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THE

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AND

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PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, AND COSTUMES,

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EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOL. VIII.

No. I.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Vyner, from a Miniature by W. Barclay.
   A Landscape View of Culzean Castle, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Cassillis,
   from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.
   Two coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. II.—Portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, from a Painting by Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A.
   Three coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. III.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Emily A. Hesketh, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee.
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No. VI.—Portraits of the Right Honourable Lady Stanley and the Hon. E. H. Stanley, from a Painting
   by H. P. Hurlestone.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

In closing this Eighth Volume of the Court Magazine, and the First since the Reduction of the Price from Three Shillings and Sixpence to Half a Crown, the Proprietor ventures to express a hope that he has redeemed the pledge he gave at the beginning of the present year. The encouragement afforded by a considerable increase of sale, the reputation and talents of the writers who supply the original articles, and the favourable testimonies of the public press, are strong evidences of the general merit of the Court Magazine, which the Proprietor will spare no expense to improve still further, in gratitude for the patronage and support he has received. He confidently hopes, therefore, that he shall continue to receive the same public encouragement that has hitherto attended his exertions.

The prospectus announcing the diminution of price, published prior to the close of the last year, stated that, from time to time, a Song with Music composed by the Editor, should form part of the contents of the Court Magazine. The difficulty of finding a form of engraving to correspond with the page of the Magazine, has hitherto proved an obstacle to the accomplishment of this promise; but this obstacle is now overcome, and the ensuing Number for July, being the First Number of the Ninth Volume, will contain a Song composed by the Editor.
GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY MARY VYNER.

LADY MARY VYNER, is wife of Captain Henry Vyner, and daughter of the present Earl de Grey.

The house of Grey is one of the most ancient in the realm. EDMUND GREY, fourth Lord Grey of Ruthyn, having espoused the cause of the Yorkists, after the battle of Northampton, obtained from Edward IV the estate of Ampthill, in the county of Bedford, which had belonged to the Lord Fanhope, and was subsequently appointed Lord Treasurer of England. The Earl wedded the Lady Katherine Percy, daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland, and had, with other issue, an eldest son,

GEORGE GREY, fifth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and second Earl of Kent. His Lordship married first, Anne, daughter of Richard Widville Earl of Rivers, and widow of William Viscount Bouchier, by whom he had one son. He espoused secondly Lady Katherine Herbert, daughter of William Earl of Pembroke, and had with other issue,

HENRY, who inherited as fourth Earl.

Anthony of Brandspeth, whose grandson, the REV. ANTHONY GREY, Rector of Burbage, inherited as ninth Earl.

The Earl died in 1504, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

RICHARD GREY, sixth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and third Earl of Kent, who, dying without issue, the honours devolved on his half brother,

SIR HENRY GREY, of Wrest, county of Bedford, who should have been seventh Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and fourth Earl of Kent; but from the narrowness of his estate he declined assuming the peerage; and dying in 1562, without issue, was succeeded by his grandson,

REGINALD GREY, eighth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and fifth Earl of Kent, which honours—having by much frugality improved his fortune—he assumed in 1571, and sat as one of the peers on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk two years afterwards.

His Lordship married Susan, daughter of
Rich, Bertie, Esq., by his wife Katharine Duchess of Suffolk, but dying without issue in 1573, he was succeeded by his brother,

Henri Grey, ninth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and sixth Earl of Kent, who, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

Charles Grey, tenth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and seventh Earl of Kent. His Lordship married Susan, daughter of Sir R. Cotton, of Bedhampton, in the county of Hants, and was succeeded by his only son,

Henry Grey, eleventh Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and eighth Earl of Kent, who married Elizabeth, one of the daughters and coheirs of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, but died, in 1639, without issue. In consequence, the barony of Grey de Ruthyn devolved upon his sister Susan Lady Longueville, and has since been enjoyed by her descendants, whilst the Earldom of Kent passed, according to the limitation, to his distant relation, the great grandson of George second Earl, the Rev.

Anthony Grey, Rector of Burlace, in the county of Leicester, as ninth Earl of Kent. This nobleman married Magdalen, daughter of W. Purefoy, Esq., of Caldecote, Warwickshire, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Henry Grey, tenth Earl of Kent. This nobleman espoused secondly, Amabel, the daughter of Sir Anthony Benn, Recorder of London, and widow of the Hon. Anthony Fane, a younger son of Francis Earl of Westmoreland. By her the Earl had an only son, his successor, in 1651,

Anthony Grey, eleventh Earl of Kent, who married Mary, daughter and heiress of John first Baron Lucas, of Shenfield, in the county of Essex. This lady was created, on the 7th May, 1683, Baroness Lucas, of Crudwell, in the county of Wilts, with remainder to her issue, male and female, by the Earl of Kent. At his decease, in 1702, the Earl left an only son and successor,

Henry Grey, twelfth Earl of Kent, and, at the demise of his mother, first Baron Lucas,—who was created, 14th Dec. 1706, Viscount Goderich, of Goderich Castle, in Herefordshire, Earl Harold, in the county of Bedford, and Marquis of Kent. On the 22nd April 1710, his Lordship was created Duke of Kent, and in three years afterwards was installed a Knight of the Garter. His grace married twice: first, Jemima, eldest daughter of Thomas Lord Crewe, of Stene, by whom he had four sons and seven daughters, the former of whom all died before himself, and without issue. His grace married secondly, Sophia, daughter of William Duke of Portland, by whom he had a son who died in infancy, and a daughter, who married the Right Rev. John Egerton, Lord Bishop of Durham. The Duke, losing thus all his sons, obtained a new patent, dated 9th May 1740, creating him Marquis Grey, with remainder to his grand-daughter, Jemima Campbell, daughter of Lady Amabel Grey, by her husband John third Earl of Bredalbane. His grace died June 5th 1748, when all the honours, save the Marquisate of Grey and the Baronry of Lucas, became extinct, and these devolved upon his grand-daughter above-mentioned,

Lady Jemima Campbell, then Lady Jemima Royston, having been married a few days before the death of her grandfather, to Philip Viscount Royston, eldest son of Philip first Earl of Hardwicke, by whom she had two daughters, Amabel, of whom presently, and Mary Jemima, who was married to Thomas Robinson, second Baron Grantham. Upon the decease of the Marchioness, 10th January 1797, without issue male, the Marquisate expired, and the Baronry devolved on her Ladyship's elder daughter,

Amabel, Baroness Lucas, who, on the 5th Oct. 1816, was created Countess De Grey of Wrest, with remainder to her sister Lady Grantham, and her heirs male. The Countess was married 16th July 1772, to Alexander Lord Polwarth. Her ladyship died without issue, 29th June 1838, and was succeeded by her nephew,

Thomas Philip Weddell, third Lord Grantham, who, on inheriting the Earldom of De Grey and Baron of Lucas, assumed the name and arms of De Grey. His Lordship, who was born 8th Dec. 1781, had succeeded to the Baronry of Grantham, on the death of his father, Thomas second Lord, 20th July 1780, and had taken, by royal permission, in place of his paternal surname “Robinson,” that of “Weddell.” He married 29th July 1805, Lady Henrietta Frances Cole, fifth daughter of William Willoughby first Earl of Emniskillen, by whom he has surviving issue, Anne Florence, married Oct. 7, 1633, to Geo. Viscount Fordwich, eldest son of Lord Cowper; and

Mary Gertrude, the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, who was married the 5th July 1832, to Captain Henry Vynner, son of the late RObt. Vynner, Esq., of Ganthby, county of Lincoln, and the Lady Theodosia Ashburnham.
SERENADING.

Still, I never can forget
The nights I passed in serenading.

There was a picture, by Rothwell,
shown at the Somerset House Exhibition
last season, which hardly met with the just
share of praise deserved by its sentiment of
expression and delicate colouring. A young
lady—of the noblest birth you might be
sure, from the exquisite fineness of her
features, and the symmetry of her small
hands—with soft, drooping, blue eyes, and
a shower of mellow, golden ringlets falling
carelessly round her face—was there painted
standing before an open window, which
looked down upon a Venetian canal—receiving,
with pleased bashfulness, the first
homage which music had ever paid to her
beauty; and—for there was something of
consciousness in the shrinking, child-like
humility of her air—in the secret of her
soul, guessing to which among the young
signori of her acquaintance she ought to
ascribe so sweet a gallantry. But, if she
guessed it not, her attendant had settled
the point: that attendant being a bright-
eyed black-haired gypsy, with spright-
liness and intrigue and daring lurking
in every gipsy fold of her dark hair, in
every dimple of her brown cheek. Her
hand, if I recollect right, was laid upon
the pearly wrist of the unconscious girl:—
she, too, was listening to the music with
an arch smile—but it was rather the knowing,
"I told you he would come, lady!"—than a smile of curiosity as to
whose hautboys those in the gondola below
could be—or a smile of pleasure, that such
a compliment should be paid to the charms
of her mistress; for to herself these things
had long become matters of course—her
Luigi, or Benedetto, or whoever the inamo-
rato of the hour might be, having woed
and talked with her in this pleasant fashion
on far more summer nights than she cared
to remember. The waiting-woman and her
lady formed a most picturesque group;—I
lingered for some time before the picture;
and its spell, in the shape of a thousand
pretty and picturesque day-dreams, accom-
panied me all the length of the Strand;
and even people with fantasies of guitars,
and barcarole, and moonlight, and Italian
love, the culinary precincts of Hungerford
market!

In these matters, we English, alas for us!
are dolefully prosaic. Climate and the
wholesome customs of our forefathers pro-
hibit la belle passion from receiving in our
island the comfortable nourishment of mas-
querades and carnivals and madrigals "all
beneath the moon." Nor do those des-
perate mistakes called pic-nics, in any
way emulate or supply the place of the
sweet, open-hearted elegant villeggiature
of Boccaccio and Watteau. Our young
ladies set forth on these excursions, chad
in the newest fashions for the month—
and thinking far more of their own or
their neighbours' French bonnets, than
fairy-haunted grove, or grey ruin, where
holy monks and stalwart champions of
the Cross lie sleeping; whilst their ca-
valiers, not precisely knowing the right
way of being rural, hover in their delicate
attentions to the Cynthia of the minute,
between the extremes of impudence and
guarcherie. Then we have no fountains—
and our vineyards grow under glass, and
are fed by steam; our pleasures, too, are
warded by spring guns. The sensitive
mind sickens at such a work-day state of
things! And should a love-affair, by un-
hoped for chance, spring up from the midst
of these sickly doings—how different are
our Montagues and Capulets, our Romeoos
and Counts of Paris, from the delightful
personages of the tragedy! Hood's maid-
servant, who, when describing the burning
of the Houses of Parliament, and lamenting
the degeneracy of the footmen of this re-
formed epoch, pathetically explains—"It
used to be females first, but now it's furni-
ture!" hit off the manners of the day
to a nicety. Affairs of the heart are en-
grossed on parchment and tied up with red
tape—coplements are calculated by the
rule of three, and constancy measured by
the interest table. Cocker and not Petrarch
is your lover's vade mecum now-a-days.

But let me not be carried away too far
from the matter in hand, by these pathetic
speculations, nor ramble away from sere-
nades to things in general. Neither must I linger on the subject of night-music, though few are more tempting, or more connected in my mind with a thousand pleasant associations: I have a tale to tell, and unless I put a strong rein upon my pen, I shall be found some pages hence rhapsodizing upon the sweet airs that float through Naples, when day-light sets, or criticizing with all my heart, that charming serenade terzett, “Ah! tacì ingiusto core,” from Don Giovanni!

A girl is all the more loved by her companions for being sentimental; but should a boy possess that unfortunate disposition of mind, woe be to him—a millstone had better been tied round his neck on his second birthday! So, at least, my poor schoolfellow Fairfax had reason to think a thousand times a year: for never was timid hare so hunted down, as he was by the constant ridicule and practical jokes of his class-mates and companions. Puny in figure, sickly in constitution, of weak intellect, and ill-endowed with this world’s gear, it might have been hoped that he would have been (as some one or other has quaintly said), “a charity, not a laughing-stock,” to his comrades—but charity abideth not in boarding-schools. The boys destroyed his possessions, hindered him in his lonely studies, searched out many a treasure of foolish relics, and scraps of what tried to be “melancholy breathed in rhyme,” delighted in bringing his shyness to open shame, and placing perfecce his cowardice in the forefront of all schemes of daring and aggression. His holidays were embittered by their contrivances—his very relations, or, I should say, his one solitary relation (she being, alas for Fairfax!—a meek maiden aunt)—was persecuted for his sake. No one cared for him—not one pitied him—not one shared his cake with him, or invited him to take part in any game. He had not even the miserable satisfaction, so commonly enjoyed by the unpopular, of one single parasite—for he had not wherewithal to purchase one. In short, he came and went, a butt, a victim, an object of scorn; and many a tale was told by the fireside, long after his final departure, of the tricks that had been played off on “that fellow, Fairfax.” I have, since those days, often wondered, as I have thought of him, whether any person can live so completely cast off from the love and good offices of his kind (be they even belonging to the noisy tribe of schoolboys) as he did, without in some measure deserving the alienation!

When Fairfax left school, every one lost sight of him; and the few who still mentioned his name, spoke of him as being dead, or as having gone out to America; though it would be hard to imagine a place or vocation for him in that utilitarian, bustling quarter of the globe;—and we knew that he had to carve his own way through life: his aunt’s sole dependence being a life annuity, out of which she had scraped and spared enough to give the unloved little orphan the education of a gentleman. It was only last summer, long after the features, and almost the name, of our old victim had faded from my memory, that both were recalled to me by a slight adventure in which I bore a part.

Dearly as I love London, my passion for it declines in the dog-days; and so soon as the opera closes, I begin to cast eyes of love and thoughts of longing towards shady fields and cool waters. How people can bring themselves to find a pleasure in being scorched on the naked sea-shore, or acting over the gaieties of the past season at some paltry watering-place or other, is, I confess, a mystery to me, who always seek for shade, and quiet, and green nature; and like nothing half so well as a sojourn at a regular farm-house—in the heart of Shropshire, for instance. Last year, however, I passed the burning months at a small country town, some fifty miles distant from the metropolis—a cluster of houses on the side of a hill, crowned with a magnificent old church that overlooked a peaceful well-timbered district, with a small river crossing the landscape, and a picturesque outline of hills in the horizon—one of those places, where a five minutes’ walk brings you from the centre of the market-place to some green lane or quiet nook, where glow-worms and nightingales are found—one of those places, where five old gentlemen who besiege the door of the bookseller’s shop from morn till night, are the sole male idlers of the place; and six single ladies of a certain age, consider themselves as representing the “blue blood” of the community—where people live till ninety—and letters are delivered only thrice a week—a nest, in short, of popular fallacies and old-fashioned comforts, with a charitable rosy vicar, and an attorney with a powdered head; and a shop, at which you might buy any conceivable wearable of equally ancient
mode, to say nothing of "tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff"—and our physician, apothecary, and surgeon: . . . . . but I must go on with my story more regularly.

About five miles from —ton stands the proudest old house in the shire; with the oldest cedars round about it, and the longest pedigree within.—I can laugh now, can I not, my Clara, while I describe Tilney Manor? It was a place, where (could such a thing be) you might hope still to find Sir Charles Grandison in all his glory—with embroidered coat, and carefully curled bag-wig, and coach and six, all precisely as Richardson has set them down*. At the end of the garden of this venerable mansion is a genuine terrace, rising steeply above a sort of field-path common to foot-passengers;—the terrace is flanked by tall upright fir-trees—and a huge white vase or stiff statue, rising here and there among pyramids of hollyhocks and sunflowers— with a pillared summer-house at its termination, give that walk almost an Italian appearance. Here, on the mildest of August evenings, appeared the stately Sir Paul Tilney, the owner of the estate, and his maiden sister, pacing to and fro with much solemnity: and a concealed listener (had any such been lurking in the neighbourhood) might have caught fragments of their colloquy, for their voices were pitched in a perseveringly high key—both of them being a little deaf.

"I tell you, Deborah, she shall remain here no longer, the charge is by far too anxious a one for a person at my time of life. I wonder what makes them think her such a beauty!" (Sweet Clara! that they could speak thus of thee!) and if her silly old father had bequeathed her to any one else, —the rest of the speech was lost in the distance.

"Indeed, indeed, brother," the lady was pleading, when the pair again returned within ear-shot: "I have done what I could—I, myself, have got up at seven every morning to meet the post-boy, and take his bags from him with my own hand—I have talked to her for her good, till my breath has failed me—I have urged her to tell me who it was that was twangling under her window the other night . . . . . bless me, what's that rustling in the Portugal laurel-bush?"

"Only thrushes—for shame, Deborah, you are as nervous as a child—at your years! No, I will not be persuaded—to London she shall go on Wednesday; and if Mrs. Montacute keep her out of harm's way, it is more than I can do. Crompton assures me, that she has heard music, and some one talking like a stage-player, for three nights successively on the little lawn under her window. The girl will be running away next, and, please Providence, no such giddy, graceless doings shall be hatched at Tilney Manor."—Again the speech faded away, and the listener (for I plead guilty to playing the part of the thrushes) was smitten with another twinge; half of curiosity, half of jealousy. "Three successive nights—and under Clara's window! I must call her to account for this."

But in the doughtiness of my resolve, making a more energetic movement than prudence warranted in a place of such perilous footing as mine was at that moment (for I was more than half overhanging the hollow way, of which I have spoken, at the same time keeping myself on my feet with difficulty among the dense foliage of the evergreen), the loose rich soil crumbled beneath my feet—they slipped, and the very effort I ventured to regain my former position, so favourable to eaves-dropping, precipitated me headlong into the narrow pathway, with so violent a wrench that I presently foresaw that the morrow's sun would rise on my sprained ankle. My good stars, however, befriended me, in that I was neither espied out by the walking automaton on the terrace in my prostrate condition, nor afterwards while limping down the road which, exposed to the full view of the manor house, led me back to —ton, my hiding place. The latter, however, was of little consequence, unless they
were keen eyed enough to detect the

difference between a smock-frock and a

slouch-hat worn by a poor gentleman, and

those carried on the bullet-head and round

shoulders of a bona fide clown.

The sky looked green as I painfully

dragged myself along, the trees yellow, and

the little town aforesaid, reared up on the

hill-side against the sunset, appeared to my

eyes as if cut out of a quarry of rainbows,

so bitter was my agony. In mind, too, I

was plagued; I had failed in accomplishing

the object of my mission, which was to

leave a token in a certain Triton's shell

(that excellent sea-god having been already

useful as a confidant)—I had heard that

which perplexed me, and made me feel

disposed to something like—I hope not

jealousy;—and, worst of all, here I was,

likely to be a prisoner for I knew not

how many weeks, in the place of all others

where the presence of a stranger was sure to

excite suspicion, whilst, for aught I knew,

Clara might be in the meantime trans-

ferred to the mercies of Mrs. Montacute, or

(what was equally disagreeable) be exposed to

the further impertinence of serenades and

other such unseemly wooing. What

did people mean? Had men no prudence,

and women no constancy? I roared aloud

with pain. "A doctor! a surgeon!" cried

I, "if there be such a thing in this cursed

place. I do believe my leg is broken!"

"Don't say so, Sir," said my good motherly

landlady, turning as white in the face as her

own apron. "Only let me put your country

clothes out of sight like, and I'll presently

bring you one who will set all to rights."

She was absent about ten minutes (an

eternity to my feelings), and came back

with—I declare that at the very first sound

I recognised the creeping, mouse-like foot

in the passage, and the little, low, apo-

logetic cough—and surprised out of my

pain and vexation of spirit, sprang from

the sofa, exclaiming, "Fairfax!" before

my old schoolfellow, the butt, the poet,

the hoarder of locks of hair, the old

maid's darling, entered. He looked not

a day older than when we had parted. I

could almost have sworn that not a single

hair had been cut from his sleek, small

drab head. He was dressed in pepper-and-

salt, too, his old colour—the sparsest, smallest

anatomy of a man I ever set eyes upon.

Fairfax, I was pretty sure, was Fairfax

still. It was strange, however, and sur-

prising enough to find him here at this

particular juncture of my fortunes, quietly

established as the one mediciner of that

country town. A thought ran like light-

ning through my brain (I had often won-

dered how opportunely come such thoughts,

both in story-books and on the stage, but

never before had myself been permitted

their assistance): I was resolved not to

break my incognito as far as my old school-

mate was concerned, knowing that I might

want an unconscious assistant to the further-

ance of my plans,—or, at all events,

not to run the risk of raising up a marplot

by proclaiming myself a gentleman, and

claiming his recognition; so I let pain have

its way, and sank back upon the sofa in an

attitude which I am sure did me credit;

at all events, it excited his compassion. He

sat down beside me. He had not even

changed his mode of sitting, which was a

timid possession of the extreme edge of his

chair, with a look and gesture which said,

"May I?"—and then, somewhat frightened

by the vivacity with which I had greeted

him (which he ascribed to the poignancy

of my sufferings), began to inquire into the

nature and cause of my sprain, with an

apology between every ten words, and a

short sigh of sympathy (this, too, I remem-

bered as well as my dog's-cares Horace),

as often as I answered one of his questions.

But a medical conference is the dullest

of all dull things. I will break off for the

present, leaving the sequel of my adventure

to be told this day month.
THE SHERIDAN AUTOGRAPH.

We have this month the pleasure of presenting our readers with a fac-simile of what we venture to pronounce one of the most curious and interesting documents ever offered to public notice in connection with the history of the British drama. From the first appearance of the celebrated play of "The Stranger," in 1798, up to the present moment, there has always existed a question of great curiosity, and of no small literary interest, as to what part (if any) of that most popular and effective of all "sentimental" dramas was attributable to the pen of Sheridan, under whose auspices, as proprietor and manager of Drury Lane Theatre at the above-named period, it was brought out with such brilliant success. And to this so long mooted question even Sheridan's distinguished biographer, Mr. Thomas Moore, aided as he was by all the facilities capable of being supplied to him by Sheridan's family, was unable to afford a single authentic word in reply. In that gentleman's Life of Sheridan there is the following passage on this curious question:—"The theatrical season of 1798 introduced to the public the German drama of "The Stranger," translated by Mr. Thompson, and (as we are told by that gentleman in his preface) altered and improved by Sheridan. There is reason, however, to believe that the contributions of the latter to the dialogue were more considerable than he was perhaps willing to let the translator acknowledge. My friend Mr. Rogers has heard him, on two different occasions, declare that he had written [Query, re-written?] every word of 'The Stranger' from beginning to end; and as his vanity could not be much interested in such a claim, it is possible that there was at least some virtual foundation for it."—Moore's Life of Sheridan, Book, vol. 2, p. 275.

The "virtual foundation" for the claim here alluded to we have now the satisfaction of presenting to our readers, under the hand of Sheridan himself; for under that particular form (of a fac-simile) we have thought it fitting, no less to the unequalled dramatic reputation of Sheridan himself than to the curiosity and interest of the literary world, to offer the document which has kindly been submitted to our use. That document itself occupies so considerable a space in our pages, and speaks so eloquently for itself as to the main point which it illustrates—the matchless dramatic tact and skill of Sheridan—that we shall offer but few observations on it, and those only with the view of leading our readers to a careful and minute examination of the document itself, than which, when considered in its proper light, there never was a more interesting dramatic study offered to the world, a more eloquent showing forth of that "alchamy of mind" which can by a touch turn lead into gold, and educe spirit and vitality from a mere caput mortuum.

The portion of the play which we shall offer to public notice is the entire fifth act, by far the most effective and interesting portion of it, as at present acted. With respect to the document generally, it is only necessary to premise further, that the portion of it in the fair hand exhibits the dialogue, as transcribed by the copyist of the theatre from the translation of Thompson, in the form originally offered to and accepted by Sheridan. The erasures, alterations, additions, marks of reference, &c. &c., even to the minutest scratch of the pen, are given in our fac-simile as they appear in the hand-writing of Sheridan. We wish the pleasing and highly useful art of lithography, which has enabled us to lay this curious document before our readers, had also permitted us to give the numerous other marks (in the shape of a score or so of stains of port-wine, &c.) with which the original document is enriched, and which render it still more characteristic of the extraordinary hand whence (like the drama which it embodies) it has derived its whole value.

The play of "The Stranger" is so familiar to every class of playgoers (perhaps more so than any other existing play which keeps possession of the stage), that we do not deem it necessary to point out in detail the various features in which the original translation has been transformed, by the magic touch of Sheridan, from mere baldness into brilliance, from grossness into delicacy and dramatic propriety, from stupidity and self-contradiction into sense and spirit, and from false
feelings expressed in still falselier language, to real passion clothed in the simple "household words" which it invariably dictates. Still we cannot let this document leave our hands without pointing out one or two of those examples by which the dramatic student (to whom we especially recommend it) will be taught the incalculable value of peculiar delicacy of perception in regard to dramatic phraseology—that tact in reference to style and turn of expression on which the success of a drama in a great degree depends, and ought to depend. "The Stranger," as at present acted, is the most popular and effective serious drama of its class on the English stage. And yet even the brief portion of it which we now present to the world will satisfy the most superficial observer that, had it been offered to the public without the emendations of Sheridan, it would on its first introduction have been hoisted from the stage with contempt, and probably never again been heard of.

The first two pages of the first scene will offer ample examples of the peculiar faculty of mind to which we refer, and which perhaps no man that ever lived, either before or since, possessed in so exquisite a degree as Sheridan did. In him, and in him alone, it amounted to genius; indeed, it would perhaps not be going too far to say that it constituted the chief sum and substance of his genius: for his wit, in which his genius is chiefly allowed to have consisted, may be considered part and parcel of this faculty—the faculty of seeing, as by an intuitive sense, the correspondences and the differences between words and the ideas and images they call up or represent. Look at the very first alteration occurring in the first few lines of the scenes we are about to give. Where lies the difference between one phrase and the other, but in a word?—yet what a difference! Steinfurth enters, his mind fraught with the weight of the enterprise he has undertaken, of bringing together two persons standing in the relative situation of Mrs. Haller and the Stranger. The good-humoured Count Winterson, observing the gloom on his features, asks him to recruit his excited spirits with a glass of Burgundy. The translator of the drama makes him reply, "I'm not thirsty!" A London audience have, as a body, infallible tact in points of this nature, and they would have hailed this reply with a burst of laughter; yet the difficulty is not merely got over, but turned into a touch of character and delicacy by a mere word—"I am not in the humour." The latter phrase, be it observed, is not a little more recherché than the former. It is equally familiar and colloquial; yet the one is ridiculous, the other is in perfect keeping and good taste. Again, in the second page of the autograph. In the original, Steinfurth, in opening his plan to Mrs. Haller, says to her, "We must devise some means of reconciling you to your husband." He is her husband, true; but in the situation in which she stands to him, what an absence of all delicacy to name the word! Yet see how exquisitely Sheridan overcomes the obstacle, and at the same time increases the interest of the stage situation. "We must devise some means of reconciling you to—the Stranger." All is done, as before, by a word. In fact, no man so intimately felt as Sheridan did the profound truth of an axiom that had however not then been propounded, at least in terms, namely, that "Words are Things." The reader will find on examination that every other alteration in the following document is almost equally worthy with the above of his notice and consideration.

We learn, from Moore's Life of him, that Sheridan was almost wholly unacquainted with any modern language but his own, a fact which proves that he derived no assistance in his improvements of "The Stranger" from a reference to the original drama of Kotzebue. We make the remark, however, chiefly to observe that, for our own parts, we are disposed to attribute his exquisite feeling for the niceties and delicacies of his own language to this very fact, for we have never known a man who was thoroughly accomplished in any one or more living languages (to which, be it observed, we confine the remark), that could either write or speak his own with that perfect knowledge of its powers, and consummate delicacy as to its niceties and refinements, which distinguishes the dialogue of Sheridan's plays above those of every other modern writer.

We now, without further preface, commend to our readers' attention the highly curious document which has called forth these remarks.
THE STRANGER.

Act 5. Scene 1. - The Ante-Chamber.
(Enter Count Wintersen) O. P.

Count: Who is this mysterious man may be, or who Mr. Haller is, I cannot learn. But, from what has happened it is clear that she and the Stranger are well acquainted with each other. Oh! here comes one at last, that will perhaps -

(Enter Baron) O. P.

Hey day, what a woful countenance! Come, Steinfort, what say you to a glass of Burgundy after all this bustle?
Baron: Excuse me, I am not thirsty. The humour.
Count: Steinfort, of all things in the world it is impossible to see a thing, that is not merry in my house. If I were a thing I would make my subjects as happy as I could. All those who were otherwise should quit the Territory.
Baron: Then you would only make people happy, that you might have no melancholy countenances near you?
Count: Exactly.

Baron: That principle makes me much in fear.
Count: However, depend on it, we are all got to, some are more, others less as it were. In the meantime, during the time I have the pleasure to talk with you.
Baron: I am not in a humour to dispute the point.
Count: Another time: Apropos! How is Mr. Haller?
Baron: I saw Charlotte just now, and she says that she is quite well recovered.
Count: Then we shall have her down at supper.
Baron: I am afraid not.
Count: Nor my wife?
Baron: I believe not.
Count: Then the devil take you all together.
Baron: (after a pause) Oh, deceitful Hope! Thou phantom of future happiness! To thee have I stretched out my arms, and thou hast vanished into air! Wretched Steinfort! The mystery is solved. She is the wife of my friend. Enough; not by idle disputations, but by deeds, will I contradict what Wintersen just now asserted. I cannot myself be happy; but I may perhaps be able to reunite two happy souls, whom stony fate has severed.

Countess: Into the garden, my dear friend, into the air! Mrs. Hal: I am quite well. Do not alarm yourselves on my account. May I suppose you to be left alone?

(Exit Charlotte) O.K.

Baron: Madame, pardon my intrusion, but I have means to quit this country to-morrow. We must devise a means to reconcile you two. I have a plan.

Mrs. Hal: How do I feel what it is to be in the presence of an honest man, whom I dare not meet by eye! (Hides her face)

Baron: If sincere repentance without reproach do not give us a little to mark forgiveness, what must we expect hereafter? No, your contrition is complete. Spare for a little moment, wrested from slumbering weakness, the dominion of your heart, but she awakes, and with a look that vanquished her enemy for ever. I know my friend. He has the limits of...
Mr. Hal: What would you do? No! Never! My husband's honour is sacred to me. I love him unutterably, but never, never can I be his Wife again, even if he were generous enough to pardon me.  

Baron: Madam! Do you speak seriously?  

Mrs. Hal: Not that Title, I see you! I am not a child, who wishes to avoid deserved punishment; what were my reasons if I hoped for any advantage from it beyond the cancellation of all offences for past offences.

Countess: But of your husband himself?  

Mrs. Hal: Oh, he will not! He cannot! and let him rest assured I never would replace my honour at the expense of his.  

Baron: But he still loves you.  

Mrs. Hal: Loves me? Then he must not. No. He must purify his heart from a weakness, which would degrade him.  

Baron: Incomparable woman. I go to my friend, perhaps for the last time... If you need...  

Mrs. Hal: Yes, yes, I have. I have two requests to make; when in excess of grief. I have despised of every consolation. I have thought I should be easier. if I might behold my husband once again, acknowledge my injustice to him, and take leave of him for ever. Thus therefore is my first request - a conversation for a few short minutes, if he does not quite abhor the sight of me. My second request is - To hear some account of my children.  

Baron: If humanity and friendship can avail, he will not.

For a moment delay your wishes... I hope -

Countess: Heaven be with you!

Mrs. Hal: And my prayers... - (Exit Baron) P.S.
Countess: Come, my dear friend; come into the Air, till she returns with hope and consolation.

Olivia: (Flinging her eyes up to her) Dear heart! I am >>= Heart, how art thou affloured? Close my Husband! How my little ones! How past joys and future tears? Oh, my dearest Madam! There are moments, in which the love with years, moments, which love from the youth of it called in the tears of youth.

Countess: Yes—we will own.

Olivia: Oasion that care is still more destructive than age, but you must banish these sad reflections—Come, let us take a walk; The sun will set soon, and nature's beauties dissipate anxiety.

Olivia: Has! Yes. The setting sun is a proper scene for me.

Countess: Never forget a morning will succeed.

Exeunt. P.S.

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Scene 2nd. The Place before the Stranger's dwelling.

Enter Baron. P.S. Gaspshall set. Baron: On earth there is but one such thing. They shall not be parted. Still, what I have undertaken, is not so easy as I first supposed. What can I answer, when he asks me, whether I would persuade him to renounce his former, and become the person of mine? For he is right. A faithful Wife is a Dignity to a Man, and to forgive her is to share her guilt. What, though Adelaide may be an exception—a ferocious girl, who has so long and so sincerely repented, yet what could a guilty unfeeling world for this? The world!—he has quitted it; he has renounced it. This, evident; he loves her still; and upon this assurance expanded the hope of a happy termination to my undertaking. an honest woman. To forgive

Enter Francis with the Two Children William and Amelia. O.P.

William: I am tired.
Amelia:—So am I.
Willm. Is it far to home?
Fra:—No, we shall be there directly, now.
Baron:—Hold! Whose children are these?
Fra:—My Master's.
Willm. Is that my father?
Baron:—It darts like lightning through my brain! A word with you, I know you love your Master. Strange things have happened here.
Fra:—Trivial?
Baron:—Your Master has found his wife again.
Fra:—Indeed! I am glad to hear it.
Baron:—My Lady.
Fra:—Is she his wife? Still more glad to hear it.
Baron:—But he is determined to part with her.
Fra:—Oh!
Baron:—We must try to prevent it.
Fra:—Surely.
Baron:—The unexpected appearance of the children may perhaps have a good effect.
Fra:—How so?
Baron:—Hide yourself with them in the Hut. Before a quarter of an hour is past, you shall know more.
Fra:—But—
Baron:—No more questions. I implore you. Time is precious.
Fra:—Well, well! Questions are not much in my way. Come, children.

Exit Fraunces with children into the Hut. P.S.U.S.
Baron:—Excellent! I promise myself much from this little artifice.

If the mild look of the Mother fails, the innocent smiles of these children will surely find the way to his heart.

(Enter Stranger) P.S.U.S.

Charles. I wish you joy.
Fra:—Of what?
Baron: You have forgot her again.
Sara: Then ask for the ledger which he once possessed, and then congratulate him on the amount to retrieve the whole.
Baron: Nay, not if he be in his own power. She, who loves you unstintedly, who without your never can be happy, renounces your forgiveness, because, as she say, your honour is incompatible with such a weakness.
Sara: Behold! I am not to be caught. Do not, I pray.
Baron: Charles! Consider well. She is an excellent woman.
Sara: Sir, at last, let me explain all this. I have lived here four months. Adelaide knew it.
Baron: Know it! She never saw you till today.
Sara: That she may make folks believe. Hear further. She knew too, that I was not a common sort of man, that my heart was not to be attacked in the usual way. She therefore framed a nice deep concerted plan. She played a charitable part, but in such a way that it always reached my ears. She played a pious modest-revealed part, in order to excite my curiosity. And at last, today she plays the Nurse! She refuses my forgiveness, in order, by this generous manner, to extort it from my compassion.
Baron: Charles! I have listened to you with astonishment. They are so rarely. It only be pardoned in a man, who has so often been deceived by the world. Why it is that this castle built upon your reputation must fall with a single breath. Your Wife has expressly and stalwartly declared that she will not accept your forgiveness, even if you yourself were weak enough to offer it. What need then of a deep concerted plan? Any chance and

Baron: What then has brought you hither?
Sara: More than one reason. First, I am come in my own
once again in you I must move.

conversation. She wishes to take leave of you. You cannot
deny her this only consolation. Your last request.

Sir: Oh! I understand this too. She thinks my firmness
will be wasted by her tears... But she is mistaken. She may come.

Baron: She'll come to

Sir: You make me feel how much you mistake her.

I'll go for her.

Sir: Another word. Save her these jewels. They belong to her.

(presenting them)

Baron: That you may do yourself. (Exit Baron) P.S.G.C.

Sir: The last happy moment of my life draws near. I

shall see her. Her soul my soul adores. Is this the Language

of an injured husband? alas! I feel That the Phantom which

wrought havoc once but on our heads and in our hearts. I

must be resolved. It cannot go on otherwise. Let me speak

solemnly, yet mildly, and borrow every reproach from my

lips. Yes, her persistence is real. My suspicion cannot

conceal up what shall be the wonder how it is real. She shall

live in our impression

not be obliged to keep him away here by power. She shall

be unapproachable and have sufficient power to gratify her

pride! Protect me injured honour!

also! What is the Principle which

we call Honor? is it a

in the brain a feeling of the

Heart or a quibble in the brain.
THE MAN WITH NO INTENTIONS.

To the Editor of the Court Magazine.

SIR,—I cannot say that I have any "intention" of writing an article for your elegant and amusing periodical; but having taken up the pen, I may as well make you the depository of my griefs and cares, some of which are laughable enough to those who have not suffered by them. Well might Sterne point out the wide difference between the JESTER and the JESTER, in their several estimates of one and the same joke. The deep philosophy of the remark is equally applicable to the sorrows as to thefacetiae of life.

The vile daily drop on drop that wears
The soul out, like the stone, with petty cares,
falls unheeded by any spirit, save the one subjected to the silent searching so powerfully illustrated by the poet; and whenever by groaning or writhing we attract the attention of others, we may be assured that light and darkness are not more opposite than our own feelings and those of the persons who pretend condolence. But this argument is rather like Wordsworth's cuckoo—

A wandering voice—

leading my otherwise prudent pen from the precise line of its duty, which is just now (if possible) to rouse your sympathy, Mr. Editor; for I think I can "make out a case" for sympathy: and having succeeded in that, I trust I shall have no reason to class you with the common herd, who

In disasters of their friends,
First consult their private ends.

I am a "man of no intentions." After the most devout self-searching, I can conscientiously declare that I never had any intention of doing any one thing from the day I was born down to the present hour. To a gentleman of your discrimination, Mr. Editor, I need scarcely say that I had no intention of being born at all. Had I been consulted as to that first and irrevocable step, I do believe I should have suggested a very different course of proceeding from that which was adopted. However, the matter was managed without me, and

Trailing clouds of glory, did I come
From Heaven, which is our home.

Alas! those clouds of glory have long since commingled with the "gross obscure" of London fog and smoke! Yet, was I to blame? I had "no intention" of being a resident in this rocky region. Nay, so devotedly fond am I of rural sports, and of all the thousand exhilarating influences of the country—

Its studious ease and generous cares,
And every chaste affection;

that I could passionately exclaim with Bürger's Leonora—

With it! with it! is blessedness—
And wanting it is hell!

So much for my unintentional birth and residence. As to complexion, feature, and figure, though I have very great injuries to complain of in these respects, yet, at my time of life, any allusion to such trifles might possibly be thought ridiculous. However, at all hazards, I will venture to say thus much—that I had "no intention" of squatting, of having red hair, or of sporting that peculiar assortment of legs which the Irish gentry declare can never stop a drove of pigs in their blind progression—I mean (ah! wherefore must I mean?) the bouncy! Yes, in almost the language of a very elegant poet,

My first legs, my last legs, my only legs bend,
From no cause that I could ever discover,
but that being inconveniently compressed previously to my nativity, they came to the truly conjugal resolution of "walking apart," albeit to all appearance conjoined for life, through the journey, long or short, marked out for them in the predestinating map of Fate. Be this as it may, no ghost from the other world need be invoked to convince you, Sir, that such a realisation of what those provoking people, the punsters, call the "bow ideal," was not intentional on my part. On the contrary, I have always entertained a desire, the more vehement because vain, to "stand straight" with the world in every sense of the term. But who can control his fate? Well, Sir, taking my stand, as best I might, on these two down-trampling refutations of the
principle, “that the line of beauty is in the curve,” I continued one of the class of “ruminating animals” till one by no means “fine” morning I found myself on the way to school. This fact was not only “unintentional itself,” but a most pregnant cause of other unintentional facts. At school, intending nothing whatever, I realised the notion of being the most astonishing donkey that had ever fed there. To stupidity, properly so called, there was no objection; indeed I may say, that in our school it was regarded rather sympathetically—the all but stagnant off-stream from the eternal tide of dulness, bearing its leaden and lugubrious course, from the teacher to the taught, with most tranquil inundation! But my stupidity was denominated as something worse than had been bargained for, even in our lead-roofed receptacle. I was thus soon voted a bore, perceiving which, I set my thoughts in search of a motive. I endeavoured to find a reason for the feeling that was in me; I tried to discover, firstly, why the school disliked me! and, secondly, why I disliked the school! In both self-questions, I was baffled. Well, in the words and deed of the poet, I

Shook myself a little,
And turned myself about,
and forthwith proceeded to ask myself whether I had any better reasons for staying than I had for going—i. e. none at all. The reply of the voiceless “monitor within” decided me that I had no intention one way or the other, whereupon I took a walk, and observing a stage-coach, and, fancying a ride would do no harm, I mounted; and in reply to my brother boxe, the coachman, as to where I wished to be set down, I replied, “No where!”

“Indeed, your honour,” said the four-in-hand, “that is a strong expression.”

I immediately perceived my error, and rectified it thus: “My good fellow,” said I, “it is a strong expression; what I meant to say was, not that I wished to go ‘no where,’ but that I had no intention of going any where!”

“Ha! that’s a horse of another colour!” said Jchu, and he added, that such was his pleasure at meeting a gentleman with “no intention,” that he would promise to put me down “on impulse,” which he accordingly did at my father’s door,—a “singular coincidence”—which may in some degree be accounted for by the fact, that he was a man of “intention,” who, having driven me to school, thought the best thing he could do was to drive me back again, as I happened to be “going his road.”

On entering my paternal home, I perceived that

My father he was angry, my mother did not speak.
But she looked me in the face till my heart was like
to break.

In fact, both those adorable persons felt convinced that this was a case of expulsion, that

Word of fear
Harsh and untunable to a parent’s ear.

“What do you mean, Sir?” said my father, knitting his brows, biting his lips, and looking like Jupiter Tonans. “What do you mean, Sir?” said he for the second time, perceiving I did not answer his first query. And how the plague should I have answered it?—for par parenthése, I may observe that whenever an authoritative querist, or queer-ist, fancies he has you at fault for an answer, you will always find that he returns to his question with “damnable iteration.” “What do you mean, Sir?” asked my father for the third time.

“Nothing, Sir,” was my respectful and sincere reply.

“Nothing!” quoth my mother, wiping her eyes.

“Nothing!” quoth my father, blowing his nose, which exclamations duly enunciated, the sorrowing couple left the room; and I, like the contemplative gentleman seated among the ruins of Carthage, threw myself on the comfortless cushion of shattered hopes which made the gloom-cloud of my boyhood.

(To be continued).
THE CHRISTMAS CATTLE SHOW FOR 1835.

If to be fat he be to be hated, then are Pharaoh’s lean kine to be loved... Then feed and be fat, my fair Callipolis.—Shakespeare.

Many of our readers have doubtless yet to learn, that at no great distance north of St. Paul’s (that uttermost point to which ordinary adventurers from the western parts of our metropolitan world have hitherto thought of penetrating), there lies a district the chief portion of which is unknown, by the name of Goswell-street. Like those other Polar regions which have recently excited so much curiosity, it is chiefly peopled by a sort of Esquimaux tribe, who are quite as dirty and disfavoured to look upon as Captain Ross’s protegés, not less ignorant than they of anything appertaining to a green tree or a grasshopper, considerably more thievish and mischievous in their habits among themselves, and infinitely less friendly disposed towards those “foreigners” from the west who have occasionally visited their latitudes. There is no other portion even of the city part of London that offers so direct and exact an antithesis to “the country,” and all things connected with and growing out of it. The locality itself, though extensive, is one wide waste of that most peculiar and pestilent of all compounds, metropolitan mud, compared with which the most noisome of all country dirt is cleanliness itself. On either side of the portion above-named rise gloomy ranges of party-coloured dwellings, no two alike, which, but for the perpetual patchings and piecings of the bricklayer’s art, would have fallen to the ground a century ago. Overhead, hangs a dense canopy of dim-yellow drapery, formed of a patent mixture manufactured by the firm of Coal Gas, Coke, Smoke, Choke, & Co., which can be had genuine in this vicinity only; as (like the best Burgundy wine) it will not bear removal.

Thus much of the main avenue, which, however, presents a scene of pleasantness compared with those immediately adjoining and branching off from it; for, at intervals of about every hundred yards, stretch forth at right angles to the principal line, narrow interminable lanes, dim darkling alleys, and blind culs-de-sac, that teem with a tenfold portion of human life, from their underground cellars to their roofless attics, and present individual scenes making up together an aggregate of human squalor and wretchedness on which even the imagination refuses to dwell for more than a passing moment, and from which the actual sight shrinks as if blasted.

We have ventured to glance at the above picture, because it is in the centre of a locality and of scenes like this, that for three or four days in every year may be witnessed a scene breathing, smelling, looking and speaking the very heart and soul of the country—of its inhabitants, its occupations, its pleasures, its benefits, its beauties, its quiet and health-giving joys!

In the Goswell-street aforesaid there exists an extensive establishment where, twice a-week throughout the year, congregate together for the purposes of mutual profit and plunder, a sort of “Swell Mob,” consisting of horse-dealers, horse-stealers, horse-chauters, horse-jockeys, horse-buyers, horse-sellers, horse-fanciers, horse-doctors, and a numerous addenda of aspirants for the honour of degrees, more or less distinguished, in all these honourable callings. The meeting is worthily presided over by two professors, who doubtless combine in their own proper persons all the more recondite qualities and accomplishments necessary to the safety of those (opposite) interests over which they have been appointed (by themselves) to keep watch, and in which capacity one or other of them duly appears before his own peculiar public on each Monday and Thursday throughout the year, and descants on the merits of the animals intrusted to his care to be disposed of, till many buy what he offers them, and some few (one or two young gentlemen in stiff neckcloths, from the Poultry or Ludgate Hill) believe much of what he says.

This “Repository,” as it is called, for the sale of horses, carriages, &c., by public auction, bears at ordinary times the look of a large and well-appointed livery-stable,
with its lofty arched gate of entrance from the street, its long, narrow, dim avenue between two lines of stable-doors, its neatly-kept gravelled floor, its over-arching sky-light, &c. About two-thirds down its length, it opens on the left into a large square space shut in above by a flat roof supported at intervals by many low pillars, like a country market-place—no part whatever being open to the external air.

On this spot it is that, about a fortnight before Christmas in every year, are assembled together, from all parts of the country, and ranged in due order for exhibition, the cattle that have contends for and received the prizes offered by "the Smithfield Club" for the encouragement of the breed and feed of cattle in this country.

To form a specific and picturesque idea of the singular and in many respects highly interesting scene which presents itself on this occasion, the uninitiated reader will do well to imagine, first of all, the locality itself as we have just described it; then let him fancy the whole space fitted up with little enclosures formed of hurdles and half-filled with a bed of clean straw, a receptacle for food, &c., merely leaving a narrow space on the left of the avenue of the entrance, and all around the inner quadrangle, for the passage to and fro of the spectators; and then, finally, let him people each enclosure with one or more living animals, "fat as the thought of fatness*; the view of which, if he has not before seen anything of the kind, will fill him with a sort of pleasant astonishment, intimately blended with a feeling of the ludicrous, yet by no means divested of the pathetic.

It is not our purpose to enter into minute details relative to the particular "show" of this year, our worthy brethren of the broad sheet having by this time put that information into the hands of even our readers; and we are not the persons to tell the world what it can learn from other people. But it would not be just in us to withhold the fact, in the absence of which that of the official judges were of little avail.

Let us then first say, of the show in general, that though better than that of 1835, it was below the average of former years. The worthy president, Earl Spencer (who, with the exception of ourselves, was the only very distinguished person present during our brief visit of Saturday the 12th instant), was fain to confess as much to us, even though he himself has this year compassed the chief prize. He was all "candour," as usual. He did not find any objection to the winner of the first prize (of twenty sovereigns) in the second class, a noble Hereford four year old ox, fed by Mr. Senior of Aylesbury. "The steer is a good steer," observed his "candid" lordship, "but" (your "candid" people always carry a "but" about with them, which they poke in the face of everybody they come near) "but it is not like the beasts we used to have here;" and he referred to particulars, which we shall not repeat, having a vague idea that "candour" and "odious comparisons" are not fit companions.

"And how should it?"—was our natural and involuntary reply, knowing as we did that his lordship's "candour" would prevent him from kicking at this little liberty in so old and tried a friend;—"how should it, in heaven's name! Has not everything been degenerating since the Whigs came into office? Why, the very beasts of the field will not grow fat under their rule. The oxen do not eat their oil-cake with an appetite, the ewes do not lamb half so kindly as they used to do, and the pigs themselves cannot be persuaded to propagate so profusely as they were wont! And that you should have had a hand in this! Et tu, Brute!"

We were about to proceed, but the pensive and pious cast assumed by his lordship's features went to our heart, and bade us pause; and in this interim the good oldrazier lost no time in getting out of the reach of any further homily at our hands.

"The good oldrazier!" The phrase likes us not, any more than it will the worthy person to whom we have (half inadvertently) applied it. "Old" is a hard epithet to fling at a man of Lord Spencer's time of life. It is however not our fault, but that of his own ill-placed ambition. He not merely looks, but is, twenty years older than before he became a politician. In fact, had our excellent friend (for as such we must still esteem him in his character of a country gentleman and cattle-breeder) been content to remain what God and his good genius made him, it would have been twenty happy, honourable, and useful years

* Pure as the thought of purity.—Coleridge.
upon his head. But he would let his vanity
league with the Mephistophiles of the
Whigs in persuading him that he was a
statesman, an orator, and (like Michael
Cassio) "a great arithmetician;" and he-
hold the consequences!

Returning to the more agreeable portion
of our task, let us, first and foremost, hail
the pleasing particular, that among the
breeding and feeding competitors of this
year there appears for the first time the
name of a lady!—Mrs. Strickland, of Tewkes-
bury, Gloucestershire. That she has proved
a successful candidate, both as feeder and
breeder, for the only prize she has essayed
to win, we need scarcely add. The omen is a
happy one, and we look to see the wise
example extensively followed in future
years. Mark, too, the amiable appropri-
ateness of Mrs. Strickland's contribution—a
five year old Durham Cow; as lovely a
specimen of the IO-nic order as ever was
led, flower-garlanded, to the sacrificial altar
of the Temple of the Queen of Love.

Of the other chief prizes we shall only
say generally that they have, upon the
whole, been awarded with good discretion,
and that the judges have not (Paris like)
been led away by the mere force of personal
charms, but have decided as the (specific)
gravity of the occasion demanded. The
first prize in the First Class (for the best
five year old ox of any breed) is awarded,
as we have said, to Lord Spencer, both as
feeder and breeder, the breed being his
lordship's favourite Durham. Mr. J. T.
Senior (of Aylesbury) takes the first prize
in the Second Class, for a beautiful four
year old Hereford ox, bred by the Rev. J.
R. Smythers, who takes the silver medal of
this class. The first prize in the Third
Class is awarded to the Marquis of Tavi-
stock (Northampton) *. Would that our
space enabled us to immortalise all the rest
of the successful competitors in the beautiful
art of making animals grow fatter than
dame Nature herself had in former times
any idea of! But it may not be. We can
only add that, among the fleecy tribe, the
first and second prizes are both adjudged to
Mr. W. Pawlett of Barmouth, and that the
most distinguished among the pig exhibitors

* The names of the judges this year are Mr. Samuel
Bennett, of Bickering Park, near Woburn; Mr. Laxton,
of Morburn, near Stilton; and Mr. Edward Franklin,
of Ascot, near Tetworth, Oxfordshire; and those of
the stewards Mr. Thomas Chapman, Mr. Thomas C.
Beasley, and Mr. Samuel Druce.

is my Lord Harborough, whose three Nea-
politan and Chinese pigs are perfect LOVES!
Look where they lie, a trinity of sleeping
beauties, white, bright, and alike, as the
three stars in Orion!

On first viewing all these superlatively
happy victims to their country's good and
their owners' glory, it is impossible for the
unprofessional observer to help flinging
the reins for a moment on the neck of his
imagination, and letting it bear him to the
blissful haunts whence these favoured few
of the horned and woolly tribes have just
been conducted. It need not detain him
there; for a life of perfect felicity is fleeting
as a dream, however long it may look when
reckoned up in days and hours. In seeing
these "peaceful people" partake of one
heartly meal, and when it is over lie down
to an undisturbed sleep, he has seen them
perform the whole duty, business and plea-
sure of their patriotic lives; and he may
be assured that they have achieved the
enviable maximum at which he now be-
holds them, without having once uttered or
experienced the ungracious and ungrateful
wish of Mathew's "prize Welshman,
that of growing "thinner." There they
have stood or lain, "from their youth
upward," in their snug well-littered stalls
or their pleasant penfolds, feeding or rumi-
nating on food,

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,

and the more they fed the more they
grew in favour with their delighted owners;
till at last the great consummation is ac-
complished—the sumnum bonum of their
innocent lives is achieved—they cannot by
possibility grow fatter, yet "Feed the more
because they feed in vain!" And all this,
be it never forgotten, without having ex-
perienced one feeling of dyspepsia upon
their nerves, or the fear of it before their
eyes—cut off from even the possible contin-
gencies of blue-pill and page 72 of Mr.
Abernethy's book!

Oh, ye only happy victims of "the
landed interest!"—ye guiltless Helogabal!

—what gastronomie with his wits about him
would not willingly have changed lots with
you at the commencement of your blissful
career, even though he should at the same time have been gifted with the skill to

See, as from a tower, the end of all!—

for what is the prospect of an early death to those who never heard of it? And what will be even the act of it to you, who are destined to die delicately—to be killed "by stratagem"—to be cut off, as well as cut up, secundum artem, and with an express view to the becomings and beauty of your "remains"? You, and you only, were born to realise the fond vision of a female imagination, and escape looking ugly even when you are dead*! Nay, you are even destined to go beyond that negative bliss; for every separate portion of you shall keep its separate "state" on the eve of the greatest festival of our land, beneath branches of mistletoe and decked with sprigs of laurel and holly; and more eyes shall doux upon your dead beauties through the dim lustre of the flaring gas-lights than ever yet did the same through the funeral glare of torches and wax-lights, since "lying in state" came into fashion!

But we are pursuing the subject a step farther than we intended. Let us return to, and quit this portion of it at once, by asking, what have all the Kitcheners that ever illustrated the annals of the kitchen achieved like any one of the objects here before us? They say, in the vulgate, "one man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink." And much the same it is with the professors of gastronomy, and still worse with the practisers of it. The former can make you eat, and the latter can be willing to be so made; but a host of both together cannot make you grow fat. In brief, what is a disease and a deformity in man, is a blessing and a beauty in his (so-called) inferiors. It requires half a dozen ages to produce a Daniel Lambert; and when he is produced, it requires the skill of half a College of Physicians to keep him alive, and to account for the phenomenon of his fatness when dead; whereas, if oxen had their own way, they would be, like the late lotteries, "all prizes," and all the happier and the better for it!

We have not entered into minute details respecting the cattle show of this year; neither shall we attempt to draw up any table or tables of the rates of feeding and of fattening, the qualities and quantities of appetite and of food, the powers of digestion, &c. &c. in virtue of which these candidates for the immortality of a week have reached that state of enviable immobility, in which we now behold them—that condition of perpetual repose which all philosophers agree in regarding as the summit of sentient life.

Still less are we disposed to enter into any critical descriptions or dissertations, touching the individual beauty of the various aspirants before us. Where all are beautiful, distinctions are at unavailing as they are invidious; and where beauty is perfect, the terms "more" or "less" are solecisms! In short, "comparisons are odious;" and they are especially so where all are superlative! We may, however, state generally, and, we hope, without offence to any party, that out of the numerous specimens exhibited on this interesting occasion, there was not a Bull that might not have furnished a fit domino for Jove in his masquerading frolic to Phoenicia—nay, that was not worthy of the still higher honour of bearing upon the ample expanse of his back, as on a feather-bed, the lovely form of the object of that expedition; not a Heifer that, for anything its beauty indicated to the contrary, might not formerly have been an Io; not a Ram, that was not worthy to have worn the Golden Fleece; and not a Pig, that might not have lain to Rubens (for sitting is out of the question on these occasions), for a full breadth model of a Flemish Venus.

It remains for us to fill up a by no means unimportant portion of the scene of which we have undertaken to give those of our readers to whom it is inaccessible, a general idea. We allude to the company of persons forming the spectators on this occasion. Of these, however, no less than of the illustrious actors in the scene, we shall, for the same reasons, avoid being personal in our descriptions; or, at any rate, we shall avoid being so after an exceptable fashion. Our pictures, to be true, must indeed be taken from the life; for they are nowhere else to be found. But as we shall in no particular indicate who, but only what, the persons are, whom we may have occasion to depict, and as moreover it is their outward man alone that we shall concern ourselves with, our copies can scarcely be complained of, even by the owners of the originals.

We have described an avenue all the way

* One would not, sure, look frightful when one's dead.—Porru.
down the yard, and various short side ones at right angles to it, between the inclosures, &c., as comprising the space left open for spectators. The reader will have the goodness to fancy the whole of this space crammed (fuller than a sheep-pen in Smithfield market) with a set of forms, faces, and fashions of attire, though more characteristic, and at the same time more consistent with themselves and with each other, than anything else of the kind that can be met with in our great city, yet more utterly differing from any other set of public spectators collected together to witness any other public exhibition, than the imagination can well conceive. In a word, the audience are no less "of the country, country-fiel," than the performers are. We will venture to say, that there is not a county of England of the soil of which an observer, geologically disposed, might not collect specimens, without stirring out of Mr. Collins's yard,—merely by applying himself to the boots of the persons there present. There is, of course, a mixture of the Metropolitan among these;—half a dozen or so of London butchers; a few "gentlemen" breeders (of their own pork) from Clapham Common and Stamford Hill,—and one or two open-mouthed Cockneys, stray specimens of which class of animal you may catch everywhere or anywhere, by putting up a board with the words—"admittance one shilling." But the staple of the crowd is, as we have said, altogether rustic—a sheep-shearing at Holkham, or a sale of Merinos at Woburn, not more so. In short, here might be selected a more numerous and complete assortment of examples representing the various classes and costumes of English country-life than any other occasion throughout the year could furnish.

So much for the general aspect of this portion of the scene. We must now be "particular." Do you see those two persons who are standing together near the first prize of the second class, interchanging opinions, and evidently taking a deep personal interest in the subject of observation before them? The tallest of them—he that is now leaning over the inclosure—is dressed in a bottle-green, single-breasted riding-coat, a buff kerseymere waistcoat, drab breeches, with long gaiters of the same, a rather low-crowned hat, and a crossed-barred cravat, the colours of which have evidently been chosen with a view to their correspondence with the fine healthy bloom of the wearer's well-formed countenance. The shorter one has on a brown coat with wide limp lappels and an upright square-cut flat collar, a long waistcoat of the same cloth, buck-skins rather tight, and top-boots tied up with white tape above the knee. His hat is lower in the crown and broader in the brim than his companion's; his cravat is of very fine unstarched white muslin, tied close to his throat; and he has a riding-whip in his hand, with which he is marking a particular point in the beautiful animal before them, for his friend's observation. There is a studied neatness about every part of the attire of both these persons which is evidently habitual to them, and not called forth by the present occasion. You may be sure that, see them when or where you will, they will always look pretty much the same as they do now. They are doubtless (you say) substantial farmers, well looked upon in their respective districts, but utterly "unknown to fame" elsewhere. The tallest, you think, is not seldom called upon to "take the chair" at the market-day dinners of the county town near which he resides; he is, moreover, a tolerable cricketer, an excellent shot, and not unknown in the surrounding hunts. The other you look upon as the better farmer of the two, and with a more constant eye upon the main chance; but, nevertheless, fond of showing his hospitality, and free in it—a little over-busy at the Turnpike-trust, of which he is an efficient member—and, withal, a bit of a humourist in most things. The two, you judge, must be as excellent a couple of tenants as a landlord would desire to have; and be the said landlord who he may, you have no doubt that he does not disdain to stop and take them by the hand wherever he meets them. You are mistaken in every one of your guesses! The taller of the two is a Peer of the Realm,—the other a Baronet of one of the oldest houses in the country, with an income of twelve thousand a year! But, see! Those two persons who are now making their way, arm in arm, towards that beautiful young bullock on the left, are the very persons you erroneously supposed the others to be; and their dress, you see, is very different,—there is a look of freeness about it, which indicates any-
thing but daily use. The cut, also, of the different items is countryfied. The inner coat of the humourist is of a light green—the waistcoat which peeps below and above it of white Marseilles; the breeches of fine kersey; the highly-polished boots, reach to the very top of the knees, but without turn-down tops; and over the knees is buttoned a knee-cap of white linen, to preserve the breeches from soil. Over all is a pepper-and-salt coloured surtout of superfine cloth, with a high, square cut, turn-down collar, and buttons of the same. His hat has a slight tendency to turn up behind, after the fashion of clerical ones. His companion may be looked upon as a fair average sample of our sturdy English yeomanry; for it is a mistake (where it is not a misrepresentation) to say that such a class no longer exists among us. England will have sunk several degrees lower in the scale of nations before she loses those, one of her prime sources of strength and happiness. Look at his truly English face. Nothing was ever seen bearing the least resemblance to it elsewhere. Its mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of health, honesty, and happiness, tells a tale that the dwellers in cities can feel the moment they look upon it, but cannot understand. Look at his dress, too. There is an instinctive taste displayed in it—a feeling of correspondence, of consistency, of propriety—which springs from the same source with his taste for natural scenery; a taste which makes England look like a garden of Eden, when viewed after returning from any other country in the world. His coat is of blue—"true blue"—he would scorn to wear one of any other colour; for whether Tory, Whig, or Radical, he never ceases to feel that he and all that appertains to him, is English. His waistcoat is nearly concealed by the ample lappels of the coat, which is buttoned over from top to bottom with bright gilt buttons, not a hair's-breadth larger or smaller than the medium size; but you can see by the small portion which comes below the coat that it is of delicately-fine buff kersey, and double-breasted. Kersey-mere breeches of delicate fawn colour, tinged with a slight hue of green, and high top-boots, with spurs neither long nor short, thick nor thin, complete the lower portion of his costume. The boots are fastened up beneath the knee by narrow straps of bridle leather; and the tops of the boots are the natural colour of the leather, only darkened by cleaning, and showing a great light-coloured patch on the inner side of each calf, where they rub against the saddle. His cravat is (to-day) of snow white muslin, tied with a sort of negligent neatness; and his hat is neither high nor low, large nor small, but pressed down a little more than is "becoming" over the face: if it were not for this, there would be a look of manly dignity about him—an air of open good faith that—but see! he takes off his hat for a moment to the peer (his landlord, perhaps) whom we pointed out just now; and as he does so, his snow-white forehead throws a sort of sun-shine over the clear bronze and carnation of the rest of his face, and shows him at his very best. There is something in the self-possessed confidence, as far from presuming as it is from cringing, of a man like this when conversing with his superiors in station, which is even more graceful—we had almost said more gentlemanly—than the marked affability and condescension of the Peer to him. It were to be wished that the "eminent" country attorney, his lordship's "man of business," were here, that you might see the difference. And if he were, you would perhaps see him address the yeoman afterwards, as if the latter were as much below as the lord is above him.

Turn now for a moment to that slim, "genteel"-looking, pale-faced, young gentleman, in the black frock-coat buttoned up to his throat and in to his waist, the black silk stock with the rather soiled shirt collar peering above it, the dark trousers, and the silk hat placed jauntily on one side the well-curled head, more off than on. You observe he has no gloves on, and his flesh is none of the cleanest. You take him perhaps to be a merchant or an attorney's clerk, dropped in here on his way to present a bill or serve a subpoena. Yet, there is, you remark, an odd appearance about his eyes, as if they were trying to see twenty ways at once. One would not think he could find much to amuse him in a scene like this. And yet—look!—he must be taking a very absorbing interest in what is going on among that knot of graziers who are admiring that superb Herefordshire ox—for as he leans over them to endeavour to ascertain the exact object of their admiration, his right hand has inad-
vertedly lost its way into the pocket of one of them. No, Sir, not lost its way: that is its natural road: he is a London pick-pocket—one of

The mob of gentlemen who steal with ease.

Now, observe that exceedingly spruce, dapper little man, who, spite of his knowing appearance, looks as if he had just emerged from a band-box;—so point-de-voie is every part of his attire. It would sorely puzzle the uninstructed to determine, by his dress, whether he is a denizen of London or of the country;—nor is there anything in the aspect or expression of his face to help the inquiry; for it exhibits the ruddy health that usually springs from the one, and that inexplicable look of mingled sagacity and self-possession which is seldom found out of the other. His dress is the perfection of quiet neatness; yet there is something noticeable in every item of it. His smart cut boots are adapted to show off to the best advantage his small foot—small even for his size—on which he evidently piques himself. His trousers, of Oxford mixture, are cut to exactly fit his boots as far as the knee, above which they expand gradually into an easy fulness. His waistcoat, of which you can see about an inch below the coat, is of the finest buff kerseymere, with buttons of the same, the last button unbuttoned; and his coat is of dark bottle-green, single-breasted, and buttoned up to the throat, but open below to give ease to the figure—for he abjures anything constrained and dandyfied. Round his neck is tied, with studied negligence, a green silk cravat, put on very wide and without a stiffener, so as to arrange itself into round folds, over which (and on no account into them) his well-moulded chin projects—unmolested by a collar, for he is evidently in the habit of having all his eyes about him: there is no getting on the blind side of him. His hat exhibits a form of its own—yet so nicely assimilated to the ordinary one, that you would be troubled to tell in what the difference consists. He has on buff doeskin gloves, and in his right hand a slim ash riding stick; with which, ever and anon, when speaking, he slaps gently the outer side of his right leg. He is very apt to lean his left shoulder against any stationary object to which he may be near. What is he, think ye?—a gentleman? No,—though he is talking very familiarly to one—for money is evidently marked on his somewhat con-

tracted brow. Besides, he has his hand in his breeches-pocket. A gentleman black-leg, then? No;—for he has no moustaches. Moreover, one of the class of persons you name, would not wander out of his course for the noblest sight that ever addressed itself to the human eye. Perhaps, then, he is a jockey—one of the light weights of Newmarket—wandered up from his accustomed sphere on a week's visit to his married sister? No—you never saw a jockey whose ordinary clothes sat well on him;—though he looks more like a jockey than any thing else that he is not. In short, he is one of our crack London Horse-dealers!

What would he not give for the chance of a deal with that provincial dandy of six feet one, who, as he stalks past him, looks down on him with an air of such sovereign supremacy, and to whom he looks up with such imperceptible contempt. He (the dandy) is worth a few words, as an example of a species seldom or never, except on the present annual occasion, visible within the limits of our sphere, or without those of his own. He is the glass of fashion and the mould of form in the particular market town near which his father has the best farm, and the most frequented corn-mill, within a circuit of ten miles; and being, moreover, an only son, a fine young man," and by no means insouciant of these facts, he is the envy of the men, the admiration of the women, and the laughing-stock of both. Observe his "compliment extern." Farren could not have dressed the character better. Breeches of snow-white corduroy, tight at the knees, and then, as they ascend, growing

Great by degrees, and beautifully big;

high gaiters to meet them, of delicate drab kersey, made nearly tight round the calf, but larger downwards, and terminating over shoes which were of immaculate brightness till he entered here; a primrose-coloured waistcoat, just seen beneath a single-breasted riding coat of grass-green, very short, with broad square-cut skirts, a broad flat lie-down collar, and silver buttons with a fox's head on each. Over this a light drab surcoat, of double-milled waterproof, armed on the chest, in front of the sleeves, and on the shoulders behind, with a double quilting of the same cloth, beautifully stitched at the edges; two pockets, placed horizontally one above the other, on

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the left breast, and outside pockets on each hip, in which the wearer's hands are perpetually ensconced. Over all a hat, whose inordinate breadth of brim makes up for its inordinate shallowness of crown, and put on mathematically straight and level. Round his throat is a snow-white cambric muslin cravat, tied in a small bow, and round his neck is a redundant roll of shawl, linked loosely into a large knot, and the ends tucked inside the inner coat.

And here we must close our Christmas Show of Prize Cattle;—promising to provide our readers with a new one next year, of equal mark and likelihood—that is to say, if it should be the good pleasure of the sovereign People that the agricultural pursuits of old England shall last so long.

A DAY IN THE VAL D'AOSTA.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLING PHYSICIAN.

We left the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard about ten o'clock, with a cordial farewell from the excellent monks, who had here spread a table in the wilderness, and on the limits of eternal winter erected a sanctuary for the preservation of life. It had thundered and lightened during the night, and now the dissolving snows gave fresh impetus to the torrents as they rushed with frantic impetuosity into the gorge on our right. The morning sun threw a smile over the scene of horror and desolation; but while it gilded the wild sublimity, showed also the effects of the midnight storm. Two of the noble dogs attended us a few steps, then looking wistfully in our faces and wagging their tails by way of farewell, returned to their post.

A turn of the path soon masked the convent and its dark lake, and we descended rapidly to the hamlet of St. Remy. Here we engaged a calèche, and after many doubtings, twistings, and threatening precipices, were landed with daylight at the Cité d'Aoste.—Had I talent for picturesque description, I might here manufacture a splendid chapter; but I have too much respect for my reader, and too little confidence in my own pencil, to risk ennui on the one hand, and exposure on the other. I will suppose him already familiar with Saussure and Brocador, and from these sources he may gather the best of all that can be said on the subject. Besides, it is with the morale, not the physique, that I have to do.

"When you go to Aoste," said my guide, "try the 'Ecu.' Matthey's a civil man, and will do all in his power to make you comfortable. He's a Swiss!"

I availed myself of the hint, and drove up to the Ecu. Matthey, however, was too well occupied at Courmayeur (where he has a hôtel) to mind the Ecu, and had delegated the hostelry for the summer months to a sommelier, who received us with an empresement that augured well for the night's entertainment. Ushered into the public saloon, with its painted plafond—here a Swiss château, there a Venus or a Flora—a field on which some young Titian of Aoste had expended his brightest colours—

I sauntered to the opposite side, and opening the window, admitted a delicious fragrance from the rose and vine leaves with which it was wreathed. At this unceremonious step, by which a flood of light pervaded the salle, a lady, the only stranger present, withdrew to a remote corner, as if to conceal a state of mental excitement which wooke the obscurity for relief or concealment. This, however, occasioned little observation at the time, but it awakened a curiosity which occasionally withdrew my attention from the scenery without to the stranger within.

In a few minutes the waiter came in, and approached the lady with a gravity which appeared not quite natural to him. He did not open his lips, for the message he brought was anticipated, and the lady, in an agony of mind which she struggled hard to overcome, sobbed out, "Then I am indeed unhappy; it was my last hope!" But, as if suddenly recollecting that a stranger was present, she summoned a momentary composure, and followed by the servant, retired into the next apartment. The door was shut; but the doors of Italy afford a free passport to air and sound, and I heard the rapid
questions that followed, and the answers they called forth, as if I had been present. In two minutes more the cameriere withdrew, and resuming his usual vivacity, returned to his post in the corridor. I looked inquisitively, but he misunderstood my meaning, and shaking his head mysteriously, replied, "E una Signora In-giese!" I was provoked at his stupidity and want of communicativeness; but the soliloquy which now fell upon my ear solved the difficulty, and if ever I felt sympathy with the afflicted, it was at this moment. Abstracted by grief and disappointment, and unconscious of everything but the all-absorbing subject of her own thoughts, the fair stranger made the walls her confidant, and opened her heart in language so pathetic—I should say poetical, for the passions dislaim the terms of common parlance—that, with all my native insensibility, I was rendered uncomfortable, and in sheer selfishness, perhaps, would have made any reasonable sacrifice to cut short the monologue.

The servant now entered to prepare the table for my meal—but like Wolsey's, appetite was no longer in waiting—and drawing him aside, I received such answers to my questions as decided my measures. "But the distance," said I; "how far do you call it?"

"Seven leagues to St. Didier," he replied.

"And the road?"

"Tanto buona tanto cattiva; per far la bisogna, cinque ore almeno."

"Good! If five hours carry me to St. Didier, thou shalt have five scudi; so get me the best horse and char in Aoste."

My order was instantly obeyed, and in ten minutes Matthey's best equipage, a char-à-banc and two bays, drove to the door. I gave certain directions to the sommelier—left a few hastily concocted lines to be given to the lady, within an hour—took my place, and was speedily on the route to Courmayeur. Never did diplomatist start on a secret mission with greater zeal for its successful issue. I could not, however, restrain the complacent suggestions every now and then rising up in my favour and whispering their flatteringunction in my ear. "Theobald," said I, in a pleasing soliloquy, "this resolution does thee honour; for he who steps forward in a case of difficulty or distress from which, without any imputation against his courage, honour, or humanity, he might have withdrawn, must do the work for the work's sake.

"Yes," said I, as if responding to my own complacency, "there is a pleasure to be found in disinterested acts of benevolence which no other source can supply.

"But," I again interrogated myself, "is mine disinterested? Is there not some little mixture of vanity—some anticipations of the éclat that may follow this adventure? Is it a sense of duty as a sober citizen, or a mere concession to feeling, that has driven me on a message of knight-errantry?"

"It is neither, and both," said I. "Where the feelings are right, it is a duty to follow their dictates.

"And in following their dictates (resumed the voice from within) how shall we appreciate the motive?—of what complexion was the lady in whose service you have embarked?"

"Fair, with auburn tresses."

"And her eyes?"

"Dark as a thunder-cloud with the lightning escaping from it."

"And her figure?"

"A model for Canova."

"Good; excellent memory! Now the immediate object of this enterprise?"

"To alleviate, and if I may, remove the cause of her distress."

"And the cause?"

"I do not exactly remember. Something—somewhere in one of the hamlets on this road, but at all events seven leagues from this, and I shall have time to recollect.

"Ah!" said my evil genius, triumphantly, "then you stand convicted!" I threw myself sulkily into the opposite corner of the char, and desired the postilion to use despatch. He obeyed to the letter, and we proceeded with the speed of a cataract along the declivities and precipices with which this road is almost continually, and often frightfully bordered.

"But why all these crosses?" I inquired; "surely life cannot have been lost in so many instances?"

"E vero, Signore," replied the postilion, turning half round, and shaking his head. I was struck with the admission, and told him he might, on that consideration, take a little more leisure and keep very much farther from the edge, placing at the same time my left foot ready for a leap on the safe side, in case of necessity. The stars, which here and there sprinkled the horizon,
enlivened the scene; and I strove to look upward as if admiring their lustre, in spite of the flanking chasms that frowned so dismally on my right. A fascinating horror, however, was constantly operating against my astronomy, and directing my eyes to the cataract when they should have been turned up to the sky. The road in many instances was cut into deep rifts, and when the off-wheel dashed suddenly into one or more of these in succession, the shock mental added to the shock corporeal, was a constant and severe exercise of fortitude and patience. In one place the fall of rocks had made a clear passage down to the torrent. A slender wooden balustrade suspended over the breach, supported the temporary road, and never did reconnoitring party approach an ambuscade with more suspicious caution than I regarded this “Mauvais pas,” as it was very properly designated. The precipice was three hundred feet, and a trifle, perpendicular; the road was overhung by another equally formidable, and several crosses erected on the brink recalled some fearful catastrophes. But five scudi on the one hand, and a surviving spark of chivalry on the other, achieved the victory. We advanced the char by inches, crossed in safety, and, as we ascended the steep ascendency that followed, “Whose,” I inquired, “is the newly-erected cross we have just passed?”

“That of Giovanni Fratelli,” said the postilion.

“And who was Giovanni?”—for its new appearance gave it a most especial claim to the question.

“Giovanni was a brave youth,” said he, “but a contrabandiere, though not the least esteemed (in a whisper) for that.”

“But how was he lost? Under what circumstances—on what occasion?”

“Oh!—with no occasion whatever,” said my guide. “He would be married—seldom much good comes of that—a contrabandiere should keep his hands loose; but one way or other we have all our weak points, and Giovanni, who had so long eluded the law, was singled out at last as a victim in a love adventure. He had met with long and fierce opposition, but a relation dying in his favour at Salanche, he was suddenly recognised as a very suitable match for the daughter of old Zukharelli. You have heard of Zukharelli?”

“No,” I said, “but proceed,” for I found he was about to fly off; “of Zukharelli any other time, but of Giovanni and the cross at present.”

“Well,” he resumed, “Giovanni was a favoured man, and as he backed his suit to the old people with fifteen acres of good pasture in the Alps, a chalet, and an orchard in the valley, besides several hundred florins in hand, they wondered how they could ever have offered the slightest objection to so proper a young man! ‘Thou shalt have her,’ said the old father—‘Take her, and my blessing,’ said the mother—‘A very nice connexion for Cousin Maria,’ said the relations; but Maria herself said not a word. Giovanni, nevertheless, guessed her meaning, and telling her that he would return in eight days, set out for Chamouni by Courmayeur and the Allée Blanche.

“Meantime preparations were made for the wedding; and Giovanni, having announced his safe arrival at Salanche, and arranged everything satisfactorily, promised to be at Ivrogne (the village we have just passed) on the Saturday following at the hour appointed.

“The priest was in readiness, and, though some were for postponing the ceremony till the following day, insisted upon its fulfilment. ‘Giovanni,’ he said, ‘might be calculated upon to the moment, and to welcome him on his return at the altar was in all respects the most desirable. The Padre had private instructions, it seems, to this amount, and besides calculated on a liberal offering to the shrine. The bride, who had herself named the day and hour, as her saint’s day, that of the blessed Maria, supported the priest; and all dissentients being put to silence, the marriage eye was spent with all the merriment practised on similar occasions. An old companion of Giovanni’s entertained them with his military and contraband exploits—the Curé looked on with pious complacency—all praised the bridegroom—some sang or ‘concerted,’ others drank and apologised for the number of their cups by ‘healths to Giovanni and his bride.’ The mother held her daughter in earnest conversation as to the arrangement of her future household, the management of a husband, the rearing of children, the housing of cattle, and all the economy of an Alpine chalet.

“Another log of chestnut was thrown on the hearth, another cup poured out, and
the guests kept up the festival, with spirit, till midnight, when the father becoming impatient, or perhaps anxious, observed, 'It is now time he should be here.'

'He is here!' shrieked the bride—'There—there he is!'

She rushed forward to the door, on which she had anxiously kept her eye the whole evening; but staggering back, as if stunned by a sudden blow, she sank into her father's arms, and there remained for some time insensible.

'Really,' exclaimed the Cure, 'this is too bad.'

'It is,' said the father; 'a joke may be carried too far; and on an occasion like this, too, it is inexcusable. Run out, and tell him to come in; I warrant he is waiting to play off some other trick, and we want his company, not his wit. Let him see the mischief he has done.'

'They flew to the door—they called Giovannini-telling him, they saw him quite well, so he needed no longer conceal himself; and that his bride was in a swoon! But no voice replied—no shadow met their eye; and they returned one by one, and, gathering round the Cure, looked disappointed, perplexed, and terrified.

'The bride revived, and, eagerly inquiring the hour, added, 'I know he's come—why do you conceal him? But how changed he looks!—I should not have known him but for the amulet I gave him at parting.'

My guide was becoming proxim; the long ascent was nearly accomplished, and I begged him to conclude in as few words as possible.

'Signore,' said he, 'I have little more to add. 'Giovanni never arrived to this day—at least bodily—but that he had passed the Alleé Blanche was quite certain. The following morning, several articles arrived as presents from him to Maria, and all that day they continued assuring one another that he was not far off. They were right: for, about four o'clock that afternoon, the batalon which he usually carried was found on the brink of the chasm where you now observe the cross. It was ascertained that an éboulement—a sudden dislodgement of rocks (for it had rained much the preceding week)—had assailed the unhappy bridegroom within a hundred yards of the hearth where joy and welcome were prepared for him; and that feeling his fate was sealed, he had left behind him the only token he could disengage from his person, as an evidence of his fate.'

The narrative being thus concluded, we proceeded in silence; but I now felt that I had acquired wonderful facility in transforming every thing into crosses and precipices. Although not apprehensive of accidents, yet I certainly wished for daylight, and a less dreary road!

According to calculation, we had still three leagues to run; but, halting for an instant at a strange-looking casaccia, half inn half barrack, through the unglazed lattice of which a flickering light fell upon the char-a-banc—a person rushed forward, and precipitately inquired if the Signor in the car was a medico Inglese? The speaker was referred to me, and feelingly exclaimed, 'Sir, I feel assured you will excuse the freedom, but you have heard my question; and if I rightly surmise your answer, you can here?perform a signal act of humanity.'

Two or three more questions convinced me, that it was here, and not at St. Didier, as I had believed, that my journey for the present ought to terminate. I instantly alighted, and, hurrying up a dark massive staircase, was ushered into a large comfortable apartment, with a bed in one corner, and, in the other, a lamp burning with such lack-lustre, as to betray rather than dispel the obscurity of the place. Hastening to the bed-side, a thin, bony hand grasped me convulsively, and inarticulately acknowledged my arrival as a special interposition of providence! Those who, in a strange land, have been surprised by sickness or calamity, will comprehend the full import of the expression. I was afraid, however, that I had arrived too late; for, as the light played feebly over the emaciated features on the couch before me, their sharp, pale, and prominent outline showed the ravages of some violent distemper, which I had yet to learn. The sunken eye, and sepulchral intonation of voice, added their accustomed testimony; and I sat for several seconds in listless contemplation, holding the wrist of the sufferer, whose pulse, feeble and intermitting, an alternate ebb and flow—now rapid and then languid—spoke ominously of the result.

In a few words, I learnt from the attendant, the cause and continuation of the disease. Travelling for the recovery of health, the lady and her daughter, without weighing the importance of such a decision,
had joined a pleasure party from Chamouni to Courmayeur. They were assaulted by a tournente, or whirlwind of snow, on the Col-de-Bon-homme (where a few years ago two of our countrymen perished), and compelled to take refuge in a miserable chalet. Here, by the keen air of the Alps, the intense cold, and the anxiety of mind consequent upon a situation which rendered escape at least doubtful—both were taken seriously ill, and conveyed by the guide with great difficulty on a litter to Courmayeur, under such peculiar features, too, as rendered the case extremely distressing.

During the season, Courmayeur is the residence of a very superior physician, Dr. ______, and thus far they were fortunate. But the elder lady's case was pronounced hopeless, and death was predicted must ensue in a few days, perhaps hours! This announcement was made in a manner that evinced more candour than reflection, and with perhaps culpable precipitateness; but it was felt to be a duty, and this duty was performed in opposition to all private interest. The mother, though under medical sentence of death, was so much affected by this disclosure, that a sudden revulsion seemed to restore her strength, and she resolved to proceed; for death, she said, appeared dreadful in such a situation as the present, where neither a friendly voice, nor efficient medical aid, nor religious consolation could be expected.

The daughter, who had partially recovered, and shared to the full in her mother's sentiments, seconded the proposal; and trusted, could they once reach Aosta, the case might yet admit of relief. Besides, she knew that in the course of the next day a party of friends would arrive from Ivrea, among whom was Dr. ______, an English practitioner at Turin. There, also, that sacred rite, to which the despairing look for consolation in their last moments, could be administered. There were other particulars of weight which need not be specified.

They left Courmayeur therefore in a car far from commodious, and in the midst of a crowd, some of whom pitied, some pronounced them deranged, but none appreciated their motives or rightly sympathised in their feelings. They slowly descended towards St. Didier—the level road which succeeded was favourable to the invalid; but at the end of three hours she was completely exhausted, and of her own accord begged to halt till the following day. The wish was eagerly complied with: she was lifted from the char and laid upon the couch where I now saw her, more dead than alive.

The daughter did nothing but weep, and as she looked in her mother's face, felt that she must soon be an orphan. At this thought, her tears broke out afresh. "Do not weep, my child," said her mother, feebly. "I shall be better to-morrow—I feel already refreshed—this homely couch is a friend indeed! We are now within an easy journey to Aosta—we shall be in time to meet our friends, and I am certain Dr. ______ could recommend something that would afford me immediate relief."

In this manner she endeavoured to soothe her daughter, whilst she deceived herself: for the very next day was that on which her friends were to arrive, and there no prospect of her being able to advance a step farther without imminent risk. All this the agonised daughter felt, and bitterly lamented, yet dreaded to remove the pleasing illusion, and appeared to share the encouraging hope of what she felt to be impossible.

During the night she watched near the bed, whilst her mother believed her asleep. A painful struggle was passing in her mind; and this distracting alternative presented itself for her choice—either, by remaining at her post to witness the gradual dissolution of her parent, or, by deserting it for a time, and endeavouring to intercept some friendly assistance at Aosta, adopt the only chance that remained of procrastinating, by the blessing of God, a life that every moment became more indispensable to her own. She resolved on the latter; but how to break the subject and reconcile her mother to the temporary separation, greatly perplexed her. It was not a commission that she could entrust to any other person, and whatever might be the result, she would at least have the melancholy satisfaction of having done her duty.

Approaching the bed-side, she found her mother composed, but, as she thought, much altered, and more inclined to sleep. "Do, my child," she added to the assurance that she felt much better; "do take a few hours rest, that we may be able to resume our journey in time."

The journey sounded ominously in her daughter's ear! Appearing to assent, she
quitted the room, and imparting her design to the simple and kind-hearted mistress of
the inn, with instructions how to evade the
question of her absence, set out with a
breaking heart for Aosta.

Day was just emerging from behind
Mount Velan as she passed the second
bridge over the torrent. The dread of her
mother discovering her absence or needing
her aid, kept her mind in continued agita-
tion. On reaching the Ecu, she made dilin-
gent inquiry whether the party, on whom
depended her last hope, had arrived. They
had arrived, and were already several
leagues on their way to the Great St.
Bernard. This was not only stated in the
police report, but confirmed by a note left
at the inn for her mother, the Hon. Mrs. A.

It was while anxiously awaiting the result
of this inquiry, and when that result was
made known, that I became interested in
the stranger whom it so deeply affected;
and I resolved to make at least the experi-
ment of proving myself a friend in need.
It might be asked, why I did not at once
offer my services, and frankly avow my
intention of proceeding to the spot? I had
my reasons for acting as I did—reasons
which it is not at all necessary I should
explain, provided the end justified the
means. The note I left was purposely
mysterious, but calculated nevertheless to
allay apprehensions.

"Providence," I observed, "seldom with-
draws one source of hope, but it supplies
another; and the humblest means may be
made subservient to the greatest ends; —
pray, then," I continued, "that the instru-
ment now substituted for a better, may
become the happy medium of restoring to
health the object of so much devoted affec-
tion. But, as you desire that the writer
should act the good Samaritan with
success, do not attempt to follow till you
have taken rest and refreshment. In a
few hours, a stranger, but a countryman,
will be at the bed-side of her who, as a
mother, fears more for you than for her-
self."

Before this could be read, I was on the
road as already described; and now I re-
turn to note the result of my visit. I had
as usual a small medicine chest with me
(the very sworn enemy of Pandora's); and
after careful observation, I ventured to ad-
minister a draught which, in the course of a
few minutes, roused the energies of an ex-
hausted system, and afforded evident relief
to the patient. To myself it was a cordial
indeed, and I felt not vain, but grateful, for
the result. She had continued, it appeared,
in an almost torpid state during the whole
day, and had not even inquired for her
daughter. So far it was well—but now
recollection returned, and the first use she
made of it was to call for Helen. Happily
there was no occasion for evasive answers,
for Miss A. entered the apartment in a few
minutes, and, falling on her knees at the
bed-side, bathed her mother's check with
her tears—the tears of gratitude.

When a little composed, she turned
round, and smiling through her sorrow,
observed playfully, that my "mystery"
had completely failed; and that I had not
been five minutes gone, before the servant
of the inn tore off the mask, and "told her
everything"—"and after that," said she,
"be sure, I required neither 'rest nor
refreshment.' To know that you were
here, was both—and surely, among the
visible interpositions of providence, this is
one of the most extraordinary!"

I may now conclude, by telling the reader
that the lady so fortuitously thrown in
my way, in one of the least frequented
valleys of the Alps, proved to be one of
my earliest patients, and now labour-
ed under an access of the same malady for
which I had prescribed on a former occa-
sion. Her daughter had grown up, and
out of sight—a residence of some years on
the continent had interrupted the familiar
intercourse with a family, to which I owed
some of the pleasures of my first "settling
in town"—and it was under the circum-
stances now mentioned, that we renewed
our acquaintance. My patient recovered
effectually, but slowly; convalescence was
not a little retarded by the dread of cholera,
which, at this time, was very fatal in Pi-
emont, driving the "Turinois" into the
recesses of the Alps, to the great satisfaction
of the Swiss and Savoyard innkeepers, whose
baths and hotels were filled with them.

The moral to be gathered from the pre-
ceding anecdote, is this—that under the
most unpromising circumstances, we have
still a protecting arm stretched over us;
and that often in life, as in the night, the
darkest and blackest hour is that which
precedes daybreak.

St. Didier, August 12, 1835.
PROVERBS OUT OF USE.

When a Frenchman writes a book, his first chapter is invariably dedicated to the history of his subject from the creation of the world down to the moment of its being selected for his lucubrations. We will, in this instance, avoid imitating the learned example of our brother of France, lest we be tempted to give a history of Proverbs, the length of which should preclude all necessity for inquiring, "is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?"

Our discourse shall the rather partake of the nature of the materials which call it forth, and be "brief as woman's love." Our readers know as well as we can tell them, that proverbs, those terse epitomes of wit and wisdom, are of the greatest antiquity; and they care not to trace their rise, their blossom, their decay. They know that Solomon, the wisest of kings, spake "three thousand proverbs,"—and that the practical wisdom of our ancestors was generally promulgated in the same pithy form.

Now, it is not in the nature of things to endure for ever—

Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth; Tongues have expir'd with those who gave them birth.

Babylon has disappeared, Rome has fallen beneath the Gothic hordes, and Scarron's coat got out at elbows;—it is little wonder, then, that proverbs should have experienced this common doom—mutation and decay.

Hamlet declared, that in his time, these homely maxims were growing "somewhat musty." Since the Prince of Denmark made this assertion, so many years have elapsed, that it is not matter of surprise if they are now voted passé, and worn out. Chesterfield deprecates the use of them as evidence of vulgarity—the propounders of the moral code of the present day vote proverbial ethics far from polite: proverbs are accordingly utterly rejected both in word and in deed, in precept and in practice; their doctrines being considered as plebeian as the homely language in which they are couched is familiar to the vulgar many.

Should any one rise up to gainsay this assertion, our readers shall see how a plain tale will set him down—

No. 1. Poverty is no Sin.

Charles Russell was a single man, of good family, good person, good address, and five hundred a year. The income was not large, but Charles was not extravagant; he never gambled, he never betted, and he kept neither hunter nor opera-dancer; so that, with somewhat limited resources, he lived and dressed in a style which procured him a very respectable Harley Street list of acquaintances, and an occasional invitation into higher and more exclusive circles.

Russell was a man of considerable taste—was well read, and judiciously critical—had an eye for the best points of a picture, an ear for the beauties of music, and a voice which had been cultivated sufficiently to make him as desirable a partner in a duet at the piano-forte, as his handsome person made him desirable as a partner for life in the eyes of the fair maidens of the Harley Street coterie.

