite in the English style, occupied one carriage, and their suite filled three others. They took off their hats, and bowed repeatedly as they moved through the crowd, and the elder brother spoke occasionally in English with a gentleman who rode near him. Numerous huntsmen and gentlemen on horseback followed the royal carriages. Soon after their arrival they mounted their horses, which had been long waiting for them, and in about half an hour, during which they were joined by many persons, amongst whom figured the Spanish ambassador and several English gentlemen in scarlet coats, set out in search of the deer. The princes, distinguished by their white hats and roide first, then followed the huntsmen, some in the old fashioned French dress, with cocked hats, coats with silver lace, and enormous horns slung over their shoulders, a whip in their hand, and a straight sword by their side. Next to these followed any gentleman who chose. The whole number of chasseurs amounted to not less, perhaps, than three or four hundred. It was, in fact, an exhilarating sight to behold the horsemen hurrying backwards and forwards, the spectators anxiously awaiting the starting of the deer, sometimes shouting as a stray huntsman, in his gay costume, glanced in the distance across some verdant avenue, at others deceived by the appearance of the relay hounds, pouring in crowds, now down one road, and now another, expecting every moment to see the stag spring by.

The dogs were for the most part English, and many of them belonged to the Prince de Wagram, “chasseur acharné,” who was prevented from joining this day’s chase, from having lately sprained his ankle by a fall from his horse while hunting.

Not long after the departure of the princes, some one, by way of hoax, cried out that the deer had been started and had passed the place of rendezvous; upon which, not to miss the sight, the people rushed tumultuously from all sides towards the point indicated, but found, in a short time, that it was only a false alarm. A doe, however, scared by these clamours from her lair, shot across one of the avenues, but was not pursued by the dogs. The larger kinds of game, as the wild boar, the stag, the fallow-deer, &c., are now extremely scanty in this forest; for, after the death of the late Prince of Condé, when his estates became part of the royal domains, the present King issued an order for their almost entire extirpation, alleging as the cause that they destroyed the young trees. Their carcasses were brought into Chantilly by cart-loads.

In about an hour the stag was started in reality, and the huntsmen, according to the good old custom, sought to drive him towards the “Etangs”—large sheets of water, situated in a woody valley, where the game is usually killed; but their endeavours for a time were unavailing, for the noble animal led them round and round, backwards, forwards, through the brushwood, through the avenues and open spaces,—every way but towards the “Etangs”; and when they at last succeeded in forcing him to approach the ponds
the crowds of people assembled on their poplar-shaded margins, terrifying him still more than the dogs, he again broke away and plunged into the thickest parts of the forest.

Conceiving, however, that this must be the spot where the chase would terminate, every person now proceeded towards the Etangs, myself was amongst the rest. On reaching the point I found every nook, causeway, and green bank covered with horsemen and carriages; and the surrounding eminences shaded with large trees, to the growth of which, however, the hungry stony soil is not favourable, were thickly studded with parties of pleasure, eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves.

Patulae sub tegmine fagi.

Among the rest were a number of English boys, exhibiting their natural love of adventure, and astonishing the badauds of Paris, by climbing for sport the most difficult breakneck cliffs.

Not long after, the princes came to the "Château de la Reine Blanche" (a hunting seat of the Condés) to dine, and then again eagerly continued the chase. About four o'clock, I once more traversed the forest, and again the hunt crossed my path, when a gentleman informed me that the deer had passed within forty yards of him long before the hunt came up, and taken refuge in a thick copse, into which the huntsmen had followed him. The sport continued until about eight o'clock at night, when the deer was taken, and carried home in triumph to the stables.

And now, while I write this, "all the world" is gone, workmen are taking down the pavilions, the shows have disappeared, and Chantilly has sunk into the same dulness in which it has been enveloped ever since the death of the last of the Condés, except when some solitary ray of sunshine falls upon it, as it has during the last few days.

H. S.

THE OLD PALACE AT KEW.

Kew, which was heretofore a hamlet to Kingston, and is still included within the manor of Richmond, first became a parish by an act of Parliament passed in 1769. It is of very small extent, and is bounded by the River Thames on the North; by the parish of Mortlake on the East, and by Richmond on the South and West.

Old Kew Palace, commonly called, and better known by the name of Kew House, belonged about the middle of the 17th century, to Richard Bennet, Esq., a gentleman of great wealth and consideration, from whom it descended in marriage with his daughter to the Capel family. About 1730, Frederick, Prince of Wales, admiring the situation, obtained a long lease of the house, and began to make those beautiful alterations and improvements in the gardens, which were afterwards finished by the Princess Dowager, who made this place her residence. After her death, the palace became a favourite retreat of George III, who purchased the freehold. Lord Melcombe, better known as Babbb Dodlington, mentions in his Diary having worked in the walks of the pleasure grounds at Kew on the 27th of February, 1749. He adds, on the 28th, "all of us, men, women, and children, worked at the same place." These grounds are laid out with remarkable taste, and display by artificial arrangement and combination, a variety of scenery, as elaborate in its parts, as delightful in the whole. The eye is attracted by many curious imitations of eastern architecture, designed by Sir William Chambers. On an open space is erected the tower, commonly called the Pagoda. It was begun under the directions of the same architect in the autumn of the year 1761, and covered in the spring of 1762. The design is in imitation of the Chinese Ta b. On entering the garden from the palace, and turning to the left, the first building which appears is the Orangery, or greenhouse. The front extends one hundred and forty-five feet, and the room is one hundred and forty-two feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty-five high.

Situated in an open grove near the Orangery, and in the way to the physic garden, is the temple of the Sun. Its figure is circular but without an attic; and there is a particularity in the entablature, taken from one
of the temples of Balbeck. The order is Corinthian, the columns fluted, and the entablature fully enriched. Over each column on the frieze, are basso relievos, representing lyres and sprigs of laurel; and round the upper part of the cell are suspended festoons of fruits and flowers. The inside of the cell forms a saloon richly finished and gilt. In the centre of its cave is represented the sun, and in the frieze in the compartments, surrounded with bunches of laurel, are displayed the signs of the Zodiac in basso relievo.

Hence we proceed to the Flower Garden. The two sides are enclosed with high trees, and the end facing the principal entrance is occupied by an aviary of vast depth, in which is kept a numerous collection of birds, both foreign and domestic.

The parterre is divided by walks into a great number of beds, where all kinds of beautiful flowers are to be seen; and in its centre stands a basin of water stocked with golden fish. The flower-garden leads to the menagerie, which is of an oval form, and enclosed by a range of pens, or large cages, wherein are kept great numbers of Chinese and Tartarian pheasants, besides many sorts of other large foreign birds. A pleasant pool relieves the scene, from the middle of which rises a pavilion, designed in imitation of a Chinese open Ting, and executed in the year 1760. Near the menagerie stands the temple of Bellona, and passing in the direction of the lake, in a retired solitary walk to the left, is the temple of the god Pan.

Not far from the last-mentioned temple, on an eminence, stands the temple of Eolus; and at the head of the lake, near this temple stands a Chinese octagon building, commonly called the house of Confucius. Its walls and ceiling are painted with grotesque ornaments, and some historical subjects relating to Confucius, with several transactions of the Christian missions in China. A winding walk, on the right of the grove, leads to an open plain, on one side of which, backed by thickets, on a rising ground, is placed a Corinthian colonnade, designed and built in the year 1760, and called the theatre of Augusta.

The temple of Victory is the next building that presents itself to view. It stands upon a hill, and was built in commemoration of the signal victory obtained on the 1st of August 1759, near Minden, by the allied army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, over the French army commanded by Marshal de Contades.

The figure is the circular peripterus; the order Ionic fluted, and richly finished. The cell which commands a pretty view towards Richmond, and likewise over Middlesex, is neatly finished with stucco ornaments. Those in the ceiling represent standards, and other French trophies. The whole was designed and executed soon after the battle which it commemorates.

Near the great pagoda, on a rising ground, backed with thickets, stands the Mosque. The body of the building consists of an octagon saloon in the centre, flanked with two cabinets, finishing with one large and two small domes. The former is crowned with a crescent, and its upright part contains twenty-eight little arches, which give light to the saloon. On the three front sides of the central octagon are three doors, giving entrance to the building, over each of which is an Arabic inscription, in golden characters, extracted from the Alcoran. The minarets are placed at each end of the principal building. The whole exterior decoration is in imitation of Turkish architecture. The interior, however, is not exactly after that style. At the right angles of the room are palm-trees modelled in stucco, painted and varnished with various hues of green, in imitation of nature. At the top they spread and support the dome, represented as formed of reeds bound together with ribands of silk. The cove is supposed to be perforated, and a brilliant sunny sky appears, finely executed by Wilson, the celebrated landscape painter.

In the direction from the Mosque towards the palace, is a Gothic building, and the Gallery of Antiques is an object of great beauty and interest. Continuing your way from the last-mentioned building, near the banks of the lake stands the temple of Arethusa, a small Ionic building of four columns. Near it a bridge is thrown over a narrow channel of water, and leads to the island in the lake. The design is taken from one of Palladio’s wooden bridges. There is nothing very remarkable in its construction, except, perhaps, that it was erected in one night.

Kew appears to have been at all times the favourite retreat of royalty and distinction. In the Harleian collection of MSS. in the British Museum, there is the following paper, containing an account of the preparations made for the reception of Queen Elizabeth by the steward of Sir John Puckering, lord keeper of the great seal at that time on the occasion of her Majesty’s visiting the knight at his house at Kew:—
"Remembrances for furniture at Kew, and for her Majesty’s entertainment, 14th August, 1594.

A memorial of things to be considered of, if her Majesty should come to my lord’s house.

1. The manner of receiving both without the house and within, as well by my lord as my lady.

2. What presents shall be given by my lord, when and by whom it shall be presented, and whether any more than one.

3. The like for my lady.

4. What presents my lord shall bestow of the ladies of the privy chamber or bedchamber, the grooms of the privy chamber, and gentlemen ushers and other officers, clerks of the kitchen, or otherwise.

5. What rewards shall be given to the footmen, gards, and other officers.

6. The purveyed diet for the Queen, wherein are to be used her own cooks, and other officers for that purpose.

7. The diet for the lords and ladies, and some fit place for that purpose specially appointed.

8. The allowance for diet for the footmen and gards.

9. The appointment of my lord’s officers, to attend on their several offices, with sufficient assistants unto them for that time.

10. The ordering of all my lord’s servants for their waiting, both gentlemen and yeomen, and how they shall be sorted to their several offices and places.

11. The proporcyon of diet fitted to each place of service; plate, linen, and silver vessels.

12. To furnish how there will be upon a soddenye provision of all things for that diet made and of the best kinds, and what several persons shall undertake it.

13. As it must be for metes, so in like sorte for bredd, ale, and wynes of all sortes.

14. The like for banknetting stuffs.

15. The swetynynge of the houye in all places by any means.

16. Greet care to be had, and conference with the gentlemen ushers, how her Majesty would be lodged for her best ease and liking, far from heat or noysie of any office near her lodgyng, and how her bed-chamber may be kept free from any noysie near it.

17. My lord’s attendance at her departure from his howse, and his company.

Ladies’ diet for bed-chamber.

Ladies, some lodged byseides ordinarie.

Lord Chamberlayne in the house.

Lord of Essex near, and all his plate from me, and diet for his servants at his lodgyngs.

These arrangements of the worthy steward seemed to have been conducted to the perfect satisfaction of her Majesty, for, as we learn from the Sidney state papers, she honoured my lord keeper with a second visit in the ensuing year. “On Thursday,” says Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, “her Majesty dined at Kew, my lord-keeper’s howse (who lately obtained of her Majesty his sute for 100l. a-yeare land, in fee-farm). Her entertainment for that meale was great and exceeding costly. At her first lighting, she had a fine fanne, with a handle garnisht with diamonds. When she was in the middle way, between the garden-gate and the howse, there came running towards her, one with a nosegay in his hand, and delivered yet unto her with a short well-pened speech. It had in it a very rich jewell, with many pendants of unfield diamonds, valewed at 400l. at least. After dinner, in her privy-chamber, he gave her a faire pair of virginals. For her bed-chamber he presented her with a fine gown and juppin, which things were pleasing to her highness; and to grace his lordship the more, she, of herself, tooke from him a salt, a spoune, and a forke of fair agate.”

We must not forget to mention the celebrated exotic garden at Kew, established in the year 1760, by the Princess Dowager. In consequence of the increase of the collection, it was found necessary to build a new house, one hundred and ten feet in length, for the reception of African plants only.
THE COURT.

The King's weekly levees, and the Drawing-room held by the Queen at St. James's Palace, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, have scarcely interrupted the festivity which has marked the continuance of the court at that most magnificent of all regal dwellings, Windsor Castle. Two of the fêtes, which have been honoured by the royal presence, deserve especial notice; the Eton Montem, and the "grand day," as it is appropriately denominated, at Ascot. The attendance of nobility and gentry at the Scholastic festival, was exceedingly numerous and elegant; the ceremony, which is unique in its style, passed off with unusual eclat, and afforded the utmost satisfaction and entertainment to the Etonians, and their distinguished patrons and friends.

The more popular assemblage on the third day of Ascot races, was also unusually brilliant. The passage of the Queen and her cortége, without military attendants, through the seemingly countless throngs assembled on the course, was at once the most elegant and primitive of royal progresses. Her Majesty was greeted with affectionate and respectful demonstrations of regard on her way to and from the royal stand. The King was prevented from enjoying the excellent sport which the races afforded on the 18th, his Majesty having been graciously pleased to honour the Duke of Wellington with his presence at the Waterloo Banquet, held at Apsley House on that evening.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


No work that Mr. Bulwer ever wrote is better calculated to show the bent and capabilities of his powerful mind, than the volumes before us, which are a reprint, in a collective form, of some of his contributions to the periodical literature of the day. These papers, written at different periods and under different feelings, all evince the same noble tendency—the improvement of the human mind; and though they are works of eloquence and of passion—which, by-the-by, are inseparable—though, as Mr. Bulwer tells us, they address the sentiment rather than the intellect, still they carry with them, even in their strongest glow of feeling, a natural and overpowering logic, which, whilst it kindles the imagination, strikes with sweet and grateful vibration upon the understanding. We have read many of these papers in the "New Monthly Magazine," and we have re-perused them with equal delight in these volumes, because the mind of the author is one whose workings we love to watch and to follow in its more serious and contemplative moods, and because these papers must have been read over and over again before the heart and intellect can find nothing left to kindle a fresh emotion or induce a new train of thought. If Dr. Johnson, as an essayist, knocks you down with a club,—that is to say, handles his subject so powerfully, so fully, and so peremptorily that you have not a word to reply,—Mr. Bulwer, by appearing rather to persuade than to discuss, leads you equally on to conviction, but leaves you the
satisfaction of believing that you have made the discovery yourself. In the first case, you shut the book with an admission that nothing more could be said—that all has been done for you by an intellectual superior with whom you must not dare to argue, and who seems to keep you at an immeasurable distance; the mind therefore sinks into apathy and inaction,—the trouble of thinking further is unnecessary.

With Mr. Bulwer, on the contrary, you hang upon a word or a thought; you work it out with your own intellect. He entices you to discuss with him, to try his conclusions by the test of your own reason. He seems your friend and companion—he affects not to be your superior; and you are gratified that he treats you as a rational being. Throughout these papers there breathes a moral strain, a spirit of pure and lofty philosophy that fully refutes the calumny so often cast upon Mr. Bulwer by jealous contemporaries or political opponents, of his wanting such feelings. His mind leads him into the most noble and lofty speculations regarding the ultimate destiny of man, and the mode of reaching that destiny; whilst the development of these thoughts is given with so touching a pathos, with an eloquence so earnest, that you love the man as you admire the writer.

We have much more to say, but our limits force us to forbear; besides, we are bound to give an extract, as a specimen of the work.

We have accordingly selected one from the first conversation of the "New Phædo," and we trust that the lofty nature of the subject, exclusive of any other merit, will render it acceptable to our readers.

"It seems to me a singular thing that, among persons about to die, we note so little of that anxious, intense, restless curiosity to know what will await them beyond the grave, which, with me, is powerful enough to conquer regret. Even those most resigned to God, and the most assured of Revelation, know not, nor can dream, of the nature of the life, of the happiness, prepared for them. They know not how the senses are to be refined and sublimated into the faculties of a spirit; they know not how they shall live, and move, and have their being; they know not whom they shall see, nor what they shall hear; they know not the colour, the capacity of the glories with which they are to be brought face to face. Among the many mansions, which is to be theirs? All this, the matter of grand and of no irreverent conjecture—all this, it seems to me, so natural to revolve—all this I revolve so often, that the conjecture incorporates itself into a passion, and I am impatient to pass the Ebon Gate, and be lord of the Eternal Secret. Thus, as I approach nearer to death, nature and the face of things assume a more solemn and august aspect. I look upon the leaves, and the grass, and the water, with a sentiment that is scarcely mournful, and yet I know not what else it may be called, for it is deep, grave, and passionate, though scarcely sad. I desire, as I look on those, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether, indeed, such things I shall see no more; whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould; whether, in the strange land that knoweth neither season nor labour, there will not be, among all its glories, something familiar; whether the heart will not recognise somewhat that it has known, somewhat of 'the blessed household tones,' somewhat of that which the clay loved and the spirit is reluctant to disavow.

Besides, to one who, like us, has made a thirst and a first love of knowledge, what intensity as well as divinity is there in that peculiar curiosity which relates to the extent of the knowledge we are to acquire! What, after all, is Heaven but a transition from dim guesses and blind struggling with a mysterious and adverse fate, to the fulness of all wisdom—from ignorance, in a word, to knowledge, but knowledge of what order? Thus, even books have something weird and mystic in their speculations, which, some years ago, my spirit was too encumbered with its frame to recognise—for what of those speculations shall be true—what false? How far has our wisdom gone towards the areana of a true morality; how near has some daring and erratic reason approached to the secret of circulating happiness round the world? Shall He, whom we now contemn as a visionary, be discovered to have been the inspired prophet of our blinded and deafened race; and shall He, whom we now honour as the lofty saint or the profound teacher, be levelled to the propagator and sanctifier of narrow prejudices; the reasoner in a little angle of the great and scarce-discovered universe of truth; the moral Chinese, supposing that his empire fills the map of the world, and placing under an interdict the improvements of a nobler enlightenment?"

"I am not referring to the herd, whether of one faith or another, or of none. I have often pleased myself with recalling an anecdote of Fuseli, a wonderful man, whose capacities in this world were only a tithe part developed; in every thing of his, in his writings as well as his paintings, you see the mighty intellect struggling forth with labour and pain, and with only a partial success; and feeling this himself—feeling this contest between the glorious design and the crippled power—i can readily penetrate into his meaning in the reply I am about to repeat. Some coxcomb said to him, 'Do you really believe, Mr. Fuseli, that I have a soul?'—'I don't know, Sir,' said Fuseli, 'whether you have a soul or not, but,
by God! I know that I have." And really, were it not for the glorious and all-circling compassion expressed by our faith, it would be a little difficult to imagine that the soul, that title-deed to immortality, were equal in all—equal in the dull, unawakened clod of flesh which performs the offices that preserves itself, and no more, and in the bright and winged natures with which we sometimes exalt our own, and which seem to have nothing human about them but the garments (to use the Athenian’s familiar metaphor,) which they wear away. You will smile at my pedantry, but one of the greatest pleasures I anticipate in arriving at home, as the Moravian sectarians so endearingly call Heaven—is to see Plato, and learn if he had ever rested, as he himself imagined, and I am willing to believe, in a brighter world before he descend ed to this. So bewitching is the study of that divine and most Christian genius, that I have often felt a sort of jealous envy of those commentators who have devoted years to the contemplation of that mystic and unearthly philosopher."

The Enthusiast, altered from the German of C. Spindler.

This is the fourteenth volume of the Library of Romance, edited by Leitch Ritchie. We have already expressed our opinion of Spindler as a writer. The present purports to be not a translation but a version of Spindler's work, and to say the truth, the alterations have been pretty extensive. We are not prepared to admit that they are judicious. We should have preferred this novel as Spindler wrote it. Alterations in the works of imagination produced by master-minds are often far from being improvements. We have not forgotten that in this same Library of Romance one of Victor Hugo's romances was altered and curtailed, and thereby rendered a tame and spiritless imitation of a most powerful original. "The Enthusiast," however, is well worth a perusal, especially to those unable to read the German original.

Journal, by Frances Anne Butler. 2 vols.

For the sake of Mrs. Butler's family, more especially of her highly-gifted sister, who is about to appear before the public as a singer, and to display powers capable of placing her some day on a line with Mrs. Billington—we deeply lament the publication of this book. When the author appeared but a few years since as an actress upon the boards at Covent Garden, a prestige was attached to her name: she was the daughter of a Kemble, the niece of a Siddons, and the public, moved by old and thrilling associations, were willing, in their enthusiasm, to attribute to her the united excellence of her whole family. As an actress she had certainly great talents, but these talents were over-rated, as were also her intellectual and literary powers. A tragedy, evincing nothing of originality, but made up principally from the writings of the old English dramatists—a work offering a sort of mosaic badly put together, of stage trickery, obsolete expressions, and borrowed thoughts, was cried up as the production of the highest order of genius. We alone, at that period, protested that it was not so; since then, others have assented to our opinion, and Miss Fanny Kemble's talents as a dramatic writer are now much more accurately appreciated. This over-praise, proceeding no doubt from a kindly feeling to all who bear the name of Kemble, has been productive of much mischief to the object of it. Without it, she would probably have been less flippant, and more careful of public opinion; the book which it is now our duty to censure, would have been seen the light, and we should never have known or guessed that one quarter of the vulgarity of thought and expression, contained in these two volumes, could have proceeded from any well educated British female. But in charity we will forbear; we grieve much more than we are angered at this injudicious publication; for it is lamentable to see so young a person, and a woman too, blighting with her own hand, the laurels she had gathered.

Villiers, a Tale of the last Century. 3 Vols.

"Villiers" is a very good specimen of that class of ephemeral novels that live for a season and are then forgotten. These volumes are admirably calculated to enable a fair lady to loll away an hour or two upon a sofa in her boudoir during the intolerable heats of the season, when both mind and body are so relaxed as to be incapable of serious exertion. The style is not inelegant, and the story is bustling.

The Captive, a Tale of the War of Guienne. By the Author of "The Pilgrim Brothers." 3 vols.

This belongs to a somewhat better class of novels than the preceding, inasmuch as it displays a considerable degree of historical research, and infinitely more power. The story is well conceived, and very creditably wrought out, and the characters are not unskilfully drawn. The writer holds out very good promise, and if he but persevere and get rid of those little blemishes arising from literary inexperience, he will, no doubt, take his stand among the good novelists of the day.
Fortitude, a Tale by Mrs. Hoffland.

A very neat, unpretending, and well-written little volume, which we earnestly recommend to our young and fair readers, as likely to interest and amuse them, besides inculcating principles calculated to make them good wives and mothers.

Daily Meditations and Readings for the Young, by the Author of "A Mother's Sermons. Vol. I.

An excellent little book, which we most earnestly recommend to mothers of families. It is written in the true spirit of Christian piety, unshackled by sectarian feeling, and is excellently well calculated for the moral and religious improvement of young people.

Rosabel, a novel, by the Authoress of Constance. 3 Vols.

We find a good deal of talent in this production, although there is rather too great a strain at fine writing. The fair authoress terms the goth "the fierce demon of voluptuousness," but she also gives a receipt for ejecting this demon from the foot of the patient, and driving him into the Red Sea. "A pound of garlic boiled in strong good beef tea; to be taken at intervals of two to four hours. Those who take it once never have the goit again," said Lady Louvaine, imperiously. Let not the fair novel readers who have confidence in our recommendations fail to peruse Rosabel: it will repay the labour by kindling that excitement of their sympathies, without which a novel misses its object.

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We have already given our opinion of this beautiful work, which proceeds with the same talent with which it began; nay, if possible, it improves as it advances. We sincerely hope that Dr. Beattie will perform the same service for Germany and Italy that he has done for Switzerland; a work will then exist which ought to form part of every English gentleman's library.


This is an extremely interesting work, and does Lieutenant Allen the greatest credit. The lithographs are well executed, and the views extremely correct; for the latter we can personally vouch, having ourselves visited the island of Ascension.

The Artist; or Young Ladies' Instructor in Ornamental Painting, Drawing, &c. By B. F. Gandee.

This pretty little volume is well worthy the attention of young ladies, though we enter our protest against one of the things which Mr. Gandee professes to teach, namely manufacturing ornamented articles for fancy fairs. We consider these pretended charitable undertakings to be a great abuse of the word charity, besides being a detriment to hundreds of industrious artisans. If ladies really wish to be charitable, let them send money, and not become the competitors of those who live by manufacturing such objects.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. A series of Views in the British Channel. Part I.

The name of Mr. Stanfield is sufficient for the success of a work like the present, containing a series of views taken by him, and engraved by some of the best artists the country affords. We call the attention of our readers to this work.

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VARIEIES.

Diorama.—A picture is now exhibiting at this establishment, containing effects the most extraordinary ever produced by painting, and which would lead to the inference, were the contrary not evident to the spectator, that mechanical means were employed quite foreign to the art. But the picture is painted upon a flat surface of canvas, whilst every change that takes place, passes before his eyes, and is effected by management of light and colour alone. The picture represents the interior of the church of Santa Croce at Florence. The nave and aisles are at first seen lighted up with all the splendour of an Italian sunshine at mid-day. The light then begins gradually to subside. It fades by slow degrees from the windows, until at length the building is involved in the gloom of twilight; the light still
decreases, and ultimately the darkness of midnight falls upon the whole scene. At this moment a funeral procession of monks bearing torches passes through a distant aisle, and the building is again involved in darkness. On a sudden the church is lighted up with candelabras and chandeliers, and the whole picture presents the strong contrasts and peculiar character and colour produced by artificial light. The chairs in the church, which were before empty and placed one upon the other appear now in rows; each holding a devotee. The effect of the candlelight, especially upon the tomb of Michael Angelo, is admirable. The bell for the elevation of the host is now heard, the organ peals forth its solemn vibrations, and the illusion is complete. Mass being over, the candles disappear, the church is again involved in gloom, until daylight by slow degrees steals through the windows, and the building, after undergoing each gradation between the dawn and mid-day sunshine, resumes its first appearance.

The other picture is a beautiful representation of the Campo Vaccino at Rome.

The artist, who has produced these effects, as extraordinary as they are novel, is the Chevalier Bouton, a French artist of high celebrity, and the original inventor of the Diorama.

CONCERTS.—The last novelties at the Philharmonic concerts, are the performance on the violin, of our old favourite De Beriot, and that of M. Servais on the violoncello. The former is too well known for us to say more, than that he played admirably, and was received with great enthusiasm. Of the latter we shall say a few words. We had often heard, on the continent, of the extraordinary skill of this young man upon the violoncello, but what we never suspected was his great power of tone, which Lindley himself was the very first to tell us of, as he is always the first to bring forward and encourage every young performer of talent and promise upon his own instrument. Let us say, en passant, that if every professor would imitate the liberal and kind-hearted Lindley, the art would be a great gainer. M. Servais's performance at the Philharmonic evinced a firmness and command of mechanism quite wonderful. No difficulty is beyond his reach, and he seems to attain even the impossible. His appearance is graceful, his playing very poetical, and the expression he gives is heightened by a certain undulation or softness of body produced by deep feeling. The elegance of his mode of bowing completes the picture. Unfortunately, like all foreign players, he used a thinly strung instrument, and thereby did not give the full intensity of tone which he can command. But he has since discovered that without the least detriment to his execution, he can use the thicker strings which give Lindley such a volume of tone, and we are informed that he intends to adopt Lindley's mode of stringing in future, He will then bematchless.

The best concert of the season was that given on the 30th of May, by Signor and Madame Garcia, assisted by their gifted sister Malibran, and by all the great talent now in the country. The Polacca in "I Puritani," was delightful sung by Mademoiselle Grisi, and Signori Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini; so was Cimarosa's trio "Le faccio un inchino," by Mses Malibran and Garcia, and Mademoiselle Grisi. Mr. Baumann cannot be too highly praised for his beautiful solo on the bassoon, nor Miss Mayer for her admirable performance on the piano-forte. De Beriot also played his solo as he always plays; and he and Madame Malibran gave a beautiful and striking specimen of their powers in the "Cadence du diable" (Tartini's dream) by Pernron. Towards the close of the concert, the "San Anton," by Garcia (Signor Garcia's father), was sung by Mses Malibran and Garcia, Signori Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache. This piece, full of poetry and original effect, was formerly very successful in this country, during the lifetime of the gifted composer.

We must also notice a concert given by Mr. F. Romer and Mr. Baker, the latter gentleman a late pupil of the Academy of Music, and possessing talents likely to lead him to a high station in his art. The great attractions of this concert were Mademoiselle Grisi and Miss E. Romer. Mr. Baker performed with good execution and taste, a solo on the violin, by Mayseder. We shall revert to this young gentleman on some future occasion.

Of Mr. Bocca's concert, comprising his "voyage musical," we can only say that, if this gentleman has very great talents and genius, which we admit he has, he takes the greatest possible pains to make the world believe him a quick.

On the 25th ult. Mr. Eliason's concert took place at the residence of Dr. Elliotson, in Conduit-street. The beneficiary himself played with much expression an "Adagio sentimentale a Allegretto" of his own composition, and we are bound to say that the work evinces great and original genius. A duet on the piano-forte was beautifully given by Messrs. Herz and Edward Shulz. Mr. Lewy also surprised and delighted us by a solo on the chromatic horn. In the vocal department were Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Bruce, Signori Rubini, Ivanoff, and Tamburini, and Mr. Balfe, the latter a gentleman of high talent, whom a residence in Italy, whence he is just arrived, has rendered a first-rate singer.
LADY TREVELLAN.

Inscribed in the Court Register of 1733 by Alexander Bannatyne, 17th Earl of Clan-bane.

By H. Lonsdale, mezzotint, after C. pizza.
Lady Trevelyan is the wife of Sir John
Trevelyan, baronet, and daughter of the late
Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, baronet, of
East Bourne, in the county of Sussex.

The house of Wilson, that of her ladyship,
is a branch of an ancient Yorkshire family,
founded by

Thomas Wilson, Esq., who was seated
at Elton, in the county of York, in the year
1250. From this Thomas lineally descended,

John Wilson, Esq., who espoused Maud,
daughter and heir of William Smith, Esq.,
of Dringhousen, near York, and had a son,

John Wilson, Esq. This gentleman,
being educated for the profession of the law,
came to London, and, after living there some
time, removed into Sussex, where he settled
in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth,
at Sheffield House, and held various offices
of public trust under that monarch and
her successors. On the 9th of May 1633,
he was sworn at Sheffield a justice of
the peace for the county of Sussex, an
office at that time more highly esteemed
than at present. He was also for many
years associated with the chief gentry of
the county as one of the King’s commissio-
ners for the contribution towards the repair
of St. Paul’s Cathedral. He married Mary,
second daughter of Thomas Gardiner, Esq.,
of London, master of the Fine Office, and
dying in 1640, left, with other issue, a third
and eldest surviving son,

William Wilson, Esq., a distinguished
adherent of the royal cause during the civil
wars. In 1639, Mr. Wilson joined the first
expedition into the North, to suppress the
insurrection, and was with the king at New-
castle and Berwick. On the 18th of April
of the same year, he received a warrant
from the principal secretary of state, directed
to all sheriffs, mayors, &c., setting forth
“that he was to make his speedy repair to
Berwick, &c., and, on sight thereof, they
should furnish him with three able post
horses, and sufficient guides to the said
town and back again, on peril,” &c. After
the battle of Worcester, in 1651, when
Charles II. made his escape into Sussex,
this gentleman’s loyalty was so well known,
that he received a letter acquainting him
with his Majesty’s condition, and the inten-
tion of the monarch to seek an asylum in
his house, should he meet with interruption
on his embarkation at Brighthelmstone. In
1653, Mr. Wilson, contrary to his own wish,
was elected high sheriff of the county of
Sussex. During the Commonwealth, though
living much retired, he rendered himself
suspected of promoting the interests of the
King. At the command of Cromwell, Lieu-
tenant Hopkins was despatched with a
detachment of horse to East Bourne Place,
to seize and secure his person, doubting in
order to have him prosecuted as a delinquent.
Fortunately for himself and family, he was
at the time so much weakened by a fit of ill-
ness, that a removal would have endangered
his life. Having, moreover, notice of their
approach, he caused his letters and papers
to be secreted, and thus on finding nothing
that might add weight to the accusation, or
increase their suspicions, the principal ends
of his unwelcome visitors were defeated.
His wife being related to some person at the
head of affairs, strenuously and successfully
exerted her interest, so that her husband escaped the danger that threatened him, and lived to see the restoration. Shortly after this great event, he was appointed a justice of the peace, and, on the 4th of March 1660, created a baronet. He died the 9th of December 1685. Sir Thomas Wilson may be regarded a true specimen of the English country gentleman. At East Bourne he kept a hospitable house, combining the care of an economist, with the munificence that became a baronet. He married Mary, daughter of Francis Haddon, Esq., of East Haddon, in the county of Northampton, by whom he left, with other issue, a son and successor.

Sir William, second baronet, who wedded Richard, second daughter of Richard Pocock, Esq., of Northend, Middlesex. By her he had, with other issue, a son, William, who died before his father, leaving by his wife, Jane, only daughter and heir of Nicholas Townley, Esq., barrister at law, an only son.

Sir William, third baronet, who succeeded his grandfather in 1718, and died, unmarried, 23rd June 1723, when the title, and greater part of the fortune, reverted to his cousin.

Sir Thomas, fourth baronet, grandson of Sir William, the first baronet, through his fourth son, Thomas Wilson, Esq., by Anne, daughter of George Courthorpe, Esq., of Wadhurst, in Sussex. Sir Thomas espoused Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Hutchinson, of Uckfield, in Sussex, and by her had two sons,

Edward, his successor,

Thomas, who inherited at the decease of his brother.

Sir Thomas died 6th October 1759, and was succeeded by his elder son,

Sir Edward Wilson, fifth baronet. This gentleman, who was a fellow of the Anti-quarian Society, died unmarried 1st of June 1760, when the title devolved upon his brother.

Sir Thomas Spencer, sixth baronet, a lieutenant-general in the army, and colonel of the 50th regiment of foot. Sir Thomas entered the army early in life, and was wounded at the battle of Laval, in Flanders. He was one of the officers who received from Prince Ferdinand a public expression of thanks for the valour they displayed at the battle of Minden. Sir Thomas married, in June 1767, Jane, only daughter and heir of John Badger Weller, Esq., of Hornchurch, in Essex, by whom he had issue,

Thomas Maryon, his successor.

Maria, of whom presently.

Margaretta Elizabeth, married 1st of March 1787, to Charles George, present Lord Arden.

Jane, married first in August 1790, to the Right Hon. Spencer Percival (assassinated in 1812), by whom she had several children; and secondly, in 1815, to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Carr, K.C.B.

Sir Thomas died in 1798, and was succeeded by his only son.

Sir Thomas Maryon, seventh baronet. This gentleman married in Oct. 1799. Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. James Smith, R.N. and dying 22nd July, 1821, was succeeded by his eldest son Sir Thomas Maryon, eighth and present baronet.

The eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Spencer, the sixth baronet, Maria, the subject of this month's portrait, was married in August 1791, to Sir John Trevelyon, baronet, of Nettlecombe, in the county of Somerset.

SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDES.

Departed greatness,—how its relics fill
Imagination's mirror!—Glorious hall,
Hung with the banner, sword, and shield, and spear,
And many a cuirass, helmet, gauntlet, spur;
The coat of mail, whose ringlets echo still;
The breastplate, dented by the axe's fall;
The mouldering crest, that once on high could rear
Its proud defiance at the trumpet's stir;
Oh! what an age of gorgeous show was thine!
What busy enterprise,—what daring feats—
What beating passion in the field to shine,
Then live upon the past in rural seats:—
While the bold castle's vaulted roofs should ring,
As minstrels of the by-gone dangers sing!
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE
CHARLES MATHEWS.

I CANNOT help thinking that the contemporaries of a truly distinguished man, like the late Charles Mathews, owe it no less to posterity than to themselves, to put on record their impressions and opinions concerning him, as early after his decease as propriety will admit; because then, and then only, can they perform the pleasingly painful task under the direct influence of that personal regret for his loss which invariably renders our feelings respecting the powers and pretensions that we are to estimate, in a fitting condition, as to warmth and intensity, to form our estimate broadly and justly:—for it may be given as a critical axiom, that no just and enlightened verdict can be obtained on the general character of a truly great and original artist in any department of art, unless the inquiry be instituted and executed in a spirit of admiring regard, rather than of petty and peddling investigation. In a great individual work of art, whether it be a poem, a picture, a musical composition, or a dramatic performance, a critic may be able to see, and not unwilling to point out, the minutest features of error or defect in its details, without impeaching or impairing his powers of duly appreciating its greatness or its beauty as a whole. But, in estimating the general character and pretensions of a great artist it is different. Those to whom the trifling faults and failures of such a man, are present topics of actual memory and feeling, when the actual occasions of that feeling are not present to call it forth, must not pretend to offer a large and liberal estimate of his general powers and their general results. A shrewd observer of the bad parts of our nature has said, that "there is something not absolutely displeasing to us in the misfortunes even of our dearest friends:"—and in a certain sense and to a certain degree, the axiom is true. How much more true is it, then, if applied to the errors and deficiencies of those who, without the redeeming qualities of being our personal friends, are so immeasurably above us in certain intellectual qualities and acquirements, that we should be almost tempted to look upon them as belonging to a superior grade of being, if we were not able to reduce them, in certain particulars, even below our own level! The truth is, that the "Fears of the brave, and fulness of the wise," are anything but themes of regret to the mass of fools and cowards who make up the majority of those on whom contemporary fame depends. This is the reason why no really great man was ever duly and fairly appreciated during his life-time. He is as much over-lauded by his friends and partisans, as he is depreciated by his enemies and enviers; and, between the two, his real powers and pretensions escape record altogether, and are left to be either painfully worked out as a literary problem by those who cannot if they would take a personal interest in the matter, or suffered to remain a moot point for ever.

But there is one favourable moment at which the contemporaries of a great man may, if they will, do him a degree of justice that shall endure while he is remembered;—as relates to the late Charles Mathews, that moment is the present. That his recent death has "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," is even more true than it was of the still greater genius of whom it was first said: for Garrick belonged to England exclusively—almost to London; whereas Mathews (thanks to the modern improvements in locomotion), was as well known and as highly appreciated in every considerable town from the Orkneys to the Land's End, as he was in the metropolis; and as much "at home" in the New World as in the old. And while our regret for the loss of such a man as this, at a time of life too when his powers and faculties were in their fullest vigour, is still fresh upon us, it is not in human nature to feel the presence of those deteriorating errors and deficiencies which, while we do feel them, deprive us of the faculty (even where it may otherwise exist), of doing full justice to his real greatness.

It must not be supposed, from the foregoing remarks, that I am about to attempt a general estimate of Mathew's powers and pretensions as a great original artist. Nothing can be further from my purpose—which is merely that of offering a few of those
materials for such an estimate as in the present case could be obtained only through a lengthened intercourse and personal intimacy in private life; and also a few of those desultory and merely personal recollections which cannot be expected to include any other merit and attraction than that of relating to a man about whom all the world—at any rate all the world speaking the same tongue—must at one time or other have felt an anxious interest. Before proceeding to do this, however, I must be allowed to say a few words as to the station which the subject of my Recollections held, and was entitled to hold in the eyes of his contemporaries and of posterity.

It may be confidently stated (though certainly not "without the fear of contradiction," for the assertion will meet with as many denials as it may happen to number actors among its readers), that of all the dramatic artists of our own day, that is, of the last five and twenty years, not a single name will go down to posterity as that of an original genius and a great artist united, except those of Edmund Kean in one department of their art, and of Charles Mathews in the other. The period in question has been more than the Augustan era of our literature and art, in every individual department of them, only excepting the drama. But in that, both acted and written, it has been a blank, beautified by one spot of brightness only in each department of its acted portion; and in the written portion of it, by not one.

It is of course to be understood, that I refer John Kemble, and his illustrious sister, to the period which is past. Looking therefore, at our own day exclusively, Macready is a splendid artist, who occasionally produces results that have never been and cannot be surpassed. But he is a great artist only, not a man of genius; and his reputation will not survive his death in anything like its present fulness. Nor has he any right to complain of this, even if he should put faith in the prophecy—which I hope he will not. His reputation is not a jot disproportioned to his merits. He is not merely the best, beyond comparison, of living tragedians, but he is the only living actor who deserves to be so designated, or can be so designated without a feeling almost amounting to the ridiculous, in the eyes of those who entertain an adequate notion of the phrase; for a tragedian is one who does embody and sustain the great and noble conceptions of his art, as set forth by the poet, not one who merely seeks or pretends to do so. But Macready, owes his just and well-deserved fame, to having embodied and beautified the conceptions of a man inferior to himself, Mr. Sheridan Knowles; whereas, Sarah Siddons, John Kemble, and Kean, did this for Shakespeare! When Macready can do for Shakespeare what he has done for Sheridan Knowles, he may claim to rank with the noble actors just named; but not before. He may do this, and, in doing it, defeat my prophecy—for he is still in the prime of life—and none will be more delighted than I shall to see it defeated.

As a comic actor, Farren holds precisely the same position that Macready does, as a tragedian. As an artist, it is impossible to over-rate him: it is even difficult to do him common justice as such, without using terms that must have the appearance of being too unconfined and unqualified in their commendation to be consistent with the restriction by which we must accompany them. For my own part, I do not believe that so accomplished, exquisite, and complete an artist ever before illustrated the stage, among those of its ornaments (and they have been many and distinguished), who have wanted that genius for their art which can as little be imitated as it can be attained. All that art can do without the aid of genius—in other words, without a direct endowment, and as it were, an injunction from nature, to avouch what is done—Farren does; and an infinity that genius could never do without the aid and companionship of art. But he never performs a single character deserving to be so called, that a keen observer of the mysterious limits of demarcation between the two kingdoms of Nature and of Art, may not in every scene perceive the innumerable and apparently Lilliputian lines that bind him inextricably to the latter.

Among the other dramatic artists of our day, I do not know that the general pretensions of any one of them, claim even a passing mention, in the point of view in which I am now glancing at them, except Young, Charles Kemble, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Fanny Kemble. Of Young, we retain an impression like that which you receive from the outline of a beautiful picture, or the echo of a noble sound: it is vox, et pretiosa nihil. He was to a really great actor what a mere popular declaimer is to a great orator. His acting was the very ideal of common-place; and his great success was not in spite of this, but because of it.—Charles Kemble was, and is, much more and much better
than this. He is a man of quick intelligence and cultivated taste, who sees and appreciates the powers and qualities of his art, and the beautiful and noble results that may be educed from it; but he himself can produce imitations of those results merely, not the living and breathing reality. The consequence is, that his performance of any great character, that of Hamlet for example, bears the same sort of relation to the performance of his late brother, that the plaster cast of an antique statue does to the original marble. It is so like the thing you require, that it is difficult indeed to point out in what the difference consists. But, if you are familiar with the original, you feel that difference in every point and at every look. Charles Kemble's performances of Shakspeare may be compared with the snow-formed Florizel in Spenser, which was very beautiful to look at, and had very much the air of actual life; but when the real Florizel came into presence, it melted away and disappeared.

Miss O'Neil may expect her name to be remembered only by those who saw and wept with her. The exquisite and unequalled beauties of her acting were of so delicate and evanescent a nature, that they faded, and as it were evaporated, like the tears of which they were chiefly compounded. In short, she was a creature made up of smiles and tears; not an actress or an artist, but a living and loving woman. In that her secret consisted; in that her power and her attraction began, and in that they ended. As an ideal and an emanation of the feminine character, in its fairest and most affecting point of view, she has never been equalled on the stage. But in the recesses of private life, every one of us is acquainted with such a woman. The wonder, the miracle, in Miss O'Neil's case was, that she could wear such qualities, unimpaired and unpolluted, on a public stage.

Of Miss Fanny Kemble I am loth to speak. Not that Mrs. Butler is a lady with whom there is any occasion to mince matters. But I have a feeling about Miss Kemble's first performance of Juliet, that even the ill-fitting wig and the missing dagger of her friend, Mr. Keppele, have not been able to divest me of.* I confess I have tried to get rid of the weakness; for one does not like to be cajoled out of one's sympathy, and then laughed at and scorned for feeling and expressing it. I was, it is true, at the time I speak of, one of those unhappy persons of whom Mrs. Butler has, as I understand, taken so many occasions of expressing, in her apparently† clever and amusing Journal, so lively an aversion, "a newspaper critic." Nay, to make a clear conscience of it at once, I will confess to the "hard impeachment" of being one among those few of that vituperated fraternity, whom Mrs. Butler must be supposed to hold in especial "abhorrence," as having been "asked to dinner" by her father. But I cannot think that this accident disentitles me to speak of her (late) name as a matter of dramatic history, which it has now unhappily become. I must say, then, that whatever Miss Kemble might have been, she is and will be, a blot upon the annals of her noble and beautiful art; since she exhibits, in the person of a woman too, the discordant (not to call it the disgusting) picture, of one of the most promising and successful of its professors, and one bearing, upon the whole, the brightest name in the English branch of its annals, treating of that art as if it were the lowest and most sordid of mechanical trades; holding up its members (herself and family by implication alone excepted), to public ridicule and contempt, as if she really knew them to be the "rogues and vagabonds" which the law proclaims them; and (worst of all!) disclosing its secrets to the gaze of vulgar wonder and merriment,—"plucking out the very heart of its mystery,"—as if for the sole purpose of proclaiming to "an enlightened public," that the whole thing is a paltry puppet-show trick, fit only to draw money from the pockets of stage-stricken shopmen, and tears from the eyes of sentimental waiting-maids. It is to be hoped, for the sake of all parties, that a similar vicesitude of worldly fortune to that which brought Mrs. Butler on the stage, may never happen to call her back to it. For if it should, of this I can assure her, that when, in the last death-struggle of the heart-stricken Juliet, she flings herself despairingly upon the body of her dead lover, the recollection of Miss Fanny Kemble's "where the devil is your dagger, sir?"‡ will mingle (most unmusically) with the swan-like song of Shakespeare's favourite heroine; and the curtain will fall upon her shame rather than her triumph.

I repeat then—of all the dramatic artists

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* See Mrs. Butler's Journal.  
† If I speak doubtfully, it is because I have only seen extracts from it.  
‡ See Mrs. Butler's Journal.
of our own times, the only two whose names will be handed down to posterity as
men of really original genius—whose performances were actual creations, which, but
for them, would never have existed—are Edmund Kean and Charles Mathews.

To those who agree in this opinion, no excuse will be required for offering such
personal recollections (however slight and desultory), of one of those distinguished men,
as a very defective memory in details, and a total absence of all notes or memoranda
on the subject, will enable me to set down.

My first acquaintance with Mathews arose out of circumstances connected with a very
characteristic feature of his mental habits. He was an ambitious and a proud man,
though not (as I have often heard it alleged of him by some of his “good
natured friends”), a vain man. He was too proud, and too confident of his gifts and
powers, to be vain. But proud and ambitious as he was—courted and feted as he
everywhere found himself by the highest of the land, even by royalty itself—there was
no society in which, apparently, he took such real and unalloyed pleasure as in that which
he himself selected and carefully assorted at his own house, or which was ready
selected to his hands on certain periodical occasions, to which he always looked forward
with undisguised eagerness and satisfaction. The two most conspicuous of these
circumstances were the Epsom and Ascot race weeks—chiefly the former; and it was at one
of these social parties arranged for the Epsom week at Box-hill, that I first met him. I had,
in conjunction with three other friends, engaged beds and stalls for the whole of the races, and we were to assemble from our
several quarters on the Wednesday evening preceding the great day of the Oaks. But I had
not been at the ground on the Wednesday, and did not arrive at Box-hill from
town till the middle of the night; conse-
quently I did not make my appearance at the breakfast table till a somewhat unseasonable
hour for such an occasion, when all the rest of the party were thinking of preparing to
start for the course. On coming down I was agreeably surprised to find Mathews in the
room, and to learn that he had joined our little party at the invitation of one of its
members, and would spend that and the next day with us.

I have observed, that the first interview with a remarkable man, however insigni-
cant the circumstances of it may be, always fixes those circumstances on the memory
more vividly than any subsequent facts con-

nected with the same person. The reason
is, no doubt, to be found in the more impres-
sible condition of the mind under the excite-
ment of the new feeling it has imbibed.

Though fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed,
I remember as if it were yesterday, the pre-
cise spot of the room where Mathews sat
when I first entered it; the nature, and al-
most the very words, of our first introduction and greeting; the position of every body else
in the room; and even the clothes that some
of us wore.

My first impression of Mathews’s per-
sonal habits and bearing, as exhibited at this
first interview, was not favourable, or I
should perhaps rather say, that it was not
personally agreeable to myself; for, in all
other respects, it was precisely such as I
should have wished and expected to receive
of such a man, seen under such circum-
cstances. It is to be remarked, that the party
were, none of them, his personal intimates,
or in the remotest degree connected with his
professional habits and life; (with the
exception of the person who introduced him)
they were all men much younger than himself;
and that, with the exception just named, he met them all for the first time.
Perhaps the most noticeable feature in Ma-
thews’s private bearing was one which can
only be described negatively: it was less like
that of an actor than is the case with any
other that I have ever had occasion to ob-
serve. I never knew an actor, except Ma-
thews, who was not much more of an actor
in the miscellaneous intercourse of private
life than on the stage, whose bearing and
manner were not more essentially artificial,
more obviously “put on” for the occasion,
whatever that might be. I am convinced
that actors in general, (and I speak of the
good ones, the most justly distinguished in
their several departments of the art,) are in-
finity more self-possessed, more at home and
at ease, more “themselves,” as the phrase is,
in any one of their favourite parts on the
stage, than they are in even the most fami-
liar intercourse of private life, much less
on occasions where they are in some degree
“on their good behaviour.” To speak par-
doxically, a thorough-paced actor is never
himself but when he is somebody else. He
is of “imagination all compact;” and when
he is on the scene, with an admiring audi-
cence before him, who man, woman, and
child, are rapt and absorbed in his merits
and attractions (as, indeed, all audiences are
at all times, with respect to every individual
actor and actress on the scene, from the
hero and heroine of the piece, down to the
plainest figurante or the poorest supernumerary
! and he, meanwhile, is a monarch
amid his guards, a lover alone with his mistres,
or a cobbler whistling to himself in his
stall, as the case may be; under these cir-
cumstances, I say, a really good actor is a
natural man, and he feels, and moves, and
thinks, and speaks as such. But the instant
he passes the side-scene, he has slipped into
an element not his own; and even though
alone in the recesses of his own dressing-
room, he is the most artificial creature in the
world. In the intercourse of private life, I
have never seen an actor or actress, except
Mathews, who did not answer to this de-
scription. The attire of their minds and
manners is made up of "lendings;" they are
"sophisticate;" they are constrained by their
perpetual desire to seem at ease merely be-
cause they feel that they are not so; like
Dame Quickly, they are "neither fish nor
flesh," and you "know not where to have
them." This must, I should think, make an
habitual intercourse with them the greatest
bore in the world.

Mathews had little or nothing of this in
private life. He was not merely a gentle-
man; though he was essentially that—but he
was a thoroughly natural man, entering into
and enjoying the society of his fellow-men
as an object of immediate personal interest
and observation, but without the smallest
apparent reference to anything beyond these.
And so far from there being anything about
him of that courtier-like air, at second
hand, which is the characteristic of the first
abord of most actors, there was a coldness
and reserve about him almost amounting to
the repellant. He was evidently very shy
of making a new acquaintance at all, at and
after the period at which I first became ac-
quainted with him; and as to a new friend,
the phrase seemed to have the sound to him
of a contradiction in terms. This leads me
to speak of the first mental characteristic
that I had occasion to observe as prevalent
in Mathews, the result, as I conceive, of
intellectual qualities and habits that I shall
endeavour to illustrate hereafter, and on
which some of the chief excellencies of his
powers as a dramatic artist depended. He
had an extreme and painful distrust of man-
kind, a morbid and melancholy want of faith
in human goodness, which, being intimately
connected, and even partly caused, as it un-
doubtedly was, by an affectionate warmth of
heart and an intense sympathy with his
kind, that could not be surpassed, occasioned
a perpetual struggle between his real nature
and that which the circumstances of his life
had grafted on it, till he knew not which to
abide by, or act upon. Mathews was, in
fact the most tender-hearted of misanthropes.
He would deprecate and denounce human
nature, with tears of sympathy for it in his
eyes; he would proclaim his settled belief
in the utter selfishness of the human heart,
while his own was yearning for an oppor-
tunity of sacrificing his feelings and in-
terest to those of the few who were still dear
to him. It has always been my belief that
Mathews's whole intellectual life, the life, I
mean, of his own secret bosom, was one con-
tinued struggle and contradiction between
the two incompatible theories of human
nature, involved in the feelings I have just
referred to; and the result of that struggle
was, in the latter years of his life especially,
a morbid melancholy, that hung upon his life
like a blight, and preyed upon and subverted
all the sources of his intellectual enjoyment,
save only that paramount one of seeing and
hearing himself greeted by assembled thou-
-sands, as the purveyor of their enjoyment,
and feeling, at every burst of mingled merit
and applause, which his wonderful perfor-
mances occasioned, that he deserved the
greeting. From a long and careful, because
a deeply interested observation of this part
of Mathews's intellectual character, I am
satisfied that his premature death was greatly
hastened, if not altogether brought about,
by his perpetual fears and misgivings as to
this latter source of intellectual excitement
and gratification suddenly and prematurely
failing him; not from any failure in his own
powers, of which he had no fear, but from a
change in the public taste, or a deficiency in
the materials of his entertainments, or the
advent of some fortunate rival or competitor;
from any cause in short but the only one
which could, and ultimately did occasion
the failure,—namely a too strong and in-
tense desire for the continuance, and if pos-
sible, the increase of the supply, and the
corresponding fear of its cessation. It was
this fear and desire united which caused the
lengthened paroxysm of nervous irritability,
amounting to a condition of mental as well
as bodily disease, which invariably preceded
the bringing forward of each of his new en-
tertainments. These, by inducing a con-
stant state of nervous excitement, and
making it a habit rather than an acci-
dent of his bodily and mental condition,
gradually undermined his constitution. Fi-
nally, they induced his last unhappy voyage to America, and thus became the actual cause of his premature death, the proximate causes of which undoubtedly were, first, the shattering effects of a dreadful voyage out; then the redoubled anxiety as to his reception and success under the temporarily impaired state of his powers and resources at the moment when that success was to be achieved; thirdly, the frightful certainty which soon presented itself, that his constitution had really received a serious blow by this unhappy adventure; and lastly, after several vain and exhausting attempts to perform with his accustomed vigour and success, his abandonment of the undertaking in despair, and his troublesome and unfavourable passage home.

As I have touched on this (to me) most painful portion of my topic, somewhat out of its place, I will (so to speak) relieve my mind of this part of my Recollections of Mathews at once, by alluding to the circumstances attending a sort of presentiment I felt, that his second visit to America would end fatally. I must here state that circumstances (to which, as they are extremely characteristic of the man, I shall have occasion to allude in detail hereafter) had, after twelve or thirteen years of unbroken intimacy, caused a separation between Mathews and myself for more than four years;—a separation which, on my part, had been (I confess) studiously maintained, from a feeling (I must also confess), that I was the party to whom by far the greater portion of the blame was due, in the circumstances which caused our separation. But when I learned that he was going to America, and that his wife was to accompany him, the presentiment which (as I have said), arose out of this information, pressed upon me in a manner not to be resisted; and, after much hesitation with myself, I wrote a note to Mrs. Mathews, saying that I should call at their house on such or such a day, (for I resided in the country) in the belief that, notwithstanding what had passed, I should not be refused the gratification of taking leave of her at least before they left England. On the last of the days named, I called in Great Russell-street, having in the interim received such a reply to my letter as, knowing the party to whom it was addressed, I had looked for the rather that I knew I had no right to expect it. I went on the last of the days named by me, and found that Mathews had waited at home to see me till a late hour on that and each of the two or three preceding days; that he was very anxious for the meeting; and that there was but one day to intervene between that and their departure. I of course went to town the next day to see him; equally “of course” (for it is my insurmountable and unpardonable foible), I was two hours after the time I had been expected; he had left the house a few minutes before I reached it, to make the last arrangements for their departure, and I never saw him again!

I shall never cease to feel regret at this circumstance; for, in a pretty extensive intercourse with all classes of men, I do not call to mind one whose personal character has excited in me a stronger union of interest and regard that of the late Charles Mathews.

P.

(The betrothed; or, the last of the antonij.

By Dr. William Brattif.

But what dark phantoms now emerge
From the dread gulf, and cross the light,
Appearing on its fearfull verge
Each like an armed sprite!

Joanna Baillie.

A sudden thunder-storm, accompanied with the usual phenomena—but rendered doubly appalling by reverberation among the numerous caverns which opened on our path—compelled us to deviate from the more immediate object of the day’s excursion, and take shelter in the monastery of S. Giacomo. Here we were kindly welcomed and invited to the refectory, where delicious figs, oranges, and other fruits of the climate, freshly gathered, were set before us with much kind hospitality and pressing invitations to cou-
continue our visit till the storm had entirely subsided. In this respect our suspense was only brief; for the storm, like most others in a southern climate, was more remarkable for its violence than its duration. Again the sun shone forth—the clouds rolled away to the mountain tops—the thunder died and softened into faint and distant echoes—the forests waved with a fresher verdure—and the evening came on with that bright and beautiful serenity, which was felt the more, as forming so striking a contrast with the storm that had so lately driven us into our present shelter. The situation and character of the place now developed to our eyes a new world, where the piety within harmonised sweetly with the tranquil and attractive scenery greeting us from without.

The orange trees which skirted the open corridor, mingled their leaves and odour with the brighter tints of the lemon, where the fruit of the past, the blossoms of the present, and the buds of the coming year, met on the same branch, and exhaled their delicious perfume together. The enclosing amphitheatre of hills rose by insensible gradations till their blue summits melted away in the sky. But here and there a bold rock or rugged precipice threw force and variety into the natural landscape, while a ruined chapel, a turreted chateau, or a grey monastery with its campanile in the centre, gave mixed tokens of feudal and religious splendour. Relics of antiquity hung beatling over the cliff. At its base, washed by the sea, the little harbour of Pragli received the feluccas of Leghorn, Elba, and Ajaccio within its arms; while along the sparkling beach a flourishing colony of pescatori lay basking like lizards in their native sun, or drying their nets on the rocks. Some were returning to, others reposing from, their labour. Women and children, exempted by their climate from the "weighty matters" of dress, gave pleasing evidence of that happiness which free exercise of the tongue on one hand, and of the limbs on the other, may confer on their several possessors. It was impossible, indeed, to decide, whether the tongues of the mothers or the feet of their little darlings ran fastest. Their costume, though scanty, was of bright colours, and in the distance had a gay and festive appearance—so much so that to those not given to unnecessary scrutiny, some of the rural donnezelle might have passed for ladies of honour at a court drawing-room.

To view the picture more in detail, I mixed with the village population on the beach, who had come forth to enjoy the delightful transition from storm to sunshine. The eagerness with which they crowded—mothers as well as daughters, round an itinerant picture of the Madonna, which a pilgrim from the opposite coast of Tuscany exhibited for a bajoc, showed that each had something to ask—something well known to the Madonna—but which she cared not that another should know. One alone—the most interesting in figure and expression of the whole group, sat pensive; and although she looked wistfully, and often, towards the little waxen shrine, was apparently withheld by considerations which no one seemed to appreciate. Once or twice, indeed, she made a step towards the pilgrim, but suddenly checking herself, again sat down, or stood hesitatingly in the rear of her comrades.

It would be tedious to notice the circuitous method I took to ascertain the cause. But I longed to see this isolated being as happy as her comrades; and after many questions, delicately evaded on her part, yet perseveringly renewed on my own, she confessed at last that she was too poor to purchase the Madonna's blessing, even with a bajoc!—and that none of her comrades, she knew, had one to spare. So richly endowed by nature, and so destitute of this world's wealth, she blushed—hesitated—as I offered to frank her to the shrine, and received the stranger's mite with reluctance, yet with an expression of gratitude which far outmeasured the gift. The next instant the bajoc was in the pilgrim's hand, and the little votary kneeling with clasped hands before the now smiling Madonna. I felt as if I had never till this moment known the luxury of money, or how small a proportion of that often squandered material may elicit the most pleasing emotions. But I will not venture on the beaten tract of sentiment—that plausible substitute for feeling—but endeavoured, to the best of my recollection, to relate the sequel. I may briefly state, however, that her father, early distinguished as an officer in the revolution, but subsequently its victim, had left her and her mother to the compassionate care of a proud and distant relation, who had ill discharged the trust.

Three years after this I happened to visit the same spot. It was a festival, and the favourite saint, who had protected the pescatori from a thousand wrecks, was again to hear the songs and thanksgivings of his votaries, as the grateful payment of last year's account. The zig-zag paths which intersected the olive-covered rocks, were crowded with those who descended the moun-
tained, and those who ascended from the beach—for the shrine was intermediate; and by means of its lofty crucifix, rudely carved, served as a landmark which drew its votaries from every point of the compass, and kept its eye equally on sea and shore. Garland, lamps, and a thousand varieties of votive offerings, were profusely employed to convince S. Giallo that the lamps were brighter, the garlands fresher, the little painted storia better finished, the votive offerings more numerous, and, in short, that the homage now presented to him was more fervent than that presented to any other saint in the island. Therefore, his friendly interpositions, thus fairly remunerated, were engaged for another year, when it was expected, as a thing of course—a compact tacitly, but mutually, understood—that, in all cases of shipwreck, he would take advantage of the circumstance tostrew the coast with a few foreign bales now and then, and supply their own craft with some undiscovered bed of coral, "for beads to pray by."

But the numberless prayers addressed to S. Giallo were not all of this worldly cast. Some, as they presented their offering of flowers, spoke legibly enough the language of paradise, and which, as it is affirmed, makes a paradise of earth. S. Giallo, like a politic sovereign, showed no partiality on the occasion—at least to the general observer—yet some affirmed that he certainly smiled once, nodded twice, but frowned like a thunder-cloud when a certain well-known functionary approached. This functionary was the famous Ladrone Nicolai, who, so often enriched the sovereign at the expense of the saints—or, in other words, had stripped the convent to emblish the court. But the court having forgotten his loyal services, he was anxious to recommend himself once more to S. Giallo, by a show of piety; and by joining in every procession of the island, hoped for a niche at last in the temple of the faithful, so as to leave an earthly and enduring witness of his royal master's ingratitude. But it was at least doubtful whether S. Giallo would become a party in the concern. The prayers of an impoverished functionary have only leaden wings.

Among the groups of dark-eyed contadina now assembled for the performance of this pious drama, I looked in vain for the little heroine who had interested me so much on my former visit to the same romantic spot. The procession formed, passed, and proceeded up the acclivity, chanting the praises of the beneficent S. Giallo, but she was not among the youthful companions who now presented themselves before the shrine. Still, however, considering the time that had elapsed, her features must necessarily be changed. I might have been mistaken, and to solve the difficulty, I inquired of my cicerone, Gasparino, whether the little donzella, whom we noticed three years ago, and of whose mother he had given me such interesting particulars, were of the procession? He stopped suddenly at my question, and turning round, answered, "Signor, no!" accompanying the word with a look which increased my curiosity, and then expressed his wonder that I was not acquainted with what he called a story "molto piangevole e molto straordinaria." But he forgot that I had arrived only the previous night. The questions to which this mysterious expression gave rise, were for a time evaded, or acknowledged only in reference to the business of the day; for Gasparino was too zealous a votary of the saint to be led astray by secular curiosity at a moment like the present, when he had himself fancies to ask and duties to perform. "Adesso, adesso Signore," was the only reply I could elicit from him till the ceremony closed; and a rural dance under an avenue of mulberry trees, lighted up by a full moon, had concluded the festa. Having at length gratified both his devotion and his love of dancing, he was in a humour to comply with my request. But as he had the village reputation of "un gran' poeta," and an inveterate habit of converting every private "misfortune" into a national "melody," I looked with some apprehension to the consequences, though I mustered what resolution I could, and begged him to proceed. Hereupon, taking a small manuscript from his leathern girdle, and expressing much regret that an accident to his guitar had lately deprived him of that sweet accompaniment to all his recitativi, begged me on no account to interrupt him, for with him, he added, "interruption, always broke the spell of inspiration, and for criticism, the subject was above it." I assured him of my perfect acquiescence in all he said. May I crave for myself, gentle reader, a similar spirit of indulgence while I endeavour to narrate the story as it was told me by Gasparino, and vouched for as a fact—"troppo vero!"

"It was at that hour," said he, "when the village matins cease, and our frugal and contented population, having left the token of their thankfulness before the shrine, and invoked a blessing on the day's enterprise,
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retried severally to their labours in the field, the vineyard, the mine, the forest, or at the ear. The balmy breathings of spring seemed to infuse health and joy into every breast. That hearty laugh, which sorrow and a closer intimacy with the world had not yet subdued to an artificial smile, rose at short intervals from the recesses of the chestnut-groves, through whose deep foliage the vivid colours of the Sardinian costume threw additional life and animation into the landscape. It was the spring of the Mediterranean bursting from the brief stagnation in which the winter of the South cradles the germs of vegetation. A fresh generation of flowers threw their garlands over the acclivity, and bordered the mountain-flood, while the zephyr, fresh upon its wings, subdued the withering tramontana—like the voice of a gentle virgin soothing a giant in his rage, or a mother the intemperate humour of her forward child. The goat-herd strolled lazily along the steep margin of Cavallino. The forest echoed to the voice and shot of the hunters, while from every tree the cicada inflected upon the ear its shrill, harsh, and monotonous song.

"Such were the time, place, and season to which my story refers. You observe the cottage with its mulberry tree in front, and the grey oratory overhanging it from above. The history of its last fair inhabitant has bequeathed an interest to it which increases as its walls decay; for you see it is already shattered by storms and desertion. There is not a villager, however, will pass its cold hearth without an 'Ave Maria,' and never has the stranger whose heart is alive to human sympathy, or—" he continued, with native fervour, "has ever softened under the sweet influence of adolescent love, paused at its threshold and heard my narrative, without carrying away with him a long and lasting impression. It was the cottage of Teresa's mother....."

At this moment a troop of goats came frisking past on their way to the ferny pastures that rose steep from the shore, but here and there clustered with cytisus, and mantled with the wild grape, just throwing forth its broad leaf. A little girl of about twelve years old was the pastorella of the flock, and in her features I immediately recognised a kindred likeness to her whose story I was so anxious to learn.

"Yes," continued Gasparino, "this is the younger, but it is of the elder sister we speak," and waving his hand in token of our mutual compact, proceeded. "Giuseppe Galanda was one of the boldest cacciatori, and bravest soldiers in Sardinia. He was of humble birth, but high-minded; and the only difference between Giuseppe and the prince was this—that what the latter possessed in title and territory, the former possessed in talent and integrity. He was as handsome as a young pine, and strong as the ilex; at ball, and festa, and chapel, none danced, wrestled, or prayed like Giuseppe Galanda. At church all the ragazzze, though their ears were open to Padre Formidoloso, had their eyes fixed on Giuseppe. But every one said that only Teresa was formed for Giuseppe, and Giuseppe for Teresa, and so it shortly appeared; for in a few months Giuseppe's cottage was new-whitened, a few square yards of a garden planted, and a neglected fig-tree carefully flattered into bearing. Orange and lemon trees were also introduced, so that the morning bees and the evening zephyr were constantly enriching their wings in the garden of Giuseppe.—In a word, the Padre was consulted, the day named, and every one, save the heartless guardian to whom the "soldier's orphan" was intrusted, offered up prayers for the happy union of Giuseppe and Teresa. At every meeting the salutation of Sia felice! greeted Teresa's ear, and threw the warm flush into her cheek.

"One morning in the odorous month of April, armed with a carbine—a military prize bestowed upon him for a signal act of patriotism, and the only thing of real value which he possessed—Giuseppe pursued his occupation of cacciatore, in one of those antique chestnut forests here and there richly interspersed with cypress, ilex, and shadowy walnut trees, which cover the high grounds, and now look so green and massy in the horizon. With a light, buoyant step, and an eye that could detect his game in the deepest cover, he felt happier than his chief, the Marchese dei Antonij, whose château now rose in sight. With the conscious pride of independence, and the still prouder conviction that the brightest eyes of Sardinia were soon to be the halcyon stars on his domestic altar, Giuseppe felt that he was the "felicissimo sotto 'l cielo."—On this occasion, however, he was attracted to the forest by gentler motives than those which sprang from his native passion for the chase. Teresa had claimed her privilege of making an early pilgrimage to a solitary chapel in the wildest part of the forest, where, after betrothment, the young women of the neighbourhood, and often from a distance, were accustomed to offer their vows. The sacred cha-
racter of the place, and the sanctity of the image—a miraculous gift—take away all apprehension of danger: for the beasts of the forest, it is said, dare not even cross the path—much less approach the shrine—such is the awe inspired by the guardian image of the ‘Madonna-impalpata.’ But it was arranged that Giuseppe should meet and conduct her back to the village, when her devotions were concluded.

“As he pursued the intricate windings of the forest, and scaled the goat-tracks along precipices where only that fearless animal and the athletic mountaineer will venture their steps, he hoped to shorten the interval of separation, and wait near the shrine till Teresa should finish her devotions. Having arrived at the spot, he waited long and impatiently;—Teresa was not to be found. At length, fear overcame all scruples, and affection urging him forward, he rushed towards the chapel. The dread of some mysterious accident pressed heavily on his mind, for he knew that nothing else could account for the delay. The chapel, however, was silent. One solitary taper alone gave evidence that a devotee had been there, and was gone. He hurried from the sacred spot with breathless precipitation. When at a narrow and deep ravine, where the path opens upon a precipice from which the stranger shrinks back with a shudder, he met the well-known features of his chief, the Marchese dei Antonij. But as the latter was fond of the chase, it was by no means unusual to meet him at that hour, and in those recesses where game most abounded.

“‘A good day to your Lordship,’ said Giuseppe, carefully stifling his deep anxiety, and struggling to conceal its cause. ‘Hope your Excellency has had good sport.’”

“‘No!—nothing worth mentioning,’ replied the chief, hesitatingly, and apparently uneasy at the penetrating scrutiny in the inquirer’s eye—then added, with a fierce and sarcastic expression, ‘The game I started was fair, but it escaped me. I now seek a fresh ground, but should you start the fawn that has just foiled me, you may be more successful. Good sport in your turn, Giuseppe! Mâ aspetta un poco,’ said he, suddenly turning round, ‘here is a bagatella which you may present to your bride. I shall be absent some hours in the forest, or might have offered it myself.’ Adio!”

“With this equivocal salutation the Marchese disappeared. Giuseppe, though anxious beyond expression, was overcome by this most unexpected mark of his chief’s generosity and good will—for till this moment the latter had sternly withheld his sanction to the proposed union—and was on the point of breaking forth into unlimited expressions of gratitude, when he was struck dumb by the recollection of something inexplicable in the look and manner of his patron, which made him, who had never trembled before, tremble like the leaves under which he stood.

“But the thought of Teresa’s safety absorbed every other sentiment; and hurrying forward in his search, he made every echo repeat the name of ‘Teresa.’ No human voice answered him; the same idle echo from the cavern of Bastelica only mocked him with its mimicry—‘Teresa! Teresa!’

“Melancholy and disheartened he paused and listened, while the deep silence added to the poignancy of his feelings. At length a rustling sound approached him, through the dried winter leaves with which the ground was yet covered. He started at the signal. ‘Teresa!’ he exclaimed, ‘Teresa!’—but was answered only by the little favourite greyhound, Picino, which he had presented to her some time previously, and which now leapt whimpering to his arms, as if it sought protection from some gaunt wolf pursuing it. The next instant, however, it again sprang to the ground, rushed back in the same direction—then returned—then back again, Yelping and bounding all the while, in a manner so new and extraordinary, that Giuseppe was distressed and bewildered beyond expression. He followed his guide with an apprehension of some catastrophe; his fears amounted almost to stupefaction. After numerous labyrinths through which he was conducted by the same faithful messenger, he suddenly discovered his betrothed Teresa. But how suddenly—how fearfully changed! She sat, as if unconscious of existence, on the brink of a dismal chasm—with the characteristic name of Acheronte—where the mountain, rudely split asunder, discovered two precipitous walls of red granite, with here and there, bulging from the crevices, bristling fringes of thorn, brier, and rhododendron. At the bottom of this dismal crevasse, a torrent, which human eye had never explored—but peopled by superstition with the wildest imaginings, and indicated only by its deep, sullen roar, and the white foam that flashed on the eye—struggled on in its primeval darkness. It was the Lethae of the land, which might well offer the need of oblivion to all who, weary of life, should dare to taste its unfathomed waters! Such was the spot where Giuseppe and his bride
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met for the second interview of their betroth-
ment! He was petrified with horror, and
dared not to speak, even had his voice
sufficed, for a breath, seemingly, would have
hurried into the yawning gulf beneath, the
being whom of all others he would have
dared a thousand terrors to extract from.
The instant she perceived him, she uttered a shrill
piercing shriek, whilst a convulsive tremor
shook her beautifully moulded and delicate
frame. She spoke not, but eagerly motioned
him to retire.—The agonizing scrutiny which
succeeded this fearful recognition, was one of
those moments which few, who have once
experienced their influence, have ever sur-
vived, at least with the rational faculty entire.
But, overcome by the agony depicted in his
countenance, and his imploring voice, she
ceased to resist his approach, and he sat, or
rather knelt, on the beetle-cliff at her side.
As he endeavoured to take her hand in
his, and raise it to his lips, she shuddered,
and shrank back from his touch, faint and
trembling.

"Touch me not!—touch me not!" she
exclaimed, with aghast lips and bewildered
eye; and at the same instant withdrew to
the extreme verge of the abyss, which inspired
little terror, compared to the sight of her
lover, in a moment like this. Giuseppe hid
his eyes in agony, and remained fixed in
despair to the rock—as if he formed a part of
the cold and lifeless granite on which he knelt.
The bagatella which his chief had presented
—a small coral necklace and cross—glittered
in his hand. At the sight Teresa suddenly
awoke from the mental stupor in which her
mental faculties were steeped.

"Hast thou seen him?" she eagerly in-
quired, while her pale face, which the question
had suffused with a vivid blush, was buried
in the sheltering folds of her kerchief.
A deep pause succeeded, but that pause was
the very climax of earthly suffering; for now
a blasting light broke in, distinct and fierce,
on the spirit of Giuseppe.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen him. Yes,
my adored Teresa, and 'tis he who sent thee
this!... He could not finish the sentence.
Horrid and distorted phantoms thronged his
imagination. A thousand daggers seemed
to pierce his heart at once, and his hand
dropped the bavble as if it had scorched his
hold. Teresa's eye caught it as it fell, and
the next instant she spurned the accursed
bride into the gulf! 'Teresa—Teresa! tell me, I adjure thee,' exclaimed Giuseppe, 
'the cause why I find thee thus! Yet
why, why should I ask thee, my own un-
sullied gem, the morning-star of my hopes
—and now!—' She fixed a wild but fearful
gaze upon him as he spoke. She seemed
for a moment as if she would have sprung to
his arms, and there unbosomed the agonizing
tale. But the tenderness that for an instant
melted her, was checked by a more than
human effort. Her features assumed a stern
and maniac severity, which contrasted
awfully with that playful innocence, and
sweetly placid beauty with which they had
hitherto beamed. The change, if I may so ex-
press it, was as if the beautiful star of evening
had been suddenly transformed into the glare
of some pestilential meteor.—Something ap-
peared struggling for utterance; but every
moment, as it rose to her lips, it again died
away, not, however, without fearful evidence
of the convulsive pang that at once propelled
and suppressed utterance.

"Giuseppe, whose eye never quitted the
form on which he so doated, yet dared not
approach, felt as if the rock upon which he
knelt span round with the velocity of a
cylinder, while horror strained him fiercely
in its grasp. But at length her voice, changed
as it was, recalled him to reality.

"Giuseppe!" she began, firmly, but
with smothering effort,—the vows of our
mutual love were plighted before heaven,
and at that spot, the holiest on earth—the
altar of our common faith. Another day,
and I, whom thy love had more than blessed,
—for it made my heart a stranger to every
other thought—had become thy bride!—
But the brightest hour of my earthly hopes
has been blotted out in the darkest night.
The flowers I had gathered, cherished, and
consecrated to thee, the spoiler has trodden
under foot. How parted we at dawn!—how
meet we at noon! Thy betrothed is no longer
a bride for thee! But the love that once
made it bliss to live for thee, emboldens—
na, makes it now an imperative duty—to die.
The purifying region of fire, which renders
the souls of earth meet for the joys of heaven,
can alone fit me for thee, and there Eternity
shall again unite us. Redress my wrongs—
avenge my death—cherish my memory!'
Whilst yet uttering the words, she sprang
from the precipice—shrieked—and sank in
the gulf;—the gloomy waters, ascending
with hoarser roar, parted, closed, and again
rolled on over the grave of the despairing
victim.

* * * * *

"Days passed away. Dreadful surmises
were whispered, and the tragical end of her
who was the pride of the forest was variously
It was the anniversary of our patron S. Giallo, and it presented a striking medley of pious chaunts, military parade, and rural festivity. The sun, too, which lighted up the scene, was brilliantly reflected from their implements of warfare; and the joy, and life, and beauty which its warm beams conferred on the landscape, were communicated to every countenance; while the air that fanned and fluttered round them as they moved, seemed to 'breathe from a bed of violets.' The crowd advanced to a spot where the savannah, perfectly smooth, presented a fine open and spacious arena, terminated on one side by the wooded hills of Bastelica, and on the other by a tufted marshy lake—occupying, it is supposed, the crater of an extinct volcano—the dread of every shepherd, and of such ominous depth as to have acquired the epithet of Bocca del Inferno. It is a dismal feature in the heart of delightful scenery, poisoning the pure air with its fetid, sulphurous exhalations, and fringed with a border of rustling bulrushes, where the foulest reptiles crawl, and hiss, and croak. No boat ever swam on its surface, nor fish in its water; but a black amphibious snake, of extraordinary dimensions, is often seen passing lazily from shore to shore, as if drinking in fresh and more subtle venom from its surface.

"The plain, or prairie, was interspersed with numerous padiglione, or marquesses, for the accommodation of the company, so as to present the appearance of an extensive encampment; while booths made of green boughs offered every variety of refreshment in tempting display. In the centre of this camp, a marquee of larger dimensions, and greater ornament, rose conspicuously over the rest, and by its tall flag-staff and martial banner announced the tent of the Marchese dei Antonij, who presided, as usual, over the sports and festivities of the day, of which horse-races constituted the principal part. The small breed of horses for which these mountains are so famous, had here their fleetest and most fiery representatives. Carefully selected from the wild herd that roam the forest solitude, they had been drawn by stratagem into the circle, where they pawed and spurred the turf with a spirit that augured well for their mettle, and the opening sports for which they were destined. It is the glory of the young cavalier, on these occasions, to be able, by address and management, to entrap these fleet coursers, to spring upon their backs that had never borne the weight of man, and there, firm and fearless in their
seats, to suffer them to indulge at pleasure in their wild gambols.

"At a signal from the chief, all the competitors sprang forward into the lists, and taking the wind upon the alarmed troop, threw the rope which they severally carried in their hands adroitly over the necks of the coursers, so as to form a noose across the muzzle in form of a halter; they then mounted their fierce reluctant captives, and dashed across the plain like charging meteors. In a short time the terror occasioned by the vociferous shouts, and the fatigue induced by their violent and unremitting evolutions, subdued the wild steeds into passive obedience. But one, infinitely more fierce and untractable than all they had yet tried, foiled every attempt to seize or subdue him. He was the haughty leader of the herd, and gave a noble example of his love of freedom.—Proof against every manoeuvre, and fleet as a wild fawn, he continued his rapid course round the circle, and snorted defiance at the various arts employed for his capture. But 'Giuseppe,' they said, 'Giuseppe' was the only rider who could bring the fiery hawth into bondage. 'Siuro—Siuro!' cried others. 'Giuseppe could bridle a wild bull!' The watchword flew round the circle. The name of Giuseppe was heralded aloud—his skill invoked—and unhesitatingly he came forward to the task.

His eye rested for an instant with feverish anxiety upon the tent of his Chief. Then addressing himself to the indomitable charger, he sprang forward, but halted at about fifty paces from where the animal stood bristling and shaking its long floating mane, snorting the air through its fiery nostrils, pawing the ground, and curvetting and bridling up as it prepared to repel or plunge forward upon the aggressor. Every eye was turned upon the impending struggle between animal strength and instinct, and manly agility guided by reason. Every voice was hushed; and the spectators, crowding round the circle, awaited the result as if the chief scene in some most exciting spectacle. The silence, however, thus suddenly following upon the tumultuous shouts which but a few minutes before shook the arena, seemed only to add to the natural fierceness of the steed and the imminent hazard of the undertaking.

The Marchese, who felt deeply interested in the result, greatly applauded the enterprise, and displayed a richly-mounted carabine as the prize destined for the victor. But there were some present who suspected the motive, and even surmised that the noble patron, with the aid of his privy-council, had pre-

conceived the whole scene for a fatal purpose. But the truth or injustice of this surmise will never be unravelled, till the last great day appointed for the revelation of all human mystery. Certain it is, that no steed ever invited its rider to more probable destruction.

Giuseppe, however, insensible to danger, and with designs and resources which no bystander could have conjectured, drew from his belt a heavy leaden bullet, made a slight incision into the opposite sides, by which means he fastened it with peculiar art to the end of a coil of hempen cord, so as to form a close imitation of the Peruvian lasso*. Watching the auspicious moment when the horse had turned its proud crest towards him, he crept forward with as little noise as the serpent glides through the tender herbage—then, thrice whirling his redbowed lasso in the air, sent it with whistling precipitation round the legs of the maddening steed, which he threw completely entangled to the ground. Springing forward at the same instant, like a tiger pouncing upon its victim, he compressed the horse's ear between his teeth†, and, subduing its struggles by excess of pain, passed the other extremity of the lasso round its neck, then over its head, and finally completed a rude but secure bridle. This done, he slackened the noose which fettered the hind legs of his reluctant charger, and restoring the animal to full liberty, it flew like a launched hawk across the plain. Still the rider steadily kept his seat, after a thousand evolutions, in which the steed—struggling and plunging to dislodge his burden—felt at last that he must bow to a master's will. In less than twenty minutes Giuseppe had accomplished a miracle, and returned amidst thundering acclamation to parade the vanquished barb in front of the Marchese's tent. The Chief, whose countenance, notwithstanding his liberal expressions to the contrary, betrayed much more chagrin than satisfaction, stept eagerly forward, and with words of well signified compliment, presented the hero of the day with the carabine destined as his prize. But the instant that they breathed the same atmosphere, and came almost in contact, the features of both underwent a striking and most mysterious change. Giuseppe's pallid forehead—his lips convulsively compressed between his teeth—his dark bushy eyebrows, contracted and lowering with an ominous

* Since experimented upon in this country by Major Sir J. Head, whose travels in South America are fresh in the public recollection. The same is practised in Corsica.
† The usual custom in similar cases.
scowl—and much more that was visible to no other, struck the haughty chief with dismay. A strange misgiving took entire possession of his soul—the muscles of his face quivered with spasm, and his tongue denied him the power of utterance. Yet the Marchese was no coward—save in that which "makes cowards of us all"—an upbraiding conscience! But the eyes of the multitude were upon him. Mortified and ashamed at the exposure of his own perturbed feelings, he struggled hard, and, after a short pause, appeared to rally—or rather, he did not retreat. Yet he could no more disengage his look from Giuseppe, than the fascinated bird from the eye of the basilisk. The victor took the carabine sullenly from the Marchese's hand, slung it quickly but silently across his shoulder, and fastened it there with more than usual precaution, while to the bystanders he appeared by this dumb show to be meditating some reply in acknowledgement of the premio del giorno, the reward of his exploit.

He spoke not however; but adjusting the halter more firmly to the horse's neck, whipped the lasso once more rapidly in the air, and sending the lead round the limbs of the Baron, threw him prostrate and fettered in the midst of his guard. Striking the point of his stiletto with simultaneous force into the flank of his steed and exciting him to madness, by that savage yell—wild as the Indian war-whoop, and peculiar to our mountains—he dashed forward and dragged his victim through the plain. A spontaneous scream of horror, with mingled shouts of vengeance and imprecation, burst from the crowd, and followed the desperate act. They rushed to intercept, terrify, or overtake the fiend-like trooper, and extricate their Chief; but as well might they have attempted to clip the wings of the tramontana when its wintry gusts sweep the gorges of Pompeilea. The Æmonian steeds* that dragged at their car the pride of the Trojan camp, flew not so fast as the Sardinian barb which now dragged the last of the Antonij at its heels.

"The shrieks of the victim grew fainter and fainter, the shouts of the trooper fiercer and louder, while the steed, goaded on to fury, continued its headlong speed towards the extremity of the prairie. The fearful design was now fully developed: the crowd shrank back breathless and appalled as the horse cleared the barrier—floundered for an instant in the green swamp, and through the tangling weeds that floated on its treacherous surface, and struggled forward towards the dark lake. The rider, immovable in his seat, drew the burden closer towards him, fixed the end to the courser's neck, and turning fiercely round to his pursuers, met their threats with a shout of defiance. The floundering animal, that could have stemmed the rapid torrent, or cleared it from bank to bank, now swam for a few seconds, and struggled hard to regain the margin, but was still goaded on towards the centre; for his desperate rider dreamed not of rescue or retreat! Revenge to him was sweeter than life; and when that revenge for which he had so long waited, was accomplished, death in his wild-est shape was a feeling of exultation! The horse's strength and courage were now exhausted, and neighing feebly to the wild herd which, with floating mane and inflated nostrils, scampered along the heights in a thousand fantastic attitudes of seeming terror and surprise, the poor animal sank at last into the gulf, dragging down with him his rider and the latter's victim. The agitation of the long reeds on the lake's border, and the rippling circle and bubbling vortex of the water, told how immeasurably deep was the grave that now closed over the guilty chief and Teresa's avenger.

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**MISS KELLY.**

To us it appears that the knell of the English drama has been rung, for Miss Kelly, the only remaining actress of genius among us, has quitted the stage. It has fallen into the hands of a few miserable speculators who, possessing neither influence to keep up its dignity, judgment to prevent the encroachment of vulgar innovations, nor mind to sustain it above the low level of pageant and pantomime, have suffered it to fall into a state of degeneracy from which nothing can rescue it but the dominancy of higher intellects and more elevated judgments. Miss Kelly, feeling that the British Drama has passed from the proud zenith of its glory to the very nadir of its degradation, has quitted a stage which, with the conscious dignity of mental endowments of the highest order, she felt it would have been a desecration of those endowments any longer to adorn. For five-and-thirty years she has maintained in this country a reputation, unparalleled

* Raptus ab Æmonis febili Hector equs.
but by the rare few who claim to be the offspring of genius. During the whole period, she has never for one moment forfeited her popularity, and she retires from those boards which imparted the first energetic impulse to the theatrical career by her so long and so brilliantly pursued, in the full possession of a well-merited and enduring fame.

It is, in truth, a melancholy reflection to those really capable of appreciating the beauties of the histrionic art, such as Shakspeare and our early dramatists inspired, that the drama in this country should be now in a condition of such absolute decadency, that the directors are obliged to call in the aid of foreigners to keep it upon its legs. Indeed, we may date its positive ruin from the period when it first became a fashion to look for excellence only abroad, and to overrun the British stage with exotic talent, as foreign to it and as inconsistent with its genius and character, as a polar atmosphere to the denuded Hottentot. It was already on the decline, in consequence of being subject to a shallow and mercenary legislation, when it fell under the dominancy of a foreigner, who at once completed its ruin. To our mind nothing can so signally evince the utter absence of taste and true judgment among us, as the fact of our encouraging alien artists to the prejudice of our own countrymen. The former have introduced into this country a false taste and an exaggerated style,—for all foreign acting, especially French acting, is a violent exaggeration of Nature. She is not the model from which they copy. They set up a standard of artificial nature, if the paradox is intelligible, and exhibit a copy of what is in itself but a distorted fiction. There are, no doubt, some splendid exceptions to this general charge, but it will in the main apply.

The French and even the Italians act every thing. Every feeling, every impulse, has its corresponding gesticulation, which points to it like the index on the face of a barometer. If they were to embody Shakspeare’s beautiful picture of “Patience on a monument smiling at Grief,” they would grin and smirk—they would act Patience off her pedestal, and shake the very monument to its foundation. Patience would become a St. Vitus’s dance, and the monument a castle of sugar over a confectioner’s trifle. To us they all want intensity. They have no glowing and life-like reality. All their passion is from without—it is superficial. It begins externally and goes inward, instead of operating first internally, then rising gradually to the surface, and becoming at length developed into deep and pervading emotion. Their gesticulations, like the sails of a windmill, set into motion the machinery within, which receiving all its impulse from without, never warms into fervid and intense expression. Their actions are too often the hieroglyphics of passion, intelligible to none but themselves.

It is in the very opposite of all this that Miss Kelly is so admirable. She makes Nature, and not the mere effigy of Nature, her prototype. Her acting is secondary to her feeling, which imparts to it the tone of reality that invariably accompanies it. She throws herself, heart and soul, into the character she personates, casting off her identity as completely as if she had assumed a new being, and standing before you the living object she represents, with an intense and abstract truth, full of life and feeling essentially belonging to and inseparable from that object. She is, perhaps, the least mannered actress that ever lived, because her acting is not a system hedged round with dull rules and rigid principles, which expose the art, but a warm, a real effluence from the great fountain of Nature, rising out of, but never apart, from the parent spring. She always makes her art subsidiary to her feelings, which control and conceal it under the vigorous and absorbing accuracy of her portrayals. These she realises with an intensity which the beholder can never fail to feel, by adapting the expression of her whole mind, and acting to their development, not by trying to evolve imaginary perplexities of character, and employing those fictitious resources which render the art a mere lifeless imitation rather than an animated and actual embodying.

To act with skill, and thus obtain the applause of crowded audiences, is by no means so difficult as is commonly imagined, for this has been frequently done by persons of very mean attainments in their profession; but to obtain a thirty-five years’ reputation, and quit the stage with it unimpeached, is the rare occurrence of an age.

Upon the night of Miss Kelly’s farewell benefit, her acting was of a kind which we can never readily forget. It was altogether transcendent;—nothing could exceed its sound intrinsic originality, its chaste and impassioned truth. We remember to have seen Mrs. Jordan in the Country Girl, and have no hesitation in saying that, on this night, Miss Kelly was fully equal to that great actress in a part which the latter was supposed to have
made exclusively her own. Mrs. Jordan's and Miss Kelly's conceptions of the character were essentially different. The former represented Peggy as one of a species,—as one who would have been precisely what she was under any and all contingencies. Miss Kelly, on the contrary, represented her rather as the creature of circumstance, a country girl, not by Nature but by condition. Mrs. Jordan's glowing delineation of this character was not to be excelled; she embodied her own conception with a skill and force of colouring quite magical. She not only embodied, but gave a soul to it of such original potency, as filled the spectator at once with surprise and admiration. There was an impulse and a racy life about her acting that captivated by its singular grace and energy; still in this instance, her conception of the character was altogether inferior to her impersonation. In her Country Girl, the bumpkin prevailed over the woman; the specific personality was too prominent. The Peggy of Miss Kelly, on the contrary, was not one of a distinct class, but a woman acting under special circumstances, her mind taking its tone and colour from those circumstances, nevertheless essentially and naturally a woman—a woman not specifically but generically. She was not a mere impulsive creature, who goes right by chance rather than by reason, but a girl of strong mental energies, of quick penetration, of keen scrutiny, one whose reasoning faculty was a paramount quality of her mind. She is unsuspicious only because inexperienced; for the mere suggestion of a servant maid sets her strong and inquisitive intellect at work, which instantly embraces the whole state of things with intuitive perception. She calculates events with philosophic acumen; thus clearly showing that she is no ordinary woman.

Miss Kelly gave the character its true and proper colouring. The scene with her guardian, when he forces her to write the letter to her lover, was one of the finest pieces of acting we ever remember to have witnessed. The subdued petulance, the covert but bitter scorn, the suppressed indignation incidentally breaking out, and to be perceived rather in the vocal inflexion than in the expression, the admirable tact with which she over-

reaches the tyrant under a position of the greatest possible difficulty, were all of the highest order of genius. This single scene sufficiently decides the character of Peggy, and shows that she was not a brainless rustic, but a woman of deep feeling, of a quick, bright, and elastic intellect, with a heart full of the purest emotions, and a mind capable of justifying and sustaining them.

Miss Kelly was no less successful in her representation of the Sergeant's Wife, a part of singular difficulty, because the whole weight of the piece rests upon it, and it is therefore a focus from which the eye of the spectator is not for a moment diverted. We do not believe that there is any actress now living who could invest the character with such an intense vital principle, who could cast round it a colouring of such deep and terrible reality, as was done by Miss Kelly on the night when she bade farewell to that public whom she had so often delighted. Her agitation upon hearing for the first time, when they were under the roof of the robber brothers, that her aged companion was the parent of her husband, was one of the highest triumphs of her art. Her suppressed agony, the struggle of horror, the desperate strife of emotion, all rising at once in a woman's bosom, and overborne by a woman's energy, while she imagines the murder of her venerable champion is about to be consummated, were given with a truth and fidelity to nature never witnessed on the English stage since the departure of Mrs. Siddons.

Having seen the full and vigorous maturity of genius, still in its rich and glowing prime, displayed by Miss Kelly upon this occasion, we cannot but deeply deplore the secession of such an actress from the stage,—in fact, the only actress of real genius of which it has been able to boast for the last several years. With all the splendid powers of mind which Miss Kelly has brought to her profession, and holding, as she ever has done, "the mirror up to nature," she has been almost an alien from the Royal Theatres for several seasons past. The management has fallen into unworthy hands, and the scanty audiences which now assemble at Drury Lane and Covent Garden show how justly the public appreciate the miserable efforts of the present managers.
MORAD THE HUNCHBACK.

ALTERED FROM THE NEW ARABIAN TALES OF THE SHEIKH AL MOHDI.

BY W. C. TAYLOR.

Dear, delightful Scheherazade!—who is there that loves not to recall the hours of stolen pleasure devoted to the stories with which, during a thousand and one nights, thou didst delay the stroke of fate, and finally change the stern resolve of the cruel Schahriar? The days are gone when we gave full credence to the marvels of Aladdin’s lamp and ring—when the voyages of Sinbad appeared as authentic as those of Ross or Parry, and the feats of the flying horse better substantiated than those of Russell’s steam-carriages;—but we must confess, notwithstanding the hazard of incurring all the ridicule of this utilitarian age, that we still love to revel in these wild and wondrous scenes of gorgeous imaginings—

The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

It was with a burst of delight almost amounting to enthusiasm that the announcement of New Arabian Tales by the Sheikh Al Mohdi, Secretary to the French government after Napoleon’s occupation of Cairo, was read; they were hastily ordered and eagerly devoured. Though the Secretary is not likely to rival the Princess’s fame as a story-teller, more than one of his narrations might have been told to Schahriar without any dread of wearying the impatient Sultan. The following is selected as a specimen of the work from the Sheikh’s second volume, entitled “Revelations of the Moristán,” or Lunatic Asylum at Cairo, the several narratives being supposed to be related by the inmates of that melancholy abode. It is only necessary to premise that the tale which precedes Morad’s is full of extraordinary vicissitudes, and that Morad was afraid lest his auditors, overexcited by a detail of “hair-breadth ‘scapes,” might refuse attention to his narrative. He must now relate his own story.

“Let not my friend Abd-al-kadir; suppose that he is the only one of our society whom fortune, in cruel sport, gifted with elevated rank and countless wealth. I have been a king as well as others, though I never saw the capital of my kingdom. I have been rich, exceedingly rich; but my own will, not chance, despoiled me of my wealth and my crown.

“All my misfortunes, and I have had an ample share of them, arose from destiny obstinately lending itself to gratify all my desires, to fulfill my every wish, to grant every gift for which I had formed even the slightest inclination.

“‘Happiness,’ some people say, ‘consists in obtaining all that we desire.’ Well—according to their definition, the more I was happy, the more was I miserable. If I can justify blame Fate for anything, it is for having mercilessly refused me the consolation of even the slightest contradiction, to moderate a little the torrent of favours with which it pleased destiny to overwhelm me; a torrent whose waves, after long tossing me about like a plaything, finally buried me beneath its waters.

“I see that this preamble has awakened your attention—I shall therefore cut short my preface and simply relate my adventures.

“I was born at Myt-Rahyeh (a village built on the ruins of ancient Memphis), which, as you know, is near the banks of the Nile, and about a day’s march south of Cairo. My father was a simple fellah (peasant) of the village. His name was Fath Allah, and his surname Al Mogrebi (the western Arab), for he was not an Egyptian by birth. My grandfather, Ismail Ebn-al-Modad, was born in one of the tribes that dwell in the mountains of Derer (Atlas) in western Africa; but he left his country and settled in Egypt, where he died, leaving my father all that he had brought from the West: that is to say, the surname Mogrebi, and the wish to make a fortune. It was in fact with this hope that my grandfather had come to Egypt, looking upon this blessed country as the ‘sea of concealed treasures, the abundant mine of the liberalities of destiny.’

“His pursuits had not enriched him, but his ardour in the laborious career he had chosen never abated. He believed that his exertions would lead one day or other to the accomplishment of all his desires; and at
the very moment of his death, he lamented
that Fortune, envious of his success, had cut
short his course at the very instant when a
few efforts more would have put him in posses-
sion of the object he had so ardently pursued.

"You will not be surprised that my father,
imbued from infancy with the opinions and
hopes of the old man, continued the same
pursuit, firmly persuaded that sooner or
later, he or his descendants would discover
that which they had so eagerly and so obsti-
nately sought.

"Of course, you have guessed that my
father and grandfather were ‘treasure-hunt-
ers.’ Both spent their lives in excavating at
hazard in the desert, sometimes in the plains
of Sahara, and sometimes in the sands and
rocks that surround the great pyramids.

"In spite of all my father’s fatigues he
never found a treasure; nevertheless his con-
tinued excavations brought to light bits of
metal, gems, or some little idols worshipped
by the subjects of the Pharaohs. These
partial discoveries seeming to promise some-
thing more substantial, encouraged him to
persevere; and the sale of these objects to
curious travellers or to Frank merchants at
Cairo, sometimes procured him considerable
sums.

"I was destined by my father to the same
labours to which he devoted himself every
day, and I was to have for my inheritance
the same hopes that my grandfather had
transmitted to him; but Fate, which sports
with our projects, was pleased to render me
master, without labour or fatigue, of a real
treasure—one of unappreciable value, but
also of a very singular nature, for to it I
due the long course of misfortunes by which
I have been pursued in almost every country
in this vast universe.

"Until I was old enough to share my
father’s labours, I spent my time in sporting
with the other children of the village; and
thus without labour or care I attained my
sixteenth year, the age which my father
had fixed to take me with him in his tours
of investigation, which were sometimes ex-
tended to a great distance from his habitual
residence.

"Near Mit-Rahyneh is a vast tank, or
rather a triangular lake, bounded on all sides
by a chain of hillocks, supposed to have been
formed by the gradual accumulation of sand
over the ruins of an ancient city. A grove
of palm-trees covers these elevations, and
encloses the lake with a verdant girdle, whose
waving branches reflected in the limpid waters
would remind you of the brilliant mirrors set
in plumes of ostrich-feathers which the women
of Cairo and of several other countries are so
fond of carrying in their hands. It was in
this grove that I loved to sport with my
juvenile companions; in this lake we loved
to bathe and enjoy the varied pleasures of
the water.

"One day, plunging into the eastern corner
of the lake, I accidentally touched something
hard, which my hand mechanically grasped.
Returning to the shore, I washed my prize,
and having with some toil removed the mud
with which it was incrusted, I found it to be
a ring of coarse workmanship; the circlet was
of brass, the centre was a darkish stone rough
and unpolished, on which were graven some
mysterious characters. I felt a childish joy
at this discovery, though I was yet unac-
quainted with its real value; and placing
the ring on my finger, I continued my usual
play.

"Some time afterwards, the day came
when my father was for the first time to
take me with him on his excursions; but
before quitting Mit-Rahyneh, he wished to
introduce me to a maternal uncle, whom I
had never seen, and who lived at Cairo.

"My uncle Ahmed was a sais (groom)
in the establishment of Zu-al-Fykar, one of
the first Beys of Cairo, and governor of a
fertile province; and my father was anxious
that I should obtain my uncle’s patronage
and protection. He conducted me to Cairo,
and presented me to Ahmed. I was then in
the full bloom of youth and health; my
features were considered agreeable and
regular, my form was active, light and strong.
I was not then a deaf, stammering, asthmatic
hunchback, nor had a disastrous sword-cut
(merly God and his Prophet wither the hand
that struck the blow!) as yet seamed my
countenance with a mark like the broad
hem of a garment. My uncle took a great
fancy to me, and procured me a situation in
the Bey’s household, which opened to me
the most favourable prospects. But it was
written on the Table of Light that I should
be neither a treasure-hunter nor a groom, but
the miserable inmate of the Moristan that
you behold.

"On the day of a great festival—I re-
member well—it was the Muled-en-Nabi
(birth-day of the Prophet)—all the domestics
and slaves in the Bey’s house were permitted
to enjoy themselves. I was a great favourite
with them all, but was especially caressed by
the Bey’s secretary, a learned Copt, acquain-
ted with all the languages of Egypt.
His look accidentally fell upon my ring—
which my father believing of little value, had left with me—and he asked permission to examine it. After a long and tedious scrutiny, he said—

"These characters are neither Arabic, Coptic, Persian, Greek, nor Hebrew; they are Khatt-Aswú (Bird-Alphabet, or hieroglyphics), and there is only one man alive who can interpret them, a dervish in the valley of the Waterless River. I am about to travel in that direction, and if you intrust me with the ring, I will get him to interpret the inscription."

"Owing probably to some secret influence of which I was not myself aware, I refused to part with the ring, but offered to accompany him on his journey, if my uncle granted me permission. Leave was easily obtained, and I joyously set out in company with the Copt, though in truth I did not attach any great importance to discovering the meaning of the inscription."

"Everything pleased me on the journey, until we passed Terránæ, when we quitted the fertile and smiling banks of the Nile to bury ourselves in the desert. The Copt was mounted on a stout donkey, but trusting to my vigorous constitution, I preferred going on foot with the inferior attendants. I soon found that I had undertaken a very painful task. Our road lay sometimes over moving sands, sometimes over rocks, and sometimes over heaps of rounded pebbles that slipped under our feet. We sank up to our knees in the sand, our flesh was torn by the sharp points of the rocks, and the rolling pebbles often carried us backward in a second through a space that it required many minutes to recover. Our rest was still more painful than our march. The sun in a cloudless sky scorched us with its burning rays; not a tree afforded us shade, no speck of verdure in the wide prospect broke the uniformity of this ocean of rock and sand, the true empire of death and desolation.

"At length, after a painful journey of a day and a night, we reached a summit whence we obtained a sight of the Valley of the Waterless River. It is so named because the view of this vast ravine suggests the idea of the bed of a vast river, whose waters had been suddenly dried up by a decree of Omnipotence. After a day's rest, I was conducted into the presence of the venerable Makarius, the wise man of the desert. He had once been tall, but age had now bent him nearly double. His bald forehead shone like the polished marble of a column; his silvery beard descended below his girdle; he wore a brown robe; a stick surmounted by a cross-piece supported his tottering steps. His feet and head were naked, but though everything marked his extreme old age, the fire of the eyes that glanced from under his shaggy and wrinkled brows showed that time had not weakened his intellectual powers."

"He examined my ring attentively, and showed some surprise on deciphering the inscription.

"'My son,' said he, 'this inscription is written in a language more ancient than any of the works of man that have descended to our times, and this is its interpretation—What does Morad desire? Let him speak or only think Morad willeth, and his wishes shall be accomplished.'"

"'I do not know,' he continued, 'if the former possessor of this ring really possessed the powers that the inscription appears to announce, but if so, I doubt if it contributed to his happiness. O, my son! it is not the power of satisfying our desires, but the courage to suppress them, that ensures felicity. The heart of man is invariable, the accomplishment of one wish leads to the formation of a thousand; these are the pregnant sources of evil, like the small kernel that in an almost imperceptible space contains an immense tree, which will soon raise its head to the clouds and destroy all the vegetation under its shade, and whose branches will one day or other break the heads of the children of him by whom it was planted. Moderation in our desires, and contentment with what we possess, constitute the only imperishable wealth.'"

"'My good old man,' I interrupted, 'such thoughts may perhaps suit your age. For my part, I entertain very different opinions. I am indeed so weary of my journey hither, and so little satisfied with your fare, that I should be glad to get back to my master's house at once, I care not by what means. This is what Morad willeth, and I—'

"My speech was cut short. I felt myself suddenly hurried through the air, and in an instant was transported to the Bey's court, which I had quitted two days before. I fell as if hurled by a whirlwind into the midst of a large copper tray, from which my old companions were taking their meal. I had not been expected back so soon, and my singular fall, as little foreseen by me as by them, had overturned and broken everything on the tray. Their first impulse was to punish me by a shower of blows.
the person who had destroyed their dinner. Happily my uncle heard my cries, and rescued me from their hands.

"I related my adventure as it happened, but not a soul would credit my story. The day passed in reproaches for the mischief I had done, and ridicule of my improbable tale. Night promised some respite to my fatigue, but my sleep, though sound, was disturbed by fantastic dreams of the wealth hidden by malignant spirits from the sons of Adam. On waking, I could not avoid dwelling on these visions of splendour. I was especially anxious to witness the glories of the court of the Caliphs, and I involuntarily cried out, 'Oh, how happy should I be to contemplate this delicious spectacle! How anxiously does Morad wish to be at this moment in the land of so many marvells, in the midst of the city of Bagdad!'"

"No sooner had I spoken than I was hurried through the air, above the clouds, and held by a powerful but unseen hand over the middle of the Tigris, into whose waters I was soon precipitated. The waves whirled me and opened a passage for me to the very sand in the river's bed, whence the rebound immediately brought me to the surface. I swam vigorously, and soon reached the bank. The sun quickly dried my garments. I went through the city, and found that I was really at Bagdad, but that the Caliphs and their glory had long since disappeared, its present ruler being a Turkish Pacha.

"My travels having sharpened my appetite, I discovered with sorrow that I had not a single coin in my pocket. I obtained a few scanty alms from the charity of pious Muslims, and when evening came I sat down hungry and fatigued under the shade of some trees opposite to the Pacha's splendid residence. Lights gleamed from every part of the building; sounds of music announced mirth and joy; slaves clothed in the richest garments crossed and recrossed the courts. This sight aggravated the sense of my forlorn situation.

"'How wretched is the lot of Morad!' I exclaimed, 'doomed to darkness, hunger, and cold. Oh! how I wish for some of those delicate viands, for that brilliant illumination, for that delightful music, a faint echo only of which is wafted to my ears!'

"I had not finished speaking, when a long train of slaves, bearing torches, issued from the palace, accompanied by another company bearing golden dishes and vases of porcelain, filled with every delicacy that could gratify the most fastidious palate. Musicians and singers completed the procession, which advanced towards me and formed a circle under the trees by which I was shaded. I had just begun to use the viands thus wondrously provided, when the eunuchs and guards of the Pacha rushed to punish the desperers with sticks and clubs, and bring them back to the place they had so mysteriously quitted. I had more than my share of the beating, and as I sank exhausted under the blows, I wished to be in a place of safety.

"Instantly I found myself in a dungeon enclosed on every side, where I believed myself safe, as I found that my persecutors had disappeared. I discovered that I was not alone; and though the darkness hindered me from learning immediately the nature of my asylum, groans and the clank of chains soon revealed to me that I was in the lowest cells of a prison. I spent the night in gloomy reflections. In the morning my companions informed me that I was still at Bagdad, in the dungeons of the fortress,—adding that they had been all condemned to suffer the penalties of treason. Their sobs and despair, when they heard in the court-yard of the prison the awful preparations making for their punishment, were heart-rending. Already through the grated windows they could see the stakes for their impalement fixed on the esplanade of the fortress; the cracking of doors and the clash of arms announced the approach of the executioners. In a few minutes more I should have been involved in the fate of those poor wretches, when I addressed the Genius who, I doubted not, had caused my misfortunes: 'Whoever thou art that hast conducted the unfortunate Morad hither, remove him to some spot distant from these butchers; that is what Morad desires with his whole heart and soul.'"