Many a gentle scheme was laid for bringing about so desirable a conclusion as the drawing up of the deeds of matrimonial partnership, and many a fair intrigante sighed at the failure of these well-concocted plans, and wished that "Ellen Douglas would not pay Charles Russell such decided attentions—positively courting the man."

We will not take upon ourselves to assert that Ellen Douglas, whom we have thus abruptly introduced to our readers, was not unconsciously guilty of the enormity laid to her charge. She was the only daughter of a wealthy city merchant, whose intellectual endowments surpassed if possible his commercial enterprise, and who, having lost his wife while Ellen was but an infant, had sought consolation for his bereavement in superintending the education of his only child. Ellen, under such an instructor, became a thoroughly accomplished and well-read girl, and, as such, fully capable of appreciating the talents and acquirements of Charles Russell. He, on the other hand, was sensible of the merits of the lady, and flattered by her attentions; and the result was, that he eventually became her accepted admirer.

The wedding-day was fixed, the marriage settlements had advanced to the stage of signing and sealing, and Maradan Caryn had been called into requisition, when misfortune, by one fell swoop, converted Dou-
glass the wealthy merchant into Douglas the beggar. The blow was so sudden and so overwhelming, as to cause a brain fever, which carried its victim to the grave in the course of a week or two.

This was a bitter trial for poor Ellen, who, as soon as the first shock was over, wrote to Charles, renouncing all claims upon him. His high notions of honour were almost offended that the idea of his abandoning her should ever have entered her imagination; but love prevailed over puncetillo, and he loved Ellen the more dearly for this proof of her disinterestedness.

Eighteen months after the death of her father, Charles Russell received the hand of Ellen Douglas. At their wedding there was little splendour, for Charles’s five hundred a year was now their sole dependence; but there were many acquaintances, and, when they returned from their wedding-trip, cards and invitations poured in on every side.

Ere a twelvemonth had elapsed, however, the scene was changed. Their rich acquaintances began to look shy at them; three-cornered rose-coloured billlets now came “like angels’ visits, few and far between;” their knocker was rarely disturbed by the vigorous arm of a footman—their street-door rarely graced with a carriage. Had they committed any offence; had they been guilty of any moral turpitude; had they overstepped any of the conventional laws of society? No—they had done none of these; but they had only five hundred a year, and they lived within it.

“A charming woman, Mrs. Charles Russell,” exclaimed the fat wife of a ci-devant Bank Director, “a charming woman, Mrs. Charles Russell, indeed; but one is really tired of that everlasting lemon-coloured satin dress, and Maraboo feather. I think we had better not send them a card for Wednesday.”

“Russell is a devilish good fellow,” said young Smith, the junior partner in the house of Smith, Snubs, Simpkins and Co., the eminent hide and tallow merchants—“Russell is a devilish good fellow; but if he never pays his tailor, poor Schneider won’t be blamed. I positively don’t think he has had a new coat these eight months.”

“I shall not ask Mrs. Russell any more,” said Lady Pug,—the attenuated widow of Sir Julius Pug, one of the nineteen late Governors of Sierra Leone,—“I am positively sick of her everlasting amethysts. Poor thing! I am sorry for her:

PROVERBS OUT OF USE.

but really folks who have not a change of jewellery should never wear any.”

Still, however, Russell and his wife maintained their position for a time among some portion of their once extensive circle of acquaintance—their good taste and information rendering them welcome accessories to the literary parties, until one fatal acknowledgment banished them from those agreeable assemblies. Ellen had been discoursing critically and eloquently, with all the tact and taste of Mrs. Jameson, upon Othello—the gentle lady wedded to the Moor—and Kean’s admirable impersonation of the doating, jealous husband.

“Really,” said she, “I think Kean surpassed himself on Friday. Charles and I have seen him three times, and we think that he exhibited greater marks of genius (if possible) on Friday, than ever.”

“Were you at the Theatre, on Friday?” said Mrs. Yellowley, the wife of a retired East India Colonel,—“we were there on Friday, but did not see you.”

“I dare say not,” said Ellen, laughing, “I dare say not; for to tell you the truth, Charles and I like to see and hear—and so we went snugly and quietly into the pit!”

“Into the pit!” cried Mrs. Yellowley.

“Into the pit!” whispered another.

“Into the pit!” ejaculated a third; and her crowd of admirers speedily dispersed.

This put the finishing blow to the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell. On the following morning a black foot boy brought a card to the following purport—

“Mrs. Colonel Yellowley’s compliments, and regrets that she is unavoidably compelled to postpone for the present the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell’s company at dinner.”

The postponement has proved sine die; perhaps owing to a partial blindness which has for some time affected the gallant Colonel and his lady, rendering them quite unable to recognise an old acquaintance in the street; for within a month of the date of the billet in question they passed the Russells at least a dozen times without seeing them. Charity therefore suggests the evils of an infirmity which has to all appearance befallen many others of their Harley-street acquaintance, who are glad to testify by their conduct to the highly principled but moderately endowed Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, the absurdity and vulgarity of that old-fashioned proverb—poverty is no sin.

W. I. T.
ARThUR COSWAY.

Near the verge of one of those sweet little pastoral vales, which, embosomed among the brown hills, confer so inexpressible a charm upon the stern scenery of Northern Cambria, stands, or at least stood at the period of our story, an ancient and somewhat dilapidated mansion called the Firs. Arthur Cosway, the possessor of this dwelling, was, in the words of the old ballad,

A worshipful country gentleman who had a good estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
With an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

Credulous, easy, and benevolent, though hasty withal, "the Squire" was what is commonly termed a popular man, especially as, unlike certain of his neighbours, he never seemed aware that he was the principal representative of a family whose ancestry, for aught we know to the contrary, might have been traced to the period of the Flood. He had occasionally, however, his darker moods; and there were some who said that, in spite of appearances, all was not going on at the old hall with a smooth sea and a flowing sheet. As Mr. Cosway advanced in life, these rumours, which at first had only been whispered about "in confidence," began to circulate through the county as matters of everyday interest. There was certainly some foundation for them.

The Cosway family had once been owners not only of the valley which stretched far beneath their paternal dwelling, but also of many a mile of the wild and rugged upland country with which it was bordered on every side. During the long minority of its present owner, the property, so far from improving, had been considerably injured by dishonest guardians; and when Cosway became of age, he plunged at once into a style of living, which, however it might realise his ideas of hospitality in the old time, involved him to a certain extent in difficulties. These early and comparatively unimportant embarrassments gradually became deeply aggravated, as will be seen, from other causes; still he had not the courage to look his affairs in the face, but drifted hopelessly onwards, like a ship towards a lee-shore.

Arthur Cosway was left a widower in early life. He confided his children, John and Ellen, to the care of an old tutor who had grown grey in the service of the family, but who was too much engaged in hunting among the dusty shelves of the library in search of black-letter treasures to pay much attention to their education. They were indeed often left for weeks together to ramble on the hill-side, without notice from their preceptor. At the commencement of our story, John, who was several years older than his sister, had arrived at manhood, and was fighting his way to a fortune, under the care of a rich maternal uncle, in the East, whither, in consequence of the state of his affairs, his father had thought it prudent to send him.

Ellen had now reached the age of early womanhood, "sweet nineteen." Wild as her native hills, to which she was attached with all the force of local sympathy, the world and its busy haunts were to her almost as a dream. The singularity of her education had exercised a strong influence in forming her character. Her heart was free, and at times her tongue was full of joy. She was a creature of impulse, yet, probably owing to the life of comparative solitude which she had led, there was a fine thoughtful cast in her features which told of deep reflection. In a word, she was a spirited, high-minded girl, without a particle of boarding-school romance.

A few miles distant from the Firs was a small estate, the property of a family named Dawlish, who, not many years before, had been strangers in the district. The heads of the family were elderly and, rather infirm; and their refusal to join in the winter festivities at the Firs gave lasting offence to its hospitable, but somewhat testy proprietor. Their only son, George Dawlish, although he soon became an almost universal favourite in the county, seemed to be regarded by Cosway with a feeling approaching to dislike. It would have been difficult to account for this feeling in one whose temperament was in some measure congenial, unless it were referred to the refusal aforesaid; for George was handsome and manly, passionately fond
of every description of wild-sport, and full of talent and intelligence. In despite of this concealed dislike, however, George was a frequent visitor at the Firs, where his society was appreciated, at all events by one individual. It has been truly said that in the affairs of the heart there seems to be an unaccountable intelligence by which, without the use of external signs, the tremors of the one generally find their reverberation in the other. Ellen was an ardent worshipper of Nature—so was George; she enthusiastically loved her native land,—to George, Cambria had ever been a wild and wondrous region. Still nothing serious ever entered their thoughts, and it was only when they had been accidentally separated for a longer period than usual, that they became aware how dear their society was to each other.

Among the number of Mr. Cosway’s “particular friends,” was a Mr. Cosmo Hunt, the owner of a large property in the county. This man, whose society, from his haughty and overbearing disposition, was little sought after by most persons, gradually became deeply interested in Cosway’s affairs. He had made extensive advances, from time to time, at moments of pressure; and the coolness manifested by Cosway towards young Dawlish might be traced to its origin in this quarter. The beauty of the fair occupant of the Firs had indeed made a powerful impression on the heart of Hunt; and it was believed that this afforded a key to the aid which he had granted to her father,—for he bore the reputation of being contracted and selfish in no ordinary degree; but the world knew not that Mr. Cosway’s embarrassments had in reality been almost solely caused by him who now called himself his principal creditor. Unsuspicious as he was, he had been progressively led on by Hunt to play deeply. The latter saw his advantage: he had a double object in view. His winnings were returned to Cosway in the shape of mortgages on his land; but such was his tact and address, that his unfortunate victim imagined throughout that he was one of his best friends. Cosway had at last, however, strength of mind to resist the fatal fascination, and determined, when too late, never to play more. The presence of Dawlish soon became intolerable to Hunt, and he perceived that his only chance was to draw Cosway still more closely within his toils.

About this time the mind of Cosway was diverted into a new channel. Indications of copper ore had been accidentally discovered on a wild and sterile hilly tract on his estate. Mining concerns were then but imperfectly understood, and the sublime science of geology could not even be called in its infancy. A sinking man always catches at a straw. Cosway’s affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis; his creditors were becoming unruly, and the few mortgages on his land which were not held by Hunt, had already been foreclosed. In this situation Cosway determined once more to apply to his excellent friend, Mr. Hunt. He painted his views in brilliant and glowing colours. With all the energy of desperation, he urged the hardship of his case, should he be compelled, for want of a sum comparatively trifling, to abandon a prospect so splendid as that which now opened before him. Hunt paused for a short time before he replied. The amount required, however trifling it might appear in the eyes of Cosway, was large; but his arguments seemed to prevail—Hunt consented to make the advance. There was, however, one condition affixed. Cosway must enter into a deed engaging that his daughter should marry Hunt when required, within a proper and reasonable period, in default of which Hunt was to have a paramount power of entry over the whole of Cosway’s property within twenty-one days after notice given, power being granted to the latter in such case to redeem it on paying off the interest on the old debt and the present advance before sale.

Cosway was too much overjoyed at the easy compliance of Hunt to think of anything else. It would be time enough to speak to his daughter after the money had been procured. He had paid little attention to her pursuits, and he thought that she could not but be rejoiced to have so wealthy and respectable a man for a husband. In a few days all was signed and sealed, and the whole of the Firs estate, which was still very extensive, was completely in the power of Hunt. Its owner now thought he saw his way clear.

Alas! Cosway was wholly ignorant of the heart of woman. It was not long before he discovered that she regarded his creditor with feelings amounting to loathing. His indignation at what he termed this childish folly was unbounded, and without entering into particulars, he told her that she must think of Hunt for a husband, or
it would involve them in hopeless ruin. His anger and apprehensions were increased a few days after, by the report of the suitor himself, who complained loudly of the conduct of Ellen. He attempted to make Hunt believe that it was only female waywardness; but in consequence of the remarks of the latter, he sternly forbade his daughter to have any further communication with George Dawlish.

Ellen was amazed and distressed at the alteration visible in her father. Arthur Cosway was indeed a changed man. The exciting nature of the pursuit and the desperation of the stake exerted a powerful effect over his character. Mining affairs occupied his sleeping and waking visions. A new passion had taken possession of his soul. His brow became clouded with care, and the sounds of merriment were no longer heard at the Firs. Mining agents soon flocked around him, and the desolate wilds in the neighbourhood, which had seldom echoed other sounds than the cry of the plover and the heathcock, now became enlivened with the busy sounds of industry and the cheering voice of man. Magnificent visions of the elevation of his family began to fleet across the mind of Cosway. He watched the operations of the miners early and late, and every faculty seemed bound up in the absorbing nature of the pursuit. The agents averred that the evidences of the precious ore became more distinct every day; and never did miner gloat over his hoard with greater delight than did Cosway on the discovery of anything that tended, even in the smallest degree, to give reality to his hopes. Months nevertheless passed away; the reduction of his capital was becoming alarming, and Cosway at last saw that, unless his expectations were confirmed within a few weeks, all would be at an end.

Meanwhile, the health and spirits of Ellen gradually declined. Sharp and bitter words had passed between her father and George Dawlish, whose high spirit was deeply wounded, and in the indignation of the moment he left the district, some said for a long period. The hopes of Hunt were strengthened by the absence of his rival; Cosway, in the depth of his anxiety, delusively flattered them; and the abhorred suitor continued his visits at the Firs with greater pertinacity than before. Still, Cosway was too much absorbed with mining affairs to bestow that attention to the matter which he otherwise would have done. He could not avoid observing, however, that there was a marked alteration in Hunt's demeanour. At last he was roused by a communication from Ellen of her intention wholly to avoid the company or presence of Hunt. It appeared that a violent quarrel had taken place between them; that he had grossly insulted her, declared her father nothing better than a pauper, and that he had the power of turning them both forth on the wide world whenever he chose.

This language awakened at once the paternal feelings and the pride of Cosway. A film seemed to fall from his eyes. His heart recovered its right tone, and once more warmed towards his daughter. His mining expectations were at that moment raised to a high pitch by a recent discovery, and he clung to the hope that they would be realised in time to enable him to borrow a sufficient sum upon the mineral property to satisfy the claims of Hunt under the deed, should he prove hostile. In his excitement he forgot that he was almost penniless, and that the last month's wages due to the miners remained unpaid.

Several days passed away with deceitful tranquillity.

One evening Cosway was sitting in deep thought in his dining-room, when he was surprised by the entrance of a servant, with the announcement that a gentleman named Inpen wished to see him.

"Tell him to call to-morrow; I am engaged," said Cosway.

"He says he must see you, Sir," replied the man in an odd tone.

Cosway was startled; but was still more so, when the servant, on opening the door to go out, discovered the stranger, who impudently advanced into the room, and, with a bow somewhat assimilating to the motions of a bear, delivered a paper to Cosway.

It was the dreaded notice of ejectment from Hunt. With a withering sensation of despair, Cosway motioned the fellow away.

He continued notwithstanding to visit the scene of his hopes and fears with his accustomed punctuality. There was still a chance, though a remote one, that the ruin which threatened him might be averted. About a year before, when he first contemplated entering upon the speculation, he had written to his son in the East, earnestly requesting him to obtain from his uncle an advance sufficient to prosecute it with suc-
cess. An answer might now be expected; still day after day passed, and it came not. The miners were impatient and exasperated at the non-payment of their wages, and indeed the prospect of success at the mine itself was now becoming extremely gloomy. Cosway, however, was game to the death; and on the twenty-first morning after the service of the notice, proceeded as usual to the mine. He had strongly remonstrated with Hunt, and still hoped from what had passed, that the latter would not put his power into force. His spirits were much damped on reaching the mine, by the report of the principal agent, who, finding little prospect of Cosway's being able to bring forward any more money, informed him that he now began greatly to doubt whether any mineral whatever existed on the spot. Cosway saw, when too late, that he had been duped and deceived by the representations of these men; and it was not long before he mounted his horse, and left the works with a determination never more to behold them. As he rode along, all the horrors which a prospect of cruel ruin could inspire, hurried through his brain with maddening bitterness. He experienced, in all its violence, that revulsion of feeling which follows when our dearest hopes are blasted. And then his daughter! Cosway wept in the depth of his agony.

He had reached a point in the hilly road which commanded a view of such varied beauty and interest, that he had been regularly accustomed on returning home on a fine day, to pull up, and contemplate it. On this occasion, insensible as he was to external objects, he would have passed onward, had not his horse stopped of its own accord at the usual place.

Immediately below him lay a little valley full of character, of romantic, and to the beholder, personal interest. Here, on an alpine declivity, surrounded and partly hidden by the woods, stood the home of his fathers; there, in that secluded dell, lay their resting-place, a lowly church, whose moss-clad belfry could scarcely be distinguished from the leafy covert around. Our meditations on viewing a romantic scene are seldom prospective, but are fixed on departed time. Thus it was that the mind of Cosway insensibly wandered to the happy period when it was open to all the mysterious influences of nature; when the world was yet a sunny paradise before him; when he climbed that crumbling relic of antiquity, bathed in that river, bounded up those hills, or lay among the new-made hay, yet unconscious of the quick-sands which would too fatally engulf him. Then he mechanically followed with his eye that flashing stream, which, passing the mountain village of Cross, wound along the vale till it mingled its waters with those of a lake, whose silver expanse was lost in the distant haze. Nearer to him, hills and rugged crags of endless variety of outline walled in the scene.

And all this had been his! Cosway dashed his spurs into his horse, and plunged onward.

He had not ridden far before he saw, what was a very unusual circumstance, two horsemen tolling up the mountain road. As the strangers drew nigh, he was able to make out the dapper person of Mr. Reuben Hunter, an attorney of the genus denominated "sharp practitioners," from Whitford, a rising watering-place on the coast, a few miles distant. This man was the agent of Hunt, and his companion was a sheriff's officer. To avoid these messengers of evil was impossible, unless he retraced the route he had been pursuing, for the road was narrow and ran along the precipitous edge of the mountain, being often hollowed out of the naked rock. In the agitation of the moment he knew not what course to follow; thoughts of a gaol began to rise; but before he could decide, the enemy was upon him. Cosway met the little purdy laugh and familiar salutation of the lawyer with a miserable attempt at a smile.

"Pleasant weather, Mr. Cosway; quite like summer! Been to the works, dare say? Well, I suppose you've a notion we're bound for the same quarter," contracting his countenance. "Disagreeable business, Sir,—hem—but really, Mr. Cosway, our client has become impatient; people can't wait for ever, you know:" and he fixed his little keen eyes (through spectacles) upon "the 'Squire."

"You and your client are two infernal scoundrels!"—was the fierce and impatient reply of the over-excited and ruined man.

"Mr. Cosway, such language will not do for me, Sir; I would have you to know that."

"Make way, Sir; you are mistaken, if you suppose that I am going to bandy words with a fellow that was my father's footboy."

"Stop a moment," said the man of the
law, grasping the arm of Cosway, who recoiled as if stung by an adder; "you squires are so fiery! Our client has, as you know, a power of entry and preferable lien upon all and sundry the lands, hereditaments, and tenements, commonly called the Firs estate, and of the goods and chattels at the mansion appertaining to the same. In obedience to the peremptory instructions of our client, we have just put a fi. fa. into the house. Ah! that reminds me of the poor young lady, poor thing, she seemed to take it so much to heart! Why, you're not gone, Mr. Cosway? Hollow! Look there, Gripe, he'll break his neck, by G—!"

The object of this remark had uttered a deep groan at the mention of his daughter, and, whipping his horse, dashed down the rocky road at a rate which threatened both with instant annihilation. The lawyer and his assistant watched him with open mouth for a few minutes, until he was hidden from their sight by a turn in the road.

* * * * *

One evening, about six weeks after the preceding conversation took place, Ellen Cosway hastily passed through a wicket which opened on a steep winding path, leading to the summit of the lofty acclivity behind the Firs. She had spent a wretched and lengthened day, and with a feeling which cannot be expressed, sought temporary relief from care in the peaceful solitudes of nature.

Despite of the tears and supplications of his daughter, Cosway had determined not to abandon his home till he was compelled. He clung to the old place, where he had passed his life, with a degree of attachment which can be felt only in such cases. From long usage he had come to think upon the Firs almost as part and parcel of himself, though probably Ellen's remonstrances would have prevailed, had not the hope of relief from his son still sustained him to a certain extent. But this deferred hope now made his heart sick; he abandoned himself to despair; for the morrow was the fatal day of sale. Had it not been for the blessed influence of Christian habits, Ellen never could have borne up against the grievous change in their fortunes; as it was, she was wasted away with care; and even on that day, the sanctity of the little room which the arrangements of the auctioneer compelled them to occupy, had been broken in upon by the prying eyes of visitors from the adjoining districts, who flocked in crowds to view the property.

Ellen at last reached the summit of the acclivity, and wandered along a wild and broken track, which she had loved in other days. The character of the surrounding scenery was that of intense loneliness. Huge fragments of granite, the memorials of some great convulsion of nature in unknown ages, were scattered over the waste, and on all its dreary expanse there was neither house nor tree. Even the upland stream which pursued its course along this gloomy tract, like it, was dark and sullen. The cheerlessness of the landscape was aided by the unsettled state of the weather, and each successive gust that swept within the fissures of the hills, sank down with a wail which had something in it of supernatural effect.

But the scene lost all its romantic terrors on the mind of Ellen. She had been too much accustomed to these wilds to heed the threatening appearance of the sky—her thoughts were indeed very differently occupied. The place where she intended to terminate her walk—a huge cromlech, or memorial of the superstition of past ages, now came in sight, and at the same instant she became aware that there was a stranger on the heath. The anxiety which such a circumstance would have excited in the mind of an unprotected female in a wild and lonely situation in other parts of the island, was very slightly felt by Ellen. Crime was almost unknown in that peacefull district, and such was the security that prevailed, that most persons slept with unbarred doors at night. But the darkness of the sky, and the increasing violence of the wind, which now blew in heavy gusts across the mountains, rendered it prudent to return under any circumstances. She therefore abruptly hurried homeward. On turning her head, it was not without a strong feeling of alarm that she perceived the stranger in rapid pursuit. A prayer rose to her lips, and she fled along the rugged path wildly before the gale. A terror came over her such as she had never known before; and it was increased by the knowledge that there was yet at least a mile to traverse before she could reach the descent into the valley. She now fancied that she heard the voice of the stranger amid the roaring of the elements,—for the clouds had descended on the uplands, and were beginning to dis-
charge themselves in torrents of rain. The halla of her pursuer became every instant more audible—he was rapidly approaching her—and she now became convinced that it was her own name which the stranger uttered. She struggled onward a little further, and then sank down faint and exhausted on a clump of heather, just as George Dawlish reached her side.

"Ellen, love—cheer up—it is I, dearest Ellen. Untie your eye if it be only for an instant.—Cursed fool that I am, she hears me not—I have killed her with my folly."

Ellen was indeed senseless for a few moments; excessive exertion and fear had proved too much for her strength. Dawlish scarcely recognised the pallid form before him, the robust and healthy girl he had seen not two months before. She soon recovered, and in their walk towards the Firs learned that George had returned home only that day. The intelligence of the change which had come over the fortunes of Cosway grieved him so deeply that he had determined to set out at once to the Firs, and offer his aid in the hour of need, taking the nearest route over the hills.

When Ellen reached her desolate home she was too much exhausted to remain during the meeting between her father and Dawlish; but the latter gave her a promise at parting that he would himself proceed early in the morning to the next post town to ascertain whether the expected letter from her brother had arrived, that a chance even at the last hour might not be thrown away.

The Firs house, like its owner, was widely changed since Dawlish had last seen it. The work of the spoiler was manifest on every side. All was in disorder and confusion. The servants, who yet remained, were gathered into a little group by the kitchen fire, and their places seemed supplied by three men whom, from their sullen and suspicious countenances, Dawlish knew at once to be sheriff's officers. A self-important and somewhat bulky personage, Mr. Knocker, the auctioneer of ——, who was about to depart to the adjacent village inn for the night, soon bustled up to Dawlish.

"Glad to see you in the country again, Mr. Dawlish. ...business this, Sir. The squire is terribly down in the mouth about it I can tell you. But I have long seen that matters were on the go here, and so have you, I dare say. But one cannot help feeling sorry for him, after all—such a family as his!"

Dawlish turned from the familiar jargon of this official, and traced his way through the dark and intricate passages of the old hall, to the scantily furnished room where the once gay and thoughtless Arthur Cosway sat in solitude and misery. Having knocked at the door twice, without receiving any reply, he entered and perceived that Cosway was sleeping heavily. On the table beside him were several bottles, which told that he had been drinking deeply. Dawlish could not find it in his heart to disturb him, and therefore left the house.

At an early hour next morning, an unusual number of persons, on horse and on foot, were seen moving along the roads which led to the place of sale. The event had excited a deep interest in the surrounding district; for in that part of the world, where there was so little to excite curiosity, it was a thing to talk of for a lifetime. As the morning advanced, the throng increased—it seemed wonderful in so thinly populated a country whence they all came; the dusky countenances and habiliments of the miner could be contrasted with the Sunday finery of the village shopkeeper and his "lady,"—everybody and his wife and children too, seemed desirous to be in at the death; and even many of the flying visitors at the neighbouring watering place of Whitford, who (like most of the crowd) could have no intention of purchasing anything, flocked on cars or ponies, to all appearance with as much interest as the country people. Rumour, with her "hundred tongues," had evidently been busy; besides, it was something to a vulgar mind, to see a man like Cosway, who had ranked with the wealthy and the far-descended, turned out of his home, like the pauper or the mechanic. Still this was not the general feeling. It was clear that strong sympathy pervaded the minds of very many. Several of his tenantry, by whom the squire had been greatly respected—nay, beloved—seemed deeply grieved; and it was popularly believed that Cosmo Hunt had led him into the mining speculation in order to get him completely into his power, from a motive of revenge in consequence of the aversion which Ellen Cosway had manifested towards him.

As the hour of sale drew on—"ten o'clock for eleven precisely," to quote the authority of the bills, the adjacent hamlet of Cross,
which had never before held a tithe of the number of people since it had been built, began to assume a deserted appearance. Additional interest had been excited in consequence of a rumour relative to the looked for remittance from young Cosway, and by the circumstance that the carriage of Hunt had been seen at an early hour proceeding at a rapid pace towards the Firs. As accommodation in the village could be had neither "for love nor money," hundreds passed through at once into the grounds, which were soon over-run and devastated. The gate at the entrance was thrown half off its hinges, its posts plastered with advertisements of the sale, and portions of the rare plants and shrubs with which Cosway and his daughter had loved to adorn the shrubberies, were scattered along the carriage drive in careless mischance. The day was clear and beautiful, the breeze played through the leafy wilderness with joyous effect; the contrast between the peace and harmony of nature, and the discord and tumult of man and his deeds, was affecting.

The principal scene, however, was on the lawn in front of the house, which was covered with straggling groups, either discussing the event of the day, or examining some of the more massive and ancient portions of the furniture which had been removed thither for convenience. It would have afforded employment to a contemplative mind to have sat and watched the countenances of the crowd. Not a few of that group of miners who kept clannishly together, seemed to be holding forth angrily on the loss of their "pay"—some were gazing with eyes of heartless curiosity—many were watching the approach of fresh comers or listened to the hum of voices with apparent apathy—but more seemed touched with sorrow.

To those not destitute of sympathy, there is something melancholy about a sale at any time. It is full of associations connected with human interests which will not allow us to look at it without emotion. The cheerless and chilling aspect of the rooms,—the disarrangement of the furniture, the dirt, the bustle, the confusion, and the heartless indifference too often witnessed to the misfortunes of others, forcibly jar upon our finer feelings.

At last the clock over the stables tolled eleven. The sale of the estate was first to take place; and every eye was turned towards the rostrum of the auctioneer, which stood in front of the dining room. A quarter of an hour passed away, yet still the post was vacant. All sorts of surmises began to be whispered; some said the estate had been sold by private contract; others that it would not be sold at all;—it was clear that nobody knew anything about it, only all were agreed, from the flushed face and bustling gait of Attorney Hunter, that something must be the matter.

Nor were they far mistaken. Hunt had reached the Firs at an early hour, and had since been closeted in earnest conversation with its late unfortunate owner. It was long before his arguments produced the smallest effect. At first, indeed, Cosway was disposed indignantly to reject his proposals altogether. Strange as it may seem, the passion which had once so powerfully influenced Hunt, but which it might have been supposed, from his recent conduct, was completely extinguished, glowed more fiercely than ever. In a word, he offered to cancel the whole of his claim against Cosway, if Ellen would consent to marry him. As the morning advanced, Hunt became more earnest; and at last Cosway sent for Ellen. Her father then with deep emotion broke the proposal to her, but added not one syllable of comment—for nature overmastered him. It was now within less than an hour of the time appointed for the sale. Ellen was deeply agitated, and after musing for a few minutes, clasped her father to her heart, and said she would take an hour to consider. She then retired. The anxiety which Cosway and his creditor endured during this interval was agonising. Not a word was uttered by either, but when the time elapsed Ellen came not. Hunt started, rang the bell, and ordered his attorney to delay the sale for half an hour longer. The parental feelings of Cosway began to triumph; and he had resolved rather to beg his way through the world than that his admirable daughter should be sacrificed, when she entered the room.

Her pale and sunken countenance attested the convulsive struggle—the fearful mental conflict which she had undergone during that brief interval. She cast her eyes,

With misery too deep for tears,

upon her parent, and then said in a tone calm but soul-searching—

"My father, your child will save you!"
Cosway was speechless.

"Do you swear it?" said Hunt in a voice tremulous with eagerness. "Swear it, Ellen Cosway, swear it by your Maker!"

She hid her face on her father's shoulder, whilst her heart was relieved by a burst of tears,—then hastily muttered an assent—but not an oath.

At that instant a shout burst from the impatient crowd assembled without. Ellen started. The cheering became more vehement. Cosway instinctively ran to the window. On the mountain road below the house, he beheld a horseman advancing at full gallop. The stranger heard the shouts, frantically waved his hand, in which was something white, and urged his horse to greater speed. The agitation of the crowd increased; and before Cosway was fully conscious of its cause, George Dawlish reached the lawn—the wondering people gave way—and in another minute he burst into the room, bearing with him the long-expected remittance from the East.

* * *

It was a cold and cheerless morning in November. A dank mist lingered on the hills, and the sky was covered with a dark and dismal pall.

A group of aged women and idle loiterers were near the principal entrance to the Firs, in expectation of receiving a largesse from the attendants of the bridegroom as the wedding cavalcade passed by on its way to the church. At last the sound of many horses' hoofs was heard, and the long-looked for party passed the gate at a smart gallop. A handful of silver from more than one of the number appeased the bale of the beldames, which had begun to vent itself in dismal croakings and forebodings; and they scrambled for the lucre with their younger associates with an activity and an eagerness that might have been deemed impossible from their appearance. Few caught a sight of the bride, for she rode in the midst of the throng, and her face was nearly hidden by the flowing of her veil; but those that did, averred that she looked more like a corpse than a living being.

According to the old national custom, which has of late years been almost wholly disused in Wales, the anxiety of most of the members of the wedding cavalcade to reach the church porch first, became stronger as they advanced along the road. In the preceding instance, the exercise of the practice was attended with considerable hazard. The road was narrow and circuitous, and frequently ran along the edge of steep and fearful precipices which made the head "dizzy" to look down upon. But on the younger and more thoughtless of the party dashed; and a stranger who was unaware of the nature of the spectacle, might have supposed that he had fallen in with a company of lunatics escaped from confinement. The older and more staid, however, lingered in the rear near the bride and bridegroom. The latter, whom it need scarcely be said was Mr. Cosmo Hunt, rode a very powerful and spirited horse, whose mettle, which had already been much excited by the briskness of the speed, became almost un governable at being compelled to maintain a position in the rear. His rider, who was considered an excellent horseman, seemed either to lose his temper or his presence of mind; and instead of attempting to soothe the restive animal, applied both whip and spurs with unusual severity. The foremost of the party having reached an abrupt point in the road, which commanded a view of the church, set up a joyful shout, and pushed onward at increased speed. The noise rendered the bridegroom's horse wholly unmanageable; he bounded forward with resistless violence—Hunt was unable to make the turn in the road—and in another instant the vicious animal leaped clear over the wall, which ran along the edge of the precipice. A cry of horror burst from the beholders—there was a shrill and startling shriek from the wretched man—and all was over.

Years passed away. One afternoon a gentleman—a stranger to the landlord—rode up to the village inn at Cross, and sought shelter for the night. In the course of the evening, in answer to his apparently anxious inquiries relative to the family at the Firs, his host informed him, that Mr. Cosway was still living there, with his son, who had returned from India with a very large fortune; but that they led a life of extreme seclusion, the old man never passing out of his own grounds.

"And his daughter?" eagerly inquired the stranger.

"Oh, Miss Ellen, you mean, Sir," replied his informant. "Ah! poor young lady, she has been out of her mind, they say, ever since the day when all the estate was to have
been sold—and I have heard it mentioned, but I did not live here then, that she was little better than crazy when she went to be married. But her lover—though he was not her true lover, I believe—was dashed to pieces over that terrible steep you passed about a mile from hence, Sir, on the road to the wedding—it has been called Hunt’s Leap ever since.”

The stranger—it was George Dawlish—inquired no further. Ellen Coway’s mind was, indeed, withered. It was a noble though mournful memorial of the strength of filial affection.

VIDA.

* Some of the leading incidents in this narrative, occurred in an ancient family during the last century. The scene and names have necessarily been altered.

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CULZEAN CASTLE, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CASSILIS.

This noble building stands upon a rock on the western coast of Scotland, between Carrick and Kyle. It gives its name to the bay in which it is situated.

Upon the rock serving as the foundation of Culzean Castle, formerly stood a fortress, some remains of which form part of the present building, erected in 1789, by Archibald eleventh Earl of Cassilis.

This romantic residence overhangs the sea at a height of eighty feet above its level, and parts of it seem to cling to the sides of the rock, there defying the lashings of the surge and the violence of the storm. In the bay beneath, some rocks appear, raising their crests above the waves, and offering an aspect of danger to the mariner who should venture, without an experienced pilot, within the labyrinth which they form, whilst other sunken rocks around render the danger real.

The ancient building in which the noble family of the Kennedies resided till towards the end of the last century, was nothing better than one of those old feudal castles so common in Scotland, denoting the characteristics of baronial power rather than affording any of the elegancies of life. The present building displays all the modern comforts and splendour to be found in the mansion of a nobleman of the present day.

Connected with the fortress upon the rock which served the Earls of Cassilis as a residence until the present castle was erected, is a very interesting legend, which may perhaps form the subject of a paper in a future number of the “Court Magazine.”

At the bottom of the rock, under Culzean Castle, are three caves, to which access may be obtained at low water, and which are also associated with several legends connected with the name of Kennedy.

The noble family who inhabit this mansion are descended from Duncan de Carrick, who lived in the twelfth century. The fifth in descent from Duncan, was Sir John of Dunure, who abandoned the name of Carrick and assumed that of Kennedy. Gilbert, great grandson of Sir John, was created Baron Kennedy about the year 1452. In 1509, David, third lord, was raised to the dignity of an Earl, by James IV. He was killed at the battle of Flodden, and was succeeded by Gilbert, his eldest son, from whom the titles and honours have descended, through successive generations, to the present Earl.

There is no patent of creation, as Lodge informs us in his peerage, either to the Barony of Kennedy or the Earldom of Cassilis, and it is held by the law of Scotland, that titles of honour, when not otherwise limited by patent, are hereditary in the heirs male of the first grantee. “This principle,” continues Mr. Lodge, “being recognised by the House of Lords, on the petition of Sir Thomas Kennedy, on the death (in 1750) of John, eighth Earl, whereby the male descendants of Gilbert, fourth Earl, became extinct, he succeeded as ninth Earl, being the lineal descendant and heir male of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, second son of Gilbert, third Earl, and brother of the fourth Earl.”

From this Sir Thomas Kennedy, the present Earl is lineally descended.
THE COURT.

In our abstract of Courtly sayings and doings, we profess not to emulate the graphic power of detail exercised by the respected author of the "Court Circular." From the diurnal bulletins of that privileged individual, we have been gratified by learning, that, with the exception of a slight cold which has prevented the Queen from taking her usual airings, their Majesties have continued in the enjoyment of their accustomed good health.

The quiet domestic habits of the Royal Family give a wholesome example to the brilliant marine colony of Londoners, which, cherished by regal favour, has become a sort of minor metropolis; but the regular course pursued by the distinguished inhabitants of the Pavilion, affords little to report, except "drives round the neighbourhood;" "walks on the chain pier;" "numerous morning-calls;" and "select dinner-parties."

The festivities of "Old Christmas," of whose fashionable votaries Brighton has become the shrine, will probably furnish materials to break the monotony which has lately prevailed in this honourable department of our duty.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Cabinet of Modern Art, and Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

The taste and judgment displayed in getting up this beautiful book is a real service to British art. The present volume is the second of a new series of Mr. Watts's very elegant Annual, and its success last year has proved an encouragement to the proprietor to continue a work which, with a great fund of information and entertainment, embraces a higher order of literature than is usually found in Annuals of the same class—that is to say, those composed of selections from different writers. There is a warmth and sparkling in the letter-press throughout this volume worthy of its beautiful pictorial illustrations. The names of Barry Cornwall, T. K. Harvey, the gifted Editor himself, Mary Howitt, Rev. H. H. Milman, J. A. St. John, and many others, are an earnest of the pretensions which the work has a right to put forth. With regard to the engravings, they are after designs by the first masters in the country, and no expense seems to have been spared to render them attractive. Want of space prevents us from enumerating them.

We can therefore only say, that among the gems with which this volume abounds, we particularly noticed two by Uwins full of character and poetry—a peasant girl of Genzano and Punch at Naples. The latter is accompanied by a literary sketch of the Mole at Naples, from the pen of the artist. We extract a part of it.

"It was the 'gentle eye' of a lovely autumnal day, such a day as Naples can boast over all countries in the world, that I sauntered, as was sometimes my custom, to the Mole, to enjoy the air of the bay and the amusements of the scene. In one corner the Learned Dog was displaying his wondrous sagacity to the admiring crowd. Then came the reader of Ariosto, with his spectacles on his nose and his look of profound importance, which the dirtiness of his person and the meanness of his apparel rendered mightily ludicrous. A little removed from him was the Improvisatore. His countenance was marked with an expression of wild enthusiasm bordering on madness, and he was pouring forth in all the extravagant profusion of eastern imagery, the tissue of a fairy tale. Lastly came Punch. This worthy
differs little from his namesake in England. He does not beat his wife so much, nor does he so often apply the stick to the heads of the devil and the doctor. He has, in truth, something witty to say as well as whimsical to do, and often mingles satire with his fun, and grave moralities with his buffoonery.

"The audiences of these different personages were as various as the means employed for their amusement. Those who surrounded the Learned Dog were principally women and children, who, in their credulous and simple admiration of the animal's sagacity, allowed their pockets to be emptied by his more sagacious master. The listeners to the stanzas of Ariosto were all men, and never was public orator blessed with a more attentive audience. There were no comers and goers; all had been anxiously expecting the man in spectacles before his arrival, and they took their seats with the quiet determination of those passing their allotted hour of recreation. Most of them had attended the reading day after day; they were well acquainted with the characters of the poem, and seemed, by their occasional remarks, to have formed parties in favour of its different heroes. Something like conscious superiority was observable in the countenances of the whole group, the proud feeling that they were listening to matters above the comprehension of the surrounding multitude. Small indeed was their progress in intelligence. They could not read Ariosto for themselves, but they could follow with their understanding what they heard from the lips of their more learned instructor."

"The Neapolitans have been unjustly abused by hasty travellers. They are really a good-natured and hospitable people, and so fond of fun, that I have known a well-timed joke put to stop to the most violent ebullition of passion, and turn a paroxysm of rage into laughter with good humour. They are not revengeful, but rather forgetful of injuries and forgiving. I have lived amongst them, and have a right to bear testimony to this as well as to their other good qualities. To the latest day of my life I shall consider myself indebted to Naples and the Neapolitans, and shall always be ready to join in the burden of their popular song—"Napoli beila.""

**VARIETIES.**

**MR. BALFE AND THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.**

"Having spoken highly in praise of the "Siege of Rochelle," and of the talents of Mr. Balfe, we were startled at reading in the *Examiner* an assertion by a correspondent of that paper, that every musical idea in the above named opera is borrowed from the "Chiara de Rosenberg," an opera by an obscure composer named Ricci. Now, we happened to know this opera by Ricci, who is by no means an obscure, but a well known, though to our thinking, a detestable composer; and we were prodigiously angry at our own stupidity in not finding out the plagiarism after hearing the "Siege of Rochelle" several times. Considerably vexed at our want of discernment, we have carefully compared the two operas, but to our astonishment cannot discover in the "Siege of Rochelle" a single musical idea bearing the remotest resemblance to any part of the "Chiara de Rosenberg." What is more, there is no regular overture to the latter, but only an introduction. It is true that in both operas there is a trio for three bass voices, a duet and pistol scene, but the music of these pieces is of a totally distinct character in the two operas, and quite unlike; the correspondent of the *Examiner* in a subsequent letter, seems, however, to abandon part of his position, and maintains only that Mr. Balfe has pillared from Ricci his buffo song, and the trio and duet above mentioned. We have stated our opinion with regard to the two latter. As for the buffo song, almost every musician in London can bear witness, as we can ourselves, that Lablache sang this song at numerous concerts last season, before the "Siege of Rochelle" was ever thought of; and that it was not originally composed for that opera. The critic goes on to infer that the chorus "Vive le Roi!" is not original, because Weber has treated the same subject. This surely does not fix Mr. Balfe with plagiarism. It would be very hard indeed upon a composer to be debarred from a subject, because it had been previously treated by another master. We cannot help thinking—to use a modern elegant parliamentary expression—that the correspondent of our gifted contemporary has found "a mare's nest."

**CONCERTI DI CAMERA.**—The two last of these concerts were at least equal if not superior to the two former, and we have no doubt that they will prove a great attraction, next season, to all lovers of good music. The talents of Messrs. Blagrove, C. Lucas, and Charles Salaman, are of an order calculated to lead these young musicians to the summit of their profession. We earnestly wish them success. As we had hoped, this society has led to the establishment of several others of a similar description. We hear of one got up by Messrs. Mori, Lindley and Dragonetti, the veterans of the art; another by some professors in the city, and a third at the Adelphi terrace. They have all our good wishes, as they deserve encouragement. We look forward to their producing a rapid improvement in the national taste."
THE COURT MAGAZINE,  
AND  
La Belle Assemblee.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

The noble house of Paget, of which her Grace the Duchess of Richmond is a scion, is of Staffordshire origin. William Paget, born at Wednesbury in that county, settled in London in the reign of Henry VIII, and served the office of serjeant-at-mace, in those days a function of high respectability. His son,

William Paget, born in London, received his education under Lilly at St. Paul's school, afterwards at the University of Cambridge, and finally at Paris. This gentleman's first public service of importance was a mission to France, to consult the learned relative to the divorce of Henry VIII, and his Queen, Catherine of Aragon. In this affair he gave great satisfaction, as is evident not only from the favours he received, but from the offices of trust and difficulty afterwards confided to his care. In 1540 he received the honour of knighthood, and went as ambassador to France. He attended King Henry to Bulloigne, and that monarch, on his death-bed, bequeathed him a legacy of 500L, and appointed him one of his executors, and of the council to his successor, the youthful Edward. With the Duke of Somerset, Sir William Paget contracted an intimate friendship. In 1546 he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and the following year was summoned to Parliament as Baron Paget of Beaudesert, in the county of Stafford. He was, however, a person of too high importance to escape the ambition of the Protector's enemy, the Duke of Northumberland, and he participated in the downfall of his patron. On the committal of Somerset, the duke also sent Paget to the Tower; but the persecution so fatal to the former was dropped soon after with regard to the latter. On King Edward's death, Lord Paget joined with the Earl of Arundel, the boldest champion of Queen Mary. These noblemen forthwith caused the Princess to be proclaimed in the city of London, and accompanied with twenty horse, rode post the same evening to inform her Majesty of the loyal intentions of her subjects. After the marriage of the Queen with Philip of Spain, for the arrangement of which he had been one of the commission, Lord Paget went ambassador to the Emperor, then at Brussels. At the accession of Elizabeth, his lordship, at his own request, quitted the public service, as he was a strict Catholic, though still enjoying the
royal favour. Lord Paget espoused Anne, daughter and heir of Henry Peston, Esq., and dying in 1563, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Henry, second Lord Paget, a Knight of the Bath, whose brother and successor in 1571,

Thomas, third Lord Paget, was a zealous Catholic and adherent of Mary Stuart. In consequence of the interception of some of his letters, which betrayed his good feelings towards that unfortunate Princess, his lordship was compelled to withdraw privately, with Charles Arundel, into France. He was soon after attainted, and his property confiscated. He was succeeded at his decease in 1589 by his only son,

William, fourth Lord Paget, who was restored to his rank and honours by the first Parliament of James I. His eldest son and successor, in 1629,

William, fifth Lord Paget, wedded the lady Frances Rich, daughter of Henry, Earl of Holland, and had with other issue, William, his successor.

Henry, who settled in Ireland, and left at his decease by his wife Anne, daughter of Robert Sandford, Esq. of Sandford, Shropshire, a son Thomas, whose only daughter and heiress, Caroline, was married to Sir Nicholas Bayly, Bart. of Plas-Newydd, son and successor of Sir Edward Bayly, created a Baronet of Ireland in 1730, and had a son, Henry Bayly, who inherited as ninth Lord Paget.

Lord Paget, who was appointed in 1642, by the Parliament, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, returned soon afterwards to his allegiance, and commanded one of the king's regiments at the battle of Edgehill. His lordship died the 19th October 1673, leaving his honours to his eldest surviving son,

William, sixth Lord Paget, whose son and successor in 1713,

William, seventh Lord Paget, who had been created in 1712, during the lifetime of his father, Baron Burton, of Burton in the county of Stafford, was advanced to the Earldom of Uxbridge, 19th October 1714. This nobleman dying in 1743, was succeeded by his grandson,

Henry, second Earl of Uxbridge, who died unmarried 17th November 1768. The titles of Earl of Uxbridge and Baron Burton became extinct, but the barony of Paget, being a barony in fee, devolved, as above stated, on the great-great-grandson of William, fifth lord,

Henry Bayly, ninth Lord Paget, who thereupon assumed the surname and arms of Paget alone. The family of this nobleman, that of Bayly, was of the royal blood of Baliol, and sprung, through his only daughter, from the hero, Wallace. Lord Paget married 11th April 1767, Jane eldest daughter of the very Rev. Arthur Champagne, Dean of Clonmacnoise in Ireland. His lordship was created Earl of Uxbridge 19th May 1784, and dying the 13th March 1812, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Henry William, second Earl of Uxbridge. This distinguished nobleman, who rose to the highest reputation as a military commander during the late war, and whose gallant conduct mainly contributed to the glorious result of Waterloo, was on the 23rd June 1815 created Marquis of Anglesey. His lordship has been twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He married first the Lady Caroline Elizabeth Villiers, third daughter of George fourth Earl of Jersey, by whom he has issue,


The Marquis's marriage having been dissolved by the laws of Scotland (her ladyship being subsequently married to the Duke of Argyll), he wedded, secondly, Charlotte, daughter of Charles first Earl Cadogan, and has issue,

Alfred Henry, an officer in the Horse Guards, born 29th June 1816—George Augustus Frederick, an officer in the Life Guards, born 16th March 1818—Emily Caroline, Lady Sydney—Mary—Adelaide.

His lordship's eldest daughter, the Lady Caroline Paget, whose portrait forms this month's illustration, was married 10th April 1817, to Charles, present Duke of Richmond, and has issue, Charles, Earl of March and Darley, born 27th February 1818—Fitzroy, born 11th June 1820—Henry, born 2nd November 1821—Alexander, born 14th June 1825—George, born 22nd October 1829—Caroline—Augusta—Lucy—Amelia.
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

ESCAPE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for aught be stayde.

On the evening of the second of May 1798, the city of Cork presented the appearance of a place threatened with an immediate siege. Two pieces of cannon and a triple guard of mounted and foot soldiers were placed at each of the approaches to the town. Sentinels paced the bridges, and were to be seen in most of the public thoroughfars. The whole garrison, together with the yeomanry and the local militia, were marshalled under arms on the Grand Parade and South Mall, the principal streets of the city. The citizens were rapidly hurrying homeward, or were assembled in small groups earnestly engaged in conversation. Women and children appeared at the windows silently gazing on the motionless troops beneath,

Or whispering with white lips: 'the foe!—they come!'

During several days previously, Cork had presented a similar appearance, for a rising of the populace and an incursion of the rebels were hourly expected.

At this moment, the affairs of The United Irishmen were in a state so critical, that the adoption of some decisive measure became absolutely imperative. The blow must be struck at once, or never! Day after day, leaders of the conspiracy were apprehended, and it appeared evident that the government had gained the clearest intelligence of the movements and intentions of the conspirators. Mr. Arthur O'Connor and O'Quigley, a Roman Catholic priest, had been arrested in February at Margate, charged with a mission to France, urging the Directory to attempt the immediate invasion of England, and send succour to the insurgents in Ireland; and, on the 12th of the succeeding month, several of the rebel chiefs were taken into custody while sitting in council, in the house of Mr. Oliver Bond, at Dublin. Charles Hamilton Teeling, together with Messrs. Lowring and Tennant, had been forced to fly to Hamburg. Theobald Wolfe Tone was in exile, and several documents exhibiting the force as well as the intended operations of the conspirators had been seized by the executive power. Fears for the result, and the terrors of the law, had already induced several to withdraw from the Union, whilst departure from the original objects of the institution, and the sectarian character which the matter was beginning to assume, together with the frequent delays that had taken place, and, above all, the impossibility of receiving aid from France, daily thinned the ranks of the malcontents, and caused the people to return to their allegiance. It is thus apparent that nothing remained but either to make, at once, a desperate and combined effort, or to abandon the project altogether.

To Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the other leaders, nothing could appear more disgraceful than the latter course. They were determined not to abandon the enterprise without a struggle.

Stepped in so far that should they wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

This resolution may too have been strength-ened by the recollection that, even did the mass of the populace declare their repentance and submission to the govern-ment, they had already offended too deeply to hope for pardon.

The counsel of the chiefs prevailed in the midland counties, but it was yet problematical whether the people of the south were prepared to join in the revolt which the Executive Committee, in the event of their concurrence, had resolved should take place on the 23rd of May. The task of sounding their wishes, and if possible of winning their assent, was assigned to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and accordingly his lordship, accompanied by the famous McCabe, undertook a journey to Cork, where, on the night of the 3rd of May, the Munster Executive Committee had agreed to meet him.
Notwithstanding every precaution, and the preparations which, as we have before said, had been made on the evening of that day, the chiefs had little difficulty in entering the city. The pass-word had been communicated to them by a disaffected militiaman; and at the hour of eleven the Committee, together with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and M'Cabe, were assembled at a house in Fishamble-lane, then a narrow passage, but still famous for the number and excellence of its taverns, and most judiciously selected as a place of rendezvous, being the resort of all strangers, not of condition, visiting Cork.

Before, however, we turn to the conspirators, it will be necessary to state that, a few minutes past nine o'clock on the same evening, a knocking was heard at the door of Mr. Mortimer, a magistrate, residing on the North Mall, then one of the most fashionable neighbourhoods in the city. Mr. Mortimer had just returned home, and, weared with the harassing duties of the day, had put on a loose dressing-gown, and was reclining upon a sofa in his drawing-room. He had passed the meridian of life, but though the silver hairs were scattered thinly upon his head, his body had lost none of its vigour, and the rapid glances of his eye told that he yet possessed daring and energy to a considerable degree. His daughter sat at her piano-forte with her friend Miss Julia Melville, a young lady of considerable beauty and accomplishments, who for some time had been betrothed to Mr. Mortimer's only son, Henry.

"Bid Mr. A—— walk up," said Mr. Mortimer, as the servant announced the person who had knocked at the hall door.

The stranger hastily entered the room. He took no notice of the ladies, who rose as he approached.

"The rebels meet to night at eleven o'clock at the Sun in Fishamble-lane," said he, as he took the proffered hand of Mr. Mortimer.

"To-night, you say?" cried Mr. Mortimer, as he wrung the hand of his friend. "We'll crush the wasps in their nest!" In an instant he again changed his dress, and left the house with his informant.

The room in which the conspirators had assembled was situated on the first floor of a two-storied building which ran backwards from the lane to the extremity of the house, where a bay-window overlooked a stream of water, that with a depth of about four or five feet wound its way between the walls of the house and a Roman Catholic chapel on the opposite side, then passing at a short distance through a number of subterranean bridges discharged itself into the Lee, of which river it was originally a branch.

"Thank ye, gentlemen," said Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as fifty cups were drained to his health, "I thank ye sincerely; but I believe that the burst of feeling just displayed, shows more attachment to the cause with which I am identified than compliment to an humble individual like myself. On that account, believe me, it is doubly grateful."

The company, who had a plentiful supply of whiskey and other spirits before them, for a moment interrupted his lordship with murmurs of applause. He then continued:

"That cause has now every prospect of success, and I hope that in twenty days from this time we shall be congratulating each other upon our triumph."

"So soon, my lord?" inquired Dr. H—— hastily, as though he was alarmed at the proximity of the danger. "Do you expect it so soon?"

"Are you not aware, Sir," said M'Cabe, "of the nature of the question before the committee?"

"I am not, Sir," returned the doctor.

"What is the proposition?" said another member.

"A general rising on the 23rd!"

"Without the aid of France?"

"Absurd!" exclaimed Dr. H——; "the people won't be ripe for it for the next three months."

"Sir," said an individual who wore coloured spectacles, and whose dress proclaimed him a member of the priesthood, with a mixture of authority and bitterness in his voice; "Sir, to my knowledge the people are ripe for it this moment."

"That's merely a matter of opinion," observed another member, who till this moment had remained silent.

"The people are not ripe for it!" again interrupted the doctor, who endeavoured to make himself heard among the number of voices that now pealed through the room.

"By G——, the doctor is afraid of being himself made a subject for anatomy," said a merry-faced fellow named O'Kelly—who had for many years served in the French
and Austrian armies—as he swallowed the contents of the glass before him, and stretched his hand with a loud laugh towards the neighbouring decanter.

"Pray Sir," demanded the physician, "what do you mean? I tell you, Major—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted Lord Edward Fitzgerald, "for the sake of the cause in which we are embarked, I implore you—"

Cries of "Chair!" "Order!" drowned the remainder of this appeal. Everybody undertook the office of peace-maker, and in a few moments the room was in a complete uproar.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald paced the apartment with anger and disappointment written upon his brow. All had quitted their seats. Some were standing upon the chairs, others had sprung upon the table for the purpose of gaining a hearing.

"This noise will lead to our being discovered," said McCabe, as he joined his lordship.

"Oh!" said the chief, "tis all to no purpose. I see we'd better give the matter up."

At this moment a dragoon rode furiously through the lane. The rattling of the horse's hoofs fell like icebolts on the hearts of the conspirators. They seemed deprived of motion, and breathless silence prevailed for a few moments.

"I don't think we need apprehend any danger," said Lord Edward Fitzgerald, after listening attentively for some time at the window. "It is only a trooper passing by."

"But why in such haste, or why at all? There is a patrol in each of the principal streets."

"And are ye afraid, gentlemen," said a conspirator, "of a single trooper? Every man has a brace of pistols, and some of us have swords."

This appeal had the desired effect. The members resumed their seats, and the pistols upon half cock were again placed on the table.

The secretary now proceeded to lay before the meeting the state of the cause in the south of Ireland.

"We have in hand," he continued, "after having paid all demands up to the present day, 142l. 2s. 4d."

"How many men are ready to take the field?" inquired the noble president.

"One hundred thousand, six hundred—"

"Hush!" exclaimed an individual who sat next the street window, with the utmost alarm in his countenance, "Hush!"

"Do you hear another dragoon coming?" said McCabe, sneeringly.

"Don't you hear? Listen!"

"Hear what? "Tis only a harp?"

"Don't you know that air?" said the man who first heard the sound:

"Make your escape and begone! begone! Make your escape and begone! The soldiers are coming A firing and drumming, So make your escape and begone!"

"The very air!" exclaimed several voices as the conspirator repeated rapidly the above well-known lines.

"I see a person in the street," said Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as he lifted the window.

The person below observed the movement, and said, "Fly for your lives! The soldiers are upon you!"

"Villain!" exclaimed a voice behind him, as a sword entered the side of the minstrel, and a pistol flashed at the figure in the window.

Mr. Mortimer and a picked company of soldiers were around the musician. They had been about to force the door of the tavern, when they perceived the harper entering the lane, and the magistrate supposing him to be a rebel coming to the meeting, had ordered his men into the shade. The door now rang beneath the strokes of the soldiers.

To describe at this juncture the scene of dismay and confusion in the apartment above, would be difficult. The window overlooking the stream was the only way of escape, and thither all rushed. Some dropped themselves to the bottom from the window-ledge, others let themselves down by means of a rope. A loud crash was now heard, and the rushing of men on the staircase told that the outward door had been burst in. "We had better make a stand!" cried Lord Edward, who hung from the outside of the window, as he attempted to regain the room.

"By Heaven, my Lord, you shall not!" exclaimed a young man, the last remaining conspirator in the apartment, as he forcibly tore his Lordship's hands from the window, and precipitated him into the stream below.

The voices of the soldiers were now at the door.

"To attempt escape by the window,"

* There were at that time several harpers in the south of Ireland. They have since totally disappeared.
said the young man, pulling down the sashes, “were certain death. They shall purchase my life dearly, however,” he cried, as he drew his sword, and sprang towards a door that led to an upper apartment.

At this moment the opposite door crashed in, and two soldiers entered.

“Tear him away!” cried the second man: “they have fled up stairs.”

“Not till this body is a corpse!” returned the conspirator, discharging his pistol into the heart of the foremost, and levelling a blow at the other which dashed him, streaming with blood, upon the floor. Their comrades recoiled, and, in ignorance of the strength of the enemy, remained for a moment crowded together on the narrow staircase.

“Forward, men!” shouted the magistrate.

Three or four soldiers now rushed into the room. One of them lodged a ball in the left shoulder of the conspirator, who turned upon his assailant with the ferocity of a tiger, and dealt his blows around as though the might of a host were centred in his arm.

“You pass not yet, hell-hounds!” shouted the young man, as rallying his sinking strength, he plunged his reeking sword into the throat of the second remaining soldier.

“Forward, soldier!” cried Mr. Mortimer, wrathfully; and he flung aside two men who were before him, and burst into the room.

“Surrender, traitor!” he cried, as he fired his pistol at the breast of the gallant rebel, who instantly fell upon the dead and wounded that lay bleeding at his feet.

“Do you burst open that door!” said the magistrate, turning to a serjeant and some of the men, who now crowded the apartment: “and do you,” continued he, addressing another, and pointing to the body of the conspirator, “tear the mask from that fiend!”

The serjeant proceeded to obey his directions. In a moment the lifeless young man lay upon his back before them, and the black cloth mask was removed from his face.

“Who is he?” inquired several with eagerness.

A loud groan burst from the bosom of his slayer.

“Oh God!—oh God!” he said; and, dropping the pistol he had just discharged, staggered backward. For a moment he remained motionless in the arms of the officer who commanded the troops, and apparently unconscious of what was passing around him. The soldiers crowded round to learn what had befallen the magistrate.

Tears at length came to his relief; and, striking his hand upon his forehead, Mr. Mortimer exclaimed—“I have killed my son—and sorrow light upon these grey hairs!” He paused a moment, and gasped for breath. “Gentlemen,” he continued, turning to those around him, “were you his father, as I am, you would feel——” and his frame shook with emotion——“as I feel.”

The slaughtered youth was his only son, Henry, in whom all his hopes had been centred. Young Mortimer had just completed his twentieth year. He had been early destined for the bar; and for the purpose of pursuing his studies had been sent at the age of seventeen to Trinity College, Dublin, from whence about three weeks previously he had returned to Cork. When first he visited the Irish metropolis, political feeling ran high, and debating upon political subjects was much in vogue. Mortimer was endowed with considerable talent, and in a short time became conspicuous in the college debating society as a defender of republican principles. The theories which he first undertook to advocate for the sake of practical debating, by degrees took deep hold of his mind, and he soon became a decided partisan. He was afterwards introduced to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for whom, from the first moment of their acquaintance, he cherished a warm friendship, and was soon appointed to a command in the rebel army.

The delay occasioned by young Mortimer’s defence, and by the catastrophe of his death, afforded the conspirators ample time for escape. It was soon found that they were not concealed in the upper room, but had made their exit through the window. A ring bearing Lord Edward Fitzgerald’s arms, together with some papers, were found upon the table, and in a few moments the news that the rebel chief was in the heart of the city flew from street to street. The whole town was in commotion. The citizens, supposing that the insurrection had commenced, armed themselves and rushed into the streets, where the troops were seen rapidly forming, or hurrying towards some place where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was thought to be concealed.
Search, however, was fruitless. Lord Edward and McCabe had swum the river and concealed themselves in the trenches of a potato-field, at Sunday's Well, where, until the "blustering storm was overblown," they lay undiscovered. In the morning they were in Leinster.

And that morning was to thousands in Cork one of the bitterest sorrow, and will long be remembered with grief and horror. Widows were seen mourning for their slaughtered husbands; mothers in vain seeking their children; sisters and maidens weeping for their brothers and lovers. Fathers beheld their sons led out to execution; brothers lamented the death of their brothers; and relatives and friends mourned for the victims of vindictive justice. A list of all the names forming the Munster Executive Committee had been left on the table by the conspirators.

Mr. Mortimer, however, felt none of the general sorrow. He had been conveyed home in a state of insensibility, from which he never awoke.

R. R. P.

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THE SHERIDAN AUTOGRAPH.

(Concluded from page 8).

As this highly curious and interesting document proceeds, it becomes more and more worthy of the serious attention and deep study of the lover of dramatic literature, since such study and attention cannot fail to afford a most valuable insight into the construction and working of the mechanism (for such it is) by which the mysterious matter known by the name of "stage effect," is concocted and produced. There is nothing more false in the whole circle of our modern dramatic literature (and that is saying a bold word, in this age of "sentimental" comedy), than this fifth act of "The Stranger," and especially this concluding scene of it, which we now lay before the world in its nascent state; and yet, there is nothing on our stage that can hold comparison with it, in the degree of interest it produces in acting. When performed by consummate artists—the late John Kemble and Miss O'Neil, for instance—the particular scene we are now to examine was invariably rendered almost inaudible by the tears, and other less delicate "notes and shews of grief," which it used to call forth. And whence arose this extraordinary and unprecedented interest and sympathy?

From the situation of the meeting parties, a runaway wife and her outraged and injured, because affectionate and honourable husband? We imagine not; for the middle classes of English life are not the people to be either preached or hoaxed into the belief that there can or should be, between parties so meeting, anything but scorn and disgust on the one hand, and, on the other, a feeling of involuntary hatred arising from a sense of injury inflicted. Is it then that our modern audiences have been Germanised into the new theories of moral sentiment which teach us that vice and virtue, nobility and baseness, honour and shame, are convertible terms? Not a whit more. There are no audiences in the world who have so just and so exact a feeling as to the boundaries which do and ought to divide these from each other, and who so promptly and so pertinaciously resent any direct attempt to confound them. What, then, is the secret of the sympathy which invariably attends the performance of this most mischievous, as well as most false and self-condemnatory, of all existing dramas? Why, to confess an ungracious truth, we fear its solution must be sought for in the want of intellectual tact which is a characteristic of the great body of that portion of the English people of which our metropolitan audiences are composed. They are more susceptible of being mystified and bamboozled out of their excellent mother wit and their fine moral feeling, than any other people in the world, savage or civilised. England always was, and still is, the heaven of German quacks, Irish bottle conjurors, Scotch discoverers of the North Pole, and the like; and this without in the smallest degree endangering that true and strong moral sense in which her people excel all
others. If "The Stranger" had been offered to a London audience in the form under which we find it in the pages that have served as the foundation of Sheridan's superstructure, now first presented to the world, it would have been hooted from the stage with mingled contempt and indignation. What then has Sheridan done to it? Has he made it less mischievous and less false than it was before he touched it? No: he has made it infinitely more so; for he has concealed its mischief and its falsehood under a veil of seeming passion, and has thrown a colouring over its grossness which, for the moment, dazzles and mystifies the gazer's eye, and utterly destroys its power of discriminating the true character of what it looks on. To take a few instances in explanation of what we mean. The guilty wife seeks and obtains an interview with her outraged husband, only, as it should seem, that she may outrage him once more, to his face, by confessing what all the world has known for years! And, in the original translation, hear what he says to this delicate and considerate proposal:—

"Straw.—No confession, Madam. I know all, and I release you from every humiliation. Yet you will perceive that, after what has happened, we must part for ever."

"I know all!" "After what has happened!" He might almost as well have gone into the whole particulars of time, place, &c. Probably in the original German he does; for such a proceeding would be precisely "German to the matter."

But what does Sheridan's consummate tact do with this? He blinks it all; suppresses every direct reference to their actual relative position, as a thing not to be thought of without outraging common decency, much more the feelings of a mind delineated as the Stranger's is! In the Stranger's next speech, Sheridan has in the same spirit expunged the mandolin recollections that would have made even the housemaids in the gallery sick: "Your affection has afforded me," &c.

Passing over several other slight but exquisite touches, let us stop to admire the admirable manner in which he has transformed a piece of vulgar business-like detail into a touching and dignified display of mingled pride and sensibility. We allude to the speech in which the outraged husband offers the guilty wife the paper "to which the whole remnant of his fortune is pledged." There cannot be a better instance of what we noticed in our last as the chief characteristic of this curious document—the numerous proofs it affords of the way in which (without the introduction of anything essentially new) an intellect like Sheridan's can transform feebleness and flatness into spirit and effect.

In the speech of Mrs. Haller which shortly follows, beginning "Alas! How well do I recollect," &c., the reader will do well to admire the striking improvement that may often be effected by the change or addition or omission of a single word. We cannot but think that there is an exquisite feeling of propriety displayed in the mere change of "a necklace" into "a locket," and afterwards of a "diamond pin" into a "bracelet." There is, under the circumstances, something indecent in the mere mention of a necklace, and something vulgar in a diamond pin. Or do we merely fancy this? In either case, the change was indispensable ; yet we cannot but think that no other person but Sheridan would have made it.

A little lower down in the same page we come to the most touching and natural stroke in the whole drama—that of Mrs. Haller discovering, from an unconscious word about the children on the part of her husband, that he has not seen them since their separation. "What, have you not seen them?" This, the reader will observe, belongs entirely to Sheridan, and the effect in the acting is irresistible.

Finally, let it be expressly observed that, in conformity with the principle on which the whole of the latter scenes are constructed in the original play, the Stranger and his wife are, in the original copy, reconciled to each other. "I forgive you," are his last words. This obious and indecent termination of the play Sheridan has expunged; and the mere "embrace" into which they are tempted to "rush" may be supposed a sort of involuntary movement for which the Stranger is not strictly answerable. But in point of fact, as the play is at present acted, they do not even embrace; they merely make sufficient approaches to that ceremony to produce a picturesque group for the curtain to fall upon.
Enter Mrs. Haller, Countess of Bar. P.S. E.E.

Mrs. Hal.: (advances slowly, in a tremor. She attempts to support herself, and approaches the Stranger, who with awed, countenance and intense agitation awaits her address.) My Lord!

Stras.: (with gentle, tremulous utterance, and face still turned away.) What would you have of me, Adelaide?

Mrs. Hal.: (much agitated.) No, for Heaven's sake! I was not prepared for this. Oh! that tone cuts to my heart. Adelaide! No, for Heaven's sake—harsh sounds—protests to a God's ear.

Stras.: (endeavouring to give his voice more firmness.) Well, Madam—

Mrs. Hal.: Oh! If you will ease my heart, if you will hear these words:

Stras.: Reproaches! Here they are upon my swallowed heart. Here, in my hollow eye. These reproaches I could not spare, you else would I fain have withheld them. For I beg you—

Mrs. Hal.: Were I a hardened sinner, this torture would be charity. But I am a suffering Penitent, and it overpowers me. Alas! Then I must be the Herald of my own infamy. For, where shall I find peace, till I have ceased my heart by my confession?

Stras.: No confession, Madam. I have owed and I bless you from every humiliation. Yet you will yourself suppose that I am by some new, yet more severe, I mean that we are by this means—

Mrs. Hal.: I know not. Lord, I am here to supplicate you—

Stras.: My Lord content a day of tears that you would grant it. All I dare hope from you is that you will not curse my memory.
Sir: (moved) No, Adelaide. I do not curse you. Your affection has offended me, and happiness is better than life.

No. I shall never curse you.

Mr. Hall: (agitated) From the inward conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during three years, that unshaken purpose, which will enable me to choose a new and untainted arm. I march on the spirit of vengeance.

This paper will be necessary for the purpose. It contains a written confession of my guilt. (He gives it to Mr. Hall.)

Sir: (takes it and tears it) You, you alone will reign there for ever. Your own sensations of virtue and honour forbid you to profit by my weakness; and even now, by Heaven, this is beneath a man. But never, never will another fill Adelaide's place on the throne. In that broken heart,

Mr. Hall: (protesting) Then nothing your remains for you, but to wipe out from your heart,

Sir: (after a moment) For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you. You have a heart open to the wants of your fellow creatures. I am happy that it is so. You must not be without the means of indulging such a disposition, nor must you yourself ever suffer. This paper contains to you an amount which any cashier in Cappel will pay you.

Yet you have a spirit that

must thrive from dependence.
Enter Mr. Haller, Countess of Barn. P. S. F. G.

Mrs. Hall: (advances slowly in a tremor. The Countess attempts to support her. Mrs. Hall: Not so, madam. (approached the stranger, with averted countenance and in extreme agitation awaits her address.) My Lord! 

She: (with gentle tremulous reverence, and face still turned away) What would you know of me, Adelaide?

Mr. Hall: (much agitated) No, for Heaven's sake— I was not prepared for this— Oh! that tone cuts to my heart. Adelaide! No. For Heaven's sake— harsh sound— pray, proceed to a less evil case.

She: (endeavouring to give his voice more firmness.) Well, madam—

Mr. Hall: Oh! If you will ease my heart— if you will... (pauses)

She: Reproaches! Here they are upon my shoulders— here in my hollow eye! These reproaches I could not bear— you else would I prefer in them what I feel in them?

Mr. Hall: Were I a hardened sinner, this passion would be charity— but I am a suffering, content, and it overpowers me... Adieu! Then I must be the herald of my own infamy.

For, where shall I find peace? till I have eased my mind by my confession?

She: No confession, madam. How well do I desire you from every humiliation. Yet, you will yourself propose to this matter now. I swear you feel what I feel, what must pass for evil. Mr. Hall: I know— no day— come here to explicate your pardon— let my heart content a day of hope— let you would grant it. All I ask is— for I know you are in a manner that you will not curse my memory.
Miss: (moved) No, Adelaide. I do not curse you. Your affection has offended me. You have wronged me.

Mr. Hall: (agitated) From the inward conviction that I am unworthy of your name, I have, during these three years, assumed another. But this is not enough. You must have the means of living which your father, in whose heart is most true love and friendship, has left in trust for you. This paper will be necessary for the purpose. It contains a portion of my guilt. 

Miss: (takes it and has it read) Then nothing now remains for me but to confide in you, to confide in you alone. You alone will reign there for ever. Your own sensibility, your own feelings, your own honor forbid you to profit by my weakness, and even if—now, by Heaven, this is beneath a man, but never, never will another feel Adelaide's place in that broken heart. 

Mr. Hall: (weeping) Then nothing now remains for me but to confide in you. 

Miss: (tears) I am a moment. For some months we have, without knowing it, lived near each other. I have learnt much good of you. You have a heart open to the wants of others. Creatures—"I am happy that it is so. You must not be without the means of indulging such a sentiment, nor must you yourself ever suffer want. This letter contains enough in money which my father in Heaven will punish you.

Yet you have a secret that you keep from dependence.
Fra. - I believe so. WHEN have you next seen them?

Hal. - And little Amelia, is she still your favourite?

The Stranger, who is evidently in violent agitation throughout this scene, remains in silent contention between honor and affection.

Oh, generous man! I beseech you, let me see my children once again, before we part, that I may kiss them to my heart, bless them, and kiss the features of their father in his absence. Oh! If you knew how my heart has ached for them for these three dreadful years; how the tears have watered my eyes, at sight of any child—how I have sat, at evening twilight, just fancying William, then Amelia on my lap—Oh! allow me to behold them once again, to kiss them once, and I will part with them for ever.

Sir. - Willingly. Adelaide, this very night, I expect the Children every minute; they have been brought up near the Castle, after the Baron has taken them. I have sent my servant to meet them before this time, to have returned. I pledge my word, to send them to the Castle, as soon as they arrive. There, if you please, they may remain till daybreak tomorrow. Then they must go with me. — (Aside)
'Hal: — In this world then, we have no more to say.

(summoning all her resolution) Farewell! (he seizes his hand) Farewell! Forget a week, who never will forget you. (kneels) Let me press this hand once more to my lips — this hand which once was mine.

Sara: (raising her) No humiliation! Adelaide! (shakes her hand) Farewell!

'Hal: — Forever a last farewell.

Sara: — Forever. The last goodbye, my heart.

'Hal: — And when my penance shall have been complete

Sara: — There no punishments... there you and I meet again.

Their hands lay in each other, their eyes mournfully meet each other; they stammer another "Farewell," and pass.

but as they are going, 'Hal encounters William and the Stranger. Little Amelia.

Amelia: — Father!

William: — Mother!

(Both press the children in their arms with special affection.)

Amelia: — Dear Father!

William: — Dear Mother!

(Both lean themselves from the children, gaze at each other, spread out their arms, and rush into an embrace.)

Sara: — Farewell.

(The Countess and Baron lift the children up, who cling to their Parents, and call...)

Children: — Dear Father! Dear Mother!

End of Act 5th
THE MAN WITH NO INTENTIONS.

To the Editor of the Court Magazine.

Sir,—I was very agreeably surprised, yet somewhat perplexed, when, on the first of January 1836, I, on entering Mr. Churton's reading-room, perceived in the list of contents of the Court Magazine, an article by myself, under the head of "The Man with No Intentions." This was, as I have said, an "agreeable surprise;" but here comes my "perplexity"—at the end of the article I perceived the words "to be continued." Now, Sir, this is, I take leave to say, a strong measure on your part. For, without any "intention" of continuing the article, I find myself pledged so to do. Well, it can't be helped. Kings, prime ministers, pretty women, and editors, are all alike in this one particular, that they will have their own way: and the best thing a sensible man can do is to submit with a good grace. So I shall set to work, stimulated by that sublime Burgundy, for which I had almost forgotten to return you my very sincere acknowledgments.

If I remember rightly, I broke off last month at the interesting period of individual progression, called "Return from school." In my instance, I cannot say that the old phrase bears the festive import which it does in most others. However home is home after all; and though my venerated parents at first pouted "an immensity," as Frances Anne Butler beautifully expresses it, they gradually allowed their rigid frowns a little "innocent relaxation." In fact, it is difficult to indulge in consistent anger against an only son. My father wanted a companion, and my mother wanted a pet—as indeed every woman does, which is to me a very satisfactory proof of their affectionate nature. Something they must have to love; and though many of your fair readers, Mr. Editor, may think a pretty Blenheim, or a parrot, more loveable than such a being as I have described myself, with my peculiar cross looks and cross legs, still I respectfully suggest that if any one of the lovely creatures had been my mamma, she would in all probability have taken a totally different view of the question. But let that pass. Behold me then a pardoned truant, completing my education under the private tuition of two indulgent parents, and working out the unintentional development of my character. And here I come to the important—indeed, I may say, the most important—step in the youth of any man; need I say, that I mean the step in consequence of which he slips, slides, plunges, or falls in love, as the case may be, a set of distinctions which I borrow from the work called "The Doctor," written, as some think, by the Poet Laureate. It is a work bearing marks of deep thought and deep feeling, and in nothing more so than in its disquisitions on this very subject of "love."

For my part, I fell in love. It was the merest accident in the world. I had "no intention" whatever of revolutionising my moral being. And even at this distance of time I can declare, with the clearest consciousness, that if I had been left to my own no-intentions, or, in other words, if I had been suffered to remain unmolested by the imperishable boy Cupid till I felt an "intention" of following his caprices, it would have been for the benefit not only of my individual self, but of my country, and indeed of all mankind. The truth of this assertion will be seen in the sequel.

Have you ever, Mr. Editor, (but, of course, you have) given attention to Dr. Johnson's Life of Richard Savage? It is, in my humble opinion, a prime specimen of what, for want of a better expression, I may call the two-sided style. Yes!—the looking two ways at once is not more strongly exemplified by an Irish duck in an English hackney-coach, than it is by the great moralist when endeavouring to "make out a case" in favour of one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced the world of letters. The defence of Savage is composed of a succession of most carefully elaborated paragraphs, almost every one of which may be divided into two distinct and counteracting parts—the one eulogising virtue, and the other palliating vice.

"Well, what is all this to the purpose?" you will ask.
Sir, your question is a natural one; and I will answer it respectfully, and in a way (I trust) to show that I have not been rambling in my somewhat singular, but very necessary, digression.

Richard Savage was nearly related to one of my schoolfellows; the only one, indeed, with whom I formed that sort of calf-friendship, which, in its results, is generally about as important as that movement of the spirit and frame factiously termed calf-love: in other words, it leads to nothing. This youth—of whom I may say, in the language of one of Mr. Churton’s British Poets, that

Wild in the woods the noble Savage ran,
for he was the most indefatigable bird-nester I ever knew—this youth had been taught in his mamma’s nursery, that Lord Tyrconnell was a wretch, and Richard Savage a genius; two propositions, from which, following my later lights, I must dissent with as much firmness as is compatible with my chivalrous consideration of the occasional errors and frequent follies of the

Fairest of creation, last and best,
the daughters of Eve. In boyhood, however, I believed in my young friend’s mother-lesson on the subject of Savage, and most ardently did I imibe the family feeling. This made me a favoured companion while at school, and a voluminous correspondent afterwards, of the youth in question. Out of this, my first friendship, arose my first love, and under the following afflicting circumstances.

My father was a perfect exemplification of the “fine old English gentleman” of that period, when

*Twas merry in the Hall,
And their beards wagged all;

and a devout observation of Christmas festivities was with him in some sort, a religious duty. On such occasions he “opened house to all,” and rarely has it been my lot to behold an eye-full of more happy faces than used to congregate beneath our roof-tree. Well, Sir, in the year of—but, as Mr. Joseph Miller very justly observes, “a fig for dates!”—in the year of its occurrence, the following fact took place. My whilome school-fellow accepted a Christmas invitation from me, and took that opportunity of introducing a retired West Indian sugar-caneer of his own name, one whom he represented as a maternal uncle. To this there could be no objection; but I must confess, the accompaniment of a darksome wife, and five dingy daughters, was something to justify my father’s execration, and my mother’s “Well, I’m sure!” However, hospitality was the motto of the worthy couple, and they put the best face on the matter. The “Savage” tribe were fairly quartered on us, and here begins the mischief of my youth, i. e. my love.

I have already said that my friend’s aunt was a darksome mother with five dingy daughters. Of these, the dingiest and most disagreeable took a vehement liking to me; a fact for which I can only account by the strength of contrast. I was fair, freckled, and red-haired, she was much of the complexion of a snow-bail in deep mourning, as it sometimes flies from the sooty palm of a professional sweep. Nothing could be more appalling than her general appearance. To me, however, she disguised herself in wreathed smiles, and, utterly at a loss what to do with her affection, to which I felt in no way entitled, I thought as an honest man I was bound to return it. Thus minded, I found myself one evening unintentionally looking at the moon. Byron says

The devil’s in the moon for mischief,
and I believe him; for had I not long gazed upon her smiling face, when another countenance, quite as smiling though not so fair, approached me. It was the face of my “dingy Desdemona.” The subduing rays of the modest moon had softened my soul to sentimentality, and when asked by the lady whether I had ever heard of a song called the “Mistletoe Bough,” I led her in silence to the centre of the room—I placed her beneath the mystic branch with which old Christmas binds his venerable front, and, in a spirit of most fervent passion, I imprinted a chaste salute on her exaggerated lip. At that moment I fell in love. I had been tottering on the verge of this vast deep for some time; but not till the instant I have just indicated, did I actually fall in love. And

What a failing is was there my countrymen!
But my feelings “choke my utterance.” My ink thickens—my pen withdraws its accustomed nib-ble from the sable font—and the very paper changes countenance! I break off—and have “no intention” of resuming—at least, for the present.

( To be continued.)
SERENADING.

PART SECOND.

Still, I never can forget
The nights I passed in serenading.

I was compelled this day month to break
off my story abruptly, just when I had
reached the doleful region of liniments,
cataplasm, and febrifuges;—with my mind
confused with a thousand anxieties and
jealousies, and amazed at the re-appearance
of my old school-mate Fairfax. I
presently found that his medical skill was
ample sufficient for my case, and that
the accident which he treated as awful (his
chief practice, I suspect, lying among frac-
tious children and hypochondriac maidens
of a certain age), proved in its consequences
not nearly so bad as I had feared;—in
short, that a few days' rest would ob-
literate the bad effects of my awkward
eaves-dropping. With the morning, too,
and the subsiding of my swelled ankle,
the swelling of my heart went down
considerably. I would not write the letter
of indignant remonstrance and pathetic
farewell, which, during the fever of the
night, I had wrought myself into medita-
ting. Till I knew something more con-
demnatory than the simple fact of Clara's
undergoing the homage of a serenade (though
this, to be sure, was startling in a country so
thinly peopled with gentlefolk,—and not a
regiment being quartered within the next
twenty miles), I would not consider her
false, and leave her to her fate,—whether
that fate appeared in the shape of a pair of
crabbed old guardians, or in that of an
insinuating new lover. I would go to
work warily, and inquire into the re-
sources of the neighbourhood. I would
ask . . . . and lo! at my wish appeared
my medical attendant. It was presently
evident from his air and address that he
was one of those whose practice permits
them to pay long visits. He took off his
great-coat deliberately, deliberately laid
aside a sad-coloured silk handkerchief from
his neck,—and, remarking that “it was a
raw morning,” deliberately shuffled his
feet out of a pair of mud padders of un-
doubted country extraction; coming up
to the lively old essayist’s notion of a
man of consequence, so far as “entering
the room with three deliberate hems”
grew.

“Good morning, Mr. Archer—good
morning:—better, eh! Ah!” (with a
sympathetic whine) “I am afraid we have
had a feverish night. Come, let me glance
at this poor suffering member,”—and he,
examined my foot, I must say, with great
nicety. “Ah, well, repeat the liniment.
There now, let us tie the poor foot up
again. Softly, softly . . . .” and so on,—for
I perceived it to be his habit to talk over all
the little actions of his profession,—a habit
which doubtless made him appear tender
and assiduous in the eyes of dowagers.
I paid him some compliment on his neat-
handedness, thanked him for the repose
his prescription had gained for me, thanked
him twice for promising I should be able
to walk again in the course of the week,
and ended by wondering “that talents evi-
dently so superior should have been hitherto
restricted to so poor a field of display as
—ton.” And with this compliment, and
a flourish of my handkerchief, I permitted
him a moment’s peep through the net-work
of an indifferently well-filled purse; for in
those poor but merry days I usually carried
my income in my pocket, and spent it with
a hardihood and profusion which makes
me shudder,—ay, in the midst of my present
abundance.

I knew my man, who, however, did not
know me. My fine speech brought up a
sickly pink hue upon his small dry cheeks;
and an attempt at a drop of moisture
showed itself in one corner of one weak
pale eye;—a sigh, too, thanked me for my
eloquence. “How kind it is of you!” said
he, “a stranger, too, to do me such justice.
Sir, you see before you the most disappoi-
tioned man in England.”

“Indeed!” said I, in the best tone of
commiseration I could command.

“Yes, Sir, though strange, it is too true!
I am by nature patient, and not at all fond of
talking about myself and my own concerns,
especially in company with those upon whose forbearance I have no claim save that of common acquaintance; nor am I fanciful, Heaven knows" (here he tried hard for a look of common sense, and vented another ardent sigh); "but I must reluctantly admit that what you have guessed is the truth,—the prophet's portion—neglect, Sir, in his own country. Mr. Archer, you shall know what I have suffered, for I perceive you take a real interest in my misfortunes; and when I have told you my history from childhood upwards, you will, I am sure, confess that I may well say:

Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hope sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away,
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As roots into the soul of him whom I survey."

As he poured out this half-ounce phial of wrath and scornfulness, he rose to his feet;—spreading out his hand in a second-rate stage attitude, and calling up a look at once magnificent, irate, and woful. The very toupee, like a dwarf horn, into which his hair was brushed up, quivered with a sense of unmerited wrong. I submitted in silence to the personal reproach conveyed by the misquotation of the last of these lines of Byron, for I felt the force of the saying that "when mighty hearts are grieved, the tongue can scarce be still."

He sat down again, cleared his throat, resumed his weak and wo-begone expression of countenance, and began his story.

"Of my parents I do not remember much. My father was a gentleman of moderate fortune, my mother was no richer, but possessed no inconsiderable share of personal attractions. The families of each parent belonged to the middle classes, sufficiently removed from narrow circumstances to take a respectable rank in society; and the union, of which I am the sole surviving, and indeed only offspring, was one of disinterested affection, mutually approved of by the relations of both. Yes, Sir, my parents were a very happy couple."

Here he paused to gather up a fresh stock of faded language. Fairfax was Fairfax still!

I had prepared myself for much, but this deliberate beginning in the Rosa Matilda style surprised even me, and made me tremble at the thought of undergoing the sequel of adventures thus systematically commenced. That my readers may not share my fears, I will at once cut the doctor's narrative short, and only continue it at that point of his history concerning which I and they were, till now, in the dark. I allude to his love-troubles.

"Ah! Mr. Archer, as I tell you, when I left college I was buoyed up on the fanciful hopes that I, too, might possibly find some breast to sympathise with mine—some gentle companion to bind up the wounds inflicted upon my soul by the mockery and malice of the vulgar—minded—some voice to whisper comfort into my breast, I knew I was capable of loving, and I ventured to hope. Sir, you shall hear whether or not I have cause to call myself a disappointed man. I have made seven different proposals of marriage since I left college, and you see me still, Sir, what I am."

"I do, indeed, Mr. Fairfax. Seven! Now, indeed, I feel for you."

"The first young lady to whom I offered my hand and heart, was a divine creature, Sir,—the bridesmaid to a friend's wife of mine, to whom I was groomsman. We came together in a thousand pretty ways, over the wedding cake, Sir, and when Mrs. Powley received her company; and we were always asked out with the new-married couple, being part of the para-

phernalia, Sir. Well, Miss Dickinson (you see I don't withhold her name, for I never make half confidences) gave me all sorts of encouragement. She would let nobody else take her cup at the parties, Sir, and always asked me to carry her cloak and snow-boots; and once when I did venture to drop a little ode I had made upon her—such eyes she had!—into one of the heels,—she took no offence at it, Sir. So, as she was much admired and sought after, because of a regiment of dragoons then quartered at Mudham (I was settled at Mudham then, Sir), I thought it was high time to speak, lest she should be carried off by some one else before we could know another's mind. So I dangled up and down the house after her the best part of a week, and waited for an opportunity never so badly. At length I pressed for it, and when she said 'Yes,' and led the way into the little back parlour, Sir, quite willingly, my heart was in my mouth to think of my felicity, and it was a good ten minutes before I could get out a word.

'Mr. Fairfax,' she said, 'you look as pale as a sheet.' Was not that encouragement, Sir? So down I went on one
knee, but had scarcely begun, when she clapped her hands like a child, as if she had never heard of such a thing before, and cried out, ‘Why, Letty! Letty! (Letty was Mrs. Powley.) Mr. Fairfax is going to propose for me, I do believe!’—and away she went into such a fit of laughter! . . . Sir, it shook me to my heart’s core;—and what next, do you think? Out came Mrs. Powley, from the sweetmeat closet, laughing worse than her sister, the cold-blooded prosecutrix. She had been shut up listening there. The one made the other worse; and there was I fixed between them, Mr. Archer, trembling so that I protest I could not get up. It was an awful moment!” He paused, and wiped his mouth again.

“Well, Sir, after all was over, I did not feel so very down-hearted. It was a credit, after all, to be refused by such a girl as Miss Dickinson; and I thought more of myself than I had done, for having proposed to her. She married a Nabob, Sir. My next two choices were a little hasty, Sir, so, if you please, we will pass them over. It was owing to a merry Christmas week, I suspect,—precipitancy deserves its reward, and there I don’t complain. I solaced myself with the muse and my profession, and resolved to look about me quietly, and henceforward to submit to the dictates of prudence in placing my affections. How was I rewarded, Sir? Man’s resolution is, after all, a wretched web of thistledown. ‘Poppies,’ you know, Mr. Archer, the poet says, ‘are like pleasures spread,’ and so I found it, with a vengeance. But I have always wondered what possessed me to admire that Mrs. Dexter. Only her weeds, Sir, I could not fancy she could be so cunning in them—all broad hems, Sir, and cramp up to her knees, and her hair put out of sight, Sir. That occurrence made a suspicious man of me for life.

“I had attended her deceased husband in his last illness—a bad quinsey, Sir—and I had supported him in bed while he had his will made, leaving his whole property to Rosabel Dexter. I heard him as plain as I hear myself, little thinking—but let me not anticipate. Mrs. Dexter was not a person to suspect!—so stout and so slow, and so much complexion, Sir, they used to jeer at me for looking like chalk when she was by,—there are many ways of keeping up a fine show of red cheeks, Mr. Archer, as we of the profession know. But not to be slanderous, I had then every reason to put confidence in Mrs. Dexter,—as gentle as a lamb, and every one had reflected upon her for her spirits, Sir, for ten years past—but not to be slanderous, she was always advising with me, and talking things over with me; and how was she to manage this, and how ever was she to settle that, poor helpless woman that she was!—and then crying a little, and squeezing my hand so, whenever I came in or went out,—a martyr would have been deceived, Sir; and I was always tender-hearted to a fault! And then I used to say to myself, ‘Suppose she is rather large, and a loth old, what then?’ And the neighbours, Sir, were always twitting me about it, ‘the rosy widow’ here, and ‘when did you see Mrs. Dexter, Mr. Fairfax?’ there. What could I do? Man’s judgment is as frail as the sparks fly upwards. I own, I sometimes thought of Miss Dickinson’s look; but it was no matter. It was to be, and so, Sir, I popped—-”

A spasmodic sound in the throat of his listener here interrupted Fairfax’s narrative. “Only a passing twinge in this ankle of mine. Pray go on, doctor. I am seriously interested.”

“Well, Sir, for once I was accepted; and yet I declare to you I was never so little my own man as in the six weeks that elapsed between the day when Mrs. Dexter promised, and the time when the settlements were to be drawn. Somehow or other there was no making verses upon her:—and if I began to talk a little cheerily about the wedding, she quite eclipsed me, she had so much to say and look forward to. I used to think of what Adam and Eve say about ‘woman unsought being won,’” but I bore up pretty well as time went on; and the house was taken and the deeds were to be drawn out. Bless me, Sir, it came out then that old Dexter had left all his property to his daughter Rosabel, whom he would not keep at home lest she should fall into her mother’s ways. So you see how I had been taken in. I don’t like to say any more about it, or how I got out of the affair. Such a piece of business! ”

“Then, Sir,—now don’t question me about it, I shiver whenever I think of the widow,—then, Sir, came the Miss Ministers, a fine family of six daughters, six feet high each. The neighbours called them the Prime Ministers, to distinguish them from their three cousins who were but short ladies, and went by the nickname of the Cabinet
MINISTERS. Miss Anne—and Miss Ursula—and Miss Dora—I don’t know which I liked best of the three; and they took quite a fancy to me, and used to say ‘they liked to see me running tame about the house;’ and I went all sorts of messages for them, and danced with them whenever they wanted to ‘be engaged,’ and, in short, never was so happy in my life. And I kept their albums neat, Sir, and wrote in each of them. Ladies will be jealous, and Mr. Minister used to call me ‘Tom,’ and so did the younger girls, too. I was sure I had found a nice family to marry into, but which to choose? Miss Anne was too learned rather, and Miss Ursula a trifle serious, and Miss Dora was a great eater, but she was a very pleasing young woman for all that, and so I fixed upon her. Gracious me, Mr. Archer, I wish you could have seen the eyes she fixed upon me! ‘Why, Mr. Fairfax,’ said she—I remember it as if it was yesterday, she busy with a fine red apple all the time she was talking; ‘Why, Mr. Fairfax, I never heard such a thing! We all thought you were Ursula’s property!’—and with that away she skipped, and there was no getting her to listen for a moment, from that day forward.

I was a little surprised at her being so free, but—‘Well,’ said I to myself ‘if Miss Ursula’s happiness depends upon me, I must even submit to my fate, and I make no doubt she will prove a faithful partner. The sooner done the better!’ So I walked Miss Ursula off to evening service at the Ebenezer—she chose to set about matters in her own way, and would be a disserter, forsooth—the very Sunday after I had come to an understanding with Miss Dora. On the way home I told her what I had to say. Hard work it was, she being a little deaf; with a lamb’s-wool comfortable tied over her ears to keep the cold out, and it was a blustering autumn night, too. I wish you could have seen her, Mr. Archer, when she came at last to understand me. Juno was not prouder than Miss Ursula, for all she was always crying up Christian humility. ‘Really, Sir,’ said she, ‘you surprise me!’ and up she drew her neck, making a long step out, which splashed me from top to toe; ‘what would Anne think could she hear you?’ I tried to expostulate with her, on the ground of Miss Dora’s communication; but she plucked away her arm from under mine, and marched home like a grenadier, talking to herself out of the Psalms all the way. I never could understand those serious ladies.

‘Well, Sir, I bore Miss Ursula’s loss pretty well, for I was becoming used to these sort of affairs, and I had never admired the way in which she talked, every word a sermon; and yet she had fine flaxen hair of her own! It was a month after this before I took heart to accept Miss Anne on the subject. This time I would be wary, and know how I stood before I spoke; so I made Miss Anne a present of some books—a Cowper’s Poems of one of them was—and I wrote her a copy of verses calling her Aspasia, the best thing I ever wrote, Sir. I grew quite pale with anxiety, it is so harassing never to know upon whom one is to depend; and I moped and lost my spirits. They say sometimes that those sort of looks do good in cases like mine. I wish I had found it so. Well, it fell out that one day I was shown in to Miss Anne alone, in the library. She was reading Josephus, with her back to the window. She always chose that seat, and there was something in her way of sitting that brought Miss Dickinson into my mind. My diffidence melted away, and I quite forgot what I was about. I sprang forward, feeling that my time was come, and imprinted a kiss on the volume where her fair hand was lying. I declare to you, that I was as frightened at that moment as if I had stolen something. O, Mr. Archer! take my word for it, it’s an awful thing love-making.’

‘And how did Miss Anne receive your delicate homage?’

‘Sir, you have a heart to be touched, I see. Well, Sir, she looked up from her book. ‘I thought it was a bird come through the window,’ said she, ‘but it’s you, Mr. Fairfax, is it? Well, it’s much the same thing.’ And she began to read again.

‘Somehow or other I fancied that this was not a discouragement of my wishes, so I grew bolder, and begged to interrupt her. ‘You can finish Josephus any time,’ said I, ‘but a tender heart brooks not suspense!’ I had profited by practice, and tried all the eloquence I could recollect. She was very quiet, let me do her justice, she heard me to the end quite calmly. Yes, I was very near being married then. Well, Sir, how long I spoke I cannot clearly remember. I only know that I dwelt upon domestic
felicity till I was quite hoarse, and lost two patients by the time I spent beside Miss Anne. I did not kneel this time. At length she got up, quite coolly, 'You are an unlucky man, Mr. Fairfax,' said she; 'but we sisters have no secrets from each other, and one admirer for all three, is rather too complaisant. Do not, if you are wise, seek any further in the family. I should be sorry you ceased to visit here, but this is a folly which must not be repeated.' Upon this she put her book into the book-case, and sailed out of the room as quietly as if nothing had befallen her. Next week she was married to a clergyman whom I had met creeping about the house—never, however, half so often there as I was; and I believe to this day that he must have taken away my character in some way or other among them, for I never felt comfortable in that family again."

"And you called him to account."

"Me, Mr. Archer? You know the cloth and my profession cannot fight, and besides there was no use in making a stir. No, Sir, I came here, and settled down quietly, determining in study and seclusion to seek the last tranquillity of my mind, and to bow to the persecution of Fortune. Who knows yet, but that there may be a prize in store for me, richer than all those which have been so cruelly denied me?"

And he now drew himself up as he spoke with an attempt at a blush, and an attempt at a smile, and the greatest inclination in the world to be questioned as to his newest real or imagined bonne fortune; but I was inquisitive, and, to say the truth, a little wearied with the man of many loves.

"Yes," he continued, unasked, after a pause, "if I have drunk a deeper cup of mortification than not a few of my sex, I have also consolations with which the world cannot intermeddle. I have a satisfaction which—" and he sidled his hand into his pocket, with the rather appalling inquiry, "Pray, Mr. Archer, you are fond of poetry, are you not? A professor of your beautiful art" (for the better to further my plans in ——ton, I had assumed the privileges and state of a wandering artist) "must enjoy witnessing sacrifices to the muses, even if he himself cannot or care not to approach their altar."

It was time to be explicit, another moment and the deluge was upon me! I pleaded my total ignorance of rhyme and all its conditions and concerns;—the Saint who presides over sonnets forgive me, by reason of the strait in which I was then placed!

"You are musical, then," said he, withdrawing his empty hand, with the sigh of one who has lost somewhat he has been seeking; 'you are musical, I am sure, if you play on nothing more than the serenade's instrument, the guitar."

My mind was alive and awake in a moment. Ye wooing days! — how you sharpen men's wits! "No," I replied, in a drawling tone (St. Cecilia forgive me for the deceit!) "I do not care much about music either. Any good families in the neighbourhood? Let me see, there are some Tilleys or Tilneys somewhere about, are there not?"

I fixed my eyes upon Fairfax as I spoke, and saw his heart leap to his mouth as I pronounced "the one loved name." My Clara was forgiven in the same instant, for I could never dream . . . . .

"Yes, Sir," he continued, the full flow of his talk breaking the thread of the reverie into which for the moment I had fallen; "a really good family, the first people in the neighbourhood, Sir; Sir Paul so commanding, and Miss Deborah so stately, and Miss Wallace—Oh, Sir, if you could but see her; I only wish I could bring a little colour again into those pale cheeks. I told them to change her sleeping room to a southern aspect, and have prescribed for her this month past. The family, Sir, have a confidence in me which does me honour; but it is yet all in vain, for— for somehow or other—you comprehend me, I am sure, Mr. Archer—whenever I only think of such a thing, something rises in my throat, and I shake like a handful of grass, and I dare not speak out."

I could have kicked the fellow for his presumption—I could have embraced him for a confession which threw cold water upon the embers of my jealousy. "You are often there, I dare say, Mr. Fairfax."

"Every day, Sir. I am going straight from you with a new mixture, the seventh I have tried this week, Sir. Taste it; it is quite innocent, an excellent specific for the nerves," and he handed a phial of coloured water into my hands, that trembled with impatience.

"Ah, Sir, could you only see the little fingers into which it is to go, you might well enjoy holding it. Nay, if you will unwork it, I must beg—"

At that moment (blessed be the good
angel that attends true lovers!) there trudged, grinding, rasping; and howling up the street, one of those wandering bands who disseminate the beauties of Rossini and Weber from the Land's End to Johnny Great's. Thanks to a neighbouring fair, the orchestra was more important than usual, comprising nothing less than a cracked violin, and a dismal Pan's pipe, in addition to the familiar barrel-organ. They were heralded on their way by the screaming extasy of children; and, in the pauses, whenever the music stopped, was heard a harsh voice addressing something—a monkey, a bear, or an infant prodigy on stilts. The mystery it seemed, was very piquant to the country curiosity of my visitor.

Fairfax was at the window in a moment. He loved music, it will be remembered. That moment gave me a chance for life and happiness; I scrambled a few faint words in Spanish on the envelope of the phial; no eye could read them, I was sure, save the eye for which they were meant; and that she might notice them, I prayed in fervent prayer as I carefully folded the precious medicament in its envelope—and another yet more urgent as I watched this ark of my hopes disappear among the madrigals which I doubted not filled the doctor's pocket.

* * * * *

The next day came—the next evening but one—a glorious evening, with the hunter's full moon glowing in the west, and sounds and sights and scents enough abroad in the country to exhilarate the dullest of the dull, and make even a knight with a sprained ankle turn poetical, and disposed "to go once more a-roving." That night I left—ton, but instead of wending my way towards Tilney Manor, as some may expect, I took the less picturesque measure of securing an inside place in the coach for some twenty miles. It was almost dark when I arrived at a solitary inn, the place of my destination: but a faithful friend had been expecting me; and my eager eye spied out, under the shadow of a long row of stables, a post-chaise and four ready to start at a moment's notice. "All's right," I whispered, "if nothing happens at the other end:" and I waited, not in the coolest possible state of mind, half-crouching over the low wall of the inn-garden, and fixing my eyes upon the—ton road, which was now bathed in a mellow stream of moonshine. I could hear my heart beat. I blessed Sir Paul Tilney's freak, for choosing that his ward should travel all night; and I blessed the lack-adaisical serenader, whose unpalatable wooing had caused so seasonable a determination; nay, in the catholicity of my spirit, I extended my benediction to hurry-gurdy, violin, and pandeons—to my sprained ankle—but most of all to the Boniface of the Vincent Arms, with whose good-will towards all that furthered the course of true love, venerous guardians and maiden aunts, I had made acquaintance in former years (though never before on my own account), when he filled the humbler station of an Oxford post-boy.

It would be superfluous to tell, how often my watch was in my hand—how I listened, and shivered, and painted—and tormented myself into a fever. O unmerciful Time, retarded by every thing that savours of expectation! It was at least ten good minutes ere the distant hamlet clock rang the tenth hour—ten good minutes before a lover's thirsty ear could catch the farthest-off sound of wheels, and an additional five (the longest of all,) ere the long-desired vehicle really appeared in sight—really stopped at the door of the Vincent Arms!

"Horses! A chaise for——, immediately!" cried a voice, in its cadence and authority, the humble copy of Sir Paul Tilney's; and an old iron-bound man-servant alighted from the box of the stately chaise, and handed out a young lady. All was right. It was Clara herself, unaccompanied by guardian or duenna.

"This way, ma'am," cried Boniface, nimbly stepping forward, "two steps—I ought to ask your pardon, ma'am, for being so dark here; but carriage company hardly ever honours us so late. This way, ma'am, the chaise will be ready immediately." And with this, he handed Clara into a parlour,—and then one whom she trusted, without a word of inquiry, handed her from the same by an opposite sashed-door.

"Stay, stay!—your cloak! Rogers will want it for the next stage," said the gentleman in a whisper. "This way, dearest." And he led her down a paved walk, and across a little court—and the chaise-door was shut—and the field-gate opened, through which the carriage was led, that no sound might be heard to betray its departure. And thus, before the other vehicle could come to the door, and be packed by Sir Paul's consequential deputy—and before he could hand in the pretty bar-maid (old
Rogers's daughter), who, at half an hour's notice, assumed the character of la fille bien-gardée—too glad to be run away with even in pretence, to say nothing of becoming by fair means the proud possessor of a French cloak and an Indian scarf—my Clara and I were a furlong on our way to happiness!

And thus I won my Genevieve,

My bright my benedicious bride.

Poor Fairfax! An hour after the scene I have just sketched, he was sighing out his nightly ditty on the south lawn at Tilney Manor—with, what was worse than frost to his feet or cold overhead, the stately Sir Paul and the grim Miss Deborah for his sole listeners. Thrice over did he sing his love and sorrow to the accompaniment of an old rheumatic guitar; but it was vain:—no casement creaked, no light form flitted to and fro. Pleasing himself with the sad chimera that "silence was consent," (the most fallacious of popular fallacies), he trudged homeward, half-frozen, to his solitary pillow, to be wakened in the morning by the most haughty of haughty notes—a demand for his bill, and a notification that his profession would not again call him to the august precincts of Tilney Manor.

But there are some that will pity his lonely and unloved condition; and these will be glad to hear, that after all his disappointments and vicissitudes, he was at last married to an excellent, stirring woman, with a hundred a year of her own, and a busy, economical spirit, worth as much again in a small establishment. How she came to woo him (for thus fell out his marriage), I never heard; nor what were the good or gay qualities she found in him, which fixed her mature fancy: but I am told that she rules him well and wisely—discourages his poetry, by curling her hair with it; and, by breaking his guitar, (an unlucky accident) has put a final close to his screeching!

STELLA, A HEROINE.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE, COMMUNICATED BY MISS A. LEFANU.

Among the latest additions to the interesting and important science of phrenology, I remark the notable discovery that Swift, if not properly educated, would, in all human probability, have ended his days upon a scaffold; and that Stella's cranium was also sympathetically endowed with the organ of destructiveness. Without calling in question the humanity and expediency of this Egyptian mode of judging, whereby the good and great of former times are made to submit to a posthumous ordeal, I will admit, for the sake of argument, that the humane, the incorruptible, the patriotic Swift, like the Athenian philosopher, material indications of latent qualities diametrically opposed to those which he preached and practised; still I could not resist (if it were only from feminine esprit de corps) wishing to exonerate Stella, the gentle, the sensitive Stella, from sharing in the imputation of such unlady-like propensities. Or if that could not be done, I set to work to discover some redeeming or kindred quality by which destructiveness could be converted into boldness, into a noble resolution in self-defence. I now recollected the Dean's admission of his lovely pupil's being "a little bit passionate,"

Your spirit's kindle to a flame,

Fired by the slightest touch of blame.

Stella was perhaps guilty of more murders than those attributed to her eyes. The organs of destructiveness and combative are, I believe, not far asunder; and the same propensities, differently developed, may produce a Joan of Arc, or a Madame de Brinvilliers. Thus meditating, I exclaimed, like Archimedes, "I have found it!"—as I recalled to mind the only incident in Stella's life that could give the slightest colour to the imputation,—one which has not, to my knowledge, been noticed by any of Swift's biographers, although communicated to the writer by indisputable authority.

When Mrs. Johnson (Swift's celebrated and unfortunate Stella) removed, by his advice and recommendation, with her friend Mrs. Dingley, to Ireland, these ladies took up their abode at Trim, a village near Laracor, the residence of Dr. Swift, whence
they removed to his parsonage-house at Laracor during the Doctor's visits to England, but immediately vacated it on his return. It may be easily supposed that the deep solitude of the country parts of Ireland, was not very agreeable to two unprotected females, accustomed to the luxury and security of Moor Park, the seat of Sir William Temple; and accordingly we find the resolute Stella not unprepared to meet the exigencies of her present change of condition.

There having been frequent reports of robbery in the neighbourhood, she provided herself with pistols, with the use of which her lonely state made it necessary she should be acquainted. Shortly after these precautions had been taken, one night Stella, when about to step into bed, was alarmed by the appearance of an armed ruffian at the window, one of the gang that had been long lurking in the neighbourhood.

But Stella never learned the art.

At proper times, to scream and start,

and she was now to reap the benefit of her habits of self-control. Stealthily and fixedly his eye was applied to the pane, watching her every motion, and evidently waiting to effect his entrance when she should have retired to rest. Stella was perplexed: she knew not whether he might not have many more followers shrouded in the darkness. To alarm the house was worse than useless. What could unprotected females do? Cautiously, therefore, she avoided giving the least indication of her fearful discovery; and, as unconcernedly as she could, approached the bed near which her trusty pistol was deposited;—then, sinking down on her knees, she began her nightly orisons to that Being whose peculiar watchfulness is over the destitute and afflicted. The ruffian, seeing her thus engaged, had no idea that she was aware of his vicinity. The undaunted Stella, meanwhile, had managed, unperceived by him, to secure the pistol. Thus armed, she arose from her knees, returned to the window, and fired at the glass with deliberate aim. A groan, a fall, a shout, and a muttered curse followed, and all was over for that eventful night. Next morning, blood was to be tracked to a considerable distance. The intended robber, perhaps murderer, had evidently accomplices who had borne him off; but, although an inquiry was instituted, his ultimate fate remained uncertain.

Thus did Stella by her presence of mind, courage, and collectedness, probably preserve the life of her more helpless female friend and her own. But whether she was most indebted for these qualities to the lessons of her "beloved preceptor," or to the "bump of destructiveness," developed among the organs of her skull, I leave it to greater philosophers than myself to determine.

A. L.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF A SILVER TEA-POT.

Fashion in books may now be said to fluctuate as frequently as fashion in bonnets, and a monthly commentary on the changes in literary modes, might just as well be circulated as a periodical magazine of fashions in dress. We might express ourselves thus:—

"One of the metropolitan publishers has introduced elegant novelties in the way of town prints, produced with small neat plates, judicious gatherings, and a becoming binding. Volumes are now seen more full than formerly, and a more narrow edging of margin has been adopted. The fashion of covering annuals with scattered silks has now extended to other publications. Novelists are in a pucker, the net profits of novels being on the decline, and tales elaborately worked go off less rapidly than last year. A quill-ing, however, is still in demand; and, in the critical department, the customary trimming prevails. Some marchandes have attempted to introduce a gathering of stuff, but very light materials are generally selected for spring and summer weather. Articles of point are much admired, and a great deal of bustle exists among authors." Such might surely be periodically acceptable to the fair readers of a "Court Magazine"; and then were I called upon to add any "general observations" of my own, I should say, that at present poetry lay in old trunks, and that autobiography was worn
to a thread. But, notwithstanding this last assertion, I have a morsel of autobiography to communicate of so singular a nature, that I really think it would be criminal to keep it to myself.

I am a bachelor, and, like all others of the brotherhood, like to have my little comforts about me. I possess the snuggest house in London; but being in search of some place where I might breathe fresh air, gather new ideas, and dip in salt water, I this summer repaired to Southampton, and took a neat lodging over a shoemaker’s shop in the High Street. As I before observed, I like my little comforts; and, after making a miserable apology for tea for three successive days in a whiteware lodging-house teapot, I sallied forth to endeavour to buy a second-hand silver one.

There is certainly an inexpressible air of social refinement about a silver tea-pot! I have known an old lady whose idea of full dress amounted to nothing but the addition of a diamond hoop-ring to her ordinary costume. In like manner, when we see an old-fashioned silver teapot on a breakfast-table, an air of gentleman-like affluence is thrown over the most unadorned apartment of a watering-place lodging-house!

I tried, but in vain, to find one bearing my own initials; and I was at last obliged to purchase one of a very antique pattern, ornamented with a coronet. I carried it home in my own hand, placed it on my table where the other articles of tea equipage were already arranged, indulged in my customary glass of warm brandy and water, and, pleased with my purchase, drank a second, perhaps a third. An unaccountable drowsiness came over me, motionless things began to be locomotive, and, to my utter astonishment, my silver teapot began spouting—ORATORICALLY!

I am rather a nervous man. I strove to move—I felt screwed to my chair: I passively listened to the silver tones of the voice that addressed me, and the next morning wrote down word for word what proved to be—

“SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MY TEAPOT!”

“I was born,” it articulately poured forth, “at the end of Piccadilly, on the premises of Mr. Hamlet, and, for the first days of my life, stood at the window of my parent’s abode, as other babes are wont to do. Many passers-by stopped to gaze upon me, or on some other member of the family, or to remark some good tray belonging to it.

“One morning a Dowager Countess entered the shop, and requested to look at me. She took me in her hands,—eyed me,—had me weighed,—thought she saw Sterling good qualities about me; and finally purchased me, after giving directions that a coronet should be engraved on my side.

“Of strange metal must that article be made, which unmoved finds itself suddenly elevated to the peerage! I was much elated, and even more so when I found that I was intended as a present to the young Countess recently married to the Dowager’s eldest son.

“Teapots are privileged articles; they have unusual opportunities of learning the secrets of families. Such, at least, is the case in the middle ranks of life: but aristocratic teapots play a less genial part. The young Earl did not breakfast with his Countess; her cup of coffee was carried to her chamber, and in the evening the tea was made below, and handed round in the drawing-room;—therefore my rank was of little avail, for I saw nothing of high life.

“I sat in the housekeeper’s room; and never shall I forget the pampered luxury of its inhabitants! On a shelf in a cupboard, which was often left open, I watched the proceedings of the spoiled menials:—often did bells ring again and again unheeded, every body expecting that some body else would attend, and each declaring ‘it was none of his business!’ They took me down too, and regardless of my coronet, made me their companion! They filled me with stolen tea, and then drained me; and, as they sat round me, they discussed the demerits of my Lord and my Lady!

“He was a gambler, the most reckless of that infatuated tribe; he had married her merely because he was struck with her beauty; but she being portionless, and of a family merely respectable, he now hated her as having been the innocent bar to his advancement by a marriage with a woman of wealth and influence.

“The neglected wife sought in dissipation a substitute for happiness. Both she and her husband were heedlessly extravagant, and thus, with an income nominally large, his Lordship was often puzzled to obtain the smallest sum in ready money. The climax soon came: the Earl destroyed himself; and the Countess, who had married without a set-
tlement, found herself a poor widow,—
and doubly poor, because she thought it
incumbent on her to keep up the dignity
of a peeress. With a very small income,
her own maid, some trinkets and myself,
she retired to Southampton, where she
established herself in a small lodging in the
High Street.

"Her own maid, who had hitherto been
inexpressibly attached to her 'dear lady,'
soon grew tired of the very small establish-
ment; and, when she discovered that if the
door was ever answered she must answer it,
and if the tea had any chance of being
brought up she must bring it, she came one
morning with a warning voice, and declared
she could not live in any family where no
footman was kept.

"'Leave me, Maggs!' said the Countess,
'you surely are not serious!'

"'Why, my Lady,' replied Maggs, 'I'm
sure I feels for your Ladyship—but then
I've no place to sit in; for I can't cohabit
with the one maid, who is cook and all,
you know, my Lady—and then, you know,
I'm in a delicate condition of health, and
have never been used to dine upon cold
refuses, and we make out with bacon much
too often; and then, though your Ladyship
pays me my wages, you forgets, my Lady,
that so being there's no housekeeper's room
now, nor second table like, I must have
my tea money, and my beer money, and
my washing money, and—'

"But the Countess interrupted her; and
having been paid a considerable arrear of
wages, Maggs departed, leaving her right
honourable mistress very nearly on a par
with herself, so far as pecuniary matters
went.

"The Countess was indeed poor, and
being too proud to allow her poverty to be
seen, at least where she could possibly
conceal it, she was daily driven to paltry
manoeuvres and humiliating subterfuges.

"Being visited by all the leading families
in the neighbourhood, heavy was her heart
when rich or titled acquaintances were
received and ushered in by the all accom-
plished servant of all work (for since the
departure of Maggs, the noble widow had
been compelled to content herself with
one); but still she covered her vexation
with a smile, and always said "You see
I am quite unsettled, quite a bird of
passage. I have brought no servants with
me, and no carriage. I'm so unused to
manage for myself!" And for months
and for years was the poor bird of passage
caged in the small lodging, and tended by
the one domestic; and still it sang to the
same tune, and talked of carriages and
powdered menials as if their absence was
only temporary. Nevertheless she gave what
she, poor lady, was pleased to call her petites
soirées; and I was polished up, and some
who were unaccustomed to be associated
with Dowager Countesses, boasted much
of being invited to these réunions.

"But even these dim assemblies (I cannot
call them entertainments), rare and spare
as they were, impoverished the already
too poor lady, and she was seen walking
through the town with stately step, in a
gown more shabby, and a black silk bon-
net browner than formerly.

"In this shape poverty is very touching.
It is sad to see a female whose youth was
nursed on the lap of luxury, wanting in
old age almost the necessaries of life;
selling perhaps in secret her works or her
drawings; too proud to beg, and vainly
endeavouring to hide from vulgar eyes
her real penury, beneath the threadbare
and faded silks of better days! One by one
had she parted with her few trinkets; and
one morning after her solitary breakfast,
she burst into tears, and after looking at
me attentively for some time, hastily
hid me beneath her cloak. She walked
with me slowly to a silversmith's shop,
with a deep blush exhibited me to the
man, and with a faltering voice declared
that as I was rather of an old pattern, she
might perhaps be tempted to exchange
me for another. Others were brought
forward, but in each there was some fault,
and at last, with affected carelessness, but
trembling in every limb, she said: 'Well,
then, give me, just for the present, as I
cannot decide to-day, give me the value of
it in—in money, and—'

"'Oh, you wish to sell it, my lady?'
said the man, bluntly. She sank into a
chair, made no reply, but held out her thin
white hand. Scearily feeling the money
which the man put into it, certainly un-
conscious of the amount, she tottered to
her home.

"Thus I parted from my first poor
mistress, and shortly afterwards, when
persons of a very different stamp were
taking a friendly cup of tea together, I
heard from one of them that the Countess
was dead.

"Alas! how many, like her, struggle on
against a torrent of distress and difficulty, and form plans, and look with hope to the future, and talk of brighter days! And the struggle continues, and the hope fades away, and youth and health depart, and they sink into the grave! Where are the relatives who might have cheered them, the friends who might have assisted them? Probably commenting on their demerits, and tracing their present sorrows to past misconduct. The absent and the unfortunate are sure to be in the wrong. Thus was my poor Countess blamed for past extravagance; and in truth it was easier and cheaper to point to her errors, than to cheer her old age and smooth the pillow of her deathbed.

"I was now, like some other coroneted individuals, out of place, and again to be bought. Though second-hand, I was certainly as good as new, and I occupied a conspicuous station in the silversmith’s window. After a month of cold inactivity, I was bought by the young landlord of the Crown Inn, who judiciously selected me, because he saw that a crown was engraved upon me. He therefore added beneath the coronet the letters W. S., being the initials of his own name, ‘William Snell.’ I should add that he had recently married Miss Maggs, formerly own maid to my dear deceased mistress. The engraver cut me to the very heart while tracing upon me the plebeian W. S., and when I stood at breakfast before the innkeeper and his wife, my humiliation was complete.

"The Crown was a fourth-rate place of public resort, one degree above a public-house. It was thronged on market-days, and mercantile people who came in gigs filled it every evening with smoke and with clamour. The landlord had excellent liquor, and very much liked to drink it himself; and even his bride, after pouring from me the strong black mixture which a suburban grocer sold as tea, was accustomed to qualify it with ‘a little brandy.’ A little brandy, like a little learning, may be said to be a ‘dangerous thing,’ particularly of a morning, for the little imperceptibly becomes more, and the young woman who gives a relish to her tea with a spoonful, will sooner or later learn to fill her glass.

It is a bad thing when landlords take to drinking with their customers. They are apt to be impartial, and to drink with all who come; therefore, for every glass bought and paid for, there is a pernicious and unprofitable accompanying glass drank by mine host to the peril of his own constitution, and the detriment of his own profits.

William Snell’s face began to grow red, and his temper to show symptoms of sympathetic inflammation. Mrs. Snell’s tea also grew daily more spiritual, and the landlord and landlady were constantly at what is called ‘high words,’ which words, however, when put together, form very ‘low language.’ Children, too, accumulated, and the demand for small millinery increased. She, however, though fond of dress, was too idle to make it for herself, much less for her children, and dirty and wretched enough became the Crown and its inhabitants. As sure as rats quit a falling house, do customers desert a comfortless inn. Smaller and smaller grew the incomings of the Snells, and louder and louder their diurnal altercations.

"One morning the fair hand of the hostess hurled me at the head of the host. I lay bruised in a state of insensibility, and recovered consciousness only to perceive that I was deposited in a pawnbroker’s shop.

"Overfine domestics are sure in the end to meet with poetical justice. Full of complaints when living in some wealthy family, and dining at a better table than can be commanded by many a well-born person, oh! that we could see them when ‘married and settled!’ I have actually known a footman in the family of a baronet give warning because ‘he had no applesauce with his pork!’

"I now became the property of an antiquated spinster, and a busy life did I lead. I was the nominal attraction which induced an extensive sisterhood to meet every evening. Tea was the inducement held out, but scandal was the real charm; and though I was loath to ‘give a handle’ to such proceedings, I was forced to submit.

"I must confess I did not find myself in the most select circle of the town, therefore each lady of the party boiled with indignation against the giver of some entertainment from which she was excluded. Oh, the abuse that was lavished on everything and everybody!—the characters that were discussed, the motives that were imputed! The tea-maker was a brewer of mischief, and the tempers of her guests would have turned Twining’s best to gall! You could not look at them without perceiving that
the venom of their tongues had corroded
the enamel of their teeth!"

There was a pause.
I ought to have mentioned that the spout
of my teapot ended in the similitude of the
beak of a bird; and whilst I lay back in my
arm-chair gazing on it and listening to its
reminiscences, it seemed to me that the
beak moved. Suddenly I was disturbed
by the opening and shutting of a door. A
person entered the room, passed before me,
and intercepted for a moment my view of
the silvery orator. Ere that form departed,
something was placed on the fire, and
when I again looked towards my teapot
steam was issuing from its lid. I tried to
compose myself that I might again listen,
but the charm was broken. I now heard
the loud singing of my tea-kettle, but my
tea pot was tacit-urn!
I passed a restless night, and awoke in
the morning with a very bad headache. I
now merely state the circumstance as it
occurred, without being able in the least
degree to account for it. By the bye, it
surely couldn't have been the brandy and
water?
T. R.

**THE HISTORY OF DUELLING.**

There exists in the nineteenth century—
during the third of which that has elapsed
civilisation has made greater advances than
in any century preceding—in the most en-
lightened portion of the world, and espe-
cially in the nations that claim the highest
rank for the wisdom of their institutions and
refinement of their manners,—a fatal pre-
judice and a savage custom, the legacy
of barbarous ages. This prejudice is "the
point of honour," this custom is "duelling."
Both from the moment of their birth have
been assailed by religion and philosophy:
the injustice of the opinion and the absurd-
ity of the practice, have been demonstrated,
and, indeed, are universally acknowledged;
but still the prejudice triumphs, still the
custom prevails, in spite of law, of reason,
and of religion. It is not our purpose to
attack an institution which has survived so
many assaults; we have not the vanity to
suppose that we can surpass the eloquence
of all preceding philanthropists, and the
logic of all former moralists; but, in tracing
the origin of an institution so powerful and
so fatal, pointing out its various phases in
different stages of civilisation, and finally
endeavouring to fix its place in the general
statistics of society, we shall follow the
author whose work is before us.

Every combat between two individuals
cannot be called a duel: the name is pro-
perly restricted to the decision by arms of
a private dispute between individuals,
according to a previous agreement. Hence
we must exclude from our consideration the
battles of national champions, such as that
between the Horatii and the Curatii, and
accidental encounters, the result of accident
and sudden passion. In this restricted
sense we can find among the ancients no
trace of the duel; though some of its
eyearly historians, willing to invest the prac-
tice with the honour of antiquity, have
gravely assured us, that the first duel ever
fought was between Cain and Abel! The
same old author next quotes the combat
between David and Goliath, an instance
apparently more in point; but we have ex-
cluded the battles of national champions
from our definition, because in both ancient
and modern times, neither the acceptance
nor the rejection of challenges to such com-
bats was regarded as a "point of honour."
We shall quote a few instances:

"Metellus, when challenged by Sertorius
—Antigonus, by Pyrrhus—and Augustus
Cesar, by Mark Antony,—replied merely,
that they were not so dissatisfied with life
as their challengers.

"Marius, when invited to combat by a
Teutonic chief, sent him back a rope, to
hang himself, if he was tired of the world.

"Edward III challenged Philip of
Valois, who replied that a suzerain should
not expose his life against a vassal. The
chances of war soon after proving favourable
to Edward, Philip in his turn became the
challenger, but Edward answered that he
would not peril in a duel the fruits of a
victory.

* Histoire des Duels anciens et modernes, par
M. Youngrenoux de Campignevilla. Tome Premier.
Paris; Cherubinaux. London: Du Liz.

† Audiguier. Vray et ancien usage des Duels.
THE HISTORY OF DUELLING.

"Christian IV King of Denmark, being challenged by Charles IX of Sweden, coolly sent back the Horatian aphorism—

‘Naviget Anticyram.’"

"Charles Gustavus of Sweden, on an invitation to a duel by Frederick of Denmark, sent back word that Kings fought only when well attended.

"The defiance of Francis I to Charles V, and of the Elector Palatine to Marshal Turenne, need not be mentioned. In our own day, Napoleon’s answer to the challenge of that mad monarch, Gustavus IV of Sweden, was, ‘I will send him the best fencer of my grenadiers as ambassador.’"

The point of honour was unknown in the heroic ages of Greece, otherwise Achilles, instead of ‘sulking’ in his tent when Agamemnon carried off his mistress, would have called out the King of Mycenae; and Ajax, instead of a wordy warfare with the crafty Ulysses, would, with his sword, have urged his claim to the disputed armor.

"Strike, but hear!” said Themistocles to Eurybiades, when menaced with a cane. In modern times he would have sent a message to the insolent Spartan; a duel would have delayed the battle of Salamis; and Greece might have fallen under the sway of Persia. It would be easy to run over the Grecian and Roman history, and show that "the point of honour" was unknown as a motive of action; but enough has been probably said to show that the origin of duelling must be sought elsewhere than in classical history.

The first duels were certainly the judicial combats, called by the Germans, "the judgments of God," which were practised by these barbarous tribes from remote ages, and were first introduced into civilised states when the barbarians submitted the Roman empire.

The rules and forms of judicial combat are contained in the celebrated ordinance of Philip the Fair, which Ducange has inserted at full length in his glossary. The following abridgment of this document must be interesting to every historial student:

"The place of combat was an enclosed space (champ clos), round which a cord was stretched which no bystander was to pass under a severe penalty. Originally, a gallows was erected at one extremity of the lists, to hang the vanquished as soon as the fight was over. Two seats, covered with black, were prepared for the champions, in which they sat during the ceremonies preliminary to the combat, consisting of exhortations to perform their duty, religious ceremonies, and oaths that they wore no spell or charm, and that they had used no sorcery or enchantment to ensure the victory. The advantages of space, sun, and wind, were then divided by the field; the combatants were supplied with some refreshment; their weapons measured and given to them; and then they were led to their places in the lists by their god-fathers or seconds (parains). It was then customary for the champions to renew their oath as to the justice of their cause, and their determination to maintain it. The marshal of the field next gave orders that no spectator should interrupt the combatants by word, sign, or gesture, and then pronounced the signal—‘Let the brave champions loose’ (Laissez aller les bons combattans). It appears that in the age of Philip the Fair, the god-fathers sometimes engaged in combat as well as their principals (filiales), as seconds have done in more recent times. But this was regarded as an innovation.

"Wager of battle was allowed not only between the principal parties in a suit, but between one party and a witness produced by the other. On the lie being given to a witness, the combat was ordained, and if the witness was vanquished, the party producing him was held guilty of subornation. But this is not all: if the process had been tried by depositions, the losing party had a right to impeach (faussier) the judgment of the court, give the judge the lie at the moment of pronouncing sentence, and challenge him to the field. On the other hand, the magistrate had a right to challenge any who refused obedience."

Many examples of these judicial combats are quoted by our author; but we prefer extracting an instance from our favourite Brantome. The incident occurred in the reign of Louis the Stammerer, about the middle of the ninth century.

"Ingelgerius, Count of Gastinois, having been found dead one fine morning by the side of his handsome wife, a relative of the deceased, named Gontran, accused the Countess of this murder, and of adultery besides—offering to prove the charge by combat. No one presenting himself to support the quarrel of the lady, she sent for the young Count of Anjou, Ingelgerius, whom she had held at the baptismal font,
THE HISTORY OF DUELLING.

giving him the name of her husband. The Count, though only sixteen years of age, came forward as his godmother’s champion. Having heard mass, recommended himself to God, distributed alms, and assumed the victorious emblem of the cross, he entered the lists, where he found his enemy Gontran prepared for combat. The Lady Countess of Gastinois having been sent for, the usual oaths were taken on both sides, and, on a given signal, the champions dashed onward to the encounter. Gontran struck the Count so forcibly on the shield, that he bent it almost double; but the Count drove his lance so impetuously at Gontran, that neither shield nor harness could prevent it from passing quite through his body, and he fell from his horse to the ground. The Count then dismounted and cut off his head, which he presented to the King, who received it with as much joy as if he had made him a present of a city. The Countess was then set at liberty; she humbly thanked the King, and then, in the presence of the whole company, kissed and embraced her champion-child, to whom, the next morning, with the King’s permission, she gave several rich fiefs and castellanships in Gastinois.”

The clergy, as well as the ladies, fought on these occasions by deputy; but we find few clerical suits thus decided, in which the valour of the champion was not aided by some miraculous interposition.

“Jean d’Ypres, in his chronicle of St. Bertin, relates that in the eleventh century this abbey had to sustain a judicial combat against the village of Caumont. The abbot of St. Bertin was expected to witness the combat, but he came not, and the fatal hour was about to strike. Suddenly there appeared in the sky two doves, white as the drifted snow, coming from St. Bertin and flying round the park where the champions stood. Encouraged by this miracle, the champion of the monastery rushed upon his adversary, and won a glorious victory.”

With such advantages it is not at all surprising that the monasteries were zealous patrons of judicial combats.

The decision of lawsuits by wager of battle was first checked in France by Charles IX (A.D. 1496), when an ordinance was issued prohibiting such a mode of trial until the issue had been judged by the King and the parliament. The last great judicial duel in France was that between Jarnac and Chataigneraye. It deserves, on many accounts, our attention for a few moments.

“Jarnac and Chataigneraye were two of the most popular young nobles at the court of Francis I. A cordial friendship existed between them, which was first interrupted by the indiscretion of the dauphin (afterwards Henry II), who declared that Chataigneraye had betrayed to him Jarnac’s secret intrigues with the Queen, and his boasts of her favour. To save his master’s character, Chataigneraye, instead of exposing the falsehood, challenged Jarnac, who had resented the calumny in very unmeasured terms. Francis I refused to permit the combat; but Henry II, who was, as we have said, the cause of the quarrel, authorised the fight, which accordingly took place at St. Germain-en-Laye, in presence of the King and the whole court. Chataigneraye, then twenty-eight years of age, was considered the best swordsman in France, yet in the first onset he received a cut in the knee from his antagonist, which rendered him helpless. Hence arose the proverbial phrase, ‘Jarnac’s stroke.’ Henry II had no pity for his helpless favourite. So far was he from putting an end to the combat, that he would not for some time accept Chataigneraye from Jarnac, who frequently called out: ‘Sire, I give him to you; take him, for the love of God and the affection you have shown him.’ The wounded man in the meantime supplicated Jarnac to despatch him, and not leave him to die by inches from loss of blood. At length, Henry said to Jarnac, ‘I accept him;’ and then embracing the successful combatant, added, ‘you have fought like Caesar, and spoken like Aristotle.’ Chataigneraye died of his wound. A singular consequence of this duel, which shows how little in that age served to justify an appeal to arms, was, that it produced another duel, attended with still more fatal consequences. When the news of Chataigneraye’s death was received in Piedmont, it was scarcely believed. Two Piedmontese officers quarrelled on the subject, gave each other the lie, fought and fell by mutual wounds.”

“Henry II was so grieved by the result of this contest, that he took an oath never to permit another duel in his kingdom; but he did not scruple by letters-patent to enjoin two young nobles to fight a judicial duel beyond his frontiers, in order to clear themselves of a disgraceful imputation. The
first direct edict against duelling in France was signed by the same hand that subscribed the "edict of St. Bartholomew." Charles IX, by an ordinance issued in 1560, strictly prohibited every duel the cause of which had not been submitted to the royal cognisance; yet when a duel offered him an opportunity of getting rid of an enemy, he granted his sanction. It was the last that took place in France with official forms, and both the combatants were slain.

Jousts and tournaments can scarcely be ranked under the head of duels, though they fostered the duelling spirit. We shall dismiss them with one anecdote, too good to be lost. "In the reign of Charles VII, the Turkish ambassador was invited to witness one of these spectacles. When it was over, he was asked his opinion of the sport. 'If they were in earnest,' said he, 'there was too little; if in jest, too much.'"

Duels, both in France and England, have been generally deemed the peculiar privilege of the aristocracy—a privilege certainly not to be envied, but one nevertheless that seems to have been guarded with peculiar care. Even now, it would furnish our daily papers with matter of fun for a month, if a chimney-sweep and dustman went through the regular forms of cartel and reply, appointment of seconds, meeting at Battersea and interchange of shots. As to the higher portions of the manufacturing and mercantile classes, they enter not into the question, because there is not a banker, merchant, or trader, not on the high road to bankruptcy, who does not believe his life too valuable to be risked for anything which, like "the point of honour," bears no price in the market. And this seems to us a more reasonable explanation of the matter, than Garth's cause for the frequency of duels among the young nobles of his day. "People easily discover when there is a superabundant supply of their order in the world. When they try to diminish it, no one but an idiot would interfere to stop them."

Brantome, who may well be called the Justinian of ancient duelling, has left us a code of laws which, though scarcely so muy as those attributed by Sir Jonah Barrington to the Irish gentlemen of the last century, deserves to be studied by all who look into history not merely for events, but for the institutions and opinions, the habits of thought and action, in which events originate.

The sixteenth century was that which on the whole witnessed the least number of duels in Europe, probably because it produced the greatest quantity of public wars. The seventeenth introduced an entirely new system of duelling, which having become fashionable in France, was brought over to England by the profligate companions of Charles II. In order to have space for examining this change, we very reluctantly pass over some curious anecdotes of duels, chiefly collected from Brantome. There is one so very whimsical that we must mention it. A schoolmaster teased one of his pupils for payment, and was challenged by the hopeful youth. He accepted the defiance, and was severely wounded, but his life was spared on condition of his resigning the claim.

Italy was the parent of the modern duel. The bands of martial adventurers that sold their services to the different contending parties in the peninsula, owned no law, human or divine; and sheer necessity drove them to compile a barbarous code, which they designated the code of military honour. The punctilios of the duel were determined with a nice accuracy which surpassed even the refinements of special pleading; and Touchstone's humorous list of distinctions in "As You Like It," is only a specimen of the logical divisions made by these new followers of Peter Ramus. But this homicidal fury was not limited to duels: assassinations, burglaries, and murders in the face of day became common events, to which, under the infamous Catherine de Medicis, was added the crime of poisoning.

Brantome's history of the Baron de Vitas, son of the Chancellor Duprat, is an edifying biography of a duellist, who on occasion did not scruple to become an assassin. Having in both capacities committed some score of murders, he was at length slain in combat by the son of one of his victims. Brantome more than hints that Duprat was not treated fairly, but his reflections on the fall of his worthy friend will best show the morality of the historian's age.

"Thus died this brave Baron, the paragon of France. He was esteemed not only at home, but in Italy, Spain, Germany, and England; strangers who visited France were anxious to see him, so widely spread was his renown. He was small in stature,
but great in courage. His enemies said that he did not kill his men fairly, but used unequal advantages and frauds. Certainly I have heard great captains say that fraud should always be met by fraud, and that there was no dishonour in such conduct."

From the same page we quote an anecdote in which illustrious names figure, that may serve as a comment on the last piece of morality.

"Viscount Turenne, having been challenged by M. de Duras, on the part of his brother, M. de Rauzan, complained very bitterly of a trick that was played upon him during the combat; five or six fellows had rushed out of ambush, and having given him ten or twelve sword-cuts, left him for dead on the plain. These fellows were bunglers in their business, unlike my poor friend Duprat, of whom I spoke awhile ago. The Viscount resolved to have revenge on M. de Duras, and laid a plot for murdering him in his own house, as a set-off against the fraud he had practised. And in fact he would have succeeded, but for a huge stag that was kept in the castle ditch. It was a vicious animal, and it charged the persons getting down so very furiously that an alarm was given, and they were forced to take to their heels without attempting anything."

Another anecdote more strangely characteristic of the age, is the celebrated duel between Caylus and d’Entragues, each attended by a brace of seconds. When the parties reached the ground, the first pair of seconds met to settle preliminaries.

"Ribercé (the second of Caylus) came forward, and said to Maugiron, the friend of Entragues, ‘I think it would be better to reconcile these gentlemen than to let them murder each other.’—‘Oh!’ said Maugiron, ‘I did not come here to make fine speeches, but to fight.’—‘To fight! You have no concern in the quarrel;—with whom do you want to fight?’—‘With you.’—‘With me! Oh, very well; if that’s the case, let us say our prayers!’ So saying Ribercé drew his sword, and making a cross of it with his poniard, threw himself on his knees before this extempor crucifix, and said a prayer, short enough in all conscience, but which Maugiron thinking too long, swore that he was praying too much. Ribercé, springing from his knees, took his sword and rushed furiously on Maugiron. He was received with equal vigour, and both the heroes soon fell dead together."

The preliminaries between the other pair of seconds were more promptly arranged.

"Schomberg seeing the others fighting, said to Livarot, ‘They are fighting. How shall we employ ourselves?’—‘Let us have a fight too,’ said Livarot, ‘merely for honour.’ And they engaged without any further ceremony."

The brief dialogue between the principals is not less characteristic.

"This is not fair;” said Caylus to d’Entragues; “you have a dagger, I have none.” “You acted like a fool,” the other replied, “to leave your dagger at home.”

Caylus was slain; but Brantome thinks that d’Entragues acted right in retaining the advantage of the dagger.

Brantome relates a similar battle in a subsequent page, but says that the seconds fought merely for the fun of the thing. The conclusion of the story is characteristic.

"Fortune was so favourable to the Baron de Biron and his companions, that each bravely killed his man and stretched him on the ground. Some said that the Baron brought down his man first and then went to help his comrades; in which he acted very properly, showing that he possessed wisdom and foresight as well as valour.

The wars of the League greatly increased the spirit of duelling. Henry IV scarcely made any effort to check it; but when Cardinal Richelieu became minister under Louis XIII, he strictly prohibited private combats. It was on this occasion that d’Audigier, a gentleman of the court, wrote his famous treatise on duelling, in which he tries to prove that the abolition of the practice would be ruinous to the aristocracy. It was notoriously as a spite to the nobles that Richelieu issued his prohibitory ordinances. As d’Audigier’s work is very scarce, and his reasonings no less extraordinary, our readers will be glad to see an extract from his dedicatory epistle to the King.

"Sire, there is an important matter at issue between the nobility and justice of your kingdom, in which your Majesty alone should be the judge. Nobility says that a gentleman whose honour is offended must either lose his life or remove the stain with his sword; justice, on the contrary, says that he who draws his sword must mount

* Pour faire feste, et par gaiete de coeur.
the scaffold. You, Sire, who are the chief of the noblest aristocracy in the world, are interested to save its courage from being blunted, to rescue it from being destroyed by shallow pretexts for preserving it, to prevent the nobles from being reduced either to abandon their honour, or to defend themselves with the pen after the vulgar fashion, and plead the right of arms before civilians."

He then gravely recommends the revival of judicial combats with all their official forms, inviting the King to preside at every duel, adding:—

"The public, instead of those quarrels that drain its blood, and those abominable lawsuits that waste its property, will be delivered from these two monsters, and will have no ambition but to display its courage in your service and its valour in your presence."

Richelieu, like Cromwell, was not to be stopped in his career by a paper shot; he punished several duelists with death; but the most celebrated martyr to the institution was the Count de Bouteville, who had fought more duels than any man on record. His friend and biographer* informs us, that if the Count heard it said, "Such a person is a brave man," he forthwith sought him out, and thus accosted him—"Sir, I am told you are a brave man; I wish to make a trial of your courage: what are your arms?" After having killed or severely wounded most of his contemporaries, he fell into the Cardinal's clutches by a very extraordinary accident. His last duel was with the Marquis de Bussy d'Amboise, whom he left dead on the field: hearing that the officers of justice were in search of him, he fled, and arrived safely at Vitry. The sister of the Marquis, in the meantime, had sent two faithful domestics to take possession of the Amboise castles, before her aunt could lay claim to the inheritance. When these emissaries reached Vitry, they heard that Bouteville and his second had arrived post-haste a few hours before them. Supposing that they were the agents for the aunt, they had them immediately arrested. They were recognised, sent to Paris, tried and condemned. Bouteville met death with great resignation, lamenting only that the awkward executioner would spoil his moustaches, "which," says our authority, "were large and beautiful."

But the extreme severity of Richelieu's laws defeated their object. Under Louis XIV, duels became as frequent as ever; edict after edict was issued for their prohibition, but pardons were easily obtained, and the threats of the law consequently despised. He instituted courts of honour, to supersede the necessity of appeals to the sword, but the decisions of the court were disregarded. In this reign, female duellists first became conspicuous. We have room for only one Amazonian anecdote;—it is taken from Colombière's letters:

"Two very pretty girls fought with short swords on the boulevard St. Antoine: it was a formal duel, regularly preceded by a challenge. They gave each other some severe wounds in the neck and face, for envy or jealousy made them principally aim at those parts. One of these ladies, taking off her kerchief, showed me a severe wound she had received just over her right breast."

Duellng began to assume a political character under the Orleans regency, and continued to rise in importance to the time of the Revolution. But as this period of its history deserves a separate examination, we shall at present leave the Amazons in possession of the field of anecdote.

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THE DEAD SON RESTORED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN."

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Many days and nights had rolled heavily away since the fatal event; but time had brought no "healing on his wings" for the bereaved mother.

Lonely and bowed down she sat in her desolation; and, if she dared not with her lips to upbraid the sovereign arbiter of man's destiny, her heart murmured rebeliously within her. From its deep and secret recesses there arose no echo to the pious ejaculation—"Thy will be done!"

Thick darkness overshadowed her strick-
en spirit. To her, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable were all the uses of this world"—for her beloved and beautiful child was no more a dweller therein: so she wept, and refused to be comforted, because "he was not."

An aged and a holy man (or such he seemed) now approached her, and mildly exhorted her to submission; but, for a while, she heard him as though she heard him not, for her faculties appeared numbed with excess of grief. "Daughter!" said he, at length, in a severity of tone which roused her attention, "tell me what there is in life so desirable that thou shouldst wish it to be restored to one concerning whose present happiness thou canst entertain no reasonable doubt?"

"Father!—reverend father!" she exclaimed, "ask me not such questions! Be not angry with me; for you know not, you cannot know a mother’s love. Oh, my poor boy!—my beautiful—beautiful boy! He was so good, so affectionate, so innocent, so full of promise."

"Aye," said the venerable comforter, "of promise which might never have been fulfilled. Nay, had he lived, perchance thou mightest have found cause to make thee curse the hour of his birth."

"God forgive thee, for thy foul slander, old man!"—cried the indignant mother. "Thou torturest me to the uttermost!—prithee, leave me to my tears!"

"Hear me, daughter!" said the aged man: "It is possible yet for Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, to restore unto thee thy son! but——"

"Ha! what?" gasped the bereaved one—"What sayest thou? I have had such dreams! Methought it could not be that he was really gone! But—no, no—I saw him—I clung to him till they tore me away—and he was—dead!"

The last word was faintly breathed in a hysterical whisper; and, shuddering, she lowered down, and hid her face in her hands.

"He who gave and who took away, can also restore," said the aged visitor. "If it be his will, you may yet again embrace your boy. You may yet see him grow up to youth and manhood. But, remember!—to you he owes his birth: to your disconsolate prayers and the means you will adopt he will owe his return to the world, from which he would otherwise have escaped while innocent—remember that his soul is immortal, and 'watch and pray' that he enter not into temptation."

When she looked up, her venerable comforter was gone.

Wild and vague were the visions which thence took possession of her mind; and more slowly than ever seemed the hours to creep, while she waited the return of a messenger, whom she had despatched to the distant church where the mortal remains of her beloved boy were deposited. It appeared like hoping against conviction; and yet she felt that the aged man could not have meant to trifle with her feelings.

"Oh, that I had been strong enough to undertake the journey myself!" she exclaimed. "Four days have now elapsed, and I have no tidings! Can they be dallying with me? Yes; it must be so. They mock and humour me; and give way to what they deem my fancies. They imagine me delirious, because I choose not to explain the ground of my hope. Wondrous hope it is; and I feel it grow stronger and stronger within me. Ha!—what an extraordinary sensation do I experience at this moment! 'Tis as though a heavy weight were removed from me; and the pure air fans and cools my long burning forehead. Hark! Hush! Hark! Is it possible? Yes, yes! I cannot be mistaken. Those are his little footsteps! Nearer—nearer they come! Why cannot I fly? Oh! mercy, mercy! This is too much! It is—it is he!—Henry! Love! Bless—bless—blessings! Where—what—where have you been? And do I again, indeed, embrace my own dear—dear boy? Where have you been? What have they been doing to you?"

Mothers alone can comprehend the full joy of such a meeting. The deep gloom which had shrouded her spirit fled away before that burst of light; for her son had hitherto been to her even as the light of her life.

Pale was his cheek, and his whole frame bore indications of recent illness; but the placid smile and unclouded brow told that all suffering was at an end. The eyes which she had watched and seen gradually and languidly abating in lustre, now gleamed with a sparkling brilliancy which she fancied more than earthly.

"I cannot bear to think of what you have endured," she murmured, seeking as it were for some dark spot to screen her
mental vision, for a moment, amid the excess of light.

"Indeed, I have been very—very happy," said the little boy: "happier than ever I was before. It was here, (and he placed his hand on his heart,) "here that I felt happiness. I had no wants, as you know I always used to have. I did not even want to come back to you; and yet, I remember thinking you would come to me."

"Those were dreams, my sweet one," said the mother: "but we are now together again, and will part no more."

"I am very glad to see you again, mamma," said the little fellow, "indeed I am; but I hope you will let me go back again to the place I came from. You must come and see me there. So many other children are there, and all so good, that I am sure you cannot help loving them as much as you do me: and I shan't be at all jealous, for I love them all as well as I love myself."

"Oh! my dear, dear boy!" exclaimed his mother, "indeed, indeed, I cannot part with you. You must remain with me."

Then the child, for the first time since his return, looked sad; but, perceiving his mother in tears, and remembering all her past kindness, he threw his arms round her neck and laid his face on her bosom. And there forgetfulness seemed to come over him, for, after a few faint sobs, he sank to sleep, and thus appeared tacitly to have resigned himself unto her will.

Yet afterwards, during the time that he continued a child, he would frequently speak of that place and of the good children he had left; and would sometimes express a wish to go to them. But on these occasions his mother always wept; so, as he loved her, he learnt to forbear mentioning what appeared to distress her. And then, as he grew older, many other things engaged his attention, and at last won his affections so completely, as to banish all thoughts of any other happiness than that which he could derive from their enjoyment.

Thus, like other children, he grew up with many faults; but the fond mother perceived them not, for unbridled affection seeks only for reasons to justify its own blind partiality.

She beheld him grow in stature and in strength, and her heart glowed within her as she gazed upon his expressive countenance; and wondrous visions of his future course came over her with a power as though revealed by the tongue of prophecy.

Pleasant, inexpressibly pleasant, were those dreams, and for a while no speck appeared to dim the horizon of her cloudless sky. All with her was joy, and gratitude, and peace, and love.

Then, o'er the spirit of such dreams a change was wrought, by complaints of her son's conduct at school; but these she contrived to think lightly of, by attributing them to misrepresentation or envy. He could not, she affirmed, be guilty of what was laid to his charge. She was sure he could not. It was not in his nature.

Alas! this nature, once so comparatively innocent, now seemed entirely changed. His return beneath the parental roof, was the commencement of a series of severe trials for his devoted mother. Yet even when driven by his frowardness and disobedience to weep alone, she would look back to the past, and would believe that his heart was uncontaminated, and that his odd "behaviour" arose only from the thoughtlessness of his age. That he loved her, and would do anything for her, she still felt confident; that was a point which she could not give up, even when, from repeated acts of unkindness, she felt as though her heart was bleeding.

During his transition from puerility to early manhood, she seemed to have grown prematurely aged. The course of his pleasures and pursuits were away from her, and when they met, their meetings were no longer like those of a mother and her dear son, though they still continued to use those terms.

Now his father was gone, and he was an only son, looking forward with eager desire for the day when he should be of age,—a day which his mother had formerly believed would be the crowning glory of her life. More than once had she fervently breathed a prayer that she might see that day, and then "depart in peace."

The old hall of his ancestors rang with loud peals of laughter, and shouts of mirth and revelry, and, when they died away, the melodies of many sweet voices arose, floating successively in the air. Then, dark and tempestuous, the night came on, as though striving to draw its curtain over and quell the festive scene; but the ancient edifice kindled into a blaze of light, and from within flung the shadows of its fantas-
tic tracery outward, as in mockery, upon the earth. Long and unceasingly played the merry music, and sylph-like and graceful forms passed gaily too and fro. The heir, the only and beloved son, the lord of the feast, moved amid smiling and lovely countenances, and bright and speaking eyes met his at every turn. For manly beauty and polished ease none of the multitude might compare with him; and the looks of many mothers seemed to say that they envied her to whom he owed his birth.

Yet she, the fond and doting parent, sat alone, and her heart was full, but not with joy: for he had spoken harshly, very harshly to her; and had expressed his wish, now a command, that she should seek a humbler home elsewhere.

So she went her way, breathing fervent prayers for his welfare and invoking blessings on his head; and, in solitude, she dreamed strange dreams for his future happiness, till one, on which she had scarcely dared to dwell, appeared likely to be realised.

There was a lovely girl whom she had known from earliest childhood, meek, and modest, and affectionate, and most beautiful. Too delicate a flower would she have seemed, in all eyes save those of a mother, to be transplanted to the dwelling of that boisterous, headstrong, and ungoverned youth. But the fond mother said, "Even as when David played before Saul, so shall her presence and the melody of her voice cause the evil spirit to flee away from my son; for I know that his heart is good, though he hath erred by associating himself with evil-doers."

Again the ancient hall resounded with the voices of mirth, and she, the mother, was there, rejoicing in the joy of her son, and gazing, with unutterable rapture, upon the angelic features of his bride.

Rapidly then seemed time to pass away; and then mysterious whisperings were heard and strange rumours were afloat, that all went not well with the young couple. And the colour faded away from the cheek of the bride; faint and fainter still became the sweet smile upon her lips. Yet she complained not; but seemed resolute to endure in silence, even to heart-breaking.

Then the son came to the mother and told her strange tales, which she understood not, concerning his wants and disappointments. And he spake not harshly as heretofore, but with much kindness, and saluted her with great apparent respect and affection. So she gave him all that she possessed, save a small pittance over which she had no power, and he went his way well pleased, whilst she rejoiced in the belief that he still loved her. But from that time he became yet more estranged from her, almost as though he had forgotten her existence. Then her heart withered and sank within her, and, in her loneliness and desolation, she brooded over the past, and was tortured by many apprehensions of coming evil which should befall him; so she wept and prayed for him alternately, and "sharper than the serpent's tooth" can inflict were the pangs that she endured. At the mention of his name she trembled and grew pale; for it was not hidden from her, that when they spake of him, they were wont to speak not as a mother wished that men should speak of her son. Therefore, her strength waned away, and her steps were feeble as she walked, stooping, and with her eyes bent upon the ground.

Then, from that ancient hall there came a funereal cry, for the conqueror Death had passed through and smitten its fairest flower. The mourning honours that are bought attended her to the tomb, whilst unpurchased tears were shed by all around save him for whom alone she had lived, and from whose harsh treatment it was said she had died. But more than all, his mother mourned, and writhed and groaned in spirit; for it seemed to her as though his guardian angel had fled away from the presence of her son.

Then, to the door from whence the sable nodding plumes had but lately moved slowly away, there came a bridal train. And the bride walked haughtily, adorned with jewels, and much gold and costly pearls; and, at her coming, the aged servants drew back, and sighed, remembering her who was gone. And much feasting and revelry followed, whereat the bride and bridgroom appeared as if striving to convince others that they were happy.

But the mother remained in her solitude, and felt that her son had contracted a marriage of necessity, not of love.

No more at intervals only did the ancient hall resound with the voices of merrymaking. It was now a scene of continued riot and extravagance. The debauchee, the glutton, the drunkard, the spendthrift, and the needy, crafty gambler, there found admittance and welcome. All was wasteful prodigality; and fierce and angry disputes
were ever arising among them, and bacchanalian and fiend-like were their orgies.

And with them and thus the son ran his mad career, till “poverty came upon him as an armed man,” and thrust him forth from the house of his ancestors, which passed into the hands of another.

“Come and dwell with me, my dear Henry,” said the mother, for her heart yearned towards him. “Come and dwell with me, my son, and let us be together as in the days long past.” But he laughed her to scorn, and answered her harshly, and upbraided her even for her former generosity to himself, by which she had put it out of her power to render him present assistance.

Yet she blessed him as he turned away from her, and her prayers followed him in his downward course. But she knew not whither he went; for the cloud of mystery covered his footsteps, so that they could not be traced.

Fearful were the visions which thence haunted her imagination, and brief and startling appeared her slumber. Terror held possession of her soul, and, in her agony, she prayed for forgetfulness.

A dreary interval of deep gloom succeeded, and, amid the confused and rolling darkness, it seemed to her, ever and anon, that hideous and shadowy figures were moving to and fro, gibbering and mocking at her. And it was imprinted upon her mind that they were evil spirits seeking the destruction of her son, whose image appeared ever among them in their fearful transit.

Then to her lone and humble dwelling came the figure of an old and greyheaded man. His form was bowed with age, and his knees smote together; but the burden of years pressed not so heavily upon him as the weight upon his heart, for he was the bearer of evil tidings.

And the mother knew him for one who had served her long and faithfully in the pleasant times that were never to return; and with her scanty fare she made him welcome, and commanded him to be seated in her presence.

So the old man, from very weakness, sank down into a chair, covered his face with his hands and wept.

And when he was somewhat recovered, he told her many things of her son; but there were others which he revealed not, for the words clung to the roof of his mouth.

Then they went away together, and journeyed far, taking no rest, till they came to a great city; and it seemed to her that the eyes of the multitude were upon her, and her heart smote her that she had dared to murmur at the past, for now she knew what it was to be ashamed.

Few, save a mother, could have recognised the squalid prisoner, loaded with chains, and, as a wild beast caught in the snare, looking vengeance and defiance on all who approached. Could that be the man who so lately stood “the centre of the glittering throng?” Could that hardened criminal have been once in very deed the beautiful and innocent boy whose thoughts and sighs were for heaven alone as he hung upon his mother’s neck?

And now she bowed herself before him in tears, and besought him to repent; but he answered her roughly, and the harshness she had borne from him before appeared as mildness compared with the fierceness of his desperation. Yet she abstained not from her purpose, but took his right hand, and after pressing it to her heart, would have raised it to her lips; but the thought that it was stained with the blood of a fellow-creature came over her with resistless power, and she let it fall with a convulsive shudder.

Then she went to and fro in the great city, seeking good counsel. And the aged man brought unto her the savings of his earlier years, and would not be refused. So they mourned and strove together for the delivery of him who spurned them from his presence.

And now, in the midst of a crowded hall, he appeared, arraigned for murder. Stern, terrible, and vindictive was his aspect, as though he felt his degradation, but not his crime. The mother wondered at her own strength, for though the sound of voices fell at times upon her ears as the rushing of waters to the drowning man, yet was she sensible of the terror of all that was revealed. That he had indeed associated with the violent, and taken his place among the workers of iniquity, appeared too clear. But there was hope of life, for there had been provocation, and angry words had passed, amid scenes in which she once deemed that no son of hers could ever be a participator. Once only she caught his eye; but he withdrew his glance hurriedly, as from some hated and loathsome object. A keen pang shot
through her heart, yet she continued to gaze upon his altered countenance with unutterable sympathy, and still he was most dear to her;—for was he not still her son?

Anon there was a thrilling pause. Deep and breathless silence hung over the multitude, and, thereat, the stubbornness of his spirit appeared to be shaken, for large drops gathered, clustering, upon his forehead, and rolled over his pallid cheek. And the mother felt as though they were drops of blood oozing from her own heart; yet was she supported to endure, and sat mute and motionless, like a sculptured statue among the tombs.

And, as she listened, the silence was broken with confused sounds, which gradually died away. Then a voice spake, and, to her, seemed as a voice from heaven, for it proclaimed that the law required not the blood of her first-born. And she heard no more, for the aged man came and hurried her away, and, for a time afterwards, her spirit was wrapt in the clouds of forgetfulness.

And, as she lay upon her bed, it seemed to her as though a flash of lightning startled her from a trance; and she cried out, “Where is my son?”

And, at the sound of her voice, the curtain was withdrawn by an aged female, who had been the dearest friend and companion of her early youth. Mild, venerable, and compassionate was her aspect; and she spake low and soothingly, as one seeking to pour balm into a wounded spirit. But, when the mother ceased not to implore that she might behold her son, she threw herself upon her neck and wept.

Then her faithful greyheaded servant drew near, bringing with him a holy man; and they both fell upon their knees by her bedside, and the holy man prayed aloud. And, as he prayed, his voice became that of one in agony of spirit, for he prayed not only for those who were present and in affliction, but also for one, whom he named not, “whose hours were numbered.”

Then it was revealed to the mother that the bloodstained right hand of her son had been engaged in fraudulently simulating the handwriting of another, and that the vengeance of the law might no longer be stayed. And when the holy man essayed to comfort her, his efforts were vain, for hope had departed and the fountains of tears within her were parched.

As one stricken and scorched by a bolt from heaven, she sat unmoved till the remembrance came upon her of the time when she had wept over him, her then innocent and beautiful child. And she called to mind how he had been restored to her from the grave, and she trembled exceedingly, for she felt that his soul was immortal.

Fearful was then her self-upbraiding. She implored and believed that, with justice, the punishment of his offences might fall upon her, as, by her selfish prayers, she had brought him back, from a state of happiness, into paths which had led him to destruction.

“Despair not yet, daughter of affliction,” said the holy man. “If it be His will, who gave the soul, to receive it, even at the eleventh hour, he can turn it unto himself, and it shall be changed and purified by the blood of him who died for sinners; for, ‘though his sins be as scarlet, then shall they be wiped away.’”

“Save him! Save his soul!” shrieked the agonised mother, and, with the shriek it seemed to her that something had given way within, and that her heart was broken. But it was not so. Her fiery ordeal was not yet complete.

Alone, in the prison-house, she saw the condemned object of her affections. Wild and haggard were his looks, and bitter curses were upon his lips. And when she besought him to make his peace with God, he mocked at her, and told her that she spake like a weak and foolish woman, of what existed not save in her own imagination, for death was no more than an endless sleep.

Then she argued with him, according to her talent, striving earnestly to lead him into the way of truth. And, as she argued, his manner became suddenly changed towards her, and he spake kindly, as though willing to be convinced if in error; so a gleam of hope shot through the utter darkness of her spirit. But she was still unread, and unskilled in the evil springs and accursed doctrines of infidelity, of which he had taken deep and poisonous draughts.

Wondrous and past belief it seemed to her that it could be so; but, as he spake, doubts, which she had never admitted before, came crowding upon her mind, and, though she shuddered at their intrusion, refused to depart.

So, when he saw how it was with her,
he smiled upon her, and embraced her, and, as her head lay upon his shoulder, she dared to hope that there might be no hereafter—no resurrection of the just or of the unjust.

In much and earnest affection he appeared to bend over her, and low and imploring was his tone, like unto that of a young child breathing the tale of its sorrows into the ear of a beloved parent. But the words that he murmured were of such fearful import that she struggled convulsively, and would have fallen had he not supported her. Yet he ceased not to importune her, but continued, saying, "Surely my beloved mother cannot refuse me this trifling, this last request! How often, when I was a child, have you given me a soothing potion that I might be spared from pain! Have you not blessed yourself when you have seen its genial influence cast oblivion over my senses and beheld me sleeping? And even so will you now, my dearest mother, when you have saved me from the unutterable agony of public disgrace and ignominy to which I am doomed, without hope of reprieve. Yes, you will—you will! If ever you really loved me, you will. You will, as formerly, lull your suffering child to rest, and his slumber will be sweet and sound. Rest assured that I shall be troubled with no dreams of the future or the past."

"Oh, Henry!—my son!—my son!"—she gasped, "would that such were my belief! But oh! Forgive me, heaven! I know not what I say. Henry, my son, believe it not! There is—there is a God!—and oh!—pray—pray—pray to Him, I beseech you!"

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "you know not what you say! Leave these foolish fancies to the priests, who are paid for upholding them, and go hence, and bring me what I have asked. They will admit you unquestioned and unsuspected, for you are my mother, my oldest and dearest, and now my only friend."

And with many kind words he continued to entreat her, till she lifted up her head, and, looking mournfully upon him, murmured, with quivering lips, "I would die for thee, my son, but this I dare not—cannot do."

Then his countenance fell and became darkened towards her; and it seemed to her that his eyes were of flame as he thrust her from him, and in the rage and bitterness of his despair he cursed her. And she fell upon the ground, and, for a time, life seemed to have departed from her.

The door of the cell was open, and the darkness of the prison-house broken by a gleam of daylight from a distance. A deep-toned knell thrilled through her frame, and its vibrations yet played upon the air, when she felt that she was alone. "Spare him!—spare him!"—she shrieked, rushing toward the light. "Save him!—spare him! My son!—my son!" And the many-vaulted chambers of the dreary mansion re-echoed the forlorn cry, as if in mockery.

Then with faltering and unequal steps she hurried onward, and it seemed as though she had been supported by some supernatural agency, for she knew not whither she went, but was, as it were, borne along into the glare of day.

And there appeared a great multitude assembled below her, and the faces of all were cast upward; yet all was silent, save the tolling of that deep-toned knell. Again its awful sound smote and reverberated throughout the inmost recesses of her heart. Yet she cried not out in her agony, for the power of utterance was gone from her. Neither could she move any more to approach towards her son, but she glared upon him as he stood before her.

And, as she gazed, she beheld that he stood apart from the rest, and a holy man approached him and entreated him mildly: but he turned impatiently away, and refused to listen to the words of truth. So the holy man withdrew, and again he who was to suffer was alone for a brief space, until others came and gathered round him. And their intention towards him was plain, for they laid their hands upon him.

Then the mother struggled to move onward, and strove to lift up her voice; but all remained without motion and silent, save the tolling of the deep-toned bell swaying heavily through the air.

Then there came a low rustling sound, as of the faint and vain resistance of some weak one against the mighty. And she beheld the group before her move slowly, bearing away her son.

They moved but a few steps. A film came over her eyes, and it seemed as if many fearful things and confused noises were floating around her; and she shuddered, and, uttering one piercing shriek, was released from her mental torture. For
these things, which she had seen with the eye of her mind, and believed to be real, were not so.

In the dead of night, when darkness brooded over the earth, and the utter forgetfulness of sleep was upon the many, a vision had passed before her, and it was given to her in mercy. As that wild piercing cry burst from her lips, she awoke, and though she trembled exceedingly, warm was the gush of gratitude which pervaded her heart, as she felt that the spirit of her young and innocent son had been snatched away from trial and temptation and the day of wrath.

Then she arose from her couch and prayed, and gave thanks and praises to Him who doeth all things well and whose Providence ereth not, though his path be hid among thick clouds and in deep waters. And as she prayed, the exceeding bitterness of her grief passed away, and her spirit became chastened within her. So she bowed her head meekly, as one who hath received instruction, and was enabled, with heart and voice, to say, “Thy will be done!”

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THE PROVENCALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE “ISLAND BRIDE.”

With a heart light and careless I dance in the sun,
When he slants o’er the wave, and the vintage is done—
No maiden so merry as I:
I rise with the dawn, and I sing through the day
The deeds of the brave, who, in foray or fray,
Reap’d the harvest of glory—I glow till my lay
Seems to lift my rapt soul to the sky!

With my dulcimer, viol, or light tambourine,
My dear native melodies float o’er the green,
And waken the echoes around;—
The lark stops his note as he soars to the sun;
The herds from their pastures disportingly run;
Nature’s impulses all seem to merge into one
At the sweet modulations of sound.

Ye gentle of Provence, come list to my lay;
I’ve a dirge for the grave, a romance for the gay,
Which their homage has frequently won!
Renown’d in my own native valleys of song,
Like the syrens of old I have charm’d the dull throng,
And you will I charm, if you’ll listen, ere long—
Well, what think you?—my ditty is done!

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IMPROPTU.

Though old Thrift be grown richer, he’s grown ne’er the wiser;
For wealth has no power to add brains to the head.
Of his brains the poor devil need not be a miser,
Since no gold can be found where there’s nothing but lead.

C.
THE COURT.

The King and Queen continue to enjoy excellent health at Brighton. Their Majesties will, in a few weeks, remove from the Pavilion to the new Palace in St. James's Park. As that costly edifice, notwithstanding the exertions that have been made to remedy the faults of its original plan, is still deficient in accommodation for great court occasions, the Presence Chamber, and other State apartments, at the old Palace, have been repaired and beautified once more. The King's first Levee for the season will take place on Tuesday the 23rd of February. On the next day the Queen will hold a drawing-room, at which, being in celebration of her Majesty's birthday, no presentations will take place.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


This series of the Romance of History of India is confined to the Mohammedan conquests of that country, embracing the period between the middle of the tenth and the second half of the seventeenth centuries. As the author truly observes in his preface, he has had to contend against a positive absence of variety in his materials, the events which they record being absolutely of the same tint and colour, and consisting exclusively of war, the chase, tyranny, and slavery, together with their attendant incidents. He has also been necessarily debarred from delineating those bright pictures of domestic life so rife in the western world, because society in Mohammedan countries is not softened by female presence and influence, —the women being degraded below the rank which nature has assigned them, and shut up in harems as mere instruments of pleasure.

We but re-echo the opinion of our contemporaries when we say that, under such disadvantages, Mr. Caunter has performed his task with considerable ability, and produced three volumes of tales of stirring interest, and written with great power.

Here we might close our notice, did we not make an observation or two upon the assertions of two contemporary critics, who have evidently reviewed his work in utter ignorance of the subject which it treats, a practice of but too frequent occurrence now-a-days, to the great detriment of our literature, and to the destruction of all confidence in periodical criticism.

The first of these critics asserts that there is so total an absence of oriental costume in Mr. Caunter's volumes, that the scenes of the tales might as well have been laid in Europe as in India; and, in support of his charge, quotes Mr. Morier as a correct delineator of Indian manners. Now, if Mr. Morier's representations of life in India be correct, then we admit that Mr. Caunter's are not. But a residence of eight years in India has enabled us to assert that, in Mr. Morier's volumes—for which, nevertheless, we profess the highest admiration—the pictures of Indian manners are incorrect, and in many instances contain things of impossible occurrence. Mr. Caunter, on the contrary, has closely followed what he himself observed in India, and his delineations are most true. Indeed, on reading the volumes before us, we considered that the author had attended too strictly to Indian costume, as we feared the general reader in England might not be able to appreciate it, and that it might therefore detract in some
degree from the interest of the tales; but the observations of this critic, though made in error, have shown that our fears were groundless.

We now come to more important charges, brought against the Romance of Indian History by the Literary Gazette in its number of Saturday, December 26th 1833; and assuredly the writer in that journal unfortunately betrays a more than usual share of ignorance of the subject upon which he so dogmatically passes judgment. "India," he says, "is a beautiful and wonderful country; it nearly began the history of the world." But Mr. Caunter professes to treat only of the Mohammedan conquests in India; and surely the critic must be aware that these conquests began only in the tenth century.

"Mr. Caunter complains," continues the writer in the Literary Gazette, "of a want of feminine interest in annals that contain the picturesque stories of Kumavati, Nourmahal, and Kishen Kower." With regard to the second of these ladies, Mr. Caunter has made her the heroine of the longest tale in the series. But we may say, en passant, that all the critic seems to have known about her before he read Mr. Caunter's tale, was derived from Lalla Rookh; for he appears ignorant even of her real name, not being aware that Nourmahal was, for the sake of euphony, softened down by Mr. Moore from the rougher name of Noor Mahal. The critic also tells us, as a piece of information from himself, but which, let us say, he learned from Mr. Caunter, that Nourmahal (Noor Mahal) was the inventor of "the delicious perfume called attar of roses."

With reference to the two other female names mentioned by the critic, will he, in his wisdom, obligingly inform us whether Kumavati and Kishen Kower are Mohammedans or Hindus? He really cannot be so ignorant as not to know, since he has himself adduced these names as evidence against Mr. Caunter!

"Look at the splendid ballads Miss Landon has produced from such subjects," continues the critic. This last appeal to the judgment of his readers is particularly unfortunate, and were we not convinced of the high admiration entertained by the Literary Gazette for all Miss Landon's writings, we should suppose there was a little malice in the allusion to these ballads. As it is, we perceive that the critic, in the concealed unconsciousness of his ignorance, has taken Miss Landon by the arm, and forced her to dance by his side in the puddle. On turning to Miss Landon's ballads in "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book," we find the following assertion from that lady's pen:—

"Ruins about the Taj Mahal.

"An arid plain leads to the luxuriant gardens which still adorn the Mausoleum where Noor Jehan and the lovely partner of his throne 'sleep the sleep that knows no waking.'"

Now, it appears that Miss Landon does not know who Noor Jehan was, but evidently supposes that she was a man, and that Nourmahal (Noor Mahal) was the "lovely partner of his throne." For Miss Landon's information, as well as for that of the critic of the Literary Gazette, we beg to state that Noor Jehan and Noor Mahal (Nourmahal) were one and the same person; that this person was a woman, and that she was the favourite wife of the emperor Jehangire. We further inform them that this extraordinary woman was the daughter of a Tartar called Chaja Aliass; that her original name was Mher-ul-Nissa, which signifies "the sun of women;" that on espousing the Emperor Jehangire her name was first changed to Noor Mahal, meaning "the light of the harem," and ultimately to Noor Jehan, signifying "the light of the world." For Miss Landon's exclusive information we add that the Taj Mahal was built by the emperor Shah Jehan, and that "the lovely partner of his throne," entombed in that gorgeous edifice, was a niece of the empress Noor Jehan.

The Self-Condemned, by the Author of the "Lollards," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

Unlike most of our modern historical romances, the characters in the Self-Condemned are purely fictitious, whilst most of the incidents are taken from real life. The scene is laid in the south of Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth, an age in which the active spirit of colonisation, produced by the discovery of America, had degenerated into schemes for acquiring wealth by the most expeditious, and, consequently, not by the most honourable means. Some of the proudest names in our naval annals are those of men who would now be hanged as pirates:—Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake, acknowledged no laws south of the Line, and were the founders of the buccaneers, who united the barbarity of savages to the ingenuity of civilisation. It was a favourite maxim with the statesmen of that day to extend the English interest in Ireland; and their plan for attaining this object was to plant colonies in the island, on the forfeited estates of those who were known or suspected to be hostile to the British government. No pretext was too absurd to be pressed into the service of those who hoped to profit by forfeiture; no means were deemed too dishonourable to entrap a chieftain into the power of the law, whose popularity or bravery rendered it probable that he would not submit without a struggle to be robbed of his estates. The subject of the tale before us is founded on one of the many instances in which base treachery was perpetrated under the pretext of devout loyalty, and men,
otherwise of unsullied honour, consented to act as spies and traitors in obedience to the commands of their despotic sovereign.

Nagle, a bold chief, possessing more valour than prudence, undaunted by the unworthy fate of the gallant Desmond, is represented as having insulted the Queen’s Lord President at a public entertainment; he escapes before orders could be given for his arrest; and Wilmot, an English officer of rank, is sent to his castle, disguised as a Spaniard, to entrap the turbulent chieftain. The generous hospitality with which he is treated, and the beauty of Grace Nagle, soon make Wilmot’s mind revolt from the unworthy task he had undertaken; but knowing the ferocious character of Elizabeth, and her fit deputy Sir George Carew, he feels himself compelled to persevere. At the last moment he repents of his treachery, and is about to warn Nagle, but the Philistines are upon the Sampson’s, and Nagle becomes prisoner to the merciless Lord President. Wilmot vainly pleads for his life, and when his entreaties are rejected, contrives means for the captive’s escape. In the meantime Grace Nagle had fallen into the clutches of Lord Roche, an unprincipled libertine, whose wife, the sister of the degenerate young Nagle, was a warm admirer of young Nagle. Grace escapes from the base lord, who dies poisoned by a medicated bowl which he had prepared to stimulate his passions. But before his death, Lady Roche had fallen from her purity, and allowed love for the Nagle to triumph over virtue, when a few brief hours would have set her free. She and the young Nagle die self-condemned. But before this event, Wilmot had fallen into Nagle’s hands, who was ignorant that to him he owed his escape from prison; the English officer is sentenced to the death of a spy; but almost at the moment of his execution, Nagle discovers his obligations to Wilmot, and receives him as his friend and future brother-in-law. After the death of Nagle, Wilmot and Grace are united in marriage.

There is great vigour shown in the delineation of the several characters, and the historical verity of the feelings as well as the costume of the period is unquestionable. The scenes with the Tories, as the Irish robbers of that day, were called, are realities; they are specimens of that rare power of imagination that invests fiction with truth denied to history.

The Parricide. A Domestic Romance.

By the Author of “Miserrimus.” 2 vols. Hookham.

We rise from these volumes with loathing, abhorrence and disgust. They are a perfect specimen of the convulsionary school now in such repute among the litées moníces of students in Germany, and of “La jeune France;” but they have “out-heroded Herod,” and form an atrocious libel on human nature. We formerly read “Miserrimus,” with considerable dislike, and not without pity that a man, with a certain degree of talent, should have so misapplied his powers of mind. “The Parricide” appears to us the fruit of an imagination excited by an attack of brain fever; and perhaps the outpourings in these volumes may have acted as a specific against the disease. If so, we can excuse their being written, though we cannot imagine how any publisher could give them to the world.

The author has in view to describe a father and a son with propensities not at all different from those of the tiger, and who seem to live but in blood and murder, and in a longing to take each other’s life. Whenever he attempts to impart intellect to either of these odious brutes, it is a false glow, an artificial warmth, an emaculate effort; it is like a pigmy pulling at the cable of a three-decker. Throughout the work there is a great display of that stock of learning which boys carry away with them when they leave a public school, and the style is stiff, stilted, and incorrect, with a singular affectation of using out of the way words. We give a few specimens taken at random:

“The birds flew cowardingly and shrinkingly within a few feet of the surface of the earth.”

“As I gazed upon the intruders, I felt that my facinorous fury was impeded.”

“Think you that because, with your own arm, you may have committed no action of positive crime, that you will escape all retribution.”

“An enormous wolf who was patiently awaiting—”

“In that moment, it wanted but some conspicuous natural indication of the close extent of our affinity, to have rendered [to render] this interview and scene the very perfection of the terrible.”

“I stood for an instant shrinkingly, crouchingly—”

But it is needless to multiply instances, as every page teems with them.

We consider this book both mischievous and immoral; mischievous, because, although to the man of strong mind, it is a weak and sapsless production—the mere ravings of a very common-place mind, under the influence of delirium—it may mislead the young and feeble; immoral, because an attempt is made to throw an interest over the most hideous and blood-thirsty monster that a diseased human imagination could engender. Talk of “Han of Iceland!”—why, Victor Hugo describes this savage as a man-monster, with none but animal feelings, having no fellowship with man, but, on the contrary, an eternal hostility to the whole human race. The author of “The
Parricide attempts to delineate a sort of Hans of Iceland, bred up among the refinements of civilisation, and possessing a highly-cultivated mind. Han had the mere instincts of his wild nature, the Parricide calculated his crimes with all the aids of intellectual superiority and the malice of a fiend. Han in his animal instincts would have respected his parent; the Parricide spends his life in plotting the murder of his.

We sincerely wish that the author of the Parricide and Miserrimus would devote his talents to subjects of a different nature; if he did so, he might yet prove a useful member of our literary republic.

**VARIETIES.**

**Mr. Charles Mathews.**—It is not our custom to criticise ordinary theatrical performances; but when a circumstance occurs so generally interesting to the public as the first appearance before them of a son—the only son—of the late Charles Mathews, we shall be expected not to let it pass by us without notice. And in this instance the task is one of unmixed gratification to us. In a pretty lengthened theatrical experience we have never before witnessed a first appearance so promising; and, what is still more agreeable to us to report, so promising of that the beautiful art of acting so grievously needs at the present moment—a pure and natural style of dramatic delineation. Mr. Charles Mathews has evidently the requisites to fill that most difficult (as it should seem) of all departments of the modern drama, the gentleman of the comic stage. He has vivacity, intelligence, and humour, and these are at once directed and kept within due bounds by a pure and cultivated taste, and a true conception of the demands and capabilities of his art, which above all others requires the *celare artem*, and above all others fails to meet with it, at least in our own country, for in France it is conspicuously otherwise. In fact, if it were not that a really cultivated taste seems necessarily to point at the style of acting adopted by Mr. Mathews, we should say that he had modelled his style on that of the modern French school, which, in its best examples, is absolutely perfect in this particular.

Mr. Mathews (very judiciously, as we think) made his appearance in two new characters, thus avoiding those critical “comparisons” which are as injurious as they are meaningless and “odious.” His first character was that of a gay rattling young gentleman—a lover, of course—in a little piece of his own, called “The Humpbacked Lover;” and to say that he performed it in as least as easy and effective a manner as we have seen any such character performed for many years past, is at once to confirm our impression as to the extraordinary promises of his *debut*. His second character was by no means so well suited to the occasion for which it appears to have been written. It was the part of a gentleman’s servant—a *tiger*—in a heavy lumbering farce of the modern school, pun being the only substitute for fun, and extravagance for eccentricity. He, however, acted the part in as *pure* a style as he did the first, and thus proved to us that his notions of humour and drollery are of the right sort.

Upon the whole we are led to expect unusual gratification from the future performances of this gentleman, especially when he shall come to embody (as we trust he will) some of those parts which have lately been suffered to become almost extinct among us—those which have never had anything like a fitting representative since Elliston was lost to our comic stage.

**Mr. Eliason’s Soirées.**—The season of concerts has opened with the first of Mr. Eliason’s musical soirées at Madame Cellini’s rooms in Manchester. It took place on Wednesday evening the 27th ultimo, too late for us to give an account of it in our present number. We shall therefore only say at present that these entertainments are deserving of patronage.

**Mr. C. Salaman’s Concert.**—The annual concert of this young and clever pianist and composer is announced for next month, and, from the prospectus already published, bids fair to afford a rich treat to the lovers of music.

**Amateur Festival.**—The preparations for this festival, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the Charing-cross Hospital, are rapidly proceeding. Sir George Smart is appointed conductor, and will do doubt do ample justice to the undertaking. In some future number we shall offer some further observations upon the probable effect of these amateur festivals on the progress of music in England.
THE COURT MAGAZINE

AND

La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY EMILY HESKETH.

Lady Emily Esther Anne Hesketh is youngest daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp, and wife of Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, Esq., of Gwyrch Castle, High Sheriff of Denbighshire in 1823.

Among the most eminent Norman families in the train of the Conqueror, was that of Beauchamp, and amongst those that shared most liberally in the spoils of the conquest, was Hugh de Beauchamp, the founder of this illustrious house in England. This gallant Norman, who obtained from his victorious master, grants to a very great extent left, with other issue, a third son,

Walter de Beauchamp, of Elmley Castle in the county of Gloucester, hereditary sheriff of Worcestershire. The fifth in descent from this Walter was

William de Beauchamp, feudal lord of Elmley, who attended Henry III into Gascony, and subsequently marched against the Scots, under the banner of Robert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. Lord Beauchamp had, with other issue, William his successor, and a third son,

Walter de Beauchamp, who purchased from Reginald Fitzherbert a moiety of the manor of Alcester in the county of Warwick, and made it one of his principal seats, the other being at Powyke in Gloucestershire. He left, with other issue, an eldest son and successor,

Walter de Beauchamp, who, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

William de Beauchamp, a military officer of high reputation, who attended Edward I in several of his expeditions into Flanders and Scotland. Dying, however, issueless, his estates devolved on his brother,

Giles de Beauchamp, whose great-grandson,

Sir John Beauchamp, Knt., was, in the 25th year of the reign of Henry VI, elevated to the peerage, in consequence of the many good and acceptable services performed by him to that king, and to Henry V his father, by the title of Lord Beauchamp of Powyke. His lordship was succeeded by his only son,

Sir Richard Beauchamp, second lord Beauchamp of Powyke, who espoused Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Humphrey Stafford, Knt., and had issue,

Elizabeth, married to Sir Robert Willoughby, Lord Brooke.
Anne, of whom presently.
Margaret, married to Richard Rede, Esq., of Gloucestershire.

His lordship died in 1496, and thus leaving no male issue, the barony of Beauchamp of Powyke expired, whilst the estates of the deceased lord devolved upon the above ladies as co-heiresses. The second daughter,
The Hon. Anne Beauchamp was wedded to Thomas Lygon, Esq., and had issue,

Sir Richard Lygon, Knt., of Madresfield in the county of Worcester, who married Margaret, daughter and heir of Mr. Justice Greville of the Court of Common Pleas, and was succeeded by his son Richard Lygon, Esq., of Madresfield. This gentleman married Mary daughter of Sir Thomas Russel, Knt., of Strencam in the county of Worcester. His great-grandson,

William Lygon, Esq., of Madresfield, espoused Margaret daughter and heir of Thomas Corbyne, Esq., of Halland in the county of Warwick, by whom he had three sons, who left no issue to survive, and a daughter,

Margaret Lygon, who was married first to Reginald Pyndar, Esq., of Kempley in the county of Gloucester, and secondly, to Francis Biddulph, Esq., of Ledbury in the county of Hereford. By her former husband she had three sons, the eldest of whom,

Reginald Pyndar, Esq., becoming heir to the Madresfield property, assumed the surname of Lygon. He married Susannah, daughter of William Hamner, Esq., of Bettlesfield in the county of Flint, by whom he had one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to the Hon. John Yorke, third son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and one son, his successor, at his decease, in 1788,

William Lygon, Esq. This gentleman represented the county of Worcester in Parliament for thirty years, and retired only upon being elevated to the peerage the 26th Feb. 1806, by the title of Baron Beauchamp of Powyke in the county of Worcester. His lordship was advanced on the 1st December 1815, to the dignities of Viscount Elmley and Earl of Beauchamp. He married the only daughter of James Denn, Esq., and at his decease, the 21st October 1816, left issue,

William Beauchamp, who succeeded his father as second Earl, and died unmarried the 12th May 1823.

John Reginald, third and present Earl, who has assumed the surname of Pyndar only.