In an instant prisoners and prison had disappeared, and I was in a convent inhabited by idolatrous Fakirs, near a large Indian city on the borders of China. The monstrous images that crowded my new abode were hideous and disgusting; but in this sacrilegious temple they received the worship due only to the One God. Each of these horrid figures was surrounded by numerous devotees, and my presence seemed to excite no surprise in the assembly. My new hosts came round me. 'Blessed be heaven,' said they, 'for inspiring you with the design of coming hither to perform penance. Choose yourself the kind of suffering
you wish to endure, for heaven is delighted
only by voluntary atonements.'

"As I kept silence, each began to recom-
mand his favourite mode of penance.

"'Knock your head against this stone,
brother,' cried one, 'until you bruise it as
much as mine.'

"'Heaven protect you,' said another, 'it
is much better to roast yourself over a fire
until your skin is as crisp as mine.'

"'No,' roared a third, 'the deities are
better pleased by your driving nails and
hooks through your limbs, as large as those
by which you see me transixed.'

"'A fourth, glaring at me with maniac
eyes,' said, 'Leave these men whose devotion
is so feeble, and come with me to sacri-
fice yourself beneath the wheels of our great
idol Jagga-Nattah (Juggernaut).'

"I opened my mouth to declare my dis-
like of all these seducing proposals, when
one of the Fakirs, in order to hasten my
decision, seized a burning coal in a pair of
tongs, and thrust it into my mouth, before I
could make any resistance to this act of
devout friendship. You will readily con-
jecture how soon I wished to be delivered
from the Fakirs. My desire was accom-
plished the instant it was formed, but a por-
tion of my tongue had been consumed in
this holocaust to the gods of India, and since
that time I have been, as you perceive, a
stammerer.

"Certainly the most diabolical of the
Fakirs would not have wished to follow me
to the spot whither I had been removed. I
was in a deep gorge of the mountains of
Serendib (Ceylon), placed exactly between a
huge tiger and an enormous lion, apparently
about to dispute which should have the
honour of devouring me. Never did I form
a wish more rapidly than for the destruc-
tion of these frightful animals. At the same
instant they sprang upon each other, and after
a dreadful fight fell dead together at my
feet. I had nothing more to fear from my
two enemies, but I lay at the bottom of lofty
precipices, which I could not ascend, and
for a day and a night I endured all the
pangs of intense hunger. The scent from
the carcasses of the lion and tiger brought a
cloud of eagles and vultures, and troops of
jackals and hyenas, into the ravine. They
soon devoured the carrion, and I feared, with
reason, that they were about to fall upon me.
when I exclaimed, 'Save me, O God, from
this gulf of destruction.' Morad wishes to be
released from this host of ravenous enemies,
and to dwell in some place cultivated by
man.' Scarcely had this cry of agony issued
from my lips, ere dreadful claps of thunder,
a thousand times louder than any I had ever
heard before, echoed through the sky. I
thought the heavens were about to fall upon
my head. The jackals and hyenas fled, the
eagles and vultures also fled, and I found my-
self, with a pleasure I cannot express, lying on
verdant turf in a rich and luxuriant country.
My wish was this time faithfully fulfilled,
but the fearful thunder had made me deaf,
and you know that I continue so to the
present hour.

"I approached the husbandmen whom I
saw in the field, and asked them, by signs,
for some food. They offered me work, which
I eagerly accepted. I was a long time
happy with these good people; my days,
indeed, were passed in heavy labour, but my
toll procured me sufficient for present support,
and the friendship of my neighbours left me
no disquiet respecting the future. One day,
resting from fatigue in my little hut, I could
not avoid tacitly comparing my toilsome lot
with the luxurious ease of the wealthy.
'How happy are they,' I murmured, half
unconsciously, 'who possess money in
abundance, while my incessant labours
could not procure in a year the comforts
that wealth gives them every day. I wish
that I too had gold—much gold.'

"I was suddenly interrupted by want of
breath. An extraordinary weight was heaped
upon my chest and my limbs, as if the
mountain of Kaf (Caucasus) had been thrown
over me. I was buried under a mountain
of gold, which crushed my lungs, and ever
since I have been asthmatic. 'Ah!' thought
I, 'this treasure will cause my death. I
should have desired power rather than wealth.
I wish I were a King.'

"The gold under which I groaned dis-
appeared. I was mounted on a spirited
courser, clothed in magnificent robes, sur-
rrounded by a numerous army. I was King
of Samarcand and Bokhara.

"I was a King, but capricious destiny had
badly chosen the moment of my elevation.
I said that I was surrounded by an army—I
should have said by two armies. A fearful
battle raged round me. The dead and
dying were heaped upon the plain; blood
flowed in torrents like the overflows of
our blessed river (the Nile). The soldiers
who defended my royal cause were routed
and cut to pieces. I was surrounded by
rebels, and before me stood the audacious
usurper, full of vigour and rage, his ponderous
cimeter, already stained with the blood of my
faithful subjects, was raised over my head. The desire of escaping impending death passed as rapidly through my mind as a flash of lightning over the sky. I disappeared from the fatal field as the blow began to descend, and to it I owe the ghastly scar which you must confess is no great ornament to my countenance.

"With the desire of being removed from the field of battle, there mingled almost unconsciously a wish to be transported among those beauties that adorned the harem of the kingdom I had received. It appears that even my slightest inclination had sway over the mysterious being subject to my ring, who indulged in the cruel sport of showing, by strict obedience, that I was myself but the plaything of his fatal power. I was now transported into a magnificent hall which probably formed a part of one of my palaces. The air was perfumed with the richest odours. Columns of polished marble supported a splendid dome; underneath it was a vast basin of porphyry, filled with limpid water, where four ladies, lovely as the Houris, were enjoying the pleasures of the bath.

"The sudden appearance, in this sanctuary of pleasure, of an unknown man, bleeding, covered with dust, in all the disorder of battle and flight, made the four ladies scream with terror. I had scarcely time to cast a glance around, when four black eunuchs of gigantic size and ferocious aspect rushed upon me with drawn daggers. In a moment the luxuriant images of pleasure vanished from my mind, and I cried, in sudden agony, 'Save me, Genius of the Ring, from the poignards of these murderers. Morad wishes to be anywhere safe from the violence of such wretches.'

"My ring saved me. I was alone on the sandy shore of an island in the Indian Ocean, which appeared to me deserted. Hunger soon compelled me to explore the interior, and after clambering over several steep rocks, I came to a grove where I found some wild fruits, which I eagerly devoured. A cavern, formed by nature in the side of the rock, afforded me an asylum during the night, and I soon sank into a profound slumber. When I awoke, I perceived that I was surrounded by a troop of black savages, quite naked, ugly, thin, having their skins tattooed with the most whimsical figures. They tied me neck and heels like a bundle of goods, and carried me to an open park where an immense crowd was assembled. My appearance was hailed with a dissonant shout, compared with which the lion's roar, the vulture's scream, the panther's growl, and the serpent's hiss, would have formed an agreeable concert. My bearers placed me near a blazing pile, and I soon discovered that they were worshippers of fire, about to sacrifice me in honour of their infernal deities. They were dragging me to the fatal altar, when I cried out, 'O Genius, save me from these fires. I wish to be in my own country, secure from so horrid a fate.'

"The Genius heard my feeble accents. He transported me into the bosom of my country, far from the barbarians, and beyond all doubt secured from the flames, for I was at the bottom of the lowest well in the citadel of Cairo, four hundred cubits below the surface of the earth. I had forgotten, in my rapid invocation, to ask delivery from the cords that bound me. It was impossible for me to stir. I was entirely naked. The cold water chilled me to the heart. I sank deeper and deeper, the water was already above my chin, when drawing almost my last sigh, I wished to be as far above the earth as I was now beneath it.

"Instantly I was placed on the highest of the pyramids of Ghyzeh. The burning sun scorched, and the pointed rock lacerated my naked frame. Hunger was added to the rest of my sufferings, and hoping to discover some Arab, I succeeded, after much painful toil, in getting my head over the edge of the platform on which I had been placed. Immediately beneath me were two fellahs digging a pit in the sand. 'Oh! that one of them were my father,' I exclaimed, aloud. One of them heard my voice, and raised his head. It was in fact my father. To recognise him and to desire to be with him were one and the same thought. At the instant, whether in spite of my bonds I had made some imprudent movement, or whether, as is more probable, the infernal Genius of the Ring took advantage of this half-formed wish to consummate my ruin, I felt myself hurried from the top of the precipice, and after being dashed from stone to stone and rock to rock, I fell senseless at the very bottom of the pit which my father was digging.

What ensued I know not. On recovering my senses I was on a bed in my father's hut, suffering intolerable anguish, and attended by a skilful Frank physician. The manner in which I had been tied, probably saved my life. My head, legs, and arms, remained unbroken, but they were dreadfully bruised
and stripped of their flesh. My spine and ribs, however, were injured beyond the power of medical science to restore, and since that time I have been a decrepit hunchback.

"Soon after the recovery of my health, my family, either unwilling to bear the expense of supporting helpless deformity, or perhaps discovering that the bruises in my head had produced an aberration of intellect, declared me mad, and stated to the magistrates that there was no probability of my reason being restored. I was consequently placed in the Moristán, and happily time and quiet have abated the fits of frenzy to which I was at first subject.

"I am resigned to my lot, and find happiness in this peaceful asylum, which I have sworn never to quit. I have also formed a firm resolution never again to form a desire or have recourse to the fatal ring, of which my imprudence and folly rendered me so long the sport and victim."

"I have faithfully adhered to this resolution, and certainly if the Genius enclosed in it gave me proofs of his ill-humour when I disturbed him by foolish demands, he may now boast of enjoying all the pleasures of complete idleness. He can safely assert that since I came into the Moristán, he has been the least employed of all the Genii that ever left Ginnistán (the land of the Genii) to meddle with the affairs of the sons of Adam."

After Morad had concluded his story, he showed the ring to his auditors. One of them attempted to snatch it; a struggle ensued, and Morad, on the point of being conquered, threw the ring into the cistern that supplied the Moristán with water. All search after it was vain. It had disappeared, no one knew how.

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FASHION AND FANATICISM AT CHEL TEN HAM.

If Bath be changed, how much more changed is Cheltenham! The latter has risen as rapidly as the other (in reference to its best attractions as a watering-place, its public amusements,) has deteriorated. With what scorn would a Bathanian have heard in the olden time of a rivalry betwixt the two towns. But a rivalry has now existed for years, and while Bath has sobered down into a country town, excellently well inhabited but without public amusements, Cheltenham has rapidly risen into a flourishing watering-place, frequented by those who are sure to find amusement in her crowded walks and roundas.

When I first remember Cheltenham, I lodged in her one street, the High-street, the houses of which were then, almost without exception, small, ill furnished, and old fashioned; many of them with pointed gable ends towards the street, and casement windows.

Of all the numerous Spas and pump-rooms now existing, the only one then visible and visited was in the centre of the old long walk. There was then a shabby room to the right as you ascended, where invalids might rest, or drink the strong solution; but the pump stood under a mere shed in the centre of the walk, and well do I remember old Mother Forty, the then celebrated and venerable Hebe, who handed forth her crystal cups filled with the salubrious saline.

In those days Cheltenham was a pretty place, looking more like a large village thronged at some festival, than like a resort of the rich and gay. So complete has been the metamorphosis in late years, that when I last visited the town, I sought in vain to trace out the spot where my former lodging stood: but not one of my old haunts, and scarcely any of the fields in which I used to ramble, could I discover.

It is now truly a wide field of fashion, folly, and frivolity, rather notorious for a certain knot of somewhat loosely disciplined society, headed by a leader whose celebrity is to be lamented, but at the same time frequented by the very highest and very best society in England.

When I last visited Cheltenham there was a warfare going on, and the very worst sort of warfare that can agitate a town:—a religious warfare, or rather a war of words between a popular preacher and the leaders of fashion.

It has always appeared to me that the duty of a Christian minister is calmly, quietly,
and meekly to point out from his pulpit the right path, hurling forth no denunciation, and exciting no irritations by abruptly attacking customs which have existed for centuries.

The preacher who, in a town like Cheltenham, abhors the theatre and the race-course, enters on rather a hopeless task when he commences hostilities against the very things which bring to the town crowds, and consequently profit. Such a preacher must do harm. His intention, doubtless, may be to do good, but I am sure that the irritations he must inevitably excite, the bickerings, the party spirit, lead to anything rather than the anticipated result. If the preacher be right in his abhorrence, let him preach doctrines calculated to lead the thoughtless imperceptibly to a preference of higher and better objects than those he condemns. The openly avowed combatant, who week after week fights the same battle, in the same pulpit, to the same congregation, savours, methinks, of vanity; and as for his auditors, I believe them to be in general rather amused and excited than edified: and their subsequent discussions about the sermon and the preacher, have, alas! little to do with religion or Christian charity.

We may assuredly abolish the race-course, and shut up the theatres, because both are turned by bad characters to a bad use; but shut them up and the bad characters will find other and perhaps worse, because less public resorts. Besides, I do not ask the preacher to vacate his pulpit, or close his church, or meeting-house on the Sunday evening; and yet I could tell tales, aye, and prove their appalling truth, and show to what base uses the most sacred places may be degraded, quite as readily as the race-ground and the theatre. People, particularly gay people, may be led, but will not be driven. For my own part I have been unexpectedly affected even to tears, by the quiet eloquence of an old-fashioned preacher; but I never heard one of these new light popular personages without disgust. It is the man who harangues you, the man who evidently knows he is personally of importance in the town, that he is talked about, and is content to be abused by one set of fashionables, for the sake of being lauded by another set. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," saith the preacher, and truly to such a preacher as this I apply his own text.

TWADDLE.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDETERMINED ROGUE.
No. XIII.

Dillon's illness had wrought a marvelous change in his sentiments towards the neglected Phoebe. He had indeed never ceased to love her; but his conduct to her, since he quitted the common where he first became acquainted with her, had been uniformly cold and unkind. His conscience was now painfully probed by the reflection that she had never merited the harsh returns with which he had for a long time past almost invariably greeted her, whenever she attempted any of those little kind offices towards him which are the sure diagnosticks of a deep and enduring affection. Her attention to him during his late illness had decided the question in his own mind as to the mode he should in future pursue, and he came to the determination of offering to marry her without delay. He had caught the enthusiasm of her own feelings in imagining that she might chance not to be the offspring of the gipsy; and the more he reflected upon the high moral tone of her mind, her delicate sensibility, and the strong intellectual powers with which she was gifted, the stronger did this conviction become. It seemed a wild and strange conclusion, because Phoebe could recollect no other parents; and, to say the truth, she had always been treated by Burrows and his wife with the same apparent fondness as the rest of their children, though the grandmother, in her angry mood, would occasionally mutter strange maledictions against her, and always seemed to look upon her with a feeling amounting to hatred, though such was not positively expressed. At the time this circumstance had not much arrested her attention, but she had frequently since reflected upon the marked difference of the old woman's affection towards her and the other members of the family. Towards all
the other children she expressed a fondness amounting to fatuity, although they continually thwarted and even derided her; whilst Phoebe not only treated her with uniform respect, but with an attention to her wants that added considerably to the domestic comforts, which at best were few, of this miserable old woman.

Burrows, with that strange caprice of feeling sometimes observable in the most brutal natures, seemed to feel a stronger affection for Phoebe than for any of his other children, never treating her with harshness, though sometimes, when under the influence of intoxication, severely punishing them. Here was a difficulty that tended to impose a strong doubt upon the validity of Phoebe's and Dillon's suspicions. That such a man—a gypsy, too—one of a race notorious for the love of their own offspring, should feel a stronger affection for the child of a stranger, was a thing scarcely to be conceived. Our hero nevertheless encouraged his suspicions, as they tended to remove the load of an impediment which had long weighed heavily upon his mind—the idea of becoming united in marriage with the daughter of a gypsy.

At their next meeting, Dillon declared himself.

"Phoebe," said he, taking her hand, "my frequent unkindness to you is a weight upon my heart. Can you forgive it?"

"I have long forgiven it, James, because I felt I deserved it."

"How?"

"Did you not save my life, and did I not reject you for one infinitely your inferior; one, too, who has died the death of a criminal?"

"But that might have been my fate. Remember, Phoebe, I have been a violator of the laws from my youth, and although I have now forebore these infractions which are branded with the name of dishonourable, yet you cannot surely forget that I have frequently done what would have provoked the penalty of a halter, had I been detected."

"Alas! I confess to you that many a bitter pang has been mine when I have reflected upon your former mode of life. I had always in that respect thought you wrong, a misguided, a mistaken man; but I nevertheless fancied that I saw deeply into your heart, and discovered there the seeds of a fruit hereafter to ripen into a luxuriant harvest. Dillon, I am sure you are not by nature a depraved man. I have ever thought your heart to be good, while I could not but conceive your conduct to be evil; and I will confess to you, that even while I have secretly condemned you with feelings of almost bitter agony, still the sentiment of disapprobation which often depressed my spirit into sadness, has never eradicated from my bosom one favourable impression, which from the first moment I knew you I have never ceased to entertain."

She might with truth have said, in the words of Cowley—

Go bid the needle his dear north forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upward make;
And when these false to their companions prove,
Then shall I cease thee—thine alone—to love.

The fast-linked chain of everlasting fate
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
My fixed love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be still the same whatever you do.
You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

"Phoebe," said Dillon, moved by the glowing energy with which she stated her feelings, and at the same time encouraged by her candour, "I cannot mistake the nature of your sentiments towards me. I know my life has hitherto done me no credit. I know that my name in society is a reproach; but I am now a wealthy man, and there is nothing like gold to scour off the rust of disgrace. I am prepared to marry you forthwith. We will live abroad for some time, until the slur upon my name shall have been brushed off by the pinions of old Time, when we will return and live in our own land upon the fruits, if not of an honest, at least of a laborious industry."

Phoebe affected no astonishment at this declaration, but readily declared her willingness to accept the only man whom she had really ever loved. Dillon promised that he would immediately sell the lugger, and retire with the lovely girl of his heart's choice to the comforts of domestic life. It was arranged that he should immediately repair with the lugger to Guernsey, and dispose of her to the best bidder. There he was more likely to sell her to advantage than in an English port, as her uses were better understood among those thrifty islanders. Upon his return, our hero, according to the present arrangement, was to lead the beautiful gipsy to the altar, and retire to a privacy where he should be unknown but as a married man, with an income of two thousand a year.

A few days after this arrangement had been made, Dillon sailed in the lugger for Guernsey. His mind was full of delightful anticipations. His spirit seemed winged. It rose above the earth with a
momentum that appeared to carry it out of the body into a new earth, where the primitive Paradise was restored to his rapt and ecstatic imagination. He had met with almost unprecedented success in the world, having realised a fortune of forty thousand pounds entirely by his own exertions. He was only in his five-and-twentieth year, and there seemed nothing before him but enjoyment in this world, and the seal of predestination, as he conceived, secured to him the certainty of it in the next. He was about to be united to a beautiful and amiable girl, who had unequivocally proved an attachment towards him that could not fail to render him a happy husband. His spirits rose almost to a tumult of delight as his little vessel bounded over the crested billows on her way to the island. He saw nothing but bright hues in the future, and the fervour of his mind at this moment threw over it a glow, that made him long to begin that career of domestic enjoyment which he pictured to himself would be so pure and uninterrupted. Every moment his heart warmed towards the object of his attachment, and this feeling was heightened by the recollection of past unkindness. He longed for an opportunity of cancelling former wrongs by future tenderness. Of his brother he had heard nothing since he quitted London. Knowing that Edward would not approve of any mode of advancing his fortune that was a direct infraction of the laws, James had neither made him acquainted with his place of abode, nor informed him of his illegal system of traffic. Thus the brothers were again estranged from each other.

The Nancy made her way under a light breeze towards Guernsey. The day was bright as Dillon's hopes. Scarcely a cloud passed over the heavens, which were an apt emblem of his own spirit; that wore one uniform tint of joyousness. No shadow darkened his path. His heart rose on his lips in gratitude to God. The emotion was involuntary, but it was fervent. His religion, for the most part, was one of mere form, but now as it operated for an instant, he lifted up his soul to the Author of all human blessings in a transport of deep and heartfelt thanksgiving.

Towards the afternoon, a ship dotted the horizon, her white sails glittering in the sun, and after some time she was discovered to be a large frigate. She hoisted English colours, and therefore the lugger kept on her easy way without there being among her crew the slightest apprehension of danger from the strange sail. The frigate approached rapidly with most of her canvass set; but so confident was the impression on board the lugger of her being an English ship, that the course of the latter was not altered.—

The British colours were not to be mistaken, and our hero was too happy at this moment to dream of an enemy, especially, too, as they were within sight of Guernsey, which was not more than ten or twelve miles ahead.

When the frigate had advanced nearer, Dillon for the first time suspected something hostile in her aspect, as she was bearing directly down upon the Nancy without hailing her. No sooner had this suspicion taken possession of his mind than he ordered every bit of canvass to be hoisted; but the stranger was now close astern of the lugger, and seeing Dillon's intention, the English colours then flying from her mizen-yard, were hauled down, and those of France instantly substituted. She fired a shot at the Nancy, which Dillon immediately ordered to be put before the wind, and away she flew over the surge like a swallow. By this time, how the frigate was so close that the chances of escape were evidently desperate. She soon brought her broadside against the Nancy, and pouring upon the little vessel the whole range of her guns, dismayed her at the first discharge. The lugger staggered: she no longer rose upon the billows, but lay heavy and dull upon the water, and after a few uneasy rolls, went down.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The enemy passed on her way without attempting to save one of the unhappy crew. As the lugger sank, Dillon sprang into the sea. He was an expert swimmer, but his chances of escape appeared hopeless, when he considered the distance from the nearest shore. For some time he bore himself gallantly above the surge, but soon began to grow fatigued, and from the roughness of the sea he found it extremely difficult to float upon his back, which would have been a great relief to him, could he have successfully availed himself of this resource. He had a fierce struggle for his life: still he breathed the surge with desperate resolution, never for an instant despairing of a rescue. There was nothing to encourage such a hope, nevertheless it gave an impulse to his exertions. When he rose upon the crest of a breaker, he saw the
frigate in the distance sailing majestically on her course; but there was no refuge near. Around, the wide sea spread like an eternity: his eye could rest upon no shore. The grey billows appeared to skip before him as if in mockery of his peril. Death seemed to stand by and urge them on. His danger was imminent. He was getting every moment weaker. His chest was distended with water, and so weak had he become that he could no longer rise sufficiently high above the surface of the sea to avoid receiving a mouthful every time he made an effort to swim. Though his senses were fast fading, he did not cease to use his best endeavours to keep himself afloat. His limbs were by this time powerless from the coldness of the water, which every few seconds nearly choked him. He threw out his arms desperately, but the greater his exertions the more complete was the succeeding prostration. His eyes at length closed—he clasped his hands together—the salt sea was gurgling in his throat, and he was actually sinking, when he felt a hand upon his head, and the next moment was drawn almost senseless into a boat.

Upon recovering his senses, for he had fainted, Dillon discovered that he was among strangers. They spoke a language with which he was sufficiently familiar to satisfy him that he was in the power of his country’s foes. He soon ascertained that the captain of the frigate, perceiving his arduous struggles, had been moved to something like compassion, and had sent a boat to rescue him from his jeopardy. As he sat in the boat shivering, the water dropping from him in showers, he became a subject for the coarse jests of the men who had saved him from a watery grave.

“He trembles like a girl in a panic,” said one of the men, with a broad vulgar grin; “he doesn’t seem to like the smell of salt water.”

This raised a general laugh at Dillon’s expense, but the Frenchmen had mistaken their man. Our hero rose from his seat, and fixing his eyes sternly on the speaker, said, as well as his knowledge of French would allow—

“If you think that because you have saved my life you have thereby acquired a right to insult me, you are deceived. You may fling me again into the sea, and leave me there to struggle for that existence which you have only preserved in obedience to your superior; but I bid you one and all beware of offering me any personal provocation, for weak as I am I know how to avenge it.”

“Nom d’une gargouille!” cried the Frenchman, and began to blurt out with the energy of a drunken fishwoman, threats of annihilation, if the prisoner dared again to stir his tongue.

Dillon sat unmoved, but a smile of quiet contempt just turned the corner of his mouth, and by this time the boat was alongside of the frigate. Being ordered to ascend first, he sprang up her side with an agility that seemed to astonish his captors.

The captain made a slight bow as our hero leaped upon the quarter-deck, and on hearing the report of the enraged sailor, who expatiated with voluble exaggeration upon the Englishman’s insolence, he ordered the latter to be put in irons, and consigned to a place of security. The prisoner was immediately placed between decks under the charge of a marine, who paced to and fro before him armed with a loaded musket.

There was something more to his mind in this than in being exposed to the clumsy jokes of the crew. He could not, however, reflect upon the recent scene of his peril without much sadness of heart. The loss of the lugger was a circumstance that affected him little; but he had seen the whole of his comrades perish—he was the only survivor. He had witnessed the struggles of several of his hardy companions in peril as they buffeted the waves with the frantic anxiety of men conscious that they were about to descend into the strange darkness of the great deep. He had heard them call upon him for help when he was unable to save them, and the sound was still in his ears. The death-gasp, the horrid gurgling of the water in the throat of the drowning man, the snort, the choked scream kept down by the rushing brine—all this he had heard. These various details of death severely rushed upon his mind like spectres from that unquiet world in which they have no rest. Like “The Ancient Mariner,” at that perilous moment

He closed his lids and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on his weary eye,
And the dead were at his feet.

He had, however, now the satisfaction of being left to the companionship of his own thoughts. The marine did not offer to intrude upon the privacy of his reflections, and the sailors passed him with a look of indiffERENCE, without uttering a word.

Dillon was not much gratified at his change of condition. His prospects no
longer offered anything promising. A prisoner in the hands of a vigilant enemy, his lately budding hopes of a near union with Phoebe were on a sudden blighted. His reflections at this moment were bitter; but with his characteristic confidence in the infallibility of that creed which, in his own view, placed him above the common accidents of time under the arbitrament of a special predestination, he soon banished all gloomy presentiments from his bosom, and cast his thoughts forward to a future, when the stream of time would run tranquil before him, upon which he would be gradually wafted towards the shoreless ocean of eternity, where “ joys unspeakable and glorified” would meet him, never to be subject to interruption or abatement. The moody fit soon subsided, and he readily braced up his resolution to meet the worst that might befal.

Shortly after he was taken on board the frigate, she anchored within the harbour at Cherbourg. Dillon was immediately landed and conveyed to the prison of the town. He was here thrust into a close narrow apartment with upwards of fifty of his countrymen. Their fare was anything but luxurious; still our hero’s spirits did not droop. His powers of endurance were naturally great, and the confidence by which he was supported of eventual deliverance kept him from despondency. Many of his companions were in the most pitiable plight, some of them being covered with rags, their beards long and matted, their hair falling over their thin pallid countenances in squallid twisted masses, their eyes sunk into their sockets, and their frames worn to a shadow. He saw nothing but misery around him. There was neither a cheerful face to be seen nor a voice of joy to be heard. Still Dillon did not despond. He stalked among the living spectres by whom he was surrounded without apprehension, but not without sympathy. Happily for him, his imprisonment did not last long, for within a few weeks after his being landed at Cherbourg the peace of Amiens was concluded, and he, together with thousands of his delighted countrymen, was set at liberty. He immediately repaired to Paris, and wrote to Phoebe to apprise her of his safety. She shortly joined him, accompanied by the old widow with whom she lived, by way of protection from the world’s calumnies.

Dillon lodged in the Rue St. Honoré, and Phoebe, with her venerable friend, took apartments in the same street, but at a short distance. The poor girl had for some months suffered the very extremity of anxiety upon Dillon’s account, not having heard from him since he had quitted the western shores of England in the Nancy, and she began to entertain the gloomy presentiment that he must have perished at sea. His letter lightened her heart, and without a single day’s delay she started for Paris.

The arrangement between the lovers now was that they should remain six weeks at the French capital, then return to England and be married. But how frequently does experience realise to us the awful fact that within the brief lapse of six weeks fearful vicissitudes may arise to dim the brightest prospects of the human condition. In the lottery of life blanks are continually cast up from the wheel; we are perpetually hearing the tempting amount of the prize, but how seldom do we grasp it. The machine revolves without a pause; we live upon expectation, making mighty and eager calculations upon our chances of happiness, but too generally the whole sum is disappointment, and, as it has been said by the wise King of Israel, “ vexation of spirit.”

Every object in the gay metropolis where they had now taken up their abode was new to Dillon and his affianced bride. They seemed in a different world, and they looked at everything with eyes that could see nothing but enjoyment in all around them. There was no room in their bosoms for gloomy or unsocial thoughts. They visited with unmingled gratification all that was considered worth seeing. Day after day passed on in one unvaried routine of pleasure; but it was pure and rational pleasure. Three weeks of the six had already gone by; still they took no note of time, because to them its course was uniform and without a shadow. These were indeed halycon days to them, but it is not the character of earthly things to continue long without change.

It happened that our hero had taken up his abode in a large house, seven stories high, every one of which was occupied by a separate family, there being only one staircase in the house, and this was of necessity common to all. It was dark, narrow, and miserably filthy, the dirt of the different apartments being swept out upon it, which, to the sight of an Englishman, and even to one who had inhabited a gipsy’s tenement, was extremely disgusting.

Dillon was one morning descending the dark stairs, when he passed close to a man, who happened to raise his head at the moment, and looking full in his face, he recog-
rised the owner of the vessel freighted with hides from the Brazils, which he had captured. The man started at the un-
expected recognition, but Dillon proceeded to descend without uttering a word. The other stood still for some moments, and then said, in a tone of hoarse asperity,—

“Scoundrel! I shall make you disgorge your prey.”

“My good fellow,” said Dillon, stopping and turning his head upwards, for he was by this time nearly at the bottom of the stairs, “your property became mine by the chance of war. The transfer was legal, according to the law of nations, which, like the edicts of the Medes and Persians, changes not.”

“We shall see,” said the other. “If there’s justice upon earth, I’ll have back my own; and I don’t speak without a meaning.”

“A good day to you,” said our hero, in a gay tone, and made his exit through the front door.

This meeting, unexpected though it was, and not altogether to be desired, did not disturb the composure of our predestinarian. He knew not, however, the person with whom he was likely to be brought into repul-
sive contact. The Frenchman was a person to whom money was at once an idol and a heaven. It was the sole aliment of his earthly joy.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish, over careful fathers,
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care;
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pilled up
The cankered heaps of strange achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtless to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When like the bee, culling from ev’ry flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packed with wax our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains.

This sordid being had amassed a large fortune during the war; still he thought of nothing but increasing it. In proportion as his love of money was strong, so was his hatred towards those who were the means of diminishing his treasure. The loss of his ship and her cargo smote him to the soul. He had suffered imprisonment with a dogged resolution as an evil infinitely more endurable than the loss of his wealth,—looking eagerly forward to a day of vengeance. He had been originally an officer in the navy, which he quitted to become a “capitaine de long cours,” and trade to the colonies. He was a ferocious and implacable man, one who never could be induced to forego a purpose upon which he had once bent his mind, however fearful might be the issue.

Dillon, fearing him not, took no care to avoid him, and they passed each other once or twice on the stairs without sign of recognition on either side; but the grim expression of the Frenchman’s features, which glared through the gloom of the staircase with an aspect of sinister malignity, sufficiently indi-
cated the feelings that were working in his breast.

About a week after his first meeting with this man upon the stairs, as Dillon was seated in a café near the Palais Royale, his enemy entered, and placing himself at the same table, eyed our hero with a look of fierce disdain. The latter, smiling scornfully, took up a paper and began to read. The Frenchman called for a cup of coffee, and having poured a small quantity of it into the saucer, put his finger into it, and scattered a portion over the face of his former enemy, who, without appearing to observe the insult, took out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped his checks, and resumed his reading. His aggressor paused awhile, and then repeated the provocation.

“Sir,” said our hero, again calmly wiping his face, “you have already twice spurted your coffee over me, to my very great anno-
ynce. I cannot suppose that you could have done it designedly, as it is impossible I should attribute to a gentleman an act of such vulgar insolence; but having now put you upon your guard, I must request that the annoyance be not repeated.”

The other only answered by a coarse grin, which he meant for a scornful smile, and after the lapse of a few seconds, having put the four fingers of his right hand into a saucer full of coffee, he impelled a large quantity into Dillon’s face, who instantly rising, struck his insulter a tremendous blow upon the temple that sent him backward sprawling on the floor of the café. In an instant there was a terrible scene of confusion. All took part against the Englishman who had dared to offer an insult to a French gentleman, for which nothing but his life could atone. Dillon, unmoved at the rising ebullitions of the maître de café, and the frequenter of his house, said calmly, “your countryman has grossly insulted me, and I have only treated him as he deserved.”

“Bandit!” cried the enraged limonadier.

“Scoundrel,” retorted Dillon, his anger
rising as the uproar increased, "dare to repeat that word, and I'll dash your head against your own floor. Take heed, for I am not one accustomed to retaliate wrong only by a threat."

The man who had been the cause of all this tumult, was by this time upon his legs, and swaggering up to our hero, his cheeks crimsoned with rage, and his eyes opened to their utmost extension, roared "polisson!"

Dillon laid hold of his collar, and looking him fiercely in the face with his teeth set, said—"Most egregious coward! you have wantonly insulted me, I have chastised you, but far below your deserts. If you are dissatisfied with the issue of your own insolence, I am willing to meet a superlatively bully when and where he pleases, and render him whatever satisfaction he may require."

"This moment," said the Frenchman, sputtering with fury, "I shall require it at your hands. I shall expect you at the foot of Montmartre within an hour."

"You shall find me ready, but as I am to consider myself the party first insulted, I have of course a right to the choice of weapons, and think it right to apprise you that you must fight with pistols."

"No," replied the other; "I insist upon swords. You have given me a blow; you have therefore no plea for refusing me the satisfaction of a gentleman, in whatever way I may choose to propose. You must fight me with swords."

The altercation upon this point was maintained for some time with great obstinacy on both sides; at length Dillon, lest it should be thought that he was afraid to meet his adversary upon any terms, consented to fight with swords, but insisted upon his right of choice as to the description of sword that should be employed. This, after some demur, being acceded to, our hero chose a long double-edged rapier. A pair of these formidable instruments of death being selected, the parties separated, with the understanding that they were to meet at the foot of Montmartre within an hour. Dillon repaired to his lodgings, made his will, leaving everything he possessed in the world to Phœbe, put it into the petite poste addressed to her, and having induced a young Englishman with whom he had become acquainted during his short visit at the French capital, to be his second, he repaired at the time agreed upon to the appointed place of meeting. The affair in which he had so imprudently engaged, was certainly most serious. He was very little acquainted with the use of the instrument chosen by him for the decision of a rash quarrel with a desperate man, whom he had every reason to think was well skilled in the use of the sword, a weapon in which it is considered indispensable by the French government that every officer belonging to its naval or military service should be well skilled. His chance of escape, therefore, appeared doubtful. Still he relied upon his own coolness and intrepidity, knowing that, in all personal encounters, such qualities frequently counteract the artificial advantage of mere skill. There were, nevertheless, fearful odds against him. His adversary was a strong determined savage, who thirsted for blood. The acerbity of his nature had been already too apparent to doubt his purpose for a single instant. He clearly sought the life of his opponent, and our hero, conscious of this sanguinary feeling in the Frenchman, was determined not to be backward in taking his.

When the parties reached the ground, the usual forms were soon disposed of, and the parties stripped for action. They each took off their coats, waistcoats, and shirts, in order to obviate the danger of cloth or linen being forced into the wound, should any be given by either party. The contrast between the combatants was remarkable. Dillon's slight but compact and muscular frame, fair yet exquisitely proportioned, whilst that of his adversary, large, unwieldy, and covered with hair, suggested the idea of Apollo and Polyphemus. The one was all ease and activity, the other all awkwardness and brute strength. The one was open, frank, and brave,

The other was a fell despiteful fiend;
Hell holds none worse in baleful bowers below;
By pride and wit, and rage and rancour keen'd,
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe,
With nose upturn'd he always made a show
As if he smell'd some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold and keen, like blasts fromoreal snow,
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.

They were placed fronting each other by their respective seconds, who quitted them as soon as they were ready, and at a given signal they commenced the encounter.

By their mode of putting themselves into position, the disparity in manual dexterity was obvious at a glance. The Frenchman was at his ease, deliberate and calculating; the Englishman, unsteady, restless, and vigilant. At the given signal the strife commenced with vigour, especially on the part of our hero, who, conscious of his want of skill, plied his opponent with such energy,
that the latter was obliged to retreat and act entirely on the defensive. He had the greatest difficulty in parrying the random but vigorous thrusts of his adversary, who, in a short time passed his sword against the body of the Frenchman; but the latter, turning quickly at the moment, frustrated the well-intentioned thrust, the Englishman’s sword slipping over the rib and laying it bare.

The seconds now interfered as a wound had been given, and demanded of the wounded party if he was satisfied; but exasperated at having his blood drawn by a mere tyro at fence, and one too from whom, according to his own view of the matter, he had received such a signal provocation, the Frenchman replied in a tone of savage malignity, that nothing short of his opponent’s life would satisfy his insulted honour. The combat was immediately renewed.

Dillon observed the same system of assault, and so confounded his adversary by the irregularity of his attack, that the latter could not with safety venture to make a thrust. He, however, parried the Englishman’s passes with wary skill, closely watching his opportunity to run him through the body. Of this sanguinary intention our hero was perfectly aware, and he therefore redoubled the vigour of his movements. At length, however, having imprudently made a desperate thrust at the Frenchman, he lost his balance, and before he could recover himself, received his adversary’s rapier into his body, directly in front below the breast.

Dillon, feeling that he was wounded, sprang back, disengaged his body from the sword, placed his hand upon the wound, from which the blood flowed in a copious stream, and rushing upon his exulting foe before he had well recovered his guard, brought the point of his own weapon upon the right breast. The thrust being made with the desperation of one determined to revenge his own death, for his impression was that he had received a mortal wound, his rapier passed up to the very hilt; but fortunately being turned by the breast bone, the point came out nearly under the arm. The pass, however, had been made with such good will that the whole of the right pap was nearly severed from the bone, and the Frenchman fell deluged in his blood, crying out that he was a dead man.

Both parties were taken home desperately wounded. No hopes were entertained of the Frenchman’s life, and whether Dillon was likely to survive, was a matter upon which the surgeons declared at the moment they could not decide. Upon reaching his hotel, our hero found Phoebe there awaiting his arrival in a state of the greatest distress. During his absence, she had received the letter which he had sent to the post for her, and she immediately repaired to his lodgings in a state of mind bordering upon distraction. When she saw him borne from a coach, in the arms of two men, she concluded for the moment that he was dead; nevertheless, with that admirable command of feeling for which she was at all times remarkable, she subdued her emotion, and calmly awaited his arrival. When brought into the apartment, and seeing the lovely girl already there to meet and attend upon him, as she had done upon a former occasion, he smiled languidly, and extending his hand, blessed her in a voice that was faint between the struggles of weakness and emotion.

Phoebe at length overcome by her feelings, fell upon his neck and wept. He was now carefully laid upon his bed. The surgeon having dressed his wound and retired, he was left to the care of that affectionate girl who had shown how dearly she valued his existence. For several days his life was despaired of, but after a while it appeared that the intestines had not been punctured, and upon this discovery hopes were entertained that he would ultimately do well. His rival was in a far worse condition: for six weeks his death was daily expected, but the vigour of his constitution triumphed, and at the end of two months he was pronounced out of danger.

Before Dillon could quit his room, he was visited one morning by two officers of police, who informed him that a charge of robbery had been made against him by his late adversary, and that he must immediately appear before a Juge d’Instruction. Our hero was no less astonished than exasperated at the charge, and the more so that he should be apprehended upon the declaration of a man who had a feeling of revenge to gratify, and without any previous investigation of the charge. But the course of law is never arrested because an individual may consider it unjust; Dillon was consequently told that the moment he was fit to be removed he must go to prison. His apartments were narrowly searched, and, secreted in one of the drawers, was a ruby ring sworn to be the property of his accuser. Both Dillon and Phoebe were astounded. As the drawers belonged to the proprietor of the house, they suspected that the ring had been placed there
by the servant who cleaned Dillon's rooms, and who might have a duplicate key, at the instigation of his late antagonist. He had no inducement now to rob, and the improbability that had he done so, he would have allowed what he had taken to remain so long and so loosely concealed in a drawer to which a servant might so easily obtain access, should have placed him above suspicion. But such considerations have but little weight with a French Procureur du Roi, and Dillon was in a few days conveyed to the Prefecture de Police, there to await the pleasure of the Juge d'Instruction.

SYMPH.

LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.—NO. II.

GREENWICH FAIR.

Your gracious and graceful approval, prettiest of cousins, of my first epistle, has given me new spirit to proceed in your agreeable service; and although the subject of my present missive is even more impracticable in its nature than that of the last, I do not despair, so inspired, of turning to favour and to prettiness even the personal peculiarities of a popular English fête: no common-place attempt, let me tell you.

In my last letter I presented you with an sketch of the outward features and adjuncts which lend to Greenwich Fair its chief peculiarities and attractions, and form, as it were, the frame-work of the picture, or the costume of the figure. I have now to make you acquainted with the thing itself; and if you should find that it does not exactly assort with the attire and colours in which accident has here clothed it, I do not know that the ensemble of the sight is less worthy your attention on that account. The truth is, that there is something strangely and curiously interesting in the observation of what must be looked on as a London Fair, held (as in the present case) in what is called by courtesy "the country;" for you are to understand that we metropolitans pique ourselves on being able to show, in the persons of that class who compose the staple of the fair-going portion of the population, certain varieties of the human animal not to be met with in any other latitude than that of London, and which, even there, are never to be seen collected in one and the same menagerie, except on an occasion like the present. In fact, the variety in the visitors at Greenwich Fair is its most amusing as well as its most instructive feature. You may make comparisons and study contrasts here, that no other scene of English life can afford occasion for; because in no other scene do the same grades of society come into contact and juxta-position.

You have observed, by the extract which I sent you in my last letter, from the literary oracle of high life, that the very élite of that grade do not disdain to mingle, "hale fellow well met!" in the throng; and where the gentle Castlereagh, that "glass of fashion," pink of Tories, and prince-prettyman of incipient statesmen, does not scruple to be seen, who shall be ashamed of following? Certainly not the élite of that aristocracy of wealth, which threatens no distant date to "gall the kibe" of its prouder rival aforesaid: for it was only on Whit-Monday last (not so "fashionable" a day as that of Easter), that I encountered in the open gas-light of the High-street of Greenwich, the very "head and front" of the class last-named (whose father not long ago left him nearly half a million of money) with a pretty soubrette on his arm, who, from the air of almost condensation which she wore, evidently mistook her beau for nothing better (or worse) than one of Sewell and Cross's shopmen.

Next in external aspect and bearing, and consequently in social rank, to the "mob of swells" (so they are usually indignant by the real mobility of the Fair) are the "swell mob"—a class of gentry quite as chary of their presence at our places of ordinary resort, as are those to whom I have allowed them to yield the pas in this description. In fact, the only Fair which they condescend to patronise is that with which I am now to make you acquainted; and those observers who have arrived at the power of distinguishing between the two classes at a single glance, may congratulate themselves on having attained no slight advance in the art of deciphering the "compliment extern" of civilised society. But
even I, who pique myself on my proficiency in this art, am puzzled when I seek to explain to you in precisely what the distinctions in question consist. It is not in the general character of the dress—it is not in the carriage or contour of the person—it is not even in the form and character of the face. In all these particulars I am acquainted (by sight) with pickpockets who might pass for peers of the realm; and vice versa. But there is a "something" about the expression of countenance, and still more about the expression of cravat, of the genuine as distinguished from the forged gentleman, which at once fixes the identity, in the eyes of those who are connoisseurs in either. The difficulty is to describe that "something." The best I can do for you in this particular is to say, that in the first case the look is natural, and worn with ease and indifference, indicating that it is the wearers own; in the second it is imitative, and worn with an air of mingled doubt and arrogance, as if the wearer knew it to be stolen property. You are to understand the remark as applying no less to the set of the cravat than of the countenance. If the latter happen to be ornamented with a moustache, then the most careless observer may decide the point at once; for nobody nowadays sports those amiable excrescences but pickpockets, gambling-house decoys, and the young gentlemen who command the guard of honour of our gracious King and Queen; a fact which bespeaks it full time for these latter to be permitted to leave them off.

The class next demanding notice among the personnel of the scene, is that which constitutes its most brilliant and prominent feature. When the shopocracy of London, in their growing morgue, pass a by-law, decreeing that their retainers shall not commit the dignity of their calling, by taking part in so plebeian an entertainment as a public Fair, that ancient boast and glory of "merry England" may consider itself virtually extinct. Not that the estate in question are of a quality to permit their pleasures to be curtailed at the instance of their "employers," (there are no "masters" now-a-days). But there is no saying what combination may do on the one hand, and the march of refinement on the other. Should either of these succeed in persuading the calicoes of London, that Greenwich Fair is "vulgar," that truly national fête will be shorn of half its beams. The shopocracy of the assemblage you may distin-

guish by the one-sided set of their white hats, the varied colour of their cravats (black being the only legitimate hue), and the artificial nature of their tye; the latter being a sort of Gordian knot which nothing but scissors can undo, and, being of patent construction, is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. It is worth your while, my fair cousins, to mark this delicate distinction, since it is one of the very few that may be specifically pointed out as settling the question between a well-dressed man and a pretender in that pre-eminent art. The man who, whether from pure ignorance, or for his mere personal ease, permits himself to appear abroad in a cravat with the simulacre of a tie, may be expected sooner or later to subside into that ne plus ultra of human vilification, a silk hat!

The only other class of visitors whose number and importance demand for them a distinct notice, are the London apprentices—a body which erstwhile occupied the parallel station in our metropolitan annals to that held at present by the "Students" of Paris. Formerly they used to hear the Lord Mayor in his statecoach, and dictate terms of compromise to the judges on the bench. At present their exploits are confined to scenes of occasional festivity, like that in which we now encounter them; and if their uproarious spirits and unbridled manners do sometimes render them the terror and scandal of the more starched and strait-laced portion of the assembly, I must be allowed to hint to you that a metropolitan Fair, deprived of their presence, would be as little what it professes to be, and ought to be, as the play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out. The truth is, that it is for them and the like of them, that such scenes are and should be instituted and preserved; and I cannot conceive anything much more ridiculous (not to mention its want of feeling and of justice) than to complain of such scenes, and seek to "put them down," because they are not, and cannot be, conducted with the decorum and exclusiveness of an Almack's assembly.

Of the fair portion of our metropolitan Fair-frequenters, I have little to say in detail, since they include much less variety of caste and character than the male. Nevertheless, they form the main feature and attraction of the scene, and could as little be dispensed with as flowers in a summer pleasure-garden, or fruit in an autumnal orchard. Indeed, the only characteristic fault in our metropolitan Fairs, as national scenes, is their growing deficiency in
this particular. The daily increasing fastidiousness of our manners banishes from our public Fairs all classes of that sex from which (I suppose) they take their name, except emancipated servant maids, the daughters of small shopkeepers, and the like. But happily it so happens, en revenge, that these classes include as much personal beauty, and as warm a passion for dress, as the best among their betters; and accordingly, I doubt if the most brilliant of those "unreal mockeries," the fancy Fairs of the fashionable world, ever presented a more attractive display in this particular, to the eye of unsophisticated taste, than that of Greenwich and its fête on a fine Whit-Monday—that last past, for example.

Leaving this nice point for future decision, I proceed to notice briefly the locale and materiel of Greenwich Fair. I mean that particular spot devoted to the booths, shows, stalls, and so forth. The locale consists of a long, and, till you reach its extremity, a narrow plot of ground, branching off on the left from the principal street, and forming (during the first half of it) an uninterrupted avenue of fairy wealth and splendour, which can only be imagined and appreciated by a nursery-excited fancy; and the chief merit and attraction of which display consists in its power of renewing the dreams, and desires, and associations of that bright and bewildering period of our sublunar career.

If a Fair were a fair place in which to philosophise, I should here enter into a very learned metaphysical discussion, which could not fail to prove to you, that grown-up people go to Fairs simply because they desired to do so when they were little children; and that they gaze on the interminable galleries of gilt gingerbread, which form the staple of the scene, with a mysterious feeling of mingled surprise and admiration, merely because the first time they looked on a similar scene, it opened to them a vista of unimaginable wealth, more than realising their dreams of the mines of Golconda, or the subterranean treasuries of the pre-adamite Sultans or Genii in the Arabian Nights.

But I spare you the details of this discussion, and proceed to tell you of the illuminated splendours of the victualling booths, the gaily decorated gable-ends of which alone present themselves to actual view; the entrance being flanked on either side by amphitheatrical arrangements of innumerable rounds of beef, hams, and the like; punch-bowls full of tea, pyramids of loaf sugar, piles of lemons, and panniers of French rolls;—the whole fabric bottomed and supported by butts of porter, barrels of cider, hamper of bottled ale, and armories of ginger-beer bottles. To the scenes of plebeian merriment that are going forward within the precincts of these temples of good temper and good cheer, I may not venture to introduce you; seeing that your home-keeping conceptions of the "correct" in matters of female manners and personal bearing might chance to take alarm at the idea of an extemporine dance upon a sanded floor, between partners who do not know each other's names. But a passing glance at the scene you are not fastidious enough to turn away from with disdain. Imagine, then, an immense rick-cloth, extended tent-wise over a long and narrow space of ground; its sides furnished with wooden forms and tables for refreshment; its centre left free for the dancers aforesaid; its sloping roof hung at intervals with numerous devices of coloured lamps:—people every portion of this brilliantly illuminated barrack with a motly melange of all the various classes that I have described to you as forming the personnel of the fair: set the tongues of the whole into action by the "be-musing" effects of the comestibles that line the vestibule of entrance, and the feet of half of them into motion, by the squeaking of a couple of crazy Cremonas worked by a pair of itinerant Paganinis mounted on an empty beer-barrel in one corner of the enclosure:—imagine all these matters into one mysterious whole, and you will acquire some notion at least of the most characteristic feature of our great metropolitan Fair.

At the end of the narrow avenue of booths and stalls just referred to, the ground opens out, right and left, into an irregular quadrangle, the sides of which are occupied by the various shows, monsters, marionettes, mummers, mechanical marvels, and other "wonders above wonders" which constitute that well-known portion of the details of a Fair, with the most celebrated items of which even you, my unsophisticated cousins, are in all probability not wholly unacquainted, since it is the privilege of the happy vagabonds who appertain to them, not to know the meaning of a settled home, and consequently to find or make one in every province of the kingdom. In fact, to conceive any one living between the Orkneys and the Land's End to be ignorant of the fair fame of the universal and ubiquitous Richardson, the Bunn and Polhill, in one, of the strolling world; to suppose a pitch of blissful ignorance
that has yet to witness the wonders of Wombwell's menagerie, its giant porter, the greatest of the wild beasts therein, and able to thrash the elephant any day in the week, in a fair stand up fight; to believe in the existence of a human intelligence in which the everlastingly "young Master Saunders" does not form a part;—to credit, I say, a state of intellectual negation equal to this, is what I cannot bring myself to do, in relation to persons in whose well-being I take so large an interest as I do in yours, my gentle cousins. I shall therefore abstain from detailing to you any of those universalities of Greenwich Fair, which appertain to it in common with the rude and rustic types of it with which you are doubtless already familiar. In vain, therefore, do I call to mind the interminable improvisations of the solemn successor of the gentle Mr. Gyngell (uttered in a ring of his nine bellies of daughters) on the superintelligent and amenity, as well as the morality and rationality, of his amusements over those of all others, past, present, or to come; in vain does another Solomon (the learned pig) astonish the rest of the "swinish multitude" by grunting responsive to the alternate questions and caresses of his fair proprietress; in vain do indomitable conjurers feed upon fire, and invisible dwarfs utter incomprehensible impromptus out of hat-boxes, and the effigies of mermaids comb for ever their evergreen hair; in vain does the gentle Corea dance a coranto with the clown, to the tune played by the heroic Rolla, with the rolling-pin on the salt-box; in vain, in short, do those innumerable gratis glories of the Fair which present themselves to the astonished senses of the external gazers, hold out their delusive promises and deceptive foretastes of that "all-hailed hereafter," which, like the school-boy's "to-morrow," will never come.

All these matters and things I shall leave to your memory and imagination, only assuring you, that on this occasion they all acquire an added spirit and vividness, in virtue of the superior critical acumen and judgment of the accomplished audience before which they are enacted! But there is still a feature appertaining to this national scene, which I have not yet placed before you, and in the absence of which my sketch would be as incomplete as a portrait without a background, or a landscape without a middle distance. I mean the scene on Blackheath, that finest portion of our metropolitan suburbs, and the parallel to which no city in the world can furnish. This spot is a noble open space of beautiful level down, from two to three miles in circumference, forming a sort of table land, on the summit of a lofty rise which overlooks the whole of the adjacent country to a great extent, and affords the most charming and varied prospects in every direction, except that in which it is bounded by the lofty wall of Greenwich Park, that abuts upon it on the North. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of the entrance to the park from this heath, that the chief rural sports appertaining to the Fair take place; for the usual "appliances and means" of those sports, such as ponies, donkeys, flys, archery, shooting with the long bow, stick-flinging, &c. &c., are not permitted to encroach upon the precincts of the royal park itself; and in that vicinity where the actual Fair itself is held there is no space for them. There is not a prettier or more picturesque sight to be seen than this part of the heath, as you approach it from the more secluded parts. The gaily painted vehicles moving hither and thither, over the brilliant green sward, with their holiday freight in holiday attire—the shouting boys taking their first lessons in penny homework—the laughing lasses on their white-robed donkeys, cantering along in numerous companies—the groups assembled round the target-shooters—the white settling tents with their entrances crowded like the door of a bee-hive—the flocks of gaily dressed pedestrians making their way to the park itself—and, finally, interspersed among the whole at intervals, the brilliant scarlet cloaks of the fortune-telling gipsies; all this, looked upon as I have just witnessed it from a convenient distance, so as to miss the turmoil which gives it added attraction in the estimation of those who more immediately partake in it, forms a living and moving picture, that even the most fastidious and critical taste might gaze on with pleasure. I must not omit to note a feature which, though it does not blend with the above scene, so as to form part and parcel of it, presents a most pleasing and characteristic adjunct, while in itself it cannot be looked on without feelings of mingled curiosity and interest, that no other similar scene is capable of exciting.—I mean the little gipsy camp that is always formed on Blackheath on the present occasion. This year it occupies a pretty dell abruptly sinking below the level of the surrounding heath, so that you do not perceive it till you are close upon its edge; on reaching which the little lowly tents of its temporary occupants come upon your sight at once, like a scene in a romantic melo-drama; and your appearance in view
of them is the signal for the sudden barking of the watch-dog heard beneath every tent, and from the dingy coverings of which creep forth, at the same signal, those infant members of the strange community that have alone been left at home on the occasion; if, indeed, the phrase of "home" is one known in the vocabulary of these houseless, though happy wanderers.

Such, my fair and fair-loving cousins, is a faint sketch of one of those national scenes of English life, so few of which have hitherto been placed on record, and a living series of which it is the object of these loving epistles to place before you, hoping to make every successive one more acceptable to your favour than its predecessor.

My next epistle will make you acquainted with a scene as little like the above as you can well conceive; yet one which resembles it in this particular at least, that it is not to be paralleled or even approached, in its peculiar characteristics, in the similar possessions of any other city in the world. I mean the Regent's Park, and its appendages;—in describing which I shall, by way of episode, favour you with a Sunday evening's promenade in the Zoological Gardens.

Your loving cousin,

TERENCE TEMPLETON.

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SAD THINGS.

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness. WINTER'S TALE.

'Tis sad to see an old man weep
Whose tears are wrung from sorrow's deep—
'Tis sad to see the gallant bark
Of youth beset with billows dark—
'Tis sad to see our guests arrive,
And find the cook "refreshed" at five—
'Tis sad to have to feign content,
Yet feel the wrongs we dare not vent;
Or breathe with smiles the fallen crest,
When grief is rankling in the breast—
'Tis sad proud indigence to see,
Plumed up in splendid misery—
'Tis sad to feel, at thirty-six,
That 'twill not answer to play tricks
With organs vainly called digestive,
Which fail on all occasions festive—
'Tis sad to bear at the dessert,
The approaching yells of urchins pert;
To have to smile, nor dare to flinch,
And fondle brats we long to pinch—
'Tis very sad to have to lend
Our money, and to lose a friend;
But sadder still to have to borrow,
And meet the promised day to-morrow—
'Tis sad to see a pretty girl,
Her lilies owe to paste of pearl;
Or venerable loveliness,
Betray its bloom by its excess—
'Tis sad to hear an awful sire,
What our intentions are, inquire—
'Tis sad to have to talk with fools,
The cant of circles, sects, and schools;
And stoop to kiss the crimson robe
Of good society—by Job!—
'Tis very sad to be the slave
Of forms we hate, but dare not brave—
But sadder far than all on earth,
That ever dashed the smile of mirth,
To startled sorrow, is the sound
Appalling of the rattling mound—
The first cold clod that strikes the shell,
And drowns the mourner's last farewell.

R. R. M.
THE COURT.

We are happy to state that their Majesties are in perfect health. Windsor Castle continues to be crowded with visitors. The King has held his weekly levees at St. James’s Palace. The Queen has honoured with her presence, the King’s Theatre, Covent Garden, and the Little Haymarket. We are glad to find her Majesty’s patronage of the drama is not restricted to Italian and German Operas. The wit and humour of Sheridan, expounded by Farren and Mrs. Glover, are as highly deserving of royal encouragement, as the strains of Beethoven and Bellini, even when warbled by Malibran and Grisi.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


We recommend these volumes most earnestly to our readers. They contain abundance of new and very interesting information respecting the West India Islands, plentifully sprinkled with entertaining anecdotes, and adorned with a graceful and attractive style.

Dr. Madden spent a year at Jamaica, as a stipendiary magistrate, during the great change lately effected in the political condition of the negroes; he had therefore ample opportunity for observing the feelings and habits of the lately emancipated population—emancipated, let us observe en passant, de jure, but not de facto. We entirely agree with Dr. Madden, that the system of probationary apprenticeship is, and must be a failure. Like him, we would have unqualified emancipation at once.

We have ourselves inhabited slave colonies, and closely observed, through a series of years, the different races of the negro populations; we therefore consider ourselves qualified to give an opinion. The prevailing calumny, that free blacks will not work, is wholly unfounded. It is true that the negro is naturally indolent; especially when forced to labour for another; but when his own interest is concerned, his fondness for money overcomes his love of idleness, and he works without intermission.

Look at the Sunday markets in the slave islands, supplied wholly by the work of the slaves during their leisure hours! Here you may purchase every thing—from household furniture to a pair of slippers or a straw hat, produced by the negro at the expense of his rest, very often of his health, because he reaps the whole advantage of it. Even the common plantation negro, who will feign illness, or even main himself to escape work, whose idleness the very whip cannot cure—will industriouslyrear his hogs and his poultry, and make his baskets, and his hats, and his grass-cloth, snatching the time from his hours of sleep, if necessary. He will not work, however, for goods, he must have money; and the only obstacle at present existing to the payment of free labour in money, is the want of a sufficient local coinage.

In our own experience of slave colonies, we know not an instance of a manumitted negro coming upon the parish for support. It is a positive fact, that the liberated slaves form
the most industrious portion of the community in every colony. And at Madagascar, as well as on the eastern coast of Africa, we have seen freed slaves from the Mauritius and Bourbon settled there, and endeavouring to scatter the seeds of incipient civilisation through the tribes from whence they sprang.

We would willingly pursue this subject further, did our limits afford us a little more latitude.

The following is a very interesting account given by Dr. Madden, of an individual whom we agree with him, in considering one of the greatest men the nineteenth century has produced.

There is a Spanish lady now living here [at Kingston], a Madame Emanuele, the wife, or at least the companion of Bolivar in all his latter fortunes. This lady is now of middle age, commanding in her person, of considerable intellectual powers, and of an undaunted spirit. She is the Lady H—— r S—— e of this country; her saloon is decorated with swords and pistols of various fashions; and she has even done some good service with them. At Bolivar's death she was exiled from the country, so great were the fears of her influence over the people. She lives here in almost total exclusion; few, if any, Englishmen know there is such a person sojourning in Kingston. On several occasions, the intrepidity and presence of mind of Madame Emanuele rescued Bolivar from situations of the most imminent hazard.

In the last revolutionary conspiracies against the life of this great man at Bogota, he owed his preservation entirely to her. He had retired one night to rest earlier than usual, Madame Emanuele heard some noise under the windows, the report of fire-arms, and shortly after, cries of 'Muerto al tiranno! Muerto al tiranno!' She immediately apprised Bolivar of his danger; and to prevent his getting at his arms, which she knew if he once did, he would rush into the midst of the assassins who were seeking him, she extinguished the light, and, throwing open the window which looked upon the garden, she literally forced him to escape by the only exit that was left him. She had hardly closed the window when the assassins were at the door; they had already murdered the three sentinels, and Colonel Ferguson, the general's aid-de-camp, whom they shot dead on the steps of the portico. Madame Emanuele seated herself in the middle of the bedchamber with folded arms, awaiting the demolition of the door, which they were now proceeding with in consequence of her refusal to admit them.

When the ruffians burst into the room, a dozen daggers were instantly gleaming over the bed where they imagined Bolivar was concealed. Madame Emanuele, whose only object was to give time to the General to make good his retreat—without ever moving from her position, or evincing the least emotion, informed the assassins the General was still writing in his closet at the top of the house, where he was in the habit of spending the greater part of his nights in reading and writing, when he had much to engage him. They immediately proceeded to the closet—from that room she conducted them to various other apartments; and finally, when she judged the fugitive had sufficient time to get beyond the reach of pursuit, she returned to her apartment, with that bearing of female fearlessness which ferocity itself can never outrage. The disappointed conspirators, after destroying some of the papers of the General, were preparing to decamp, when the regiment of Major Whittle made its appearance at the palace (Major Whittle having, by the greatest accident, heard of the insurrection on his return from a party), and, after a desperate resistance, the insurgents were subdued, and the majority of those who were still in the palace were taken.

When the revolution commenced, Bolivar was one of the wealthiest proprietors of the country. When he was first pressed to place himself at the head of the insurgents, he refused to join them; but it was not long before he saw the necessity of yielding to renewed solicitation; and when he did draw the sword of revolt, he threw away the scabbard. His first act was to sacrifice property to the extent of forty thousand pounds. He possessed seven hundred slaves, and he gave them all their liberty. He formed a regiment of the liberated negroes; and this regiment proved highly serviceable in the course of the revolutionary war. What was the conduct of Washington, in similar circumstances? At the outbreak of the American revolution he possessed one hundred slaves,—did he devote their services to the cause of his country?—did he liberate his slaves to give liberty to the hearts of a hundred new defenders? Far from it,—Washington clung to his property, while he had life to enjoy the advantages of slavery: it was only at his death his slaves obtained their freedom. The character of Bolivar has never yet been done justice to,—it remains for after-times to vindicate his memory, and to atone for the baseness of the country which twice drove him from its shores. It was on one of these occasions, at his return from his exile, that the same senate which clamoured for his blood, received him with unheard of honours. The senators made speeches, in which the exploits of Achilles, and the achievements of Alexander, were as straws in the balance against the wondrous deeds of Bolivar.

Bolivar listened in silence, I am informed by an eye-witness of the scene, to the eulogiums of the fulsome parasites who followed the changes of the fickle multitude; and when a
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

attention to Dr. Bureaud’s excellent work. The mode of rearing young and delicate females so as to render them healthy mothers of families, has long required the investigation of men of science. How often have we seen the external rearing of girls intrusted to an ignorant soubrette, sometimes even to a drill-sergeant, whose gymnastics, improperly applied, have produced the very diseases which they were to have prevented. Dr. Bureaud has handled his subject in a lucid and highly scientific manner. Such a work has long been wanted, and none could have executed it more ably. We beg earnestly to recommend it, not only to the medical faculty, but to mothers of families, who will find no difficulty in comprehending it, and whom it will enable to guard against many casualties with which, from improper treatment, young females are often afflicted.

Advice to Proprietors on the Care of valuable Pictures painted in Oil, with instructions for preserving, cleaning, and restoring them when damaged or decayed. By an Artist.

Good available advice to those who possess valuable old paintings, with directions for their preservation, and pointing out a safe and efficacious mode of repairing them when injured, without detriment to their beauty, would form a very desirable work. Many pictures are injured or entirely spoiled by pretended cleaners; and much quackery, on the subject of restoring old paintings, is used by picture dealers, who, generally speaking, are grossly ignorant of art, and yet, in this country, are taken as its oracles by the self-styled patrons of genius, and invested with a debasing and fatal influence. A book really corresponding with the title of the volume before us would prove an invaluable acquisition; but the author of the present work has shown himself quite unequal to the task. He has announced himself under false colours, for he occupies very few pages with his subject of which he seems to know but little, and has filled up his volume with a species of biography of Vandyck, very defective and ill written. Why did the artist turn author? He had much better stick to his pallet—


Though the matter of which this excellent volume treats is somewhat out of our province, still the subject is of such high importance that we feel bound to call public
Spiritual Food for the Mind. Maternal Advice to Daughters.

Two very good little books, to which we beg to call the attention of those who have the charge of young people.

Notices of the Holy Land, and other Places mentioned in the Scriptures.

By the Rev. R. Spence Hardy.

A volume written with a keen spirit of observation, and much enthusiasm. It abounds with new and original views, all tending to demonstrate, by things actually existing, the truth of scripture; though the author sometimes stretches a point, tortures a fact, or convulsively grasps at a somewhat forced conclusion, to make his matter fit the frame upon which he stretches it. Notwithstanding this, which appears but incidentally in the work, and does not detract from the bustle and vivacity of the narrative, the volume is well worth a perusal.

We extract the following account of a ceremony which takes place at the Holy Sepulchre, on the Saturday before Easter, and is a superstitious profanation of that holy religion derived from the Saviour of mankind.

"On the Saturday before Easter, the farce of the fire is exhibited to the pilgrims. I went early, that I might secure a good place for seeing the exhibition. The church was crowded in every part, the women standing near the wall and the men in the body of the building. I attempted to take my station near the females, as the men were beginning to be a little noisy; but they stoutly opposed me, until a good old lady spoke a few words in my favour, and I was permitted to remain. The scene had very little resemblance to a Christian assembly, met together in a Christian place of worship. The Turks were quietly smoking their pipes, and smiling in derision, and others were beating the people, without fear or favour, to preserve order. Bread and water were carried about for sale, as some of the pilgrims had been all night in the church. The noise was like the uproar of an ale-bench at a village feast. Many were running round the sepulchre with all their might, and others were carried round on the shoulders of men waving their hands as if blessing the people. They clapped their hands, leaped, and shouted, threw their caps into the air, and at times they set up the shrill whoop they make at funerals—a sound that is indescribable, something like the quick hooting of an owl; but the effect is awful. As the time passed on, the noise and uproar increased. They lifted up their hands to heaven, to supplicate the hastening of the miraculous gift. All eyes were directed towards a small hole in the side of the wall of the sepulchre, where it was known that the fire would appear; and whenever the noise received additional force, there was a general rush towards it. Every person present had a wax taper in the hand, which was held out towards the same spot. The miracle at last appeared, and in a few moments every taper in the place was lighted by the senseless multitude. I cannot describe the scene. I thought of the furies, of the mad dances of the ancients at their idolatrous feasts; but I can find no comparison rightly to describe it. They shouted louder and leaped higher, and waved their burning tapers in the air. Add to these the smoke, the awful glare, the moving about of the immense mass, and a faint idea may be formed of this open desecration of the house of God. The sepulchre is sealed the day before; the superior bishop of the Greek church now enters the place, and offers up a prayer, and after a little time a flame appears at a small hole in the wall, opposite the entrance into the Latin church, which the people believe is miraculously lighted from heaven."

VARIETIES.

CONCERTS.—Since our last announcement of the concerts of the season, we have had several delicious musical treats, each so exquisite of its kind, as to surpass every musical entertainment previously heard in this country.

First came De Beriot's morning concert, which took place, June 29th, at the concert-room of the King's theatre. It attracted an audience so overflowing, that not only was the orchestra invaded by hundreds of individuals, among whom were several ladies of high rank, but even the window-ledges of the room were filled with fair auditors, who had ascended thither by means of the balcony in front of the building. Notwithstanding all this, many hundreds lovers of music were obliged to go away for want of room, and a considerable sum was returned next morning by M. de Beriot, to those who had been unable to obtain admittance.

After the overture, Sig. Rubini and Tambrunni gave in a manner not to be surpassed, the duet of "Dove vai," in "Guillaume Tell," a composition in which Rossini has concentrated all the powers of his mighty genius. But we must pass over the numerous vocal pieces to come to that noble duet "Ebben a te ferisci," from Rossini's "Semiramide,"
sung by Madame Malibran and Madlle. Grisi. The public had here an opportunity of hearing for the first time, those gifted artistes together, each striving to outdo the other, yet both actuated as if by one mind—each yielding to the other, each setting off the excellencies of her rival as well as her own. Grisi, who is all sunshine and feeling, drew from us tears of delight. Malibran, with her bursts of deep and searching passion, sent a shudder through our frame. The one entranced us with admiration, the other wrought up our mind to a pitch of intense excitement. Grisi's is the sweet poetry of art; that of Malibran, the searching poetry of reality. We listen to the warblings of the first with all the effect that music has upon our feelings; but the notes of the other search into our very soul, and produce such stirring associations, that we forget being the mere sport of sound. Malibran gives to every passion a truth and power that identifies it with herself; as she goes on, a real and intense emotion seems kindling in her bosom, and her countenance involuntarily betrays its progress. The classically beautiful features of Grisi, on the contrary, retain their smile of joy and happiness, and we have always before us, the lovely artistes—whilst, in the concert room, as in the theatre, we forget all about Malibran to see and hear, nothing but the individual with whom she identifies herself...... We have once, since, heard this duet, and for the last time sung by the same persons—the recollection of it will never pass away.

After this, we have not a word left for "Son virgin veggosa," which however Grisi warbled as sweetly as usual. We must not omit to notice the effective manner in which Madame Garcia gave "La tremenda" from Bellini's "Capuletti." This lady has a rich and beautiful mezzo-suprano voice of great compass and flexibility. She has been extremely well taught, and when practice has enabled her to overcome the timidity and agitation which always partially impair her powers when before the public, she will assume a high station in her art. In the sestet from the "Cerentola," Mademoiselle Paulina Garcia, Madame Malibran's younger sister, took a part. Though yet a child, being only in her fourteenth year, the musical faculty is already so strongly developed in this young lady, and linked to such strong powers of intellect, that she bids fair to outstrip all her predecessors. As a piano-forte player, though excelled by many in execution, because she is not allowed to practice, lest it should injure her voice—she is unrivalled in poetry and expression. She gives even to a single note a power of effect, and a glow of feeling quite marvellous. She is truly a child of genius, and we predict that an overwhelming success will, at no distant period, crown her present exertions.

De Beriot was great as usual in the various pieces he performed on the violin. The oftener we hear him the stronger becomes our conviction that, after Paganini, no violin player in Europe can compete with him. His style is pure, noble, elevated, and sunny. Nevertheless his mind can, at times, conceive and powerfully express the gloomy and pathetic. In the "Cadence du Diable" for instance, by the peculiar tone he gives to his instrument, we perceive the cloud stealing over the mind of the dreamer, the transition from brightness and joy to images more sombre, to thoughts gloomy and penitential.

The duet for violin and piano, composed and performed by Messrs. De Beriot and Benedict, is a clever production, and well calculated to set off the capabilities of both instruments.

The next concert we have to notice is that of Mr. Benedict, a pianist and composer of the first rank, and a pupil of Weber's. Full of genius, with a mind warm and glowing, and a tendency like Weber, to the romantic and powerful, he has brought his talents hither to apply them to a British school of music. If we wish to raise the art among us, it is by the encouragement of such men.

Mr. Benedict's concert was very nearly a repetition of that of De Beriot. We here heard for the last time the famous duet "Eben a te ferisci," which we have described above. We repeat, it was the perfection of the art.

The piano-forte concerto composed and beautifully performed by the beneficiary, was noble and elevated in style, and displayed, besides all the mechanical powers of the instrument. But the overture to "Raoul de Crequi," shows Mr. Benedict to be a composer of the highest order. We purpose returning to this subject in a future number.

Mr. Ella's musical soirée, which took place July 12th, at that gentleman's residence, 74 Newman Street, may, without qualification, be termed the gem of the season. Every artiste of distinction assisted there. On our arrival, we found Madlle. Grisi, Madame Stockhausen, Signora Brambilla, Miss Masson, Signor Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Balle, and Lahlache, with many others of inferior note. In the course of the evening Madame Malibran looked in unexpectedly, and sung one of her own beautiful Romances. De Beriot performed a solo on the violin, Puzzi one on the horn, and Messrs. E. Schulz, W. Bennet, Tolbecque, Lyon, Hatton, and Howell executed a sestet composed by Mr. Ella. In the latter work there is a good deal of imagination and excellent musical feeling joined to harmonic science and knowledge of effect. The only fault we find is that of a young and timid mind, fearful of trusting to its own glow-
ing impulses. Mr. Ella has shown here and there a want of confidence in his own powers, and has suffered the glow of inspiration to slip by, in order to substitute for it the elaborate work of head—calculation. The consequence is an appearance of effort, and a coldness in several parts of the composition. It is full, however, of rich promise, and the strain given by the violoncello in the scherzo is admirable.

We must not here omit to notice the beautiful tones produced on the horn by Puzzi, nor the power and genius of Mr. Balfé, of whom we purpose giving an account in a future number. Neither must we pass over the beautiful and passionate singing of the elder Signora Bambilla, a lady who has not yet been rated sufficiently high by our contemporaries. We have heard Grassini at concerts, and we confess we should be at a loss to give her the preference over Bambilla.

One of the beauties of this concert was the arrangement and adaptation, to the compass of chamber music, of the different operas from which the selections of the evening were made. These adaptations are the work of Mr. Ella, and do him infinite credit, whilst his tasteful selections and judicious exertions to delight his audience entitle him to their best patronage on future occasions.

On Wednesday, July 8th, we attended a lecture by Mr. Sudre, and a subsequent concert at the concert-room of the King’s Theatre. The subject of the lecture was a new discovery by the beneficiary, of communicating words, sentences, and consequently ideas, by means of the seven musical sounds—Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si. It is termed “The Musical Language,” and is effected either by notes on the violin, by sounds on the bugle, by the touch, or by telegraphic signs corresponding with the seven notes. The invention is very ingenious, but we do not see how it could be applied to any useful purpose. The concert which followed was short and sweet. Signori Balfe, Ivanoff, Lablache, father and son, and Lanza the younger, were the vocal performers. Sig. Puzzi gave a sweet fantasia on the horn, Mr. Moschelles a splendid improvisation on the piano-forte, and M. Cottignies a beautiful flute solo; but the most remarkable performance was a grand duet, by Messrs. Ghys and Servais, for violin and violoncello, on the national anthem, “God save the King.”

On Monday, July 20th, a Matinée of Quartets was given by Messrs. Ghys and Servais, at Willis’s Room. The first was Mozart’s in D major. We regret that the finale belonging to this quartet was omitted, and that of the one in D minor substituted for it. Mr. Bochsa next played a fantasia on the harp. Then came Beethoven’s quartet in C minor, which did not go to our liking. Its passion and pathos were destroyed by the movements being taken in wrong time, which mistake was the more sensible to us, as we have heard the same quartet performed at Vienna in the presence of Beethoven. The beautiful duet on “God save the King” was repeated by Messrs. Ghys and Servais, and the matinée closed with Moschelles’ noble trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, dedicated to Cherubini, which was very effectively given by Messrs. Moschelles, Ghys, and Servais.

Mr. Lewy.—We call the attention of our readers to the extraordinary performances of this gentleman upon the chromatic horn. For power, effect, firmness of embouchure, and the expression of pathos and feeling on this most difficult of instruments, Mr. Lewy has never been surpassed. Sig. Puzzi, with his pure quality of tone and beautiful cantabile, wins our delight and admiration; but Mr. Lewy, by the passionate character he imparts to his notes, and by his power of modulation, kindles emotions which, till now, we did not think his instrument capable of producing, except in orchestral combinations. In our next, we propose giving a description of the chromatic horn.

Mr. J. B. Cramer.—At a time when Mr. Cramer’s retirement from his profession and from this his adopted country has excited the interest of all classes, the following anecdote may prove acceptable.

George IV., having once invited J. B. Cramer to the Pavilion at Brighton, resolved to prepare a surprise for him. His Majesty accordingly directed Mr. Cramer, the master of his matchless band, to arrange one of Cramer’s piano-forte pieces for a full orchestra. Soon after the master’s arrival, at a given signal from the royal bost, the piece commenced. Cramer at first looked surprised. As the music proceeded, surprise gave way to delight; his countenance kindled up with a glow of feeling, and the motions of his arms and head indicated the intenseness of his pleasure. The King sat by, secretly enjoying this manifestation of the composer’s sensations. When the piece was over—“Well! Mr. Cramer,” said the Monarch, “what think you of the music you have just heard?”

“When I left it Sir,” Cramer modestly replied, “it was only a rough stone; but Mr. Kramer, under your Majesty’s direction, has converted it into a sparkling gem.”
THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
Belle Assembleé,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The distinguished family of Gardiner, Earl of Blessington, maternally derives from the Stewarts Viscounts Mountjoy, and Earls of Blessington. Luke Gardiner, Esq., the immediate ancestor of the late Earl, descended from a family of that name whose estates lay principally in the county and city of Kilkenny, and was one of the most eminent statesmen of his time. He successively represented in Parliament the boroughs of Tralee and Thomastown, was deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and a Privy-Councillor. His appointment to the latter high office he owed to the particular recommendation of the Lord Primate Boulter, who, in a letter to the Duke of Devonshire, describes Mr. Gardiner in the following flattering terms:

"There is another affair which I formerly troubled the Duke of Dorset about, and which I beg leave to lay before your Grace, which is the making Mr. Gardiner a Privy-Councillor. He is deputy to the Vice-Treasurer of this kingdom, and one of the most useful of his Majesty's servants here, as your Grace will be fully satisfied when you do us the honour to be with us. There is nobody here more against increasing the number of Privy-Councillors than I am, who think they are by much too numerous, but it is because many have been brought in without any knowledge of business, or particular attachment to his Majesty's service, merely for being members of either house of Parliament; but we want such a one as Mr. Gardiner to keep others in order, as he is most zealously attached to his Majesty by affection, as well as by interest, and is a thorough man of business, and of great weight in the country."

Mr. Gardiner married, in 1711, Anne Stewart, only daughter and heiress of the Honourable Alexander Stewart, second son of William, first Viscount Mountjoy (who fell at the battle of Steenkirk, 17th August 1692). He died 11th July 1755, leaving issue,

Charles, his successor.
Sackville, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Edmund Kelly, Esq., and died 1st June 1796, leaving issue,
Henrietta, who was married 17th Sept. 1748, to Francis Macartney, Esq., M.P. for Blessington, eldest son of James Macartney, Judge of the Common Pleas during the reign of Queen Anne.
Mary.

Charles Gardiner, Esq., the eldest son, was returned to Parliament for Turlough, and chosen one of the King's Privy-Council. He espoused, 20th March 1741, Florinda, daughter of Robert Norman, Esq., and left issue,


William, who was a Lieutenant-General in the army, Colonel of the 60th regiment, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and their dependencies, and who filled many other high offices of public trust. By his wife, Harriet, youngest daughter of the Rev. Sir
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES MATHews.

WITH SIX ORIGINAL LETTERS.

(Continued from page 52.)

The most striking characteristic which presented itself to notice in a personal intercourse with Mathews, was that extraordinary versatility of mind which caused him, not merely to seem, but to be, all things by turns, according to the tone and colour of the society in which he found himself. I never knew anyone who possessed this chameleon quality to so great an extent as Charles Mathews, and it was no doubt the secret of his wonderful endowments and success. What remained to him of his own natural character at the period of my first acquaintance with him (which, be it remembered, was not till he of their cause, as he, among the first, introduced a bill in favour of their emancipation. His Lordship married, 3rd July 1773, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir William Montgomery, Bart., and sister of Anne, Marchioness Townshend, by whom (who died 7th November 1783) he left, with other issue, Charles John, his successor. His Lordship wedded, secondly, Margaret, eldest daughter of Hector Wallis, Esq., by whom he had issue, Luke, who died young, and Margaret, who was married to Capt. John Hely Hutchinson (now Earl of Donoughmore), and died in 1825. His Lordship's eldest son, and successor,

CHARLES JOHN, second Viscount, was born 19th July 1782. This nobleman, in 1804, was elected a representative peer for Ireland; and on the 22nd January 1816, he was advanced to the dignity of EARL OF BLESSINGTON, in the county of Wicklow. He died on the 25th May 1829, when all his titles became extinct. His Lordship was twice married; first, on the 11th July 1812, to Mary Campbell, relic of Major William Browne, who died 10th September 1814, leaving issue,

Luke Wellington, Viscount Mountjoy, died 26th March 1823.

Harriet Anne Frances, married 4th December 1827, to Count Alfred D'Orsay. Mary.

The Earl had espoused, secondly, 16th February 1818, the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, Mrs. Farmer, relic of M. St. Leger Farmer, Esq., eldest son of —— Farmer, of Poplar Hall, and Laurel Grove, county of Kildare, Esq., and daughter of Edmund Power, of Carragh- heen, county of Waterford, Esq.
had reached the very meridian of his fame and success), I shall endeavour to trace hereafter, as it will, I think, offer a very curious and interesting point of inquiry. In the meantime, I am about to notice what I always looked upon as the mere superficies of his character—the form and features which had been given to it by the perhaps unequalled extent of his intercourse with the remarkable men of all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest, and by the singular impressibility and plasticity which constituted the leading qualities of his mind and his physical powers. But this extraordinary versatility, while it caused his perhaps unparalleled success in the appropriate line of public life to which it impelled him, produced anything but a corresponding effect upon his private character. To that it gave an artificial coat and colouring, which effectually concealed its real form and substance from all eyes but those that were made quick by an intense personal interest in his character, and at the same time were permitted, in virtue of that interest, to see what was studiously concealed from all others. Notwithstanding the popularity which Mathew’s unrivalled social qualities secured for him among his intimates in private life, he was very generally looked upon even by them as a man of a cold, cautious, and suspicious nature; selfish in his feelings and habits; hard and severe in his judgement of others; unreasonable in his demands of admiration towards his own merits; intolerant of merit in others, if it was not at all of a nature to interfere with his own; restless, irritable, and unhappy, except when he was receiving the coarse and clamorous need of vulgar applause:—whereas the truth is that he was naturally and in reality the very reverse of all this. When not held in and confined by the reins and trammels which a too indiscriminate intercourse with the world had cast about him, he was ardent, open, and trusting as a boy; generous to profusion; liberal and considerate towards the claims of others, and modest even to diffidence regarding his own; and I am convinced he was better pleased to enjoy a quiet tête-à-tête table-talk with a real friend (if, indeed, a man rejoicing in such an “acquaintance” as he did, could persuade himself that he had one—which, in Mathew’s case at least, I doubt), over a temperate glass of wine by his own fireside, than to listen to the noisy and indiscriminate applause of a whole theatre of empty laughers. I have often heard Mathew spoken of, by those who professed to know him, as a vain egotist, greedy of admiration for itself alone, and careless by what expedients he obtained it. But there never was a man—at least a public man—of whom this was less true. He despised and repudiated any applause which did not come in the right place; and as to seeking it by illegitimate means, or forcing forward his claims to it on inappropriate occasions, so little liable was he to these latter charges, that he might with some show of reason have been taxed with an affectation of their opposites: for as an actor his style was severe and simple even to baldness, and in private life he shrank with almost painful reluctance from anything which seemed like a courting of notice, or which differed in any degree from the even and quiet tenor of well-bred society. The fact is that Mathew felt too much curiosity and interest in human nature, and all that constituted and concerned it, to allow of his own individual feelings and concerns absorbing any great portion of his thoughts. His regards were too catholic and all-embracing to permit the petty bigotry of seliism to interfere with their range. Had it been otherwise he could not have created and put on record—so far, at least, as regards the living generation—so vast a range of individual characters, scarcely inferior, in number and variety, at least, to those of Shakespeare himself; and yet not one of them to be found there or anywhere else, except only in the ever-renewing family springing from the union between natural and artificial life. It was indeed the error and failing of Mathew’s personal character that it had little or no individuality belonging to it. Its original qualities and tendencies were merged and almost lost in the crowd of new and curious combinations with which his memory and imagination had peopled it. Most people try to look at and become acquainted with the world through the petty and miserable medium of self, which, like a badly reflecting mirror, shows them little but their own individual features more or less disfigured and distorted. But men imbued like Mathew with a fine and philosophic spirit of observation, look at the world about them as astronomers look at the heavens, through a lucid instrument that brings to the view a thousand wonders and beauties invisible to less favoured eyes.

Another remarkable result of an intimate private intercourse with Mathew was the great comparative height to which it raised your estimate of his intellectual powers, above that which his public performances, admirable as they were, might have led you to
form of those powers. It requires a very limited intercourse with actors to satisfy one that a very high capacity for their admirable art is not inconsistent with the most commonplace qualities in all other respects. As far as we have any authentic annals of that art, they show us that all its most distinguished ornaments in both of its departments have been in every other particular commonplace persons. Even Garrick was not an exception to the hitherto universal application of the rule; for his dramas are those of an experienced actor and playwright merely. Of course, Shakspere, who had no distinguished merit as an actor, does not come within the scope of the remark. But Mathews offers something like an exception to it: for he was not only the greatest dramatic artist of the day in his line, but he himself created every one of the characters by which he will be remembered; and in the intercourse of private life he gave daily evidence of being qualified to do even more than this. When he was sure of his audience, and impelled by the character of it to put forth his best powers, he used to do things that required more intellectual talent than the whole concoction and performance of one of his public entertainments. I have heard him get up after dinner, and, without a moment’s hesitation or previous preparation, make a speech of half an hour’s length, in the character of Coleridge, Curran, or some other distinguished orator, whose health has been proposed on the speculation of Mathews replying to the call—not merely adopting the voice, appearance, and external manner of the party imitated, but assuming the very tone of his thoughts and the cast of his sentiments, and putting them into language whose impassioned eloquence was not inferior to that of the persons imitated. And I am convinced that, when he was in the proper cue for it, he would, if he could have felt sufficient confidence in his audience and in himself to have dared attempt it, have improvised a more amusing and instructive “At Home” than any that he ever yet produced by a formal union of his own talents with those of his literary assistants in those entertainments.

I remember the first evidence I witnessed of his extraordinary talents in this way was at our second meeting at Boxhill in the Epsom race week. The elections were going on at the time, and on the first evening, just as we had quitted the after-dinner table, and were going to the stables to see that our horses were attended to, our attention was attracted, by a voice that was quite strange to us, shouting, “Gentlemen! In appearing before you on this occasion,” &c. On turning to the spot whence the sounds came, there was Mathews, mounted in an empty hay cart, from which he delivered an electioneering speech that, without being in the smallest degree exaggerated or caricatured in its tone and language, kept us in roars of laughter from beginning to end, by the exquisite satire on such harangues which every phrase and period of it displayed. Those who knew Mathews will agree with me when I state my belief that he never premeditated or prepared himself for anything of this kind—on the contrary, that if he had done so he would certainly have failed to accomplish it: for his reluctance to anything like making a show of himself in private life, even when among his most intimate associates, amounted to a degree of morbid sensitiveness that paralysed all his powers.

With the exception of Garrick, no other actor—perhaps I might say no other public man—ever enjoyed so extensive an intimacy with the distinguished persons of his day in every class of life, as Mathews did; and he was regarded by all with a degree of respect and consideration which (still with the exception of Garrick) was never accorded to any other actor. The reasons for this were not far to seek. In the first place, Mathews was essentially a gentleman—in manner, in mind, in feeling, in acquirements, and, above all, in the negative quality of a total absence of everything professional in his habits and bearing. He was also above that paltry affectation which is the besetting vice of his professional brethren and sisterhood—a pretended contempt for the calling which had raised him to fortune and distinction. He used often to lament, with an earnestness that amounted to the pathetic, the low estimation in which his noble art was held; and there was no sacrifice he would not have made to raise it in the public esteem. But he sought no distinctions that were disconnected from it, never for a moment affected to place his intellectual pretensions beyond its pale, and loved and honoured it to the last, as ardent as he did when its attractions first fixed his youthful imagination. Another reason why Mathews was so universally respected by all classes, was, that he was equally incapable of requiring external respect from his inferiors in station, as he was of suing or cringing for it to his superiors. He had in fact that due and fitting degree of pride, in the wise and honourable sense of the term, in the absence
of which we can form no just appreciation of the moral and intellectual pretensions of any one, least of all of ourselves. Another cause of his favourable reception by all classes of society was the excellent taste and tact with which he fell in with the tone and feelings of all, without seeming in the smallest degree to abandon his own position, by condescension on the one hand, or assumption on the other. I have never known any other man who was so much "all things to all men," yet so essentially himself in all.

Mathews used often to refer with great delight, and even with a tinge of personal pride (for it would be unjust to call it vanity), to his intimacy with Walter Scott, whom he visited several times at Abbotsford when the poet was at the height of his fame and popularity as "The Great Unknown." Indeed, I do not call to mind a single instance, except that of Scott, in which his references to his intimacy with the great and distinguished of the world were blended with any appearance of exultation or self-satisfaction. But in the case of Scott he evidently piqued himself upon the intercourse, as if he felt it to be an honour and a favour. I remember his relating two facts of that intercourse, which he deemed decisive of the authorship of the Scotch novels—a question which was far from being absolutely decided, at the time I speak of. One of these proofs presumptive was, that when he was staying some days at Abbotsford, Scott, one morning before breakfast, took him into his study—his private study, where he wrote—and in the course of conversation pointed to two manuscripts lying open on two separate writing-stands, saying that he generally wrote standing, and often on two different works at the same time—that is, that he went from one to the other, backwards and forwards, without a minute's interval between his application to each, and that he found the alternation to invigorate and refresh rather than fatigue or confuse him.

The other proof which Mathews adduced as to the authorship of the novels was more decisive than the above, but I have forgotten the precise particulars of it. It consisted, however, in an inadvertent phrase dropped by Scott at the head of his own dinner-table, when the conversation had turned on the novels. An old friend of Scott's had remarked on some particular point of local scenery, as described in the last novel (then just out), and Scott, for a moment thrown off his guard by the association of ideas which had dictated the description, exclaimed, "Ah! I remember as if it was yesterday the occasion on which I—" Then checking himself suddenly, he was silent, and evidently annoyed at the inadvertence into which he had been led. Mathews added that there was a lengthened pause in the conversation, and a feeling of awkwardness upon the company for several minutes after this slip, which everybody present seemed to have noticed, while no one dared make the slightest reference to it, either openly or to his neighbour. Mathews described Scott's manners and bearing as simple and unaffected to a degree of plainness, and at the same time so warm and cordial as to excite a feeling of personal regard and kindness, even at the very first interchange of words with him; and he used to imitate the poet's tone, manner, and mode of speech in a way that was quite delightful to those who, like myself, had never seen that illustrious man. This was the more striking from a remarkable resemblance which the eyes and brow of Mathews bore to the portraits, at least, of Scott. I believe I was the first to remark this resemblance, and Mathews was evidently not a little pleased at the observation. It was particularly conspicuous in a bust of Mathews (by Behnes, I think) which used to form part of his Theatrical Gallery at Kentish Town.

Speaking of his celebrated Theatrical Gallery, I may here remark that the formation, arrangement, and perpetually occurring additions, alterations, and improvements in it, furnished an inexhaustible source of interest and excitement to Mathews, in the absence of which the long intervals of his leisure could by no other means have been made to afford adequate amusement to his ever restless mind and temper, subject as these were to that painful re-action which is the almost necessary consequence of the extraordinary bodily and mental exertions he underwent during his public performances, and the immediate preparations for them. And this amusement was especially needed in London: for during his country professional excursions it was furnished to him by perpetual change of place. His Theatrical Gallery was in fact a perfect hobby to him, and it was his only one. Though he desired it to be considered a strictly private collection, made to gratify his personal tastes and associations merely, yet his friends could not please him more than by asking his permission to send some friend to view it—always provided the party sent was able to feel (or feign) a sufficient personal interest.
in the subjects exhibited to them; for you could not possibly annoy him more than to send any one to him who would walk coldly through the gallery, gaze on its contents "with lack-luster eye," and then walk away again with a polite and formal thanks and leave-taking. He never forgot a mistake of this kind in his acquaintance. On the other hand, the advent of any who added, to a warm feeling for the art, a personal recollection of any of its distinguished professors of the days gone by—the Parsons, Dodds, Kings, Edwins, Quicks, &c.—was a perfect god-send to him. He at once hailed such a one as a personal intimate, conducted him through the gallery with an air of triumph, pointed to the choice specimens with feelings of exultation, and was a happy man for the rest of the day. I remember his describing to me, as an era in his life, Charles Lamb's visit to his gallery, and the beautiful paper on the subject, published afterwards in the London Magazine, as a sufficient payment for all his trouble and cost in getting the gallery together.

I will here relate, while it occurs to me, an anecdote which he told me of Lamb, as having happened on the visit in question. Lamb had been brought by Coleridge to visit the gallery; and after they had looked at the pictures, Coleridge and Lamb were standing side by side, and an old lady of some note (I forget who she was), who was also present, and was sitting on the other side of Lamb, began to make a long speech to him about some outrageous Lamb-ism that he had just uttered. Seeing, however, that Lamb's attention was absorbed by a picture on which he was intently looking, she stopped, and said—

"But I'm afraid, Mr. Lamb, what I'm saying won't do you much good, for—"

"No, Ma'am," said Lamb, "but I dare say it will do this gentleman (pointing to Coleridge) a great deal of good, for it goes in at this ear (pointing to her side) and out at this," pointing to the side next to Coleridge.

Knowing the peculiar nature of Mathews's feelings about his gallery, and the unlimited estimation in which he held many of its chief ornaments, it was not without considerable hesitation that I undertook to furnish to the public curiosity a critical notice of its contents, in the pages of the New Monthly Magazine; for though I knew that such a notice could not fail to gratify him in a general point of view, yet to do it without disappointing or displeasing him in the details, was a work of no small difficulty, and one in which to this day I have never dared to ascertain whether or not I succeeded.

He, too, I fancy, was not without some doubts and misgivings on the subject: so at least I judge from a note I find of his, replying to my application for his permission to do it. Here it is.

"Highgate, Jan. 13.

"Dear P——e,—I have just returned from Suffolk, where I have been spending Christmas, and have found your note. I am, unfortunately, going off to Manchester, on Friday or Saturday night, and therefore fear I cannot receive you this week to dinner, as I am engaged on Thursday. If you can come early on Friday morning, and dine with me if I do not go that night, and thus take your chance, so be it. Any morning this week will suit us for you to have the gallery to yourself. I should prefer that you put off the article until March. I shall be at home the 30th, and then we could see you and Mrs. P——e, if agreeable to her. But do as you like.

"Yours in a gallop,

"To save the post,

"C. Mathews."

Here is another letter on the same subject, written a year afterwards, which will be read with interest, as it contains Mathews's own opinions, in his own words, of many of the pictures, &c., in his gallery. It was written in reply to one in which I stated to him that the article on his gallery was about to be re-printed in a permanent form *, and requested him to name to me any additions, &c., to the gallery that had taken place since the first appearance of the paper:

"Kentish Town, May 24, 1824.

"Dear P——e,—I thank you for the opportunity you offer me of alteration or addition respecting the account of the gallery. I should merely suggest the addition of a few names that were passed over in the first list. The correction respecting Palmer, Smith, and Mrs. Beverley, which appeared as a note, of course you will attend to. You cannot speak too highly of the scene from King John as a work of art. You omitted the name of the artist, Mortimer, who stood very high in his day. It is a brilliant specimen of his pencil. It might be inferred also that Bensley was the King, and Powel Hubert, as it stands. It was exactly the reverse. There are several

* As part of a volume entitled "British Galleries of Art."
portraits of Cooke—one by Green in Iago, one in Kitylo by Singleton, and the last he sat for in America, by Stewart. Also a vigorous mask taken when living by G. Bullock; a drawing of Sir T. Lawrence of Kemble, perfect as to likeness, and an elegant specimen of Sir T's; a crayon portrait also of him [Kemble] by Downman; the sandals which he wore the last night of his appearance in Coriolanus, should be mentioned in the second part, and which I begged and received from him on that occasion; Betterton in Hamlet; Mr. and Mrs. Barry in Hamlet and Queen, by Roberts; Tate Wilkinson, the wandering penatete (faithful likeness); Doggett, the only one known of him; Old Bannister in the Quaker, by Pie; two of Hogarth's, Quin, and Rich's family; two very fine specimens of Russell, in crayons; Bannister in Dr. Lenteive, and the other John Palmer; Henderson in two places, by Romney and Beech, the former in Macbeth; Edwin, by Gainsborough, a brilliant head; another by Beech, in Peeping Tom; Madame Storace, by Sharp; two of Hull; a large whole-length of Miss O'Neil in the Tragic Muse, by Joseph (purchased since I saw you), to be placed where Master Betty was, who is to support Miss O'Neil on the left, while Charles Kemble in Douglas, by Kearsley, the same size, will support her on the right. This has been presented by the Latter to me lately. These three pictures, nearly of a size, will present a noble front in a few days. Kearsley was a great genius who was lost to the world, like Harlowe, at an early age. It is a beautiful picture. I have found an undoubted picture of Shakspeare's mother, which, if you can give me a day or two more, I can give you a particular account of. I have also acquired a bust of Young, by Behnes (perfect). I should wish you to mention this, as it may serve the artist, a young man of great talents. The bust of Shakspeare you should say is a cast from the monument at Stratford, by G. Bullock.

"So no more from your loving humble servant,

"C. Mathews."

Mathews was not without the weakness of all his profession, touching the newspaper and other dramatic critics of the day. Abstractedly, he hated them all—certainly not for any ill will that he owed the existing race of them on his own account—for few actors have been so uniformly and universally treated with favour, or rather with justice, as he was, so far as regarded his general pretensions, especially during the last fifteen years of his theatrical career. But it must be remembered that the line of performance which he adopted during that period was not the one of his choice, but was forced upon him by what he conceived an inadequate appreciation of his powers as a comic actor. And this he attributed in a great measure to the newspaper critics who held sway at the period of his early performances. Having unluckily exhibited his extraordinary powers of mimicry, as distinguished from those of dramatic personation, his early critics fell into what he justly deemed the ridiculous blunder of supposing and contending, that because he was a great mimic he could not be a great actor; and accordingly, to the day of his death, he was more generally spoken of at least, if not felt to be, the former than the latter. This was a subject of the most bitter and perpetual annoyance to him, and he revenged himself for it by not merely entertaining, but cherishing, a profound hatred and contempt for all newspaper critics, great and small.

As one of the most interesting and characteristic of the "Recollections" of my intercourse with him is connected with this topic, I will relate it here. At an early period of his career in London, Mathews was advertised to perform Rover, in "Wild Oats," on a certain night, and his name was continued in the bills up to the time of the performance; but in consequence of a sudden illness he could not play, and at a late hour the performance was changed. Those who knew his irritable nature may judge of his rage and astonishment at seeing, in the Morning Chronicle of the next day, a detailed account of his performance of Rover the night before, accompanied by sundry proofs and arguments, showing that the (alleged) performance was a total failure, and that the actor should never have attempted it! Mathews learned that this criticism was written by the late William Hazlitt—who he willingly admitted to be (when he pleased) the best dramatic critic of the day. Not knowing the excuse (such as it was) for the unlucky blunder in question, he ever afterwards adduced it as evidence of the utter worthlessness of all dramatic criticisms. Now, the excuse for the blunder was, that Hazlitt had seen him play Rover some nights before, but had been prevented from making his remarks on the performance by the pressure of other matters in the paper; and seeing the play advertised for the night referred to, wrote and sent his
criticism, without taking the trouble to satisfy himself that the performance actually took place on that particular night. This circumstance happened many years before my acquaintance with either Mathews or Hazlitt; but hearing the thing mentioned by Mathews at a time when I enjoyed a strict intimacy with both of those distinguished men, and learning on inquiry, the true explanation of it, I was glad of an opportunity which shortly afterwards seemed to present itself, of doing away the bitter feeling against Hazlitt which literally rankled in Mathews's mind, for what he had always deemed a base and deliberate attempt to crush him in his early career in London. Hazlitt's interest having been excited towards Mathews's gallery, by the many references to it in Lamb's beautiful paper on "The Old Actors," he happened to say to me how much he should like to see the gallery; and I offered to take him to Kentish-town for that purpose, without, however, venturing to hint at the obnoxious topic—which I knew was a very sore one with Hazlitt—but intending of course to see my way pretty clear before me in case Hazlitt did not object to go. I was not more surprised than pleased at Hazlitt's reply. He at once recognised the obstacle of the unlucky criticism, and fully explained to me the occasion of it; but seemed to think, that under the circumstances, it was impossible for him to go to Mathews's house, without a special invitation from himself. At the same time he expressed his strong desire to go, if it were only to do away the impression which, as he had always heard, Mathews had taken up about him in consequence of the occurrence referred to. I accordingly undertook to at least sound Mathews on the subject, which I did at the first opportunity; and I found that, after the proper explanations, Mathews was as anxious to get rid of his injurious impressions about Hazlitt as the latter was to see them done away; for Mathews's personal feelings did not prevent him from entertaining a just notion of Hazlitt's great powers as a writer. Briefly then, it was settled that in a day or two Mathews should write to me, fixing a day for Hazlitt to dine with him and see the gallery; and this arrangement was made known to Hazlitt, who did not absolutely object even to the dining part of the business, though at that period of his life nothing was so difficult as to persuade him to go anywhere under the bare chance of meeting with strangers.

Thus matters stood for more than a week, without my hearing anything further from Mathews on the subject; a delay which greatly annoyed me, because I knew it would suggest to Hazlitt's almost diseasedly sensitive feelings on matters of this nature, a suspicion that Mathews had consented, rather than desired to receive him: and on seeing him, such in fact I found to be the case; nor could anything I was able to say remove the suspicion from his mind. It was evident that he fancied I had got him into a scrape, in seeming to obtrude his presence on a man whom he felt that he had outraged and injured; and the result was, that he expressed his determination not to go at all, even should the tardy invitation at last arrive. In this position I let matters stand for three or four days longer, and then I wrote to Mathews, frankly stating to him my fears as to what Hazlitt's feelings would and ought to be in consequence of the delay, and adding a wish that, as I could not now take upon myself the risk of repeating to Hazlitt the proposition, he (Mathews) would look upon the matter as if it had never been mooted between us.

This letter brought an instant reply to me in the following terms:

"Ivy Cottage, Kentish Town, April 24.

"I have not time to write you such a trimmer as you deserve, my dear sensitive P—. You have not a notion of the number of letters, notes, &c., that I am compelled to write almost daily. I do not know whether you admit such a term as miffy into your vocabulary. It is a very expressive word to me. A miffy person is a great torment. I meet with many among what I call matter-of-fact people; but I hardly expect such fancied affronts from men of your understanding. I cannot enter into a laboured defence. But briefly, you are all wrong in your conjectures, and rather unjust in punishing me with your angry remarks: you must think very meanly of me if you supposed I could say I should be very happy to see Mr. Hazlitt, if I were not sincere. I am sure I said so, but I was not aware that I was bound to time. Now, the whole of the delay has arisen from a simple circumstance,—that my Gallery has been so completely deranged, for the purpose of hanging the pictures in an improved manner, that I did not like to exhibit them in an incomplete state. I did not know Charles Lamb's address, but I have inquired about it two or three times unsuccessfully. I
never had such a notion in my mind as to neglect your application—very far from it. This I declare upon my honour. Now, if you will say as much to Mr. Hazlitt, and fix your day (informing me in the mean time of Mr. Lamb’s address), I shall be much obliged to you. Will you call in at the English Opera House, either Thursday or Saturday, and talk it over? Perhaps it will be more satisfactory to Mr. Hazlitt if I drop him a note previously to his visit. Pray let me see or hear from you, in justice to my feelings—for you have annoyed me.

"I am yours very truly,

"C. Mathews."

I showed this letter to Hazlitt, who was perfectly satisfied with it. A day was immediately afterwards fixed by another note from Mathews; the parties met, and the day went off with more mutual satisfaction (as I afterwards learned) to each party, than I ever remember to have witnessed on any similar occasion;—Hazlitt having received a much higher impression of Mathews’s intellectual powers by these few hours of personal intercourse, than he had acquired from all his public performances; and Mathews, on his part, having been perfectly delighted with Hazlitt, whom he had hitherto been taught to look upon as little less than a demon incarnate. I have repeatedly heard him speak of the meeting afterwards, as offering to him the most remarkable proof he had ever met with, of the strength and extent to which personal prejudices may be carried, in opposition to the truth. The only persons present on this occasion besides Hazlitt and myself, were the late Charles Lamb, and Mr. Leigh Hunt. Three more accomplished talkers in their respective ways were perhaps never brought together; and each being in excellent cue on this occasion, I never remember to have passed so pleasant a day of its kind, even in Mathews’s house,—which, during his residence at Kentish-town, was the resort of more intellectual society, gathered together from a greater variety of sources, than perhaps any other that could be named during the same period.

It was here I first met Coleridge, who for several years, I believe, went to Mathew’s oftener than to any other house. And what is remarkable, he did not “hold forth” so much there as he was accustomed to do elsewhere. I have met him several times at Mathews’s, and do not remember a single occasion there on which he absorbed more of the conversation than fairly fell to his share. On the first occasion of my meeting him there, I sat next to him at dinner, and was favoured with the chief share of his wondrous talk; and though I found it in all respects answerable in its good qualities to the reports I had previously heard of it, I perceived none of the opposite qualities that were alleged against it. We spoke together much before quitting the dinner-table, during which time, though it was a small party (as Mathew’s always were, never more than from eight to twelve persons) he did not once seem to claim the whole attention of the company to himself; and when we rose from table, he and I (having just entered into a dissertation on dreams—a glorious theme for his inspired tongue!) instead of following the rest of the guests to the drawing-room, wandered out into the grounds (for it was a beautiful summer’s night), and I listened to, while he talked, a flood of inspired eloquence, which seems to echo in my ears at this moment as I write, and the mere thought of which recalls to me every particular of time, place, personal appearance of the speaker, the sound and expression of his voice, the rise, fall and fall of his impassioned intonation, as if it were but yesterday. And there Mathews came and found us as the clock struck midnight, and after all the other guests were gone, still talking and listening beneath the rich moonlight, as if “time and the hour” were made for nothing else.

Another occasion on which I met Coleridge at Mathew’s, had reference to a circumstance worth, perhaps, a detailed notice. For two or three years, without intermission, Mathews had devoted the whole of his leisure time and thoughts to a project for erecting a splendid monument to Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon; and he had taxed to the very utmost, his extensive interest in the great and the literary worlds, in furtherance of his plan. At length a committee of the most brilliant names of the country was formed—the plan was matured—the King’s (George the Fourth’s) direct patronage and personal sanction were obtained—the sculptor was appointed—and everything was ready for placing the matter before the public with a view to the necessary subscriptions, except an appropriate “Address” to accompany the proposals. This address, after repeated applications to Coleridge to prepare it, and his repeated promises and failures, Mathews asked me to write, and I had (not without some re-
luctance and hesitation) promised to do so—he engaging to bear me harmless through the matter as regarded Coleridge. The following little note is characteristic of the almost boyish eagerness and warmth with which he pursued and persisted in any project which he took up.

"Dear P——e,

"I only wait for you. The King has given me full permission to publish. Therefore despatch, mon ami! If possible give me a look in to-morrow evening at the E. O. (English Opera House).

"Thine in sincerity,

"Highgate, May 1."

"C. Mathews."

The address was written, and entirely approved of by Mathews and his friends; but Coleridge having been asked to write one, it was deemed indispensable (by myself in particular) that it should be submitted to him for his approval; which was accordingly done by Mathews. He returned it with his unqualified sanction to every part, except one phrase, which phrase had happened to please Mathews more than any other in the address; and so loth was he to part with it, that, not liking to remonstrate himself with Coleridge on his objection to it, he persuaded me to engage to do so; for which purpose he arranged that we should meet at his house, when he would casually introduce the subject, without giving Coleridge the least idea who had written the address, and then leave me to manage the matter in the best way I could—he being at hand to aid me in this my somewhat perilous enterprise, of contesting a point of literary taste with a man whom we both looked upon as the greatest literary genius of the day. We met accordingly; and after a long discussion, I had the satisfaction of bringing Coleridge completely round to Mathews's and my own opinion as to the passage in question—which it was now agreed should stand precisely as it was originally written.

I'm afraid the reader may think that, in the above details, I have claimed his attention to a topic not worth more, at best, than a momentary reference. But in reading details of this kind, of however trifling a nature, about such men as Coleridge and Mathews, I have ever felt a deep and lively interest; and I have been willing to believe that others may be similarly constituted. Of the project above referred to, it is a characteristic fact, that nothing has been heard, from the completion of the preliminary arrangements, to the present day, except that, I believe (but am not sure), the address, names of the committee, &c., were published by way of advertisement, in one newspaper. The public, I believe, did not respond to the appeal in the way Mathews wished and expected; this (as it always did in whatever he undertook) checked his ardour in the enterprise: he ceased to busy himself about it, and it fell to the ground; a result which I had all along anticipated, and in some measure hoped for: deeming, as I did, that a monument to the memory of Shakspeare was at best a superfluity, not necessary to complete or consolidate his fame, and called for, if at all, only by the feelings entertained of him by his countrymen. In this view of the matter, it may be said (in a paradoxical spirit) that the greatest monument existing to the fame of any human being, is the fact, that, to this day, even his own country has erected no public monument to Shakspeare.

Having been led to the subject of Shakspeare, I will here place before the reader a letter from Mathew's pen, which will be read with additional curiosity and interest, when I state that it presents him (for the first and last time probably), in the novel character of a contributor to the periodical literature of the day! It was sent to, and appeared in, a weekly literary journal, in which theatrical affairs received marked attention. The subject of it was a favourite crotchet with Mathews. He had not common patience with anybody, and especially any public writer, who, whether in ignorance or from "malice prepense," spelt Shakspeare's name in any but one way; and his proofs as to which that way should be, as adduced in the following letter, are pretty decisive—at least if we admit that a family is to be permitted to settle the orthography of their own name—which is not so apparent.

SHAKESPEAR VERSUS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the ———.

Sir,—As you "take the liberty of inquiring why the players pronounce the first syllable of Shakespeare's name as if it were written Shack," I take the liberty of inquiring why you have written it Shake, and from what authority? There is not an instance on record of any one of the family having inserted the e; and therefore I would inquire of you why you pronounce Shakespeare (which
is the true way of spelling the name) Shakespeare. "Glorious John" Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Malone, Steevens, * cum multis aliis, invariably pronounced his name in the way his brother Charles has directed the performers in the new piece * to pronounce it. Malone at one time thought he had settled the question, and concludes the argument in favour of Shack by saying, "therefore let this set the question at rest, for there can be no doubt but the name was pronounced so by everybody during the lifetime of the bard." Mr. Davenport, the present vicar, near ninety years of age, vouches for the pronunciation at Stratford from his earliest days. In Prynne you will find the following passage: "Shackspere’s plies are printed in the best crown paper, far better than most bibles." The only autograph now in existence of William’s, is in Doctors’ Commons; it is Shakspere. The name of the bard’s father occurs 166 times under different modes of orthography, in the council-book of the corporation of Stratford: Shackspere, 4; Shackspere, 2; Shakespere, 2; Shakspere, 17; Shakspeare, 9; Shaxper, 9; Shaxper, 18; Shaxepe, 69!!! This, then, surely is conclusive as to the pronunciation of his name, and rescues the players from the charge of "offensive affectation;" for though we are aware that in those days orthography was very loose, yet the recurrence of Shaxpeare above 100 times, in my mind, proves the mode of pronouncing his name to be arbitrary.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

Y.

I have no idea, to this day, whether any one, even of his own family, who may have read this letter, except myself, is aware of its being written by Mathews.

As I have been led to give incidental specimens of Mathew’s epistolary style, I will close my Recollections of this month with one which is capital of its kind. As an example of the laconic style, it perhaps stands alone. It was written in reply to a note saying, that I would dine with him at Kentish-town on a certain day, if there were nothing in the way to prevent it, on his part.

"Dear Pat.

"Come.

"Yours,"

"12th.

"MAT."

(To be concluded next month.)

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H owe ll a n d J a m e s ’ s .

A SKETCH.

B Y A F R E Q U E N T E R.

H owe ll a n d J a m e s ’ s!!! There is music, there is magic in the sound; at least, to female ears. What belle just "come out," and bent on conquest, anxious to embellish the charms which nature has lent her, but flies to "Howell & James’s," to the high priests of fashion, at whose altar she is to offer her devotions. What lover speeds not thither for the purpose of selecting some gift, to propitiate la dame de ses pensées? What husband seeks not there some peace-offering, to allay the pangs of jealousy, or to conciliate a wavering affection that might lead to his acquiring a personal knowledge of said pangs? Has he lost at Crockford’s, or won at the Travellers’, when his wife, dear easy soul, supposed him at "the House," engaged in a late debate, the anger excited in her gentle breast by the rumours of his gambling propensities, is only to be silenced by a cadeau from "Howell & James’s?" Has he been seen in the back of some prohibited box at the

† Since the first part of the foregoing Recollections was written, I have seen that a work is advertised by Mr. Murray, entitled "The Life and Opinions of the late Charles Mathews, begun by himself and continued by his Son." It is impossible to conceive any class, or even individual, of "the reading public," who may not look forward to this production with intense interest and curiosity, no less on account of the unequalled number and variety of the themes for observation which must have presented themselves to the writer’s pen, than for his wonderful truth and delicacy of tact, and his excellent taste and uncommon skill and facility in giving the benefit of his remarks to others, whether by voice or pen. I am happy to add, that in all these particulars the gentleman who will aid in completing the work, is worthy to follow the steps of his gifted father.
Opera?—or has it been discovered that he has joined a party at Greenwich, or Richmond, among whom were certain ladies possessing all the uncertainty, but not the chastity attributed to the moon? Harmony can only be restored at home by some tasteful ornament from No. 9, Regent-street, little inferior to one purchased a few days before by the "naughty man" for one of the said ladies, with whom he dined at Greenwich or at Richmond!! What lady arrived at that most uncertain of all ages, a certain age, wishing to repair or conceal the inroads of ruthless time upon her charms, hies not to "Howell and James's," sure to find there all she can require, from corsets perfectionnes to rouge and pearl-powder; from the chapeau d'Hervault, to adorn her head, to the chaussures de Melnotte, to grace her feet. There she buys the transparent veil which is so becoming, giving a softened hue to the charms that still remain, or concealing the want of them. A veil is so pretty an accessoire to beauty, so well preserves a fine complexion, or shades an artificial one, that it should be always in fashion.

Who is that tall, fair woman, entering the jewellery room—her light silken ringlets falling from a brow of Parian marble whiteness, and as finely chiseled as ever left Canova's hand? Thought is seated on that lofty brow, and talent marks the well defined lips: thought and talent, gifts rarely accorded to the fair and the young, but hereditary in her family, for the Marchioness of C—d is the daughter of the eloquent, the intellectual C—n—g! Who is the beautiful brunette that she accosts? How brilliant are the hazel eyes of this latter lady, and how luxuriant her tresses, dark and glossy as the wing of the raven! That is the Countess of C—st—d; and there is her lord, with his curly locks, coat thrown back, and broad expanse of waistcoat. He is said to emulate his ancestor of polite memory, and is not only bien élevé, mais bien nourri. Whom greet they so cordially? "Tis Mrs. A—n—n, the sister of Lady C—s—d. How different they are—both beautiful, yet totally unlike! Murillo would have chosen one sister for his pencil, and Titian or Giorgione would have selected the other, with her flowing locks, that look like threads of pale gold, and her eyes of heaven's own blue, soft as those of a dove. In the room appropriated to millinery, what crowds of fair dames are trying on hats, and caps, and capotes, occupied in the momentous task of deciding on the relative merits of each, and in the still more momentous one of judging which best suits their features. What exemplary patience is displayed by the priestesses of this sanctuary, who are condemned to administer to the wants and the vanities of so many of their own sex—from ten 'till seven—with what tact and suavity do they declare to a fair lady, with a face "round as the moon—but ah! not like her, pale"—that a small chapeau rose, with marabout feathers, fit only to adorn some youthful nymph with sylph-like proportions, "exactly suits her ladyship, and is vastly becoming," whilst to a lady—

"Thin and pale, as maidens on the wane,
Who ne'er to man can pleasure give or pain,
they more than insinuate, that a turban à la Juive, suited only to a full oval face, "is the most becoming coiffure she could possibly meet with," though beneath it, the poor spinner looks like a rushlight with an extinguisher. A blonde cap with lilies of the valley is tried on by a portly dowager of threescore years, and is pronounced "charming." All and each of the triers on receive similar encouragement, uttered in placid voices which might persuade even the most parsimonious woman that ever cheapened a hat, or bargained that her cap must not exceed a certain price, to purchase those now placed on their heads. What wistful glances, mingled with a pretty consciousness that gives a brighter tint to their cheeks, do the young unmarried ladies cast upon the boxes of orange flowers. How many thoughts of men who "won't propose," and men whom they hope may, are awakened by the sight of these Hymeneal bouquets! See that fair debutante who is selecting a chapeau for her first public déjeuner. That paille de riz, lined with gaze couleur de souffre, and adorned with one plume of the same delicate hue, how well it becomes her! She looks with complacency on the mirror that reflects her youthful countenance; but alas! Mamma will not allow her to wear feathers, and the chapeau is resigned with a sigh. Next comes a faded beauty, who, some years ago, never showed that now pale face without exciting admiration. Heated rooms and late hours have done the work of time, and she sees, and sees with pain, that the homage she was accustomed to receive is transferred to younger and fresher beauties. She tries on every chapeau, but none please her. Blue makes her look pale, pink is too glaring, lilac is not advantageous to her complexion, and white makes her appear fade. She declares that the fashions of the season are by no means so becoming as those of the last, never reflecting that it is her altered looks which constitute the great difference.
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

A bustling matron next approaches, with
well rouged cheeks and borrowed ringlets.
Yet no—let me correct the last phrase;—they
are not borrowed: they are, according to the
epigram, "her own," for she bought them.
The chapeau couleur souffre is tried, and
condemned, for that colour does not suit ladies after for—; I mean a certain age.
Who selects this tasteful hat, which old and
young, fair and brown, have tried on by
dozens, I know not, though I do know whom it
would become; but what would not look
well on her? No! in pity to the feelings of
the sex, it shall not be written; so each young
beauty may believe it to be herself, and each
Mamma may imagine it to be the fairest of
her daughters, who is always the one who,
she thinks, most resembles what she was.
That distingué looking person who enters is
a bride,—the Lady A. L., descended from
a family in which beauty is hereditary. The
lady following her is a young widow, a
flower still in all its freshness, and which looks
as if seeds had never approached it. She is
the widow of the handsome Wm. L., who
found death in the same element that proved
fatal to Antinous, whose bust he is said to
have resembled. The next lady is also a
widow, Lady O. She is come to choose her
wedding-dress. In this same place was her
former one selected!!!—and were we inclined
to be sentimental, we might write an elegy
on the subject, commencing

Not here, not here,
My second dear,
Let's buy our nuptial dresses;
"Twas here I came
With my first flame,
Oh! how the thought distresses!

THE RIVAL DEMONS.

A POEM.—IN THREE CANTOS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK."

Canto the Third.

When the King had got over his last odd carouse,
He consulted his ministers, council and spouse;
But their meetings were held with closed doors, so
none knew
Of the measures they argued, or which they'd
pursue.
They talked much and sate long, and the coun-
cillors' looks
Were immensely important, and huge folio
books

From the board of excise,
And the customs likewise,
Were examined and sealed up secure from all eyes.
Now, below, as on earth, politicians abound—
That's to say, codger demons, who just toddle round
To their cafes and clubs, and each thinks he is fit
In the chair of the King's privy council to sit;—
Ever grumbling at others, these prosing old elves
Still continue on excellent terms with themselves;
With a shake of the pate
Settling questions of state—
"Tis an exquisite farce to attend their debate!
A knot of these wiseacres said, the pollution
Of Alcohol's drama would produce revolution;
For never, within demons' memory, had been
Such a levelling, shocking and scandalous scene
As occurred at the hall, when her Majesty flew
To the midst of the court, and, producing the new
Liquefactions from earth,
Turned grave counsel to mirth,
And that general confusion from thence would have birth.

One exclaimed, "Since that day, the Queen's
handmaids, we see,
Are all followed by sators of every degree,
They have travelled forsooth! and brought home reticules
Crammed with things which, if drunk, turn the wise into fools.
Our young nobles now talk, too, of nothing but gin;
So, if Alcohol once to a place should get in,
The whole empire below
Topseyturvey would go,
And, pray who'll keep him out? I should like much to know."

"Phoo!" cried one of Lord Gunpowder's friends,
"That's absurd!
He will never get in, Sir—rely on my word,
We know that her Majesty's fond of a frolic;
And those bottles, perhaps, may be good for the colic:
But, to think that the maker of such paltry stuff
Could compete with our thunderer, 's really enough
To make people suppose
One can't see one's own nose,
Or tell which way the bull runs or how the wind blows."

But, at length came the day that was big with the fate
Of the two noble lords, and the conourse was great;
And the King, as though fearing he might have displayed
Too much levity last time, now sported parade,
With a splendid turn out, and had carried before
Him his huge red-hot crown, which to wear was a bore:
And he sat on his throne,
On that day, all alone,
Looking sternly composed, as though carved out
of stone.

When the forms of the court were gone through,
he announced,
The two lords might approach and hear judgment pronounced.
Then up started Gunpowder as if he'd been shot,
And nine times banged his head on the floor on a spot
At the foot of the throne, and then Alcohol came,
And, as such was the custom, of course did the same;
But it seemed to the crowd
That he knocked not so loud,
And but smiled, while his rival looked fiercely
and proud.

Then the Monarch arose and began, "Our dear lords!
Both your services merit our thanks and rewards;
And we're happy to say that our ample domains
Are so thriving and populous, nothing remains
But for us to appropriate that which is due
To rare merit like yours; and we must say that two
Of such singular worth
As you've proved upon earth,
Neither there nor among us before have had birth.

"So we thank you, and longer we would not defer
Our intention to speak, but some little demur
Has arisen respecting a few of the throng
You sent home, who, 'tis fancied, have been sorted wrong.
We've appointed a counsel to argue each case,
And our wish is each prisoner on that list to place
Where his name ought to stand,
By the laws of our land,
Saying when, by what sin and what demon trepanned."

Then his Majesty sate, and a counsellor rose,
And announced that one party he spoke for were those
Who, not liking gunpowder, had yet been the prey
Of that wondrous invention, by doing what they called "enlisting for soldiers" when they were inspired
By Lord Alcohol's spirit, and felt themselves fired
With a courage unknown,
But which quickly was blown
All away when their reason return'd to its throne.

"Then," continued the counsel, "we've multitudes more
Who could never endure to face gunpowder's roar
Without brandy, or gin, and such things; and I say,
And don't fear contradiction, they'd else run away.
So I claim, on Lord Alcohol's part, the whole lot
(Though they're now in the list of the gunpowder plot),
With some others beside,
Who were drunk when they died
By a bullet for love, quarrels, or suicide."

He sat down, and the opposite counsel arose,
And vehemently argued, the claim to oppose.
"For," said he, "when these wretches arrive first below,
They will never speak truth—that's a fact we all know;
But, in cases like this, we are not in the dark,
Let them say what they will—they bear gunpowder's mark;
And so," clenching his fist,
He exclaimed, "I insist
On retaining the whole we have got on our list."
THE RIVAL DEMONS.

"So do I!" roared his lordship of powder and ball,
"I'll not part with a man; and besides, that's not all;
I've a much stronger claim to the numbers that he,
In camps, sieges and marches has stolen from me,
To say nothing of what after victory passes,
When they empty his barrels, and bottles and glasses.

I'm surprised you should think
Of thus mentioning drink,
Some few cowards may take when they're given to
slink!"

"My dear lord," his mild rival urbanely replied,
"Against mortals we often have fought side by side,
And I trust shall again. I abandon the claim
Which the counsel thought fit here to make in my name,
And acknowledge how often I've been in your camp
With specific 'gainst fever, and sunshine and damp.
But now, you may count all
Both the great and the small,
And still by my numbers I'll stand or I'll fall."

"Humph!" Lord Gunpowder said, 'twixt a smile
And a groan,
"No—I ask for no favours—I wish but my own.
Yet, the battles I've fought, both by sea and by land,
Have been so productive, I don't understand
How you ever can think — but," he whispered,
"I see
You are modest, and leave all pretensions to me.
Yes, I now comprehend,
And so, henceforth, depend
You shall find me at court a most excellent friend."

Then he held out his hand with a patron-like air,
And thereby made King, council, and company stare:
But Lord Alcohol took it, and pleasantly said,
In the same suppressed tone, "Pray don't trouble your head
About me, for, while I've got a bottle of gin,
You must know with her Majesty I shall keep in."

Then the King gave a look,
Whereat, forth from a nook,
Came a gigantic clerk with a monstrous black book.

When he'd finished his reading he seemed well content;
And then, sitting erect on his throne, keenly bent
His dark eyes on the rivals, and all remained still
While he thus condescended to make known his will.

Saying: "Ye who now hear us! Our princes and peers!
Nobles, ministers, commons! All lend us your ears!
Since the epoch when gold
Was first coined, we'll make bold
To affirm no inventions have taken such hold.

No, none else, like these lords, on the weakness
Of man,
Ever took such firm hold since our empire began.
The returns of arrivals from earth are so great,
As to render it proper that we should create
Principalities twain; and we therefore decree
That each lord, in his own well-armed government, be

Installed in his power,
And a Prince from this hour,
And, whenever they marry, their brides we will
dower."

Long and loud acclamations here filled the whole air,
And red handerchiefs waved in the galleries, for there
Were the Queen and her ladies, who, forthwith,
Began

In each candidate's aspect some new grace to sean,
Some praised Gunpowder's stature, fine figure and voice;

But the most said, "The prince of Geneva for choice."

And, moreover, the Queen
Vowed he looked so serene,
That a pleasantry fellow she never had seen.

When the King made a sign he had got more to say,
The loud plaudits and uproar at length died away,
And he spoke to the rivals alternately thus—
"We should like to keep both of our Princes with us;
But strong reasons of state will compel us to part
From you, Prince Alcohol, since your consummate art

Has attained a degree
Of perfection which we
Will most freely confess we're astonished to see.

"It appears, by our recent accounts from the earth,
That almost every quarrel from you takes its birth;
And, although, in the end, they to gunpowder fly,
Your great rival himself, I am sure, won't deny
That, when once their blood's raised to the true
sining pitch,
They use swords, guns or daggers, and care little which—

So, the thing is to get
The fools into a pet,
And you've done more that way than was ever done yet.
"And we find when they waver o'er some desperate crime,
Such as murder, or robbery, you mark the fit time,
String their nerves up to madness, and hurry them on
to the act, ere the courage you lend them is gone;
That you comfort them after, and stifle the voice
Of our enemy Conscience, and bid them rejoice;
And continue your care
Till they fall in a snare,
And to justice are brought, when you let them despair.

"Then, that feeling, so long the worst foe of our state,
Mortals call it ‘Repentance,’ and which we all hate;
It was formerly wont our best harvests to blight,
But now seems, at your presence, to halt or take flight,
For in some sinners' cases we've recently read,
When you left them awhile, it appeared in your stead.
Yet, the moment you came,
They discarded all shame,
And you made them believe themselves little to blame.

"There's one trait in your policy strikes us as such
A high proof of your skill we can't praise it too much,
We mean that fascination by which you bring men
As it were, round your altar, all clustering, and then
You detain them, not merely their homage to pay,
As they do to their gods, in an off-handed way,
But compel them to keep
At your shrine while you steep
Them with liquor and vice, till, from languor, they sleep.

"The enchantment of spirits indeed must be strong—
For the animal classes, to which men belong,
When they've satisfied hunger and thirst grow inert,
While your victims to sin are all then quite alert,
The worst show their bad points, and the young sinners learn
In pursuing their pleasures, to our paths to turn,
Which all go by wrong names,
Such as fun or love's flames,
Since each vice finds a virtue whose title it claims.

"The great cause of your wondrous success would appear
To be this—that you never strike mortals with fear;
But you proffer them aid, consolation in pain,
And that happiness which they're yet dreaming to gain.
So that, even while feeling the power of your sting,
The mad wretches more close to your altars will cling,
And their homage still tend,
And declare, to the end,
That you have been and are their most excellent friend.

Here his Majesty turned to the thundering Prince,
And continued, "We hope that your Highness won't wince
At the praise which we feel ourselves called on to pay
To your rival, for this we must candidly say,
You have merited well of the state, and we feel
Well disposed you shall reap all the fruits of your zeal,
Since you've certainly made,
In your great wholesale trade,
A return which has well to our treasury paid.

"When you first roused ambition, the numbers that fell
Were immense, and, for some time, all went very well;
But then men took alarm, terror spread far and wide,
And each cowardly wretch kept aloof and defied
Your astonishing power. You too soon seemed a foe,
For some bigots suspected you came from below;
And now most of them shun
You as much as a dun,
Yet still after your rival continue to run.

"The result of all this is now plain, for we find
By our custom-house books, which have, time out mind,
Been renowned for correctness, that, reckoning all
You have sent home and claim, the whole number's too small
To compete with your rival's; and, since all should be
Understood through our realm, from these documents we
His majority state,
Makes the monstrously great
Sum twelve million, nine thousand, five hundred and eight!"

Even his Majesty's presence could not here constrain
A loud bust of applause that pervaded the whole
Of the mingled assembly; some better's looked blue,
And Prince Gunpowder's face took a sulphurous hue.
For ambition is never contented with what
It has gained, while there's anything else to be got,
And this newly made Prince,
Like a great many since,
Of his rival's real merit 'twas hard to convince.

"That's prodigious!" her Majesty cried, "Only think
What astonishing quantities mortals must drink!
And one can't be surprised. Only think of the King's
La! He lectured me since, Clo, just like any thing,
And talked much of our dignity, rank, and such stuff,
But I knew it was all 'cause he hadn't enough,
So I sent by the mail
For a butt, without fail,
And should think, by this time, it must be under sail."
The lady in waiting, whose place 'twas to carry
Her reticule, sighed, "Surely Prince A. will marry!
Can your Majesty guess whom he think he will choose?
I'm sure no one possessed of good sense would refuse.
He seems really so amiable, I should regret
Were he caught by the arts of some low vulgar set."
"He shall know what you say,"
Said the Queen—and "Oh, pray!
Do not tell! I should die!" cried the nymph,
looking gay.

The "majority" struck all the quidnuncs with awe,
For, in Alcohol's triumph, they plainly foresaw
Revolution at hand, since 'twas vain to contend
Against one who from earth could such multitudes send,
And the whole of a sort that were well known to be
The worst subjects below. And the Sovereign's decree
Was, 'twas afterwards said
Caused by fears on that head,
Which arose in his mind as the great book he read.

Be the cause what it might, he evinced much respect
To the spiritual Prince, and no little neglect
Of those court ceremonials, which, like court dress,
Minor sovereigns frequently lay such a stress;
And when stopped in his speech by the buzzing around,
He seemed rather amused than annoyed by the sound;
So those near him who knew
Best his habits, thence drew
The inference he'd something agreeable in view.

He continued, "Dear Princes! your talents are rare,
And for arduour and loyalty, none can compare
With you either; and so, it's our duty to post
Each of you in that place where he'll serve us the most,
And, following this maxim, we beg leave to say
You can neither within your new governments stay,
But you both must prepare,
Young and strong as you are,
Fresh exertions to make and fresh laurels to share.

"Here our sway is established, our government strong.
Though we've grumblers, of course, who think all's going wrong;
But, on earth, a wide scope for your talents and skill,
Spite of all you've accomplished, presents itself still;
For we've enemies there, who, we've reason to fear,
 Arrest many who'd otherwise emigrate here.
These inveterate few
You must keep well in view,
For, if once we catch them, you'll have little to do.

"Now on you, dear Prince Alcohol, chiefly we trust
For delivering mankind from the old-fashioned rust
Of religion, morality, virtue, and such
Sort of stuff which our foes love to cherish so much.
And, in order that you may be perfectly free,
To take what steps you will, 'tis our sovereign decree,
Since your worth we well know,
That above you should go,
And henceforth act on earth as our Prince plenipo.

"For we're certain, from what we've heard, read, and felt;"
(Here a smile crossed his cheek) "you'll be able to melt
Away good resolutions, and even, perhaps,
Kidnap teachers, and preachers, and priests, and such chaps,
Who officiously thrust themselves forward to stay
Men who come, or who seem to be coming, our way.
And, to keep up the fount
Of supply, on account
You may draw on our treasury to any amount."

Then he turned to Gunpowder, and went on to say,
"Our dear Prince, though you are but the second to-day,
Yet your merits are high, and the service so great
Which you've rendered on earth to myself and the state,
That, as time passes on, we shall often require
You to go up again, with your thunder and fire;
And, meanwhile, we suggest
You might put to the test
The improvements you spoke of for killing men best."

Then the court was dissolved, and a banquet that night
At the palace was given by gunpowder light;
And the tables were furnished profusely with gin,
For the packet that morning from earth had come in.
On her Majesty's right side the spiritual beau,
Upon whom she most graciously deigned to bestow
Great symptoms of favour,
Extolling the flavour
Of gin, as surpassing the volcanic savour.

"My dear Prince!" she at length condescended to say,
"Since it seems that on earth you are destined to stay,
We still hope you'll remember your friends here at court,
For your bottles afforded us excellent sport.
Don't tell Nick what I say, but, if really you could
Keep us always supplied, 'pon my honour you would
Such a favourite be,
With my ladies and me!
For they're all half in love with you now I can see."

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His new Highness bowed low, smiled, and looked rather vain, 
And declared he would do all he could to retain 
A place in her gracious and kind estimation. 
"By selecting prime good sure to meet approbation." 
And the Queen gave some hints as to flavour and price, 
But respecting the quantity, said, "We're not nice. 
Just a ship load or two, 
For the present will do, 
But, pray don't forget us when you've anything new." 

The next morning the King told his council to meet, 
His grand Plenipotentiary's suite to complete; 
And they chose many demons, malignant and sly, 
Rough, polished, sad, jovial—their foul arts to apply; 
And when all the appointments were filled, the King said, 
"Such a phalanx of talent, our Prince at the head, 
Must cause a sensation 
On earth, through each nation. 
That never before was felt since the creation."

Then all took the oaths in the regular way, 
And for diet and travelling they'd so much a-day; 
And, according to custom, as hinted before, 
Ere he started for earth dropped the title he bore 

In the regions below, and took some virtue's name, 
To which the King's heralds emblazoned his claim 
With such skill, that but few 
Upon earth, at first view, 
Felt the smallest suspicion it was not his due. 

Waste was called "Generosity," Riot was "Fun," 
Obscenity, "Wit," and so on, till scarce one 
Of the titles which men on good actions bestow 
Was not borne by the suite of that great Plenipo. 
So it's safest for those who would make his arts vain 
To suspect all called virtue, if found in his train; 
For they so much excel 
In disguise, and so well 
Act their parts, that few mortals can counterfeits tell.

Up to earth, in great style, came the plenipo Prince, 
And, too well it is known, has been here ever since, 
While Gunpowder, his rival, comes but now and then, 
Making terrible havoc with armies of men; 
But, although his improvements are now all complete, 
And his spirit enraged by his former defeat, 
All his efforts are vain, 
Equal rank to attain, 
With a spirit that daily counts hundreds of slain.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

No. XIV.

The day following Dillon's arrest, he was conveyed to the Palais de Justice, by a huissier or tipstaff, accompanied by two gendarmes, and put into the sourcière, a room where culprits await their turn for examination before the Juge d'Instruction. In this room were already assembled a number of persons, and some among them of so squalid and truculent an aspect, that in spite of former associations, our hero felt by no means proud of the society into which he had fallen, "upon compulsion," as Falstaff would have predicated. His parting with Phoebe the day before had been painful. With all a woman's keenness of apprehension, being overcome by a sad presentiment of ill, she hung upon his neck and wept bitterly. This outbreak of tenderness, however, had extorted no pity from the officials of justice, who conveyed the suspected robber to the dungeon of a Paris prison.

Early in the morning, Phoebe began to watch for him in the court-yard of the Prefecture de Police. The moment he appeared, she rushed into his arms; but the gendarmes, impatient at the delay, seized the arms of our hero, tore him, with a rude and bitter jest, from the embrace of the disconsolate object of his heart's love, and bade him proceed to the place of trial. She followed him to the den already alluded to, and looking back, as he passed through the doorway, relieved her agony by a flood of tears. 

The room into which our hero was shown in order to await the examination of the Juge d'Instruction, was a chamber about sixteen feet square, low and close, lighted only by two narrow loopholes, and in which the air was so offensive that he could scarcely breathe. Upwards of fifty persons were assembled awaiting their judicial examination. A volume of philosophy was written in the countenances of this strange group. Every feature now seemed forced into an
expression, in spite of that secret volition which would have kept the countenance as void of expression as a sheet of blank paper is of words and thoughts: but it became an unwilling record of the heart's emotions. There was the grim smile that struggled with bitter remorse, and served only to proclaim the inward tumult which it sought to hide. There was heard the coarse execration that came loud and startling upon the ear, but told with terrible eloquence the dread of which it was the too faithful recorder, and to conceal which it was uttered in vain. The pale quivering lip was there seen, and the broad restless eye, a sad index of the fierce throes within; while the tongue was uttering blasphemies against heaven, and affecting a smile of derision at the impotence of human laws.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the criminal is ever at peace with himself. Crime and peace are incompatible; they can no more assimilate than oil and milk. They repel each other, and therefore can exist only apart. The bold bearing of a bad man is the strongest proof that he is wretched. When the whole sum of his energies are brought to stifle the struggles of conscience and the fierce repugnance of the heart, though they be kept down by a strong physical impulse, yet such a victory is far more fearful than defeat. It is the triumph of a demon, which ends in horror; for the triumph of evil cannot enjoy the harvest of good—the whirlwind which is sown must be reaped. Even among the best men, every unworthy action is a bitter in the draught of existence; it is invariably the seed of evil.

"Of have I said the praise of doing well Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some fly, perchance, however small, Into the alabaster urn should fall,
The odours of the sweets enclose would die,
And stench corrupt—sad change!—their place supply.
So the least faults, if mixed with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast."

In one corner of the sourcier were two men playing at dominoes. One had been taken up upon suspicion of murder, the other for housebreaking. They were both lying on the floor, with the small spotted pieces of bone between them, which for the moment absorbed their attention and seemed to draw it from more saddening reflections. The suspected murderer was a stout bony man, with ill-shaped limbs and features that might have shamed in fierce and implacable suilleness either head of the fabled janitor of Tartarus, who is supposed to have had three pair of ears. Upon the back of his skull was propped a ragged foraging-cap, through which his coarse red hair peered like bristles upon the back of an excited boar. His large expansive chest was bare, and the body covered with a shirt so ragged as almost to leave his limbs entirely exposed. Worthless as even this man appeared, his frequent fits of abstraction, in the midst of his game, showed how difficult it is to stifle emotions roused by a consciousness of guilt. His attention was several times wholly withdrawn from the game, and when he perceived the consequent oversight, of which his adversary took instant advantage, a deep curse was breathed from the bottom of his chest. On a sudden he sprang upon his feet under the excitement of uncontrollable passion, which at length spent itself in loud and ferocious maledictions. At this moment he was summoned before the judge.

Dillon, although not altogether unfamiliar with scenes of vice, was surprised at what he now witnessed. Everything around him seemed imbued with a pestilential taint. Youth and age stood before him spotted with the foul dyes of guilt, and presenting to his view one of those pictures which represent to the mind, by that vivid force of contrast which acts with a reflex agency, the glorious ascendancy of virtue over the debasing influence of crime. The fumes of the estaminet, of the low gambling-house, of the cellar, and of every foul haunt of vice, came upon him like a blast from the shores of Acheron. He could scarcely breathe.

In the course of a short time after he had been brought in, the sourcier was so filled that there was barely room to move. He placed his back against the wall, and waited impatiently for his release from this horrible confinement, which could scarcely be exceeded in wretchedness by the solitary dungeon of the prison. The pale haggard countenances, upon which the brand of early debauchery or of habitual crime was fixed in characters never to be effaced but by the finger of death, gave a colouring to the scene before him which attached to his memory with so tenacious an adhesion that he could never after banish it. It seemed as if his imagination were the panel upon which the picture had been wrought, and by a hand that had painted it for immortality.

Dillon's thoughts at this moment were
not the most consoling, and for the first time in his life his confidence in that creed which had hitherto supported him under every trial, began to waver. He knew not why, but his presentiments were more gloomy than they had ever yet been under sorrow. The near prospect of happiness had been suddenly overcast, and his heart sickened at the fearful anticipation of being shut out from that fruition which he had lately calculated upon with such an earnest fervour of hope. It was the first time his mind had swerved from the faith which he may be said to have imbibed with his mother’s milk. It had supported him through all the strange contingencies of a short but eventful life, and he was at a loss to account for this sudden recoil of the mind from a stronghold behind which his confidence had hitherto been so firmly entrenched that he imagined nothing could dislodge it. He felt moody and desponding.

It is true that Phœbe had frequently endeavoured to overthrow some of the flimsy dogmas by which he sought to uphold his favourite creed of an absolute and especial predestination; and the natural acuteness of perception brought by her to the subject, together with the clear good sense with which she examined its fallacies and detected the illogical, anti-social, and indeed untenable conclusions upon which it was based, had, no doubt, though he had never before suffered himself to admit such a mortifying fact, sapped the foundations of his unscriptural faith, and caused the superstructure of supralaparian divinity to totter to its very base. He was however unwilling to resign at once the doctrines which he had so long been in the habit of deeming oracular, and therefore still leaning upon them with fond reliance, he after a while shook off the despondency that was rapidly stealing over him, and, reflecting how numerous and signal had been his escapes hitherto, came at length to the conclusion that his release from his present difficulty would be the prelude to his speedy marriage with Phœbe. This once accomplished, he made up his mind that he would settle in some secluded spot in his own country, and spend the rest of his days in quiet enjoyment. But what a mine of truth is in the old proverb, “There’s many a slip between the cup and the lip.”

“O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.

Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix’d; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste.
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.”

This agreeable reverie was interrupted by a summons to appear before the authority who was to examine him upon a charge of robbery. The summons roused him, and for the moment the probable issue of his examination broke upon his startled mind. The blood mounted to his cheeks, and immediately flowed back again to his heart with a strong revulsion. His alarm had never before been so positively excited, which may be readily accounted for from the circumstance that his interest was now so closely allied with that of another as to impart to his feelings an impulse to which they had never before been subjected. The fact is, that had not Phœbe’s image been ever present to his mind, he would have entertained no personal terrors. For his own sufferings, abstractedly, he cared not, whatever they might be; but he foresaw how deeply the object of his affections would suffer through him, and this caused him to quit the sourcière for the presence of the judge with a pallid countenance and a throbbing heart. Nevertheless his step was firm and his bearing manly. He knew that he was innocent of the crime now imputed to him, but the consciousness of former guilt to a certain extent staggered his perfect self-possession.

Dillon was at length conducted into the presence of the judge, between two gendarmes. The room into which he was guarded was a moderately sized apartment like an office. In the centre was a common office table, upon which were sundry small boxes and bundles of papers all carefully labelled. At the centre of the table, in a chair something resembling that in which porters are wont to lounge “the live-long night” in the halls of our aristocracy, sat the awful functionary by whom our hero was about to be examined. By his side, upon a common desk stool, sat his greffier, prepared to take down the prisoner’s replies to the questions propounded by his superior.

As soon as Dillon was conducted to this official table, the gendarmes retired to a little distance, but did not leave the room, placing themselves upon each side of the door, in order to arrest the flight of the criminal, should he be so silly as to attempt an escape. The Juge d’Instruction was one of
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROUGE.

continued, keeping his eye still upon the paper, "What is your name?"
"Edward Dillon."
"Your age?"
"Twenty-five years."
"Where were you born?"
"In London."
"Your profession?"
"A gentleman of independent fortune."
"Indeed! Where do you now reside?"
"At——Hotel, Rue St. Honoré."
"Do you know why you are brought hither for examination?"
"I understand," replied Dillon, "that I am brought before you upon a charge of robbery."
"You understand! I dare say you do. Where was there ever known a knave who did not understand it—both the why and the wherefore? And least of all should I think you a novice in your art. You are a thief; you know that as well as I do. Where and how did you steal that ring?"
"I have stolen no ring."
"You lie. Come, now, you were seen to steal it. You may as well therefore confess, since your denial will only aggravate your punishment."
"I have nothing to confess," said Dillon, calmly. "It remains with my accusers to prove my guilt. If they can do that, I must be content to suffer whatever your laws may award as the punishment of my imputed crime."

"Who made you so wise in the science of equity? Nature would no doubt have made you a jurisconsult, if your own itching fingers had not made you a thief. But let me tell you, that unless you can prove yourself innocent, the galleys will soon be encompassed with another rogue. Suffer me to ask, if you did not steal the ring, how came it in your drawer?"

"That I cannot tell; but surely its being found there does not amount to proof that I stole it? I have an enemy who has already sought my life, and it is not much to suspect that such a man might have a design upon my liberty."

"Sclérate!" exclaimed the judge, withdrawing his eyes from the paper upon which they had hitherto been fixed, except at short intervals when he condescended to cast a cursory glance at the prisoner,—"how dare you impugn the motives of an innocent man?"

"Because," said Dillon, in a tone of measured but bitter asperity, "though I believe I could find his equal in knavery, yet I

"Many believe no voice t' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar gown,
Until with subtle cobweb cheats
They're catched in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are embraunged,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled."

"Sit down, sir," said the judge, looking over a paper, and pointing with his deformed finger to a chair, just opposite to his own, but with the table between them. He
REMARCABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.

doubt if there could be found another pair of such consummate villains in your King's dominions, and such a couple I verily believe could not be matched out of France."

"Greffier," roared the judge, with a sudden impulse of rage that made him cough until he was half choked, "set this down. He has insulted one of the King's judges. You seem to like to challenge the goodwill of one who knows how to exercise it. We shall see the effect of prison discipline. Gendarmes, take the prisoner off."

Dillon was conveyed from this penitentia of justice, thrust into a covered cart with several other culprits, and driven to the Force prison. The absurd examination to which he had been subjected gave him but a very degrading idea of the sort of justice he was likely to meet with when he should appear before the French tribunal.

Our hero was stowed into this cart with sixteen persons, and as he was a foreigner, he became the subject of many a rude jest. As he remained silent, these subsided after a while. Many of the prisoners by whom he was accompanied, were wretches of the lowest class, who were about to be committed to prison for the basest crimes. There was among the most boisterous that coward ferocity which usually displays itself in loud and vehement talking, of which foul execrations form the main feature; in which coarse bravado assumes the place of magnanimity, and virulent declamation of fortitude. Dillon, who had not been over-nice in his company at any period of his life, was disgusted at the low and furtive indecency of the conversation which passed among several of these degraded beings, who seemed to look upon their degradation as a kind of glory.

When they reached the prison, our hero was conducted through a long dark avenue to a cell, which he was invited by the gaoler to enter with a demeanour of politeness, so to speak, that contrasted strangely with the dark cavernous aspect of the den in which he was doomed to be incarcerated. Pierre bowed to his charge when the latter passed into his cell, and with the suavity of a dungeon-keeper, gently locked the door as he retired, and left the prisoner to his cogitations.

Though these were anything but agreeable, they were nevertheless a positive relief from the ribaldry which had offended his ears while pent up in the state wagon with his companions in captivity. His mind was for some time assuaged by the perfect quiet around him, but a consciousness of his utter desolation soon stole upon his con-

He had now leisure to examine his cell. It was a diminutive parallelogram, ten feet long by five wide, and entirely of stone. The roof was arched, and covered with small incrustations produced by the damps of numerous generations. It was about seven feet high. The floor was paved with hard tiles, which were sufficiently dry, but extremely cold. At one end there was a small circular window, six inches in diameter which looked into a paved court, where the prisoners were occasionally allowed to walk. The door of this den was closed with iron, and upon it were scratched in various places the names of some unhappy wretches who had been Dillon's predecessors within the solitary confinement of its walls. In one corner was a truckle bed with a bag of straw upon it for a couch, a pitcher of dirty water, and a large slice of black, sour bread, the smell of which was sufficient to chase away hunger.

Upon passing his hands round the walls of his cell, our hero found that they were covered with a damp slimy mould, against which large black slugs adhered, as if to console him with the reflection that he was not alone in his captivity.

"Here all was blank, and bleak, and gray—
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon light,
So hateful to my heavy sight;
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixness without a place.
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime—
But silence, and a tireless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless."

Dismal as was every thing around him, overcome by mental excitement and bodily fatigue, he cast himself upon the straw pallet, and fell into a short unquiet slumber.

He, however, rose after awhile, somewhat refreshed. He was visited by Pierre, a facetious sort of gossip, who considered the last death-gasp of a fellow-creature a subject worthy of a joke. This amiable turnkey had long iron features, the whole lower part of the face being hid in a thick tawny beard, sufficiently dappled with grey to show that the man had reached about the meridian of his days. In one eye he had a squint of such direct obliquity, that it seemed as if the orb of vision was peering into his nose, to see if it could not discover something that might be tortured into treason against the state.

Pierre had been a notorious robber in his youth, but had received his pardon, and been
finally exalted to the dignity of a gaol official, because upon his trial he made a confession which had been the cause of removing two or three dangerous persons from the vicinity of government by means of the guillotine. This was an act of Pierre's life for which he was fond of giving himself credit, particularly when sour wine had sweetened his temper—which, upon the whole, was good—and sharpened his wit. He had no more feeling than a dead lion, and was feared worse than a living one.

"Monsieur," said he, on entering, "would perhaps like the pistole."

Dillon was at a loss to understand the meaning of this address, and looking at the sturdy gaoler, whose one eye was bent upon him with a glance of familiar scrutiny, whilst the other appeared to be counting the tortuous hairs of his moustache, asked what he was to understand by the pistole.

"You're a novice, then, in a French gaol: you require an interpreter of its forms and ceremonies, which are the best regulated imaginable."

"Of this I have a sufficient specimen; but the pistole?"

"Aye, indeed—I only asked you a comprehensive question in one word, or rather a string of interrogations by a single sign—would you prefer a bed with wholesome blankets and a pair of sound sheets, to a pallet of straw upon a wooden frame? Would you prefer a white loaf, spring water, and other dainties, to a slice of black bread per diem, with a dip out of the stagnant ditch where frogs have deposited their spawn, and newts swim under the green crust? Would you prefer a table to a tile, and a chair to the bare floor?—this is what I mean by the pistole."

"Certainly," said Dillon; "I had rather be treated like a Christian than like a dog."

"No doubt: so would every man of sense; but you must pay for it."

"Indeed! Then I am not to understand this as an indulgence?"

"Yes, but you are, though. Is not an indulgence worth paying for? Who ever heard of a thief being treated with a white loaf in prison without paying for it?"—and he grinned like an ogre, every hair upon his upper lip quivering with the ecstasy of his wit's triumph.

"What is your demand for the indulgence you speak of?"

"Only thirty francs a month; and believe me, if Pierre were not your dispenser, you would pay forty. But I know what it is to have a conscience. Other rascally gaolers would take advantage of a foreigner; but for my part, I make no difference between the rogues of my own country, and those of another. I understand the term honour, and admit its legitimacy. Come, what say you to the thirty francs a month?"

"I consent to give them, though as to your conscience, I suspect it is in the devil's keeping."

"May be—yet I don't think it could be in better hands. He's a vigilant guardian, at any rate. But the money—you must pay the first ten days in advance."

Dillon happened to have only a few francs in his pocket, and as the prisoners were not that day allowed to be seen by their friends, there ensued a difficulty, which, however, was finally overcome by Pierre, with his usual provident good-nature, suggesting that he should give an order upon a responsible friend, who would advance the ten francs every ten days, always making the payment in advance. Having obtained pen and ink and a small scrap of paper for this purpose, our hero wrote the order, as suggested, to Phoebe: this was instantly despatched by the gaoler, and his messenger shortly returned with the sum stipulated, which was duly pocketed, and the luxuries already enumerated promised without delay. But it was not until the following morning that they reached the prisoner's cell.

The bed was the same that Dillon had found in the cell, being a mere square frame, raised about six inches from the ground, upon four unsteady legs, which threatened every instant to sink under the weight of the sleeper. The mattress was coarse, and stained with the filth of years. The blankets were, indeed, clean, but thin, and bearing evidences of wear not to be mistaken. The sheets were so damp that Dillon was obliged to hang them upon a string across his dungeon, to dry, before he could safely venture to creep between them. The table with which he was supplied, was nothing more than a large stool upon a sort of claw leg, and the chair had only half a bottom. Such were the indulgences for which our hero was to pay thirty francs a month. The food, however, though plain, was tolerably good, and he was occasionally allowed a bottle of wine, by paying about fifteen hundred per cent. for the privilege. But as this was against the rules of the prison, his gaoler provided the wine at his own risk, and therefore did not fail to charge in proportion to the hazard he ran of dismissal.
Miserable as the furniture was with which Dillon's cell had been supplied, yet so great was the comparative comfort it produced, that he soon ceased to consider the price paid for the loan of it an exorbitant demand; and when Pierre asked him if he felt satisfied, he replied gaily—"that makes a dungeon comfortable which would appear but miserable accommodation in a cotter's hut. The furniture is good enough for the place it is intended to adorn, and I am contented."

"Then, perhaps, you will throw a franc or two into the bargain, in consideration that I have given you so much satisfaction," said Pierre, as his oblique eye was for the moment withdrawn from his nose and moustache, and cast, with a ludicrously intelligible expression, upon the broken chair from which Dillon had just risen.

"We shall see—use me well, and you will not find me ungrateful."

Pierre grimed. "Depend upon me—I'll take care that you shall keep this apartment entirely to yourself, until the government orders your release, and if that cannot be deserving of your gratitude, I don't know what the devil will."

The close atmosphere of the den in which our hero was incarcerated, was absolutely loathsome. What Coleridge has jocosely said, and a bitter joke it is, of Cold-bath-fields prison, might with more propriety be said of La Force, by simply changing the name—

As he went through the gaol of La Force, he saw
A solitary cell,
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

For upwards of a fortnight, Dillon was confined to his cell. During the whole of that time he saw no day-light but what was admitted through the small aperture which, by a sad misapplication of terms, was called a window. He was not allowed to have communication with Phoebie, of whom he could obtain no information, and he consequently began to be extremely wretched. He already thought of attempting his escape, but, upon examining his prison, the thing appeared altogether hopeless. He was encompassed by thick walls, and the roof of his dungeon was a stone arch. The door was plated with iron, and the only visible aperture was the window, scarcely large enough to admit the body of a cat. He tried to win the confidence of Pierre; but though the fellow appeared sufficiently civil in speech and in the courtesies of common behaviour, he was not to be betrayed into an act of kindness.

Dillon's mind had ever been fertile in expedients under difficulties, but in his present position he seemed entirely shut out from hope. He did not entertain the slightest expectation, after the experience he had already received of French justice, that his trial would terminate otherwise than in his condemnation; and his whole thoughts were now engrossed by the question, how he could evade that trial, and this, it was evident, was only to be done by effecting his escape. Every plan he fixed upon was rejected as impracticable; he, therefore, determined to await for some unforeseen opportunity that might afford him the means of release from his present painful thraldom.

As his health began to suffer from the close confinement to which he was subjected, Pierre announced to him one morning, that in future he would be permitted, every day, from the hour of eight o'clock until ten, to walk in the court at the back of his dungeon. The announcement of this indulgence was a relief to his mind, as it would at least vary that painful stagnation of existence, which for the last three weeks had lowered the natural buoyancy of his spirit, and rendered him moody and feverish.

The court to which he was admitted was not more than ten yards square, and surrounded with high walls, which defied the possibility of escape. The comparative purity of the atmosphere soon restored him to his ordinary health, and rendered his confinement far more endurable. Pierre always attended him during the hours when he was allowed to walk in the court, and signified that the indulgence had been granted through his kind interference, at the same time hinting, in terms not to be misinterpreted, that it was customary to give the gaoler a gratuity when he procured such indulgences.

Although our hero knew he was as much indebted to Pierre for the benefit of fresh air as to his Holiness the Pope for salvation, he nevertheless thought it expedient to give the quasi philanthropist a proof of his liberality, knowing that the latter had it in his power to make his captivity still more wretched if he chose; Dillon consequently took the hint, and rewarded his gaoler's assumed benevolence with a generous though undeserved benefaction.

Our hero was one day in the court, as usual,
when a prisoner was brought in upon a broken wooden couch by two men, and laid down in a corner apart from the other inmates of the prison. He was reduced to a skeleton. His breath came from him in short convulsive gaspings. He had no coat upon his back, and his tattered shirt hung about his body in shreds. He was filthy to the last degree, and his shrunken countenance was rendered more ghastly by the dirt with which it was "derpatched." He seemed a young man scarcely beyond the twentieth year of his age, yet in his countenance was expressed more than the ordinary sum of misery of a long life. He did not utter a word, as he was borne by two under gaolers to the corner of the court, where they placed the hard couch upon which their charge was lying, and seated themselves beside him. Anxious to know the nature of this young man's crime, Dillon addressed himself to a tall well-looking person near him, with large moustaches and a military air, and asked him if he knew upon what charge the invalid was confined.

"They say he has been plotting treason," replied the Frenchman, with a significant smile. "Our government, Sir, does not choose to be meddled with, and who he puts his hand into its mors of porridge is sure to scald his fingers."

"May I ask what was his specific offence?"

"Why, Sir, in a petite comédie which he wrote, he was so presumptuous as to introduce a story about a fox and some geese. This was presumed to be levelled against the ministers of state, who are so sensitive upon these matters, that they could not bear Titania's wing to fan their sensibility, and he was accordingly committed to prison."

"Is it possible that he should be incarcerated upon the mere arbitrary interpretation of a passage in a play?"

"Possible, say you? Why, if a man looks treason here, the laws lay hold of him; but if he writes treason, he has no more chance of escape than a moth from the burning wick of a taper. Our prisons could tell some dark secrets. Death, Sir, is an infallible ally, when a tongue is to be stilled. This is the land of paradox—we are free slaves. You Englishmen don't understand paradoxes."

"How long has the poor young man been confined?"

"Seven months: but his release is signed," said the speaker, looking significantly towards the object of their conversation.—"He'll soon defy prison doors, and slip out of the hands of his persecutors."

"But it appears to me such a base anomaly in legislation, to confine a man in a dungeon without producing proof of crime."

"Sir, his father was suspected of political delinquency, and saved himself from the benefits of a lodging at the state's charge, only by dying. The son, therefore, has been made to expiate the imaginary offences of the father, and his reckoning seems pretty nearly summed up."

Dillon was still further confirmed by this conversation, in the suspicion that there was not the slightest hope of his escaping conviction on his trial.

In pursuing the conversation with his fellow-prisoner respecting the invalid, he learned that the unhappy youth had been torn from the arms of a doting mother, and cast into a prison without even the form of a trial. The miserable parent had never been allowed to see him. The system of espionage with which the French government was so familiar, was adopted towards her husband for some time before his death.

Knowing him to be connected with a political party hostile to the ministry, he was vigilantly watched, and as he had escaped by death the miseries of imprisonment, which they were preparing for him, they determined, upon some flimsy pretext, to seize upon the son, and make him answerable for his father's political delinquencies. They pretended to interpret a play which the youth had written, as containing a covert satire upon the ministers, and on this shallow pretence he was committed to gaol, and left to linger in a cell that would have been a cruel habitation for a dog.

Dillon, affected at what he heard, approached the wretched prisoner, who was evidently dying. He took his hand, and said gently—"You look very ill."

"Yes," replied the other, in a sharp hissing whisper, "I am very ill—I am a state victim."

"We must have none of this," said one of the gaolers, surlily; "if you don't keep a quiet tongue between your teeth, you must back to your cell."

"You might," observed Dillon, "use somewhat less harshness towards a dying man. Take care that the remembrance of this hour does not haunt your own deathbed."

The man shrugged up his shoulders, directed a look of silent scorn at our hero, and
began twisting his whiskers, but did not reply.

Dillon turned to the dying man and asked him if he felt refreshed by the air.

"It is too late now," he said, breathlessly; "death is busy here," and he placed his hand upon his heart: "this is the only time I have been allowed to quit my dungeon for seven dreary months, and I am now brought out to die. Oh! I have one bitter regret, and that is, that I cannot breathe my last sigh upon the bosom which nourished my infancy, and hear a blessing aspired by the lips of the tenderest of mothers."

"Surely she will be allowed to visit you at a moment like this?"

"Indeed she will not," said the gaoler, sternly; "we seldom admit women within these walls, except they come as criminals."

"No, Sir," gasped forth the dying man; "it is the practice of our government to punish innocent men with greater rigour than confirmed criminals, because tyrants always aim at bringing to a level with their own moral degradation, those who are morally superior."

Both the gaolers started upon their legs, and swore with a savage oath, that they would bear the sick man back to his dungeon that very moment.

"Nay," said the dying prisoner, "you will not carry me there alive—grant me a little longer to breathe the air of heaven."

"Not an instant:" and they stooped to take up the couch. The invalid started upright, held out his hand, and faintly cried "Hold!" One of the gaolers pushed him violently, and he fell forward upon the stones of the court. Dillon raised him, but his eyes were closing—he drew a long sigh, the jaw fell, and all was still. He was beyond the reach of further persecution.

—Thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth in darkness! What a change
From yesterday!

The two ruffians took up the body, flung it with a coarse oath upon the couch, and bore it from the court.

"Aye," said the Frenchman, to whom Dillon had before spoken, as the two officials disappeared with their sad burden, "they make summary work of it here. He'll be crammed into a hole before night, and thus will conclude the tragedy."

"But the mother?" inquired Dillon, anxiously.

"Oh! ill news travels apace. She'll hear of her loss some day, and then she'll probably follow her son;—at least, the government will give her all the encouragement in the world to do so. But if I mistake not, you have got into a scrape. You are, perhaps, not aware that sympathy for a criminal is forbidden by the laws of France, and yours, depend on't, won't pass without its meed. We must not be seen together, or I may be suspected of sharing in the sympathy that will be proved against you, and I have no ambition, believe me, to share your reward. 'Au revoir.'"

Saying which, he turned his back upon our hero, whistling a patriotic air.

When Dillon returned to his cell, he could not help reflecting upon the sad scene he had just witnessed, which did not at all tend to alloys his unfavourable opinion, long and earnestly entertained, of political tyranny. It called to his mind the fine apophasis of Young—

Oh death! I stretch my view; what visions rise! What triumph! toil, imperial! arts divine! In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight! What lengths of far fam'd ages, illow'd high With human agitation, roll along In unsubstantial images of air! The melancholy ghosts of dead renown Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause, With penitential aspect, as they pass, All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

He was plunged in reflection upon the tyranny of governments, when his reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Pierre, who said, abruptly, "So you've allowed your tongue more than prison licence, and you must take what comes for your pains. I've my orders to cage you like a crocodile; for here, whenever we see tears, we look to be bitten; and when we hear of compassion and such stale folly, we always suspect an imp under the mask of a preux saint."

"What am I to understand from your communication?" inquired our hero.

"Just this," responded Pierre; "that you won't see day-light again, save through yonder round hole, until you are taken to the Palais de Justice for trial."

"But why is this restriction imposed?"

"Because you have been fool enough to talk with a rascal, who, if he hadn't died from a surfeit of prison discipline, would have been sent to the devil upon a hurdle at the state's expense. I have orders, too, to clap a zone of cold iron round each of your ankles, by way of reminder that the tongue of a prisoner is not free to wag as it lists. Any further offence will be met by a still more rigorous infliction."

Saying this, the ready gaoler put a pair of
heavy irons upon Dillon; these were attached by a chain, which greatly impeded his movements. The man made him a polite bow, and quitting the cell, left him to his reflections.

From this moment our hero's confinement became still more irksome than before. He could obtain no information as to the period when his trial was likely to come on, and from the delay it struck him that some sinister influence was employed to put it off from time to time, lest he should receive acquittal; and recollecting that he had roused the ire of the Juge d'Instruction, he was at no loss to account for the rigour of his confinement. He now began to turn his thoughts more intently to the means of escape.

SYPHAX.

LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.—NO. III.

THE REGENT'S PARK AND ITS APPENDAGES.

My Fair Cousins.—Of all the innumerable intellectual superiorities on which we English pique ourselves, there is but one which other nations may not with some show of justice dispute with us; and which, whether justly or not, they do dispute with us,—I mean our taste in natural scenery, and in those artificial adaptations of it which grow out of the circumstances of social life. Every foreigner who visits our shores, whether his associations have grown up among the romantic mountains of Switzerland and the Alps, in the lovely valleys of Southern Italy or France, or in the rich plains of Lombardy and the Low Countries, at once cedes the palm of picturesque beauty to the groves, the gardens, and the pastoral fields of England. And while our fine natural taste in this particular, is more universally diffused among us than any other we possess, it is also the one that we are the most disposed to stand by firmly, through good report and through evil. You, my fair cousins, who are yet uncontaminated by the English malady of a desire to wander from your own beautiful land in search of something different from what you find there, regardless whether it be better or not—cannot conceive the innumerable changes, a few for the better, a great many for the worse, that have been wrought in our manners and tastes, by this at once national and anti-national failing. But it has happily left our taste for natural scenery as pure and as peculiar as it was before we yielded to the temptations to contaminate it.

You must understand further, fair cousins, that we Londoners pique ourselves upon enjoying and exercising this happy taste even more than the habitual inhabitants of any other part of the kingdom. And that we have a right to do so, witness our public parks and gardens; our suburban villas and their exquisite appendages; the unequalled character of the environs of our metropolis; and, above all, that noble and (in its way) unrivalled spot which it is the object of this epistle to describe to you—the Regent's Park and its appendages.

Not that the Regent's Park can be pointed to as the finest specimen, by many, that we possess, of the English taste in the choice, arrangement, and adaptation to social purposes, of external scenery. But it is by very far the surest and most remarkable proof of the general prevalence of such taste among us; for in the absence of the latter, no one would have dared to form and promulgate so magnificent a plan as that on which the scene I am about to place before you has been formed; still less would that plan have met with the enormous pecuniary means necessary to carry it into execution; least of all would it have experienced that practical encouragement during its progress, which alone ensured its completion.

We will, if you please, reach the Regent's Park by the chief, and only worthy, approach to it, through Portland-place—the finest of all our London streets, and the fit termination of that new one (Regent-street), the fame of which must, long ere this, have penetrated even to the outlandish neighbourhood to which these amiable epistles have the honour of especially addressing themselves. At the top of Portland-place, the two noble ranges of mansions which form that architectural avenue, branch out, right and left, into a magnificent crescent, in front of which
the whole of the Regent's Park spreads itself out before the eye, in the perfection of its picturesque beauty; bounded on either side by a splendid frame-work of elaborate masonry; the landscape rising at every step as it recedes till the view is closed by a lovely conical elevation, resting its green breast against the blue ether, and seeming to smile upon the beautiful scene below it, like a living thing. You are not, however, to understand that the coup-d'oîl I am now placing before you can, in point of fact, be seen from the end of Portland-place, or indeed from any other public point of view. What I have glanced at above, presents itself only from the upper windows of the houses forming the crescent I have named as adjoining to Portland-place—Park Crescent—and also from the other residences situated on the south side of the park itself. Supposing you to approach the Regent's Park on foot by the avenue of Portland-place, at the top of that splendid street you reach, first, a beautiful pleasure-ground in the form of a half circle, and belonging exclusively to the noble range of mansions forming Park-crescent. Beyond that, lies a public road, called the New Road, which bounds the whole southern extremity of the park. On the northern side of this road, lie the two chief entrances to the park itself. They are united by a rich screen of railing, beyond which is another beautiful pleasure-ground, belonging exclusively to the mansions forming Park-square, which constitute the eastern and western boundaries of the park at this point. Beyond these appears the park itself, stretching itself out in every variety of picturesque beauty, to the extent of about five hundred acres.

On reaching the last of the mansions on the east and west sides of Park-square, you are fairly in the park itself; and here the fine broad gravel road which forms the outer drive, or ring, sweeps away right and left in a circular direction, and by pursuing either branch of it, you arrive, in the course of about a mile, at the upper or northern extremity of the park; so that the outer ring, which touches the confines of the park on every side, includes a space of more than two miles. Imagine, then, a circular space of this size, clothed with a brilliant green turf in every part, planted at due intervals with forest trees, either singly or in clumps, thickets, and here and there little groves and lengthened avenues; intersected on its western side by a beautiful piece of winding water, studded with little islands, and its banks fringed with shrubs; the ground rising into knolls, sinking into hollows, or stretching out into long glades or plains; the whole completely shut in from any connection with either the country that adjoins it on the one hand, or the city on the other, the northern half of the circle by a thick plantation, and the southern half by the magnificent ranges of buildings included in the park.

Before endeavouring to give you an idea of these latter in detail, I must beg you to complete in your imagination, the general picture of the interior of the park itself, by placing at about equal distances from each other, and each on an elevated spot of ground, four or five elegant villas, half hidden from the eye by the groves of forest trees which surround them, and the whole placed and constructed with an express view to their picturesque effect in connection with the scene of which they form a part.

Returning to the point at which we entered the park, I propose to lead you on a tour through all the parts of it at present open to the public; directing your attention to the several ranges of buildings at present completed, and glancing at the various points of view as we pass along; and, to judge by my own feelings in these matters, if the picture that I shall place before you does not prove pleasant and interesting, it will be the fault of the artist alone; for to my thinking, the next best thing (and it is not seldom a much better thing) to actually seeing a pleasant sight which one has long heard tell of, is, to read a lively and natural description of it.

You are to understand, then, that the Regent's Park is entered from the London side, by two rich iron gateways, joined together by a screen of similar iron-work, and flanked by two lines of spacious mansions, forming the east and west sides of Park Square; the north and south sides of the space being open to the park itself on the one hand, and to the splendid range of buildings called Park Crescent, on the other. The mansions of which this square consists, unlike most others in the park, come flush up to the pavement, and are reached, each, by a short flight of steps; and moreover, they do not look directly upon the park itself, but upon the handsome gardens of which the space of ground lying between them consists; so that, until you have passed them, you do not feel yourself to be fairly within the park, to which they, and the pleasure-grounds and gardens belonging
to them, seem to form a sort of grand vestibule. Having passed through this, you turn at a right angle on either hand, and at once find yourself in a scene which may be pronounced unique in its way.

We will commence our circular tour of observation, by taking the west, or left branch of the road, which, be it observed, is flanked on either side by a broad and perfectly preserved footway; that portion which adjoins the ranges of dwellings being laid with the finest flag-stones, and the whole planted on both sides with elegantly designed gas-lamps.

The range of buildings joining at a right angle with Park-square on the left, is of great length, and runs in a direct line westward for nearly a quarter of a mile. It consists of four or five distinct erections, each forming a set of mansions constructed on a regular plan, and each set differing from the others only just enough to give a feeling of variety, without breaking in upon one of uniformity. In two instances these distinct ranges are divided one from another by an extremely well devised entrance to the park from the New-road: that in particular called York Gate, produces a fine and most satisfactory effect, whether as seen from the New-road itself, or from the park; as seen from the latter, it is finished by the noble façade and spire of Marylebone New Church. At the other points, where it has been thought advisable to break the continuous range of erections, this has been done by throwing one house considerably in the rear of the regular line, and detaching it—thus forming a break in the line, without creating an opening in the view.

Very great praise is due to this plan of arrangement; for, without a sufficient number of breaks in the ranges of buildings, the general and particular effects would have been exceedingly heavy and monotonous; and at the same time it was extremely desirable to be able to shut out every point of view the admission of which would have interfered with the unity of effect sought to be produced on the spectator, when within the boundaries of the park.

It should be remarked, that, of the several ranges of buildings occupying the above-named line of a quarter of a mile, all present their back-front only to the park, except those called Ulster-Terrace. The others have their public entrances out of the boundaries of the park. This plan has afforded great facilities for uniformity and beauty of architectural effect; and this without inconvenience to the inhabitants of the houses themselves, as each house has a private egress (by a glazed door, or French windows) upon the garden on which it immediately looks, and, through that, upon the park itself.

There is nothing particular to remark upon in the architectural character of the ranges of building hitherto noticed. They are all of a neat, simple, and solid class, ranking between the ornamental and the merely useful, but inclining most to the latter. The whole, like all the other buildings in the park without exception, are covered with Roman stucco, and consequently, in outward appearance, they in no respect differ from stone.

Proceeding in our tour, we now reach Cornwall-Terrace, which forms an obtuse angle with the line of buildings just described. Here the houses come up flush to the foot-pavement, as in Park-Square; but to make up for the deficiency of a private garden in front, they look directly upon by far the most agreeable portion of the great plot of ground included within the ring fence. This consists of an extensive lawn, intersected by gravel walks, and studded with flower-beds and clumps of ornamental shrubs, rural seats, summer-houses, &c., and bounded by the bright and winding water which is so great an ornament to this portion of the park. This spot is also enlivened in fine weather by the constant presence of groups of gaily-attired wanderers, chiefly consisting of the younger branches of the families occupying the adjacent houses. In imagining the scene which I am endeavouring to place before you, I must beg you not to omit this last-named feature of it; for there is nothing in nature so beautiful as the children of the better classes of English society, and nothing else so delightfully sets off and completes an English landscape.

Cornwall-Terrace may perhaps be named as the most agreeably situated of all the ranges of buildings included within the park. It is bounded by another spacious public entrance called Clarence-Gate, and then the line takes another turn, and continues due north. The ground now begins to rise gently, and continues to do so till you reach the top or northernmost point of the enclosure.

Joining to Clarence-Gate is a very striking range of buildings called Sussex-Place. This place is in the form of a crescent, and the plot of ground left vacant by the sweep of the range is laid out in a garden, private to the houses which it fronts. But the con-
tinuous line of road and of public footpaths is not broken in upon by this sweep, as the rich railing of the garden just named forms the outer boundary, while the houses themselves are approached by an inner road and pathway. If it were not for one gross instance of bad taste connected with it, this crescent would form one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the park; and in fact, to make it such, nothing more is wanting than the removal (which would be attended with but little trouble and expense) of the grievous eye-sore in question; but while present, it is scarcely too much to say that it disturbs if not destroys the whole general effect of this part of the scene. The façade of the range of houses forming Sussex-Place is sufficiently handsome and appropriate, and though assuming no marked character, and conforming to no precise rules or order, it does not strikingly infringe upon any. But on the roofs of the houses are placed, at regular intervals, five couples of cupolas, of a nondescript form, something resembling those of a Turkish mosque, and terminating upwards in a long unmeaning point. Nothing can possibly be more execrable than the effect of these ten monstrosities, mounted in the air on the tops of the highest houses in the park, so as to be seen from every point of view, and from no one point conforming with any one other object or effect whatsoever.

After Sussex-Place there occurs a short break, and then you reach Hanover-Terrace, the last range of houses on this side of the park, and by far the most ornamented and elaborate, as well as the most characteristic, in their style of architecture. The range consists of about twenty houses, forming together one design, which includes an advancing portico in the centre, and one of a similar kind at each end, each consisting of columns supporting a pediment surmounted by statues, and ornamented with other sculpture; these three compartments being joined together by an arched colonnade below, and by the plain façades of the intermediate houses above. The positive effect of this range of buildings is rich and good, but, like some other parts of the architectural plan of the park, it is deficient in that prime merit which consists in appropriateness. As the façade of a Royal Palace, or of any great public institution connected with the arts or with science, there would be nothing particularly objectionable in the design employed in this instance; but as a range of strictly private dwellings, and those by no means of the first class, there is an air of show and pretence about it which is open to the complaint of being altogether un-English, to say the least of it.

We now proceed on a gradual ascent towards the northern point of the circular drive, the left side being entirely shut in by an impermeable screen of young wood, and the right side open at intervals to a view over the whole space, and at intervals shut in by a belt similar to that on the left. Before reaching the centre, however, we pass a pretty detached villa on the left side of the road, and another a little further on the right, each surrounded by gardens and embosomed in flourishing young trees. The first of these did belong to Mr. Raikes, the second is the residence of Col. Sir R. Arbuthnot. Still further north is the beautiful villa of Lord Hertford. Reaching the highest and northernmost point of the circle, you are able to look forth upon the whole enclosure, and to take in nearly all its prominent features. The most agreeable of those features, and those which fall in most appropriately with the general character of the scene, are the villas which I have mentioned as exceptions to the plan of building only at the outer extremity of the enclosure. Each of these villas is situated on an elevated spot of ground, and gives a most lively and pleasing relief to the comparative bareness which would otherwise prevail on account of the plantations being everywhere so young; for you are to understand that only a few years ago this whole plot of ground consisted of open fields. More conspicuous in the view than the villas just named, but not nearly so agreeable in effect, are the various ranges of houses situated at the outer extremity of the park, as above described, and also those which we shall presently reach on the opposite side. And conspicuous over all in height, in extent, and in ill effect, are the ten nondescript cupolas (more like huge dish-covers than anything else), which surmount the houses of Sussex-Place. At this point of the park is situated the north gate of entrance, which leads away to Highgate, Hampstead, Primrose-Hill, &c.

Passing round, eastward, the circular drive continues free from buildings on either side for a considerable distance (about half the remainder of its extent), being bounded on the left by the thick screen of trees alluded to above, and on the right by the low paling which secures the inner enclosure. The most striking feature of this portion of the park is one which already forms the chief point of
popular attraction in this whole scene. I mean the Zoological Gardens.

Blissful as is the state of ignorance in which I am bound to suppose my fair correspon-
dents, relative to the leading features of great foreign cities, I can scarcely believe but they
must at least have heard tell of the wonders of a certain "Jardin des Plantes," which is
the great glory and resort of the cockneys and country cousins of our Parisian neighbours.
What the Jardin des Plantes is to Paris, the
grounds of the Zoological Society are in
relation to our metropolis; and though the
early steps alone have hitherto been taken,
the copy already surpasses the original in
every one of its most popular points of
attraction. With its scientific ones it does
not profess to compete.

As the Zoological Garden in the Regent's
Park is the most lively and picturesque (in
all senses of the word) of our London lions,
I shall of course not despatch them briefly
at the flag-end of an epistle, but decree them
the well-deserved honour of one devoted
exclusively to themselves. Having, there-
fore, pointed out to you, in passing, their
pretty little fantastical entrance of filagree
watch-boxes, &c. &c. (which is all you can
discern of them from without), we will, if
you please, proceed on our circular route,
about one half of which we have completed
on arriving at the said spot.

Passing onward for some distance between
a thick screen of young plantations on either
side, you presently reach, on the left, a plain
opening leading to that cockney ideal of
"the country," Primrose-Hill, Hampstead,
Highgate, &c., an ideal, I beg to assure
you, possessing points and features in
picturesque beauty which it would be difficult
to match anywhere else in England, much
more out of it. A little further to the left
you reach one of the handsomest of all the
gates of entrance belonging to the park—
Gloucester Gate, and from hence the in-
habited portion of the space again com-
cences, and continues without intermission
to the point whence we set out.

Immediately adjoining Gloucester Gate
is a small range of buildings forming the
prettiest portion of the whole architectural
design of the park and its appendages. The
centre compartment consists of an exquisitely
neat Gothic chapel, of very small dimensions,
built of a superior kind of grey brick, which
produces an effect softer and more grave and
appropriate for a building of this kind, than
even stone itself. This erection, which is
parallel with the road, is flanked on either
side by a beautifully pierced skreen, which
connects it with two other erections of a
similar character, but having the aspect of
dwelling-houses. The whole front of the
design takes a semicircular form, each of
its extremities reaching to the external path-
way, from which the whole is shut in by an
appropriate screen of iron railing.

These beautiful buildings consist of the
hospital and chapel of St. Catherine, one of
the most ancient but least known of our
charitable institutions, having been founded
(according to Stow) by Matilda, King
Stephen's queen, and further endowed sub-
sequently by Eleanor, queen of Edward the
First, and Philippa, queen of Edward the
Third. Its original purposes were the main-
tenance of a master and a certain number of
poor brothers and sisters. The mastership,
said to be at present a considerable sinecure,
is held by Sir Herbert Taylor. This insti-
tution was, until the erection of the present
buildings (in 1827), situated near the Tower,
on part of the ground now occupied by the
St. Catherine's Docks. On the opposite side
of the road is the residence of Sir Herbert
Taylor. It is built in a style precisely
conformable with the edifices I have just
described.

The range of buildings next in succession
consists of a short terrace of very neat and
well-designed houses, almost entirely free
from architectural ornaments. This character
of studied plainness is probably intended to
contrast with that of the range which comes
next, and which is in parts more richly orna-
mented than any other within the enclosure.
The design includes an advancing portico in
the centre, of the Ionic order, surmounted
by a pediment filled with an elaborate and
extremely well executed piece of sculpture.
This centre is joined, by two long and com-
paratively plain wings, to a similar advancing
portico at each end; and each pediment is
surmounted, at the apex and at each corner,
by statues. A character of correspondence
between the Ionic porticos and the interme-
diate portions of the building is preserved
along the whole front, by placing an Ionic
pilaster between each perpendicular line of
windows; and the whole design is completed
by an elegant and striking Ionic arch, pro-
jecting at right angles at either end of the
terrace, by which arches the drive to the
houses is approached. The whole of this
range comprises about thirty dwellings, and
is called Cumberland-Terrace.

After Cumberland-Terrace we have a
break formed by two handsome residences,
receding, and taking the form of one; and then the line of private dwellings on this side is concluded, by two more ranges, one of which (Chester-Terrace) is the most extensive of any in the park, and perhaps upon the whole the most elegant and complete, especially when the two superb triumphal arches by which it is approached are taken into the account. The other range, which is a short one consisting of twelve houses, is called Cambridge-Terrace, and then we arrive at the most striking building within the enclosure, and indeed one of the most so that our metropolis can boast—I mean The Colosseum. It consists of a vast circular, or rather sixteen-sided erection, which is entered at its western face by a noble Doric portico, of six stone columns, supporting a pediment of corresponding height and character. This portico may be named, with two exceptions alone, the most perfect and classical erection of its kind that we at present possess, being inferior to the porticos alone of Covent-Garden Theatre and the new Post-Office, in the above-named qualities of architectural style. The building itself, to which it forms so striking an entrance, is covered in by a great dome, and comprises a public exhibition of which I shall furnish you with a detailed description hereafter. I will only say here, that it forms by far the most striking and attractive of all our London lions, the Zoological Gardens alone excepted.

Almost immediately after the above-named building, we reach the east side of Park-Square, which, if you remember, is the point from whence we set out on our circular tour. Here, close to the entrance of the park, is situated the Diorama, an exhibition which (like the one alluded to above) is of too interesting a nature to come in as one of the "appendages" of the park. You will therefore hear more of it hereafter.

I have thus furnished you with a "round unvarnished" description of this most picturesque portion of our vast metropolis; and if, in doing so, I have written an epistle less entertaining than mine are wont to be, you will no doubt have the candour as well as the critical acumen to attribute my unacquainted dulness to its true cause, and honour my self-denial accordingly. The truth is, I have ("for once in a way!"
you will add in a parenthesis) been fuller of my subject than of myself; and when this is happily the case with a describer, his description stands a chance of being much more like than lively, especially if his subject (as in the present case) is one relative to which he is really anxious to convey a just impression. In fact, the Regent's Park is a noble thing in its way—the most so that any metropolis in Europe can boast. If this had not been the case, I might have felt it my duty to make it so!—since, notwithstanding the obvious utility of these agreeable epistles, I cannot help desiring that they should also possess sufficient attraction to be read; for I hold that a virtuous letter, while merely written, is like a virtuous intention not yet put into practice, and that those amiable inquirers whose correspondents make a point of throwing their avowedly excellent epistles into the fire immediately they recognise the handwriting, will occupy the parallel niches in purgatory with that numerous class of philanthropists whose lives are spent in intending to perform the most useful and meritorious actions.

I now conclude, my fair cousins, by apprising you that, in my next epistle, I mean to solicit your company in a Sunday Afternoon's Promenade in the Sunday Afternoon's Promenade in the Zoological Gardens, with

Your loving cousin,
Terence Templeton.

THE FOSTERMOTHER'S CURSE.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

Though I have scarcely passed the summer of life, my soul is sick with affliction that cannot be assuaged, my body bent to the earth by premature decay. I bear the burning brand of Cain upon my forehead,—yet I never knowingly injured any human being, much less could my hand have been steeped in the blood of a brother. My tale is simple, and bears its own moral;—to record it is a relief to my mind. I am dwelling in a land of strangers, and when the grave has closed over me, this writing will assign a cause for those peculiarities of habit and temper which now render me an
object, sometimes of fear, always of compassion, to my kind-hearted neighbours.

I was born in the north of Ireland, and am the younger of two sons. Nature had been bountiful to my brother, in external as well as intellectual endowments; upon me she had bestowed a sickly constitution and a weak frame. Unable to join in the bodily sports of my schoolfellows, I had recourse to the misdirected pleasures of the imagination. Acted upon by the traditional legends related to me by the neighbouring peasantry, I had become gloomy and suspicious, and I revelled in the delight of imagining horrible things. Even the most simple transaction, in my heated fancy, covered some foul deed; and I shall scarcely be credited when I say that the painful excitement awakened by such thoughts was sought for by me as a source of enjoyment. As some men find pleasure in the excitement of danger, mine lay in that of terror, almost to the bereavement of my senses. I had besides, and perhaps as a natural consequence of these feelings, an insatiable curiosity to penetrate whatever seemed mysterious, and to give utterance to my own conjectures upon all that baffled my research. Thus I was at sixteen years of age, and though my heart yearned with kindness and love, my prying disposition had rendered me an object of dread and detestation to my father's neighbours.

One summer evening I had been rambling at some distance from home. My father was then absent, having gone to Dublin upon business. During my walk I had conjured up a thousand dreadful phantoms connected with the past and present, and had wrought up my mind to a more than usual degree of excitement, when at a little distance before me I perceived a woman who had nursed my brother. She was standing alone, and the bright beams of the moon in a cloudless sky enabled me to perceive that she was looking on every side as if in alarm. As she evidently sought to shun observation, I resolved to discover what she was doing. Under the concealment of a large tree, I succeeded in getting within five or six paces of her. Fanoeing nobody near, she washed her hands in a brook that flowed close to the tree whose broad trunk concealed me from her view. Having concluded her ablutions, she lifted up her hands as if to examine them by the light of the moon; then suddenly exclaiming, "There are blood-spots still," tore off the wristband of her gown, upon which I either perceived, or fancied I perceived stains of blood, and taking up a broken stick, dug a hole in the earth, placed in it the torn fragment of her gown, and replaced the earth as before; after which, she again washed her hands in the stream, and departed.

I watched her narrowly till she was out of sight; then proceeding to the spot where she had buried the linen, an impulse for which I cannot account led me to place over it a large stone.

I returned home in an agony of excitement and fear. I could not forget the scene I had just witnessed, and it preyed the more on my mind because I had no one to consult in my father's absence.

I knew Moya Bourke too well to be mistaken in her person; and in what but guilt could have originated the mysterious conduct I had observed?

I rose at dawn, after a sleepless night, determined to seek Moya at her own cottage, and demand an explanation. The path from my father's house to her little dwelling lay along the banks of the brook. When near the spot where I had stood on the preceding evening, I was startled at beholding Moya before me. She was searching for something on the ground. I walked rapidly towards her.

"What! here again Moya?" said I. She turned to me in evident trepidation.

"Is that you, Master Shamus?" she said, without noticing my question. "Truly, an' it's 'arly ye're up this mornin'," "I could not sleep, Moya," I replied. "I had bad dreams—I dreamt of murder." She changed colour.

"Never heed drames, Master Shamus, dear." "Some dreams are true, Moya." "Hush! hush! Come, now, isn't it a pity for a likely young jinntleman like yourself to be croaking like an old crone?" "I dreamt I saw you here by moonlight, Moya," said I, "and—" "Me here?" She tried to laugh, but her voice was hoarse and the sound awful and hollow. She attempted to turn the conversation, and was evidently anxious to get rid of me, but I was resolved to obtain her secrets. She had aroused dreadful suspicions within me, which her manner tended to confirm. At length I determined to leave her, and go to her cottage during her absence. I reached the door, but it was locked, and I looked in at the window. A turgid fire was snuffling on the hearth, before which hung a gown that I had given
to Moya;—it was of coloured cotton—I recognised it by the pattern. I now seated myself upon a flowery bank near the little garden to await Moya’s return, and fixed upon various phrases wherewith to accost her. When she appeared I perceived that she was surprised at my being there. I now found it impracticable to speak as I had intended:—I could not utter a word. Who has not felt this? Who is there that has not conned over a dozen set phrases in the absence of him they would accuse, or of her they love, and yet is powerless to utter them when the person appears to whom they were to be addressed? Thus it was with me. To gain time, I asked Moya for a drink of milk.

"An’ welcome," she replied, entering her cottage. I followed her. A shudder crept through my frame as I took the wooden bowl and held it to my lips; but my feelings are easier conceived than described, when, on raising the sleeve of the gown which hung by the fire, I perceived that the wristband was torn off. I rushed out of the cottage. On reaching home, I shut myself up in my own apartment, and threw myself upon a chair. Here an impulse suddenly seized me to seek my father; and the stage-coach passing almost at the same instant that the thought occurred, I entered it with a small bundle containing a change of clothes. That night I reached Dublin. My journey had been solitary during the greatest part of the road, and my feelings were so exacerbated by solitude, that by the time I arrived I was in an alarming state of nervous irritation.

Immediately the coach stopped, I entered a car, and ordered the driver to proceed at his swiftest pace to the hotel at which my father usually lodged. He was not there. I again entered the vehicle and drove to the house of a friend with whom he had frequent mercantile transactions, and to my surprise and dismay learned that four days previously he had sailed for England, and had said that he should probably be obliged to go to France.

"I will follow him," said I.

Mr. Dwyer stared at me.

"Follow him, my dear James," he said.

"What mean you? What has occurred, my dear boy, to agitate you in this manner?"

I threw myself upon a couch, and burst into tears. Mr. Dwyer soothed me, and strove to persuade me to reveal the source of my uneasiness, and the reason of my having left home. I requested him not to question my motives any further that evening, but to allow me the night to reconsider all. He complied with my wishes. A room in his house was specially prepared for me, and I shortly after retired to bed. Strange and horrible dreams haunted me, shapeless forms flitted before my eyes, and yells of pain and despair rang in my ears. I awoke in a high fever; delirium soon followed, and at length my loud ravings brought Mr. Dwyer and some of the domestics to my bedside. In my frenzy I told all that I had witnessed, and my reasons for seeking my father. I related the particulars so clearly that my host considered it his duty to see the Lord Lieutenant, and state to him all that had occurred. Being a personal friend of the Viceroy, he had no difficulty in obtaining an interview, and while they were conversing, an official paper was placed in Lord ——’s hands, dated from my native place, and signed by three magistrates, requesting assistance from the capital to discover what had become of one Robert Smithson, a tithe proctor, who had been two days missing, and for whom search had been made in vain. The Lord Lieutenant handed the paper to Mr. Dwyer, who agreed with his lordship that its contents appeared to have some connection with the tale I had revealed.

Orders were immediately despatched for the apprehension of Moya Bourke, on suspicion of being concerned in the disappearance of Smithson. I had been unintentionally her accuser. A brain fever, which brought me to the verge of the grave (from which I have lived to lament that I was snatched), prevented my knowing anything of passing events. But it appears that I had been most circumstantial in my tale, having related even the fact of my placing a stone to mark the spot where Moya had buried the torn wristband. The place was examined and the wristband found. It matched in pattern, and fitted the tear in her gown. Neither did Moya deny its being hers. To this was added a circumstance that seemed to place her guilt beyond a doubt. On the evening in question, Smithson was seen to enter her cottage before nightfall, and just after dusk, either a wounded person or a corpse was carried out of it by four men, but whether conveyed no one knew. Of this person, whom Moya stated to be a wounded man, she refused to give any further account. The assizes took place a few days after her committal, and the unhappy woman was convicted of the murder of Smithson. She heard the awful sentence of the law with much calmness, but persisted in asserting her
entire innocence of the foul crime of which she was accused. She declared she had paid her tithe to Robert Smithson, and he had left her house alive and well, on the evening in question. The day appointed for Moya’s execution soon arrived. The wretched victim was on her knees preparing for her last sacrifice, when she heard loud shouts from without the prison walls.

“Great God!” she exclaimed, “who would have thought they’d be so impatient for the death of a fellow-Christian as to begrudge me a few moments of life when they have days, and months, and years before them.”

At that moment the clergyman entered her cell.

“Is it time?” she asked, with composure.

“I came to speak a few words to you, Mrs. Bourke,” returned Mr. Lynch, evading a reply. “I wish to ask if you still persist in denying the murder of Robert Smithson?”

“As I am a Christian woman, I swear now in my last hour that I am perfectly innocent.”

“I believe you, Moya,” said the clergyman. “I all along believed you guiltless, and now others are of my opinion.”

“Thank God!” said Moya, the tears streaming from her eyes; “when I am gone all will not say, ‘Moya Bourke had the stain of blood upon her soul.’ ”

By degrees Mr. Lynch broke to the poor condemned one the tidings that Robert Smithson had made his appearance at the very door of the prison, and had presented himself before a magistrate; that this fact had been stated to the Lord Lieutenant, who had sent an order for her immediate release. Though this intelligence was communicated with great caution, the revulsion of feeling was too great, and Moya fell senseless upon the floor.

* * * *

My brother Edward, as soon as he had finished his school studies, had been sent to Trinity College, with a liberal pecuniary allowance from my father. Being a lively, good-natured, and generous youth he soon became a general favourite with his fellow-students. Poor Edward! at home, all loved him. He danced well, was an excellent hurler, sang a merry and a sentimental song equally well, and was universally liked by the gentler sex. His thoughtlessness frequently led him into scrapes, from which, however, his quick and ready wit never failed to extricate him. He had deep blue eyes and curly hair; and his almost constant smile exhibited a perfect and beautiful set of teeth.

At college, though none knew when he studied, he cut a very respectable figure; and at the period my unhappy tale commences, he had just taken his degree with some éclat.

At a ball, Edward first met Blanche O’Ferrall, whose beauty made a strong impression upon him. Her father, a needy man with a large family, soon perceived the effect of his daughter’s charms upon my brother, and sedulously exerted himself to increase and render it permanent.

Edward was invited to the house, parties were formed on his account, he had constant opportunities of seeing the young lady, and his admiration of Blanche soon ripened into a strong attachment.

She evidently perceived my brother’s regard, and the lover attributed a certain restraint in her manner to reciprocal feeling. But he was shortly awakened from his joyous dream of requited love. One evening, as he was taking leave of Blanche, she contrived to slip a note into his hand unobserved, and to whisper in his ear, “Read it when you are alone.” He smiled, pressed the taper fingers of the fair girl, and departed. On reaching his apartment, he eagerly opened the billet, which contained these words:

“We are never, as you may perceive, left alone for a single instant, and I am narrowly watched, or I should long since have informed you that my affections were engaged long before our acquaintance commenced. This my parents know, but they little suspect that I am the wife of him I love. I rely upon your honour not to betray me. My father is making arrangements to procure for my husband an appointment abroad, thinking thus to separate us for ever. When the situation becomes his beyond power of recall, we purpose avowing our marriage, and I will share his exile. But were our secret suspected, my father would, by depriving him of the appointment, condemn us both to poverty. Make any excuse you please, but desist, I implore you, from your attentions to me. Above all things keep my secret.

“Blanche.”

The effect of this note upon Edward was terrible; a bitter pang shot through his heart. Young, ardent, and loving for the first time,—

The first, the very first,
The Fostermother's Curse.

—he imagined he could never recover the blow inflicted upon his peace. He instantly decided on not seeing Blanche again, for some time at least. He knew not how he should account to her family for the cessation of his attentions; he, however, wrote a few lines, saying, he was compelled to leave Dublin suddenly—and he intended to have done so on the following day—but on the receipt of his note, Mr. O'Ferrall came to my brother's chambers, and, in the presence of several of his friends, made use of such language, that a hostile meeting was the consequence.

It took place early on the ensuing morning, and O'Ferrall fell, mortally wounded as it was feared. Edward had also received a severe wound, but as he had still strength to walk, he was advised to make the best of his way to a place of concealment. With great difficulty he got into a post-chaise, driven by a ragged, curly-headed, and bare-footed postilion, picked up in the streets of Dublin, and proceeded from stage to stage, till he reached the cottage of his nurse, Moya Bourke. On arriving there he fainted, and his wound appeared of a more serious character than he had at first imagined. The faithful creature was deeply and sincerely grieved when she saw her foster-son in this condition, but still more so, when, in reply to her instructions to be allowed to send for the doctor, Edward informed her that he had, he feared, killed a man, and came to her to conceal him from the police.

"Ohone, Ohone ma gra! and are ye hidin' yerself from the police. That I should live to see my own garçon in dread of a jail. My darlint ye wor ever and always, and it's your ould nurse that'll hide ye. Wait now till I put some dressing on yer wound. Oh! the rascal to be after hurting ye. Bad luck to him a thousand times every day he sees a pavin'-stone, and ten thousand times every day he does not!"

While thus lamenting his misfortunes, Moya Bourke acted as Edward's surgeon, applying to his wound such simple remedies as she could procure. She did not wish him to leave her, but he feared being traced to her cottage, and bringing trouble on his faithful and affectionate nurse. He therefore insisted on seeking concealment in a small hut in the mountains, where illicit distillation had formerly been carried on, but which was now deserted. Hither he was borne by four of Moya's neighbours, on whose discretion and fidelity she could depend. She herself accompanied him, carrying for his use some oat cakes, butter, hard boiled eggs, a small jug of milk, and a bottle of whiskey. She made him a rude bed of fern, and imploring the blessings of Providence on his head, left him. It was on her road homeward that I saw and watched her. Her affection for her foster-child led her to exaggerate his danger. Should he be found, she imagined that a disgraceful death on the gallows would be his doom. The blood on her sleeve and hands had flowed from my brother's wound. As it caught her eye, she hastened to obliterate the stains, lest they should excite inquiry. Would that on the following morning, when I sought an explanation, Moya had given me one!—but she feared my inquisitive disposition and nervous irritability, and thought that if I knew of my brother's danger, my alarm would betray him, particularly if, as she expected would be the case, the police should search my father's house for him. With regard to Smithson, some of the peasantry, who had long owed him a grudge, had, on the same evening that my brother reached Moya's cottage, whether the tithe proctor had gone that very evening and received his tithe, way-laid, and carried him to the mountains. What had been their original plans and intentions I know not, but on hearing of the imprisonment and condemnation of Moya Bourke, they liberated Smithson, after first administering to him a solemn oath that he would immediately, on reaching the town, show himself at the prison and also to a magistrate; that he would not by any means, direct or indirect, betray who were his captors or detainers; and finally, that he would quit Ireland before that day month. All this he faithfully executed.

The moment Moya was liberated from the prison, she sped to my father's house. He had but that morning returned, and had learned, with equal surprise and sorrow, that his old servant, who had nursed his son and been the valued attendant of my departed mother, was about to suffer an ignominious death.

But, however much he lamented her fate, his thoughts were otherwise and sadly occupied. Edward, whom he had left at Dublin, had disappeared immediately after the duel with O'Ferrall, and from that period no tidings of him had been received. My father's anxiety respecting him was intense. Mr. O'Ferrall was quite out of danger, so that there was no longer any necessity for concealment; and in those days duels were
of such common occurrence in Ireland, that they are soon forgotten.

Moya now told my father where Edward was concealed, and they proceeded together to the hut. On opening the door, my poor brother lay there a corpse, and evidently had been dead some days. Wounded and helpless, he had been unable to obtain assistance, for the hut lay in an unfrequented spot, or to open the door which Moya in her anxiety had locked when she left him. Edward had died of starvation! . . .

The faithful Moya gazed with a vacant stare at the disfigured remains of her foster-son. My father attempted to rouse her, but in vain. From that hour Moya was a maniac.

Oh! never can I forget the first time she beheld me after this event! So changed in look, in tone, in every thing.

"Shamus," she cried—"my curse be upon you, for you are a murderer. You said I had killed Robert Smithson, but you have destroyed your own brother. Had I not, through your devilish spirit, been thrown into prison, my darling would be alive now.

Out, out of my sight, and may the curse of a broken-hearted woman rest on you for ever."

And that curse still clings to me. I have wandered over most parts of the world—I have sought, in distant lands, forgetfulness of those dreadful occurrences,—but Moya’s curse pursues me everywhere. Despair has whitened my head, as with the frost of years, and my broken spirit awaits with impatience its call to other spheres. I have long been prepared to die—consumption has fixed its deadly fangs upon me, and has found my sickly frame an easy prey. I would fain see my father’s house before I sink into the repose of death; I would fain lie under the sod of my native land. But my father is no more, and Moya Bourke still lives. Since her madness, the mountain hut has become her abode. As she is perfectly harmless, she is allowed to roam whither she pleases, and she often visits the house of my birth. I could not bear to see her—I dare not trust to the chance of meeting her. I must sleep my last sleep in this foreign land.

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CASTLE HOWARD.

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

The magnificent mansion called Castle Howard is distant about four miles from Sheriff Hutton, and fourteen, therefore, from York. The old castle of Hinderskelf, upon the site of which the present regal fabric is constructed, was accidentally destroyed by fire; and in this instance, at least, the feudal grandeur of the ancient pile has not degenerated, but is nobly imitated in the massive splendour of the modern.

Castle Howard was built by the Right Hon. Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, from a design of Sir John Vanbrugh, in the same style as Blenheim House, in Oxfordshire. The line of front, however, is longer than Blenheim House, and its exterior more imposing. The state apartments are remarkable for their grandeur, but it has been remarked that, in general, the rooms exceed in height the usual proportion.

The hall is thirty-five feet square, and sixty feet high, terminating at the top in a spacious dome, one hundred feet high, adorned with columns of the Corinthian and composite orders. The walls are painted by Pellegrini, with the history of Phaeton; and the room is ornamented with several antique statues and busts. The principal of the former are those of Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Julia Mammea, the consort of Septimius Severus, Bacchus, and Ceres. The saloon and dining-room are beautiful apartments. The ceiling of the first is painted with the representation of Aurora; and the statues and busts are those of Jupiter Serapis, Pallas, Cupid, Commodus, Domitian, Enobarbus, Didius Julianus, Marcus Aurelius, Adrian, Antoninus Pius, &c.

The dining-room is twenty-eight feet in length. The chimney-piece is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, as will be seen from the following description. The entablature is supported by fluted columns of Siena marble, adorned with groups of polished white marble, and surmounting it are three
bronzes of Brutus, Cassius, and the Laocoön. In the same room are two slabs of Sicilian jasper, and a valuable vase of fine green porphyry, with two busts, one of Marcus Aurelius, and the other of a Bacchanal.

The saloon up stairs is painted by Pellegrini. On the ceiling are Venus and Minerva, and on the walls a representation of the principal incidents in the Trojan war: namely, the Rape of Helen, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Achilles in disguise in the midst of the daughters of Lycomedes, Ajax and Ulysses contending for the armour of Achilles, the conflagration of Troy, and Aeneas bearing from the flames Anchises on his shoulders.

It is impossible not to be struck with astonishment and admiration in passing through the Museum and the Antique Gallery. Here are to be found the busts of Cato, Marcus Junius Brutus, Caius Cæsar, Geta, Virgil, Homer, Hercules, Sabina, Drusus, Jupiter Serapis, Adrian, Cupid, and Apollo. In one corner of the Museum is a cylindrical altar, four feet and a half high, which once stood in the temple of Delphos. Indeed, every room throughout contains numerous relics of antiquity to claim our attention; and the numberless pictures which adorn the walls, with the extensive and choice collection of vases, cannot possibly be noticed in this limited account. All the pictures over the doors in the state apartments were painted by Sebastiano Ricci, and we find distributed through the different apartments the following works by the most eminent artists:

The Finding of Moses. Velasquez.
The Portrait of Snyders, the painter. Van Dyck.
Herodias, with the Head of St. John. Rubens.
The Embracing of Christ. Ludovico Caracci.
Two Landscapes. Annibale Caracci.
Portraits of the Dukes of Ferara. Tintoretto.
Old copies of the two rival pictures by Guido and Domenichino, in the church of San Gregorio at Rome, highly valuable, as the originals are in a state of rapid decay.

Mars and Venus. Giulio Romano.—From the Cornaro Palace, at Venice.
The Wise Men’s Adoration. Marzulie.—The master is said to have given eight years of unremitting labour to this work. In it are portraits of the Duke of Brabant, John of Leyden, Albert Durer, and himself.
A Mastiff Dog with Cubs. Titian.—From the Cornaro Palace, at Venice.
A small picture by W. Van der Velde.
The portrait of Omar. Sir Joshua Reynolds.
Mahomet. Salvator Rosa. From the Cornaro Palace.
Portrait of Henry VIII. Holbein.
An Old Man, half length. Rembrandt.
A Sea Piece. Van der Velde.
Pope Julius II. writing. Titian.
Diogenes and Alexander. Salvator Rosa.
Lucretia, a half length. Guido.
The Three Maries. Annibale Caracci.

This extraordinary and inestimable picture may be considered the perfection of painting. The design, composition, and colouring cannot be surpassed; while the deep tragedy which it exhibits, and the various expressions of grief, produce an effect as indescribable as it is beautiful. The estimated value of this master-piece of art, which once enriched the collection of the Duke of Orleans, would appear incredible to those who are unacquainted with the matchless excellencies of the work. It is said that the Court of Spain made a proposal to purchase it by covering its surface with Louis’ors, which, according to an accurate calculation, would amount to 8,000l. It is further affirmed, that an offer from England extended to a still greater sum. Before the commencement of the troubles in France, it was impossible to purchase it at any price; but in consequence of the desperate hand with which, at that time, all labours of art, and relics of genius, and all memories of the dead, as well as all annals of the living, were visited by the rude and ruthless anarchists, this celebrated picture found its way to England, and soon after became the property of the noble owner of Castle Howard.

We have observed, that the appearance of Castle Howard is more imposing even than Blenheim. Beautiful as is this latter structure, we should certainly consider the subject of the present description the most perfect, the most grand and majestic of all the works of Sir John Vanbrugh. The north front exhibits a noble aspect, consisting of a rich centre of the Corinthian order, with a cupola rising from the roof, and two extensive wings. The east was finished according to the original design; but the west wing was subsequently erected by Sir James Robinson, without any attention, it would seem, either to the extent or to the character of the main building. The south, or garden front, is very
magnificent, the centre consisting of a pediment and entablature, supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters. It is approached by a great flight of steps, which, with the range of pilasters along the whole facade, is inexpressibly noble. The number of roofs, cupolas, vases, and many clustered chimneys, in the intermediate space, together with the general picturesque assemblage of the whole design, is eminently striking, and claims for Castle Howard the distinction of being named the master-piece of its accomplished architect. In front, and extending above five hundred yards, is a beautiful turf terrace, decorated with statues, and terminating at the distance of about half a mile with a large Ionic temple.

The taste displayed in the pleasure-grounds corresponds with the magnificence of the mansion. The park is well wooded and extensive, and the late proprietors have greatly improved the scenery, by the addition of a fine sheet of water, at an appropriate distance from the south front. A beautiful intermixture of trees and lawn delights the eye; and the prospects are everywhere rich, and full of pleasing variety. From the north front of the house, there is a distant view of the Moors.

The designs of the ornamental buildings in the park are conceived in the most faultless taste. In the centre of four beautiful avenues, bordered on each side with lofty trees, stands a stately quadrangular obelisk, a hundred feet in height, which bears the following inscriptions.

On the east side, facing the avenue that leads to the house:—

Virtuti et Fortunae
Johannes, Marlborough Ducis,
Patris Europaeque Defensoris,
Hoc Saxum
Admirationis ac famae sacrum,
Carolus, Comes Carlisle, posuit
Anno domini 1714.

Translation.

To commemorate the valour and success
Of John, Duke of Marlborough,
The defender of his country and of Europe,
Charles, Earl of Carlisle, erected
This stone,
Sacred to admiration and to fame,
In the year of our Lord
1714.

On the opposite side of the obelisk, facing the western avenue:—

If to perfection these plantations rise,
If they agreeably my heirs surprise,
This faithful pillar will their age declare
As long as time their characters shall spare.

Here then with kind remembrance of his name,
Who for posterity performed the same,

Charles, the third Earl of Carlisle,
Of the family of the Howards,
Erected a castle
Where the old castle of Hinderskeft stood,
And called it
Castle Howard.

He likewise made the plantations in this park,
And all the outworks, monuments, and other plantations
Belonging to this seat.
He began these works in the year 1712,
And set up this inscription
Anno Domini 1714.

Nearly opposite to the grand entrance, in the north front of the house, an elegant monument commemorates the victories of the immortal Nelson. Those glorious names that shine in golden characters in the page of history—Aboukir, Copenhagen, Trafalgar, inscribed on its sides, in large characters, call to remembrance the achievements of the great naval hero, and testify the patriotism of the noble proprietor of the mansion.

About half a mile to the eastward of the house, is an Ionic temple, with four porticoes and a beautiful interior. The cornices of the door-cases are supported by Ionic columns of black and yellow marble, and in the corners of the room are pilasters of the same material. In niches over the door are busts of Vespasian, Faustina, Trajan, and Sabina. The floor is disposed in compartments of antique marble of various colours, and the room is crowned with a dome, ornamented with gilding.

About a quarter of a mile further, and nearly in the same direction, stands the mausoleum, a circular building, above fifty feet in diameter, and surrounded with a handsome colonnade of Doric pillars. Over the vault is an elegant circular chapel, the dome of which is supported by eight Corinthian columns; the ornamental carvings of the room are light and pleasing. The height of this structure is ninety feet; the ceiling of the interior is about sixty-eight, and the floor is beautifully worked in different compartments, and inlaid with marble.

But while we are thus describing this gorgeous and princely property, let us not forget the family in whose possession it has been for so many years, and whose virtues have added a beauty and imparted a greatness to the classic and magnificent pile. An account of the genealogy of the illustrious family of the Howards is better suited to another branch of this work, and even if we had an inclination, we have not space to permit of our doing even menagre justice "to the blood of all the Howards." We therefore pass over the earlier great names that are distinguished among the ancestors of the house of Carlisle, and proceed onwards until we come to the tomb of the accomplished, the gallant, the gentle,
the unfortunate Earl of Surry, who was beheaded by Henry the Eighth.

Henry, Earl of Surry, was eldest son of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk. Both father and son were famous for many martial achievements, and commanded together in several great battles. Early in life Harry became intimate with Henry Fitzroy, natural son of Henry the Eighth. Fitzroy in his infancy was created Earl of Richmond, with the addition of large possessions and other honours from his father. The favourite spot of the studies and diversions of these youths was Windsor Castle, the scene of many of Surry's poems to his mistress. In one elegy, he alludes to both his friend, his mistress, and the favoured scene.

Those large green courts where we were wont to rove,
With eyes cast up unto the Maiden Tower,
With easy sighs such as men draw in love.

And again—

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And in the same—

With a king's son my childish years I past,
In greater feats than Priam's son of Troy.

Surry, soon after his return from abroad, married the Earl of Richmond's sister, the Lady Mary; but this happy union did not last long, for Fitzroy died at the age of seventeen, leaving his sister and his friend unfeigned mourners for his untimely death, which, had it been prevented, the latter probably had never fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the King.

Lord Herbert gives the following account of Surry's behaviour at his trial for treason:—

"At his arraignment," he says, "the Earl, as he was of a deep understanding, sharp wits, and deep courage, defended himself many ways; sometimes denying their accusations as false, and together weakening the credit of his adversaries; sometimes interpreting the words he said in a far other sense than that in which they were represented. For the point of bearing his arms (among which those of Edward the Confessor are related), he alleged he had the opinion of heralds therein; and finally, when a witness was brought against him vix a roce, who pretended to repeat some high words of the Earl's by way of discourse which concerned him nearly, and added that upon hearing these words he (the witness) returned the Earl a bravery and insolent answer, Surry simply replied, that he left it to the jury to judge whether it were probable that this man should speak thus to the Earl of Surry, and not have been stricken to the earth for the insult." In conclusion, he pleaded not guilty; but the jury (which was a common inquest, not of the Peers, because the Earl was not a member of that house) condemned him, whereupon also judgment of death was given, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, January 19th 1547.

The chief of Surry's poems are concerning love, and the lady to whom he addressed them was maid of honour to Queen Katherine, and the most celebrated beauty of her time. Her name was Geraldine, and her family originally came from Florence, but was transplanted into Ireland, where she was born. This is intimated in a poem of Surry's:

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Cambler's cliffs, did give her lively heat.

There is hardly a poet of note since Surry's death, who has not paid some respect to his memory. Sir Philip Sidney, whose praise itself was a sufficient honour, recounting those few of our own nation who had written, as he says, with "poetic sinews," observes, "that in the Earl of Surry's lyrics there are many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind."

Dryden also has mentioned Surry in many of his writings; and in later days, Pope artfully applied his praises to his patron, Lord Lansdowne. The lines are—

Here noble Surry felt the sacred rage,
Surry, the Granville of a former age;
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.
In the same shades the cupid's taw'd his lyre,
To the same notes of love and soft desire;
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then filled the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
THE COURT.

The last month’s register of levees, councils, reviews, knightly chapters, investitures, elections and creations, birth-day celebrations, princely confirmations, aquatic excursions, scholastic recitals, fêtes, visits, &c. &c. &c., has impressed us more forcibly than ever with the idea, that even if Royalty were divested of all serious cares and duties, its numerous ceremonies would render it a laborious office. The rustic, who wished to be invested with monarchical dignity, that he might swing upon a gate and eat fat bacon all the days of his life, fancied he should be the King of epicures. “Alas! he did not dream that “If all the year were playing holidays, to play would be as tedious as to work.” It gives us more than common gratification to be enabled to state, that the excellent health their Majesties continue to enjoy has enabled them to perform the numerous duties we have enumerated with their accustomed gracious condescension and characteristic suavity. We were delighted to see the King looking so well as he did in his admiral’s uniform on the day of his visit to Greenwich Hospital. The kind notice his Majesty took of the veterans of that noble establishment was as gratifying to them who received, as it was honourable to him who conferred the favour.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


Miss Emma Roberts is one of the most pleasing writers we know, because she has the art of giving interest to whatever she undertakes to describe. Though many books have been published on India, little is known in this country concerning Anglo-Indian Society, because no one has hitherto applied to the examination of it, powers of mind adequate to seize and depict its peculiar features. This has, at length, been accomplished by Miss Emma Roberts, in a series of spirited Sketches, which, whilst they evince considerable skill in observation, are elegantly written, and full of interest and amusement. The fair author, without ever descending to caricature or exaggeration, and without departing in the least from the strict reality, has seized with admirable skill the follies and peculiarities of the Anglo-Indians. Having ourselves resided in India, we cheerfully bear witness to the truth of her delineations, which are drawn with a masterly touch, at the same time that they display the amiable character of the writer.