Henry Beauchamp, a lieut.-col. in the army, who married, the 8th July 1824, the Lady Susan Caroline Eliot, second daughter of the Earl of St. Germans, by whom (who died the 15th January 1833) he has four children.

Edward Pyndar, C.B., a lieut.-colonel in the army.

Sophia Margaret, Lady Egleton Kent, who died 16th November 1834.

Jemina Catherine Louisa.

Georgiana Emma Charlotte, Countess Dowager of Longford.

Emily Esther Anne.

The youngest daughter, the Lady Emily Esther Anne Lygon, whose portrait forms this month’s illustration, was married, the 12th October 1825, to Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, Esq., of Gwrych Castle in Denbighshire. The Heskeths were established in England by one of the companions in arms of the conqueror, and have flourished in the county of Lancaster for more than seven hundred years, being now in the actual enjoyment of the greater part of the landed property acquired at the commencement of that remote era. The family became eventually separated into two distinguished branches—the Heskeths of Rufford, now represented by Sir Thomas Dalrymple Hesketh, Bart., and the Heskeths of Rossall, whose chief is the present Peter Hesketh Fleetwood, Esq., M.P. for Preston. Robert Hesketh, Esq., of Upton in Cheshire, a younger son of the Rossall line, marrying an heiress named Nicholson, acquired the Bamford estates, and had a son and successor, Robert Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, Esq., of Upton, who wedded, in 1785, Miss Frances Lloyd of Gwrych Castle, and thus became possessed of the whole of the Welsh estates of the Lloyds of Gwrych, which that family had held time immemorial. He died 16th January 1815, leaving issue,

Lloyd Hesketh Bamford Hesketh, Esq., of Gwrych Castle, who is married to Lady Emily Esther Anne Lygon.

Robert Bamford Hesketh, major by brevet, and lieutenant in the third Guards; died from a wound received at Waterloo, unmarried.


Frances Bamford Hesketh, married to Thomas Hudson, Esq., M.P.

Ellen Bamford Hesketh, married to Sir James Robertson Bruce, Bart.
THE LIFE-BOAT.

(See the Plate.)

On the shore between Yarmouth and Lowestoff the sea has occasionally done great damage. No part of the British coast is more dangerous; and those towns, especially the latter, have at different times suffered severely from tempests. At Lowestoff there were formerly two chapels, one of which has been entirely carried away by the sea, and other portions of the town have sustained damage by the tremendous hurricanes which sometimes blow upon this part of the island. On the north side of Lowestoff stands the Upper Light-house, a building forty feet high and twenty feet in diameter. On the beach below the cliff another light-house has been erected of timber, for the more immediate advantage of the fishing-boats. Not far from the shore, and parallel with it, are several dangerous banks, upon which wrecks frequently occur in stormy weather; and it is quite endangering to humanity to see with what alacrity and fearlessness of all personal danger the boatmen put off to crews in distress, when one would imagine no boat could live a moment in the fiercely convulsed ocean. They hazard their lives with a noble disinterestedness worthy of the highest admiration.

Hundreds of lives are yearly saved by the personal intrepidity of the Yarmouth and Lowestoff boatmen, who, from passing the best portion of their days upon the water in the pursuit of their occupation of fishing, naturally acquire a skill in the management of their boats in tempestuous weather, not surpassed by the boatmen upon any part of the English coast. I have often wondered alike at their boldness and at their success.

It is a beautiful thing to witness the great result of the magnanimity of human endeavour in the salvation of human life. The calm intrepidity with which men launch their little barks into the tempestuous ocean, with the furious threatenings of death in their ears, and the mightiest perils before their eyes, above and around them, raises a stirring interest in the mind of the beholder. It awakens within us the slumbering but still active principles of love for our fellow-beings, and shows us that in human nature there is yet that likeness to the divine, obscured, indeed, but not extinguished, which shall finally raise it to the everlasting inheritance reserved for it among the good of all countries, of all races, and of all conditions. How has it been vilified by the cold and selfish philosophy of those who refer, for their judgment of it, only to their own bosoms, and who have never put themselves in the way where they may behold the exercise of its beautiful and heavenly sympathies!

One afternoon in the month of March I was passing between Yarmouth and Lowestoff, when my attention was particularly arrested by the violence of the breakers dashing over one of the banks, so dangerously prevalent upon this part of the coast. The wind was high, but not boisterous, though the aspect of the weather, even to an unpractised eye, was anything but favourable. I stood and gazed upon the distant shoal with that painful feeling which sudden associations of danger naturally awaken. I could not help reflecting how many unhappy creatures had found a grave beneath the waters which covered it, and of how many it was still likely to prove the destruction. My reflections were melancholy in the extreme, and this was height­ened by the rising wind, which now began to increase perceptibly. The gusts were not only more frequent, but louder and more continuous. The sea was becoming gradually ruffled, and the foam was gathering upon the crest of every billow. The breakers whitened more, and more as they rolled their heavy masses over the bank which had been the cause of so many fatal wrecks.

As I proceeded homeward I observed the clouds gathering fearfully. The sun glared through their uneven sections as they rapidly passed, at first in thin fleecy masses, over his broad radiating orb. Though still high in the heavens, his beams seemed to send no heat upon the earth. I felt chilled and dull. A mysterious gloom appeared to lurk insidiously under the stream of florid light which the sun, when released from his temporary bondage of clouds, poured upon every object. A
sort of unnatural dreariness surrounded me which I could not explain; it was not positively visible, but it was felt. I walked hurriedly on. The wind boomed loudly, and the clouds began to collect in deeper black. At length I reached my home, which was one of a disjointed group of houses near the beach.

As the evening advanced, the storm increased with great rapidity and with equal violence. I placed myself at the window and watched the chafing waters. They were already white with continual collision. How I shuddered as I heard the first harsh moan of the wind, which rapidly rose and roared over the sea with the voice and threatening of omnipotent terror! The waters seemed to leap up to meet its rude embrace, from which they immediately shrank with a fierce recoil, as if driven back by some mysterious but almighty repulsion. By this time the sun's sphere glared luridly through the brief intervals into which the clouds occasionally broke as they careered swiftly over it. Their skirts reflected his beams as he went down behind the distant hills.

The impenetrable masses of vapour which by this time had overspread the sky, produced a premature and supernatural darkness. The golden fringes with which the setting sun had adorned them presented a singular contrast with the deep, varying tints which they were perpetually assuming as they evolved their vast but fantastic shapes over the heavens and unfurled their huge wings like the monstrous fictions of our dreams, or the no less monstrous creations of fabulous story.

I looked out upon the sea. In a few hours it had swelled from a state of gentle undulation to one of appalling disorder, like a monster writhing in its agony, presenting a surface of intractable commotion, and replying to the roar of the elements with a voice of threatening that made the beholder tremble. It was in truth a sublime spectacle, but one upon which terror exercised all its attributes.

By the time the sun had sunk below the horizon, it was blowing a hurricane, and the agitation of the waters was increasing every moment. The fishing-boats made for the shore with all speed, and were hauled upon the beach by the wives and children of those whose safety had already become a subject of painful anxiety. The sea rolled upon the shore with frightful violence, and, where there was an opposing rock, dashed against it with a force which threatened to subvert it, carrying a sheet of spray to the very skies, and flinging it over the land like a vast shroud upheaved from the billows, where the minister of death appeared preparing to enter upon his mission of devastation.

When evening set in the tempest had nearly reached its climax. Nothing could exceed its portentous fury. The mind was filled with images of disaster and of death. The darkness was so intense that nothing was to be seen but the frothy surface of the sea, illuminated by its own phosphorescence, and gleaming through the blackness of the thickened atmosphere like a spectacle of gigantic proportions heaving its huge body from a disturbed repose, and labouring under the throes of some supernatural convulsion.

I went to bed with a singular oppression of spirits, but could not sleep. The howling of the wind and the sullen booming of the waters forced upon my mind reflections of the most painful description. I thought of those unhappy creatures at that moment upon the agitated ocean, struggling in a little bark amid a world of waters excited to that pitch of commotion which yields no hope of safety to the hapless seafarer. The very house in which I lay rocked under the fierce concussion of the elements.

Shortly after midnight, the impetuosity of the wind subsided, and I slept. I arose early. There was a thick heavy mist upon the sea; it was so dense that the eye could not pierce it. The sun's orb was alone visible through the thick vapour; it seemed like a huge iron ball heated red hot and poised in the centre of the stagnant fog, which appeared to sustain it by some supernatural agency. It looked as if suspended from the sky, having declined from its orbit, and so near that it might have been struck by a musket ball. The effect was singular, but painful. There was something altogether ominous in this strange aspect.

As the morning advanced the wind again rapidly rose and dispersed the mist; clouds once more gathered over the sun, and before noon the tempest raged as fiercely as on the preceding evening. As soon as objects in the distance became visible, it was perceived that a ship had run upon the furthest and most dangerous shoal. She lay quite upon her beam ends, without a sail set, and the sea dashing over her hull with frightful
impetuousity. It was evident that she could not long withstand such a terrible assault. Through a glass, the crew were seen clinging to the wreck in a state of agonising distress. The rigging of the vessel was in the greatest disorder, as if it had suffered extremely from the hurricane of the previous night. The sails had been furled, but hung in bags from the masts. It became manifest at the first glance that there was no hope of saving the ship, and that great peril must be incurred in attempting to rescue the crew. This, however, was determined upon the moment their danger was ascertained.

For contingencies like the present, a life-boat had been built at Lowestoff upon a new and singularly safe construction. It was capable of containing eighty persons. The whole of the outside was faced with cork, which projected from the wood to a thickness of at least four inches. The outer surface of the cork was covered with tarpaulin well secured, and the whole protected by a thick coat of white lead. This preparation not only rendered the boat so buoyant as to secure her against upsetting, but, should she strike against any hard substance, the elastic nature of the cork would cause her to rebound, and, by yielding to the force of the shock, escape staving. Independently of this contrivance, in order to increase her buoyancy and render her upsetting an impossible occurrence, copper pipes full eight inches in diameter, filled with air, were passed from head to stern in the inside just below the gunnel. Above these pipes was a bench for the accommodation of persons who might have the good fortune to be saved from shipwreck. She carried two masts and two square sails, and was generally manned by a crew of fifteen picked men. The great security of her construction very much diminished the peril that usually accompanies the saving of human lives upon occasions like the present, though it was still attended with considerable danger.

The moment it was perceived that there was a ship in jeopardy, the crew assembled with ready alacrity, and launched the life-boat into the turbulent waters. The anxiety upon every countenance to save the lives of their fellow-creatures was extreme. The sympathies of humanity were beautifully portrayed in the rough features of those kind-hearted fishermen. I have ever since respected, nay, I may almost say venerated, the short petticoat-trousers and heavy jack-boots of the piscatorial seafarer. I love a fisherman, and respect his craft. Upon this occasion every man claimed the homage of those who witnessed his calm intrepidity and earnestness in the cause of his suffering fellow-creatures. I ultimately took down the account given by one of the men of their visit to the wreck, and give it from his communication.

They launched from the shore, accompanied by the fervent good wishes of their townspeople. The wind had somewhat subsided, but the sea was in awful commotion; nevertheless, the lightness of their bark caused it to leap over the waves as if it defied their fury, and was secure from the peril which they threatened. Notwithstanding her extreme buoyancy, the billows frequently rolled over her bows, completely filling her with water, a large portion of which escaped as she yielded her side to leeward, burying her gunnel a moment in the tumultuous flood, then rising with the lightness of a gull upon the assailing waters. She was instantly baled out by the crew, with an activity that gave little time for the water to accumulate.

On they went, bounding through the foaming crests of the surges, which the boat dashed on either side of her keel. The men, in spite of all their skill, were exposed to considerable peril, from the occasional heaving of the sea over the boat's bow, which threatened to wash them overboard; and this it would have done, had they not clung to the seats during the shock. The sudden lurching of the boat, too, would have been a fatal movement to any less accustomed to the storms so frequent off this coast, and which they continually encountered in their small undecked fishing-boats. The steadiness of the men was beautiful to behold. Not one of them for an instant bled from the perils by which they were surrounded; and these were greatly multiplied as they advanced near the stranded vessel, to the relief of which they were anxiously directing their dangerous course.

As they approached the shallows, the cross ground-swell rendered the boat much more liable to ship seas, and seven of the men were employed continually in baling. Sea after sea poured over her, but could not swamp her, owing to the peculiarity of her construction. The crew had now more
difficulty than ever in keeping themselves from being washed overboard. They were obliged to lower the mainsail, and keep on the boat just sufficient canvas to steady her, and give her an impulse towards the object of their perilous undertaking. The breakers, as they rolled hissing over the bank, investing the atmosphere above with a mantle of spray, presented a fearful aspect of danger. How to approach the stranded ship was the difficulty. One part of the bank was so shoal that the boat could not venture to near; she were therefore obliged to keep her upon that side of the wreck where the depth of water enabled her to float with security. When within the immediate influence of the breakers, it being impossible to keep her steady, she was of course subjected to the dangerous contingency which now perpetually happened, of being filled with water. It was astonishing, however, in spite of those menacing evils, how quickly she got rid of her liquid burden. The promptness and decision of the men were above all praise. The skill with which the man at the helm met the billow, and rode over its shaggy bosom, was a noble sight—though, frequently, in spite of his exertions, the wave for a moment buried her within its briny womb; but she rose out of the unwelcome embrace with the freedom and lightness of a swan in its pastime.

They were by this time within twenty yards of the ship. Her crew were clinging to her bulwarks on the weather-side. Every wave that struck against her swept her deck from stem to stern, and rendered it difficult for the unfortunate seamen to maintain their hold. She was a merchant-ship of about three hundred tons burthen, and being heavily laden, had already sunk deep into the sand. Several pigs which had just been washed overboard, were seen struggling in the deep waters, but they were allowed to perish, as every moment’s delay increased the peril of the unhappy crew. The cries of the latter came upon the ear through the crashings of the tempest, beseeching despatch, as they were in extremity. The hoarse scream of supplication roused the energy of the boatmen to fresh exertions. It was an awful sound, and they could not answer the appeal with that alacrity which their own hearts prompted. The surf broke over the bank with such terrific fury, that they had the greatest difficulty to avoid being cast upon the shoal.

They were now within ten yards of the vessel. Being to leeward, they lowered the sail, as the elevated position of the hull broke the force of the wind, and arrested the impetus of the breakers. Having thus got into what sailors call the lull of the sea, they found themselves better able to steady the boat, though the cross-swell was so troublesome, that it required great skill and caution to prevent her being forced upon the bank. There was no possibility of getting nearer the wreck without incurring the hazard of being dashed to pieces against her hull; they were, therefore, obliged to keep the boat off. As they had now no sail set to steady her, and send her over the chafing surges, she was continually filled with water, and no efforts of the balers could keep her free. At this moment one of the crew on board the wreck, who had been clinging to an anchor at her bow, was washed off with a force that sent him several yards from his hold. In an instant he was swept past the boat with the velocity of a thunderbolt. He rose upon the surface with evident difficulty, struggled fiercely, then sank before the boat could reach him. He did not rise again, but slept his last sleep within the ocean’s bosom.

Turning again towards the vessel, the boat regained its former position, and one of the fishermen, standing at the bow, flung a small rope on board. It was instantly caught by one of the sailors, who, having observed the action, was prepared to receive it. Without a moment’s delay he fastened the rope round his body, and sprang into the sea. Although instantly dragged through the water to the boat, he was senseless when hauled on board.

By this time, from the repeated shocks of the breakers, the ship had sprung several planks, and the water poured into her hold, which was filled in a short time. It had become manifest, that she would soon go to pieces; and the danger, therefore, of the unhappy crew became every instant more imminent. Only one had yet been dragged into the boat, and there remained fourteen to rescue, besides the captain’s wife, who was on board, with her infant a few weeks old. The roaring of the wind, mingled with the clashing of the waves and the hallooing of the men from the boat to the vessel and from the vessel to the boat, produced a blended uproar perfectly deafening. A crash was now heard in the stranded vessel, and the main-mast fell by the board. It was almost immediately followed by the mizen and fore-masts, which (having lost their support above decks) fell
likewise with an ominous splash into the “yeasty deep.” The cord was again flung to the wreck. The captain seized it, in order to fix it round the body of his wife, who clasped her infant to her bosom, the babe being fastened to it by a shawl wrapped round the mother’s waist. At this moment she was swept from the gangway, together with her husband, who was in the act of fixing the rope. Both disappeared, but almost immediately rose amid the convulsed waters, which broke over them with frightful impetuosity. One of the fishermen, with heroic resolution, having dragged the cord on board the boat, tied it round him, and, plunging into the sea, swam towards the hapless woman just as she was sinking. With desperate energy she clung to her preserver, and both were hauled into the boat, the former in a state of exhaustion. The unhappy husband was drowned. When the wretched woman saw him sink, her screams rose above the clamour of the elements. She would have leaped into the waves, had she not been restrained by the powerful arm of her preserver, who held her, offering that consolation which springs spontaneously from a feeling heart, and assuages by its earnestness the agony which it cannot remove. The infant was senseless when rescued from the billows, but the warmth of the parent’s bosom eventually restored it. She had, however, much difficulty in protecting it from the heavy volumes of water which occasionally rolled over her, in spite of all the efforts of the crew to evade so unwelcome an intrusion.

By this time, with extreme labour, and at considerable hazard to their preservers, ten of the seamen on board the stranded ship had been released from their jeopardy. There remained still three to rescue. The cord was again flung to the wreck, and secured by one of the unhappy men. So many of the ship’s planks had sprung, that it was every instant apprehended the hull would go to pieces. Each sea which broke over her added to the mischief. She groaned, and her whole frame vibrated with the concussion. At length a terrific breaker struck her upon the weather quarter—a tremendous crash followed—a second and a third breaker rolled on and struck her—she reeled a moment—the spray hid her from sight, and after a short interval nothing was to be seen but her planks floating upon the agitated expanse. Before the rope could be fastened round the body of one of the unrescued sailors, the shock came—the deck opened—the frame of the vessel was rent asunder—and the three unhappy men sank into an unconsecrated grave.

The crew of the life-boat had succeeded in saving ten out of fifteen, besides the bereaved mother and her fatherless infant. They had preserved these lives at the momentary hazard of their own. Melancholy though it was to behold so many of their fellow-creatures descend into the bosom of the dark waters, there to sleep their last sleep amid a new and strange community, they had, nevertheless, the satisfaction derived from the consciousness of having rescued twelve of the unfortunate crew, though five had perished. Having done all that human skill and intrepidity could do in the hour of peril for the salvation of human life, they turned the prow of their boat towards the shore. Their progress was rapid, because they had both wind and tide in their favour, though the storm continued to rage with unabated fury. They ran, however, before the wind, and the life-boat leapt over the billows, which pursued the buoyant fugitive, with their frothy crests reared and threatening to overwhelm her; but they could not overtake her as she bounded lightly onward, and at length reached the shore without having scarcely shipped a sea during her return.

The fishermen and their companions were received by the inhabitants of Lowestoff with earnest congratulations; the unfortunate seamen who had been rescued from the wreck were conducted to the inn, where they were comfortably clothed and fed, and provided with money to proceed to their several homes. The captain’s widow was taken into the house of a charitable lady, with whom she has finally become domesticated as housekeeper, serving her with that fidelity which gratitude prompts and honesty ensures. The infant which was saved with its mother from the wreck, is now a beautiful girl fast growing up into a handsome woman.
LINES BY A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY,

ON SEEING BEHNE'S EXQUISITE BUST OF WILLIAM RUFUS GRAY BATES.

"Whom the Gods love, die young."

ALAS! Earth holds no other trace of him
Who, yesterday, was as an angel here!
A young bright spirit, flinging on our path
The glorious sunshine of unmingled hope.
Is this the face instinct with thoughtful joy,
That breaks the clouds of the forgotten past
Whene'er the twilight wind among the branches,
Filling the ear with melancholy sighs,
Sweeps slowly onward, laden with remembrance?
That still, sad look of marble majesty
Bears my soul with him, 'er Death's iron threshold,
Within the shadows of the unseen world;
And mortal vision may not pierce their depth.
Yet do I hear the voice of him we mourn,
But not a voice of sorrow—clear and joyous,
Full-toned and musical it comes, and comforts
Our fainting spirits with its note of cheer:

"Rejoice! for I am free—
Free from a world of care and mourning!
My Father, God! to thee,
With heavenly trust upon my soul, returning!

"Free from a world of toil,
To fruitless labour sadly bending—
Far from my natal soil—
Vainly with all the toys of earth contending.

"My friends! ye knew not why
My soul was dark with untold musing;
Its communings were high,
Ever to join with those of earth refusing.

"I might not fathom then
The mysteries of the fate that bound me;
While yet I dwelt with men,
The shadow of my early death was round me:

"But all things now are clear,
God’s love hath summoned me to heaven!
His early-called are dear!
Blessing and praise a thousand-fold be given."
O'SHANE'S DAUGHTER.

Near the town of O——, in one of the north-western counties of England, is a small hamlet. A few years back, in the outskirts of this hamlet, might be seen a solitary cabin, inhabited by a poor man, his daughter, and three sons.

These people bore suspicious characters in the neighbourhood. There was something mysterious in their way of living, for which every one desired to account.

The two elder sons, it was declared, were daring poachers. The father was supposed to be connected with a gang of smugglers on the coast, and to be employed by them in their illegal traffic with the inner counties.

O'Shane and his family had come from a distance; their name seemed to bespeak their origin, as might their dark blue eyes, long hair, and bold determined spirit.

It appeared that the residents in the hamlet did not care to have much dealing with the O' Shanes; partly, because, as they remarked, they knew nothing of them; partly, perhaps, because they guessed more than they knew; and partly, again, because, whatever might be their conduct in the routine of daily life, it was clear that both father and sons were desperate men, tall and strong of limb, fierce in look, and quick in action.

The villagers were right to leave those undisturbed, whose whole demeanour seemed to say——"Meddle not with me, and I'll not meddle with you." And thus the name passed among them, but in empathic whispers, accompanied by a mysterious shake of the head, and by divers signs meant to be expressive of more than human sagacity. This was the case especially, when an orchard was stripped—a hen-roost cleared out—or the lines cut in the washerwomen's drying-ground: and, even then, the words were thought to be most frequently on the lips of those who knew more of the matter in question than all the O' Shanes in the united kingdom. For a length of time it remained uncertain whether these people deserved the odium so generally thrown upon them; whether they were in truth so reckless and destitute of principle as was believed, or whether the singularity and wildness of their mode of life alone, had rendered them objects of disfavour. For this effect, extreme ignorance and poverty might easily account; and such misfortunes being as likely to become the source of every other accusation, time, or circumstances alone could prove whether or not they were well-founded.

If pity ever mingled with the feelings excited by the occupiers of the cabin, it was for the daughter of O'Shane. In her sixth year the poor girl had lost her mother, and from that time had never known a mother's care. Under the rude though somewhat strict management of her father, and at other times under her own guidance, Grace had reached the age of eighteen. Her slender capabilities had been devoted, during this period, to the training of her youngest brother, who, the year after his birth, had been left by his mother's death completely helpless. Rory was accustomed to look upon his sister as a parent: bound to her in every way, the boy did her bidding with implicit obedience, and followed her footsteps like a dog. Poor Grace!—beyond the occasional rough lessons of morality that O'Shane endeavoured to enforce, she had no principle to guide her conduct: she seldom said a prayer, and hardly knew that there was One above who would have listened to her if she had prayed.

She loved Rory, and she feared her father—those were the only two feelings of which she was conscious: the one made her kind and generous, the other vigilant and active. Yet pride, vanity, cunning, and self-will, had early taken root in the character of O'Shane's daughter, though she could hardly have described these evil passions by name.

People looked at Grace with compassion. They said it was a pity that such a quick, handsome girl should have reached eighteen years of age, and never have been taught her alphabet; that she should know no better than to stroll the country singing ballads and telling fortunes, when she might be earning an honest livelihood, and maintaining a respect-
able appearance in the world. People pitied her; for with all her faults no one could hitherto have said any harm of O'Shane's daughter. If she was in the habit of hearing more bad words than good in the course of the day, or of receiving many an oath and rude jest, instead of thanks, for her daily services, she had never for that reason been found the less willing to oblige another time; and her advice to Rory not to learn ugly language, was only the oftener repeated.

When it had been once proposed to O'Shane to let his daughter go into service, his indignation had known no bounds: he told the farmer's wife who had the charity to offer such advice, that Grace would learn more bad ways in a month, than she would learn from him all her life; for O'Shane had his ideas of duty, such as they were. The loss of his daughter too, would have been irreparable; and when at length convinced that the counsel, thus harshly rejected, had been given in kindness, tears stood in the father's eyes, as he answered—"she was too good a lass for him to part with her."

Grace, therefore, remained at home; and her old habits became more inveterate than ever.

The cabin of the O'Shans consisted of one large room;—airy enough, for the walls were full of crevices, the planks of the door did not meet the threshold, and several panes in both casements were wanting. Here, most of the family lived and slept; the small dormitory of Grace being the only addition to the cottage, and that so dark and confined a recess, as scarcely to be called a room. Thence, however, she was wont to emerge every morning, after the dispersion of the family, and, assisted by Rory, to prepare a meal for the uncertain hour of their return. This first repast, consisting of yesterday's remnants, was more or less ample according to the state of provisions in the house; but it should here be observed, that it was the usual dinner or supper (whichever it might be called) of the O'Shane family, that had contributed to strengthen the uncharitable suspicions which they had so generally excited. Whilst otherwise existing in a state of undeniable wretchedness, it had still been observed, that the comfortable fare of these people was far beyond the means of their honest neighbours, who were therefore too ready to conclude that such resources must be obtained from the preserves of the country gentlemen, or in some yet more lawless manner.

Time had, however, elapsed without clearing up these doubts, or indeed affording any material insight into the actions of the O'Shans. They seemed desirous only to live quietly and unheeded, and others were beginning to allow them so to do, when it happened they were brought into the direct notice of the public.

One morning that O'Shane had returned about ten o'clock from his early labours, he found his daughter standing in a window of the hovel, tying up a handkerchief in the form of a bundle. Her back was towards him, and, as she hastily passed to her own sleeping-room, a piece of very fine linen dropped upon the floor.

"What's this?" said O'Shane, kicking it with his foot; "what have you got there, girl?"

"Sure," answered Grace, "they're things I'm carrying for Mistress Deeds to Martha Luckie's wash. See now—if it'sn't late, and I mustn't first get your breakfast:—Terence and Dick comin' in, too, and nothin' ready this blessed morn."

Having caught up the garment that had fallen, and thrown it with the bundle upon her bed, she shut the door to, and began laying out some cracked plates and horn mugs.

A dish of broken victuals was placed before O'Shane, who looked with some dissatisfaction at the unpalatable scraps.

"Is that all we have left?"

"All, father!"

"Well!" returned the old man, good-humouredly, "who knows what the boys may bring home with'em! Sartin, if a stray beast, or summit to the purpose, fell in their way, 't would be no bad look-out."

"They may keep their bits for dinner, else," replied Grace, carelessly moving towards the door of the cabin, where, at a short distance, the steps and loud voices of the two brothers were heard approaching.

As they came up, she placed her arms across the entrance, exclaiming half in jest, half earnest—"Ye have no need to show yourselves here, without your hands are full. There's nothin' for you; and sure, nothin's good enough for those that bring nothin'. It's always the way now; people expects food to fall into their mouths, and no trouble, but a blessin' to 'em."

Then tossing her head, Grace began sing-
ing a rude ballad, denominated the "Pleasures of Idleness," that perhaps formed part of her itinerant stock; and she gave it with a somewhat ironical emphasis.

"Hold your clamour, and make way there," interrupted the elder brother, as he strode up the step; "it’s hard if a man must ask your leave to walk in and out. Come, Mistress Grace, give room for your betters!" Thus speaking, he attempted to push through; but Grace stood her ground, the more firmly because she was backed by Rory, and she knew that her brother durst not strike her, as his uplifted stick seemed to threaten.

"Who’s to give lave in this house," she inquired, "if ‘t is’n’t me? How’s your breakfast to be served, if ‘t is’n’t by me? — and if there’s none in the house, where’s the trouble of walking in at all?"

Terence was inclined to reply practically to these arguments, and a scuffle appeared in consequence likely to take place, when O’Shean’s voice, still louder than that of any of his children, reminded them that he was at home. He was filling his flask from a small keg of spirits placed under a stuffed sock, which by night served the purpose of a pillow, and by day concealed from the vulgar eye what he considered a necessary part of his subsistence. The two sons having been allowed quietly to enter, he turned to inquire what success they had met with, and received from the younger a heavy bag containing several head of game. The supply was laid aside for the present without further remark, and Dick and Terence succeeded to the remains of the breakfast.

As the two young men sate together, they discussed the news of the village. Great alarm, they said, had been created that morning, by the disappearance of a gentleman’s child belonging to the neighbourhood.

Every body they had met on their return home, had stopped them to tell the story; and to ask if they could put them upon any clue by which the researches of the parents might be guided.

The lost child was a girl five years old. She had been sent to take an early walk with the nursery-maid, in her father’s grounds. It was said that, on reaching the gate of Mr. Clifford’s Park, the child had been left for a few minutes, as the servant was accustomed to fetch her a cup of milk from the adjoining farm. When the maid returned her little charge was gone, and no traces of her could be discovered. The parents were reported to be frantic. The nursery-maid had been turned off; constables were already sent for from O——, to make inquiries; thecrier was proclaiming the loss through the village, and the consternation seemed shared by every individual. Perhaps the sensation was heightened by the fact of Mr. Clifford being one of the greatest landholders in the neighbourhood, and a gentleman whose wealth and influence in the county procured him general respect.

The O’Shanes laughed as they related the story.

They seemed rather to enjoy the misery of those, whom, in their ignorance, they would have deemed exempted by their position from calamity. They seemed to imagine that misfortune brought the rich man nearer to a level with themselves. It was perhaps this manner of expressing themselves that attracted the attention of the father, as he had before scarcely appeared to heed their words.

"Shame, lads," said the old man, "that you can sport with a parent’s distress! I am ever willing to forgive a wild turn, or to uphold a daring act, where the nation would oppress the poor for the sake of the rich; but for takin’ delight in a base and cruel action, I would turn the best on ye from my doors for iver."

As O’Shane spoke, Grace was fastening on one of his brogues that she had just mended; and, whether to determine its fitness, or to give emphasis to his words, her father at that instant stamped his foot upon the ground with a violence that made her start almost to falling. He rose also directly to depart, and, kissing her affectionately, left the cabin.

The brothers soon after followed.

It were impossible to describe the indignation that overpowered O’Shane, when, in the course of that morning, he was arrested by two men, who carried him before a magistrate at O——, where he learned that he was suspected of having stolen Mr. Clifford’s child.

A little purple morocco shoe with a silver clasp was shown to him, and was declared to have been found near his cabin. He was then desired to say what he could in his defence.

Notwithstanding his anger, O’Shane’s replies to the questions of the magistrate were
simple and uniform. His astonishment at the accusation, and his ignorance of the time and circumstances relating to the fact, were evidently unfeigned. It was also proved, that both he and his sons had all the morning been at a distance from the spot; and when this became known, it was of itself a disculpation,—consequently he was released. But the resentment occasioned by this arrest did not easily subside.

O'Shane had long been an oppressed and suffering man. He had been buffeted and scorned; he had for years felt the "proud man's contumely," and the many stings of an outrageous fortune; for he was born under better circumstances than his lot now exhibited. Therefore, a host of galling and implaceable feelings were now called forth, which in the mind of one who, like him, had battled with misery rather than bow under its discipline, displayed themselves with unmitigated force.

Unable to resume his composure, or return to his occupations that day, he went home. It was long before the usual hour of his coming in, and nobody was in the cabin. He called. He looked out for Grace. He wished for some one to whom he could speak of the humiliation he had been offered,—of the overbearings oppression of the great,—of the unworthy suspicions that poverty excited in the minds of parish overseers.

O'Shane went to the door of his daughter's sleeping-room, and threw it open. He sat down on the bed, that he might in some degree regain the tranquillity of his mind; and here he became absorbed in thought. During this interval of reflection, and quite mechanically, his fingers lifted a dark cotton handkerchief that was beside him, the same that he had seen Grace tying together before breakfast. It was now loosely folded, and, as he fumbled it in his hands, he did not perceive that it contained anything. In taking it away, he had however displaced a little shift of very fine cambric, as well as a purple Morocco shoe with a silver clasp. When his eyes were at length cast in that direction, he started! The poor man then remembered, with fatal accuracy, the origin of his trouble. He kept gazing at these objects with a sort of terrified uncertainty, as if he believed himself under a delusion caused by some evil spirit, until, being convinced of the reality of their presence, he held up and spread before him the little shift, and tried to decipher the initials marked on it, which something at his heart convinced him must signify Julia Clifford. He pressed it to his eyes, and wept it with his tears.

"Surely," said he, "the finger of heaven has guided me."

Then casting it again upon the bed, he rushed out of the house.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon when O'Shane returned to his cabin. On reaching the door he heard careless voices in conversation; he saw figures within; and he stopped and sat down beside the entrance without being observed. A bit of broken looking-glass was fixed against the door of Grace's room, at which she was standing. She had put on her best stuff petticoat, and was then separating the long masses of black tangled hair that fell over her shoulders, in order to turn them round her head under a handkerchief. A gay red Madras, with yellow flowers, such as she had never before been seen to wear, was in her hand for this purpose. There was something strikingly picturesque in the young girl's attitude and looks. Her father groaned inwardly as he considered her.

On a low stool beside Grace, and patiently awaiting the completion of her toilet, Rory was seated; whilst at the same time he arranged in a basket some ballads, matches, nutmeg graters, children's rattles, and other toys. They were going to the fair at O——.

"How much will they all fetch, Gracy?" were the first words the father overheard.

"Not better than a trifle, child," answered the sister, paying more attention to the adjustment of her handkerchief than to Rory; "not better than a trifle, 'cause its only poor folks as buys those goods; but supposin' we have luck in tellin' fortunes to-day, I'll get enough to pay half a year's schoolin' for you. That'll be brave; won't it, Rory? You'll soon be able to say the songs over, for me to larn, and we'll hold up our heads above all the rest."

"You won't get enough in one day," Rory answered.

"Ah! but I've a small matter beside, what was gift to me, only there's no need to say nothin'. I should like dearly to make a jingleton of you, Rory, if you would be conforming," Grace continued with earnestness, though she did not lift her eyes from the glass.

"Father don't think much of larin'," was the reply, and "I can't say as I've a
great gift that way myself; but, if it's to please you, Grace—"

"Please me!" she interrupted. "Why, sure, if it would not please me, to see you suppyrior to Dick and Terence, and that nobody's fault but mine!"

"And what'll I be doin' then for it?"

"Why, wouldn't you be all as good as a prince to them ragamuffins, knowin' how to read?" Wouldn't you be tellin' them when they spoke bad words, and able to tache us the manin' of things? And should not you be givin' example to all the house, and takin' my part agin them always?"

"Aye,—what else?"

"What else, is it? Why should not you fight Tam Gurney, then, for callin' me gipsy girl—that no less nor a week past, bad manners to him!"

"And where's the harm of being a gipsy girl, Gracey? If you're an honest gipsy girl, you're better than he is," remarked the impassible brother.

"No matter for that, Rory, it's a misbecoming word; it's not for the like of him to—" Grace stopped in her speech, at the sound of her father's step, for he now entered the cottage. She sprang forward to take his stick; but O'Shane coldly repelled her assistance—placed it against the wall—shut the door, and walked without speaking to the fire. The father stood for some time before the hearth, apparently watching the simmering of a large pot that contained the supplies his sons had that morning brought home.

Yet those who know O'Shane might have been certain at this moment that something of terrible import was on his mind. The stern, cold manner of the father—his pale and frowning countenance, his unbroken silence, were ominous of a scene more fearful than any to which his children had yet been subjected; and though their peace was not often thus interrupted, they guessed by the past the danger of the present warning. It was above all Grace who seemed terrified by these indications of a gathering storm. She looked at first as if paralysed by the strange repulse she had received; and still, while pretending to be occupied (as far out of the way as possible) in tidying the apartment, it was obvious that her agitation was very great. Rory made many unequivocal signs that they should be off, which met with no attention. The eyes of Grace were cast down, her fingers trembled, and her countenance expressed a gloomy anxiety which she was endeavouring either to brave or to overcome. After gilding softly from one place to another, after arranging each miserable piece of furniture with the most fastidious precision, and probably collecting at the same time the presence of mind that had forsaken her, it did however occur to Grace also, that the moment in which a retreat might be effected should not be passed over. She paused, and stole a glance towards her father, whose back was turned—another less daunted at Rory. He was standing ready with his basket hoisted. She beckoned, and moved towards the door.

Her hand had no sooner touched the latch than O'Shane turned round. He did not speak, but motioned with his arm that they should neither of them quit the room; and when Grace let fall the bolt, there was a dead stillness.

The brother and sister would not have spoken for the world, and the old man himself seemed hardly to know how he should give utterance to the thoughts that filled his heart.

First his hands fell by his sides, his head sank on his chest, and he remained in that attitude of deep dejection as if unconscious that they were looking at him. Having at length recovered his firmness, O'Shane drew a chair and sat down. He then fixed his eyes upon the troubled features of Grace, with an expression of penetrating anger such as she had never before endured. At the same time he desired her to approach.

"I have been accused," he said, speaking very slowly, "this day of a crime, of which, I told them that suspected me, I thanked God in my heart for having made me a poor and obscure man, that I might not so offend a fellow-creature as to seize him and tell him he was capable of the like."

The colour ebbed and flowed in Grace's cheeks.

"I told them that not I, nor any that had iver belonged to me, would have disgraced themselves to commit such an unnatural act, though it were to revenge the deepest wrong that man iver bowed beneath. —Can I say this now?"—he continued, with a vehement and quickened tone that amounted almost to ferocity—"no, girl!—though I were to give my right hand, you know I could not."

Tears had at first risen to Grace's eyes, and only through a convulsive effort were
they kept from overflowing; but as her father's voice grew firmer, as his scorn and indignation became more apparent, the struggle on her part appeared less difficult.

It seemed she sought the dignity of firmness to supply that of innocence; but this was not so easily attained, for when O'Shane paused, an expression only of stupid horror was in her fixed looks.

"I had no warrant for my pride this mornin'," resumed the father; "I was deceived where I had put my trust, and that a trust of long standin'. But no matter—only, as you are not what I have been pleased to think, you may expect to find me changed too. There are a few words to settle 'twixt us two, that is all."

Grace remained silent.

The voice of the father faltered, as he put the following interrogatory remark.

"I believe you to be consarned in the theft of Squire Clifford's child?"

She did not answer.

"You are not afraid to behave basely, but you are afraid to own it."

The girl started. Instead of shrinking under his searching glance, her figure drew up stiffly, and her countenance assumed greater calmness and resolution.

"Did you entrap this infant?" he continued, sternly.

"I did."

O'Shane seemed almost to choke.

"Had you any 'complices in that act?"

Grace shook her head.

"What's done with the child?"

"I have sold it!"

"You have sold flesh and blood! To whom?"

"To mother Gurney."

"And did that woman counsel you the theft, or did you yield only to your ain wicked thoughts?"

"'Twos Mother Gurney asked me."

"What might be the price of your iniquity?"

The daughter put her right hand into her bosom, and drawing forth a piece of gold, held it before him in her open palm, while with the left she pointed to the gay maddras upon her head.

O'Shane flung the coin to the ground, then rising with violence, tore off the handkerchief and threw it from him. During this violence she only bowed her face, nearly concealed as it was by the long locks thus unfastened.

A pause ensued. The father was ex-
O'Shane into conversation, but met with no success in those attempts. He asked if his father was ill, and received only a silent pressure of the hand.

"Father," he said gently, "we'll miss Grace very much if she's away."

O'Shane opened his eyes, and looked angrily at him.

But the boy, undismayed, went on. "What will you do, when there's no victuals ready, and you hungry and weary?—when you're cold and wet, and there's no fire? Not a soul," he still continued, unwarmed by the threatening looks that he encountered; "not a soul to dry your clothes, and to mend 'em when they're fallin' off your back—and to put your bed ready—and to keep the house free from sperrits and bad luck!—and to sing to make your heart aisy!"

A deep and fearful oath interrupted Rory.

"Have done!—have done!" cried Grace, as if starting from a trance. "Sure he's ower glad to be quit of one, who when she lave his doors shall never throuble him again."

"Oh, Father!—oh, Grace!—what'll we do now?" sobbed Rory. "Oh, bad luck to us!—oh, marful goodness!"—and while he was wringing his hands, and uttering every ejaculation of sorrow that presented itself to his excited mind, the door was thrown open by Richard, who ushered in two constables.

"This is your prisoner," O'Shane said, sullenly indicating his daughter. The men regarded the unfortunate girl with surprise. "She's your prisoner!" repeated the father more violently; and he turned away. The officers of justice laid hold of Grace, who suffered herself to be conducted to the door. Rory flung himself at his sister's feet; twining his arms around her knees, he wept convulsively. The men were obliged forcibly to remove him; but they were struck with pity at this unusual scene. One of them asked Grace if she had nothing to say, adding, they were in no hurry.

The young girl, who without murmur or hesitation had submitted to the authority of the law, on being thus addressed turned for an instant round. She lifted her large piercing eyes to the spot where O'Shane still remained. An indescribable expression hovered over her face, as she made a farewell gesture with her hand upon her lips.

"Father, your daughter says, Good bye!"

"You are no daughter of O'Shane's!" he cried. "God help me!"—added the old man with frenzy, "am I O'Shane myself?"

* * * * *

The extraordinary manner in which this criminal had been convicted for child-stealing—the youth and ignorance of the poor creature—and the fact that through her confessions the lost infant was traced and restored to its family, created a supposition that her case would be considered with indulgence.

Whether, however, from the dubious light in which the morals of this family were viewed, or the fear of such a crime's recurrence, or the impossibility of treating it with greater lenity, the daughter of O'Shane was sentenced to transportation for seven years.

On the day of this decision the rest of the family removed from the country, and it has never been known what became of them.

Those who saw the unfortunate O'Shane previously to his departure remarked in him so great a change, that they predicted he would not long survive his daughter's sentence.

H. R.

THE AZORES, OR WESTERN ISLANDS.

In the middle of summer, when every one who has funds, and can possibly spare the time, quits the every-day routine of business and the fogs of the metropolis, for the more delightful occupation of seeing what is to be seen, and enjoying the fresh air of the country for a few weeks, it is very natural to ask whither all the people go; for at that season London may indeed be said to be "out of town." Formerly there was no necessity for asking such a question, as at Margate and Brighton you would have been satisfied, by finding everybody there; but now, what with steam-vessels and the improvements in accommodation when travelling abroad, curiosity opens to itself a
wider field, and the cit who was formerly content with a view of the sea from one of our own watering-places, now crosses the channel and pushes forward on a continental tour. I have not yet been able to discover that we are vastly improved by this alteration, at least my uncle and his family did not reap any great advantage from their recent trip to Geneva, if I may judge from his description.

"Why, to tell the truth, my boy," said he in reply to my question demanding whither he had travelled—"I hardly know; but I am sure we have gone over a great deal of ground; and as we had not much time to spare, we never stopped any place except to sleep, and were off again in the morning at day-break."

"But what have you seen, Sir?" I asked.

"Not much," my uncle replied; "for it rained during nearly the whole time we were travelling, so we were obliged to keep the glasses of the carriage up; we have however travelled a great way, and are all very tired. But everybody ought to travel now-a-days, else how can one appear in good society."

I am inclined to think that there are many annual travellers much of the same description as my uncle, who are perfectly satisfied with having been to a place, without troubling themselves to see the curiosities or beauties for which it may be celebrated.

As the facility increases of overcoming the inconvenience of distance, I have no doubt that longer voyages will be undertaken for pleasure, and that, in time, the public will have the same facilities for visiting foreign lands as those noblemen and gentlemen who are able to keep their private yachts, and extend their excursions even to Constantinople.

It has long been matter of surprise to me that those beautiful and luxuriant islands, the Azores, have not been more frequently visited by our tourists, and more particularly since the use of steam has been brought to such high perfection. A steam-vessel can easily make the voyage in six or seven days; and I wonder why, among so many enterprising steam-navigation companies, a speculation has not been entered into to start a vessel, once during every summer (advertising the time of sailing and returning), to enable our annual metropolitan tourists to visit those islands,—remaining absent from England five or six weeks, which would afford a reasonable time for seeing everything worthy of observation. There is much at the Azores to delight a traveller, even if he has visited and been satiated with the wonders on the continent; and those persons who wish to combine with pleasure the pursuit of health, would have ample opportunity of doing so in that fine climate.

These islands possess various curiosities worthy of observation. The soil is so fertile that both European and tropical plants arrive at the greatest perfection, and the face of the country is so diversified as in some places to exhibit within a small extent volcanic hills and productions, gardens of aromatic plants, vineyards, oranges, and beautiful varieties of shrubs and flowers. The inhabitants are peaceful, orderly, and well-disposed. They are attentive to strangers, and appear to have a deep sense of integrity.

The greatest inconvenience to which the residents of the Azores are exposed is, that these islands are subject to volcanic eruptions and earthquakes; yet the lava that was once a stream of liquid fire is planted with oranges, limes, and vines which flourish in wonderful luxuriance. The natural phenomena in these islands serve to render them doubly interesting to the visitor.

Whilst I was staying for a short time at Fayal, a terrific volcano broke out in the centre of the neighbouring island of St. George, and curiosity tempted me to observe it closely. During the night it burned most furiously, and it increased next day, throwing out cinders and pumice-stone, which covered the ground for eight or nine miles towards the sea, and did some mischief to the eastern end of Pico, an adjacent isle. A boat having been procured to treat a few of us with a closer inspection of this phenomenon, we managed to get within two hundred yards of the spot. It is impossible to describe the horrible roarings which assailed our ears. The fire was struggling for vent, and a pale blue flame issued forth with a noise truly deafening. The earth on which we were standing shook beneath our feet, and the whole island appeared convulsed. Next morning we visited Ursulina, a small maritime town to the southward. Most of the inhabitants had quitted their homes and remained in the open air, or under the coverings of tents; and the appearance of the country
was changed from the most beautiful pastureland and vineyards to a heap of cinders and complete devastation. The large crater stopped on the following day, and several small volcanos broke out in the fields in which we had stood, throwing up a quantity of lava. In a few days the fire of the small craters ceased, and the streams of lava flowed no more; but it was then that the large volcano, the eruptions of which had been suspended several days, broke forth with increased energy and with tremendous roarings, distinctly heard at a distance of twenty miles. The whole island was illuminated at night. Prodigious masses of stone were thrown up, and the lava running with astonishing rapidity formed the wonderful and magnificent sight of a river of fire flowing into the sea. This volcano continued, during twenty-five days, to pour forth its liquid flames, but not with equal fury, as its force gradually lessened. This eruption did serious damage. The town of Ursulina was entirely swept away, together with many country houses. Most of the inhabitants fortunately had time to escape, although unable to save their effects; but above fifty persons lost their lives by persisting too long in their endeavours to carry off their property from the houses. The consternation which reigned among the peasantry is beyond description. Every species of agricultural and domestic employment was neglected, and but for the timeliness of the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands, who supplied the sufferers with ready-baked bread and other necessaries, and with boats to bring away those whose dwellings had been destroyed, famine must have ensued amid terror and despair.

The neighbouring island of Pico, which is about seven thousand feet high, is in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and at night a flame is frequently observed issuing from it, having the appearance which a candle has when just going out, the fire not seeming to touch the mouth of the volcano, but to be borne upon the gas that feeds the combustion. This, I understand, has been the case for years, and as it continues steady, nothing dangerous is apprehended from its burning.

In most countries, earthquakes are said to be produced by sulphur and nitre, or by sulphur sublimed from pyrites, and ignited in subterraneous caverns by a fermentation of vapour which gives an impulse to the combustible matter, and causes it to be discharged with a noise like thunder, and sometimes with an eruption of wind and water; but in these islands the waters seem to burst upon the mineral fires, so as to cause sudden blasts, violent explosions, a rumbling in the earth, and that heaving of the ground which produces havoc and destruction until the pent-up matter obtains vent. This appears the more likely, as many of the extinguished volcanos, which served as so many spires for the discharge of the subterraneous fire, are rent asunder by the violent effervescence caused by the sudden conjunction of the two opposing elements.

During our stay at the island of St. Michael, we were in the habit of visiting a convent every evening, and taking our tea and coffee with the pretty nuns confined within its walls; but that recreation has unfortunately been withheld through the conduct of a young novice in the convent of Esperanza. A youth, the son of a very rich merchant of Brazil, who was at Delgado, the principal town, on some mercantile business, contrived to win the affections of the fair novice, and was admitted in female attire to her apartment. His visits to the lady were continued for about three weeks; but the frequency of their meetings and his masculine appearance, although he was covered with a large veil, having excited suspicion, one evening a body of soldiers and monks surrounded the convent, and some of them broke open the door of the room where the lovers were sitting. The young man, fearing for his life, jumped out of the window, which was very high, and from the injuries he received in the fall became an easy prey to those below, who conveyed him to prison. The lady was immediately expelled; but the young gentleman was kept in close confinement until a vessel sailed for Brazil, when he was sent under a guard to take his trial for violating the sanctity of a religious house. A few days after the discovery, the brother of the young lady gained admittance to the prisoner on some pretence, and endeavoured to assassinate him; but being suspected by the officer of the guard, the crime was prevented, and the brother detained in custody until the departure of his intended victim.

Through the kind attention of the Consul, to whom I shall ever feel obliged, we were enabled to visit the Caldeiras, or val-
ley of Furnas, so named from a number of hot iron springs in it, and a volcano of considerable dimensions. Very early in the morning, we started from Delgado in a boat which had been hired for the occasion, and went as far as the town of Villa Franca, where we found asses to convey us up the mountain to the place of our destination. The road up was so very narrow and dangerous, that the ass was the only possible mode of conveyance; and as the beasts we rode had been used to the pass all their lives, we were desired by our guides to let them have their own way, if we wished to arrive in safety. After about two hours ride we reached the town, and took up our quarters at the house, or rather hut, of a Portuguese peasant, pulled out our stock of provisions, and made a most hearty dinner; after which we sallied forth to view the curiosities, particularly the boiling springs, in which one of our company boiled an egg. Here are many baths erected with stone and brick, and supplied from the hot chalybeate springs; and from one of them I saw a sick man carried, who had been brought all the way from Lisbon (as I was informed) for the benefit of these medicinal waters. This place has many visitors, and an English surgeon who was residing there with his wife, did us the favour to invite us to his house, and explained to us all we wished to know. The Portuguese peasantry in these islands are the cleanest people in their linen I have ever seen: their table-linen, napkins, &c. are exquisitely white and of very superior quality. We remained at the Furnas one night, and returned next day to Delgado in the same manner that we came.

These islands enjoy a considerable commerce, principally with England and America; but it might be much increased if the inhabitants were of an industrious disposition. Their natural idleness, aggravated by the nature of the government, and a corrupt religion, constitute disadvantages which have not yet been overcome; and the population bears no proportion to the extent of the territory.

The fat unwieldy monks who crawl with difficulty about the streets, or repose in the shady places, are much more numerous than the soldiers or mechanics; and it is difficult to imagine how any country can thrive, which is infested and devoured by such useless drones. They are a blight upon the exertions of the farmer, as in fact most of the exports of cattle and corn to Lisbon, are exchanged for trinkets, indulgences, dispensations, and images of saints.

These islands under the government of England would be a valuable acquisition, not only as regards produce, but on account of their locality in the event of war with the United States, as through them our West India islands might receive supplies. They would also serve as a preparatory climate to those regiments about to be stationed in our transatlantic colonies, and many lives might be saved to our country. Under the government of Portugal, the inhabitants of the Azores will long remain in a state of the most abject degradation, poverty, and ignorance.

C. P.

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THE MAN WITH NO INTENTIONS.

To the Editor of the Court Magazine.

SIR,—I am delighted to see you looking so well. The great personal attention with which you have honoured me in the little matter of printing my unintentional remarks, makes me anxious to testify my gratitude. This I shall do, by bringing the subject to a close as rapidly as is consistent with its awful dignity and importance.

In the month of February I resume the sad record of my uncalculated and incalculable love: and most fitting is it that I should be so occupied in this same month of February, for in this month my matrimonial doom was consummated, and I entered into the hopeless compromise of taking another person into partnership “for better, for worse.” I do not go quite to the extent of the wedded gentleman, who, when reminded by a magistrate that he had taken his wife “for better, for worse,” replied—“True, Sir, so I did; but she’s all worse, and no better.” To this extent I do not go. But with the philosophic equanimity of
one who knows that the mischief is done, and can't be undone, I beg to lament that severe fall into love, which disturbed my penmanship at the close of my last communication. From the moment of my plunge beneath the mistletoe-bough till the February fulfilment of my fate, I was so tormented by the tender passion, that I could no more talk, think, dress, eat, drink, sleep, or perform any function, corporeal or spiritual, in a natural way, than could the cross-gartered gander, Malvolio himself. Life was a plague to me; but at the same time a plague I could not make my mind to remove; a remark which reminds me of the work I may perhaps publish, as soon as Mr. Churton has a vacancy in his list of authors: it is, Sir, my "Reflections on Nonsense."

You smile. Sir, you do me honour! I see what is gleaming beneath your eye-lids. You exclaim mentally (to use a first-rate phrase in fine writing), "Few scribblers are more competent to give reflections on nonsense, than this 'man of no intentions,' if he ever reflects on his own life and lucubrations." Sir, you are, if not quite correct, yet perfectly amusing. And so devout a lover am I of a good joke, that rather than not have one at all, I would at any time consent to be the subject of it. In the present instance, however, I owe it to "divine philosophy" to assure you, that my "Reflections on Nonsense" are not of the selfish character, for which you so kindly give me credit. I said that my remark, that "life was a plague which I could not make up my mind to remove," recurred to my recollection a work of my own, entitled "Reflections on Nonsense." Of this work, I wish to say a word, merely to convince the world that the idea is good, and that the best thing they can do is to send their orders for it to Mr. Churton, so that there may be no delay in the delivery when it is published.

"Reflections on Nonsense," or "Thoughts on Absurdity," for, to say the truth, I am somewhat distracted between the two titles, in much the same degree as a donkey feels himself when braying under the juste milieubewilderment of his position between two bundles of hay—"Reflections on Nonsense," or the second title, whichever may be resolved on, will, or rather could, had I any positive "intentions" on the subject, consist of a well-arranged string of ridiculous exclamations in which people indulge, from no other reason that I could discover, than a dutiful adherence to the conventional stupidity of their ancestors:

There's no cause, at least no cause we know,—
It was the fashion twenty years ago.

But the shortest way will be for me to give an instance or two. A man labouring with any one of the ills that flesh is heir to, will in nine cases out of ten assure you that his life is a burden to him! Then, why the devil does n't he lay it down?

"Rather not!" quoth he.

"Then, light must be the burden!" think we.

A pretty woman, in perplexity, exclaims

"Well, I'm sure!"

"Then, what is she puzzled about?"

As Liston, god of laughter, observes—

"Can't possibly say!"

When things come to a dead stand-still with a man, the chances are, he will cry:

"Here's a pretty go!"—whereas the fact is, that "it's no go" at all.

To return to the gentler sex, who, by the bye, are in all matters of self-will more violent than ourselves, whenever any one of the dear creatures comes to a decided opinion as to the misconduct of a third person, she expresses her definite idea by exclaiming,

"I've no notion."

But it would be ungenerous to multiply instances of this nonsense. Indeed, my only motive in submitting to the attention of the editor and the readers of the "Court Magazine," the few specimens just enumerated, is to secure for the proposed work as fair an appreciation as possible on the part of those distinguished persons and the public generally; and having thus disposed of my parenthesis, I will, if you please, Mr. Editor, proceed with my story.

Dean Swift, in a spirit of profound wisdom, remarks that "there is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day." This is true, and it is very characteristic of the witty Dean's accustomed sagacity that he should limit the operation of his prescription to rational and disinterested people. However, I pass over this and take Swift's dictum as it stands, and I contend that it applies to love-talking not less than to polemics. Let two people talk together on the gentle question every day (before marriage, I mean), and they will agree in the one opinion that the two most pleasant people in the universe are
their own peculiar selves. Having made up their minds to this, it follows as a natural consequence that this union of spirit should take a conjugal form, and they accordingly, with an almost tacit coincidence, offer their communicating hearts a compound sacrifice at the hymeneal altar. Of the truth of this I may offer my own experience as conclusive evidence. It may be remembered that I had not only "no intention," but no inclination in the matter of my first love. But meeting my peace-destroyer day after day, and talking with her hour after hour, looking into her eyes, and now and then holding a skein of silk for her, as Charles Mathews does for Mad. Vestris at the Olympic, at length unravelled the mystery, and on St. Valentine's day—a day sacred to sonsnets, sentiments, and soul-sought sympathy—my heart surrendered, not at discretion, but in absurd completeness, and

We named the day, the happy day, When I should buy the ring.

The ring was accordingly bought, as Hamlet of _Dun-mark_ can testify, and I by a remarkable, though customary act, transformed Mary Savage into Mrs. ———. I need not mention my own name. Suffice it to say the knot was tied—would to heaven I could say it was _not_! This, as I said in your last number, and as I now repeat, was that fatal act which has prevented my proving of essential service to my country, to Europe, and to all mankind.

Once married—"unintentionally" so, I beg to observe—a new and by no means proud existence was mine. However pleasantly I got on as a half-prudent half-prodigal son without "intentions," I soon found out that it was impossible to live happily in connubial spontaneity. My wife manifested the most decided "intentions," "feelings," "interests," and "opinions." Now, an ordinary thinker may exclaim—"She meaning everything and you meaning nothing, your calculations could not possibly clash." In the words of Captain Morris, I reply—"Don't be in such a hurry." I could indeed have vegetated in all virtue and vigour without "intentions;" and as to opinions, I have always borne in mind the sage practice of the poet where he tells us—

_Everyone to his own opinions—_ Some like apples, some like onions.

But my _feelings_ were my own, and these were constantly outraged. Perhaps I had better quote an example. Here, then, is one:—

_Wife._ My dear, I intend to take a lounge in the Zoological Gardens next Sunday. Do you?

_Husband._ I shall be happy to do as you please, but I have no "intentions" on the subject.

_Wife._ There again! How provoking you are! Why don't you have "intentions" like other people? At all events, let me know whether we should go or not. Surely you have an "opinion."

_Husband._ None whatever. I have no opinions on the subject.

_Wife._ Why, ah! why did I marry a nomenity?

_Husband._ What could have possessed me to marry a monstrosity?

_Wife._ What did you say, Sir?

_Husband._ I said, my dear, when I married you, you were a curiosity.

_Wife._ Monster!

_Husband._ Mermaid!

_Wife._ Fright!

_Husband._ Prospect!

_Wife._ Goose!

_Husband._ Duck!

_Wife._ Bah!

_Husband._ Pooh!

Pretty well this for fire-side enjoyment! However, being married, the great end of union was discussed much after the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Shandy, but without the same consequence, and herein begins the disadvantage to my country and mankind. Without consulting Prince Hohenlohe, as was done by the principal hand on the dial of the _Shrewsbury clock_, I perceived that not only an "intention," but that resolute _will_ which the Germans justly contend is in all cases equivalent to _can_, was necessary to the establishment of that intercourse with posterity which is only to be secured by the son representing the opinions of his father. To this proof of a decided character I felt unequal, and England, Europe, all mankind must suffer by my indecision. This I deeply deplore; yet am I in some slight degree comforted, if not compensated, by the fact, that looking at the premeditated performances of my fellow-men, I have no great reason to blush for being

"A MAN OF NO INTENTIONS."
THE LADY OF MY LORD!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

I.
I've seen her in her princely home,
The birth-place of her Lord;
A hundred vassals waited there,
Obedient to her word.
Her salon is magnificent,
Each panel gaily deck'd
With mirrors,—and how beautiful
The form which they reflect!
And proud she looks!—but why is she
So lonely in her pride?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

II.
In days of yore that mansion was
A hospitable scene;
At Christmas-time a merry place
Its hall hath ever been.
And there are Nobles dwelling near,—
Why stand they all aloof?
Why doth no neighbour Lady, now,
Appear beneath that roof?
Why hath each festive project fail'd,
Whene'er it hath been tried?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

III.
I've seen her at her Town abode,
In London's busy spring—
Her Lord hath to the Levee gone—
Been welcomed by the King.
But why, when all of equal rank
Pay homage to the Queen—
Say—wherefore at the Drawing-Room
Hath she been never seen?
To her—despite her coronet—
The entrée is denied:
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

IV.
Yet she will give a noble feast:
The services of plate,
The viands, wines, appointments, all
Shall rival regal state!
And she shall boast of high-born guests,
And she shall number, then,
The wits, the sages, of the day,
Yet none, alas! but men!
Why sits no Lady at the board,
Save those by blood allied?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

V.
How gorgeous is her equipage!
And to some public fête,
Where money can procure access,
She goes in all her state!
How rich her dress!—but why do all
Of station like her own,
So curiously gaze, as if
On one before unknown?
And, having seen the stranger once,
Why stand they all aside?
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

VI.
Can woman's heart take pleasure in
Magnificence like this?
Can honours that are coupled with
Dishonour, offer bliss?
Can she look round complacently
Upon her gorgeous home,
While she receives some noble guest,
Whose wife would scorn to come?
No! there's a hateful thought that must
Embitter all beside!
She was the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!

VII.
And is there not a lesson taught
By one so young and fair?
May not some erring beauty pause,
And learn discretion there?
Though rich, how little happiness
Can gold on her bestow!
Though nominally high in rank,
How practically low!
If now a wife, how proud her lot
Had she his suit denied,
Nor been the Lady of my Lord
Before she was his Bride!
THE DEAD HAND.

"Jem Barry, you must now attend to what I say to you. You have received a very bad cut in your right hand; so bad a cut, that I cannot promise you it will ever be perfectly cured. It is likely at this moment, if any violent exertion be used with it, to terminate in triennis or lock-jaw. So, Jem, you must promise me not to strike a blow with that hand for the next six months."

"For how many months did you say, doctor?"

"Six months."

"What!—is it six entire long, long months, doctor?"

"Not one single day less."

"Oh! murder, murder, doctor. Why, you might as well bind a man to keep the peace."

"And the peace you must keep to all his Majesty's subjects, or you will lose that hand, if not your life."

"Oh, here's a saying for a doctor! To all his Majesty's subjects you say I'm to keep the peace? Why, then, now, doctor, can't I even beat a foreigner—am I't I to be allowed to touch a hurdy-gurdy Italian, or a French dancing-master? Oh, doctor, jewel!—only consider, I may lose the use of my hand entirely."

"Why, Jem Barry, you are a most obstinate brute. I tell you again, that you must lose the use of your hand if you employ it in any violence."

"But then, doctor, only consider the way them Maras will be cock-crowing over me."

"Yes, but consider your life."

"I do, doctor dear, consider my life;—but who cares for it if the Maras are to be walking over me entirely! Would you have the conscience, or the heart either, doctor, to say that the Barrys can't, from this to this day six months, show their faces at a fair, and that the Maras (my heavy hatred on them!) are to have it all their own way?"

"I say you must keep yourself quiet."

"And so I will, doctor, if the Maras will keep themselves quiet. But they won't, the vagabonds! I know very well they'll be asking me to fight, and I could no more refuse doing that than I could throw a glass of whiskey over my shoulder."

"I tell you, that you cannot fight."

"What, doctor, is it if I heard one of the Maras calling out for the face of a Barry?"

"No."

"Nor if they said, 'Who dare say peas?'"

"No, I tell you."

"Nor if one of them took off his coat, hung it over his shoulder, and let the sleeves trail on the ground, and asked who dare stand on them?"

"No; for if you do, I repeat, you will lose your hand."

"Why, then, by the powers, doctor, I'd sooner lose the two hands—aye, and the two legs—aye, and the head off my body, than hear one of the Maras say or do in quietness any one of the things I was saying to you. I'm much obliged to you, doctor, for dressing my hand, and giving me such good advice (long life to your honour!), and if I can I'll keep it; for I'll be really quiet and civil, and not say a cross word to man, woman, or child;—only if I should happen to meet Paddy Mara who gave me this hand—that is, I mean the cut with his scythe at the last fair of Toomevane—if I see his ugly face, I'll knock—but no matter."

Thus terminated a conversation between Dr. M'Arthur and one of his patients, whom the renown of the doctor's skill in the speedy cures of cuts, bruises, and such other ailments to which a pugnacious peasantry are liable, had attracted from the neighbouring county of Tipperary to the Shinrone dispensary. The impression produced upon the doctor's mind was evanescent, for he had every day to do with such men as Jem Barry. Such, however, was not the effect of the interview upon the feelings of the patient, for as he wended his way homeward he thus soliloquised:

"Well, to be sure, these English
doctors are the devil. They haven’t a bit of heart in their bodies at all at all. Why, that Londoner of a physician can’t have a taste of spirit about him by no means, or he would never tell me to knock under in any case to the Maras; and me, too, to do that same—me—myself, that’s the head of the Barry faction!—me, to hould my pace, suppose I heard Luke Mara cry out to my very nose ‘Who dare say peas:’—why, if I was a corpse, I’m sure I’d strike any one, supposing it was a giant itself that would try to aggravate me in that way. And then, too, to say that I can’t raise my hand nor strike a blow for six months from this date. Pshaw!—he might as well have said to me: Jem Barry, don’t eat a potato, or drink a glass of whiskey for six months; or Jem Barry, go and die at once,—for one is just as bad as the other. But who’s that I see going into Mick Mulcahy’s shebeen-house yonder? That I may never smoke the full of another dhudeen but it’s five of the Maras, and there’s the murderer in the middle of them, Paddy Mara, the very fellow that killed me with the seythe. Maybe I won’t wallop the senses out of him in less than no time. Hollo!—you spalpeen, are you able to face a man? High! for the—but whilst;—sure it’s a fool I’m making of myself to be thus going on bragging and boasting, and not one of my back with me. It’s a regular omadhauin of a boasthan of a poor cripple I am this day; and the doctor too after telling me, on the peril of my life, to keep the peace for six months! Instead of bawling out ‘High for the Barrys!’—I think it’s making myself scarce I ought to be about. Oh! murder! murder!—but isn’t this a pity, and they all so convenient for a beating! Oh! the devil take the hand off me, why haven’t I got in the place of it the fist of Fin-ma-Coul just for half an hour, and maybe I wouldn’t make every mother’s soul of them vagabonds jump.”

“Give me your hand a-lanna,” said a tattered-looking beggar-woman who had erected on the road-side a small house, where it appeared she intended to fix herself for the night. The house of the beggar was, like that of many of her companions through Ireland, so simple in its construction, that it could be carried on her back, when the neighbours got tired of her company, or the road upon which she had settled was not much frequented by charitable travellers. The house consisted of three boards, the shortest being intended for the roof, the two others for sides, and the mud wall of the hedge she placed them against forming the back of the house. Thus defended from the weather the Irish mendicant is crippled up for the night, whilst the straw or hay from an adjoining adjoining serves as a couch and a covering for the miserable inmate. From one of those squalid looking holes peeped forth the dark-flashing eyes and sun-burnt countenance of the old female, who said, “Give me your hand a-lanna, and I’ll try if something can’t be done to please you.”

“To please me! Ah!—then, what is there in the power of a poor dissolute creature like you to please me?”

“No matter, Jem Barry, what’s in my power; but would you like to be after beating the six Maras that are now in Mick Mulcahy’s?”

“Would I like to be after beating them, indeed! Would I like to be after eating my dinner and I hungry? Would I like to have my wheat saved, and threshed, and rainy weather setting in? Would I like to have lashings and leaveings at my own wake? Would I like to have the finest wedding or your grandest berrin’ in the country? If I’d live every one of these, why shouldn’t I like to have the beating by myself alone, of six of the faction opposed to me? Why, if I could do that, wouldn’t it be a thing to be talked of for a twelvemonth in Tipperary? May the devil take this hand off me, but I don’t know what I wouldn’t give to be after molavoying those half dozen of villains.”

“Well then, Jem Barry, give me your hand, and you shall have the half-murthering of them.”

“Oh! wait, my old woman,—I can’t see how you can be of any use to me, unless you made them all speechless drunk, so that I could ‘shovel the buckle’ in comfort over their ugly faces. I’m sure that an old halfpenny would be of more use to you than a cut hand like this.”

“That’s none of your business, Jem Barry. Give me your hand, and you shall have for half an hour the fist of Fin-ma-Coul.”

“What’s that you say, old woman? Is it the real fist of Fin-ma-Coul?”

“No less; and not merely the fist, but the sinews and the bones, and what’s more, the strength of that fist too.”
"Why, if you could do that for me, you must be—"

"The devil himself. You great omdihoun, I know well it's that you were going to say."

"Why then, saving your presence, and to tell you the truth, it was, although its the first time I ever heard that the devil was an old woman. But what could I do with Fin-ma-Coul's fist?"

"Beat rings round you; clear out a fair if there were thousands before you—fight your way through a guard of soldiers, and scatter all the magistrates, constabulary, and peelers as if they were so many sheep. That and twice as much more you could do with the fist of the great Fin-ma-Coul."

"By dad!—I wish I had it."

"Well then, give me your hand."

"Is it for all out and for ever?"

"Yes, for ever and a day."

"And I could beat them Maras?"

"Ay, as long as you could stand over them."

"Oh!—then may be if I could, it would be a mighty long time before I'd ask for a seat to sit down upon. But then as to giving away my hand, somehow or another it is quite contrary-like to my conscience."

"Very well, very well, Mister Barry, keep it if you like, and the feathering you'll soon be after pocketing. A bargain's a bargain, you know. Your hand, and a mighty ugly cut hand it is by the same token, and no more use to you than if you had a wisp of straw tied to the end of your arm—your hand, or Fin-ma-Coul's fist for half an hour. I wonder which would be of the most use to you? But I'll say no more. Keep your hand; and yet I wouldn't be under your trusty (big-coat) for the next half hour if I was to be the daughter-in-law of a bishop for the remainder of my life."

"Faith, it's mighty great temptation surely; but I don't think however that I—"

"The cowardly Barrys! Here's a coat-full of broken bones, high hanging, and a windy day to the Barrys, breed, seed, and generation, Amen." Such were the expressions borne to the ears of Jem Barry as he was still speaking to the old woman. The sounds evidently came from the shebeen-house, where the Maras had rapidly drunk themselves into a fighting humour.

"Aye, aye, listen to that, Jem," observed the beggar. "See what's before you and your broken fist now. Skulk back, I tell you, for it's more than your life is worth to go by that house now."

"And who's to hinder me going peaceably on the King's high road?"—asked Barry, whose anxiety for a row was evidenced by his claiming the prerogative of a quiescent citizen. "Who's to hinder me?"—he added, "or who dares to hinder me from being amicable if I like it?"

"The Maras will hinder you. The six Maras will knock the six senses out of you if they see you. So run off with yourself, for you might as well be beating them with a bull-rush as that same fist of yours," replied the old woman.

Again the shebeen-house rang with the cry of "The cowardly Barrys—Barrys the traitors."

"Oh, the villains!"—exclaimed Jem, dancing with rage. "Oh! by the powers, I can't stand this."

"Will you give me your hand?"

"Give you my hand? Why, then, I can hardly refuse you, but—"

The sentence of the prudential and cautious Barry was cut short, for he heard the Maras exclaiming, as if with one voice, "Any money for the face of Jem Barry, the spy and informer."

"A spy and informer!"—shouted Barry, foaming with rage; "why if it was the Pope himself that was called such names, he could not have the patience to stand them. Oh! here, old woman, at once take my hand, and give me in a hurry the fist of Fin-ma-Coul."

"There it is for half an hour, just as you wished it," said the beggar-woman, rubbing her long and skinny fingers over the right hand of him she addressed; "there it is," she observed; "do you feel your hand growing bigger and bigger?"

"I do—I do," answered Barry, "every one of my fingers seems to be swelling to the size of a sheep's trotter; and as to the hand itself, a bull's head seems to be nothing at all to it. But how can I know there is any good in it, before I hang those vagabond Maras?"

"Why," replied the old woman, "just try if you can knock down this house on top of me, with one blow."

"But won't you come out of that before I knock it down?"

"Not at all—I defy you to stir it."

Jem Barry, thus challenged, put forth his utmost strength; he raised his hand high
in the air, and let it fall with all the weight and strength of a sledge-hammer upon the roof of the temporary shelter of the beggar. The house was not merely prostrated to the ground, but every portion of wood of which it was composed was smashed into atoms. It was scattered as flat on the earth as a pack of used cards. Jem kicked about some of the shattered particles, expecting to see the body of the woman he had been but a moment before speaking to—there was not the least appearance of it.

"Well, well," continued Jem Barry, "that is the greatest blow ever I struck: only to think of knocking an old woman and a house into nothing, or next to nothing, into smithereens, at one stroke! By dad, that old woman was not waiting for an ejection, for she took a mighty short 'notice to quit' to leave the tenement. If she has any friends, they will have to bury herself and her lodgings in the one coffin, for there's no telling the one from the other."

"Here's confusion to Jem Barry, and all the Barrys—to spies, to traitors, and informers!"—sang out in one chorus the men of the opposite faction, who were regaling themselves in the low public house.

"And here," exclaimed Jem, who had now got up to the shebeen-house, running his hand through the window, and seizing a full quart of porter that had been placed before one of his enemies, "here's the worst of confusion to the dirtiest faction in Tipperary, the sneaking, snivelling, thieving, sheep-stealing, pig-faced, faint-hearted Mara!"

In an instant, the hand was withdrawn, and with it the quart of porter. In a moment the liquid was swallowed, and in an instant afterwards the pewter quart came whirling amongst the glasses and tumblers used by the Maras in their potations.

"There," continued Jem, "is my share of the reckoning; if there's any thing over, you can give it to the waiter. Why, then," added he, altering his tone, as if frightened at what he had done, "is n't it a shame for decent-looking people, like you, to be calling names this way after a poor quiet boy, and he going peaceably along the road, and not saying a cross word to one of you, nor even as much as looking crooked at you. But, take my advice, Paddy Mara, and the rest of you,—just go your ways straight home; and if any body ever asks you again about Jem Barry, just say you never saw him."

"High! for the Maras!"—cried Paddy, jumping out of the window, "by the powers, Jem, you'll never bring home your life along with you this night."

"Take care, Paddy, you're not in a greater hurry going into that window than you were ever in coming out of it," replied Jem. "But, tell me," he continued, "has your mother any more of you?"

"She has five," answered Paddy, "and here they are coming out of the door now."

"And what is it you want with me, Mr. Paddy Mara?"

"To fight. Are you able to fight?"

"To be sure, I am—but are six of you going to box one man?"

"Not a doubt of it; what made you insult the six, you cowardly nigger?"

"Oh!—don't be calling names that a way, Paddy; if you're strong, be merciful; but mind me now: do you see that window you have just come out of? I'll tell you what I'll just do with it—I'll make a bull's-eye in a target of that, and a ball of the body of every man that lays a finger on me. So go home, I tell you, Paddy Mara, and the rest of your dirty faction, or I'll leave you such a show, that the mother that owns you wouldn't be able to swear to your condemned-looking carcasses."

"Why, then, upon my veracity, you are mighty strong in the tongue, however weak you may be in the fist," observed the head of the opposite party, Luke Mara, advancing towards Barry, and making a blow at him.

The stroke aimed at Barry was skillfully parried by his left hand, and with his right was delivered a smashing blow full in the face of his opponent. Luke Mara stood with his back about ten yards from the window out of which Paddy had jumped. Luke, with the force of the blow, seemed to be driven completely off the ground, and hitting with the centre of his body against the window-stool, fell backwards into the room, and, with his heels kicking high in the air, he disappeared from the eyes of Jem and the astonished Maras.

"Oh, then," observed Barry, "but wasn't that mighty great man, Luke Mara, in a wonderful hurry to go drink again. Sure he might as well stop to see the fight out."

"Hullabaloo!—Jem Barry, do you want to pull down my house?"—cried out the owner of the shebeen-house, who now appeared for the first time, and being opposed to the Barry faction, would not have thought it his duty to interfere, had it
been Jem’s lot to be way-laid and beaten. “Can’t you,” he added, “fight like a Christian, and not be throwing men through windows?—why, you have knocked mine to smash, already.”

“Well, here’s something to repair it,” answered Jem, at the same time unexpectedly seizing another of the Maras by the nap of the neck and the waistband of the pantaloons, and sending him flying through the air, straight into the window, where Luke had but a moment before vanished. “You see, Mick Mulcahy, I was afraid these shabby fellows had not paid for their liquor, and I am sending them back to you to settle the account.”

“Oh! here’s real murder, entirely,” screeched out Mulcahy: “may I never sin, but he’ll be the death of every one of them. Here’s Mark Mara’s face knocked into the back of his head—there’s Teddy Mara after flying through the air like a shuttlecock—and there, oh! murder again, there’s Mike hopping like a ball after him, and into the same place—and there’s Jack Mara, och, home! I believe he’s as dead as a herring, and there’s his poor carcass spinning into the window—no, not clean through the window, for he has knocked the sill off it. And where’s Paddy Mara? Oh! the creature, he was running away with himself like a sensible man, but that beast has caught hold of him, and Lord knows, what will be done with him! I think I had better make myself scarce, and rout up our faction, so that that devil incarnate, Jem Barry, may get his bit and his sup from us before he goes home to-night.”

Jem Barry having despatched four of the Maras, in the manner described so pathetically by Mulcahy, along with their leader, had now caught hold of Paddy, to whom he owed a particular grudge, for having wounded him in the manner he had described to his doctor.

“Why, then,” said he to the trembling Paddy, “are n’t you a mighty smart fellow? You were not satisfied with cutting my hand, but you also want to cut off with yourself. Sure, you are not such an unnatural animal, as to think of running away from your company, and particularly when you know they are all waiting in the parlour for you, with plenty of the best of eating and drinking, and not one of them, I’ll be bound for it, inclined to stir until you come to them.”

“Oh! Jem Barry, jewel!”—exclaimed the hitherto vaunting Mara. “I don’t care what you do with me, so as you don’t throw me into the window.”

“Very well, then, Paddy; first of all there’s a kick for the cut; and as your gossip Mulcahy wants a sign for his public-house, up you go on the roof.”

“Oh! Jem, oh don’t do that!” yelled forth the terrified Paddy; but the words were not finished when he felt himself sprawling, bruised and scratched, upon the slates of Mulcahy’s low-roofed house.

“And now, high as you are up there, Paddy Mara, I think,” said Jem, “it’s I that have a right and the real reason to cry ‘High for the Barrys! Hurroo!’ But what the devil is the matter with my hand? Eh! but that is a real pain—is it a red poker or a fist that’s sticking to my side? Oh! murder, I see it now; the half hour is out; Fin-ma-Coul’s fist is gone, my own hand has hopped after it, and in the place of the two it’s a bit of hot iron or the devil’s own paw I have got in the place of it. It’s plain, I see, what’s going to happen; I am as dead as a nail from this day out. Well, a man can die but once; and what man but myself in all his life-time was ever able to beat six? What a shalloo there will be after the Maras at the next fair of Golden, and what talking about myself. I wouldn’t wonder but they put me in a ballad, and sung me through the streets of Clonmel and Cahir. But I must make haste home and die. High for the Barrys!”

The warning advice of Doctor McArthur was neglected, and his prediction proved correct. The hand of Jem Barry had been employed in violence, and in less than twenty-four hours afterwards the cabin that he once owned was filled by friends who came to lament for his sudden death, and make merry at his wake. In the ravings of his delirium he had given the account to his astonished relatives of having had the use of Fin-ma-Coul’s hand for half an hour, the manner in which he had obtained it, and the penalty he was to pay for it.

His tale was credited, even though the priest averred that it was all a “sick man’s dream.” But their credence was settled down into unshaken faith, when it was discovered, just as the body was going to be interred, that the right arm and hand had disappeared! Here, indeed, was a proof of the truth of Jem Barry’s statement, although the incredulous priest again declared that.
it was not at all improbable that the apprentice of the doctor who had been very busily engaged about the corpse, might have taken the missing member for the purpose of studying the anatomy of the hand. The clergyman might as well have preached to the winds, as seek to convince the Barrys that their hero had not beaten the Maras with the real fist of Fin-ma-Coul, and they supported their opinion by logic as cogent as it was unanswerable, that—"Sure there was no denying that Jen Barry had beaten six of the strongest and cleanest boys in the county; that such things could only be done in the old times; and that there was not a living hand now, that could win such a battle; and if it was n't a living, why then it must be a dead hand; and if a dead hand, what other hand but Fin-ma-Coul's?—as Jen himself would say, if he was to the fore; and who could know better than Jen, who had the hand in his own fist, and made such good use of it, and more power to his elbow!"

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THE HISTORY OF DUELLING*.

(Concluded.)

The spirit of duelling in France received its most powerful aliment from the wars of the Fronde, which were themselves a kind of collective duel between the intrigues of the court and the paltry schemes of the boudoirs. The history of that whimsical contest, in which parishes fought for the honour of their banners, priests for the superiority of their patron saints, young nobles from pure love of sport, and old courtiers to gratify their malevolence, is without a parallel in the annals of human absurdity. It furnishes an ample apology for the despotism of Louis XIV:—when the French nation was nothing better than an unruly school, it was time to engage a severe master to restore discipline. One of the duels that took place during the regency of Anne of Austria, deserves to be recorded.

About the close of the year 1640, there arose a violent quarrel between the beautiful Duchess of Longueville, sister of the great Condé, and the Duchess of Montbazon, the mother-in-law of Madame de Chevreuse, all three celebrated in the scandalous chronicles of the day for the intrigues with which they filled the court of the Queen Regent. The subject of this quarrel, which was of so much consequence as to decide the fate of a faction, was a billet doux, in a female hand, supposed to have fallen out of Count de Coligny’s pocket as he quitted Madame de Montbazon’s saloon. The billet was attributed to Madame de Longueville, and she was not long in learning that her character was treated very lightly by her rival, Montbazon. The fair Longueville made a complaint to the Queen, and procured a royal order for a formal apology; but not satisfied with such a feeble triumph, she ordered her lover, the Count de Coligny, to challenge Madame de Montbazon’s favourite, the Duke of Guise, whose fame as a duellist maintained the sanguinary character of his house. The combat took place in the presence of a vast multitude, assembled to see the sport; the Count de Coligny was mortally wounded, and his second received a gash that disfigured him for life. It deserves to be noted, as a singular fatality, that Coligny’s grandfather, the celebrated admiral, the first and most illustrious victim of the fatal St. Bartholomew, had been murdered seventy years before by the grandfather of the Duke of Guise. Madame de Longueville attached so much importance to this duel, that she witnessed the combat from behind a window-curtain; but she derived from it only the mortification of losing her lover, and being made the subject of a bitter lampoon, which the curious will find in the memoirs of Madame de Motteville.

The severe edicts of Louis XIV placed some restraint on the practice of duelling; but in several instances where duels had no fatal termination, he winked at the transgression of the law. In 1709, M. de Boisseuil, one of the King’s esquires of the body, while accompanying his Majesty on a visit to Nancy, discovered a sharper cheating at cards, and exposed him before the whole

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company. The knave demanded satisfaction. "I will not fight with a scoundrel," said Boisseyul. "I may be a scoundrel," replied the other, "but I do not like to be told so." Boisseyul, struck with the observation, at once accompanied him to the field and received a very severe wound. The gamester fled. No one was ignorant of this adventure; but the King always pretended to know nothing about the matter, and ascribed Boisseyul's illness to a natural disease.

The regency of the Duke of Orleans brought back duelling in all its glory; the regent, indeed, declared that it ought to be regarded as out of fashion, and he punished some duelists who were odious to him on other grounds; but his general tolerance of the practice was as fatal as direct encouragement, and, under his administration, there was scarcely a noble family in France that had not to lament the sacrifice of one or more of its members to this new mania for single combat.

Louis XV began as Titus, and ended as Sardanapalus. His profligate reign was even worse than the Orleans regency in disgusting vice, though not stained by such sanguinary cruelty. The very magnitude of these excesses prepared the dreadful punishment that was soon to fall on the degraded aristocracy of France. Eager to throw off the restraints of religion, as they had already done the fetters of morality and law, they encouraged the philosophers of the day to blend scepticism with mockery and to overwhelm with ridicule what they could not weaken by argument. The lords of the ascendant were the foremost in clamouring for a new order of things, confirming the truth of the Emperor Leo's maxim, "one sooner gets tired of ruling than of serving." For a time, the ridicule of the philosophers rendered duels unfashionable, and England adopted the cast-off follies of France; but before crossing the Channel, we must quote one anecdote of the interregnum of duelling.

A young country squire, at one of the court balls given by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was the object of countless jokes on his original style of dancing. Driven out of all patience, he turned to one of the mockers, and said "Sir, though I dance badly, I fight well." The other coolly replied, "Well, then, fight as often as you please, and dance as seldom as you can."

We are less acquainted with the early part of George the Third's reign, than with the history of the Tudors or even the Plantagenets. Politicians cannot yet read the secrets of the times, when every year gave us a new set of ministers, and every ministry a fresh proof of incapacity; when the whole machinery of state was put in motion to crush John Wilkes, and only effected the elevation of that heartless profligate. In those days, when party was worse than "the madness of many for the gain of a few," when it was the madness of all for the gain of none, duelling became not merely the fashion but the rage, and Wilkes, who had abundance of animal courage, was as ready to encounter his adversaries with the pistol as with the pen.

His celebrated duel with Lord Talbot in 1762, is described by himself in a well-known letter to Earl Temple. There is something irresistibly ludicrous in the following passage:— "When I had sealed my letter, I told his lordship I was entirely at his service, and I again desired that we might decide the affair in the room, because there could not be a possibility of interruption; but he was inexorable. He then asked me how many times we should fire? I said that I left it to his choice: 'I had brought a flask of powder, and a bag of bullets.' The combat itself was a complete farce. Wilkes says—"We left the inn, and walked to a garden at some distance from the house. It was near seven, and the moon shone bright. We stood about eight yards distant, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to stand facing each other. Harris (Wilkes's second) gave the word. Both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to his lordship, and told him that I now avowed the paper (No. XII. of the 'North Briton'). His lordship paid me the highest encomiums on my courage; and said he would declare everywhere, I was the noblest fellow God ever made. He then desired that we might now be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret together, which we did with great good humour and much laugh."

Wilkes next fought with Mr. Martin, Secretary to the Treasury, and was dangerously wounded. During his subsequent illness, he was summoned to attend in his place in the House of Commons. The parlory squabble in which the legislature involved itself, and the flight of Wilkes to
France, belong to the history of politics, not of duels.

The circumstances of the unfortunate rencontre between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth have been too frequently brought before the public, to be repeated here; and the same may be said of the duel between Sheridan and Mr. Matthews; but less notice has been bestowed on the political duel between Mr. Whateley, brother to the Secretary to the Treasury, and Lieutenant Governor Temple. The celebrated Dr. Franklin, while acting in London as agent for the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, obtained copies of the confidential letters sent home by Governor Hutchinson, Messrs. Oliver, Paxton, &c., in which, with the usual short-sightedness of colonial rulers, they laboured zealously to rouse the pride and prejudices of the mother country against the Americans, and to recommend measures of severity under the plausible name of strong government. Copies of these letters were obtained by Franklin, who transmitted them to the Assembly at Boston, where their publication produced the most violent excitement. Suspicions fell upon different persons of having betrayed trust, and the countless exasperating reports led to a duel between Whateley and Temple, in which the former was dangerously wounded. Franklin then published a letter in the newspapers, avowing his share in the transaction, and exculpating the other parties. For this conduct he was assailed with unparalleled virulence by Mr. Attorney-General Wedderburne, when the colonial petition was argued before the Lords of the Privy Council. Franklin’s philosophic serenity was shaken by this bitter invective: pointing to the coat he wore, as he returned home with Dr. Priestley, he declared—“This shall never again go on my back, until I have my revenge.” He kept his word: the well-saved coat was not used again until the day when Franklin, as plenipotentiary, signed the treaty of peace, by which the revolted colonies were for ever separated from Great Britain.

The political duels between Messrs. Fox and Adam, and between Lord Shelburne and Colonel Fullarton, are remarkable only for the example they showed of breach of parliamentary privilege. In Ireland, where duelling from the beginning of the 18th century had become a regular matter of business, the parliament house and "the fifteen acres" were held to be in such strict alliance, that nobody made a speech in the one until he had prepared his pistols for the other. The Irish government had not only to buy up the best orators, but the best shots; and it was often no easy matter to distinguish the relative value of flashes of wit in the senate, and flashes of powder in the field. The same practice entered into every department of life: if a man asked for payment of a debt, he had an equal chance of getting lead or gold; warranty of a horse was the first step towards the warrant of the coroner; a dance at night led to the opening of a ball in the morning; a race was sure to bring some parties to the stand-still; and after a hunt more parties than one were likely to be in at the death. It was in these halcyon days of the duello that the late Lord Northbury, then simple Mr. Toler, appeared for the first time at the Irish bar, with no other inheritance than the pistols of the Cromwellian trooper from whom he was descended, and no better qualification than knowing how to make use of them. By a judicious management of the inheritance and qualification, he shot his way to a large fortune, a brace of peereages, and the disposal of the lives and properties of his countrymen as Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Requiescat in pace: it will be long before an Irish government again will prefer hair-triggers to Blackstone, and a steady aim to knowledge of law. "Peace be with him!" If he hanged a number of unfortunate wretches, it must be confessed he had such a funny way of doing it, that the criminals were half-reconciled to their fate; and if his blunders provoked the censure of grave judges in Westminster, let us remember that these legal functionaries were and are incapable of wielding pistols and perpetrating puns.

The first stormy meetings of the States-General in France, and of the varied assemblages that sprung from it, caused several sanguinary combats, not always conducted on fair terms; and the liberty of the press produced as many duels between rival journalists, as that of the tribune between rival politicians. Even our English newspapers produced belligerents: the Morning Post was, for a time, the most warlike of periodicals, and was summoned to answer more frequently for libels at Chalk Farm, than the modern press of London to the Courts of Westminster. But the Jacobins
found weapons more effective than pistols; and while rivalry was decided by the guillotine, fair fight sank into disrepute. In England, the duel between Colonel Lennox and the Duke of York, gave a fresh impulse to "parading adversaries;" and in Ireland, the exasperation of parties led to duels, causes and consequences of which it would be well to bury in oblivion. But there was one Irish duel, unconnected with politics, which cannot be passed over; though until death had removed all to whom the publication of the circumstances would be painful, it would have been cruel to revive the memory of the transaction.