Two old prejudices concerning India are still prevalent—the first as regards rich nabobs, who return to their native land with large fortunes, and a larger store of vulgarity; and the other connected with spinster’s proceeding upon speculation to India, and marrying the said rich nabobs. In the first place, very few indeed of the Company’s civil or military servants make adequate, much less splendid fortunes: whoever takes the trouble to read Miss Roberts’s book will know the reason why. Some very large fortunes are made by the chief partners in large commercial houses, a species of banking houses, termed “houses of agency;” but the few “rich
nabobs" who return with vulgarity attached to their fortunes, are the shopkeepers of India, who are excluded, by the aristocracy of the country—consisting of the Company's civil and military servants, the former taking precedence—from the pale of what is there termed good society; but how good, the readers of Miss Roberts's book may judge. Many of these ex-shopkeepers come to England with vast wealth, purchase India stock, and become the masters of those very men by whom they were previously spurned. The fair spinsters proceeding to India, never marry in this class, although in many cases they would be wiser if they did. But, on the subject of Indian marriages, let us consult Miss Roberts.

"Few opinions," she says, "can be more erroneous than those which prevail in Europe upon the subject of Indian marriages. According to the popular idea, a young lady visiting the Honourable Company's territories, is destined to be sacrificed to some old, dingy, rich, bilious nawaub, or as he is styled on this side of the Atlantic, 'nabob,' a class of persons unfortunately exceedingly rare. Ancient subjects, devoted to the interests of the conclave in Leadenhall-street, belonging to both services, are doubtless to be found in India, some dingy, and some bilious, but very few rich; and, generally speaking, these elderly gentlemen have either taken to themselves wives in their younger days, or have become such confirmed bachelors, that neither flashing eyes, smiling lips, lilies, roses, dimples, &c., comprehending the whole catalogue of female fascinations, can make the slightest impression upon their flinty hearts. Happy may the fair expectant account herself, who has the opportunity of choosing or refusing a rara avis of this nature—some yellow civilian out of debt, or some battered brigadier, who saw service in the days of sacks and sieges, and who comes wooing in the olden style, preceded by trains of servants bearing presents of shawls and diamonds! Such prizes are scarce."

The lot of the young ladies who proceed to India in search of an establishment is not always enviable.

"The greatest drawback upon the happiness of an Indian marriage, exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady. Many young women in India may be considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them except by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burthens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us, that it is safest to begin with a little aversion; and the truth of her aphorism has often been exemplified in India."

"There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the East. Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station—and there the poor girl's troubles begin: she is thrust into an outer cabin in a budgetrow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants; and when there is not a close carriage, she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah; and all the out-door recreations, in which she may have been accustomed to indulge at home, are denied her."

"If the few young men who may be at the station do not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attention to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table; for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman's silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the offer, if not forthcoming, is inferred."

"It is an amusing thing for a spectator to observe the straightforward, business-like manner in which marriages in India are brought about. The opinion entertained by the Princess Huncamunea, respecting the expediency of short courtships, seems to prevail. A gentleman desirous to enter the holy pale, does not always wait until he shall meet with some fair one suitng his peculiar taste; but the instant that he hears of an expected arrival, despatches a proposal to meet her on the road; this is either rejected in toto or accepted conditionally; and if there should be nothing very objectionable in the suitor, the marriage takes place. Others travel over to some distant station, in the hope of returning with a wife; and many visit the presidency on the same errand. Numbers return without achieving their object, and these unfortunates are said to be members of the 'Juwahub Club,' a favourite Indian phrase, which is exceed-
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

is usually composed of, in the first instance, an overgrown turkey (the fatter the better) in the centre, which is the place of honour; an enormous ham for its rie-à-vi. At the top of the table appears a sirloin or round of beef, at the bottom a saddle of mutton; legs of the same, boiled and roasted, figure down the sides, together with fowls three in a dish, geese, ducks, tongues, humps, pigeon pies, curry and rice of course, mutton-chops and chicken-eullets. Fish is of little account except for breakfast, and can only maintain its post as a side dish.

"In the hot season, fish caught early in the morning would be much deteriorated before the dinner hour, it is therefore eaten principally at breakfast. There are no entremets, no removes; the whole course is put on the table at once, and when the guests are seated the soup is brought in. The reason of the delay of a part of the entertainment which invariably takes the precedence in England is rather curious. All the guests are attended by their own servants, who congregate round the cook-room and assist to carry the dinner; were the soup to enter first, these worthies would rush to their masters' chairs, and leave the discomfited Khansamah at the head of his dishes, without a chance of getting them conveyed to the table by his mamsaulehce under an hour at least. The second course is nearly as substantial as the first, and makes as formidable an appearance; beef-steaks figure amongst the delicacies, and smaller articles, such as quails or ortolans, are piled up in hecatombs. At the tables of old Indians the fruit makes a part of the second course, but regular desserts are coming, though slowly, into fashion."

We shall most probably return to these delightful volumes.


We have read these volumes with great delight. There is a freshness and vigour of imagination about them, which together with the perfectly oriental costume and keeping throughout the work, brings vividly before us the gorgeous scenery of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in which, though years and study have whitened our locks, we still find as much pleasure as in the days of our youth. Mr. St. John has long been known as a writer, but no book from his pen has really shown the extent of his powers so much as the tales before us. The materials of which they are composed were no doubt derived from the very source to which he attributes them, and he had, as he informs us, the gratification, on his late visit to Cairo, of hearing them related during the Ramad'han, by the story-tellers who in Mohammedan countries exercise their vocation more particularly at this period; though we have, we confess,
some difficulty in identifying Abdallah, the young, the gay, the bold, the very pink of lovers, and the devoted slave of the fair Fatima, with a certain, staid, good-natured, purblind, middle-aged looking gentleman, with black mustachios and a snow-capped head, whom report makes the father of more than half a score of embryo authors and authoresses. Be this as it may, Fatima is a beautiful dream; she is a woman whom, if she be drawn from the life, we feel we could have loved heart and soul. It is seldom we find in any work of fiction a loveable woman to our taste; we have loved Scott's Rebecca and Spindler's Jewess, but we feel now very much disposed to forget every other, and pay our devotions exclusively to the fair Mohammedan, if Abdallah would only oblige us with a note stating her place of residence.

"The Tales of the Ramad'han" ought to be the most successful book of its class that has appeared during the present season; for ourselves, we declare that none has afforded us so much pleasure. The tales are rich in variety, in highly-wrought scenes, and in true delineations of the peculiar manners of an interesting people. Mr. St. John has watered with the fruitful streams of his imagination the rich soil he was to render productive, and has succeeded in creating a work, which for vividness of fancy, elegance of mind, and purity of style, may compete with its most successful contemporaries in the same field of literature.

Rainbow Sketches, in Prose and Verse.

By John Francis. Author of "Sunshine; or Lays for Ladies." &c. &c.

When we say that our readers of the gentler sex will especially relish these lively, graceful, and piquant "Sketches," we offer anything but a deteriorating testimony of their merit and attraction: for the book that a cultivated woman sanctions with her praise and approval, is sure to meet with a corresponding verdict from the "lords of the creation,"—while our good word by no means necessarily carries with it that of the softer and more sensitive part of the "Reading Public." In fact, "Rainbow Sketches" is a very graceful, elegant and amusing little volume, full of lively fancies and laughing humour, yet by no means divested of deep feeling, and delicate poetry, in more than the mere versatile sense of the term. Moreover, its variety is a marked feature in its attractions; since, in a space of little more than two hundred pages, it gives us fifty different pieces, in verse and prose (besides engravings), every one of them distinguished for some pleasant turn of thought, seldom to be met with in pieces of much higher pretension. We confidently recommend the volume to our readers, as one that (like the rainbow from which it takes its name) can scarcely fail to throw a bright gleam over the most lowering brow that may be tempted to bend over its pages.


This pretty little volume, as nicely got up as it is tastefully and elegantly written, ought to be in the hands of every person who visits the town of Herne Bay, to which it serves as a complete guide. The history of the rise and progress of this town, which, little more than twenty years ago, consisted of only half a dozen houses, is extremely interesting. Until the present volume appeared, nothing was known of a watering-place which seemed to have sprung up suddenly on the coast of Kent, as if by the waving of a magic wand, and, for the last two or three years, has been a point of attraction for summer excursionists on the Thames. In the little book before us, we have a complete history of the place, a description of every thing belonging to it, and drawings of its principal curiosities.

Illustrations of the Bible. By John Martin. Parts 8, 9, and 10.

It is needless here to repeat what we have said of the former numbers of these wonderful mezzotint engravings. In them, all the resources of Martin's gigantic imagination, and of his extraordinary art as an engraver, are concentrated. When Wilkie said that Martin, with his single hand, had created a Milton gallery, he could have added, "and a Bible gallery, embodying with stupendous power, the sublime poetry of Holy Writ." The present three numbers contain the six following plates:—Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still.—Belshazzar's Feast.—The Fall of Babylon.—The Fall of Nineveh.—Psalm cxxxvii.—David spareth Saul at Haachiah.

Finden's Byron Beauties. Parts 8 & 9.

This work goes on in the most satisfactory manner; and Part 8 is so beautiful, that for expression, delicacy, and perception of female beauty—at least according to our notions on the subject—it appears superior to every other number.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
Belle Assemblée,
FOR OCTOBER, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY HANMER.

The family of Hanmer has held its residence at the place of its own name, situated within the Hundred of Mailor, in the county of Flint, from a period as remote as any to which the records of the private property of the county extend. Camden, in speaking of the town of Hanmer, thus expresses himself:—"Nor remains anything to be mentioned except Hanmer, seated by a lake or mere, whence an ancient and honourable family that dwells there took their surname."

In the reign of Edward I, Sir John de Hanmer, Knt., assumed the name of Hanmer. Like other large proprietors on the borders, he was a supporter of the English interest, and early in the same reign was appointed Constable of Caernarvon Castle. He had three sons: Owen, surnamed Goch, David, and Philip. Owen succeeded his father in the second year of Edward II, and, dying without issue, divided his estate between his brothers, David and Philip, Hanmer, who eventually became possessed of the whole estate, and whose eldest son and successor,

Sir David Hanmer, Knt., was appointed one of the justices of the Court of King's Bench. From this Sir David, descended

Sir John Hanmer, who was created a Baronet on the 8th July 1620, and sat in Parliament as member for the county of Flint in 1621. By his wife Catherine, second daughter of Sir Thomas Moslyn, Knt., he left an only son,

Sir Thomas Hanmer, second Baronet, who married twice: first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Baker, and maid of honour to Queen Anne, consort of James I; and secondly, Susanna, daughter of Sir William Henry, Knt., of Ickworth in Suffolk, by both of whom he left issue. Sir Thomas served in Parliament for Flintshire, and, dying in 1678, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John Hanmer, third Baronet, and member of Parliament for the county, and subsequently for the town of Flint. This gentleman, having imbibed the military spirit of the time, entered the army, and distinguished himself in the command of a regiment, under King William, at the battle of the Boyne. He died in 1701, having attained the rank of Major-General. Leaving no issue by his wife Mary, daughter and heiress of Joseph Alston of Netherhall in Suffolk, Esq., his estate and title devolved upon his nephew,

Sir Thomas Hanmer, fourth Baronet, only son of William Hanmer, Esq. This distinguished author and statesman was born in 1676, and received the rudiments of his education at Westminster school, whence he was sent to Christ-Church College, Oxford. On the accession of Queen Anne he was returned to Parliament for the county of Flint. In 1707 he sat for Suffolk, and in 1712 he was unanimously chosen speaker of the House of Commons. Alluding to this event, Dr. Johnson says,

Illustrous age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer filled the chair, and Anne the throne.

For many years Sir Thomas had amused his leisure hours in revising the plays of Shakspeare, and making, in the printed copies of them, such corrections as were suggested by his own genius, or as he found
advanced on good authority by others. In accordance with the wishes of his friends, he presented this manuscript to the University of Oxford, where it appeared in six quarto volumes. Sir Thomas did not long survive the publication of his Shakespeare. He died in May 1746, at Milden Hall, whence his remains were conveyed to his seat at Hanmer, and interred in the chancel of Hanmer church, where, on an elegant carved monument of white marble, is inscribed the celebrated Latin epitaph by Dr. Friend, so beautifully paraphrased by Dr. Johnson. Sir Thomas had married twice: first, in 1688, Isabella, Duchess Dowager of Grafton, only daughter and heiress of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlingdon; and secondly, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Folkes of Barton in Suffolk, Esq., but by neither of these ladies left any issue, and in consequence the Baronetcy expired. The estate of Milden Hall, in the county of Suffolk, devolved upon his nephew and heir-at-law, Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart., of Bunbury in the county of Chester, and the estate of Hanmer, by bequest, upon his first cousin of his own name,

William Hanmer, Esq., who wedded Elizabeth, sister and heiress of Charles Jennens of Gopeal, Esq., but, leaving no issue male, was succeeded by his only surviving brother,

Humphrey Hanmer, Esq. This gentleman espoused Catherine Quatermain, the descendant of a respectable Irish family, but dying without issue in 1773, the estate devolved upon

Job Hanmer, Esq., second son of Thomas Hanmer, Esq., by Jane, daughter of Sir Job Charlton, Bart., of Ludford, and granddaughter of Sir Job Charlton, Bart., speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Hanmer was a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He married Susanna, daughter and heiress of Thomas Walden, Esq., of Simpson Place, in the county of Bucks, and was succeeded by his only son,

Walden Hanmer, Esq., barrister-at-law, and M.P. for Sudbury, who was created a Baronet 3rd May 1774. This gentleman married Anne, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Henry Vere Graham, Esq., of Holbrook Hall, in the county of Suffolk, and dying in 1783, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir Thomas, second Baronet, who married, in 1779, Margaret, eldest daughter and co-heiress of George Kenyon, Esq., of Peel in the county of Lancaster, and had, with other issue,

Thomas, who was born in 1781, espoused, in 1808, Arabella Charlotte, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Iskin Diet Buckingham, Esq., and died in 1818, leaving, with other issue,

John, of whom presently.

Sir Thomas Hanmer died in 1828, and was succeeded by his grandson, Sir John, third and present Baronet. This gentleman was born in December 1809. He espoused, on the 3rd September 1833, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration. For an account of the ancient family of Chetwynd we refer the reader to the genealogical article in the Court Magazine of last June.

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SONNET.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYGES.

Who lives upon the past, who sets his gaze
Upon th' ideal, of an order is
Above mere human texture—not to him
The pressure of man's wrong or scorn is death,
Or woe:—he walks untouched amid the blaze
Of mortal conflagration:—he can kiss
The rod that scourges him; and in the dim
Mists of surrounding danger he can breathe
Freely and calmly:—round about his ways
Bright lamps unseen by others cast their rays:
He hears sweet songs of spirits in the wind;
On gold-fringed clouds angelic shapes he sees;
On velvet lawns are fairy shapes design'd,
And elves unearthly dance beneath the trees!
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CHARLES MATHEWS.

[Concluded from page 99.]

It was at Mathews's house at Highgate that I first met the celebrated author of "Sayings and Doings," and, as the circumstances of the meeting were characteristic as regards all the parties connected with them, I shall refer to them somewhat in detail. I had been staying with Mathews for two or three days, and as he and I were sitting tête-à-tête over our wine one evening, a note was handed to him, which, on opening it, he found, to his no small surprise, was from Mr. T. H., who stated that he meant to breakfast with him the next morning. With the surprise which this intimacy caused, I could see there was a mixture of embarrassment as well as of pleasure,—all of which Mathews presently explained to me, by stating that he had not seen H.—since his return from the Mauritius—I think, between two and three years before—and that though (as I knew) they had been the most intimate friends and cronies up to the time of H.'s leaving England, yet his not having, on his return, presented himself to Mathews, had created a coldness on the part of the latter, which had recently grown into a feeling of even more than estrangement, in consequence of the peculiar circumstances in which H.—had been placed by his supposed connection with a certain political publication, in which the names and characters of a vast number of well-known persons in political and fashionable life had been made subjects of remark and obloquy, with reference to the case of Queen Caroline, which then occupied the almost undivided attention of the public mind. Many of the individuals so remarked on from time to time, were among Mathews's personal acquaintance; and there was a morbid fastidiousness about his feelings on points of this nature, which made it painful for him to contemplate even the remote possibility of his being connected, by no matter how slight a thread, or at how lengthened a remove, with what he considered so unwarranted a breach of the claims and usages of private life, as that of making even a man's female relatives and connections amenable at the bar of public notice for his political conduct and opinions. I could perceive that Mathews was anything but sorry that circumstances had prevented a renewal of his former strict intimacy with a person who, whether justly or not I do not inquire, was universally supposed to be connected with this new species of political warfare. But the brief and characteristic missive which announced Mr. H.'s intended visit,—its frank cordiality of tone,—its appeal to the associations and recollections of by-gone years,—and, above all, a couple of pen-and-ink sketches enclosed in it, one of them underlined "T. H. as he was in 18—" (the date of his leaving England), and the other "T. H. as he is in 18—," (namely, that present writing, after an interval of several years),—all these were not to be resisted. In fact, the argumentum ad hominem included in the last-named of these appeals, evidently gave to the winds all Mathews's fastidious scruples, and the tinge of worldly feeling from which they sprang,—the youthful enthusiasm, which was never dead but only dormant in him, awoke in all its freshness—and he seemed to look forward to the visit of the morning as a sort of bodily renewal of "the youthful days of Charles Mathews."

So far, so good. I was pleased to observe the existence and power of this latter vein of feeling in Mathews, in proportion as I had been vexed and sorry to perceive that anything short of a personal difference or inequality could have induced him purposely to avoid, or even willingly to forego, the society of the chosen friend and companion of the best and happiest portion of his life—the partaker of scenes and adventures in the comic "Romance of Real Life," that could only have been described by the inimitable pen of the inimitable person who could alone have originated them*.

So far so good—I must repeat. But it did not follow that a person who had none of these pleasant associations to connect with the name of Mr. H. and who, on the other hand, had the authority of universal

* See the "Autobiography of Mr. Gilbert Gurney," in several consecutive numbers of the New Monthly Magazine. In some of the recent chapters, some excellent stories are related, in which Mathews was one of the chief actors.
report and belief (backed, as we have seen above, by that of the most intimate of his former friends,) for attributing to him a personal iniquity of the kind alluded to, and which had been more than usually uncalled for, on account of the absolute privacy of that person's pursuits and habits, except in the accidental instance which had given occasion to the offensive remarks;—it did not follow, I say, that a person so situated—and such happened to be my position as related to Mr. H.—should willingly encounter the presence of the man from whom he believed himself to have received an unprovoked injury, under circumstances which did not give him a right of asking reparation for it. As soon, therefore, as the expected visit in the morning, was over, I rose to go, hoping to have got away without being obliged to give the real reason for my departure. As it was quite late at night, however, and there had been no previous talk of my going for a day or two, I soon found this impossible, and that there was nothing left for me, but either to tell a "white lie," or to change into a positive feeling in Mathews as to his friend H——what had hitherto existed only as a remote fear. But my objections to a lie of every colour, and especially to what is understood by a white one, being insurmountable, I had no alternative but to tell the truth. The effect upon Mathews's ever-active and excitable mental temperament was singularly and even amusingly characteristic. What a horrible dilemma! What a "singular coincidence!!" Here had he (from a feeling which he would have scarcely, I think, sought to justify) been purposely avoiding for three or four years, all occasion of meeting the man who probably, of all others, he most desired to meet; and now that such meeting was no longer to be avoided, and that he had (handsomely, as he thought, for I had strenuously denied the validity of the grounds on which he had hitherto avoided renewing his intimacy with H——got over his scruples on the point—to! his worst fears and anticipations were confirmed! This (to him) cordial friend and favourite boon-companion was become so universal a bug-bear to all the rest of the world, that the mere prospect of his entering his doors was enough to drive his other friends from them!

The result of this little history has, I hope, been anticipated by the reader. I was easily persuaded to lay aside scruples that were the offspring of a theory rather than a feeling; especially as I was perfectly certain that, even in the case of their being well-founded, the party to whom they referred would, from the insignificance of their occasion, have wholly forgotten having given any grounds for them; and, briefly, the meeting took place with the result which social qualities like those possessed by the gentleman in question never fail to bring about—at least for the time being. There are persons with whom—whatever they may have done to you, or be supposed to have done, in absence, or in their abstract character—you cannot sit in a room and not feel for them a sort of personal regard. The effect of these social qualities is like that of a kind and cordial face in woman—

If to her lot some human errors fall,
Look in her face and you forget them all.

And so it is with the happily-constituted persons I am speaking of. They may libel your literary character, outrage your individual feelings, and even wound your personal vanity,—yet

Hear them but talk, and you forget it all.

But I am afraid that, in the case of this class of persons in particular, you only forget,—to forgive, is another matter.

In connection with the above circumstances I will here relate an anecdote, told me at the time by Mrs. Mathews, of the celebrated person alluded to, and which gave and still gives me a higher impression of his intellectual qualities than I have ever been able to acquire from his subsequent writings. The anecdote arose out of the two portraits of himself, which, as I have mentioned, accompanied the letter announcing his intended visit. The one underlined "T. H. as he was," represented the effigy (as seen from behind) of a slim youth of about twenty, in a costume damified to the very highest degree that good taste would admit, and with a head covered by a profusion of black and richly curling hair, so arranged as to indicate that its owner was by no means inconsiderable of the attractions appertaining to that item of our personal economy. The other portrait, "T. H. as he is," exhibited the figure of a staid, middle-aged gentleman, with not much more "shape" than a butter-firkin, with a gentle stoop, and a head bald as the back of your hand. On my making some remark on this latter metamorphosis, as "the unkindest cut of all" that advancing years are apt to inflict upon us, at least if we are among those (which the T. H. of the youthful portrait evidently was) who set any store by personal appearance, Mrs. Mathews related to me the anecdote
I refer to, as a proof that Mr. H——’s, dandyism did not reach much beyond the surface. In the prosecution of one of those youthful amourettes, of which Mr. Gilbert Gurney gives us so many amusing and instructive accounts, Mr. H—— had intimated something to his fair inamorata which she interpreted into a proof that he reckoned for the prospective success of his passion more on the outside of his head than the inside. He said nothing in reply; but the next day he appeared before her, shorn of his rich curls as closely as scissors could effect the office, and with his head powdered! I have not observed whether Mr. Gilbert Gurney has related this striking anecdote; but if not, he has omitted the most remarkable fact of his supposed hero’s life.

I remember the most amusing part of Mathew’s conversation consisted of those reminiscences of his early life, with which Mr. H—— was so intimately connected. Several anecdotes of this kind occur to me, which, though literal facts, are so extravagantly ludicrous in their details, that if they were related in a novel, or represented on the stage in a farce, they would be looked upon as even too outré for farcical fiction. But if I were to do more than merely allude to them here, I should be trenching upon ground already occupied (by anticipation) in the Autobiography which Mathews has left behind him.

Mathews, though extremely fond of social intercourse, was by no means a great talker. And so little did he obtrude his talk in any company, however well it might be suited to his tastes and inclinations, and so little did it partake of that professional tinge which is inseparable from the talk of actors in general, that a stranger who did not know his person might have passed an evening with him without discovering that he was any other than an intelligent and well-informed man of the world, who did not put forth any pretensions but those to be met with in everyday life and society. Indeed, it was always a point of great difficulty and delicacy to “bring him out,” as the phrase is, on any topic or in any form that should tend to display the extraordinary qualities of his mind, and the bodily endowments which so admirably administered to them.

This was quite as true of him at his own table, as elsewhere. If he had personal vanity in his composition, no man ever had a stronger sense of the social policy of concealing it, or more skill in the difficult art of so doing. That he possessed the natural and average quantum of it, there is no doubt——though certainly not a jot beyond; but he never exhibited the ordinary evidences that he possessed any, except in those moments of social confidence when vanity takes the form of a grace rather than a failing, or in those opposite ones when he was excited to an honest vindication of his own pretensions, by some act of critical ignorance or injustice on the part of those public writers who took occasion to remark on his professional efforts. He has over and over again been called the greatest of living mimics—a phrase which (even when intended as a compliment) was literally poison to his ear; it threw his faculties and feelings into a state of morbid excitement and disorder, which any other species of “criticism,” however severe, never called forth—and I cannot help thinking not without much reason; for the effect of its reiteration was almost universal on the popular mind, and it thus compelled him in a great measure to be what he most of all abhorred the reputation of being: for he fancied (quite erroneously, I think,) that if he did not answer to his reputation in this particular, he should be left without any reputation at all, at least of a first-rate grade in its way. The truth is, that the epithet “mimic,” as applied to Mathews in our own day, had quite as much malice and injustice in it, as the same epithet when applied to Garrick by Dr. Johnson, and ten times more ignorance; and when any body did so apply it to Mathews, or even alluded to its application in his presence, with no matter how friendly a feeling, it invariably threw him off the guard which his good taste at all other times enabled him to preserve, and he became in some sort the very Sir Fretful Plagiary which he acted better than any man that ever lived.

The only plausible evidence that could be adduced of Mathews being infected with that most paltry and vulgar of all our intellectual diseases, mere personal vanity, was his desire to be surrounded and held in consideration by the most distinguished men of his day. But the mere fact that he was held in respectful consideration by more of such men than perhaps any other public character of our time, is quite sufficient to prove that vanity, in its vulgar sense, was not one of his failings: for it is a weakness, the external display of which, however great a man may be in other respects, sinks him into the contempt of men infinitely smaller than himself, if they have it not. No man ever sat down at Mathews’s table to make a convenience of him, or left it to laugh at him; and no vain man was ever able to gather about him the most distin-
guished of his contemporaries from any other motive, or with any other result. The truth is, that Mathews felt an intense interest in all the varieties of human character, and never let slip an opportunity of judging it from his own observation, and at first hand; and he must very early have discovered, that to study it at all with any prospect of arriving at sound conclusions, one must see it in its extraordinary phases, not in those which it presents in the ordinary intercourse of daily life. He was not a man who examined very minutely or categorically into the operations even of his own mind, still less into those of the minds of other people, however distinguished; and, therefore, he would certainly not have given the same reason that I am disposed to do for his desire to be on terms of personal intimacy with the men of his time intellectually distinguished above their fellows. His great intellectual faculties were those of observation, and the retention of what he observed. These, added to his extraordinary power of embodying intellectual symbols, enabled him to give you, by means of imitation, a more clear, expressive, and distinct idea even of the intellectual character of a distinguished man whom he had once seen and heard converse, than you could possibly obtain by any other means short of personal observation. But if he had attempted to describe the same individual to you, he would have totally failed. A quick and practised judge of character, and its external indications, might have described a man from one of Mathew's off-hand imitations of him, infinitely better than he could who embodied the picture.

The observation I wish to found upon these remarks is, that Mathews did not seek the society of intellectual men with a direct view of learning any thing either of or from them, but merely because he liked such society, and disliked the opposite. The one kept his mind in that state of healthful exercise and activity, in the absence of which it preyed painfully upon itself; the other either made him sick, or sent him to sleep.

I have been led into this, perhaps, superfluous speculation (for I fear the reader of these "Recollections" has already had more reason than he could wish to feel that speculation is my foible,) from calling to mind the singular variety of celebrated people that one used to meet at Mathew's house. I remember meeting there on one and the same day, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Rowland Stephenson, and the Polish dwarf, Count Boulalowsky! This latter extraordinary personage was an especial pet of Mathews and the whole of his family; and not without reason,—for I think I never saw a more interesting specimen of the human species, an example of our common nature, from the contemplation and study of which more might be learned to soften as well as to strengthen the heart.

At the time I saw this person at Mathew's, he had, I think, nearly reached his eightieth year; yet in health and symmetry of person, in clearness and quickness of intellect, and in brilliancy and buoyancy of animal spirits, he was like a youth of fifteen, and his conversation was the most entertaining in the world. In the course of his public life, (at the time I speak of, he had been living for several years in strict retirement, either in or near Durham, on the competency settled upon him many years ago by an English lady of high rank,) he had repeatedly visited every Court in Europe, had been personally favoured and caressed by their respective sovereigns, male and female, for two or three generations deep, and had something curious and amusing to tell of every one of them. But the interest excited by his society was not so much to be found in what he had to tell of other people, however celebrated, as in what he exhibited in the exquisite little microcosm of his own mind and character. It was at once the most curious and the most delightful sight I ever witnessed, to see him domesticated at Mathew's; which he almost always was for several weeks together, when he paid his annual visit to London. He used to go gamboling about the house and grounds, like a pretty lap-dog or a playful child, happy as a bird, and, like the birds, for ever uttering his happiness in song; yet if he had to meet a stranger, doing so with the tone and manners of a perfect gentleman, and without the slightest evidence of a consciousness that he was in any degree different from the rest of the world. Nor, in fact, was there anything about him to create even a strange, much less an unpleasant feeling in the minds of others. It was like looking at an exquisite object of vtiq, or one of those miracles of mechanism of which we read as having been exhibited throughout Europe about the middle of the last century. He was perfectly straight, upright, well-formed and proportioned, yet when standing on the ground his chin could scarcely have rested on a dining-table of the ordinary height. But what he particularly piqued himself on was the aristocratic smallness of his hands and feet. His shoe—and he always exhibited
one as a "natural curiosity," when he was staying at Mathews's—was not larger than those usually worn by a girl of six or seven years of age; and a pleasant practical joke, played, I remember, by young Charles Mathews on the most part of the two celebrated authors of the "Rejected Addresses," was to substitute in his dressing-room, in the place of his trunk, a Lilliputian trunk (of about twelve inches square) containing an entire dress suit of the Count's clothes. Then, at meals, it was a pretty thing to see Mrs. Mathews lift up the Count in her arms, and place him by her side in the seat always prepared for him, and sometimes, in doing so, put a playful kiss upon his delicate little cheek, round the rosy softness of which a profusion of snow white hair curled and waved like that of a fair child. Nor was there any thing in the slightest degree ridiculous or unseemly in all this: on the contrary, there was mixed with the gentle simplicity and child-like innocence of deportment of this extraordinary person, a certain air of dignity and propriety which created an effect at once touching and impressive.

It was a favourite crotchet of Mathews to be allowed to present his exquisite little friend and protegée to George IV; and at last he accomplished this. They passed, I think, an hour with the King, at Carlton Palace, and were both highly delighted with their visit.

I have mentioned the name of Rowland Stephenson as among Mathews's intimates; and I am reminded by it to observe, that though the insight into character possessed by Mathews was quick and acute to a degree perhaps never surpassed, it was any thing but profound. He saw the superficials of a man's intellectual and moral character with astonishing precision, and could reflect them at once as a mirror reflects the objects placed before it; but, like the mirror, he received and reflected the visible features only. It may seem inconsistent with this remark to say that he had not the smallest notion of Physiognomy, in its refined and metaphysical sense; but the proposition will not be found so on examination. This, however, is not the place to enter into so difficult a question. At the time I used to meet Rowland Stephenson at Mathews's house, that gentleman enjoyed the reputation of being the very ideal of an honest and honourable man; and, in confirmation of such being Mathews's impression of him, I believe he had placed, at one time, the whole of his property in Stephenson's hands; though in regard to that property there was nobody more cautious than Mathews. The reserved gravity of Stephenson's demeanour (in a mixed company at least), his quiet, gentlemanly deportment, and the nice yet unpretending precision of his dress, contributed to spread and fix this impression. Yet, without the smallest conceivable grounds for suspicion, it was (if I may judge by myself) impossible for any one having a moderate degree of skill to "read the mind's observance in the face," to look on that man without feeling at least that he was a knave—and, moreover, that he was a cold, calculating, and cruel-hearted knave. Of course, a mere feeling of this kind, where one is not called upon to act on it, never takes any tangible form, or becomes an opinion. But I must say for myself, that, in the case alluded to above, it approached so near to such a form, that I should at no moment have scrupled to express it, had I been questioned on the subject, with reference to the interests of any one whom I regarded. In general women understand these things better than men—or rather they feel them more surely and more quickly—for it is purely a matter of organisation. And I cannot help thinking that some feeling of the kind—half unconscious, doubtless, on the part of the person experiencing it—must have been the explanation of that interminable delay which ultimately saved a certain delightful public singer and estimable woman from the desolation that awaited her, had she married, as was expected, this worst of scoundrels.

How Mathews and his family escaped the danger that must long have been hanging over them by a mere thread, I do not recollect to have heard. It is by no means improbable that they owed that escape to a touch of human feeling on the part of the plunderer; for no man is wholly bad. Certain it is, that Mathews lost little, if anything, by Stephenson's flight, though he was his banker at the time; a circumstance which occasioned some remarks, as all Mathew's friends had been peculiarly anxious about him when the catastrophe was known. I believe the same is true in regard to the property of the lady to whom I have alluded.

Mathews's interest in the curiosities of natural history was not confined to the human specimen: he also took great pleasure in horses and dogs. Of this respect for any remarkable specimens of the latter, I remember a characteristic instance. I happened to be at Bath once, when he was giving his "at Home" there. As we were walking along one of the principal streets together one morning, a noble Newfoundland dog was sitting
seditately, bolt upright, at a door that we had to pass. As soon as we got opposite to the dog, Mathews stopped short, went to the edge of the pavement, took off his hat, and made a low bow to the evidently astonished animal, and then passed on without saying a word—"Do you know him," I said, "that you salute him in that fashion?" "No," he replied, "but I have a profound respect for a dog like that, and I generally show it in the way you have seen."

It is known that Mathews was very fond of a race,—indeed his fondness amounted almost to a passion; but I believe it was to be attributed more to his liking for horses than for any direct interest that he took in the sport itself. During many years he attended Epsom and Ascot regularly, whatever temptations, professional or otherwise, were in the way. Newmarket he often visited, though not regularly, and Doncaster sometimes. But I believe he never risked more than a score or two of pounds on any race. He paid dearly, however, in another way for his racing propensities:—no less a price than that of a reputation for general gambling, which, whenever a report of any instance of it came to his knowledge, annoyed him exceedingly. But he used to reconcile himself to it, by recollecting that he enjoyed a parallel reputation for drinking, though (I think I have heard him say) no man, during the whole course of his life, ever saw him in the smallest degree injuriously affected by wine—and spirits I believe he never touched. During the whole of my intimacy with him he was more than moderate, he was abstemious, in regard to wine; and in the matter of eating, whatever delicacies there might be at table, he rarely partook of more than one dish, and that of plain roast or boiled meat—not even preceded by soup or fish. By-the-bye these last words remind me of what I am disposed to call the weakest point in Mathews's intellectual character—his extreme fondness for a pun, coupled with his affected hatred and contempt for that harmless species of fooling. I question whether he did not often refuse soup and fish that he might have a better opportunity of saying, when invited to take either, "No, I'm not a soup-or-fish-aman!" He invariably protested, however, against the pun being looked upon as his own, or other than as old as Joe Miller.

As I have alluded, at the outset of these "Recollections," to those delightful social parties at Epsom and Ascot, to one of which I was indebted for the pleasure and advantage of Mathews's acquaintance, I may perhaps be permitted to close them by a second brief reference to the same, or at least to a few of the individuals who composed them. There was E——, our acknowledged chief and caterer—the magnus Apollo of the party, so far as at least as related to its "compliment extern." E—— was the idol of elderly ladies, the beau-ideal of young ones, and quite as agreeable in the eyes of every body else as he was in his own. He was the most unaffected of coxcombs, the most unselfish of egoists, the most generous and profuse of money lovers. He used to be known by the name of "The Count," though I never could learn why. Certain it is that he was as handsome, as well dressed, as exquisite in his equipage and his horses, and even as deservedly popular as "The Count" himself of the present day. Then there was R——, the most "melancholy and gentlemanlike" of dandies; moreover, sentimental as a sea-side poet, and wayward as a lady with six lovers. He would sometimes, I remember, take it into his head to order his horse at midnight, with an intention of riding home to indulge in his melancholy in the more congenial locality of St. James's-street; or, if that did not answer his expectations, to blow his brains out—for which avowed purpose he always kept loaded pistols in his rooms. Then, having trotted or galloped away his brief dyspepsia, he would return and join us about one in the morning, gay as a lark, and laughing at his folly.

There was B——, too, the only lawyer I ever met with who at once looked like a gentleman and was one; the reason of which was, that he was only a gentleman, and not a lawyer in anything but the name. In truth, he was too gentle for anything but a lover, and infinitely too genteel for that.

Then there was little R——y, the most dapper and debonair of incipient old bachelors. R——y knew every noticeable individual extant, from private secretaries upwards, with all their history and connections. He was, in fact, a complete Court Guide in super-extra binding: except that Court Guides are not addicted to puns, whereas R——y never opened his leaves without one, to the utter and incessant dismay of poor Mathews, who (as I have stated above) professed an abhorrence of all puns, his own in particular.

Last, though assuredly not least, in our dear love, was ———, the poet and man of letters of the party;—the only one, I suppose, that was ever even tolerated, much less treated as an equal, in such company. But perhaps the secret was, that his intellectual pretensions were in no respect above those of the
REMINISCENCES OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798.

GENEVA BARRACKS, WATERFORD.

It is not, in this article, proposed to inflict upon the reader a repulsive account of the atrocities that disgraced Ireland during the lamentable rebellion of 1798. The union which, since that unhappy period, has been wisely established, and the measures of enlightened and liberal policy which have since passed into enactments, and are still in progress for the welfare and improvement of that important and interesting portion of the British empire, will, it is devoutly to be hoped, tend to improve the moral principle, and effectually prevent the recurrence of those tragical scenes which were then hourly perpetrated, and at the bare contemplation of which the mind recoils with horror and disgust.

Opposite Duncannon Fort, and a few miles only from the city of Waterford, stand Geneva Barracks; an immense square, completely surrounded by a lofty wall, originally built, and for many years inhabited, by a colony of Genevese clock and watch makers. During the troubles of 1798, these barracks were fitted up at great expense, and converted into a prison for a portion of those unhappy misguided beings who, under the appellation of "croppies," had fanatically arrayed themselves as rebels against the state. The regularly, capaciousness, and massive construc-
tion of these buildings, their position on the very borders of one of the most disturbed districts, their proximity to the sea, and the salubrity of the spot, present a combination of advantages which could not fail to render Geneva Barracks peculiarly eligible as a place of security during the tumults by which Ireland was at this period so rudely convulsed. These barracks were accordingly fixed upon as a prison for the captured rebels. The state of Ireland was truly deplorable: all the bad passions were let loose; the whole population was in motion. Mobs of poor infatuated creatures armed with pikes and guns everywhere prowling about, burnt, pillaged, and destroyed, and madly threatened to rescue their country from the hands of a government which wicked and designing demagogues had industriously represented as hostile to the very name of Ireland!

It was truly mortifying to see to what a depth of degradation and depravity a lawless spirit of discontent, aggravated by ignorance and superstition, had sunk the lower orders of the community. To coerce this bad spirit, to maintain order, to enforce subordination, and even a tolerable degree of personal cleanliness, required the most summary measures, and all the rigour of military discipline. And, indeed, considering the ragged, destitute condition of the prisoners, their filthy habits, and the necessarily crowded state of the rooms, those measures were absolutely indispensable on a principle of humanity, and in view to guard against distemper and contagion.

Of the reason why they had taken up arms against government not one in fifty had any defined idea. Some had been swum into it—others drawn into it. It was an endemic mania evidently excited, kept up, and blown into action, by crafty and discontented ring-leaders, who, whilst they put the reckless rabblement in motion, had generally cowardice and cunning enough cautiously to keep in the back ground. The machine was in fearful operation, but the springs that set it at work were artfully concealed.

The number here incarcerated amounted at this time to between four and five thousand men, in the prime of life generally, full of health and vigour, and who had been urged from their allegiance and their home by the most virulent misrepresentations. They were guarded by the 5th battalion of the 60th foot, consisting almost entirely of Germans, both officers and soldiers, and the Dumbarton Fencibles, a fine, well-behaved, and steady regiment, commanded by Colonel Scott, a most humane and intelligent officer. There were besides thirty or forty officers of the line belonging to regiments in the West Indies, who had been ordered to that station for the purpose of taking croppy detachments to their respective corps.

A strong barrack guard, furnishing a cordon of sentinels and patrols, was regularly mounted, and a piequet gave additional security by night. The situation of Geneva barracks was well calculated for such a prison; for besides other advantages before noticed, the immediate vicinity was very thinly inhabited. Though ill clad, these prisoners were properly fed, and, under the circumstances, the most laudable attention was paid to their health. They were strictly guarded, and the windows were strongly barred. Orderly officers visited the prisons regularly, to enforce cleanliness, and ascertain whether any cause of complaint really existed. It was pleasing to observe that the prisoners were invariably treated with as much lenity and consideration as were compatible with a proper degree of coercion and the nature of their crime. The prison medical staff was admirably conducted, and perfectly efficient. At proper hours, the relations of the captives were permitted to visit them without any harsh restriction; and under certain regulations, they had the liberty of air and exercise in the square. But though restrained, that turbulent spirit which, under excitement, had urged them into overt acts of rebellion, was still unsubdued. Like the entrapped hyena, they were bound, not tamed. It was soon found that the indulgence which had been humanely granted, was shamefully abused. Spirits were clandestinely introduced by the visiting relatives, as was very clearly evidenced by the scenes of riot and drunkenness which every day prevailed. To repress these irregularities, orders upon orders were issued; but all common methods of prevention were tried, and failed; and it was at last discovered that the wives and sisters of the prisoners brought whiskey so secreted as to elude the vigilance of the sentries.

Various attempts were also made to bribe the soldiers, and to break out of confinement. Scarcely a day passed without uproar. During a stormy night, just as the piequet was passing, one of the prison gates in the rear was suddenly burst open, and, after knocking down the posted sentries, out rushed two or three hundred croppies. The piequet fired—some were killed, many wounded; the rest, panie-
REMINISCENCES OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798.

struck, ran back into the prison, happy in this unexpected extremity to find a refuge from the imminent peril to which they had thus rashly exposed themselves. This example had some effect; but it was soon forgotten; and in spite of orders, and sentinels, and every precaution, whiskey still flowed into the prison. At last, two or three women, who, as relatives, had been allowed access into the rooms, were detected by the orderly officer in the act of taking out bladders of spirits from under their clothes. They were immediately secured and the matter reported. On inquiry, it appeared that, for some time past, they had made a practice of doing this in defiance of orders. An example was judged necessary to deter others: accordingly, all the prisoners were marched out under guard of the regiments, and formed into a hollow square; the circumstances of the case were then duly stated and explained, and the female offenders marched into the centre, where they were stripped, and after an impressive admonition, successively tossed in blankets!

This was an unusual mode of punishment—not, perhaps, justifiable under any circumstances; but it was palliated in the opinion of many on the ground of expediency, and under the cover of martial law. It was urged that the singular and critical nature of the times demanded more than usual severity, and more than ordinary modes of repression. However, this infliction and exposure were rapidly noise abroad; and from that hour not a bladder of whiskey was attempted to be smuggled into barracks. The male relations could not conveniently do it without certainty of detection, and the women would not; so that for some months sobriety and comparatively quiet prevailed throughout the prisons.

Our duty, under the circumstances I have intimated, will hardly be considered to have been very light or agreeable. We were all completely sick of Ireland, and Irish rebellion, and Irish croppys; and though the prospect of a West India climate was not particularly cheering or attractive, we earnestly longed for a release from such miserable scenes. At last, a proclamation arrived; and it pleased His Majesty graciously to direct that a free pardon should be offered to such of the prisoners as might be disposed to volunteer for regiments serving in the West Indies. Many seemed to augur well of a proclamation holding out to men who had been captured with arms in their hands an alternative so merciful, which it was imagined could not fail to be gratefully accepted by persons whose lives were forfeit to the state, and many of whom might justly have expected a very different fate. It gave such of them as had repented of their crime an opportunity of redeeming themselves by once more entering within the pale of loyalty—an opportunity of becoming faithful soldiers to the King, instead of rebels to their country. On this occasion the benevolent views of his Majesty were formally announced. The garrison was under arms, the prisoners were marched out and formed in square, and the commandant of the district, General Johnson, attended by his staff and the detachment officers of the line, appeared upon the ground.

The proclamation was read and distinctly explained. The general dwelt with much earnestness on the merciful intentions of the sovereign; touched upon the heinousness of rebellion; and, after a manly appeal to the feelings and understandings of his hearers, observed that he had no doubt many had unintentionally been drawn into rebellion by deep designing agitators. He concluded by expressing his confidence that one and all, aware of the impropriety of their past conduct, would readily embrace so honourable an opportunity of effacing all remembrance of it, by now returning to their allegiance, and honestly devoting themselves to the service of their King and country. After these and other encouraging remarks, the colours of the two regiments were planted on the opposite side of the square, and those who were disposed to become volunteers were ordered to repair to the standards on the sound of the music. The bands immediately struck up God save the King. The troops presented arms—all was anxiety and expectation, and not a croppy moved!

This result had not been generally anticipated; though, under the circumstances, the idea of looking out for volunteers among an assemblage who had so recently set law and loyalty at defiance, and daringly taken part in the ranks of open rebellion, was somewhat visionary. Thus the proclamation became a mere dead letter, perfectly inoperative, clearly demonstrating that a seditious spirit is not to be subdued on every occasion by lenity. The croppies remained sullen, and scowlingly fixed every man on his own ground—not a word was spoken.

they stood obdurate,

And of the proffer'd grace they made a scorn.

The music ceased. The prisoners were now formed in ranks entire, and going down each rank from right to left, the general selected a thousand men fit for West India service. The remainder were marched to
officers instructed to take them to their respective corps; and guarded by the 5th battalion of the 60th foot, they proceeding on service to Martinique. It was rumoured very generally that a rescue would be attempted, to prevent which, and guard against desertion on the short march from the barracks to the boats, the road was flanked by the Dumbarton and the South Devon Militia, under Lord Rolle, one of the finest, best disciplined, and most powerful regiments in Ireland; and as a further measure of precaution the waistbands of the prisoners' breeches were cut behind, and slit down to the very seam, so that no man could run without being hampered, nor even walk without holding on with both his hands—a novel, though not bad contrivance, for preventing volunteers from even the temptation of desertion! The march was slow and sad; the whole population for miles around, men, women, and children, all had for hours before daylight taken their

in perfect health to my commanding officer. It was fortunate, perhaps, that we reached Martinique without bad weather, or a heavy sea; for the old Admiral de Fries was a tub of a vessel, and laboured most dreadfully, which was possibly owing, in some measure, to the curious kind of cargo we had on board, and the want of ballast; for when hauled up into dock to be examined, as the carpenter was walking along to ascertain the cause of some leaks, his leg came right through her bottom! The inspection was not continued, and the ship was condemned, and I suppose broken up. Four years after this, having survived several attacks of yellow fever, I returned home with the skeleton of the regiment, bringing back only one individual of the fifty I had taken: six or seven had volunteered for the 93rd, the rest had fallen victims to service and climate! But I record it here with pride, and as a circumstance, under all the bearings of the case, highly honourable to these poor fellows, that, during the whole time they served, nothing could exceed the propriety of their behaviour. They became good and valiant soldiers, high-spirited men, faithfully attached to corps, respectful to their officers, and not a single one of the number ever came to the halberds! In 1821, after the changes and changes of service, I came into the command of the regiment in India. The man whom I have mentioned as having returned with the skeleton to England, and who had been indulged with a furlough to see his friends in Ireland, was still living; he was a corporal, and I made him a serjeant. In 1822, Lieutenant-general Sir Charles Colville, Commander of the Forces at Bombay, came up to Iholopare camp, where we were stationed, to inspect and review the regiment. As he was proceeding down the front rank, he was struck with the soldier-like appearance of this man; and having inquired particularly concerning him, in testimony of his approbation, and as a reward for his long and meritorious service, directed me, at his own request, to invalid him by his special authority, and send him home with a recommendation for pension. What eventually became of this brave and honest soldier I know not; probably he reached Europe in health and safety, and is now, I hope, comfortable and happy among his friends and relatives in Ireland, in the enjoyment of his well earned pittance.
IMITATIONS FROM CASTI'S "DETESTAZIONE D'AMORE."

What art thou then, unquiet care,
Disturbing thus my slumbering breast,
That wouldest thus my soul ensnare—
And with thy power each thought invest?
'Tis Love thou art!—wouldst thou again
Thy former tyranny exert?—
And o'er my mind that sway maintain
Which Reason's counsels all subvert?
By conquering Reason and Disdain,
By force extreme wert thou expelled
From out my breast—thou wouldst regain
The empire which thou once hast held!—
If Love thou art, fly hence from me,
Oh cruel scourge of human kind,
To the drear abyss of misery,
Where guilt, and woe, and gloom are joined.
There doomed souls shall shriekingly
Fresh torture from thy presence find!

I do abjure thy power, O Love!
Death-giving poison dost thou bring,
And if it honey-surfaced prove,
Aside the treacherous draught I fling.
Most cruel Love! my breast still bears
By thee controlled, engrossed, subdued,
Of former wounds th' afflicting scars:
—I would not have these thoughts renew'd
By sad experience am I taught
'To deprecate thine awful sway;
Oh, fatal blindness! which hath wrought
Thus o'er my mind such deep dismay.
If an incautious ear I lend
Again to Love's impassioned voice,
Or on his flattering vows depend—
If in his tones my heart rejoice,
Then may misfortunes dark and dire
My unsuited path in life await:
May every dreaded ill conspire
To render me most desolate!
If to his barbarous servile yoke
I willingly should o'er submit,
May every evil I invoke
My headstrong folly then requite.
Oh, sweetest Peace! possess'd of thee,  
I would a calm content maintain—  
Nor Love shall rule my destiny,  
Nor e'er disturb thy tranquil reign.  
* * * * * * *  
Debasing and perfidious power!  
With foul contempt repayest thou  
The slave who, wasting every hour,  
In vassalage to thee would bow.  
* * * * * * *  
Reason! who art the rightful Queen  
Of all our good and just desires;  
Goddess, with mien and brow serene,  
Fresh strength from thee my soul acquires!  
Unto thy altar do I cling—  
My vows to thee I consecrate—  
Before thy shrine, a mind I bring,  
Which to thy laws I subjugate.  
The victim there I immolate,  
The steel fierce Anger hath supplied;  
And former griefs they now abate,  
For Reason deigns to be my guide!  

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REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.  
No. XV.  

One morning as Dillon was in a mood of  
more than usual sadness, the door of his  
dungeon was opened, and the grotesque  
person of Pierre stood on the threshold. The  
gaoler did not speak. This unusual silence  
on the part of so garrulous a functionary at  
length roused the prisoner from his revery,  
and he fixed his eyes for some moments  
upon the figure before him. "There was a  
something about it," in the words of an old  
song, "so very peculiar," that his attention  
was forcibly arrested. There was Pierre's  
odd, loose, lurching evidence of personality  
wrapped in a short tattered cloak, that  
seemed made for the benefit of ventilation;  
but although more than usually muffled, his  
outward man looked rather like an improve-  
ment upon an odd original than the original  
identically.  

"Why, Pierre," asked our hero, in a tone  
of inquisitive surprise, "how is this that you  
are so mute this morning? Has your tongue  
got a palsy, or has too much talking given  
you a lock-jaw? And that patch over your  
eye—what does it mean? Does it mark  
the penalty of last night's debauch, or is it  
intended as a patch of beauty—a set-off to  
the lustre of the other orb?"  

As he was speaking, he saw the gaoler's  
hand suddenly lifted to his head. In an  
instant the patch was removed from the eye,  
and a quantity of tawny hair from the chin;  
at the same moment the head was bared,  
and the beautiful Phoebe stood in the pre-  
sence of her affianced husband.  

As when the cheerful sun, exalting wide,  
Glares all the world with his uprising ray,  
And wools the widow'd earth afresh to pride,  
And paints her bosom with the flowery May,  
His silent sister steals him quite away;  
Wrapp'd in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,  
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,  
And headlong to its early coast the sparrow flies.  
But soon as he again dis-shadow'd is,  
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,  
As though another world were newly his,  
The cozen'd birds busily take their flight,  
And wonder at the shortness of the night.  
So Beauty once again herself displays  
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays  
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a  
thousand days.  

"Dillon," she said, while he kissed her  
with a fervent and holy joy, "I have been  
enabled to reach you under this disguise
through the instrumentality of Pierre, whose compassion I have contrived to reach by probing it with an instrument of gold, which seldom fails to make gaolers kind and judges tender."

"Do you come to release me?" inquired Dillon, eagerly.

"No, James, that were impossible. The regulations of this prison are so strict, and its officers so vigilant, that an idea of escape from these walls is not to be entertained. Pierre has connived at and even aided my visit to you, for I have been hitherto refused admittance through the malicious influence of your accuser; but the wily gaoler is on the watch to see that I don't suffer you to cross this doorway."

"But the fear of being discovered in having violated the prison regulations will make him backward to expose any attempt at escape."

"Nay, James, it cannot be. I have passed my word that you shall not quit your cell. An attempt to do so would be madness under the watchful eye of Pierre, who is too shrewd a functionary to overstep the boundary-line of discretion, and would rather expose his connivance at my visiting you, which would be most probably overlooked, than suffer you to escape. The attempt, too, at this moment would only expose you to tenfold privations. A better opportunity may occur; and I have brought you an instrument that may be available some time or other."

Dillon looked at the anxious girl with increased feelings of admiration as she took from the pocket of her disguise a large clasp knife, in which was a saw four inches long, fixed into the handle between two stout blades. "This," she continued, "may serve you some day; and if possible I will continue to visit you, from time to time, in my present disguise, and furnish you with whatever may appear hereafter expedient." After remaining about a quarter of an hour, Phoebe quitted the prison.

When the beautiful gipsy had left him, Dillon could not help reflecting with some astonishment upon the admirable skill she had displayed in adopting the disguise of the gaoler. In order to raise herself to the height of the person represented, who was not more than two inches taller than herself, she had cork soles put inside the high jack-boots, a pair of which Pierre invariably wore; this raised her to the required standard, and as he had a limping, sloouching gait, she had the less difficulty in overcoming the impediment produced by having her legs stuffed into such clumsy cases, the weight and awkwardness of the boots making her limp in spite of any desire she might have to the contrary.

A few days after Phoebe's visit, it was announced to our hero that on the following Monday he would be tried before the French authorities for robbery. This announcement was rather a relief to him, as anything was better than that monotonous stagnation of existence which was daily becoming more and more intolerable. Any change would be a relief. Positive suffering was better than that privative endurance which seeks relief in change, however painful, from the blank gloom of unvarying uniformity. The mere absence of pain would be a sad and bitter destiny. There can be no solitary enjoyment. We only enjoy by participation. Deprive a man of human intercourse, and the tree of fruition, however it may cast its fruits around him, will wither, and only those ashes of bitterness will be tasted, fabled to be the produce of the Dead Sea shores.

On the day appointed our hero appeared before his judges. His trial was a mere mockery. The prosecutor swore to the robbery, and the prisoner, having no witnesses to prove his innocence, was found guilty by the jury, who, in France, are not bound by evidence, only by intimate conviction. Phoebe appeared in court. Her evidence was heard, but it only provoked from the public prosecutor the basest and most licentious insinuations. Dillon appealed to the court.

"Whatever may be the doom that awaits me, this innocent girl does not appear before you upon any criminal charge; why, then, should she be insulted? I appeal to the court to protect her from the licence of a coward's tongue." He was hurried from the bar after having heard his sentence pronounced, which doomed him to be exposed on the pillory, and sent to the galleys for the term of seven years.

A grin of satanic triumph raised the thick grizzled moustache of the accuser as he heard these welcome words of condemnation. Phoebe raised her bright eyes towards Heaven, and said, fervently, "God, I trust in thee! I have no fear. The innocent will not be permitted to suffer and the guilty escape;" and she walked beside Dillon with a firm step, until he entered the van that was now to take him to another prison. As it proceeded she followed at a distance, anxious to bid him once more farewell, when he should enter the gate.
As the van proceeded towards its destination, Dillon was not idle. He had conceived a plan of escape, as novel as it was desperate, and as successful as it was both. It was already evening. After sunset in November the darkness is generally intense, and therefore particularly favourable to the success of an enterprise such as he meditated. The prisoners who accompanied him were most of them sentenced to severe penalties, some to death, but most to the galleys. The former were generally silent and sullen, endeavouring to steel their nerves against the apprehension of a doom which they nevertheless dreaded with bitter agony of spirit. The latter were affecting a boisterous mirth, as a mask to more pungent thoughts. Dillon alone was calm and self-possessed. At length he asked, “What say you, my friends, to an attempt to rid ourselves of these bonds?”

One of the death-doomed looked suddenly up with a broad glare in his eye, and a grim smile which fixed his upper lip with a rigid and sinister curve upon his gum.

“Who ever heard of an escape from Bicêtre, whither we are now bound? This is not the time to dream, man! I shall go to my long sleep, and you to your bitter waking, in spite of both our wishes to evade the one and the other.”

“But,” said Dillon, in a deliberate whisper, “this is not Bicêtre, nor the Force either. There is a difference between wood and stone walls. What should hinder us from getting free before the bars of a prison dungeon are again closed upon us. Nothing is impossible to those who think so.”

There was an immediate hush among the prisoners. The buzz of many voices ceased. The hoarse imprecation—the filthy jest subsided, and the idea suggested by Dillon seemed to have taken possession of every brain. But how was the van to be escaped from, was the question. It was guarded before and behind, and French guards, when sober, were the most vigilant rouges alive.

“But,” said our hero, “there are no guards at the bottom. If we can only make a trap-door, we may slip from them in the dark, and give the poor horses a blessing by lightening the state burden. My word for it, they won’t be sufferers from dragging an empty wagon, instead of a full one, along the rough pavement of your city.”

The thought was caught at with avidity; but how to realise it was the mystery of which all seemed to seek a solution. “You shall see,” said Dillon, and took from his bosom a gimlet and the saw, with both of which he had been provided by Phœbe, the former in a subsequent visit to that already described. He had fully anticipated the result of his trial, and his mind had been accordingly made up in what manner he should frustrate the consummation of his sentence.

The eyes of those men who had been sentenced to the guillotine, when they saw the instruments produced by our hero, seemed to beam with new life. One shook his shaggy locks from his brows, and swore with an oath that he, after all, should cheat the hospitals of a subject. His whole frame appeared to thrill with the prospect of escape.

Dillon without delay applied his gimlet to the bottom of the van, and having bored several holes close together in a straight line to the length of about two inches, he forced in his saw, and began to work with an energy that seemed to promise speedy freedom to himself and his companions. The rumbling of the heavy vehicle over the rough pavement, which in Paris is worse than in any of our provincial towns in England, effectually prevented the noise of the saw from being heard by the driver or the guards; but in order to obviate the remotest chance of an occurrence that would have been fatal to our hero’s success, the company began to sing with such lusty unanimity that the outside passengers could no longer hear their own voices.

The driver of the wagon happening to be acquainted with the proprietor of a cabaret, stopped in his way to the prison in order to refresh himself with a glass of bad brandy, which served to keep out the frost of a November evening, if it did not possess the more sanative virtues of a stomachache. This pause in the journey greatly aided the operations of the prisoners. Though there was a halt in the van, however, there was no halt in their song; and by the time the vehicle was again fairly on its way, a hole fifteen inches square had been cut out of the bottom, and the road to liberty opened before our hero and his companions.

On passing the boulevards, which were lighted by very dingy lamps, at long intervals apart, Dillon slipped through the hole, dropped upon the ground, fell upon his face, and allowed the van to roll on. When clear of the clumsy machine, he rose without waiting to see how many of his companions followed, and directed his steps towards the river. He had scarcely commenced his course before he passed some one whom, dark though it was, with the peculiar quick-sightedness of
love, he instantly recognised to be Phoebe. She was startled at his salutation, but a few words sufficed for explanation.

"How will you escape? You will be recognised in that dress."

"Give me your cloak! I will make the best of my way to the nearest bridge, and remain under the first arch until you join me with a change of clothes. This cloak will conceal me from general scrutiny, and it must be at least half an hour before my escape can be discovered. I think I may assume such a disguise as shall defy detection. Get me a postilion’s dress, and meet me at the bridge. God bless you!"

Phoebe having thrown her cloak over his shoulders, Dillon proceeded with a tolerably quick movement to the spot where he had agreed to await her coming with a postilion’s disguise. The cold, raw evening had considerably thinned the streets, so that he met with few strollers in his progress, and these did not notice him. He reached the bridge without molestation. The night was cold and dismal.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To clothe every green,
And by the low-shorn rowins doth appear
The fast declining year.
The sapless branches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits;
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.*

He muffled himself closer in his cloak, and walked quietly under the arch of the bridge. Here he was luckily alone, and left to the more quiet exercise of his thoughts. He was at least free; but how improbable that he could eventually escape! His foreign accent must betray him, whatever disguise he might assume. But his was a mind always fruitful in expeditious, and great as the difficulty appeared he did not despair of overcoming it. His greatest impediment to complete and final liberty was the passport, without which he could not quit Paris. This might be obtained by Phoebe; but a man’s name being associated with hers would surely excite suspicion, especially as it was known that she and Dillon were under an engagement of marriage.

Whatever the difficulties were, it was necessary they should be encountered; Dillon therefore dismissed all evil thoughts from his mind, and speedily braced it to the necessary pitch of energetic resolution.

To obviate the chance of detection from the circumstance of his being a foreigner, he hit upon an expedient which promised a perfect security. He determined to be a stammerer; and by rendering himself thus almost unintelligible, he fairly concluded that he might set aside all risk of discovery.

With a strange but natural instinct of self-preservation, calculating the casualties that might still come upon him, he always carried his glass eye about his person, and since his imprisonment, had secreted it with the most wary caution—the idea of escape being continually present to his thoughts, and the remembrance of success upon a former occasion, when he was reduced to the necessity of employing it, arising vividly to his memory.

He walked to and fro for some time under the arch of the bridge in a state of feverish anxiety, which was at length relieved by the arrival of Phoebe with a bundle. He was not long in attiring himself in a blue frock, such as is usually worn by postilions in Paris, and having drawn a pair of heavy jack-boots over his legs, and assumed a high conical hat, his disguise was complete.

"Now," said he, "Phoebe, here shall henceforward be our place of meeting, until I can manage to effect my escape from this capital—for we must not be seen together. To-morrow evening I will inform you where I may have secured a temporary dwelling; but perhaps this may be my best hiding-place until the hungry hounds of the law have abated the activity of their pursuit."

"James," said Phoebe, sorrowfully, "I am afraid that a severe trial awaits us. Your ultimate escape appears to me a thing next to impossible."

"Nay, dear girl, don’t despond. My whole life has shown that I was born for better things than to pine at the galleys. I am foredoomed to something more fitting one created in the divine image. God is just! He will not desert me in the hour of extremity."

"Ah, Dillon!—can you, can with a clear conscience, encourage a hope of divine interference? You know I have no faith in your creed of predestination."

"Well, well," said Dillon, "despair is a bad engine. It will never help a good cause, much less a bad one."

The evening was rapidly advancing. Phoebe quitted Dillon, who immediately emerged from his hiding-place, proceeded to an obscure part of the city where the poor usually take up their abode, and secured a temporary lodging in the house of a matmaker. He stammered so admirably that the poor matmaker had no little difficulty in
comprehending him; but upon receiving the hire of his room in advance, it was sufficiently evident that the artisan perfectly understood his new lodger, and was therefore satisfied. He took Dillon to be some poor half-witted fellow with just brains enough to drive post-horses and crack a whip; and so long as he got his matutinal half frank for the day's hire of his room, he gave himself little concern about the rank or quality of his guest. He did not for a moment suspect our hero to be a foreigner, as it was impossible, amid the many nasal intimations and convulsive bitches through which his words were strained, like intractable jelly through a flannel bag, that he could distinguish the nice inflections of vernacular pronunciation, so obvious to the ear of a native in every country throughout the whole world.

Dillon and Phoebe used to meet nightly beneath the bridge—not a very sentimental spot for the ascription of lovers under any other circumstances, but now the most poetic place of meeting in the world, as it promised, better than any other, that security from prying curiosity, at this moment, eminently essential to the personal safety of one and to the happiness of both.

Phoebe had applied for a passport, which was refused, on the plea of her known acquaintance with Dillon, with whose escape it was suspected she was not only familiar, but that she had been a principal instrument in effecting it. She had become, consequently, an object of suspicion to the police. This threw additional impediments in the way of our hero’s final liberty, who, it was evident, could not avail himself of a passport, and would therefore have to travel at imminent risk of detection, should he be successful in quitting the French capital.

“What pain,” thought Dillon, “does man often take to mar the noblest work of his Creator! How often is he shamed by creatures which he looks upon as the most insignificant of God’s works!”

Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
Their master’s flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever and as fit to use;
So both the flower doth stay and honey run.*

Phoebe’s situation was one of most painful embarrassment. She almost feared to quit her home, lest she should be traced to the place of Dillon’s concealment, and thus their plans be defeated. Our hero, meanwhile, had a difficult part to play. He was in the habit of going, every morning, to a low cabaret in the neighbourhood of his present abode, in order to collect the current news of the day preceding; for all Frenchmen are, more or less, politicians and news-gossips, especially the idle and besotted. Here he obtained a good deal of information respecting himself, by which his movements were in the main directed. He had ascertained that on the night of his escape from the van, all his companions had been equally successful, but that, the whole of them had been since recaptured with the single exception of himself. The cunning of the Englishman was the almost daily theme of conversation at the cabaret. A considerable reward had been offered for his apprehension, and it was matter of daily increasing wonder where he could be concealed.

“‘This Englishman is a lad after my own heart,’” said a tall, grim-looking Parisian, as ragged as an Irish mountaineer caught in the act of illicit distillation; “‘he’s the first man that ever bay’d the dogs of the Police and baffled their scent. He’s been in Paris now nine days, for he can’t be clear of the city, and the blood-hounds haven’t yet got wind of him.’”

“Bonny St. Anthony’s silver crosser to a counterfeit six-liard piece,” said a squad one-eyed ruffian, “but he’ll be caged as close as a devil’s bird before Father Philippe shall chant another Sunday’s mass. Your Englishman is too dull a rascal to keep his wits sharpened long, and if he does a shrewd thing, ’tis like a gambler’s lucky throw, by chance or by knavery.”

“Well, but he’s the first, notwithstanding, that ever got out of the state-wagon without leave of the authorities.”

“Tut, tut, man—any cur’s sucking whep could have done as much with a saw and a gimlet;—there only wanted a hand to set ’em a-going; and the work was soon finished. I hate an Englishman as I hate sour grapes. What say you, Sir Knave?” he continued, familiarly slapping Dillon on the left shoulder.

Our hero, in a reply of three words, which he took as many minutes to utter, entirely coincided with his free and easy interlocutor, and then continued silent; but applauded everything the other uttered, with a grin of most intelligible approbation.

“‘Tis odd thy,” continued the first speaker, “that he’s had cunning enough to baffle the hungry jackals that hunt for the lions of state; for they see far and scent acutely.”

“My wig to the tuft of a Jew’s whisker, he’s abroad in disguise. He’s no doubt got
some beggar’s rags upon his broad back, which I’d give a good day’s rations, aye, and another added, to strip from his bare bones, and leave him with the marks of his country upon him, which are no more to be mistaken than the long ears of a Spanish post horse. I could desire no better sport than just to hand him over to the gripes of those, who will find the way to take care of him when they once again lay their official paws upon the hem of his new garment. He’s the product of a country which I loathe worse than a woman with a beard. ’Twould be a good day’s work to strip off his disguise, for I’m sure he’s prowling about under a sheep’s hide somewhere. I should like to pocket a sample of the State’s benevolence, in the way of reward for catching a stray thief. Who knows,” said he, turning abruptly towards Dillon, “but this stammering knight of the stable may be some knave in disguise?”

Dillon, with a ready presence of mind, laughed and said, after the struggle of a full minute, “Aye, who knows?”

The perfect indifference with which he met the question, seeming to treat it as a very sage joke, immediately lulled the Frenchman’s suspicions, if he really entertained any. The hearty chuckle of delight that followed from our hero when anything was said to the prejudice of the Englishman, together with the bad wine, of which the party had by this time swallowed sufficient to blind an elephant, turned the current of their thoughts another way, and the fictitious postilion quitted the cabaret without the shadow of a suspicion as to his real person- ality. He was, however, a good deal startled at the suspicion which the Frenchman expressed of his being abroad in disguise, but considered that the best way to quiet surmise was to visit the cabaret daily, as usual, until he should succeed in finally quitting Paris. The more he reflected upon his position, the less practicable did his escape appear: still he was determined to attempt it without loss of time, as the danger of discovery was every moment increasing.

That evening Phoebe met him, as usual, under the bridge, and with her he arranged the following mode of escape. She was to hire a small unfurnished cottage, about six miles out of the French capital, and send the furniture from Paris in a covered cart. By a liberal bribe she was to induce the carman to allow Dillon to be put into the vehicle under the furniture, representing him as anxious to get secretly out of the city in order to escape the pressing importunities of creditors who were pursuing him with legal processes. This plan was soon proposed and Phoebe about to depart, when a man appeared under the archway. His figure being relieved by the distant sky as he entered, was distinctly perceptible to Dillon and Phoebe; but, as it was very dark, and they stood against the buttress of the arch, they were not visible to the intruder, who advanced slowly, placing his hand against the wall in his progress till it came in contact with Dillon’s shoulder, which he grasped firmly.

“Who’s there?” he cried in a tone of suppressed anxiety.

Our hero immediately recognised the voice of his late prosecutor. Finding himself near the man who had so grievously injured him, his first impulse was revenge; but swayed by that instinctive caution which instantly turned the whole current of his thoughts upon his own personal safety, he resolved to maintain his incognito, hoping thus to get out of the toils of his vigilant and ferocious foe. The moment, however, that he began to stammer, whether there was something in his voice which the keen and inquisitive passions of the Frenchman recognised, or that his suspicions were otherwise excited, is a matter only to be guessed, but he immediately cried, twisting his hand in Dillon’s collar, “Oh yes, stammering is a convenient subterfuge, but I shan’t quit my hold of you until you prove yourself a Frenchman, and that, I take it, will be greater perplexity than a Chinese puzzle.”

Phoebe, in spite of her agitation, did not utter a word; knowing that any appeal to the compassion of the man who had so unexpectedly intruded upon their privacy would be like the attempt to check a mountain torrent with a butterfly’s wing. She stood struggling with her tears, over which she obtained sufficient mastery not to confirm the intruder’s suspicions.

Our hero, with admirable presence of mind, subdued his anger, and still resorted to his stammering; treating his seizure as a somewhat rude joke, at which he affected to laugh, and declaring, in accents scarcely articulate, “That he must have been mistaken for some one else.”

“It may be, but we shall see. I watched the wench here who follows you as a crow follows a carcass, and why she should come under the dirty arch of a bridge to meet a ragged, stammering postilion I can’t for the life of me see; unless, indeed, there be more in this same ragged, stammering postilion than appears on the outside. But the matter
can soon be set at rest: if you are what you assume to be, you will have no objection to be overhauled. To tell you the truth, I suspect you to be an Englishman to whom I lately gave an ugly poke in the stomach for his insolence, and got put into prison for thieving. He bears the mark of the former, I'll be bound, though he has contrived to escape from the latter."

Phœbe's alarm now got the better of her prudence, and she pleaded strongly for Dillon's release.

"Aye," said the Frenchman, with a triumphant chuckle, "this looks something like a confirmation of a shrewd guess. But it won't do, he must be stripped of this mummer's gear, and if he bear the mark of his punishment, well—if not, he may go abroad again, and there's no harm done."

An ancient bard has said, perhaps with more beauty than truth—

\begin{quote}
Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows.
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love.
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild*;
\end{quote}

but the Frenchman, though no hero, was more savage, and therefore not to be tamed by such sweet influence.

Dillon, now finding that he was clearly discovered through his disguise, no longer attempted to conceal what was but too evident; and therefore, putting a bold face upon the matter, he said, "Well, you have guessed rightly, and what then?"

"Only that you must back to your old quarters for a few weeks, when you will be removed, for country air, to a nice snug little station where rogues labour for their daily bread, with sometimes a couple of initials signed upon their shoulders that water won't wash out."

"Thank you for your information, but perhaps you know by this time that I don't submit to another man's will as a matter of course; and I tell you, honestly, that in the present instance I shall decline becoming your companion. Let me tell you further, that, if you don't this moment quit my presence, I'll give your scurril head such a scrubbing against this wall that it shall be your reminder, for at least a month to come, how an honest Englishman can baffle the villany of a French rogue."

"We shall see," said the other, suddenly laying his hand upon Dillon's collar which he had relinquished, and calling to persons whom he had evidently stationed at a short distance with orders to await such a signal. Our hero, excited by the man's malignity, instantly dragged him towards the water, relieved himself from his grasp, and with the force and skill of an ancient athlete, flung him into the river that flowed sluggishly at his feet. Before his myrmidons could rescue him he had twice sunk, and was drawn out of the turbid water in a state of insensibility.

Dillon seeing that there was no chance of escape, quietly resigned himself into the hands of his captors. A fiacre was provided, and he was put into it, between his old foe and a stout Frenchman; the former reeking with his late bath, the latter scarcely less moist, having been mainly instrumental in snatching his employer from a watery death. Poor Phœbe was left to return, in solitary dejection, to her lodging, where she relieved her agony by a flood of tears. Hers, however, was not a soul to despair. She had that lofty, but still seasonable reliance upon the providential agency of Him who is the sole arbiter of human destinies, which satisfied her that whatever He decreed was for good; and, therefore, she resolved to look forward with a resigned purpose of endurance to the great Giver of life, whether these might terminate in weal or in woe. She fully concurred with a charming old poet,

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrunken in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire;
As spiders touch'd seek their webs' immost part—
As bees in storms back to their hives return,—
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn.
If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
Making us pry into ourselves so near,
Teach us to know ourselves beyond our books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were."

Meanwhile our hero was borne to the police office, and from thence conveyed toBicêtre, between two gendarmes. Here he was thrust into a dungeon, cold, damp, and cheerless. The only light—the only air was admitted through the door, and so fetid was the atmosphere that he could scarcely breathe. Here he was under the vigilance of an old but hale ruffian, who had grown grey in prison service, and was valued for those qualities in his nature, which were only approved of by the devil and Ministers of State. Before the heavy iron door was closed

* Giles Fletcher.

† Sir John Davies, a poet of the seventeenth century, who died 1699.
up upon the prisoner he was told that the first part of his sentence, exposure on the pillory, would be executed upon him on the fourth day following.

Dillon was not disposed to make a companion of the brute before him, who, finding that his charge was sullen, said with a husky gurgle of the throat, “Well, I don’t want you to teach me that a toad can’t crow. All I’ve got to say, before I bid you a good night, is, there lies a pitcher of prison water in the corner, and a crust of prison bread beside it. There’s some straw in t’other corner—not over dry, but we don’t provide down for jail birds, they must lie on their own.” So saying, he locked the door, and left Dillon to his meditations.

These were, to the last degree, melancholy. His notions of predestination were a good deal shaken by this second shock, and his spirit was beginning to sink under the prop of a false creed. He began to think that, in this world, a man can’t ensure happiness as he can property; that though it has its lights and shadows, the lights are frequently false, but the shadows never. He could now have sung earnestly and with a full heart—

I know my life’s a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock’d in ev’ry thing;
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud—and yet a wretched—thing.

SYPHAX.

AUTHORS FROM THE RANKS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.—NO. II.

LORD HOLLAND.

Certain names excite certain sympathies; they bring at once to our recollection times that are gone by and men that are no more. Among the most pre-eminent stands that of Fox. It was borne by a man who occupied a high place in our most distinguished annals—one whose supremacy was acknowledged by connoisseurs of no ordinary intellect, who bowed before the greatness of his mind, while they clung to the benevolence of his heart. Never did statesman attain renown, and engross affection, with less envy than Charles James Fox: few were more popular, and few have laid a better foundation for immortality. Lord Holland is the nephew of that illustrious statesman, and bears the strongest resemblance to him. In person and disposition the likeness is complete—in talents his lordship sustains the reputation of his family. He is a warm lover of literature, a generous patron of literary men, and himself no subaltern in the literary corps. His “Life and Works of Lope de Vega” has obtained a standard place amongst our best publications of the same description, and has acquired for its author the character of an able biographer.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This fair and successful candidate for literary renown comes from the verdant isle, Whence bards and minstrels oft have come before.

Her writings evince much of the fine feeling, acute penetration, and playful fancy, so strongly characteristic of her native land. The “Conversations with Byron” are alone sufficient to sustain this observation. With what exquisite tact does her ladyship bring forth the character of the noble poet! How cleverly she sports with his vanity, laughs at his egotism, and derides his waywardness! Every sentence she utters discovers shrewdness, sensibility and satire. Besides these “Conversations,” she has written “The Repealers,” “The Two Friends,” with other works of imagination, and contributed some pleasing poetry to the periodicals. We need no apology for inserting the following lines from her ladyship’s pen:

There is a time—a dreary time
When life’s illusions fade away,
Like music’s faint receding chime,
Or like the sun’s last parting ray.

Ah! then how shrinks the lonely heart,
When all its cherished flowers have died,
And hope, the latest to depart,
Has e’en her farewell requiem sigh’d.

What now remains our path to cheer,
That path which leads but to the tomb?
*Tis the blest thought, it brings us near
The loved—the lost—to share their doom.

The Countess of Blessington is the widow of the Earl of Blessington, and a sister of Viscountess Canterbury. Her father, Edmund Power, Esq., of Connel, was a gentleman of literary attainments and pursuits.
AUTHORS FROM THE RANKS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

LORD MAHON.

The descendant of a race of gifted ancestors, this young nobleman aspired early in life to literary reputation, and shewed, by his first work, the "Life of Belisarius," the solidity of the foundation upon which those aspirations were based. The Memoir is able and elaborate; it boldly refutes Gibbon, exposing some of the inaccuracies of that eloquent writer with as much talent as did the "Historian of the Decline" himself the dreams of Warburton, when it was observed "that a stripping went forth against Goliath and overthrew him." His lordship's next production, "the History of the War of the Succession," was undertaken with the laudable desire of developing the character and narrating the life of his distinguished progenitor, James Stanhope, grandson of the Earl of Chesterfield, and son and heir of the Hon. Alexander Stanhope, who had been some time ambassador from England to the Court of Spain. Educated in his father's house at Madrid, young Stanhope acquired proficiency in the Spanish language, with a thorough knowledge of the Spanish character and Spanish habits. Before the war broke out, of which his descendant is the historian, he had distinguished himself at home by his eloquence in parliament, and had fought with distinction under Marlborough, in Flanders. His personal knowledge of the peninsula, his military reputation, and his diplomatic abilities, united to point him out as the person most qualified to be employed in aid of the Austrian competitor for the crown of Aragon; and through every crisis of the succeeding struggle, his prudence, discretion, and gallantry, justified the sound policy of the selection. He afterwards became Earl Stanhope, and first lord of the treasury. Having achieved the summit of civic and military honours, his lordship bequeathed to his posterity the lands and titles he had won, and the talents by which they were acquired.

Lord Mahon is now about thirty years of age, and unmarried. He is the son and heir of the present Earl Stanhope, grandson of the late highly gifted Earl, and nearly allied to the families of Cavendish, Grenville, and Pitt.

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

"Since the beginning of our critical career, 'says the Edinburgh Review,' we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our feeble efforts to recall or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber, and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the fields of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. We need say nothing of Milman, and Croly, and Atherton, and Hood, and a legion of others, who, with no ordinary gifts of taste and fancy, have not so properly survived their fame as been excluded by some hard fatality from what seemed their just inheritance. The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least marks of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell; neither of them, it may be remarked, voluminous writers, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste and consummate elegance of their writings, than for that fiery passion and disdainful vehemence, which seemed for a time to be so much more in favour with the public."

The Bard of Memory is the son of an eminent banker of London, the late T. Rogers, Esq., who stood, in 1780, one of the most severely contested elections upon record, for the city of Coventry, with Colonel Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield. Mr. Rogers first appeared before the public as author of "an Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," a collection soon followed by his most popular work, "the Pleasures of Memory." This poem is replete with simplicity, grace, and feeling. From it we extract the subjoined beautiful lines, a fair specimen of their author's style:

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene:
The tangled woodwalk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent memory wakes, and lo! they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm:
Thou wouldst the muse invoke—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals:
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play,
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

To the "Pleasures of Memory" succeeded, in 1798, "an Epistle to a Friend," a delightful production, the design of which was to illustrate the virtue of true taste; and to show how little she requires to secure not only the comforts, but even the elegances of life. The fragments of "Columbus," "Jacqueline," and "Human Life," followed, and, though they abound in many exquisite lines and poetic thoughts, are certainly
unequal to their author's previous efforts. "Italy," however, the last, and by some esteemed the greatest, of the works of this accomplished bard, has appeared and fully re-established his fame*.

**MISS ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU.**

"The Bard of the Sea Kings"—"Edith of Greystock," and smaller poems of great beauty and feeling, have gained for their fair and gifted authoress considerable reputation in the world of letters. Miss Montagu is the only daughter of George Conway Montagu, Esq., of Lackham House, Wiltshire, the representative of a distinguished branch of the ducal family of Manchester.

**THE EARL OF CARNARVON.**

This nobleman, of high literary attainments, is author of "Don Pedro," a tragedy, and of many beautiful poems which have occasionally graced the periodicals. The Earl represents a younger branch of the great family of Herbert, of which the chivalric Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Philip, Earl of Pembroke, were such distinguished members. He has just completed his thirty-fifth year, and is married to Henrietta Anne, eldest daughter of Lord Henry Molyneux Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk. He is nearly related to the noble houses of Ilchester, Egremont, Ducie, &c., &c.

**HON. MRS. NORTON.**

Mrs. Norton is another link in that long chain of hereditary talent, which has now extended itself through nearly a whole century. She is a Sheridan by descent—the daughter of Thomas, the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and one, consequently, of the rich cluster of genius, which is wreathed round the name she inherits. Great interest always attaching to the family of Sheridan, and much inaccuracy having got abroad, we are sure that a few details will not be deemed irrelevant.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Sheridan, a distinguished Divine, became eminent as an actor, but still more so by his excellent lectures on elocution, and his judicious and unremitting attention in contributing to the improvement of national edu-

cation. Of his works, which were many and valuable, the principal was the "Life of Swift." By his wife Frances, the accomplished authoress of "Sydney Biddulph," he left two sons, Charles Francis, Secretary of War in Ireland, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan—

The orator, dramatist, minstrel—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all,
and who married, first, Miss Linley, daughter of the celebrated musical composer; and, secondly, Esther Jane, daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Ogle. By the latter, who survived her lamented husband but a few months, he had one son, Charles; by the former, who died in 1793, an only child—

THOMAS SHERIDAN, ESQ., who wedded Miss Callender, (nearly related to the Countess of Antrim, Lady Graham, of Netherby, &c.,) and had three sons and three daughters,—Richard Brinsley, who recently married the daughter of Sir Colquhoun Grant; Thomas Berkeley; Charles; Frances, married to Captain Price Blackwood, nephew of Lord Duff-ferin; Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, married to the Hon. George C. Norton; and Jane Georgiana, married to Lord Seymour.

Mrs. Norton need not rest upon ancestral claims for distinction, when her own abilities have earned for her a considerable literary reputation. Before the completion of her twelfth year, she composed "The Dandies' Rout," a description of little book then in great popularity with nursery students. In 1829, two years after her marriage with Mr. Norton, appeared, with some smaller poems, her favourite work, the "Sorrows of Rosalie," which was followed by "The Undying One." This fair authoress has not confined her literary pursuits to poetry alone; "The Wife, and Woman's Reward,"—"The Coquette," with many other prose tales from her pen, are well known.

**EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.**

Mr. Bulwer descends from two very ancient families, the Bulwers, who have enjoyed lands (still in their possession) since the Conquest, and the Lyttons, eminent in Hertfordshire from the reign of Henry VII. He is the eldest son of the late General Bulwer, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, Esq., of Knobworth Park, and is married to Rosina, only surviving daughter of the late Francis Massey Wheele, Esq. His eldest brother, Wm. L. Bulwer, Esq., a country gentleman, resides at Heydon Hall, the patrimonial

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* Over a covered seat in the flower garden at Holland house, Kensington, where the author of the Pleasures of Memory has been accustomed to sit, appear the following lines:

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
To me, those pleasures that he sings so well.

Vassall Holland.
mansion in Norfolk, his younger, Henry L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P., for Marylebone, has recently published a work on France. Mr. Edward Bulwer's literary career has been preeminently successful. Few modern novelists have obtained more admirers—still fewer been more universally read. His first works were, to use his own words, brought from "the poet's golden land," and his earlier, productions, "Weeds and Wild Flowers," and "Ishmael," were stamped with those great powers which time and experience have matured. "Pelham" appeared in 1828; and has since been frequently reprinted. With the exception of the Literary Gazette, which did justice to the rising novelist, the whole periodical press was "up in arms." Merit, however, in England, let the obstacles opposed to its progress be ever so great, eventually commands success, and so it turned out in Mr. Bulwer's case. "The Disowned," "Devreux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," followed each other in rapid succession, and have gained for their author one of the highest places among writers of fiction, whilst his "England and the English" and his "Student," show him to be a great essayist as well as a bold and able political writer.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Bart.

This accomplished author whose poems, criticisms, novels, and genealogical works, have always been so well received by the public, is the son of a country gentleman, descended from a distant branch of a family of ancient nobility, whose peculiarity, on failure of the immediate line, having been claimed by his elder brother, the Rev. E. T. Brydges, became the subject of fourteen years' litigation in the House of Lords. His mother was the daughter and co-heir of William Egerton, LL.D., grandson of John, Earl of Bridgewater, by Elizabeth, daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and, through his paternal grandmother, Sir Egerton Brydges is nearly related to Gibbon the historian. He was born in November 1762, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he excelled in the composition of Latin and English verse. In the spring of 1785, he published several sonnets, and other small poems; in 1792, "Mary de Clifford;" in 1798, "Arthur Fitzalbini;" and in 1802, "De Forester." These novels gained great favour with the class of readers for whom they are designed, but gave much offence to some of the author's Kentish neighbours, who fancied themselves satirised in these stories. Sir Egerton has, not long since, published two interesting works, "Imaginative Biography," and his "Autobiography." He is now engaged in the superintendence of an edition of Milton.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart.

Sir John Hobhouse is known in letters as in politics. His name is familiar to the public as the confidential friend and fellow-traveller of Byron, and the historical illustrator of the first part of "Childe Harold." As a political writer, his celebrated epistle to Canning, published sixteen or seventeen years ago in the Examiner newspaper, proves that he is gifted with powers of severity and invective hardly inferior to those of Junius. The wound was so deeply felt, that the sensitive statesman sent a challenge to the anonymous author. Sir John is the son and heir of the late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., by his first wife, the heiress of Samuel Cam, Esq., of Chauntly House, Wilshire. Sir Benjamin, who was a Barrister by profession, held the office of Secretary to the Board of Trade in the Addington Administration, and was Chairman of Ways and Means during the short-lived Administration of 1806.

Lord Morpeth.

With a splendour of descent almost unequalled, in possession of the highest honours and of abundant wealth, his Lordship has never relaxed in his efforts to deserve distinction by his personal worth. After a brilliant university career, Lord Morpeth entered upon public life, and has acquired fame in both the literary and the political world: in the former, by many beautiful poetic pieces, contributed to the periodicals of the day; in the latter, by his eloquence, consistency, and patriotism. His direct ancestor, the celebrated Earl of Scurry, a poet of taste and refinement at a period when our literature was rude and barbarous, married the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, Earl of Oxford, and had a son, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who left three sons, Philip, progenitor of the ducal house; Thomas, Earl of Suffolk; and William, from whom descend the Earls of Carlisle, and the Howards resident at Corby Castle, one of the most beautiful seats in the beautiful county of Cumberland. Lord Morpeth, now in his 34th year, and unmarried, is the eldest son of the present Earl of Carlisle, nephew of the Duke of Devonshire, and grandson of Frederick Lord Carlisle, the kinsman and guardian of the late Lord Byron.
"THOSE HORRID HACKNEY-COACHMEN."

Who is there that cannot call to mind the look and the tone with which the late—poor Yorick!—the late Charles Mathews used to deliver the logical reply of the hackney-coachman's deputy, when asked why his tribe were called "Watermen?" "Because we open the coach-doors!" What an admirable specimen is this of that species of "perfectly satisfactory explanation" which is so prevalent in society! It is a type of the "most exquisite reason" that governs us all. It illustrates the principle on which we agree to call every alien man "worthy," every representative "honourable." It explains why we elevate a row of houses, destitute of every other elevation, by the title of "terrace," and why the opposite row, equally ranged in a straight line, is called a "crescent." This is why we have hosts of such things as Torrington-square, which is a street; and the Serpentine river, which is not a river, and anything but serpentine.

"We are called watermen, because we open coach-doors." The honourable member for—(the doors of Parliament are closed, the session is part of history, and we may be allowed to allude to the most memorable and original remark ever made within the walls of the House), the honourable member for Wigan must have had Mathews in his mind, during a discussion upon a bill, which, for the sake of elegance and euphony, was designated "Public Carriages (Metropolis) Bill!" The member for Wigan took up a position on the field of argument which, though it had never been occupied by a single logician since the hackney-coach No. 1 first took its place upon a stand, is capable of the most triumphant defence, upon the principle adverted to. In short, the member for Wigan—but we must relate what he did, in a paragraph that, like a star, shall dwell apart in singleness of lustre.

Mr. Potter eulogised the hackney-coachmen of the metropolis, as persons of general good behaviour and civility of address. An acquaintance of ours the other day married a rich heiress, because she had no money at all; and one of our many particular friends wrote an admirable book upon experimental philosophy, because he was profoundly ignorant of the subject. Sheridan, that laughing libeller of womankind, assures us that a lady naturally falls in love with a gentleman, when she knows that he is the last man on earth whom she ought to fall in love with. Granting that in woman this perversity exists with regard to the perverse passion of love alone, in man it enters into every passion, and prevails over all his conduct. It is the feature of his philosophy, the trait of his character, the pivot of his actions, the principle of his nature. We are always painting an object sky-blue, because it has been proved to be grass-green. We are evermore talking of the hypotenuse of a triangle, when we know that we should be describing the segment of a circle. Our lives are spent in endeavouring to make others believe what we cannot ourselves believe—that two and two are five, and that the half is equal to the whole. If we are not at something wrong, all is not right with us. We must have a remark to make, which we know we should cautiously abstain from making; we must seek the excitement by which alone we live—that of doing a thing because we ought not to do it. To do it innocently, is to strip the act of its enjoyment. One has no relish of a wrong step, if one takes it inadvertently. No, the delight consists in the wilfulness. We must be thoroughly conscious of the propriety of remaining silent before we can secure the true pleasure of making a speech; and unless we feel assured that we ought not, upon any account, to taste a single glass of wine, there is very little enjoyment in drinking six bottles.

This innate perverseness of our nature, at all events this habit, which is far more generally diffused through society than may be conceived, is set before us at full length, even in the little miniature circumstance of our calling a man a waterman because he opens a coach-door.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.

And it is the delightful intoxication of this new-made honour at which we aim at arriving, by the misappropriation of descriptive epithets, and delicious deviations of every kind. Now, to say nothing of the mere novelty of the line of argument, though novelty is always a chief ingredient in pleasure, the honourable member alluded to
must have felt the highest and most exquisite sensation of the orator, in delivering his brief eulogy upon the hackney-coachman, in attributing to that functionary a "civility of address" because he is famous for his insolence, and in celebrating his "general good behaviour" because he generally cheats us. Nature is ever beneficent and just. If she subjects us to the endurance of being called "anything but a gentleman" because we do not like to be robbed, or to be the victim of extortion because we detest a vulgar squabble about sixpence, she redeems all by allowing us the pleasure of ascribing the utmost civility and conscientiousness to the party by whom we have been plundered or abused.

If we have to suffer evil, we have always abundance of good to repay it with, and with respect to the pleasure of such repayments we can inquire of Mr. Potter. We envy the honourable member the luxury of passing those encomiums upon the hackney-coachmen of the metropolis. Had he lived in the days of the luxurious monarch of old, he would have been entitled to the reward of discovering a new pleasure. Great is his recompense even in these. His is a felicity that never was tasted until now; his is the pride of having taken possession of the last original bit of ground that the ingenuity of argument had left unoccupied. The sole remaining novelty, in the way of a subject for eulogy, is gone; for it would be an anticlimax now, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," to write essays on the wisdom of the goose, the swiftness of the tortoise, or the tenderness of the tiger. What are these, as themes to dilate upon, compared with the civility and integrity of the hackney-coachman! Mr. Potter has plucked the last rose of summer, and proved it to be without a thorn. That which has hitherto been supposed a vessel of the commonest form and coarsest clay, comes out a piece of precious porcelain from the hands of the Potter. It is in this that real pleasure and glory consist. Where would have been the merit or the merriment of taking the old track—hackneyed as the hackney itself—of heaping abuse on poor "Jehu"? Everybody can calumniate him. Everybody has had a fling at him. From the prince who prefers his own carriage, to the pedlar who prefers walking—those alike who call coaches, and those who have no call for them—all have indulged, twelve times every day, in a tirade against the impertinence and roguey of the hackney-coachman. We coincide with Mr. Potter in avoiding this beaten path of vulgar facts. We abhor the maxim of "calling a spade a spade!"—a "diamond" sounds better, and begets more brilliant associations. Praise to Mr. Potter for polishing the very roughest that society ever threw up from its dark and fathomless recesses.

If we could for a moment suppose that our enologist of the hackney-coachman meant to be understood literally, and not in reference to the wise principle we have been discussing—of calling a crab-apple a pine-apple, then a still more startling consideration opens upon us. Then must we behold, in the member for Wigan, that most extraordinary of all living creatures, a man who has extracted sweets from bitters, "sunbeams from cucumbers"—who has made the torpedo tame, and the hippopotamus graceful; a magician, in fine, who has won respect and civil treatment from the whole tribe of "Jehus," and found a sense of fair dealing where others have experienced only a spirit of extortion. Did Orpheus ever perform such a miracle? Did the happiest of mortals ever enjoy such an exemption from annoyance? It would hardly be rash to assert, that every gentleman registered in the Court-Guide has, in the course of his life, summoned each particular coachman in the metropolis, to each particular police-office therein, at least three times. How many summonings these make, we stay not to calculate; still less can we number up the instances of overcharge and abuse, of slow-driving or fast-driving, that have passed unrecorded in the annals of the country. And while all this turmoil and trouble has been going on—while gentlemen have been compelled to register their police-office visits upon this score among their regular morning calls, lo! the lucky member for Wigan has, in hackney-coaches of every hue and number, pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, and fascinated the very furies themselves into decorum and politeness. Mr. Potter has never been overcharged, never been insulted. From stand to stand he has proceeded, safe and unmolested in purse and person. Extortion marked him not for her own. His ears have heard nothing but a "thank your honour," when the legal fare has been presented; his eyes have seen only a courteous, well-bred, gentlemanly touch of the haybound hat, as the coach-door closed upon his exit or entrance. Who that could ensure similar treatment would ever walk an inch? Who would not call a coach even when he wanted to stay at home! Above all, who would keep a carriage of his own?
—Who would bear the whips and canes o’ the time,
The coachman’s wrong, the footman’s contumely,
The horses’ broken knees, the groom’s delay,
The cost of shattered pannels, and the spurns
That patient masters from their servants take,
when they might summon No. 320, pay
one shilling, and receive the respectful
homage and grateful blessings of the most
upright and exemplary of all living creatures!
Such, we are to suppose, is the happy fortune
of the member for Wigan!—Man of marvelous
destiny! Fortunatus’s wishing-cap would
be wasted upon him.

The bare idea of this possibility—the half-
hope that one human being (if we may call
Mr. Potter human) has experienced such a
pleasant drive in what Lord Byron calls
“life’s hackney coach,” suddenly warms our
hearts in favour of the degenerate race of
drivers. We begin to grow converts to the
Potterian doctrine. We have wronged the
hackney-coachmen. We have conspired with
the world to libel a most polite, most honest,
most estimable class of people. No. 143 was
perfectly correct last night; he asked no more
than his due; the fare is three-and-sixpence.
He was rather impertinent, to be sure—but
that was because we sent him away with
half-a-crown. He had a fair right to a
shilling’s worth of indignation. We deliver
our proxy into the hands of the member for
Wigan; we vote henceforth with him. We
must make allowances for the hackney-
coachman; he is exposed to every kind of
weather, whether called or not. It is his hard
destiny to drive others to the brilliant theatre,
while he remains outside in the rain. He
must not shelter himself even in his own
vehicle. He is surely the most ill-used of
mortals. He cannot ask more than is fair,
even when he asks more than his fare; and
he may be apt to do this sometimes, for his
education has been neglected, and he is,
perhaps, unable to read the list of fares. It
is this unlucky defect that prevents him from
advertising the articles that are accidentally
left in his vehicle. How can it be expected
that he should write in a style adapted for
 corresponding with public journals? The
friends of education should build a seminary
for his use. We almost remember having
seen it hinted, that the corn-laws press upon
the hackney-coachman with peculiar
severity; he is certainly most lavish in his allowance
to his horses. This grievance must be
remedied. We leave the matter in the
hands of his parliamentary advocate. Mean-
while, we shall exhibit a sense of our former
dulness, and our present illumination, by
calling upon the public to call coaches—
ever to cavil about the fare—and always to
treat the driver as a gentleman. And now
that we look again at the hackney-coach-
man (we write opposite a stand), there is
a distinct likeness of the gentleman—the
decayed gentleman—in his air and appear-
ance. That shabby coach might once have
been his private carriage. He might once
have sate the sole inside-passenger of his
now public vehicle. That faded coat-of-
arms, that half-obiterated certificate of high
ancestry, may be his own. There is a keep-
ing, a harmony, between coach, cattle, and
driver; they are old, tarnished, meagre;
they have seen their best days, but they look
as though they always belonged to each
other. They are testimonials of the eternal
fitness of things; they have been all swept
by the same blast; they betoken an equal
fortune and fall; they are evidences of an
even-handed change. Yes, we begin to per-
ceive that all hackney-coachmen are gentle-
men-born; that they are still persons remark-
able for their good breeding, refined
address, and undeviating integrity; and no
less for the peculiar skill with which they
conceal these qualities from view.

A PAIR OF TURTLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN'S GRAVE."

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills, the setting sun—
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

More lovely than any sunset, whether in
Grecian or in northern climes, is the placid
close of a mildly expiring life. "Mark the
perfect man, and behold the upright, for the
end of that man is peace." There is a
beauty, therefore, for those who have a heart
to appreciate it, even in solitary old age, or
on a companionless dying bed; but how much
more interesting is the sight of an affectionate old couple tottering to the grave together, who have been lovely in their lives, and in death are undivided. I have seen such a sight as this: it is among the earliest and strongest of my recollections; and never do I hear the well-known line of the bard of Erin—

There’s nothing half so sweet in life as love’s young dream,

but I immediately think of the aged and venerable couple who lived together in one house, and with one heart, for upwards of fifty years, and slowly sank together, with an unabated unity of affection, into one grave; and I cannot but suppose that they found the last days of their loving life quite as sweet as “love’s young dream.” It is a scene worth preserving, lacking as it may all poetical circumstance or embellishment.

The couple to whom I refer, and whose image I am now endeavouring to present to the world’s eye, belonged to the most unpoetical class in society, and dwelt in a region the most unromantic that it is possible to imagine: they were among the very humblest of the middle class, and their abode was in one of the eastern suburbs of the great metropolis, somewhat beyond that delectable region called Mile-End. The house in which they lived still remains, but so surrounded with buildings of recent erection, that it is hardly to be recognised. When I first knew it, it stood alone in a dull and silent lane, which was seldom used save as a thoroughfare to some marshes that lay along the river’s side. From the front of the house you had a smoky prospect of the steeples and domes of the great city, and from the back you might see the ships coming up or going down the river. The dwelling had once been a small farmhouse; it was built with a dingy red brick, which time, and smoke, and damp, have now rendered almost black. When I knew it, it had casement windows, which having been but lately replaced by sash windows, give the poor old house the melancholy, gloomy aspect of a superannuated dandy clad in cast-off finery of a recently by-gone fashion. When Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the name of my old friends, lived there, although the house might have somewhat faded from its pristine glory, yet the place looked respectably old, and particularly well adapted to its inhabitants. It had a pretty papered parlour for Sunday use, coldly furnished with a thin Kidderminster carpet, a few high-backed, black mahogany chairs, and a pair of scatty, old chintz window curtains, thin and transparent as muslin. There was also a glazed corner cupboard, which contained the Sunday teathings. This apartment was only used to drink tea in on Sundays; there being for common use another room of that amphibious kind, between parlour and kitchen, as may yet be seen in villages and small country towns, having a kitchen range, a brick sanded floor, elm chairs, a deal table, and stout blue stuff window-curtains. Every thing was brightly and beautifully clean.

Mr. Smith had a place in the India-house, as porter, or something of that kind. He had held it for many years, and latterly it was mercifully made almost a sinecure to him; for he did not like to retire, though his services could not amount to much—the task of walking these and back again, in his old age, being quite enough for a day’s work; but he liked to look on and see that things were done properly. He used to wonder what would become of the East-India Company and the great house in Leadenhall-street when he should no longer be able to give them the benefit of his presence and advice. His personal appearance was particularly neat, and his address courteous beyond his station. He wore a brown bob wig, and a uniform stuff-coloured suit, which the people all along Whitechapel and Mile-end-road were as familiar with as with the return of morning and evening. Mrs. Smith was as neat as her husband. Having once seen, it would be impossible for any one to forget her snow-white mob-cap, platted round her placid face with such an exquisite adaptation, that it seemed difficult to say whether the cap was made for the face, or the face for the cap. They had not many neighbours, nor many acquaintances, but all they had spoke and thought very highly of them; yet when you came to inquire who and what the Smiths were, and why every body spoke so well of them, the only account you could get of the matter was that they were worthy old creatures whom everybody liked. They were certainly not the dispensers of much wealth either in the way of business or of charity, for they had not much to dispense. They had no particular brightness of intellect, nor did they take any part in the general interests and concerns of the parish. But they were such nice-looking old people—they were in nobody’s way—they did not hurt any one’s self-love. They had not done or said anything to win the goodwill of their neighbours, but they had gradually
grown into the hearts of those that knew them. They looked as if they wished far more good than they could possibly do. Human beings are for the most part in a state of care, of struggling, of anxiety; and the faces that you mostly meet in the great thoroughfares, and in the more multitudinous resorts of men, have upon them marks of doubt, or fear, or selfish calculation; a smiling and habitually contended countenance is as rare a thing in the great lottery of the world as a great prize used to be in the state lotteries. Therefore the very appearance of these good people was a pleasant sight to their neighbours—a kind of moral sunshine—an oasis in the desert—a paradise in a vale of tears.

Happy, pleased, and contented, as they were, and apparently creeping through life as almost the only undisturbed couple amid the agitations of the world, they had not been without their troubles in days past. When you see a pleased and happy infant stretching its tender limbs upon its mother’s lap, and forming its pretty face into dimpled smiles at each new sight of wonder which the untried world presents to its eager eyes, little can you imagine to what cares and fears, to what sorrows and sufferings it may be exposed in after life. So in like manner when you see an aged pair quietly melting away the latter hours of their mortal life, and looking as mere sleepy spectators of the busy and careful world around them, you cannot say what sorrows they may not have experienced, nor do you know to what storms and trials they may have been exposed; for as the cloudless sun-rise tells not of the storms that are coming, so neither does the placid sun-set, gorgeous with its golden clouds, bear manifestation of the storms that have been.

I knew this venerable couple only in their latter days, and from what I saw then, I should have thought that their whole lives had glided calmly along, without a ripple or a breeze. But they had borne their share of the trials of life; they had brought up a large family with care and tenderness, and with the usual hopes which parents form for their children; but the world had gone hardly with their children, who had been dispersed in various directions, and exposed to various hardships, so that the old people in their latter days had none of their family near them, except a grandchild—an orphan girl, whom they had brought up from her childhood. At two years of age, having lost both father and mother, the old people took her to live with them, and she became to them a substitute for all their other children, who were married away from them, settled or unsettled, here and there, and everywhere, save within reach of their parents. Little Lucy was suffered to grow up in a kind of amiable and quiet wildness; she was placed under very little restraint, because, from her constitutional meekness, she needed but little. Her education too was more of the heart than of the head; her only preceptress had been her grandmother, who would not part with the little living treasure for so many hours in the day as a school education demanded. Perhaps the child lost little in literature by this arrangement, and certainly she gained much in gentleness and sweet simplicity of manners.

As the child grew up to maturity, the old people made equally rapid strides towards the close of their mortal pilgrimage. And every day they needed more and more the attentions and care of their affectionate and grateful grandchild. Lucy was quite pleased to assist her grandmother in the many monotonous toils of the domestic day. There were many culinary mysteries on which the little girl, in the days of her childhood, had looked with not much less awe than did the heathen folk of old regard the Eleusinian mysteries, and to these—I mean the culinary, not the Eleusinian mysteries—did her kind and gentle grandmother gradually introduce her. Daily and hourly did the affectionate grandchild become more interesting and more important to the old people. They had loved their children with sincere and deep attachment, but they seemed to love this young dependant more than they had ever before loved any human being; and when the little girl found how useful she was, and how pleasantly her assistance was received, she grew most prettily proud of the importance of her station, and the value of her services. It is a pleasant thing to feel one’s self to be something in the world. Naturally indolent and fond of ease as the generality of mankind may be, there are few who would not cheerfully, or at least willingly, undergo much labour in order to enjoy the satisfaction of conscious importance. In point of external and extensive importance, there is a very wide difference, but in point of internal feeling very little difference, between a minister of state and a little girl who is just beginning to find herself useful in an humble domestic establishment.

Old age was now creeping upon the grandfather and grandmother with sure and silent steps: their strength was declining,
their feet becoming less firm, and their voices more tremulous. But the poor old creatures themselves hardly perceived the change; and while they availed themselves of the aid of their grandchild, they fancied that it was more to gratify her innocent pride, than to assist their own infirmities. It is one of the kind arrangements of Providence, that while the various changes of our frame are sent to admonish us of the frail tenure by which we hold our mortal lives, the admonitions brought by these changes come upon us most gently, reaching the soul through the softened medium of reflection, rather than forcing themselves roughly and rudely upon the senses. When we rise in the morning, we feel ourselves no older than when we retired to rest at night; and when we go to bed at night, we fancy ourselves no older than when we rose in the morning: it is only by looking back upon years that we can ascertain the power of days. We have all a natural reluctance to recognise the symptoms of coming age; and when we take the arm of a younger friend to steady our trembling steps, it is done more with the air of a patronage conferred than of an assistance received;—so did old Mr. Smith take the arm of his grandchild when he first felt the tottering infirmity of age,—so did old Mrs. Smith accept the domestic assistance of the little girl.

From her earliest recollection, knowing no other kindred, and having no other acquaintance, Lucy was exclusively attached to her grandfather and grandmother. The very meek and pleasant manners of the old people had effectively won the little girl’s heart, and she very sincerely thought that there were not in the whole world two more so good, so wise, so kind as they. But as she herself became more and more serviceable to them, aiding them with her own important and busy help, she loved them yet the more deeply; and while she endeavoured to pity their increasing infirmities, she almost rejoiced in their weakness, as affording her an opportunity of exercising towards them a patronising and a grateful care. She was delighted at finding herself so valuable to them, and thus her affection for them increased more and more, for it was linked by the double bond of patronage and gratitude. As Lucy grew up, happy in her quiet home, and pleased with what she had hitherto seen of human life, the expression of her countenance became more interestingly developed, displaying those benignant looks

That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest can do.

It is not of course to be supposed that all the neighbours should admire the neat and placid aspect of the old couple, and have no word or thought of commendation for the pleasant looks of Lucy. She also partook of the praises and good words spoken of her grandfather and grandmother; and as she met with her share of general approbation, she was not altogether without some particular and individual notice—but so great was her attachment to her grandfather and grandmother, that she would listen to no proposals, which tended to take her away from them. Lucy had a very kind and tender heart of her own; but so much of it belonged to her grandfather and grandmother, that she had little left for strangers. As however the young man who presumed to ask the honour of her hand was very good and steady, and altogether highly respectable according to his station in life, and as he had never said or done anything at all calculated to offend the young woman, she had not quite the heart to refuse him absolutely, but gave him a conditional promise, saying that they were both young enough at present, and that she would never leave her grandfather and grandmother to the care of strangers. This of course was very reasonable, and highly amiable; nor could the modest suitor complain that he was hardly used: he therefore made up his mind to wait patiently till the old folks were gone. It could not, he thought, be very long, for they were at least eighty years of age, and both very infirm. After much reluctance, and many efforts to the contrary, Mr. Smith had, at last, given up his daily visits to the scene of his early and long-continued labours, and had consented to accept a small annuity for the remainder of his days. Still he did not like to take leave of his office entirely, but hoped that when the spring should advance, and he got rid of his little cold—for he had always been subject to a cold in the winter—and got a little more strength in his limbs, he might be able to go to the warehouse again; and he particularly desired that, if at any time his assistance or advice was deemed necessary, they would not fail to send for him, and he would be at the expense of the stage, if not able to walk. It so happened, however, that the East-India Company was amply able to conduct its own affairs without any encroachment upon the old age and retirement of my friend, Mr. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were now always at home, and Lucy was always with them, and occasionally Lucy’s suitor paid them a visit.
He was very polite and attentive to the old people, who had now become so infirm, that it did not seem likely that they could hold out much longer. They could walk, and that was all, for they could not lift their feet from the ground, but went shuffling along like a piece of old furniture upon casters. The utmost extent of their walking was to the church, a distance of about a quarter of a mile; and all the neighbours used to wonder every time that they saw them, for they thought that every time must be the last. It was as much as the poor old couple could do to keep their eyes open, and their attention awake during the service. They had divers contrivances to effect this object, but their principal resource was the snuff-box. Mrs. Smith had a venerable tortoise-shell snuff-box, with a painting representing Strephon playing the flute to Chloe, who was sitting on a verdant bank with a lamb in her lap; and when Mr. Smith began to nod, Mrs. Smith gave him a jog on the elbow, and held Strephon and Chloe, and Scotch rapper under his nose, and he took a pinch, and for the next five minutes looked as gay as a lark, and all alive. In like manner did Mr. Smith return the compliment when it was needed, presenting to Mrs. Smith a battered old silver box, which had been worn till it was as thin as tissue paper. But if it chanced, as it sometimes would, that both parties fell asleep together, the moment the sermon commenced, then there was no help for it—they might sleep on till the service was over. Lucy thought that they looked so placid, and so sweetly composed, that it was a pity to disturb them; that they would be sure to wake when the sermon was over, and that even, if they were asleep, they were most likely dreaming of some good old sermon they had heard in the good old days of their youth.

This worthy couple had been remarkable during the whole course of their lives for the unruffled serenity of their tempers; they quarreled not with the world, nor with its Maker, nor with one another; but they looked round on the world with charitable feelings, up to Heaven with continual gratitude, and upon one another with a growing attachment. Even in their earlier days, when some share of troubles and anxiety fell to their lot, they met the event of the passing day with patience, and shed their tears silently—piously. When, therefore, old age came upon them, it neither found them fretful, nor made them peevish; it rather had the effect of increasing the calmness of their spirits, of intensifying the serenity of their souls. All that there had been of kindness and gentleness about them in days past, was in their declining years increased, so that the current of life ran smooth and clear to the very last. But not only did it run smooth, it also ran very slowly. The good old couple were infirm, standing, as it were, with one foot in the grave; and it seemed that one foot was all that the grave was likely to get for some time to come. There was nothing to ruffle, to shock, or to disturb them; they could not be much shocked if even there had been any evil tidings for them to hear, for their hearing was not quick, and their apprehension, at the very best, was slow, so that nothing could take them by surprise; then, again, their memory was so faint, that they could not lay anything to heart. Neither Lucy nor her suitor were disposed to philosophical observation, or they might have been interested in observing how curiously and beautifully life is gradually closed,—how the senses, and the various powers and passions of the mind are slowly folded up, till the world itself seems to depart and vanish by degrees. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in their most active and bustling days, had not seen or known much of the world; and now, in their time of decline, they knew less of it than ever; their own quiet home, their affectionate grandchild, the parish church, and a few old neighbours, were all the world to them; the rest they saw not, and thought not of—even the India house, and its manifold and complex interests, had faded away from the old man's memory, so that the world was leaving them, not they leaving the world. Lucy's suitor thought that they lived a long while; but he could not say that death would be a happy release to them, because there were no troubles, pains, or cares, belonging to them, from which they could be released. So time proceeded—days, weeks, months, years. They grew more and more infirm, but at the same time they grew more and more interesting to their neighbours and to Lucy. Their neighbours talked of them as a pair of wonders, and pointed them out to their friends. Lucy loved them for their very helplessness, for they had become as helpless as children, and she loved them as such. Lucy's suitor thought that they lived too long, but he did not say so; on the contrary, he contributed as much as he could to their comfort, for he found that whoever would have Lucy's kind regard, must be kind and attentive to her aged kinsfolk.

Then came, at length, the last stage of
human infirmity—they could no longer walk
even with assistance—the external air was
too much for them; their world was now
nothing but their own apartment, but still
there was peace and placidity in that small
world; they were conscious of each other's
existence, and happy in that consciousness.
They were scarcely sensible of their infirmi-
ties, for they were sensible scarcely of any-
thing, save merely of being. They were
thankful for the kind attentions paid to
them; and even though utterly helpless
and infirm, yet there was a peculiar in-
terest in their appearance, for there was a
look of cheerfulness about them; a dreami-
ness—but a pleasant dreaminess—a twilight,
fading so gracefully into night, that the
coming darkness was divested of its terrors.
The neighbours made inquiry after them
every day, and thought that they would
never die:—but they did die—yet so gently
that Lucy knew it not, till speaking to one of
them she received no answer. They were sit-
ting in their easy chairs, one on the one side
of the fire, the other on the other side. Their
thread of life was so attenuated, that it broke
without a shock. To them was granted the
rare blessing, to meet in a better world with-
out parting in this.

* * *

DARBY O'FLAHERTY'S DREAM.

Εἴδεναι γὰρ φήμην ἰμασιν λαμπρώτητα.

Æschylus.

The road between the town of Nenagh
and the city of Limerick presents, in different
portions, the marked contrast that exists
between the great body of the population
and the owners of the soil. There is in one
part of it the wild and uncultivated bog, the
crumbling hovel, the half-naked peasant
family; and in another, the trim plantation,
the wide demesne, the lofty mansion, and
the splendid equipage of the landlord. Of
the residences of the gentry there are but
few to equal that which is well known to
every traveller on the Limerick road, as
“Bird-hill.” There, a neat, substantial,
and comfortable house peeps from the
summit of a steep mount over one of the
most beautiful vales in the country, taking
within the scope of its owner’s view, a land
rich to the extreme of fruitfulness in corn,
abounding with flourishing clumps of forest
trees, adorned with a distant view of the
translucent waters of the Shannon, and
beyond it the romantic and delightful village
of Castleconnel. It is a place where the
lover of nature and the friend of his fellow-
man might pass his days, from youth to age,
in happiness and tranquillity.

One of the owners of Bird-hill, a few years
since, was, we regret to state, very unpopular
amongst the peasantry by whom he was
surrounded. Unfortunately for that gentle-
man, his wife and daughters had become
saints, and they, in the language of the
country people, “led him a hell upon earth;”

for, from the moment they sanctimoniously
resolved that a school should be opened for
the conversion of the Papists,” the land-
lord of Bird-hill was embroiled in disputes
with his tenantry. In the process of pros-
elytism, the landlord’s family had pulled
the roofs off the houses of some obstinate
Catholics, and for this slight violation of the
law, the Bird-hill Biblical was condemned by
a Clonmel jury to pay fifty pounds damages
to his ejected tenants, and sixpence costs to
their attorney, Martin Lanugan.

The mulcting a proselytising landlord in
damages and costs was an event of far too
much “national” importance not to be
celebrated by “the poor benighted peas-
antry.” The time selected for the rejoicing
was a Sunday evening, and the place of
festivity the road at the base of Bird-hill.
Here were collected about thirty couple of
strapping Tipperary boys, that “could handle
a slane with any man,” and stout girls, “who
would stack a kish of turf in no time.” They
were footing it away merrily to the music of
a couple of fiddles, while at a little distance
from them sat the married men “of fourteen
or fifteen years standing,” and the old men,
who were “past their labour.” The latter
group were drinking potheen, and discussing
the politics of former ages, and the present.
Amongst them a dispute was beginning to
arise as to St. Ruth’s qualifications as a
general, when Dan Hackett, a gossoon, came
running up to them to say, that he had never
DARBY O'FLAHERTY'S DREAM.

seen such dancing in his life, as there was going on amongst "the young people" below.

"Dancing!—nonsense. Dancing, indeed! You'll never see such dancing as I seen once in my life," observed a long god of a fellow who was stretched on his back upon the green sward, his two arms folded so as to form a sort of pillow under his head, and his old caubeen of a hat drawn down upon his face to shade his sleepy eyes from the rays of the sun, that were shedding a golden light upon the coarse frieze in which his lazy limbs were encased.

"Why, then, tear-and-nation to your im-pudence, Darby O'Flaherty, where would you see dancing to compare to what is going on there below?" asked Dan Hackett.

"Where would I see it?" replied Darby, gradually lifting himself from a lying into a half-sitting posture; and as he leaned with one elbow upon his grass, he stared with his dull black eyes at Dan—"where would I see dancing? Wasn't I in Dublin, you boastin' you? What is dancing there below but a parcel of comely Christians?—But I saw the dancing in Dublin, where there wasn't a Christian foot to lift a leg on the floor! Of all the dancing and capering that ever was, it was I that seen it!"

"Oh! Darby, Jewel!" said Dan, "tell us what you saw in Dublin."

"Give us a glass and I will," answered Darby. The glass of potheen was handed to him immediately. Darby took it, and placed the clear liquid between him and the sun. The concentrated rays of light, pouring through the water-like medium, formed a starry spot upon his dark brown cheek, which Dan said "resembled a leaf of copper-beech upon which a white blossom of the horse-chestnut tree had fallen!" Darby looked at the potheen, and exclaimed, "Oh, you darling, and it's you that's often brought me into trouble! There you are, looking as modest as a virgin, as quiet as well-water, and as clear as crystal! There you are, smelling like the new-mown hay before the green sap is dried out of it! There you are, sweeter than sugar, and wholesomer than milk! There you—" His enormous mouth opened, the liquid disappeared, and he continued, while he handed back the glass, "These were—many's the trouble I was in on your account, but none greater than that which I am now going to tell of."

"Do, Darby," cried out all the old and middle-aged men with one voice, "do tell us what happened you in Dublin."

"Well," said Darby, fixing himself bolt upright in the middle of the listening group, "I will tell you. Of all the places in the world, surely Dublin is the quarest, as you are all the same as you hear the story, that really now happened to myself there. One evening, you see, and sure it was a remarkable evening entirely; for that very day there was a great aggregate meeting of myself, and all the other Catholics in Ireland, in Clarentine-street chapel; and that very day, by the same token, Mr. Jack Lawless made the meeting come to a resolution that the man that wore Irish manufacture made in Leeds, or Manchester, or any of them outlandish places, was no Irishman, nor the mother before him either. And the very same day, too, Cousin Shell, long life to him, but it's he that has the words at will, proved, as plain as the nose on your face, that the English Government act like Turks, and that the Greeks are Irishmen, every soul of them; though, as far as I know, he must be a little out there, for I never heard of them same Grecians drinking whiskey and wearing the shamrock on a Patrick's day; and, unless they did that, I'd be glad to know how they come to be Irishmen? Well, as I was telling you, it was on the very evening of that very same morning of that very same day, that I was walking up Dame-street, and looking at the statue of King William, stuck up as stout as any Orangeman, on College Green; and I was thinking of poor old Ireland, and the county Tipperary particularly, when who should walk up to me but a beautiful little creature, not bigger than a leprechaun, and a pair of cheeks on her as red and as smiling as an apple potato.

"'Ah, then, Pat, my darling,' says she, putting her nice little red arms about me, 'how are you?'

"'Why, then,' says I, 'if it was myself in person you were putting your arms about, may be I wouldn't be after returning the salute; but it's my brother, my jewel, you have taken a liking to, for you see Pat is his name, and I was christened Darby.'

"Well, that was very well. The words were scarce out of my mouth, when up comes a great big fellow, that I took at first for Captain Rock, for he had a regular pike in his fist; and giving me a drive with it, he began to make an infernal clatter with something that went for all the world like the clapper of a mill. 'Oh, Darby O'Flaherty!' says I to myself, 'what's going to become of you this night at all? As sure as day the master heard you went to the meeting, and
paid the rent, and he's now going to destroy, and drive, and eject you, and send you to gaol as a bad tenant. ’ I had scarce time to say ‘ by your leave,’ or take to my heels, when I was caught by the two shoulders by a pair of pikemen, and off I was dragged, like a horse's head to a bonfire, or a pig to a pound, and placed in what they called a watch-house; but the dickens a watch, nor clock, nor as much as an hour-glass, could I see in the entire building!

"Well, scarce had I settled myself down beside a fine warming fire, when the little creature I was telling you stuck to me still; indeed, she could not well help it, for they dragged her along with me. Up she comes to me, and says she, 'Darby, would you be after taking a glass this cold night?' 'Never say it twice,' says I; so down we sat, herself, and two or three more gentlemen, and myself, and one or two other ladies, set to a drinking; on, on, on we kept drinking, until the quarest thing happened that ever you dreamt, and makes me sure and certain that Dublin is enchanted, and a watch-house is like a moat in the country, chuck full of fairies."

"In the middle of the drinking (and it was I that drank hard), what do you think I should see but the tumblers, and the glasses doubling, and doubling, and increasing, and increasing, until at last there was nothing in the watch-house at all, all, but glasses and tumblers, and then they began to grow bigger and bigger, and at last some of them got heads upon them, and then feet, and they began at last to dance a country-dance, and two pewter pints, that were on a stool, began to knock their handles against one another to make music for the company! The curiosest thing of all was—two decanters and a chany bowl that were standing quietly and easily in a cupboard over the fire, when they saw what was going on, jumped down into the middle of the floor; and the instant they did, we, one and all, screeched out for 'a reel of three.' I’m a Tipperary boy, and ought to know something of dancing; but the dickens a halfp’orth to equal that I ever saw in the course of my horn days! One of the decanters was called, as well as I recollect, Peter Port, and the other 'Sandy Sherry, and the chany bowl was named Miss Punch—considering the unsightly shape she was, (for recollect the not a waist in the world she had,) I never saw a more active creature. One minute she’d tumble up to Port, skip upon her rim, turn upside down, and be over in no time to Sherry. They were smart active fellows too, and what pleased me most of all was to see the politeness of them; for every time the bowl would tumble up to them, they would take the stoppers out of their necks, and shake them down to the ground, as much as to say, ‘if it’s a hat we had, this is the manners we’d be after showing you, Miss.’

Well, this fun continued for a quarter of an hour, until one time, when the three of them were cutting the figure of eight, the poor creature of a bowl getting squeezed between the two decanters, by dad, what I never perceived before, was as plain as murder, she was a little crackled, and a bit of her side came out! There then was the screeching for a glazier to solder her up; and of all the grief I ever saw, nothing could equal the sorrow of the two decanters, as they helped the broken bowl back again into the cupboard: when they got there, the two of them lay down on their sides near Miss Punch, and told us to shut the cupboard-door on them, that they would never spoil sport, and for the glasses to go on again as they were before the reel of three was danced. It was then, to be sure, the real country dancing began; there were, I’m sure, two hundred glasses on the floor at once, and footing it away as hard as they could pelt, when, in the middle of all the fun, I heard a desperate cursing and swearing, in one corner. The dancing immediately stopped; and over I ran, along with all the glasses, to find out what was the matter: when what should I see but a great big large quart bottle dragging and beating, with all its might and main, a poor little pint bottle. Now, the big bottle was a fine able fellow, and looked as if he never had worked for his bread, but lived upon taxes, or had some other fine easy way of making out a livelihood, besides he had a great belt round him, and on it was written in great out-of-the-way letters, 'PERMIT.' However, I couldn’t help remarking, that he seemed very weak on the legs, and it would n’t be at all hard, I thought, to trip him up. The little bottle appeared to be a hard-grown chap, that had starved one half of his life, and worked the other half, and drank, and danced the other half. Well, I could n’t make out what was the cause of the row, when I heard all the glasses cry out together ‘Oh! here’s Parliament and little Potheen fighting again! They beat out the hearts of steel, and peep-o’day boys.’ ‘Potheen,’ says I, ‘by the powers! I’m on his side—I’m one of his faction—many’s the time he has given me a sup that comforted my heart, when the cabin was cold, and the stomach empty. ‘Let go Potheen,’ says I to
THE TWO SPINSTERS. 167

Parliament, 'let him go, I tell you, or I'll be after breaking your ugly mug,' and with that I gave him a dig that knocked him into smithereens. 'Oh! you bloody villain,' says one of the pikemen, 'do you want to break more than you are able to pay for?' And with that he gave me a crack on the back, that laid me flat on my face. 'You're dreaming, you scoundrel,' says he. 'You lie,' says I; 'didn't I see Potheen getting a beating, and I by?'

"'Come along,' says he, 'before the magistrate.' With that I found it was morning; and, sure enough, he brought me before a decent gentleman, that was sitting as grand as a bishop, in an arm chair; and a head of hair on him that was as black as a crow's wing—one Alderman Fleming, I think he was; and when I told him what a real friend to the country I was, in cracking the skull of a big blackguard, that was beating one of my best friends, and an old friend to the family too, he advised me, in the first place, to go about my business, (if I had any,) and next to take care I should never get into the watch-house a second time, or I might see worse things than a dance of glasses, a reel of decanters, and a boxing match between two bottles of Parliament and Potheen whiskey. I give you my oath it's I that will take the Alderman's advice; for it's many a long day before Dublin city will catch Darby O'Flaherty walking through one of the enchanted streets again. Well, now, after all that, I hope Master Dan Haskett won't think me bold in saying, it was I that saw the dancing that can't be equalled in Bird-hill, any how."

THE TWO SPINSTERS.

BY T. HAYNES BATLY, ESQ.

There never was a more beautiful girl than Caroline Seymore. Had any ill-natured person said to her, "Caroline, you will live and die an old maid," well might she have scornfully curled her lip, and bade defiance to the prediction. Though not an only child, she was sure of inheriting a very ample fortune, and her station in society was such that she could never want opportunities of meeting what are called "good matches."

It is however a circumstance worthy of note, and I really know not how to account for it, that girls possessing all these, and every other possible advantage, go on frequently, from year to year, without marrying, until at length you find them in a faded condition, regularly registered on the list of ape-leaders! Their fathers and mothers have done all that affectionate parents could be expected to do. They have educated them expensively, given their personal charms the advantage of dress—have taken them to London in the spring, to Brighton in the winter, and to all the other places of resort, at the particular season most favourable to each. These girls have danced at Almacks, flirted at the opera, paraded at the Pavilion, yacht ed at Cowes, toxopholiated at country meetings, and cut everybody at watering-places of inferior note. Still they don't marry; and though they may sing—

Everybody coming to woo,

the burthen of their song must be—

Nobody coming to marry me.

It is equally astonishing to see girls possessed of no one earthly advantage, ordinary both in person and in intellect, dowdy, uneducated, with no accomplishments and the worst of tempers, at the end of their very first season making a most eligible match, and carried away, in a travelling carriage and four, to be placed at the head of an extensive establishment. Is it that men are afraid of these showy girls, accustomed to be fed with flattery and admiration? I profess not to solve the mystery, but every one who has lived in the world, must remember to have seen instances of both the wonders which I have described.

Caroline Seymore's parents inhabited a fine old mansion in the county of Kent, and during the winter, they spent a few months every year in a house which they possessed at Canterbury. In the country and in town Caroline was the idol of all who knew her. She was the reigning toast at all the dinners, the favourite belle at all the balls. All the young men of the neighbourhood were in their turn talked of as being in love with Miss Seymore; and Caroline received the attentions of all, with the same good-humour and the same unconcern.
How gaily, and alas! how swiftly fly
the hours of a young beauty thus popular,
between the ages of seventeen and seventeen.

There is no shadow, no hint,
no forerunner of the necessity of forming a
matrimonial connection.

The bloom is more
mature, the eye more bright, the ringlets
more luxuriant than ever; and the lady is
perfectly unconscious that in the brief space
of three years, when she has attained the
age of thirty, she will begin to be voted
passe, and more youthful rivals will usurp
her throne.

It is with some, with most,
indeed, a gay career, as bright and as brief
as that of the butterfly.

But there are one or two women in a
century who seem to bid defiance to time,
and retain, to the latest period of life, not
only their charms, but their admirers. We
have all heard of Ninon de l'Enclos—Caroline
Seymore was a wonder cast in the very
same mould.

I never saw her until she was fifty years
of age, a period when most women give up
their figures and shade their faces with lace,
place turbans upon their heads and tippets
over their shoulders; for should they neglect
to do all this, they are certain to expose
themselves in more ways than one.

But Miss Seymour, at fifty, stood before
me looking like a beautiful young woman
of thirty. Her form was symmetrical, and
the most youthful style of dress on her did
not seem misplaced. There was not one
trace of winter among the sunny tresses of
her luxuriant brown hair, and her face, as
well as her spirits, retained all the life and
animation of girlhood. I was a stranger at
Canterbury, and she was pointed out to me
as a wonder. I afterwards became intimi-
dately acquainted with her, and, except
during the summer months, when she retired
to the country residence formerly occupied by
her parents, I had constant opportunities of
seeing her.

Year after year passed away, and all
probability of her ever marrying seemed at
an end. It was known that she had refused
many good offers; and some asserted that
in the pride of her youthful bloom she had
rejected some whom now she would have
been too happy to recall. All I can say is,
that if such was the fact, the recollection of
these discarded swains never threw a shade
upon her spirits.

I have known very few
married women who, at the age of sixty,
possessed half the cheerfulness, the unvarying
good-humour which at the same period of
life were the characteristics of Caroline
Seymore, spinster.

She was the very life of society, and in
society she loved to live. Her extraordinary
figure faded not at sixty. Nay, strange to
say, when she was even ten years older, she
was still erect and full, and a model of
beauteous woman's form.

Whenever a human being possesses, in
extraordinary perfection, any mental or cor-
poreal advantage, all other human beings less
highly gifted, will endeavour to prove that it
is no advantage at all; or if such proof is
not in their power, they will boldly assert
that the mind or the body of the envied indi-
vidual is not half so out of the common as it
is asserted to be. Thus it was with Caroline;
everybody talked of enamel, and paint, and
pearl powder, and all the other subterfuges
flesh is prone to. But if such beautifiers
really could make other old bodies look as
she did, why, in the name of patience, are
not figures like hers to be seen at every
party? Look round a crowded rout at Chel-
tenham, or at Bath; there is no lack of red
paint, or of white; everything has been
done to each fabled carcase, which the once
fair proprietor thought likely to renovate its
appearance; and had she supposed that
ehamelling would answer the purpose, can
we believe that enamelling would not have
been resorted to? The black teeth have been
torn out, and rows of ivory inserted in their
place. The eyebrows have been darkened,
the cheek tinged, the throat whitened, and
the double chins tied up with an almost
imperceptible string. But do you see forms
like that possessed by Miss Seymour? No;
she was, indeed, like Ninon, a woman to be
met with but once in a century.

It is of no imaginary person that I write;
but while I endeavour to give a faithful
sketch, I purposely, by altering localities,
prevent the recognition of my original.

When Caroline was seventy years of age,
she was invited to a masked ball, given by a
leader of fashion in London. To my sur-
prise, she made her appearance as a country
boy, with a red wig, hob-nail shoes, a cart
whip, and a smock frock, made so decorously
long as to prevent any feeling of impropriety.
Old as she was, the crowded room contained
not a lighter heart; and when the hour for
unmasking arrived, her still handsome face
was full of animation.

"What an old fool!" exclaimed Miss
Podd, another maiden lady, resident at Can-
terbury, when she read an account of the
masquerade in the Morning Post.

Now Miss Podd was a few years Miss
Seymore's junior, and measured round the
waist just a yard and three quarters; she had
IDEAS. TO A LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HELIOTROPE."

"I have not an idea in my head!"
Sighed my Mary—"No, not one idea,
More than if I had really been bred
In Tartary or the Crimea!"

"Heaven pity thee, dear friend of mine,
Thy case, I protest, is a sad one!
But the sin or the shame can’t be thine,
For what star of thy sex ever had one?

"Ideas! Thy sisters, we see,
Never carry such lumber about them!
And as for thyself, all agree
Thou art charming, quite charming, without them!"
THE COURT.

Domestic enjoyment, hospitality, and the due performance of state duties, continue to furnish the materials for our brief record of the continuance of the Court at Windsor Castle, where their Majesties are still attended by the best of friends, health and cheerfulness.

On the 10th of September, the King went in state to the House of Peers to close the session, which, however clouded and stormy it had been in its course, was all sunshine at the close. The assembled crowds appeared to share in the satisfaction expressed in His Majesty's countenance, and attended the royal progress with enthusiastic shouts of congratulation and loyalty.

Their Majesties have honoured the Military College at Sandhurst with a visit; the arrangements of that admirable establishment afforded high gratification to the royal party. The Duke de Nemours has been received at Court with the consideration due to his rank and amiable character.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Linwoods, or "Sixty Years since" in America. By Miss Sedgwick, author of "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," &c. 3 vols.

Our readers must have perceived that we seldom review the works of our own publisher, and that when we do so, we always dismiss them in a few lines. But having read the tale before us, we feel called upon to lay aside all scruples of delicacy, and bestow a well-earned meed of praise upon one of the most delightful books we ever read. This we feel less hesitation in doing, because we only re-echo the opinions of all our cotemporaries upon whom Miss Sedgwick's novel seems to have made quite as strong an impression as upon ourselves.

"The Linwoods" evinces not only talent and power of a very high order, but one of the most beautiful minds we ever had an opportunity of studying. Every page teems with thought and feeling, clothed in the most graceful and flowing language, which, though the inspiration of a gentle and really feminine mind, is at the same time full of terseness and vigour. The story is well conceived, well wrought out, and beautifully told; the characters are all admirably drawn, and in good keeping. Eliot Lee is a noble specimen of the patriot hero; Isabella Linwood, is one of a beautiful and enthusiastic woman, in whom we know not which to admire most, her strength of mind and courage, without departing from the milder attributes of her sex, or her sense of honour and involuntary devotedness to the land of her birth. The struggles and sorrows of Bessie Lee have wrung from us a tear of sympathy, because the picture drawn of them is neither a dream of the imagination, nor a violation of probability. We have seen, in real life, the exact counterpart of Bessie Lee, with the same shrinking timidity, and the same steadfastness of purpose, under a delusion of the mind; but Bessie Lee sinks not into the grave under the destroyer's ruthless hand: in this the author has done poetical justice.

Miss Sedgwick is one of the very few American writers, and the only one of her own sex, who has established, in her own coun-
try; a reputation quite independent of the critics on our side of the Atlantic. This is certainly a most difficult achievement in America, where native genius and talent may remain for ever unnoticed, unless they make their voices reach our shores, whence the sound is echoed back to the western world. But Miss Sedgwick speaks to the sympathies of her countrymen; she identifies herself so closely with all they love and prize, with their fire-side feelings, and even their national prejudices, that they are impelled, without being aware of it, and under the immediate excitement of enthusiasm, to do her justice by acclamation.

The period selected for the present tale is the most important in the history of the United States; and a very interesting portion of the war of independence is interwoven with it, and greatly increases its interest. The narrative never flags an instant; and though richer in incident and variety than almost any novel with which we are acquainted, the whole is so judiciously blended, that every part seems a necessary link of the story—a perfection seldom reached by historical novelists, who are apt to give to truth the appearance of fiction, and to fiction that of truth.

Miss Sedgwick’s style is of great beauty; it is a breathing eloquence that flows without an effort, natural, unconstrained, and fervid, yet noble and dignified. It is the true language of genius. We conclude this notice with an extract, taken at hazard.

“IT was a transparent morning, late in autumn, in bleak, wild, fitful, poetic November. The vault of heaven was spotless; a purple light danced over the mountain summits; the mist was condensed in the hollows of the hills, and wound round them like drapery of silver tissue. The smoke from the village chimneys ascended through the clear atmosphere in straight columns; the trees on the mountains banded together, still presented a portion of their summer wealth, though now faded to dun and dull orange, marked and set off by the surrounding evergreens. Here and there, a solitary elm stood bravely up against the sky, every limb, every stem defined; a naked form, showing the beautiful symmetry that had made its summer garments hang so gracefully. Fruits and flowers, even the hardy ones that venture on the frontiers of winter, had disappeared from the gardens; the seeds had dropped their cups; the grass of the turf borders was dank and matted down; all nature was stamped with the seal of autumn, memory and hope. Elliot had performed the last provident offices for his mother; every thing about her cheerful dwelling had the look of being kindly cared for. The strawberry beds were covered, the raspberries neatly trimmed out, the earth well spaded and freshly turned; no gate was off its hinges, no fence down, no window unglazed, no crack unstoppered.

“A fine black saddle horse, well equipped, was at the door. Little Fanny Lee stood by him, patting him, and laying her head, with its shining flaxen locks, to his side. ‘Rover,’ she said, with a trembling voice, ‘be a good Rover, won’t you? and when the naughty regulars come, canter off with Elliot as far as you can.’

‘Hey, that fine!’ retorted her brother, a year younger than herself. ‘No, no, Rover—canter up to them, and over them, and never dare to cantar back here if you turn tail on them, Rover!’

‘Oh, Sam, how awful! Would you have Elliot killed?’

‘No, indeed; but I’d rather he’d come deceived near it than to have him a coward!’

‘Don’t talk so loud, Sam; Bessie will hear you.’

“But the young belligerent was not to be silenced. He threw open the ‘dwelling-room’ door to appeal to Elliot himself. The half-uttered sentence died away on his lips. He entered the apartment; Fanny followed. They gently closed the door, drew their footstools to Elliot’s feet, and quietly sat down there. How instinctive is the sympathy of children!—how plain, and yet how delicate, its manifestations!

“Bessie was sitting beside her brother, her head on his shoulder, and crying as if her heart went out with every sob. The youngest boy, Hal, sat on Elliot’s knee, with one arm round his neck, his cheek lying on Bessie’s, dropping tear after tear, sighing and half-wondering why it was so.

“The good mother had arrived at that age when grief rather congeals the spirit than melts it. Her lips were compressed, her eyes tearless, and her movements tremulous. She was busying herself in the last offices, doing up parcels, taking last stitches, and performing those services that seem to have been assigned to women as safety-valves for their effervescent feelings.

“A neat table was spread with ham, bread, sweetmeats, cakes, and every delicacy the house afforded. All were untasted.”

Tremadern Cliff. By Frances Trollope, Author of “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” &c. 3 vols.

Mrs. Trollope, though an extreme contrast as a writer with Miss Sedgwick, is a woman of very extraordinary, and even first-rate talents. With masculine vigour of mind, this lady appears not to have discovered in herself a propensity to authorship until her powers were matured, and she was impelled by circumstances to bring them into action. The consequence is, that with amazing energy both of imagination and of language, there is in Mrs. Trollope’s
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

writings a freshness of thought and of manner which bespeaks nothing of the exhaustion often produced by premature attempts to plant a flower in the garden of literature.

The tale contained in these volumes is one of powerful and stirring interest. In it the stern passions are brought into play with extraordinary boldness and skill. There is an unbending loftiness throughout, and a scrutiny of the heart indicating strong powers of observation, and still stronger feelings. As a work of fiction, this is one of the most powerful that has been produced, and must prove one of the most successful. We earnestly recommend it to our readers.

We had selected an extract, as a specimen of Mrs. Trollope's powers; but this, from press of matter, we are obliged to omit.

Horse-Shoe Robinson. By the Author of "Swallow Barn." 3 vols.

There is more contained in these three volumes than in four of an ordinary novel, and the whole is highly interesting. Mr. Kennedy, as a novel writer describing the manners of his own country, has not been rated, by many of our contemporaries, so high as, in our opinion, he justly deserves. He is perfectly original in his way, painting like Teniers; that is, in strict resemblance to nature wherever he finds it. His native characters are skilfully drawn, his tale interesting, and besides considerable entertainment from the adventures of his hero, much real information is conveyed concerning the manners, customs, and strange peculiarities of our transatlantic brethren, who reflect an image of the country whence they sprang, as from a mirror which changes and distorts the features without disguising them. "Horse-shoe Robinson" may be classed among the good publications of the season, and will no doubt be extensively read.


This history was written by Mr. Theodore Irving, under the advice and inspection of his uncle, the celebrated author of the "Sketch-Book," and most fully has he justified the expectations which such assistance might raise. "The Conquest of Florida" is a very important episode in the general history of America, and well worthy of attention. Mr. Irving has written it with great care, and in a style not unworthy of the subject.

Outre-Mer; or, a Pilgrimage to the Old World. By an American. 2 vols.

We have scarcely space, from the number of books upon our table, to do justice to these volumes, which are written by a man of elegant and observing mind. Though we do not coincide with him in every one of his opinions, most of them find a responsive sympathy in us. Among other very entertaining chapters, we may mention, "The Norman Diligence," "Old English Prose Romances," "Coq-a-Lane," "Ancient Spanish Ballads," and the village of "El Padillo." This American will find many readers, because he is a man of sense and feeling, guided by good taste, free from prejudice, and taking a very original view of things.


This is a very beautiful edition of Milton's Works, and likely well to remunerate the spirited publisher. Sir Egerton Brydges' criticisms are those of a man of pure and elegant taste, and his Life of Milton is the best biography of the poet we have yet seen, though perhaps Sir Egerton writes rather to the feelings of the few than of the many. The work will be complete in six volumes.

The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By Edward Osler, Esq.

 LORD EXMOUTH is an instance of high genius and indomitable courage, raising their possessor to the highest honours of his profession, without the adventitious aids of noble birth and patronage. The name of Exmouth stands in a line with the most glorious to be found in our naval annals. In traits of daring, reckless valour, whether employed against his country's foes or to serve the cause of humanity, Lord Exmouth seems to have revived the most famous feats of chivalry, though we have received our notions of the latter through the exaggeration of poetic record and the mist of intervening ages. He was a genuine British sailor, kind and single-hearted, but stern and inflexible in the duties of his profession, and in the exaction of the strictest discipline.

To trace the biography of such a man must have been a delightful task to Mr. Osler; and it has been a no less delightful task to ourselves to follow, through this book, the stirring details of such a life of excitement and adventure. The chasteisement inflicted upon the Algerines by Lord Exmouth is alone sufficient to hand his name down to the remotest posterity, whilst the name of the biographer may perhaps remain coupled with that of the hero.

In saying that Mr. Osler has executed his task ably and faithfully, we but re-echo the opinion of all our contemporaries. His book is now one of great popular interest, and is read by all classes.
British Botany familiarly explained and described, in a Series of Dialogues. Illustrated with twenty-eight coloured Plates.

The author of this work seems to consider that, at the close of the eighteenth century, botany had reached its utmost limits, and was never to advance a step further. He has accordingly "familiarly explained and described" the science such as it was in the year 1800. His book is therefore pretty nearly useless to the student of the present day, and could only serve to while away the dull hours of a young lady staying in the country with a maiden aunt, beyond the range of a circulating library, and having no other amusement to resort to than the study of plants, and no other book in which she could pursue it but the one before us.

Records of a Route through France and Italy. By William Rae Wilson, F.A.S., A.S.R.

All that we can say of this production is, that, besides its insufferable dulness, it is a compound of commonplace, and of the John-Bull prejudices peculiar only to the worst informed portion of our community. We cannot imagine what can have induced Mr. Wilson to put forth such a work, unless he speculated upon captivating the class we have mentioned, by humouring their prejudices. To us who have travelled a great deal more perhaps than Mr. Wilson, nothing can be more disgusting than the manner in which he distorts everything by the most narrow-minded illiberality. He also chooses to display a certain disposition to maudlin pedantry, by which he now and then aims at effect, no doubt to strike the uninformed with amazement. There still remains a very wide field to be explored in France and Italy, but not by travellers of such contracted intellect as the writer of these Records.


This edition of Cowper's Works proceeds, as it began, with great spirit, though we cannot think it likely to take the lead of Southey's edition.


Having already given our opinion of this edition of Pope's Works, we have merely to announce the volumes as they successively appear.

The Yemassee. A Romance of Carolina. By the Author of "Guy Revere."

This is a new specimen of American literature, which we have just received from the other side of the Atlantic. To those who are fond of "seeking for sensations," by a perusal of the horrible, this work will prove a treat, and it will, in all probability, soon be published in this country, though we doubt whether the convolutionaire school, to which the book decidedly belongs, be yet very popular among us.

Italy and Italian Literature. By Charles Herbert, Esq.

The Author has put forth this production in a very modest and unassuming form. Mr. Herbert is a man of elegant literary taste, and, though the justness of many of his opinions and speculations might be contested, his book will be read with considerable interest.

Brockedon's Road Book from London to Naples, illustrated with engravings by W. and E. Finden.

Travelling on the continent seems now such a matter-of-course affair with every well educated and affluent Englishman, that to be imprisoned within the limits of the British isles, would be to him almost as great a hardship as if he were condemned to smoke cigars and sip brandy and water within the walls of the King's Bench or Fleet prison. For a man to say that he is untravelled, bespeaks his want of knowledge of the necessities of life—polite life we mean. Let him, therefore, set out for Italy as fast as he can, after having provided himself with the truly useful and elegant volume bearing the title that heads this article, and in which both Mr. Brockedon and Messrs. Finden—the first in the letter-press and some of the drawings, the two latter in the engravings that embellish the work—have displayed great talent and taste.


We sat down to read this novel under very favourable impressions as regards the author, and in the best of possible humours for bestowing praise. If, then, we have not been pleased, it is the fault of the book, which we have found dull and heavy, though it evinces powers of mind capable of much better things. The poetry of novel writing is possessed but by few; yet every man of any literary pretension, fancies that he can easily succeed in
this branch of composition. Thus, our circulating libraries teem with novels that are really contemptible, whilst the authors of them might cut a very respectable figure in some other of the walks of literature. The "Doom of Giallo," though much laboured, is often quite puerile, and there is not a single natural character throughout the work.


This is a reprint of Mr. Hook’s beautiful novel of the "Parson's Daughter," and forms the forty-sixth volume of Bentley's standard novels. The merits of this work are too well known to the public, for us to repeat here what we said of it on its first publication; we therefore merely observe, that it is one of those standard works which will always be read, because they always interest and amuse, even after several readings.

The Political Life of Maha-Rajah Runjeet Singh, &c. By H. T. Prinsep, of the Bengal Civil Service.

Whoever has read Jacquemont’s interesting letters from India, must feel his curiosity greatly excited by the account which the French naturalist gives of Runjeet Singh, who, as a conqueror and a statesman, is one of the most extraordinary men that modern times has produced in Asia. Mr. Prinsep’s life of the Sikh monarch is a most valuable work, and a great acquisition to the general history of India.

Chromatography; or, a Treatise on Colours and Pigments, &c. By George Field.

We have strong doubts of the practical utility of this work, because we find it wonderfully defective in theory. Mr. Field may have experience, so far as his own observation goes; but will this experience allow him to lay down accurate rules for those who paint for posterity. There is a great deal of pretension, and many high-sounding and inflated periods in this magnificent volume of large dimensions, but very little available knowledge. The whole of the matter it contains might be compressed into an octavo of modest size.

The Fudges in England; being a Sequel to the Fudge Family in Paris. By Thomas Brown the Younger.

This book has created a sensation in the literary world, much more from the great celebrity of its reputed author than for the intrinsic merit to be found in this species of satire, which, with a certain portion of wit and smartness, and a good deal of flippancy, has been readily compounded, without any great effort of genius, by a man of the author’s endowments. We confess that, although the lively scenes of this volume may draw from us a smile in spite of ourselves, which we prefer to the yawning produced by the "Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion," still we think that the man who could pen "Paradise and the Peri," should leave such every-day people as the Fudges to the skill of less gifted individuals.


Though there is much elegance of diction, much smoothness and freedom of versification in these poems, we find a coldness, a want of fervour, which we can scarcely reconcile with the true poetic thrill. It is most probably this absence of real inspiration which at times leads Mr. Trench into a false enthusiasm, producing those strained effects which he has worked himself up to believe the "flow of soul," instead of the ransacking of the imagination. In these efforts, notwithstanding the glare, there is a total absence of heat, there is much of the sparkling of tinsel, but none of the sacred fire. Some of these poems may however be selected as breathing a spirit of the most chaste and beautiful morality, which does honour to Mr. Trench as a man and a Christian divine.

The Bride of Sienna. A Poem.

We had marked out for insertion an extract from this beautiful little volume, but we cannot afford the space. This poem contains some of the sweetest lines that we remember to have read, and the whole of it is of a high order of merit. The subject is the story of La Pia in the Divina Commedia by Dante, considerably enlarged, and wrought out with no inconsiderable skill.
NEW MUSIC.

Apparition à Londres, Rondo brillant de Salon pour le Piano. Par Albert Sowinski.

This is music of a new and strange character. It abounds with the wild and characteristic poetry of Poland, and is of such a stirring nature, that no one of true poetic feeling can hear it without a rush of blood to the heart. Mr. Sowinski belongs to the school of Chopin, the Polish pianist, whose extraordinary powers on his instrument may be compared to those of Paganini on the violin.

I. To a Butterfly.—II. Oh! Do not say the word Farewell.—III. I will not say he loves Thee not. By T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.—IV. Softly, Softly. By Kirke White.—V. By-gone Hours. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.—VI. O, Yes, Alas! 'Tis but too True.—Ballads composed with accompaniment for the Guitar by T. Clays.

These ballads are exceedingly pretty, and the guitar accompaniment quite easy, though effective.

Reform. By Richard Dogerel, Esq., the Music by a celebrated M.P.

A very excellent comic song, with good and appropriate music. We call upon Mr. Dogerel to continue his labours, which are well worthy of reward, and seem likely to prove very profitable to himself, and to his publisher, Mr. Dean.


Valse à la Militaire, composed and arranged for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to the Officers of the Queen’s Bays Dragoons, by M. Vaucher de Strubing.

We have already had occasion to speak in terms of high praise, of M. Vaucher de Strubing’s waltzes and quadrilles, as being very superior to the usual character of such works. The two compositions before us are equally deserving of commendation. The song is pretty, appropriate, and within the compass of every voice; the waltz is spirited, free, and characteristic of its title.

Overture to Shakspeare’s Merchant of Venice. Composed and arranged, as a Piano-Forte Duet, by G. A. Macfarren.

We are great admirers of Mr. Macfarren’s genius generally, and of his overture to “The Merchant of Venice” in particular; but we have a detestation of overtures and symphonies arranged as piano-forte duets. Such arrangements reduce the bold colouring and conceptions of a great mind, to mere cold, dry, and common-place sketches. Can any one of Beethoven’s symphonies be tolerated on the piano-forte? Even arranged as septets, they sink from their splendour and sublimity into comparative insignificance. They very much resemble the gigantic genius in the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,” compressed and vapourised so as to enter a small box, in which he was powerless.


Byron’s pen has given classical importance to the lovely writer of this song, and her powers of mind render her worthy of that distinction. This is not the only production of the Countess Guiccioli which we have found worthy of our best admiration. The words of this barcarola are full of true poetic feeling, and Signor Costa’s music is appropriate and beautiful.

She wore a Wreath of Roses. A Ballad by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq., the Music composed by J. P. Knight.

When You and I were Boys together. The Poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq., the Music composed by the Chevalier Neukomm.

These two pieces only confirm what we have said before, that Mr. T. Haynes Bayly writes better songs for music than any of his contemporaries, combining always good poetry with the most melodious words. The music of these two songs is very different, that of the former, by Mr. Knight, being sweet and appropriate, while that of the latter, by Chevalier Neukomm, is dull, heavy, and uninspired.
The Mountain Echoes. Written by W. Ball, composed by J. Chumbley.

We must say, en passant, that Mr. Ball's words are very pretty, and well adapted for music. Mr. Chumbley, the composer of the music, seems embued with a proper sense of his art; he evidently feels that its object is not only to utter agreeable sounds, but to convey to the mind, through the medium of the ear, as a painting does through that of the eye, all that is beautiful and sublime. The "Mountain Echoes," though it purports to be but an humble ballad, shows these feelings in the composer, who has wrought out his subject with true poetic perception. Confident that this song will not lie perdus upon the shelves of the publisher, we earnestly recommend Mr. Chumbley to persevere, and he will, ere long, reach an eminent station as a native composer.

VARIEITIES.

Panorama of the Capture and Taming of Wild Elephants in the Island of Ceylon.

By W. Daniell, R.A.—We have frequently stated, as the result of personal observation, that no man but Mr. Daniell can give an accurate delineation of Indian scenery; and we have a new instance of this in the very beautiful panorama of the Capture and Taming of Wild Elephants in the island of Ceylon, now exhibiting at the room of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Pall-Mall East. To those who have not seen the country, this picture must prove highly attractive, and to old residents in India it must awaken the most pleasing recollections and associations. The whole scenery is stamped with all the peculiarities which distinguish Indian landscape from every other, and with the most perfect reality. The elephants and other figures are in beautiful and spirited groups, and there is an officer on horseback whom you almost fancy in motion. Every body ought to visit this panorama.

Paganini.—The death of this wonderfully gifted individual has been announced by all our contemporaries. No set of men seem so credulous as conductors of newspapers, who make no more scruple of murdering a poor man, in their columns, than they are eager to bring him to life again the next day. The Constitution first inserted the melancholy news that the world had lost Paganini. One of our own weekly papers copied the error from the Frenchman, but for the sake of "a little effervescence," it attributed the news to its own correspondent at Genoa. The other papers, one and all, then began to ring the changes upon the death of the lamented musician, a man whom most of them had most unjustly and unbecomingly vituperated whilst he was in this country. One published a sonnet upon the departed man of genius—another an ode—a third a panegyric—a fourth a biography; the whole verifying the fact that the virtues of him who rises above his peers, in any walk of life, are never discovered except through the sod that covers his grave. But thanks to Providence, Paganini is still alive. We never believed in the story of his death, and we daily looked for its contradiction, which occurred as we had predicted to those who really considered Paganini's loss a calamity to the art he cultivates. He still remains upon this earth, and we hope again to feel the most delightful emotion under the witchery of his bow and the sweet poetry of his mind. We doubt that he will ever again visit this country, but we trust, God willing, to hear him in his own native city.

Mr. Bale.—We rejoice to learn that a new opera, by this composer, who has acquired a considerable reputation in Italy, is now under rehearsal at the English Opera House, and is likely, from the novelty and beauty of its style, to give a strong impulse to dramatic composition in this country.

Mr. Keiser.—This gentleman, long known among us as a merchant, has been compelled, by misfortune, to resume the profession of which he was formerly one of the greatest ornaments. As a violin player, more especially skilled in executing the noble works of Beethoven and Spohr, Mr. Keiser occupies a high rank. He is about to carry his talents to the United States of America. On Wednesday the 22nd ult., he gave a farewell concert to such of his friends as were anxious to aid him in his new undertaking. The music there performed consisted of Spohr's three double quartets, and a quintet by Beethoven. The style in which this music was given by Messrs. Keiser, Dando, Larocque, Knoop, and others, quite electrified the audience, which was very select, and composed entirely of connoisseurs in music. Mr. Knoop also played two solos on the violincello, both beautiful in style and extraordinary in execution, but wanting that body of tone which no one except Lindley has yet acquired, and which is necessary to fill a large space. Every thing that Mr. Knoop does on his instrument is beautifully pure, and full of taste and feeling, whilst his mechanical skill is quite marvellous. We sincerely wish Mr. Keiser success in the new country in which he is about to settle.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
Belle Assemblée,
FOR NOVEMBER, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH, LADY HERBERT.

Gwyn died in 1691. Her son, Charles Beauclerk, was born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the 8th May 1670, and, by letters patent, dated at Westminster, 27th December 1676, was created Baron of Hedington and Earl of Burford, in the county of Oxford, and on the 10th of January 1684, was further advanced to the dignity of Duke of St. Albans, and constituted Registrar of the Court of Chancery, and Master Falconer of England, with remainder to the heirs male of his body.

In the reign of James II, the Duke of St. Albans was among the first who sent in his adherence to the Prince of Orange, on his landing at Torbay. His Grace, at the time, was with the Emperor's army in Hungary, where he showed much gallantry at the storm which terminated the siege of Belgrade, the 6th September 1688. In 1693, he served under King William in Flanders, and returning with that monarch to England, was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners and a Knight of the Garter. His Grace died the 11th May 1726, leaving issue by his wife, the Lady Diana De Vere, eldest daughter and sole heiress of Aubrey twentieth, and last Earl of Oxford, of that noble family,

Charles, his successor.

William, grandfather of George, who was fourth Duke of St. Albans.

Vere, born in 1699, a naval officer of distinction, who, for his great services, was elevated to the peerage 28th May 1750, as Baron Vere of Hauworth, and, dying in 1781, left, with other issue, an only son, Aubrey, second
BAZAARS OF THE EAST.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

The bazaars of London and Paris, though the idea of them was originally borrowed from the Orientals, afford but little aid in forming a just conception of the scenes of traffic which are known by the same name in the East. No doubt the high perfection to which arts and manufactures have been carried in Europe—the elevation, capaciousness, and elegance of the buildings appropriated among us to the display of the lighter and more graceful productions of our industry—the taste with which the various articles are arranged—the neat costume of the sellers—the beauty and superb appearance of the fair visitors, sauntering with airy negligence through the crowded galleries,—contribute to render an English bazaar a highly interesting spectacle. And were trading speculations more generally attended with success, the moral aspect of the place would be no less agreeable than its exterior is showy. But in the faces of those who sit there to sell their wares, it is impossible not to perceive a restless anxiety, the manifestation of a constant inward reference to the exorbitant price they pay daily for their counters, and of keen anticipation or apprehension of loss. Their eye busily peruses each passer by; their politeness is painful and unnatural; you see they are all unhappy. Nevertheless, to an Oriental, who should visit our bazaars for the first time, they must undoubtedly present the appearance of so many fairy scenes.

A bazaar in the East, more particularly in Cairo, is distinguished by features altogether different. It is not a separate building, but a small quarter of the city, consisting of several narrow streets, disposed upon a square area, and intersecting each other at right angles. In general, the houses are uniform in height and appearance. The streets are covered above with mats or canvas, sup-
ported by light poles or rafters of palm wood, small openings being left at intervals for the admission of light; and thus, as the buildings are lofty, a refreshing coolness in the air is always kept up. The shops, entirely open in front, are raised about three feet above the level of the pavement, and have a broad stone bench, covered with carpets, running the whole length of the bazaar. To prevent the entrance of asses, horses, or camels, a massive iron chain, extending across the street, and resting in the middle on a stone pillar, is found at every adit of the bazaar, and hangs so low that all who go in or out are compelled to stoop, and at the same time lift the chain, which is thus rendered almost as bright as steel. Immense gates, shut at a certain hour of the night, defend the entrance to the great area of the bazaar, which resembles an extensive fortress isolated in the midst of a populous city. Here sentinels are nightly stationed; but, instead of pacing to and fro, as on a military post, they generally wrap themselves snugly in their blankets, and sleep on the ground.

In the innumerable shops which line either side of the various streets of the bazaar, all the different productions of Europe and Asia are exposed, mingled and confounded with each other, for sale. Here, likewise, we find many rare and curious articles, in their wrought or unwrought state, from the interior of Africa: ivory, gold dust, ostrich feathers, beads of scented wood, or of certain semi-transparent substances of unknown nature, extraordinary seeds or berries, used as ornaments by the capricious inmates of the harem. A thriving trade appears to be carried on by the money-changers. Every gold and silver coin of the known world may be here converted, with little or no loss, into the current money of the country; for the constant passing of strangers from every land through Cairo, led thither by curiosity, commerce, or religion, familiarises the bankers with foreign money, with the exact value of which they are almost universally acquainted. For several years past, however, the English sovereign and the Spanish dollar are the gold and silver pieces most in request. During the Syrian war, the Turkish piastre was prohibited; and, from the great proportion of alloy it contained, was of almost no intrinsic value.

Next in importance, perhaps, to the bankers are the goldsmiths and jewellers, many of whom are persons of considerable skill, and, from their assiduous application to business and their parsimonious habits, have amassed great wealth. In the knowledge of precious stones they are probably equalled by few Europeans; and in cutting, polishing, and setting them, though possessing but clumsy tools, they exhibit extraordinary skill. They appear, however, to be unacquainted with the secret of Blanching pearls; for Mohammed Ali, who seems to be lavish in supplying the artificial wants of his harem, has recourse, in this part of the business, to Europeans. Sometime before my arrival in the country, his Highness had purchased, of an Italian merchant, for two thousand pounds, a magnificent pearl necklace, for one of his women. The merchant made frequent applications for the money, but was put off with promises, and, at last, began to suspect his Highness meant that the present should be made at his expense. While I was at Alexandria, the lady, who had probably grown tired of the toy, and longed for something new, took it into her head that the pearls were not sufficiently white; and the necklace was, in consequence, returned to the merchant for the purpose of being sent to Italy to be blanched. I saw it in his hands. The pearls were of exceeding beauty, and of the largest size. He smiled with delight, like a man who had recovered a lost treasure:—"I will send them to Europe," said he, "and they shall be made whiter; but, per Dio! she shall never see her necklace again, until I get my money for it."

One of the articles in which the goldsmiths of the East display their taste, is the zoref, or stand, of silver or gold, in which the coffee-cups, among the great, are presented to the guests. Resembling an egg-stand in form, the zoref is frequently ornamented above with the most delicate filigree work, not inferior in elegance of execution to the finest specimens of Malay workmanship. The nose jewels, the earrings, the necklaces, anklets, bracelets, the ornaments for the forehead and bosom, the jewelled girdles, the rings, signets, and amulet cases, which are found in their shops, all of native workmanship, are often executed with much taste.

Numerous shops are filled with blue glass beads, which are chiefly purchased by Arab peddlers, who, with these, and other light wares, travel from village to village, supplying the country belles with finery. Considerable quantities, also, appear to be purchased for the markets in the Black Countries of the interior of Africa, whither the merchants proceed with the slave caravans. The stranger, desirous of beholding the bright eyes of Cairo, should saunter in
the morning about the jewellers' shops, and all others where articles of female dress and ornaments are sold:

Thither in crowds they ran,

Some to undo, and some to be undone.

In spite of all the restraints of custom and jealousy, those who possess remarkable beauty will contrive some means of displaying it. The ladies of various harems, as many sometimes as ten in a flock, may often be seen in the bazaar, each company under the superintendence of an eunuch. While the Argus is occupied in watching the foremost, or in clearing a way for them through the crowd, some of the others, if they happen to observe a stranger, will turn the mouth veil aside, and exhibit their beautiful lips and chin, the only portions of the face which it is thought necessary to hide, these being the features that distinguish one individual from another. For, in the East, where every woman's eyes are black, there is in the eye much less characteristic expression than is generally supposed. When a lady walks forth, attended only by a female slave, she still more boldly oversteps the laws of custom. She will then even chat and laugh with a stranger, give or take a joke, honouring him from time to time with a revelation of her charms; and, if occasion permit, renew the acquaintance thus formed, as if, in spite of her national prejudices, she experienced a disposition to contract friendships beyond the pale of the harem. Instances of this I have myself known.

From an attentive observation of what takes place in the bazaar, it is, in fact, easy to discover that the intrigues described in the Arabian Nights, and elsewhere, as conducted, in oriental cities, by the ministry of shopkeepers and slaves, are not only probable, but in perfect keeping with the manners of the people. Every woman being in perpetual masquerade, disguised so that her own husband could not recognise her in the street, such as are disposed to take advantage of their position find abundant opportunities.

To return, however, to the other attractions of the bazaar,—there is no place where one can more agreeably sip his coffee or smoke a pipe. Reclined in a cool, shady recess, alone, or with a pleasant companion, one may here enjoy a spectacle ever changing: men of all nations, of all complexions, in every variety of costume, are moving to and fro, not with that hurried gait and uneasy manner observable in all European cities, in the resorts of business, but with a calm, composed air, arising apparently from intense self-satisfaction. It is not buyers and sellers only who frequent the bazaar. Loungers make it their favourite resort, and amuse themselves by taking the air in its cool covered streets, as they would, among us, in Kensington Gardens, or the Parks;—for the Orientals are by no means so averse, as has been pretended, to locomotion, and require only shade and a refreshing breeze to tempt them into walking.

Not the least extraordinary among the individuals here beheld, are the Derwishes from different parts of the Mohammedan world. These men, who, in adopting the Derwish's mantle, profess to forsake the world, appear, notwithstanding, to delight in being constantly before the eyes of mankind; as if desirous that the sacrifices they make and the mortifications they endure should not escape notice. With many, vanity is no doubt the principal, if not the sole, motive for adopting a life of seeming penance and real pleasure; and, even in those whom disappointment, disgust, or religious enthusiasm leads to abandon all secular pursuits, a spice of vanity secretly mingle with their more sombre feelings, and urges them, even while they seem most insensible to all earthly satisfaction, to court, in the bazaars, and other public places, the observation and sympathy of the crowd. Hence we find them constantly flocking to the spots where numerous assemblies, for whatever purpose, congregate together. Admiration, and the wonder of the crowd, are necessary to their happiness. With these they console themselves for what they have lost; for the proud and aspiring consider any species of marked distinction a sufficient compensation for the sacrifice of what are vulgarly regarded as pleasures.

Bustling through the throng is seen, in various parts of the bazaar, an auctioneer, who, holding up a double-barrelled gun, a sabre, ashawl, a watch, or, an illuminated manuscript of the Koran, offers the article to the highest bidder. Some one begins, perhaps, with a piastre, a second says "two," a third "five," and so on; while the peripatetic auctioneer descants in glowing eloquence on the rare merits of the property for sale. If it be a sabre, why it has belonged to Roostum or Antar, and has shed blood by the hogshead. It has been manufactured of the finest Damascus steel—it was cooled in the Abana—its edge could not be turned by granite—it would cut through the moon. Perhaps he is offering a shawl. Imagine the agreeable ideas, the graceful allusions, the rich and spirit-stirring associations, connected with a shawl! Who
knows whither it may find its way? His imagination penetrates through doors, and walls, and troops of guards, into the harem, and pictures it thrown negligently round the waist of some young sultana. Or, supposing it has been already worn,—for second-hand goods are by no means reviewed with contempt in the East,—what a field is then opened to his ingenuity!—he will swear it has been at Mecca, that its fringe has licked up the dust of the Kaaba, that it has been sprinkled with the waters of Zennem, that it has touched, at Medina, the golden railings of the prophet's tomb. Or, Mashallah!—it may have been worn and darned by some pretty favourite of the Shah of Persia, some captive princess, sighing in a gilded prison, for the liberty and innocent happiness of her childhood. "Buy this article," says he; "it is as good as a talisman, as you yourselves will admit when you have heard its history. Do you see these spots? Nay, don't be afraid: come nearer, and look at them. Aye, they are blood-stains. How they come to be there I shall explain. Many years ago the Shah of Persia, while engaged in hunting, was separated from his companions, and, after wandering several hours among the woods, towards evening emerged into a spacious plain, where there was an Eylat encampment. His Majesty, though he loved not those wandering tribes, and had very little faith in their loyalty—for, in fact, he had murdered some of their chiefs—was nevertheless constrained by hunger, and his utter ignorance of the country, to trust himself among their tents. Accordingly, riding up with affected composure, and addressing himself to the first man he saw, he requested to be conducted to the chief's tent. On arriving before the door, a young woman, beautiful as Zuleikha, but unveiled as is their custom, came forth, and, observing that her father was old and infirm, entreated him to alight and enter. Her loveliness pierced his heart like an arrow. For some time he sat still in the saddle, gazing at her eyes, without answering a word. Presently, perceiving his amazement, she repeated her invitation; and the Shah, starting as from a dream, dismounted, and apologising for his absence of manner, followed her into the tent. Here he was received with true Eylat hospitality; and, when he had eaten, taking the old chief aside,

"Mashallah," said he, "your daughter is beautiful. I am the Shah; will you give her to be the sun of my harem?"

"It is impossible!" replied the old man;

'she is already married; and her husband, a young man of our tribe, who will be here presently, loves her more than his eyes.'

"I will make him governor of a province," rejoined the Shah, "if he will yield her up to me. My heart is scorched to a cinder."

"It cannot be," replied her father. 'She is the star of my tribe, her husband is my bravest warrior. I am old, and who knows? In a short time my horse and my spear may descend to him. I am on the edge of the grave.'

"Old man!" exclaimed the monarch, "all the gold of Persia is mine. Let him yield her up, and he shall have her weight in tomans!"

"What! sell my daughter? By my beard, if you were not the Shah!... But say no more of it. The blood of the Eylat is hot."

"His Majesty now perceived that he was not in Isphahan, where every man's head was at his disposal. Biting his lips, therefore, he remained silent for some minutes; then, feigning to be content,

"Mashallah! there is no evil," said he; "you have other daughters, perhaps; and, if not, why we must rest satisfied."

"Nothing further took place that night; but, on the morrow, the Shah's hunting companions and guards, after traversing the country in all directions, having discovered that their master was in the Eylat's tent, came galloping up, and, being in considerable numbers, exhibited that sort of insolence by which power is often distinguished. Now it was his Majesty's turn to talk authoritatively. Sending for the old man, who, apprehending evil, had retired into his harem, he said,

"We are not accustomed to entertain our subjects when we would do them the honour to take their daughters into our harem. Still, in the present case, we condescend to ask your permission, though determined, should you refuse to grant it, to make use of the power and authority intrusted to us. See, my troops surround your camp. Your daughter I must have. Her husband, if he submit with a good grace, shall receive a high command, with presents of inestimable value; if not, his head is ours, and we shall order it to be laid at our feet. Let the woman be brought forth.'

"The husband stood near. His heart was rent by the fiercest passions—his eyes rolled—his lip quivered. At length, turning to the Shah,

"Your Majesty," said he, "must allow that it is hard to part with those we love. Nevertheless, as it seems to be the will of
THE CLERGYMAN IN DEBT.

God, I shall submit to it; and only demand your gracious leave to salute and bid her adieu in your presence.

"This being readily granted, the lady was brought forth, and the husband, stepping up to her, and kissing her lips, whispered in their own language: 'The day is come for us to part. If you have loved as I have, say the word—I will free you yet—but, if words only have passed between us, you may go with the Shah.'"

"'How can you doubt me?' she answered. 'I have loved you as my soul. I see the handle of your poniard. Use it, and let us meet in Heaven.'"

"In another moment he had plunged the dagger in her breast, and the blood spouting forth in streams, some drops fell upon this shawl, which the Shah then wore about his waist. The Eyлат was cut down, and joined his beloved in Paradise; but the men of his tribe, rushing with fury to the combat, the Persians were repulsed with great slaughter; and in the combat, his Majesty received a wound, which, though not instantly mortal, in the end was the cause of his death. His shawl, stained with the blood of the Eyлат princess, he sent as an offering to the shrine of Hassein; but on the way it fell into the hand of the Bedouins, who sold it here in Cairo. Such is the history of this article. Judge whether it be not equal in virtue to a talisman."

After such recommendation, who could resist buying? I became the purchaser, and the blood of the Eyлат princess is now religiously preserved in London, as a relic rendered sacred by love.

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THE CLERGYMAN IN DEBT
TO HIS BANKERS, ON THEIR DETAINING HIM IN PRISON.

Time was, when moving in a circle bright,
With youth, a name, a house, ambition, rank,
Engagements heavy, sorrows always light,
My bills were passed and honoured thro' your bank,
Name, fame, and fortunes flourished with my purse;
And, while that lasted, ye ne'er found me fail:
Yet, when misfortune followed with its curse,
One unpaid bill consigned me to a jail!

One unpaid bill! why not, upon the day
Which saw me thrust within a prison's door,
For then dishonouring what I could not pay,
Have thought of those which I had paid before?
Why not for once accept the poor man's will,
Who could not yet do justice to the deed,
Rather than bid quick pulses cease to thrill,
Or let—within stone walls—a warm heart bleed?
Have you e'er thought, when heaps of countless gold
Lay sparkling bright before you in their sheen,
Of one you caused to suffer grief untold?
What, or how deep my torments might have been?
The sad privation quickening the sense,
The broken hope, the fortunes all laid low;
You counting notes, while I was wanting pence,
You bless'd with wealth, and I enduring woe!
Or could you see, when home from business led,
With happy children grouping by your side,
My young wife watch her infant on its bed,
Smiling and dying as mine smiled and died?
You answer—No! then 'tis for me to tell
Such woes have been; more sorrows yet may be,
Unless within your heart sweet mercy dwell,
And you obey her dictates—set him free."

* The respectable bankers, to whom these verses were addressed, immediately withdrew their detainer, and accommodated the author with a further advance.
REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF A PREDESTINATED ROGUE.
No. XVI.

Two days after Dillon's recapture, his gaoler entered the cell, and drawing a large quid of tobacco from his jaws, which he dropped into the leathern cap that usually covered his skull, he said, with a certain dilatation of the nostril and curl of the nether lip, that denoted the triumph of his savage heart at the idea of a fellow-creature suffering.

"Well, master, the time is come at last for you to be made a gaping wonder of. Clip a goose's wing, and you soon prevent his flying. My word for it, you'll never cackle again in your own freedom, till the mercy of heaven and of the state set you at liberty. Come, drop your iron and follow me; and, as you don't like my company, may be you'll find that you like better to be among birds of your own feather. Honest gaolers needn't seek fellowship with rogues that have only just escaped death at the country's expense, and are likely to wear an iron cravat as the mark of a thief's distinction. Come, bustle, man, the van waits for its burden; and it has never carried fouler carriion than 'tis likely to bear this bout. Quick, sir, move; I can't tarry."

Dillon made no reply, but followed the brute, and, entering a van, was conducted to the Conciergerie, previously to being exposed in the pillory, which was to take place on the following day. There were in the van besides himself, nine persons doomed to the same public exposure; all of them fellows of the lowest description, who made a jest of the matter, and seemed to think it rather an honour than a disgrace.

When they reached the Conciergerie, they were placed in a large apartment common to criminals of a certain description, many of whom greeted them with that sort of infernal welcome which we may imagine would be expressed by the outcast spirits towards the doomed sent among them, because they have not accomplished their expurgation in this probationary life. Dillon, in spite of the sad prospect before him, was sustained by his consciousness of innocence; but the sufferings of that tender girl, whose affection for him she had proved to be at once as strong and pure as an essence, were a source of perpetual sadness. He, however, assumed an air of cheerfulness, and, though he kept himself apart from his companions, who were evidently characters of the most depraved kind, yet he did not refuse occasionally to join in their hilarity, in order to escape the annoyance which might otherwise accrue to him from their malignity. He put up a prayer to Heaven for deliverance from thrallorn, which he concluded, as he frequently did, in the words of an old divine.*

Hearken, O God! unto a wretch's cries,
Who low dejected at thy footstool lies;
Let not the clamour of my heinous sin
Drown my requests, which strive to enter in
At those bright gates, which always open stand
To such as beg permission at thy hand.
Full well I know, if thou in rigour deal,
I can nor pardon ask, nor yet appeal.
To my hoarse voice Heaven will no audience grant,
But deaf as brass, and hard as adamant,
Beat back my words: therefore I bring to thee
A gracious advocate to plead for me.
What, too! my leprous soul no Jordan can
Recure, nor floods of the wide ocean
Make clean! Yet from my Saviour's bleeding side,
Two large and medicinal rivers glide:
Lord wash me where those streams of life abound,
And new Bethesdas flow from every wound.

The change from Biécétre to the Conciergerie was certainly for the better, and, though it was to be but for a short time, it was a very desirable interval of relief from the close confinement of a dungeon, from which the light of day was almost excluded, and the atmosphere that of a charnel house. The room now occupied by the prisoners, previously to being exposed, was large, and tolerably well ventilated, and our hero enjoyed a refreshing rest.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, the prisoners were summoned to undergo the punishment of the pillory. Our hero's companions obeyed with an alacrity and even cheerfulness which he did not appear at all disposed to imitate. He followed reluctantly the last of the group, about to be degraded by a public exposure in front of the Palais de Justice. In spite of his ordinary strength of nerve, Dillon was a good deal depressed at the idea of submitting to such deep degradation. That creed from which he had hitherto derived support under every difficulty, had for some time been gradually becoming as "the staff of a bruised reed." Phoebus had shaken his faith, and it daily tottered with increased feebleness under the gra-

* Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, who died 1669.
dually accumulating weight of a more reason able conviction. He was sad. His march was slow and measured, as he quitted the apartment in the rear of his companions in bondage.

When they reached the outer-court yard of the Palais de Justice, they were fastened in pairs to a cart's tail, and thus obliged to march to the place of exposure. The cart conveyed the instruments of their punishment. Several of the prisoners had decorated themselves with ribands of various gaudy colours, and, with feathers in their caps, set up a song of coarse mockery as the vehicle moved on which was to conduct them to the pillory. The crowd was great which followed and preceded them. Dillon's quick eye was not long in perceiving the unhappy Phoebe among the former. She was near enough to cheer him with a sad smile that spoke the bitter feelings by which her pure bosom was wrung. A tear suffused her long silken lashes as they occasionally rested upon her cheek, unable to suppress the emotion that fermented within her, and at times poured upon her heart a tide of sorrow which it required all the energies of her resolute and enduring nature to repel.

The van at length reached its destination, and the prisoners were severally detached. They were then mounted upon a platform raised six feet from the ground, and each tied to a stake, with an iron collar round his neck. Over the head of every culprit was an immense sheet of paper, upon which his crime was written in characters sufficiently large to be legible at a considerable distance.

Dillon saw Phoebe's sympathetic eye instantly fixed upon him, and he was comforted; yet he occasionally felt a throe of compunction when his recollection reverted to the unkindness with which he had once treated her.

After being exposed for one hour, the prisoners were released from the stakes, placed in a van, and conducted to Bicêtre, there to await the period when they should be sent to Toulon.

Dillon remained nine weeks in this horrible prison, before the usual term arrived for disposing of the convicts. He had become thin and haggard. The natural buoyancy of his spirits had given way under his severe confinement, and he was grave, silent, and dejected. As Phoebe was suspected having assisted in accomplishing his late escape, she was not allowed to visit him, and he saw no human creature but the fierce obdurate gaoler, who always expressed by a ferocious grin, the satisfaction he felt at beholding his victim suffer.

On the day appointed for removing the prisoners, they were led into a large court, surrounded by high walls, to the number of a hundred and sixteen. A body of gendarmes was present in order to prevent any violence on the part of some of these desperate convicts, for most of them were men of fierce and indomitable souls. As soon as the massy iron door of the court had been closed upon the criminals, they were stripped naked one by one, and minutely examined to ascertain if they had any thing secreted which might aid them in effecting their escape. Every man was obliged to open his mouth which underwent as severe a scrutiny, as if the state inquisitor were taking an account of the molars of the whole band, in order to ascertain how far they would be enabled to manutact the hard beans provided by a generous government for their working convicts.

After this examination had been made to the perfect satisfaction of the gaol functionary, accredited by the high justiciaries of France, as a faithful and vigilant servant in this honourable department of assize administration, the prisoners were prepared for the chain. Dillon being a foreigner, and as such entitled to precedence, was first called forward to undergo the initiatory process of galley-slavery. A thick iron collar was produced, which being spread apart was forced round our hero's neck, and cold rivetted. In order to enable this to be done, he was obliged to sit upon the ground. A hand-anvil was then raised by a man, upon which the collar was laid, and hammered by another prison Cyclops, who secured the rivet, at the risk of the prisoner's brains, for every stroke passed within a quarter of an inch of his skull. On one side of the collar was fixed a heavy chain with large open links; the neck of another convict was confined at the other extremity of the chain, after he had likewise submitted to a similar jeopardy. When the whole had been thus secured, they were placed in couples at certain intervals, forming a line like a regiment marching in open column. A long, small chain was passed through the centre link of every larger chain, by which about twenty couples were respectively secured, extending the entire length of the line; thus the whole body was prevented from quitting the position, into which it was placed on quitting the prison. In spite of
this detailed degradation, Dillon's heart did not shrink; he felt himself sustained, and might have truly said with Crashaw—

Come death, come bonds, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.
Save those of fear, no other bonds fear I,
Nor other death than this—the fear to die.

On a very afternoon the troop of convicts proceeded on their wretched journey to Toulon. They were placed in an immense open wagon, and obliged to sit side by side upon the bottom of the vehicle, which contained only alternate planks, so that their legs hung dangling through. In consequence of this painful position, the circulation was impeded by the pressure of these hard wooden seats; and when they halted for the night, scarcely one of them could stand. Nothing could exceed the inflexible indifference with which they were treated by the prison officials, and the gendarmes who accompanied them. This, however, was in some measure relieved by the sympathies of the people of the villages through which they passed, who gave them food, and provided straw for their beds. They were turned every night into barns upon the road, like a troop of wild beasts, and placed by daylight into the wagon, always in the same position, which they were not permitted to change during the day. As a relief, however, they were sometimes allowed to walk for several days together.

In spite of these severe sufferings, many of the prisoners seemed to treat the whole thing as if it were a mere pastime. They laughed and sang, and related their exploits with a glee that surprised even Dillon, who had never hitherto looked with a grave eye upon the lighter evils of life. One of the prisoners was a very remarkable man. He had already served fourteen years at the galleys, from which he had been released only fourteen months, when he was again sentenced to them for life. He was a tall bony man, verging on his fiftieth year, with a bushy head of fiery-red hair, and an expression of cunning in his small grey eye, that looked as if the very genius of astuteness had made it her throne. The sinews of his neck and chest, which were exposed to view, rose from the surface, like a congeries of small wires, showing immense muscular power; his bones under the skin being covered with little else.

This man had twice made his escape from the galleys. The first time, he was almost immediately recaptured, and for nine years from that time, was fastened to a wooden post with only six feet of chain, which was never once taken off during the whole period. The very day after his release, he again effected his escape, and remained free upwards of seven months, when he was retaken, and passed the rest of the time, which his sentence doomed him to the galleys, chained to the iron as before. He related the adventures of his life with such a chuckle of triumph, that one would have imagined he had greater enjoyment in endurance than in ease. He laughed at the idea of any punishment being inflicted upon him, that could subdue the recklessness of his spirit, or bring him to respect the laws established for the guidance and protection of human communities. There was not a prison in France in which he had been confined, from which he had not escaped, except the Force, and in that his confinement had been but short. He concluded by saying, that he would shortly lead his present guards such a hunt as they never dreamed of.

That very night the prisoners slept in a barn, secured by two strong oak doors. It was a square building, enclosing an extensive area, the roof being at least forty feet from the floor. The prisoners lay down in a row as they were chained; and it happened that the red-haired man, already spoken of, lay just behind Dillon. Shortly after they had composed themselves for the night, the former, addressing our hero in a whisper, said, "now you may learn how I'll baffle the vigilance of our guard, and be under the broad heavens before midnight—you shall see." Saying this, he took from under his dress a small saw about two inches and half long, formed from the main-spring of a watch, which he drew out of a bag made of parchment, and filled with hog's-lard.

"But how," asked Dillon, "did you contrive so to conceal this as to elude the searcher at Bicêtre."

"I swallowed it. With all his cunning the wiscare never thought of groping into my stomach—it therefore lay snug beyond his scrutiny, and at the first convenient opportunity I disgorged it. I possess now the means of escape."

"But how, even supposing you were to free yourself from the collar, would you climb these high perpendicular walls; for egress through the door, guarded by yonder gendarmes, is a thing quite out of any sane man's reckoning."

"Put me into a corner," replied the convict, with a peculiar laugh, "and I'd mount any wall, if it reached to the stars.—You shall soon have proof that I don't profess without doing."

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It happened that they lay almost close to one corner of the building, the red-haired criminal being one of the first couple that belonged to Dillon's chain. Taking his little saw, he began to sing a popular French air, in a low voice, but sufficiently loud to drown the noise caused by the action of his saw. In a very short time he had cut through his iron collar, and immediately freed his neck from the yoke.

"I would willingly," said he to Dillon, "make you the partner of my liberty, but I know you cannot follow me; if you can, here is the saw; you may free yourself, and pursue the example of one who laughs at chains and stone walls."

The door of the barn, which was guarded by two gendarmes, happened to be at one end of the building. Just before it was a lantern which threw its dim light into the gloom, but did not render objects in the distance sufficiently distinct to enable the armed janitors to observe what was going on at the other extremity. The roof just above where Dillon lay was open to the light of heaven, the barn being in a considerably dilapidated state above, though the strength and soundness of the walls seemed to preclude all possibility of escape.

"Now," said our hero to the prisoner who had freed his neck from the disagreeable contact of cold iron, "how will you manage to scale a perpendicular angle of forty feet?"

"With a pair of arms and legs merely. — What I am about to do would puzzle a cat — nothing but a lizard could accomplish it, myself excepted. Good bye — when the cock crows, I shall be on a journey at my own charge."

He now placed his back in the angle formed by the two walls that enclosed half of the area, and by the muscular action of his legs and arms, raised himself gradually until he reached the roof, through which he drew himself, and disappeared. Dillon was astonished. He could not have conceived such a thing possible, had he not seen it; and he looked on with perfect amazement. He considered himself no mean adept in the science of expedients, but found that he was quite distanced by the superior acuteness and skill of the Frenchman.

As soon as the latter had disappeared through the aperture in the roof, our hero composed himself to rest, and, as the fatigues of the day had been considerable, was quickly locked in profound slumber.

When the convicts were aroused on the morrow, the astonishment of the gendarmes at the escape of their prisoner was ludicrously great. None of his fellow-criminals, who might have been aware of the circumstance, could have any motive to be communicative, and therefore every one affected the most perfect ignorance. Their asseverations, however, were disregarded by the gendarmes, who, during the remainder of the journey, subjected them to the most rigorous scrutiny at night, calling them over every half hour, and thus preventing the enjoyment of sound and refreshing sleep.

The rest of their journey was one of painful privation. The food allowed by government was black bread, and dried beans boiled, which few of them were able to swallow. It fortunately happened that they were so liberally supplied with food by the peasantry of the villages through which they passed, that they were only occasionally obliged to have recourse to the government allowance, which, in truth, would have been but meagre fare for a dog.

To some of the prisoners, whose habits of life had been luxurious, the broken victuals, brought to them by charitable, but poor individuals, who felt a strong sympathy for their sufferings, was anything but gratifying; but to many, and Dillon among the number, who had been accustomed to meet with privations, the ordinary fare bestowed by the charity of those kind-hearted peasants was sweeter than the greatest luxuries that could have been provided from the tables of the opulent.

Unfeeling as the gendarmes usually were, they did not offer any impediment to the free gifts of the charitable; and it was some consolation to Dillon to perceive that, although the laws had doomed them to the sad condition of outcasts from the community, the sympathies of their fellow-beings were not altogether withheld. Our hero for the first time, read a page in the great volume of nature, which until now he did not know to exist.

Nothing further was heard of the prisoner who had escaped; and they arrived at Toulon on the six-and-twentieth day after they had quitted Paris. Melancholy as was the prospect before him, our hero was not sorry that they had reached their destination, as he should now know the worst; for under the saddest condition in this life reality is always less painful than suspense. How strange did the current of events seem to flow, as Dillon took a glance at the various circumstances of his past life. While he was running a career of guilt, every thing seemed
to turn out prosperously: all his artifices succeeded—he escaped the visitations of justice—he prospered and became rich upon the unhallowed gains of knavery—but since he had thrown aside the character by which he had disgraced society, and had often outraged those social ties established by our common nature between man and man;—since, in fact, he had discarded his criminal propensities, and assumed the mantle of morality, his course of life had run uniformly turbid.

"Can," thought he, "the Deity foredoom vice to success, and virtue to punishment? This cannot be the principle of immutable and eternal justice. No! I was allowed to prosper in order that the lesson of adversity might teach the stronger. What grounds have I for supposing that I am an elect member of the heavenly confraternity? Could an impure soul like mine ascend to the fountain of all purity with the incrustations of a life of crime blackened and seared upon it? But the ways of God are not our ways—they baffle our scrutiny. Why should I yield the impressions of years to the timid suggestions of fear. The robber on the cross, after a career of guilt—perhaps the worst—for none but the vilest malefactors were crucified—entered into his Saviour's joy. He was elected to Paradise, whither he ascended in spite of the infirmities of the flesh. His soul was claimed and raised to the inheritance which it had been pre-ordained to enjoy. Why then should I doubt that mine will inherit a similar blessing? Would I could resolve this awful doubt. Would I could know that my last end would be like his. There is, I am inclined to think, but too much truth in the poet's song.

It is not the murmbling over, thrice a day,*
A set of Ave Maria and of credos,
Or many hours formally to pray,
When from a droll devotion it proceeds;
Nor is it up and down the land to seek
To find those well-breath'd lecturers, that can
Preach thrice a sabbath, and six times a week,
Yet be as fresh as when they first began.
Nor is it such like things perform'd by number
Which God respects; nor doth his wisdom crave
Those many vagaries, wherewith some cumber
Their bodies, as if their souls could save.
For not much doing but well doing that
Which God commands, the doer justifies.
To pray without devotion is to prate;
And hearing is but half our exercise:—
We ought not, therefore, to regard alone—
How often, but how well, the work is done.*

Dillon's confidence in his creed was gradually abating, though he still clung to it with the energy of a man grasping at the visionary beam which a diseased vision presented before him, at the moment he imagines himself to be falling down a precipice. He shrank from relinquishing it, because it offered such easy security; but the prop by which his creed was sustained, was every moment taking a less fixed root in his heart.

Phoebe, with a fearless energy of mind that threw aside the weaker restraints of her sex, with the calm unsubbable resolution of woman's earnest nature, where the principle of moral purity stays and directs her steps, resolved to follow him through all his calamities, and share his sufferings, so far as they might be partaken of by her. She had not been allowed to see him since his recapture after escape, but she still hoped that at Toulon the authorities might be less rigid, and she should at least have the consolation of administering to his necessities. This thought sustained her.

When they arrived at Toulon, the convicts, after being well scrubbed in a bath, were clad in the bicolour uniform of slavery. They were then set to labour in the dock-yard, and that description of work was apportioned to each which they appeared best able to perform. In order that they might execute their assigned tasks with less embarrassment, the collar was removed from their necks, and a manacle fastened to the ankle of each convict, which coupled him with another criminal by means of a heavy chain, upwards of nine feet long. Every convict was furnished with a hook at the waist, to which he suspended the chain when at work, so that it was prevented from impeding his labours; nevertheless, the circumstance of being coupled to another man was extremely embarrassing, as it is imposed the necessity of such mutual dependence on the will of another, that scarcely a single movement could be made by either party without a reciprocal concurrence.

To Dillon the monotonous details of daily labour were painfully irksome; for his was a mind that grew restless and feverish in a state of inactivity, and, though from his natural bodily energy, he performed, with great promptness and alacrity, the tasks assigned to him, he nevertheless languished under the unvarying monotony of his employment. He had not much reason to be satisfied with the miserable mode of life to which he had been doomed, through the machinations of a villain. His food was of the coarsest description. It consisted of coarse bread and black beans, boiled with a little salt only to season them. To this was added a small allowance of water often

* George Wither.
fetid from long standing, to refrigerate the parched throat and moisten the stubborn aliment imposed upon the stomach for digestion. When the labour was very hard, a small quantity of sour wine was served out.

After the labours of the day, the convicts were mustered and marched to the general dormitory, which was a large square building, enclosed by thick lofty walls, with strong barred windows, at least thirty feet from the ground. Round the walls of the edifice within, was a long wooden frame, about seven feet wide, and raised two feet from the ground, like the bench of a guard-house; upon this the criminals slept, without any covering but a small rug, although it was the depth of winter. They were so thickly crowded that they had scarcely room to move, and the encumbrance of their chains rendered their couch any thing but a bed of roses.

For about a fortnight Dillon was exposed to the common drudgery imposed upon the general body of malefactors; but an officer of a regiment quartered in the town, perceiving his superior intelligence and deportment, took a fancy to him, and obtained permission to have him at his house as a sort of secretary, making himself responsible for his safe custody. Dillon was accordingly separated from his fellow-convict, and removed to the abode of his new master, with whom he shortly became a favourite, and in whose house he found every comfort, the only drawback to which was the consciousness of slavery, of which he still wore the uniform, and a light iron ring round his ankle. His principal occupation now was writing, and of this he had not very much to do, his patron being a man of independent property, and, therefore, not reduced to the necessity of labouring in his own person. He was a young man of good family, of a kind heart, and generous disposition, and soon not only expressed a partiality for our hero, but evinced it by numerous acts of kindness. He really believed Dillon's own account of his innocence, knowing how easily a man may be convicted in the French courts, if his accusers possess a certain political interest; and being sensible, moreover, that a foreigner, for no other crime than his being of a different country, might be doomed to the terrible discipline of the galleys. He happened, too, to know something of Dillon's accuser, and knew sufficient to satisfy him, that this man was likely to go any lengths to consummate a scheme of vengeance, which it was not probable he would ever forego so long as there remained a chance of accomplishing it. In proportion as his opinion of Dillon's prosecutor was equivocal, his estimation of the character of his new secretary was raised, and he daily manifested his confidence in acts of kindness and even of friendship. He was a man of scrupulous honour, and of a delicacy so sensitive, that the idea of any one entertaining even the thought that he could be guilty of the slightest breach of decorum, or inflict an unnecessary pang upon the sensibilities of any human creature, was to him a kind of moral martyrdom.

Dillon soon saw the high moral tone of his master's character, for his perceptions in this way were extremely acute, and appreciated it accordingly. He had not been long domesticated under the roof of this amiable young officer, when he ventured to ask that Phoebe might be allowed occasionally to visit him, informing his patron who she was, their mutual attachment and engagement, together with the extraordinary devotedness which she had evinced towards him throughout all his difficulties. The permission was no sooner solicited than obtained, and from this period Phoebe, accompanied by her aged friend already spoken of, used to visit her affianced husband at the abode of the French officer, where the subject of his final escape was frequently discussed, and various plans suggested, but none finally fixed on. The intense and absorbing affection which the beautiful gipsy entertained for our hero was as pure as it was fervent, and seeing as she did his mind casting off the dross of former habits, and daily spiritualising into a higher order of nature from its very trial in the crucible of affliction, in which it was "purified, made white, and tried," her spirit clung to his with a fonder and more stable endearment, and she felt that the only golden link in her destiny would be snapped the moment she should be sundered from him.

The mind of our hero had undergone a sensible change. The disappointment of his fair prospects, and the long confinement to which he had been subject, had rendered him a much more reflecting man. Phoebe had taken care lately to provide him with books to wear off the tedious of confinement, and among others she had put into his hands Whitby's incontrovertible book on the five points upon which the supralapsarian Calvinists erect their preposterous and exclusive creed, and maintain a sanction for what the Genevoise teacher propounded concerning God's absolute decrees of final election and
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This book staggered his faith in the soundness of those gloomy dogmas. The more he read the weaker became his convictions in the truth of his former tenets. Still he wavered. His mind halted between two opinions, and he became a wretched man. He felt his own wickedness acutely.

He would now willingly have submitted to any temporal visitation to expiate former guilt. His transgressions were thorns in his bosom which he could not pluck out; they pierced deeply and sorely. Phoebe read to him, reasoned with him, and generally succeeded for a time in baffling the fiend of remorse that was so busy within him; but as she was permitted to see him only during short intervals on the morning of every day, she was obliged to leave him to the reaction of despondency, which came with tenfold force and acceleration after her departure.

The moral energy of this tender girl was truly amazing. There was a sacredness of purpose and a devotion of heart in all she did, which only rendered our hero the more wretched that he could not make himself master of a jewel so bright and unclouded.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
The eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

The kindness of the French officer towards Dillon was daily displayed in many little acts, and certain permissions not generally granted to convicts; and these indulgences were increased by the strong but honourable impression which the beautiful Phoebe had made upon this amiable young man. He was struck with the concentration of deep feeling and elevated purpose by which she was evidently actuated towards the man who had won her affections, and he thought with a sigh how rarely such virtues were to be found combined in his own countrywomen. Happily for Dillon this young officer was a man of the most incorruptible integrity, and the greatest benevolence of heart. He was of great use to Phoebe in removing many of the inconveniences which must otherwise have attended a young girl living in such a place as Toulon, with only an old woman for her protector, as soon as it became known that she belonged to one of the convicts.

Phoebe's quick perception of character soon showed her how far she might rely upon the professions of Dillon's patron; and having once come to a conclusion upon the moral worth of this young man, she had no fears of trusting herself to his friendship within the authorised limits of propriety, conscious in her own strength to defeat any sinister purpose, should she have made a false estimate of the stranger in whom her judgment directed her to confide.

Our hero had never once dismissed from his mind the thought of making an attempt to escape, and had various conversations with Phoebe upon the subject. They at length determined upon the following plan. Phoebe was to proceed to Marseilles, ascertain if any vessels were about to sail thence for a British port, and engage a passage according to circumstances. It was thought dangerous to attempt taking a passage in any vessel at Toulon. Dillon knew that he might safely trust to Phoebe's management in arranging such a delicate matter, having no doubt that money, of which he could command what he required, if offered in sufficient measure, would tempt almost any French skipper to bear him from his bonds to the freedom of his native country.

In the house of Dillon's patron, it happened that a Swiss general was at this moment on a visit. He was a man of singular appearance, being lame in one leg, having a curious twist in his shoulders, much increased by the loss of an arm, and always wearing a pair of deep green spectacles to hide the loss of his right eye, which had been forced from the socket by a musket ball, and presented a hideous chasm too shocking to be exposed to general observation. Dillon determined to disguise himself as this officer which would enable him, better than any other, to pass the sentinel posted at the town gate. Phoebe executed her commission with a promptness and sagacity peculiar to herself. She agreed with the commander of a small ship of two hundred tons burthen, about to sail for the port of Madeira, for a passage to that island for Dillon, paying half the money down, and agreeing upon the part of our hero that the remainder should be paid when the vessel got clear of the channel.

If Dillon succeeded in escaping, it was arranged that Phoebe should proceed direct to Calais and cross over to Dover, where he would join her, as he calculated, in about a month or five weeks. Our hero felt, and in this feeling Phoebe fully concurred, that an attempt to escape from an imprisonment imposed upon an innocent man, so far as regarded the crime for which he had been condemned by the laws for a mere imputed violation of those laws, was justifiable upon
every ground of reason and of religion; he, therefore, felt no scruples about practising on the unsuspicuous disposition of his patron, considering that, in his peculiar situation, it could not be denied, even as matter of casuistry, that the end would justify the means.

Through the agency of Phoebe he obtained from a tailor at Marseilles a suit of uniform precisely like the Swiss general's; and one morning, before the old officer was out of bed, for he was not addicted to early rising, except when he slept in a camp, and was roused from his deep sleep by the loud reveille, our hero quitted the house, disguised as the general, with green spectacles and a pair of mustachios that hung over his mouth like two carpet brooms, and limped towards the town gate.

Thus was he gifted and accounted, we mean not th' inside but the outward.

The sentinel stood as the quasi general advanced: the guard was turned out and presented arms. The compliment was acknowledged by the fictitious son of Mars, who raised his cocked hat from his head with the air and prim dignity of a military paramount, at the same time hitching up his shoulder and accelerating his motion by a clumsy hop. He found a bundle at a particular spot outside the town apart from the public road, but of which he had received a sufficiently accurate description. The bundle contained a new suit of black clothes, which he immediately assumed, and bestowed his general's uniform in a brake of furze that grew near. He now cut across the country towards Marseilles, bought a horse of a farmer for which he gave four times its value, and within three hours entered that ancient city. He took the precaution, however, to alight, leave his horse, and walk through the gate at a very leisurely pace. He immediately sought out the captain of the ship, and went on board. The vessel got under weigh and rounded the pier within half an hour after Dillon had entered Marseilles.

The Frenchman's promptitude in setting sail will be readily accounted for by the following circumstance:—That very morning he happened to see in a Paris paper, which had just arrived, an account of the death of Dillon's prosecutor. It appeared that this took place in consequence of the bath which our hero gave him on the night of his recapture. In consequence of remaining so long in his wet clothes he was attacked with a violent catarrh, inflammation supervened and an imposthume finally formed on the lungs, which carried him off after several weeks of extreme suffering. Feeling the approach of death, he was struck with remorse at his injustice towards the man whose condemnation he had unjustly obtained, and sending to the judge who had tried him, made a voluntary confession of his own guilt and Dillon's innocence.

The fear of death made him just at the last. He stated that at his instigation the servant of the house in which our hero lodged, had placed the ring, which the latter was tried for stealing, in one of the drawers of a bureau used by him, and of which he therefore had the key; the girl having duplicate keys to all the drawers, a circumstance that enabled her to rob the lodgers, as opportunity offered. The dying man having entirely exculpated Dillon, a government order was sent to Toulon for his release, which order arrived on the very morning of his escape.

As the captain of the vessel in which our hero took his passage had received half of the passage money, he was not willing to forgo the chance of receiving the remainder. In order therefore to secure it, he set sail the moment he got his passenger on board, who was consequently ignorant of what had taken place in his favour.

A few days after Dillon's successful escape Phoebe proceeded to Calais, accompanied by her aged friend, and from thence took her passage to Dover by the first packet, glad to quit the shores of a country where she had met with nothing but disappointment, and in hope of being joined by her plighted husband within a few weeks.

SYMPHAX.

[As the number of the Court Magazine for January next will be the first of a new series, it would be desirable that every subject of the present series should conclude in the next number to this; that for December. The "Remarkable Escapes of a Predestinated Rogue" having been well spoken of by several of the leading literary periodicals, the author intends to work out the subject to its conclusion, and publish the whole in a separate form, in February next.—E. C. M.]
THE FOUNTAIN OF THE HARZ.

A LEGEND.

The ancient castle of the Harzberg is situated on the borders of the Harz forest. It is now merely a heap of ruins; for when the last of its ancient possessors was consigned to the tomb, with his sword and shield resting upon his coffin, the home of his fathers passed rapidly to desolation and decay. There were none left to take a pride in the memorials of former grandeur, or to feel the affection with which the remembrance of our childhood ever inspires the heart for the place where it has been spent. Guest and servitor have vanished, the cattle of a stranger graze the turf that covers the old court-yard, and the tufted fern and flowery grass wave on the dismantled walls where the banner of the noble Barons once rustled in the summer breeze. The castle stands upon a small eminence, commanding a rather extensive view, upon which the right is bounded by the forest of the Harz, stretching the line of its dark foliage like a storm-cloud along the horizon. The turf is burnt and slippery down the slope of the little hill, which has not a tree to shade it from the unmitigated fervour of the sun; but a narrow track of fresher green, where some wild animals, which make their covert in the ruins, have been accustomed to pass, leads down the descent to a small but thickly planted grove, standing like a military piquet in advance of the forest. Here, beneath the leafy canopy of the spreading boughs, rises a little fountain, sparkling in every sunbeam that finds its way through the tangled foliage, and dyes its lucid waters with the hues of morning and of eve. The wild and gloomy recesses of the Harz forest have for ages been feared and famed as the resort of wood-demons, fiends, witches, wahrwolves, and other unearthly beings of supernatural powers and malicious propensities, mysterious in their origin, evil in their nature, and miserable in their doom. Though known to possess powers and knowledge far surpassing the limits of mortal capacities, resorting to them for aid and counsel was denounced by the Church as accursed; and, according to tradition, was always punished by speedy and retributive justice—their rash ally soon becoming their victim by means of the same unholy aid or counsel he had received from them. Among the many fables to which this ancient local superstition has given rise, the secluded fountain we have just mentioned, situated so near the borders of the dreaded forest, has been assigned as the haunt of a nixie, or water-fairy, distinguished from the rest of her capricious sisters by her sad union with mortality. A legend current among the neighbouring peasantry connects the mermaid's fountain with the fate of the last possessor of the Harzberg.

The fame of the Barons Von Rittman had been principally attained by their exploits in the field. The foremost and most valued of the nobles who accompanied their feudal sovereign to his wars,—alternately engaged in reckless aggressions, or busy in opposing them, and diverting the brief intervals of peace with the mimic warfare of the chase,—the restless spirit of adventure which distinguished this family had raised them to a high degree of fame and consideration among the stormy spirits of these unquiet times. The banners of the conquered waved in the victor's hall, and a hundred suits of armour glittered to the torch-light when he held his festal banquets with his brethren in arms.

The father of Herman, the last Baron, died, as most of his predecessors had done, in the field of battle. But when his body was conveyed to its resting place, a gloom more sullen than grief hung upon the brows of the mourners; their eyes flashed too bright for tears, rage and shame were in their hearts, for the banner of their chief was left in the hands of the foe, when the brave but aged Baron had fallen in the hour of defeat. To his son the warriors looked for vengeance, but it seemed in vain. The studies and pursuits of the young Baron Herman differed widely from those which had been the pride and glory of his gallant ancestors. Gifted with all the advantages of person, rank, and wealth, which might have rendered him an object of envy and admiration to the brave and beautiful of the imperial cities, he scorned the smiles which fortune lavished upon him, He took no pleasure in the exercises and amusements in which the youth of that age loved to excel; but having learned the art of reading, then a most rare accomplishment, from a travelling monk who
had visited the castle, he devoted himself to his new pursuit with all the ardour of youthful curiosity. He was much too proud to be accessible to vanity; and, delighted with his new and solitary acquisition, he surrendered without a sigh the empty distinctions coveted by others. As the light of knowledge dawned upon his mind, he learned to despise, not to pity, the dark ignorance in which the generality of his fellow men still rested; and far from entertaining a wish to share in their praises, he looked with scorn upon those veteran warriors of whose skill in arms he heard so much, but who, he knew, were scarcely able to spell the motto on their shields. He turned over the pages of history laughing at the vain toils of the conqueror, and the futile machinations of the statesman; for he saw the triumphs and trophies of the former floating by like glittering bubbles down the stream of time, and dissolving successively into empty air; and the subtle web that enwrapt the projects of the schemer, broken amid the stormy gusts of fate, as lightly as the breeze sweeps away the shining gossamer which covers the grass at day-break. Herman's was not the heart to sympathise with the varied joys and sorrows of human nature: he contemned them all as transient and puerile. He burned to pore upon the wonders of nature—he explored the cause of that which to vulgar minds appeared miraculous—he dived to the fountain of her beauties, and moved like a ruler amid the grandeur of her storms. His ambitious spirit paused not here—it had exalted itself above the common herd of unenlightened and prejudiced minds, and in despair of finding a kindred spirit among men, it sought to tear away the veil from the invisible world, and acquire a share of knowledge and power beyond the limits assigned to mortality.

The frequent absence of the old Baron had allowed Herman to remain undisturbed in the course of life he had chosen. He grew up to manhood, and had never loosed from its sheath the sword which had been his father's gift on his twelfth birth-day; and the old baron went forth to battle again and again, without the arm of a son to aid and defend him. He derived some consolation from the thought that Herman was not his only child;—he had one daughter, and from the early death of his wife, this young and lovely girl must have been left solitary within the gloomy walls of the Harzberg, if her brother, like her father, had loved the battle field better than the hearth-stone of his native home.

If there was any thing that Herman loved,—and truly pride and the selfishness which is the bane of solitude had sadly chilled the noblest affections of his nature,—it was his innocent and beautiful sister. It was a relief to his burthened mind, when weared with the dark study of the human heart, the pride, the malice, and the crimes of men,—or with his still more fearful researches into the mysteries of the invisible world,—to turn to this pure and gentle creature, who looked up to him with the most affectionate confidence, and beheld his knowledge and skill with a pride equalled only by her fondness. She was the dearest, almost the only, link that bound him to the world.

The news of the Baron's death fell heavily upon them both, for dearly had Adela loved her father, and Herman was now necessitated to assume the rank which he despised, and enter upon the publicity he loathed. He followed his parent's remains to the grave.—When the priest had concluded the funeral rites, the warriors who had brought back the body of their chief from the fatal field, closed around the dead, and called upon their new leader to join them in their oaths of vengeance. Adela, who had sunk like a broken flower upon the grave, arose, and with cheeks glowing and eyes flashing through the rain of tears, joined in the demand upon her brother to avenge the honour of their lost father.

Herman looked down and was silent—he raised his eyes, and beheld indignation and scorn in the gaze of the veterans that surrounded him—snatching his hand from the grasp of Adela, he rushed from the chapel.

He fled to his own apartment, but solitude had now become bitter to him. Proud to exceed, he could not drive away the thoughts that galled his spirit. In vain do we seek to attain that stoical indifference which renders us callous to the world's opinion; often it has been assumed,—no acquirement is in reality more difficult or more rare. We may bear the scorn of one, the ingratitude of one, the enmity of many, but to be despised by all is bitterness. And such was Herman's galling reflection: his father's honour was bequeathed to him, his vassals looked for him to lead them on to conquest,—he, who had scarcely ever unsheathed a sword, or bestrode a war horse. The child of the meanest serf was better acquainted with arms than the Baron Herman, heir of a long line of glorious ancestry, and the first who, in the eyes of the whole world, would disgrace their name.

The volumes which had taught him the
workings of the elements, which opened the
mysteries of the invisible world to the eager
and desperate student, would not assist him
now, though he turned over leaf after leaf
almost unconsciously. He rose, and leaned
from the turret window,—a full moon rolled
in cloudless splendour through the sky, where
a few pale stars were twinkling, half lost in
the effulgence of the peerless planet,—the
grassy hill slept in the silver light, but a
gigantic shadow was still spread over the
gloomy expanse of the Harz forest. Herman
gazed long and wistfully upon the radiant
heavens. "Would I could read my fate in
you bright orbs?" he cried; "but it is in vain.
Long have I toiled, yet the clue to those dark
labyrinths is still denied me. Heaven is
closed—and the dull selfish mortals now
locked in sleep around, rest in even darker
ignorance than mine. What are we?—the
prey of a malicious and relentless destiny—
the slaves of a power we can neither compe-
prehend nor resist—involuntary denizens of so
fair a world, whose beauty is a mockery of our
wretchedness."

He looked with a bitter smile upon the fair
scene that lay before him, and his eyes rested
on the fatal forest. "Do none but mor-
tals roam upon this globe? Where are the
beings that have their dwellings amid the
wild woods and desert caves, whose existence
is derived from the air or the ocean, to enjoy
for a space the brief stay of a power far more
extended than that of mortality, to be again
dissolved into the essence which supplies the
fount of their parent element, and again
united with them, to perish. Men say their
gifts are ever evil to mankind—it matters not;—better sink beneath the malice of a
fiend, than exist the gibe and scorn of this
ignorant and brutal herd. The thoughts now
warring in my bosom fit me for an alliance
with demons. Help me they can—and aid
they shall give me."

He hastily opened a large black volume,—
which, secured with brazen clasps, lay upon
a marble pedestal,—brought it to the moon-
light, glanced over a few pages, and re-
placed it.

He then wrapt himself in a mantle, and
left the apartment, opening a small poster-
ne gate of which he alone possessed the key.
The Baron passed outward and rapidly de-
scented the hill. He soon arrived at the little
grove, but paused an instant ere he entered
beneath its leafy shadow. His secret purpose
lay like lead upon his throbbing bosom, for
he knew not how suddenly his unuttered
wishes might be fulfilled. He paused—he
wavered not in his dark resolve, but collect-
ing his scattered thoughts, braced his nerves
to meet the near encounter, and then moved
forward as rapidly as the irregular ground
and deep shadow would permit. The intri-
cacies of the path required care and attention
even in daylight, for it was rough and un-
even, often descending into little hollows,
and again rising abruptly, whilst as the evil
repute of the grove prevented its being often
resorted to by the peasantry, the passage was
in many places almost choked up by strag-
gling bushes and thorny underwood.

When the Baron reached the fountain, he
paused again—for he fancied he heard a low
moaning sound mingling with the gurgling
of its waters—it was but a disturbed fiancy—
and once more he passed forward.

He had nearly reached the end of the
grove, and could behold the open and quiet
glade that lay beyond, where he distinctly
observed a figure cross before the opening—
it disappeared among the trees, was seen a
second time, and stationed itself in a slip of
moonlight, that poured through the branches.
The form was that of a tall man covered
with a dark mantle, the folds of which were
drawn over his face, and having in his hand
a long staff entwined with oak leaves.
The Baron had come out to seek, not to
avoid the midnight wanderers of the Harz,
and he advanced firmly.

"You are the Baron Herman von Ritt-
man," said the figure, in a voice so harsh
as to be scarcely human, at the same time
stepping forward so as immediately to con-
front the Baron.

"I am," answered Herman; "who are
you that presume to bar my way?"

"I am him whom you seek," replied the
stranger; "speak briefly,—what is your will?"

"I will first know with whom I speak,"
said Herman.

"Fool,—what matters it—you come to seek
aid—take it from him who offers it, or return
the way you came, and repent at leisure and
in vain."

"And how do I know your power to assist
me?"

"Why thus—I am Der Schwarzman," said
the stranger, and flinging aside his mantle,
he displayed a countenance more resembling
that of an animal than a man;—his skin
dark as a negro's, and a hideous sneer adding
still more to the distortion of the features.
Despite his natural and assumed courage,
the Baron's voice faltered when he addressed
the next question to the most dreaded spirit
of the Harz.
"And how will you aid me?"

"As you will," answered the wood-demon;
"but think not that I serve any for nought."
"What do you ask?—quick, tell me—wealth is useless to you."

Der Schwarzman laughed aloud.

"Gold, jewels, rank, honours—dust, straw, meteors, bubbles—what are these to me? But I will have tribute, Herman von Rittman, or you shall not return to scoff at the Waldgeister."

"And what would you have? Give me but the power of regaining my father's standard, or retrieving his honour and my own, and ask, and take what you will."

"Swear this."

"I swear," said Herman, "my wish obtained, the castle of my fathers does not contain that which is not freely and wholly yours."

"Give me that ring, Herman von Rittman, that you may not recede from your word."

"And give me a pledge, Schwarzman, or I trust not yours."

The spirit laughed again.

"Bruder Khuleborn!"—he cried, and a second figure emerged from the wood, resembling the former, but without the oaken staff.

"Bring thither the sword which we keep for the Baron Rittman."

Khuleborn vanished, and returned in a few seconds bearing a richly inlaid sword, which he held towards the Baron.

Herman grasped it eagerly: "With this I shall conquer?"

"Fear not," answered the demon, "and now begone—Leb woh Bruder Rittman."

A yell of fiendish laughter rang through the wood as the Baron turned to depart.

He returned home, and when morning broke he was an altered man. Right joyful were the vassals to hear that their young lord proposed in person to lead them to the recovery of the lost banner. He bade a fond and reluctant adieu to Adela, and even amid all the strange and conflicting feelings which his new situation excited, a premonition of evil was the strongest when he folded in a last embrace that beloved sister.

Never was youthful champion more prosperous—his sword pierced the bosom of his father's foe, his own hand regained the standard, and he was on the point of returning in triumph to the castle, when a panting messenger arrived from the Harzberg.

The Lady Adela was missing—no trace of her could be found—and the wildest conjecture left her disappearance unaccounted for. The distracted brother hastened to his home. Thy affrighted and mourning domestics had no comfort to give, and no tale to tell which could throw the faintest light upon the mystery. The sister had attended mass in the castle chapel the third evening after his departure, and immediately on its conclusion had retired to her bower, and dismissed her attendants for the night. Her nurse and favourite woman slept in the ante-chamber adjoining her apartment. A deep slumber had fallen upon both which made them unconscious of any sound or movement in their own or their lady's chamber during the night—but on awakening with the morning far advanced, and hastening in terror for their negligence to attend on their mistress, they found her apartment empty, though with closed doors and windows barred on the inside.

Vain was the search—no trace could be discovered. The deep sorrow that reigned through the household stifled even the natural expressions of wonder and curiosity which might have found their way from the menials' gossip, to form the marvel of the surrounding neighbourhood—and severe were the stricures passed upon the unsocial and thifty Baron by the numerous allies and friends of his family, when, even after the signal triumph he had just achieved, his gates remained closed, his banquet unspread, and his paternal halls dark and solitary.

They guessed not the feelings with which the lord of the Harzberg wandered through his deserted chambers. There was silence in all—a charm was broken—the beam was quenched which had spread sunshine around. Yet he loved to enter the little chamber which had been his sister's—for there the memory of the happy hours they had spent together was sweet even in its sadness. Tears there came to relieve the oppression of his heart; and now after the lapse of nearly a month, when every hope had died, and the exertions of even the most zealous had slackened, the desolate brother, reduced to a mournful inactivity, seemed to take a sad pleasure in dwelling upon his grief, and conjuring up the vivid remembrances combined with that object of undying affection and unceasing regret.