The Honourable Miss King, daughter of Lord Kingsborough, had been educated by her mother in more seclusion than is usual in her rank of life; and when she had attained the age of sixteen, was as ignorant of the world almost as the day she first entered it. Colonel Fitzgerald, her second cousin, a married man, took advantage of her innocence, and persuaded her to elope with him. When taxed with his crime, he not only denied it, but attempted to aid her family in the search. A large reward offered in the newspapers led to the discovery of the unfortunate lady and her seducer in an obscure lodging. Lord Kingsborough, accompanied by his son, Colonel King (the present Earl of Kingston), hastened to London, on receiving the first news of this lamentable event; and Colonel King lost no time in demanding personal satisfaction of the person who had so severely injured his family. Fitzgerald's conduct was so aggravated by his shuffling and affectation of indifference that he could not procure a second; and when he appeared on the ground, Major Wood, who acted as Colonel King's friend, requested the surgeon to see that matters were fairly conducted. The parties fired five shots each without effect, and parted with the understanding that they should meet again on the following morning; but information had been given to the legal authorities, and both were put under arrest. Lord Kingsborough shortly afterwards became Earl of Kingston, and his son Colonel King, of course, took the title of Kingsborough, a change of name that has led to great confusion in the accounts that have been previously published. Miss King was brought by her father to his castle at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, and kept in seclusion; but Fitzgerald, by bribing the maid, opened a correspondence with his victim, and went disguised to Ireland, determined to obtain possession of her either by force or by fraud. He took lodgings at an obscure inn, at the village of Kilworth. It was subsequently discovered that Fitzgerald, whose means were crippled by extravagance, had obtained funds for this expedition from his injured wife, by feigning the most bitter remorse, and pretending that he wished to hide his penitence and disgrace in Dorsetshire. His arrival in Ireland was soon discovered, and information of it conveyed to the Kingston family at a very early hour in the morning. Lord Kingsborough immediately rode over to Kilworth, entered the inn, and was shown to the room in which Fitzgerald was sleeping. Being refused admittance, he burst open the door, and, rushing to a case of pistols that were in the room, called upon Fitzgerald to rise and defend himself. In the meantime, the Earl of Kingston having received at the same moment news of the seducer's arrival and of his son's departure, galloped across the country to Kilworth, and rushed to the scene of action at the moment that Kingsborough and Fitzgerald had grappled with each other over the pistol-case, and when the former was sinking under the superior physical force of his adversary. Such a sight naturally aroused his feelings to the utmost intensity of passion: he levelled a pistol at Fitzgerald, and shot him dead on the spot. The Earl of Kingston was subsequently brought to the bar of the Irish House of Lords, but there was no prosecution, and the Earl was liberated with the general sympathy of the whole Irish nation.

It is gratifying to turn from a history so full of unpleasing reflections to an anecdote of the unfortunate Marshal Ney, which is not generally known. It belongs properly to a former division of our subject, but was purposely reserved as a relief to the sombre picture that we have just contemplated.

At the age of eighteen (A.D. 1787) Ney entered the regiment of Colonel-Général, afterwards the fourth regiment of hussars. His warlike figure, his great dexterity in the use of arms, and his daring spirit, rendered him the favourite of his companions and the champion of his regiment. The master-at-arms or fencing-master of the chasseurs of Vintimille was doing garrison duty with the regiment of Colonel-Général. Like all of his class at the period,
he was a professed duellist and notorious bully, formidable not only to young recruits but to practised fencers. He had wounded the master-at-arms of Ney's regiment, and insulted the entire body. A meeting of the soldiers was held, and Ney was unanimously chosen to avenge the insults offered to his comrades. He joyfully accepted the task. Preliminaries were soon arranged, the parties met, and swords were crossed. Suddenly Ney felt himself violently pulled by the hair; he turned round, and beheld the colonel of his regiment, who ordered him to be arrested and thrown into prison.

As the law then stood, the crime of duelling was punished with death, and Ney was taken in the very act. There could scarcely be a more aggravated case; but Ney was respected by the officers and adored by the soldiers, and besides, he fought by delegation. All the officers of the garrison waited in a body on the colonel, to demand rather than petition for his pardon. Revolutionary ideas had already made great progress in the army, and the colonel, though a rigid martinet, feared to exasperate the soldiers by bringing their favourite to trial. A long captivity saved Ney from a court-martial, but no sooner was he liberated than he once more sought out his adversary and renewed the suspended engagement. Ney was victorious; a severe wound in the right hand disabled the unfortunate fencer, and, unable longer to follow his profession, he fell into extreme misery. At a later period, when Ney became rich, he heard of his old antagonist's wretchedness, sought him out, and allowed him a handsome pension.

Before resuming the subject of political duels, there is one unfortunate military duel which we cannot avoid noticing, though from the peculiar circumstances it is one of the most painful to contemplate that we have yet recorded.

In the year 1807, Major Campbell of the 21st regiment, while sitting after dinner at the mess-table, had a slight quarrel with Captain Boyd about the mode of giving a particular word of command. After the altercation the Major went home, drank tea with his wife, and having made some arrangements, returned to the hotel where the mess was held. He ordered lights in a small room, and then sent by the mess-waiter a message to Captain Boyd that he wished to speak to him. Boyd came from the parade ground and entered the room, the door of which was instantly closed. In a few minutes shots were heard, and the waiters rushing in found Boyd writhing on the ground, mortally wounded. Lieutenant Macpherson, who was accidentally at hand, hurried to the spot, and was witness to the conversation which weighed with such fatal effect against Campbell at the subsequent trial. He heard Major Campbell say: "On the word of a dying man, was everything fair?" Boyd replied, "Campbell, you have hurried me—you are a bad man." The Major repeated the question, with still greater earnestness, and Boyd again answered, "Oh! my—Campbell, you know I wanted you to wait and have friends." The Major repeated his question a third time, adding, "Did you not say you were ready?" To this Boyd assented, but added, "Campbell, you are a bad man." He subsequently declared that he forgave the Major, and expressed great sympathy for his situation. The real circumstances of the duel are few and simple. When Boyd entered the room where Campbell waited, he complained of the suddenness with which he had been summoned from the parade-ground, and expressed a wish that the matter should be deferred until seconds were provided. The Major made a passionate answer, accompanied by a threat of proclaiming Boyd a coward, unless he instantly made his choice of the pistols that were produced, and took his stand in the corner of the room. Boyd, it is said, continued to remonstrate until he was cut short by Campbell's stern question, "Are you ready?" and his agitation prevented him from having an equal chance.

Campbell made his escape from Ireland, and resided for several months under a fictitious name at Chelsea; but his mind became so uneasy that he resolved to surrender himself and stand his trial, be the result what it might. Under all circumstances this was an insane resolution. The duel had been the theme of much conversation, and the privacy of the rencontre gave room for the invention of calumnious reports, which the Major's flight tended to confirm. He was first cousin of the Earl of Breadalbane, and his surrender, instead of being viewed as the result of penitence and remorse, was regarded by too many as a mockery and bravado of justice, perpetrated in reliance on the support of powerful
friends. Utterly false as such a view of the case was, poor Campbell, confident in the rectitude of his intentions, confirmed the prejudices against him by inadvertently declaring "he was sure the verdict would be manslaughter." The cruel misrepresentation of these innocent words, founded we must say on no very unnatural misapprehension of their meaning, produced a strong effect upon the minds of the sturdily Presbyterianists in the county of Armagh, where the republican sternness of Cromwell's days is yet strongly marked in the population. It is incredible to no party to say that under these circumstances Major Campbell appeared before a judge and jury not wholly unprejudiced against him. How could they avoid forming an opinion on a case which had been for thirteen months the staple of newspaper paragraphs and general conversation? His modest deportment during the trial, and the high character given of him by officers of the highest rank, went far towards turning the tide in his favour; and had some of the soldiers of his own regiment, by whom he was almost adored, been called to add their simple testimony, perhaps the jury might have viewed the case more leniently. But one of the witnesses for the defence is said to have exhibited a kind of dictatorial air, as if his simple word should decide the verdict; and before an Armagh jury, as indeed before any jury of men that felt the value of freedom and the importance of their trust, such a circumstance had a fatal influence. The verdict was, "Guilty of murder," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground of good character only. It had been hoped that the jury would have declared the duel a fair one, and the subject was anxiously discussed during the half hour that the jurors retired to deliberate, both within and without their room. A majority of them was of opinion that Boyd, having been hurried, did not stand a fair chance; and this opinion was strengthened by the prisoner's counsel having successfully resisted the receiving of Boyd's declarations in evidence, declarations infinitely more favourable to Campbell than the surmises to which their suppression gave rise.

Sentence of death was pronounced, but by great exertions a brief respite was obtained, and Mrs. Campbell, who was tenderly attached to her husband, resolved to go to London and solicit the royal mercy. She hastened to the sea-side, but found that unexpected circumstances threatened to frustrate her hopes. Steam-boats were not yet invented. It blew a perfect hurricane, and no reward could tempt the captain of any vessel to venture to sea. While she was running up and down in a distracted state on the shore, she met a few humble fishermen, and these poor fellows no sooner heard the cause of her agony than they offered her their services and their boat, in which she actually crossed the Channel. Her brave companions not only refused to receive any reward, but attended her to the coach-office and followed her several miles of the road, praying God to bless her and give her success. On her arrival at Windsor with her petition, it was past eight o'clock, and the King had retired to his apartment; but the Queen, compassionate the afflicted wife, presented the memorial that night, and Mrs. Campbell received the kindest attention from the whole of the royal family. The case was anxiously deliberated in the Council, but after a full review of the circumstances, it was finally resolved that the law should be permitted to take its course. Mrs. Campbell in the meantime returned to Scotland, cheered with the hope of obtaining at least another respite, and she reached Ayr on the very morning that her husband's corpse was brought thither to repose in the sepulchre of his illustrious ancestors. Like the painter of old, we must let a veil fall over the picture of the distracted widow.

We return to the prison. When Major Campbell heard that his fate was decided, he prepared to meet death with the fortitude of a soldier and the resignation of a Christian. A change had come over the current of public feeling, and universal sorrow for his fate had taken the place of the prejudices which inaccurate reports of the duel had produced. By a strange concurrence of chances, his own regiment mounted guard round the scaffold. A vast multitude occupied every spot from which a view of the place of execution could be obtained. The crowd displayed the usual sight of all the gentry from the neighbouring country assembled in deep mourning. Precisely at noon Major Campbell appeared on the platform, supported by his father-in-law, Dr. Bowie. Instantly the brave Highlanders took off their military bonnets, and with streaming eyes joined in prayer for the spirit about to be parted from its mortal frame. The vast
crowd stood uncovered in solemn silence, so that the grating of the falling drop was heard to its remotest extremity. One groan from the thousand spectators broke for an instant the profound stillness, and all was over.

We have dwelt thus fully on the circumstances of this fatal transaction, because all the parts of it have been cruelly misrepresented; but the simple statement of the facts precludes the necessity of comment. We must now turn to another Irish duel, which has played a very important part in the political transactions of our own day. It will readily be guessed that we allude to the duel between O'Connell and D'Esterre.

It is difficult to touch upon this subject without introducing more of the embarrassing politics of Ireland than is suited to the Court Magazine; but we write as historians, not as partisans, and our narrative is compiled from authentic information.

It is perfectly notorious that the Dublin corporation was, and is, the great stronghold of the Protestant Ascendancy, and that its hostility to what were called the Catholic claims was carried to such extravagant excess as to be almost ludicrous. But there were some weaknesses in the public character of the body that did not bear to be very roughly handled; and when it provoked hostility, it fell into the hands of an adversary not very remarkable for mildness of demeanour or gentleness of deportment to his political enemies. O'Connell is himself conscious that he frequently perils his cause by using less courtesy than is required by the advancing spirit of civilisation, and he would probably confess that he has scarcely ever spoken a speech or written a letter, in which, on cool reflection, he would not gladly see certain phrases omitted, certain epithets softened, and certain statements put in a less positive form. But he entered on political life at a time when he believed, and not without justice, that the attitude of an humble petitioner would only give courage to the enemies of the Catholics, and he resolved to meet scorn with scorn, insult with insult, and reproach with reproach. The battle for what he deemed his rights was to be fought in Ireland, and he was therefore driven to use Irish weapons. At an aggregate meeting in Dublin, he referred to the hostility of the Dublin corporation in terms of contemptuous scorn, using, among other bitter epithets, the words “beggary corpora-

ration,” which from that day passed into a by-word and a proverb. “The sting of contempt,” says a Hindu proverb, “will penetrate the back of the tortoise,” and the Dublin corporators had skins of more penetrable stuff. Mr. D'Esterre, a young man of respectable connexions and high spirit, though by no means a prominent member of the corporation, was greatly hurt at the phrase, and demanded an explanation. It is doing no injustice to his motives or his memory to say that he was not ignorant of the advantageous position which a champion of the ascendancy would hold in the eyes of his party, then in the uncontrolled possession of power; nor is there any improbability in the report that he was stimulated by the flatteries and suggestions of men who wished to remove a formidable adversary without exposing their own precious persons to danger. But assuredly this is not to be a hired bravo, as some furious writers have called the unfortunate gentleman; at the worst it only amounts to a mistaken notion of heroism, to the mixing up of political motives with the "point of honour;" and we have seen in the course of this history that very few duels have been fought purely on the "point of honour." Some days passed in idle bravados which we have no desire to notice; reports were studiously circulated that D'Esterre intended to offer O'Connell personal violence in the street,—an absurd attempt if designed, as any one will readily believe who casts a glance at Mr. O'Connell's athletic frame. The truth appears to be that Mr. D'Esterre felt the difficulty of his situation as a political champion. He was suddenly placed in the front of the fight against the whole Catholic body, and he shrank from proclaiming himself the enemy of the great majority of his countrymen. A week was spent in mere words and threats; but this space of time was more than sufficient to rouse the passions of one of the most excitable mobs in Europe, and it was soon manifest that the duel could not be delayed or fought without danger. The parties met about twelve miles from Dublin, and at the first fire D'Esterre fell mortally wounded. It is said that he was very disadvantageously posted by his second, being in line with a tree that of necessity afforded direction to his adversary's aim. O'Connell behaved with great tenderness to the wounded gentleman, who was generally regarded as one whom more
cowardly foes had induced to become their champion by working on his high spirit and honourable sensitiveness. Since his death, we need scarcely add that O'Connell has steadily refused to fight another duel. There is one more topic connected with this subject on which a few words must be said. It was generally reported at this side of the water that the Dublin mob would have torn D'Esterre to pieces if O'Connell had fallen. It is perfectly true that such apprehensions were entertained, and it was for this very reason that the duel was fought at such a distance from the city; and it is also true that when the event was known, crowds assembled along the road to celebrate O'Connell’s safety; but it is perfectly false that a plan had been formed to murder D'Esterre.—indeed it is barely possible that he would have been exposed to any danger. When Bric was killed by Hayes, just ten years afterwards, he had attained to nearly the same height of popularity that O'Connell had reached in 1815; the duel was as decidedly political, but Mr. Hayes subsequently appeared in Dublin and never heard even a word of reproach.

It is unnecessary to bring the history of duelling down to a later period, though very ample materials are before us. The duels by which the French officers tried to vent their rage for the loss of the battle of Waterloo; those wantonly provoked by the Americans at Gibraltar, and the marvelously absurd combats between the gentlemen of the press in Paris, would require more space than remains now at our command;—we shall therefore conclude with one anecdote more, which not only carries its own comment, but furnishes a fit moral to the entire history. In the campaign of 1813, a French officer of great duelling notoriety hid himself in a trench during a very warm engagement, but was discovered by his comrades and ignominiously expelled from the regiment. When Napoleon was informed of it, he said, “I never reckoned upon a duellist for an act of true courage; Latour Maubourg, the bravest of the brave, never fought a duel through the whole of his honourable career.”

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A TRIFLE OF EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

There are few who have reached the early age of twenty-five (how strange it is—and a little sad—to think that that period can ever have appeared to me the middle age it once did!) without having, in some way or other, wilfully lent themselves to their own disenchantment. As if the pleasant spells of youth and inexperience did not fade away of themselves soon enough! Some years ago, indeed, there might have been found upon the earth a handful or so of innocent day-dreamers, who made their happy pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, clear-sighted only to the bright things of their own fancy,—knowing little, seeing less, suspecting nothing. And at last, the veil was permitted still to hang round the eyes of the young till it became imperatively necessary for wiser heads to raise it by degrees, or till the world, “with its iron grip tore it suddenly away;—but even then bewildered creature thus awakened, had, in the memories of the fairy land vanished for ever, wherewith to console himself. Times are changed: lip-knowledge is filling the world; the wisdom and experience of society are drilled out over the babe’s cradle, instead of the sweet nonsense of the old lullaby. It may be right and wise, considering the spirit of our age, thus to begin with the beginning—thus early to arm the human being for his struggle through the difficulties and chicaneries of life; but I am no philosopher—I love to be deceived; and I am thankful to believe that I shall go to the grave wrapped in many of what men call delusions. But then, thanks to the most unworlly of mothers, to the most superstitious of old Irish nurses, I was ushered into childhood with a thousand brave visions about me. I played with Cinderella, “in her chimney corner sitting;” I walked about the mysterious castle with Fatima, in the absence of her grim lord and master, till I became wretched with anxiety lest prudence should prevail over curiosity, and she should not open
that awful Blue Chamber! I knew the "visible form and bodily presence" of the Beast, far better than the artist (and yet he had a fierce fancy of his own) who had cut him in wood for the embellishment of the charming gilt book wherein the pretty story of himself and the Beauty and the Rose was chronicled! And as for Sinbad the Sailor—if, throughout my whole life, I have been a restless, unsettled being, with heads shaken at me, till grave and excellent relations seemed, for my sake, transformed into mandarins,—if, since the days of infancy, I have been haunted with longings for the cities of Spain, and "the voice of Egypt's river"—if I have put the Rhine and its legends into verse, till my hand, for very excitement could no longer hold the pen,—if I have wakened from glowing dreams of the carnivals and barcarolles of Venice, with an absolute loathing upon me of my pair of rooms (the nearest of all bachelors' chambers) in——street:—this wandering humour, these delightful though exhausting visions, do I not owe them in no small measure to the magical tale of the Roc and the Valley of Diamonds? Had I entered the world under wise auspices I should have been stiffened up on this "Family Traveller," and 'other catechism of some six-syllable-long ology, and have come out of my course of education, I doubt not, abundantly knowing and well-informed!

You are wondering, gentle reader, I doubt not, whither this rhapsody of mine is tending. I have only, by way of explanation and apology, to tell you that such were actually the thoughts and fancies that floated through my mind on the evening when the events (they are too slight and simple to deserve the title of a tale) which I am about to relate, commenced,—in the place, too, of all others, the least tempting for meditation: namely, the wilderness behind the scenes of the Italian opera.

The ballet was that charming fable "La Sylphide," almost raised from the superficial character of spectacle to the pathos of the legitimate drama, by Taglioni's inimitable performance. The stage, at the moment when I fell into my reverie, offered as fine an example of the disenchantment of reality as a satirist could desire. The Fairy of the Floods was standing in a most nonchalant attitude; she was the centre of a crowd, certainly not composed of "gentle-shepherds," and animble, antidy, quick-eyed attendant behind her, was giving the "last sit" to her pretty gauze wings. The lover, whom she had spirited away to her sylvan house (the most beautiful of all painted scenes), was trying experiments on the obtuse angle, in a corner, as he poised himself, first on one leg, then on the other, chattering away to his crowd of admirers, in an accent not very "sortable" with his tartan doublet. A stage carpenter, in his shirt-sleeves, with a beard a week old and hands as long unwashed, was stringing the elfin children on long wires, preparatory to their flight;—two of them had quarrelled—and the mother of one of the combatants was adjusting her rumpled paper wreath, which had come to harm in the affray. As for the chorus of attendant sylphs, coarse, flaring, disorderly—fit only for the daubed trees and flower-knots—and the lake, with a huge canvas patch in the centre, by which they were surrounded,—who could fancy them a crew forming a group which should seem graceful and picturesque from any distance? While I was speculating, idly, whether the difference between the realities of a life of representation, and its aspect before the curtain, were as great as those that now somewhat shocked my fastidiousness, the delicious symphony of the second act of "La Sylphide" was breathed out by the full orchestra; the huge screen was raised, which separated us from the audience, and the brilliancy of the crowded circle of the opera was before me!

I remained quietly in my corner at the side scenes, at the risk of being run over by the half-dressed figurantes who poured upon the stage, pondering these and other such matters, when some instinct or impulse, I know not what, led me to cast my eyes towards the boxes, close in my neighbourhood, and my attention was rivetted for the remainder of the evening.

**Scene First.**

It was a face I saw—a face far more interesting for its expression than for any regularity of feature. I had not remarked it before among the other notables of the grand tier; but once seen, it was never to be forgotten. The lady was very tall and graceful, her throat and bust were of singular perfection and symmetry, and her hair of that intense jet which is so rarely accompanied by any delicacy of complexion. Her costume, too, was singular; and, in
defiance of all modes past or present, she wore upon her head a small turban of green velvet, enwreathed with a glittering gold chain which seemed to lose itself among her thick curls. Her mantle was of white cashmere, covered with ermine; and round her neck and in her ears, fine and small as the leaf of the camellia, were diamonds of a water, that—pardon the bold novelty of my panegyric—outshone her large and wondrously bright eyes.

I have said that it was the expression of her face that caught my gaze; those eyes were sedulously bent on some object in the stalls, with an imperious, questioning, haughty look, whilst her mouth was smiling easily and talking placidly to the gentleman in attendance upon her. But for him she was alone—she laughed even in acknowledgement of some pleasantness—and yet it seemed to me, at that very moment, that the displeasure of her brow almost deepened into a frown. It mattered not that Taglioni displayed her most airy graces—for which the thunders of the audience were too poor a recompense—that I quite verified, Moore's elegant lines on Fanny Biax:

You'd swear—
When her elegant feet in the dance twinkle round,
So light is her step—that her home is the air.
And she only, par complaisance, touches the ground.

The lady's mind was obviously too anxiously and sternly occupied to permit her to remark either the one or the other. Her cavalier must have left the box, for she ceased to speak, and the smile died away on the lower part of her face; but her gaze never for a moment relaxed or turned aside. I was tantalised to find out what the object of such vigilant and unwearied scrutiny might be; and hastened round to my stall, in hopes of receiving some satisfaction.

The riddle was not impossible to read. I knew pretty well (as every opera lover should) the affaires de cœur of most of the well-known figures that reclined about me, listlessly looking for the hundredth time upon the delicate and simple grace of "La dînée de la danse";—that night, too, the stalls presented an unusually masculine appearance; so that, if the lady in the box was criticising a rival, or observing the defection of a former subject, that rival must. I was certain, be a young fair-haired girl, (with the most perfect head and throat, and deep, quiet blue eyes I ever saw), who, dressed without pretension, in a simple frock of black crepe, was supported on the one side by a fine looking old gentleman, also in deep mourning,—and on the other (yes! there couldn't be no mistaking him, he was the default) by a younger man with more of the gentleman than of the exquisite in his appearance, who was obviously accompanying the different scenes of the Ballet, as it proceeded, with his version of that lamentable tale of man's suspicion and woman's hapless fate.

It is needless to explain to the reader how I became possessed of the incidents I am about to relate; enough that he shall accompany me behind the scenes, and perhaps he may smile, and be tempted to raidsack his own stores of adventure and coincidence, when he learns that the fortunes of four lives were decided by nothing more nor less than—a cluster of French roses smiling through the bars of a balcony in—street,—square.

SCENE SECOND.

Some one or other of the lively and subtle French authors, so skilful in dividing sentiment into imperceptible portions, declares, sanely enough, that even "love in its hey-day has its times of ebbing and flowing;" that if there be no longer any obstacle to overcome, or any persecution to defy, there are moments when the lady becomes indifferent and the gentleman suspicious, without any perceptive temptation. Be it so: though I doubt the truth of this aphorism, when applied to good old-fashioned true love, I will not argue the question; suffice it to say, that it was on one of these languid days when the sun is terribly hot, and the streets shockingly dusty—when your horse takes a sudden fit of perversity, and your servant becomes as suddenly stupid,—that the young gentleman whom we saw in the stalls paying court to the fair girl in mourning, was driving listlessly to lay his daily offering of suit and service at the feet of the spirituelle, difficult, capricious lady, whom the world had long declared his betrothed. I question the intensity of our modern lover's passion; for certain it is, that, on the day I mention, Bertie, on the whole, a fair specimen of the race, urged not his steed, nor wished the way shorter. Yet the lady, it was admitted, had refused six titled suitors on his account; and he had been accused of cruelty to the daughter of one of the richest coronets in—shire, for the sake of the bright eyes and keen wit of the poorer and less regularly lovely Mrs. Clarendon.
- BEHIND THE SCENES -

"Shall I go in or not to-day?" announced he between his teeth—"As well there as anywhere else—with this cursed headache—and it will save me the Opera tonight. She will expect me, too—but it is strange, how these women take matters for granted—and, because you have been a pretty faithful attendant for one week—expect you to go on playing the lap-dog when the humour has ceased to suit you;—and, besides, I said I should come. Poor Agnes!—she would not be pacified were I to fail her." And he crossed his moustache, and leaned back in his cabriolet with a more poco-curante air than before.

This daily visit—but one poor month ago the most coveted thing of Bertie's life, had become habitual to the young widow as well as to her lover. The latter, then, when turning into ______ street, was more surprised than pleased, at seeing two equipages before the door, hitherto closed at that hour, to all other intruders, for his sake—and whose equipages? The strangers who owned them were acquaintances of yesterday: the one belonged to the redoubtable Prince Lasadowsky, the lady-killer of the season; the other to a less distinguished person than one of the pillars of the Upper House—a man, whose political talents were equalled only by his opinion of his own personal fascinations,—and who had preserved himself in single blessedness, it was said, lest, by marrying in any of the distinguished quarters in which alone he could marry, he should commit himself. What made the matter stranger, was that the ambassador and the peer were notoriously at issue on politics, and were both of them Bertie's express antipathies. The vaunted cord of Solomon, not to be broken, was assuredly never woven of three vain men at once current in the feverish circles of fashionable life.

Now, as to our lovely widow, it must be confessed, if she had a fault, it was a passion—no, a penchant, for influence and mystery. Though not a silly woman, she would sometimes long for a salon of her own, and be haunted in dreams (when her good angel was taking holiday) with visions of red and blue ribands—of ministerial dinners, and privy counsellors at her feet. And though she had all but promised herself to Bertie, and, in the secret of her own mind, had given herself to him ______, she could not help feeling a certain tingling of complacency, when, on the day in question, in spite of her standing order, "Not at home," the celebrated diplomate made his way into her drawing-room, with his "Ah! my dear Madame Clarendon, how charmed I am to find you at last! I saw you at the window arranging that exquisite rose tree." She rose and received her visitor gracefully, but not graciously.

"How delighted to be admitted," continued the Prince, "and to find you alone; when I have a favour to ask of you, a secret to breathe in your ear, which must be absolutely confined to your own bosom.

"What next?" thought Agnes, in some curiosity; too worldly wise, or, to put its best and true construction upon the matter, too entirely pre-occupied for a single new fancy to enter, which might flatter her vanity with the notion of her having made a conquest; and besides, she had seen the Prince only once before, and at a formal dinner;—he had then spoken but two words to her;—what could he mean now?

He seated himself by her side, pouring out a profusion of brilliant nothings; too happy to find himself there, to think of opening the object of his visit. He admired her pretty drawing-room; and her jardinière was the ne plus ultra of invention; still, unworthy of its position (and here he looked tenderly into her eyes—it was his way). Was she going to Lady ______'s ball? No;—the omission was unpardonable: but Lady ______ was notoriously belle, and asked her guests only by the "Red Book." Then she must be going to the Countess O's petit souper after the Opera: No, again!—it was monstrous. He was thus gliding rather than rattling on in the most honeyed of broken English, when some little bustle was heard in the antechamber, and the footman (proud of his office) stepped forward, and sonorously announced the Earl of Uttoxeter!

The Prince muttered a "peste" between his teeth; the lady coloured—for how could she have expected this second and greater honour? So perplexed was she out of her usual self-possession of mind, at thus receiving together, the two most distinguished men of the day, that it is believed she issued the order to her footman to deny her any further visiter; an order given, just as Bertie's vehicle was lazily coming into sight.

Down sat the Peer on the widow's left hand. A large, heavy man he, with a dull complexion, and a substantial pale
grey eye, and an infantile lisp, with a sort of elephantine courtesy of manner. Down he sate, and began whispering into her somewhat bewildered ear, a sotto voce accompaniment to the more sparkling, but equally insignificant words, of course, which flowed from the lips of the handsomer Russian. The gentlemen had exchanged a haughty bow upon the Earl’s entrance; and thenceforth, according to the truly polite facon du monde, they took no further notice of each other; the one overflowing with complacency as he descanted on family pictures, old houses, olden titles, and such like aristocratic matters, and content with the silent acknowledgment of a smile and a motion of the lips—the other pouring out his regrets that Mrs. Clarendon was not going to honour Lady ——’s ball with her presence, perfectly satisfied when her “Oui”’s and “Merci bien”’s came at the wrong pauses of his discourse. At last he rose, advanced to the open window, and with an easy air of familiarity which there was no discouraging, broke from the precious rose-tree, Bertie’s last gift, and the unique specimen in England, its one cluster of flowers; and kissing her hand with an empresement not unpalatable, though not encouraged, made his way out of the room with the treasure, which he was bent upon wearing in his button-hole at Lady ——’s ball: for Prince Laskowsky had literally bestowed one of his precious half hours upon the widow, to secure the ornament which had caught his professionally quick eye, while on his way to exhibit his self-admired person in Hyde Park.

It is even so—a diplomatist may care for trifles as well as treaties: but

—trifles make the sum of human things.

The earl, though he would rather have died than owned it, breathed more freely when his rival had passed from the lady’s presence, lounged more gracefully in the damasked easy chair, and spoke something more warmly in her small white ear. Meanwhile, Mrs. Clarendon had become so far accustomed to the honour and glory of his visit that she had time to think of poor Bertie, and to wonder that he came not.—Her eye, unknowingly to herself, became distrait—and a yawn—yes, in the coveted society of a minister—was trying its best to disfigure her classical mouth.

“You have long known the prince?” asked the earl, in his most indifferent manner.

“I met him abroad;” replied the widow, too thorough a tactician to permit her guest to think she had been receiving two first visits on one day. “Colonel Clarendon and myself were constantly at the Princess Cubomiska’s, at Vienna.” And while she spoke the spirit of the intriguante waked within her.

Those few words, a mere fence of society, decided her fate. The earl too, kissed her hand as he rose, and departed. “You will go to see Pasta to-night?” said he: and he thought within himself, as he descended the stairs: if she should know anything about the * * * letters, I shall soon have the clue in my possession.—Clarendon—to be sure, was the man who had the —— business in his hands. It is well I chanced to hit upon the idea, and it costs me only a little civility—these women are so easily managed. After all, the world is governed by chances.

And where was Bertie? He had seen the prince gaily trip out upon the balcony, and carry off, trophy-wise, (of course with Mrs. Clarendon’s permission,) the flower which had been his last gift—“No, I will not go into day! She shall write to me!—she shall explain what this means, before I cross the threshold again!”—and with the coming of this real or imagined cause of grievance, his headache vanished, and his languor departed like a dream. “Vexed!” continued he to himself, as he drove (now rapidly) along—’not I—I can trust her I hope, and if not!—but to think,” continued he, as a sudden thought crossed his mind—“that they have been in town so long, and I have never called before! He will think I have forgotten my old friend and tutor—I will go at once!—this is the way we let ourselves be ruled. Agnes is mistaken, however, if she imagines I am to be laid aside whenever it suits her convenience!” With this last doughty, and as he flattered himself, most indifferent speech, his vehicle stopped before the most moderate mansion, in one of the most unfashionable squares in London.

I think I have now explained the scene at the opera.

SCENE THIRD.

The season has advanced some six weeks, and we are again in the widow’s drawing-room. There flushed, wearied, emaciated, restless, she was alone, waiting, as before, for the arrival of her lover:—but waiting with how miserable a remnant of her
former feelings! All was now change, confusion, uneasiness. A thousand brilliant and feverish dreams had, since the adventure of the rose-tree, obscured the clear sunshine of her mind. She was going to be great—to be influential—to mount in society to a height of which, in her wildest moments, she had never dreamed—and this too without dishonour, without falsity: for she had never engaged herself to Bertie; but she was never less happy than at the moment when she was expecting him to answer her summons in person. It was not in nature to avoid contrasting the stately stupid man to whom she wasighted, with her first lover. How she had ensured him was a mystery even to herself—when she had consented to become his, she could hardly remember. It was a curious game, that whole history, and yet only one of many thousands daily played in the world of life high and low. Since the prince had imagined the earl an habitude of the widow’s house, he had found her a person whom it was a necessity and pleasure to patronise, even though her rose unique had done its duty; whilst the earl, on the other hand, had so sapiently imagined that the prince must have some deeper motive than met the eye in idling away so many hours of his Sovereign’s valuable time in her boudoir. And thus had his proposal fallen out, half from piqued curiosity, half from lazy admiration (for our widow was a striking-looking woman), a thing strange enough to make the great world half crazy so soon as it should transpire. And what would Bertie say when he heard it? Poor Agnes was wretched at the thought—repented—resolved—trembled—and shed tears. And when at last her old lover entered—not with his old eagerness, but pale in his cheek, ill-assured, restrained in his manner—she felt a bitter pang shoot through her heart, as she said to herself, “This is my work.”

“I am glad to find you at last,” said he, with a hollow voice.

“Sit down, Bertie;—how ill you look.”

“I have been— I am— You received my note?”

“I?—No. I will ring and inquire about it.—Poor Bertie—do you see that your rose-tree is out of flower already?”

He cast a wandering glance towards the balcony and was silent. “No reproaches!” thought she, “not even an angry word!—I cannot bear this gentleness.”

“Bertie, what am I to say to you?—How make the confession?”

“Stay—stay, Agnes, I entreat of you! I am a wretch—a perjured man. I must speak while I have power.—I am going to be married to another!”

“You—you too!” cried she, almost hysterically rising from her chair; “thank God!—then I have not wronged you!”—and a beautiful smile—not, however, the old smile of tenderness—came dimpling over her face. He had never seen her look so radiant before. “It is that charming Miss Davenet, your tutor’s daughter, I hope.—You see I know all—before you could tell me.—I congratulate you—indeed I do.—I could not bear you to marry an ugly vulgar woman, Bertie.”

“Is this real or feigned?” thought he to himself, with a lingering feeling of regret that after all she was lost to him for ever. He answered, however, with tolerable firmness, “You are right.”

“My dear Bertie,” continued the widow, whom so sudden a relief made loquacious, “I am charmed—delighted!—Now don’t interrupt me—don’t say anything disclaiming or sentimental—the dream is over.—We were not made for each other it is clear. You will be ten times happier than you could have been with me. And (with a shade of melancholy in her voice,) as to worldly prudence, my dear friend, I shall perhaps be able now to serve you better than I could have done had I married you. —I will speak to the Earl for you as soon as ever—the hurry—the— the—is over.”

“Agnes!”

“Go—go, and God bless you!” exclaimed she, bursting into a passion of tears, as she rang the bell hastily; “I hear feet on the stairs. It is near his time of coming—your old time, Bertie. Farewell!—You must go! You will not see me again till you are married, and I am am—Lady Uttoxeter.”

And her lover left the room for ever, like a man in a dream.
THE COURT

Has been exceedingly locomotive during the last month. At the approach of the meeting of Parliament their Majesties left the Marine Pavilion for St. James's Palace. The King went in State to the House of Lords, to open the Session. The cortège was extremely splendid, and, in spite of the unpropitious weather, attracted numerous spectators. The House presented the customary brilliant assemblage of peers and peeresses. By some extraordinary mismanagement, there was not sufficient light about the Throne to enable the King to read his Speech. His Majesty displayed the utmost affability, notwithstanding the embarrassment he must have felt at this not entirely unprece-
dented attempt to keep him in the dark, before the congregated representatives of the empire. When lights were brought, his Majesty, after making an exceedingly prompt and good-humoured address, recommenced his speech, and the ceremony concluded in the usual manner. The King and Queen afterwards made a farewell visit to Brighton; and on the 20th returned to London.

His Majesty held a levee on the 23rd; and on the 24th, the Queen's first drawing-room for the season was most brilliantly attended.

Their Majesties have since taken up their abode in that most magnificent of royal dwellings, Windsor Castle.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


The object in publishing these records is, as the reverend editor states in his preface, to work out the great Christian moral, "that retribution invariably follows delinquency;" also "to enforce some of the sublime truths of Christianity, by showing, in the way of practical illustration, the issues of moral good and moral evil." This purpose is fully answered in the scenes and descriptions before us, which breathe a spirit of pure morality and Christian meekness highly creditable to the writer as a preacher of the gospel of Christ. The subjects are all spirit-stirring, and are treated with considerable power; many of them are gloomy, but are necessarily so, as they bring to light the pictures of bereavement and of woe so frequently witnessed by every metropolitan minister who attends to his duties as comforter of the sick and needy, as well as of the dying sinner. Though not fond ourselves of witnessing the writhings of despair and crime even through the medium of a well-wrought picture, when so vividly and powerfully delineated as by the writer of these records, still we must admit the exposure of them to be necessary for the sake of example. Moreover, in every one of the tales before us, if tales they can be called, bearing as they do the stamp of reality—there is an interest which never flags, and which leads us imperceptibly through the most lamentable scenes of misery and guilt, without their inflicting upon us that pain which they otherwise would do. We feel for the sufferer. we pity the penitent wretch, we abhor the hardened criminal; in a word, we receive the moral lesson, whilst the kind hand that places before us these terrible examples, spares our feelings and ministers to our sympathies.


There is much talent in this book, which has scarcely been done justice to by some of our contemporaries. The story is interesting, its scenes vivid and soul-kindling, and the volumes, in spite of some errors, we shall not
say faults, will worthily repay a perusal of them. The incidents appear to be founded upon facts, and Semler, one of the principal personages in the tale, seems taken from real life, even to his very name. This Semler is a noble fellow; but why Mr. St. John makes him always speak broken English, even when in France and Italy, and talking to persons who do not understand English, we are at a loss to conjecture. Every time, during the reading of these volumes, that we found Semler en scène, we wished him at the deuce, from the trouble we had to make out, without an interpreter, what he meant to say. It is a strange fancy in an author wilfully to render one of his most important characters unintelligible. With regard to Margaret, she must also be the portrait of one who really lived, for surely no man could have imagined such a character, to make her the heroine of a novel. At all events, Montague had a most fortunate escape in her death; for, in spite of the interest Mr. St. John has thrown around her, she was not only a jilt, but a scold, a vixen, a very shrew, and an extremely capricious one, too. The black-eyed Helen is our favourite; she is much more amiable and much more lovable than her virago of a sister, and we cannot admire Montague’s taste, when he gave the preference to Margaret. Notwithstanding this censure, Mr. St. John’s book has beguiled us of a few tears, and afforded us considerable pleasure.


Musical History, Biography, and Criticism; being a General Survey of Music from the earliest period to the present time. By George Hogarth. Parker.

This clever and delightful book has been long upon our table; so long, indeed, that we have had time to read it through twice. We ought to have noticed it before; but as we are anxious to do it justice, which would not be the case if we dismissed it in a few lines, we are compelled to defer giving a detailed criticism of it till our next number. Meantime we earnestly recommend it to the attention of those who take any interest in the art, the history of which it embraces, promising them a rich treat and considerable information.


An historical romance, especially one in imitation of those by the author of Waverley, and upon his own ground, too, was a very hazardous undertaking. Nevertheless Cutburt Clutterbuck of Kennaquhair, whoever he be, has acquitted himself too creditably for us to wish him to stop here. He displays considerable antiquarian knowledge, great accuracy in historical fact, and much power and originality in the delineation of character. The scenes he describes are stirring, and his tale is well told.

Travelling Sketches in Rhyme. By Lady E. S. Wortley. Longman.

LADY EMMELINE, as we have said before, has too exuberant a genius, and writes too rapidly. This is a pity, for she often evinces no ordinary power and poetic feeling. Her great defect, which we fear will not be easily overcome, is a want of ear, and her rhythm always appears defective. She generally wants cadence and euphony, but now and then a bright gem sparkles among much tinsel and false glitter. We state this with a most kindly feeling, entertaining, as we do, a very high respect for her ladyship’s talents.


These volumes are written by a lady, though there is a masculine vigour about them which would do credit to a practised writer of the other sex. The tale is interesting, and the incidents are interspersed with information concerning France, Italy, and Belgium, highly instructive to the untravelled reader, and calling forth pleasing associations in such as have visited those lands. We trust that the fair author will soon try her powers on another work.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption. By James Clark, M.D., F.R.S. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

Though medical books are beyond our sphere of criticism, still we have derived so much pleasure and information from Dr. Clark’s treatise upon one of the most fatal diseases incidental to our climate, that we conceive ourselves bound earnestly to call the attention of our readers to it. This work ought to be studied by every father of a family, by every mother who has daughters to rear. We understand it to be popular among the medical faculty, and it appears to us to throw much more light upon tuberculous diseases than has hitherto been done.

Evenings Abroad. By the Author of “Sketches of Corfu.” Smith, Elder and Co.

We are much pleased with this volume, which is well worthy of attention, and in no wise inferior to the “Sketches of Corfu,” which we recommended to our readers on a former occasion, and which were written by a lady, and a most amiable one, too, if we may judge from her writings.
NEW MUSIC.


These pieces are very beautifully written, and display the true genius of song-writing, namely character and expression. Though of an order of composition very much above the native vocal compositions which fill the shelves of the music shops, and the portfolios of the lovely songstresses who warble in our drawing-rooms, still they are within the compass of every voice. The melodies are charming, and the accompaniments full of warmth and colouring, without being overcharged, or presenting any difficulties of execution.


She is Where? As sung by Miss Shirreff, Miss Ashe, and Miss Waters. Composed by the same. Willis & Co.
The World goes Round. As sung by Mr. Phillips. Composed by the same. T. Welsh.

Sweet is the Presence of One Faithful Friend. Composed by the same. T. Welsh.

Mr. St. Leger, who is one of our most distinguished amateurs, has already produced some exceedingly pretty and very popular songs. Those before us are full of sweet melody, and are prettily accompanied. We earnestly recommend them to the attention of our fair readers.


This piece is prettily arranged, and extremely well adapted to the object which the composer seems to have had in view, the production of a brilliant piece, free from any of the more complicated mechanical difficulties of the instrument.


What we have said of the preceding piece is equally applicable to this waltz, which has long been a favourite among us.

The Young Indian Maid. Ballad, by Thomas Moore, Esq.
The Summer Webs. By the same.
The Fancy Fair. By the same.

Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

The name of Mr. Moore attached to a musical composition fills us with delightful associations. It recalls past days of pleasure, when buoyant with youth and expectations, with the bright side of the world before us, we used to listen with rapture to the poet of Erin, singing his own sweet melodies to his own beautiful words. The three ballads before us contain all the grace and elegance of his former compositions, with a sweetness of character and expression which belong to no other writer of ballads. These songs must become extremely popular.


On this melody, which we hear on almost every hand-organ in every street in London, Mr. Rost has constructed a very pleasing fantasia, which will be found very acceptable to young ladies, who, without being very great proficients on the piano forte, are still ambitious of displaying a certain brilliancy of execution.

No. 1. The Siege of Rochelle, a fantasia for the Piano Forte, on Airs selected from Balfe's Opera. By J. Moscheles. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

This is a beautiful and brilliant fantasia by Moscheles, within the reach of any young lady who has made a tolerable proficiency on the piano forte.

Oh! thou soft Evening Breeze, or the Lucayons. Duet for two soprano voices. The music by Henry R. Bishop.

Meet Again. Duet for two soprano voices. By the same.

And canst thou, Mother. Duet for two soprano voices. By the same.

Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

These duets are worthy of Mr. Bishop's reputation, and must prove a great acquisition in the fashionable drawing-room.
QUADRILLES, GALOPS, AND WALTZES.


Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

We have already noticed Mr. Vaucher’s former productions of the same description, as some of the most beautiful of their kind we ever heard. The bagatelles now before us are quite equal to the preceding, and we trust the season will not go by without their being heard at Almack’s.

A set of Quadrilles, composed for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to her Mother. By Adelaide Kemble. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

We have already noticed Miss Adelaide Kemble, as one of the most promising young singers now preparing to appear before the public. She here appears as a composer—of quadrilles only, it is true; but these quadrilles display taste, warmth, and intellect, which, when hereafter applied to a higher branch of composition, will show that Miss A. Kemble is not unworthy of the gifted family to which she belongs.

The Amicable, a new set of Quadrilles for the Piano Forte. Composed by a young Lady, and dedicated to the members, patrons, and patronesses of the Amicable Assembly.


These two sets of quadrilles are attractive from the novelty and prettiness of their melodies, and will no doubt meet with patronage.

FINE ARTS.


These beautiful plates, most exquisite specimens of our school of engraving, have been delivered to us just as we are going to press. As they have reached us so late in the month, we can do no more than acknowledge the receipt of them, being unable at present to give a more detailed notice of their beauties, which are of the highest order.

VARIETIES.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The first of these concerts for the present season took place on Monday evening, the 22nd ultimo. The band seemed in excellent condition, and the first crash of the combined instruments awoke in us a thrill of associations connected with former glories of this society, an institution certainly unequalled in Europe. The opening symphony was Beethoven’s No. 7, containing the beautiful andante movement in A minor. We have heard it given with more precision, though upon the whole we may say that it went well. There is a singular fact connected with the performance of this symphony at the Philharmonic. For the last dozen years it has been one of the standard pieces in the repertory of this society, but no one had ever discovered till the present season that there was a bar too much in the violins. No doubt the performers, who always floundered a little at the part where the error lay, supposed it to be one of the wild freaks of the composer’s imagination, instead of an amplification by the copyist.

To this symphony succeeded “Di Prima vera,” a scena by Marshner, extremely well sung by Mrs. Bishop; but Marshner’s music is not to our taste—it wants warmth, intellect, and power. The manner in which Moscheles played Beethoven’s piano-forte concerto in E flat is beyond all praise. This composition is one of the many proofs that even to a mere mechanical display of dexterity on an instrument, Beethoven added the highest poetry of his art; that music to him was always intellectual, even in a piece intended for a mere show of execution. This concerto is full of the noblest thoughts, and the piano-forte appears as a persuasive orator guiding the multitude, whose passions it rouses or soothes at will.

A new overture by Mendelssohn Bartholdy was performed for the first time. The music is descriptive, and purports to represent a sea voyage and safe arrival. It is in many respects worthy of Mendelssohn’s genius, though unequal, fantastic, and in some parts a little common-place. It is said that, at the rehearsal, a highly-gifted musical lady, to whom the intention of the composer was explained, exclaimed...
with great naïveté,—"How very sea-sick the passengers on board the vessel must have been."

Haydn's symphony, No. 9, came upon us like the return of an old friend: it was a bright gleam of sunshine. We were exceedingly moved—even to tears—by the incomparable manner in which Miss Postans (we beg her pardon, we should have said Mrs. Alfred Shaw) gave the "O salutaris Hostia," by Cherubini. Her beautiful voice, intense feeling, and simple purity of style were bewitching. The piece was deservedly encored. Haydn's quartet by Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt and Lindley, which followed, formed a strange contrast with Mrs. A. Shaw's singing: for under the bows of these gentlemen it was a more beautiful piece of mechanism—cold, dry, and uninteresting.

Mozart's quartet from Idomeneo hung rather heavily, but the closing overture, that of "Euryanthe," went with great firmness, precision, and brilliancy.

Mr. Mori's Classical Chamber Concerts.

These concerts are got up in imitation of those beautiful concerti da camera, which we have noticed in former numbers, as given by a society of professors instituted for mutual improvement in their art. We are rejoiced to see such societies increasing, though the present series of concerts, so far as we can learn, appear centred in Mr. Mori, and to be a private speculation of his own. Of course, he plays first fiddle; and from the specimen he has given us in the two concerts that have already taken place, he can never become any thing higher than a vulgar, unintellectual violinist. He has extraordinary beauty of tone, a most perfect execution, and stops generally well in tune; in a word, he has all the mechanical perfection of an accomplished solo player—but none of the mind. He has no elevation, no feeling, no breadth of style, no poetry,—and he will never be able either to appreciate the intellect displayed in a musical composition, or to sing upon his violin—which singing Beethoven terms the voice, and Dragonetti the pronunciation of music. Mr. Mori will execute a complicated and difficult passage, but cannot play a simple melody. His quartet (we mean the personnel of his quartet) did not therefore feel or understand Beethoven or Haydn. They sadly perverted the proper effect of Haydn's beautiful "God save the Emperor." It was given with as much dryness as if it had been played on a hand organ. Lindley's little twittering flourish at the close of the melody, when taken up by the violoncello, was quite out of place, and in very bad taste. We shall return to these concerts, which seem to have been got up in opposition to some of the younger, but more intellectual, members of the profession.

Classical Concerts at Horn's Tavern, Doctors' Commons.

This society is the parent of all the present chamber concert societies, in this metropolis; but its performances are limited to instrumental music. Two have already taken place, and among the pieces given we may particularly notice, as much to our taste, Beethoven's trio by Messrs. Dando, Hill, and Banister; Mozart's quartet in F, by Messrs. Thirlwall, Pigott, Hill, and Banister; and Beethoven's quintet in E flat, led by Mr. Dando. But the gem of these two concerts was Spohr's duet in E minor, for violin and tenor. It was beautifully given by Messrs. Dando and Hill.

Adelphi Harmonic Concerts; Held at No. 7, Adelphi Terrace.

Here is a child of the classical school, and worthy of its progenitors. Much credit is due to Messrs. Hawes, Musgrove, Payton, Kearns, Crouch, and J. H. Griesbach, for the excellent style in which these performances have been got up, in the vocal as well as the instrumental department. Miss M. B. Hawes sang with considerable taste and judgment in a glee composed by her father, and the madrigals were given with beautiful effect. We did not admire Mr. Hughes' violin solo, at the first concert: it was dreadfully out of tune. Mr. Musgrove, a young violinist, deserves our best praise; so does Mr. Payton, who has a beautiful tone and considerable power, both of which are somewhat paralysed by his extreme timidity. This, however, will soon wear off. Mr. Baumann's bassoon solo, at the second concert, was admirable; and we were much pleased with the flute-playing of Mr. Ribas. We were much pleased with Mr. J. H. Griesbach's sextet: it is extremely well written, and the first movement is full of power and energy.

Quartet Concerts.

Two of the leading founders of the Concerti da Camera, Messrs. Blagrove and Lucas, in conjunction with Messrs. Dando and Gattie, have determined, during the recess of the concerti, to get up a series of quartet concerts, but which are to comprise all kinds of chamber music, both instrumental and vocal. From the very high talents of the above-named gentlemen, we hope that this will surpass all former attempts, and that they will refrain from mutilating, like their predecessors, the quartets of the great masters, which ought to be played as written, or not played at all. These concerts are to take place Thursday March 17th, Saturday March 26th, Friday April 8th, and Saturday April 16th. Mr. Bishop is to preside at the piano, and the following piano-forte players have been engaged: Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Moscheles, Cipriani, Potter, and Bennett.
THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY CUST.

The Hon. Lady Cust is daughter of the late Lewis William Boode, Esq., and wife of the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, K.C.H., sixth son of the late Lord Brownlow.

The family of Cust, Earls of Brownlow, anciently seated in Yorkshire, removed, as appears by the records, nearly five hundred years ago, to Pinchbeck in Lincolnshire, where Sir Peter Cust died, his will bearing date 17th November, 12th year of the reign of Edward III. The descendant of this Sir Peter,

Richard Cust, Esq., went in 1641 at the head of a deputation from Lincolnshire to Charles I, to entreat his Majesty to accord with his Parliament. In 1653 Mr. Cust was member for the county of Lincoln, but his zeal for the preservation of the monarchical constitution of England, caused him to be excluded from his seat by Cromwell. After the restoration, he was created a Baronet by Charles II, 29th September 1667. Sir Richard married Beatrix, daughter and heiress of Thomas Purey, of Kirton, Lincolnshire, by whom he had, with other issue, an only son,

Sir Purey Cust, who joined the regiment of gentlemen under the command of William Earl of Devonshire, which marched to receive the Prince of Orange on his landing in the west, and attended him into Ireland. Mr. Cust in consequence received the honour of knighthood.

He married, first, Ursula, daughter and heiress of Edward Woodcock, Esq., of Newtimber in Sussex, and, secondly, Alice, daughter and co-heir of William Savile, Esq., of Newton, Lincolnshire, and dying in 1699, before his father, left an only son, by the first wife, Richard.

Sir Richard Cust died in 1700, and was succeeded by his grandson,

Sir Richard Cust, second Baronet. This gentleman, who, from his love of a studious and retired life, declined accepting a seat in Parliament, espoused Anne, daughter of Sir William Brownlow, Bart., and sister to John Viscount Tyrconnel, and dying the 25th July 1734, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir John Cust, third Baronet, who from 1743 until the period of his death represented the borough of Grantham in Parliament, and, in 1761, was elected to the Speaker's chair, and, in 1768, sworn of the Privy Council. On the demise of his uncle, John Viscount Tyrconnel, without issue male, in 1746, Sir John inherited the estates of that nobleman, the viscounty becoming extinct. He married, the 8th December 1743, Etheldreda, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Payne, Esq., of Houghton on the Hill, in the county of Lincoln, by whom he had, with two daughters, an only son, his successor at his decease, the 24th January 1770.

VOL. VIII.—NO. IV.—APRIL 1836.
SIR BROWNLOW CUST, fourth Baronet, born 3rd December 1744. This gentleman was educated first at Harrow, and took the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford in 1773. One of his contemporaries relates that while at the former place, he made the following extemporaneous couplet —

When my father dies, as die he must,
Then I, little Brownlow, will be Sir B. Cust.

Higher honours, however, than those of a Baronet awaited him. In consideration of his father's services, he was elevated to the peerage the 20th May 1776, as BARON BROWNLOW of Belton, in the county of Lincoln. His lordship wedded, first, 16th October 1770, Jocosa Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Thomas Drury of Overstone, in the county of Northampton, by whom (who died the 11th February 1772) he had a daughter, Etheldreda, who died unmarried in 1778. Lord Brownlow espoused, secondly, the 31st August 1775, Frances, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Banks, Knt., of Wimbledon in Surrey, and had issue,

JOHN, his successor.

Henry Cockayne, in holy orders, M.A., F.S.A., canon of Windsor, who was born the 28th September 1780, and married the 20th June 1816, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Francis Earl of Kilmorey, and has issue, Henry, born the 15th September 1819, Robert, born the 24th February 1821, Reginald, born the 25th September 1828, Anna, Lucy, Eleanor, Georgiana.

Richard, in holy orders, rector of Belton in Lincolnshire, born 26th August 1783.

William, barrister-at-law, a commissioner of the customs, who was born the 23rd January 1787, and married the 8th July 1819, Sophia, daughter of the late Thomas Newnham, Esq., of Southborough, in the county of Kent, and has issue, William, born the 8th August 1821, James, born the 14th July 1824, George, born the 3rd August 1825, Arthur, born the 21st February 1828, Sophia, Katherine, Honoria.

Peregrine Francis, a captain in the army, who was born the 13th August 1791, and married the 9th October 1823, the Lady Isabella Montagu Scott, daughter of the late Duke of Buccleugh, by whom (who died the 9th October 1829) he has issue, John, born the 17th June 1825, Charles, born the 12th October 1826, Horace, born the 25th August 1829, Elizabeth, Charlotte. Mr. Cust wedded, secondly, the 15th January 1833, Sophia Mary, daughter of John, Viscount Sydney.

Edward (Sir), of whom presently.

Lucy.

Anne, married the 2nd August 1825, to Sir W. F. Middleton, Bart.

Lord Brownlow died the 25th December 1807, and was succeeded by his eldest son, JOHN, second Baron, born the 19th August 1770. This nobleman was advanced to the Viscountcy of Alford and Earlom of Brownlow, the 27th November 1815. His lordship married, first, the 24th July 1810, Sophia, second daughter and co-heir of Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., by whom (who died the 21st February 1814) he has issue,

JOHN HUME, Viscount Alford, born the 16th October 1812.

Charles Henry, born the 27th Sept. 1813.

Sophia Frances.

The earl espoused, secondly, the 22nd September 1818, Caroline, second daughter of George Fludyer, Esq., of Ayston, Rutlandshire, and by her (who died the 4th June 1824) has issue,

Caroline.

Amelia.

Katherine.

The earl espoused, thirdly, the 24th July 1828, the Lady Emma Edgecombe, daughter of Richard, Earl of Edgecombe, lady of the bedchamber to her majesty.

The Hon. Lieut.-Colonel SIR EDWARD CUST, K.C.H., the sixth son of the late Lord Brownlow, was born the 17th March 1794, and married, the 11th January 1821, MARY ANNE, only child of the late Lewis William Boode, Esq., the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, and has issue,

Leopold, born the 22nd July 1831.

Louisa Mary Anne.

Victoria Mary Louisa.

Etheldreda Victoria Frances.

Margaret Amy Frances.

Henrietta Maria Christina.

Lady Cust is woman of the bedchamber to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.
THE LARIAN LOVERS *.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HELIOTROPE."

O fortunate
Del Lario arcane grotte! O, di frescura
Blande fonti perenni!—Corbellini.

Ir was with feelings of no ordinary regret that I left the enchanting scenery on the lake of Como, on whose azure bosom, wafted in my little skiff, and rowed by my two Larian boatmen, I had spent many serene and tranquil hours. Cadinabbia, Lecco, and Gravedona, had all been visited in their turn; but "Il Horrido di Bellano," as that wild scene is justly called, had occupied a full day—

Vastaque voragine gurges
Æstatu.

The morning was just breaking in the east, when I left the lonely, but lovely Cadinabbia for the last time. I passed the charming Sommariva, with its orange groves, marble fountains, and princely terraces, as its turrets were just touched by the golden rays of morning. My rowers and barge were waiting: and taking my place, a few vigorous strokes of the oars brought us into the gulf of Menaggio†.

How beautiful the scene!—backed by the torrent of Sanagriga, and inhabited by a hardy and healthy race, who have embellished these shores of their native lake with the fruits of industry practised in various parts of the world.

At length, over the verge of the rugged mountains, arose the cloudless sun of Italy; and a truly beautiful sight it was to behold, through the transparent morning air, the snowy chapel of Sta. Anna, reflecting through its girdle of lofty cypress the-refulgent morning, whose splendour beautifully contrasted with the deep verdure and luxuriant foliage, which rose, like a waving cupola, over the white walls they invested.

Fra tante
Vaghezze allettatrici e lusinghiere.

The mountains rose in rugged majesty before us, and the lake's long line of rocky fortification contracted in the distance. The red and yellow tints that shade and diversify the rocks here, impregnated with iron ore, have imposed on them the appellation of "Sasso Rancio." This ridge flanks the "Via Regia," conducting the pedestrian from Italy to Germany, but, of a sudden, becomes so narrow, so precipitous and dangerous, that, as some have sadly experienced, if a foot be placed near the precipice, the faithless banks give way:—pray St. Anne, the wave beneath may not be thy sepulchre!

In 1790, a large detachment of Russians, which the army of Bellegarde had sent as a reinforcement, passed by this perilous route. The Cossacks led their horses by the bridle; but, having arrived at a certain point, their active courser, accustomed to fly over the plains of the Tanaus—not to creep over precipices—stumbled, and rolling headlong over the precipice, sank with a dismal and appalling crash in the lake below. Many of those hardy adventurers, dragged down by the weight of their horses, encountered a miserable and sudden death.

Corbellini, in his beautiful little poem on the lake Larius, describes the pilot, as he rows his bark in the depth of night under these rocks, to be assailed by the neighing and plunging of steeds, the rattling of armour, and the groans and shrieks of expiring warriors,—nitir di cavalli—rimbombò d'armi—gemito di moribondi guerrieri!

A still more lamentable catastrophe occurred in the same place, a very few years ago, which was related to me by an old pilot, as our boat floated under this frightful precipice. But, for a more particular account I am indebted to the politeness of Signor L——, a man of undoubted piety and veracity, and at whose domestic hearth I had the good fortune to pass many happy hours. The story is as follows:—

Quista la fango
Tempestr' i lacrimsa !

On the little village farm above Domaso, lived the fair subject of the present memoir. Rosalie was sixteen, in all the bloom of health, beauty, and vivacity, the pride

* The following narrative contains nothing but fact.
† It is the birth-place of the celebrated Leo Leoni, of the fifteenth century, whose tomb, erected in honour of Giovanni di Medici, is still admired in the Cathedral of Milan.
of her village, and the envy of the three Pievi. A maternal uncle, at that time Professor of Elocution in Perugia, had bestowed great pains at cultivating the talents with which Heaven had endowed her; whilst her mother, who had lived many years in that city, had taken equal pains in bringing her up under more refined discipline than was customary in those parts. In compliance with the usage of her native district, she was dressed in the woollen stuff of the country, cut in the Capuchin fashion. This singular apparel, worn by the Beguine nuns in Sicily—devoted to the saint whose name Rosalie bore—was introduced into this country by certain inhabitants of the Larian mountains, who resort to Sicily from industrious motives, and whom a pestilence had recently driven from Palermo. But the leathern cineture and bright silver buckle which confined her waist, had a more agreeable effect than any merely artificial ornament; whilst her cloak of the coarsest colour and texture was worn with a grace peculiar to herself. Her capouche fell over a pair of beautiful, drooping shoulders; and the collar, by its snowy whiteness, seemed to emulate the neck on which it reposed—emblematig of the innocence and purity of the bosom that heaved beneath.

Her father, who had long pursued a course of unremitting industry in the city of Palermo, had hopes of shortly returning to his native village and lake, there, in the bosom of his beloved family, and breathing his sweet native air, to enjoy the fruits of his long toils and painful earnings. Rosalie and her mother occupied themselves in the cultivation and management of a little farm planted with fruit and olive trees, and which, for nearly three centuries, had belonged exclusively to the same family. The innocence and simplicity of such a life heightened the secluded charms of the rural beauty, who, like a sequestered flower, seemed to open her leaves and expand in the eye of Heaven alone—

Nature and maiden charms—cloy shrinking flowers, Bloom ever sweetest in un trodden bowers.

A fair is held every year in Grave- dona, which attracts the inhabitants from every village on the borders of the lake. Among the young men, whom the hope of amusement, and not the thoughts of business, brought to this fair in 1805, one of the handsomest was Vincenzo, a native of Menaggio, and the only son of one who from small beginnings had arrived at great riches, by conducting a contraband trade between Germany and Italy—a practice too frequent in those parts. Vincenzo observing Rosalie as she stood in conversation with the mistress of a riband-stall, was smitten with the graces of her person and the inexpressible sweetness and beauty of her countenance. Her voice, too, was in perfect harmony, and when she spoke, she seemed to speak only to the heart of Vincenzo; and though it was her singular dress that had at first attracted his attention—and he had approached through mere curiosity—he was now ready to believe that the object on which he gazed was an angel in disguise.

He continued to follow her at a little distance through the greater part of the fair, admiring the grace and elegance of her figure, which her Sicilian costume and ch执教ral robe could ill conceal. When her mother and she left Gravedona towards evening for Domaso, he continued instinctively to follow them—the object of his fascination leading him insensibly on. But although anxious to make the attempt, his timidity did not permit his addressing a single word; the modest demeanour of Rosalie, in whose countenance a retiring shyness and even gravity tempered the livelier vivacity of her nature, checked his approach and suppressed the words which were already formed on his lips.

Rosalie had now passed the magnificent Palazzo del Vito, or Del Pero, as it is now called, when all of a sudden a maddened ox, which had escaped from the fair, rushed forward bellowing and pointing its horns at the defenceless and terrified females. At the sight, Rosalie shrieked aloud, and no way of escape being left, the counted her mother's life and her own as sacrificed. Behind them a wagon blocked up the passage, on the left were a wall and hedge, on the right two men, each with a burden of wood, whilst in front of her stood the enraged animal, as if meditating for an instant on the point of attack.

At this critical moment, Vincenzo rushing between the trembling girl and the infuriated animal, made vigorous use of a club which he held in his hand, and put the animal to flight; then turning to Rosalie, he endeavoured with soothing words to dissipate her alarm, entertaining at the same time to be allowed to attend her and her mother to the neighbouring village, as a protection against any recurrence of danger.

The alarm of the past adventure, com-
bined with gratitude to her handsome and daring deliverer, had awakened feelings which were new to the heart of Rosalie. She thanked Vincenzo in such feeling terms as encouraged him to declare, that no adventure of his life had ever afforded him half the satisfaction of the present. Having arrived at Domaso, Vincenzo took leave; but not till the ingenuity of nascent love had drawn from the lips of Rosalie, that her mother, from pious motives, was accustomed to take her every first Sunday of the month to prayers in the ancient Baptistery of Gravedona. The certainty, therefore, of again beholding the fair depository of his fondest hopes, cheered his heart under the bitterness of parting with one to whom he felt himself already devoted.

Men of contracted ideas and limited education, but whom sudden riches have elevated above their primitive condition, feel in general very sensibly the value of those advantages which had been denied to themselves. Vincenzo’s father was one of these, and had made it his chief aim that nothing should be wanting to give his son all the accomplishments of a gentleman. To this end, therefore, the young man had studied the law and belles lettres in the College of Pavia, and at Milan had acquired a proficiency in all those exercises reckoned indispensable in the education of the young nobles of the country. In these matters the father had spared no expense to gratify his ambitious views. Possessing immense property, which every day augmented, it was his ardent desire that Vincenzo should emerge from the humble community with whom he had spent his childhood; and in the ardour of this hope he was already contemplating a noble alliance for his son. But the youth, of a quiet philosophical temperament and reflecting mind, felt himself inclined to the gentler affections and pursuits, and could not cherish such proud imaginations—

Enough for him, if he might stray
Where Nature’s beauties gemm’d the way—
Con maxims from the great and good,
With love to light his solitude.

The welcome holiday at length arrived, and at an early hour Vincenzo set off in his light shallop, and, coasting along the lovely shores of the lake, soon came in sight of the white walls and citron orchards of Gravedona. After a suspense of half an hour at the porch of the Cathedral—an age of anxiety,—the lovely girl appeared, and at the sight of Vincenzo a blush suffused her cheeks,—But I shall not attempt (said Signor L—_) relating at full length the conversation that followed. The mother was too grateful for her daughter’s preservation to deem this sudden appearance of her deliverer an intrusion, and Vincenzo readily obtained permission to accompany them home.

From this circumstance it will be readily supposed that other interviews followed; and, not to lengthen out my narrative, suffice it to say, that in twelve months thereafter Vincenzo crossed the lake every other day to Domaso, returning to Menaggio in the evening. Love sat pilot at the helm; and if a lover’s impatience and apprehensions agitated him as he went, so his return was gladdened by hope, and his heart melted with increased tenderness and admiration,—

O love, in such a wilderness as this—
Where transport and security entwine;
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art indeed a god divine!

It is not to be wondered at that he had now become a most devoted lover; and as the young beauty reciprocated the tenderness and passion her charms had inspired, Vincenzo was entirely engrossed by the one sole thought and wish of solemnising their union. The Curé and chapel of Sta. Anna had now assumed in his eyes infinitely more interest, as it was there he hoped soon to seal his affection by leading to its altar, as his bride, the most innocent and beautiful being that had ever knelt at its shrine.

Full of this anticipated happiness, he made known his intention to the mother of his Rosalie, and obtained her approbation. But, alas!—the father of Vincenzo opposed an insuperable barrier to their wishes. Tears and entreaties on the part of his son seemed only to harden his heart and feed his obstinacy and indignation. With all the haughty pride of an acquired name and fortune—the novus homo of his class—he resolutely spurned the degrading proposal—upbraiding his son with indulging in a grovelling passion, and with the ruin and disgrace so unequal a match would draw down upon his family.

“What,” exclaimed the indignant father to his suppliant, “is it for this I have endured so many fatigue in the careful acquisition of a splendid fortune—that my son should espouse a peasant girl? Have I spent such incalculable sums in giving thee the education and accomplishments of a nobleman, to see thee at last, in reward for
all my cares, form an alliance with the
plough — far alzanna col aratro?"

Vincenzo, not unaware of his father's ambition, and that vanity which had still kept pace with his augmenting riches, was half prepared for such a hearing; but did not yet despair of one day conquering his objections by the force and equity of reason, entreaty, and perseverance.

This inexorable repulse, however, fell upon his heart and ear like a thunderbolt; and with painful feelings he repaired to Domaso, to communicate his father's refusal to the mother of his Rosalie—praying her advice and consolation in this lamentable circumstance.

"My daughter," replied the prudent and reflecting matron, "can never become your wife, but with your father's consent. I indeed pity you, Vincenzo, and still more than you, I pity my unhappy daughter, whose life I greatly fear will be endangered by the cruel intelligence I must soon impart. Honour and maternal duty, moreover, force me to declare at once, that from this day forward you cannot again be admitted to the society of my daughter, unless it be to offer her your hand on obtaining your father's consent. I am too well convinced of your good sense and proper feeling to think 'that you will hesitate for a moment in adopting so becoming, and now so indispensable, a measure."

Ere she had yet finished speaking, Rosalie entered the apartment. There was music on her lips, and pleasure sparkled in her eye; but when her lover, incapable of uttering a word, mutely pressed her hand in his, the look of despair and tenderness that struggled for mastery, too well explained the mystery, and, as if struck by an invisible hand, she sank pale and insensible in her mother's arms. The distressed parent supported her with a trembling heart, and, beckoning, conjured Vincenzo to depart. It was the most painful duty of his life.—but he loved too well to hesitate, and he at once obeyed.

When he entered his boat to return to Menaggio, his hand was no longer capable of directing its course, and for a considerable time it had drifted with the current till on the very brink of destruction; the white surf and boiling of a cataract ready to engulf him, roused him from his reverie, and presented to him death in its most frightful colours. He started, seized the oars, and, after a long contention between his own skill and courage and the impetuous current, succeeded at last in rescuing himself and skiff from its grasp, and arrived safe at Menaggio.

On reaching his father's house, he immediately sought an interview, and again conjured him not to hasten the death of his only son by longer withholding the consent for which he so ardently sued. But the haughty plebeian, still inexorable in his resolution, coldly replied, by ordering him to hold himself in readiness to set out for Milan, whence he should not return till he had completely subdued this intemperate and most unsuitable attachment.

The sorrow and despair of seeing every hope thus cruelly cut off—the severe but just interdict pronounced by Rosalie's mother—his repugnance to depart, and abandon even the glimmerings of hope—the strugglings of conflicting passions occasioned by his ill-fated love—his father's contemptuous bearing, and his own darkening despair—preyed so strongly upon the youth's spirits, that the next day he was unable to move from his couch, and laboured under a sudden access of violent fever.

Twenty days had passed without the pining Rosalie's having received any intelligence of her devoted but despairing lover; and as his name was no longer mentioned in the family, but, on the contrary, sedulously avoided, as well as whatever was likely to recall the past, the whole was locked up in her own bosom. But although all lips were silent, and her own had ceased to articulate his name, her heart was still filled with his image; and the shadow of her past hopes and happiness, like the evening clouds, still reflected the beauty and brightness of their departed sun—still hovered on the landscape of life, while she was carefully taught to believe that her lover had gone to travel in foreign lands.

One evening as she sat in a little bower of their garden, and her mother endeavoured by unwearied exertion to lead the thoughts of her beloved girl into a different channel, by reading to her portions from the "Imitazione della Vergine," and traits from the life of Sta. Anna—whose white chapel, basking in the evening sun, threw its long shadow half-way across the lake—they were suddenly accosted by a messenger, who presented a letter to Rosalie, in the characters of which she recognised the
THE LARIAN LOVERS.

well-known hand, although tremblingly traced, and in the very superscription indi-
cative of great agitation*. She took the
letter with feelings that struggled between
impatience and apprehension, and read as
follows:—

"It is more than a month, my adored
Rosalie, since paternal inflexibility and my
own deplorable destiny, have made me the
victim of a dangerous malady. I feel that
I must soon leave a sick couch for the silent
g rave, and that in a few days I shall ex-
change a suffering body for a spiritual
existence. But, Rosalie, suffer not thy
unhappy lover to close his eyes for ever with-
out once morefixing them on thine, and bidd-
ing thee an eternal adieu. My father will
not return from Como for three days; and
the only individual left is one to be trusted,
and one whom thou well knowest—one who
has watched with a mother's care over thy
sick couch, and with heart-felt sympathy
for our unhappy destinies. My Rosalie! the
life of my life, and the one sole desire
of that spirit which is about to forsake this
breast for ever—thou canst not fail to pre-
vail on so tender a mother to aid thee in
this work of more than common charity,
our last meeting on earth. She cannot, she
will not refuse this last consolation to one,
who dies for having too well loved her own
virtuous and beautiful daughter! Too well
did I say!—how could I ever love thee as
I ought—alas, it is not even too much thus
to die. . . . But if she will not yield to thy
entreaties and to mine—tell her that Chris-
tian humanity and our common religion
demand the sacrifice, and condemn the
refusal, since even the restoration of an
unhappy being to life might yet reward her
compliance. Alas! who knows whether
the sight of thee, for whom alone the light
of life is still dear, and hallowing earth be-
causethou art still its inhabitant—who
knows that, by once more beholding the
reviving lustre of thine eyes, and hearing
thy sweet lips once more pronounce my
name, I may not still be snatched from the
grasp of death, as a brand from the burning!
But be that as it may, my last desire on
earth is once more to behold thee. . . .
I have much to say; and should I live
to see thee—to press upon my dying lips
that hand which must never be mine!—
Yet if that hand that should have pledged
me its troth, only close my eyes, death will
be disarmed of its terrors. To die assured
that Rosalie loves me, is even more to me
than life. . . ."

What were the feelings of the unhappy
maid, on perusal of this letter, may per-
haps be imagined. With what tender
importunity did she embrace her mother,
and conjure her with sighs and tears to
accede to the dying lover's request! Hers
was the eloquence of unbounded sorrow,
and such as the heart of a doting mother
could ill resist. The tears of Rosalie
called forth her own, and they wept to-
gether. Alas! that sorrow should thus
visit the habitations of innocence, and that
the young and buoyant heart should bow
beneath the weight of untimely grief!

There is a flower that puts forth its leaves,
the first on the banks of Como; its odour
perfumes the breeze as it sweeps the lake,
and announces to a traveller the promise of
a delicious spring. But another day, and
the breath of the Tramontana has quenched
its odours and shrivelled its leaves, and it
sinks back upon the earth, to wait another
and a more genial spring. Such was the
youth of Rosalie. The glimmerings of hope
were faint amid the gloom of despair, and
the already pale and wasted beauty was
ready to sink exhausted under the bitter-
ness of her suffering. Her tears were in-
cessant, and her entreaties redoubled, till
her mother, reflecting that by opposing
the design she could not save Vincenzo,
and might lose her child, reluctantly con-
sented.

"Be assured, my beloved child," said
she, "that I would most gladly accede to
thy wishes, be the consequence what might,
but there is no possibility of being conveyed
to Menaggio at this hour. Thou hearest
how loud the Tramontana blows, and what
a tempest it has already raised upon
the lake! Stefano, who is just arrived
from Domaso, assures us that even the
courier from Lindo did not succeed in
making his passage by the lake, and was
obliged to return by land."

"But that, my dear mother, must not
deter us. From this to Menaggio the
passage is, I know, dangerous and difficult;
but by land, along the border of the lake,
our design can be accomplished; and though
almost fifteen miles, God will give my
dearest mother strength to suit the occasion.
Oh! we shall yet save Vincenzo! Did he
not expose his life for us? We shall yet

* The original of this letter still exists, in the pos-
session of a cousin of Rosalie's (as it was afterwards
found), who was living at Dongo in 1824.
save his! It is a work of piety, and
Heaven will recompense my beloved mother
a thousand fold. And I—I will tell him
that, if he loves me, he will live for my
sake. Oh, madre mia!—never did my heart
bleed till now! Never till now did I
believe that his life was so indispensable to
my own.—But he will yet live, and we
shall all be happy some day.”

“Whatever maternal love can suggest I
will do for my unhappy child; but, cara
mia, thou knowest how very steep and
dangerous the path is along the banks of
the lake, whilst the danger is more than
doubled by the darkness and the storm.
The very thought of passing the Sasso
Rancio, while the lake is so agitated and
the wind and rain blustering and battering
upon its summit, were sufficient to inspire
the stoutest and most resolute with terror.
Better delay, at least till morning; it is for
thee I fear!”

“O, madre mia!—madre mia! Where
is the danger that for a moment can throw
terror into a heart devoted as mine? What
dangers could intimidate me when I hear
a dying voice calling upon me—imploring
me to attend the death-bed of Vincenzo?
Fear nothing for me, my beloved mother.
I shall walk on that precipice with as much
safety and as fearlessly as the kid that
skips over the mountain-top. In regard to
you, my dear mother, you will have an
able and willing supporter in Stefano, who
is robust and active, and will guide you
safely over the more dangerous passes.”

The clock of the neighbouring church
had chimed seven when they set out,
accompanied by their friendly and sympa-
thising neighbour, Stefano. They halted
a moment at Dongo to take some slight
refreshment; but Rosalie’s heart was full,
and her mind occupied with thoughts and
reﬂections which stiﬁed every sensation of
fatigue or hunger. At Rezzonico they
halted a second time, and subsequently
arrived at Acqua Seria.

The night had now set in. The sky
was suddenly obscured, and a storm hung
black and heavy above the mountain. Their
progress along the lofty brink of the lake
was slow and precarius, whilst the white
surf, as it struck the rocks, roared dis-
mally, and ﬂashed with ghastly and
ominous glare through the darkness.

It was now within an hour of midnight.
The Sasso Rancio, so formidable even by
day and in the deep repose of nature,
was now clothed in all its horrors,—the
waters of the lake foaming and thundering
at its base—the hollow gusts of wind sweep-
ing its summit—and the darkness unrelieved
by one friendly star. Under these circum-
stances they again, after a brief halt, re-
sumed their journey; and in spite of the
weather, the night, and the danger that
surrounded them, the heart of Rosalie grew
lighter in proportion to the obstacles she
had to encounter.

Meantime, an inexplicable feeling of
terror and apprehension took possession
of her mother’s heart, and one involun-
trary shudder succeeded another as they
proceeded by slow and cautious steps. All
that she possessed in the world she would
give up if she had to pass the fearful rocks
that now began to show themselves dimly in
front. She would have proposed returning to Acqua Seria,
but when she looked at her daughter, her
heart misgave her, her lips faltered, and
she continued silently to proceed.

As Rosalie approached nearer to where
the idol of her soul lay dying, less exhausted
by disease than by his ill-fated love for her,
she appeared more and more changed. The
one sole thought of so soon throwing her-
self upon his neck and mingling her tears
with his—to see her tenderness as tenderly
returned—her look of affection reﬂected in
his—her own name breathed from his lips,
and the sorrow of many long days repaid
by such a moment of rapture—occupied
her undivided heart. She saw but his
form, she heard but his voice, she attended
only to the suggestions of unbounded af-
fection. The wind, the rain, the darksome
night, were unheard or unheeded—the
dream of affection in which she was wrapt
had lulled every apprehension for herself—
the power of love seemed to inspire super-
natural energy, and continued sole occupant
of a heart where no other feeling could
center. Hers was a love stronger than
death!

Her mother, supported on Stefano’s arm,
and chilled with apprehension, moved cau-
tiously along the frightful precipice, where
a narrow footpath had been cut, winding
along the brink,—every few steps pre-
senting deep fissures in the centre of the
rock which demanded the greatest care
and circumspection.

Rosalie followed close behind, but per-
ceiving none of the danger which her
mother shuddered to contemplate, she even indulged in pleasantry, breaking out into a cheerful sally upon the awkwardness of their gait. They were now at the critical point of the passage, and had already cleared one half of it, when the sudden exclamation of “O Dio!” froze the mother’s heart. She turned round, and beheld with agonised heart and giddy brain her beloved child, her Rosalie, precipitated to the bottom of the rocks, and beyond all hope of human aid.—Dashed from rock to rock, at length the plunge in the lake announced her inevitable doom!—a sound such as, Heaven grant, may never again strike a mother’s ear! Her first impulse was a struggle to throw herself from the rock after her lost child, and it was not without great and continued exertion that Stefano succeeded in preventing the fatal act.

* * * * *

With inexpressible difficulty and grief he at length conveyed the frantic mother to Gaeta, the nearest habitation, whilst in a delirious paroxysm she called upon her lost child, and would not be comforted, for alas! “she was not!” She accused herself at one time of having hastened or caused her daughter’s death; at another she seemed to derive a consoling thought from her having conceded to her last wishes on earth. They continued at Gaeta all next day, and on the following, the tempest having abated, boats were employed, and that part of the lake dragged where the catastrophe happened. After much labour, the body of the unhappy girl was rescued from the merciless waters. The mother, in an agony of grief and despair, threw herself upon the lifeless form of her child, bathed it with her tears, and warmed it with unavailing kisses.

But vain she weeps, in vain she sighs,
That cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love’s warm kiss can wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

The body was conveyed the same evening to Domaso, and, after the usual ceremonies of the church, deposited in the cemetery,—not far from the border of the lake, whither the young and sympathising of her sex still repair every All-saint’s morning to lament her fate, scatter flowers on her tomb, and pray for the repose of the gentle Rosalie.

* * * * *

Every means were subsequently used to keep her fate diligently concealed from Vincenzo, who, having received no answer from her, became convinced that the mother, persisting in the rigour of parental duty, had barred all hope or correspondence. The vigour of a youthful constitution, and hope, that sooner or later springs up in buoyant hearts, had their due influence, and in a short time he was so far convalescent as to be able to walk out on the border of the lake on whose bosom he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life, and the sight of whose glad waters seemed now to upbraid him for indulging in this troubled state of his thoughts and feelings. As his strength became more re-established, the resolution to visit the spot which he supposed to be still hallowed by his adored Rosalie, acquired daily force, and at length he decided on carrying his design into execution.

He stole from his chamber at an hour when the rest of the family were retired for the night, and by the clear moonshine launched his favourite barge upon the waters, and stood down for Domaso, intending to linger near the church till morning, that he might surprise her as she came to matins.

His strength, however, was hardly sufficient to give motion to the skiff by plying the oar. His shrunken arm and sinews trembled with the contest, so that at times the boat was allowed to float at the pleasure of the wind and waves.

By reiterated attempts, however, he arrived safely at Domaso by break of day, and landing, went to the house of a friend, who was acquainted with all the circumstances of his attachment, and its melancholy consequences. But thus far the friend had been silent. Prudent, and in great esteem with all who knew him, he had long exercised an undoubted influence over Vincenzo, and had now a hard task to perform, in concealing from the still weak and trembling convalescent, the deplorable death of his devoted Rosalie.

Vincenzo’s first question, as may well be supposed, related to her, and was made in a fever of anxiety and apprehension, but cautiously worded.

During breakfast, his friend cautiously introduced the subject, and stated that the mother was gone to join her husband at Palermo, and by her husband’s orders had carried their daughter along with her; for that the former having got notice of the refusal of Vincenzo’s father to the proposed union, had deemed it advisable to recall her...
entirely. Nor did this account differ much from the truth; for the distracted mother, unable to sustain the sight of the thousand objects that still recalled in vivid colours the ineffaceable and deplored event that had bereaved her of all that was dearest to a mother’s heart, left her cottage and garden in the hands of her worthy neighbour Stefano, repaired to Genoa, and thence taking a passage for Sicily had joined her husband in Palermo.

Vincenzo listened with mute and tearless attention to the above relation, but with a look that spoke the last spark of hope extinct in his bosom.

“But at least,” said he, with a deep sigh, “I will visit the cottage and garden where I have spent the few short happy hours of an unhappy life in the society of her, whose love has been to me so much dearer than life. Now she is gone! Perhaps she even wept as she departed and took a last look at these shores which her presence has so much endeared—perhaps even she went with reluctance. Oh! if I knew she still loved me—if I thought the name of Vincenzo was still dear to her;—and I do know she loved. No, the sea shall not part us: I will seek the land she has sought—I will abandon this heartless shore, since out of her sight life is a burden.” To these interrupted exclamations a deep silence succeeded.

The following morning at sunrise Vincenzo, accompanied by his friend, directed his sad steps towards the deserted abode of innocence and love. At the sight of the well-known walls, over which the luxuriant vine spread and twisted its verdant branches, an unusual tremor seized his heart, and the tears rushed into his dimmed eyes. A little spaniel, which had been Rosalie’s favourite, brought up and fed by her own hand, and to which she gave the name of Fortunato, recognised Vincenzo as he approached, and expressed his delight by a thousand gambols that spoke his welcome. He crept round Vincenzo’s feet, and then looking wistfully into his face, seemed to make an appealing inquiry which struck Vincenzo to the heart, and then with a whining bark seemed to say, “Rosalie is not here!”

At the door of the cottage sat the old nurse, who since the death of Rosalie had suffered a martyrdom little inferior to that of her mother. The poor woman had carried her about in her arms when a child. She had loved her as her own daughter, and had been repaid by her filial love. At the sight of Vincenzo she uttered a loud shriek, and broke forth into an audible ecstasy of grief. The friend of Vincenzo, on observing her, made signs to her to compose herself. She comprehended the meaning, and covering her face with her hands, rushed into the house and left them alone upon the threshold.

Having paused a few minutes, Vincenzo proceeded to the garden gate. It was the first of March; a monthly rose was blowing in a flower-pot, which he had formerly presented to Rosalie with his own hands. He was deeply and inexpressibly affected at the sight, and, as he gazed, sudden tears fell from his eyes, and bathed the beautiful relic.

“Ah! how often,” he exclaimed, “has Rosalie presented me with roses from this very stem! It was dearer to her than all the rest. But the flower that was plucked by her hand, oh! how delicious was its odour!”

Seating himself next upon the angle of the wall that supported the eastern extremity of the garden—“It was here,” he continued, “that the dear girl sat, her eyes looking towards the road, as I came every second day to renew to her my vows of unchanging attachment.”

Thus as he proceeded, every object tended to recall his departed happiness, every recollection called forth a fresh tribute of tears, in which his recent weakness and deeply awakened feelings led him freely to indulge. But his sorrow was not softened with any of that balm which hope can so well impart to the most unhappy, “for he wept and had no hope!”

He now crossed the threshold, and entered the little apartment, which Rosalie had ornamented with her own hands, and arranged according to her youthful fancy. Its appearance moved him with a sadly different impression. An air of utter desolation reigned throughout the silent walls, destitute of every article of furniture. Not even the “letticello” was there in which she spent her peaceful and innocent nights, where the slumber of childhood had been succeeded by the golden dreams of love, and where she had so often poured forth her evening prayer. On the naked walls, on one side, hung a crucifix of wood, and on the other a picture of Sta. Rosalie, whose name she bore. The neglected state of the
apartment, once so simply adorned with flowers, the silence which prevailed around, struck forcibly on the heart of Vincenzo, and talked of death in audible whispers. He appeared absorbed in deep affection, and a minute after broke out, "Oh, heaven!—if it be possible that my friend has concealed from me, through false compassion, my real state of bereavement—if I have still to learn that Rosalie is no more!"... And at the same moment he recalled the symptoms of distress exhibited by the old servant on his approach, whilst he thought he heard a voice that addressed him from the tomb, and apprised him of the awful truth.

He rushed hurriedly out of the apartment, where he had spent so many happy hours, which it was now agony to recall.

He dared not cast his eyes back—there was a desolating thought in his heart, a withering voice in his ear! He returned to his friend, and endeavoured to put the question without reserve, but could only utter inarticulate sighs.

The death of Rosalie had become to him a dreadful truth, of which he had the fullest consciousness, but trembled to hear its certainty.

* * * * *

He continued two months in the house of his friend, scarcely ever opening his lips, plunged in the most profound melancholy, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and abstaining from all nourishment, save what was absolutely requisite for the simple support of nature.

During one of his lonely perambulations by the lake, he went one evening in the direction of the cemetery, and entered the enclosure. He perceived a tomb newly strewn with flowers, which the kind-hearted Stefano had just gathered for the purpose. This latter stood by the gate as Vincenzo entered, and upon being interrogated, related the melancholy catastrophe without reserve.

When the fearful recital was concluded, Vincenzo put a purse of money into Stefano’s hand. "Good friend," said he, "pray for that dear victim of devoted affection. Pray, also, for me, who have been the cause of her untimely and miserable doom!"

He then walked with a faltering step towards the margin of the lake. "It is I," he exclaimed, "who have thus shortened thy innocent days, my adored Rosalie! Was this the reward of thy love—the most fearful death for the fondest affection? O! thou blessed spirit, canst thou pardon the hand that thus hurried thee from life?..."

His voice became inarticulate, and the violence of his emotion shook his whole frame.

The first thought that presented itself seemed to be that of precipitating himself into the same wave where his unhappy Rosalie had met her doom. But as he was on the point of committing the rash act, a second thought—a mixture of religion and love—struck his mind, and withheld him as if by an invisible hand.

"If," he reasoned in his mind, "I thus by violent means extinguish my own embittered life, shall I not be excluded from the abode of blessed spirits, and thereby forfeit for eternity the society of my departed love, whose pure and spotless soul is now an inhabitant of those happy regions? Yes!" he continued, "I should then be unworthy of her."

But although thus resolving to bear a little longer the heavy burden of existence, he could not think of again visiting his paternal roof, or sojourning among the habitations of men. He lifted his eyes to the Legnone with an expression of decision. This mountain rears its rugged shoulders, shaggy with unexplored forests of pine, and rocky recesses full eight thousand feet above the level of the lake.

Vincenzo returned home to his friend, who was greatly affected at the change a few hours had made in his appearance and expression. It seemed rather the effect of years of sorrow, and the mortal portion of his constitution appeared wasting away under the unequal struggle maintained with its immortal inmate. There was an air of wild resolution in his features as he entered, and the expression of soft deep melancholy seemed now kindled into fierce despair.

"I know," at length, said he, "the full extent of my misery, but am not ungrateful to my friend for his solicitude and consideration. I shall make no attempt upon my days—this I pledge solemnly and sincerely; but henceforth I have no longer a habitation among my fellow-men, whose passions and pursuits can never accord with the hopeless destiny by which I am overwhelmed. I go to pass the few days that are still before me, as one who has for ever renounced the world—to direct my thoughts exclusively to Heaven, and to her who alone made life a
blessing. I go to prepare for that death, which is now more desired than life, as it
offers the only means by which my despairing spirit can be still united to her. I have
selected the wildest recess of the Legnone as my future abode. To-morrow morning
at sunrise I leave the world. Use the necessary measures to procure me the means
of existence necessary for one year—oh, that I were only certain I should not so long
survive her! Here receive the assign-
ment of my father's property, and what-
ever else I possess." Then embracing his
friend, whose tears flowed in speechless
sorrow and painful astonishment, he hast-
ened to return to the grave, beside which he
would have spent the night, had he not
been removed by actual force.

The following day he departed, as pre-
ciously decided, and crossed the lake to
Cilico. Thence he proceeded by a rugged
and steep path to the last village that rises
on the inhospitable ridge of the mountain.
There he hired a cabin, which lay still
further in that Alpine region, agreeing with
an aged widow, its only inhabitant, to admit
him under its roof and prepare his frugal
meal.

A few implements of hunting, and a
Petrarch, formed the only furniture of this
miserable chalet. Armed always with a
carbine for self-defence, not for the indul-
gence of a cruel sport, he every day con-
tinued wandering along those frightful pre-
cipices, conversing of Rosalie with their
echoes, repeating her name to the snows,
the forests, and the floods.

As the night set in, he returned to his
cabin and partook of the frugal meal that
awaited his return. Thereafter he would
pass several hours in writing, till nature
being exhausted, he closed his wearily eyes
in disturbed slumbers.

One evening, the lonely hostess was
alarmed at his non-appearance. She had
already bestowed upon him the affection of
a mother, and as the darkness deepened
around her dreary solitude, she felt all a
mother's solicitude for his safety.

The night fell dark, deepened, and
waned, but the wanderer returned not
again. At the earliest light she hastened to
acquaint some of the nearest mountainers
of the circumstance, and her own fearful
apprehensions. They immediately set about
a strict search, under the painful anticipa-
tion that he had been smothered in the
snow. A considerable time elapsed before
they could discover any traces of their un-
happy friend, when at last some fragments
of his coat—an Alpine blouse—stained with
blood, fully indicated to them the miserable
doom to which he had fallen a victim.

Proceeding onwards, they found his
double-barrelled musket and a portfolio,
buried in the snow; and deeper still the
body of the ill-fated youth, miserably torn
and disfigured. The foot-prints of two
bears, with which animals the whole of this
chain is infested, left no doubt of the cruel
death he had suffered.

* * * * * * *

All that could now be conjectured was,
that having been surprised by the two
savage animals, he had fired and wounded
one of them—but only slightly, as the few
drops of blood which distinctly marked
their track testified—and that the second
shot had missed entirely. The famished
monsters therefore becoming infuriated by
the wound, had sprung upon and mangled
him in the way described, dragging the body
a considerable way over the snow.

In the portfolio of the ill-fated youth
were found the letters which, every night,
he had occupied himself in writing to
his adored Rosalie, as if she had been
still an inhabitant of the earth, and could
have replied to the tender effusions of his
heart.

Were these ever to come to the eyes of
the world, it would be seen how far the
genuine language of passion is different
from the cold and artificial style of ro-
mane writers.

Vincenzo's father, who had foolishly
imagined that if his son were left a short
time to pursue the bent of his eccentric
mind, he would quit the horrors of his adopted solitude and return to the
bosom of his family, on hearing his miser-
able end did not long survive, and died of
remorse, grief, and shame.

"Posse," added the narrator, "possa il
suo esempio servire de ammaestramento a
que padri, i quali nelle nozze de' loro
figliuoli, non la felicità di questi, ma la loro
propria ambizione hanno in mira!"

_Cadenabbia, on the lake of Camo_,
_July, 1824._
THE HEADLESS MAN.

A LEGEND.

Ir is hard, in this good old England of ours—merry no more, though wiser than formerly—to find any of those legend-traces, which give such interest to the rambles of the imaginative wanderer through foreign parts. Our antiquaries, indeed, when they stumble upon some nameless monument or defaced escutcheon, are nothing slack in working up their own conjectures, into some plausible tale, dry, in proportion as it is compelled to be probable; but far different are the forced results of these speculations from the implicitly believed and picturesque tales which the peasantry of other lands inherit from their forefathers, and treasure as carefully as their flocks and herds, their olive-grounds and their vineyards.

Yet a few well-accredited legends still hold their ground in our retired country parishes,—those sequestered haunts where rail-roads are yet words of mystery, and brooks may wander at will without being tortured out of their own sweet way to feed navigable canals. The peasantry of the hamlet of Weldon Parva, in the county of ——, still show the tomb of the audacious Abbot Reginald, who hunted when he should have said mass, and was struck dead by lightening beneath an oak tree; nor to this day will children sit upon its smooth stone tablet while they plait their rush caps, or set out their make-believe feasts. There is also to be seen in the Hall, the picture of the Lady Margery Malerton, who married five husbands, and bore a son to each, and who embroidered with their five crests that banner, now hanging, faded and tattered beneath her portrait, under the shadow of which the five fought side by side during the crusade of King Richard; and the few whom business or pleasure draw to a spot so remote, may, in the old church, see the effigy which bears the name of the Headless Man. I am about to tell the legend connected therewith.

That he must have flourished in the age of conceits, is clear; for his image, in despite of the inscription upon his monument, is garnished with a very proper head, crowned with a small square-cut cap, from under which proceed certain round knots, like worn pebbles, intended, no doubt, to represent curls; and yet old and young, as far as the effigy is known, call it by no other name than "the figure of the Headless Man."

They tell us that the aforesaid person was only son and heir of a certain Sir Ralph Malerton. He was neither ill-favoured nor destitute of manly accomplishments—a sort of gully is, to this day, shown in the Park, called "Sir Martin's Leap"—and he was also notorious for believing less, and fearing less, than any other cavalier of his time. He had been abroad in the East, and brought back with him a wild-looking retinue of comrades and slaves, a loose creed, and habits conformable to the same. He had left England in consequence of some difference with his father; and none knew how (save by magic) he could receive that intelligence of the old knight's illness, which caused him to travel day and night, and brought him back to Weldon Hall just as his father expired. He shed no tears at the funeral; no dole was distributed to the poor who crowded the church-yard; and long, ere a decent time of mourning had expired, Sir Martin filled his house with the strangest company ever gathered together within Christian precincts. Gamesters, dissolute persons, and others whose characters were even more questionable, sate at his board, and made the old mansion ring with the sound of their coarse mirth and profane songs. The old servants were all rudely discharged, without any pension, or even so little as a kind word. The tenants, at Michaelmas, were unable to pay their rents, so great had been the damage done to their crops by the riding of what they already called the "Black band of Malerton." But the new steward would receive none of their complaints—money or
distrain was his cry: and the affrighted people went home muttering, and wondering, why such iniquity was permitted to arise and thrive in their hitherto peaceable and God-fearing parish.

To increase their dismay, it chanced that at that same time the pious and charitable Abbot of the Monastery at Weldon Parva, was gathered to his fathers, and his place was filled by one appointed by Sir Martin Malvert, as shameless and rapacious in the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties as his friend and patron was in fulfilling his. The new Abbot, however, was a guileful man, and for some time managed to hide his real propensities under cover of the assumption of great zeal, and the toleration of iniquity under the cloak of liberality (always a popular virtue); so that when the respectable yeomen of the parish went to him for counsel how they were to answer Sir Martin's cruel exaction, he bade them take patience, and promised to mediate between them and their landlord.

The poor people, seeing that nothing better might be, were fain to follow his counsel, till one or two instances of the execution of their inexorable landlord's threats drove them again to their false adviser, who received them much as before. In short, they received no relief: and thenceforth the pleasant intercourse of good will which had so long subsisted between landlord and tenant in the parish of Weldon Parva, was sadly changed for cunning and concealment on the one hand, and iniquitous oppression on the other, till at length affairs became so notoriously disturbed, that for very shame's sake the Abbot was constrained to make some show of remonstrance with Sir Martin upon his unjust and unchristian conduct.

Now this remonstrance, many said, was accelerated by the circumstance of Sir Martin having seized upon some disputed lands which till then the church had claimed as its own, and, moreover, the customary offering of venison, to improve the fare of the brethren, had that season been omitted. These individual causes of grievance made the Abbot's message be thought more peremptory than it would otherwise have been. By ill luck, it was received on a wet day, when the hounds could not be turned out, and guests were scarce at Weldon Hall.

"Tell my Lord Abbot," said the Knight to father Jeremy, who discharged himself of his commission in a voice trembling with asthma and importance, "that at a convenient time I will go to him; and if he like not to wait my leisure, why, the walk is not over long, and the exercise may do somewhat towards reducing his Reverence's unseemly plumpness, which has, of late, been a cause of offence to many Christian men. And now, good morrow—I would be alone."

And without the offer of a cup of sack, or a morsel of cold pasty, (when before had such slight refreshment been lacking to the holy guests who might chance to visit Weldon Hall?) he dismissed the old man, who trudged back to his superior in no charitable frame of mind, nor by any means disposed, in repeating it, to soften the careless disrespect of Sir Martin's answer.

"A proper reply, truly," exclaimed the proud and purty Abbot, redening with wrath; "go, Jeremy, to the buttery, and refresh thyself. I will deal with the graceless one, be sure; and stay—as thou passest through the hall, send me hither those churls, who, Bartholomew told me two hours ago, were waiting to speak to me. I warrant they have something to say on this very matter."

The rustics entered, awed to a proper degree of abasement at being ushered into the Lord Abbot's presence. Suffering will teach cunning to the simplest; and, ere they again ventured to complain of grievances unredressed, one besought his Reverence to accept a pair of fat capons; another had brought and offered hose of curiously fine wool, knit by his dame; a third presented a jar running over with choice honey (the Abbot was curious in honey). Each in short had some token of good will to present to his spiritual superior; and then, one and all kneeling down before him, besought him to deliver them from the injustice of him who was their scourge by night and by day, in summer and in winter—wild Sir Martin Malverton."

All this, in no small degree, confirmed the Abbot's intention of dealing sternly with the dissolute master of Weldon Hall, and he sent him a further message of summons. How this was couched, we are not told; but this time the Knight thought it prudent to comply. He came straightway to the Monastery, and was closeted with the Abbot a full hour. It is supposed that he tendered the holy man a substantial reason for preaching peace and patience to the suffering people; for, alas, such smooth words were all the comfort he gave them.
Pass we now the space of a year and a
day, and come at once to the morning of
the festival of St. Nicholas, when high
mass, in his honour, was celebrated in the
chapel of the monastery. Pompous was the
show, and the triumphant music of voice
and organ rolled gloriously over the heads
of the kneeling worshippers, who filled
the chapel. It was just at that most
solemn moment which precedes the eleva-
tion of the Host, that a noisy peal of hunting-
horns came merrily in through the opened
windows, and the cry of hounds made
answer, filling that holy place with the
vociferous sounds of sport and jollity.
The Abbot and the congregation rose
disturbedly from their knees. Ere a word
could be spoken, the music and the ribald
shouting of men came nearer. The doors
were burst open, and a disorderly throng,
whose flushed countenances, staggering
steps, and senseless eyes, showed how they
had been spending the hours of night, half
rushed, half tottered up the aisle, headed
by Sir Martin, who was so completely
mastered by the potency of the liquors
whereof he had partaken, that he could
scarcely stand. He reeled towards the steps
of the altar, grasping for support at the
exquisitely carved railings which surrounded
them.

"What means this audacious intrusion?"
exclaimed the incensed Abbot. "Begone,
drunkards, nor pollute any longer the
house of the Almighty with your unclean
presence!"

"Good Father Wilfrid," returned Sir
Martin, stammering very thickly, "re-
memberest thou the good canary that we
have drunk together? Is there any of it
in yonder cup? Here, boy, hand it over,"
and he pointed, as he spoke, to the sacred
chalice.

The Abbot was, or appeared to be, so
tirely choked with rage and amazement
that, for a moment, he could not reply.
"Hence, beast!" cried he, as soon as he
had found words. "Hence!—ere I ex-
communicate thee utterly. Hast thou
come to pay the vow which, a twelvemonth
ago, thou didst promise to lay upon this
altar?"

"Nay, be not so hasty," interrupted
the knight, "Gregory has it in his bag for
thee. Come along, jolly comrades, and this
for the old churl who is such a niggard
of his rascally wine, that he grudges us a few
paltry drops in an old copper-gilt cup!" And
snatching a bag from one of his attendants,
with a drunken laugh, he discharged its
contents, withered acorns, into the face of
the insulted Abbot, then, with great speed
rushed from the chapel, followed by his
companions, shouting in chorus a roaring
Bacchanalian ditty.

There is a species of intense anger to
which even the sensual and sordid may be
wrought, the outward signs of which re-
semble, not very distantly, those of the
generous indignation of a lofty spirit. This
imparted a momentary dignity to the self-
seeking Abbot Wilfrid, as, transported with
fiery wrath at being thus insulted in the
presence of his flock, he knelt down on the
lowest step of the altar, and poured forth
a passionate petition to Him who dealeth
out vengeance as well as mercy, that he
would visit the sin of the scorners with some
marked and sudden punishment, whereby
men might know that chastisement fol-
lowed offence.

"He hath outraged thy holy temple,"
pleaded the Abbot, fervently, "cast thou
disgrace upon him. He hath forgotten his
vow—make thou him also to forget that
which he would most wish to remember;
and let me also become as he is—as guilty,
as signaly afflicted—if I ever forget thy
honour and glory, and loose the stricken
one from the sin and the shame of his pu-
ishment."

So saying, he arose, but being too much
agitated to continue the rite, he dismissed
his wondering congregation, who went
homeward, discussing in much awe, and
with many words, the sin of the knight and
the denunciations of the Abbot.

That day, another, and a third, went over,
and ere the people had forgotten the last
wonder, a new cause for amazement was
whispered among them. Strange tales
came down to the hamlet from Weldon
Hall, how its master had behaved like one
distracted; how, on arriving at home
when the hunt was over, he had suddenly
retired to his chamber, and awakening at
midnight, had roused his body servant who
slept beside him (such was his custom),
bidding him arise and ring the great bell.
"Lazy knave!" cried he "wouldst thou
let dinner grow cold before thou stir to
summon the guests?"

"But, Sir Martin," groaned out the
poor fellow, greatly grieved at having been
disturbed in his sleep, and out of his dreams
of a certain Cicely, who was, at that time,
lady of the ascendant; “but, Sir Martin, honoured master, you are surely mistaken. May it please you, it is high midnight—the clock is now, only listen to it, chiming twelve.”

“Ay, fool! I know it is twelve o’clock,” replied his master, whose sense of time and circumstance had become completely confused. “High midnight, indeed! Up, sluggard, and that speedily; and go tell cook Antony, that if dinner be not served directly, I myself will tie him to his own spit, and thou shalt turn him before the fire!”

Sorely afraid, and certain that his master had utterly taken leave of his wits, Gregory left his presence, knowing, by hard experience, that Sir Martin’s orders, however outrageously unreasonable, must be obeyed; and presently a continuous toll of the deep voiced bell aroused from slumber all the inhabitants and visitors of the Manor House; albeit they had most of them drunk deeply after supper. Each one, in his nightgear, rushed confusedly into the hall, to learn the cause of so untimely a summons. There they found their host, similarly arrayed, standing and dealing out oaths by the dozen. You might as well have hoped to talk down the church as to convince him of his mistake—though one would have thought that the lady moon shining sweetly in upon that grotesque group must have undeceived him. Every attempt to disenchant him of his delusion only excited his choler; and, wrought into a violent passion by the unanimous contradiction he encountered, the scene ended in his commanding all, both guests and servants, to leave his house on the spot: some he turned out with his own hands.

“Heaven and the holy saints keep us from what is to come next!” cried one man, who had picked up some devout ejaculations; “our master has lost his head utterly. What will pretty Mrs. Lillias say to him to-morrow morning, if he go a-wooing in such mad fashion?”

Now, it happened that “what pretty Mrs. Lillias would say,” was not a whit regarded either by gouty uncle, prudish aunt, or profligate suitors—else the last would never have been permitted to approach Kynnersley Grange on such an interesting errand. She arose at peep of day, but did not don her best bodice of crimson velvet, or weave two tender sprays of jessamine through her hair, for his sake. A melody, sadder and sweeter than the coarse tones of Sir Martin’s hunting-horn, had crept into her ear, as, when her toilette was completed, she sat, in a certain damask-covered arm chair, following the track of a pleasant fantasy. The melody was Castilian, the words as follow:

She saw, from lattice peeping,
When morning dew was weeping,
A shrouded pilgrim—close beneath
Her chamber window sleeping:
And round his neck, in many a fold,
He wore a chain of gleaming gold,
Some holy relic keeping.

The maid, her bower forsaking,
Her feet the spring flowers breaking,
Bent o’er his sleep—with trembling hand
That magic token taking:
And when the links were all unwound,
Fled back in haste—nor looked she round
To spy if he were waking.

Ah, silly in thy thieving!
Thou knowest not, that, deceiving
Young Love hath ta’en the cowl—to win
Thy bosom unbelieving:
That baleful round thy neck so white,
Soon in his power will bind thee tight,
And cause thee future grieving.

Lillias peeped cautiously from her window when the singer had ceased, and said, mischievously, in a tender tone, “Thanks, dear Sir Martin; thanks for so sweet an attention!”

“Ah! pretty and provoking as ever,” replied a handsome youth, who stepped forth from a pleached alley: “but we must lay aside our wit this morning; there is no time to be lost! Tell me, sweet Lillias, have you pondered on what I said last night, and will you not consent to make your escape from the odious persecutions of that wretch from Weldon Hall, not to mention the gentle entreaties of uncle Samson and aunt Abigail?”

The damsels made a wry face as these obnoxious personages were mentioned. “Alas!” replied she, half sadly, half comically, “and to whom shall I fly for protection? Are not you, the only alternative, twice as audacious as Sir Martin, and ten times as poor? But come, Claude, I will be serious. I have packed up my own jewels. Have you done your part, and are the horses in readiness at the gate, gentle Sir? I will only wait to put on my mantle, and we will be six miles beyond pursuit ere the worthy persons of whom you spoke awake.”

“I have been cruelly disappointed,” said her lover; “the rogue who promised me the horses has failed me utterly. Cannot I get into the stables? It is but
borrowing a pair, or even one and a pilion, and we would contrive to restore them. I will try."

"Ah, no! no!" cried she; "we have neither pad nor palfrey, save in the great stables, and old Thomas sleeps there. He is as watchful as a lynx; and there are three fierce dogs kept there also, which would rouse the house if a stranger were to attempt to enter."

"Well, then, I will run down to the gate yet once more; perhaps the fellow may have come at last. But hark! I hear the trampling of horse; and as I live, some one—two—come riding down the lime avenue. By all that is sacred, 'tis the arch monster himself, and his familiar; he comes early to woo. We should have met them had we got off. I will creep round to the portal, and take a close observation of them; and do you, sweet Lilias, be firm of heart, and lock the chamber door. I will come back directly."

Lilias would fain have followed his example, and taken an observation near the portal; but in the room which overlooked it slept the vigilant aunt Abigail aforesaid, who had a keen eye to the damsel's promotion, and a substantial dislike to Claude Mortimer. The poor girl, therefore, was obliged to content herself as well as she could with wondering what evil chance had brought her suitor so early; and, when a reasonable time had elapsed after the sound of the hoof-tramps had ceased, and neither knocker nor bell announced the arrival of a guest, and the sound of the wind among the shrubs, and the twittering of early birds, was all her ear could catch, she wondered yet more, and became desperately impatient for Claude's reappearance.

Meanwhile, that youth, nimble as a greyhound, and noiseless as a serpent, stole round among the thick bushes which grew close to the house, and from the lair he made therein, was able to see distinctly all that occurred. He beheld the bridegroom elect approach, attended by the only servant whom, in the caprice of his hallucination, he had permitted to remain in Weldon Hall. Sir Martin was oddly attired for one who would ride to woo his lady-love. He was, indeed, dressed in mantle and doublet of the richest green silk, fringed and embroidered in a costly fashion. His hose were of the finest wool, but they were dangling about his heels. Shoes he had none; and, instead of a graceful cap and feather, on his head was a white night-cap, with a long tassel which swayed to and fro as he rode. His poor attendant seemed half dead for want of sleep; and when the two dismounted, they both looked like men who have not slept off the effects of a deep carouse. They dismounted, I say; but instead of making any effort to apprise the family of their arrival, how was Claude amazed to see Sir Martin irresistibly stagger towards the stone bench in the spacious porch, and arrange himself deliberately to take his rest there; whilst the man-servant, by his command, having awkwardly secured their horses to an iron ring, fixed to one of the buttresses for that purpose, gave one or two wide yawns, and folding himself in his cloak, sank into the seat in the opposite recess, and followed his master's example.

The young lover was struck by a thought like lightning. He sprang from his concealment, and untying the steeds, led them round the mansion towards the other front, where we left poor Lilias waiting his reappearance. The sound of their feet (for horses are not lovers, and cannot enter into the spirit of an elopement,) half aroused their owner, and, true to his confusion of persons and places, he mumbled out, "Gregory, I say, which way ride you with those horses?"


"You do? See that you exercise Wildblood well," continued the knight, persisting in his fantasy, and still keeping his eyes tight shut. "Well, then, give this to the Abbot, with my reverential duty. Away, knave, you have wakened me once too often already."

As the bewildered man spoke, he took from his pocket a heavy purse, and cast it towards Claude. "Miracle of miracles!" exclaimed the youth, unable to contain his joy, inasmuch as he had little expected that Sir Martin would resume his slumber so easily, "what a rare carcanet of diamonds is here! Ay, most gracious donor, I will away to Weldon Abbey faster than you would like, were you awake. Haste! haste! dearest Lilias; let us away. Time presses; it is well nigh five, and the Abbot declared he would only wait the half hour for us."

The ladder of ropes was thrown up, the young lady descended, and in a few minutes the two were riding merrily on the way to
wedlock, leaving the headless Sir Martin asleep in the porch at Kynnersley Grange.  

The Abbot Wilfrid was an avaricious man, and seeing so fair a couple in his power, was disposed to trifle with them, and withhold his aid (though it had been already paid for), in the hope of extorting something further from the impatient fugitives. At length, Claude, who knew that he had no right to the jewels, and bethought him that a sight of them might induce the father to expedite the ceremony, withdrew them from their case, and exhibited them to the holy man, representing Sir Martin as having intrusted him with so precious an offering, and hinting, that until he was united to the young lady, he could not, with an easy conscience, lay them on the altar, or add them to the Abbot's private coffers; which last, however, he professed himself perfectly willing to do, should the father consider it as conformable to the intentions of him who sent them.

The obstacle was at once removed. "Come ye straitway to the chapel, my children," eagerly exclaimed the rapacious monk. "I perceive the finger of Heaven in this matter. Ye shall be married without further delay." And, faster than ever was hunting mass performed, to set an impatient noble free to follow the chase—but so firmly, as to be beyond the tampering of bench or council—did he unite the two lovers, who, by turns, laughed and wondered at so blessed a termination of their perplexities.

"Glorious, royal gems!" exclaimed the Abbot, holding them up to the light, and weighing them affectionately in his hand. (They had been, in reality, destined as a suitor's offering to Lilies.) "Glorious diamonds! Ah! I see that Sir Martin has repented him of the evil he has done, and paid his offering as a righteous nobleman should. Let his sin, O holy saints! be blotted out." And he laid the blazing chain and cross upon the altar, fully resolving that as soon as matins were over, he would take the earliest possible opportunity of transferring them to his private repertory of valuables. But his reveries, and the raptures of the young couple, were presently interrupted by the sound of the trampling of horse, and there entered confusely, by the different doors of the chapel, three groups of persons, each, in turn, vociferously claiming attention, whilst the fat, heavy-headed brethren, came swarming in from their dormitory to learn what commotion this might be which caused such an uproar within their holy precincts at that untimely hour. The scene was, in truth, curious.

The first by some minutes who entered was Sir Samson Kynnersley. He was in a towering passion. "Holy father!" exclaimed he, "avenge me on yonder wretched Sir Martin Malverton. It was but an hour ago, as I was going forth betimes to hunt, that io!—I found him, who should have arrived at noontide to woo my niece Lilies, asleep in the porch, with his servant beside him, and both of them drunk, as ye will see presently; for they too are coming hither. When I awakened him gently, he had the impudence to fall upon me, pretending that my people had robbed him of a purse containing rare jewels, and had run away with his horse. I asked him whether they were the same he was bringing for my niece Lilies (I need not say that I know nothing of their loss), when, look you, he denied that he had ever courted her, in such foul language as would disgrace a tapster. Reprove him, I pray you, for his ill-breeding. I am old, or—Ha! graceless one! What, do I see yonder!"

Trembling much, and supported by Claude, Lilies advanced and stood before her uncle, beseeching him to forgive what she had done. Sir Samson's wrath was, just then, so fully bent against Sir Martin Malverton, that he had little to throw away in any other quarter. After a few endeavours to frown and speak fiercely, which she, growing bolder, smiled away, he told her that he supposed he must forgive her, as there was now nothing else to be done.

While this was proceeding, Sir Martin's domestics, who had been expelled from the Hall the night before, made entrance, and besought the Abbot to entreat their whimsical master, for them, that he would receive them once again. He pacified them with a few ambiguous words, and then, as there was a congregation collected, not exactly knowing what to do next, he proceeded to the altar, and began to celebrate matins.

But it was remarked by all that his voice faltered very much in the prayers, and that he made many strange and shameful mistakes in the service, as if he too had lost his memory. Had he not released the
sinner from the weight of the anathema he had himself so lately pronounced, praying, that should he do so, the judgment might fall upon himself? And, in truth, it had already begun its work—for behold! at this instant, in rushed the knight of Malverton, strode uproariously towards the altar, crying aloud for his horses and diamonds, and was with difficulty prevented by his domestics from laying violent hands upon Sir Samson. Of Lilias and her husband he took no heed.

Who may describe the amazement of the brethren at the scene which ensued? The Abbot rose from his knees, and, casting upon the intruder a frown wherein wrath and confusion were curiously mingled, seized the Headless Knight by the shoulders, pushing him frantically down the aisle, and breaking forth into such intemperate oaths as were fitted only for the guard-room and the wine-house, his former haunts—for Father Wilfrid had been in his youth a soldier. At first Sir Martin seemed, like all the other bystanders, too thoroughly wonder-striken to resist this sudden outrage; but presently anger overcame his amazement, and repaying blow with blow and curse with curse, the two violently struggled down the aisle, the roof echoing back the noise of their godless contention, and the exclamations which burst from the company present, and the brethren, "Ora t pro nobis! They are both possessed!"

I have done;—albeit I could fill a book with quaint tales of the strifes which thenceforth ensued between the Headless Knight and the Headless Abbot, one being seemingly as much crazed as the other. The rumour of their shameful quarrel at length reached the King, who dispossessed both of their domains, and caused them to be shut up as lunatics in two strict houses, under the care of sturdy keepers. Neither of the twain survived his imprisonment long. Of Father Wilfrid no record is kept save in the tales of peasantry, nor remaineth there any monument to either Lilias or Claude, nor to any of their daughters, "who," as rumour saith, "were all lovely, and as good as fair;" but there may be still seen, as I have already said, a carved tomb, under which lies the chief actor in these strange scenes, the Headless Knight of Weldon Hall.

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THE DEPARTURE.

I.

The signal's set, the bark's afloat,
And merrily sings the breeze,
Bounds o'er the deep the gallant boat,
And laughs at the chancing seas;
Leaps from the rock the frightened seal,
And the heavy gull sails by;
The waves divide before her keel,
And fling their foam on high!

II.

The buoyant bark bears one afar
Who's all the world to me—
The only bright and lovely star
In my dark destiny.
She goes (what boots my fond regret)
Where I can never be!
My summer sun of joy is set!
What is the world to me?
A TALE OF THE WAHAUBEEBS.

BY H. W. WOLVRYCH, ESQ.

On the road from Mecca eastward through Tayf is a place called Taraba. During the reign of those fierce sectaries, the Wahabbees, this spot was peopled by warlike Arabs. They had a Sheikh, or chief, after the manner of their countrymen; but the peculiarity of their condition was, that they were virtually governed by a woman. Her purse and table were devoted to the religion of these reformers, and, when our story begins, it was not uncommon for the leaders of the party to assemble at her tent for the purposes of the feast and the council; for notwithstanding the punctual prayers of the Musulman Puritans, their abstinence from tobacco, and abhorrence of the Turkish robe, they seem to have loved good cheer when in private, and they met with this temptation at the dwelling of their hostess Gmeilah. The council had been summoned in consequence of the near approach of the Egyptian Pasha with a well-disciplined and enraged army; and the question for their decision was whether they should await their enemy in the mountains, or descend into the plain to give him battle. Gmeilah herself assisted at these deliberations, "armed to the teeth" as when she rode triumphantly into Mecca to hallow the Wahabbee conquests. With her own sect she had all the reputation of the Olemas, and among the Turks she was held to be a sorceress. She wore the long coat of mail which reaches to the knees; she had on her head the cap of iron surmounted by ostrich feathers, and in her hand she grasped the heavy lance of her tribe. She never appeared without these accoutrements, and such was her contempt of fatigue, that thus girded she would sleep either upon the burning sand, or barefooted beneath the beating rain that assaults the open tents of the Arabs. She now ordered the supper prepared for her distinguished guests, and serious as their condition had become, they were sufficiently disposed to do justice to the repast. Indian rice mixed with lentils, coarsely ground wheat boiled and saturated with butter, and an abundance of dates, were the ordinary materials of the banquet. But upon this occasion two lambs baked in the earth had been added to the store, and, what was still a higher treat, a gazelle had been captured with great toil, and was now served up in wooden dishes with the usual accompaniments of melted grease and camel's milk. It may be easily imagined that the repast was not of long duration; and indeed the conversation was as scanty as the appetite of the Arabs was voracious. The supper ended, and the hands of the company having been duly rubbed upon the leather scabbards of their swords, the palaver began. It was a more temperate converse than is customary upon such emergencies,—a circumstance owing in no slight degree to the presence of their Amazonian chief, whose boasted skill in sorcery had almost bewitched the Wahabbee themselves. The prevailing opinion was, that the host should maintain their encampment in the mountains, for that on the very instant of their advance to a more level country, their defeat and overthrow would be certain. One only, Abu Darou, ventured to oppose this impression. "Sons of Abdul," he exclaimed, "and thou, lady, whom Allah hath honoured, when have we leaped from our mares to crave the mercy of the pursuer? When has the battle banner of the Wahabbee been reared in vain? Have ye forgotten that when the children of Saoud fight, the merkeb * of their foes must fall? Have we not prospered since our Sheikhs brought the priestly mollahs to our homes? Alas! ye have not laid that day to heart when the base Osmanles fled before the faithful, when girdles of slaughtered Arnauts were your reward for action, and when ye might have beaten down the Turk but for your fears and scruples? Sound the war song, friends, and let the shouts of our soldiers tell that the Wahabbee are masters of the plain as well as of the mountain?"

He ceased, but his appeal had roused the spirit of the chiefs. They rose, and

* Standard.
grasping their lances, declared their resolution to march onwards to the attack. Gmeilah remained unmoved. She beheld with an eye of scorn and sorrow, the fierce impulse which had arisen, and having waved her hand for silence, she briefly addressed the council.

"It is true, friends, that we are the children of Abdul, that we are the mighty and victorious Wahaupees, the terror of false Moslems; but we are also the sons and daughters of Saoud. Saoud, the great Saoud, bade you on his death-bed never to fight the Turk but in the pass, the defile, and the mountain. No mollah, nor magician, nor alema, can make a spell to save the fighting Arab in the plain. Respect my words, and mark them with an oath."

Abn Darou bowed his head, and Gmeilah hastened from the enchanted circle. "Lend me thy sekin, Abn Darou," said the heroine. She crossed the circle as the knife passed steadily through the yielding sand. "It is done!" she exclaimed. Each leader put his right foot within the ring. "The oath," said the hostess. The chiefs instantly repeated these words, "In God, and through God, we swear, not to descend into the plain."

"It satisfies me not," said Gmeilah. "The cause is great. Both feet must be placed within that circle, and see there is no camel's hag, nor ant. We are too hasty, friends. The oath must be repeated."

But while some one went to see that there was nothing to profane the ceremony, the air was rent with shouting, and the hadou or war-cry could be distinctly heard. Gmeilah turned pale, and her countenance fell. The reason of this clamour was not long a secret. Word was brought that the Turks, after firing off their artillery, were in full retreat across the plain and in great confusion. It was in vain that the cautious though brave princes endeavoured to check the spirit which this intelligence had raised. The oath, the dying words of Saoud, the chance of ambuscade, were urged in vain. There was a general and unbridled rush to the plain. The passes were left but slightly guarded. All imagined that the rout of the Moslems was irretrievable, and that the time was come when every head might be demanded of the Porte from the Reis Effendi upwards to the Grand Vizier. The horseman who had no lance, armed himself with a club headed with a hammer of iron. The foot soldier who lacked a target, had yet his matchlock with which he could defy the rider in the rocky pass. No Arab of the Hedjaz thought on that morning (for the council had lasted through the night) that he should ever come within the rapid sweep of the Ottoman cavalry. Let us however follow the fortunes of Gmeilah.

A rally there was, a dreadful and determined rally, when the Wahaupees had left their friendly hills too far to return to them, and the Turks, flushed by the sight of their victims in the open plain, had exchanged the fear of the sorceress for the joyous hopes of Islamism. Yet would the heroine have escaped from the carnage, which the price of blood made doubly terrible, but for her gallant efforts to save a youth whose lance was gone, and who was within the very grasp of his pursuer. Balancing her weapon above her head, she thrust it at full gallop upon the Osmanlee. A stroke of lightning could not have felled him more swiftly to his sandy grave. At this moment a host of conquering Turks approached, and profiting by a chance stumble of her horse, secured her without further struggle. But they meddled not with her life. Many dollars were the proffered reward for the head of each Wahaupee, yet the famous magician was too high a prize to be thus ignobly sacrificed. For her it was reserved to go to Ali's camp, and there abide her fate. Her companion, however, had no such claims for mercy, and he had infallibly perished on the spot, had not Gmeilah with vehement assurances, and an earnestness with her more than ordinary, insisted on his noble birth, and the exorbitant ransom which might follow if life were spared. Both were then conducted to the tent of the conqueror.

The day of battle which we have just spoken of, was no time for idle boasting on the part of the Pasha. Had he lost the field, the terrors of his own army would have been as fatal to him as the lances of the Wahaupees. He fought hand to hand, and pleased indeed he was to behold the ill-fated Puritans moving by degrees into the snare which the highest energies of his military tact had laid for them. Already had he pictured to himself the five hundred heads he destined for the gates of Mecca and Medina; already did he see the streets of
Cairo in bright illumination for his successes; his son in possession of a three-tailed pashalik for his father’s merits; and his harems gaily studded with Arab beauties. His expectations were not vain, his hopes were warranted by judgment, and his imagination was chastened by the eye of experience.

It was evening when the captives were brought before this skilful leader. Many thousand heads of slaughtered Wahabees had been laid at his feet; for to say nothing of the bridle which the Pasha had offered, several of the vanquished had sworn by the Dervise that they would accept no quarter. Abu Darou and some Sheikhs were among the prisoners.

"The Sheikhs for Cairo," exclaimed Ali, waving his hand.

This was a sentence for their execution there, amid the probable insults and shoutings of an infatuated populace.

"Bring the sorceress," said the Pasha, "and the brother of Abdullah."

This was the youth whose life Gmeilah had saved.

"Son of an infidel," cried Ali, "what hinderst thou that thy head should rest on the gate of Tayf before to-morrow’s dawn?"

Ateym (the name of the noble Wahabee) was silent.

"How many tombs of saints hast thou outraged, Kafir?" continued Ali: "think on Im'am Hosseyn."

"Thou art the conqueror, and I the vanquished," said the youth, slowly: "time was when thy gaudy robe and Persian pipe would have smoken as incense to an offended deity."

"Infidel! who burnt the corn in the peaceful Haouran?"

"And who cut down the palm-trees at Taraba?" returned the brother of Abdallah.

"Slave, the warlike tribe of Bend Harb calls loudly for vengeance on you for your murders."

"And thou, Ali, shalt be answerable to all true believers for the blood thy Agra shed at the Holy City; when, like a true Turk, he butchered my friends, who had yielded on the promise of safe conduct."

"Ho! has he brave me to my face!" cried the Pasha, his countenance darkening for evil.

"Think of Medheyan and the Dulo Tree Grove: speak again of the flocks of sheep which those Lybian dogs, bribed by Turkish gold, seized from our suffering country. Think, heretic, and tremble." Gmeilah in vain endeavoured to still the rage of the captive.

"Heretic!" said Ali, with a smile of irony, "I do ill to be angry. Heretic, I do remember me, that one of thy accursed tribe did insult my cousin of Bagdad at the river Tigris, in the very hall of audience.

‘If ye seek instruction, Abdul Aziz will afford it.’ Let him be beheaded in our presence. And now, sorceress—"

The Pasha was proceeding to give judgment on Gmeilah, when he suddenly ceased. The cost of mail had been withdrawn, the helmet laid aside, and even the sekin surrendered, and there stood before the Turk a woman well-shaped and beautiful, of not more than twenty summers, her mouth and chin half hid in the veil of her country, her neck decorated with bracelets, and her waist crowned with amulets.

"So young, so bold, so brave," exclaimed the Pasha, striking his hands together in amazement.

"My tribe are not wont to beg of an Osmanyee," said the daughter of Abdul: "but I entreat of you the life of that youth—of Ateym."

"Your husband?" inquired Mohammed.

"We are betrothed," replied the Arab.

"Then will you not be a widow," retorted the Turk; "guests shall yet come to eat of thy nuptial bread. § Let the executioner do his office."

The victim, however, at this instant emancipated himself from his guard, and, with a desperate effort, darted from the tent, and ran across the plain. Gmeilah clapped her hands, while the Pasha motioned eagerly that the fugitive should be pursued.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, full of suspense for the unhappy Wahabee; for the Pasha, in his rage, had declared that if the captive were not retaken, each prisoner should be headless before the rising of the moon. At length, a soldier rushed hastily into the tent with Ateym’s head. "Your Highness," said he, almost breathless from haste and terror, (for Ali’s countenance

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* Infidel. † Medina.

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1 The taunting words of a Wahabee Envoy, pointing at the religion of the Moslems.

§ A custom among the Arabs, when a virgin is married, but denied to a widow upon her second nuptials.
betokened deadly anger,) "a horseman passing on the plain, overtook and quickly slew the infidel. Here is the head," and he placed it at the Pasha's feet.

"It is well done," said the Turk, glancing fiercely round, his features gradually abating from their sternness as he beheld the works of the Osmanlee's scimitar.

"It was ill done," said Gneilah, grasping her clom and iron cap, in which she clad herself in a moment, and without hindrance. "The oath of the cross-lines was ill taken," she exclaimed again, and, unnoticed, lifted to her lips a small phial, which she emptied.

The Pasha folded his arms together: "At Tarab," said he, "you remember, soldiers, how by honourable battle we gained possession of the most beautiful of their sex; and you know, how we ordered that they should be sent home to their families, and how we cared that those orders should be obeyed. This woman has not blasphemed our faith, like that dead dog there—she is brave, and challenges our pity. Woman, thou art free."

"Free to live, or free to die?" asked the drooping warrior, on whose brow the hand of death might have been seen slowly stealing.

"To live—perchance to be a Moslem," replied Ali, with kindness.

"Ah!" said the daughter of Abdul—"you Turks rejoice in rustling silk, in gaudy dresses, in fuming and incense, and in opium. We Wahabees love not the silk, the robe, nor the tobacco; but when from such a one as I am, Osmanlee!" and she raised her fast glazing eye, "my country's honour and my bosom's love are rent, I love the curdling poppy-juice, which makes me free indeed!"

And sinking upon the still bleeding head of Ateym, in a moment she was no more!

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THE CURSE.

A TIPPERARY TALE.

It was on the finest of mornings, in that the finest month of the year in Ireland—July, that Dermot Fitzpatrick dressed himself in his new suit of Sunday clothes, and set out from his snug and cozy-looking farm, to go and settle on his marriage with Kitty Quin, a girl with the prettiest face and the largest fortune in the entire barony of Eliogarty.

In his appearance, there could not be a better specimen of the Irish peasant than Dermot Fitzpatrick. He was about five feet ten inches in height, and unencumbered with the slightest fleshiness in his form; his well-turned limbs seemed knit together by muscles which constant exercise rendered visible. He looked as if no wall nor ditch could for a second impede his progress—that the one could be vaulted over, and the other leaped across by him with as much facility as if wings were given to his feet, and his body rendered light as a cork. His was just the figure that a judge of the human frame would select as the leader of a party of hurlers. His face was equal to the beauty and manliness of his limbs; the features marked and prominent, the skin the deep-
est brown, the cheek colourless, except where the burning flush of the mid-day sun had left its healthy mark; the eyes were black and brilliant. Dermot, in short, was what old Irish women expressively term "a clan-looking boy." The dress he wore was well calculated to display his face and figure to the best advantage. Upon such a day as this, the felt hat usually worn was discarded for one of coarse straw plat, bound with a broad green band, and which, with its deep shaded leaf, gave to the face the character of its truly eastern origin. The throat was bare, his white shirt collar being simply confined by a narrow silk riband; the vest lay loosely open so as to display the pure and snowy texture of the garment, which, made by the Orangemen of the north, travelled thus far to decorate the person of a southern Papist. The lower part of the person was set off by tight-fitting white cord breeches, bound at the knees with long strings of white silk; and below this were thin cotton stockings, and heelless, light-soled shoes. Dermot, as he looked at himself in the sixpenny mirror, by the aid of which he had shaved, considered, that if Kitty Quin
had the slightest taste for beauty, she could not but consider herself fortunate in having such a man to walk with every Sunday to chapel, and being able truly to call him "her own." Dermot's vanity suggested such an idea to his mind, and yet no one could look at him, and not admit that he was really handsome; but still those who knew him well would add, "that was all the good they could say of Dermot Fitzpatrick."

Dermot's father had been originally one of the most miserable of Irish cottiers. By the abduction of an old widow, having about fifty pounds in gold guineas, he was able to become the purchaser of a few acres of land—usually let out as con-acre to the poor, to plant in them their few roods of potatoes, for the maintenance of their families. Old Dermot, by doubling the rent on these most helpless of human beings, soon acquired sufficient ready money to underbid, in their several small holdings, many of the struggling farmers in the neighbourhood. Old Dermot was accumulating money and land very rapidly, until one evening a very unfortunate accident occurred to him. He was looking at a small cabin and farm of ten acres, from which a father with nine children had been ejected, for not being able to give to the landlord as large a rent as old Dermot had proposed. A shot was heard, and the old man was discovered dead. That it was an "accident" was manifest, for no one was ever prosecuted for the old man's death, as there ought to have been if he had been murdered. The consequence was the immediate resignation by young Dermot of all right to the place, and the restoration of the poor farmer and his family, because young Dermot said, "he would have nothing to do with the new take, it had been so unluckily." Such at least was the prudential motive assigned by young Dermot for the only good action he was ever known to have done.

Like all other vain men, Dermot was extremely selfish, and to gratify himself seemed the great object for which he lived. No one could say he was a spendthrift, because he was fond of money—no one could accuse him of being an idler, for he knew that attending to his own business was the only way to thrive—none could declare that they had ever seen him drunk, for he was aware that an indulgence of that vice would spoil the personal appearance on which he prided himself so much. He was free from the common vices of his country, and he was equally a stranger to its virtues. No beggar blessed him for his gifts, nor did any companion boast of his hospitality. He was liked by his landlord because he paid his rent punctually; he was disliked by his priest, for, though he was regularly seen at chapel, he never was known to attend to "his Easter duty." Rich and poor both remarked of him, that, as "curses cost him nothing," he was most liberal in the use of them. Such was Dermot Fitzpatrick, who, on a fine morning in the month of July, set off on his "business," as he considered it, of "coorting," and very shortly marrying, the rich and pretty Kitty Quin of Eliogarty.

It is an old remark, perhaps it should rather be called a traditionary proverb, in Ireland, that "we should always be civil to the poor." Dermot had often heard, but never followed the precept; and as his fate may be a warning to others, it is fitting that it should be told, if for no better purpose than "as an example."

Dermot had walked about three miles from his home, and as he lightly bounded over hedge and stile in his way, he was amusing himself occasionally by examining the rich fields of corn he traversed, and guessing how many barrels they would bring to the acre, and then thinking to himself, what with the farms his father had left him, and those Kitty Quin would bring him, and her ready money purchase, how much he should be worth in the year, and in what time he might safely calculate upon being master of five thousand pounds, and one thousand acres of the best land in Tipperary. Such were his thoughts, occasionally diversified by a look of admiration at his dress, and reflections on his own handsome face and person; when suddenly jumping from a field of long-stalked, waving-headed oats, he found himself in a narrow lane or bohreen, which was well known to him by the name of "the luckless glen." Through this glen ran a stream, the strength and impetuosity of which not even the summer's fervid heat could abate. It was one of the streams that supplied the deep-rolling Suir. To pass the waters, which ever flewed with all the fury and violence of a mountain torrent, there had been placed, at some distance from each other, large masses of
rock, rough as nature had formed them, and rendered so slippery by the constant dashing of the waters as to make them very insecure for those whose eyes and feet were not equally steady and firm.

Dermot was about to bound across the stream, when he saw standing upon one of the centre stones in the water, a woman evidently in the last decay of nature. Her head was bound by a red handkerchief, which, tied beneath the chin, was so contrived as to leave a portion of one of its corners pendant behind. It covered about half her head, and disclosed the snowy locks of old age, trimly parted upon a dark-brown and deeply wrinkled forehead. The mouth had fallen in, and the nose and chin nearly met together; yet her blue eyes, whether from excitement or apprehension, shone with all the brightness of youth. In one hand she held the tail of the greyish-blue cloak which shaded her shoulders, and in the other bore the dark-blue worsted stockings and the brogues that usually defended her feet. The withered limbs of the old woman trembled under her, and there was an agony of fright in the tones that came from her as Dermot approached.

"Dermot Fitzpatrick," cried she, "stop, if you would save the life of those who haven't long to live."

"Dermot!" said he, "and Dermot Fitzpatrick, too!—it might be Mister in your mouth. Why, then, you wasted besom, how does the likes of you come to know my name?"

"No matter—no matter, honey," answered she, "this is no time to be arguing with the old woman about words, when her last words, may be, are sounding in your ears. Dermot, the stone is shaking under my feet."

"Let it shake, you witch; it is the more like your ould head. If it never shook more than your tongue, it would do but little mischief."

"Whist, whist, a-lanna!—this is not the place to taunt a creature whose youngest grandchild is older than you are. If you would have the blessing of the ould, and the poor, and the distressed, come forward at once, and help me over this river of water, that looks as if it was ragin' mad to drown me."

"Help you, saugh!—help you! Why, then, cock you up with a young man's arm under your's this fine summer's morn-

VOL. VIII.—NO. IV.—APRIL 1836.
THE CURSE.

"Inhuman and base scoundrel," exclaimed the rector, "you have long been endeavouring to attract my notice and regard, by your sycophantic attentions. You had nearly succeeded; and, thinking you honest, careful, and industrious, I was about placing a large tract of land under your management: but it is well I know you; you must indeed be the worst of wretches, when, to save yourself the slightest trouble, you would let a fellow-creature perish miserably before you. Away, ruffian, and never cross my path again."

Even while the young rector was speaking to him, Dermot felt as if the muscles which moved his tongue were relaxed, and a cold chill shot through every limb. He essayed to speak, but there was an unaccountable sensation of difficulty in his utterance; and he at last thought to have begged pardon of the rector and ask his forgiveness, when, to his own horror and surprise, the words that came from him were:—"Bad luck to your busy, meddling soul, you dirty black-muzzled Sassenach! I wish the devil had you and the old witch together: sure, I'd have saved her, if I thought you were looking at me; and if you were not there, who'd have cared if she had been drowned, when she never could tell I refused her my hand? I wish the devil had you, and the father before you, instead of your being there this day to find me out."

"Ah! Dermot Fitzpatrick," said the old woman, then recovering from her faint, "there is your own curse showing itself. Your bad heart is now on your tongue, and every body will, in spite of yourself, be able to see it. Go your ways, Dermot Fitzpatrick; you have spoken the cursed word, and you'll rue the day you refused to save the life of the old woman."

"Go," continued the rector, "and be certain of this, that if I have any influence with the gentry of the neighbourhood, so bad a man as you are shall not hold an acre of land in my parish."

With maledictions in his mouth, and curses in his heart, Dermot turned from them, and proceeded on the road that led to the house in which the charming Kitty Quinn resided.

He had travelled about five miles, when he met the agent of an absentee proprietor, who had under his control an estate in fee, equal in extent to many German principalities. This agent—who prided himself much upon his knowledge of farming, his skill in horses, and whose manner was an improvement, that is a change in every thing old and established among the Irish tillers and graziers,—had before now been so flattered by the praises of Dermot, that he was about appointing him his steward. He came up with a smiling countenance, to announce this piece of good fortune; and commenced the interview with the usual salutation—"God save you!"

Dermot thought to have replied, "God save you, kindly;" but instead of that, there came from his mouth: "Bad luck to your ugly face every day you see a paving-stone, twice of a Sunday, and three times of a holyday."

"What do you mean, fellow, by such audacious familiarity?" asked the agent.

Dermot tried to excuse himself, but he exclaimed, "I mane, that you're the greatest ould madhoun from this to yourself. What a rale boodheen you must be, not to have seen before this, that when I was praising you to your face, I was laughing at you as a half-natural. Sure, unless I was desparing you, and that to serve my own ends, I'd never have the heart to tell you that your new ploughs were grand inventions, when they wouldn't cut butter; that your harrows were illigent, when they would just do as much good to the ground as a hair's worth of pins run through a bit of brown paper; and that the greatest of discoveries was your garden rakes, which after all were only a picture of yourself, and the likes of you—ould rakes, fit for nothing in the universal world but to make firing. You, too, talk of grasses, and clovers, and mangel worzel, and Swedish turnips—you—you! have the impudence to do this, you blind buzzard, when you wouldn't know a potato growing from a parsnip, bairrin' you were told of it—you, too, talk of horses, when all you know of horse-flesh is, that a horse has no horns, nor are his ears as long as an ass's."

"Are you bewitched, Dermot?"

"Yes, and you too are bewitched; for you have the truth from me for the first time. I tell you what—I have never done laughing at you, you make such a fool of yourself, talking of things you know no more of than a dog does of a holyday. And now for my advice to you—never mention the words horse, or cow, or ass, or mule, or grass, or turnip, or rake, or spade, or plough, or in fact any thing at all, at all, that is seen outside the door; but stick to what you are a complete master of—scheming,
money-lending, cheating, gambling, lying, stealing, blackguarding, vagabondizing, murdering, massacreeing, ruminating, pillaging, pilfering—"

Dermot perceived he could not stop his tongue, and seeing that he was talking the agent was getting more angry, and at length drew out a pocket pistol; he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. By the time he had accused his intended patron of lying and stealing, he heard the cocking of the pistol; and when the word "pilfering" was out of his mouth, he perceived his hat fly off his head, being shot clean through both sides. He stopped to pick up the perforated and tattered remnants of straw, which a few moments before had sat so quietly on his head, and then never ceased in his career until he found himself in the paddock of honest Peter Quin, the father of his intended wife.

As Dermot rushed heated and breathless into the paddock, he was saluted with a loud cheer from about thirty voices, which mingled sweetly together, the cheer being composed of the joyous shouting of men, and the merry cry of females. The group that thus welcomed Dermot was Peter Quin’s labourers, who, seated on the green grass, and amid the freshly-mown hay, were enjoying their harvest dinner of bacon, new potatoes, and buttermilk; and at their head presided the rich farmer, and his lovely daughter Kitty—the latter coming among them to witness as happy a scene as rustic life and manners can present. She blushed as the maidens around her exclaimed, "It’s aye seen, by the hurry that Dermot Fitzpatrick is in, that it’s comin’ to see his sweetheart, he is.”

Dermot, desirous of showing his gallantry, ran and threw himself at the foot of the small heap of hay on which Kitty was sitting; as he did so, the observation was heard by him; he thought to take it up in the spirit that it was uttered, but the curse was still on him, and he was obliged to speak the truth—"Why, then," said he, as he gasped for breath, "may the ould boy burn the tut off me, if I’d run so hard for the finest girl that ever walked."

"Pon my word," observed Kitty, looking with some indignation down on him, "you have as little manners to-day, as if you had been ten years married."

"Wait a bit, my darling," replied he, "and when I’m ten years married to you, may be, I’ll have no manners at all.”

"Perhaps, Dermot, I will never marry you."

"Why, then, Kitty, if that same should happen, I would neither kill, hang, nor drown myself, nor die of the pip. It’s an ould saying and a true one—there’s as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

"Dermot, something must have vexed you to-day."

"Yes, there was; but it wasn’t the fear of losing you."

"Are you mad, or drunk?"

"Neither—I wish I was."

"What!" exclaimed the father, who just overheard the last few words of this unloverlike dialogue, "What! wish to be drunk at this hour of the day? No man that could wish such a thing will ever have my girl, and her fortune."

"Then, I tell you what, you white-headed miser, if you keep her fortune you may keep herself along with it, one for sake of the other—it’s her fortune I love more nor herself."

"Go away, Dermot," said Kitty, bursting into tears, "although it has been unkind of you to think so, I thank you for your kindness in saying so; it is better to know the truth now, than when a body couldn’t repent of any thing foolish."

"Be off in no time," added the father, "for if, after this, Kitty looks at you, my curse will go with her, and my hard earnings will go to strangers."

"Faith, then, wherever the money goes I follow, for that’s hard to be come at— whilst, if a man only wants a girl to marry, girls are as plenty as nettles and thistles, and can be picked up in every field. And now; just let me tell you another word of truth; without the money, I’ll never look at your daughter; for I see now, what I never remarked before, she has got legs like a Mullingar heifer, and she is beef to the heels."

"Oh, the lying blackguard!" exclaimed the women, some of whom flung potato skins at him."

"Yes," continued Dermot, starting to his feet, "and she has, with all her beauty, got a touch of her mother’s cocked nose, and one of her teeth in"—but before he had time to finish the sentence, his ears rang with the indignant shout of men and women—"A cock’d nose!—a cock’d nose! Miss Kitty Quin, a cock’d nose!—Oh! the villain! to say a cock’d nose!"—and he found himself nearly drowned in a torrent of buttermilk,
and, before he had stirred a yard, he was met by a blow of a noggin, which dashed out two of his front teeth, and smashed the bridge of his nose. He ran from the field, cursing and abusing his intended bride as the ugliest of the creation, her father as the greatest ruffian in Tipperary, and his followers as a band of assassins.

The curse which Dermot had pronounced upon himself proved fatal to him. He made in one day so many enemies, that he was obliged to abandon Tipperary; and the only thing ever heard of him was, that he had been seen seven or eight months afterwards in Dublin, and it was supposed had emigrated to America.

NO!

Ir is, I believe, Mad. de Staël who says that the most pathetic expression in our language is this—"No more!"—an opinion which was not pronounced in vain; for no sooner had that vigilant appropriator, Byron, heard of it, than he produced the celebrated stanza,

No more, no more; oh! never more on me, &c.

thus furnishing the best possible illustration of Madame's idea. For my part, I quite agree with the lady and the poet. There is a sort of wailing sound in the phrase very fit for the use of people of both sexes when mourning for the irrecoverable march of "the movement" on the part of untiring Time, who really, judging from his clock-work, seems to be ashamed of himself, for he always has his hands before his face, probably from a wish to hide his wrinkles, which, at his great age, are not more manifest than they are natural. Only one half, however, of this euphonious phrase am I about to speak of. "No!" is my theme, and not a letter of the more. And heaven knows this monosyllable is quite enough for me.

Many persons of profound reflection have set down most of the miseries, misfortunes, confusions, and delusions of this life to the circumstance that so few of us can learn how to say "No!" My own experience leads me to qualify this decision. Much as I have suffered from not saying "No!" myself, I have suffered not less from the word having been too constantly in the mouths of others. In all likelihood the layer down of the law in this case meant to say that the difficulty was to learn not how, but when to say "No!" If so, to a certain extent I agree with him. How far I do so will appear in the course of the following few remarks, which I have hastily thrown together for the relief of my own mind, and also for the improvement of the minds of other people.

I am a younger brother, who had, as my fellow-students said, a very fair chance of achieving first-rate distinction at the university, had not my Eton career terminated in a manner scarcely favourable to such expectations. Some few of us had gone shares in one of those mad-headed

Freaks of graceful folly

which masters view less favourably than do the poets. A most rigorous inquiry was set on foot; and as the affair was pretty nearly brought home to the chiefs of the party, I, being one of them, was asked a "leading" question, as it is called. This I refused to answer. A single "No!" would have saved me; but I was firm, and my steadfast courage was rewarded by expulsion. This disgusted me with books.

The spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind

could charm my soul no longer; so entering myself, for the form of the thing, a student of the Middle Temple, I plunged into what eloquent writers call "the vortex of a town life." Bearing in mind the sad consequences of my first refusal to say "No," I resolved to make as much use as possible of that answer to impertinent inquiries. But employing it with reference to the friends of my youth, that is to say, the consumers of the brightest period of my existence, was out of the question. My table, my books, my purse, and above all, my irretrievable time, were all at the disposal of my boon companions. Never could I say "No" to a single man among them; but to make amends for this, I never withheld a "No" from my creditors. They increased in numbers and impatience—impertinence we used then to think it. They became clamorous, menacing, and
well nigh mad with hope deferred; but I was consistent. "No!—no!—no!" was the monotonous monosyllable with which I met entreaties, expostulations, threats. At length a good-natured friend, whom I had often accommodated, did me the favour of hinting that I had better keep a sharp look-out, as certain officers belonging to the sheriff were empowered to make an attempt at the subversion of my "No." Thus circumstance I reflected that I was surrounded by the best fellows in the world. I applied to them successively, and to all practical purposes these merry men every soul of them gave me a refusal without the "No!"

Thank Heaven, thought I, I have a father—a circumstance, by the way, which had quite escaped me for two whole years. But, then, the old gentleman lived in Wales, and my elder brother, the 'Squire Hopeful of our flock, had thought proper to lecture me about the Eton affair,—an act of presumption certainly not justified by the few years' difference in our ages. Highly indignant at such conduct on the part of one who unquestionably owed me deep gratitude, for allowing him to start first for the estate by following him into this world of vexation, when I might very easily have made it a neck-and-neck affair, I had reared my youthful crest in Fate—defying haughtiness, and mentally resolved never to speak to so degenerate a relative again. However, here was nothing else for it. I saw the whelming wave gathering its resistless might against me; and I thought it would be unnatural to perish without giving a father and a brother a chance of throwing out a rope for me to snatch at. Accordingly I wrote home as follows:

No. 1. (To my Father.)

"Sir—Circumstances over which I have had no control, have reduced me to the verge of ruin. May I hope that you will extend a saving hand to your unfortunate but dutiful son."

No. 2. (To my Brother.)

"Dear Frank—I dare say you thought my silence would prove eternal. Believe me, I have often wished to renew our natural intercourse. Let me do so now. You will not, I am confident, feel the less disposed to do this, from the circumstance that I am now hard up. Pray, lend me 500l.; and persuade the governor to send me 2000l., and I think I can manage to get through. May I depend on you?

"Your affectionate brother,

A great load was removed from my spirits, when I had despatched these two letters. The half-dozen friends whom I apprised of my having done so, assured me that the return of post would bring me "tidings of comfort and joy." On the strength of such sanguine expectations, I gave a dinner to influence the party at home by the force of sympathy, if possible. Just at the time when I knew the family party would be drinking "the old roof-tree," my friends and myself filled bumper's to the success of my missive. Nothing could surpass our merriment. We joked and laughed, and sang and toasted, till at length the party broke up at the hour and in the manner usual to such bachelor-festivities. The same party agreed to dine together daily, till I should receive an answer. They did so. And one morning—how can I ever forget it?—having called for soda water, &c., I saw a most family-looking letter, carefully placed beside the restorative. With an agitated hand I opened it, and read the following answers:

No. 1. (From my Father.)

"Young Gentleman—I believe you, when you tell me, that "circumstances beyond your control have reduced you to the verge of ruin,"—your own unruly passions, Sir, have brought you to this pass. You ask, if you may hope for my saving hand? Unwilling to assume a tone to which no mortal is entitled—I answer "Yes!" you may hope—but be at the same time wise enough to expect nothing from"

"An Offended Father."

No. 2. (From my Brother.)

"Dear Tom—I thought your silence very consistent with the rest of your conduct for some years past. As to your asking if you may depend on me—the answer is simple:—No!"

"Your true brother,

Here was "Yes" and "No" with a vengeance. Lord Mulgrave's novel may be more pleasant, but it is not, could not be, more pregnant with meaning. What was to be done? "The lively anticipation of future favours," which the laughing philosophers represent as being gratitude
itself, of course died away in the breasts of all those to whom I read these dreadful epistles. What precise motive actuated my friends I know not, but certain it is that in reply to my pressing solicitations that they would look in on me the following day, I received from all the same reply, "No!" Whether they conceived solitude in full possession of the charms "which sages have seen in her face," or that, in the words of the proverb, "pity without relief is poor comfort," or—but why proceed with such profitless speculation? Of their motives I can be but a very imperfect judge; of their acts, however, I am in a situation to say something, or rather nothing, for the conduct of every one of these warm-hearted fellows was the perfect realisation of the negative principle. They said nothing, did nothing, and I verily believe thought nothing about me or my affairs after the freezing letters from home. They left me to my fate; and however I may have since profited by the experience thus forced upon me, the impression on my mind at the time was that my fate was the most inexorable that ever bore a younger brother to the earth. I was at length taken under the protection of his Majesty's Royal Fleet, and there added very materially to my stock of self-knowledge and general experience of mankind. On the present occasion, however, I am of opinion that it would be very unadvisable to commence a series of details which it would be impossible to conclude within the limits of a reasonable paper; I therefore limit myself to the announcement that out of the depth of my troubles arose the fair ideal of perfect love. And if at the present moment I enjoy, as undoubtedly I do, more domestic happiness than usually falls to the lot of mankind, I attribute it to the fact that by my commission in the "English Fleet" I not only learned how to say "No!" with firmness, but furthermore to say "Yes!" with fondness in one particular quarter. But the matrimonial consummation is a history in itself. Shall I begin it here?

NO!

DREAM.—PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED LITERATI.

_Hamlet._ Methinks I see him now.
_Horatio._ Where, my good lord?
_Hamlet._ In my mind's eye, Horatio.

The _genus irritabili_ who compose the illustrious body of our modern bards and writers, need not rise up in arms under the fear that I am about to pinion their actual persons on my pen, and hold them forth to the unhallowed gaze of the multitude. I have no such intention; and if I had, I have not the means of carrying it into execution. Authors are visionary people, in more senses than one; and it is as visions of the brain alone that I am acquainted with them, and propose to make some of them pass in review before the reader.

The case is this. I am scarcely awakened from a deep sleep, superinduced by the lucubrations of one of the above-named distinguished fraternity, who shall remain nameless—so that the reader will be "gentle" enough to overlook any dreaminess that he may chance to detect in my style and manner of communicating with him. But I thought it better to put down, now while they are fresh upon me, the impressions that I imbibed during my slumber; for if I were to delay describing what I then saw and wait until the other effects of it upon my descriptive faculties are passed off, it is more than probable I should have nothing left to describe. There is nothing like _fixing_ these "Cynthias of the minute" the first instant they present themselves to you in any determinate shape; for there is no knowing for how long (or short) a time even the most precise actual description of any author may remain true. How must it be, then, with regard to the mere imagination of one? An author is, as an author, "an airy nothing." But the authors I am about to describe are the mere imaginations that are engendered by imaginations—the shadows of a shade—the "nothings" that (contrary to the maxim) so often "come of nothing;" and my object in laying the following account of them before the reader is, that he may amuse himself by comparing or contrasting my
descriptions with his own knowledge or his own fancies, on the interesting subject in question, namely, the actual persons and modes of being of our modern bards and authors.

I thought then (this, if I mistake not, is the accredited mode of commencing every dream that was ever dreamed since the commencement of the dream of human life), methought that, just as I had fallen fast asleep over one of those "Portraits of Living Authors" which have peopled the pages of every periodical that has appeared during any time within these twenty years, I was sitting in my own warm little study sleepily gazing at my smouldering fire, and coining the different portions of it into imaginary likenesses of everything that they were unlike, when I heard out of doors (for it was Christmas time) the half merry, half melancholy cry of "Gallantee show!—gallantee show!" Perhaps, thought I to myself, the gallantee showman has got some "Portraits of living authors" among his collection. All the other periodicals abound in them, and why should not this peripatetic one? I'll have him in and see.

That "my wish was father to that thought," I shall not deny; for I have ever had a craving curiosity touching the personal appearance of the writing fraternity. Accordingly, no sooner said than done. The gallantee showman was sent for, and presently made his appearance, looking round the room as he entered, as if surprised and disappointed at being received by a grave and silent gentleman in green spectacles, instead of a flock of little children, clamorous in their greetings of his arrival.

Contrary to the experience that I had had of his class, he was a little, sharp-looking, elderly man, with small twinkling, grey eyes—a pale, sallow complexion—a nose pointed right out and inclining upward at the tip—a shrewd, comic expression about the corners of the mouth, and withal a somewhat conceited and self-complacent air, as who should say a gallantee showman is not as good as his betters!

One of the characteristic qualities of our dreaming faculties is, that they have an instinctive knowledge of men and things à priori. An experienced dreamer can tell you the whole history of a person's life the moment he casts his closed eyes upon him. The instant I saw the showman enter the room, I said to myself, "This is the man for my money. I see at a glance that he is a quondam critic, who, having an irresistible passion for speaking the truth, has been turned out of all the Reviews and Magazines of the day successively, for speaking it in the wrong place—for letting the readers of the Quarterly understand that Mr. Moore is a wit, and for not concealing from those of the Edinburgh that Mr. Southey is not a fool, &c. &c. Sundry high crimes and misdemeanours of this nature have made him fain to take up with setting up a peripatetic periodical for himself, and endeavouring to show the truth in default of being allowed to sell it; for he has evidently an involuntary passion for disclosing it, which nothing can repress, and is foolish or wise enough (whichever you please) to prefer dining off dry bread in his own garret, to eating toasts and turtle at the table of the first literary lord in the land."

I immediately explained to him my object in sending for him, and was not a little gratified at finding that he was in a situation to satisfy, to a certain degree, my long-cherished curiosity relative to the personal appearance of the authors of our day. There was not one of them, he assured me, that had not sat to him, and that he had not painted to the life, with his own hand, upon the fragile slides of his magic-lantern, from the "Great Unknown" himself, down to the littlest unknown of them all; for all, known and unknown, were to him "familiar as household words."

Before I called upon him to give me "a taste of his quality" in this particular, I was desirous of ascertaining, if possible, how far I might depend upon his representations being authentic. To this end I began to inquire in what manner his portraits had been taken, and how it was that he had been thus favoured above his fellows; for, easy as it was to conceive that the most modest among the distinguished originals might not object to greet his own effigy opposite to a genteel title-page, or meet it unexpectedly in the snug folds of a print-collector's portfolio, the case seemed different when it was to be exhibited, "as large as life," on the walls of a nursery, in company with "Jack the Giant-killer," "the Bleeding Nun," and the "Devil on Two Sticks." I soon found, however, that to this inquiry I was not likely to obtain a very direct or satisfactory answer. That
his portraits were like, he was prepared strenuously to insist; but in what manner they had been procured, how far the originals had been accessory to the taking of them, and even whether they were intended to represent merely the actual visible man, or to typify the character and qualities of the mind by means of outward manifestations of it—all this was more than I could learn with any degree of certainty; for, to say the truth, my exhibitor, notwithstanding his professed love of truth, and the sufferings he had willingly undergone for its sake, seemed determined to mystify this part of the business, and leave me to make it out for myself as well as I could. Nay, I found that I was not even to be told the names of the persons that were to be called up before me. I am compelled, therefore, under these circumstances, to leave the reader in a similar situation with myself. All I can do is to describe minutely what I saw, and then leave it to speak for itself, intelligibly or not, as it may happen. While my exhibitor was making the necessary preparations with his apparatus, I could not help (childishly enough, to be sure) taking up one or two of the slides on which the little figures were painted, to see what they were like, before the lamp and the magnifier had given them their magic life. But I soon found that nothing was to be made of them in this way. There seemed to be the same difference between what I was now looking at, and what I saw the same things changed into afterwards, that I could fancy to exist between the persons they were intended to represent when they were at home and quietly reposing within themselves, and when they were abroad on show.

The transmitted rays of daylight, the magnifying powers of the medium through which they passed, and the motion of the exhibitor’s hand in drawing them along before the spectator’s eye, made all the difference.

The lamp being now lighted and ready, the lantern fixed on its stand, and the sheet extended against the opposite wall, the lights were extinguished, the slide was placed in the groove, and the show began.

The first object that appeared before me, after quivering for a while on the canvas, as if undecided what form it should assume, presently resolved itself into a high, stately figure, which came trampling onward; its large lordly eyes gazing right forward, its bare crown elevated as if to catch a fancied coronal from the clouds, and its right arm tossed against the air, as if contemplating it. Beneath its feet, trod on and broken, but not soiled, lay a Peer’s coronet, and on its shoulders (the only covering the upper portion of the figure wore) hung what seemed to have been an ancestral banner, torn into strips as if purposely, and flying about, the sport of every wind that passed. The lower parts of the figure were entirely concealed by the common attire of the day, which, however, did not seem to sit very easy upon it.

I observed that all the upper portion of the extraordinary figure now before me—all that which was exposed to view—was of a marvily and transparent paleness, which did not, however, convey any notion of disease, but yet the effect of which was deeply interesting. You seemed to be able to look through the outward covering of the body, and see the nerves play and the blood flow underneath it; and about the breast, in particular, the transparency was so complete that methought I looked through it into the very heart, and perceived there a smouldering fire, which appeared perpetually burning, without consuming that on which it fed, or rather self-fed, perhaps. At the bottom of the heart, by gazing intently, I detected a clear spring of water, which constantly kept bubbling up, without ever seeming able to escape from its birth-place. From a kind of conduit-pipe, which I discovered leading from the bottom of this spring upwards through the breast, and dividing into two as it reached the head, I conjectured this to be the fountain which was intended to supply the eyes with tears; but on minutely examining, I found that by some accidental circumstances (not by any defect in its construction) this pipe had become incapable of performing its office—and, just as I noticed this, I observed that by a convulsive effort of its own, the spring had burst its boundaries, and was overflowing every portion of the heart. This, by coming in contact with the fire before mentioned, caused a dense vapour to encircle the whole, and I could no longer observe what took place; but presently, on looking again, I found that the spring had sunk back to its prescribed boundaries, the fire was burning again, and all was going on as before.
During the moment that I had taken my eyes from off the above, I had cast them on the noble countenance of the figure, to see if that underwent any change in consequence of what was going on within the breast below; but I found that it was as still as a statue's. There was the same uplifted and expectant brow, the same gazing eye, the same scornful lip, the same contemptuous action. On looking again towards the feet, I found also that, besides the single coronet I had noticed before, there was a variety of other objects, many of them symbolical of human power and greatness, but all equally trampled upon and defaced. I observed, in particular, a kingly crown and sceptre, a crosier, a mitre, and several printed books, the subjects of which I could not distinguish, with the exception of one which seemed to have been treated with marked obloquy, and which, from the heading of one of its torn leaves, I discovered to be a little work, that I remembered to have seen before, professing to give an account of all known religions.

I continued to gaze intently on this figure (which now seemed to have become stationary before me, without my feeling any wish to have it changed for another), and kept watching the dark but rainbow-tinted clouds which had been gradually thickening round it from the moment it had first appeared, and now seemed to have formed a sort of ornamental canopy or pavilion all about it,—when suddenly methought it began to vibrate upon itself, and to quiver restlessly, as distant objects seem to do when seen through a heated atmosphere. This motion continued to increase till I could no longer distinguish any regular traces of the moving object; and as soon as it had reached this point, it gradually subsided. But when I could examine the object again, I was not a little surprised, and at first not at all pleased, to find that all had become totally changed; and, but for the repeated assurances of my exhibitor, I could not persuade myself to believe that I was looking at the same person. What I now saw seemed, by its attire, to be something between the motley of the old courts and the merry-Andrew of a modern fair, with a cap and bells on its head, a rod in one hand, a two-edged small-sword in the other, a harlequin's wand by its side, and a pantaloons's slippers on its feet. There was still, however, an air of grandeur in the person and gait; and, when I looked at the countenance, I perceived that, with the exception of a forced laugh upon the lips, that was the same I had seen it before. It was overspread by the same marly paleness, and there was the same melancholy light dwelling in the dark, gazing eyes.

As I had been extremely interested by the figure under its first form, I was a little startled at thus finding it at once "another yet the same." It is true, there was something as irresistibly droll and amusing in its second appearance and habit as there was deeply affecting and impressive in its first. But when I found that it could look like each at will, there came over me an involuntary and indistinct suspicion as to whether it could, in fact, be either. Lest, therefore, I should hamper myself between the imaginations of the two, and thus lose my relish for the peculiar qualities of each, I was fain to call upon my showman to "stay his hand, and change his measure," and thus give me an opportunity of reconciling, at my leisure, the seeming inconsistency I had just witnessed—not doubting that that which is, must have become so from some cause or other; and feeling, that to suppose two things incompatible with each other, merely because we do not happen to have met with them together before, is a mere impertinence.

But who is this, that now comes bounding before me—gay as a lark—light as a feather—bright as a star—beaming like sunshine—glowing like wine—glittering like moon-lit waters? This must be a poet, surely, if ever there was one. His very dress is poetry, even if there were nothing beneath it. But there evidently is a form beneath, that scarcely needs a beautiful attire to make it look beautiful—a form so imbued with the divinity enshrined within it, that its rays pierce through the outward covering, and you see it as you would see the sun through a veil woven of golden threads. To what shall I liken that form, stepping harmoniously along to the sound of the sweet music made by its own motion?—with a golden lyre in its hand, a wreathed crown of roses, myrtle and vine leaves on its head, and slung carelessly at its back a bow and arrows, the latter tipped with diamond, and winged with the feathers of the nightingale? To whom shall I liken it, but to the Grecian Bacchus—Bacchus the divine—the son of Ju-
piter and Semele—he who was born amid the storms that destroyed his parent—whose lips were anointed with honey by his nurses—who raised immortal pillars to his fame on the shores of the Ganges—above all, he to whom the Hours paid homage, as the cause of all mirth, the curer of all cares, the sweetener of life!

Thy pardon, gentle reader! My business is to describe soberly; but the mere recollection of the tipsy revelry that reeled in the eyes of the person who now appeared before me, and the exuberant spirit of joy which beam'd from every part of his countenance, having communicated their influence to my thoughts, and through the latter to my pen, I feel half a poet myself for the moment. There will not, however, be frequent occasion to chide me for offending in this way; for I should not have had such another poet as this to describe, if my dream had extended to those of all times, instead of being confined to our own. But I will endeavour to plod quietly through the rest of my description.

The figure before me, though of the full stature of man, and finely proportioned in every respect, yet gave me, all the while I was looking at it, an indistinct impression of its being in fact less than it seemed. As this impression was far from pleasant to me, and I could in no way account for it, I inquired of my exhibitor if he could give me any explanation on the subject. All I could learn from him was, that from a certain precociousness of intellect as well as of passion, this person had escaped from the trammels of custom earlier than he ought to have done, and had appeared on the stage of public life before he had arrived at years of discretion; in fact, when he was quite Little; and that ever since, he had been reproached with having been Little. This seemed to me scarcely fair; and yet, disposed as I was to do him the justice of thinking him only what I saw him, I found that I could not get rid of this impression, do what I would; so that I could not help feeling a foolish kind of regret at his ever having been Little at all—for foolish it certainly was; since, if he had been anything then but what he was, he would have been something else now than what I found him; which I would on no account have had him be. I say this, however, with reference to his person, air, motion, and all that appertained essentially to these. His dress, I confess, struck me as being rather too fine—rather too much in the style of Prince Esterhazy's coronation suit. The ground-work of it seemed to consist almost entirely of the leaves of different kinds of flowers, sewn together with gold and silver thread, which latter was so very fine that to my dreaming fancy it conveyed the idea of sun and moon-beams. And over this was scattered, with lavish profusion, all sorts of glittering things, of every denomination, and every degree of value, from the diamond and all the precious stones of the mine down to the commonest paste, tinsel, and glass beads. I must add, however, that the mere form of this dress was exquisitely tasty, simple, and becoming; and that it sate to the figure in the most complete and natural manner; so that the general effect of it was by no means so gaudy and meretricious as might have been expected from seeing it in an unfinished state, or before it was put on. This however arose, I should think, chiefly from the manner of wearing it, and the person of the wearer. Some persons look well in anything; others again become only a showy or a plain attire; but that beauty must be of an uncommon class, and must exist in a very rare degree indeed, that will not only bear, but is heightened and set off by the utmost gorgeousness of ornament spread about it in the greatest profusion, but yet in the most unstudied and apparently careless manner. And such was the person now before me. On any one else, the dress which he wore would have looked preposterous; on him its fantastical richness looked not only becoming and natural, but there was I know not what of simplicity about it which produced an effect inexpressibly delightful. Still, however, I repeat (for I feel as if I must find some fault in his appearance), the general impression I received from his dress was, that it might have been less fine with advantage.

But I am paying more attention to the attire of this captivating person, than to the person itself; and, by the by, this fact, if I mistake not, explains the only real fault attributable to the said attire; it was too apt to draw attention from the person which it clad.

I have said that this person resembled our idea of the Grecian Bacchus: I mean as that god is occasionally represented in antique sculpture, and also in certain pictures by Titian, Poussin, and others—namely, with all the grace, elegance, and intellectual beauty of the Apollo, but with much less
gravity and sedateness, and with an air of volupitous ease and enjoyment entirely its own. This, at least, was the character in which it appeared to me, when first I looked upon it. But the truth is, that I feel great difficulty in giving anything like a distinct portrait of this figure, or indeed of any of the others that I saw; all of them, and this in particular, seemed disposed to do anything rather than formally to sit for their pictures: for no sooner had I impressed upon my mind, by intently gazing on them, one distinct idea of what was before me, and fancied I could describe it to a hair, but it imperceptibly changed into something else, quite consistent with what it had been the minute before, yet entirely different. Thus, in order fairly to convey to the reader what my dream presented to me, I ought to give three or four different portraits of each person, as it appeared to me at different moments and from different points of view. But this would, I fear, swell my task to a bulk that the reader at least would deem unreasonableness. I must, therefore, endeavour to sketch my portraits as nearly as I can at that point of time when they seemed to exhibit the most striking expressions of form and feature; and then throw in the supplementary expressions afterwards, letting them amalgamate with the others as they may.

The dress and appearance, then, which the above-named person seemed most disposed to put on, next to that which has just been described, was that of an archer; which he effected by laying aside his lyre, changing his rich dress for one of bright emerald green, and calling into use the bow and arrows which I have mentioned as being slung behind his back when first I saw him. In this character his appearance and qualifications seemed as unique as in the other. He appeared to have the aim of William Tell, never missing his mark; but he exercised this faculty more in the manner of the merry knight of Sherwood Forest—always with a smile, a song, or a jest on his lips. Like him, too, I observed that his ambition was somewhat select; his arrows being all directed at objects in a high station: for, on looking towards where he was pointing them, I saw what I had not noticed before a lofty hill rising on an extensive plain in the distance; on its sides, at different degrees of elevation, several stately deer were lying, looking down with an appearance of regal indifference and contempt on the herds beneath them. Every one of these deer seemed to be at the same time smarting from the effect of wounds that he had inflicted on them; and one in particular, that was lying on the very top of the hill—a fine fat buck, with a most flourishing pair of antlers—had received several wounds, under which it appeared to writhe more than any of the others. As I continued to look at this animal, I thought I observed some of the smaller deer every now and then come up from the plain below and apply their tongues to the parts affected, each licking them by turns, and then descending to its place again.

I might extend my description of this portrait, till it became multiplied into a whole gallery of itself; but my limits warn me to desist for the present. Having thus laid before the reader the commencement of my long dream, I shall take leave of him without even hinting my own impression, as to which of our modern literati the above described portraits were intended by the artist to represent. Not that I am without an opinion on the point; but it may be a mistaken one. And besides, a portrait that requires to have a name written under it is something worse than an impertinence—it is a falsehood, at least in the eyes of those acquainted with the original: and these portraits can be interesting to such readers only.

LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

SELECTIONS FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

FERDINAND OF NAPLES, father of the late King, said that to govern his people three F's only were wanted—Festa, Forca, Farina.

Correct rhyme and metre are not sufficient to constitute poetry: each verse should contain an idea, an image, or a sentiment. The bee constructs scientifically her hexagonal cell, and then fills it with honey. The cell, is the verse—the honey, is the poetry.
In some lives there are very striking coincidences. Cromwell, during his early obscurity, in despair of being able to make his way in England, resolved on going to Jamaica: his design was prevented by the regulations of Charles the First. The father of Mirabeau, not perceiving any prospect of advancement for his son in France, wished to send him to the Dutch colonies: an order from the King opposed his departure. Had Cromwell been taken away from the revolution in England, and Mirabeau from that in France, each would probably have been effected without the execution of royalty. Who knows but Jamaica might have saved Charles I, and Batavia Louis XVI?

A writer, whose distinguishing feature is originality, loses much in being cited. His descriptions and reflections, dictated by a mind peculiarly organised, require to be presented in the precise order in which they have been placed by the author; preceded by that which has introduced them, and followed by that which is to illustrate them. In the work, the colouring of each part blends into harmony, and concurs in producing the effect of the whole; detached from the rest, the same colouring appears unnatural and unpleasing, and contrasts harshly with whatever it may be annexed to.

Voltaire has always the weapon of satire at command. Like the sword worn constantly at the side by every noble of that day, it is pointed, polished, brilliant, attractive, mounted in gold, studded with diamonds—yet never used but to wound.

Among the ancients, the occupation of writing history was the recreation of those great men whose actions formed a portion of it—Xenophon, chief of the ten thousand, Tacitus, prince of the Senate. Among the moderns (as their great men were ignorant of the art of reading), it necessarily became the task of the learned—persons who were learned from the circumstance of having passed their lives in a state of seclusion which rendered them ignorant of the world, and incapable of entering into its interests. Hence it arises that much of our modern history is but insipid and useless detail. The ancient historians wrote from tradition—the modern from chronology. The ancients, writing from tradition, seem always to have been guided by the consideration, that, to entitle a man to a place in the records of nations, it is not alone sufficient that a century or more should have elapsed since he lived and died, but that it is requisite he should have bequeathed a remarkable example to posterity. For this reason, ancient history never languishes. It is, what it ought to be, a picture of great men and great things; and not what later writers have made it, a tedious register of names and dates.

It has been calculated that it would take any one who read fourteen hours each day, eight hundred years to peruse the historical works belonging to the Bibliotheque Royale, more than twenty thousand of which, most of them in several volumes, relate to France alone, from MM. Royon, Fantin-Désodarts and Anquetil, who have given complete histories, to those brave chroniclers, Froissard, Commines, and Jean de Troyes, from whom we learn that "ung tel jour le roi estait malade," and that "ung tel autre jour ung homme se noya dans la Seine."

Among all these there are four generally known as the four great histories of France: that of Dupleix, which is no longer read; that of Mezeray, which will be always read; that of Father Daniel, a Jesuit, famous for his descriptions of battles; and that of Vély, continued by Villaret and Garnier. In a particular point of view, Commines has written a pretty good history of France in four lines. "God has created nothing in this world, neither man nor beast, without his adversary, to keep each in fear and in humility. This is why he made France and England neighbours."

In general, those who have the ability and opportunity do not sufficiently interest themselves for that class of youth who are labouring with so much ardour, talent, and perseverance in every branch of acquirement. How much might be effected with such a host of intelligences! What canals dug—what roads cut in science—what provinces conquered—what worlds discovered in art! But, no: every avenue is closed or obstructed; all this mental activity, which might be rendered as useful as it is varied, is shut up, cramped, and stifled. The genius is compressed in the brain, the man is confined to his original position in society; yet every mind has a right to look for something in its future condition. Is it not melancholy to see these young creatures, their eyes fixed in hope upon the resplendent objects presented to their view—power, glory, fortune, renown—involuntarily approaching
that gloomy river which will close over their obscurity? Like the shades of Virgil—

Alligat, et novies Styx interfasa coecet.

The Styx for the poor young artist is the publisher's, where he is told, on his manuscript being returned to him—"You must get a name"—the theatre, where he is told, "You must get a name"—the exhibition, where he is told, "You must get a name."

Well, but let them begin: assist them. Those who are now celebrated were once unknown; and how is it possible for them to build up a reputation, however great their talents may be, without exhibition for their pictures, theatre for their pieces, or publisher for their works?

For a bird to fly, wings are not sufficient: he must have air.

B. F. L.

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LINES

BY MISS GEORGIANA JAMES.

How glorious to me is the stormy sea
When the billows the shore are lashing,
When the wild winds sweep o'er the briny deep,
And Heaven's bright fires are flashing;—
When the voice is heard of the lone sea-bird
As it raises its wailing cry—
When the stormy cloud wraps the sun in a shroud;
And dreary and dark is the sky!
It reminds us of life—of its storms and strife,
Of the sorrows that darken our day,
When clouds gather round, and not one friend is found
To cheer us, or brighten our way.

How glorious to me is the evening sea
When the dying winds feebly moan,
And its mellowing ray, at the close of day,
The sun o'er the billows has thrown!
I could wish to be like that peaceful sea,
When about this brief life to resign,
And that those now dear may then be near
To gladden and sooth its decline.
But more glorious to me is the midnight sea
When the surges are calmly sleeping;
When the wind passes by without e'en a sigh,
And the moon her pale watch is keeping!
It reminds us of death, when our latest breath
Has exhaled, and we are at rest—
When the spirit shall rise and pass to the skies,
For ever to dwell with the blest!

Canterbury, March 10th, 1836.

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IMPRONTUT.

"How is your mistress, Mrs. Prue?" I cried.
"Ah! Sir, her goings on are quite a sin!"
"What! does she love the bottle?" I replied;
"The bottle! bless you, no—she loves the gin!"
THE COURT.

The good health of their Majesties continues proof against the vicissitudes of the weather, and the exertion caused by the increase of State duties at this period of the season. The King came from Windsor to St. James's on March the second, ninth, and sixteenth, to hold his usual weekly Levees. On the seventeenth, his Majesty gave a grand dinner and evening entertainment in St. George’s Hall to Prince Ferdinand of Portugal, his father and brother, the Duke Ferdinand and Prince Augustus of Saxe Cobourg, and the Prince of Leiningen, who had arrived at Kensington Palace that morning, and afterwards accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria to Windsor Castle, for the purpose of being introduced to the King and Queen.

On the twenty-first her Majesty was present at a grand ball given by the Duchess of Kent, at Kensington Palace. The members of the Royal Family, Prince Ferdinand, his distinguished relatives, and many of the Nobility attended the entertainment.

The Queen honored the King’s Theatre with her presence on Tuesday the twenty-second; and on the next evening her Majesty was present at the Concert of Ancient Music, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

On Wednesday the twenty-third, the King held an Investiture of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, at St. James’s Palace; his Majesty afterwards held a Levee, and a Privy Council.

On Thursday the twenty-fourth, the Queen held a Drawing-Room at St. James’s; the second this season, and the first at which presentations to her Majesty were received.

His Royal Highness, Prince Ferdinand of Portugal, came to the Drawing Room in one of the King’s carriages. His Royal Highness was attended by Count de Lavradio, Baron Dieskau, the Chevalier de Vasconcellos, and Lord Elphinstone.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by their Serene Highnesses the Princes Ferdinand and Augustus of Saxe Cobourg, and the Prince of Leiningen, attended by Lady Flora Hastings, Sir John Conroy, and Sir George Anson, came in state to the Drawing Room in three carriages, with an escort of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards. Her Royal Highness entered the Palace by the Colour-court, where she was received with the usual honours by the King’s Guard.

The Landgravine of Hesse Homberg was attended by Mademoiselle Styne; the Princess Augusta was attended by Lady Louisa Cornwallis. Their Serene Highnesses Prince Ernest of Hesse Philippsthal and Edward of Carolath were also present at the Drawing Room.

Among the Ladies of the Queen’s Household, there were present—Countess Mayo, Lady in Waiting; the Marchioness of Ely, Countesses Brownlow and Howe, Ladies of the Bedchamber; the Hon. Miss Boyle, Maid of Honour in Waiting; Hon. Misses Hope Johnston, Mitchell, Eden, Hudson, and Bagot, Maids of Honour; Lady Bedingfield and Mrs. Berkeley Paget, Bedchamber Women.

The following Ladies had the honour of being presented to the Queen—

Lady Cottenham, by Mrs. Abercomby; Lady Colchester, on her marriage, by the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland; Lady Langdale, by Lady Mary Fox; Miss Sophia Wheatley, by Lady Wheatley; Hon. Mrs. Canning, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Clanricarde; Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, by Lady Cowley; Hon. Jane Erskine, by her mother, Lady Erskine; Lady Verney, on her marriage, by the Dowager Countess of Chichester; Lady Rennie, on her marriage, by the Countess of Beauchamp; Mrs. J. M’Neil, by Lady Wheatley; Right Hon. Lady Sinclair, by the Countess of Haddington; Mrs. Selby (of Canada), by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Mrs. John Selby, on her marriage, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Mrs. Aldis, on her marriage, by Lady Aldis; Miss Letitia Otway, by her mo-
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Borders of the Tamar and Tavy.
By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols. John Murray.

This work appears to have been undertaken at the suggestion of Dr. Southey, as an experiment to determine how far local descriptions may be made interesting to strangers, by blending with them antiquarian researches, popular traditions and superstitions, and biographical anecdotes of remarkable characters. The experiment has been tolerably successful; but Mrs. Bray unfortunately has allowed her honourable feelings to lead her to details and discussions that weary the readers of the present generation. She is too fond of puffing her husband’s merits, of adulating Dr. Southey, and of enacting the part of patroness to Mary Collings. Her flattery of Dr. Southey is the most pardonable of these aberrations. That highly-gifted but very erratic writer has of late seen his train of followers diminish with as much rapidity as that of King Lear; and we by no means grudge him the pleasure he may derive from the devoted obsequiousness of Mrs. Bray. But Mary Collings is an intolerable bore; every page in which her name occurs is stamped with intolerable dulness.

We have said our worst of the volume; and turn more gladly to the praise of its merits. The antiquarian notices, contributed by Mrs. Bray’s brother, are of equal merit and interest. Many of the local traditions connected with Tavistock and its neighbourhood, have all the interest of romance. The history of “Barber Smith” and his children—which we happen to be able to vouch for—contains many incidents that would furnish Crabbe with the materials of a more delightful tale than any that appeared in his posthumous works; and the biography of “the bold buccaneer,” Drake, though a trifle too stiff and formal, will gratify all who feel pleasure in naval history.


This tragedy has met with a most flattering reception from the press generally—and from the literary portion of it in particular; but, however singular we may appear in our judgments, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the play one of but ordinary merit. We have seen many, published and forgotten in the same day, which have possessed more strongly the elements of perpetuity, and yet have died in their birth. As a reading play, “the Provost of Bruges” has few attractions. There are here and there passages which rise a
little above the level of plain mediocrity, but then there are many, very many, which fall so greatly below it, that the balance of excellence strikes the beam so readily as to seem charged with a feather. As an acting play, it is clumsy, unrelieved, and dull. The characters want freshness, the scenes buoyancy, the language passion. It is a manufactured article; and though touch-made, as we hear, will never pass the essay test, and bear the mark of the true mintage upon it. Not an atom of sympathy is felt for a single gentleman of the community of Bruges. The Provost is a grumbling, moody, selfish man, without one element of magnanimity or generous feeling. He loves his daughter as the tiger loves its cub, and would evidently tear her eyes out if she thwarted him even to a needle's point. He is a weak, wretched man, for whom you feel no pity, and whose sufferings fail to excite a single emotion; and, by way of stamping him a hero, he is made to commit murder and suicide. Thanemar is as much a real noble as the straw figureparaded on the fifth of November is a real Guy Fawkes; and Bouchard is the most piling lover that one shall see at a tea-garden on an Easter Sunday. As a proof of the truth of what we say, we remarked that during the whole performance, not a handkerchief was raised, not a lady's lip quivered within our sphere of vision; but there was no lack of smiles, whispering, yawning, and all those symptoms of indifference which, so far as eventual success is concerned, are a more certain fatale of damnation than the fiercest hisses and the loudest clamour.