One evening, after sunset, Herman hurried towards his sad but favourite resort. He walked slowly and dejectedly along the echoing galleries, when his ear was suddenly arrested by the sound of music proceeding from Adela's apartment. It was the music of a lute accompanied by a female voice. He stopped and listened—the tones were distinct and harmonious, and he could distinguish the air and
even the words of a favourite ballad of his sister's. The fragment which now met his ear ran thus:—

"The eyes of that sad lady,
   Turned on him as he came,
And the recreant's heart beat hurriedly,
   His cheek was hot with shame—
   It is not I upbraided thee,
   Didst that sad lady say,
   'I leave thee to thine own dark thoughts,
Now bear them as you may.
Lock once upon my pallid cheek,
   And think upon thy vow
When our father gave me to thy care:—
   Where is thy promise now?
It is death alone—whose hand
   Could such a blight impart,
   But thine—yes thine, false brother—
   Thou hast broke a sister's heart?"  

The Baron knew that voice—it was Adela's—that dear voice, whose tones seemed now to possess a double portion of the sad sweetness which had often calmed his fiery mood, and soothed his perturbed spirit;—yet now, a chill shuddering passed through his frame, his hand trembled on the latch of the door without power to raise it, a fearful sense of guilt, remorse, and horror was awakening within him. Scarce a minute had elapsed, when the mysterious songstress again commenced a low, wild, and irregular chaunt;—Herman had never heard aught like this before:—

Come where the moonbeams glance and tremble,
Over my slivery wave,
Come where the breezes of day assemble
Their weary wings to lave,
In the liquid pearl of the mermaid's well,—
Fears't thou to come
To my fairy home,
Thou art a warrior now;
But the sense within
Of secret sin
Will blanch the sternest brow.

Still Adela's voice—Herman rushed impetuously against the door—it opened—there was a slight rustling sound, a thin mist seemed floating around, but the chamber was empty. Adela's lute and veil lay upon the couch just as they had lain untouched since the last evening she was seen at the Harzberg. Startled and bewildered, the Baron stood motionless in the centre of the floor, striving to collect his scattered thoughts and senses; but as recollection returned, a shuddering awr crept over him, he passed out of the room with stealthy and noiseless steps, carefully refastened the door, and returned to his own apartment.

"It was her voice," he muttered; "do spirits sport with me? Does Adela, an angel now, mock my misery?"

As his eye glanced round he missed the charmed sword, which he had placed upon the pedestal—it was gone, and in its place lay the ring he had given to Der Schwarzmank.

Herman almost shrieked with agony.

"My pledge returned!—the fiend—the fiend has my sister."

The horror of the thought rendered him motionless for a moment; he then rushed from the room, hurried to the little postern gate, and in a few moments was crossing the green slope towards the forest with the speed of desperation.

The moon was rising—higher and higher she mounted, and brighter and brighter were her rays cast upon the earth; and when Herman entered the fatal grove, the grass beneath his feet was chequered in patches of deep shade and glistening silver. Oward still the Baron hastened, dashing aside the opposing branches and the dancing streamers of woodbine that festooned across his path. At last he paused—the little fountain was before him, throwing forth its brilliant jets of water in the moonshine—a bending female form was seated beside the mossy basin, half shrouded in a white floating veil, her long locks of fair hair glistening with the spray that rose around her.

Herman crossed himself, he doubted not that he beheld the mermaid of the fountain, but he advanced steadily. The figure moved—the face was slowly turned towards him—pale, cold, and sad; but that face was Adela's.

"My sister, my sister!" cried the joyful brother, and darted forwards.

A faint shriek rang in his ears, there was a rushing sound, a thick cloud of spray mounted high in the air, and when it had melted into dew the figure had disappeared. Herman sank upon the turf. It was dead midnight, the moon had set and the stars alone were twinkling in the dark blue heavens ere the unhappy Baron recovered his senses. The ceaseless gush of the fountain alone sounded on the still hour, and once more he fancied that the moans of a human being mingled with its wild murmurs.

He sprang from the ground, and would have fled, but a strong arm withheld him—Der Schwarzwand stood by his side.

"Demon, unhand me!" cried the Baron.

"What, Bruder Ritzman, are you not satisfied? Is not your wish accomplished, and have I been unreasonable?"

"Fiend—falsest, most accursed demon." raved the unhappy Baron, "give me back my Adela—my sister! in pity—in mercy restore her."
YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

The most wretched of children is the spoiled child—the pet who is under no subjection, and who gets all the trash for which his little mouth waters. 'Tis he who bumps his head, in the act of going somewhere he was forbidden by papa to approach; and 'tis he whose little stomach aches considerably in consequence of eating too many sweet things, coaxed out of the cupboard of a fond but unjustly kindly mama.

Spoil the boy, and what are we to expect of the man? Will the dog be well-behaved, which was let to go his own way when a puppy? Will the steed be steady in harness, if, when a colt, no care was taken of it? The spoiled boy inevitably becomes the wilful man, and with the wilfulness comes discontent.

Unfortunately, those who have always been accustomed to find others yield to them, and to have their own way, become habitually selfish, and utterly regardless of the feelings and wishes of those about them. Self-gratification is naturally the first wish of the child; but it is the fault of parents, if, by unjustifiable indulgence, the man is led to anticipate that, as everybody yielded to him in boyhood, everybody must yield in after-life.

Frederick Fairleigh was the spoiled child of his family, the youngest of three children, and the only boy. He was the pet of both father and mother, and being lively, intelligent, and good-looking, he soon became a favourite. Spoiled in infancy, he was unmanageable in boyhood, and wilful, and self-sufficient in the early days of maturity. Master Frederick having been used to his own way, it was not likely that Mr. Frederick would voluntarily relinquish so agreeable a privilege. At college, therefore, he continued and matured the habit of idleness, which had been censured, but never sufficiently corrected at school.

"As for study, he never got further than study," and was much more frequently seen in a scarlet hunting-coat than in his sombre academic costume. The idle man at Oxford during term time is not likely to do much good at home during the vacation—Frederick Fairleigh did none. Else he ceased to be in years a boy, he became what is termed a "lady's man," flirting with all the pretty girls he met, and encouraged to flirt by many a married dame old enough to be his mother. Petted and spoiled by everybody, Frederick became the especial favourite of his grandfather, Sir Peter Fairleigh, and spent much more of his time at Oakley Park than at his father's house.

Before young Fairleigh was one-and-twenty his father died, and being then the immediate heir to Sir Peter's barony and estates, he naturally became a greater favour-
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ite than ever. One precept the old gentleman was perpetually preaching to his grandson: he advocated an early marriage, and the more evidently the youth fluttered butterfly fashion, from flower to flower, enjoying the present without a thought of the future, the more strenuously did old Sir Peter urge the point.

The spoiled child had no notion of relinquishing old privileges: he still had his own way, still flirted with all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood, and thinking only of himself, and the enjoyment of the moment, never dreamt of the pain he might inflict on some, who viewing his attentions in a serious light, might keenly suffer in secret when they saw those attentions transferred to another.

He was five-and-twenty when he first met Maria Denman, the richest heiress and the prettiest girl of the county; and when the old Baronet saw the handsome pair rambling together all the morning, and sitting together in corners at night, he secretly exulted in the probable realisation of one of his fondest hopes—the union of his pet grandson with his fair favourite, Maria. There could be no misunderstanding his attentions: there was indeed a tacit understanding between the young couple; but Frederick Fairleigh certainly never had in so many words distinctly said, "Maria, will you marry me?" Months flew away, two years had already elapsed, and though Frederick certainly seemed attached to Maria, yet, when other pretty people came in his way, he still flirted in a manner not quite justifiable in one who had a serious attachment, nay almost an engagement elsewhere.

Poor Sir Peter did not manage matters well; indeed, with the best intentions in the world, he made them worse. It was not likely that one who had never been accustomed to opposition should all at once obey the dictation of a grandfather. Opposition to the match would immediately have brought matters to the desired point—for Frederick, though not quite aware of it himself, devotedly loved the fair Maria. But she, like the rest of the world, had assisted to spoil him: she had been too accessible, too easily won; and really loving him who had paid her such marked attention, Frederick had never seen a look or a word bestowed upon another which could give him the slightest uneasiness. A pang of jealousy would probably have at once opened his eyes to the state of his own heart. But always kindly received by Maria, and always happy in her society, the spoiled child saw in her kindness, and in her smiles, nothing beyond the voluntary and unsolicited preference which he had been but too well accustomed to receive from others. He was, therefore, never driven by doubt or by solicitude to pause and scrutinise the state of his own heart.

Instead of offering feigned opposition to the match, however, Sir Peter openly opposed the line of conduct pursued by his volatile heir, and, by continually harping on the subject, he at last really made the wilful young man believe that, of all disagreeable things in the world, a marriage with the woman who was really dearest to him of all beings on earth, would be the very worst.

"My dear Sir," he cried one morning at breakfast, after hearing a long lecture on the subject, "how you do tease me about Miss Denman!"

"Tease you, Fred," said Sir Peter, "tease you! for shame: I am urging you to secure your own happiness."

"Surely, Sir," he replied, "there is plenty of time,—I am still very young."

"Young Sir!—you are a boy, Sir; a boy in judgment and discretion, a very child Sir, and what's worse, a spoiled child."

"Well," said Frederick, laughing, "don't be angry; if I am a spoiled child the fault is not mine."

"Yes, it is Fred—I say it is, things that are really good of their kind are not so easily spoiled."

"Indeed!" said Frederick, with a look of innocent surprise, and, taking up Sir Peter's gold watch which lay upon the table, he opened it, and pretended to poke about the wheels.

"I see what you mean, you satirical monkey," cried Sir Peter, laughing; "give me my watch, Sir, and let me now tell you that where there is real good sense and stability, the man will very soon learn to get rid of the selfishness—yes, Fred, I am sorry to repeat it, selfishness was my word—the selfishness and self-importance resulting from over-indulgence in childhood."

"I wonder then any one should care about a selfish, consequent fellow, like myself," said Frederick.

"You mean to insinuate that you have been and are a general favourite, popular with everybody, and well received wherever you go? I grant, it my dear boy, I grant it,—and I should be the last person to say that I wonder at it; but then you have got into one or two scrapes lately."

"How do you mean?" said his grandson; "when, and where?"
"Why, for instance, the Simmonses, with whom you were so intimate; did not Mr. Simmons ask you rather an awkward question the last time you were there?"

"He asked me my intentions," said Frederick, "my views with respect to his eldest daughter, Caroline—he inquired, in fact, if I was serious."

"A puzzler that, hey, Fred?" chuckled the baronet, who was not sorry the occurrence had happened.

"It was awkward, certainly," said the youth, "but how could I help it? They invariably encouraged me to go to the house, and I positively never was more attentive to one daughter than to another."

"Possibly not; but depend on it where there are young unmarried daughters in a family, fathers and mothers never receive the constant visits of a young man without calculating probabilities, and looking to consequences. However, for Susan Simmons I care not three straws; I am only anxious that a similar occurrence should not deprive you of Miss Denman's society."

"That is a very different affair Sir," said Frederick; "surely you would not compare Susan Simmons with Maria?"

"Ah!" said the old man, "that delights me, now you are coming to the point, the other was a mere flirtation—all your former fancies have been mere flirtations; but with Maria (as you say), it is different; you really love her, she is the woman you select for a wife."

"I did not say any such thing; I have not thought of marriage, I am too young, too unsteady, if you will."

"Unsteady enough I admit," said Sir Peter, shrugging his shoulders "but by no means too young; besides your father being dead, and your mother having made a second marriage, your home as a married man will be so desirable for your sisters."

"I wonder you never married again, Sir," said Frederick.

"You would not wonder," said Sir Peter feelingly, "had you witnessed my happiness with the woman I loved; never tell me that taking a second wife is complimentary to the first. It is a tacit eulogium on the marriage state I grant you; but I consider it anything rather than a compliment to the individual in whose place you put a successor. They who have loved and who have been beloved like myself, cannot imagine the possibility of meeting with similar happiness in a second union. Plead the passions if you will as an apology for second marriages, but never talk of the affections; at least never name the last and the happiness which you enjoyed in her society, as a reason why you lead a second bride by the tombstone of your first, and vow at the altar to love and to cherish her."

"Why, my dear Sir, can there be any harm in a man's marrying a second wife?"

"Not a bit of it; I am speaking of it as a matter of feeling, not of duty; in fact, I only give you my own individual feelings, without a notion of censoring others. But were I about to marry, Maria Denman is the woman I should choose."

"I wish you would then, my dear Sir," said Frederick carelessly, "for then I might enjoy her society without the dread of being talked into a marriage." With these words he left the room, and Sir Peter cogitated most uncomfortably over the unsatisfactory result of the conversation.

The next day Frederick Fairleigh was off to some races which were held in the neighbourhood, and as if to show a laudable spirit, and to prove that he was master of his own actions, he avoided Maria Denman as much as possible, and flirted with a new acquaintance—the beautiful widow of an officer.

Sir Peter was in despair; Maria who was an orphan, and had been entrusted to his guardianship, was on a visit to Oakley Park, and in her pensive countenance and abstracted manner, he plainly saw that his ward was really attached to Frederick, and was hurt and distressed by his extraordinary conduct.

"I wish our Frederick would come home," said Sir Peter, who had been watching his ward, while she diligently finished a cat's left whisker, in a worsted work-stool which was fixed in her embroidery frame.

"Our Frederick!" said Maria starting.

"Yes, my dear, our Frederick; did you not know he was in love with you?"

"I hope I am not apt to fancy young men are in love with me Sir Peter, and certainly Mr. Fairleigh has never given me any reason to——"

"Stop, stop, no fibs," said the Baronet.

"He has never told me that a——" Maria hesitated.

"He has never formally proposed for you; is that what you mean to say?"

"Decidedly."

"And never will, if we don't make him; but do you mean to say that he has never given you reason to suppose that he loved you?"
"Pray, my dear guardian," said Maria, evading a direct reply, "look at your grandson; you must be aware that his attentions are lavished indiscriminately on every young lady he gets acquainted with. Words and looks that might be seriously interpreted with others, evidently mean nothing with him. He—he gives it out that he is not a marrying man."

"Not a marrying man! how I hate that phrase! No man's a marrying man till he meets with the woman that he really wishes to marry. And if men are not marrying men, I'd be glad to know what they are?—a pack of reprobate rogues! As to Frederick I'm determined—"

"Pray make no rash resolves respecting your grandson, Sir Peter—especially in any matter in which you may think I am concerned."

"I tell you what, Maria, I know you love him," said Sir Peter. "I see his attentions have won your heart. You have been, and are, quite right to endeavour to hide your feelings, but it is all in vain; I see as plain as possible that you are dying for the ungrateful, foolish, abominable fellow."

"Oh Sir!" cried Maria, rising in confusion, but she again sank into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

"Do not think me cruel and unkind, Maria," said the old gentleman, seating himself by her side and taking her hand; "you are very dear to me, you and my grandson are the two beings on earth who engross my affections; and believe me, Frederick devotedly loves you."

Maria shook her head, and continued weeping.

Many weeks had elapsed, and young Fairleigh was still absent from Oakley Park. Maria had however resumed her cheerfulness, and Sir Peter seemed less annoyed than might have been expected at his grandson's evident determination not to follow his advice. To account for this change we must state, that Sir Peter having accidentally been obliged to search for some book in Frederick's apartment had discovered several matters that convinced him of his attachment to his ward, and those presumptive proofs having been made known to Maria, she had made a full confession of the state of her heart. A print, which when exhibited in a portfolio in the drawing-room had been pronounced a perfect resemblance of the then absent Maria, had been secretly taken from the portfolio, and was now discovered in Frederick's room. By its side was a withered nosegay, which Maria recognised as one that she had gathered and given to him; and in the same place was found a copy of verses addressed "to Maria," and breathing forth a lover's fondest vows.

All this amounted to nothing as proofs that Frederick Fairleigh was in duty bound to marry the said Maria Denman. In a court of justice no jury would have adjudged damages, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, on such trivial grounds as these; but they served to show Maria that he who had thus treasured up her resemblance could not be altogether indifferent to her, and she at least felt relieved from the humiliating idea that she loved one who had never for a moment thought seriously about her.

Sir Peter and his ward were now often closeted together, and one day after an unusually long discussion, she said,

"Well, Sir Peter, I can say no more; I consent."

"There's a dear good girl!" cried the old man, affectionately kissing her, "and now we'll all be happy in spite of him. But now for my plans. It will never do to stay here at Oakley Park with all these servants to wonder and chatter; no, no. To-morrow you and I, and your maid and my confidential man, will go to Bognor, the quietest place in the world, and we'll have nice lodgings near the sea, and I'll write to that miserable boy to come and meet us."

Maria looked rather grave, but Sir Peter, chuckling with delight, gave her another kiss, and then went to expedite their departure, and to write a letter to his grandson.

Fairleigh who had begun to get very tired of the fascinating widow, was yawning over a late breakfast when his grandfather's letter was laid before him.

"Ah," thought he, "more good advice I suppose, urging me to marry. One thing at all events I'm resolved on, never to marry a widow: if people would but let me alone, really Maria after all is—but what says the Baronet?"

MY DEAR GRANDSON,

Finding that all my good advice has been thrown away, and at length perceiving that you never intend to invite me to your wedding, I now write to announce my own, and request you with all speed to hasten to Bognor, where we are established at Beach Cottage, and where nothing but your presence is wanting to complete the happiness of your affectionate grandfather,

PETER FAIRLEIGH.
“Astonishing! of all men in the wide world the very last!” Well, there was no use in wondering; Frederick hastily packed up, and was very shortly on his way to Bognor to pay his respects to the new-married couple. On inquiring for “Beach Cottage” he was directed to a picturesque abode, the very beau ideal of a house to “honey-moon” in; and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the Baronet, who was sitting alone in a charming apartment which looked upon the sea.

The meeting occasioned some little awkwardness on both sides, and it was a relief to Frederick when Sir Peter rose to leave the room, saying, “there is a lady who will expect to be made acquainted with you.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Frederick, “pray permit me to pay my respects—to—to ask her blessing; pray, Sir, present me to—my grandmother.”

Sir Peter left the room, and Frederick half inclined to view the marriage in a ridiculous light, sat wondering what sort of old fool could have been fool enough to enter the married state so late in life. He heard a footstep slowly approach the room, (rather decrepid, thought he); a hand touched the lock of the door; it opened; and Maria stood before him, clothed in white.

She advanced towards him with a smile, held out her hand, and welcomed him to Beach Cottage.

“Good heavens!” cried Frederick, sinking on the sofa, and turning as pale as a sheet, “is it possible! I—I deserve this—fool, idiot, madman that I have been; but oh! Maria, how could you consent to such a sacrifice? You must have known, you must have seen my attachment. Yet, no, no, I have no right to complain, I alone have been to blame!”

Sir Peter had followed the young lady into the room; she hastily retreated to the window, and the Baronet in apparent amazement addressed his grandson.

“What means this language addressed to that lady, Sir; a lady you avoided when I wished you to address her, and now that she is lost to you for ever, you insult her by a declaration of attachment!”

“Sir Peter,” said the spoiled child, springing from the sofa, “if you were not my father’s father I’d—

“Well, what would you do, young man?”

“But you are!” cried Frederick, “you are, and what avails expostulation,” and he sank again on the sofa choking with agitation.

“Pray young man,” said Sir Peter, “control your emotions, and as to rage, don’t give way to it—were you to kill me, you could not marry my widow.”

“Not marry her—could not, were she free!” cried Frederick, as the utter hopelessness of the case flashed upon him.

“No, my dear boy, no, not even if she were free.”

“I would!” shouted the youth.

“I’m possible! if I were in my grave, you could’t.”

“I could! I would! I will!” cried Frederick.

“What! marry your grandmother!”

“Yes!” said Fairleigh, clenching his fists, and almost foaming at the mouth, “yes, I repeat it, yes!”

It was impossible to hold out any longer. Sir Peter and Maria burst into immoderate laughter, which only increased the agitation of the sufferer, until Sir Peter wiping his eyes said,

“Go to her boy, go to her; my plan has answered, as I thought it would, and you will be a happy fellow in spite of your folly.”

Maria earnestly impressed upon her lover’s mind that she had most reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of her guardian, in suffering this little drama to be got up for his edification; and Frederick having now experienced the anguish which he would have endured had he really lost Maria, proved by his steady devotion the strength of his attachment. “Beach Cottage” was retained as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairleigh during the honey-moon, and Sir Peter danced at their wedding.
TALEB AND WERDEH, OR THE LOVERS AFTER DEATH.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

There were few merchants in the holy city of Mecca that could rival Abd-al-Waheb in wealth, magnificence and generosity. The caravans of pilgrims, as they annually visited the Kaaba, brought the rich stuffs of Persia and India, the unrivalled steel of Damascus, and even the manufactures of Christian Europe, to exchange for the noble horses that were bred in his pastures, and the gums and spices he procured from Southern Arabia. All were eager to trade with him; his prices were fairer than those of his rivals, and no small portion of his profits was expended in entertainments to those who bought and sold in his stores. But his hospitality was not limited to his commercial connexion: men of learning ever found a ready welcome at his board, and pious dervishes, notwithstanding their poverty and mean attire, were admitted to share his festivities with the noble and wealthy. His generosity to the poor was unbounded, and throughout Mecca not a tongue could be found to invoke aught but a blessing on the head of Abd-al-Waheb. His only son, Taleb, was heir to his wealth and his virtues. This young man, accustomed from his earliest infancy to an extensive intercourse with society, had acquired much information that could not be procured from books, and a refinement of manner and feeling rarely to be obtained in a provincial capital. He was, besides, a diligent student; he had read not only the writers of his own country, but the more imaginative Persian authors; and it was even whispered that he composed verses worthy of being recited in the court of the Khalipho Haroun-al-Rashid.

Abd-al-Waheb had a brother named Hassan, whose violence of temper had involved him in a very serious dispute with his fellow-citizens, and led to the loss of the greater part of his fortune. Hassan was with difficulty induced to become his brother's agent at Mocha. His wild speculations in that capacity soon showed that he could not be controlled; Abd-al-Waheb therefore gave him a large sum of money for himself, but limited his agency to such transactions as were absolutely necessary. After having been several times on the brink of ruin, Hassan, by a bold speculation in coffee, acquired vast wealth, but, at the same time, the hatred of every merchant in Mocha. The death of his wife gave him an excuse for quitting that town, and he came to Mecca, accompanied by his daughter Werdeh (the rose), whose charms were said to surpass those of the flower whose name she bore.

Abd-al-Waheb bestowed a wing of his palace on Hassan, who readily accepted it, though, mindful of the dispute concerning the agency, he did not encourage familiar intercourse between his family and that of his brother. Taleb soon heard of the beauty of his fair cousin; but for some unexplained reason he was not a favourite with his uncle, and could not obtain even a glance at Werdeh. There was a garden divided by a close hedge at the back of Abd-al-Waheb's residence, bounded at the further end by a large pond, which the rich merchant kept constantly supplied by pipes from a spring in Mount Hira. This was an unusual luxury in such a climate and soil as those of Mecca; and to enjoy it to the utmost, Abd-al-Waheb had pleasure-houses constructed in each garden, jutting into the water; but privacy was still preserved by a wall resting on an arch that projected from the termination of the hedge half-way across the pond. Taleb frequently retired to the coolness and solitude of the summer-house for reading or meditation.

One day he could not avoid venting aloud his anxiety to behold his cousin Werdeh, when, looking beneath the arch, he saw reflected on the surface of the pond an image of surpassing loveliness, wearing the expression of beauty gratified by an unexpected tribute to its charms. He gazed in fixed admiration, and by the altering features of the image saw that his observation was noticed. He poured forth his feelings in verses, which, though strange to western ears, are still favourites in the plains of Araby.

A coral cup thy lips uncloses,
With gems of pearl emboss'd around,
Thy cheeks unfold the vernal roses,
With tendril curls thy brows are crown'd.
Oh! could I sip
From that dear lip!

† This is really a translation of a song popular among the unfortunate Mameluks, for a literal version of which I am indebted to a friend.

‡ Literally, "the hair of the vine."
Like some tall palm in beauty growing,
Thy form before my view expands
In wavy lines, as soft and flowing
As breeze's trace in Zabra's sands.
Oh! could I clasp
Thee in my grasp!

Dark as night clouds thy wavy tresses
Enfold a moon within their shade;
But nought the living fire represses
In eyes by their own light betray'd.
Still beam, still beam
My first bright dream.

The breeze to thee, its homage bringing,
Dies in a kiss upon thy cheek;
For thee alone each flower is springing.
The tuneful birds to please thee seek;
When thou art near
A heaven is here.

Aye, heav'n in thy sweet smile's before me;
Till now I never knew its bliss.
A madness of delight comes o'er me;
Our prophet's bower of joy is this.
One glance of thine,
And bliss is mine.

Werdeh's expressive countenance kindled
With delight as her cousin poured forth "his
unpremeditated lay;" but, just as he concluded, her father's voice was heard at a
distance, and, making a hasty sign of affection, she quitted the pavilion.

The cousins frequently visited the pleasure-houses in the gardens, and maintained a
telegraphic communication by means of their respective shadows. The countless songs in
which the oriental poets have celebrated the loves of the nightingale and the rose supplied
Taleb with unsuspected means of communicatting his affection; for those who overheard
his passionate lays supposed that he was merely indulging his natural taste for music.
Werdeh sometimes repeated the strains, but she more frequently listened in silence to
one whose musical skill is still remembered in Mecca. Taleb hesitated to tell his love
to his father, because Hassan had often declared his determination to wed his daughter
to some powerful emir; but new speculations having involved Hassan in difficulties,
from which he could only be rescued by the prompt interference of Abd-al-Waheeb, Taleb
told his father that the happiness of his life depended on his union with his cousin Werdeh, and begged that he would make proposals to his uncle Hassan. Abd-al-Waheeb
was delighted on receiving this information; he tenderly loved his brother, and was anxious
that their bonds of amity should be more closely drawn.

Hassan was rarely influenced by interest; he would sacrifice everything to his caprice,
and utter ruin would not have diverted him from his project of having an emir for
his son-in-law, had not he witnessed Taleb's

success in a poetical contest, and been
excited by the acclamations with which his
nephew's verses were received. Forgetful of his
recent losses, he invited the merchants, the
priests, and the lawyers of Mecca to meet the
youthful poet at a sumptuous feast, where Taleb once more recited his successful ode.
It is, or it ought to be, known, that when
Arab men of letters meet together, their
chief amusement is puzzling each other with
enigmas. At this feast was a certain enigma-
matist, named Morad, whose stock of riddles
would have puzzled Oedipus: he propounded
the following as an exercise to his compa-
nions:

My form is dark, my mother's fair,
Wingless I soar through realms of air;
Tears at my presence dim the eye,
Yet never have I caused a sigh;
My birth is loveliness and light,
My death obscurity and night.

Hassan, inspired by his nephew's success,
and by the delight of having assembled
within his walls the whole aristocracy of
Mecca, at once discovered the solution, and,
for the first time in his life, giving
utterance to his thoughts in verse, ex-
claimed:

By Allah! it is quite a joke
That such fine verse should end in smoke.

The room rang with acclamations. Taleb's
voice was heard the loudest in applause, and
so delighted was Hassan with his nephew's
warm praise, that he would have given him
not only Werdeh but his own heart's blood,
had he required it. In this propitious mo-
ment, proposals of marriage were made and
immediately accepted.

Abd-al-Waheeb waited on his brother the
next morning, to arrange the dowry and other
necessary preliminaries. His salam was
scarcely heeded; Hassan was at the moment
engaged in the composition of an ode, and,
like many others, was sorely at a loss for a
rhyme.

"Brother," said Abd-al-Waheeb, "this union
must assuredly be happy, for the young
people have long known and valued each
other."

"Indeed!" replied Hassan, and then
continued to himself—

"Unlike the erring planet,
My love is a fix'd star—

Confound the planet, I cannot get a rhyme
for it!" Then in a louder key, "Known each
other! How is that possible?"

"They saw each other's reflections in the
pond that bounds our gardens, and
communicated with each other by signs."
"Well, that was a truly poetical courtship."
"He lov'd my daughter
From her shadow in the water."

Then *sotto voce* he continued—
"Unlike the erring planet,
My love is a fixed star—"

It is an unlucky planet, I fear. Was there ever anything more provoking than to want this rhyme? But, brother, how do you know that Werdeh approved of your son's attentions?"

"Werdeh always came to her arbour at the hour when she knew Taleb would be in mine. She rewarded his verses by throwing a rose into the pond and making it float through the arch to Taleb."

"Come, that's not a bad poetical notion; Werdeh inherits a portion of her father's talent.

"A blooming rose
Shall love disclose.
Mashid has been praised for points that have not half so much merit.—If I could only master this planet."

Abd-al-Waheb could not account for Hassan's disjointed replies, and his manifest absence of mind. Judging from his own feelings, he was inclined to attribute it to delight at the approaching union, and in the fulness of his joy, exclaimed,

"Brother, she is a rose worthy the night-gales of paradise."

"And as such," replied Hassan, "I will celebrate worthily her charms.

"Unlike the erring planet,
My love is a fixed star—"

Dear Abd-al-Waheb, will you confer on me a favour, the greatest I have ever asked from you?"

"Willingly, Hassan, if it be in my power."

"Unlike the erring planet,
My love is a fixed star—"

Now, my dear fellow, be so kind as to help me in the next line."

Abd-al-Waheb, whom the gods had made anything but poetical, stared at Hassan with unfeigned astonishment. He mechanically repeated the hapless lines, and continued,

"My dear Hassan, leave the rhyme alone; let us think rather of bringing into conjunction two planets of equal brilliancy, stars that shine with similar lustre, and fixing in the golden circle of union two gems diffusing a like glory."

"Hold there," exclaimed Hassan, furiously, "You may be a good appraiser of merchandise, but you are strangely deficient in judging merit, when you dream of comparing your simple son to such a Houri as my daughter.

"Unlike the erring planet,
She shines like a fixed star—"

and you compare to her a boy who has once, indeed, made tolerable verses, but has done nothing else deserving fame. Tell me, what dowry do you offer?"

"A thousand purses," said Abd-al-Waheb, at once surprised and offended.

"A thousand devils!" shouted Hassan;
"I would not give my daughter to Taleb for five times that sum. You must be the father of donkeys and the grandfather of stupidity to propose such a thing. A fine fellow, truly, your Taleb is! Whose son of a dog is he that he should be matched with my Werdeh? Confound your impudence, to compare a flickering taper with celestial radiance.

"Unlike the erring planet,
She shines as a fixed star—"

"And confound your folly," retorted Abd-al-Waheb, justly incensed, "and double confusion light upon your vanity. I'll finish your stanza for you—"

"'Twas last night you began it—
A precious fool you are!

Your mad feats at Mocha almost ruined my property. I not only forgave, but raised—"

"You forgave! It was you that needed forgiveness. Had not it been for your coldness and caution, my plans would have brought to the family the wealth of Jemshedd. Abd-al-Waheb, you are a fool and the father of a fool, and you will be the grandfather and great-grandfather of fools throughout all generations. Begone to your dirt and your dross. Mashallah! the jackass is born that shall defile your grave. I swear by Allah and the Prophet, W-Illah, B-Illah, T-Illah, that my daughter shall never wed your son."

"And I swear by the dog of the seven sleepers that you shall feel the bit in your mouth and gnaw the iron for having thus outraged me and Taleb. Remember, the house above your head is mine, and that I will not violate the sanctity of my roof-tree. Remember, also Hassan, that a reckoning is at hand."

Abd-al-Waheb flung himself from the room, and Hassan, doubly irritated by the dispute and the ruinous addition made to his contemplated ode, proceeded to vent his wrath upon his daughter. He found her seated in the arbour, a circumstance that..."
increased his rage. Tearing her violently from thence, he heaped upon her head every vituperative epithet that a language particularly copious in its terms of abuse could supply. In his fury he tore down the arbour, flinging the fragments into the pond. He leaped savagely upon the beds of flowers, trampling them down as if they were noxious weeds, all the time venting maledictions on his daughter, if she did not henceforth resign all thoughts of Taleb. Werdeh replied to her father's reproaches only by robs and tears; at length, overcome by his violence, she sank in a fit at his feet. Hassan, in alarm, summoned the attendants. She was borne to her chamber, where she lay a long time senseless. She only recovered to be attacked by a violent fever, the symptoms of which, from the first, announced the most imminent danger.

When Hassan tore down the arbour, he unwittingly destroyed a bird's nest, from which the collyw young fell into the pond, and after a few faint chirps perished. In the transport of his rage, he had overlooked this circumstance; but when his daughter was removed to her chamber, and he stood alone in the midst of the desolation he had wrought, the mournful notes of the old birds, as they hovered over the spot where their young had sunk, sounded in his ears like a presage of coming misfortune. He turned towards the house, walking slowly in that state of melancholy abstraction which usually follows violent excitement. A black snake, the well known omen of approaching evil, crossed his path; he felt that the small glittering eye was fixed upon him, and he fancied that in the glance he saw a malignant sneer. The first sound that greeted his ear as he crossed the threshold was the melancholy howl of a wounded dog; it was the third announcement of calamity, but it scarcely prepared him for the intelligence he received. Werdeh, his beloved Werdeh was stricken down by mortal disease; the hakem had declared the fever too powerful for medicine to subdue. Hassan asked not to see his child; the three warnings, according to the superstitious creed of the Arabs, had announced that her fate was sealed. He resolved to write her elegy, but his paternal feelings overcame his newly developed poetical powers. He was found dead the following morning, with a scroll before him containing this fragment—

My star has fallen from its sphere,
My rose from off its stem is broken;
And I, I cannot shed a tear,
The . . . .

On the fourth day Werdeh was borne to her father's tomb.

Taleb had taken to his bed when his father announced to him that the negotiations for his marriage were wholly broken off. Abd-al-Waheeb vainly laboured to console him. Supposing that the news of Werdeh's death would prove to him the utter uselessness of grief, and stimulate him to exertion, he announced the event just as the funeral procession was quitting the house of the unfortunate Hassan. Taleb heard the sad tidings as though he heard them not. From his window in the back of the house he commanded a view of the vast cemetery where the ashes of the nobles of Mecca are laid. It was divided from his father's garden only by the pond, to which so many tender recollections were attached. There was no tear in his eye when the sad ululu of the hired mourners met his ear; not a muscle changed when the train, after having gone round the city, desisted before him into the burial-ground, and he saw unmoved the huge stone raised that covered the tomb in which his family reposed. The bier was lowered into the last abode of humanity; the attendants and companions of the lovely Werdeh raised the shriek of everlasting farewell, and the cemetery was left to its accustomed solitude, just as the setting sun shed its last rays on the cupolas and square pillars that usually ornament a Moslem burial ground.

Taleb feigned a desire to sleep. Abd-al-Waheeb ordered the attendants to leave his apartment, and the house to be kept perfectly quiet. But sleep was far from Taleb's thoughts. No sooner had the shades of night fallen, than he stole from his apartment, crossed the garden, and plunging through the pond, entered the cemetery. With force almost superhuman he tore away the heavy covering of the vault, broke the encumbrances that surrounded the inanimate form, and imprinted a kiss on the clay-cold lips. The faint gleam of star-light fell on the countenance of Werdeh; a convulsive twitch seemed to pass over her features, and appeared to Taleb a miraculous reproof for having violated the sanctity of the grave. A fit of insanity seized him. He fled back to his apartment, as if pursued by demons, and had scarcely entered it when he fell senseless upon the floor. The noise of the fall brought Abd-al-Waheeb and his slaves into the room. Great was their astonishment to find Taleb dripping with wet, cold, and almost lifeless. He was raised into bed, but when animation returned, he was
found to be in a violent fever, and quite deprived of his senses. The hakems of Mecca were summoned; they felt his pulse, they looked at his tongue, they asked a thousand pertinent and impertinent questions, and concluded by demanding to see his wet garments. The slime of the pond had left traces on Taleb's robes, which an active fancy might easily convert into regular figures; the hakems, after some deliberation, concluded that Taleb's illness was caused by witchcraft, and that the evil eye had fallen on the mansion of Abd-al-Waheeb; a theory which accounted not only for Taleb's fever, but for the sudden poetic fury that had seized Hassan, and the premature death of Werdeh.

"Confirmation, strong as proof of Holy Writ," seemed to be given to this decision of the physicians by the intelligence received on the following morning. When the relatives and hired mourners went as usual to weep over the deceased Werdeh, they found the tomb open, the grave-clothes scattered about, and the corpse gone. They shrieked out with horror that the ghoulies, the vampires of the East, had taken up their abode in the cemetery. They fled with precipitation, spreading their terror through the whole city of Mecca, and thenceforth the burial-ground and the mansion of Abd-al-Waheeb were shunned as if they had been haunted by the plague.

Deserted by the physicians, Taleb, aided by a strong constitution, was able in three days to walk about. A settled melancholy succeeded his frenzy; he roamed in silence through his father's mansion, choosing in preference the now tenantless part that had been the abode of Hassan. The signs of impatience he exhibited when spoken to, even by his father, induced the attendants to leave him undisturbed; and he thus enjoyed the true luxury of grief, the indulgence of sorrow in solitude. On the fifth evening after his dreadful visit to the tomb, he was sitting on a carpet in the room that had once belonged to Werdeh; a heavy slumber descended on his eyelids, and he was soon sunk in complete oblivion. His dreams strangely contrasted with his waking thoughts: visions of joy and felicity floated before his imagination; he deemed himself transported to the paradise promised to all true believers; troops of Houri's surrounded him, each wearing the features of his beloved Werdeh; harmonious voices rang in his ear, and a soft feeling of happiness spread over his soul. How long this lasted he could not tell, but it continued as he began to awake. The melodious strains were still poured upon his ears, and he recognised the song he used to sing for Werdeh, when the falling shades of night warned them to quit their bowers by the pond.

The night comes on—the envious night—
Confounding all things dark and bright;
Before its fatal influence fly
All charms of earth, all charms of sky;
The foulest weed, the fairest flower,
To wound or please have lost their power.

But memory,—the mind's own moon,
Affords a light more sweet than noon—
And aids me at this hour to trace
Each feature of thy viewless face,
More full, more perfect, and more fair,
Than deck'd in day-light's dazzling glare.

Taleb uttered a cry of astonishment, but a soft voice gently murmured, "Be not alarmed, beloved Taleb, I am your Werdeh, your own dear Werdeh. It is true I am dead, but I have become a ghoulie; you must die likewise, and become a ghoulie like me. No power shall then ever separate us."

The astonishment of Taleb was indescribable. At first he thought that his dream continued, and he closed his eyes; but every sense soon convinced him that Werdeh was really present; her form was before him in the faint star-light, he felt her breath warm upon his cheek, and the sounds of her voice could not be mistaken. He asked a number of confused questions, to which Werdeh replied—

"Believe me, my dear cousin, I am really dead. I have become a ghoulie, but it is untrue that these beings are cruel and malignant. I assure you the ghoulies have been scandalously calumniated; at least if I am to judge from what I feel myself. The ghoulies are accused of battenning on the dead and sucking the life-breath from the living; since I became one of their number I have never felt the slightest temptation to use such horrid food. I gather fruits by night in the gardens that surround the cemetery; by day I conceal myself in my tomb, where I sleep in tranquillity."

Taleb in vain endeavoured to persuade Werdeh that she was not a ghoulie, but had been, by some strange means, restored to life. His reasonings were ineffectual, though he continued to argue until the first streaks of dawn appeared in the sky. Werdeh then insisted on returning to her tomb, nor could Taleb either dissuade her, or obtain permission to accompany her.

The great improvement manifest in Taleb's health on the following day, delighted Abd-al-Waheeb. The hakems told him that the unhoely spell which had fallen upon his house was abating in virulence, and he consented to Taleb taking up his residence in the wing of the mansion that had formerly
been occupied by Hassan. During several successive evenings Werdeh visited her cousin, but she still firmly believed herself a ghoul, and, when Taleb renewed his dissuasions, threatened never to revisit him, if he persisted in asserting her to be alive. But her night-wanderings had now been observed, and the belief in ghoules was so strong at Mecca that no one would venture to go near the cemetery after nightfall.

Peace be upon the memory of Aga Yussef, and unhonoured be the bigots who persecuted him living, and malign him dead! The Aga, during a long residence at Smyrna, had become very intimate with the Franks, and though he did not yield up a particle of his creed, he acquired a very Christian thirst for wine, and a carelessness, if not a neglect, of the numerous ceremonies enjoined on pious Moslems. The Hakem of the English factory was his sworn brother; Yussef was frequently obliged to solicit his medical assistance, and the English physician visited him with large bottles that contained no very nauseous medicine, since the doctor always helped the patient to empty them. The Hakem also had revealed to the Aga the mysteries of the magic lantern, and to some tricks played with this toy may, without any great stretch of ingenuity, be attributed the ghost that haunted the house of a troublesome Imam, the next door neighbour of the Aga, who had interfered with Yussef's domestic arrangements, declaring his conduct a scandal to the faithful. At all events, the Aga himself laughed at all stories of ghoules, ghosts, and affrites, to the great surmise and horror of his attendants. Yussef's determination to undertake the pilgrimage to Mecca, excited the wonder of all Anatolia; but when it was added that he had solicited and obtained the government of Medina, the astonishment was indescribable. But the causes admitted of easy explanation: his faithful friend the English doctor had been compelled to leave Smyrna, and had got a situation at Mocha, where, at the period of our tale, there was a flourishing European trade. The Aga was well acquainted with Abd-al-Waheb and his extensive commerce; through his caravans Yussef hoped to be able to procure regular supplies of the Madeira vintage from his old companion; whilst the sanctity of his residence would effectually baffle suspicion. — Yussef was neither the first nor the last to cover his transgressions with the shade of the altar:

Making good my grandame's jest,
Near the church—you know the rest.

Since the days of Mohammed, never had such a pilgrimage been performed as that of Aga Yussef. He kept his company apart from the great caravan, and it was well he did so, else his open transgressions would have driven the pious to madness or to vengeance. There was not a troop of dancing girls within a score leagues of the line of march that had not been summoned to meet him at his bathing places; profane jesters were sought for in all directions to cheer his route; he gambled, he smoked, and he drank from an enormous jar—what he called physic, and everybody else excellent brandy. The songs from his small station often disturbed the pilgrims in the larger encampment, and the greater number of them agreed that if Aga Yussef was not Zetanai (Satan) himself, he was, at least, one of his most faithful servants. When they reached Mecca, the pilgrims raised such a clamour against the Aga, that he could not be permitted to lodge in the city; and, as if he had resolved to defy them and their superstitions, he pitched his camp in the very burial-ground universally believed to be the haunt of ghoules and demons.

On the third night after the Aga's arrival, Werdeh, while wandering, as usual, through the gardens near the cemetery, was met by a party of Yussef's attendants, who seized her and brought her before their master. He gazed on her strange attire and beautiful figure in astonishment, and courteously inquired why she wandered in such a place at night?

"Because I am dead, and have become a ghoule," replied Werdeh calmly.

The Aga stared with surprise, whilst his attendants hid their faces in consternation, and pattered every prayer and exorcism which memory could supply at the instant.

"Peace fools," said Yussef impatiently to his attendants, "the child is mad. Come here, girl, do you know what a ghoule is?"

"I am a ghoule," said Werdeh again; "but I do not eat the dead or suck the living. I have been dead these ten days, yonder is my tomb."

Again the prayers and exorcisms involuntarily began.

"Listen to me, you sons of burned fathers," exclaimed the Aga; "this girl is mad: it is the duty of every pious Moslem to take care of her, but were she to fall into other hands than mine she would be put to a cruel death. The Imams, the Mollahs, and the entire fraternity of Dervishes would assuredly have her burned as a ghoule
on her own confession; especially as the sound of their trouble would have a chance of exorting
money for their trouble in chanting, or rather whimpering the Koran round the city by
way of exorcism. Pah! faugh! the mere idea of their croaking makes me sick; give
me some of my medicine, one of you." He
took a large draught, and continued, "Take
the girl to my tent, let her be carefully
watched and guarded from every eye; if any
stranger through neglect of one of you dis-
cover her existence—if a soul among you
breathe a syllable of what has occurred this
night, I swear by the bones of my fathers
that I will put him to death with tortures that
will make him welcome Monkir and Nekir
as agreeable companions."

The Aga was known to be a man of his
word; the attendants swore to secrecy with a
variety of oaths, which might have added a
very interesting chapter to that highly useful
work, "The Gentleman's Complete Swearer;"
and they kept their promise the more faith-
fully, as the Aga on the very next day struck
his tents, and marched for Medina, leaving
half the ceremonies of his pilgrimage unper-
formed. Yussef's first care had been to seek
the acquaintance of Abd-al-Waheeb; he was
greatly struck by Taleb's conversation, for
he was able to appreciate his extensive
acquirements; even the grief to which he was
manifestly a prey rendered him more inter-
esting to the generous Aga; and when Taleb
re-echoed Yussef's hearty exclamation on the
folly of the belief in ghosts and ghoules, the
Aga clasped him to his bosom and vowed
that he should henceforth be esteemed as his
brother.

Five days had elapsed since Taleb last
received a visit from Werdeh; uneasy at her
continued absence, he at length, in spite of
her prohibition, visited the tomb. It was
unattended, and had manifestly been so for
more than one night; there were lizards
crawling about, as if familiar with the place,
and unconscious of disturbance; there were
a few portions of the grave-clothes fast
decaying with mildew, and the grass spring-
ing up with the vegetative power of tropical
climates had already effaced the traces of
Werdeh's light footstep. The unfortunate
lover again fell into a state of mental distra-
tion, and the pious people of Mecca good-
naturedly said, That the Evil Eye had
returned to the house of Abd-al-Waheeb, as a
punishment for his having been too familiar
with such an atrocious sinner as Aga Yussef.

Taleb's illness was of long duration,
his recovery slow and protracted; in such
a weak state the mind is naturally prone to
superstition, and he began to lend an ear
to the suggestions of the Meccans, and
ascribe his misfortunes to some supernat-
ural visitation. A pilgrimage to the tomb of
the prophet at Medina was prescribed as the
best remedy for his afflictions, and thither accordan-
tly he proceeded as soon as he was able to
bear the fatigue of travelling. In spite of
the remonstrances of the Imam, by whom he
was accompanied, Taleb took up his residence
at the house of Aga Yussef, to whom he was
a most welcome visitor; for the good and
sufficient reason that he brought the Aga
certain bottles of medicine, which Abd-al-
Waheeb had secretly procured from Jiddah;
though why so simple a matter as getting
medicine for a valetudinarian Aga should be
conducted like some smuggling transaction,
is beyond our skill to explain.

Yussef exerted himself to dispel his guest's
melancholy: he told some of his best stories,
mixed his choicest sherbet, qualified, as
usual, with European medicine; he produced
his jesters, exhibited his dancing girls;—
all was vain. He at length resolved to try
the effect of music, and summoning one of
his slaves, desired her to sing some plaintive
ditty; adding with a sigh, "I suppose any
of my favourite songs would drive you dis-
tracted."

The musician thus summoned was a young
Asiatic Greek; her voice was sweet but
weak; and her first notes scarcely excited
Taleb's attention. She sang the following
words to a plaintive air:—

The witter'd rose,—the witter'd rose,
Though all its beauty's fled;
Of love sincere the emblem shows,
Which dies not with the dead.

Its shrivell'd leaves have lost their bloom,
Clost'd is the fading flower;
But still survives its rich perfume,
In unabated power.

Round me a fragrance too is thrown,
Deathless, dear rose, as thine:
For love hath made my soul its own,
And thee its pledge and sign.

The listlessness of Taleb had quite disap-
ppeared before the musician had advanced far
in her song. He stared at her with intense
interest and surprise, and scarcely waiting the
conclusion, shrieked out, "In the name of
Allah! where got you those words?" The
verses were his own, composed on the rose
flotted to him by Werdeh.

The girl blushed, stammered, looked at
her master, whose prohibition of all conver-
sation respecting the adventure in the ceme-
tery of Mecca was fresh in her memory.

"Answer him, you daughter of an uncircumcised infidel," roared the Aga; an exclamation that by no means tended to restore the poor slave's self-possession.

"I heard them—that is—I learned. I'm sure I did not mean any harm, but a person we met—the Aga knows best—what shall I say?"

Medicated sherbet had by no means improved the Aga's patience, and he thundered forth—"I will tear that useless tongue of yours out by the roots and throw it for food to my dogs, unless you give a plain answer to a plain question. Who taught you these words."

"It was the ghoulie," replied the trembling girl.

The answer seemed to have paralysed every body. Yussef was the first to recover from stupor, and removing Taleb to another apartment, he recounted the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, adding, "the poor girl is not yet quite recovered from her delusion; she sits moping all day in some corner, but at night she wanders round the harem singing snatches of songs, which my slaves strive to learn."

Taleb in turn related his adventures with Werdeh, and besought Yussef to indulge him with an interview. The Aga intreated him first to calm his emotions, and cautioned him against too suddenly rushing into her presence. After some consultation it was agreed that Taleb should try the effect of his voice, and if recognised should then present himself to his beloved.

They went accordingly to the door of her chamber, and by the pale light of a dim moon saw her reclining listlessly on a couch. Taleb began to sing a well-known air, but at the very first words Werdeh started up and rushed towards him, he sprang forward to meet her, and ere Aga Yussef could comprehend what was going on, they had fainting in each others' arms.

Imagination must supply the scenes that took place when they recovered their consciousness; the excitement long threatened to drive both insane, and when morning dawned their memory retained nothing of the events of the night but indefinite images of horror. Aga Yussef might have helped us to fill this gap in the most interesting portion of our narrative, but unfortunately, the agitating occurrences had produced such an effect upon his nerves, that he was obliged to have recourse to his medicine very frequently, and its potency had closed his eyes in sleep.

Taleb and Werdeh were the next day in a high fever; but the symptoms, though violent, were not dangerous, and the hakem summoned to attend them, found that frequent messages between his patients were the most efficacious remedies. In less than a week they were able to meet each other again, and Abd-al-Waheb, who had been sent for to Mecca, yielding to the request of Aga Yussef, resolved to have their nuptials celebrated as soon as possible at Medina.

Our tale should end with the marriage of the lovers; and so it would have done but for the Imam who accompanied Taleb to Medina. This worthy priest declared that the re-union of the lovers was a miracle wrought by his prayers and those of his brethren at Mecca. Abd-al-Waheb laughed at him, and Aga Yussef swore he would burn his beard. The Imam returned to Mecca and gave such a representation of these wondrous events, that when Abd-al-Waheb arrived there with his family and the friendly Aga, instead of being received by his friends in triumph, the whole party narrowly escaped, from the priest-ridden populace, the fate of Saint Stephen. The arrival of a Tartar courier from Constantinople a few days afterwards, bringing the news of the Aga's elevation to the dignity of a Pacha with three tails and to the government of Syria, made a sudden change in the priests who had sons or nephews to dispose of; they at once discovered that Yussef was a paragon of orthodoxy, and beat almost to death the Imam who had slandered him and his friends. Yussef used his new influence to enable Abd-al-Waheb to sell off his property to advantage, and then took him and his family to dwell under his protection in Syria. Taleb became one of the most eminent merchants of Damascus, where his posterity still reside. Yussef died in his government from an overdose of his favourite medicine. Werdeh lived to a good old age, and died the same week as her husband.

In Damascus she is remembered only for her beauty and her virtue; but at Mecca perverted versions of her history are still current, and not a Hajji visits the shrine but brings back some terrific story of "the handsome ghoulie."
In promising, my fair cousins, to give you
"a picture in little" of the Zoological Gar-
dens, I find that I have undertaken the
somewhat self-defying task of fixing a set of
features which are essentially fugitive. It is
like painting a portrait of one of your own
pretty faces, which, if it is like to-day, can-
not by possibility be like twelve months
hence. The highly entertaining spot which
I am now to describe to you, changes its
various aspects with every changing season
of the year, and the casualties that attend
it, in common with every other institution
of which animal life forms a leading feature,
are every day depriving it of some charac-
teristic attraction, only to substitute in its
place some other of equal interest. The only
individual features, therefore, that I am called
upon to place before you, are those perma-
nent ones which form the outline and
frame-work of the design; not that (to con-
tinue my pictorial metaphor) I shall omit
the fillings-up, the shading, and the colour-
ing that are to give force, consistency, and
effect to the work. All I wish you to under-
stand is, that these essential adjuncts are by
no means to be considered the identical
ones that are at all times to be found in con-
nection with the particular departments of
the scene where I may now place them: for
instance, if your visit to this spot happen to
be made in the midst of summer, it will be
calvinied by a scene that for mingled interest
and entertainment is as inimitable as it is
indescribable. I mean the great cage of
monkeys, where some fifty of these exquisite
caricatures of us "human mortals" are allow-
ed to congregate together into one unrivalled
company of comic actors, and, from morning
till night, exhibit extempore farcing that
would fairly drive out of the market any of
our human candidates of the court of Momus.
And as for mimicry, practical jokes, feats of
comic agility, and the like, Mother Goose
itself was a serious affair by comparison;
but if you were to visit this locality of the
Gardens now, you would find it—a blank.

Where be their gibes now,
Their jests and their gambols, that were wont
To set the Gardens in a roar?
Alas! though not exactly "chop-fallen,"
they have retired to their inner homes before
the first chilling breath of autumn, and are
but very little more amusing than so many
men and women met together for that espe-
cial purpose at an evening party; nor can
you extract from them a single stroke of fun
or drollery, except on the same terms you
got those from a professional farceur whom
you hire for the nonce! In like manner, the
erynosure of the Gardens, at this present writ-
ing, is to be found in the persons of a female
Kangaroo and her "tender juvenile," whom
she carries about with her in a fur-trimmed
sack or reticule. This is, perhaps, the pret-
est sight that the maternal economy of the
lower animals presents, and is to be sur-
passed only by that of a young and beautiful
human mother with her infant on her bosom.
But I fear, my pretty cousins, that the course
of nature will not consent to stand still, during
twelve months or so, for your especial accom-
modation; and consequently, that before you
have an opportunity of verifying my descrip-
tion, the above feature of it will have long
ceased to exist. When I last visited these
Gardens the gem of them was a sight if not
so "interesting" as that just alluded to, still
more curious and instructive. It was that
of a pair of beavers, practising in their
confined state one of those extraordinary
instincts with which this race is gifted, but
which (if there were not a more marked and
essential distinction between reason and in-
stant than certain philosophers imagine)
would unquestionably have lain dormant till
called for by the wants of their wild state of
life. The beaver, it is well known, builds
itself embankments and habitations with
branches of trees, &c., in a fashion much
more secundum artem than is practised among
many tribes of our own boasted race in an
uncivilised state. One of the animals I
speak of used to lie down upon its back, and
stick up its four legs in the air, while its
companion proceeded to pile, within the
vehicle thus formed by the recumbent body
of his friend, all the branches, leaves, &c.,
that it could lay its paws on, preparatory to
seizing the tail of the living sledge, thus
formed and loaded, and dragging it to an-
other part of their domicile, there to be duly
unloaded and its burthen stowed away for
a future occasion that could never arrive!
I have the rather mentioned to you at the
outset, some of the beautiful and curious
sights occasionally to be seen at this establishment, because I conceive them to be worth more in proof of the value and interest of such an institution, than all the unworthy puffs you will occasionally see of it in the newspapers, boasting the number of hundreds of pounds that are received at the doors weekly, for admissions which might be, and therefore ought to be, gratuitous, and restricted only to an order from a proprietor.

I now proceed to the pictorial part of my task, in which I must beg you to accompany me step by step, in order that each portion of the design may grow up before your minds' eye in its natural order, and thus fix in your memory the tout ensemble of the scene, in a way no general description could hope to do.

In my last letter, I conducted you round the circular drive in the Regent's Park, at the northern and most elevated point of which is situated the gate of entrance to the Zoological Gardens. Nothing can be more simple and unpretending than this first approach to a scene which, when all its various features are taken into view, may be pronounced already unrivalled of its kind, though it is still in its infancy, and though the locale on which it stands has been redeemed within a few brief years only from a bare and open waste of common land. The entrance consists of two rustic lodges, of square form, the visible portions of which are composed entirely of that pretty workmanship used by the Swissers in the embellishment of their exquisite cottage homes; the small unbarked branches of trees, untouched by the hand of art, except in so far as is necessary to adapt them to each other by cutting them into similar lengths, and arranging them into uniform sets and series. These two lodges are united to each other by a low railing of iron-work, each extremity of which, nearest to its respective lodge, is finished by a mysterious kind of double turnstile, which turns only one way, and is connected with an index pointing out the number of persons that have passed through during any given time. In each of the lodges an attendant is placed, to see that the regulations of the institution are fulfilled by the visitors who seek admittance.

Passing through one or other of these mysterious, and by no means convenient points of ingress, you find yourself in what has all the appearance of the entrance to a pleasant and spacious flower-garden; a narrow winding walk branching off right and left between a screen of flowering shrubs, and a straight one, leading you directly onward, between borders of rich flowers backed by a screen of evergreens, to the distant parts of the grounds, all of which, however, are (beyond a very brief distance) entirely hidden from view by the abrupt declivity of the ground at the point just before you. The effect of this abrupt descent when you reach the brow of the declivity, is very striking and effective. Before you proceed many steps, however, on the level walk which first receives you, your eye is attracted by an object which, though not thirty yards distant from where you stand, and bulky enough to be visible a mile off, you can by no means make out, provided you are fortunate enough not to be aware beforehand of what it may be. You observe, on the left hand at the extremity of the walk, as if rising directly out of the ground, a lofty pole like the mast of a pleasure-boat; on the top of which you perceive what you would naturally suppose to be a huge bear-skin muff, but that the object in question appears instinct with life and motion, and every now and then opens a portion of its furry form, and receives therein an apple or a plum-bun, politely handed to it by one of the admiring by-standers, at the extremity of a long hop-pole! This is not (as you now perceive) a bear-skin muff, but a bear in propriis personis; one of four occupying a deep subterranean dwelling, in the centre of which is placed the flag-staff before alluded to. On this the lumbering denizens of the den below may at any time be induced to mount by the bribe of a bun as aforesaid. As this feat is never performed without some danger of the actor breaking its bones, it must be looked upon as a piece of quackery that were better omitted from the arrangements of the place, which has, in fact, no need of resorting to any such Bartholomew Fair attractions.

From the point which you have now reached, namely, the extremity of the avenue of entrance, you command a view of nearly the whole of the Gardens, which lie mapped out before you in the prettiest and most picturesque manner imaginable, and the general effect of which is quite unique, by reason of the various nondescript little enclosures wherewith it is every here and there studded. Immediately beneath you lies a sort of miniature Swiss cottage, lately inhabited by the two beautiful lambs that were the boast of the Garden; at present it is occupied by three camels. Contiguous to this on the left, are the spacious cages in which are confined those gorgeous creatures
of the feathered tribe, which it requires the
burning elime of the east to array in their
more than rainbow colours. I have never
seen so rich and various a collection of these
birds as at present exists at the Zoological
Gardens; and one or two of them in partic-
ular, especially the yellow variety of the par-
rotquet, I have never before seen. Still farther
to the left, is another rustic erection, the
residence of the great Indian bison, that
feeds as tamely and quietly in front of its
limited domain, as if it were at home in
its native forests. The remainder of the
visible portion of your view on the left, from
the slight eminence on which I have placed
you, is occupied by a piece of water peopled
with numerous exotic water fowl, and orna-
mented with a fountain, springing from the
artificial rock-work in which the occupants
of this department root and build their nests.
The whole of this portion of the Gardens is
so thickly occupied by the buildings, &c.,
now alluded to, that the only open spaces
left, are those for the places of exercise of
the various animals, and the intersecting
walks. The coup-d’œil on the right is
very different. It takes in nearly the whole
range of that portion of the grounds which
assumes the form of a garden, in the English
sense of the term; and nothing can be more
pleasing than the view, at least under the
circumstances connected with it; for the
various arrangements arising out of the
scientific objects of the establishment are
managed with sufficient taste to prevent them
from interfering in any material degree with
the picturesque appearance of the scene, and
in some instances they improve rather than
injure the general effect. The plot of ground
I now speak of is of great extent, and with-
out any trees of large growth; consequently,
the whole arrangement and laying out of it
is taken in at one view, with its numerous
and fantastically formed beds and corbeilles
of rich flowers, its clumps of low-growing
shrubs, its tiny temples and summer-houses
scattered here and there for the fairy birds
that form so beautiful a portion of the show;
the great cage of monkeys before alluded to,
&c. &c., the whole of these being united,
and as it were held together by an otherwise
unbroken plot of smooth turf, intersected at
irregular intervals by winding walks of bright
gravel.

Such is a sort of bird’s eye view of the
south garden, where the more ornamental
animals are kept, and those susceptible
of being allowed a certain degree of space
and liberty. Descending from the spot
whence we gain this view, and confining
our attention for the present to the space
just described, nothing can be more
amusing than to wander leisurely through
this prettily-contrived scene, and glance at
the various objects that compose it, just in
the "admired disorder" which forms the
most judicious part of the arrangement; in
fact, the whole charm of the gardens consist
in this department of it. Here you may
come on a summer evening over and over
again, and wander, or muse, or examine,
as the mood may direct, and at every ten
steps arrive at something either new in
itself, or presenting some new aspect or
feature in the habits and manners of beings
which, if they are, as we proudly imagine, of
an inferior grade in the scale of existence
to that which we ourselves occupy, are so
only for the lack of those powers of observa-
tion and comparison and admiration which
we are here called upon to exercise.

Having wandered, without rule or order,
through this department of the gardens, and
glaucd with an eye of surprise or curiosity,
or thoughtfulness, or admiration, as the case
may be, at the various objects in turn pre-
senting themselves to notice:—at the stately
strangeness of the ostrich; at the melancholy
grandeur of the caged eagle, gazing at the
sky as a deposed monarch gazes in the direc-
tion of his lost domains; at the inconceivable
beauty and splendour of the parrot tribe,
from which painters and poets may borrow
new ideas to deck their angels’ wings; at
the vampire look of the obscene vulture,
brodimg sulkily on its perch as if it were
sitting in satisfied fulness over a newly rifled
graze; at the sparkling sprightliness of the
squirrels, the gloomy restlessness of the bears,
the gentle and almost human expression in the
faces of the uncouth camels, the antedil-
vuvian air and form of the bison; and, above
all, at the indescribably amusing and instruc-
tive exhibition presented by the unrivalled
cage of monkeys to which I have alluded in
the outset of this letter, and to the minute
observation and record of which a week
might well be devoted, instead of a passing
quarter of an hour:—having, I say, glanced
at these, and innumerable other points of
passing attraction in this southern department
of the establishment, let us proceed together
to the northern garden, which we reach by an
approach that forms the most striking and well-
contrived portion of the arrangements of this
unique spot. Following the winding walk
which descends from the highest point of the
gardens, at which you enter, and threading
your way through borders of rich flowers and shrubs, you presently arrive in front of a massive archway, the other extremity of which you do not see till you enter beneath it. Having done so, you have attained the lowest point of the grounds, underneath the public road whence you enter; consequently on emerging at the other end, you find yourself at the foot of an abrupt ascent, which leads you between borders of flowers, as before, to an irregular range of buildings, in connection with which you find all the more rare and striking wonders of the collection. In the chief of these buildings you find the huge elephant, standing patienty in his dark dwelling, "like Atlas unremoved," and scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding "darkness visible," or amid which, if he moves at all, he moves.

Like Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom.

In the same building you find what may be looked on as, upon the whole, the most rare and wonderful object that has ever yet been presented to European observation in connection with that enlightening study of Natural History which is the ostensible object of this institution,—I mean the great rhinoceros. Until the exhibition of this wonderful animal, so few persons had seen one of the species, that there was a feeling of incredulity experienced on first looking at it, even as to the fact of its being an actual living thing. There is in the stupendous uncouthness of its form, the profound gravity and immobility of its general aspect, and the extreme slowness of its motions, a something that immediately associates in it the mind with those purely imaginary creatures of the antediluvian world which Cuvier and others have deduced from an examination of their fossil bones, as found and commented on in those beautiful researches in natural history constituting one of the marked features of our day. This huge creature, more uncouth than it is huge, and apparently more harmless and gentle than it is uncouth, moves about silently in its spacious dwelling, more like a piece of human machinery than a thing of life; and so marked is this resemblance, and the association of ideas which it causes, that there is no doubt whatever a creature might be formed by the mechanical ingenuity of man which should have all the appearance and perform all the visible functions of this extraordinary creature with a degree of accuracy that at a little distance would deceive the nicest observer. What is very certain is, that as half the lower orders

of the French nation, and not a few of the higher, believe that at this moment Napoleon Buonaparte is not dead, so a very little mystification on this point might induce an equal proportion of the visitors to these gardens to believe that the rhinoceros is not alive! I think I shall try the experiment some day.

In the mean time, proceed we in our glancing survey of the other wonders of this regular wild-beast department of the gardens. Under the same roof with the great elephant and the rhinoceros, are two smaller elephants, and several extraordinary specimens of the deer species, in particular three superb Wapiti deer, animals that from their immense size, and the enormous antlers with which they are adorned, give one a more noble and stately idea of the capacities and attributes of their tribe than any other class of the animal kingdom whatsoever, most assuredly not excepting that which naturalists rank under the genus Home. Adjoining to this building is an open bath, in which the great elephant is occasionally allowed to disport his enormous bulk. Adjacent to the above is the largest separate building in the establishment, containing many of the savage class of animals, and some of the more curious and rare species of those. At present it is under repair, and the whole of the lions, tigers, leopards &c., are placed in a low and very inappropriate building in the south garden, a spot upon the pleasing and picturesque attractions and characteristics of which it is a great blot, and should never be allowed to intrude. There are several other buildings connected with this part of the collection, into the details of which I shall not enter, because it is no part of my plan, nor of your desire, that I should furnish you with a mere catalogue of the several items to be seen in this most amusing, instructive, and popular of all our London sights.

I have hitherto glanced at the Zoological Garden with an eye to its professional and scientific character alone—that character in virtue of which it deserves to rank among the most useful and praiseworthy establishments that our great metropolis can boast. But I am afraid it owes its vast popularity among all classes, to anything rather than its intrinsic value and its public utility; in proof of which, let but the government do what it ought to do, and would do if it entertained a due sense of the uses and attributes of a government, transform it into a national institution, like its prototype at Paris, and throw it open to all the world; let them do this, and its popularity with half that world
would cease at once. At present the Zoological Garden is, from its peculiar locality and arrangement, susceptible of being used as a public promenade; and by means of its private character it is capable of being kept in some degree an exclusive one. On week days it requires, besides the money price of admission (a shilling), a much dearer tax, that of asking a personal favour, a "governor's order, to be allowed the privilege of paying that money price! The ostensible pretence for this is, that no other means would exclude "improper persons." But you will please to observe, my fair cousins, that by "improper" persons is here meant (whether avowedly or not, I do not inquire) precisely those persons whom you and I—you in virtue of your country frankness and loving-kindness, I in virtue of my all-embracing sympathy,—would look upon as the very fittest recipients of the kind of knowledge and pleasure to be disseminated by an institution of this nature. On Sunday it is still worse. On that day no one is admitted but the "governors" as aforesaid, and persons in company with them. Consequently on that day the place is converted into a mere fashionable lounge, to the infinite disappointment and chagrin of the poor prisoners who form the ostensible attraction of the spot; for persons of fashion, and their friends, and friends' friends, for half a dozen removes, are of course much too polite to take any interest in observing how an elephant discusses a plum-bun; how an ape deposits an apple "in the corner of his jaw," as he did in Hamlet's time; or how a monkey "makes mouths at the invisible event" of an anticipated nut-cracking. On week days scores of the lesser animals get a handsome addition to their allotted income, from the elasmobranch bounty of the more juvenile or less well-bred portion of the visitors who on those days gain admission. But on Sunday it is Lent with them; and this without even an imaginary equivalent for the privation. How different is it with the more fortunate denizens of the corresponding institution at Paris! There the Sunday is a day of fête and jubilee with them, as it is, and ought to be with all the rest of the world. The truth is, there is nothing arising out of an over-civilised state of society, like that which now exists among ourselves, at once so all-pervading, so mischievous, and so contemptible, as that spirit of exclusiveness of which the arrangement I have just alluded to is a specimen. Driven, by the united influence of money and the growing spirit of democracy, from all other places of public resort (for where money alone will procure admission our fashionable exclusives have utterly ceased to go, the pit of the King's Theatre, which costs half a guinea, being voted quite as "vulgar" as that of the Coburg, which costs but a shilling)—those who find their account in administering to these fancies, have hit upon the ingenious expedient of an establishment, to which it shall require a double certificate of merit to gain admittance—that of money and of personal "respectability" also! And how, think you, does this ingenious contrivance work?—Why just as it ought to do: it in a great measure, defeats the purpose of everybody but those who contrived it for their own pecuniary emolument. The beggarly ambition of purchasing a governorship which is to be had for a guinea a year, with the unlimited power of giving "orders" included, induces "all manner of people," literally, from the peer down to the publican, to purchase the paltry privilege; and the natural consequence is, that on the week days, during the fine weather in summer, the place is thronged with a miscellaneous rabble, twice as numerous as it would be if its doors were fairly thrown open to all the world, and infinitely less respectable. On Sunday, however, the day on which I propose to conduct you, my fair cousins, to this still amusing place, the case is very different. On that day it often exhibits a more attractive show of the upper classes of English society, than is now to be met with at any other public place whatever—not excepting those once boasted Kensington Gardens, which it has helped to supersede. And, notwithstanding all the demerit of that exclusiveness to which I have directed your attention, I must still assure you that, as a mere exhibition of outward form and feature, and the aids and illustrations that these derive from dress, manner, and personal bearing, there is nothing else in the world that can compare with the best portion of the "People of Fashion" of England at the present day. Consequently, to you who are wise enough not yet to have laid aside any of your youthful curiosity and admiration, the specimens you will see at the Zoological Gardens of the above-named class in un-natural history, will form one of the most attractive features of the exhibition.

Ever your loving cousin,

TERENCE TEMPLETON.
TREGOTHNAN CASTLE,
THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF FALMOUTH.

Tregothnan, the seat of Lord Viscount Falmouth, became the property of the Boscowens by marriage with the heiress of Tregothnan in the fourteenth century. The Boscowen family had, at an early period, been settled at Boscowen in Burian, whence however, they removed to Tregothnan shortly after the union of the families. Hugh Boscowen paid a fine of four marks for not attending at the coronation of Philip and Mary, to receive the honour of knighthood; Richard Boscowen paid a fine of 5l to be released from the order of the Bath at the creation of Prince Henry; but their descendant, Hugh Boscowen, was in 1720 created Baron of Boscowen-Rose, and Viscount Falmouth.

Tregothnan is situated in the parish of St. Michael Penkevil in the east division of the hundred of Powder, and embraces in the estates surrounding it, the possessions of several extinct families. The manor and baron of Penkevil belonged, in the reign of Edward I, to the house of De Wen, from whom it is supposed it passed in marriage to the Penkevils. It is quite as probable, however, that it was the same family who had changed their name to Penkevil, from the place of their abode, a thing not unusual in those times. They flourished in gentle affluence till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Penkevil was given or sold to George Courtnay, Esq., whose great grandson alienated it to Hender Molesworth, Esq., afterwards a baronet; by whom it was conveyed to Hugh Boscowen, Esq., ancestor of Lord Falmouth, the present proprietor.

The manor of Fentongollan, also, which extends into the parish of Merther, is said to have belonged, at an early period, to a family of the same name, from whom it passed, by a succession of female heirs, to the families of Trejano and Trenoweth. John Trenoweth, who died in 1497, left four daughters, coheirs. Philippa brought this manor to John Carminow of Respin (a younger branch of the Carminows of Carminow), who became, in consequence of this union, in the words of Halse, "more famous for his wealth than any other of his name or house, or than any other family of Cornwall." Thomas, son of John, was gentleman of the privy-chamber to Henry VIII. Halse, speaking of the hospitality of John Carminow, says, that "he kept open house for all comers and goers, drinkers, minstrels, dancers, and what not, during the Christmas time; and that his usual allowance of provision for those twelve days, were twelve fat bullocks, twenty Cornish bushels of wheat (i.e. fifty Winchester *), thirty-six sheep, with hogs, lambs, and fowls of all sorts, and drink made of wheat and oat-malt proportionable; for at that time barley-malt was little known or used in those parts." Oliver Carminow, however, his son, inheriting little of his father's free and generous spirit, squandered away in idle extravagance and selfish luxury the greater part of these valuable estates, and the manor was sold in 1600 to the Holcombes. In 1676 the property was purchased by Hugh Boscowen, ancestor of Lord Falmouth, by whom it is at present enjoyed. Mr. Boscowen, soon afterwards, pulled down the fine old mansion of the Carminows, with its lofty towers and beautiful chapel, and a farm house was soon constructed upon its site.

The mansion of Tregothnan stands on an elevated spot near the Fal, and command a delightful view of the windings of that river and its various tributary branches. Between Truro and this place, the river swells into a large basin, whence extending in width, it forms the capacious and secure harbour of Falmouth, and falls into the British Channel within view. On the land side also the prospect is very extensive over a richly wooded country. The mansion is modern, having been recently erected on the old site by the present nobleman, under the direction of W. Wilkins, Esq. It is built in the style and agreeable to the taste most prevalent in the reign of Henry VIII. The irregularity of form and variety of embellishment have been adopted with minute attention to the genuine character of buildings of that period. The ornamental battlements and richly decorated turrets surmounting the whole produce the most pleasing effect; while the sculptural compartments and mullioned windows com-

* It should be sixty; a Cornish bushel contains three of Winchester measure.
plete the design of this truly magnificent edifice. The great staircase, forty-two feet in height, which occupies the large central tower, is entered from a corridor under the porte cochere; and around it are ranged the drawing-room, breakfast-room, dining-room, billiard-room and study.

The only parts of the interior which partake of the character of the outer architecture are the corridor and the staircase; the latter gives access to the principal apartments above, by two flights branching off right and left from the central flight. The ceiling is a beautiful specimen of the enriched gothic.

A wide terrace with a parapet extends round the building, leading to a beautiful lawn, surrounded by plantations of the greatest variety of shrubs and evergreens. In the park are many fine old chestnut trees. A pleasant ride has been formed on the banks of the river, some miles in extent, and a commodious bathing-house erected for the use of the family.

In the year 1626, Hugh Boscawen, Esq., the representative of the family, succeeded his father as lord of the manor of Tregothnan, &c., and was chosen one of the knights of the shire for this county in 16th of Charles I, and also in the parliament which restored Charles II. Edward Boscawen, his son, was one of the leading members of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II, being one of the representatives for the borough of Tregony, from the restoration to his death, in the last year of the King's reign.

Hugh Boscawen, Esq., his only surviving son, served, during the reign of Queen Anne, in several parliaments for the county of Cornwall, and was groom of the bed-chamber to Prince George of Denmark. In 1708 he was made Warden of the Stannaries, and in 1720, was created Baron of Boscawen-Rose and Viscount Falmouth. He was also Captain of St. Mawes castle, and Recorder of the towns of Tregony and Penryn. His Lordship died suddenly at Trefusis, in 1734. Hugh, his son, second Viscount, in 1745, raised a regiment at his own expense, to serve against the rebels; and in 1747 was constituted Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard to King George II. He died in 1782, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his nephew, Evelyn George, third Viscount Falmouth, who distinguished himself during the war of independence in America. In 1808 his son Edward came to the title.

In the parish church are several monuments of the Boscawen family; the earliest is of Hugh Boscawen, who married one of the coheiresse of Carminow, and died in 1559. The monument of Admiral Boscawen, which is ornamented with his bust, surrounded with naval trophies, was executed by Rysbrack, from a design by Adams. It bears the following inscription:

"Here lies the Right Honourable Edward Boscawen, Admiral of the Blue, General of Marines, Lord of the Admiralty, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council: his birth though noble, his titles though illustrious, were but incidental additions to his greatness. History, in more expressible and indelible characters, will inform latest posterity with what ardent zeal, with what successful valour, he served his country, and taught her enemies to dread her naval power. In command he was equal to every emergency, superior to every difficulty; in his high departments masterly and upright, his example formed, while his patronage rewarded merit. With the highest exertions of military greatness he united the gentlest offices of humanity; his concern for the interest, and unwearied attention to the health of all under his command, softened the necessary exactions of duty, and the rigours of discipline, by the care of a guardian, and the tenderness of a father. Thus beloved and revered, amiable in private life as illustrious in public, this gallant and profitable servant of his country, when he was beginning to reap the harvest of his toils and dangers, in the full meridian of years and glory, after having been providentially preserved through every peril incident to his profession, died of a fever on the 10th January, in the year 1761, at Hatchell's Park in Surrey, a seat he had just finished (at the expense of the enemies of his country), and amidst the groans and tears of his beloved Cornishmen, was here deposited."

Admiral Boscawen was a very distinguished officer. He signalised himself in the year 1747, as Captain of the Namur, and the same year had the command of the naval and land forces in an expedition to the East Indies, being the only commission of that kind which had then been given to any officer since the reign of Charles II. His most prominent services were the capture of Louisburgh and its dependencies in 1758, which led to the conquest of Canada, and the defeat of a detachment of the French fleet in 1759, off Cape Lagos. He was one of the Lords of the Admiralty from 1751 till his death.
THE COURT.

Health and domestic tranquillity continue to shed their benign influence on the royal inhabitants of Windsor Castle. Comfort, rarely the inmate of Courts, seems to have fixed its abode in that splendid palace.

With the exception of a visit or two to London, for the purpose of holding councils, His Majesty has pursued his usual active and social habits at Windsor.

The Queen has honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence, on which occasion the house was filled by an audience who gave the most enthusiastic demonstrations of attachment to the Royal Patroness of the evening’s entertainments.

Every public establishment worthy of notice, appears to attract the attention of the Queen. Her Majesty unexpectedly visited the Pantheon Bazaar, in the most unostentatious manner, as a casual customer, and bought articles at some of the stands; but appeared to be prevented from extending her purchases by the crowds that flocked into the building. If the managers had received notice of the royal visit, they would doubtless have adopted measures to prevent the inconvenience attendant on such a numerous assemblage.

The visit of Her Majesty to Oxford, has occasioned great rejoicing in that magnificent University and its vicinity; addresses were presented by the Authorities, and by the Clergy of the Diocese. The Queen afterwards visited the descendant of the illustrious Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and the not less distinguished Conqueror of Waterloo, at Strathfieldsaye.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria have been, during the last month, at Ramsgate, when their Royal Highnesses were visited by the King and Queen of Belgium. His Belgian Majesty paid a visit to Windsor Castle, and made a shooting excursion in the neighbourhood of Claremont.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


Some little time after the announcement of this edition of Cowper’s works, we were surprised by the appearance of another edition, edited by the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, and brought out in opposition to that preparing by Dr. Southey. This struck us as singular, and seemed to us a breach of the established courtesy among publishers not to interfere with the speculations of each other. In noticing Mr. Grimshawe’s edition we therefore merely expressed a doubt of its successful competition with that of Dr. Southey, but we made no allusion to the circumstances under which it was published, because we were at a loss to account for them, except as proceeding from personal hostility between the rival publishers, with which we had no concern. The appearance of the first volume of Dr. Southey’s edition has explained the mystery.

“Two volumes of Cowper’s letters,” says Dr. Southey in his preface, “had been edited, under the title of Private Correspondence, in 1824, by his friend and kinsman, the late Dr. J. Johnson. They had obtained so poor a sale, that upwards of one thousand copies were remaining in the publisher’s warehouse. Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock proposed to purchase whatever copyright there might be in
these volumes, with the remaining stock; the publishers held them in treaty for several months, and in the meanwhile began secretly to print an edition of Cowper's works in the same form as this, which had been previously announced, and for which preparations had been made, wherein neither care nor expense had been spared. An editor was found, whom the Evangelical Magazine pronounced, 'from personal knowledge,' to be 'the only living man who could do justice to the life of Cowper.' Their eagerness to get into the field was such that the first volume was published before the engravings for it could be made ready, and the work thus surreptitiously prepared and hurried into the world, was announced as the only complete edition of Cowper.

"It would be unbecoming in him [Dr. Southey] to offer any remarks upon the manner in which Mr. Grimshawe has performed an undertaking which he says he was 'called upon to engage in both on public and private grounds.' But there is a passage in that gentleman's preface which must not be left unnoticed. After declaring his purpose of 'revising Hayley's Life of the Poet, purifying it from the errors that detract from its acknowledged value, and adapting it to the demands and expectations of the religious public,' Mr. Grimshawe says he is enabled to effect this object, 'and to present for the first time a complete edition of the works of Cowper, which it is not in the power of any individual besides himself to accomplish, because all others are debarred access to the private correspondence.' Mr. Grimshawe (it is presumed) is a member of the Eclectic Society, founded by Mr. Newton, and not of the society founded by St. Ignatius Loyola; he cannot therefore be supposed to use words with a mental reservation. But in what sense can it be said that any person is debarred access to a book which has been upon sale ever since it was published, twelve years ago?"

Since this explanation has appeared, we have read, in the Times newspaper, a reply from Messrs. Saunders and Otley, the publishers of Mr. Grimshawe's edition. We cannot but think this reply extremely injudicious, for it rather confirms than contradicts Dr. Southey's statement. It really amounts to nothing more than if they had said—'Oh dear! Dr. Southey, you quite shock us. Pray don't use the word surreptitious; it is really an awkward expression. Call it by some other name; pray do. Call it anything but surreptitious.' It now remains to be seen which edition the public will prefer. We confess that before we looked at either, we had a leaning towards Dr. Southey, one of the first poets of the present century, certainly the first prose writer of his day, and a man whose literary knowledge raises him to the very highest rank among his comppeers. Mr. Grimshawe had not the same title to our confidence. He was but little known to the literary public, for we doubt if many of our readers had even heard of, much less seen, his "Life of the Rev. Legh Richmond;" and assuredly in the execution of his editorial labours, on the present occasion, he has not shown himself capable, any more than his coadjutor, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, who has supplied him with but an indifferent essay on the genius and poetry of Cowper, of appropriating a single leaf of the wreath that decks the laureate's brow. Upon Dr. Southey, therefore, do we pin our faith, and this we are the more disposed to do from a perusal of his first volume, containing part of his excellent life of Cowper.

Conti the Discarded; with other Tales and Fancies. By Henry F. Chorley. 3 vols.

There is in these volumes much fine feeling, a beautiful imagination, and some very powerful developments of passion. Mr. Chorley is a young writer of high promise, with a rich and glowing fancy, and an enthusiasm such as we love to meet with. The fine moral feeling and the delicate chasteness of mind which pervade Mr. Chorley's writings of the imagination, will procure for them an admission into the most fastidious family circles, where they will delight the old and the young without danger to the latter. The present work shows considerable progress since the appearance of the "Sketches of a Seaport Town," which we noticed, in a former number, in terms of well-merited praise. The present volumes purport to be an imitation of the German novels, embodying the pursuits of those who professionally cultivate the fine arts. But the form in which the tales are given have just claims to originality. "Conti the Discarded" is our favourite, not because it is better written, but because the pictures are more vivid and the events more rapid. We like "Margaret Sterne" less, because it professes to be a tale of feelings rather than of events, and it is a difficult, nay, an almost impossible thing, to trace the idiosyncrasies of feeling so as to make them strike in harmony with those of different readers. However, there is no want of bustle in "Margaret Sterne" towards the end. Martin Sterne is a noble old creature, the very counter-part of a country organist whom we once knew. The death scene in this tale is admirably wrought, and is one of the most powerful things in the work. We must however depurate that hackneyed mode of killing off ladies and gentlemen in novels, by the breaking of blood-vessels. Human beings do not die so
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Is there a son of generous England here,
Or fervid Erin — He with us shall join
To pray that, in eternal union dear,
The rose—the thistle—and the shamrock twine*
showing the kindly feelings of the author's heart as he undertook this labour.

The pictorial illustrations are admirable, both as regards Mr. Allom's beautiful drawings and Mr. Wallis's engravings. We have no doubt that the sale of this work will amply remunerate the publisher for his outlay, which must have been very considerable from the elegance with which the work is brought out.

Sonnets. By Edward Moxon.

These Sonnets, by one who is associated with the poet*, the tears for whose loss are not yet dry upon our cheeks, have been much praised by our contemporaries, who have left nothing for us to add. The best thing, therefore, that we can do, is to extract one of them for our readers. We select that relating to the departed poet.

Here sleeps beneath this bower, where daisies grow,
The kindliest sprite earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go.

His only mate is now the minstrel bark,
Who chants her morning music o'er his bed,
Save she who comes each evening, ere the dark
Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister's tears. Kind Heaven, upon her head
Do thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flow'rets spread
Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet.

Wanderings through North Wales. By
Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Parts III. to VII.

When we noticed the former parts of this work, we stated it to be one of the best of this class of publications; we think so still, each succeeding number being equal, both in the letter-press and in the embellishments, to those which preceded them. The research displayed in this publication does Mr. Roscoe great credit.


The object of this publication is holy: it is the work of a dutiful child, written for the support of a widowed and destitute mother. All who can afford to do so, ought to bestow their mite in aid of such a cause; and, besides the gratification afforded by an act of benevolence, those who have not travelled will derive from these letters much new and entertaining information.

* Charles Lamb.

We have already mentioned this edition of Pope’s works, published by Mr. Valpy, and edited by Dr. Croly. We have now only to add that the work has been carried through with the same talent and spirit, and that the present volume is the last of the edition.

Noble Deeds of Woman.

We recommend to our fair readers this interesting volume, being a compilation of the most noble deeds performed by women. It will serve to beguile many a tedious hour during the approaching winter, and would be an excellent Christmas present for young people.

FINE ARTS.

Finden’s Byron Beauties. Parts X. and XI.

The Lesbia and Olympia by Miss F. Corbeaux are excellent; they are the two best in these numbers. Chalon’s Haidee is a little mannered. Wright’s Beatrice wants refinement; and the two by Meadows, viz. the Medora and the Maid of Athens, are contemptible.

Stanfield’s Coast Scenery; a series of Views in the British Channel, and on the coasts of England, Ireland, France, Germany, &c. Parts IV. and V.

These views are worthy of Mr. Stanfield’s genius. The Hamoaze at Plymouth, Powderham Park, the East Cliff Hastings, Portsmouth Harbour, and the Arched Rock Isle of Wight, are really gems. This work is deserving of the patronage of all who can appreciate high art.

The Destroying Angel. Drawn by John Martin, and engraved by Alfred Martin.

This is another of those magnificent conceptions which are the exclusive attribute of Mr. Martin. The grandeur of omnipotence is felt throughout this composition. The Destroying Angel scattering the thunderbolts which are to destroy the first-born of Egypt, the bright supernatural light flashing over the city of the Pharaohs, the mighty space around, the solemn grandeur of the scene, the silence of which is broken only by the wailing of the bereaved parents—all show that the subject is felt by a mind of the highest order of poetry. The plate is engraved by Mr. Alfred Martin, who, as an engraver, treads closely in his father’s steps; and, we question much, if his name were not on the plates, whether even a very nice observer could trace any marked difference between this and one of the father’s engravings.

THEATRES.—If the taste of a country, and its progress in refinement, be correctly indicated by the state of its drama, we of the present generation have little reason to be satisfied with the position of England in the scale of civilization. Our theatres, instead of being sources of refined and intellectual enjoyment, have become little else than agreeable lounges and places of rendezvous, where the last thing to be considered in the performance is its dramatic excellence.

Instead of the pointed comedy, that held up to ridicule the prevailing vices and follies of the day, while it seized the attention and enlisted our sympathy by its brilliancy and wit, investing domestic incidents and the ordinary characters of life with the liveliest interest, without the aid of burlesque or exaggeration; and instead of scenes that exhibited the noble traits of man, touched the feelings, and conveyed through the medium of the passions lessons of virtue that exalted the character and improved the heart, we have a series of contemptible pieces made up of farce, mimicry, and spectacle, giving exaggerated pictures of improbable occurrences, and teeming with vicious and corrupting sentiments.

We do not object to the occasional introduction on the stage of a good burlesque, nor do we wish to undervalue the talent of exciting laughter; but that such productions should become the prevailing passion, to the almost total exclusion of the legitimate drama, displays, on the part of the public, a fallen and vitiated taste. “Novelties” have succeeded each other night after night, with the most amazing rapidity, yet, from the host, which could you select that deserved or
promised to engage more than a temporary existence? Strip it of scenic effect and examine it as a production, and how will it appear? With some few exceptions they are the most worthless trash: coarse without humour; misrepresenting the customs of society while they profess "to show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" without the slightest pretension to invention or originality (except in representing the female character in a manner as repugnant to delicacy as to truth), and being not infrequently spiritless adaptations from the stage of "our more polished neighbours." It has frequently been said that there is something in the English character which, although the people may be misled for a while or momentarily diverted from the admiration of things of established excellence, ever leads them back to love such things again. In the present instance we are willing to put faith in the saying. Already a distaste for these performances is apparent, and we are persuaded that in a short time the supremacy of the old English drama will again be firmly established. Since the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre our standard tragedies and comedies have been produced each succeeding night to crowded houses. They have been witnessed by the Queen, and everything seems to promise well for the manager, if he continues as he has begun.

MR. BALFE'S NEW OPERA.—Just as we are going to press, the performance of this opera is announced at Drury Lane. Fame speaks very highly of the music, which is said to be an inspiration of the highest order of genius. We shall give an account of it in our next.

CONCERTS OF CLASSIC MUSIC.—We hear with great pleasure that the following professors: Messrs. Bisgrove, G. A. Griesbach, Watkins, Pigott, Sherrington, Lucas, Banister, Howell, Card, Powell, Rae, and C. Salaman, have formed among themselves one of those societies so numerous in Germany, for the study and practice of classic chamber music. In order that the lovers of this kind of music may share in its enjoyments, they have resolved to give, every year, four concerts of vocal and instrumental music, consisting of trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, and double quartets, selected from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Boccherini, Onslow, Hummel, Spohr, Mayseder, Mendelssohn, &c.

The number of subscribers to these concerts is limited, and no subscriber is admitted unless presented by a member of the society. The price of the subscription is only one guinea for the four concerts.

We anticipate, from the exertions of this society, a great advance in the art, which has made rapid strides among us during the last five years. The musical world must feel greatly indebted to the professors who have embarked in this new undertaking, and we have no doubt that they will meet with the support they deserve.

SWISS PORTABLE FIRE ENGINE.—We have just seen a clever engine, bearing this name, invented by M. Vaucher de Strubing, a gentleman of considerable scientific attainments, whose work on commercial insurance is well known to the public, and whose extremely pretty musical compositions we and our contemporaries have often had occasion to notice. This fire engine, weighing about ninety pounds, and scarcely larger than a butter-churn, can be slung to a man's back and easily conveyed anywhere. When worked by two men, it will discharge twenty imperial gallons of water per minute, propelling it to a distance of seventy feet horizontally, and forty-five in perpendicular height. It is also provided with a suction pipe, and can draw its supply of water from a considerable distance if necessary. The great engines used by the fire companies, and manned by sixteen men, do not propel more than from forty to forty-five gallons per minute. Now, if the same number of men were employed on eight of M. Vaucher's engines, the quantity of water propelled every minute would be a hundred and sixty gallons instead of forty-five, which might be directed upon the flames from various points; and the eight engines might be conveyed to the fire by a single horse. The expense of these new engines is comparatively trifling, and they will be found of immense advantage in private houses, also in gardens, conservatories, and green-houses, to replace the comparatively powerless, though much more cumbersome, engines now used. We recommend all our scientific friends to visit the establishment of Messrs. Bramah, and examine this new apparatus.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

Belle Assemblee,

FOR DECEMBER, 1835.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY CAROLINE CAPEL.

Lady Caroline Capel is daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans, and wife of Arthur Algernon Capel, Esq., nephew of the present Earl of Essex.

The noble family of Capel, Earls of Essex, derives from Sir Richard Capel, who was Chief Justice of Ireland in the year 1660, and whose ancestors were for many ages lords of the manor of Capel, in the county of Suffolk. In the reign of Henry VII., his descendant, Sir William Capel, settled in London, and, becoming rich by successful trade, served, in 1493, the office of Lord Mayor, and sat in Parliament as one of the representatives of the City. Refusing to accede to the exactions of Empson and Dudley, the well-known extortioners of Henry VII., this gentleman was committed to the Tower, but released soon after at the monarch’s death. Sir William died possessed of immense wealth, 6th Sept. 1515. By his wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Arundel, of Lanherne, in Cornwall, he left an only son and successor.

Sir Giles Capel, who received the honour of knighthood for the valour he displayed at the siege of Terouen, and Tournay, and at the action of Guinegate, commonly called the “Battle of the Spurs.” The lineal descendant of this Sir Giles, was the celebrated

Arthur Capel, son of Sir Henry Capel, Knight, by Theodosia, sister of Edward Lord Montagu. Early in life, this gentleman was remarkable for his piety, hospitality, and charity to the poor. In 1640, he was elected member of Parliament for Hertfordshire, and at first opposed the Court, but, alarmed at the violent measures of the Commons, he soon after became a staunch Royalist. For this change of opinion, he was, in 1641, advanced to the peerage by the title of Baron Capel, of Hadham. Upon the breaking out of the civil war, Lord Capel raised at his own cost some troops of horse in defence of the King, and, at their head, behaved most gallantly in the many skirmishes and battles which ensued; nor did he retire from the field, until the armies of the unhappy Charles were totally dispersed, his garrisons lost, and his person imprisoned. In 1647 Lord Capel returned to his manor of Hadham, in Hertfordshire, but, the following year, having resolved to make one effort more in favour of the Crown, he shut himself up with the Earl of Norwich, and Sir Charles Lucas, and a body of 4,000 men, in the city of Colchester, where he sustained a memorable siege. Having held out against the Parliamentary army from the 12th of June, to the 28th of August, he was at last compelled to surrender at discretion, and was himself committed to the Tower, whence he contrived to escape. But a strict search being made after him, and a hundred pounds offered for his re-capture, he was, through the treachery of a waterman, discovered and apprehended at Lambeth, and re-committed. On the 6th March 1649, he was arraigned before the High Court of Justice in Westminster Hall, was condemned, and three days afterwards suffered decapitation in Old Palace Yard. By his wife, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Charles
Morrison, Knight, of Cashiobury in Watford, Hertfordshire, Lord Capel left, with other issue, a son and successor,

Arthur, second Lord Capel, who at the Restoration was created Viscount Malden, and Earl of Essex. In 1672 this nobleman was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which high office he filled to the general satisfaction of all parties in that kingdom. In 1679 he was constituted Chief Commissioner of the Treasury. Owing, however, to his subsequent connection with the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney, he became so obnoxious to the Court, that he was struck off the list of Privy Councillors. In 1682, he was accused by Lord Howard of Escrick of being concerned in the Rye House, or Fanatic Plot, and committed to the Tower, where soon after he was discovered in his chamber with his throat cut. The coroner's jury gave their verdict that he had committed feto de se, but it was then, and has since been thought, that he was murdered by his valet de chambre, Paul Bamey, a Frenchman. The Earl had espoused Elizabeth daughter of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Algernon, second Earl. This nobleman was an officer in the army, and served in Flanders under King William. In the reign of Queen Anne he was constable of the Tower, a lieutenant-general, and colonel of the fourth regiment of dragoons. His lordship died in 1710, leaving by his wife, Mary, eldest daughter of William Earl of Portland, a son and successor,

William, third Earl, who was in 1731 appointed ambassador at the court of Turin, and installed a Knight of the Garter. He married twice, first Jane, daughter of Henry Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, and secondly, Mary, daughter of Wriothesly, second Duke of Bedford. By the latter he had a son and successor,

William Anne, fourth Earl, born 7th October 1732. This nobleman (who died 5th March 1799) married, first, Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B., and grand-daughter maternally of Thomas Earl of Coningsby, by whom (who died in 1759) he had, with other issue, George Capel Coningsby, fifth and present Earl of Essex, who, on inheriting the estates of his grandmother, assumed the surname of Coningsby. The late Earl espoused, secondly, Harriet, daughter of Colonel Thomas Bladen, by whom (who died in 1821) he had, with other issue, an eldest son,

John Thomas, born 2nd March 1769, who married the Lady Caroline Paget, daughter of Henry, first Earl of Uxbridge, and died 5th March 1819, leaving issue,

Arthur Algernon, of whom presently.

Algernon Henry Champagne, captain R.N., born 23rd October 1807, married 10th December 1832, Caroline, second daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Paget, K.C.B.

Horatio, born 1st November 1808.

Adolphus, born in June 1813.

Harriet Jane, married to David Pary Okeden of More Crichell, county of Dorset, Esq., and died 24th June 1819.

Caroline, died young.

Georgiana, married first to Ralph Smith of Gaybrook, county of Northampton, Esq., and secondly, to Pierre O'Bryen Butler of Dunboye Castle, county Meath, Esq.

Maria, married to the Marquess Marius d'Espinasse de Fontenelle.

Jane.

Louisa Anne, married to Count Auguste de Fontenelle.

Mary.

Amelia.

Arthur Algernon Capel, Esq., the eldest son and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Essex, born 27th January 1803, wedded, on the 14th July 1825, the Lady Caroline Janettha Beaullcrck, third daughter of William, eighth Duke of St. Albans, the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, and has issue, Arthur de Vere, born 22nd July 1826, Reginald Algernon, born 3rd October 1830, Alfred, born 28th March 1832, Adela Caroline Harriet. For an account of the house of St. Albans, we refer the reader to the genealogical article of the preceding month.
THE MAN WITH MANY TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PURITAN'S GRAVE."

Many centuries ago, there dwelt in the city of Memphis an Egyptian nobleman, in high favour with the King and all the people. His name was Hophara. He was possessed of great riches and of great influence; moreover, he was exceedingly learned and pious. He knew all the records of the past, and the secrets of the holy books; and it was the common practice of the people of Memphis, when they wished to express their love and good will towards their friends, to say, "May you be as happy as Hophara!" Notwithstanding all this, however, there were times when he was far from being happy, and, while all the world was envying him, he was envying all the world. Sometimes he would retire from the royal presence, fearing that there was a change in the King's mind towards him, and that some more successful courtier than himself was about to supplant him in the councils and confidence of his sovereign. If the King looked more than usually grave, then Hophara was afraid of his anger; but if there were unusual symptoms of gaiety and cheerfulness, then would he speculate on the evanescence of smiles, and dread some latent treachery lurking in ambush under these gay and pleasant looks. Besides all these imaginations and apprehensions, which were perpetually disturbing his peace of mind, he had many other troubles of various kinds, and it was one of his greatest vexations that he was supposed to be much more happy than all the rest of the world, when he knew that the fact was far otherwise; so that while he saw himself an object of envy, he felt that in truth he was rather an object of pity.

It happened one day that Hophara wandered in mody meditation far beyond the walls of the city, scarcely knowing whither he went, and what he was seeking. He at length found himself in a solitary place by the river's side, far away from the tumult of the city or the sound of human voices; for he felt sorely troubled by the lively manifestations of joy and satisfaction which he continually heard around him. The sun was high in the heavens, and the heat of it began to be oppressive, when happily he saw at a distance a cave that had been hollowed out from a rock. Thither he directed his steps with eager haste, and, when arrived there, he sat down on a stone bench not far within the mouth of the cave, and which seemed to have been placed there for the accommodation of weary travellers. He was so delighted with the refreshing coolness and pleasant rest of the place, that for a while he forgot his troubles; but afterwards, when he had somewhat recovered from his fatigue, he felt his curiosity excited to examine more closely the place in which he had sought refuge from the heat of the sun. He had not proceeded many steps towards the interior of the cave, before he saw the figure of an aged man as still as a marble statue, seated with a book in his hand, and apparently reading with profound attention by the dim light of a small lamp suspended from the roof of the cavern. Hophara was struck at the strange sight, and was held in pleasing astonishment at the remarkable beauty of the old man's face, which seemed to him a perfect model of pure contentment and benevolence, looking as though his own cup of happiness was more than full, and was overflowing beneficially for others. It was not fear, but awe and admiration, that held the Egyptian silent, as he gazed upon this interesting sight; and so long did he stand looking upon the aged man in silence, that at length when he would have spoken he felt a kind of charm that held him speechless. As if, however, knowing his thoughts, the old man raised his mild and beautiful eyes from the book in which he was reading, and, fixing them upon Hophara with a pleasing and friendly expression, said, "Man of Memphis, what sekest thou?"

There was so much music in the tone of the voice that Hophara felt at once enchanted and disenchanted; for he was delighted with the kindness expressed, while the feeling of awe which had chained up his tongue was presently dispersed, and he freely replied to the interrogation, "I seek happiness!"

Then the old man replied, "Canst thou not find it in Memphis? Hast thou not riches? Hast thou not station and power? Hast thou not learning, and piety, and many friends? Is there aught which men
desire and which thou possessest not? If there be, speak, and it shall be given to thee?"

Hophara felt reproved, and replied, "It is true as thou hast said; the blessings of life are mine abundantly, but, alas! I can enjoy them but imperfectly. Though I am rich, I have no more enjoyment from my riches than the poor seem to have from their poverty; though I am high in station and in power, I often envy the slaves who envy me."

"Wouldst thou then become poor and humble?" asked the stranger. "Wouldst thou part with all or any of the blessings which thou now possessest?"

Readily enough he answered to this question, saying, "Not willingly; for though I do not feel quite happy with them, yet I am sure that I should be quite unhappy without them."

"What wouldst thou then?" said the sage.

Hophara replied, "I would fain be rid of those many cares, and troubles, and anxieties which embitter my life, and prevent the full enjoyment of my blessings."

"But dost thou not know," said the old man, "that every living being is destined to endure some trouble, pain, or trial? Wouldst thou unreasonably then ask for a lot which no mortal man has yet possessed?"

"Nay," replied Hophara, "I ask not for a degree of happiness which no mortal man has ever enjoyed. I know that it is impossible to live without some troubles or causes of uneasiness."

"Thou wouldst then have," said the old man, "as few as possible, and them as light as possible."

"Even so," replied the Egyptian.

"Have then thy wish," said the stranger.

There was something so awful and preternatural in the sound of the voice, that Hophara trembled when he heard the words, for he felt that they were spoken with power. Forthwith the lamp in the cavern burned brighter, and cast around them both a light as bright as the sun at mid-day. The old man rose from his seat, and presenting the book to Hophara he said, "Man of Memphis, thou art a man of many troubles, and thou sekest to be free from these troubles, that thou mayest enjoy the many blessings which thou possessest. Thou knowest that no one of the living is exempt from all cause of sorrow, and thou art not so unreasonable as to seek for that which no mortal hath ever enjoyed. Take then this book and preserve it as an inestimable treasure; choose for thyself whatever trouble or troubles thou wilt, however few or however small, still thou canst not be altogether without trouble, and whatever be the existing trouble, it shall remain with thee till thou hast chosen for thyself anew. Whatever thou choosest thou must write in this book, and it shall be unto thee as thou desirest, and no other trouble shall come unto thee save that which thou desirest, so long as thou keepest possession of this book, and thou canst only get rid of the book by bringing it again to me in this cave."

Hophara eagerly received the book, regarding it as the instrument of his happiness, and was about to thank his unknown benefactor with temperate and passionate gratitude, when suddenly the bright light of the cave disappeared, and he was left in total darkness and solitude. He called aloud, but no one made answer, and so bewildered was he by what he had seen and heard, that he knew not which way to turn towards the entrance of the cave. He feared to turn either one way or the other lest he might go wrong, and so be more and more involved in the labyrinth of darkness. He began to think that he must be dreaming, but he felt that he had actual possession of the book; yet what use could it be to him in this darkness, for he could not see to write anything therein, and he recollected that the old man had said to him, "Whatever be the existing trouble, it shall remain with thee till thou hast chosen for thyself anew." Therefore he began to fear that this trouble of darkness and bewilderment must endure so long as he kept possession of the book, and more than once he thought to cast it away from him as a gift more for evil than for good; but there was a charm which prevented him from parting with it, because though he felt it a trouble to him where he then was, yet he thought that it would be a great treasure to him could he but once find his way with it to his own home. He was now under the necessity of using patience and sagacity in order to find his way out of the cave, and he could not help thinking how much trouble it cost him to get rid of his troubles. At length, after much wandering in the darkness, he thought he saw some glimmer of light, and, directing his footsteps that way, found to his great satisfaction that he was now about to emerge again into the light of day.

Now was he glad indeed, for the terror under which he had been labouring in the cave had given a double relish to liberty and daylight. He hastened to his home, full of
pleasing anticipations that he was now about to be the happiest of mortals, and the very hope of happiness that was to come, gave him a higher degree of rapture than anything he had hitherto enjoyed. His first care, trouble indeed it was not, was to choose some other trouble in the place of those under which he was then labouring; but it so happened that the delight which he felt in the acquisition of this new talisman was so great that he scarcely regarded his troubles as anything; they seemed merely to give a zest to his being, so that though his actual condition was precisely the same that it had been previously to his obtaining this wonderful book, yet he viewed things with so different an eye, and under such an agreeable and promising aspect, that he considered this treasure which the old man of the cave had given him, to be of itself a charm protecting him from all real evil. Moreover, he had some little reluctance and hesitation to change troubles that now seemed no troubles at all for others that might become real annoyances; and he also felt that there was really some considerable difficulty in making a choice among evils. For a time therefore the book lay by him not used, though not useless, for its possession was the means of reconciling him to the troubles under which he laboured.

After a time, however, when the novelty of the treasure was somewhat abated, and the excitement of his interview with the strange old man in the cave had worn off, life began again to resume its usual form. He felt again in all their force the mortifications of his pride, the frustration of his wishes, the uncertain tenure by which he held the royal favour, and the anxiety lest days of darkness should come upon him. He considered that though this charmed book enabled him to choose his own troubles, it did not promise to confer upon him any blessing, so that if he should lose his wealth or the royal favour there were no means by which he could recover them; but if no other trouble could come upon him save that which he himself might write in the book, so long as it continued therein uncancelled by himself, he knew of course that his wealth and favour were secure. This thought therefore set him with great diligence upon meditating what trouble he should choose. He recollected that he was permitted to make choice of as few or of as many troubles as he pleased, and of as light a nature as possible, only he must have a real, and not merely a nominal, trouble. Now he spent a vast deal of time, and gave himself a great deal of trouble to find out some trouble that was no trouble. And when he had carefully considered and meditated upon all the troubles and calamities, mental and bodily, personal and relative, to which mortals are subject, he could find none that he liked; for so great is the reluctance of men to inflict pain upon themselves, that they will not voluntarily undergo a smaller pain sometimes, even to get rid of a greater. So felt Hophara, when he had been driven by his many troubles to think seriously of choosing some one calamity as a means of expelling all the rest. Many things which he had formerly looked upon as mere trifles, and scarcely deserving the name of troubles, now that he was permitted to choose which of them he would endure, seemed to be serious annoyances.

Not being able to choose for himself, his next thought was that he would let accident choose for him; that he would go about the city, and would talk among his friends, and see if any among them were labouring under troubles or calamities of a lighter and more tolerable nature than his own. He was quite astonished, when he set about the inquiry, to find that so many of his apparently prosperous and cheerful friends had some one or more sources of complaint. He used to think everybody happier than himself, but now he saw that his neighbours were as sorrowful as he. When he gravely and seriously talked over various troubles, he found that many of his acquaintance had indeed as just ground to complain, and he heard of few troubles which on consideration appeared much lighter than his own. In this state of hesitation and suspense he happened to meet with a friend, who had been the most light-hearted of all he knew, and was envied for his wealth and for the splendour in which he lived. But now his looks were altered, and his brow was corrugated with care. Hophara thought within himself, as he beheld this sad spectacle, that there was very little chance of any relief being gained from this quarter. A natural sympathy with calamity, however, led Hophara to inquire what could be the cause of his sad and melancholy looks.

"Alas!" replied his friend, "I have met with the most serious misfortune that could possibly befall me! I had a daughter as beautiful as light, and as pure as truth, but woe is me—woe is me!"

"Ah, poor man, his daughter, his beautiful daughter is dead!" said Hophara, in a low tone of voice.
"No," replied the other, "my daughter is not dead, but she is married to a poor man."

"Is that all?" said Hopahra; "then make the poor man rich, you have wealth enough."

"Ah, no," said the other, "I have no superfluous wealth."

"Well," said Hopahra, "I wish I had no greater trouble." His magical book was with him, and he forthwith turned aside and wrote therein, "May my daughter be married to a poor man."

Now, he thought that if he had no greater trouble than this, his life might pass pleasantly enough, for he was rich enough to give his child all needful assistance. He returned to his home in much trepidation, anxious to ascertain the efficacy of his wonderful book, and he was presently satisfied of its power by finding all his household in great consternation and alarm at the sudden disappearance of their master's only daughter. Hopahra alone was calm in the general tumult, and all were astonished to see the placidity with which he received the intelligence. In a few days his daughter returned praying for her father's forgiveness, and acknowledging that her flight from home was occasioned by her attachment to one, to a marriage with whom she knew that her father would never give his consent. She confessed that she was married, and she sought only for pardon—for pardon and nothing more. All who knew the pride of Hopahra, and his ambition for himself and for his family, were struck with amazement at seeing that he not only forgave his daughter for this serious act of disobedience, but sent for her husband, whom, though but a poor man, he most graciously received and acknowledged as his son-in-law, and to whom he made many valuable and liberal presents.

In an inconceivably short time, however, the money and the valuables which Hopahra had given to his son-in-law had all disappeared, and there was need of a further supply, or there was danger that Hopahra would be disgraced by the poverty and necessity of his only daughter and his acknowledged son-in-law. A fresh supply of money was given, but with not quite so good a grace as the first, nor did it last much longer. Then more was required, then more still. At length Hopahra, finding that serious inroads had been made upon his wealth, began to think that he had made an injudicious choice of a trouble; and forthwith he meditated how this evil might be remedied, and another substituted for it. He had been told by the old man in the cave, that any trouble would continue with him till he should choose another, and write the name of it in the wonderful book. He had chosen that his daughter should be married to a poor man, because he thought that this would be a very light trouble to him, seeing that he had wealth enough of his own, and to spare; but now he began to discover that he had been endeavouring to get rid of this trouble by making the poor man rich, but this he found he could not do, unless he should choose some other trouble, and write the name of it in the book. He was now thrown into a serious perplexity, and thought he had been making a very foolish use of his mysterious book. It had presently become the means of taking away from him a very large portion of his wealth, and it seemed likely to be the means of utterly impoverishing him; for, having once begun to supply the wants of his son-in-law, he could not with much consistency or propriety withhold these supplies, yet he was very sure that they would be all to no purpose so long as the last wish continued in the book; he therefore thought that his best policy would be to put up with the loss that he had already sustained, to write down some other trouble, and then to place his son-in-law above the reach of poverty.

With renewed diligence, but with rather less impetuosity than before, he again set about seeking after some substitute for his present calamity, and resolved within himself that he would consider a little more attentively than before, what might be the consequences of his choice. Therefore, he endeavoured to devise or to imagine some trouble which should not contain within itself the seeds and means of further troubles; one that should not leave him, as the present did, poorer than it found him. He considered various kinds of calamities, and, having last time made choice of a relative evil, he thought it might now be better to choose one that was personal; and knowing by his talk with wise men, that bodily afflictions were not so great as mental afflictions, he resolved at length to make choice of some bodily ailment; so, as he had never had the toothache, and as a tooth did not seem any great matter, he chose the toothache, and enriched his son-in-law, who forthwith became a very prudent and careful man, not throwing away his money as before. This pleased Hopahra very much, only it would have pleased him much more if he had not been at so great an
expense of money and of trouble to procure this result. But the toothach did not please him at all; it was a very unpleasant thing; indeed; even its novelty was no recommendation to it. Hophara put his hand to his face, and walked about the room stamping and raving like a madman. He could do nothing—he could neither eat nor drink—sleeping, too, was quite out of the question; and as for going to court, the very thought was ridiculous, he should be making such graces that the King himself and all the courtiers must absolutely laugh at him. He began to think that the wise men, who had told him that the afflictions of the body were less than those of the mind, were not quite so wise as they looked; or he thought that he was not himself over wise, for making such a fuss about a trifle like the toothach;—but, wise or not wise, he could not help it. All his friends, family, and household, pitied him very much, and recommended a variety of remedies, all of which he knew would be of no use to him;—some advised him to have the tooth taken out, but he knew better, for he knew that if that one were taken out it would leave its malady to another, and at that rate he might have them all taken out. Having however learned wisdom from his former calamity, he determined that he would not throw away his teeth as he had thrown away his money; for it might be possible that by some turn of fortune he might get money again, but teeth once gone could never be restored—for in those days the terro-metallic teeth were not invented. However, the toothach must be got rid of by hook or by crook, for Hophara was not philosopher enough to bear that with patience. Indeed, he was in such a passion with the wonderful book, that he actually threw it in the fire with the intention to destroy it; but it was not to be got rid of so easily, for it bounced indignantly out of the fire, scorching to be burnt. So tormented was Hophara with the toothach that he hardly knew what he was doing or what he would have, but at all events he must get rid of the toothach; therefore he begged leave of his magical companion to substitute the earach for the toothach.—

No sooner said than done! Alas! Hophara thought that there was not a pin to choose between them. He again wondered what the wise men could mean by speaking so lightly of bodily suffering, and he thought that they deserved to have the toothach or earach for their pains, whichever they preferred; and that they ought to have them both together till they had made up their minds which of the two to keep. Hophara's friends pitied him as much for the earach as they had before for the toothach, and their pity did him as much good in the one case as it had done in the other. Being not a bit more in love with the earach than he had been with the toothach, he was quite as anxious to get rid of that complaint as he had been to get rid of its predecessor. By way of a change, this happiest of men, who was privileged to make choice of his own troubles, next tried a fit of the gout, which, being a gentlemanly complaint, had nothing particularly exceptionable about it, except its most intolerable and tremendous painfulness. Hophara did not like it, however, any better than the toothach or earach; he made sad wry faces at it, but did not stamp about the room, nor did he swear, for that would have been unworthy of his high station, and he was a very particular man in that respect. His friends came about him as before, and pitied him very heartily, and he felt greatly obliged to them for their pity, only he begged that they would not come near his toe. He thought again of the wise men, and the more he thought of them, the less he thought of their wisdom. Then, again, in addition to the bodily pain of the gout, he was mortified by the pity so liberally bestowed upon him as being so very unfortunate, when he ought by right to have been the most fortunate man living; for he was permitted to choose whatever trouble he preferred, and to have only that one as long as he liked. Many people have a great many troubles much longer than they like, and nobody is altogether free from trouble; what more, then, can a man reasonably desire, than to have his choice of calamity? Besides this, Hophara had chosen bodily instead of mental pain, because all wise men had said that mental was more afflicting than bodily pain. Still, however, he did not like the gout, and though it was very clear that he was a peculiarly highly-favoured man by virtue of possessing this wonderful book, yet he could not help thinking that he had been quite as well without it. He wanted very much to get rid of the gout, but he was at a loss what to have in its place; and it was not possible for him, while labouring under this attack, to go to the cave and return the book to the old man from whom he had received it. Then, again, he did not know that he was quite sure of finding the old man at home, if he should go; and what a miserable thing it would be if he should never be able to get rid of this mysterious book, and thus be
forced to endure the gout all his life long, or to make choice of some other calamity, which for aught he knew might turn out worse than the gout.

All these thoughts and meditations, added to the bodily pain he endured, was a great annoyance to him, and thus his temper was soured. He became nervous and irritable, and every body observed how much he was altered of late. Now the wise men who had persuaded him that bodily pain was a mere trifle and unworthy of regard, did not come near him while he was suffering with the gout, because perhaps they thought bodily pain beneath the notice of a wise man. Hophasa was left, therefore, to the resources of his own wisdom, to get himself out of his present scrape. To get rid of the book while he had the gout, was quite out of the question, therefore he knew he must choose some other trouble; but the difficulty again was, what should he choose? The wise men were not near him to assure him how much more agreeable bodily pain is than mental, and moreover he had recently undergone so much bodily pain that he was not disposed to undergo any more if he could possibly help it, and he certainly could help it while he had that wonderful book in his possession. Now between the twinges of that unwelcome visitor the gout, he endeavoured to think what would be the least troublesome trouble that he could have in its stead; but the twinges came on so rapidly that he could not maintain any continuous train of thought, but was forced to think by fits and starts, interlarding his brief meditations with loud outcries. Indeed, he was almost mad with pain, and that will account perhaps for what follows.

It has been already stated, that Hophasa was a very wise and very good man; it may also be added that he was a very good husband to a very good wife. In the midst of his meditations, it somehow came into his mind, that among other sufferings he might be able to undergo the loss of this very good wife. The very thought filled him with alarm and trepidation—nay, it was so very terrible that when it once got into his head he could not get it out again. He tried hard to think of something else, but nothing else would remain in his thoughts. He did not know how far the magic power of his book might extend, perhaps it might bring his wife to life again, if he should happen to feel very uncomfortable in the loss of her. The old man of the cave certainly said nothing about any one coming to life again, but he said that one trouble should continue till another was written in the book; of course, then, if the trouble of the loss of his wife was to cease when he should write another trouble in the wonderful book, his wife must necessarily be restored to him; and yet again he thought, for he had heard such talk from those who did not think so highly of their wives as he did, that the trouble of the loss might cease without the restoration of the person lost, but for his own part he did not know how that could be. Indeed, he might have thought, only perhaps the severe twinges of the gout prevented it, that in the case of his daughter the marriage was not done away with, though the poverty of it was; and that therefore it might probably be the same with the loss of his wife—the loss might continue, but the trouble might depart. Then, again, the gout kept giving him such severe twinges, that he hardly knew what he was thinking about; and though his wife did not know of his possessing this mysterious book, yet such was her penetration, that it was possible she might find it out; and if, after having written in it such a wicked wish as that which he now meditated, his wife should see, and should get possession of the book, what could he say for himself? But the gout was very troublesome, and he was so distracted with pain, that he could not think of any other way to get rid of it than to undergo the loss of the best of all possible wives. Being quite alone, and just suffering under one of the most villainous twinges that his complaint had yet given him, in a fit of desperation he drew from his bosom the awful book, and wrote therein the trouble which he fain would substitute for the gout. He was frightened out of his wits while he was doing it, for fear his wife might come into the apartment, and catch him at it. His hand trembled like an aspen leaf, and he wrote it so badly that he was afraid the spirit which watched over the book might not be able to read it. But he presently found that there was no mistake; his gout was gone, his foot was in a rapture of ease, and without thinking of the condition on which he had purchased this relief, he sprang from his couch, and danced about with mad delight. His wife at that moment entered the room, and so glad was she to see this pleasant and sudden change, that the emotion quite overcame her, she went into a fit on the instant, and died with joy.

"The happiest death in the world!" cried Hophasa.

But, alas! in a few moments came reflection, and with it the deepest grief—he raved and tore his hair, and would have torn his
garments, only he was afraid of betraying the book which he kept concealed in his bosom. He called in the aid of all the most skilful physicians in Memphis, and when they came, they all said that they could do nothing—he knew that before they came. He would fain recall her to life by means of his wonderful book; only he was not quite certain that he could; and even if he could, what would she say to him, when she should come to life again, and know all the particulars, as she certainly must. This made him pause, and he knew not what to do. He fairly wished the book at the bottom of the Red Sea. So impatient was he to get rid of the book, that without waiting for his wife's funeral, he set off as fast as his legs could carry him to the cave where the old man dwelt. And all the people of Memphis, when they saw with what reverence haste he ran, thought that he was crazy, and so indeed he was; but though the people stared at him, and pointed at him, and though some rude and idle boys in the street called and shouted after him, still he ran as one possessed. The day was intensely hot, the sun was shining with cloudless splendour, yet he ran, and he ran, and he ran all across the shelterless sands, till he came to the cave whence he had received that pernicious book, which had robbed him of half his wealth, and of a beloved wife, and which had afflicted him with the toothache, the earache, and the gout. Coming out of the light, the cave was to him so intensely dark that he could see nothing, but he went on, and on, fully resolved not to turn back till he should find the old man, or, if he could not find him, to perish in the cave. He walked a long while in total darkness, and began to be in great alarm, and to wish that he had never wished to get rid of his troubles. At length he saw a glimmer of light: he knew the lamp; he hastened towards it, and there he saw the old man sitting with a book in his hand, reading by lamp-light as quietly as if nothing had happened. At sight of the person who had caused him so much trouble, seating and reading with such exquisite composure, Hopahra could with difficulty refrain from behaving rudely, being scarcely able so far to govern his temper as to abstain from throwing the book at the old man’s head. Just in the same fashion as at the first visit which Hopahra had paid to the cave, the venerable man lifted up his face from the book that he was reading, and looked mildly and placidly at the Egyptian, saying—

“Man of Memphis, are thy troubles fewer and more tolerable than heretofore?”

Now Hopahra was by no means in a humour to stand a jest, and of all things in the world there was nothing that he so disliked as being bantered; but as he was in a cave with one who was undoubtedly a magician, to say the least of it, he was forced to put up, as well as he could, with what he met with. He was, however, by no means at his ease, and he rather abruptly replied—“I can’t say that they are.”

“Are you tired of the book?” said the old man.

“Very,” said Hopahra.

“And you are willing to restore it to me?” said the old man.

“That I am,” answered Hopahra, and forthwith he thrust it into the old man’s hand as eagerly as he had formerly taken it from him, and turned his back upon the magician without once having the civility to say “Thank you for the use of it.”

But no sooner had he turned to hasten out of the cave, than he felt a violent tugging at his cloak; and fearing that the old man was pulling him back to force upon his acceptance some other book more troublesome than the last, he screamed out with all his might and main; thereat the darkness of the cave vanished, and a bright light broke in upon him, together with scenes and persons that he little expected to see. He found himself in his own house, with the sun shining full in his face, and his wife and daughter standing by his side, the latter of whom had just dragged from beneath his side a large book which he had been reading, and over which he had fallen asleep, but they had thought it necessary to wake him because dinner was ready. In the first confusion of his waking he thought much of his dream, particularly of the last part, and he asked very particularly if he had been talking in his sleep, and when his wife informed him that he had not, he felt very much relieved. He fully determined never to go to sleep over a book again; he acknowledged however that he had learned more from the outside of a book when he was asleep, than ever he had from the inside of one when he was awake. After this he was happier, though not less fortunate, than he had ever been before.
A STORY OF THE CAFFRES.

In those flinty deserts where the snow mountains of South Africa* raise their gusty peaks, is the bushman’s “black brow’d den.” There from the topmost crag he commands the country with an eye sure as his arrow, and, with all men for his foes, regards each coming traveller as a prize. There he fashions his poisoned darts with which he slays the gemsbok and the quagga, and there also he makes his feast upon black and white ants, when the deer and the zebra have fled from his thirsty land. Descending awhile into the plain, he bids farewell to care, and, fearless of commandoes,† crouching with his tribe beneath the camel thorn, he bares the night blast, too happy if he can gain, by stealth or gift, a morsel of his dearly loved tobacco.

It was at such a time as this, when an Englishman, accompanied by his guide, a friendly Hottentot, became on a sudden separated from an army of boors whose protection he had been glad to obtain in the bushman’s country. The party was under the direction of an officer called a veld-cornet, whose orders, and, indeed, whose sole ambition, were to exterminate as many of the unhappy savages as he could overtake. Whether they were bushmen or Caffres mattered but little to the gallant Dutchman. Some twenty cattle had been driven away from the location of a neighbouring farmer, and it would not be, by any means, the fault of the detachment of police, if twenty human lives did not pay for it. The Englishman, whose name was Crook, had been carried away by his ardour for hunting, and, during a hot pursuit of an antelope which he had wounded, became in a moment embarrassed by one of those shrouding mists which traverse these regions. Alarmed, at length, not merely by the silence which convinced him that he had left his friends at a distance, but also by the threatening clouds which floated around, he fired his piece repeatedly, and bade his Hottentot do the same. But each shot was ineffectual, whilst but little comfort was afforded by the poor Hottentot, who congratulated his companion that they had not yet fallen into the hole of the ant-eater or into a pit prepared for the elephant or the hyaena. Pushing forward, they quickly reached the kraal of bushmen,

* Sneeubergen.
† Attacks by the Dutch boors.
A STORY OF THE CAFFRES.

was fully believed among the savages, that he and his servant were spies in the service of the Dutch boors. This tribe of bushmen, though in some measure softened, were yet but half civilised. It was no uncommon event for their countrymen to feel the effects of colonial treachery, and it was too much for them to reflect in a moment, that, whatever measures of severity might be dealt out to their neighbours, they at least would be spared. Some of the principal warriors, therefore, without more delay, seized the Englishman and his companion, who suffered themselves to be disarmed, under the apprehension that they could not contend with numbers. Had they fired their pieces and fled, a hope of life, though indeed slender, might still have existed. But, as matters went, their fate was very shortly sealed. A hasty council of chiefs, or rather heads of families, decided that the supposed traitors should be forthwith bound to a tree, and despatched with poisoned arrows. They were accordingly tied to a neighbouring mimosa, and, in spite of the approaching commando, our Englishman would have been very speedily added to the number of African victims, when another and an entirely unexpected party suddenly appeared in the field. An armed host of blacks brandishing their spears, and uttering loud cries, presented themselves before the astonished bushmen. Swift of foot as were these people, it seemed that escape was impossible, and, as they were enemies to all the world, they well knew that, in their turn, death awaited them. They, therefore, let fly their weapons of destruction, and endeavoured, by a rapid flight, to gain the opposite height. There might have been two or three who accomplished this desperate retreat; but the Caffres (for such were the strangers) were too much enraged by the attack made upon them to permit more than a remnant to elude their vengeance. The Caffres use no poison, and their indignation at seeing one of the finest of their youths pierced by the venomed barb, knew no bounds. His death, like their revenge, was inevitable, and the fierce savages who a short time before were about to immolate the traveller, now lay scattered at his feet. Far enough, however, was the Englishman from presuming that his life was redeemed. Though prepared to die, he could not but regard with satisfaction the defeat of those who were about to slay him; yet in an instant he reflected that he might now be in the hands of savages still more brutal. The Hottentot was in a state of stupid insensibility; nor was this suspense immediately at an end. The Caffres did not at once perceive the captive strangers, and it was reserved for a girl of scarcely seventeen to be the first who discovered them close pinioned to the mimosa bush. Surprised, she clapped her hands, and gazed intensely on the Briton, then, tripping lightly to her party, she begged for a knife, with which she began to cut the bands of the English prisoner, who often declared long after this adventure was past that he looked at that critical moment upon the face of an angel. She was slender, nimble, full of grace; her smiles were enchanting, her teeth white as polished ivory; her hair flowed freely on her shoulders, and her countenance, as she carefully released the captive, beamed with intelligence and humanity. No sooner was he at liberty, than she again clapped her hands, and some of her tribe came near, and delivered the terrified Hottentot. It was quickly understood that the lives of these strangers were not in danger, that the Caffres were not man- slayers unless provoked, and that far from desiring either to plunder or kill a stranger, they would gladly direct him homewards by the nearest practicable route. It was, indeed, with rejoicing that Crook was made acquainted with their decision to put him in such a track as might take him, with the aid of the Hottentot, safely through the Great Karroo*, to Cape Town.

Evening now approached, and the new guests, after advancing some few miles with their friends, were of course invited to partake of the Caffre meal. Of milk they had but little, for their cattle were few; and had our countryman known the process by which the jugs or vessels were cleansed, he would have submitted perhaps to a sacrifice of his appetite rather than have tasted what they had. But more palatable food had been procured; and, to make a banquet worthy of their guests, the gnu, the antelope, and the sheep had been called into contribution. Fires were kindled on all sides, the animals were cut into pieces and roasted, and the good fare was devoured in an exceedingly small space of time. The Caffres were too simple to indulge in wine or strong drink—some tobacco formed the extreme of their intoxication; and they preferred to talk with their new acquaintances concerning the strange novelties which Europeans had introduced, such as carbines, toys, beads, and ornaments, which excited the greatest curiosity in these people.

* Desert.
"Not a word about the commando," whispered the Englishman to his comrade.

"No, no," replied the Hottentot, with a significant gesture, "it is like enough to be at hand."

"We are free," said the Englishman.

"The kindness of this horde will forward us on our journey. Say not a word about our party; let it overtake us or not, as the event may happen."

"We are scarcely justified," said Lootoo, a Caffre chief, "in suffering you to depart without having seen our King."

"And wherefore?" said the Englishman.

"We have been dealt treacherously with," answered the chief, "by the Dutch and by your countrymen; we seldom rob unless first plundered, and, for my own part, I doubt whether you ought so easily to escape us."

"You have promised us our freedom," exclaimed Crook.

"I would ask you Englishmen," cried another Caffre, the flames of tobacco having mounted to his brain, "I would ask you how you would justify your conduct to me. Did you not order me to quit my hut, and when I returned for one instant to rescue my only child from the flames which were burning around her, did you not have me basely flogged?"

A fierce murmur ran through the assembly at the recollection of this by-gone outrage.

"And, alas! they butchered my wife, and my two helpless babes," exclaimed another; "but yet we retaliate not, we give you your liberty."

The Englishman, roused to a sense of shame, and even of danger, vindicated his country from the imputation of these excesses. He explained how unjust it was to confound the atrocities perpetrated by the boors and farmers with the general policy of the British, and regretted his inability to assure the King in person of the earnest solicitude of his Government to maintain equal justice between the colonists and the nations.

"When the whites take our cattle," said Lootoo, "we go forth and seize on theirs: who shall blame us? When they drive us like dogs from our territories, we join our hordes and seek to reconquer that which we first held by possession. When our friends perish by the fire of assassins, we seek the earliest season for avenging them." And he stamped his foot angrily as he spoke. Indeed to such as were unacquainted with the fidelity of this race of savages, this burst of feeling might have appeared dangerous, but our traveller was assured by his Hottentot that the pledge of hospitality having been given, he need fear no ill.

We have said, that the dreaded commando was in the environs of the Sneeuwberg, and that the travellers were anxious that the knowledge of this circumstance should not transpire among the Caffres. The Englishman, in sooth, would now have gladly dispensed with the presence of the veld-cornet, but fate decided otherwise. A distant report of a musket was heard as the repast was drawing to a conclusion, and the Caffres seized their assagais* and clubs. The Englishman and the Hottentot likewise seized their carbines with which they had recovered. It was thought that the bushmen were at hand, although Crook entertained a different opinion. Another discharge now succeeded, and two men, the advance of the formidable commando, appeared within a stone’s throw of the tents, whilst others rushing on from behind clearly showed that they had but too well reconnaissed the Caffre tribe.

Explanation — negotiation — parley — all seemed hopeless. No sooner was the armed force recognised, than a Caffre threw his assagai with all his might at our English traveller. The weapon whizzed fearfully through the air, and but for the prompt succour of the girl who had cut his bands asunder, it had done its deadly deed. She saw the hand upraised to fling the dart, and, with a speed and power peculiar to these children of nature, dragged the victim from the spot. A Dutch boor who witnessed the scene instantly fired at the Caffre, and laid him on the earth. The battle then became general, and great feats of valor were performed by the unfortunate savages. It was freely asserted after the action, that Providence had interfered in the fate of one out of two colonists who fell by the Caffe clubs. Certain it was that the most bitter persecutor of the roving tribes was found literally demolished by the heavy blows under which he had sunk. For the rest, it may be well imagined, that the undisciplined blacks could not withstand a party by no means ignorant of military tactics, and whose gallantry equalled that of their antagonists. And in truth, so exasperated were the boors, that a dreadful massacre would have ensued, but for the sudden arrival of a superior officer who had been sent express from head-quarters to prevent an indiscriminate slaughter. By menaces and persuasion he stopped the carnage, and whilst he blamed the natives for their sudden attack upon

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* Spears.
the Englishman, he spoke in the strongest terms against his own party for the thirst of vengeance which they displayed. And now the scene was fast closing; the Caffres had been suffered to retreat, and the colonists were reposing from their toils. The Englishman alone was busy and unquiet. He looked around for the preserver of his life, determined, in spite of her strange blood and kin, to devote to her happiness the life she had rescued. She was at length discovered, but kneeling on the ground and bending over the corpse of the Caffre whose aim she had arrested. She had been betrothed to this savage, and, as the Briton approached, she cast upon him a look of anguish, which would have given worlds never to have seen. "My husband!" she exclaimed, and sank upon his blood-stained bosom. In vain did the traveller strive to solace her distress, in vain did he proffer to her protection, plenty, even himself as a recompense for her bereavement; she beheld him with a cold and cheerless eye, like one who had decided to follow the fortunes of the dead. "My husband!" she sobbed forth, as the soldiers strove to lead her from the spot. The same wild cry echoed around as the benevolent Captain, who had checked the day's carnage, leant over her and vainly sought to call her reason back; and when the remains of the Caffre were placed beneath the sod, and a volley of musketry fired in honour of a brave man, the same thrilling voice which went to the hearts of all, was heard unwearied and unbroken.

"My friends," said the Captain, pointing to the hapless girl, "this is a sad sight; 'tis the intellect of an African which has been ravaged by this day's warfare, but 'tis a reason which the best and bravest of us can never more bring back. Whether Bushmen or Caffres, Hottentots, Bechuanaus, or Namaguas, whoever they may be, we all come from our common mother earth, and pity is it that our arms should thus clash against our fellows. There must be peace, respect for territory, mercy towards the ignorant; the Caffres' predatory zeal must yield to the milder tactics which our Government," and he turned to the Englishman as he said this, "has resolved to introduce; and, my lad, the boldest and fiercest savage of them all must ere long bow to those arts which have for their basis the feelings of universal brotherhood."

Our story goes no further.

N. C.

A VIEW OF BENARES—MILITARY REMINISCENCES.

BY MAJOR JAMES, LATE 67TH REGIMENT.

BENARES, or Cæsir the splendid and celestial, has long been renowned as the ancient, the favoured, the consecrated seat of the Brahmis in central Asia. Delhi is still honoured as the capital of Hindostan; yet Benares is, par excellence, the residence of Brahma, the cradle of Hindoo theology, the birth-place of astronomy, and of all human arts and sciences, and it is held in high veneration by every denomination of Hindoos. Generally, the buildings are massive and lofty, exhibiting in a striking manner the gorgeous, the fantastic, the formal and sombre style of oriental architecture, in a thousand varied forms, and a thousand varied hues. At a distance all is bold, beautiful, and commanding. From the centre of the river Benares is lovely. From that point it assumes an air of grandeur and magnificence at once imposing and eminently oriental. As you approach, the illusion subsides; the impression gradually softens down—enter, and all is changed—your admiration vanishes, disgust succeeds, and increases at every step. Advance, and you find yourself in the midst of all that is offensive to the eye, and altogether sickening and repulsive.

In the pleasing language of the author of the Oriental Annual, "The variety of the buildings in this city may be said, humanly speaking, to be almost infinite; and distinct as its decorative features are, exhibiting the ancient Hindoo architecture in all its various but opposite beauties of detail and exquisite-ness of ornament—for it varies considerably from the modern—Benares may be said to present objects to the contemplation of the artist and the virtuoso, such as, perhaps, will be found in no other city in the world in greater profusion." And yet, with all this profusion of ornament, this prodigality of human labour, and powerfully marked indications of architectural science, all is gloomy
and cheerless, yet bustling and full of life. Stupendous buildings rearing their ponderous masses to the heavens, surrounded to their very walls by heaps of filth and absolute kraals of tattered bamboo huts and cow-dunged clay cabins, mosques, shops, and pagodas barbarously jumbled together,—bazaars and palaces, Brahminical bulls, cows, and pariah dogs, crows, vultures, and hawks, crowding each street and avenue, obstructing every pass, and making the narrow lanes of this superb, yet beggarly, obscene, and dirty city their regular place of residence, their undisputed domain. Here the parable of Dives and Lazarus is strongly and strangely illustrated; pride, sloth, and insolence mantling on the brutified bloated countenance of the haughty Brahmin, and heaps of naked wretches, with nothing of humanity but the form, humbly prostrating themselves before him,—rich natives, shroffs, baboos, and merchants squatting in their crimson and gold palanquins, borne aloft on men's shoulders, preceded by hosts of Peons and Hircarrah with their splendid turbans, belts, spears, silver batons of office, passing proudly along through crouching throngs of men, women, and children, pariahs, coolies, and chaudalals, naked, famished, and destitute,—and this is Benares!—the holy city, the royal seat of Hindooism, the pride and wonder of the Indian world, the sacred residence of Brahma! Alas, for human nature! Complain of England!—true, even in England there is much to be amended, but in India,—in India, which I blush to think has been under British dominion for centuries, oh! what a sickening host of miseries crowd upon the mind! Here, indeed, human nature is totally eclipsed; superstition and Jugurnaut still sit hideously and reverterentially enshrined on the degraded souls of a hundred millions of beings, whom God and nature had made erect and rational, and who under civilised and religious Britain ought long ago to have been freed from that "darkness visible," which to this hour is seen brooding over that beautiful, that lovely, that enchanting country.

In the motley interior of "the splendid Casei" the European will find nothing analogous to his preconceived ideas of grandeur and chaste magnificence, nothing to harmonise with his settled associations; but let him recollect that he is in India, that he stands on Indian ground, and that he is not to judge of India and Indian architecture by his Ionic, Doric, or Corinthian orders, nor, altogether, of the manners and customs of India by his own. He will see nothing English, still he will find many objects worthy of his contemplation, and worthy to be admired. He will find, amid the rubbish that everywhere presses upon him, much to gratify and something to astonish. The superb mosque raised by Arrungzebe in the very heart of Benares, with its golden dome and stately minarets, as a frowning monument of Mahommedan supremacy, still strikes the beholder with wonder; and the pagodas with their whitened and sculptured cupolas, though generally not very tasteful, add to the splendour of the scene, give character to the spot, and make you sensible that you are indeed in the city of Brahma, the city of priests, the pandemonium of Brahminical rites and Brahminical orgies. Benares derives additional interest from its enchanting situation on a lofty bank of the Ganges, which is studded for an extent of four or five miles, not with "barbaric pearl and gold," but with prodigious ghauts, or ranges of steps, reaching from the city walls to the very bed of the river, solidly and elegantly laid in black granite, at the sole charge of former beneficent Rajahs and other liberal and opulent individuals, who are taught by their beedahs, and encouraged by their shasters, to consider such public works as pious obligations to the gods, useful to mankind, and pleasing to Brahma in whose sight they will stand for righteousness. By means of these ghauts, the river, during the surging violence of rains, is approached with ease and safety, and thousands of all ranks there perform their endless ablutions, and supply themselves with water for all domestic purposes.

There is a most absurd legend, as accurately observed by the author above quoted, which states "that Benares was originally built of gold" (and in illustration of this legendary tale I here merely mention, for the purpose of showing how implicitly it is believed even to this day, that conversing with an aged pundit as to the origin of the city, he gravely assured me, in a tone and gesture which set everything like doubt or scepticism completely at defiance, that the buildings were originally of solid blocks of gold, the temples of diamonds and rubies, and the streets paved with refined silver), "but in consequence of the sins of the people it became stone, and, latterly, owing to their increasing wickedness, it has degenerated into clay. In truth the Brahmins assert that Benares is no part of the terrestrial globe,
for that rests on the thousand-headed serpent Ananta (eternity), whereas Benares is fixed on the point of Siva’s trident.” Such is the universally received tradition among those blind, idol-worshipping sages, and they religiously believe it. Nor does this legend ill accord with golden ages, &c. of the poets.

Here, then, on this pre-eminentely favoured and distinguished spot, stands the holy city, immediately on the bank of the sacred Ganges, the finest, the noblest, the most magnificent and most beneficial river in Asia, compared to which the mighty Berhampooter is nothing, and the long-famed Indus but a humble stream; whose waters flow majestically along with power and virtue not merely to purify all pollution, and thoroughly to wash away all stain of mortal sin, but, like the Styx and Charon of the Grecian mythology, to waft the souls of the dead to another and a better state, another and a better rank in the great limbo of animated nature, agreeably to the orthodox scheme of the metempsychosis! The population of Benares is estimated at nearly 700,000. The number of Brahmans is very considerable, and it is imagined that half of the city belongs to them. Their influence, though not openly exerted, extends far and wide, and despotically, over an immense tract of country and over millions of Hindoos, who, notwithstanding their allegiance to the Company, are in all matters of religion and religious ceremonies, festivals, and castes, as rigorously under their sway as they were three thousand years ago. Here you behold everything that is magnificent and mean; buildings of all orders, men of all castes,—Hindoos, Mahommedans, Armenians, Portuguese, and English; trades of all sorts, manufactures and fabrics of all descriptions,—pearl-merchants and shawl-merchants, embroiderers and soomawallahs, drugs, spices, sugar, fruit, rice, tobacco, and sweet-meats. For ages the Hindoos have undergone no change in their manners, customs, dress, habits, ornaments, or ceremonies; they are now what they were in the time of Herodotus, and even of Alexander. Immersed in the very abyss of superstition, they are idolatrous to the core, and by the very nature of their castes fixed like the very brutes to the earth. Nor will they ever emerge without the aiding hand of rational civilisation, and the wise and gentle introduction of a better religion. Their minds are starved and paralysed, and in the proper sense of the word they have neither morals, nor even the rudiments of virtue. Here, too, in the estimate he has formed of the Brahmin character, I am fortified, by my knowledge of the country, completely to concur in the accuracy of the views taken on that subject by the author of the Oriental Annual, a work the scope of which cannot be too highly commended.

In this ancient stronghold of hierarchical debasement and monstrous polytheism there are many vidalayas, colleges, and schools, kept by Brahmans and moonshees, where the rising generation is carefully and unprofitably instructed (mostly in Shanscir) in astronomy according to the Ptolemaic system, astrology, and the beedaha, &c. There are also a few elementary schools under the charge of missionaries, in which translations of the New Testament and abstract histories of Europe are read, but with what effect I know not. Here may be seen many extremely antique and splendid monuments of art which, in beauty and workmanship, bid defiance to all modern attempts at imitation. Many gods and goddesses, for whom even Sir William Jones would probably have been at a loss for a nomenclature, and the genealogy of whom is totally unknown even to the Brahmans, have here found an asylum,—in this fatherland of gross superstition and idolatry they have found a local habitation,—though of their names there is now no remembrance. I observed a vishnu in white marble wrought with the nicest touch, but in utter ignorance of all anatomical principles, and a Brahma with an expression passing human. It was impossible not to admire a Siva of solid gold, exquisitely finished, with a grinning countenance, ferocious, vindictive, and diabolical; a ghunpatee excellently sculptured in black marble, with a boldness of outline which would not have disgraced Phidias. But de-scribing on the gods of Asia, I almost forget that this is in part a military reminiscence.

In 1811, whilst the Earl of Minto, a nobleman whose humane and enlightened policy will long be gratefully embalmed in the hearts of the natives, swayed the destinies of the east, the collector of the district was instructed to levy a certain tribute on the city of Benares. Accordingly, attended by his Peons and Hircarrahs, armed and decorated in all the paltry pageantry of oriental pomp and proud authority, he made his entry amid thousands of venerable, squatting sages, some half-naked, shorn, and anointed with consecrated oil, some in white robes, and all proudly wearing the zenana, at once to designate their more than kingly caste, and command respect.
Having courteously announced the object of his visit, the chief Brahmin convoked a synod, and, taking the order of the governor into consideration, they came at once and unanimously to the resolution of positively refusing compliance, on the ground that, when Benares was ceded to the Company, it had been specially provided "that the city of the gods should be exempt from tribute to the end of the world"—that Warren Hastings, and after him Bahaudur Cornwallis, had confirmed the decree, and by that stipulation they would abide even unto death. This sturdy and unexpected objection on the part of the Brahmins disconcerted the collector. He urged the expediency of compliance, and fortified his argument by reminding them that, besides the unquestionable claim of the Company on the score of conquest, the government had last year incurred serious expense in the establishment of an armed police for the better protection of the city. To this it was coolly replied, that all this was "booth sutch, booth atoha."—"very true, very good," that the police was excellent, but that they had not been consulted on the occasion, and therefore that the government, who had gratuitously and generously given them that force without their concurrence and even without their knowledge, should, in common reason and common justice, provide for its maintenance without their contribution—so, not a rupee would they give. The obstinacy of the Brahmin is proverbial. The collector knew his men, mounted his elephant, and left the city. This refusal was instantly reported to government, upon which the general of the district, General Macdonald of the Company's service, an officer of great local experience and by no means unpopular among the natives, was directed to visit the city, and to reason the refractory Brahmins into compliance. The united efforts of the civil and military authorities were unavailing. They remonstrated, they flattered, they menaced, in vain—the Brahmins salaam'd and said no. They stood upon the bond, pleaded the compact, and formally insisted that their right to exemption should be respected.

This second refusal led to a tedious correspondence between the city and the supreme government, which, like our protocols with his Majesty of Holland on the subject of Belgium, terminated precisely as it began.

The 67th regiment was instantly ordered to march, with their elephants and field-pieces and 120 rounds of ammunition, from their cantonments at Ghazeepore to Benares. On our arrival we found two Sipahie regiments already on the ground, and we encamped to the right and immediately behind the city, on a picturesque and truly romantic plain, partly surrounded with tops of tamarind and aromatic mango groves. Even from this position Benares was beautiful—not a soldier but seemed fixed, as if by magic, in silent admiration—for half an hour not a sound was heard, not a tent was pitched—so completely absorbed were officers and men in contemplation. The fabled cities in the Arabian Nights were here aptly remembered—but their charms had vanished; for here they were more than realised; here they seemed but as mock creations of a cold and impoverished imagination compared with the realities that now stood substantially embodied before us. No artist could have done justice to the scene. The instant we arrived the sun sublimely shot his beams upon a cloudless horizon, and touched with flaming gold the graceful columns, the lofty pinnacles, the sculptured spires, the swelling domes, the aerial minarets, mosques, mausoleums, towers, turrets, and pagodas, which, "like the glorious fabric of a vision," filled every eye with wonder and delight. Had all England been here at that moment to witness this glorious scene, these venerable piles, these stupendous monuments of ages long gone by, all England would like us have deemed themselves amply repaid for the inconveniences and privations of a fourteen-thousand-mile voyage, and even a land journey of seven hundred miles more. It would be ungracious pointedly to disparage a city capable of exciting such emotions—I will not therefore liken it to a whitened sepulchre, "all fair without and foul and corrupt within." But, unquestionably, those who wish to retain a favourable impression of Benares, should be satisfied with a distant view.

It was imagined that the presence of a European regiment would have intimidated the natives, and facilitated the collection. The application was renewed; the general was peremptory; but, true to their constitutional apathy, the Brahmins continued rigidly resigned, and rigidly immovable—not a fraction would they give! The city was in a manner, by land at least, completely besieged; and, indeed, it presented a very curious, singular, and almost indescribable spectacle. Only conceive half the population of this densely crowded city pouring out in slow, and sad, and solemn procession,
like an inundation, indignantly casting a
scowling melancholy glance at the military
array before them, and deliberately seating
themselves down by myriads on the bare
ground, a black and countless multitude,
men, women, and children, all with hands
and eyes uplifted to the sun, before which
they now rose and simultaneously prostrated
themselves in silent adoration, swearing by
their gods never to re-enter the city of their
treasured until the gorah wallahs (white
men) were withdrawn, and the tribute aban-
doned. Dreadful were their anathemas, dire
their imprecations. After this impassioned
display, they again seated themselves
on the grass, extending from the city gates
to the very borders of the camp, with lines
of fakeers in their front, and all the varied
orders of mendicant Brahmins in a state of
nudity, covered with ashes and smeared with
consecrated cow-dung, and ornamented with
strings of coral and sacred monodolah berries,
muttering their mummeries, and praying
Coodah to give wisdom to the infidels; then
would the poor bestial multitude wildly beat
their breasts, and groaningly respond in
assenting sounds. It was truly distressing to
see human nature so hideously degraded, so
miserably debased by gloomy superstition,
Idolatry, and savage ignorance. But their
denunciations were exclusively directed
against the Company Behaudhabur, the Barah
Saila, for us they regarded as slaves, as men
of inferior jants or castes, as mere automa-
tons, bound to act, to come, and to go, as we
were ordered. Then, bands of frantic fe-
male, followed by screeching children quite
naked, marched up and down with tom-
tomming and trumpeting maniacs at their
head, pouring forth ejaculations and hoarse
monotonous blessings and observations on all
whom Coodah might move to assist them in
their tribulations, and calling down ven-
gence in all the yelling fury of worked-up
enthusiasm on all their enemies. The scene
was dismal and repulsively appalling. After
this, a short prayer was addressed to Brahwa,
in raging accents, calling on him to pre-
sure the holy city, the celestial Casey, the
bereft the world, and delight of the gods,
from the sacrilegious and polluting clutch of
the infidel tax-gatherer!

In the meantime preparations were making
to enforce payment; and, it was understood,
the 67th, supported by the Sipahее bat-
lions, would be ordered to enter the city, and
collect the tribute at the cannon's mouth!
Soldiers are not a deliberative body, nor
would it be consistent with the nature of
their profession, the safety and welfare of the
state, that they should be; but they have
their feelings as men, and their opinions as
citizens, a character of which (as observed
by Blackstone) they do not absolutely divest
themselves when they become soldiers, armed
defenders of their country. Generally, the
idea was repudiated, and the wish was that,
on this occasion, and in that way, our ser-
vice might if possible be dispensed with:
still, under all the circumstances, had the
order been issued, there was not a man but
would have done his duty.

However, it was at last, at the eleventh
hour, ascertained that the Brahmins were
right; a document was found in the govern-
ment secretary's office, by which it clearly
appeared that Benares had been formerly
exempted from tribute; and, after continuing
under canvass nearly a month, the troops
were ordered back to their respective quar-
ters. We received the route with pleasure;
the Sipahееes were in ecstacy; so, as far as
concerned the army, all were delighted with
the result.

Pending the negotiations, the matter was
kept in profound secrecy; but no sooner was
the demand for tribute withdrawn, than it
was noise abroad that from twenty to thirty
thousand armed men were, during the whole
of that period, concealed within the walls. This
we did not implicitly believe; but such was
the report. Had the 67th and Sipahееes been
ordered to act, and absolutely come to the
ultima ratio, half the regiments must proba-
bly have been slaughtered and crushed to
death from the tops of the houses, which are
all terrace-roofed. But that determined va-
lour which never abandons British troops in
the hour of danger, and that high-minded
fidelity and courage under their officers, to
whom they are cordially attached, which have
on all occasions distinguished the Sin-
pahееes of Bengal, might ultimately have pre-
vented, though possibly not without a de-
spairing struggle and infinite horror. If the
Brahmins were really exempt from tribute
by original treaty with the Company, the
retraction of the claim by Lord Minto was
but a matter of justice. In that light it was
considered. As to the police, the question
was allowed to remain for the present undis-
cussed.

And, now when India is dispassionately
considered in all its bearings; when the various
castes and prejudices, and even the various
governments of a nation of nearly one hun-
dred millions, mostly Hindoos, are rightly
viewed; and when our dominion and the
foundations on which our power and influence in India rest, are reflectingly taken into the estimate; it will, I think, be conceded by every honourable and patriotic man, that, under Providence, justice will ever be our best policy. To justice, even on a cold, calculating principle of worldly prudence, it will ever be our wisdom undeviatingly to adhere. In the midst of India, and in worst extremes, justice will ever prove our best shield and spear. So long as the British dominion in India is firmly based on justice, and a scrupulous regard to treaties, in weal and in woe, we shall have nothing to fear from the wily machinations of the powers around us, or, even, from any ambitious designs which the Russian autocrat might be instigated, in view to extend his empire or improve his revenues, to meditate against us. While justice is the phalanx which we bind on our brow, our possessions in India stand founded on a rock; and miraculously extended as the circle of our empire in Asia may be, it will show no weak and vulnerable side—the Sipahies will never prove false, nor the people rebellious.

But had a shot been fired, and the blood of a single Brahmin been made to flow, in such a cause, and on this occasion, it is terrifying even to imagine what the consequences might have been. Indeed, it is awful to reflect, that with a numerical British force of only 20,000 men, not 15,000 of whom (making allowance in such a climate for casualties and sick in hospitals) could at any time or under any emergency be brought into the field, we are at this moment holding rule over one-seventh part of the human race, all differing from us in manners, in language, in customs, in religion; and that, with such a force, Britain, that mere spot on the ocean, that scarcely visible speck in the map of the world, actually stretches forth her sceptre from Ceylon to the stupendous, the eternal glaciers of the Himalayas, and across the globe from Lahore to the very borders of the Burmese empire! In this view, it is indeed awful to consider what might have been the consequences, if this awkward question of tribute had unfortunately led to an attack on Benares. All India might have rushed to arms, and we might have had to contend, under circumstances at which the Hindoo portion of our native troops might have been startled, with a maddened population of millions of blind reckless devotees, enthusiastic fanatics, who deem it a glory and a privilege to immolate themselves to their gods, and even to be crushed under the carriage-wheels of their idols; millions who, being taught to look upon their Brahmins as a superior order of mortals, a holy and hallowed caste, priests of Brahma, ministers and guardians of their mysteries and religion, could hardly have been coerced; and who, fired with fury and revenge, might have felt it a paramount duty to devote themselves, even unto death, in support of their gods, their temples, their beedahs, and their priests. The flame, thus kindled, might have spread from one extremity of India to the other with unextinguishable violence; and all the rage of a vindictive and brutish superstition might have been exerted to annihilate our empire. Happily, the very possibility of these disastrous and tragical scenes was prevented.

It was curious to behold the strange apathy which characterises the Brahmin in all situations, at all times, and under all circumstances. When the army was at their gate and military law almost at their door, the countenance of the Brahmin remained unmoved, not a muscle betrayed consternation, not a feature indicated the shadow of anxiety! When exemption was announced, and the array was completely removed, the same unalterable imperturbable frigidity, the same constitutional apathy marked every brow! I speak of the high and influential Brahmins. No shout, no exclamation, no rejoicing, no exultation, no views, not a smile, not an emotion of pleasure or of grief. Wrapt up in the unapproachable superiority of his caste, and sanctity of his order, he looks down upon mankind with cold and sovereign contempt. Superstition, predestination, and faith in a well-regulated metempsychosis (in which Brahminical importance is not forgotten), infuse into his soul a species of fortitude, an abstraction, a spirit of haughty, contemptuous indifference, which in the cause of his religion arms him with resignation, and enables him to bear torture with a smile, and death without a groan.
After our hero had escaped from the galleys, having nothing better to do, he kept a regular account of what befell him, which will be better given in his own words.

"When the vessel got clear of the harbour of Marseilles and shot from the shore, I was so overcome by the tension of excitement to which my feelings had been drawn, that I sat down upon the deck and wept. My tears fell fast, and my aspirations went fresh and ardent to heaven, and for the first time in my life I felt the impulse of fervent devotion. After a short interval the emotion passed, and my bosom expanded with the enrapturing thoughts of freedom. I looked upon the boundless sky, and felt that my soul had room for that ecstatic liberty in which its volatile and exquisite essence delighted to revel. It seemed no longer bound by the fetters of earthly ties, but to soar into new regions where imagination drew the pictures of its eager and enthusiastic enjoyment. To describe my feelings at this moment were impossible; words seem such contemptible elements, such utterly inefficient symbols either to embody or represent the mighty thoughts which swelled my brain as with a power all but supernal.

"We scoured the Mediterranean with a favourable breeze, which soon impelled us into the broad Atlantic. I now paid the skipper the remainder of the sum agreed upon, and my hopes of soon reaching the shores of my native land made me almost wild with transport. Nothing particular occurred to interrupt the monotony of life at sea; for ten days we kept on our course with a fair wind, and I began to think it time that we should be at Madeira. So absorbed was I with thoughts of the happiness awaiting me in England, that I paid no attention to anything connected with the vessel's course, until my suspicions began to be roused by the length of the voyage that we were not sailing for Madeira. When I questioned the captain, he evaded my inquiry and appeared anxious to put me off with mere equivocations; but it was not my temper to be so easily pacified.

"'Now,' said I to the man, as he stood sullen and silent before me, 'you are deceiving me. Whither are you bound? You have been paid handsomely, and I insist upon your fulfilling your engagement.'

"'Hark ye,' said the fellow, with a truculent scowl, 'when rogues get clear of prison they needn't be nice whether they are bound. I have run the risk of being confounded with you as a purloiner of other folk's property by taking you on board my vessel, and let me tell you I think you've paid me far short of the worth of polluting the Henri Quatre with evil company.'

"'Scoundrel!'

"'Hold! Repeat that filthy word again, and I'll cast you to the sharks with as little heed as I would a blind puppy.'

"'Scoundrel! I'll repeat it till your bile blackens. I'm not to be scared like a bird that screams when he knows not how to sing. Tell me, Sir, whither are you now shaping your course,' I asked, placing my hand upon his collar and looking him sternly in the face; 'tell me, or it shall be the last hour of one of us. Don't imagine that I'm to be bullied into silence.'

"The man's eye quailed before the fierce glance of mine; but at length, affecting to shake off his panic, he said, with a careless air, 'It don't suit me to touch at Madeira; I'm for the African shores.'

"'What is the object of your voyage thither?'

"'Slaves!'

"'And where do you intend to set me ashore?'

"'On the coast of Guines, if you are in a hurry to get ashore, where you may find an out-door berth amongst the niggers; if not, as soon as I have taken in a cargo, you may take your chance for the West Indies.'

"Perceiving that expostulation would be vain, I thought it better to submit with a good grace, than excite the passions of a brute who might make it convenient to get rid of me at all hazards. My situation, however, I felt to be one of considerable peril, and my only chance of counteracting the ferocious spleen of the captain was by gaining the good will of the men, of whom there were nine on board besides himself. My disappointment was extreme when I found that the chance of landing on the dear shores of my native country, had now been
rendered so remote by the treachery of the man to whom I had confided my safety, for a remuneration that ought to have satisfied the most craving.

"I knew that if we arrived safely at the place whither the ship was finally bound, I should find no difficulty in obtaining a passage for England. This reflection in some measure consoled me, though it was an afflict- ing thing to think how poor Phoebe would suffer, when she should find that I did not return, for I could not now calculate less than four months as the earliest period that I was likely to put my foot upon the British shore.

"In spite of the grievous disappointment to which the skipper's discovered treachery subjected me, that buoyancy of heart which the feelings of liberty had excited did not give way, and I was sustained to endure whatever contingencies might follow in the course of events. I did all in my power to make myself agreeable to the men; and as the skipper was a violent person, and sometimes treated them with unnecessary harshness, they were gratified by my sympathy, and I soon contrived to make myself a general favourite. This was perceived by their commander, who endeavoured to counteract the influence which I was gaining over them. In this, however, he did not succeed; for, notwithstanding his anxiety to replace me in the good opinion of his men, he could not control the acerbity of his temper, which occasionally led him to commit such outrages against all recognised forms of discipline as to excite the crew to threaten resistance.

"He was very apt to indulge in copious potations of brandy, and when this had roused the natural asperity of his nature into action, which it frequently did, he seemed to take a fierce delight in displaying the savage tyranny of his disposition. For me this was probably a fortunate circumstance, as it naturally formed between the men and me a bond of union which secured me from the extreme violence of the skipper's hostility. Although therefore he looked upon me with feelings of bitter hatred, he was afraid to proceed to extremities.

"Nothing of any moment occurred during the remainder of our voyage to the African coast, which we reached without accident about seven weeks after we quitted Marseilles. We did not put into any port, but kept off shore, coming to an anchor where it was considered most convenient for that infernal traffic in which the commander of our vessel was engaged. The usual methods were resorted to, and all those frightful atrocities committed which have signalised this species of commerce as the greatest social enormity tolerated among civilised communities. Natives were enticed on board the vessel under the promise of receiving presents, and immediately secured below; then shifting her station, the same treachery was practised, until four hundred and fifty wretched beings were secured, with which we proceeded towards the West Indies.

"Of all the iniquity, and I have seen much, which it has been my lot to witness, I never beheld anything to equal the cold-blooded inhumanity with which these unhappy beings were treated who fell into the power of the captain of the vessel in which I had so ardentely hoped to be restored to the freedom of my native land. Husbands were torn from their wives, fathers from their children, sons from their aged mothers of whom they were at once the support and consolation, to be reduced to that state of degraded bondage which humanity sickens to contemplate, and which is the foulest blot on the rational and moral supremacy of man.

"Even the warmest advocates of slavery have never ventured to look upon it but as a matter of expediency to which, as some political economists contend, all moral influence should give way, founding the structure of human happiness upon the narrow basis of that new system of policy which would make mere civil and social utility to supersede all moral obligation. The abettors of such doctrines should practically illustrate in their own persons the truth of their own doctrines: they should be slaves. They would then see the fallacy of their creed.

"No man who had ever once witnessed the atrocities practised in procuring slaves to wear out their lives in our colonies, in labouring to fill the coffers of their thrifty masters, could for a moment tolerate the system of enslaving their fellow-creatures, which antiquity, indeed, has sanctioned, but which civilisation should have eschewed as a foul stigma upon human society. I shall never forget the horrors to which I was a reluctant eye-witness upon the coast of Africa, while the vessel, in which I continued a very unwilling passenger, was taking in her cargo of human flesh. The cries and groans of the deluded victims as they were forced under hatches, seemed to ring in my ears for days and nights after we quitted that unhappy shore whence they had been so treacherously decoyed.
"One event I cannot forbear recording, as it showed the desperate energy of female resolution under the impulse of those apprehensions which operate upon maternal solicitude. One day, before the complement of slaves was filled up, among a party of natives who had been cajoled on board the vessel, was a woman accompanied by her husband, with an infant at her breast not more than a few weeks old. The moment she perceived that treachery was intended towards her husband and his countrymen by the crew of the vessel on board of which they had been decoyed, she sprang towards the stern, grasped her babe in her left arm, placed her foot upon the taffrail, and casting a look of fierce reproach at the skipper and his men, plunged fearlessly into the sea. The vessel was not more than a hundred and fifty yards from the shore. I saw her rise to the surface. She shook her close curly locks, and breasted the gentle waves with familiar ease, taking her right hand, and securing her infant with the other. I watched her progress with intense anxiety through a glass belonging to the ship, which enabled me to perceive every motion of her body.

"She had nearly reached the land; a shark seized her by the leg and drew her under water; she almost immediately rose and dauntlessly pursued her way. I could, however, perceive the surface of the water faintly tinged with blood. In a few moments she gained the shore; it was steep, and the billow upon which she rode cast her on the beach, and when it receded left her upon the shingles. She crawled a few yards, and remained stationary. I entreated that a boat might be put off, which was accordingly done. I leaped into it with two of the crew, who pulled towards the shore, which we reached, and found the unhappy mother dead. The shark had taken off her leg about three inches above the knee, and she had bled to death. Her left arm still clasped her babe, which had been suffocated by the water. It was the most melancholy sight I had ever witnessed. The men who had accompanied me looked upon the corpse with a grin of savage merriment, and rowed back to the vessel. I did not utter a word, but my heart swelled, and I could have cursed in bitterness of spirit the callous beings with whom I was so reluctantly associated.

"For about three weeks after we quitted the African coast we had uniformly fine weather, after which it became variable and uncertain. I had frequently heard the captain, with a smile of inhuman delight, calculate his probable gains when he should reach the port where he could turn his cargo into money. He had of late been rather more lenient than usual towards his crew, and I therefore found it necessary to employ all my skill to preserve the influence I had maintained among them, being conscious how slippery is the tenure by which the good will of such persons is held. I felt that my life was only secure so long as I could preserve friendship with these men, knowing full well that I was hated by the captain, who would have desired no better pastime than to cast me to the sharks.

"There were now just four hundred and fifty slaves on board a small ship of two hundred tons’ burthen. These wretched beings were stowed into the hold like any other merchandise, and almost suffocated for want of air. They were laid upon frames, placed one above the other about two feet apart, and to each frame three of these miserable beings were strapped, lest they should revolt against the horrible tyranny to which they were subjected. There were four frames in each tier. The hold was thus quite filled, except a space of about six feet in the centre. The slaves were daily fed with boiled rice made into a kind of gruel, and seasoned with the coarsest bay salt, by way of a medicament. Their drink was half a pint of water each per day. Many of them would take no food, and thus actually died of starvation. The frames were daily cleansed, after a fashion, like the cages of wild beasts in a caravan. The most disgraceful practices were adopted towards those who continued firm in their refusal to eat. They were severely bastinadoed with ropes’ ends until the soles of their feet were almost beaten to a pulp. Their groans were dreadful, none being allowed to move from their recumbent position, and many of them died under their tortures. Even such as did not offer any opposition to the will of their tyrants were treated with extreme barbarity. They were not a moment released from their bonds, and when their limbs swelled and became sore from the friction, their piteous supplications for release, made by signs and gesticulations which could not be misunderstood, were treated with bitter mockery.

"I witnessed these revolting sights day after day, and my heart sickened. Inured as I had been to scenes of suffering, I had seen nothing like those which now daily met
my eyes, and my very soul rebelled against
the demoniacal tyranny of man. I saw
humanity outraged in a way which I never
could have imagined possible. I saw how
narrow a division there is sometimes between
man and the demon when the former yields
to the fierce dominion of his passions, and
blocks up in his heart all the avenues of
virtue. I shuddered to think of my own
situation—among men to whom murder was
a pastime, who set no more value upon
human life than upon the dust which their
feet spurned.

"Scarce a moment of the day passed
when I paced the deck that I did not hear
the groans of those unhappy sufferers below,
who were many of them undergoing all the
horrors of a lingering death, in a loathsome
dungeon, shut out from the light of day, and
breathing an atmosphere almost pestilential.
It was so offensive that the man who daily
descended into the hold to feed these misera-
able victims was obliged to keep a bottle of
volatile salts applied to his nose during the
whole time he remained below; yet no
means were taken to improve the condition
of these unhappy beings.

"After we had quitted the coast of Africa
about a fortnight, the mortality among the
slaves began to assume a serious aspect.
One at least, sometimes two, daily died. The
bodies, so soon as the suffering spirit had
quitted them, were brought upon deck and
thrown into the sea, their only requiem the
savage curse of the skipper or the jeers
of his equally unfeeling crew. As I saw the
swelling waters divide before their burthen
when the poor dead slaves were cast upon
their bosom, I could not refrain from giving
vent to a fervent aspiration for the eternal
repose of their souls whose lives had, in their
end at least, been marked by such awful
sufferings.

"The weather was now so exceedingly
hot that the miseries of the captives were
increased to a frightful degree. It frequently
happened that a death took place early in
the evening, and by the time the hatches
were opened on the following day the corpse
was in a dreadful state of decomposition,
and the stench consequently arising from
the hold almost insufferable. The groans
of the wretched sufferers rose upon the
fresh breeze like wailings from a charnel-
house; the tainted air appeared loaded with
the seeds of pestilence. Every blast from
the clear skies that smiled in their placid
beauty as if in mockery of the woes which
were passing beneath them, as it winged its
joyous way, seemed arrested in its free course,
and to shrink from the fetid steams which
sprang up to meet it from the foul womb of
the ship, the sails of which spread to em-
brace it with a lover's gladness. The cries
of the wretched sufferers were continually
in my ears. In my sleep I saw their emaciated
bodies with a distinctness that rendered my
couch no longer a place of repose. I could
not banish from my thoughts the dreadful
things which were daily passing so near
me, and which I could neither mitigate nor
avert.

"It is a doubt to me if my sufferings fell
far short of those who were stuffed into the
pestilential hold below, exposed to the severest
physical privations. Daily the heat became
more and more oppressive, and the stench
from the prison of the unhappy slaves in-
creased in proportion. I began to fear we
should be overtaken by pestilence, and under
that impression I begged the skipper to allow
the miserable captives to be brought upon
deck, and have the hold washed out and
sprinkled with vinegar in order to avert the
fatal consequences which were reasonably
to be apprehended from allowing the vessel to
be infected with such fetid and unwholesome
effluvia. He treated my representations with
scorn. When I urged the necessity of his
relaxing from the stern severity of his resolu-
tion, he said, with a ferocious scowl, which
he endeavoured to alleviate by a malignant
smile,

"'This ship is my castle, and who has any
right to tell me how I shall dispose of her
and anything belonging to her? You are
but a passenger; it is your place to look on
and be silent, and mine to do what I think
will best suit my own interests, not what
may be agreeable to your fancies.'

"'I don't pretend to place my fancies in
opposition to your interests, on the contrary,
I would induce you to employ your humanity
to advance them; for by giving those miser-
able captives a little fresh air and a more
cleanly habituation, you would have a much
fairer chance of saving their lives, as well as
your own credit, which, I take it, would be an
advantage to both.'

"'May be—but suppose I don't choose to
think so! What then?'

"'This—that you will prove yourself one
of the greatest brutes who has ever offered
fealty to the devil.'

"His eyes glared wildly as I spoke, and,
seizing a marlinespike, he rushed upon me
and raised it to strike, but I leaped on one
side, and, turning suddenly upon him, caught
him by the collar behind, and, striking my foot smartly against his ankle, threw him upon the deck. He fell on his back, and, being a heavy man, his head struck with such force against the shaft of the capstan, that he lay for some time senseless. When he recovered, he uttered horrible vows of vengeance, and quivered under the vehement impulses of his rage.

"It fortunately happened that he had treated two of his crew with extreme severity that very morning, and they saw with unbounded delight the chastisement which I had inflicted upon their tyrant. So odious had he become, that they did not hesitate to utter threats of mutiny; but upon my representing to them the odium in which such a crime is universally held, and the certain retribution that would follow, they made up their minds to abstain from going to extremities, but determined henceforth to resist his cruelties, if ever he should again attempt to exercise them. Fearing that his brutal malice might urge him to some act of treacherous revenge, I henceforward took the precaution of swinging my hammock between those of two of the crew, and this no doubt secured me from the violence of that ferocious man.

"Seeing that I was protected and himself shunned, he tried to conciliate the men whose disgust he had roused; but whatever resolution he formed to this effect was soon neutralised by his propensity, which he daily indulged to excess, for ardent spirits. During his intoxication, he forgot all his prudent resolutions, and invariably displayed the savage tendencies of his nature.

"For me this was fortunate, as it kept alive the enmity of his crew; and their enmity was my security against the impetuous instigations of his malice. Whenever I came in his way, when sober, he always eyed me with a scowl of the fiercest malignity, but did not utter a word. If, however, I happened to appear before him during his moments of inebriety, his ravings were like those of a maniac; yet as none of his men were disposed to second his hostile feeling towards me, he had not the means of accomplishing his sanguinary wishes.

"On the twenty-ninth day after we had taken the cargo of slaves on board, the man who had been in the habit of feeding them was taken ill, and another of the crew was reluctantly obliged to take his place. The sick man grew so rapidly worse, that by the evening he was evidently in considerable danger. I went to see him, and felt his pulse. It was quick, and so full, that it seemed absolutely to strike against the finger. His skin was parched. He complained of extreme thirst, and pain in the chest. Without hesitation I bled him, for it was evident to me that he was advancing rapidly to a raging fever. His pain in the chest somewhat subsided after the bleeding, and he felt composed; but, after a short interrupted sleep, he awoke with the worst symptoms renewed. By the morning he had become so much worse, that I saw at once it was a hopeless case. His tongue was brown and dry, like a piece of over-baked meat; and his lips exhibited a tint of pale, dim purple; his eyes were dull, and his breath so offensive, that it was with difficulty I could remain by his side. There were no medicines on board but a few packets of Glauber's salts, a dose of which I recommended to be administered. It produced not the slightest change.

"The man declined, and died on the evening of the second day. His body was cast into the sea, with those of two slaves who had expired about the same time. They were flung into the deep blue waters without a prayer for the souls which had just gone to their account. This melancholy death of one of his crew seemed to produce no more effect upon the obdurate feelings of the skipper, than if one of the dogs, of which he had several on board, had perished. The death of this man, however, was only the forerunner of other melancholy casualties. The person who had succeeded him in the office of feeding the slaves, was taken ill within a few days after the death of his comrade, and expired in a similar manner. Before the end of that week a third had died. The skipper began now to apprehend that a pestilence had invaded the ship, and he immediately ordered that she should be fumigated. In order to effect this, the slaves were hoisted upon deck, with their legs and arms still tied; the hold was first washed out, and then a chafing-dish of lighted tobacco was placed below for several hours. I could not help gazing upon the wretched Africans, as they lay in bonds upon the deck, to the number of three hundred and fifty (one hundred having already died) without feeling a sickening sympathy which made my heart leap to my throat with a painful revulsion. They were filthy and emaciated, several of them evidently dying, and all of them in a state of fearful maceration. Their eyes were fixed on vacancy, as if scarcely conscious of what was passing around them. Their limbs were swollen, presenting an unnatural contrast
with their emaciated bodies, which were covered with sores, and incrusted with filth. They were objects positively horrible to look upon.

"The poor wretches were again stowed into the hold, as soon as it had been properly fumigated, there to languish and die. The heat was so oppressive, that the atmosphere below soon became just as bad as it had been before the fumigation. On that very night three of the slaves died, and on the morrow, when the hatches were raised, the steam of putrefaction poured from this den of pestilence. The skipper still showed the most heartless indifference, swearing with a savage oath, that they might all die together, but that they should never again quit the hold alive until he got to the end of his voyage. No arguments would make him swerve from this resolution.

"My misery at witnessing this prolonged cruelty towards a set of helpless beings, who had no longer home or country, and were without the power of expostulating against the tyranny under which they were doomed to expire, cut me to the soul. I was sick at heart, but could not remedy the frightful evil. The crew upon this point did not sympathise with me; none of them would listen to the poor Africans being brought upon deck, lest they should gain their liberty, and murder them all. I had a difficult part to play. I saw that it was necessary for me to keep well with the crew, in order to counteract the designs of the captain. It soon became evident to me that any interference on my part in favour of the slaves, was likely to be attended with a loss of influence among those whom I felt to be my protectors against violence. I determined, however, to run all hazards. It was better to die, than live under those daily impressions of horror by which my heart was saddened to a degree that rendered almost every moment a palpable agony. I appealed to their humanity in the strongest terms I could employ; but it was of no avail. The idea of personal risk absorbed every other feeling, and they peremptorily declined interfering in favour of their fellow-creatures, who were daily expiring under privations and sufferings beyond description dreadful.

"It was soon evident to me, that I had not only gained nothing, but had lost much, by the attempt to diminish the sufferings of those unhappy captives. The men were frequently whispering, and began to eye me with suspicion. They became less cordial, occasionally sullen, and spoke in better terms of the captain than was their wont. These were no very encouraging symptoms, and my mind was already made up that my life would more than probably be sacrificed before we reached our destination.

"To describe the daily mental endurance which I was doomed to undergo, would be as vain as an attempt to arrest the thunderbolt, and in proportion as this wretchedness increased, I became less apprehensive of personal peril, either from the malice of the skipper, or the fears of his men. And yet, when I came calmly to reflect upon the awful aspect of that death which probably awaited me, my blood crept through my frame, a chill overcame my heart as if it had met the contact of an icicle, and the active currents of life seemed to curlle at their very source. I could not bring myself to feel that I was fit to die. A dreadful depression came over me. I felt as if death would be a release to me; and yet I greatly feared to quit the certain for the doubtful, as I thought calmly of going into that still and populous city whence the dead shall rise to judgment at the summons for the last universal audit, when the quick and the resuscitated dead shall stand before their Judge to hear the sentence of acquittal or of condemnation. My faith in the dogmas of Calvinism had been already staggered, and my mind was on the eve of a reflux.

"It happened that, a few days after the fumigation, another of the crew was taken ill. In consequence of my supposed knowledge of pharmacy, I was requested to attend to the invalid, and my attention to him restored me in some measure to the confidence of the survivors. But even though I might be able to assuage the pains of disease, I could not remove the seeds of contagion, which were evidently now lodged in the ship. I knew of no emasch that could disperse the fetid odours of death which were hourly rising from the hold below. In spite of all my endeavours to save him the man died, and, like those who had gone before him to the world of spirits, was cast upon the leaping surges without an audible prayer, and I believe without an aspiration except what was breathed from my own bosom.

"The crew was now reduced to four, who were evidently under strong apprehensions that their turn was soon to come; they consequently became careless, and threatened violence if not furnished with ardent spirits to enable them to forget their danger, and, as they said, to meet it with fortitude. They refused to go into the hold. The hatches were thus kept down a whole night and day,
and the wretched blacks remained without food. Finding the crew continued deaf to my entreaties, I undertook to go and feed the sufferers. This was, in truth, an awful task, but, with a resolution that fortified me against all apprehension of peril, I descended into this dark, frightful receptacle of the living among the dead.

"Although supplied with a strong essence, I could scarcely support the horrible effluvia; but an arm of might sustained me, and I proceeded with my work of humanity. I found no less than twenty corpses upon the ledges, rapidly undergoing the appalling process of decomposition, and the living bodies beside them in the last throes of expiring nature. There now only remained alive a hundred and eighty-four of the wretched beings who had been taken from their African homes, to be cursed with the miserable lot of slaves, or die under privations impossible to record, out of a complement of four hundred and fifty. The remainder were in so deplorable a condition, that there appeared but a small chance of any reaching the West Indies. The strongest among them were in a state of dreadful prostration. They had scarcely power to move their limbs, and, as they could not make their wants known, their unintelligible lamentations were the more distressing."

"When I reached the deck, after this painful exercise of humanity, I thought I should have fainted.

"Amid the horrors by which the skipper was surrounded, he did not relax from his brutal habits of temperance, which daily rendered him more intractable and savage. The survivors among his crew considered themselves fully entitled to the same indulgence, and I witnessed nothing but scenes of disgusting intoxication. The vessel was almost left to take her own course, except when I took the helm, which I did when none of the crew were able to do their duty. It was fortunate that the weather continued fine, though the heat did not abate; still the wind was favourable, and the breezes light, so that our danger from weather did not appear to be immediate; but it was evident to me that a change would be attended with the greatest peril."

"On the day I visited the slaves in the hold, I reported to the skipper the number that were lying dead, and recommended that they should be removed. At the moment I made this communication he was reeling upon the deck under the effects of intoxication. His face was flushed, and his eyes glared with that sullen and morbid ferocity which follows where the savage passions of an obdurate heart are no longer under the control of reason. He was smoking a dirty stunted pipe as I approached him, and stood still to hear what I had to say, puffing the acrid vapour in dense volumes from his mouth, as the excitement of his feelings gave renewed action to the fœuses, and seemed to set every muscle of his body in agitation. I was prepared for an uncourteous welcome, but determined, nevertheless, that he should listen to what I had to say. I told him calmly the condition of his captives, and, stating the number of dead among them, recommended that they should be immediately brought upon deck, and thrown overboard.

"'Armaud,' said he, turning to one of the men, who was reeling along the deck at this moment, 'see if the hatches are down below.'

"'Aye, aye,' replied the man, twitching up his trowsers, and thrusting a fresh roll of tobacco between his cheek and jaws, but did not stir.

"'You will remember,' said I, 'that you are endangering your own life, as well as the lives of your crew, by allowing so many putrid bodies to remain below; independently of the dreadful cruelties to those wretched beings, who have been, Heaven knows, sufficient sufferers, without this additional infliction. Will you give an order to have them removed?'

"'No, I won't,' he roared, 'd'ye hear that? Who made you a preacher, I should like to know? If you say two words more I'll stow you among those black rascals, and you shall die like a cur as you are, in a fouler kennel than ever an honest dog died in.'

"'Now,' I replied, placing myself close before him, 'listen to what I have to say. Dare to repeat this personal insult, and I'll fling you like a lump of base offal into the sea. Keep your mouth from foul words, or, as there is a sun above me, I'll stop it for ever. I would punish you for your insolence, but you are drunk, and don't know what you say.'

"'Drunk!' he repeated, with a husky chuckle, but still evidently cowed by my threat and bearing; 'drunk—no more than the babe unborn! You don't speak the truth, to say I'm drunk. I'm no such thing. I won't have the dead blacks upon deck. I'm in my own castle—I won't be bullied—I won't be—'

I saw the vapours of intoxication were beginning to exhale, and that his valour was exhalting with them. Seeing me silent, he had fancied I was awed by his vehemence;
but I checked him by saying, 'Come, come, none of this hectoring; you must do your duty to your betters, if you don't choose to do it to yourself. The lives of honest men are not to be sacrificed because you choose to play the brute. I must insist that you give instant orders to have the bodies removed.'

"'Arnaud,' said he, turning again to the man, who was still reeling upon the deck—'didn't I tell you to go and see if the hatches are down, below? Go, or by St. Crispin, and that's a fair sailor's oath, I'll strip your shoulders as bare as a skinned pig—go, and see, I say, if the hatches are down, below.'

"'Aye, aye,' said the man, again twitching up his trousers, and turning his quid into the other cheek, but he did not attempt to go below.

"'Are you going, rascal,' roared the skipper.

"'Aye, aye,' repeated the sailor, but made no movement towards the hold.

"'The tyrant grew impatient, and cried fiercely, 'As you would escape hell, go, or—'

"'Why should I go?' said Arnaud, doggedly, standing with his legs apart, folding his arms over his breast, and looking with a stupid half-witted stare at his commander; 'I shan't go—I'm not going to catch the plague for any man—I shan't go.'

"He was at this moment standing with his back close to the taffrail. The skipper, excited to a paroxysm of madness by this opposition, rushed towards the sailor, and, striking him full in the face, cast him backward over the stern of the ship, which bounded forward with a light eager leap. The man sank like a plummet, and when he rose the vessel was many yards a-head. He struggled for a few moments, and then went down amid the dark waters. I immediately seized the skipper, cast him on his back, and ordered the vessel to be put about; but it was too late, Arnaud had gone to his last sleep.

"Summoning the three survivors of the crew, we agreed that the skipper should be confined to his cabin. Tying his hands and legs we placed him in the hammock, where I determined that he should lay till he became sober. Having secured him, the hatches were opened, and the bodies of the dead, which were by this time increased to twenty-five, hauled upon deck. It was, in truth, a heart-rending sight, but I may venture to say, that I alone was moved. Having uttered a short prayer over them, they were cast one by one into the sea, no doubt for a brighter destiny than had been their portion upon earth.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with some exquisite letters of the late distinguished author of that (in its way) unique production, the Essays of Elia. To those who were either personally, or through his published works, acquainted with Charles Lamb, these letters will be a treasure of their kind; for we venture to say that the whole body of his correspondence, whenever it may be collected, will not include more characteristic effusions. Indeed, so rich (however brief) is the treat we are now about to place before the intellectual appetites of our friends, so redolent is it of all the leading qualities of the writer's mind and heart, that we cannot refuse ourselves the indulgence of a running commentary on the letters, just as we might be tempted to do if we were showing them to a mutual friend. All we regret—and the reader has to regret it too—is, that we cannot furnish him with fac-similes of the letters themselves in all their (want of) integrity—of literary and literal integrity, we mean; for if ever there were a human mind and heart possessing moral integrity, they were those of Charles Lamb, as these letters alone sufficiently testify in half a dozen places. Anything like deceit, or concealment of the true state of his thoughts and feelings, at any given moment, was so absolutely abhorrent to his nature, that out the truth came, whatever might be the consequences. And startling enough those consequences often were, to those who did not know the man, or, knowing, did not duly appreciate the character of his mind. There is, veiled in the proverb that "many a true word is spoken in jest," a more profound truth than that which meets the ear, and perhaps the conversation and writings of no man that ever lived have exemplified that truth so curiously and instructively as those of Charles Lamb. He was the most bitter
and biting, yet at the same time the most
gentle and considerate of satirists. His per-
ception of the truth was so profound and
acute, that he could not, if he would, have
concealed or delayed exhibiting his impres-
sions of it; and yet his tenderness for the
feelings of those whom that exhibition might
affect, and his considerate kindness in finding
causes and excuses for the errors which he
felt impelled to satirise, were so wide and
all-embracing, that his satire invariably
assumed the form of a jest, and was so
delivered that even the individual cases
which it affected could not receive or view
it in any other light.

But I am keeping the reader too long
from the literary treat which awaits him.
My brief commentary shall follow each
letter.

"Dear P.—I am so poorly. I have been
to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the
consternation of the rest of the mourners.
And we had wine. I can’t describe to you
the howl which the widow set up at proper
intervals. Dash could, for it was not unlike
what he makes.

"The letter I sent you was one directed
to the care of E. W——, India House, for
Mrs. H——. Which Mrs. H—— I don’t yet
know; but A—— has taken it to France on
speculation. Really it is embarrassing.
There is Mrs. present H., Mrs. late H.,
and Mrs. John H., and to which of the three
Mrs. Wiggins’s it appertains, I know not. I
wanted to open it, but it’s transportation.

"I am sorry you are plagued about your
book. I would strongly recommend you to
take for one story Massinger’s ‘Old Law.’
It is exquisite. I can think of no other.

"Dash is frightful this morning. He
whines and stands up on his hind legs. He
misses Beckey, who is gone to town. I took
him to Barnet the other day, and he couldn’t
eat his vittles after it. Pray God his intel-
lectuals be not slipping.

"Mary is gone out for some soles. I
suppose it’s no use to ask you to come and
partake of ’em; else there is a steam vessel.

"I am doing a tragi-comedy in two acts,
and have got on tolerably; but it will be
refused, or worse. I never had luck with
anything my name was put to.

"O, I am so poorly! I thakd it at my
cousin’s the bookbinder, who is now with
God; or, if he is not, it’s no fault of mine.

"We hope the frank wines do not disagree
with Mrs. P——. By the way, I like her.

"Did you ever taste frogs? Get them
if you can. They are like little Lilliput
rabbits, only a thought nicer.

"Christ, how sick I am!—not of the
world, but of the widow’s shrub. She’s
sworn under 6000l., but I think she perjured
herself. She howls in E la, and I comfort
her in B flat. You understand music?

"If you havn’t got Massinger you have
nothing to do but go to the first Bibliothèque
you can light upon at Boulogne, and ask for
it (Gifford’s edition); and if they havn’t got
it you can have "Athalie" per Monsieur
Racine, and make the best of it. But that
‘Old Law’ is delicious.

"‘No shrimps!’ (that’s in answer to
Mary’s question about how the soles are to
be done).

"I am uncertain where this wandering
letter may reach you. What you mean by
Poste Restante, God knows. Do you mean
I must pay the postage? So I do, to Dover.

"We had a merry passage with the
widow at the Commons. She was howling
—part howling and part giving directions to
the proctor—when crash! down went my
sister through a crazy chair, and made
the clerks grin, and I grinned, and the widow
ittered, and then I knew that she was not
inconsolable. Mary was more frightened
than hurt.

"She’d make a good match for anybody
(by she, I mean the widow).

‘If he bring but a relit away,
He is happy, nor heard to complain.’

Shenstone.

"Procter has got a wen growing out at
the nape of his neck, which his wife wants
him to have cut off; but I think it is rather
an agreeable exccescence: like his poetry,
redundant. Ione has hanged himself for
debt. Godwin was taken up for picking
pockets. Moxon has fallen in love with
Emma, our nut-brown maid. Beckey takes
to bad courses. Her father was blown up in
a steam-machine. The coroner found it
‘Insanity.’ I should not like him to sit on
my letter.

"Do you observe my direction*. Is it
Gallic—classical? Do try and get some
frogs. You must ask for ‘grenouilles’
(green eels). They don’t understand ‘frogs,’
though it’s a common phrase with us.

"If you go through Bulloign (Boulogne),
inquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he

* By this it should seem that the direction was
written before the letter—for the passage is not
interlined.
got home from the crusades. He must be a very old man now.

"If there is anything new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty-Briant is well, I hope.

"I think I have no more news, only give both our loves (all three, says Dash) to Mrs. P——, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation.

"C. L.

"Londres, Julie 19, 1827."

Hazlitt has said of Lamb, speculatively, "He is a person who would laugh at a funeral and cry at a wedding." How true the hypothesis was in one branch of it at least, witness the opening passage of the above letter. Especially exquisite is every portion connected with the funeral; and the after "passage with the widow at the proctor's." It is like a piece of one of the old comedies—one of his own "specimens"—only better than any of them. There is nothing in Shakspeare finer than the touch about the widow's tittering ("and then I knew that she was not inconsolable"). Another passage reminds one (by a kind of "similitude in dissimilitude") of some of "sweet Ophelia's" pretty wanderings—"No shrimps!"

The passage beginning "Procter," &c. will, of course, have been seen in its true light by the reader. It is one of Lamb's enormous jokes. He sends one these particulars as a brief digest of the literary and domestic "news" of the day. If there is wit and humour to be found in words, assuredly they go hand in hand in the three lines about Beck's father. The last paragraph but one is also very characteristic. He hated "politics" of all things in the world, except French literature, which he hated worse. I hope "Chatty-Briant" is not a mystery to the reader: it means Chateaubriant. The alluence of puns that pervades this delightful epistle need not be pointed out.

I must premise that the following letter was written a few days after Lamb had brought me his favourite dog, Dash, which figured so conspicuously in the "Recollections" that appeared in this Magazine a few months ago. The letters themselves would have been embodied in those "Recollections," but I could not at the time lay my hand on them. The following, be it observed, was written in "the dog-days."

"Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield.

"Dear P——,

"Excuse my anxiety—but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. P——kept her rules, and was improving—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or aperto ore? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in Hyder-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. P—— and the children. They'd have more sense than he. He'd be like a fool kept in a family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance, set to the mad howl. Mudge Quilet would be nothing to him. 'My! how he capers!' [In the margin is written, 'One of the children speaks this.'][*] [[*] * * * What I scratch out is a German quotation, from Lessing, on the bite of rabid animals; but I remember you don't read German. But Mrs. P—— may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice,' which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we. If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him, muzzle him and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do—he don't care for twist) to Mr. * Here three lines are carefully erased.
Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion, or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and, if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

"We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield, where, if you come a hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a tailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady."

"Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. P—'s regimen. I send my love in a to Dash."

"C. Lamb."

On the outside of the letter is written—

"Seriously, I wish you would call upon Hood when you are that way. He's a capital fellow. I've sent him two poems, one ordered by his wife and written to order; and it's a week since, and I've not heard from him. I fear something is the matter."

"Omitted within:

"Our kindest remembrance to Mrs. P."

Is the reader acquainted with anything in its way more exquisite than this, in the whole circle of our epistolary literature?—anything more buoyant with wit and humour, yet at the same time more pregnant with that half-suppressed feeling which was so characteristic of Lamb?

His broadest jokes have a sentiment in them, and his most refined sentiment always takes the form of a joke. I have seen no comment on his intellectual character that speaks its chief features half so emphatically as the three first lines of the above letter—especially when coupled with the three last. "Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. P— kept her rules, and was improving, but Dash came uppermost." Lively and sincere as the interest was that he felt in the lady referred to (whose health was at that time supposed to be in a very precarious state), yet he never would have written the letter at all, but for his still livelier interest about Dash! And he scorned to conceal the truth, though not to disguise it into "favour and to prettiness." I shall leave the rest of this epistolary gem to speak for itself.

Among other letters that I have of Lamb's, there is one which my tender-heartedness alone prevents me from giving to the world, since I could not do so without "damning to eternal fame" the chief subject of it, an eminent bibliopole, by whom, as it was supposed, a friend of Lamb's had been ill-used. The circumstances were told to Lamb, and he proceeded to Lamb-pun* him accordingly. As I do not wish to interdict the party in question from walking the streets of the metropolis in as much comfort as his conscience will let him, I shall withhold the picture from public view for the present.

The following letter, with which I shall close these "specimens" of Lamb's correspondence, was addressed to the late William Hazlitt. I scarcely know how it came into my hands; but suppose it must have slipped in by accident among some papers of mine which were in Hazlitt's possession at the time of his death, and which have since been returned to me by his son. The allusion in the letter is to Hazlitt's delightful paper on "Coffee House Politicians," which appeared first in the London Magazine, and afterwards in the "Table Talk."

"Dear H.—Lest you should come to-morrow, I write to say, that ——————————. The last thing she read was the 'Thursday Nights,' which seemed to give her unmixed delight, and she was sorry for what she said to you that night. The article is a treasure to us for ever. Stoddart† sent me the magazine to know if it was yours, and says it is better than Hogarth's 'Modern Midnight Conversations,' with several other most kind mentions of it. He signs his name 'An Old Mitre Courtian.'"

"C. Lamb."

* The expression is his own. He was told something about a person of note that he did not like, and his reply was, "Tell him, I'll Lamb-pun him."
† The present Sir John Stoddart, Chief Judge at Malta.
The belief in ghosts, fairies, and other supernatural appearances, is fast falling into disrepute in Ireland; but yet there are many parts of the country in which their existence is still as firmly believed as the words of the parish priest, and where a man would be accounted as something akin to an infidel, did he venture to express a doubt upon the subject. In the seaport towns on the southeastern coast, the power of evil spirits, which are supposed to be doomed on account of their crimes to remain for a certain number of years tenants of the air, is universally recognised by the uneducated classes, which in those districts form an overwhelming majority; and the changes of the weather to calm or tempest are, if not directly imputed to their caprice, believed to be effectuated through their immediate agency. Their favour is never courted, nor their protection asked for; but the people deem it dangerous to speak of them with disrespect, and their vengeance is very much feared.

Lying off the coast of the county of Cork, and distant about a mile from the bay of Youghal, there is a small island known by the name of "Cable Island," which is regarded with singular superstition. It is said to be the favourite resting-place of a spirit, that some century and a half since animated the body of Pirate Kelly, a daring outlaw, whose outrages and desperate deeds are still spoken of in the traditions of the neighbourhood, and is considered to be under his undisputed control. The soil is rich, and might without much difficulty be made fruitful, but its cultivation is neglected. No person resides upon the island, as it is thought unsafe to remain there after sunset; and it is rarely visited, except by a few cottiers in the immediate neighbourhood, who go thither to collect sea-weed, which they use as manure or reduce to kelp. Much treasure is said to be buried in the island, and it is the universal belief that the pirate appears in his ship outside a dangerous reef of rocks in the neighbourhood whenever the tempest rages, and frequently on the night preceding a stormy day, as an announcement of the coming hurricane.

The particulars of this story were communicated to me at Youghal, by an old man named Maurice Power, who had been for upwards of twenty years one of the crew of a large ferry-boat, which, before the erection of the bridge across the river Blackwater, formed the only medium of communication between Youghal and the opposite shore of the county of Waterford; and who, with the exception of a few years that he had served on board one of his Majesty's ships, had been a resident of that place ever since his boyhood. Power told the tale, too, under circumstances that forcibly indicated the strength of the popular faith on the subject. Upon a fearfully tempestuous day, when every boat was drawn up on shore, a group of half-a-dozen men were observed standing upon the pier, with folded arms, conversing closely together, and looking anxiously out of the harbour as if momentarily expecting the appearance of some sail. There was no ship in sight; every vessel in the harbour had retired into shelter, and nothing met the view but a dreary waste of water, which heaved to and fro with that convulsive motion that indicates the immediate approach of a storm. The sea-gulls fled towards the land, and mingled their startling shriek with the hoarse moanings of the surge and the dismal howling of the wind.

"I wouldn't give a bit of baccy for his life," said one, as I approached.

"By Got they are dead men, Bill, unless they make Ballycotton before dark," replied a tall and muscular man, wrapped in a pilot-coat, and wearing a weather cap that fell back upon his shoulders.

"I tould him how 'twould be," said Maurice Power, whom I recognised among them; "he wouldn't take the advice of an older man than himself."

"What's the matter, Maurice?" said I, interrupting him.

"Why, Sir, we're looking out for the Nancy. Bill Sullivan would go out this morning, though I advised him not to do so. He started about two o'clock this morning, and the Lord send that he does not catch more than he went to fish for. They saw the ship last night."

"The Lord between us and all harm!" exclaimed a woman who had just come up, dropping a courtesy and making rapidly the sign of the cross on her forehead.

"Who saw it Maurice?" demanded three or four voices together with the utmost eagerness.

"Why, some of the Algerines.*"

* A term of contempt applied by professional watermen to peasants who alternately use the spade and ax.
THE PHANTOM SHIP.

This announcement appeared to strike the utmost terror into all the listeners, who now walked away in different directions, leaving Maurice and me together. I took the opportunity of asking him some questions relative to the ship," at the sceptical tendency of many of which he appeared disposed to be angry.

"A' thin, Sir," said he, placing his back against one of the pillars of the marketplace, under which arcade we had walked in the meantime, "I wonder at you, to ask such a question. God help us, many a poor fellow saw that to his cost. Why, what else wreaked 'The Friends'? To be lost on her own rocks after being up the Mediterranean, and away from Youghal for as good as twelve months. Wisha, then, if it were God's will, it was a pity that poor Harry Edwards should have gone so soon. He was as good a creature as ever lived—never harmed or hurted mortal. The very day that he sailed, he treated me to a glass of grog, because he said I was the first that ever put an oar into his hand—it wasn't for the value of it, Sir."

"You say," said I, "that 'The Friends' was wrecked by Pirate Kelly?"

"Wisha, Sir," he replied, "it isn't right to be discoursing of such people, an' our own people out at sea upon such a day as this is—the Lord save us!"

After a pause, he continued, "True enough, 'twas he that wrecked her. The mate, Sir, you know, was the only one of the crew that escaped. He was washed ashore at Knock-a-doone, and I heard him tell it with his own lips. It was a dismal bad night. They couldn't see the lights upon the mast-head, and everything was in confusion on board. The tiller-ropes were carried away, the helmsman knocked down, and nobody could get near the tiller, as it kept dashing from side to side. Well, Sir, after the vessel was driving for above a quarter of an hour, one of the men got the helm again, and in a minute afterwards a voice, as if from a vessel just by, roared out, 'Port—port! ship! Hoy! Port your helm or you'll be on the breakers!' The mate told me, Sir, that he heard this with his own ears.

"'Port your helm!' said the captain to the man at the rudder.

"'What would I port for?' said he; 'd—n it, do you want us to run ashore?'

"'You're driving ashore!' shouted the voice again.

"'Port your helm!' cried the captain, as he violently seized the tiller from the helms-

man. The ship obeyed the rudder, and in an instant she was dashed upon the rocks.

The captain had only time to say, 'The Lord have mercy on our souls!' as a wave struck him to the deck, and washed him overboard. The next morning, Sir, some of the dead bodies, and the mate, who had yet life in him, along with a few pieces of the wreck, were found on the shore by the coast-guards."

Maurice was here interrupted by the running of several persons along the quay, with cries of "a sail!"

"It's not the Nancy, Sir," said he, as he bent slowly forward to see what was in sight. "I know she'll be lost: I told Sullivan so, but he wouldn't believe me."

A vessel was now plainly apparent off the Easter-Point," evidently not a British ship, from the style of her rigging. She remained but a moment in sight, as a difficulty of weathering the point, or unacquaintance with the port, caused her immediately to go about. The suddenness of her disappearance gave rise to several conjectures among the groups which still remained anxiously on the look out, and by many she was thought to be nothing more nor less than Pirate Kelly's own ship.

"A' thin, may be, Sir," said Maurice Power, as soon as the sensation created by the appearance of the strange sail in some degree subsided, "you never have heard this same Pirate Kelly's history?"

I replied that I was unacquainted with the particulars.

"Why, Sir," continued he, "when my great grandfather was a boy, there were no coast-guards in these places; and people had a deal more of their own way, especially in the smuggling line, than they have now. Boys would run in of a night, sometimes up the river, and sometimes out at the island, with their cargoes; and I have heard it for certain, that you could then buy a yard of the finest t'bacca for a penny-piece. Well, Sir, Kelly, who knew the spot well, being born out at Ballyvergin, made a constant trade of it, till at last he took to be a pirate; seizing and plundering everything he could lay his hands upon. His men used to come ashore in a gang, armed with swords, thieving and robbing, and running away with any pretty girl that chanced to come in their way. This went on for a long time, till at last word was given that Kelly was out at Cable Island. The mayor, as soon as he heard of it, went up to the Barrack for all the soldiers he could get. He took some yeomen, too, and they all went out in boats to Cable Island. Kelly saw them coming, but there was no escape, as it was low water,
and his little cutter was high and dry on the
strand. However, he made a long fight of
it, and after some of his men had been shot,
and the rest taken prisoners, showed the
soldiers a chase all over the island. After
all, they didn’t catch him, for just as they
had closed upon him—he turned round—
dashed a pistol that had missed fire into the
face of the foremost, and then sprang over
the cliff into the tide. Well, Sir, so exas-
perated was the Mayor, that he ordered all
the prisoners to be shot upon the spot. Sorry
enough they were for it afterwards, too, for
nobody knew where the money was buried.”

“Money buried?”

“Yes, Sir, to be sure,” said Maurice, in
answer to this interrogatory, “frinks of it.”

“And has the spot been since discovered?”

“Discovered! I returned he, “why, sure,
all the world knows where it is now.”

“Do they, indeed,” said I; “why then
allow it to remain there?”

“Well, I suppose,” said he, in reply, “as
you ask the question, you know nothing about
the black that’s watching it. They called
him Gillick. Kelly used always to leave
one man to mind the money, and him he
saw never to quit it alive or dead, till he
was relieved by another of the crew. The
black was left on guard at the time the sol-
diers came, and sure enough he never left it
since. Several people went out there at
different times, hunting for the money. Some
of them lost their eye-sight, and others got
fits. ’Tisn’t two months ago, since Mary
Ronan made her husband and some of his
neighbours go out to dig for it, because of a
dream which she had. But after all they
were afraid to go into the cave, on account
of the roaring voice of the black.”

Evening was now rapidly approaching, and
the people, at length, weary of watching,
began to disperse towards their homes.

“I hope, Sir,” said Maurice, as he
wished me good evening, “that we shan’t
have had news in the morning; but I’m
afraid of poor Sullivan—no one that ever
sailed out of Youghal harbour after the warn-
ing of the ship, came back alive.”

The morning came, and every body was
anxious to learn the extent of the injury
cau sed by the storm.

“The old church bell, Sir, was ringing all
night,” said a woman, in answer to the first
inquiry I made on the subject; “six ould
houses have been blown down; and a brig,
full of ’t bacey, has been run up upon the
Red Bank.”

I hastened towards the quay, and soon
learned that a fine brig, laden with contraband goods, had been driven in during the
night, and had since been abandoned by her
crew. The rudder of a sloop had been
washed on shore, but there had been no
wreck in the bay. Intelligence was brought
from the opposite shore that a foreign ship
had been driven into a small bay about a
mile from the harbour, and that all were
saved except one sick man forgotten in the
hurry of escape. Nothing, however, had
been heard of Sullivan, or the Nancy.

The day wore on—but still she came not.
Maurice Power appealed to every body con-
cerning the correctness of his prediction, and
the most sanguine began now to despair of
her return.

There is perhaps no scene, among the
many distressing ones with which human
life is chequered, more truly heart-rending,
than a group composed of a wife, a mother,
brothers, and children, wringing their hands
in despair, on learning the sudden loss of
those upon whom their existence depended,
and who but a few hours previously moved
among them in life and health; or waiting
in agonised anxiety to learn whether the
coming Intelligence brought news of life or
death. The friends of Sullivan and his crew
remained upon the quay for many hours in
this state of disturbance. Ship after ship
arrived, but still no news. Suddenly, a young
boy, with bare feet and uncovered head,
rushed towards the quay where the people
were waiting, waving the cap which he held
in his hand, and shouting “Huzza!—
Huzza!”

“What’s the matter, Thady?” said a man,
endeavouring to stop him.

“Huzza!” cried the boy, as he bounded off,
“Where’s Norry Sullivan? They’ve come!”

A loud hurrah burst from the crowd on
hearing the announcement.

“How?—Where?—Is it the Nancy?”
demanded a thousand voices, from the hardy
urchin.

“They’re all safe,” said he, as he bounded
back again; “ all—only Tom Mc. Daniel
broke his arm.”

He was immediately followed by the
crowd, who hastened to congratulate their
friends.

The Nancy had been driven into Bally-
cotton, a place about six miles distant; but
in such a battered state as to be no longer fit
for service.

“Well,” said Maurice Power, on learning
the event, “I knew that no vessel that sailed
after Kelly’s warning, would ever return
again. They’re only to thank God that they
didn’t leave their lives after them too!”

R. R. P.
THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS "AT HOME."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OTTERBOURNE."

A visit to the Military Hospital at Chelsea is one of those things that put a patriot in especial good humour with his country and with himself, as being (in his own estimation at least) not one of the least worthy of his sons. Whilst the design of the place and its mementos of "warfare o'er," set a man's thoughts a-prancing across battle fields (for even a peaceful man's fancy is marvelously bellicose), the repose and well-earned quiet pervading the precincts, and the sad wreck of what may once have been heroic mortality he meets within, chasen his cogitations, and "whip the offending (pugnacious) Adam out of him." It is true that a universal philanthropist might take disgust in limine at the sight of an edifice, which he might deem to be, after all, but a stately evidence of the insane passions of the human breast: what then?—he must bend to the inevitable; and, admitting as he cannot avoid, that so long as the mild star of Peace is liable to bloody eclipses—so long as the life, limbs, youth, and strength of thousands of fellow-countrymen are lost in maintenance of their country's place among nations, so long a heavy debt of gratitude is owing to the decaying of those who survive their perilous duties; he will feel relieved to know—to see—that the debt is honoured. If he still shudder at the madness of mankind, he will be proud that the particular race from which he sprung, temper their share in the common error, by unbounded generosity to those who bear the brunt of its evils.

It is two or three summers ago, since I first visited the Hospital; and that "of all the days in the year," as the grave-digger says, was on the day when "his sacred Majesty took his disjunct," with Sir Willoughby Gordon, the Governor. As it was previously understood, that his Majesty would review the body of pensioners, and make divers of those inspections, which, where royalty is concerned, consist less in inspecting than in being inspected, it was a gala day at Chelsea.

About noon, I was set down at the gates, and, mingling with a stream of gaily-dressed people, chiefly of the "gentler sex," bearing patents of privilege in the shape of written orders, to "admit Mr. (or Mrs.) ——, and party," took my way into the further purlieus of the building.

Chelsea Hospital is a smooth, red-bricked edifice, built in the taste (or distaste, if any one pleases,) prevailing about the era of "good Queen Anne," and answering to our notions of the "old fashioned," not of the ancient. "A smooth red-bricked edifice, &c. &c. &c.!” “How interesting and how novel the information!” Say a moment—thereby hangs a disquisition. This same kind of structure, together with its smooth, shaven lawns, mathematically planted trees, and walks abhorrent of the line of beauty, have here their merit. They give the mind of a visitor to the Hospital precisely the degree of historical retrospection desirable. Machicolated turrets and lancet windows would have led the imagination over times of bill and bow, and conjured up dreams of that age of chivalry, which we have better reason than Burke’s saying for believing to be no more. The pile, such as it is, pitches the true epoch from which the place takes date, and the school of war to which it belongs—the commands of Marlborough and Ligonier—the system of long queues and grenadiers, rank and file. Thus, at least, was my fancy at once excited and governed.

The great court, open towards the Thames, was the centre of attraction. Here the assembled visitors found ample amusement in observing the motions of the pensioners, scattered about in groups, awaiting the signal to fall in and receive their sovereign. They were all, of course, in Sunday trim, which did not, nevertheless, prevent many of them from rolling themselves upon the grass, and occasionally gambolling with each other after a style of school-boy-like abandonment which, in roisterers so antiquated, had an effect truly grotesque. This was not, however, the mood of all: some wandered about with an air of stolid apathy, as seeming to feel that their race was run, and that the pomp of royal reviews and other worldly shows, were as nought to them. The guise, port, and physiognomy of the veterans generally, were replete with matter to engage observation. Searce an individual but had about him some whimsicality of carriage or
appearance that a painter might have studied to advantage. The long full-bodied coat here gave a fellow with befitting paunch the semblance of an over-fed coachman, superannuated upon the run of the hall kitchen, and the reversion in fee of former state-liveries—there, hung in loose folds upon a tall, lathy figure, like Falstaff’s doublet upon the Earl of W. One stooped from infirmity, which he sought not to disguise; another stalked bolt upright, with a ludicrous affectation of service-ability. Hardly a hat—and such hats!—but maintained its own peculiar cock; sometimes placed jauntily aside, sometimes perched precisely on the very apex of the crown, and sometimes left to settle listlessly on the nape of the neck. Upon benches placed round the walls sat a number of the more decrepid pensioners, gazing vacantly on the scene before them. These it was painful to survey.

In due time, command was issued for the veterans to draw up in order. This produced a laughable display of jostling, abortive bustle, and contradictory action among them. It was indeed evident their occupation was gone, notwithstanding the zealous exertions of an authority called the sergeant-major, whom the juncture now brought into the field. Strenuously he proceeded about the work of forming an alignment, and multiplied were the vociferations, and manifold the flourish of cane (more majorum) wherein he sought to accomplish the desired end. This officer, a short trunculent person, with a face of brandy brandished, was graced by a wooden leg; a knowing leer sat upon his countenance, and, together with a prompt ready-present-fire sort of manner, gave one to the life a disciplinarian of the Marquis of Granby’s day. The sight of him carried me fairly back to Minden plains, and the glorious taking of Quebec.” Subsequently I have been half inclined to think that the worthy functionary had been a humourist, and, conscious of being under unusual observation, had played his part with design.

The ranks being at length formed, a band of drums and fifes thundered into the court, and advanced with show of martial tread along the point of the line. Not a performer in this band but had passed his grand climacteric. A battered and a tottering group they were; but they plied their instruments with right good will, and their leader strode in front, erecting his head and striking his staff upon the ground as though the hearts of a thousand drum-majors were stirring in his bosom. That many smiles were exchanged amongst the spectators at this exhibition may easily be imagined, as also how much the visibility increased when the air played by the ancient musicians was recognised—

Steady, boys, steady, we always are ready To fight and to conquer again and again! Alas! alas! for the bold promise. The eye measuring the venerable battalion sought in vain for the powers whereby it could be redeemed. Readiness (of will) I believe might have been found, but steadiness was beyond the magic of “spirit-stirring drum” or “ear-piercing fife” to bestow upon the shrunk limbs there enranked.

About this time the superior officers of the establishment made their appearance on the ground. A most respectable body they were, all bearing in their persons honourable marks of having “done the state some service” at corporeal sacrifice. General Hulse, too infirm to walk, was drawn into the court in a wheeled chair. General Hope (the name bespeaks a soldier) wore one arm in a sling, and Colonel Le Blanc, who had lost a leg, displayed a wooden supporter of the old and simple fabric. Officers and men, the whole corps, now marshalled, formed, not indeed a formidable phalanx, but one interesting in the extreme. He who could look upon it without being moved must have been cursed with an unamiable spirit.

After the patience of the gay folks assembled had been tolerably tested, and the limbs of the pensioners fairly tired out with “standing at ease,” a sensation at the grand gateway and a glister seen through its vista announced the advent of Majesty. Presently after, the King and Queen, attended by a brilliant Court, entered the square. Their Majesties were received by the pensioners with a round of cheers, such a round as is seldom heard, the hurrah being raised in the cracked voices of nearly a thousand aged men. The formalities of the inspection, which now followed, I pass over, as affording nothing of sufficient interest to be dwelt upon. Subsequently, the royal train withdrew from the general gaze to partake of that repast which entitles Sir W. Gordon to indulge in simlar reminiscences to those so much cherished by the loyal dame of Tillietudlem.

Their Majesties were accompanied upon this occasion by the elite of the Court, and I cannot help going out of my way to mention the gratification I received from observing the total absence of the ceremonious etiquette, the stilted grandeur which is vulgarly as-
CONVERSATIONS IN PURGATORY.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDES.

CONVERSATION V.

Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Robert Cecil, Babbb Dodington, and Robert Lord Liverpool.

Cecil. Here comes a spirit who will give us some intelligence of late politics above.

Raleigh. I am as anxious as you to hear it.

Liverpool. I shall not satisfy you. We had none of the complex secrets and intrigues which took place in your time.

Cecil. It was all intrigue in our time, day and night.

Dodington. Ah! and not a little in my time also.

Liverpool. It was paying a high price for great misery. We were all worn out in the service.
Raleigh. Doddington had a long life; but he volunteered anxiety and torments. Ours was forced upon us by circumstances.

Doddington. But you, Lord Liverpool, would have retained the reins as long as you could.

Liverpool. Yes. They dropped from my hands from over-exertion and exhaustion.

Doddington. Ours were petty cares, and individual anxieties, compared with yours.

Cecil. Not so, ours. Every sort of danger was under our feet, and surrounded us; and you, Raleigh, by your restless ambition and great talents, and great cunning, too, deeply aggravated the perils.

Raleigh. I paid dear for these things. Do not open wounds I would forget! But since you rouse the festering scab of my reminiscences, I also will speak out. It does not become you to speak of my cunning. Your wisdom was entirely serpentine. You had a crooked mind in a crooked body.

Liverpool. Hard words! I beseech you to preserve courtesy, or I shall fly from you.

Doddington. In my time soft words and flattery were indispensable qualities of a courtier.

Liverpool. I never allowed myself to offend any one by hasty and uncivil language. But this was no merit. Nature had given me a meek and timid disposition and mind.

Raleigh. Yet you rose to the highest offices of the state without commanding talents.

Liverpool. Time and the hour, patience and opportunity, did it. There were accidents which no abilities can surmount; otherwise, Raleigh, you would have risen into power above all your rivals.

Raleigh. I saw my errors as soon as I had committed them. My temper was too warm and my passions too presumptuous. But I had mean and unlucky instruments to deal with, and my rival here was too deeply planted in all the soil of the Court for me to root him out. He had another advantage over me; all his talents and adroitness were concentrated to one end, my thoughts and attentions were spread over the universe. With the noble spirit of the Queen I did well, but the pusillanimity and low artifice of her successor was not matter for my hands.

Doddington. I found by sad experience that excess of manœuvre defeats itself.

Cecil. Sir Walter is pleased to impute to me faults which I retort upon him. He himself was never content with direct means. I had a hundred secrets of his in my keeping, of which he little suspected my knowledge.

Liverpool. Secrets in state affairs there must be. We could not go on a day without them.

Raleigh. You wanted decision and audacity. You were too apt to compromise.

Liverpool. Probably so. I sometimes saw its evil consequences; but my anxiety to do right made me long to meditate, and slow to determine. My friend and chief adviser, Castlereagh, was of a similar mind, but firmer temper. His death was an irrecoverable blow to me. When Canning succeeded him, I found him too overbearing, haughty, and insolent. He overcame my spirits, already weakened by too much straining.

Cecil. My difficulties were of another sort. I had to deal with the weakest, the most imprudent, and most interfering of monarchs, who thought that an impoverished treasury was given him only to feed his hungry favourites from a barren land, and who endeavoured to govern like a pedagogue, by scraps of Latin, Greek, and cramp divinity.

Liverpool. But the politics of Europe were not then in the perilous state in which they were in my time.

Cecil. I am not sure of that. The Puritans were then hard at work to upset the principles of all government. The mine was dug; the train laid, and all that occurred to Charles I. was then in full operation. At the same time the Papists were as busy as the Puritans.

Raleigh. And this was the crisis you took to cage heroism and genius!

Cecil. There was then little choice as to our mutual fates. I must have oppressed, or have been oppressed.

Raleigh. Why did you use your brother-in-law, Cobham, so cruelly?

Cecil. Because he was a fool, and could not be trusted; and a most mischievous instrument in your hands.

Liverpool. Strange violence on both sides, which would have made our bloods run cold. But we sometimes wanted Raleigh's daring mind and daring hand, during my administration. Such a genius as his also would have penetrated the perplexities of our financial theories, and not have allowed that frightful vacillation by which the kingdom is now brought into such an alarming state of distress. I had not the courage to resist Canning, who overcame all my plans, led me to unsay all that I had said, and acting
under the dictation of Huskisson's charlatanerie, doubled the weight of the national debt, and ruined the aristocracy and all the landed property. I found myself so perplexed under all this, that my mind gave way.

Raleigh. But your father's financial principles led to the theory adopted by Canning.

Liverpool. I believe it did; but I had nearly abandoned it under my intimacy with Pitt, and I must confess that my father was kept in check by Pitt on this subject.

Raleigh. But Pitt was not always right.

Liverpool. No; but I think he would have come right if he had lived to my time. He had vast talents, and always judged right upon the materials presented to him. He did not much furnish materials of his own. I could not resist Canning, but he was apt to see things in warm and passionate lights, and he had too great a contempt for others. Castlereagh was more steady and cautious, and gave himself more time; and then he was vastly more conciliatory.

Doddington. You had too many adventurers among you in your time; men who had not a sufficient stake in the country.

Liverpool. You placed more importance in riches than they deserved.

Cecil. We were anxious in my days to support the old aristocracy of the country, as the most natural and steady supporters of the crown; but the King was often capricious, and his system of favouritism opened the flood-gates of innovation. However, high offices were then principally held by high-born men, and no arguments, which I have heard, have yet convinced me that this was a wrong system.

Doddington. We hear a good deal about parens. Wealth is entitled to its proportionate influence.

Liverpool. I think respectable birth is a better title than wealth.