Of Macready's acting, we can only say that we thought it extravagant, forced, and unnatural. He looked more like a state barber, prepared to cut the throats of the prince and his nobles, than a hero. It was the worst thing we ever saw done by a really clever man. It was mere acting—laboured, mannered acting. You saw Macready in a very unbecoming disguise; and could not get rid of the disagreeable consciousness that he was an able mummer, "fretting his little hour upon the stage," in the character of the Provost of Bruges. We would just hint to Mr. Macready, that his death was physically impossible. Will he allow us to tell him that he should die like a man, not like an ogre. Two such thrusts as he gave would have scarcely allowed him time to utter the "dying confession" of the serf, Bertulph.

A Practical and Familiar Treatise on the Teeth and Dentism. By J. Paterson Clark, M.A. Webster.

We have derived much useful information from a perusal of this little volume, which we urgently recommend to the attention of every person with a good set of teeth, who is anxious to preserve them. Many a lovely mouth is blighted by neglect, or injudicious management of this most attractive ornament—upon the preservation of which depends not only the beauties of the mouth, but the general health of the body; since from imperfect mastication of food proceed dyspepsia and its attendant host of diseases, forming a tail much longer than even that of the stalwart Irish champion.

Mr. Clark's treatise ought to become a textbook in every family, for the management of children during the process of dentition. By attending carefully to the information it gives, much unnecessary torture may be avoided, and those young teeth saved for old age, which now go to premature decay. With regard to adults, by following Mr. Clark's directions they may at once arrest the progress of decay; and though the tooth already attacked can never be restored to its original state of purity, still it may remain as serviceable as ever, and carries the rendered station at that very point where the presence of this baneful enemy of personal beauty had been discovered, and its further progress checked.

The study of most dentists seems to consist in the acquisition of manual dexterity in extracting teeth, and substituting new ones. Mr. Clark's practice is quite different. He is averse from extracting a single tooth; and his particular study seems to have been how to preserve those teeth to which the remedy of the "balsam of steel"—a cant term for the instrument used to draw teeth—is applied as the only resource to free the patient from torture. By means of anodynes he soothes the pain; and when the toothach has disappeared, and with it every symptom of inflammation, he carefully removes the caries and plucks the tooth. According to his own statement—corroborated by the opinions of many medical men with whom we have conversed on a subject which to ourselves, at least, is one of great interest—this practice, if judiciously pursued, is successful in almost every instance. Let then our fair votaries of fashion, from this time forward, dismiss all dread of tooth-drawing, and permit no "steel balsam" ever to enter their mouths, as the cure for the toothach. Let them preserve their teeth for the purposes of mastication, to give roundness to their cheeks, and impart a charm to their smiles. Above all, let them read Mr. Clark's book.


We know of no man who can spin a yarn more agreeably, or impart more interest to it, than Captain Chamier. We have followed
Ben Brace through his eventful career, and gathered much historical information by the way; for the veteran, to his own personal adventures, has added a great deal that is new and striking concerning the hero to whose fortunes he attached himself, and the battles which have placed the name of Nelson so high in the immortal temple of Fame. Brace likewise gives those descriptions of the soul-stirring pursuits and manners of the sons of the ocean, so full of adventure and chivalrous romance, which seize so strongly upon the imaginations of us landsmen, and cannot start into life except under the glowing pencil of a sailor. These volumes, though forming a work of the imagination, are, in truth, a reality: Ben Brace is the type of those veteran seamen to whom Great Britain is indebted for the supremacy she has been enabled to assume among nations. With numerous defects proceeding as well from education as from the circumstances in which he is placed, the British seaman is as generous and gentle, as he is reckless and daring. Though a complete creature of impulse, his heart is in the right place; and if he be properly honoured, he is managed like an overgrown child, or a pet bear-cub. The hardships which this race of men undergo in the cause of their country, the dangers they run, and the privations they endure, richly entitle them to the pittance bestowed upon the select few in Greenwich Hospital.

Though a comic scene will sometimes appear in the course of this narrative, the bent of the author’s mind throughout, as in his other works, is evidently a tendency to melancholy. All the sea characters here are excellently well drawn, without being, like some characters in other naval tales, modern copies of Smollett’s originals. The episode of Brace’s sister is beautiful, that of Susan very characteristic.


We could devise no greater infliction which the authorship of these three volumes merits, than that the writer, or editor as he calls himself, should be condemned to read nothing else for a month. How any man in his senses can calmly sit down and write such trash, we shall not stop to inquire; but we shall say, that having read the volumes through because we were compelled to do so, the perusal was followed by a headache and a fit of ennui which a night’s rest has not yet overcome. Though the whole narrative is plentifully interlarded with Greek passages, and other pieces of pedantry, the editor has used the word catantrophe as applied to his cat-hater, thereby leading to the inference that, notwithstanding his apparent classical reading, he is unconquainted with the words of which mianthrophoe is compounded.

For though catantrophe is meant as a joke, the intended point lies in the three first letters. But it would be waste of time to say more on the subject.


We have often of late had occasion to censure the practice of novel writers, especially those of the fair sex, for affecting to describe the manners of a class of society which they wholly misrepresented. Is there nothing to be found worthy of their attention below the exclusive circle of the “set,” to use a familiar term of the last reign? There is no such character in existence, in the nineteenth century, as Lord Altamont; and neither the manners, nor the forms of conversation of his aristocratic circle, bear the slightest resemblance to those of rank and fashion at the present day. Nevertheless, the author of these volumes is not deficient in imagination, and has contrived to impart considerable interest to several of her characters. With all its defects, the present work will prove attractive to such readers as seek only for sentimentality. The best-drawn character in the book, notwithstanding an aim at eccentricity, and a certain imitation of some well-known peculiarities of Lord Byron, is that of young Delamere.


This work proceeds as it has begun, and as might be expected from Dr. Southey’s knowledge of the poet. The second volume is a continuation of Cowper’s Life, and is written with a tone and feeling peculiarly adapted to the subject. We are impatiently awaiting the succeeding volumes, which we anticipate will form an edition of Cowper’s works well worthy of the highest public patronage.


The contents of this pretty volume evince much poetic enthusiasm, and a spirit of romance attended with true feeling—a quality very rare now-a-days. The fair writer has caught the true poetic vein, and though there are occasional blemishes, yet upon the whole these poems deserve success.

Vol. VIII.—No. IV.—April 1836.
NEW MUSIC.

There is an Eye that never sleeps. Duet for two Soprano Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Leaf, by T. Attwood, Composer to his Majesty’s Chapel Royal, and Organist of St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Hark the distant Village Peal! Trio for three Soprano Voices, with an Accompaniment for two Performers on one Piano Forte. Composed by the same.

In liquid Notes as Music floats. Trio for three Soprano Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte. Composed by the same. Hill (late Monzani and Hill).

Had music been in a more advanced state among us, Mr. Attwood’s name would have vied with the great musical names of other nations. Formed in the purest and most classical school, having studied with Mozart, Mr. Attwood is one of the few of our composers able to combine the finest feelings of poetry with the more severe and dignified branch of modern composition. But he has not obtained the encouragement he deserved in a country where, during the best years of his professional life, there were few able to appreciate his genius.

The works before us are not intended for a display of abstruse science, but to combine pleasing and effective melody with such harmonic combinations as may be understood by all classes of hearers, and yet not fall into common place. This Mr. Attwood has done, with a masterly hand, in the three pieces before us, which are as easy of execution as they are simple and beautiful.

Fantasia Brillante for Piano Forte and Violoncello, in which is introduced the favourite Air, “Auld lang syne.” Composed and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Bouverie Francis Primrose, by H. P. Hill. Hill (late Monzani and Hill).

Mr. H. P. Hill has been known among us for some years past as a brilliant piano-forte player, and an agreeable writer. His compositions generally, to much elegance, unite no ordinary degree of expression and feeling. The fantasia before us is a great acquisition to violoncello players, the part assigned to that instrument being very brilliant and showy, and yet containing no difficulties which a good amateur cannot easily compass. The piano-forte part is equally brilliant; and the composition shows Mr. H. P. Hill to be a perfect master of both instruments. We predict that this fantasia will become a great favourite among our fashionable amateurs.

VARIETIES.

THE OPERA.

We have as yet little to say concerning the Opera, which does not reach its climax of perfection till Easter. Two novelities have appeared in the persons of Madame Colleoni Corti, and Signor Cartagenova, the former a soprano singer of very ordinary merit, though an interesting looking, if not a pretty woman; the latter a buffo cantante, with powerful lungs, a good intonation, considerable feeling, but a vicious manner. Both these singers have done their best, and the public has been satisfied. Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache are expected next week, when the real opera season will begin, of which we shall duly give an account to our readers.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Since we last addressed our subscribers, two of these unrivalled concerts have taken place. The first (March 7th), began with Mozart’s symphony in C, vulgarly and improperly termed the “Jupiter Symphony,” because in a fit of enthusiasm, J. B. Cramer one day applied that term to it, half in jest, half in earnest. It went beautifully. In the duet between Mr. Balfe and Madame Caradori-Allan, we had another proof that the Philharmonic band know not how to accompany the voice. Both of the singers were smothered under the weight of sound that fell upon them. “Vieni i lor tormenti,” from Weber’s Euryanthe—the duet in question—has been overloaded with accompa-
nishments by the composer; therefore the orchestra should merely breathe them forth. But simple breathing, or pianissimo, to say nothing of piano, is unknown at the Philharmonic. The band being placed above the singers, the latter are much more overpowered than if they sang upon the stage. Again, the younger performers in the orchestra, who have been drilled at the opera, by Signor Costa, to accompany well, are made to sit down, whilst the veterans of the band, who have as much notion of accompanying singers as of jumping over the moon, do ill that which they have never learned to do well. This is natural enough, but surely it should be altered, for the honour of the society. Mrs. Anderson gave great satisfaction in Beethoven's concerto in G, the very best, to our thinking, of his piano-forte concerti, being a beautiful symphony from beginning to end.

Mr. Balle, though crushed under the superincumbent weight of accompaniment, sang with considerable feeling and beauty, the 'Piano rimanti,' from William Tell. The choice of this song was, however, injudicious, as it is fit for the stage only, and not for the concert-room. The talent displayed by the singer was lost to more than half the audience.

The overture to Oberon was more exquisitely given than we ever heard it before. It was the perfection of orchestral performance.

The second act opened with Beethoven's symphony in C minor. It went well, if we except a single instance of unsteadiness in the first movement. We beg, however, to inform Mr. Platt, that when the horn leads off the subject in the first movement, it ought to be piano not forte. The last slow movement and finale were perfect. The scherzo went well, except the trio, which, strange to say, has never yet been properly given, although the band have been playing it these fourteen or fifteen years. In the second part of this trio, the bar in ternary, or 3-4 time, is divided into six quavers; but the basses give it in triplets, thereby not only destroying the proper accent, but filingch one-third of each bar, and changing the measure into binary, or 2-4 time. This ought to be corrected. We are surprised to see Dragonetti and Lindley carried away by the torrent, though they have strength enough to keep the whole orchestra under their control. Has age rendered these veterans indifferent to the glories of the society?

Madame Caradori-Allan sang a little flat in the "Non mi dir," from Don Juan. Mr. Willman's clarinetto concerto by Weber, was beautifully done, though it is not an effective composition for the instrument. A terzetto, from the Clemenza di Tito, followed, sung by Madame Caradori-Allan, and Messrs. Brizzi and Balle; and the concert concluded with Winter's noble overture to Tamerlane, which proved a greater treat to us because it is seldom performed.

The second of the concerts we have mentioned (March 21st), being the third of the season, began with Mr. Potter's symphony in D. It went extremely well, the composer himself holding the conductor's baton. This concert was remarkable for execrable singing, and but indifferent instrumental performance, if we except the two solos. The singers were Madame Colleoni Corti, Signori Winter and Cartagenova. The unfortunate prima donna squelched our ears into a state of pitiable distress. Hisses ran through the room; they were certainly in bad taste; but they were evidently the result of an impulse excited by the injudicious applause of a few among the audience. Signor Cartagenova, as we have before stated, has a bad manner, and is consequently not calculated to succeed as a concert singer until his style becomes more polished. A few hisses likewise assaulted him. Signor Winter is cold and sensless; and, from what we can judge, but an indifferent musician.

Madame Dulkin played in a manner to surpass even herself, Weber's concert stiuck. It was beautifully given, with a firmness, a power, and a feeling most delightful. Weber's overture to "Der Beherrscher der Geister," which went extremely well, concluded the first act.

The second act opened with Beethoven's symphony in B flat, which went but indifferent. It was followed, after Signor Winter's air, by a concertino of Spohr's for the violin, performed by Mr. Blagrove. This young professor, a pupil first of F. Cramer, afterwards of Spohr, bids fair to throw all our great violin players into the background. His execution is most brilliant, his intonation true, his taste exquisite, and he has acquired the very difficult art of singing upon his instrument. He was received with enthusiastic applause, which he well deserved. The concert ended with the overture to "Der Zauberflöte," which we hailed as an old friend, and which the band gave magnificently.

MRS. BRIDGMAN'S ORATORIO.

A weak orchestra and bad choruses characterised this selection of music, which can hardly be termed an oratorio. It began with the overture to, and a selection from, Mr. G. Perry's oratorio "The Fall of Jerusalem." When this oratorio, or perhaps, more properly speaking, this cantata was first performed, it was highly lauded by our contemporaries, and the composer cried up as a second Handel. We gave it the charity of our silence. But as it is everywhere in our way, and we are constantly tempted to exclaim with Voltaire—"Sonate que me veux-tu?" we once for all protest that it deserves not the praise which has been lavished upon it. Mr. G. Perry seems
to have slumbered over nearly a whole century, and have gone back to the days of Handel and Arne for his inspirations. His choruses are all of a more ancient school than even those of Handel, many of them being fugues of the dryest and most ungraceful kind. The overture, also a fugue, is a contemptible production; the passages for the stringed instruments are not of later date than the days of Corelli. The melodies of the single songs seem copies from those of Arne, whilst the instrumentation is not further advanced than his. In a word, Mr. G. Perry has scoured to avail himself of the means offered by modern improvements in the art. We have done with the “Fall of Jerusalem.”

We laughed heartily at hearing Messrs. Parry, junr. and Bellamy sing “The Lord is a Man of War.” Both of these gentlemen have an unhappy lisp, which sounded very ridiculous. “Arm, arm, ye brave,” by Mr. Bellamy, was quite a caricature. If this be a reminiscence of Bartleman, then the latter must have belied his fame. He lived before our time, therefore we cannot judge. Mr. Horncastle was even worse than Mr. Bellamy; but he obtained an encore. So much for the national taste.

These defects of the performance were, however, made up by Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Clara Novello, and Madame Caradisi-Allan; the latter of whom surprised us in “Jock O’Hazeldean.” Mrs. Bridgeman’s Fantasia was beautifully played. This lady has great execution and taste. She displayed much judgment in the selection of her pieces. We must not omit to mention the flute performance of Mr. Richardson, which was first-rate. There was also a grand Septet by the Chevalier Neu- komm, to which Messrs. Card, Barret, Powell, Platt, Harper, Baumann and Howell did ample justice. The trio for piano-forte, oboe, and bassoon, by Brod, though beautifully played by Messrs. Barret and Baumann, was not done equal justice to by Mrs. Bridgman, who did not appear to understand it. The “Maid of Llangollen” was sung by Mr. Parry, junr., in rather commonplace style, though this gentleman usually sings ballads well. In short, the programme was too long, and though some choice pieces were well performed, still upon the whole this concert proved a failure, and attracted but a slender audience.

Mr. C. Salaman’s Concert.

We have already had occasion to notice the exertions of this highly-gifted young professor, who, as we long ago predicted he would, is rapidly reaching the summit of his profession. His benefit concert took place on Wednesday evening, March 16th, at the King’s Concert Room, Hanover Square, which was crowded at a very early hour. This concert was conducted by Sir George Smart, and led by Messrs. F. Cramer and Eliason. It opened with Beethoven’s Sinfonia Erotica, which was given in beautiful style by an extremely effective orchestra. Among the singers we particularly noticed Mrs. Bishop, Madame Caradisi-Allan, Miss Clara Novello, and Mr. Balfe. The beneficiary played Mozart’s grand posthumous concerto in C, arranged by Kalkbrenner. It was beautifully and effectively done; we doubt that any of the great performers of the day could surpass the excellence with which it was executed. He also performed a “Grand Fantasia Militaire” by Pixis, in which he equally distinguished himself. The “Fantaisie pour l’Orchestre” by Mr. C. Salaman, concluded the first part. This piece is full of imagination and high promise.

The second part opened with Beethoven’s overture in “Leonora,” and concluded with the overture to “Oberon,” both of which went in perfect style. We have not space to enumerate the different pieces, but we must notice a movement from one of Spohr’s double quartets, performed by Messrs. Blagrove, Eliason, Tolbecque, Musgrave, Serrington, Chubb, Lucas, and Howell, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Chamber Music—Quartet Concerts, &c.

We have no space left to notice these different performances of classical chamber music, but will give a detailed account of them in our next number. We shall therefore only say, at present, that the first and second of the quartet concerts by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, have surpassed everything of the kind yet given, and thrown Mr. Mori’s chamber music completely into the shade. At the last, which took place on Saturday, March 26th, one of Beethoven’s posthumous quartets was performed, which exceeded every thing yet heard in this country. It had been well studied, was thoroughly understood, and was clear, bright, and beautiful. A new quintet by Mendelssohn, full of fire and genius, also went beautifully.

The last concert at Horn’s tavern, Doctor’s Commons, was as good as the previous one, as was also the last given at Mr. Hawes’s residence, Adelphi terrace.

Amateur Festival at Exeter Hall.

The rehearsals of this festival are going on excellently well under the superintendence of Sir George Smart. The oratorio of Solomon will no doubt make a sensation. It has been beautifully arranged by Sir George Smart, who has erased those parts too strongly marked by the peculiarities of the age in which this work was first produced, and has strengthened the choruses with the wind instruments. Great praise is also due to Mr. Travers, the chorus master, for the manner in which he has performed his particular duties.
HILARE, Countess Nelson, Duchess of Bronte, is the third daughter of Rear Admiral Sir Robert Barlow, K.C.B., and widow, first of George Ulric Barlow, Esq., and secondly of William, first Earl Nelson.

The family of Barlow is of Staffordshire origin. William Barlow, Esq., of South Audley Street, son of Hugh Barlow, Esq., of Forbridge, in the county of Stafford, left, with other issue, a son,

William Barlow, Esq. of Bath, who died in 1798, leaving issue,

Robert, of whom presently.

William Barlow, Esq. of Streatham.

Thomas William, in holy orders, prebendary of Bristol.

George Hilaro, G. C. B., created a Baronet 29th June, 1803. This gentleman, who was Governor-General of India, and Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, had issue by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Burton Smith, Esq.,

George Ulric, a Captain in the Fourth Dragoons, who was born the 8th October 1791, married, 27th February 1817, his cousin Hilaro, third daughter of Sir Robert Barlow, and died in India in 1824; and other children.

The eldest son,

Sir Robert Barlow, Rear Admiral, R.N., a distinguished officer, received the honour of knighthood for gallantly capturing the Africaine, French frigate. By his marriage with Elizabeth, second daughter of William Garrett, Esq., who died 17th September 1817, he has issue,

Robert, born December 1788.

William, born December 1789.

Elizabeth Anne.

Frances Harriet, married, 5th October 1811, to George, sixth Viscount Torrington, Admiral of the Royal Navy.

Hilare, of whom presently.

Caroline, married to Lieut.-Colonel Charles Dashwood, 3rd Guards, second son of Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, Bart.

Maria.
The third daughter, Hilare, the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, was married, as above stated, first, in 1817, to the late Captain George Ulric Barlow, and, secondly, 26th March 1829, to William, first Earl Nelson, who died 28th February 1835.

Of the house of Nelson, our limits allow us to give but the shortest detail. "One of the greatest names," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "which will hereafter occur in the annals of the world, at least as far as the operations of war are concerned, will be Nelson. His heroic deeds are so numerous, so splendid, and so inestimably important, that in him the biographer is confounded with excess of light. Of some men, the great deeds require to be told, because they deserve celebration. The celebrity of Nelson is already so universal, that he who endeavours to add to it incurs the hazard of effecting no other purpose than the tedium of a tale a thousand times told. The three words— Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar—would say more than a thousand pages could relate."

The Rev. Edmund Nelson, M.A., rector of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, married Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Maurice Suckling, D.D., prebendary of Westminster, and had, with other issue,

William, first Earl Nelson.

Horatio.

Susannah, married to Thomas Bolton, Esq., of Wells in Norfolk, and had issue, Thomas Bolton, second Earl Nelson.

Catharine, married to George Matcham, Esq., of Ringwood, Hants, and has issue.

The second son, Horatio, was the hero of Trafalgar. At his death, the 21st October 1805, the barony of Nelson of the Nile, which had been granted to his lordship, with remainder to his father and the heirs male of his body, and after those to his sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, in succession, and the heirs male of their bodies, devolved on his elder brother, the Rev. William Nelson, who, on the 20th November following, was created Earl Nelson, with permission from his Majesty to inherit his deceased brother's Sicilian dukedom of Bronté. His lordship married, first, 9th November 1786, Sarah, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Yonge, by whom (who died 13th April 1828) he left an only daughter, Charlotte Mary Lady Bridport, and a son Viscount Trafalgar, born 26th October 1798, died 17th January 1806. The Earl, as already stated, wedded, secondly, Hilare, the present Dowager Countess Nelson, and dying 20th February 1835, was succeeded by his nephew,

Thomas Bolton, second Earl, who married, 21st February 1821, Frances Elizabeth, daughter and heir of the late John Maurice Eyre, Esq., and had issue, Horatio, his successor; John Horatio, born 13th January 1825; Maurice Horatio, born 2nd January 1832; Edward Fayle, born 11th November 1833; Frances Catherine; Susannah. His lordship died 31st October 1835, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Horatio, third and present Earl Nelson.

THE BUTTERFLY.

To be born with the first breath of Spring,
To die with the death of the rose,
To ride on the zephyr's bright wing
Where the blue flood of light ever flows—
To be rocked on the bosom of flowers,
To bask in the azure so bright,
To float in all sunshiny hours
Like a breath to the confines of light—
To live while the sun's beaming ray
Smiles bright o'er the flowrets that bloom,
To die when the flower fades away:—
This, this is the butterfly's doom!

London, April 24.
ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY FRANCES OSGOOD.

The simple facts which are the foundation of the following tale (forming in themselves a wild romance of most intense and powerful interest) can gain nothing from the pen of their narrator by either alteration or embellishment. None, therefore, has been attempted. The heroine of the story is personally known to the writer, and neither in the description of her character, nor in that of the two heroes, has there been any attempt at exaggeration.

In a beautiful village towards the northern part of Vermont, dwelt, in the year 1822, a being wild, lovely, and romantic as the scenery which had surrounded her from childhood. At the time my story commences she was just sixteen—an only daughter—of course a petted one—an heiress, and a belle. Young, rich, and beautiful—indulged and flattered as she was—she yet remained unspoiled,—a very child in her simplicity, her guileless and confiding truth. Yet there was at times a dash of wild thoughtlessness in her manner—a glimpse of wayward wilful petulance, that made the prudent tremble for her safety. She never trembled: she was all joy, and hope, and confiding tenderness. You should have seen her then in her unclouded days: perhaps in the summer twilight among her flowers, in her simple, white, childish dress, her little straw bonnet garnished with a natural and fragrant wreath, and shading her deep blue eyes, and her dimpled hands filled with roses not more blooming than herself;—or in the autumn in the depths of the gorgeous woodlands—crowned like some sylvan queen with a chaplet of oak-leaves, whose brilliant hues of green and crimson showed so richly on that hair of golden brown, arranged and braided with a classic elegance of which she herself was unconscious;—or, lovelier still, in one of those figree and glorious snow-storms, which all our mountain-girls so revel in—tripping light and free as the feathery flakes around her, right against the wind—her crimson cloak and hood blown backwards, and revealing the pretty, graceful form, the lovely, laughing face—whilst her fair curls float in the morning light, and glitter with the feathery sparkles which are constantly falling and melting among them;—every instant deepens the warm glow of her cheek and lips—the rich wild lustre of her eyes to intenser bloom and brilliance—till she seems the very spirit of the sunshine and the snow. Alas! those frost-pearls smiling and dying in that wavy wealth of hair are but an emblem of her own youthful joys—as fair as fleeting.

One afternoon towards the end of July, Mariel Harris (such was her name) stood leaning on the rails of the pretty bridge that spanned the village stream, in earnest converse with her friend Kate Campbell. The sun was setting, and through the dark and distant foliage a gleam like molten gold betrayed the beautiful Connecticut. Calm and hushed it seemed—that noble river—as if conscious of the unearthly loveliness that lay dying on its bosom, and awed to stillness by the thought. On the right was seen Ascutney, a picturesque and somewhat lofty mountain, bearing, like a king, his gorgeous crown, the farewell gift of day. The weather had been sultry; the girls hailed the fresh mountain-breeze as a blessing, and as it blew the light hair over Mariel's eyes, and swayed to and fro the rustic bonnet which she had hung upon her arm, the reflection of her youthful form made a very pretty picture in the stream. For awhile she seemed intently gazing on the water, but her thoughts were far away. At last, with a tone and look unusually pensive, she spoke:

"It will never do, Catharine; I cannot, cannot love them—nay, I will not. In the first place there is Nicodemus Stickney: he is well enough, but I can't abide his name. How it would sound—Mrs. Nicodemus Stickney. Just think:—and Obadiah Tibbetts, too!—why will people have such awful names? As for Jonathan Frost—that is not so bad, because I could say John ' before folks.' But then, Kate, to tell you the truth "—and here Mariel spoke in a whisper, and looked very serious,—"to
tell you the plain truth, I am in love already. You needn’t laugh—I am, certainly: now don’t you tell for the world—will you? Well, then, you shall hear all about it. When I was a little girl, about so high,” and she lowered her pretty hand as she spoke, “I staid a fortnight with Aunt Chase in Lebanon. Aunt sent me to school to have me out of the way, for I was a real little torment then. Ah! you smile at the emphasis—thank you! Well, among the boys who went to the same school, was one whom I shall never forget—never! He was three years older than I—his name was Edward Atherton.—Isn’t it a beautiful name? Once when my aunt didn’t send for me, he offered to lead me home, and after that, while I stayed, he always did. As we tripped along hand in hand through the wood which led to aunt’s house, Edward would gather whole handfuls of violets and fill my little white apron with them; I believe that is the reason why I have always loved violets better than any other flower.” One afternoon he led me by what he called a prettier way home—at all events it was a great deal longer, and the sun was setting when we came to a little crazy bridge, or rather plank, seldom crossed by the villagers, for there was a better one farther up the stream. Edward went first to try its safety, and then held out his hand for me. I knew not why it was, but I grew dizzy at the first step—faint with terror, I tried to reach his hand—my foot slipped, and I fell. I knew nothing more till I found myself in his arms on the bank. The moment I opened my eyes the poor fellow burst into tears; and I remember as if it were but yesterday throwing my little arms around his neck, looking up in his face with a soothing smile, and whispering, ‘Don’t you cry, Eddy! I won’t be drowned any more!’ It was dark ere I reached home. My aunt, angry at my delay, and still more at my dripping dress, made me tell her all, and comforted me with the assurance that Edward Atherton was a naughty boy, that I was a trial, and that she should certainly send me home the next day. To go home—to leave Edward! and without even bidding him good by, seemed a misfortune too cruel to be thought of; but I was obliged to submit, though all the way back, and for a week after, I cried for Eddy Atherton to play with me! I have never seen him since; but even now, whenever the thought of marriage enters my head, that remembered face is sure to come between me and whatever I chance to be looking at;—oh! it is so beautiful! you would love it too if you could see it—such dear dark eyes, and such splendid hair, and such a kind sweet smile, and then such a name! Edward Atherton—Nicodemus Stickney! Edward Atherton—Obadiah Tibbetts!—ha, ha, ha!” and her clear, bird-like laugh rang sweetly over the water, and was re-echoed by the opposite rocks, as if even their rugged nature (like those of old when Orpheus sang) were softened to music by the sound. But again her tones changed to deeper sadness than before.

“I shall never marry, Kate. I feel tonight a presentiment of evil, and I’m sure there is no greater evil than that of being an old maid, like Miss Priscilla Primrose for instance—unloving and unloved. No, I shall never marry: my fate will be like—like this pebble, Catharine. You shall see now when I throw it—it will make a little stir at first, and the waters will smile and circle around it for awhile—then it will sink to rise no more, and they will close over it calm as ever and reckless of its fate.” As she spoke, she threw it into the stream; at that instant as the pebble touched the wave, a small stone thrown from a neighbouring thicket struck it, and they sank together. There was a slight rustling in the wood; and a stranger appeared. As he approached he gazed earnestly at Mariel, who, overcome by some sudden and powerful emotion, and covered with blushed, grasped her companion’s arm consulsively, and exclaimed as soon as he had passed,

“It is he, Kate! as I live it is he himself! Edward Atherton. I should know those eyes among a million, and he did not know me! Oh! let us go home, for I am tired to death!” That evening, as she stood before her glass preparing for a party to be given in the neighbourhood, her heart fluttered with the thought that he too might go, and her hands trembled amid the soft braid which she was arranging with unusual care. “But he will not know me,” she sighed, and her blue eyes filled with tears. As she entered her friend’s drawing-room, modestly arrayed in a simple graceful dress of white muslin, meeting at the throat (for with a taste peculiar to herself Mariel, though so beautifully formed, always wore a high dress), with her
sun-brown hair braided behind, and falling low in front in a cluster of curls on either side of her face, her cheek glowing with excitement, and her rich lips parted with eager hope, many a rustic admirer, and many a female friend (for Mariel was a general favourite) hastened to welcome her, and whispered that she had never looked so lovely. Edward Atherton was there; and after an eagerly-sought introduction, remained all the evening by her side as if spell-bound by some irresistible charm; and yet, although every now and then he would fix his dark eyes earnestly upon the face of the blushing but delighted girl—though she met them whenever she dared to raise her own, and felt them when hers were averted, still there was a strange and dreamy unconsciousness in their gaze, intense as it was, which showed a wandering mind. Was it (her young heart beat quicker at the thought)—could it be, that touched by some resemblance, he was recalling the playmate of his boyhood? And ere the pretty, childish smile, awakened by the fancy, had faded from her dimpled cheek, Atherton looked again—he started—

"It is very strange!—forgive me, Miss Harris," he continued, "you looked just then so like a little girl I once knew, that I could not conceal my surprise."

Tears, blushes, smiles, were all on the wing in poor Mariel’s heart, and ready, whenever she would let them, to spring into her face; but with a powerful effort she succeeded in quelling her emotion, and said in low tones,

"May I ask her name?"

"Her name?—oh! her name was Mariel."

"And was that all? Had she no other?" said Mariel archly.

"Upon my word until this moment I never even thought of her having any other! Every one called her Mariel, and that alone was so pretty a name that I for one was quite satisfied with it. Now I think of it, it might have been Chase, for she lived with an aunt of that name; but I only knew her a fortnight!" and here our hero heaved a very deep sigh, which Mariel caught and treasured in her "heart of hearts," as the miser hides his store to feast upon in secret. Wishing, with her usual love of romance, to delay for the present a denouement, and fearful of betraying her feelings, she now rose to depart, and returned home with a heart full of new and undefinable emotions. Sweet dreams, unutterably sweet, were with her through the night, and the sigh which Edward had breathed to her memory floated like music through them all. The next afternoon, instead of calling for Catharine as she was wont—she sauntered out alone to her favourite path through the woods. There, seated on a moss-grown rock, and unconsciously gathering the violets which clustered around her, she was startled by the voice of Atherton, who had approached unheeded. He seated himself by her side, and entered into conversation.

"Are you fond of violets, Miss Harris?"

"The violet is my favourite flower," she answered, repressing her playful smile.

"It was hers, too," he murmured.

"Whose?"

"Oh! Mariel’s."

There was a pause. For a moment she could not speak—she could hardly breathe. At last, she said, with a voice that would falter, in spite of her struggles to command it, "Do you stay long in W——, Ed—— Mr. Atherton?"

"No! I shall leave to-morrow for Lebanon. I am going there to try and recover some lost property of mine. It was stolen many years ago by the little girl I spoke of."

"What, was your Mariel a thief?"

"Oh, yes! a desperate one. I dare say she has robbed many others since; but the truth is, Miss Harris, I am sadly afraid that all you mountain-nymphs are given to that sin, and it is only fear of a similar robbery that hurries me away from W——."

"Thank you, Mr. Atherton! But what was this terrible loss? Some trifle, after all, I dare say."

"Allow me to thank you, Miss Harris. The trifle was—my heart!"

"And is it for the thief, or the heart, you are so anxious?"

"Oh, if I once obtain the thief, I shall be sure of the heart, you know; but I fear that both are lost for ever. I have been for the last week a wanderer, asking for Mariel wherever I went; and many a fair girl have I found of that name, but not my Mariel yet. I have often reminded myself of the lover in the old song,

Shepherds, tell me have you seen
   My Mariel pass this way?"

But you must be weary of this subject."

"Oh, no! no! I could listen for ever!"
she exclaimed, with all the artless naïveté peculiar to her character; "do tell me more of this desperate little thief, as you are pleased to call her."

"You are very kind; but I have little more to tell." And again he sighed. "An accident occurred the last time I saw her, which I believe was the cause of her sudden departure from Lebanon. I had imprudently led her to a bridge, the planks of which were decayed and very loose. She became frightened in crossing it, and ere I could reach the dear little hand held out to me for protection, her foot slipped, the plank tottered, and she fell. I plunged into the stream, bore her to the bank, and hung over her in speechless agony; for she had fainted, and I thought her dead. Imagine my feelings when the dear child opened her eyes, and looked up smiling in my face! I burst into tears, and I shall never forget the sweet caressing tenderness of her manner, as, throwing her arms around me, she said—"

Mariel laid her hand suddenly on his arm. "Shall I tell you what she said?" She raised her eyes to his, and the artless smile of childhood played on her lips as she spoke. "Don’t you cry, Eddy! I won’t be drowned any more!"

"Good heavens! Is it—can it be? Her smile—her very tone!" And he caught her hand, and pressed it passionately to his lips. "How strange that I did not know you, dear, dear Mariel! May I call you so? Oh, I am half wild with happiness!"

We will not pursue the scene. Suffice it to say that ere Mariel reached her home, she had plighted her maiden troth to Edward Atherton, and referred him to her mother, a widow, for her consent to their union. This was readily granted, when strict inquiry had satisfied the good lady of his unblemished character, his prosperous circumstances, and his persevering industry in business. He was a merchant of Boston, where, after another week of happiness with his Mariel, he was to return to make some preparations prior to their marriage in the autumn.

Swiftly, too swiftly they fled, those sunny hours,—for they fled never to return. Never again will those young hearts know the unshadowed joy which filled them then! They are doomed till their last throb to fear, remorse, mistrust, and untold sorrow! But I will not anticipate.

The moment of separation was at hand; and Mariel, overcome by the same strange and shadowy presentiment of evil which she had owned in her conversation with Catharine on the bridge, clung in a passion of uncontrollable grief to her lover’s arm, and besought him not to leave her. Surprised, flattered, and almost unmanned by the violence of her sorrow, he kissed away her tears, and soothed her with assurances of his speedy return.

"In one month, dearest, we shall meet again; and then, if you only love me then as you do now, how happy we shall be!"

"Oh, Edward! Have I not loved you from childhood, and can I change now? You know I cannot!" Such were her last words, for she could not say, "Farewell!" After a long and silent embrace, they parted.

A few days afterwards she received an invitation to visit a friend at a little village about thirty miles distant. Her mother, observing her low spirits, persuaded her to accept it, and accordingly the following day she was on her way to W——, still depressed by the strange presentiment of sorrow, whose shadow in her young heart seemed to grow larger and darker every hour.

At sunset she reached the home of her friend, who, as the servant said, had gone to walk with her husband, but would soon be back. While awaiting their return, she seated herself at a piano-forte, and began to sing, with much feeling, in a sweet, tremulous voice, of more pathos than power, some verses which had constantly haunted her fancy during her melancholy journey:

I never shall be happy, never—
"A shadowy sense of coming ill!"
Floats o’er this trembling heart for ever,
And clouds its all of sunshine still.
A strange wild doubt—a dread—a dream
That Love’s sweet ties too soon will sever,
Darkness o’er hopes that brightest seem—
I never shall be happy—never!

She had scarcely finished, when a deep manly voice close beside her caught up the air and repeated the last line. The tones were low and rich, and strangely sweet, and Mariel felt their power with a thrill of fearful pleasure. Rising from her seat, she met a pair of wild black eyes, whose ardent gaze almost overwhelmed her with confusion.

"My dearest Mariel," said Mrs. Walter, who now came forward with her husband,
how kind you were to come to me; but before I tell you how delighted I am, let me introduce to you this impatient youth, Mr. Gerald Seaton—Miss Harris, Mr. Seaton. I hope you will be very good friends."

A smile of peculiar meaning played around his mouth as he bowed to Mariel, and answered, "That depends entirely upon Miss Harris; to see her is to be her friend. But is it possible, Mrs. Walter, that this is the being whose irresistible gaiety you described as her greatest charm? Can this pensive lady, who, it seems, is "never to be happy, never!" be the Miss Harris of whose wildness and vivacity I have heard so much?"

A gleam of returning playfulness illumined Mariel's eyes, as with a low courtesy she replied,

"I am very sorry that I have lost all my charms, Mr. Seaton, and regret your evident disappointment; but it will teach you not to trust report another time."

"Lost them!" he exclaimed. "I was just about to entreat you, in pity's name, to resume your vivacity, for I defy it to be more resistless than your sorrow."

He had seated himself by her side on a sofa, and spoke in a low tone. There was a singular fascination in his manner. Mariel felt confused, yet pleased, she knew not why; and when at a late hour she retired to her room, after an evening of earnest devotion on his part and of thoughtless levity on hers—for her spirits were raised unconsciously by flattery so new to her—she recollected with surprise and self-reproach that she had not once thought of Edward since her introduction to Seaton.

"But then he knows I am engaged, so he cannot, of course, mean anything by his attentions." And with this poor consolation she sought her pillow.

"Dear Edward!" she murmured, as she yielded to approaching sleep, but even with the sound the eloquent eyes of Gerald Seaton were before her. "Dear, dear Edward!" she said again, more earnestly, as if there were a spell in that name to charm away all evil spirits; and she sank to rest and dreamed that Edward, returning unexpectedly, surprised Gerald at her feet.

Reader, ere I pursue my story, I must reluctantly confess that besides the thoughtlessness of which I have spoken, there was another failing in the character of my heroine—a want of firmness, a weak and yielding softness of disposition, which, whilst it won the love of all around her, proved to herself a source of unspeakable sorrow.

Gerald Seaton, who was a daily visitor at Mrs. Walter's, became by almost imperceptible degrees the constant companion of Mariel in all her walks and rides. Possessed of brilliant talents, graceful ease of manner, and most insinuating address, he soon won upon the unsuspecting girl to confide to him, as to a brother, the story of her childish love. She knew not then, what she discovered when too late, that she was trusting to a libertine and a gambler—that her seeming friend, Mr. Walter, a brother gamester, was his partner in a plot laid long before, of which she was to be the victim. Aware of her fortune, which was considerable, they had agreed, if she accepted Mrs. W.'s invitation, that Seaton should exert all his arts to induce her to violate her engagements with Edward, and, by marrying her before her return to her mother, obtain possession of her property. This, from Mrs. Walter's account of her volatile and childish thoughtlessness, they deemed an easy task. They saw not through that almost infantile vivacity of word, and look, and action, the exhaustless wealth of feeling, unknown even to herself, which lay in latent power beneath. Day by day the hitherto guileless Mariel became more deeply entangled in the snare—hour by hour the bewildering voice of her tempter lured her more widely from the path of prudence and integrity. Edward Atherton had never flattered her; his affection was too elevated and sincere; and wholly unaccustomed, from her retired life, to the almost chivalric devotion with which the elegant Seaton seemed to regard her, the incense which he offered stole with beguiling sweetness to her heart, and enervated it to his purpose. She now began to listen with trembling pleasure to his passionate protestations of love, still striving to lull her fears with the thought, "He knows my engagement—my devotion to Edward; besides, I am going home in a few days, and shall probably never see him again."

The evening preceding the appointed day of departure had arrived. Her friends had earnestly entreated her longer stay, but, haunted once more by her former sentiments, fearing she knew not what, and yearning for repose to which her heart had long been a stranger, she was for once
resolved. As she sat on that evening absorbed in painful thought, she did not at first perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Walter had left her alone with Seaton; and when she did, unconscious of the lateness of the hour, and thinking they would soon return, she still remained in conversation with him.

He grew more fervent than ever in his avowal of devoted love. He threw himself at her feet, declared that he could not, would not, live without her—conjured her, if she valued his peace, his life, to bless him with her hand before she returned home, and wound up the whole with a solemn vow that he would not survive her refusal for a moment. Alarmèd by the increasing violence of his manner, she flew to the door—it was locked. She screamed. He told her it was in vain—that her friends approved his love, and had gone out purposely to give him an opportunity of declaring it. Then with wild and apparently uncontrollable passion he threw his arm around her, and swore that she should not leave the room till she either promised to be his the next day, or beheld him dead at her feet. Terrified out of all self-possession by his wildness, maddened by the thought that she was wholly in the power of a being so desperate, she hastily gave the required promise. He released her, and she hurried to her room, where she passed a sleepless night, a prey to the bitterest anguish and remorse.

Early the next morning she sought Mrs. Walter, confided to her all her feelings, and besought her advice, her assistance, and her protection home, for she was resolved not to abide by a promise so forced from her.

Her friend laughed at her fears, extolled the person and accomplishments of Seaton, but finally promised to return with her. They were soon equipped and seated in the carriage which was to convey them to W——, when, to Mariel’s great alarm, Mr. Walter and Seaton also joined them. They drove very rapidly till they reached a small retired village, and stopped at the house of a justice of the peace. Half suspecting their purpose, Mariel asked why they did not drive to an inn. They no longer attempted to conceal from her that they expected the performance of her promise, and that they should consider her guilty of perjury if she violated it. With the timidity natural to a young and inexperienced girl, dreading to create a disturbance in the public street of a place where she had neither friends nor acquaintance, and thinking she might yet retract, she weakly suffered herself to be led into the presence of Mr. M——, with whom arrangements had already been made for the ceremony. It commenced immediately, and exhausted by her previous agitation, overwhelmed by a sense of utter helplessness, her pale lips moved unconsciously in the responses dictated to her by the compassionate justice, who saw in her agony only the confusion natural to her situation, and therefore hurried the ceremony. Hardy was it concluded when she fainted in the arms of Mrs. Walter. The usual restoratives were successfully applied, and she was conveyed again to the carriage. There Seaton bade her a tender farewell, telling her he must return to settle his affairs and prepare for her reception, and in three days he would join her in W——, claim her as his wife, and take her home with him. She was too weak to answer, though she could have blessed him for the reprieve. Arrived at home, where Mr. and Mrs. Walter took their leave, she threw herself into her mother’s arms, told her all, and entreated her to save her from Seaton, whom she now regarded with fear and abhorrence. Mrs. Harris, filled with grief and astonishment, knew not what to advise. Edward was expected daily; how should she meet him whom she had so injured! The very next morning, as she leaned, pale and weak with suffering, against the casement, a stage stopped at the gate, and Atherton, springing from it with a lover’s impatience, and glancing towards the window a smile of rapturous recognition, stood the next instant by her side. She had turned to meet him, but her strength failed, and sinking into a chair, she burst into tears and covered her face with her hands. He tried to draw them gently away. She shrank from him, and shuddered; but the next moment, touched by his look of wonder and reproach, she laid her head on his shoulder, and told in broken accents her tale of treachery and sorrow. Poor Edward listened in mute astonishment, a prey by turns to anger and despair; but when he looked on the pale and almost heart-broken being before him—when he saw by her pale cheek and the mournful hopelessness of her expression how deep and sincere was her repentance and her
suffering—when he heard her faltering voice wildly entreating his protection from the hated Seaton—pity for her wrongs prevailed, and drawing her to his generous and nearly bursting heart, he solemnly swore to save her from the power of one whose desperate character he too well knew. But he could effect his purpose only by an immediate marriage, and an effort to prove the former one invalid. This he thought could easily be done, and this, with the impetuous ardour of inexperienced youth (he was but nineteen), he urged her to consent to. The thoughtless girl, wholly ignorant of the world, and seeing no other chance of escape from what seemed to her a life of misery and dishonour, madly agreed to the proposal; and before sunset on the following day she was far from her home, the bride of her early love. She had fled without her mother's knowledge, for, with an instinctive consciousness of error which yet she would not acknowledge to herself, she felt that her parent would never consent to so wild a step.

What was the rage and astonishment of Seaton, when, stopping at an inn on his way to W——, he read in the same weekly paper—nay, in the very paragraph which announced his union with his victim—the marriage of Mariel Harris to Edward Atherton! Ere he laid aside the paper, he swore a fearful oath of vengeance, and well he kept that oath. He commenced a lawsuit against them, which is still, I believe, undecided; and ever since, with the fearful malice of a fiend, he has tracked the steps of the devoted pair. From one place of refuge to another they have been driven by his murderous threats, for he openly avows his purpose of securing the person of Mariel, and sacrificing the life of Atherton to his revenge. But it was not until some weeks after her second marriage that the erring Mariel began to realise the full effects of the dangerous step she had taken.

She had accompanied her husband to Boston, where they had engaged lodgings; and while waiting one evening his return, she fancied she heard his step upon the stairs. With the welcoming smile of love upon her lips, she sprang to meet him at the door, and found herself in the arms of the dreaded Seaton. Conscious of his powers of fascination, she fancied he had only to exert his wonted eloquence to effect his purpose; and leading her gently to a seat, he urged her to fly with him, telling her he freely forgave her desertion, knowing that her heart was still his, and that her too gentle nature must have been wrought upon by the artful persuasions of his rival. She was nearly senseless with terror, yet she shrank from his lightest touch, and with all the firmness she could command, bade him instantly leave her. But when she saw him unmoved by her evident agony, in momentary dread of her husband's return, she threw herself on his knees at his feet, and entreated him in mercy to go. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were raised imploringly to his, when the door suddenly opened, and Atherton stood before them, the picture of astonishment and indignation. Seaton sprang from his seat with the fury of a demon, and snatching a pistol from his bosom, snapped it at the motionless intruder. Fortunately it was unloaded. Enraged at the failure—

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "I'll be revenged!" and ere his rival could recover from his momentary stupefaction sufficiently to oppose his escape, he was gone.

Mariel had heard the fearful click of the deadly weapon; and, with a woman's instinct, rushed forward to shield her husband from danger. For the first time, she found her caresses not returned; for the first time the eyes of him she loved were averted, and the voice cold and strange which had been the music of her life. From that hour the frank and fearless brow of Edward Atherton was ever and anon clouded with doubt and gloom. He still loved his young wife fondly, fervently—he pitied her misery, he wept tears of anguish over her blighted bloom. But he felt that he could never again confide in the strength of her affection for himself. He saw in her uplifted eyes, when kneeling at the feet of Seaton, the glance of an humbled and self-reproaching spirit. It was too imploring, too meek for conscious rectitude. He felt that an injured woman, secure in innocence and truth, would never thus have humbled herself to one so low; and that fatal moment revealed to him what poor Mariel herself had never dreamed of, that the love of years had been shaken for a time by the fascinating arts of a stranger and a libertine; and if once shaken, why not again? Alas! he knew not then the change which a bitter and terrible experience had wrought in her suffering heart. Her former careless gaiety had given place to a meek and
touching resignation, which rendered her far more worthy of his love than she had been in the brightest hours of girlhood. Her devotion to him was ardent and unbounded. She felt to its fullest extent the generous sacrifice he had made to her; and her lonely and retired life—for few would visit "the wife of two husbands," as she was called—only served to concentrate all her thoughts and feelings more exclusively in the one object of her love. But the suspense and suffering she endured was hourly undermining her delicate constitution. Her constant dread of Seaton, the displeasure of her mother, the desertion of her friends, and her consciousness that Edward felt their neglect even more bitterly than herself, gradually wrought upon her nerves with almost fatal power. A brain fever was the result, during the paroxysms of which the name of Seaton was often on her lips, and always coupled with some expression of fear or abhorrence. Of Edward, too, she raved, unconscious that her burning hand was fondly clasped in his, and moistened with his tears. She would conjure him by all her love, which she avowed had never failed, even in the wildest hour of temptation, to save her from her enemy. At last the gentle and never-ceasing cares of Atherton effected a partial restoration; and when in the first moments of recovered consciousness she raised her blue eyes, filled with tears of gratitude and love, to his, he felt once more that she was all his own.

Since then they have been wanderers, not only in their own but in foreign countries, seeking in vain a balm for wounded peace. With Atherton nothing has prospered since his rash marriage. Nearly all his little property has been lost in improvident speculations, and Mariel's still awaits the decision of the law. The lives of both are embittered by their dread lest that decision should separate them for ever. Gerald Seaton still pursues his victim from place to place, and is only baffled in his design by the vigilance of her husband and her few remaining friends.

"Do you remember, dear Catharine," she said, in a late melancholy letter to her early confidant, "do you remember my sad presentiments on the little bridge of W—? Do you remember the omen? The stone which Edward tossed to the reckless waves struck my poor little pebble, and they sank together, and the waters closed again and smiled above them in undisturbed tranquillity. How fearfully prophetic of our fate! But, alas! it was not the prophecy or the omen; it was my own idle coquetry, my foolish vanity, that wrought our ruin. Farewell, dear Catharine, we shall never meet again in this sad world, for I feel that I am wasting away, slowly, perhaps, but surely. When I am gone, I know there are two faithful beings—Edward, dear Edward, and yourself—who will weep over my early grave, and pity and forgive the errors of the unhappy Mariel."

THE ROUND TOWER AND STONE OF ARDMORE.

Ah! your saints have cruel hearts.

That the original use of the round towers of Ireland was some purpose connected with the worship of fire, appears to be now doubted by few, the theory of their erection by the Danes being generally discredited, as unsupported by evidence and opposed to probability. Mr. Moore, however, in his history of Ireland, has fallen into error by stating that in those places in which the Danes enjoyed undisputed possession no such buildings are to be found; "while," he says, "round towers, or the remains of them, are to be found in places which the Danes never possessed. In some of the principal seats of these people, such as Waterford and Wexford, no building of the kind has ever been known to exist."

In this he is mistaken. The most perfect of these towers in Ireland is to be found at Ardmore in the county of Waterford. This error, however, does not affect the validity of the argument, as it is the only one in the county, and Wexford can boast of none.

Ardmore, which in the Irish language signifies an eminence, is situated upon the coast of the county of Waterford, within a bay called by its own name, and between
the harbours of Youghal and Dungarvan. It is remarkable, as well for its venerable tower and the other relics of antiquity which it contains, and the curious legends connected with them, as for a grand pattern or fair, which from time immemorial has been annually held there, and is attended by vast numbers of the peasantry from the surrounding districts. Anciently, Ardmore was an episcopal see, erected in the infancy of the Irish Church by St. Declan, its first bishop, and subsequently confirmed by St. Patrick in the Synod of Cashel, held in 448. St. Declan is the tutelary saint of the place. His memory is still as fondly cherished by the peasantry, and his virtues and pious deeds as warmly spoken of, as if he had but lived in the recollection of a generation yet alive. By them the erection of the tower is ascribed to his preternatural power. Declan was born among the people, to whose instruction he subsequently devoted his life, and was descended from the family of the Decii, a powerful sept which continued to exist in the county of Waterford up to the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland. He travelled for education to Rome, where for several years he remained, and from whence he returned to his native country, after having been ordained by the pope, about the year A.D. 402.

A manuscript account of his life exists in the library of Trinity college, Dublin, from which Archbishop Usher published some extracts. An account is there given of a Synod attended by King Ængus, St. Patrick, St. Ailbe, and St. Declan, when the bounds were appointed within which he should confine his ministerial labours. Upon this occasion St. Patrick is said to have sung the following distich—

Ailbe usal, Padruig Mumhan, mò gach rath:
Declan Padruig nán-declí, ag Declan go brath.

As it has been translated—

Of humble mind, but fraught with every grace,
Great Ailbe, the Patrick* of Momonia’s race,
Declan, the mitred honour of divines,
The deathless Patrick of his Deici shines.

That Ardmore was at one time a Danish settlement there can be no doubt, as circular intrenchments and many other remains of the Danes are to be found in the neighbourhood. It is now a thinly populated village, possessing but few houses, all of which are of the meanest class, built along the beach beneath the tower and the old church that stands beside it. The church bears marks of remote antiquity. There is a handsome Gothic arch still remaining, which separates the body of the building from the chancel. The pillars supporting it are somewhat more massive than those of the Tuscan order, and denote that style of architecture introduced in the fifth century. The chancel only is roofed, in which divine service is performed. On the west end of the church the remains of some figures done in alto relievo on freestone are yet traced. Those not defaced represent the twelve apostles, the temptation of Adam, the judgment of Solomon, and a Jewish sacrifice. The other figures are so much obliterated that it is impossible to tell what they were designed for; however, the whole appears to have been an abridgment of the scripture history, designed no doubt to instruct the ignorant natives in the principles of the Christian religion. The round tower, called by the peasantry “Declan’s Steeple,” stands beside this church. It is nearly one hundred and twenty feet in height, gradually tapering to the top, and measures forty-five in circumference. It is in the most perfect state of preservation. Like many of its fellows, it has been used by the Christians as a belfry, as towards the top three pieces of oak, on which the bell was hung, are still remaining; and there are two channels cut in the sill of the door through which the rope passed to the ringer outside. The roof is pyramidal, being of stone, well cut and closely jointed. The whole is divided by four bellings into stories, with a window to each, the door being nearly twenty feet from the ground. The stones of which the building is composed are small, but evenly laid, exhibiting much the appearance of a London pavement. Each stone partakes of a curve; and it is extremely singular that, within, a corresponding concavity is observed in each. Some years back, accompanied by some of my schoolfellows, I performed the difficult task of climbing into it. I, however, had little for my pains; for instead of finding, as I anticipated, a circular staircase similar to those in the Anglo-Norman castles, there was nothing visible but the naked walls, and against the roof a few swallows’ nests. The tower is regarded with great reverence by the inhabitants. They allege that

* Patron.
it was the abode of St. Declan, and seldom exhibit a willingness to trespass within its precincts. The story which they tell of its erection is singular. I have heard it related by several of the people themselves, and shall endeavour to convey it to the reader in the words of an old man who accompanied me during my last visit to Ardmore.

"A', thin, Sir," said my cicerone, as we stood at the base of the tower, "what a wonderful man that St. Declan was! praise be to God this blessed day!"

I assented, and he continued.

"Look, Sir—only look, Sir; a', thin, what a power of work there must have been upon it," said he, placing his hand upon the tower, "and yet, glory be to God, he built it all in one night!"

"The tower!" said I, in amazement.

"Yes, Sir, to be sure."

"Built in one night, you say?"

"Why, Sir, you wonder at it as if you never heard of it before. Wisha, where were you born or reared? I'm sure I thought all the world knew that before!"

I made the best excuse I could for my ignorance on the matter, and begged of him to tell me all he knew of the particulars. He then continued.

"Why, Sir, you must know that Declan, honour and glory be to him in heaven this good day*, was a holy man in the Pagan times, and he converted hundreds and thousands of people by his cures and his miracles. Bodies used to be coming to him all parts, and he used them to stop by the blessed well down beyond there. Declan, Sir, was a very likely man, for all that he was a saint and a clergyman, and, by all accounts, when he was young was a great favourite with the women. Well, why, after he tuck to devotion, there was a young colleen of a girl that fell in love with the saint; and though the jade wouldn't offer to say a word or to look straight in his face, yet she used to keep pimpin' and watchin' him wherever he went. There was no keeping her at home, God help her! All her mother could do was no use, whatever came over her; and sure it must be the wicked one that put the like in her head! If St. Declan held a station, there she was perched. Christening or wake, 'twas all the same, there she was. At mass she was sure to be cocked up near the altar—berrin' or vespers, all the same. Well, why, Sir, at last St. Declan had such trouble of mind with her, and somehow he didn't like to curse her (for, the Lord save us! if he did, 'tis she'd be standing there herself for a mark in place of the steeple). At last he thought of leaving the parish; and then again, if he did, his heart would break; for, Sir, 'twas here he was born and reared, and his father before him. Them rocks down there, Sir—"

The old man here turned towards the bay, and for a moment gazed in silence upon the scene before him with all the estacy of a man looking upon a spot with the remembrance of which all the pleasures of his existence are associated. He then resumed.

"Those rocks, Sir, he used to be climbing over when a boy, gathering the shells and catching the fishes; and, after all, Sir, one doesn't like to part from home, where ever it is. Wisha, look, Sir, at that beautiful strand, three miles long, and as smooth as a meadow. Are you surprised that he shouldn't like to go away? Well, Sir, to make a long story short, at length and at last he tuck the idea of building this steeple to get out of her way. One night, after praying at the well till 'twas dark, and all the people had gone to bed, down he comes with a shovel and pickaxe, and the other conveniences, and to work he goes. Well, Sir, the Lord be praised, before morning he had it all done, only the last stone; when just at that moment who should tap him on the shoulder but the girl that we're speaking of. For the life of me I can't think of her name, but they used to call her *Colleen-suil-gorm*.*

"What the dhounds† brings you here this hour of the morning, girl?" said Declan, mightily vexed.

"'Wisha, then, Declan,' said the unfortunate colleen, 'wisha, what did I ever do to you, that you never lets me look at your face but 'tis black again me? An't it the least I may have now, to be left the satisfaction of being near you.'"

"The saint turned away his head for a minute, but, recollecting himself, he says: 'Woman,' says Declan, 'You know I'm sworn again' talking to a woman alone!

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* Declan's festival.
† Synonymous with the expression "Old Nick," for the accommodation of those who could not pronounce the word D—l with propriety.

* The blue-eyed maid.
Fly this instant, and never come into my sight again, or I'll curse you into the size of a wren. Out of my sight!

"Well, Sir, the girl thought that he was to come over with her palaver, and so she wouldn't budge, but falls crying and pilla-leaving down on her knees; till at last the saint couldn't stand it any longer, and up he catches her on his shovell.

"'There,' says he, 'there! up with you there! Now, maybe, you won't be pesterin' me again!'

"So with that he gave her a heave, and clapped her up on the top of the steeple—where, praise be to God!" said he, taking off his hat, and looking upwards, "her toe is to be seen to this blessed minute!"

The muscles of my face could no longer preserve their composure, and I performed vaccination audibly.

"Oh faith, Sir," said he, "believe it or not as you please; there 'tis, plain to be seen."

I looked towards the top of the tower, and found that the top-stone, apparently of the size and shape of a sugar-loaf, was turned aside, most probably by lightning.

In the church-yard is a small building of massive masonry, in which St. Declan is buried, and which is said to have served as his cell while alive. About a century since it was roofed at the expense of Dr. Mills, Lord Bishop of the diocese. For ages it has been regarded as a sacred place by the people of Ardmore and the neighbouring places, who allege that several miracles have been performed there. On the cliff near the sea, are the remains of another church, completely in ruins. It is said to be the first built here. Near it is the "holy well," round which the peasantry pray upon the festival of St. Declan, and to the waters of which wonderful properties are ascribed.

We next arrive at "The Stone." It is a large block of granite, weighing perhaps twenty tons, and lies across two low rocks, which rise at parallel lines from the sand. This spot is near a mile from the sea, and all the places around are level; so that it is difficult to conceive how such a mass could have been conveyed to its present situation. It is an extraordinary fact, that in the year 1739, at Dungarvan, a few miles distant, a similar stone was cast up, and rolled to a distance of forty yards—the effect of an earthquake, no doubt, although the people residing in the neighbourhood are said to have felt no shock. Declan's Stone, as it is called, may perhaps have been cast up in a similar manner; but I am rather inclined to think it one of the rock- ing stones used in the Druidical worship. By the peasantry it is regarded with more veneration than any other of the relics of the place, Declan's Tomb only excepted. The sand has been dug from underneath that part of it that does not rest upon the rock, and a passage formed, through which the people creep, fancying that they are thereby relieved from and secured against all manner of pains in their bodies. The task of getting through is of extreme difficulty, and although the passage is not more than four feet in length, cannot be performed by the most expert in less than four minutes. A ludicrous occurrence took place while I happened to be near. A man of rather unusual rotundity became jammed in the passage, and a frightful uproar was created. Hundreds of people, attracted by the noise, and supposing that a fight had commenced, flocked to the spot, and the unfortunate man narrowly escaped suffocation. At length the priest was sent for, and, after a considerable lapse of time, under his directions the sufferer was quarried out by the assistance of some spades. The Roman Catholic clergy have latterly endeavoured to prevent this ridiculous practice, but they find it extremely difficult to eradicate one that has the usages of so many ages to support it. A few summers back the Bishop of the place offered a reward of ten pounds to any body who would blast the stone, but no person was to be found who would undertake the task.

The people tell you that it floated miraculously from Rome, conveying upon its summit St. Declan's bell, book, and vestments.

"Upon as beautiful a morning," said my old friend, whom I was indebted for the history of the Tower, "as ever shone—and by the same token it was Peter and Paul's day—St. Declan was travelling" from the parish of Aglish, where he was stopping the night before, at an aunt's house of his, at a walk. He was hurrying along the road,—for you see, Sir, he used always to say first mass himself, and it was now almost six o'clock. Well, Sir, when he comes up to Ardmore, what should he find but the whole place in a robbery. All the people were up by the old church,—the doors were burst in,—every pane of glass in the windows smashed—and, the Lord save us!—the altar torn to pieces, and the..."
whole place robbed. This all came of a set of these vagabond Danes, a sort of sea-faring cannibals, Sir, that took the opportunity of the saint's absence to come and play their pranks. They had been round at Youghal the day before, and there's no knowing all that the thieves stole away. Well, Sir, Declan was of course as mad as a hatter, when he saw what was done; and no wonder for him, when the vagabonds hove to in their vessel to laugh and make game at the people. Some of the men wanted to launch some boats, and hunt the vagrants. But 'No!' says Declan, 'leave 'em to God!' and so with that he turns round to the tide, and takes his book out of his breeches-pocket, and begins to read to himself. All this time the Danes kept looking on; and you could see the captain gazing at Declan with a long spy-glass, wondering what he was about. Well, Sir, all of a sudden, what should be seen on the top of the tide swimming as light as a cork, but this self-same stone, with a pair of mould candles lighting upon the top of it, in beautiful gold candlesticks, a set of vestments, a big book, and all the silver of the altar. Well, praise be to God, when the people saw this wonderful sight, they all fell down on their knees in the sand, of course; but Declan never stirred a peg till the stone came up to the edge of the tide: he then turned about, and says—

'Follow me all of you down; and do you, Dick,' says he, speaking to the clerk, 'pick up them snuffers there, for I see that those sinful men didn't take that along with them.'

'So down he goes, and stands just on the spot—the Lord give us the benefit of it—that we are standing on this minute.'

'Come up, here?' says he to the stone, and so up comes the stone at his bidding, just like a fetch dog, or a mail-coach.

'There,' says he, 'stop where you are!' and he clapped his hand upon it, and here—glory be to God—it stays ever since, as firm as it grew here!

'And did he suffer the Danes,' said I, 'to escape?'

'Yerra, whist till I tell you. Of course, Sir, the first thing he did was to say mass, and, never fear, there was no danger of the blackguards running away; no, Sir, there wasn't as much wind as would out a candle. Well, as soon as he came to address the congregation—and a wonderful discourshe made of it—for I'm told, Sir, that for a preacher there was nobody like him, barrin' the great St. Patrick and St. Peter himself—he turns round, and he says to the Danes—

'Well, for what you have done, may God reward you—and he will! But, stay where you are awhile—you shall have three days and three nights to repent. You shall never budge from where you are, though it will blow a gale; and then every stick of your ship shall go to the bottom, and the water as smooth as the palm of my hand!'

'Well, Sir, as a matter of course, it happened all as he said, and that's all I have to say about the stone.'

After repeating their prayers at the tomb, the stone, and the well, the people next turn to the amusements of the pattern, with as much devotion as they displayed at their recent employment. This pattern or fair is decidedly the best of its kind. Situated in almost terra incognita, and the people having had little intercourse with the more civilised world, the Irish character is to be seen in more undiluted perfection than perhaps in any other part of Ireland. Donnybrook has attained great celebrity, and quia provenere ibi magna Scriptorum ingeni per terrarum orbem facta pro Maximis celebrantium.'

In a subsequent paper, however, I shall endeavour to maintain the claim of Ardmore to equal fame.

R. R. P.

BLACK AND BLUE.

To the Editor of the Court Magazine.

Sir—Thomas Moore, "the bard of Erin," "the British Anacreon," the "poet of all circles and idol of his own," as he is variously and more or less truly called, has written a song about "black and blue eyes," which I here allude to only for the purpose of proving to your readers that I have no wish to take advantage of that very sprightly poem. Still I may be permitted to quote the well-known and equally well trusted stanza,
BLACK AND BLUE.

The black eye may say,
Come and worship my ray,
By adoring, perhaps, you may move me;
While the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
I love, and am yours if you love me.

My sole reason for quoting this stanza is to secure the attention of your fair readers to a few remarks, which the fascinating influence of their favourite bard may prepare them for more effectively than the bow of a mere matter-of-fact man like myself could possibly do. I am not about to speak of black and blue eyes. By no means. I have suffered too much from both the one and the other. I wish to speak of something which comes much more home to the "business," though perhaps not to the "bosoms" of men, than female beauty can do; for I am about to address myself to the matter of black and blue ink.

With politics I believe you, Sir, do not meddle in the Court Magazine, and you are right. I have a shrewd guess that were their Majesties to indicate the most favourable peculiarity of your periodical in the royal estimation, they would point to the absence of that perpetual bore, called politics, from your pages. The King—God bless him!—has enough, and to spare, of that commodity among ministers, statesmen, and the long, long train of those who, like Hamlet, "lack advancement." And as to her most gracious Majesty, we may be assured that the first lady in England regards the pompous nonsense of political prosers with lady-like aversion. Most anxious, therefore, am I to avoid the imputation of introducing politics into the graceful columns of The Court Magazine; yet can I not control the expression of my deep regret that the love of change (not in money, but in manner), should be so all-pervading as at present it unhappily is among us. Do not, I pray, Sir, interrupt me. On my honour, I am not about to trouble you concerning those trifling alterations called "Borough Reform," "Corporation Reform," "Tithe Composition," and other topics on which people talk in Parliament. No, I have something much more important in my mind. As I have already intimated, it is the recent change from black ink to blue;—but first, I wish to say a word about the paper on which the said ink is employed.

I shall not treat the subject of paper like a stationer. The texture is not my affair. I limit myself to the folding, or the envelope. In this respect recent changes have been decidedly for the better. No longer is that portion of domestic economy, consisting of the immortal souls of our servants of both sexes, exposed to the danger of bo-peep with letters, notes, or biletta-doux. The channels that now are safe from all inquiring eyes and fingers. So far so good. But the ink—why has that been suffered, or rather made, to change colour? At the outset of this social innovation, I enter my protest against it, and take my stand in favour of the black compound to which literature and science are so deeply indebted.

Dr. Lewis, whose learning and research in favour of black ink are scarcely inferior to those of Mr. Wilberforce on behalf of black people, came to the conclusion, after a series of minute experiments, that the gull is the most perishing article in ink after it is applied to the paper, a remark which I submit to the attentive consideration of the editor of the Literary Gazette, and indeed to all writers who sit down to their task in a fit of bad temper; though, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the learned doctor informs the literary world that when vinegar is used instead of water in tempering it, the ink sinks deeper into the paper. This, however, is rather beside the question.

I object to the substitution of the sickly delicacy distinguishing blue ink, for the glossy and vigorous beauty which shines on the countenance of the black. It is, I think, incumbent on those who are attempting this novelty, to show any good quality at present possessed by the regiment of the Blues—no allusion to the barracks. What advantage or pleasure has yet resulted to society from blue-devils, blue-ruin, blue-stockings, blue-lights, or blue-looks? It may be urged that the substitution of the word black for blue in this list would leave the question equally perplexing. I, for one, think not. Black demons, whether belonging to a printer's office or a lawyer's, are arrayed in the appropriate hues of their respective avocations. Black stockings by no means subject the fair wearers to the imputation conveyed by the term blue-stocking; and any day in the week we would rather encounter black looks than blue looks—in other words, looks of anger than looks of sullenness. As to blue-ruin
and blue lights, it is to the honour of the colour "black," that the spirit and flame, equally soul-destroying, never appear in mourning. A glass of black daffy and a flash of black light are both out of the question.

I have spoken of the sickly delicacy of blue ink, and herein lies my chief objection to it. Letters and notes have all relation either to business, pleasure, love, or murder—in other words, duelling*. In business, who would not rather receive a good, honest, black-looking set of lines, sternly stating the facts of a case, than a flimsy succession of faded characters, seeming to turn pale at their own insignificance? As to pleasure,—what comparison can for a moment be maintained between a glossy, glancing invitation to a dinner, ball, picnic, or party of any kind, and the azure, or rather hazy, intimation of the "blue-coat school" of letters? And then love! How shall this blue ink be made to bear the glowing evidence of a manly soul, prone to cherish and able to defend the gentle objects of our dignifying care! As well might we think of pleading their beauty

* Murder in the eye of the law. In a social light, there is much to be said on both sides of the question.

in bumpters of barley-water! No! no! black ink and bright Burgundy are the liquids wherein to write the praises and toast the charms of "Beauty's daughters!"

Lastly, we come to duelling. Who, in the name of Mars (the deity, not the actress), would dream of daring a foe to mortal conflict in the cerulean fluid we are here denouncing? The invitation to a duel in that dreadful discord should be written in ink either red as blood or black as death. In short, it should look like mischief. A poet, parodying Cowper, might say—

Inks may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

But such a poet would be, as poets of all degrees, according to Dr. Uwins, generally are, mad "as hares in March." As soon might we agree with Cowper himself as with such a parodist. "Inks may differ," says one, "inks may differ," says the other; but we beg to add that affection or meaning does not dwell in both alike. When black women take place of white women, then, and not till then, can black ink give way to blue.

With which noble sentence I conclude.

Your obedient servant,

A Gentleman in Black.

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The Plague at Goldsberg.

There was no one in the town of Goldsberg, on the evening of the 25th of August, 1638, so happy as Charlotte, the adopted daughter of Madame Waldenthal. A grand holiday festival had been held that day, and that day had brought back to his home and his widowed mother, a dear one who had been long absent; brought him back, too, to leave them no more. She had danced with him all the evening; she had hung upon his arm, eagerly listening to his tales of what he had seen in foreign countries; and she had given her frank and thankful consent, that in two short months their long plighted engagement should be ratified before the altar. There was no one so happy as Charlotte. When she retired to her own little chamber, she lay awake long, with the broad round moon shining in through the window upon her bed—her mind full of joyous anticipations, which seemed to bring with them a weight of gladness almost too great for her meek and timid spirit to bear.

She thought of her extraordinary good fortune; how she had been in her infancy found and protected by her Melchior's mother, who had joined with another matron in bringing up the fair outcast child as their own daughter. And she thought, too, how long and how generously she had been beloved by the youth who had returned that day. And when she remembered all the tenderness and affection of the mother and son towards her, and that the time was at hand when she was to be made their own altogether, it is not wonderful, if so much happiness should so fill her simple heart with joy and gratitude, that it was late—high morning—before her eyes closed in sleep.

But her waking thoughts were far different from these. Strange and portentous visions had arisen, and cast their serpent-folds round her; and she had long struggled
vainly to break their hideous bondage. At first, when the grey light of dawn met her eyes, she rejoiced with all her heart that the night had passed with its scaring phantoms, and she rose even at that early hour, lest she should sleep and dream again. As the remembrance of the conflict she had passed through during her hours of slumber became clearer and more vivid, gloomy forebodings disturbed her more and more—at first vague and unsubstantial, but soon overshadowing her spirit with thick darkness, till the load became insupportable; and, springing from the easy chair into which she had thrown herself on first arising, she exclaimed aloud, "I will go this instant to Doctor Xilian, and he shall read me my dream."

This Doctor Xilian was a person of considerable importance in Goldsberg. Oftentimes his profession was medicine; but the study of the healing art was, in his case, joined with the practice of many abstruse and occult sciences. He was deeply read in the book of the stars, and knew as much of magic as was safe for one who dwelt in a town notorious for its sanctity. But the branch of his calling from which he derived most profit, though secretly exercised, was the interpretation of dreams. No love-match was completed without his intervention; no contract or journey undertaken without his having a word in the matter. The young, the old, the burghers, the ladies, nay, the very Prior of the Franciscan monastery, who should have set a better example, resorted to him in all cases of perplexity; and it was rumoured that his interpretations were generally most satisfactory; that he was a very comfortable counsellor; charitable withal to the poor, and by no means exorbitant in demanding return for his important services; comely in presence, gentle in speech, and temperate at the table. With all these good qualities, and others more than I have space to enumerate, what town might not well consider itself fortunate in possessing such a resident as Doctor Xilian?

It was to his house, therefore, that Charlotte, after having hastily dressed herself, set forth. She sped along the deserted streets, still grey and silent in the haze of the day-dawn, and soon arrived at an ancient dwelling, in one of the upper windows of which the light of a taper clearly showed that, like herself, the doctor was an early riser. Upon her knocking gently, the light was removed, and a heavy foot heard descending the stairs—then the complicated fastenings of the door were undone, and the man of art appeared, clad in a rich and loose robe of damask, with a jet-black fur cap upon his head, in the front whereof a rare diamond glistened.

"Benedicite, my child!" said he; "enter, and fear not to tell me all that is in thine heart."

Charlotte scarcely made any reply to this paternal greeting, but followed him in silence as he led the way up stairs. Nor did the many strange objects profusely scattered around his study provoke an exclamation of surprise, or a wandering glance, as, in a full and trusting belief that the doctor could read her dream, she hastened to unburden her mind to him.

"Father," said the trembling and agitated girl, "I dreamed a dream last night, which I wish you to interpret for me."

"Surely, surely," said Xilian, "I can guess at the subject of it. What!—tears and pale cheeks? Why, then, here has been some misunderstanding—some quarrel. Cheer up, my pretty one, and tell me of what thou hast dreamed, and I will undertake to set matters to rights; I have known Melchior ever since he was an infant in arms."

"No, no, you are mistaken altogether," replied Charlotte eagerly, "there has been no misunderstanding—no quarrel. Father, I have had a most strange and fearful dream. I thought that the time to which I had so long been looking forward was come—that it was my bridal morning. We set forth from my mother's, a gay and joyous company; and I thought that, because the church was at some distance, we were walking without the walls of the town, Melchior by my side. But still we walked on, until I began to feel weary, and asked Melchior how much further we had yet to go; and my bridesmaids told me that we were then at the foot of the hill whereupon the church stood. And then it seemed as though the day were becoming very dark; and the path grew so steep, and I stumbled so often, that I thought that we should never reach the top of the hill. When we came to the door of the church, the sky was all black and stormy, and the wind began to whistle, as it does before a storm. We went in, and I was astonished at the size and spaciousness of the church, which I had never seen before;—it was
decked as for a Christmas festival, with tapers, and scarlet draperies, and branches of yew and holly. But there was neither priest nor sacristan at the altar, which, indeed, was covered with a dark veil. I turned to ask Melchior why this was, and why there were no choristers in the choir, and he said, 'Do not fear, these shall be forthcoming presently.' We advanced together up the aisle, but, I know not why, I was uneasy, and felt afraid, and trembled much when we stood before the altar. On a sudden, a confused sound of voices and the tread of feet were heard—they increased every instant—the great doors opened, and there rushed in a company of people more ghastly than I can tell—some as if just torn from the tomb in their grave-clothes; some thin and pale, with their faces wan and discoloured, and their eyes dim and leaden, as though they had drunk poison; and some—Oh! father, you know how those look who have died of the pestilence! They came hurrying in, till the church was quite full; and, I know not how, I was parted from Melchior. But though they were so closely flung upon one another as to be unable to stir, still more would come in; till at length it seemed as if this mass of the dead-alive, began to heave and rise from the floor like the waves of the sea, and I was upborne with them, till I was close beneath one of the carved images upon the roof;—how it stared and grinned upon me! Still we were lifted up, and I struggled and cried loud for mercy. Thank God, I awakened then! And now, Father Xilian, tell me what is the import of this?"

As the damsel proceeded with her tale, the dream-interpreter listened, at first with an attentive, then with a sorrowful countenance, and its expression of sadness deepened intensely as she drew to a close.

"Alas! my daughter," said he, "I am afraid to interpret thy dream; and yet, if I am dismayed to hear it, it is not because I have an evil fate to prophesy for thyself. But, in the last month, I have had many, very many such to expound; and a sense of evil to come has been abidingly with me. Wherefore, I fear that some great general calamity is about to befall us—but the Lord alone knows the event. Do thou, my child, not be downcast. I cannot yet discern how this may concern thy fortunes. Go home, then, and pray; and believe that there is One above, whose hand is over all, and who can and will protect His own!"

Charlotte withdrew (after having in vain pressed upon Doctor Xilian's acceptance a piece of gold) and returned home anxious and ill at ease. Surely, there is nothing so depressing as that shadowy presentiment of coming evil, disowned by reason, yet fed by imagination. It was in vain that the heartsick girl repeated again and again to herself, "It was but a dream!"—it was in vain that she remembered that no real change had come over her prospects—the weight was there, and she could not fling it away; and even when seated in the sunshine, at their own cheerful breakfast table, between Melchior and his mother, she was gloomy, silent, and abstracted, to their great surprise, who had never before seen her in such a mood, and knew her gentle and guileless nature too well, to accuse her for one moment of caprice or sullenness.

A few days passed on, and by degrees the impression began to wear out; the wedding day was fixed; and with a strange and fluttered feeling she began to make her few and simple preparations for the ceremony. Madame Sturmer (her other benefactress), claimed her for a few days, ere she could no longer be able to divide the year equally between her "two mothers," as she loved to call them. This lady took upon herself the task of providing Charlotte's wedding attire; and, as they were both actively engaged in this interesting occupation, it chanced that she was prevented from seeing Melchior for a week, his profession of counsellor obliging him to take a short journey. It was, therefore, with a little impatience, that she looked forward to the Saturday evening when he had promised to return. He came—and she, who had all that day felt a renewal of her foreboding fears, now when she held him in her arms, and gazed upon his bright and animated face, began to blame herself for having encouraged such fancies.

"Dear Melchior," said she, "I have been so foolish... and then checking herself—" But what news do you bring for my mother? Do not look so grave at me, or you will frighten me."

"I am sorry I look grave," replied Melchior seriously, "but I have heard tidings which have disquieted me. You have not been abroad this morning, I suppose, or you would have already known the rumour which has filled the town, and which I am sorry to be obliged to confirm. It is but too true, that the neighbouring towns have
been visited by some general and very fatal disorder, which has spread with most fearful rapidity in spite of every precaution. Indeed, so sudden has been its progress, and so fearful its ravages, that the authorities are everywhere leagued together to prevent any communication between suspected places. Our own magistrates are at this moment assembled; when I left them sitting, they had determined to allow no stranger from any other town to enter the walls, and to prohibit those of our inhabitants who have once gone out, from returning. I trust they will carry their intentions strictly into execution. Heaven defend us from such a scourge.”

“Amen!” said Madame Sturmer solemnly; and she began to inquire into the minute particulars of this fearful dispensation; while Charlotte, who had unloosed her grasp, stood by, and listened, in an attitude of attention, pale and motionless, drawing her breath fast and thick, whilst the tears which she was totally unable to repress, stood large and heavy in her broad blue eyes. A thousand painful presents extended themselves in lengthened vista before her, and she stood there, time, space, and situation forgotten, in the dire confirmation which her worst forebodings had received. She returned that evening to Madame Waldenthal’s, all her preparations having been completed; but she laid aside robe and wreath, in the full and firm persuasion that she should never need them, or that they might ere long be employed in sadder uses than the decorations of a bridal.

A few days passed over without much change, save that the rumours of the approaching calamity grew more and more numerous. The demon of pestilence seemed advancing round them on every side, and narrowing the enchanted circle, till there only needed another step to place him in the midst of them. These tales, which, of course, lost nothing in repetition, were the sole subjects of conversation and speculation. It mattered not how, or whence they came—whether they were brought by the credulous peasants, who were allowed to deposit their fruit and vegetables outside the wall; or whether they were the mere children of conjecture, shaped into life and consequence by an alarmed imagination—business was interrupted, and amusement stayed, to listen to them. Then, as if the danger were already at their gates, a spirit of suspicion began to arise; and many an invalid bore in silence the aching head and the thirst of fever, for each was prepared to regard the sick with distrust and dread. Alas! it was thus that the sufferers were, in many cases, prepared for the reception and communication of the evil they strove so blindly to avoid. Many would fain have fled, but there was no city of refuge; some, indeed, did make the attempt, but being repulsed from every other town and hamlet, and avoided by an affrighted peasantry, returned to endure famine, cold, and privation, beneath the walls of their own town, which was to receive them no more.

About this time it happened, that one morning, when the Waldenthals and Charlotte were at breakfast, a messenger arrived in great speed, bearing a note from Madame Sturmer. That lady, who was subject to a violent rheumatic affection, was now sensible of the approach of her periodical attack, and wrote to beg that Charlotte would, if possible, go to her without delay, and remain with her for a short time, as her servant was on the point of leaving her.

“Do not go from us, my Charlotte,” said Madame Waldenthal, with tears in her eyes; “if you once leave us, you know not when we may all meet here again.”

Charlotte answered, quietly and firmly, “My dear mother, I must go to my kind friend. You would not, I am sure, wish to deprive me of the only means I have in my power of being of use to her.”

“Oh! do not go, Charlotte,” said the old lady, whose fears had stifled her reason. “Melchior, my son, help me to persuade this obstinate girl.”

But the young man was silent, and when Charlotte had, in some measure, overruled his mother’s objection, he said, “I will take you to Madame Sturmer’s myself. You must go to her, though indeed I know not how to part with you.”

Charlotte could not just then answer him. She hastened up stairs for her bonnet, and, as she entered her chamber, the memory of her dream returned.

“Shall I ever sleep here more?” she said to herself. “But it is of no use to weaken my resolution by such fancies;” and hastening from the room, she endeavoured to part from Madame Waldenthal cheerfully, and to speak of a speedy return. The old lady blessed her, and she set forth with Melchior.

They had some distance to go, for
Madame Sturmer lived in the lower ring, or division, of the town. As they were descending from the upper ring (as it was called) where Madame Waldenthal resided, they met Doctor Xilian, who was passing on his way in great haste and anxiety. He had spent all the night with a dying person, and, while he was yet speaking to them, one came up, and summoned him away to another patient. Alarmè by these signs of sickness, Melchior began to urge Charlotte to relinquish her project. But she was immovable; and when he perceived this, he was wise and kind enough to cease from his entreaty. He therefore left her at Madame Sturmer’s; and, as his business would detain him in the lower town all the day, he promised, ere he returned home, to call and inquire after the invalid. It was late in the evening before he came. Charlotte met him with a cheerful smile, and endeavoured to quiet his uneasiness by telling him that Madame Sturmer was only very slightly indisposed, and that, as a new servant was expected that evening, she hoped to be able to return the next day. With this comfortable assurance, she bade him good night, and he walked quickly homewards.

He soon reached the barrier between the two parts of the town, and was struck at once by the unusual sight of a number of workmen, busy, as it seemed, in strengthening the partition by the addition of many massy beams, while some of the magistrates were standing by, to superintend and hasten the work. As he paused to inquire the cause of this measure, one of the city guards laid hold of him, and said, “To which town do you belong?”

“The upper,” answered Melchior.

“Go through, then, now,” was the answer, as he pushed him rudely towards the gate; “and come no more. This is the last time we shall allow any one to pass.”

“Let me return, then,” said he, “for my sister, whom I have left behind me.”

“Oh! return, if you please,” rejoined one of the burghers, who stood by; “but upon whichever side of the gate you choose to be, there you must stay, until our suspicions are decided in one way or other.”

“What do you mean?” cried Melchior, in a state bordering on frenzy; for the idea of his utter separation from either Charlotte or his mother was not to be borne.

“Go through, if you mean to go, and ask no questions,” was the surly answer; “these are not times for street-talking. Come, make up your mind.” And Melchior, who knew that his first duty was at home, passed through, hoping that he might perhaps be able to procure some exemption in his favour on the morrow.

There were sad hearts that night at Madame Waldenthal’s, and little slept either mother or son. At an early hour in the morning, Melchior was again before the barrier; but his entreaties were disregarded, his bribes refused, and the warden would hardly undertake to convey a message to Charlotte, and receive her answer. After a long hour, however, his messenger came back, with a precious note, hastily written by her own hand. It was full of confidence and affection. She promised that if she should be unable to procure a permission to pass, she would write to him every day, and display a signal of some kind from the roof of Madame Sturmer’s house, which might be distinctly seen from the upper town. Vain promise! This was to be their last communication; for, as it was found that she, with many others, had attempted to bribe the warden of the gate to let them pass, a chain of soldiers was stationed round them, so that from that hour the intercourse between the two divisions of the town was thoroughly broken, and, excepting the promised signal, the lover could hope for no tidings from her with whom his heart was every hour in the day, and for whose safety he could not but feel the most lively fears, as it was now ascertained, beyond all doubt, that the plague had appeared in many parts of the lower town.

The event proved that these sudden and rigorous precautions had not been taken without a cause, though it soon became fearfully manifest that they had been taken in vain. No sooner was this decided acknowledgment made, that the danger was in the midst of them, than it was immediately perceived that, in every quarter of the town, upper as well as lower, many persons, who were unable any longer to repress or conceal the symptoms of illness, were attacked by the dreadful malady. It was an awful time, for none knew when the scourge might be brought home to his own dwelling; and the calamity had smitten the town so suddenly, that it was totally impossible, in an instant, to suspend
all communication between house and house, and man and man. It mattered little: the disease spread daily, and every morning brought an account of an increase in the number of those who had died in the night. Then were the hospitals crowded with the sick, and the medicinal and magical remedies of a superstitious age—fever-draughts, nostrums, and combinations of all things most abhorrent to sense and nature, philters, amulets, and charms—in turn unavailingly tried. Still the pestilence waxed fiercer, till, at length, the physicians, who should have arrested its progress, began themselves to sicken, and the few who remained to attend the dying were mostly of that low class of half-knave, half-juggler, and joined with a band of wretches in plundering the houses, and hastening the approach of death. Many a cup of water did they withhold from the feverish lip, quivering with eager thirst, and many an enfeebled sufferer had none to watch by his bed, or to give him the necessary nourishment when his sickness had left him. The cart, too, which stopped before the houses nightly with the appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!" carried away to the dark gulf in the church-yard many whom life had not yet forsaken, while these hardened beings, fearless and heedless of death or disease, would even tear the rings from the fingers of the dying women, and without remorse or pity strip from their couches their embroidered cover-lids. Many of the sick, too, arose from their beds in the strength of delirium, and wandered forth into the silent and grass-grown streets, piercing the air with their cries, till, exhausted and worn out, they fell on the hard stones and perished. These awful occurrences led the few remaining magistrates to issue a severe decree, that the door of every infected house should be walled up; and, while any masons could be found to execute this order, it was a hideous thing to hear the shrieks of the sick within, who knew themselves to be cut off from help—and the entreaties of the living, who would pray in vain not to be thus untimely immured in the chambers of mortality.

So rapidly spread the pestilence, however, in spite of all these measures, that, at the end of November, only fifty householders survived. Among these, in the upper town, were Madame Waldenthal and her son. Melchior, indeed, was an angel of blessing to many a poor bed-ridden sufferer; and, as if heaven protected his exertions, he escaped from the chambers of disease untainted, though his cheek grew pale, and his eye dim. But at length this immuring of the infected put a bar to his benevolent exertions, and he stayed much at home. At times, however, he wandered forth into the deserted and melancholy town, and vainly tried to gain access into, or tidings of those inhabiting the other division. Every morning, he ascended, when he first rose, to the top of the house, for a small white flag was regularly displayed from the lower town, upon which his sharpened eye eagerly seized. The anchor of his soul's hope was there; and day by day the flag fluttered on the wind, a silent signal that the destroying angel had spared his beloved one. One evening he, too, began to feel unusually faint and languid. He had taken a longer ramble than usual that day, and, when he strove to rise to go up stairs at night, he sank at his mother's feet. Poor Madame Waldenthal endeavoured to raise him, and with great difficulty supported him up stairs; whilst he, who felt the creeping approach of the malady, strove to ascribe it to weariness; and she, in the sickness of her spirit, attended him, and was silent. All that night she sat beside him, and heard, with an agony which cannot be told, the short moaning sound of his breath, sad and ominous as the sighing of the breeze which precedes a storm. His eyes were closed, so she knew not if he slept; but his face became discoloured and livid, and the morning light showed a sad and appalling change. Yet did she constrain herself to answer cheerfully when he asked her for some water to drink.

"Kind mother," he said, "I pray you go up stairs, and see if the flag be flying."

Madame Waldenthal hastened to comply with his request, and he listened long and eagerly for the sound of her descending feet. Slowly she entered. He raised himself up in bed, as if about to ask a question; but he gave a broad look on her face, and suddenly leaning back, spoke no more!

* * * * *

It was now the morning of Christmas day. Ah! when had ever such a Christmas morning been remembered in Goldberg? Sadness and darkness, death and silence, were in her lonely squares and streets. There were no singers to come from house
to house with the old hymn of the Nativity, no happy gathered families to repay the strain, and receive blessings and wishes for a happy new year. There was no sound (for the clocks were all silent) save the flapping of opened doors, and the sighing of the wind through the long arcades. It was about the hour of two, when a lady, who had long been on the couch of sickness, awoke from her lethargic slumber; and a younger lady, whose pale countenance gave tokens of long vigilance, came anxiously to her bedside, and stooped her ear to catch the invalid’s whispered assurance that the sickness had left her. Charlotte, for it was she, turned away in silent thankfulness to the table, where, beside a faintly burning candle, was laid her bible. But she could not just then read comfort in its holy page. Her mind ran back to other and brighter days; and she looked on the mourning dress she wore, and thought on her vision, and Xilian’s prophecy. She had for weeks been unable to leave Madame Sturmer’s bedside, and even her terrible anxiety for the fate of Melchior was obliged to give way to the duty of attending on what she believed to be her friend’s death-bed. But now the pressure of anxiety was, in some measure, taken away, and she had time long and painfully to ponder the message she had received through the gate-warders many days before, that Madame Waldenthal’s house was walled up, and that, in answer to their repeated calls, no voice had spoken, or sign of life been seen. And she sat looking on the bright sky, which shone as fairly upon the mournful city of sorrow as ever it had done upon the blazing torches and evergreen wreaths of the joyous Christmas revellers; and as she gazed upon its orbs of glory, she knew not why, her grief was softened, for she thought that in some world as bright, and as unmoved by earthly calamity as theirs, she might perhaps ere long rejoin those whom she had loved and lost.