Raleigh. There is but one simple and obvious rule. He who can do the business best, is the most proper minister. It is another question, what are the qualities which fit a man best for their purpose. Talents are the first, but they are not the only ones; and the chances are that he, who has been used to meanness from his cradle, will not have a spirit and dignity to support high stations properly; but there are always exceptions.

Liverpool. That opinion is in the tone of your usual sagacity and profundity. I always found dignity of manner an inseparable desideratum in the performance of state business.

Doddington. I was a man of etiquette; but we had too much of it in my life; and I found that my paternal name of Bubb was in the way of the peerage that I so long sought, and obtained so late, that it was of little value to me. My contemporary, Lord Egmont, was pedigree-mad, and chose to put his consequence upon that slender base, when he had great abilities and great knowledge; but nevertheless he had far too much worldly wisdom to rely upon that, for he was a most restless and indefatigable intriguer.

Liverpool. Politics are not a game of abstract principles; every thing is complex, and dependent on a thousand conflicting influences, which mere straight-forward talent, without sagacity, will never pierce.

Doddington. You were educated in the principles of Toryism.

Liverpool. I was; and you were of all parties, or rather of none, but yourself.

Cecil. The grand principles of government were little studied by statesmen in my time, it was a sort of management in the spirit of a steward of an individual estate.

Raleigh. I beg, Sir Robert, you will only answer for yourself. The whole intensity of my mind was directed to a wider view;—to the comparative interests of nations, in soil, climate, commerce, manures, liberty, intelligence—to wealth, grandeur, luxury, and every sort of prosperity—to the arts, fashions, and enjoyments of the people.

Doddington. Undoubtedly, your boast is not a vain one. The written records of your great mind are immortal. Oh! that I had not wasted my days in Court intrigues, and the meanest of ambitions, but given more of my mind to that literature which I loved, and left registered witnesses of my better moments of intellectual meditation!

Liverpool. Your pathetic moral stanzas to Dr. Young, prove that you could have been a poet of no mean order. Your style reminds me of Sir Henry Wotton.

Doddington. You delight me: Sir Henry has always been a favourite character with me. I always admired his lines on the fall of Somerset, as well as those complimentary verses on the Queen of Bohemia.

Raleigh. You loved poets: you were the patron of Thomson, as his Seasons attest. I delighted in poetry myself. What mind, of lofty, or strong feelings, can be insensible to poetry? And I had the happiness of being
intimate with the author of the Faery Queen, one of the greatest poets of the world.

Liverpool. You are going too far a-field for me: my wings were of humbler flight. I read some of those things, as far as I was forced to do; but my field was politics, and I had no taste beyond it.

Doddington. In politics, your information was great, and your views were honest and candid. Your vigour and penetration were not masterly; and some of the departments under you were inadequately filled. In the distribution of honours and functions you followed too much the system of Pitt; and you preferred a Court aristocracy to the ancient Whig aristocracy of the country. In short, though of a family of a fair gentilitial antiquity, you did not belong to the feudalities of the nation!

Liverpool. These are old-fashioned notions, which I thought had been long swept away.

Raleigh. They cannot be swept away; history cannot be swept away; and historical influence cannot be swept away. You must new-make the human mind and heart before this can be! It ought not to be; the power of imagination goes to cherish all great thoughts and designs; without its impulses we are mere creeping, measuring, weighing, calculating, selfish creatures. Without these, where would have been our great discoveries? —where would have been the glory of heroism and the splendour of learning?

Cecil. A difference of ranks must exist; —that is wisest, which recommends them most to the eyes of the people. The institutions of Charlemagne were beautiful; and it had been well if they had been less laid aside in later ages. My excellent mistress, Queen Elizabeth, was too sparing of her nobility; but this arose from her too great fondness for arbitrary monarchy, and because it was a mischievous part of the Tudor policy to break down the old aristocracy. I have been much blamed for establishing the order of Baronets. I do not think it has been mischievous in the effects of its original institution; the first lists were very select, and it has gone some way towards protecting the ancient country gentlemen, whom taxation has now almost annihilated. As to the hardships of what are called the barriers of ranks, it is absurd; men do not become happier by going out of their stations, but very miserable by sinking below it; and the most generous and high-minded require the most protection against worldly craft, and selfish acquisition.

Liverpool. I have been brought up to consider things in a different point of view. The lessons taught me were, that commerce and manufactures were the great sources of national prosperity; and that to these every sort of encouragement ought to be given; while the upper classes were but the unproductive classes, "nati consumere fruges."

Raleigh. At all times, from the days of Jack Cade, the mob propagated these doctrines; but I did not suppose that any seeming sanction to it would proceed from the lips of Lord Liverpool.

Liverpool. You very much mistake me; I mean no such thing. I am for the distinctions of ranks: I only hinted at the wise grounds of these distinctions.

Raleigh. Here we come again to the question between a Whig aristocracy and a Court aristocracy. Landed produce is the foundation of all wealth; manufactures and commerce are but a conversion of the produce of land. What we get by manufactures and commerce, we first buy: the produce of land beyond the labour and seed is gratuitous and clear gain. The profit of manufactures is only upon the capital; on land, there is not only the profit on the capital, but the rent. Thus manufactures and commerce have a constant tendency to encourage a population beyond their means.

Doddington. These are intricate subjects, on which it will be impossible to bring the public to one mind: while the commercial bodies will always have their course advocated with most industry, zeal, ability, and art.

Raleigh. This is among the secondary evils of the funding system, which gives such preponderance of influence to the moneyed interest. And whatever congregates people too closely in cities, is another evil. The population ought to be spread over the whole surface of the land, and as much of it to inhabit the country places as can be supported there. I heard of Adam's book; it is an admirable work; but requires many additions and qualifications. Pitt took it too literally, without going beyond it. Wealth is one thing; happiness is another. The end is the happiness of a people; and wealth only so far desirable as it is a means to that end. Wealth gained at the cost of health and happiness is a mighty and paramount mischief.

Doddington. We are aware that in your works are to be found many of the prime stamina of political economy, at the time that science was in its infancy. The pregnancy
of your genius, the daring activity of your spirit, your adventurous life, your vast experience, have all given a weight to your opinions which few speculative writers can possess.

Cecil. I am bound to acknowledge the truth of this high panegyric. I lament that our fates drove us into a cruel conflict! We were probably both to blame. The crisis was frightful; we both stood toppling upon precipices; and each in his desperation grasped at any twig that would save himself without regard to the other. Raleigh's military demeanour was probably less pleasing to the sword-hating monarch, than my humbler robe of civil office. Sir Walter, you will admit, that you were more feared than loved.

Raleigh. Well, it is curious to bring those distant considerations and remembrances into collision. When we spirits of distant ages thus meet together in Purgatory, and compare notes, we may all learn something interesting. As posterity have learned from us, so we also thus learn from them. Whatever they may have gained in outward polish, it seems that evils have grown up, at least, as fast as advantages; and that manners have become insipid, in proportion as they have been seemingly smoothed. Where is now gone the hospitality and generous establishment of the feudal lord?—the splendour of chivalry?—and every awakening sport of the imagination? Ranks are confounded; respect is gone; and all the beckoning calls of Fame are silenced in a cold philosophy!

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THE OLD OAK TREE.

Hail! Hail! to the old Oak Tree,
The boast of the brave, and the joy of the free;
For while thou art ours merry England shall be
The pride of the world, and the queen of the sea!

Spring adorneth thy limbs with bright emerald studs,
Summer bathes thy proud head with her fresh falling floods;
Thy rich flowing tresses doth Autumn caress,
And Winter flings o'er thee his frost-spangled dress.

Then Hail! Hail! to the old Oak Tree,
The boast of the brave, and the joy of the free;
For while thou art ours merry England shall be
The pride of the world, and the queen of the sea!

Wave, wave all thy wide-spreading arms,
Which embrace thy soft winds as they sing of thy charms;
For centuries laugh at the storm's iron rage,
And live in the joy of a green old age.

In my infancy thou wert my earliest friend,
Childhood taught me to climb where thy tall branches bend,
And manhood near thee all its bravery calls,
In "Britain's best bulwark, her own wooden walls."

Then Hail! Hail! to the old Oak Tree,
The boast of the brave, and the joy of the free;
For while thou art ours merry England shall be
The pride of the world, and the queen of the sea!
THE COURT.

We are happy to state that the King and the Queen continue to enjoy their usual good health at Brighton, to which place their Majesties removed early in the last month.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUALS.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

We have left it to our contemporaries to appreciate this volume, of which we have refrained from saying anything until they had pronounced judgment upon it. Connected as we are known to be with the author, the artist, and the publisher, we have always made it a point of delicacy never to notice this really beautiful work, as its successive volumes appeared, until, whatever might be our private feelings, we could recommend it to the favourable notice of our readers, upon the authority of the best critics, and the most influential papers of the day. Last year, we contented ourselves with merely quoting the words of the Examiner. The present number may be considered entitled to a more detailed notice, because it forms the conclusion of the first series, and embraces many of the higher points of oriental knowledge which had not been touched upon in the former volumes. Nevertheless, it is not our intention to repeat what so many have already said; the ground has been so well trodden down that our footsteps would now make no further impression. We are content to aver, that, however interesting the former volumes may have appeared, the present volume, in matter and style, as well as in the drawings and engravings, is superior to either. Mr. Caunter and Mr. Daniell had, we thought, done their best last year; they have this year done better;—perhaps, they have not yet reached their best. We shall see what the first volume of the second series will produce.

We transcribe from this volume a most interesting extract concerning the religion and philosophy of the Hindoo, which we present to our readers, the more readily because it has been overlooked by our contemporaries.

"It is quite a mistake to suppose that philosophy is above the study of these heathen priests. Some of the Hindoo sages have drunk as deeply from the springs of speculative wisdom as the most renowned among the ancient Greeks. This the records which even now exist of their diligence and acquirements, will abundantly testify. In confirmation of what I have said, I will present the reader with some recondite reasoning of a Hindoo philosopher, who probably wrote before the earliest of the Grecian sages.

"The Shoonyavadees affirm that from nonentity all things arose; for that every thing sprung to birth from a state in which it did not previously exist: that entity absolutely implies nonentity, and that there must be some power in nonentity from which entity can spring: the sprout does not arise from a sprout, but in the absence or non-existence of a sprout. Goutumū denies that vacuum is the cause of existence, and affirms that the cause is to be sought in concurring circumstances; for seed when sown cannot spring to life without rain; or if a latent principle of life, or an embryo state of existence, be pleaded for, this will subvert the universally acknowledged terms of father, maker, &c., but maintains that they are mere words of course, and are often used when the things spoken of are in a state of non-existence; as when men say a son will be born, or such a person had a son. Goutumū now asks, do you mean by this assertion, that the living principle in the seed, or that the seed itself is absent? You cannot mean the former, for that which is destroyed, can never become the
cause of existence. If, where the principle of life is wanting, existence may be produced, why is not a harvest possible from seed ground into flour? And if you mean by non-existence the absence of the seed, I would answer that non-existence can produce no variety; but the works of nature are distinguished by an endless variety, and therefore your proposition is confuted. From hence it is plain, seeing existence cannot arise from non-existence as a cause, that the first cause must be sought for elsewhere.

Goutumih now engages the Vedantees, some of whom maintain that Bramiih is the only cause of all things; others that the universe is a form of Brumih, thus excluding every assisting and efficient cause, Bramiih excepted. Goutumih, in opposition to these ideas, says, that an assisting cause must be acknowledged; for unless there were such an assisting cause, we should not see so many changes and fluctuations in the affairs of the universe. The Vedante says this must be attributed to the will of God. Goutumih replies, you then admit a something in addition to God, that is his will; and this involves a contradiction of your own opinion, and establishes two causes. If you admit, for the sake of argument, these two causes, then I would urge that these changes arise only from religion and irreligion; and to affirm that the degrees of religion and irreligion in the world are appointed by the will of God, would be to attach an unchanging destiny to these things, which cannot be admitted. It must therefore be concluded, that the fruits of human action are the causes of the changes and fluctuations that take place in the world.'

"So far," observes Mr. Caunter, "as appears from the writings of the most eminent among their sages, the religion of the Brammins has always been decidedly pantheistic. Pantheism, no doubt, prevails in the modern creeds of a large portion of the Hindoo population, of which the immense multitude of their deities, amounting to the prodigious number of three hundred and thirty millions, is of itself sufficient attestation. In fact, every thing in nature is deified. They confound God and the universe, and their notion of the final consummation with respect to man is absorption into the divinity. One would imagine that Spinoza had taken from their abstract theology the pernicious dogmas which he propagated to a generation hungry and ravenous after novelty in religion. The asceticism of many Hindoo visionaries has led them to contemplate God as a mere abstraction, passing their lives in those dreamy contemplations which absorb every perceptive faculty of the mind, and render them the dupes of their own prurient phantasies, placing the ultimate happiness of man in mere uninterrupted quietism. The doctrines of many of their philosophers, who unquestionably had precedence of the Grecian sages in point of time, were in a high degree metaphysical and abstruse. Some of them taught that the deity was identical with what they called nature—the universal plenum, in which every thing inert, passive, or animated, formed a positive and integral part of one infinite whole. Even now, many of those modifications of belief which distract the faith of modern Hindoos, may be looked upon as a number of currents branching in so many meanderings from one main stream."

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.

This is one of the gems of the season; and the spirit with which it has been got up deserves encouragement. To write this volume, Mr. Ritchie has performed a journey to Russia, and we know not which to admire most, the enthusiasm of the editor, or the liberality of the publisher. The result is a delightful volume of travels through Russia, written with considerable skill, and with a power of observation which very few possess. Mr. Ritchie, like a skilful painter, has given a broad and general outline of the country, so that it may be embraced almost in a single view; and yet he has wrought upon his canvas, in bold and striking relief, and with admirable warmth of tint, every interesting detail. This is the only account of Russia we have yet seen, that has given us any real notion of the country; and though written with all the glow of an enthusiastic mind, it comes to us in such a matter-of-fact shape, that every scene it describes forms a defined and tangible picture to the eye of the imagination.

We conclude with an extract concerning the treatment of wives in Russia, which we think will prove interesting to our fair readers:

"In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the author of the 'Relation des trois ambassades,' informs us, that 'most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and beating them often.' Olearius says that it was a prodigious civility for a man to allow another to see his wife. When this favour was to be accorded, the lady walked into the room after dinner, splendidly dressed, and presented a cup of distilled spirits to the guest, drinking off one herself. On one occasion the traveller was even invited to salute his hostess; but, astonished at such an offer from a Russian, and dreading, no doubt, that some insidious plan lurked under it, he endeavoured to excuse himself.

"Dr. Samuel Collins, physician to the Tsar about 1680, consoles his readers with the intelligence that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head, and flogging them, 'begins to be left off.' This, however, he accounts.
for by the prudence of the parents, who make it a provision in the marriage contract, that their daughters are not to be whipped, kicked, &c. &c. Some disorders, nevertheless, still took place, even in an improved state of society. One man, indeed, put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burnt her to death! But let us hope that this was not a very common case. The man, however, if we are to believe the Doctor, was not prosecuted, there being no punishment in Russia for "killing a wife or a slave." On the other hand, if a lady made away with her tyrant, she was buried up to the neck in the earth, and so suffered to die.

"When no provision was made in the contract, according to the same authority, they were accustomed to 'discipline their wives very severely.' At marriage, the bridegroom had a whip in one boot and a jewel in the other, and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. 'If she happen upon the jewel,' says Collins, 'she is lucky; if on the whip, she gets a lash.' The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the knot was tied; but if he absolutely insisted upon this privilege, it was sometimes contrived that the lady passed through a window where he was stationed at a window. 'If she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, may be the first time he sees her.'

"The women, it may be presumed, did not grow up into especial refinement under such discipline. Drunkenness was esteemed a very lady-like vice, if, indeed, it was considered to be a vice at all. The day after a lady was at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to send to ask how she got home; and the prescriptive reply was this—"Her hospitality made me so tipsy that, indeed, I do not know how I got home!" I may add that Took, whose heroine is Catherine II, declares that 'for a lady to be drunk was no reproach;' and we all know what scenes took place at the court of Elizabeth."

These travels are illustrated by twenty-five beautiful engravings by Higham, Radclyffe, Fisher, Willmore, Wallis, &c. &c., after drawings by G. A. Vickers, Esq. As works of art these are equal to anything of their kind that has appeared, and some of them are gems.

HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY.

This book really improves every year under the care of the Countess of Blessington. The selection of beauties who grace the present volume is worthy of the delicate taste and judgment which always distinguish the fair editor. The plates are in general excellent, and there is not one that we could wish omitted. The letter press is of a very distinguished kind, and shows how greatly elegant literature is cultivated, in this country, by the high-born and wealthy, and the ascendancy which the aristocracy of talent is every day gaining. Among the tales we may particularly mention "Chairolas," "The Consul's Daughter," "Poor Dummy," "Galeria, or the Deserted Village," and the "Dilemma;" among the poetry we were most pleased with "Lady Caroline Maxse," "The Countess of Buckinghamshire," "The Lady Egerton," "The Dream," "The Countess Rossi," and "Amina." The success of this most beautiful among the beautiful annuals cannot be doubtful.

FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS.

We know not whether this is an annual, but taking for granted that it is, we notice it as one. It consists of twelve groups of female figures emblematic of flowers, designed by Mr. Parris, with poetical illustrations by the Countess of Blessington. We quarrel with the title, which we are convinced is a publisher's title. Publishers fancy themselves better qualified than authors to hit off a title; but Mr. Ackermann would have done wisely had he left the matter, which we feel certain he did not, to the elegant taste and consummate tact of Lady Blessington. Mr. Parris has succeeded in designing some exquisite groups, and Lady Blessington is particularly happy in her illustrations. We give the following, not as the best specimen of her ladyship's powers, but because it is best suited to our limits.

"Lilies of the Valley."

"Tis said the rose of all the flowers
That bloom within our garden bowers,
Is chosen queen;
But more I love the lily pale,
That lingers in my native vale,
Fair and unseen—

"Save by us simple village maids,
Who seek it in the Greenwood shades,
At early morn;
When we could think our hearts had wings
Light as the bird's who gaily sings
From the old thorn.

"I found the flower in a green nook
Where crept a clear and laughing brook
The young boughs through;
And king-cups spangled all the ground,
And the pale wind-flower there was found,
And hare-bells blue.

"I lov'd it for its pearly bell,
And for its scent, that sweetly fell
On the still air.
Oh! more than garden blossom nursed
I lov'd it, for my hand was first
To find it there."

JENNINGS' LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.

This beautiful annual keeps up its character in every sense of the word. The subject of
the present number is Andalusia. The drawings by Mr. Roberts are splendid, and the engravings employed have done the artist justice. Mr. Rosscoe's letter-press is worthy of the reputation he has already acquired. It forms an elegantly written history of Andalusia, a noble subject, leading the cold and grave historian into the more enthusiastic regions of poetry and romance, which are so blended with Spanish history as to be inseparable from it. Mr. Rosscoe has executed his task with skill and judgment. He has clothed the information he gives in a form so pleasing, that to those whom it will instruct it will also prove a source of delightful entertainment. We close our notice with a short extract.

"Among the historic associations of a wild and startling character connected with Italica and its vicinity, is an incident so strange and tragic, as to excite at once the surprise and sympathy of the reader. Prince Maron, son of Abderrahman, descended from King Abderrahman Anasir, in attempting to seek refuge within its walls till he could reach the coast, committed an action of the darkest dye, and involuntarily steeped his hands in blood. He was only sixteen years of age, of a noble disposition, distinguished already for his genius and erudition, when so great a calamity fell upon him, and consigned him for the remainder of his days to captivity and remorse. He had been brought up at the court of Cordova with the most studious care, together with a daughter of one of the slaves of Abderrahman. As children, they had nurtured a young attachment which daily gained strength from a like noble and surpassing beauty both of mind and person. * * * * Abderrahman became too late aware of the danger to which he had exposed his son. He separated him from the lovely companion of his infancy. * * * * A deep melancholy preyed on the mind of the youthful prince, the effect of which was to add fresh fuel to the passion which consumed him. Despite all precautions, he gained access to the royal gardens, and beholding at length the object of his thoughts, 'We have not a moment to lose!' he exclaimed; 'let us fly while it is yet night.' She could not resist his ardent importunities, and he led her towards the spot by which he had entered.

"In the very act of escaping through the gate, the young prince was rudely seized by a powerful arm. In vain he sought to shake off the aggressor, and in the rage of thwarted passion, he smote his enemy to the heart with a short dagger. The cry of his own father struck upon his ear, and in a few moments he was surrounded by slaves and disarmed. He was dragged before the chief radi, and thrown into a dungeon. He was subsequently condemned by the grand council, assisted by the Princess Sobelka, to a captivity equal to the number of his days—a sentence confirmed by Haecen and his mother. The wretched lover and involuntary parricide employed the term of his lingering durance in the composition of those wild and sad romances which have added a still more mournful celebrity to his name."

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR.

A very elegant little volume edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, which, though intended, as the title shows, for young people, may claim the attention of persons of mature years from the beauty of its pictorial embellishments and the elegance of its literary contents. Among the writers we find the names of Cornelius Webb, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Abdy, Miss E. L. Montagu, and Miss Agnes Strickland. We earnestly recommend this volume to the attention of our young friends.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

This parent of all the annuals still preserves the freshness of youth, although its children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, are flourishing around it. Much credit is due to Mr. Frederick Shoberl for the novelty and variety contained in this volume.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, AND WINTER'S WREATH.

A very excellent offering, in which no expense has been spared in the pictorial department, whilst the literary portion sparkles with wit and talent.

VARIETIES.

THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.—Mr. Balfie has, as we anticipated, decidedly forced his art a step forward in this country; and he is the only native composer who has yet done so. The immense success of the "Siege of Rochelle," shows that the public is fully capable of appreciating good music; and it must also convince managers of theatres, that their adaptations of foreign operas—the music of which they get for nothing, or at most for a trifle—must now yield to the genius of at least one native composer, whom they will be forced to encourage. The "Siege of Rochelle" may claim the most perfect appropriateness of character, and well-understood dramatic effect, rather than any striking originality of melody; indeed, it was right and proper that such should be the case. Mr. Balfie, a young composer, appearing for the first time before an audience who have the worst musical reputation in Europe, was bound to imitate what had already given pleasure, and secure the approbation and good-will of those upon whom his success depended, before he brought forth any striking
originality, which might, perhaps, have been dangerous at first. His talents being now known and acknowledged, he may on future occasions give his creative genius full scope. In reply to some of our contemporaries who have designated the composers, from whom, as they state, Mr. Balfe has borrowed, we declare that we have been unable to detect a single note borrowed from any one. The truth is, that Mr. Balfe, in his melodies—all of which will become as popular as any of Rossini’s or Auber’s—has not stepped out of the circle of associations and ideas upon which former melodies of the same kind have been framed. The unavoidable consequence, is a similarity of character, which the critics have mistaken for identity, though such is not the case; the resemblance lies in the form only. Thus, Mr. Balfe has followed, but not copied, other masters. There is, however, great originality and considerable genius in Mr. Balfe’s instrumentation; there is a body in his orchestra which belongs only to the higher order of talent. The wind instruments are beautifully effective, and always in place; and the violoncello are made to give a very original character to the colouring of the orchestra. This is peculiarly striking in the duet between Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson. But as it is our intention to give, in a future number, a critical notice of the opera, together with all the information we have been able to collect concerning Mr. Balfe, who has suddenly stepped up to the eminence in his art to which his genius has called him, we shall refrain from saying anything farther of the music at present. We add merely one sentence concerning the words or libretto, by Mr. Fitzhall. Who this gentleman may be we know not, neither do we care; all we can say is, that no apprentice scribbler could have written more contemptible trash. Mr. Balfe had, therefore, an immense difficulty to overcome, in making the public overlook the badness of the words; and his having succeeded is a double triumph.

We conclude with an observation which we are bound to make. In all the concerted pieces of this opera, in which the two female characters appear together, they sing in unisons. On hearing this, for the first time, we were struck at the singularity of the composer omitting one of the parts of the harmony in order, unnecessarily, to double the upper part. On inquiry, however, we were informed that the opera had not been originally written so; but that Mr. Balfe had been compelled to alter the score, because Miss Fanny Healy refused to sing second to Miss Shirreff. "God save the mark!" And who is Miss Fanny Healy that she should display such airs? Does she know what singing second means? We can tell her that in concerted pieces there is no second, each part being of equal importance; and that there is much more talent required to sing what she terms a second than a first. What, however, are Miss Fanny Healy’s claims to rate herself so high? She is the very worst singer in the opera; and whenever she warbles any pretty cadence that has been taught her, she is sure to spoil it by adding two or three vulgar notes of her own. She possesses, as we have already told herein a former number, where with to sing well if she will only study with perseverance for a few years to come; but she is far from perfect at present, and her extraordinary self-sufficiency spoils the little she is able to do. Let her imitate Miss Shirreff, who strives and labours, and learns and improves, because she has becoming modesty, and is, moreover, aware that success in art requires long and arduous exertion. Miss Shirreff sings her part admirably; and we can tell Miss Fanny Healy that if she did sing second to Miss Shirreff, it would not disgrace her. We are sorry to be so severe upon this young lady, to whom we have always felt disposed to lend our feeble support; and the very chastisement we are now inflicting may be considered a proof of our regard.

Concerti di Camera.—The first of these beautiful concerts took place on Saturday November 7th, and the second Saturday November the 21st. The first went extremely well, with the exception of Mozart’s quartet in E flat, which was feebly given. The second concert went almost without a blemish. At the former were given Onslow’s 12th quintet, Dr. Arne’s song—"When forced from dear Hebe to go," Mozart’s quartet in E flat, Hummel’s grand septuo in D minor, Schubert’s song—"Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," and Beethoven’s quartet in F of the set dedicated to Count Razoumofsky. The pieces selected for the latter concert were Onslow’s 11th quintet, Hummel’s song of Yarico to her lover, Beethoven’s quartet in C of the set dedicated to Count Razoumofsky, Spohr’s grand quintet in C minor, Weber’s song—"Ei va! non m’ode più," and Mendelssohn’s Otetto in E flat.

We were much struck with the beautiful and truly intellectual performance of Mr. Blagrove on the violin, Mr. C. Lucas on the violoncello, and Mr. C. Salaman on the piano-forte. These young professors will certainly rise very high. In the first concert Mr. Parry, jun. sang Dr. Arne’s song extremely well, and Mrs. Bishop gave the German song very beautifully. In the second concert, Mr. Hobbs sang with feeling, but his intonation was a little imperfect. With regard to Miss Bruce, we give her the benefit of our silence.—In the second concert, a little confusion arose in one of the pieces, from not repeating the parts. For fear of rendering the pieces too long, the parts were not repeated. This was a mistake. Those who have taste to relish this classical music, would prefer hearing it as it is written. Such mutilations are never practised on the continent.
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Dinner & Morning Dresses.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1835.

SITTING FIGURE.—DINNER DRESS.

Dress of sapphire blue satin, with mantilla of blond. Short melon sleeves of satin under long sleeves of blond lace, excessively full at the top, formed tight to the wrist, and finished with three narrow bands of satin. The hair is dressed low at the back, and an elegant comb, forming a coronet, encircles the plait.

STANDING FIGURE.—MORNING DRESS.

Peignoir of Swiss muslin of a rich fouldar pattern, the pelerines and front of the dress trimmed with a Harlequin ruche of riband. It is worn with a simple cap of blond lace, trimmed with a milie ruyes riband of peach blossom.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Lightness and simplicity are this month the characteristics of fashion, but it is a simplicity as expensive as it is tasteful: the rich satins, velvets, and furs of winter costume were not in reality more costly than the comparatively plain attire of the present month.

The most novel morning dresses are peignoirs of French cambrie trimmed with Valenciennes lace; they are closed down the front of the skirt by four or five knots formed by cambrie, bands trimmed with Valenciennes. The sleeves of those dresses have not varied in form, but they have certainly diminished in size, though not to a very great degree. The pelerines are round, they are also closed by cambrie knots edged with lace, but of smaller size than those on the skirt. The ceinture corresponds. We have seen also some of these dresses open in front, and trimmed round with a double row of the same material festooned. A double pelerine bordered to correspond is always worn with a peignoir of this kind.

Coloured organdy embroidered in white, in a shower of hail pattern, is also in favour for morning peignoirs. The favourite colours are blue, pale rose, and straw. There is no trimming, the dress and pelerine being simply bordered with a very broad hem. The collars worn with these dresses are very beautiful, richly embroidered, and trimmed with very broad English point, or foreign lace. The ceinture and the neck knot is of rich riband corresponding with the ground of the dress, and figured in white.

Half transparent materials as mousseline de laine, mousseline cachemire, &c. &c., and also silks, particularly those of the new plaized patterns, though not at this moment on account of the warmth of the weather, so generally adopted as organdy, or cambrie, are yet fashionable; they are made in the pelisse style, and are worn over richly embroidered muslin dresses.

Although silk bonnets and hats are fashionable, that is to say those of pone de soie, cocarde, and gros de Naples glacé, yet those of rice straw continue in a decided majority. Italian straw, which in the beginning of last month seemed getting into favour, is but very partially worn.

We may decidedly announce that the brims of hats and bonnets are larger, particularly those of Italian straw; the brim descends very low upon the cheeks, but does not sit close like the bonnets of last season; on the contrary, it is wide round the face, as well as over the forehead. Bonnets close at the sides of the face are decidedly unfashionable. The crowns of both hats and bonnets are large, and we see that curtains of an unbecoming width and depth are universally adopted for the latter; curtain veils of blonde illusion or dentelle de soie are generally attached to the brims of silk bonnets. We observe that white ones are in a decided majority, but light green, and very pale shades of rose and straw are also fashionable.

Several new kinds of flowers, partly exotics and partly fancy flowers, the invention of fashionable florists, have appeared since our last number; they are all of delicate form and colours; long light sprigs are most in favour for bouquets. Wreaths of different flowers, particularly of moss roses, both white and rose, are a good deal employed to trim rice straw
hats and bonnets. A new riband called ruban chinon which has also just appeared, is getting much into favour for the decoration of hats: it is of six different colours, very tastefully mingled in patterns of an original but rather bizarre kind. It is certainly novel and striking, but in our opinion very inferior in beauty to the ruban fleur de champs.

The demi peignoir form is frequently adopted in evening negligés, for which a new material has just appeared; it is clear muslin figured in white; the patterns are various and extremely pretty; the effect is altogether novel. These dresses are generally trimmed with lace. Plain organdy is much in favour for robes, several of which are embroidered in feather stitch down the fronts and round the border in the tunic style. The corsages, made low and plain behind, are embroidered round the top, and disposed in front, from the band of embroidery at top to the bottom of the waist, in small longitudinal plaits. Short full sleeves surmounted by a richly embroidered mancheron. Crape and rice straw are equally in favour for evening dress hats; the former are principally white or rose. A good many of these hats are trimmed with moss roses, but a still greater number with exotics, or newly invented flowers. Several of those of rice straw are trimmed with feathers, others with flowers, and some with a mixture of both. We may cite as one of the most elegant of the latter, a hat with a wide brim, lined with oiseau crape, and trimmed on each side next the face with half wreathe of small roses of a very delicate shade of rose colour; the crown was decorated with oiseau gauze ribands fringed with rose colour, and two long curled ostrich feathers oiseau tipped with rose. No change this month in fashionable colours.

Costume of Paris.—By a Parisian Correspondent.

The excessive warmth of the weather has at this moment brought clear muslin very much into favour. Some of the most novel promenade robes are composed of printed or figured organdy; they are made open at the sides and worn with pelerines of the same materials; the robe and pelerine are bordered with a trimming festooned in cockades in the same colours as those of the robe. Riband bracelets, and ceinture also to correspond, complete one of our most fashionable promenade toilettes. Plain organdy robes, lined with coloured gros de Naples, are still very fashionable, though so long in favour; they are a good deal adopted in half dress; so are muslin striped in thick and thin stripes, and printed in small delicate patterns in lilac, rose, or blue. Pelerines corresponding with robes are trimmed in different manners, but always with the material of the dress. Some have the trimming narrow and double, so as to produce the same effect as a ruche. It is sometimes edged with very narrow Valenciennes: other trimmings are festooned in small dents; some of this latter kind also are very deep, but they are festooned in crêpes de chag, and diminish gradually in front as they descend to the waist.

Shawls are adopted for the evening promenade. Some composed of silk of a very rich but soft and light kind, are of large plaid patterns. Others, more appropriate to the season, are of mousseline Cashmere of beautiful delicate patterns. Persian shawls and the schalles Bosphore are of silk twilled in damask patterns, rich looking but light.

Some rich new plain silks are fashionable for hats and bonnets, but figured materials are quite out of favour, Paillié de Biais and paillié d'Italie are in fact the only coiffures adopted by ladies of distinction, the latter are not however by any means so fashionable as the former.

A trimming much in favour for both, is composed of two sprigs of foliage of different shades of green, issuing from a knot of white riband, or else a wreath of flowers; the only riband employed with this latter ornament is that which forms the brides. Another exceedingly pretty style of trimming is a melange of blenets, coquelicots, and épis, arranged in a wreath.

The fêtes of Tivoli, and the rural balls in the environs of Paris, are this month very well attended. The dresses are all of the demi toilette kind, principally distinguished for their elegant simplicity. The robes are mostly of organdy, either plain, plaided in light colours, or embroidered in colours. The only very novel dresses were the robes, both made alike, worn by two beautiful sisters of high fashion. They were composed of organdy, trimmed round the top of the corsage with a drapery of the same material edged with lace; it was set on square round the top, but formed folds, which had a very graceful effect on the back and front, and a mancheron of a very novel form, in the centre of which was a knot of riband. Two smaller draperies forming folds only, ornamented the lower part of the body, and the same kind of trimming, disposed en tablier, descended on the front of the skirt; it was bordered on each side by a wreath of riband arranged in a very novel manner. The head dresses were, with scarcely an exception, rice straw hats. Scarfs of the rich new ruban Ceres, ornamented with a wreath of épis and field flowers. Fashionable colours are the same as last month, but white is most in request.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.


Shortly will be published, in two volumes,

"Greece and the Levant, or Diary of a Summer's Excursion in 1834." By the Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D. of St. John's College, Cambridge, author of "The Topography and Antiquities of Rome."

"Roman-British Coins; or, Coins of the Romans, struck in and relating to the province of Britain." By J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A.

In 4to., the first part of 148 plates of "Roman Coins and Medals." By the late Rev. John Glen King, D.D, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c.

"The Court and Country Companion" is preparing for immediate publication. It will give authentic instructions for Presentations at Court, and for attending Royal Levées and Drawing-rooms, as well as correct tables of Precedence among all British ranks and departments; directions for Epistolary Correspondence, Forms of Addresses, Memorials, Petitions, &c.

"What is a Comet, Papa? or, a Familiar Description of Comets, more particularly of Halley's Comet," to which is prefixed a slight account of the other Heavenly Bodies, for the Use of Young Persons—is in the press.

"The Young Travellers in South America." By G. A. Being a popular introduction to the history of that most interesting region of the globe. 1 vol.

The second volume of the standard French works, containing the third and fourth volumes of the Paris edition of "La Martise's Voyage," will appear in the course of the present month.

"The Prime Minister," a Poem, dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, which has been so long announced, will be certainly published on the 4th instant.

The second part of that excellent elementary work, "The French Teacher," by Rene Aliva, author of "The Anti-Spelling," will be ready in the course of this week.

"My Note-Book Sketches on the Continent." By John McGregor, Esq., author of "British America."

Lady Dacre's new work, entitled "Tales of the Peasage and Peasantry," is just ready.

"Fortitude, a Tale." By Mrs. Holland.


BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On Saturday, June 20th, at Beverley, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Inglis Stewart, of a son.
At Naxton, the lady of the Hon. the Dean of Windsor, of a daughter.
At Appleby, Leicestershire, the lady of the Rev. John M. Echalaz, rector of that parish, of a son.
At Woolwich, the lady of J. M. Savage, Esq., Royal Horse Artillery, of a son.
At Kneesworth House, Cambridgeshire, Mrs. Bendysh, of a son.
In Devonshire Place, the lady of W. Selby Lowndes, junior, of Barrington Hall, Essex, Esq., of a daughter.
At Oldford, Mrs. Thomas Wicksteed, of a daughter.
In Myddelton Square, the lady of S. L. Giffard, LL.D., of a son.
At Holywell, Lincolnshire, the lady of H. Champion Partridge, Esq., of a daughter.
At Camberwell, Mrs. T. Browne, of a daughter.
In Tavistock Place, the lady of F. Giesler, Esq., of a daughter.
At Scarborough, Yorkshire, the lady of James Hall, Esq., of a son.
At Wakehurst Place, Sussex, the lady of John Fairlie, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Chester-le-Street, Richard Pierre Butler, Esq., eldest son of Sir Thomas Butler, Bart., of Ballin Temple, Carlow, to Matilda, second and youngest daughter of Thomas Cookson, Esq., of Hermitage, Durham.
Hugh Hamersley, Esq., of Pyrton, Oxfordshire, to Philippa Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Philips, Esq., of Culham House.
At Stockport parish church, the Rev. J. S. Bolden, M. A., of Undercroft, Lancashire, son of John Bolden, Esq., of Hyning, in the same county, to Eliza, daughter of George Andrew, Esq., of Greenhill, Cheshire.
At Woburn, Bedfordshire, by the Rev. Henry Hutton, M.A., Mr. John Cochran, of the Strand, London, to Elizabeth, sixth daughter of Mr. George Hall, of Woburn.
At Ryde, Isle of Wight, by the Rev. T. V. Fosbery, the Hon. and Rev. Musgrave Alured Harris, youngest son of the late Lord Harris, and incumbent of Southborough, Kent, to Georgiana, daughter of the late William Fosbery, Esq., of Limerick.

DEATHS.

At Sittingbourne, W. H. Walker, of the Hon. East India Company’s Service, to Frances, daughter of the late Richard Bathurst, Esq., of Sittingbourne.
At Hornsey, Mr. W. A. Elston, of Bugbrooke, Northamptonshire, to Ellen Frances, eldest daughter of W. Lea, Esq., of Tullington Park.

At his brother’s residence at Windsor, the Right Hon. the Earl of Courtown, in the 70th year of his age.
At Wollaton House, the Right Hon. Lord Middleton, in the 70th year of his age.
In Upper Brook Street, Her Grace the Duchess of Argyle, in the 61st year of her age.
In Marlborough Street, Bath, most sincerely and deservedly respected. Sarah Eliza, relict of Lieut.-Colonel Noble, 67th Regiment.
In the 22d year of his age, Mr. Robert Charles Skynner, a pupil of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, and second son of Robert Skynner, Esq., of Mortimer Street.
At his house in Edinburgh, David George Sandeman, Esq., of Springland, Perthshire, in his 78th year.
At Bath, Sarah Elizabeth, relict of Lieut.-Col. Noble, 67th Regiment.
At Cambridge, in her 82d year, Mrs. Pearce, widow of the Rev. Dr. William Pearce, Dean of Ely, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Walter Serocold, of Cherry Newton, Cambridgeshire.
At Devonshire Place, in his 46th year, George Thornton Bayley, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s Civil Service, on the Bengal Establishment.
At Hawick, Thomas Miller, Esq.
At Cowes, the Right Hon. Mary the Baroness of Kirkcudbright, wife of Robert Davies, Esq., R.N.
In Sloane Street, Sarah, wife of the Rev. T. R. Wrench.
Ann, wife of William Clark, Esq., of Chertsey.
At Moor’s Cottage, Dorset, Elizabeth Mary, the wife of the Rev. R. Ness, DD., Rector of West Parley.
At Winwick, Lancashire, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Cloughton, Esq., aged 15 years.
At the Mansion-house, after a long illness, in the 16th year of his age, John, the youngest son of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.
MORNING DRESS.

Of rich foulard silk, of a plaid pattern—the body folded to one side, and the dress fastened down with bows of plaid riband. Small cambric collar of French embroidery. Paille de ris hat with a trimming of pink and blush-roses, and pale green riband.

FULL EVENING DRESS.

Of cream-white satin, the body made perfectly plain and tight. Short full sleeves, with a double mantilla of deep blonde, fastened in the centre and on the shoulder with bouquets of roses. Three bands of riband edged with narrow blonde trims the petticote, each terminated by a bow and bouquet of roses. Grenadine scarf of pale pink—gold ear-rings—the hair twisted at the back, and a wreath of roses on the forehead.

WALKING DRESS.

Pelisse of Swiss muslin, lined with primrose silk, double capes finished with a ruche of primrose riband continuing down the front. Bonnet of white crape, with a wreath of roses round the crown and falling blonde veil.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Promenade dress is at this moment of the lightest description; cambric, organdy, worked muslin, or striped muslin printed in the lightest and most delicate patterns, are its materials. The form is in general of the peignoir kind; the loose corsage is generally confined round the waist by a broad ceinture of plaid riband, the ground is white, the squares blue, green, or rose. A broad riband of the same description forms the sautoir or scarf. The bottines should be of Gros de Naples, the colour of unbleached cambric. As to the bonnet, those of rice straw are still the most in favour; and nothing can be better adapted for élégant négligé than those that have the crown placed almost horizontally, the brim round, and of moderate width, and the trimming consisting only of a single knot of white riband on the crown, and a full of plain dentelle de soie at the edge of the brim. White is, indeed, so very much the mode, that we see few coloured bonnets, and those are always of one colour only. We may cite among the prettiest morning bonnets those of gros de Naples, the colour of unbleached cambric lined with rose-coloured crape, and trimmed with gauze riband corresponding with the bonnet, but plaited in very small rose stripes. Morning bonnets have, for the most part, the brims placed horizontally, they are wider than those of the last two seasons, and generally trimmed en cornette with blond and ribands.

Italian straw hats are somewhat more in favour than they were last month, but they are now trimmed with white feathers and white ribands only. The only hats, however, that can be said to be highly fashionable, are those of rice straw. We have no change to announce in their form, but there is great variety in the manner of trimming them. Some have a narrow cordon of flowers placed on each side in the interior of the brim, instead of blond, and a very light bouquet of flowers in the front of the crown. Others, trimmed in the interior with blond only, have the bouquet that adorns the crown divided; it is partly placed perpendicularly on the crown, and partly droops upon the brim. Wreaths, and particularly half wreaths of flowers, are also in favour for hats. White gauze ribands, both quadrilled and figured, are very fashionable. The flowers most in request are Easter daisies, blue bottles, bell flowers, convolvulus, heath blossoms, and moss roses, with several species of exoties.

Cambric is much in favour in half dress. Some of these robes, made à la Vierge, have the centre of the front of the corsage small plaited in compartments, between each of which is a rich embroidery. Others have the corsage ornamented with three bouillons, which form it in the shawl style, and sleeves à la Française de Foix; they are long and consist of five bouillons, which decrease progressively as they approach the wrist. The sleeve is surmounted by an epaulette of a very novel form, composed of cut riband which floats over it, and is partially concealed by a riband scarf to correspond. Another and very pretty style of half dress, is a pelisse of clear muslin with a
high corsage plaited in very small plaits, with a large square collar, embroidered above the hem, and also at the sides of the corsage, and the fronts of the robe in a wreath of ivy in various shades of green. The under dress of white pou de soie, had the corsage low and square, with beret sleeves smaller than usual; those of the pelisse were à la Chinoise, long, loose, and of the very largest size, they were embroidered to correspond.

We have no actual novelty to record in the make of dresses, but the diminution in the size of sleeves is very evident, if it continues to go on in this manner we shall by the beginning of winter have them of a very reasonable size. Pelerines continue as much in favour as ever, and almost all are cut out so as to display the shape in front: We except, of course, those that are fur coats, but do not meet before. We must not forget to observe that manchettes are indispensable with long sleeves; they vary according to the form of the dress, and the time of day. Some very pretty chapeaux-capotes have recently appeared in evening dress, they are composed of transparent gauze, the majority are white, but we see also some of rose, blue, and lilac. They are trimmed with gauze ribands to correspond, and very light sprigs of flowers; those of black blond lace trimmed with foulard gauze ribands of pale rose colour, and moss roses, are exceedingly elegant. Fashionable colours are rose and green of light shades, lavender bloom, dust colour, and blue.

COSTUME OF PARIS.—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

The elite of fashion is at this moment at Baden, Dieppe, and other fashionable watering-places. Dress, both for the promenade and evening parties, is distinguished by extreme but tasteful simplicity. White predominates. Some of the most novel dresses are peignoirs of cambric, with a trimming festooned in cocks-combs. Robes of Indian mull muslin, trimmed with a single deep flounce round the border, are beginning to come into favour. These latter are worn either with embroidered pelerines or riband scarfs. The most fashionable among the former are the pelerines à la Cauchoise. They are cut so as partially to display the throat, and are worn both in négligé and half dress. Those of cambric, with a trimming of the same small plaited, are very generally adopted in the first; and those of very fine clear Indian muslin, embroidered above the hem, and edged with English or Brussels point lace, are considered most elegant in the latter.

The brims, both of hats and bonnets, have again augmented in width. Several have the interior trimmed with brides of blond lace, attached at each side by a tuft of ribands. White bonnets are in a majority; those of silk are principally pou de soie, or gros de l’Europe, but they are few in number compared with those of rice straw. Evening dresses are principally white; a few are of gauze over pou de soie, but the greater number are of Indian muslin.

Those that are made in the robe form have the corsages in general à la Tyrolienne, but the pelisse form is more in favour. Several of these latter are worn over coloured pou de soie slips. One that has just appeared is in clear muslin, made open at the side, but fastened by knots of muslin lined with cherry-coloured pou de soi corresponding with the slip. The sides of the pelisse and also the trimming was edged with lace, very broad on the pelisse, but narrow on the knots. Several robes are embroidered both round the border and up the fronts in wreaths of coloured flowers, or in foliage of different shades of silk.

Caps of English point lace are very fashionable in evening dress. They are trimmed in a very novel style with flowers and barbes of point so arranged as to partially droop over the flowers. This style of decoration has a very becoming effect, but the flowers must be of the lightest kind.

Hats are also in great favour. We see some of crepe, but they are comparatively few, those of rice straw being far more numerous. We may cite, as one of the prettiest of the latter, a hat with a very wide brim descending very low at the sides, the interior trimmed with blond lace brides, and a tuft of white moss rose-buds placed on one side, and drooping on the hair. The crown is decorated with a wreath of white moss rose-buds, terminated by a large white rose slightly tinged with red, and damasked gauze ribands of the palest tint of rose.

Head-dresses of hair are at this moment principally distinguished by their simplicity; but there is no settled fashion for them, curls, braids, or loops being adopted for them according to the taste of the wearer. Some Chinese coiffures have appeared, but they are too generally unbecoming to be popular. The same variety prevails for the hind hair. Some ladies wear it in high interlaced bows; others have it arranged in plaited braids, and wound round the head in the style of a coronet. Others have a single round bow at the back of the head, from which a tuft of ringlets escape and fall nearly to the neck. A good many coiffures are decorated with natural flowers; those most in favour are half-blown roses arranged either in a wreath or a bouquet, which is placed on one side. Fashionable colours are the lighter shades of rose, blue, lilac, straw-colour, green and cherry.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Quin's New Work, a Voyage on the Danube, is on the eve of publication.
Mr. St. John's New Work, entitled Tales of the Ramad 'Ham is just ready.
Sentiment not Principle. 2 vols.
Westall and Martin's Illustrations of the New Testament are in preparation.
Among other novelties in preparation, we may announce that Lady Morgan is engaged upon a work which has occupied her attention for some years, and which will probably offer a new view of a subject often, but not happily, treated by others. The Life of Scott is, we hear, so far advanced, that the first volume may be expected in October.
A rumour has just reached us of Mrs. Butler's arrival in town — (with the rest of her Journals).— Athenæum.
The Coquette, and other Tales and Sketches, in Prose and Verse, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.
The Prime Minister, a Poem, dedicated to Sir Robert Peel.
The Second Part of the French Language its own Teacher, by Rene Aliva.
Standard French Works, vol. 2nd; being the 3rd and 4th of De Lamartine's Voyage en l'Orient.
Erneste, a Romance, being the 15th and concluding volume of the Library of Romance.
Stanly. A Novel. 3 vols.
Mephistophiles in England, 3 vols.
Hope's History of Architecture, 2 vols.
royal 8vo.
Rev. Vere Monro's Travels in Syria.
Life of James IL 4to.
Woman as she is. 2 vols.
Autobiography of an Irish Traveller. 3 vols.
Octavia Elphinstone, by Mary Ann Tallant.
2 vols.
Thurlstone Tales, by the Author of Tales of a Voyager. 2 vols.
The Young Queen. A Tale. 3 vols.
The Monnikins, a Tale, by the Author of the Spy, Pilot, &c. 3 vols.
Hoskin's Travels in Ethiopia. 4to., plates.
Rae Wilson's Record of a Route through France and Italy. 8vo.
Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry. Edited by Lady Ducre.
Patrick Sherriff's Tour through North America. 2 vols.
BIRTHS.

The lady of the Right Honourable Sir Stratford Canning of a daughter.
At Woburn Place, Mrs. John Miller of a son.
At Highbury, Mrs. W. L. Hanley of a daughter.
At Cambridge, the lady of Montagu Ainslie, Esq., of a son.
At Brompton, the wife of the Rev. Woodhouse Laver of a son.
On Carlton Terrace, the Marchioness of Abercorn of a daughter.
At Long Ditton, the lady of James Campbell, jun., Esq., of a daughter.
At Bath, the lady of J. J. Coney, Esq., of a daughter.
In Queen Square, St James's Park, Mrs. W. Standage of a daughter.
Mrs. John Freeman of Milbank Row, of a daughter.
In Great Cumberland Street, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Douglas of a daughter.
In Sloane Street, Mrs. W. Lee of a daughter.
In Hans Place, the lady of C. C. Young, Esq., of a daughter.
At Broadstairs, the lady of F. O. Dickins, Esq., of Upper Stamford Street, of a son.
At Walthamstow, the lady of the Rev. T. Dry, of a daughter.
The lady of S. Levison, Esq., Brunswick Square, of a daughter.
At Dulwich, the lady of E. Chapman, Esq., of a son.
Mrs. John Wright, Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, of a daughter.
At Hammersmith, the lady of Arthur Walfor, Esq., of a son.
At Springfield, Norwood, Mrs. Richard E. Townsend, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, the Rev. J. P. Lightfoot, to Elizabeth Anne, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Le Blanc, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.
At Patchhall, in the county of Stafford, by the Rev. Robert Wrottesley, Francis Charles Fitzroy, fourth son of the late Lord Henry Fitzroy, to Caroline Octavia, youngest daughter of Sir George Pigot, Bart.
At Fordhook, the Right Hon. Lord King, to the Hon. Augusta Ada, only daughter of the late Lord Byron.

At St. Pancras New Church, W. Weisau, Esq., of Trieste, to Catherine Josephine, second daughter of Theodore Gavar, Esq., of Tavistock Square.
At Brighton, James Young, Esq., merchant, London, to Mary Ann, daughter of William Wigney, Esq., Banker.
At St. Pancras Church, Richard Owen, Esq., F. R. S., to Caroline Amelia, only daughter of William Clift, Esq., F. R. S., Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.
At Angmering, the Rev. George Archdall, D. D., Master of Emmanuel College, in the University of Cambridge, to Jemima Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Kinleides, Rector of Angmering, in the county of Sussex.

DEATHS.

At Peover Hall, Cheshire, Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir H. Mainwaring, Bart.
At Madeira, William John Hughes, Esq., aged 24.
At the Achada, Madeira, William Penfold, Esq.
In Bernard Street, Russell Square, Charles de Constant, Esq., aged 73.
Elizabeth, wife of Charles Smith, of Cecil Street, Strand, aged 44.
At Clifton, Caroline, wife of L. P. Madden, Esq., M. C.
At Lisbon, Charles O'Neill, Esq., of that place.
At his residence, Dunstable, Thomas Burr, Esq., much esteemed and regretted by all who knew him.
At Stoke Newington, Grizell Allen, wife of William Allen.
George Hobson, Esq., of Great Marylebone Street, surgeon, aged 64.
Mary Caroline, eldest daughter of Edmund Robert Daniell, Esq., of Russell Square, aged four years and a half.
At Portsmouth, suddenly, Frances Emily, only daughter of the late Sir Francis Milman, Bart., aged 47.
Frances Annabella, wife of William Asheton, of Downham Hall, in the county of Lancaster, Esq., and daughter of the late William Cockayne, of Rushton Hall, Northamptonshire.
After a few days' illness, at her house, in Abingdon Street, Anna Maria, relief of John Kemp, sen., Esq., late of Blackheath, Kent.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1835.

BREAKFAST DRESS.

Peignoir of mousseline d’Alger. Trimming of full riband, the colours to correspond, which finishes the cape and front; a ruff of blonde lace goes round the throat. Bonnets of paillte de ris, with a bird of Paradise.

THE DINNER DRESS.

Is composed of a brocaded silk, the ground of which is white, with a small rich pattern of green and lilac, slightly interspersed with gold colour. The corsage drapé, epaulettes and chemisette of blond lace. Long sleeves of soft French tulle. Hat of paillte de ris, with one long white ostrich feather.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is to Brighton, Cheltenham, and the other fashionable watering-places that we must resort this month for whatever is most worthy of notice in the toilettes of our élégantes. Muslin is almost the only material adopted for robes or peignoirs in promenade dress; white is in majority, but we see also printed muslins of very delicate patterns and colours. These latter are made in the robe form, and worn with mantelet-pecelines of cambrie. Some of these, rounded behind, and with the ends short and crossed in front, are of two falls; the second fall forming a kind of lappel, which has a novel appearance. The collar fitting close to the neck descends in front in a point. The border of each fall and of the collar is embroidered in a light pattern, and edged with Valenciennes lace. Cambrie pecelines rounded behind, and terminating in sharp points in front, are also adopted with printed muslins; they are composed of one fall and a deep collar, the border of each is tightly embroidered, and finished with a deep trimming of plaited cambrie scalloped round the edge. These pecelines are very neat and gentlemanly. Peignoirs of cambrie, and of clear muslin, are as fashionable as ever, but the latter are now very seldom lined. A good many have a coloured riband run through the broad hem that encircles the peignoir and the peceline. Others are embroidered. There is some diminution, but as yet not a very great one, in the width of the skirts of dresses. Sleeves have visibly diminished in size. Some black real lace mantlets of the scarf kind have just appeared, they are edged with a single row of black lace attached to a rouleau of black satin. Some very pretty drawn bonnets have appeared in half dress, they are of rose-coloured mou de soie, glazed with white. The crown is of moderate height, and not placed so backward as those of bonnets in general. The brim is round, rather deep, and very open; these bonnets are very little trimmed, a knot of gauze riband, or a light sprig of flowers, are the only ornaments adopted for them.

The new hats most remarkable for their simple elegance are of rice straw; they are a little of the demi capote shape, the crown rather backward, but not at all of the cone form; the brim long and open; it is trimmed underneath with a light small sprig of flowers, or else a small tuft of field flowers of different hues. A white gauze riband encircles the crown, and a sprig of flowers issuing from it on one side droops in the form of an arch to the other.

Hats of fine Italian straw of the demi capote form are also in request. The most novel are those trimmed with a bouquet of corn flowers and ripe ears of corn; the bouquet is divided by a knot of white gauze riband in such a manner that one half of it rests upon the brim, and the other is placed upright at the base of the crown. A bavolet of exquisitely broad riband is placed at the back of the crown, and brought very forward in front; it is not indeed quite so unbecoming as those we noticed some time since that cross before, but yet it is highly disadvantageous to the figure, and the purpose for which it is adopted, that of shielding the neck from the sun, might be as easily answered by the neck knot, or collar.

Parasols are this season of a very large size. Some of figured gros de Naples have appeared, but they are not much in favour. Those most in request are of white gros de Naples, with a rose-wood stick and a small gold head. Open worked silk gloves are almost the only ones adopted for the promenade; they are of light colours.

Organdy, either plain or embroidered, continues to be the favourite material in evening dress. We have seen some embroidered fine Cashmere worsted in a shower of hail, or in very small patterns of a rather bizarre kind. The corsages are low, and draped. A fichu à la
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1835.

Vierge, placed inside of the corsage, is generally adopted with a robe of this kind. Some of those of plain organdy have the corsage square, and entirely disposed in small longitudinal plaits; it is edged with Valenciennes lace, standing up round the bust, the sleeves are of the single bouffant kind, finished with a row of Valenciennes. We should observe that the lace both on the bust and sleeves is attached to a small white satin rouleau. The front of the skirt is ornamented en tablier, with a rouleau to which lace is attached; it is disposed en coquille, and a small light knot of riband of a novel form is placed in the centre of each ornament.

The hair in evening dress is now generally worn in soft braids or platted loops in front, indeed the excessive heat renders it very difficult to keep it in curl. Caps are much in favour, particularly those à la Jeannette, and à la paysanne. They are both of a simple form, the first has a low caul; the front is arranged rather deep at the sides, but does not extend at all on the forehead. Some of the prettiest of these caps are ornamented with a rosette of white satin placed rather far back upon the caul, and small tufts of white lilac inserted among the plaits of the front. The bridles which are carelessly tied under the chin are generally of lace. The bonnets à la paysanne have also a small low crown, the trimming of the front is less voluminous; they are ornamented in a very light style, some have only a single rose placed immediately over the forehead. The bridles, always of lace and of the lappet kind, are very long and rich.

Jewellery is at this moment of a tasteful and simple description. Among the new articles that have appeared for half dress, we may cite as peculiarly elegant those necklaces sitting close to the neck, formed of a small round gmasse of gold; a second descends from the centre, and hangs low upon the breast, a trinket in the shape of a heart, or some other bijou of fancy, is attached to it. The ferroiriére has again come into favour in evening dress, but is now very narrow. Those small gmasses are employed for that purpose, with a pretty bijou of a very small size placed in the centre; it may be a butterfly, a flower, or any other fancy ornament in enamelled gold, or precious stones. No change in fashionable colours this month.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Our celebrated couturières and marchands des modes are at this moment busily employed in expedititing robes, chapeaux, &c. &c. to Baden, Dieppe, and Boulogne-sur-Mer, particularly to the latter place, which now boasts the élite of Parisian society.

Among the robes, we may cite one of muslin striped in alternate thick and thin very narrow stripes, with a plain low corsage trimmed with broad lace, which falls very full over the back and shoulders, the ends being brought in the fichu style across the bosom, and there gathered in folds under a jewelled agrafe, thus forming a drapery of a novel and very becoming kind. Sleeves of the beret form, and of very moderate size, terminated by lace manchets. A single flounce of lace, corresponding with that on the body, encircled the border. An open robe of Indian muslin also merits our notice. The corsage of the half-pelisse form was cut low, and trimmed with a pelerine lappel very richly emboidered. Long sleeves, confined at the lower part of the arm in three places by bands of embroidered muslin, each fastened by a small knot of rose-coloured gauze riband. The skirt was embroidered round the border and at the sides in a very rich pattern; it opened on the left side, which was ornamented by five knots of embroidered muslin trimmed with narrow lace, and lined with rose-coloured riband. This is one of the most elegant half-dress robes that we have seen for a considerable time.

Lingerie continues as much in favour as ever. The fichus à la paysanne are adopted both in morning négligé, and evening dress. In the first they are composed of organdy or Indian muslin muslin, and trimmed with English lace or pointed tulle. For evening négligé they are thickly strewed with sprigs in feather-stitch, and trimmed with Mechlin lace; and when they are worn with silk or other rich materials, the fichu is composed of application de Bruxelles, and trimmed with lace of the same kind. One of this latter description has just been sent to a celebrated leader of fashion now at Boulogne, to be worn with a robe of pou de soie Chiné, rose and grey. The corsage, in crossed drapery, was trimmed with a lappel festooned and lightly embroidered in the two colours of the robe. Double bouffant sleeves of moderate size. The skirt was trimmed with a deep flounce, festooned and embroidered to correspond with the lappel, but the festoons much larger.

Céintures tied in front, or at the side, are now almost constantly adopted in evening dress; ceinture buckles are consequently but little worn. The riband must be very broad and rich, doubled round the waist, and the ends long. Crape and rice straw are equally in favour for evening dress hats. Some of the latter have the brim of a small size, and very open; it is trimmed in the interior with a wreath of red moss rose buds placed next the face. The crown is decorated with a sprig of roses attached on one side. This is a very youthful and becoming style of hat. Other rice straw have the brims much larger. The crown is low and trimmed with a sprig of flowers, or sometimes with a single flower only.
The hat is placed very far back upon the head, so as to display the hair, which is profusely ornamented with flowers. Diadems of flowers, or wreaths small in the centre, but forming full tufts at the sides, are among the prettiest ornaments for the hair with these hats. This style of head dress, though elegant, is neither so youthful nor so becoming as the one above cited.

Rose-coloured and flesh coloured kid leather gloves are most fashionable. There is no settled fashion at present for fans. We see them of all sorts, from those that were fashionable in Louis XIV's time to those that have been lately in favour. The principal thing is to have a fan as unlike as possible to other people's, something original—_distingué_. The same may be said, but in a greater degree, of bracelets. An _élégante_ pays her jeweller double, may treble the price that her bracelets otherwise would be, on condition that he does not make them for any one else. Thus there are a thousand different models, among which we may cite as very distinguished the _Collera de Chien_ in _or bruni_, with a rich clasp of coloured gems, or a cameo, to which a ring is suspended by a little chain; the ring can be put on over the gloves. Fashionable colours are the same as last month, but white, and rose of a peculiarly delicate shade, are predominant.

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**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**

The Publisher of the Comic Almanack intends some addition to the number and variety of that class of publications which the repeal of the stamp has given rise to. Among others, will be _Vox Populi_; _Poor Richard's Almanack_, with portraits of Public Characters, &c.; _Almanack for the Table_, &c. &c.

Among the novelties for the forthcoming season, we have to announce a new work, to be called the _English Annual_, two volumes of which have already appeared; but the whole of the editions have been exported to America and the continent. The volume, in consequence of certain facilities which the proprietor exclusively enjoys, is in a form considerably larger and cheaper than similar publications, in all respects equal to them in graphic and literary contents.

The _Oriental Annual_ for 1836, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D., will exceed either of its predecessors in the variety and beauty of the illustrations, from the pencil of W. Daniell, Esq., R.A., as the great success of the last two years has encouraged the proprietor to spare no expense to render it still more worthy of public patronage.

The interesting Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa of Nathaniel Isaacs, Esq., are nearly ready.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D., author of the _Oriental Annual_, is engaged upon a new series of that popular work, the Romance of History, which will contain the romantic annals of that truly interesting country, India.

The same gentleman is preparing a second series of his Sermons for immediate publication.

_A History of the Conquest of Florida, by_ Theodore Irving, dedicated to his uncle, Washington Irving, Esq., will be published in a few days.

A very useful and cheap publication has just commenced, under the title of _The Magazine of Domestic Economy_. It is conducted with spirit, and will, we doubt not, have an extensive circulation. It ought to be in the possession of every family.

The concluding volumes of the _Memoirs of Mirabeau and Talleyrand_ are just ready. The former is only waiting for a splendid portrait, which will accompany it.

Dr. Hogg's _Travels in the East_ will appear early in the present month.

Miss Landon has, we hear, nearly completed the printing of her new poem, _The Vow of the Peacock_.

Mr. Chorley has in the press a series of _Tales_, the scenes of which are, we believe, chiefly laid in Italy.

Mr. Grimshawe's edition of _Cowper_ is drawing near its conclusion. The eighth volume is now ready, entitled _The Poetry of Life_.

A second edition of Mr. Bulver's new work, _The Student_, will appear in a few days.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery has nearly ready for publication a fourth edition, revised, of _Satan_, a poem.

Mr. Jameson has just committed to the press a third edition of _The CharacteristicsofWomen_.

The second and concluding volume of _M. de J o q u e v i l l e's Democracy in America_, translated by Mr. Reeve, with a map of the United States, is now ready.

_Burgess's Greece_, 2 vols.

_Bowring's Minor Morals_, vol. 2nd.

_Life of the late William Cobbett_.

_Corinne_, abridged, plates.

_Career of Don Carlos_, by the Baron de Los Valles, 6vo.

_Sunday_, a Poem, by the author of the _Mechanic's Saturday Night_.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Kent House, Knightsbridge, the Lady of T. H. Lester, Esq., of a daughter.
At the lady of the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls, of a son.
At Canonbury, Mrs. Wainwright, of a son.
At Aberdeen, the lady of J. Forbes, Esq., of a son.
At Westwood, Surrey, the lady of L. A. Cousen, Esq., of a daughter.
At Geneva, Lady Catherine Boileau, of a son.
At the Rectory House, Horsmonden, the lady of the Rev. W. M. Smith Marriott, of a son.
At Strafford Hall, Queen's County, Ireland, the seat of Thomas Cosby, Esq., the lady of Sydney Cosby, Esq., of a daughter.
In Kemp Town, Brighton, the lady of Thomas Oliver, jun., Esq., of a son.
The lady of Lieut.-Colonel Von Gravell, 7th Prussian Lancers, Knight of the Orders of St. Vladmir, the Iron Cross, &c., of a daughter.
Mrs. Lansdown, Chester-place, Regent's Park, of a daughter.
The lady of A. B. Clayton, Doctors'-Commons, of a son.
The lady of Isaac Cohen, Esq., of Norfolk-street, Park-lane, of a daughter.
The lady of T. Tatum, Esq., of Berkeley-street, of a daughter.
At Earl's-court, the lady of Sir J. Osborn, Bart., of a daughter.
On the 2nd of June, at Symon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, the lady of Admiral P. Campbell, C.B., Commander-in-Chief, of a son.
At Valparaiso de Chile, in February last, Mrs. Henry Coed, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. F. Baillie, Esq., of Dochfour, to Anne, daughter of the late Colonel J. Baillie, M.P.
At High Wycombe, Bucks, Charles Meeking, Esq., of Holborn-hill, to Charlotte Spencer, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. C. Williams, A.M., of the former place.
At Powlerscourt, G. V. Wygram, Esq., of Plymouth, to Catherine, daughter of the late William Parnell, of Avondale, Wicklow, Esq.
At St. Mary, Islington, R. Montagu Hume, Esq., of Cumberland-terrace, to Martha, daughter of the late H. Moss, of Stockwell, Surrey.
At St. Leonard's, E. Driver, Esq., of Richmond-terrace, to Emily, daughter of the late R. Searles, Esq., of Camberwell.
At St. Mary's, Paddington, Henry Bickesteth, Esq., one of his Majesty's Counsel, to the Lady Jane Elizabeth Harley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.
At Marylebone Church, Sir W. G. Stirling, Bart., of Faskine, to the Hon. Caroline Frances Byng, daughter of Lieut.-General Lord Strafford, and niece to G. Byng, Esq., M.P. for Middlesex.
At the chapel of the British Ambassador at Paris, W. Willat, Esq., of Cardishton, to Mary Ann, widow of the late W. Baker, Esq., of Torrington-street, Russell-square.
At Armagh, the Rev. J. F. Flavell, to Helen, daughter of the late J. Hay, Esq., of Dungarven.
At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Allen Cooper, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. John Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford, to Katharine, daughter of the late Alexander Eliace, Esq.

DEATHS.

Jane, second daughter of the late Sir John Perring, Bart.
At Chiseldon, near Nice, the Rev. Walter St. John Mildmay, Rector of Dromorgersfield, Hants, son of the late Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart.
At the house of her sister, Clarence-terrace, Regent's Park, Sarah, daughter of the late Ralph France, Esq., of London.
At Thetford, Norfolk, Thomas Vipas, Esq., in the 59th year of his age.
At the Bury, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, Harry Grina, Esq., aged 73.
At Leamington Spa, in her 21st year, Elizabeth Catherine, the last surviving daughter of Captain Margis, R. N.
Morning Dresses.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1836.

MORNING DRESS—STANDING FIGURE.

A peignoir of muslin muslin, over and under-dress of pale rose silk. The pelerines are bordered by a double hem edged with Lisle lace. Cravat and sash of gros ruban embossed with satin flowers. A cap of net edged with narrow Lisle lace, and trimmed with green riband glacé.

SITTING FIGURE.

A dress of lilac pou de soie glacé, with an embossed pattern in shades of green, red, and brown. A Donna Maria pelerine of Honiton lace. The hair is twisted low at the back of the head, and the front curls tied with light green riband.

EVENING DRESS

Of a pale blue etoffe broché, with a rich pattern in a darker shade of blue; the corsage cut rather low and square, the back tight, the front in very full folds. An under chemisette and full epaulets of blonde, long sleeves of clear tulle. Zephyr scarf richly embroidered. The hair arranged in a light twisted bow, in which is placed a full-blown rose, and a sprig of flowers on the right side, mixed with the front curls.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The costumes of autumn begin, though slowly, to appear; muslin robes are exchanged for those of silk, and in general a shawl is added. Satin bonnets also are beginning to be generally adopted, and those of rice straw are, at least in out-door dress, laid aside. In short, the half season costume is decidedly the mode.

Square shawls, of French cashmere, with black grounds, flowered in rich bouquets of very vivid colours, have just appeared. There are also some of dark grey, or green grounds, strewn with half-blown roses, of a vivid shade of red; and a border, flowered in a singular, but very rich pattern. Black satin shawls, trimmed with black real lace, also begin to be adopted, and have a very rich effect upon robes of light colours.

We have, as yet, no alteration to announce in the shape of bonnets. Those of satin are most predominant; rose and maize seem to be the favourite colours. Some are trimmed with autumnal flowers, others with ostrich feathers, corresponding with the hue of the bonnet; the bouquet is formed of three short feathers. Italian straw hats, of the demi-capota form, are still in request, but they are trimmed with ribands of full colours; those most in favour are green, maroon, and violet, with very small black or ponceau stripes at the edge, or else the riband is chequered in two full colours. A bouquet of party-coloured feathers, corresponding with the ribands, is usually placed on one side.

We have reason to believe that furs will this winter be exceedingly fashionable, both for tippets and trimmings; boses begin already to appear, and are expected to be very fashionable this winter. Sable, it is thought, will maintain that pre-eminence it has so long held.

We have recently seen some morning dresses, composed of sea-green pou de soie, figured in black. The pelerine, and the extremity of the skirt, were edged with black pipings. A simple style of morning dress, but one that is at this moment very fashionable, is a pelisse robe, of plain batiste de laine, either grey, écru, or very pale brown; the skirt is edged with pipings of rose, green, or ponceau, and closed on one side by a row of small knots of the same colour as the pipings; the body is high and plain; it is nearly concealed by a double pelerine, also closed by knots. Sleeves of the folle kind, with small turned-up cuffs edged with pipings, and closed by a knot at the side.

Black blond and real lace will be very fashionable during the autumn, and, it is supposed, this winter; also for trimmings; but some change is expected both in the form of trimmings, and in the patterns of laces. We have already seen several pelisses of green pou de soie, figured in black, or brown, and trimmed with black lace. We understand that black satin dresses, both robes and pelisses, trimmed with black lace, are expected to be extremely fashionable.

Some new silks, of a very rich kind, will appear very shortly. They are the gros de la Moceque, velours d'Afrique, and satin de Byzance. It is expected that, both in form and materials, the style of the seventeenth century
will be revived in winter evening dress. As yet there is no change; muslin robes continue most in favour. Some of the prettiest are those of plain Indian muslin, worn over white 
_gros de Naples_ slips. The _corsage_ is low and draped; the skirt, open before, is encircled 
with a _ruche_ of rose gauze riband. The sleeves are short, and of comparatively moderate fulness; trimmed with three _ruches_ to correspond, forming arches.

A favourite ornament in evening _négligé_ is a broad riband brought round the throat, and fastened close to it by a brilliant brooch, or a gold runner set with jewels; the ends of the riband descend from this ornament, and fasten under the ceinture.

Turban will be in very general request, particularly the Egyptian turban, composed of a rich white cashmere scarf, arranged in folds—which partially display the beauty of the border, and without any other ornament than an end of the scarf, which floats on the left side. White and rose colour are still most prevalent in evening dress. The new colours that are expected to be fashionable are sea green, some dark shades of grey, ponceau, maron, violet, and some fancy colours.

_Costume of Paris._—_By a Parisian Correspondent._

The _demi-saison_ costume does not as yet present much that is novel or striking in outdoor dress; much, indeed, cannot be expected at a moment which may be said to be the interregnum of fashion. Silk pelisses of quiet colours are a good deal in request. Some are worn with swansdown boas, which it is expected will speedily be succeeded by those of sable and grey squirrel. Large square cashmere shawls are also in favour, but they are generally worn with white dresses, which are not yet laid aside, though they are less numerous than they were a week ago.

Several hats of sewed straw present already a wintry appearance, from the manner in which they are trimmed. The most elegant of these are of Italian straw. They have the crown encircled by two bands of velvet attached on one side by a gold buckle. A velvet band, passing over the brim under the chin, forms the _brides_, and two small bouquets of flowers placed over the temples adorn the interior of the brim. If the velvet is coloured the flowers correspond; but, if black, they are of some rich full hue. Several half-dress hats are of green or straw-coloured _pon de soie_ with bouquets of flowers of dark hues placed on one side. The brims of hats have certainly increased in size, and it is supposed that in winter they will be still larger.

Some pretty fancy aprons have appeared in morning dress. They are composed of plain ribands interwoven in a kind of mosaic work, the ribands being of different colours. The effect is extremely pretty. Some aprons of black, brown, and green satin are now in preparation for the winter. They are embroidered in a Grecian pattern, alternately in silk and in chenille.

It is to the French opera that we must resort at present for the few novelties worthy of notice. We have remarked there, that within these last few evenings cashmere scarfs have replaced those of gauze and lace. These scarfs are for the most part separated in three distinct parts; each of a different colour; that of the centre ought to be the hue most becoming the complexion, since it encircles the neck. They are strewed with very small patterns, in which there is generally a good deal of black.

_Coiffures en cheveux_ for young persons are always of a very simple kind. The most fashionable style at present is the hair disposed in soft loops at the sides, and light interlaced bows at the back of the head. A very narrow band of black velvet is brought under the loops, and passes twice round the head, crossing in the centre of the forehead. A bouquet of flowers is sometimes inserted in one of the bows at the back, but several head-dresses have no other ornament than the velvet.

Some rich silks and satins have already appeared for winter, the patterns of which recall to our remembrance the damasks and other heavy materials that were fashionable in our great-grandmamma’s days. It is not possible yet to say how far they will be the mode; but from the celebrity of the houses that have introduced them, there does not seem much doubt that they will be the vogue.

Ribbons are expected to be profusely employed in every department of the toilette in which they can be used, and some very beautiful new ones have just appeared. Maize, puce, palisandre, and ponceau are the colours of the most elegant ribands. Some are in running patterns of different colours, or in pretty wreaths, also in different colours. One that is likely to be extremely fashionable is the _gaze crim_. It is half horse-hair and half silk, and is beautifully shaded. The _ruban coquillage_ of satin, figured with cockle-shells in a variety of colours beautifully blended, is also likely to be a very great favourite; but the most superb is the _satin royal_ of gold tissue intermixed with coloured silks. The colours that are expected to be most in request are those above mentioned, and _pensée_, dark green, and some rich shades of brown.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Eustace Carey has in the press A Memoir of the Rev. William Carey, D.D., more than forty years missionary in India, Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Fort William, &c., &c. A Recollection of his early Life by a beloved Sister; an “Attempt at a Memoir,” &c., by the late Rev. Andrew Fuller; a Critique upon his character and labours as an Oriental scholar and translator, by Dr. Wilson, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Oxford, &c., &c.

A History of British Quadrupeds, by Thomas Bell, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Guy’s Hospital. In one volume, uniform with the History of British Fishes, by Mr. Yarrell.

In the press, a little treatise, entitled, What is Phrenology? Its Evidence and Principles familiarly considered, by the author of Five Minutes’ Advice on the Teeth.

The following will be published at the same time with the other Annuals:

1. Flowers of Loveliness, comprising an assemblage of Female Beauty, in Twelve elegant Groups, emblems of our choicest Flowers, from designs by E. T. Parris, Esq., with Poetical Illustrations, by the Countess of Blessington, in imperial 4to, richly bound. Also,

2. Forget Me Not for 1836, containing contributions in Prose and Verse, by some of the most eminent living writers of both sexes; and eleven highly-finished Engravings, after designs by E. Landseer, E. T. Parris, R. T. Bone, S. Prout, J. Wood, the Misses Sharpe, S. Hart, C. Hancock, F. Stone, and W. Fisk. Also,

3. The Juvenile Forget Me Not, edited by Mrs. Hall.

Lieutenant Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, will next month publish the fourth and concluding volume of his Voyages and Travels round the world.

The new volume of Friendship’s Offering will appear this season in its usual style of elegant binding, and with such an array of splendid illustrations as will far exceed any former volume of the series.

The author of Old Maids has a novel in the press, entitled Plebeians and Patricians.

The Manual of Entomology, translated by Mr. Shuckard, is drawing to a close. The 11th and 12th numbers will be published this month. It is expected to be completed by the first of January.

Marco Visconti, the celebrated historical romance, recently published in Italy, and extracted there from the Chronicles of the Fourteenth Century, has just been translated from the Italian, by Miss Caroline Ward, and will appear early next month.

A new novel, by a well known author, entitled Out of Town, will be published in the course of the present month.

Frank Mildmay; or, the Naval Officer, by Captain Marryat, is to be the new volume of Colburn’s Modern Novelists.

In consequence of the great success which has attended the publication of Martin, and Westall’s Illustrations of the Bible, the proprietor has determined on bringing out the New Testament in the same cheap form, the first number of which will appear on the first of November.

We see that the last volume of Grimbshawe’s Life of Cowper has just appeared.

Mr. Seares has nearly ready, a work to be entitled The Comet, in 4 Parts. 1st, A concise Introduction to Astronomy. 2nd, The principal Data of Comets in General. 3rd, Observations on Halley’s Comet; 4th, An Account of that Body for 1,963 years.

A novelty in embellished works is about to appear, entitled “The Book of Gems,” to consist of Specimens of the Poets from Chaucer to Prior, each poet illustrated by engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a biography of the poet. The volume will contain fifty-three engravings, all by the first artists, and all from original paintings. It will thus present the combined attractions of poetry, painting, and engraving, whilst affording specimens of every variety of excellence in these several departments. The work is intended for publication on the 1st of November.

Miss Landon’s new Poem, “The Vow of the Peacock,” will be published on the 4th instant.

Mr. Grattan, who has so long been silent in that department of literature in which he has been so successful as one of the most popular novelists, has it seems at length resumed his pen, and committed to the press a new historical novel of the time of Elizabeth. The scene is laid, we understand, in Germany, and the principal characters are, a celebrated Archbishop of Cologne, a no less celebrated beauty of that period, and a Duchess of Saxe Cobourg, of the Princess Victoria’s family.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
In Mecklenburgh-square, the lady of W. Burra, Esq., of a son.
In Savile-row, the lady of Dr. Bright, of a daughter.
At Hammersmith, the lady of the Rev. F. T. Attwood, of a son.
At Leise Rectory, Lutterworth, the lady of the Rev. H. K. Richardson, of a son, still-born.
At the Rectory, Cuxton, Kent, the lady of the Rev. R. W. Shaw, of a daughter.
At Weymouth, the lady of Capt. Stevenson, of a daughter.
At Bisham-cottage, Berks, lady Hinrich, of a daughter.
At Boulogne, the lady of A. C. Cobham, Esq., of Shinfeld, Berks, of a son.
In Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, the lady of T. Hankey, Esq., of a son.
At Thornham, Suffolk, the lady of Sir Augustus H. Henniker, Bart., of a son.
At the Rectory, the wife of the Rev. George Palmer, Rector of Sullington, Sussex, of a son.
The lady of Dr. Golding, of a daughter.
At Croom-hill, Greenwich, the lady of Lt.-Col. Baron de Kutzeleben, of a daughter.
At Stokehouse, Cobham, the wife of the Rev. S. W. Cobb, of a son.
At Great Cornhill-street, the lady of Samuel Warren, Esq., of the Inner Temple, of a son.

MARRIAGES.
At the residence of the Earl of Durham, Cleveland-row, the Hon. J. B. Ponsonby, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Duncannon, to Lady Frances Lambton, daughter of the Earl of Durham.
Mr. W. L. Watson, of the Priory, Kilburn, to Ann, daughter of the late Major C. H. Powell, Madras army.
At St. James's church, Piccadilly, by the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Cavendish, M.A., George Lock, Esq., to Louisa, second daughter of Charles Prater, Esq.

At St. Marylebone church, Sir J. Rennie, of Whitehall-place, to Selina, daughter of the late C. G. Colleton, Esq., of Haines-hill, Berks, and grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. R. P. Carew, of Anthony-house, Cornwall.
At his house in Abingdon-street, Edward George Walmisley, Esq., Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, aged fifty-seven.
At Bathwick church, Bath, H. Thomas, Esq., of Sulby, Glamorganshire, and Llwnadoc, Breconshire, to Clara, daughter of T. Thomas, Esq., of Penkerrig, Radnorshire, and Llanbradach, Glamorganshire.
At Carphin-house, Fife, J. Whiteford, Esq., of the Hon. E. Company's service, son of Sir J. Whiteford, to Louisa Jane, daughter of the late Capt. Impett, Ashford, Kent.
At Bedale, by the Rev. Robert Pulleine, Thomas Cowper Hicks, Esq., to Marianne; and on the same day, by the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Monson, Rector of Bedale, William Roddam, Esq., of Roddam, Northumberland, to Charlotte, daughters of the late Henry Percy Pulleine, Esq., of Crake Hall, Yorkshire.

DEATHS.
At Albion-street, Hyde-park, aged two years and four months, Jane, the beloved child of Octavius Greene, Esq.
At Carshalton, Surrey, Susanna Maria, daughter of the late Joseph Estridge, Esq., of Carshalton Lodge, aged four years.
At Fair Oak Lodge, aged thirteen, Frederica, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir C. and Lady Paget.
At Sydenham, in her eightieth year, Elizabeth, the relief of Francis Kemble, Esq., of Clapham Common.
In Upper Brook-street, Mary, the infant daughter of Sir J. M. Burgoyne, Bart., aged seven months.
In the Stable-yard, St. James's-place, Caroline, the wife of Mr. C. Edison, aged twenty-four.
At Eltham, Charlotte Hyde Wollaston, third daughter of the late Rev. Francis Wollaston, of Chislehurst, Kent.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1835.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A black satin pelisse. A double pelerine of moderate size, trimmed with black blond lace. A white satin bonnet, lined with cherry colour, and trimmed with white satin ribbons and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers. Embroidered muslin collar edged with Valenciennes lace.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of pink crepe over white satin; the corsage, cut rather low, is trimmed en mantelle with blond lace. The hair is dressed in high interlaced bows on the summit of the head, and soft curls at the sides; it is ornamented with artificial flowers. Embroidered crepe scarf.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Winter materials are already pouring in upon us, particularly those for mantles. It is generally believed that those composed of a mixture of silk and wool, some printed, and others richly figured in silk, will be very fashionable, as also those of cashmere. There is some variety in the forms, but it may be regarded as a general rule that they will be all drawn in close to the shape behind, and made with a moderate sized velvet collar, to which in some instances a lappel is added, forming a point in the centre of the back, and descending in the robing style in front. Hanging sleeves, with openings for the arms to pass through, or else looped by cords and tassels, will be an indispensable appendage. The linings also, we should observe, will be of gros de Naples, to correspond with the ground of the mantle. Plain satin mantles of a very rich kind will, it is expected, be as much in favour as those of the fancy kind; they will be trimmed with velvet collars and black lace. It is supposed that when the winter has fairly set in, fur trimmings will be very generally adopted. Sable is almost the only fur that we can cite as likely to be fashionable; but those beautiful furs, Isabella bear and Kolinski, are likely to enjoy a certain degree of favour.

The fashionable materials for carriage hats and bonnets will be plain and figured satin, also satin with a mixture of velvet, or poud de sole and velvet. Large brims will be decidedly in favour for carriage hats; the crowns also are expected to be higher, and the demi-capote form, that is to say, those with a curtain at the back, will no doubt be very fashionable. Hats composed of velvet and satin, or poud de sole, are not novel, but the mode of their arrangement is; the silk or satin, which used to be of light colours, was employed to line velvet of a very full or sombre hue. The distinction of colours is still preserved, but the silk forms the outside and the velvet the lining. We know not how far the fashion may take; it is not certainly one that will be generally becoming. There does not yet seem to be any decided style adopted for trimming of hats and bonnets. Some of the former that will shortly appear are decorated with mouss en échelle, that is to say, four single bows placed one above another, with two ends pendant from the lower bow; others are trimmed with two knots of riband placed one above the other. Autumnal flowers, and short bouquets of ostrich feathers, are also employed; the latter must either be white, or of the colour of the hat. Whenever flowers or feathers are used there is but a small quantity of riband employed, and that is always disposed in a light style.

Among the number of rich materials introduced for half and full dress, we may cite, for the former, China satiné, a mixture of silk and wool; China croisé, a material of the same kind, but more elegant; foulards de laine, and mouselines de laine of new patterns; and plain satin and silks of an extremely rich texture. Nothing can yet be said decidedly as to the form of half dress, but it is supposed that the pelisse style will be preferred. Pelerines are not likely to be universally adopted, but where they are worn they will be of a smaller size than those now in use, and very open on the bosom. We have seen some very pretty pelisse robes made with pelerines of this kind. One of the most elegant was of granite satin, the pelerine trimmed with a ruche of riband fringed in granite and green; a corresponding ruche trimmed the front of the corsage, passed under the ceinture, and descended to the
bottom of the skirt; the ruche was double, divided in the centre by a narrow band of satin, and attached to the dress on each side. This trimming has a very novel and pretty effect.

Caps are expected to keep their ground in half dress. The most novel is the bonnet à la Marie. The caul is nearly flat to the head, but the trimming of the front is arranged en papillon on each side, and a light sprig of flowers of the utmost delicacy, both in form and colour, is placed on each side, so as partly to crown, partly to intermingle with the trimming.

The materials for evening dress rival in splendour those of several seasons past; brocades richly flowered in antique patterns of lively colours, sometimes intermingled with gold; satins striped, flowered, and figured, some with velvet; pou de soie figured and striped. Besides those rich materials, we may cite satin cachemire, light, soft, and yet rich; gaze samarcande, and gaze cachemire broché, the two last for ball dresses. No actual change has yet taken place in the form of robes. Fashionable colours are those we cited last month, to which we may add slate colour, and brown of all the different shades.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

There seems no doubt that when the season is a little more advanced mantles will be the rage; those of cashmere wool and silk are expected to be most in favour, particularly the manteau Angelo and Castillon, both very rich patterns. At present mantelets of black satin lined with rose or cherry coloured pêlede and trimmed with very broad black lace, are more in favour.

Some half season hats have appeared in Olympienne and Loebienne, two new materials. The brims are large, wide across the forehead, and sufficiently long to nearly meet under the chin. The interior is trimmed with blond brought plain across the forehead, but full and very narrow at the sides, the hollows of which are filled up with tufts either of ribbons or flowers, which mingle with the hair. The former correspond with the colour of the hat. Velvet is expected to be in great request for hats; it begins already to be partially introduced for trimmings. Some beautiful bouquets of velvet flowers have appeared, and are expected to be very fashionable; the prettiest of them are dahlias of very pale rose velvet, with the edge of the leaves tipped with black. Bouquets of short ostrich feathers the colour of the hat, but tipped with black, are also in favour. We have reason to believe that a mixture of black in the trimmings of hats and bonnets will be very fashionable. There is no change in the form of bonnets; they are now mostly of satin, though we still see a few of pou de soie, the most novel having a velvet piping of a colour contrasting with that of the bonnet round the edge of the brim and crown, and a satin flower of the colour of the piping placed on one side.

At this moment, when the modes of summer are passed, and those of winter not definitively arranged, our élégantes turn their attention a good deal to morning dress, and certainly the robe de chambre and its accessories are not less enchantingly attractive than the evening dress. Some are composed of Indian cashmere, wadded, and lined with silk and trimmed with large velvet lappels, or else in satinet lined with the same material of a strongly contrasted colour. In the latter case a very large square falling collar supplies the place of a pelerine, and the round of the dress is edged with a piping of the lining. Hanging sleeves of a very large size, and a broad ceinture of the colour of the lining, tied on one side, completes this elegant déshabillé. But no, it would not be complete without a little cap à la Savoyarde, very small, quite flat, placed very far back, with a narrow lace laid flat on the forehead, and on each side a large knot of ribands sustaining a row of broad lace set in full in the fan shape; it must be the colour of the lining, and so must the satin slippers, wadded, and lined with white taftetas.

A great variety of materials have appeared for evening dress. We may cite, as likely to be fashionable, velours Indien, satins rostiers, Montpensier, Gabrielle, Rachel, all which are in the rich but heavy style that we spoke of in our last number, particularly the satin Rachel, which takes its name from its resemblance to the superb tissues in which the Jewish maidens of the olden time were attired in grand parure. Some new and very rich gauzes have been introduced, but they are intended for ball dress only. A new style of ball robe is expected to be fashionable; it is composed of tulle and trimmed with bouquets of artificial flowers placed at regular distances on the hem, and attached by a broad riband, the ends of which fall en baisa to the extremity of the skirt.

Head-dresses à la Juive appear likely to be in favour. The turban à l'Israelite and bonnet à la Rachel have just appeared, the one in gaze etoille, a rich gauze spotted with silver, the other in blond lace. The form of each is copied from the ancient Jewish costume.

Fashionable colours. The colours expected to be most in favour in néglié are bleu Hauti, marron, cendre de chine slate colour, myrtle green, and brown of different shades. Light colours, particularly rose and azure blue, will keep their ground in evening dress.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The author of Mahamia has in preparation a new novel, to be called The Picaaroon.


Signor Sorelli is preparing for the press a work under the title of My Confessions to Silvio Pellico, describing his residence at Florence and Switzerland, and his association with several eminent literary characters, and, finally, his residence for fifteen years in England.

Gilbert Gurney, by the author of Sayings and Doings.

The English Boy at the Cape, by the author of Hughes’ Travels.

Dr. Lardner announces in the forthcoming volumes of his Cabinet Cyclopaedia, A Cabinet of Natural History, to consist of Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology.

A Supplement to Captain Sir John Ross’s Narrative of a second voyage in the Victory, in search of a North-west Passage, containing all the suppressed facts necessary to a proper understanding of the causes of the failure of the steam machinery of the Victory, and a just appreciation of Captain Sir John Ross’s character as an officer and a man of science, by John Braithwaite, is in the press.

A volume for the drawing-room table, entitled Fidgen’s Beauties of Byron, is nearly ready.

Dr. W. C. Taylor has in the press The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the formation of the principal European states.


J. A. St. John, Esq., author of Tales of the Ramadhan, Egypt and Mohammed Ali, &c., has nearly ready for publication a new novel, entitled Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love.

A Treatise on Painting, by Leonardo da Vinci, from the original Italian, with a life of the author, by J. Brown, Esq.

The Wallsend Miner, by James Everett, author of the Village Blacksmith, &c.

A new and complete edition of Juvenal’s Satires, linearly translated, with Notes, by Dr. P. A. Nuttall, translator of Virgil and Horace.

Land and Sea Tales, by the author of Tough Yarns, embellished by George Cruikshank.

The Comic Almanack for 1886, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, will be ready in a few days.

The publisher of Yarrell’s History of British Fishes announces his intention, on the completion of that work, to continue the History of British Zoology, by similar works on the Birds, Reptiles, Crustacea, &c. of the British Isles, illustrated in a uniform manner; for which purpose he has been most kindly promised the assistance of gentlemen well known as naturalists, and who have made these departments of natural history their particular study.

Cherville’s First Steps to French.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
At Corry House, Kingstown, near Dublin, the Lady Henry Moore, of a daughter.
In Arlington-street, the Lady Mary Stephenson, of a daughter.
At Trematon Hall, the lady of Captain J. J. Tucker, R.N., of a daughter.
At Clifton, the lady of the Rev. G. Moberly, of Balliol College, Oxford, of a daughter.
At Cheltenham, the lady of the Rev. C. Herbert, of a son.
At Woolwich, the lady of Capt. Worthing, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.
At Bilston, the Lady Albert Conyngham, of a son.
In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of F. H. Davis, Esq., of a daughter.
At Mathen Lodge, Great Malvern, the lady of B. Collett, Esq., of a daughter.
In Oxford-terrace, Edgware-road, the lady of Henry Down, Esq., of a daughter.
The lady of R. Fisher, Esq., of Highbury-park, of a daughter.
At Hungerton, near Leicester, the lady of the Rev. F. G. Lugard, of a daughter.
At Copenhagen, the lady of the Rev. R. S. Ellis, of a daughter.
At St. Andrew's-terrace, Plymouth, the lady of Captain Christopher Newport, of a daughter.
At Theydon Bower, the Viscountess Frankfort de Montmorency, of a son and heir.
The lady Augusta Seymour, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
At Lillotern Church, J. T. Bullock, of Kensington, Esq., to Julia Anna, daughter of the late A. Ussher, of Camphire Lismore, county Waterford, Esq.
At Melton House, Lieut.-Colonel C. Wyndham, to the Hon. Elizabeth Anne Scott, second daughter of Lord Polwarth.
At Trinity Church, Marylebone, C. H. Moore, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Eleanor, eldest surviving daughter of the late A. Marsden, Esq., of Portland-place, formerly Under-Secretary of State for Ireland.
At Wandsworth, the Rev. R. Pulleine, of Spennithorne, in the county of York, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late H. Burnmister, Esq., of Burntwood Lodge, Surrey.
At St. Mary's Bridgenorth, the Rev. J. Purtow, M.A., Rector of Oldbury, Shropshire, to Sophia, daughter of the late L. Lampet, Esq., of Bridgenorth.
At Ealing, Spencer Horatio, second son of T. Walpole, Esq., to Isabella, fourth daughter of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.
At Tong, Salop, A. C. Orme, Esq., of the Inner Temple, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of J. F. Proude, Esq., of Wolverhampton.
St. George's Hanover-square, J. G. Bergman, Esq., Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, to Sarah, daughter of J. Le Keux, Esq., of Harmondsworth.
At Oakley, J. Booth, Esq., of Glendonhall, Northamptonshire, to Augusta de Capell, daughter of the late Sir R. Brooke de Capell Brooke, Bart., of Oakley-house.
At Trieste, on the 23rd of September, W. Spence, Esq., to Mademoiselle Teresina Renard, niece of M. Bambasini, Chancellor of the Criminal Court of Trieste.
At Cross Cannony Church, J. Pockington, Esq., of Musham, Nottinghamshire, and Barrow House, Cumberland, to Elizabeth, daughter of H. Senhouse, Esq., of Nether Hall.
At St. Helen's Lancashire, the Rev. S. Magendie, Vicar of Longdon, Staffordshire, son of the late Lord Bishop of Bangor, to Mary Angelina, daughter of the late M. Hughes, Esq., of Shrewsbury House, near St. Helen's.

DEATHS.
Commander H. Lynne, R.N.
At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Malaine Jane, youngest daughter of F. Hartwell, Esq., aged two years and five months.
At Athlone, the infant son of Maj.-General Sir J. Buchan.
W. Cassell, Esq., aged 81, formerly of the Navy Pay Office.
At his residence, Gravesend, A. Forbes, Esq., late of his Majesty's Customs, aged 73.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1885.

WALKING DRESS.

A cloak of Luxmore, of a bright brown, with a rich pattern in black; it is made as a pelisse, fitting closely to the figure, excepting the sleeves, which hang full from the shoulders. A dress of pale lilac cachemire, bonnet of sapphire blue velvet.

STANDING FIGURE.

Cloak of violet satin, embroidered round with a light pattern of bright chenille, a deep cape lined with velvet; the cape finishes at the shoulder, and, turning back, forms a second in velvet. Dress of green cachemire, bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with ponceau, and black and ponceau vulture feathers.

SITTING FIGURE.

A morning dress of cinnamon satin, wraps to the side, is bordered entirely round with a double edge of velvet scalloped. Pelisse to correspond, a simple cape of blonde lace tied with cerise riband, the borders rather wide and full round the face, and supported by chrysanthemum.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

There seems no doubt that the out-door dress of our fair fashionables will, this year, be not less distinguished for comfort than richness. Furs are expected to be more generally adopted than they have been for several seasons past. We think we may venture to say, from the orders that we know have been given, that muffs will be very generally adopted, and boa quite as much worn as ever. Sable is still the most fashionable fur, but ermine, which for a long time had been out of favour, has now nearly regained its former vogue; it is expected to be particularly in request for trimmings of mantles and mantelets. Grey squirrel and Kolinski are expected to rank next in estimation.

A tippet of a new form, called the Victoria, has been brought out; but how far it will be fashionable we cannot, till the season has fairly commenced, pretend to say. Those we have seen, were composed of sable, and bordered with a rouleau of the same. We have noticed among several mantles that have been recently ordered, some of 'gros de Tours' and gros d'Orient, embroidered in silk to correspond. One of the most elegant of these was of black gros d'Orient, embroidered in black silk, in a gothic pattern; the sleeves, of the usual size, were open both at the elbow and the bend of the arm. The collar, and a robing lappel, which descended to the bottom of the skirt, were of black velvet. The mantle was confined to the waist by a rich black silk, cord and tassels, which passed twice round it.

We have seen some new and very elegant patterns of fancy silk trimmings for carriage pelisses. We believe these kind of trimmings and furs will be those most adopted. Several pelisses have the sleeves drawn full round the wrist, by a narrow band so placed as to leave a little of the bottom of the sleeve falling full over the band, which forms a pretty and rather novel kind of trimming.

Plain velvet is expected to be the favourite material for carriage hats and bonnets. We have already seen a few morning bonnets composed of it, ornamented only with a simple band of riband, and a knot at one side, and the ruche of blonde lace disposed in the cap style in the interior of the brim. We have also to cite some half dress hats, remarkable for the elegant and simple style of their trimmings. One of those of marron velvet, was decorated with satin ribands, the ground of the same colour, figured in waves of light blue, and two marron plumes panachées, edged with light blue. Another very pretty hat was of sobresusc, velvet, trimmed with ribands of the same colour, edged with apple green, and two ostrich feathers, the bars thickened at the ends with apple green, and knotted.

A new and splendid material for full dress, that is expected to be very fashionable, is called satin Amy Robsart,—it is a soft rich satin, printed in gold and colours. Another beautiful material, but of a less expensive kind, is the satin d'Ancre, it is a mixture of cachemire and silk, is twilled, a white ground quadrilled in wood colour, with a running pattern of green foliage, and small Bengal roses mingled with other flowers.

The waists of dresses are expected to be a
more formal length than they are at present; and the sleeves to fall more off the shoulders. When pelérines are worn, the corsages will be made plain, otherwise they will be a good deal ornamented.

We may cite among the most elegant of the new evening head-dresses, a turban à la Juive, of white satin, covered with tuile, and ornamented with bandelettes à l’antique, embroidered with gold, and falling almost on the back of the neck. Another turban, of the Turkish form, is also worthy of notice; the foundation is a net of white and maize-coloured velvet, the front is an intermixture of white and maize-coloured crape; two aigrettes united at the base by a gold ornament set with brilliants decorated the one we saw. Crimson velvet is expected to be very much in favour both for turbans and hats. Some of the latter, of a small size, are trimmed with two membranes of birds of paradise. As the hat is placed very far back, a fancy bandeau must be worn under the brim. Fashionable colours are myrtle green, emerald green, gold colour, ruby, crimson, ramona and various shades of brown, grey, and rose colour.

**Costumes of Paris—By a Parisian Correspondent.**

Mantles have already become very general in the promenades. Several of those for negligé are of flanelle à mouchoir—it is a woollen material, quadrilled in large squares of red, green, or blue with black; the spots are red on the black, or black on the red. An elegant material for half-dress mantles is called Mazepa, the ground is of satin de soie sergé, and the flower or square, thrown up in Cashmere worsted, imitates velvet. The grounds are of different kinds, some in plain satin and others in small laces. A new form of mantle has appeared that is likely to have a great run. It has a plain tight corsage of velvet, to which a very ample skirt is attached by a ceinture in such a manner as not to diminish the apparent width of the mantle; the corsage is made without a pelericine, but the sleeves, of a very graceful form, are so contrived as to supply the want of one behind. These mantles are generally made in Mazepa and satin lazur.

Late as it is in the season, we still see several casotes of rose-coloured satin; but velvet and rep velvet are materials more in favour than satin. One of the prettiest of the new bonnets is composed of myrtle green rep velvet, the crown, somewhat of the melon form, is veined, if we might so express it, by small rouleaus of apple-green satin, a piping of which also edges the brim, which is large and open. A band composed of ribbons of the two shades of green twisted together, encircles the bottom of the crown, and terminates at the base of a bouquet of small tips of myrtle-green ostrich feathers panaché with apple-green. Delicate colours, with the exception of crimson, continue in favour for hats. The most elegant are those decorated in a light and simple style. Velvet hats are ornamented only with feathers or knots of riband. Satin ones are trimmed with flowers, but those of a light kind are the only ones employed. The interior of the brims, both of hats and bonnets, are a good deal trimmed, but those for the promenade are ornamented in general only with a riche of blond, and a flower or knot of riband.

Embroidery will be much employed for the trimmings of ball-dresses. Some that are already in preparation, of rose-coloured mousseline de soie, are embroidered in a wreath of écaillées de Syrènes, each containing in its half circle a flower or a sprig. Others are of white tulle, embroidered in white silk; and some of a very superb description, are of a new material, crêpe velours, worked round the border in light wreaths of flowers, intermixed with ears of gold corn. It is expected that the hair will be dressed low at the back in evening costume, and the front hair arranged either in bands or corkscrew ringlets. It appears probable that coiffures en cheveux will be adopted only by demoiselles, or for balls; dress hats, caps, and turbans will be more in favour for soirées. Peacocks’ feathers, those of the parquet, and the plumage of birds of paradise dyed, are the ornaments employed for hats and turbans. White ostrich feathers are also in favour, particularly for crimson velvet hats. Caps have, to a certain degree, changed their form—the light and simple style recently adopted has given place to one of a more majestic kind; a good many are decorated with feathers, but flowers are more general. The colours à la mode are those we mentioned last month, with the addition of crimson, and several shades of grey.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Landscape Gardener, by the Rev. Prebendary Dennis, which has been so long announced, may now be shortly expected, the plates to illustrate it being nearly finished.

The Florist Cultivator, on a plan different from any work hitherto published, by Thomas Willat, Esq. (amateur cultivator), is nearly ready.

The fourth part of Dr. Lindley's Genera and Species of Orchideous Plants, containing part of the Ophrydeae, is ready for publication.

A second edition of Ladies' Botany, by Dr. Lindley, is also ready.

Mr. Graham has just completed, in four 8vo volumes, The History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the British Colonies, till their Revolt and Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

A History of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, its Establishment, Subversion, and Present State, has just been completed by John P. Lawson, M. A., Author of the Life of Archbishop Laud.

A member of the aristocracy has a work in the press, founded on facts, entitled The Bar Sinister, or Memoirs of an Illegitimate, to be published about Christmas, in two volumes, post 8vo.

The Rev. John Aiton has now ready for publication, the Life and Times of the Rev. Alexander Henderson, giving a complete History of the Second Reformation of the Church of Scotland, and of the Covenanters during the reign of Charles the First.

Those interested in the Trade with China, will be pleased to hear that a British merchant, resident in Canton, has a work nearly ready, entitled An Address to the People of Great Britain, explanatory of our Commercial Relations with the Empire of China, and of the means by which they may with facility be extended.

The Author of Sketches of Corfu has a work in the press, under the title of Evenings Abroad, being Sketches of Manners and Scenery gleaned during a Continental Tour, with Historical Notices, Tales, and Legends of the places visited.

Mr. James's new romance, One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henri Quatre, will be ready on the 7th of December.

Three volumes of Dramas, by Joanna Baillie, will be ready in December.

 Shortly will be published, a new novel by the author of Miserrimus.

An interesting little work is on the eve of appearing, by the author of Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth, entitled, What is Phrenology? in which the evidence and principles of the science are familiarly stated and explained.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
At Dresden, the Countess Julia, lady of J. M. Parry, Esq. of a son.
At Geneva, the lady of Captain Charles Phillips, 3rd Light Dragoons, of a son.
In Clifford-street, the wife of Thos. Arthur Stone, Esq. of a still-born child.
In Grosvenor-place, Mrs. Henry Kingscote, of a daughter.
At Stoke Newington, Mrs. H. Henderson, of a son.
In Clerges-street, the lady of Col. Freemantle, of a son.
The Countess of Winterton, of a daughter.
At Dale Park, Sussex, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Gascoigne, of a son.
The lady of William Clowes, jun., Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square, of a son.
Mrs. Birkett, of Egerton House, Ealing Green, of a daughter.
In Berkeley-square, the lady of T. Thornhill, jun., Esq. of a daughter.
At Montpelier, South Lambeth, the lady of the Rev. Henry Clissold, of a daughter.
At the Grove, Babacombe, Devon, the lady of John Lancaster, Esq. of a daughter.
At Nyon, on the Lake of Geneva, the lady of Henry Baynes Ward, Esq. of a daughter.
At Bolney-lodge, Sussex, the lady of the Rev. A. Chester, of a daughter.
In Torrington-square, the wife of Charles Meredith, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
At Crincock Church, the Rev. Gustavus L Hamilton, of Great Berries, Roscommon, Ireland, Vicar of Carew, Pembrokeshire, to Emily, only child of John O'Donnell, Esq., barrister-at-law.
At Huntingdon, Norfolk, James Arnott, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Emily, fourth daughter of Edward Fletcher, Esq. of Park-street, Grosvenor-square.
At Filogon, Cornwall, the Rev. Wm. Biscoe, Rector of Donington, Herefordshire, to Caroline Triveweeke, daughter of the late Capt. Woolridge, R.N.
At Kew Church, John Blackley, of Dublin, Esq., to Mary, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Haverfield, of Kew.
At Hamble Church, the Rev. Geo. Rooke, Vicar of Embleton, eldest son of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Rooke, to Clara Frances, fourth daughter of William Moffat, Esq.
At Taunton, Capt. Pinchard, 3rd regt. of Madras Light Infantry, to Eliza, eldest daugh-
ter of the late Charles Mogg, of Farringdon Gurnby, Somersetshire.

At St. James's Church, Harris Dunsford, Esq. M. D., youngest son of the late Matthew Dunsford, Esq., formerly of Peckham, to Maria, only daughter of Albert Guignard, Esq. of Foley-place.

At Safron Walden, the Rev. R. H. King, to Caroline, daughter of T. Smith, Esq.
At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Oliver St. John, 31st Madras Infantry, to Helen, relict of Anson Nutt, Esq.
At Monksown, near Dublin, the Rev. J. Mansergh, of Cashel, to Catherine, third daughter of Lieut.-Col. Owen Lloyd, of Rockville, Roscommon.
At St. John's, Paddington, J. B. Wallance, Esq. to Mrs. Ann Hearle of Mile-end-road.
At Bromley, Kent, J. F. Richardson, Esq. of Langford, Somerset, to Mary, daughter of the late R. Boyd, Esq. of Kenton, Devon.

DEATHS.
At her father's house on Campden Hill, Miss Eleanor Fraser, youngest daughter of Gen. Sir John and Lady Fraser.
In Albermarle-street, Katherine, relict of the late Samuel Harvey, Esq. of Sandwich, in the 80th year of her age.
After a short illness, of rapid decline, Joseph King, Esq., of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.
At Broadstairs, Jane, relict of the late Thomas Forsyth, Esq.
At his house, in Eaton-place, of apoplexy, Captain the Hon. Sir Henry Duncan, K.C.H. and C. B., second son of the late Admiral Lord Duncan, and brother to the present Earl of Camperdown.
At Holm Wood, Oxford, the Countess of Antrim, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Mark Kerr, and last surviving daughter of the late Marquis of Antrim.

At his lodgings in Dover, very suddenly, while eating his dinner, the Earl of Charleville, in his 72nd year.
At his residence, Brinkworth House, near Salisbury, Earl Nelson, in his 49th year. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Trafalgar, who is only ten years old.
At his house, in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Dr. Hamilton, in his 88th year.

On board his Majesty's flag-ship Caledonia, whilst lying at anchor off Zante, Lieut. Harris, R. N.

At Swansea, William Bevan, Esq., in his 86th year.

Francis Benjamin Bedwell, Esq., Senior Registrar of the High Court of Chancery, in his 59th year.