But that dead stillness, in which her soul seemed to rise from its griefs to a near communion with the viewless dwellers of the spirit land, was ere long broken. Afar, in the solitary streets, a voice was heard like the echo of former anthems of praise, as of old, bidding the sleepers arise and come forth to the house of the Lord. Strange was the voice, and unearthly it seemed, so mournfully silent was all around; but it was no cheat of a delusive phantasy, like those which had given birth to the tale, how a spirit-chariot had rattled by night over the pavement of the smitten city, stopping before the doors of those whose days were numbered. It was no phantom voice, like the sounds of lamentation, which, rumour said, had been heard in the dim church porches by night, and passed round wall and tower, mourning for the desolation and decay which was to come. Nearer it drew, and soon the maiden could hear, on the pavement, a slow step advancing, while the one or two who remained yet alive, being awakened from their slumbers, stole from their houses, and silently joined the singer, adding their tremulous voices to the strain, with one consent spontaneously uniting in a rite, melancholy indeed, but full of comfort; for they sang of a better land, and of the birth of the radiant God-child, who trampled the powers of darkness under his feet, and commanded the grave to unclose and yield up its dead. But, as the sound came up the street where she dwelt, a new feeling mingled with the thoughts awakened by that hymn. She descended the stair hastily, and unbarred the door, trembling like a leaf as she undid bolt and fastening. Yes, she knew the voice, and, unable to contain herself, rushed forth. The song of adoration was stayed by the bursting in of a torrent of earthly joy. They, who by strange misunderstanding had deemed each other dead, now met face to face. Long, long was their embrace—longer ere words could find way; the fearful past was forgotten, and the present thought a dream; and, when the simple tale had been told, how Melchior, who had believed her dead, from her forgetfulness of the signal, had laid long sick—and how, when he had recovered, he had wandered forth that morning to return thanks for his preservation in a church which one pious monk survived to open and light up with a torch or two, for those who were spared to pray and praise—and how he had passed through the unguarded barrier to seek for tidings, and scarcely knew why he had thus begun to sing:—the small company repaired to the church, and fell down before the altar, giving thanks to the Power whose hand had spared them; and then returned home refreshed and comforted, as though they felt that the bitterness of death was past. The disorder had, indeed, subsided, or there...
had not been left a living soul in Goldsberg.
It will readily be believed that those who had been so miraculously preserved for each other, had much to say, when a calmer hour allowed them time and space. As soon as Madame Sturmer's health permitted it, they left Goldsberg for some years, and did not return till time and prosperity had partly effaced the marks of the terrible scourge which had been laid upon it. And, in the days of happiness, of which not a few blessed Counsellor Waldenthal and his wife, they never forgot Him who had dealt so mercifully with them. In commemoration of the joyful time when the plague was stayed, a noble service of praise was appointed for the early morning of Christmas-day, when the people of the town repaired to the church, and sang hymns of adoration and gratitude for their deliverance from the pestilence. This service, if travellers tell the truth, is continued to this day, though few know its origin, and fewer the tale of Melchior and Charlotte of Goldsberg.

SPRING.

E Zefiro pregai, che l'ai d'oro
Stendesse su' bel rami a mezzo Aprile,
E che fiora crudel stretto in servile
Catena, impero non avesse in loro.—MENZING.

How sweet, when wintry blasts are by!
When the buds are out—and the sun's bright eye
Hath chased each lingering cloud away!
When the balmy west perfumes the day—
And the landscape sleeps in its mirror-wave,
Where the hurricane's voice was wont to rave!
When lake and river gleam at even
With a brighter sun, and a bluer heaven;
When the early violet scents the glen—
How sweet! 'tis Spring's own season then!

The buds are out: and the wakening bee
Flits, gathering balm, from flower and tree.
Again the wilding ash and oak
With mingling foliage fringe the rock:
The primrose blows in the bosky dell—
The heath and the harebell deck the fell;
Life mounts afresh in the forest bough—
How sweet! 'tis Spring's own season now!

Health glows again on the cheek that was wan;
And hope exults in the heart of man!
His lamp untrimmed, and his vigils o'er,
And the book thrown by, where he loved to pore;
Bright Nature, now, to the student's eye,
Unfolds her book of the earth and sky!
By stream, or woodland, slowly wending
Where the tints of the flushing Spring are blending—
'Mid scenes with new-born lustre glowing,
And each on each fresh beauty throwing—
Come, roam with me on the mountain's brow,
And feel—'tis Spring's own Season now!

Dalbeattie, April 18, 1838.

BETA.
DREAM-PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED LITERATI.

Nature, it is said, delights in contrast. I have never observed this, nor do I believe it. On the contrary, one of her chief charms consists in the exquisite harmonising and blending together of all her qualities and attributes. But Art can seldom take many steps without resorting to that unfailing expedient for exciting the jaded appetites to which she is destined to appeal in these latter days. And thus it was with the peripatetic Apelles of my poetical dream. The Portrait that he submitted to my notice immediately after that I last described, seemed to have been painted for no other purpose than to present a contrast to that brilliant and beaming effigy. That the latter could have been intended by nature for anything but a poet, and that education and habit had fulfilled to the utmost the behest of nature, nobody could for a moment doubt, who looked on any portion of his person, or even of his attire. His ordinary footsteps seemed to move in music, and the very waving of his hand awoke the air to melodious whispers, that fell upon the ear like accents from a loftier and less earthly sphere. That the Crabbed-looking being which now took the place of the above could be a poet also, was as difficult to believe as that his predecessor on the canvas could be anything else. Yet the very first characteristic which his effigy presented to me, seemed to indicate that such was his calling; for, before I could have time to remark any of the individual features of his face or person, I observed that he stepped into sight as if his feet had never moved to any but measured paces, every one of which corresponded with that which preceded it, like the chimes of a clock. Indeed, so regular and balanced were his motions in this respect, that they almost gave to his advent an air of the ridiculous; as if he had been just learning to march of a drill-serjeant, and could not forget his lesson even in his ordinary gait.

The person I am now to describe in detail, was rather above than below the medium height, and withal vigorous, active, muscular, well-knit, and perfectly healthful in general appearance, but without the slightest indication of intellectual refinement or delicacy, either in air and bearing, or in the general expression of the countenance; on the contrary, there was something in both these which evidently indicated, not only a fondness for the coarsest and most simple nourishment, and a disposition to contemplate and dwell among only the most homely and uninviting objects, but an utter incapacity to derive nourishment from, or perceive the characters and qualities of, any others. The face, without being in the least degree ugly (for that implies something in the shape of a deformity), was what may be emphatically termed plain; and every individual feature of it was correspondent with this character,—each being strongly marked in itself, and consistent with all the others: but the effect of the whole was hard, harsh, and repulsive. Yet you could not very well make any distinct complaint against it, either generally or in reference to particulars, but were content to say—"I don't like it; it reminds me of something that I have seen before, and that I would not see again in reality, still less by association or reflection." But though the contemplation of the face I am describing immediately excited these feelings, and a consequent disposition to turn away from it, yet when I tried to do so, it seemed not quite so easy as might have been expected. I had the desire to turn away, but not the will; and there required an effort to escape from it. In the eye, in particular, there seemed a kind of fascinating quality, which I could not immediately overcome. It seemed also to have the power of reflecting at will, and with most extraordinary fidelity, all the merely external qualities of every object that came before it; for, after turning round towards me as it stood, and giving one steady glance all round the room in which we were situated, it again took its eyes off, pointed its finger forward, and the next moment I beheld pictured on the canvas opposite to where it seemed to be directing my attention, a fac-simile of my little study—not only with myself and my companion (the exhibitor) pictured to the very
life, but every book in its relative position on the shelves, every mark and defect in every bit of furniture in the room, and even every spot of ink that I had let fall on the wall or carpet beside my writing-table. Now, this was a sort of faculty that, I confess, I could not understand the value of, and was quite disposed to look upon as rather worse than useless. To show me, as something worth calling my attention to, what I could not help seeing every moment with my own unassisted vision, seemed a work of supererogation, at best; and, in many cases, the exercise of such power could be nothing less than impertinent. If it had shown me the same picture thrown to a little distance, so as to cast an indistinctness over the different details, and thus blend them into one object, this might have produced an effect pleasing, if not beneficial, in its consequences; just as the commonest and closest object looks pleasing and distant when seen through the large end of an opera-glass. But, thus to show me over again that which I could see just as well without its assistance, and did not desire to see at all, was what I could not make out the merit of. Still I felt myself not only compelled to look, but even to wonder at, and in some degree admire, the picture thus placed before me, from the rare and singular faculty which the production of it seemed to imply; for this I take to be the secret spring of the attention which it unquestionably did excite in me. I have forgotten to mention, however, one remarkable circumstance relating to this representation of my little study. I have said that it was an absolute fac-simile; but this is not correct. Over the mantel-piece there hangs a little Italian miniature of a Magdalene, most exquisitely painted, and with an expression more refined and imaginative, and at the same time more intense, than any thing of the kind I ever saw. Now, this picture, though repeated in the outlines and in the mere detail of the features, had entirely lost the peculiar expression in which its value and beauty consist. It was changed into the semblance of a mere weeping female. All the unearthly part of the picture—the poetry of it—had entirely passed away in the transfer. This confirmed me in the belief that the person before me, however quick-sighted to the mere tangible qualities of objects, and capable of repeating with exact and literal truth all that he was capable of seeing, was almost entirely deficient in The vision and the faculty divine, which, if not absolutely peculiar to the poet, is the most important and essential of all his powers, since without its aid he cannot even see the poetry that is everywhere around us, much less create poetry out of that which seems essentially opposed to it. Still I must in justice not omit to observe, that in the literal picture which this person had, by a glance of his eye, as it were, and a motion of his hand, drawn of my study and its contents, there was something so vividly and vitally true—something so different from and superior to the mere hints and common-places that you obtain from ordinary hands, when employed to depict ordinary objects—that the effect at least amounted to the poetical. If it be that “beauty is truth, truth beauty,” the effect I allude to is at once accounted for; and it should seem that the singular power in question had been acquired and was used in virtue of this axiom. But I fear it is but a jingle of words after all—if not worse—a sophistry, constructed and employed to mystify and lead astray. What I am certain of is, that there are truths which it is better not to know; and that those who pique themselves on discovering and expounding such truths, do so from any motive rather than that love for their kind which is the best attribute of the real poet.

To proceed in my description:—The most remarkable general appearance that I observed in the person before me, was one which seemed to have resulted from, and to indicate, the habits of his past life. Without any of that ruddy healthfulness and coarse simplicity which usually characterise persons who have passed all their life in the country, he had yet none of that conventional look which belongs peculiarly to dwellers in great cities, or to those who have judiciously divided their time between the two. To judge by the expression of his features, I should have concluded that he had frittered away his life in a kind of “fool’s paradise,” situated at an equal distance from each, and partaking of all the bad of both and little of the good of either; some sea-side “ Borough,” perhaps, or large manufacturing town, which he had been content to accept as an abstract of the great world, and had consequently come to know as much of that great world generally as

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children learn of history by reading school epitomes.

Neither had he anything in the least degree professional in his appearance; I could be sure that he was neither a scholar, nor a courtier, nor a divine, nor a lawyer, nor a philosopher, nor a man of the world; that he was neither of these exclusively; though (for anything I could see to the contrary) he might include portions of them all. One thing, however, I could be sure of from his appearance, that he was not a born poet; for, though there were great quickness and penetration in his eye, and a large spirit of observation written on his wide but somewhat low forehead, there was, in no part of his face, the slightest trace of that exquisite susceptibility in which the poetry of sentiment almost invariably has its rise, or that mingled enthusiasm and love of the romantic which can alone receive and entertain such poetry when it presents itself. On the contrary, there was a severe, reasoning, and reasonable look, which seemed ready at all times not only to set poetry at defiance, but to prove a demonstration, if need be, that no such thing as poetry, in the poet’s sense of that phrase, either has existed or can exist. There was an appearance of immalleability in his features, which seemed to indicate an incapability of perceiving the similitudes and differences of things, or even of feeling them. And yet habit seemed to have gained some power over him in this respect; but it was a power over his actions alone, not his sentiments or sensations. He seemed quite aware, for example, that flowers have a pleasant smell; but this was evidently a conviction of his reason, not a result of his sensations; for he had stuck in his button-hole a great thistle, which he every now and then smelled to with a look of inward satisfaction, as if it had been a rose.

I feel that I should be doing great injustice to the original of the effigy I am now describing, if I suffered it to pass from the canvas without stating, that the general impression I received from it as a whole was highly favourable to the personal character, as well as to the intellectual powers, of the individual represented; that in fact it gave evidence of a knowledge of the human heart perhaps never surpassed — speaking with reference to the limited means of observation whence it had been derived — and also a deep, pure, and earnest sympathy, no less with the wants and weaknesses of that heart, than with its holiest yearnings and its loftiest hopes.

Finally, with respect to the dress of this person; — it was formed of the plainest, not to say the coarsest, materials, and the colours of it were arranged without any eye to either harmony or contrast; but I observed that every part of it was put together with great care, and in a fashion which struck me as being a clumsy imitation of that which was in vogue at the beginning of the last century: that, for example, which we see depicted in the portraits of Pope, Addison, and their distinguished poetical contemporaries.

If nature does not delight in contrasts, our exhibitor was evidently fond of them; for the portrait which he presented to me after the above had passed from the canvas was as diametrically different from its predecessor as the latter was from that which had gone before it. Its first and immediate effect was to call up impressions and sensations which, however vivid and agreeable, were evidently entitled to rank as recollections merely — in short, as “The Pleasures of Memory.” The first distinct idea which the advent of this new portrait gave me, was that of a French courtier of the old régime, embued with all the refinement, delicacy of tact, and nice sense of personal honour, which characterised that egregious class of persons, but at the same time disfigured by an over-scrupulous and fastidious exclusiveness of air and manner, which prevented it from feeling an interest or sympathy with any class but that extremely limited one to which by station and breeding he himself seemed to belong — a class essentially artificial in all its tastes, habits, and inclinations, and an intimate union with which is absolutely incompatible with that large and universal sympathy with all humanity which is the great and glorious privilege, as it is the only sure evidence, of the real poet.

In endeavouring to examine, as well as I could through the disguise of dress, the face and figure of this personage, I found that no salient points presented themselves — no essentially characteristic features whatever — no one thing which you could fix on decisively, as belonging to that form or face in particular — another fact which seemed to infer that the person before me was not a born poet; for no man ever was entitled to that noble ap-
pellation, who had not something belonging to his idiosyncrasy different from that of any other individual. Human beings in general are made in moulds, and are not seldom, as it should seem, the workmanship of Nature’s “prentice hand;” but a poet is not of this pottery manufacture. He is what one who, with all his fine qualities, was not a poet, has somewhat meaningly applied to that vaguest of abstractions “an honest man”—he is “the noblest work of God.”

Minuteness, and consequent delicacy of structure, were the only distinctions peculiarly applicable to the figure now before my dreaming fancy; and, to speak paradoxically, the only thing that seemed natural to it was a certain refined and graceful artificiality. In short, it was to air, dress, and address, that it seemed to owe everything it possessed to distinguish it from its fellow-beings. But in virtue of these it did in fact enjoy a marked and well-deserved distinction, and one which I had not observed to be possessed in an equal degree by any other aspirant for the honours of public notice and admiration, who was not at the same time marked out by Nature to partake of those honours. He was evidently not one of Nature’s poets; but he bore the most exquisite and highly-finished resemblance to one that I had ever yet seen.

Nothing could be more complete and beautiful in its way than the manner in which this figure was attired, and the air with which it moved and acted, and nothing more consistent and corresponding than all these characteristics were with each other. It was dressed in full costume, as if it was a drawing-room party, in a court suit of cut velvet, powdered hair, frill and ruffles of the most delicate Brussels-lace, brilliant French paste buckles at the shoes and knees, that might have been mistaken for real diamonds even by tolerable judges, a chapeau de bras under its gracefully poised arm, and a small sword by its side, with a very prettily-fancied steel hilt highly polished. As it moved along, the head was turned gracefully aside, as if in the act of insinuating “soft nothings” into a lady’s ear; one hand was extended, as if in depreciation of any doubt as to the lip’s sincerity, and the other hung listlessly down at the side, ungloved, and vying in whiteness with the cambric that depended from it. The feet, too, seemed incapable of moving in any but the most exactly-measured steps, or to be accustomed to touch anything more harsh and unyielding than a Turkey carpet; but unlike the motions of the preceding figure, its steps had no appearance of unpleasant constraint; they did not seem to be directed by the pre-ordained motions of a set of wheels and pinions, but to flow from the regulated impulses of a well-tuned ear and a cultivated taste. Still they were ennobled or unembellished by any of those natural graces which are avowedly “beyond the reach of art.”

But who is he, with modest looks, And clad in homely russet-brown, who now comes forward on the canvas, with steps made stately by an ever-renewed reminiscence of “the eternal palace whence we came,” and an air of sedate yet cheerful wisdom beaming from every feature of his noble countenance? Upon his clear and lofty forehead (as on a marble monument) thought sits enthroned. Within his eye, as in the fabled mirror of some “magician old,” are pictured forth, even as they exist in Nature herself, all “the various shows of sky and earth,” even from the minute streaks that adorn the unseen back of the field daisy, up to the mighty beauties of the queen moon among her stars. Mark that bloom, as if of early youth, which overspreads his cheek. It tells of a life spent in that uninterrupted personal intercourse with nature, in the absence of which even the most favoured and gifted of poets must soon lose his bright birthright, and his poetry become no better than a cold product of his will and judgment, rather than a burning impulse and effulgence of his heart and spirit. Note that beautiful halo of universal benevolence and sympathy which plays round his plastic mouth, showing forth at every movement the very soul and spirit of a gentle and refined humanity. Finally, observe the downward inclination of the stately head, and the slight bend of the whole form, betokening that ever-present feeling of reverent admiration, amounting to a religious sentiment, which this great high priest of Nature and of her poetry feels and testifies towards the Power whom he serves.

If in this our nether sphere, in these her latter days of overstrained civilisation and
false refinement, when nothing is thought
worthy to excite our individual sympathies
unless it be of a nature to move a whole
nation—when the wants, the wishes, and
the visitations of "one poor human heart"
are deemed utterly beneath the care or
consideration of that very human heart
itself by which we live and have our being
—if, I say, in these latter times, and under
these essentially anti-poetical circumstances,
a true poet, made so of God and of nature,
still exists and sojourns among us, this is
the man.

I have said that his eye seems to reflect,
as from a magic mirror, "all things in
heaven above and in the earth beneath." But
there is another characteristic displayed
in that feature, which is equally eloquent
in speaking the intellectual habits and
tendency of the being to whom it belongs;
there is an introverted look discernible in
the remote recesses of it, which indicates
that, notwithstanding all the delight which
it takes in exalting of the bright and
beautiful domain of the external world, its
darkest and most cherished occupation is to
brood, like a dove upon its nestlings, over
the ever-springing harvest of its own rich
imagination, and the ever-renewed offspring
of its own all-embracing heart.

Turning my observation from the person
to the attire of this remarkable effigy, I
found it scarcely less interesting than the
form which it covered, so entirely
original was it in fashion and fabric, yet so
totally free from that affectation of singu-
laritv which usually besets those who lead
the fashions in these matters, and so ex-
quisitely adapted to the purposes of mingled
use and ornament, for which it was con-
structed and worn. I would attempt to
describe it in detail, but for a singular
quality which I soon observed it to possess,
precluding the possibility of putting down
any account of it in other than those
general terms which are totally incapable
of conveying a distinct idea in such cases.
The quality to which I allude was of the
cameleon nature, enabling it to take the
exact tint indicated by the various "moods
of mind" incident to the wearer of it, and
even spontaneously to change its form and
fashion in correspondence with these, still
preserving that beautiful purity, simplicity,
and truth of expression, which were its
general and leading characteristics under
all circumstances.

It seemed to me that, as I gazed in
mingled reverence and admiration on this
noble effigy, my dreaming spirit was em-
powered to look into his mind, so far, at
least, as to penetrate the various moods
that from time to time prevailed in it; and,
as I looked, I noted that, whether his
imagination was winging its learned flight
to the Elysian abodes of the blest spirits of
the olden time, and evoking thence the
stately presence of Laodamiu's murdered
lord—or whether his more home-loving
fancy was making an Excursion hand-in-
hand with the wandering peasant sage
amid the favourite mountains, groves, and
streams of his native land—or pouring out
his gentle heart in heaven-born sympathy
with "the meanest thing that breathes"—
or even taking part in the possible joys and
sorrows of that portion of God's creation
which his verse has in some sort lifted into
sentimental life—sighing over the age-stricken
celandine, or bewailing the down-trodden
daisy:—whichever, I say, of these various
moods and tempers of mind may have
been upon him at the time I was employed
in observing his portrait as depicted to my
mind's eye, the form and colour of his
attire seemed to vary in the most singular
manner, in conformity with each several
case, but in each to retain that perfect
union of simplicity and propriety which I
had observed to belong to it when first it
came before me. How beautifully and
clearly this latter circumstance of my
dream was typical of the mere style of that
great and truly original poet whom the
effigy now described seems to my waking
fancy to have shadowed forth, I need not
explain to those among my readers who
admit the axiom, that "words are things,"
and at the same time agree with me in
feeling that, of all the poets of ancient or
modern times, he is the one who has most
clearly understood, and most vividly ex-
emplified Words' worth.

I shall here close, for the present, my
recollections of the singular Dream which
has occasioned the putting on paper of these
imaginary portraits of real people. But
as my memory is pretty tenacious,
even of dreams, the gallery may be ex-
tended at the pleasure of the reader.
THE FAIRY MAN.

By the hissing of the snake,
    The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee then this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

Drayton.

"An! thin, now, Norry Branigan, is it
    the thurth you're telling me?"
"Thurth, ay, the real thurth, the whole
    thurth, and nothin' in the universal world
but the thurth: the fairy man tould me to
the very syllable what would happen."
"Well, sure, there's nothin' can exceed
    the art of man, barrin' it be a bee, for the
cutist of them all, I'm tould, couldn't
make the other side of a honey-comb—but
now, Norry Branigan, can it be possible
that the ould fairy man has stirred out of
his hole on the side of Slievenaman, and
is at this minute in the town of Clonmel?"
"It's as thurgh as there's salmon in the
    Suir, or a fight on a fair-day at Nenagh."
"Oh, thin, that's as sure as there is a hole
in my ould stockin'—but for all that it
appears as impossible as that Teddy
Malone would go to a wake, and come
home again without a sup in his head, and
a crack on his skull. But, what could
have stirred the ould man off the side of
the hill, where we all know he has been
living these forty years, though none of us
can tell how he came there?"
"Why, thin, Molly Walsh, just listen,
    for I heard it from his own lips, not an
hour ago, in Jack Luther's public-house,
where he is now trating every body that
comes in, and threatens to send the fairies
after any one that pays but himself."
"Ifacks, but that's a new turn for him,
    for long as I know him, he was always
willing to take, but never to spend; and the
last time our cow was bewitched, and
wouldn't give half her milk, I had to give
three bottles of whiskey and a tester to
cure her."
"Arrah! thin, Molly Walsh, if you
    wish to know the story, sure, you must
listen, and not let your tongue go like the
clapper of a mill."
"Thru'e for you, Norry, I'll stand as
    still as the hand of the church-clock of
Lisheen, that hasn't moved these twenty
years."
"Well, thin, here's the whole fact for
you; and it only shows you, what a
knowing thief of the world Tom Russel,
the fairy man, must be. Here I may say
we have been working for years to make
his fortune. If a sheep was stolen, there
were three shillings for Tom to tell who
was the thief. If the potato ridge was
dug up in the night by those who hadn't
planted it, there were so many shillings
for the fairy man to turn the sieve and
show which way they went. If the house
was robbed, there was money for Russel
to put the key in the Bible, and let us
know whom we ought to sarch. If a
child was fairy-struck, or changed at nurse,
there was a little bit of gold, at the least,
or the fairy doctor would not cure it, or
come near the house to put it out on the
shovel."
"Oh! that I mayn't sin!" said Molly
    Walsh, interrupting her: "but he used
to do that illogically. Why there was my
own daughter's gossip's child—she had a
baby, and the day it was born, a lovelier
little angel you never set your two good-
looking eyes upon—it had a laugh for
every one, and a smile that would bring
sun-light into the room the darkest day in
winter—it had never done crowing, and
jumping, and coaxing the very lips of you
with kissing. Well, one day it wakened
out of its sleep screeching. Oh, my jewel,
it had been fairy-struck—you could see it
at once—it wasn't itself that was in it at
all. There, instead of a fine fat, firm,
bouncin' infant, there was nothing in the
world left but a cradle full of bones!—
a wheeining, keening, yelping, yowling,
screecching brat, that the tears were never
out of its eyes, and the bowl never out of
its ugly venomous little mouth, that was
as full of teeth as a saw. Let the poor
woman do what she could with it, its cry
never stopped. It never ate a bit—there
it was in its cradle, until it was four years
old, and a leg it would never lay to the
ground. The poor mother's arm was
nearly dragged out of her body carrying
the little imp about; for it would not lie easy in the cradle itself, not even while she was baking a griddle of bread for its father's breakfast in the morning. Well, my dear, from the time the child was three years of age, no matter how high the shelf was upon which the griddle of bread was placed, it was sure to disappear before the next morning. No one could tell how the bread went, until the mother thought of going to Tom Russel, the fairy man, and sure enough he soon let her into the secret who was the thief, and how to get rid of him. As usual, that very night the poor woman baked her griddle of bread, and put it up on a shelf that was over the hob. Shortly after she went to bed, and pretended to go asleep; but for all that she had an eye on the infant. She saw, in about half an hour, the baby that couldn't stir a step, sit stout up in his cradle—cock his ear one way, and then another—the mother gave a little snore, as if she were killed dead with the fatigue, and with that the punk imp of a divil flings all the clothes off, stands straight and clever as a grown man would, and gives a jump clean head over heels out of where he had been lying, and comes as light as a cork and as nimble as a goat into the very middle of the floor. With that he runs about, peeping here and there for the griddle of bread, and at last he spies it on the shelf.

"Bad luck and confusion!" says he, "to the ould fagot that put it up so high; I'm as hungry as a hawk, and as ravenous as a kite, and if I miss my jump to get at the griddle, I'll fall in the fire, and be burnt like a griskin—but here goes—it's a trick of youth, as the old fogy said, when he threw himself into the Liffey," and with that, my jewel, he goes to the very end of the room, to have a better run, and up he comes flying, and lighting as easy on the high shelf, as a sparrow would on the top of a house. Then if you were to see the grinning, and the jeering, and the laughing of the abominable gossoon, and he pointing down at his poor mother, that he thought was asleep, and that he knew he was robbin'. At last he got tired capping about—but he takes the griddle of bread, that was as large as himself, under one arm, and with a jump jumps right into the middle of the cradle; and his poor mother fell asleep, listening to the noise he made munching and crunching the bread all night. The first thing she heard in the morning was the eternal yowl of the ill-thriven brat. She went over to the cradle, and looked into it. There wasn't the sign of as much as a crumb in it—it had all gone into his nasty gutlet. She never said a word; but went out and borrowed a shovel—she put down a roaring fire, and clapped the shovel on the top of it. If you were to see how the weeny villain twisted in his cradle, when he saw what she was about—but never said a word, only kept keening on, as usual. My daughter, who lent the shovel to her gossip, went in to see what she wanted with it—

"'Ah! then, Judy a chree,' says she, 'what are you doing with the shovel?'

"'Waiting, gossip,' answered the other, 'until it is red-hot, in order that I may put that brat that's crowling there for many a year before me out of the door on it.'

"'Then more power to you for a one, Judy,' says my daughter, 'for its only ere-last-night, after eating your bread, that he jumped down our chimney, and began playing Scotch-hop with my saucers, so that the devil a bit of whole deft he has left in the house after him. So, Judy, do you warm the shovel red-hot, and it's with a heart and a half I'll put the entire of his ugly careesse to fry on it,'

"'Then here it's for him,' cries Judy, bringing the shovel over to the cradle, and it frizzing and fuming with the white transparent heat.

"'And here,' says my daughter, 'is the babby, holus polus on the top of it.' With that she made a grab at the little fellow, but in an instant he darted out of the cradle, saying—

"'Oh, you unnatural bastes, is it a beef-steak you want to make of me? By my sowkins I was on a shovel once, but catch me there again, if you can—it's an ugly mark I have from it, and, a burnt child dreads the fire, is an ould saying,'—and with that he flew out of the door like lightning, and when my daughter's gossip looked round again, there was her own smiling, laughing, crowing darling back again—and that all by means of ould Tom Russel. But really, Norry Branigan, I'm afraid I've stopped you in the middle of your story."

"Why, Molly, as to you, once you begin a story, a person might as well try to stop a race-horse within ten yards of the winning-post, as to catch a fast grip of your tongue. But here now is the real fact.
which I have from Tom Russel himself:—
while we were giving him money to do one
thrifle or another for us, he was laying it
all by for a lottery ticket, that the fairies
tould him would come out a prize, and by
dad!—as sure as you are there, a prize he
has got, from Johnny Hatchet’s office,
in the Main Street, and there he is drinking
away on the head of it like any other
Christian, and spending his money as fool-
ishly as if there never would be an end to
it.”

“Well, Norry, there never was a truer
saying than that some people are born with
a silver spoon in their mouths—but how
much money has he got?”

“Whew! it’s past counting, the guineas
are coming to him in sackfuls, and as to
pound notes, he can light his pipe with
them—he says himself he’ll be a barren-
night (whatever that means) afore he
stops.”

“Phillelew! but here’s the real news
totally, all out, and altogether. Put
that and that together—why, as he has
the money, and a sup wouldn’t do us any
harm, we may as well go in, and hear
what he has to say for himself.”

“Never say it twice, Molly jewel, as
the lady said to the king when he asked
her to marry him.”

The subject of the foregoing dialogue
was found, as he had been described, in a
loosely built house, in that portion of
Clonmel designated the Irish-town. He
had, however, from the time that Norry
Brangan had seen him, made consi-
erable progress in intoxication: with
that neatness of gradation in the art of
drinking which the Irish distinguish
with such accuracy, he might be said to
have passed the preliminary stages of
“taking a morning”—“having a sup”—
“a little hearty”—“hearty”—“more
sober than drunk”—“mellow”—“more
drunk than sober”—“tipsey”—“half
drunk”—“drunk”—he was, in fact,
“three quarters drunk”—and had only
a few stages further to go, namely, to be
“very drunk”—“stupidly drunk”—and
“dead drunk.” It was in this happy
state he was discovered by the two gossips
—they were, like the rest, “treated,” by his
direction, and, with his imagination unim-
peled by the slightest exercise of reason,
Tom Russel thus gave an account, to his
admiring and wondering auditory, of how
he became a fairy man. It should be
observed, that his story was frequently
interrupted by his potations, and that he
was “stupidly drunk” before he reached
its conclusion.

“Here, boys!—here’s long life to the
fairies, and may they live until there’s
nobody to bury them! And any one that
won’t drink that toast, may be he’ll be yet
in a place that will be so hot he can light
his pipe with the tip of his finger. Well,
there’s no use in talking, but it’s the fairies
that have been the real friends to me.
And how do you think that happened?
Why, thin, I’ll tell yees. Though I’m this
day a mighty quare looking withered ould
man, with no more strength in my arm
than a sally-switch, I remember the time
when I was the first hand in the county at
a hurling match; and as to an alpen,
who was equal to myself in clearing a
fair-green, or knocking saucepans out of a
market?—but no matter!

“You see, it so happened at one time,
that some how or another, I was in such
thundering good spirits, that I got into as
big a fight as ever a regiment of soldiers
was called out to quell, and—that’s all I
know about it, only that when I wakened
the next morning, what was the news, do
you think, they had for me?—that I had
killed one of the Ryans—by the powers!
no less than Mick Ryan, a dacent boy he
was—and the very last that I remember
drinking with the night before—but then,
you know, what would be the use in telling
me a lie; as they said it, I suppose I did
it—and mighty sorry I am for it, though
whether it is true or not, from that day to
this, may this whiskey be poison to me if
I know. Howsoever, as I hard (heard)
it was I that knocked the puff out of Mick,
and that the police were after me, why,
what could I do, but be on the run? And
the dicken’s own long run it was, for I
made off to England. Well, I won’t stay
to tell you what an unnatural sort of people
the English are—may be I’ll do that
another time—but all I’ll say is this, the
people where I was, that’s Liverpool, call
themselves the English; but I’m ready to
make my affidavit this very minute, that it
isn’t the English they talk at all at all,
but a most unnatural sort of bog-Latin-
English, that I couldn’t give you an idea
of what it is like, unless I was to try to
talk with a potato stuck upon one side of
my mouth, and a lump of cheese crammed
into the other. Now what do you think I
did with myself there? My dears, I had always a mighty great pension (as the French say) for physics—and I hired myself out to a horse-doctor; and I learned more from him in the way of bleeding, and dozing, and blistering, than if I had been seven years in a pottercarrier's shop—indeed, since I began to be a fairy man, I never give for a Christian any other kind of a cure than what I'd order for a horse—and why not? Sure, from the care they take of their horses in England, the fine houses to shelter them from the rain, the good food, and plenty of it to fill their stomachs, and the clean straw, and the cozy beds for them to sleep on at night, an English horse must be a far more tender animal than a poor Irishman, and what is good for the one, ought in due reason to be more than good for the other.

"Sure and sartin I am that I'd never have left England (though they have nothing like the real drop in it) to turn fairy man in Ireland, only that I never could stir out of the master's, that I wouldn't see Mick Ryan's name and my own pasted up upon every street. Now, I didn't like that at all; but I kept never minding it, until one day that I was busy shoeing a horse, in walked two mighty ordinary, deceitful looking men; and I thought I saw the butt-end of a pair of handcuffs peeping out of one of their pockets. Over straight they walked to me, and says one of them to me,

"Do you know one Tom Russell, honest man?"

"Well," says I, "though it's not in the regard of honesty you're looking after him."

"Can you show us to him?"

"Oh! thought I, it's the holy show you want to make of him. 'Then,' says I, 'what will you give me?"

"More than you can carry."

"Ay, faith, if I were to tell the truth (thinking of the handcuffs), it's you that would, and more than I'd wish to carry. I'd surely have my hands full, at all events.' "Well," said I, aloud to them, 'if you only stop until I shoe this horse, I'll bring Tom Russell to you.'

"'Ay, but we are in a hurry.'

"'Faith,' answers I, 'you must wait then until your hurry is over; for I'll never bring Tom Russell to yees, until I have done shoeing this horse. So, if you like, go and take a drop in that gin-shop over the way; and all I can say is, that if any thing could bring the same man to you, it would be the hope of getting a fine big drink. But mind, you're not to expect me until I shoe this horse.'

"And sure it was only the real fact I tould them; for I never finished shoeing the poor beast from that day to this. The very instant they turned their backs, I never stopped to ask the master for my week's wages—indeed, to the best of my opinion I had got in my pocket that morning more for him than would pay myself for a month, and I was in too great a hurry to stop and settle the account—but out I cut, and made my way back to poor old Ireland again, where, after all, one man that has killed another (by accident) has a far better chance of keeping out of the sight of that mighty unbecoming ornament, a judge's black cap, than he has in England.

"I kept wandering, and meandering, and not knowing where to go, like a dog in a fair, until one day I was passing through the Bothered Glen, that you all know is on the other side of Slievenaman, and lay down there on the side of the strame, as tired of myself as a tinker of his wallet."

Tom Russell here took a full glass of strong whiskey, as if for the purpose of giving a fillip to his imagination, and then proceeded.

"As I had nothing else in the world to do, I kept looking at the clear strame that was bawlin' and brawlin' about my ears, as noisy and as furious as a schoolmaster in a passion, and gazing down at the little pebbles that the water had made as smooth as marbles, when what should I see lying in the middle of them but a great big white cockle-shell. 'Arrah, then,' says I, putting my hand down in the strame, 'what in the world brought a cockle-shell, may be all the way from Bonmahon, to lie down here in the Bothered Glen?'

"With that I took it, cleaned it in the end of my cravat, and as I had no other means of divartin' myself, I put it down on the strame again, to see if it could swim.

"May be I wasn't surprised when I saw it sail away beautifully, rising up and down so ilgantly over the waves, just like a boat in a rough sea, and exactly as if there was somebody inside of it tacking about hither and thither, to keep from the big stones in the middle of the brook, and that if it hit against one of them wouldn't
THE FAIRY MAN.

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leave it fit for a pinkeen to look at. At long and at last, by the greatest seamanship it arrived at the other side, and hardly had it got there, when I heard a voice saying,

"Mightily obliged to you, Mister Russell. It's you that's a decent man, to take my boat out of the water, clean it for me, and enable me to get over that dirty bit of water. It's five hundred and fifty-five thousand years, nine months, fourteen days, six hours, forty-five minutes, and twenty seconds, that myself and my shell have been lyin' there; and though many a one has seen the distress I was in, there was nobody but yourself ever thought of helpin' me. Beyond money, or the eatin' and the drinkin', ask me for what you like, and I'll give it to you."

"Then faith, your honour, these are just the very things I would like to have; but sure you can save me from being caught in the regard of Mick Ryan?"

"Make yourself easy, Tom," says the voice, "for from this day out they might as well try to lay hold of a sunbeam, as place their unnatural paws upon you."

"And may be," says I, "your glory would tell me how to make money yet?"

"Yes," says the voice, "as sure as you've a nose on your face, and how to get it in the lottery, too; and it's this way—"

"What way?" asked the talkative Mary Walsh.

"Bother!" replied the fairy man, "I'm not so drunk yet, that I'm going to tell you all my secrets. But listen to our discourse, and if you can't stop talking any other way, put a pewter mug on your countenance, and never cease drinkin'."

"Then please your magnificence," said I to the voice, "how am I to make out my livin' while I am waitin' for my own ticket to be drawn?"

"Turn fairy-doctor," said he, "and I'll stand to you like a brother."

"And where will I settle?" says I.

"Where they'll ask you for no rint," says he.

"Ah! then, where's that?"

"On the top of Slievenaman, where you'll be above all the landlords in the county."

"Thank your honour," I said; "but now, may be you'd let me look at you, bekase I never seen a fairy?"

"Troth, and Tom," says he, "I don't like doin' that same, as I have been so long down there, that I am really nothing better than in my dissy-bill."

"If you aren't shaved, you're well washed any how," observed myself, "you've been so long in the strame. But don't be ashamed to let us see you, for I'm not the prettiest object to look at either, no more nor your highness."

"Well, here I am for you," he said.

"Where?" said I.

"Here!"

"Ah! then is it holdin' me out you are; for the never a thing I see but the cockle-shell, and nothing in it?"

"What a beast you must be, not to see me!"

"Faith, if you wor the size of a midge itself, I couldn't but re-cog-nise you," I bawled out, and touchin' him up with a big word, just to show him, as he was goin' to make a doctor of me, I had some larnin'.

"Well," said he, "if you want to diskiyer me, just look at the prasha-buic right fornest you, and you'll see me sitting on the top blossom of it."

"That I may never have a noggin of buttermilk or a salt herrin' with my pratties, but there he was, sure enough, and a fine-looking ould gentleman, too, dressed out all in blue and gold, like a grand admiral, although not one-tenth the size of the yellow caterpillar that was feedin' by the side of him."

"The divil a much your honour will ever pay for coach-hire," says I, "if it's no bigger nor that you intend to grow."

"None of your nonsense, Tom," he replied, getting in a passion, "what do I want with coches, when I can get on a butterfly's back any day? or if the worst goes to the worst, straddle across a thistle-down, that would carry me from this to Dingledy cooch while you'd be sayin' your prayers?"

"Faith, and that wouldn't take you a long time, surely; but now, would your reverence do one thing for me?"

"Well, whatever you have to say, say it quick," said he, "for I want to go home and see the family."

"A family!" cried I, whistlin' out with wonder; "ah, then, has a creature like you a family?"

"By dad, I have twenty-five sons, and forty-eight daughters; and I'll say it, Tom, that oughtn't to say it, there's not a finer family in the fort."
"'Are they all as tall as yourself?'

"'No, not all,' he replied, drawing himself up on the top of the prashna-baie, until he looked almost as tall as a minikin pin.

"'Then may be your honour would let me see them?'

"'Yes, and a hundred thousand welcomes,' said he; 'only when you get to the Fort, don't taste a bit, or sup, or out of it you'll never get.'

"'That's mighty hard, your worship; but I'll mind what you say.'

"'Now,' he remarked, 'when I hould up my little finger, do you wish to be at the Fort, and you'll find yourself there.'

"As to his little finger, there was no more seeing than if he had desired me to make out a little finger on a spider; but seeing him lift up his almost invisible arm, I wished to be at the Fort, and sure enough there I was, standing opposite a lovely green hillock, that every one knows to be the fairies' most, and is on the high road between Foulkes's-mill and the town of Wexford. I was never more con-fus-ca-led with astonishment in all my born days; but for the little chap I was talking to, I was quite sure, was a Tipperary fairy, and not one that would come all the way from Wexford to be drowned for so many years in the Bothered Glen. All I could see was a fairy fort before me. The little admiral had disappeared, but then such screeching, and shouting, and laughing as I could hear under the green grass, and cries of 'He's back again! he's back again!'—that it was like nothing in the world but the yelpin' and squirlin' of a parcel of terriers, when a big rat-hole is opened for them. At last, what should I see open but a door in the side of a hillock, and out walks a little, cranky, ill-conditioned, very terribly out of the way ould man, and he comes up to me, and says—

"'Tom Russell, cut your stick—disperse—be off, for this is chanted ground, and every word you've been saying is nothing but raumash—plain, naked, unmeaning, disgustin', abominable, nonsensical blather-umskite—'

Tom Russell fell on the floor dead drunk.

THE LACE CAP.

A COMMERCIAL STORY.

Under the influence of a religion which was in the first instance promulgated to the poor of the earth, and is profess-edly intended to make but one family of the human race, setting all distinctions at defiance, it is astonishing how ignorant the various classes, which poverty and riches have placed in different circumstances, are of each other.

But the most remarkable feature in this state of things is, that those who claim to themselves almost the whole of human knowledge, have a smaller glimmering of the condition of the poor, than the poor have of theirs.

The low are not necessarily unimaginative, and they have what may be called a better glimpse of that which they deem an earthly paradise, than the rich of them or of the arts they profess. Indeed, there is every obvious reason for this. To think of the affluent, although some envy may be excited, is yet like the regalement of a fairy tale; but to contemplate want and its concomitants, is to outrage all the finer feelings of the fastidiously delicate.

A friend of ours once sent a needle to a couple of young ladies, with an account, just then published, of the cost of human life in obtaining such articles; since a worker in fine steel requires extraordinary lungs to reach the age of forty, and the average of their lives, we believe, does not exceed thirty years. It would, perhaps, serve no other purpose than to render persons of great benevolence wretched, if they knew the price in health and morals which most of our luxuries, nay, even necessaries, cost.

The ingenious and philosophic among the benevolent, look forward to the removal of many evils, from which the operatives in the laborious arts of life at present suffer so much as to render existence worthless; and in that of steel-polishing, the invention of the magnetic mask, which arrests the fine dust in its progress to the lungs, is one example of what may be done. But as a
reverse to this, the affluent, or, what is often a more applicable term, "the genteel idle," have very little knowledge of the state of masters whom perchance they hear talked of by their designation in trade. The whole, according to their views, are sunk down into "low vulgar wretches," fit only to minister to the magnates of the earth.

An intimate friend of ours, a printer, met at a party one evening, about thirty years ago, a French marchioness. She had no carriage, and it was his lot to see her home. She had been greatly fascinated by his manners; and as they walked along, she asked him, in her quaint foreign mode, to what order of the nobility he belonged? He knew, that if she found she leant on the arm of a tradesman, that she would rather walk the streets alone than be subjected to such a disgrace. He paused for a moment, and then said, "Do you ever read the newspapers?!"

"O, yes! I do passionately love news."

"Well, then, you never probably noticed at the head of book advertisements, 'elegantly printed by B——?'

"I have observed it very often."

"I am that B——."

The manner of the announcement we must suppose carried a charm in it, for she pursued her way not less delighted than before. How different, had he uttered the homely words, "I am a printer!" Such is the force of habit.

When a young lady has her chintz frock thrown over her head, and wondering by what art it has so smooth a surface, is informed that it is calendared,—should she outrage her delicacy by thinking for one moment on the creatures who, in Scripture phrase, live by "the sweat of their brow," she will behold in her mind's eye nothing better than hard-working men.

In the house which we at present occupy, there once lived a person by profession a calenderer: that is, one who gives the last touch to various articles of clothing. His name was Percy—his extraction English—and his wife, a pretty, gentle, and somewhat over ideal person, was a native of Inverness, called by its inhabitants the capital of the Highlands. Mr. Percy, like the bulk of Glasgow commercialists, began business on credit, the exact amount of which we do not know. On such a foundation, fallacious though it be, a man may contrive, if he have talent and ambition, with conscience and caution in the inverse ratio, to fail in a few years for thirty or forty thousand pounds. Mr. Percy was naturally not deficient in either prudence or good principles; but he caught the contagious spirit of speculation, and was hurried into the vortex of commercial gaming before he suspected that a gulf lay before him. With the exception of one little vanity, and one nice relish, he had no turn whatever for undue indulgence.

His vanity was in fine crystal, and his relish was for good wines. His wife had brought him as much money as furnished their house of seven apartments in a neat, comfortable style. On an evil day, three or four years after their marriage, he went by accident into a saleroom, where he bade for some beautiful crystal, which, either from a paucity of bidders, or else from its rare beauty making each afraid to offer, fell into his hands at a very low rate.

Hitherto he had indulged moderately in port and sherry, and that in a quiet way; but now he must have guests less familiar than his old acquaintances to see the valuable acquisition he had made; and as he must exhibit all his decanters, &c., a variety of wines was necessary. He found, too, that the set, beautiful as it was, wanted many pieces to render it complete; and Mrs. Percy hinted that the dining-room furniture and table-service were scarcely handsome enough for the crystal. He offered no affirmative to this, and she never pressed any point to which he was averse. Time went on, and although Mrs. Percy continued alive to the inconsistency she had pointed out, she abstained from any addition to their furniture, excepting new window-curtains and table-covers for the drawing-room, which she purchased (without applying to her husband) with a small legacy left her by a distant cousin.

One day he expected a dinner-party. It was winter. The lights were arranged, the crystals sparkled, and beneath the wine-decanters were memoranda of each vintage,—for on this point he was ostentatious. His wife was surveying the board, and giving directions to a servant, when Mr. Percy entered, and, in a hurried manner quite unusual to him, removed the most remarkable of his favourites, and, without assigning any cause, desired his wife to put down the original set, and no other wines than port and sherry. He was instantly obeyed, for she never disputed his commands;
and having made the new arrangements, she went to the drawing-room, where three or four gentlemen and ladies already awaited her.

She could not have told why, but she felt discomposed; and looking anxiously at her husband, she fancied that he was unhappy.

"You are surely later than usual to-day, Percy?" said a friend.

"Rather!" was the brief reply.

The door just then opened, and an invited guest, accompanied by a stranger, entered. The latter was introduced as a Mr. Wilkins. "And now," said Mr. Percy, "you may ring for dinner."

The stranger was a man not unlike the late Mr. Cobbett, but rather slighter, and somewhat shorter. He seemed quite as taciturn as his host. Without paying much attention to the company, he placed his hands behind his back, and planting himself before the fire, surveyed the room on all sides. The window-curtains were of scarlet, and were finished round the edge with a trimming strongly resembling gold lace; the card-table covers were in the same style. Mr. Wilkins looked for a minute or two at these four articles of furniture, and then stepping to the nearest window, examined the gold-looking border. It might have puzzled a physiognomist to tell whether his host and hostess rose or fell in his esteem by the discovery that they had been guilty of mere imitation. This rude scrutiny was just closed when dinner was announced, and the ladies were led off in due form.

Let us figure a stranger to commerce and its results set down at a dinner party in the midst of ten or twelve gentlemen, all residents of a trading town, and all in business; and let him guess, if he can, what his feelings would be if some one whispered to him that, with the exception of two or three, all the persons at this table hang on each other. Let one of them stop payment to-morrow, and the situation of the whole is not more stable than the card-house of a child, which he can overthrow with his breath, or a filip of his slender finger! Yet you observe they are all very comfortable;—see how the wine circulates, and the joke goes round! After tea you will have tolerable music, and the genteel slow dance or the German waltz, while the poor wives have not the most remote guess—it must be concealed like murder, for credit's sake—of the ruin which is ready to overwhelm them; whilst the children are bringing up in ease and affluence, possibly taught to look with contempt upon their governess, and to consider a poor dress-maker fit only for their service. When such things were new to us, our blood would run cold and our flesh creep by the contemplation of what to green experience seemed scarcely a better life than that led in a bandit's cave.

Mr. Wilkins placed himself on the right hand of Mrs. Percy, and, if a constant stare could have gratified that love of notice which all possess, she might have been elated. But his unwavering gaze produced a contrary effect, and at last she asked a lady on her left if there was anything wrong about her head!

"No," said the other; "I never saw you look so beautiful; but indeed that cap would make even an ugly woman pretty."

This compliment brought no relief to Mrs. Percy, and in vain she looked at her husband, in whose calm quiet eye she had always hitherto found, if not absolute reciprocation, a sort of negative approval. But it now met hers with severity in the glance, and his whole manner was as much changed as the aspect of his table. The guests caught the infection. Some thought the host and hostess unkind; some were outraged by having only port and sherry, and others affronted by the absence of the best crystal. The ladies soon withdrew, and they had scarcely swallowed their tea or coffee when each was summoned by her spouse or other male friend to depart. Mrs. Percy's heart sank lower and lower. She looked around her empty drawing-room, and felt as if birds of evil omen were perched in every corner. Desperation worked up to the last pitch has sometimes a slow and fearful composure about it, especially in persons of Mr. Percy's temperament. He deliberately put aside the wine, &c. &c., extinguished superfluous lights, and joined his perturbed wife.

There was an abruptness in Mr. Percy's step which seemed strangely at variance with his other moods. This his wife, who admired him in all things, ascribed to a repressed buoyancy of disposition. On this night, however, as he proceeded to the drawing-room, there was a heaviness in his foot-fall which sounded in her ear like the prelude of death. Her attention was strongly awakened, and she observed the expression of her husband's eye with an
acuteness which even her lively regard for him had never before brought into action. There was despair in his look. He stood before her, and with a manner and tone to which she was an entire stranger, said, "What did that cap cost?"
"My cap!"
"Yes, your cap."
"You know I bought it, and the drawing-room curtains and table-cover, with the little legacy I got. I offered you the money and you bade me spend it as I pleased."
"I do know all that, and the devil inspired me when I trusted a woman with discretionary power. I repeat, what did it cost?"
"Cost!" said she, and her lips became livid.
"Yes, cost—are you ashamed to tell?"
"I am ashamed to tell, though it is the only extravagant action of my whole life. But you seemed particular about this day's party, and I knew that you would have out—"
"Name them not! I would smash them to atoms, that they might not appear at our sale; but every one knows of them, and would say they are secreted."
"Our sale!"
"Yes, our sale. I shall be a beggar in two weeks, and it is all owing to that cursed cap. The man Wilkins began life with five shillings. He never borrowed a penny since he drew breath. He has realised, in the lace trade, a moderate competency, and, being greedy of interest, he lent me five hundred pounds. It was Mr. Barnes who recommended me to him as a safe person. Having come to-day to town on business, and intending to dine with Barnes, the latter told him of his engagement here, when Mr. Wilkins volunteered to accompany him. I received a note just before dinner, informing me of this addition to our party; and having lately heard something of the man's character, I hurried home to withdraw from the table every thing which would most palpably excite a suspicion of extravagance. A ten shilling cap, with a tinsel flower, would have had more show than that lace,—and it never struck me as any thing extraordinary; but as I watched him narrowly, I saw that after the survey of our furniture, your head dress attracted his notice. To-morrow he will call upon me for his money—I know it—the matter will take air—I know that also. There will be an immediate run upon me—and in two weeks myself and six others will be ruined men. We may after a time"—his wife's eyes closed, and she fell back in a deep swoon. He rang for assistance; the usual remedies were resorted to—life seemed extinct—his impending ruin now appeared a profane interest, and one beam of her soft blue eyes would have been more to him than the wealth of Peru.
"Oh! that she would open her eyes, and look once more on the unreasonable wretch who has murdered her!"—was his repeated exclamation, heedless of the surrounding domestics, who were ready to repeat all that passed. She did at last open her eyes, but the last half hour, with the preceding suspense and excitement, had made a fearful change. She no longer recognised any object, and had become a mere laughing idiot.

Mr. Percy's grief and consternation were beyond description. He sent for medical aid, and she was with difficulty thrown into a slumber. He passed the night by her bedside, and listened in horror to the occasional bursts of laughter which her sleep was not profound enough to prevent. Morning brought him no relief; she awoke to renewed and idiotic mirth.

He wrote to a friend, saying that he could not leave home as Mrs. Percy had taken suddenly ill, and that he required the accommodation of 500l. by eleven o'clock, A. M. All was yet safe, and the money was sent. As Mr. Percy expected, Mr. Wilkins called at his place of business, and was referred to his house, where he stated an immediate occasion for the money, as he had heard of a profitable investment. The money was paid. Mr. Wilkins told the occurrence and its cause to a confidential friend, who told it under a promise of strict secrecy to another, until it was carried, in pure friendship, to those who had it in their power to give Mr. Percy immediate annoyance. In a very short time after the dinner to which we introduced our readers, and which is no invention of a tale writer, he was a bankrupt, and, as he had predicted, five or six others followed in his train. Within three months, Mrs. Percy's diseased mirth was worn out, and she sank into moping idiocy, and in as many more, was carried off by rapid consumption.

Mr. Percy had no friends on the spot; his creditors, to whom in his wretched state, he could offer no palliatives, were
his enemies; and his partners in the deep game of bills reproached him, and yet more, his poor wife, with having hastened their destruction, and with having prevented the execution of new schemes which they were sure would have told well. He was thus left to the tender mercies of his own bitter feelings, with no one to tear him away for an occasional half hour's air and exercise. The physician's visits were few, and perhaps he was not aware that the husband never left the sick room, excepting to go through the forms of bankruptcy.

Her relations had, in the interval, carried off the children, adding the bitterness of reproach to his other evils. In this forlorn and deserted condition, his mind became nearly as imbecile as that of his wife, and after she was no more, all other recollection was swallowed up in—that of her strange unnatural laugh—in that of the poor helpless idiot—and finally in that of the deep cough, and hollow hectic check. An account of his miserable condition reached the ears of his English friends, who had him removed to a well-managed asylum, in one of the middle counties of England. Our knowledge of him here closes, and the only mercy which he could now taste of, is utter oblivion of the past.

A. G. R.

MEREWORTH CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE BARONESS LE DESPENCER.

Mereworth gave name to an ancient family, of whom, Sir William de Mereworth was with Richard Coeur de Lion at the siege of Acre. It afterwards passed, by females, through the Fitzalan, Beauchamp, and Neville families, to the Fanes; and from them, by bequest, to Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart., of High Wycom, late Lord Le Despencer, with remainder to Sir Thomas Stapleton, Bart., who since succeeded to the title of Baron Le Despencer, and whose granddaughter and heiress is now the owner of this fine district.

The splendid residence of this lady, called Mereworth Castle, was erected by the late Mildmay Fane, eighth Earl of Westmoreland, after a design by Colin Campbell, from a beautiful building by Palladio, but better adapted, perhaps, for the climate of Italy than that of England. Though termed a castle, it cannot lay the least claim, or set up the slightest pretension, to that appellation, except from the circumstance of its having been built on the site of an ancient embattled mansion, the old moat of which still surrounds the present fabric.

It consists of a centre, and two wings for offices, of equal elegance. That in which the stables are, stands on the spot formerly occupied by the parish church, which was pulled down by the earl, who had a new one erected in the middle of the village.

The principal part is towards the north. The entrance opens under a portico, ascended by a grand flight of steps. The great hall, from which all the principal apartments diverge, is lighted by a dome and cupola, between the walls of which the flames are carried up. The rooms are in general small, but are fitted up in a very costly manner, and contain many pictures, some of them of great merit.

Behind the house, the ground rises into small hills, forming a sort of amphitheatre, being embellished with plantations and prospect rooms. In front is a broad sheet of water, which has been expanded from a small rill that rises at a short distance westward, and flows into the Medway near Bow Bridge. The parsonage house, which, like the church, was re-built by the earl, is a handsome edifice, and forms a pleasing object from the castle. Through the Hurstwoods, which, extending to the north-east, cover an area of several miles, his lordship also had an avenue cut at great expense, and three miles in length, to communicate with the London road near Wrotham. In these woods, which abound with oak, and are partly within the woold, were wild swine as lately as the reign of Elizabeth; and among the quarry hills
here the marten cat is still occasionally seen.

The church is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and was consecrated in August, 1746. It is built on the plan of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, designed by Inigo Jones; but is more splendid, and has an elegant spire. There are no pews in this church, but seats, as on the continent. The pillars are painted in imitation of marble. The east window contains some very fine painted glass, brought from the old castle, and exhibiting the arms and alliances of the earls of Westmoreland. In a chapel at the west end were re-interred the remains of the Fanes, removed, with their costly monuments, from the old church.

The lineage of the Le Despencers is as ancient and honourable as that of any family in the whole range of the English nobility. It is one of the old baronies created by writ of summons, and which, being heritable through the female as well as the male line, pass at different periods into different families.

Robert Le Despencer was Steward to William the Conqueror, and one of his Barons, as is fully manifest from authentic records; also, that his posterity were denominated from the said office of Despencer (i.e. steward), is testified by Camden, in his discourse on surnames, who mentions the Spencers to be descended from the De-

spencers, the De (when surnames were fully introduced) being omitted for brevity, as by innumerable instances in other families might be proved.

In the year 1414, Isabel Le Despencer was the surviving heiress, to whom the title had descended in an unbroken line from the first Baron. She married Sir Richard Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny and Earl of Worcester, by whom she was mother of Elizabeth Beauchamp, wife of Edward Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

In the year 1589, Mary Neville was the sole surviving heiress. This lady married Sir Thomas Fane, by whom she was mother of Francis Fane, Lord Le Despencer, who was created Earl of Westmoreland.

The seventh earl dying without issue, the title fell into abeyance, between the heirs of his lordship's sisters, Mary, wife of Sir Francis Dashwood, Bart., and Catherine, lady of William Paul, Esq.; but the crown terminated the abeyance, in 1763, in favour of Sir Francis Dashwood, who died without issue, when the barony again fell into abeyance, again to be terminated in favour of Thomas, grandson of Catherine Paul, who had married William Stapleton, Esq., afterwards created a baronet.

From this Sir Thomas Stapleton, the present Baroness Le Despencer is descended.

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THE VILLAGE BELL.

I love to hear the chimes
Of the church in yonder vale,
Around whose tower the ivy climbs,
And the churchyard's humble pale.
Oh! how I love to see
The anxious rustics crowding there,
Beside the lonely cypress tree,
At the solemn hour of prayer.

I love to hear the song
Of the hind, at close of day,
As he drives his weary team along
To the merry roundelay;
And when the Sabbath chime
Sends its far summon o'er the lea,
Before his God, unstained by crime,
To see him bend the knee.

Epsilon.
THE COURT.

We are happy to repeat our usual statement, that the good health of his Majesty continues to be uninterrupted. We regret that we are not so fortunate in our report of the Queen, who, shortly after our last number went to press, was afflicted with a severe indisposition. By the beneficial effect of retirement at Windsor, and the skill of the medical attendants, her Majesty was so much recovered as to be able to ride out with the King on the 12th ultimo. His Majesty has held his usual weekly levees; and on the 16th, gave a grand banquet to the Knights of the Bath, at Windsor Castle. On the 19th, the Queen honoured the King’s Theatre with her presence; and on the 21st, her Majesty held a Drawing-Room at St. James’s Palace, at which the following ladies had the honour of being presented:

The Countess of Burlington, by Mrs. Cavendish; Lady Paul, on her marriage, by the Countess of Verulam; Duchess of Beaufort, by Lady Harriet Mitchell; Lady Stratheden, on being created a peeress, by Lady Cavdar; Lady Fletcher, on her marriage, by Lady M. Monck; Hon. Mrs. Bligh, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Lady Arbuthnot, by Lady Christie; Hon. Mrs. Roos, on her marriage, by the Countess of Stradbroke; Hon. Mrs. Every, by the Dowager Lady Blackett; Miss W. Curtis, by her mother, Lady Curtis; Miss M. Hawkins, by her aunt, Lady H. Whitshed; Mrs. F. Kelly, by Lady Mackenzie of Kiloey; Mrs. J. Birch, by Mrs. W. Canning; Mrs. H. Coape, on her marriage, by the Hon. Lady King; Mrs. H. Tuffnell, by Lady Byron; Miss J. Erskine, by her mother, Mrs. Erskine; Miss G. Erskine, by her mother, Mrs. Erskine; Miss Johnson, by Lady M. Wynyard; Miss Prince, by her mother, Mrs. H. C. Hoare; Miss Coape, by the Hon. Lady King; Miss C. Coape, by the Hon. Lady King; Miss Napier, by her mother, Lady Paul; Lady S. Tower, on her marriage, by Countess Brownlow; Countess of Kilmorey, by Lady Anna Maria Cust; Lady Mackenzie of Kiloey, by the Hon. Mrs. S. Mackenzie; Countess of Winterton, by Lady Countess of Winterton; Mrs. Colyer Dawkins, on taking the name of Colyear, by Lady Campbell; Mrs. W. D’Urban, by Lady Y. Buller; Mrs. Wedderburn, on her marriage, by Lady Dunsany; Mrs. C. Wyndham, on her marriage, by the Countess of Denbigh; Mrs. Palmer, on her marriage, by Mrs. Gore Browne; Mrs. Barton, by Lady Montford; Mrs. Long, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Mrs. Affleck, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. P. Bouvierie; Mrs. F. Grant, by Lady Elizabeth Drummond; Mrs. Nassau Sutton, by Lady Manners; Mrs. Lambert, by Mrs. Williams Wynn; Miss Malcolm, by the Duchess of Northumberland; Miss Portal, by her mother, Mrs. J. Portal; Miss E. St. John, by the Hon. Mrs. F. St. John; Miss Prendergast, by her mother, Mrs. J. L. Prendergast; Miss H. Oliver, by the Countess of Winterton; Mrs. H. Lambton, by the Countess of Lisowel; Mrs. Palmer, by Lady Christie; Miss Wauchope, by Mrs. Wauchope; Miss A. Meade, by the Hon. Mrs. Meade; Mrs. A. Caldwell, by Lady Hampson; Miss Methuen, by Mrs. Methuen; Mrs. Sutton, by Mrs. N. Sutton; Miss J. Sutton, by Mrs. N. Sutton; Miss Tither, by the Hon. Mrs. Stopford; Miss M. Bouvierie, by the Hon. Mrs. P. Bouvierie; Miss G. Bagot; Miss H. Beauchler.

On the same evening, her Majesty visited Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Balle’s opera of the siege of Rochelle, performed for the benefit of Mr. Cooper.
LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.


Though the style of these essays is rough and defective, the matter is sound, sensible, and interesting. They are evidently the work of a clever man, who has attentively and shrewdly observed men and things; and the subjects he has selected to treat, are of great general utility. We call the reader's particular attention to the essay on University education, a subject that has excited much attention of late years. The writer is himself a graduate of Oxford. We give the following extract from this essay, as containing strong arguments in favour of the position assumed by the writer.

A B.A. degree at Oxford (and we have yet to learn that at the sister university a higher amount of attainment is required, in fact, we believe Oxford has rather the advantage,) implies having passed a tolerable examination in two books in each classical language, (or certain portions, if the authors be of great bulk) in the rudiments of divinity and logic, for the latter of which five books of Euclid may be substituted. The successful candidate must likewise translate a portion of English prose, generally the Spectator or Rambler, into Latin prose, which does not outrageously violate the elementary rules of grammar.

But let us give a scheme of a pass-man's list of books.

Latin—a portion of Livy, or, if ambitious, a Treatise of Cicero, Horace's Odes and Ars Poetica.

Greek—Four plays of Sophocles, Euripides, or Eschylus; say Porson's volume of Euripides, an especial favourite, and what is called a volume of Herodotus, &c., the first four or last five books of his History.

Latin—Prose translation—divinity and logic.

This is literally all, and a Master's degree follows as a matter of course, on the lapse of a sufficient number of terms, and residing twenty-one days at college.

Now, what have we here?—the elements of divinity and logic, and about as much classical knowledge as a schoolboy of fourteen, with a little work in his history, would be competent to go through. This, then, is the ordeal through which candidates for ordination are necessitated to have passed; it includes also a residence of full three years (that is to say, half the actual year, or rather more, is spent at college). We shall hereafter consider how far this residence is likely to promote moral habits befitting the sacred profession; our present inquiry is to ascertain how far the literary attainments required bear on the proposed object. The result, we cannot hesitate to say, is most unsatisfactory; for the course we have mentioned is literally all that is required, if we except the certificate of having attended a course of lectures given by the divinity professor. Now, we think that the enforcing on those who enter the Church, a residence of three years at the nearest town in Europe, is prima facie a gross hardship on those who can often ill afford it. And we should expect a strong case to be made out by the advocate of the present system, as to counterbalancing advantages of this residence. Now, we have seen the amount of knowledge that is implied in a degree, and, except the rudiments of divinity, which might be acquired in three months, supposing, (which is not over creditable to our system of education, a young man of eighteen or twenty totally ignorant on the subject,) there is nothing that bears on the duties of the sacred profession.

Let us not be mistaken; we do not blame the University for not teaching what it cannot—the knowledge of men from observation, not from books; neither do we wish to underrate the advantages of classical attainments to the ministers of the Church, as educated gentlemen; all we say is, that we do not think these of such paramount importance as to necessitate a protracted residence at the University, waiving the possibility of their being elsewhere acquired.


This is the first number of a new periodical, which affords much piquant entertainment for the price of one shilling.


Three numbers of this magazine, the price of which is eightpence, and which contains thirty-two closely printed magazine pages, have already appeared. It is well and practically conducted by a clever man, and will, no doubt, do much towards removing those ignorant prejudices which render the English a prey to every impudent quack who chooses to advertise a pretended nostrum. We heartily wish Mr. Tilt success in this undertaking.
NEW MUSIC.

The Blind Mother. The poetry by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D. Sung with the greatest applause by Miss Kemble. Composed and dedicated to her, by E. Kellner. Platts.

The Blind Mother is one of the most beautiful and dramatic songs of our school. The character of the music is exquisitely original and appropriate, and it certainly produces a triumphant effect when sung by Miss Adelaide Kemble. The history of the words is some-

THE FLOWER-GIRL OF POMPEII.

BY MR. BULWER.

Buy my flowers,—O buy! I pray,
The blind girl comes from afar;
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!

Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her lap an hour ago,
With the air, which is her breath,
Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kissingers yet,
As their cheeks with tender tears are wet,
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps,
As morn and night her watch she keeps
With a yearning heart and passionate care.
I see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps
From the woe of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the woods rejoices;
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,
I stand by the stream of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the loved forms to see,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy, come buy!
Hark! how the sweet things sigh!
(For they have a voice like ours)

"The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the sad'ning roses,
We are tender, we are sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night;
From the grasp of the blind girl free us,
We yearn for the eye that sees us;
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day.
O buy, O buy these flowers!"

Gresham Prize Composition. Anthem, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Composed and dedicated by permission to the Queen, by Charles Lucas, Alfred Novello.

This composition does honour to native talent, and shows that the spirit of music has shed its influence over our land as well as over the more favoured climes which received it in its infancy, and nurtured it into manhood. Mr. Lucas is one of our most gifted professors. As a violoncellist, he is second to none in the country except the veteran Lindley; as a composer, he stands higher than almost any of his competitors. The work before us is a beautiful specimen of the pure church style, made up of severe but flowing counterpoint, and its melody divested of that harshness of outline and rigid formality which constitute the characteristics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and from which, of all the composers of that period, Handel alone in some degree emancipated himself. We earnestly call the attention of all lovers of classical music to this anthem.
FINE ARTS.

Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen.

We have just had placed before us a specimen of a work bearing the above title, the nature of which entitles it to a marked notice at our hands. The work is intended to comprise original portraits of the most distinguished living statesmen of what is called the "Conservative" party. With the political bearing of the work we have no concern, though we are decidedly of opinion that the less politics be allowed to interfere with art, the more the latter will flourish, and will deserve to flourish. But if the work now announced as on the eve of publication correspond in pictorial splendour and beauty with the specimen now before us, all we can say is, that we shall wish and predict it success, even though it were "Radical" in its tendency.

The specimen now handed to us is a portrait of Lord Lyndhurst, which is to form part of the first number, united with those of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Wharncliffe. It is executed with great force and spirit, and on a scale of splendour and importance that has not hitherto been ventured on in any similar publication. Yet the price (twelve shillings each part, containing three portraits) is not beyond that which has been fixed on works of much inferior grade and pretensions. Of course, our detailed remarks on this important and promising undertaking must be reserved till the appearance of the first part, which is promised early in May. But, in the meantime, we repeat that, if the forthcoming number correspond in merit with the specimen now issued, the work will deserve, and will command a higher degree of public patronage than has hitherto been accorded to any similar production.


This beautiful engraving, of which, in a former number, we had only space to acknowledge the receipt, seems to have received, and to continue receiving, the high patronage that it deserves. The composition of this picture is admirable. It abounds with the poetry of those scenes which bygone recollections associate in our memory with the palmy days of our existence. The groups of figures are extremely spirited. The weary soldier, and the young sportsman side by side, form one of the most striking parts of the picture. We feel our inability, from the small space allotted to us, to convey in an adequate manner the impression made upon us by this truly admirable production of art.

VARIETIES.

Diorama, Regent's Park.

The new picture now exhibiting at this establishment instead of the Campo Vaccino, is a most marvellous production. Surprised last year at the extraordinary effects produced in the representation of the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, we thought that art could go no further; but what we have just beheld far surpasses it. Let the reader imagine a representation by moonlight of the village of Alagna, situated at the head of the Val Sesia in Piedmont. The village is surrounded by peaked hills, and is seated on the margin of a placid lake, the gentle undulations of which are seen to change the reflection upon the water of the lights from the different houses. In the foreground is the chalet or mountain house of a wheelwright. The light of the forge is seen through the window strongly reflected upon some trunks of trees lying beneath it, crusted with snow. The smoke from the forge ascends through the chimney in a dense volume. The scene shows the motion of life and reality. The village lights are put out—the wind begins to whistle—the storm increases—the roaring of the avalanche is heard—the belfry is lighted up—the alarm-bell is rung—the danger increases—the darkness becomes intense—the avalanche falls. Daylight gradually begins to appear, the sun rises in all his glory, and discloses the scene of havoc. The village and lake are covered with snow, in the midst of which appears the top of the village spire. This beautiful picture, like the former, is the work of the Chevalier Bouton, an artist of very great celebrity on the continent, not only for his easel pictures of interiors, many of which are to be seen at the Luxembourg, at the Tuileries, at the Palace of Versailles, and at St. Cloud, but as the inventor of the Diorama. Since his departure from Paris, the Diorama in that city has lost its chief attraction, as M. Daguerre, who now paints the pictures there, and who learnt his art from M. Bouton, is unable to
produce those very extraordinary effects which for the last two seasons have delighted the public of this metropolis. In making this observation, which we do from our own knowledge, it is for the purpose of replying to the assertions of some silly people, who, fancying nothing in their own country original or perfect, attempt to decry everything they see, and have stupidly reported that M. Bouton's picture of Santa Croce was only a copy of one exhibited at Paris. We know this to be false, and we think it an act of common justice to M. Bouton to put the public on their guard against such unfounded assertions, which, however, are rather attributable to ignorance than to malevolence.

FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

As we intend in our next number to give a full account of this festival, accompanied with a critique raisonnee, we shall merely state at present that it went off admirably, and that it has proved a complete triumph to Sir George Smart, whom we have followed step by step, and who has shown a skill and judgment in getting it up, as well as in conducting it, that does honour to native art.

CONCERTS.

In our account of the concerts of the month, our space will not allow us to particularise. They have been so numerous, that to give the notice of them which they deserve, would occupy the whole of our present number. We can therefore do little more than offer a list of them.

THE PHILHARMONIC.—The fourth of these concerts took place on Monday, April 11. It opened with Spohr's beautiful sinfonia in D, composed expressly for the society. Mr. Balfesung "Pace ardentii," from Euryanthe. Again was the choice injudicious. Mr. Balfesung, as he always sings, delightfully; but the orchestra, as usual, accompanied him fortissimo. This mode of accompaniment is really a disgrace to the first musical society in Europe. Mrs. Alfred Shaw was delightful in "Make haste to deliver me," accompanied by Mr. Willman on his new instrument, the clarone, of which, in a future number, we purpose giving a particular account. The trio of Corelli, performed on two violoncellos and double bass by Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Dragonetti, should now be changed for another. Did Corelli write but the one violin trio which these gentlemen can play, capable of being played on violoncellos?

The fifth concert opened with a sinfonia by Lachner, performed for the first time, but which ought not to have been performed at all. It was nothing better than an amalgamation of overtures to melodramas and pantomimes, and was really not deserving of the honour done to it by the Philharmonic society. The chief attraction of the evening was a violin concerto by M. Lipinski, the famous Polish violinist. The music of this gentleman is but indifferent; but his playing is full of poetry and warmth. His tone is weak, and of a peculiar kind; it sounds as if there was a mute upon the instrument. The mechanical execution is great, and the whole perfectly in tune; but M. Lipinski can never rival in force and vigour our favourite, de Beriot. At this concert, Miss Birch sang remarkably well Cherubini's "Ave Maria," and Mrs. Bishop gave with great effect and feeling "Ah perdido," by Beethoven.

ITALO AUGUSTO SAGRINIs CONCERT.—Hitherto Italo Sagrini has been known only as a guitar player, but at this concert he made his first appearance before the public as a pianist. He is now thirteen years of age, and his progress within the last two years has been immense. He played, on the guitar, a duet with his father, and a Polacca alone; displaying considerable skill on this difficult and ungrateful instrument; but his chief power was evinced in a grand concerto on the piano, by Hummel, which he gave with great energy and effect. We were also delighted with the violin solo of Madame Filipowicz, and with the duet between Signor Brizzi and Gabrieli. Master Sagrini's next concert will take place on the 10th May.

MR. HENRY J. BANSTEY'S CONCERT.—This was one of those beautiful classical concerts which the public are now beginning to relish. Onslow's quartet in A minor went beautifully, so did Corelli's trio. Mrs. Shaw sang exquisitely Haydn's "She never told her love." QUARTET CONCERTS, BY MESSRS. BLAGROVE, GATTHE, DANDO AND LUCAS.—These four gentlemen have achieved a triumph never before thought possible in this country. They have perfectly understood and played Beethoven's posthumous quartets, which they have enabled their audience to comprehend, with all the poetry these pieces contain, and which, as here given, were clear, simple, full of pathos and exquisite feeling. When we say simple, we mean that we must the most complicated harmonies and passages were so correctly given, that they appeared to flow without an effort. M. Mori, at his classical concerts, tried only part of one and failed. The young professors have triumphed over the old, and in all that relates to mind, feeling, and more particularly refinement of intellect, M. Mori, who has long borne away the palm as a British violinist, will be forced to yield to the power which young Blagrove is now assuming, because Nature has given him something more than mechanism; it has thrown over him the mantle of genius, and he wears it worthily.
EMMA CAROLINE, LADY STANLEY, is the younger daughter of Edward Bootle Wilbraham, present Lord Skelmersdale, and wife of the Right Honourable Edward Geoffrey, Lord Stanley.

SIR RICHARD DE WILBURGHAM, LORD OF WYMINCHAM, was sheriff of Cheshire in the 43rd of Henry III. He married, first, Margery, daughter and co-heir of Warin Vernon, Baron of Shipbrook, by whom he had one son, who died issueless, and two daughters, eventually co-heirs of their mother, the wives of Richard de Lostock and of Robert de Winnington. He wedded, secondly, Letitia, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Venables of Kinderton, by whom he left, at his decease, in the reign of Edward I, a son and successor, WILLIAM DE WILBURGHAM, Lord of Radnor, who married twice, but had issue only by his first wife, Christiana, sister and co-heir of Richard Crealey. He was great-great-grandfather of THOMAS DE WILBURGHAM, of Radnor, who espoused Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Golborne, Lord of Woodhey, and thus acquired that manor.

By this lady he had issue,
1. Thomas.
2. RANDULPH, of whom presently.
3. William.
5. John.

The second son,

RANDULPH WILBURGHAM, Esq., who died 2nd March 1548, was grandfather of RICHARD WILBURGHAM, Esq., of Nantwich, born in 1528, who married, first, Eliza, daughter of Thomas Maisterson, Esq., and, secondly, Margaret, widow of Alexander Elerch, Esq. He died in 1612, leaving four sons, viz.,
1. RICHARD, barrister-at-law, and 11
common sergeant of the city of London, who married, in 1584, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Puleston, Lord Mayor of London, and dying in the lifetime of his father, 13th September 1601, left, with other issue, a son, Thomas, heir to his grandfather.

2. Roger, a lawyer of eminence, who was nominated, in 1600, a Master of the Court of Requests, having previously filled the office of Solicitor-General in Ireland. He died without male issue, in 1616.

3. Thomas, who married Anne Pyerson, and had issue.

4. Ralph, esquire of Chester and Flint, ancestor of the Wilbrahams of Dorfold.

Richard Wilbraham was succeeded by his grandson.

THOMAS WILBRAHAM, Esq., of Nantwich, who wedded, in 1619, Rachael, daughter and sole heiress of Joshua Clive, Esq., of Huxley, and was succeeded by his son.

ROGER WILBRAHAM, Esq., of Nantwich, born in 1623, a gallant adherent of royalty, and one of the intended Knights of the Royal Oak, his estate being valued at 1000l. per annum. He married Alice, daughter of Roger Wilbraham, Esq., of Dorfold, and by her (who died of grief for the loss of her two eldest sons) he had, with two daughters, Alice, wife of Ralph Wilbraham, Esq., of Dorfold, and Grace, wife of Sir Thomas Brooke of Norton, a son and successor.

Randle Wilbraham, Esq., of Nantwich, high sheriff of Cheshire in 1714, who married Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton, by Francesca Posthuma, daughter of Thomas, son of Sir Peter Legh, Knight-Banneret of Lyme, and had with other issue, a second son,


2. Randle, of whom presently.


1. Frances, married to William Wright, Esq., of Stockport.

2. Elizabeth, married to William Falconer, Esq., Recorder of Chester.

3. Mary, married to Thomas Chetham, Esq., of Mellor.

Mr. Wilbraham's second son, Randle Wilbraham, Esq., of Rode in Cheshire, LL.D., barrister-at-law, and deputy steward of the University of Oxford, married, in 1722, Dorothy, only daughter of Andrew Kenrick, Esq., and dying in 1770, left (with two daughters, Mary, married to Charles Gray, Esq., M.P. for Colchester, and Dorothea, to John Ford, Esq., barrister-at-law), a son and successor.

Richard Wilbraham, Esq., of Rode, M.P. for Chester, and high steward of Congleton, who wedded, in 1755, Mary, daughter and sole heiress of Robert Booth, Esq., of Lathom House, in the county of Lancaster, and assumed the additional surname of Booth, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the lady's uncle, Sir Thomas Booth, Knt., Chancellor to Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Mr. Wilbraham Booth died in 1796, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward Booth, Wilbraham, Esq., of Lathom House, who had a seat in the House of Commons from 1785 to 1828, when he was elevated to the Peerage, as Baron Skelmersdale of Skelmersdale. His lordship was born 7th March 1771, and married, 19th April 1796, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Bifrons in Kent, and has issue,


2. Edward, lieutenant and captain in the Coldstream Guards, born 22nd December 1807.

1. Mary Charlotte.

2. Emma Caroline.

The younger daughter, the Hon. Emma Caroline Wilbraham, whose portrait forms the subject of this month's illustration, was married, 31st May 1825, to the Right Hon. Edward Geoffrey Stanley, M.P., now Lord Stanley.
THE LANGUAGE OF GEMS.

BY FRANCES OSGOOD.

Fair Flora of late has become such a blue,
She has sent all her pretty dumb children to school;
And though strange it may seem, what I tell you is true,
Already they've learned French and English by rule.

Bud, blossom, and leaf, have been gifted with speech,
And eloquent lips breathing love in each tone,
Delighting such beautiful pupils to teach,
Have lent them a language as sweet as their own.

No more is the nightingale's serenade heard;
For Flora exclaims, as she flies through her bowers,
"It is softer than warble of fairy or bird!
'Tis the music of soul—the sweet language of flowers!"

No longer the lover impassioned bestows
The pearl or the ruby;—in Hope's sunny hours
He twines for his maiden a myrtle and rose—
'Tis the echo of Love, the pure language of flowers.

But the pearl and the ruby are sadly dismayed;
I saw a fair girl lay them lightly aside,
And blushingly wreath, in her hair's simple braid,
The white orange flower that betrayed her a bride;

And I fancied I heard the poor jewels bewail,
At least they changed countenance strangely, I'm sure;
For the pearl blushed with shame, and the ruby turned pale:—
Indeed 'twas too much for a stone to endure.

And I who had ever a passion for gems,
From the diamond's star-smile to the ruby's deep flame;
And who envy Kings only their bright diadems,
Resolved to defend them from undeserved shame.

What are jewels but flowers that never decay,
With a glow and a glory unfading as fair?
And why should not they speak their minds if they may?
There are "sermons in stones," as all sages declare.

And a wild "tongue of flame" wags in some of them too,
That would talk if you'd let it—so listen awhile;
They've a world of rich meaning in every bright hue—
A ray of pure knowledge in each sunny smile.

Then turn to the blossoms that never decay,—
Let the learned flowers talk to themselves on their stems,
Or prattle away with each other to-day;—
And listen with me to the Language of Gems.
The *Diamond* emblem of *Genius* would seem,
   In its glance, like the lightning, wild, fitful, divine —
Its point that can pierce, with a meteor-gleam,
   Its myriad colours — its shadow and shine.

And more in that magic, so dazzling and strange,
   Let it steal from Apollo but one sunny ray,
It will beam back a thousand that deepen and change,
   Till you’d fancy a rainbow within it at play.

Fair Truth’s azure eyes, that were lighted in heaven,
   Have brought to the *Sapphire* their smile from above,
And the rich glowing ray of the *Ruby* is given,
   To tell as it blushes of passionate Love.

The *Chrysolite*, clouded, and gloomy, and cold,
   Its dye from the dark brow of Jealousy steals,
But bright in the *Crystal*’s fair face we behold
   The image of Candour that nothing conceals.

Young Hope, like the spring, in her mantle of green,
   Comes robed in that colour, soft, pleasant and tender,
And lends to the *Emerald* light so serene,
   That the eye never wearies of watching its splendour.

The rosy *Cornelian* resembles the flush
   That faintly illumines a beautiful face,
And well in its lovely and tremulous blush
   May Fancy the emblem of Modesty trace.

While *Joy*’s golden smile in the *Topaz* is glowing,
   And Purity dwells in the delicate *Pearl*,
The *Opal* each moment new semblances showing,
   May shine on the breast of some changeable girl.

Serene as the *Turquoise*, Content ever calm,
   In her pure heart reflects heaven’s fairest hue bright,
While Beauty exulting in youth’s sunny charm,
   Beholds in the *Beryl* her image of light.

To the beaming *Carbuncle*, whose ray never dies,
   The rare gift of shining in darkness is given,
So Faith, with her fervent and shadowless eyes,
   Looks up, through Earth’s night-time of trouble, to *Heaven*.

There’s a stone — the *Asbestos* — that, flung in the flame,
   Unsullied comes forth with a colour more pure,
Thus shall *Virtue*, the victim of sorrow and shame,
   Refined by the trial, for ever endure.

Resplendent in purple, the *Amethyst* sparkling,
   On Pride’s flowing garments may hautishly glow,
While *Jet*, the lone mourning-gem, shadowed and darkling,
   And full of sad eloquence, whispers of Woe.

But thousands are burning beneath the dark wave,
   As *stars* through the tempest-cloud tremblingly smile,
Or wasting their wealth in some desolate cave,
   And talking perchance like the rest all the while.
THE ROBBER'S BRIDE.

Then wreath of the blossoms that never decay,
A chaplet, dear maiden, that fair brow above,
But within, wear their prototypes, purer than they.
Faith—Hope—Truth and Innocence—Modesty—Love.

And while in each jewel a lesson you see,
While one smiles approval—another condemns,
I'm sure you will listen, delighted with me,
To a language so true as the language of Gems!

THE ROBBER'S BRIDE.

A NUBIAN STORY. BY H. W. WOOLRYCH, ESQ.

"Tayeb, Tayeb; Naalak Tayeb?"
"Shedid ""Salam, Salam." Such were
the confused sounds of salutation which proceeded from two caravans meeting in
the deserts of Nubia. The Fakys or reli-
gious men alone pronounced the latter
greeting. One of these companies was
bound from Egypt to Sennaar, the other
also from the Black countries to Cairo, and
both were deeply bent upon commercial
speculations, the chief of which was the
traffic in slaves. We must follow in our
story the former caravan: a numerous body
of merchants with their camels and asses
groaning beneath drugs and perfumery,
and guarded by a sufficient complement
of armed Arabs. Tired with their sultry
march, and overcome by thirst, they at
length halted towards evening at the en-
trance of a grove where the Doum and
Nebek flourished with abundance of fruit
and shade. The birds sang sweetly in this
choice Oasis, gazelles and antelopes frisked
gaily along the distant plain; it was a scene
which might have melted even the stub-
born heart of a slave-trader. A lamb was
killed for the chiefs and principal mer-
chants, Dhouna bread and butter were
liberally distributed to the rest, the water
skins were emptied by drought, which
would seem to threaten the Nile itself with
exhaustion, there wanted nothing but the
Bouza-shop ‡ to crown the full rejoicings
of the feast.

"Aye, here it was," exclaimed a Bish-
arye Arab, "where Mahomet Towash was
murdered."

"And by some of thy tribe too," replied
a merchant, who was instantly sensible of

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* Can you walk well? is your sole well?
† Are you strong?
‡ The universal drinking-house in the towns and
villages of this country.

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* A European, of whatever country.
† An expression upon the death of a near relation.
return, they beheld with indifference the armed camel-riders as they retired in one long file towards the hills, crying "Ketyman, Ketyman."

The traders had scarcely, however, lost sight of their guests, when it was whispered that men might be seen watching the movement of the camp from some neighbouring rocks, and just then it was discovered that one of the Egyptian servants was missing. In vain did the commiserating Frank propose to go back in quest of him, "if it were but for the shortest distance," said he; "for he has dropped from fatigue, and is dying with thirst." But our traders from Cairo had no such tender scruples.

"It was every day's calamity," they said, "Baad el mout el jennat. If thou, Kafer, wert to wander from the road in search of trifles, as many of thy countrymen do, we should not trouble ourselves about thee."

The Frank felt the force and truth of the compliment, and no longer attempting to intrude his Christianity upon the reluctant Moslems, he helped to extinguish the fires, and hastily loading his camel, prepared to leave the treacherous neighbourhood. The whole party were soon in motion, and the refractory slaves were as quickly urged forward by repeated applications of the Korbadj. But we must follow the fortunes of the Bisharein, who went, as we have seen, to besiege the strong hold of El Taka. It is, however, almost beyond doubt, that the whole of this Egyptian caravan were slaughtered on that very night, and within half an hour of their departure, the Frank and slaves excepted. A powerful section of El Taka’s freebooters had watched the travellers from afar, and profiting by the absence of their chief escort, made them an easy prey. Struck with the boldness of the Christian, who defended himself with vigour, and had spared the life of an enemy he had laid prostrate before him, they not only forbore to slay him, but even promised that he should reach Sennaar in safety. We can add, with pleasure, that the poor servant, whom the traders had left destitute in the wilderness, was rescued, as he lay helpless on the sand, by a wandering Arab. He was sold for a slave, but we have reason to believe that he found means soon afterwards to assert and regain his freedom.

The Bishareye chief had spoken truly when he told his tribe that the robber of the Nubian desert had fortified himself in an ancient temple. Walls of granite, lofty as the rocks around, presented a stern defence without. A massive roof supported a cupola, whose sides were perpendicular, a steep precipice flanked the building on the eastern side, and huge piles of stones, scattered at all points, seemed to threaten the invader who might dare to approach. Within, amid ruins, dwelt the dreadful El Taka, the Sheikh of a tribe, whose common food was milk and flesh half-cooked, and his luxury, the raw marrow of camels. Some sheep, senna, and ostrich feathers formed the remainder of their riches. A considerable and powerful force awaited the orders of this treacherous chief. He had just succeeded in carrying off the daughter of a principal person of Sennaar, and the Arab of the caravan was well informed, when he talked of that very evening as the bridal night. The greater part of the banditti were gone forth in quest of spoil, and the reader has been already informed of what success the ill-protected traders were assailed. It suited El Taka to hasten his nuptials in the absence of his tribe, lest by chance the reluctance of the maid might raise the pity, even of these rude mountaineers.

The sun had scarcely set when the Nubian robber rose up suddenly from his copious draught of Bouza, and surrounded by his favourites, demanded his bride.

"Bring forth my black spouse of Sennaar," he exclaimed, "the captive of my trusty lance."

He was clad in a wide shirt of Damour, which, under pretence of exchange, had been wrested from a black merchant; the cloak of a murdered eunuch (whose grave in the desert is shown to travellers) hung on his shoulders; the turban of a slaughtered Mamalouk was wrapped awkwardly round his head, and in his hand he held a handsome pipe, which, according to usage, he had taken from a great man of Berber, but which he had never thought fit to restore.

"Where is the Paky?" he said, then bursting into laughter,—"My merry men have spared the bird-eaters by this time, or I mistake."

The Bride now approached, sad and silent.

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* Good evening, good evening.
† After death comes Paradise.
‡ Whips made of the skin of the hippopotamus.

† This is a liquor made from Bhouma bread greatly leavened.
† A term of contempt for the Egyptians.
The grand Faky, or priest, who had been won over by presents, walked by her side; four large amulets hung from his left elbow, and, at intervals, he muttered unintelligible sentences from the Koran. But the daughter of Sennaar refused the proffered hand of the conqueror—in vain did the tambourine and fife strike up their stirring notes—the hollow accents of the Dhouna stalk were responded to only by the loud lament of her whom it was sought to honour. El Taka became impatient.

"Son of Madjoulâ," said he, "Chief of the Fokara* do thy duty—we may not suffer this slave to question our authority."

"Great Abdallah," replied the priest, "King of the desert, our holy order forbids the use of force. To be thy bride, the maid must be consenting, so say the learned men of Damer, and the high pontiffs, my honoured ancestors."

El Taka started, but dared not venture farther; his friends had bowed down in profound obeisance to the black Hadji, and woe to him who should defy the magician of the valleys. He paused—but at length, with a countenance of the smoothest cunning, he again addressed the Faky.

"Great Sheikh!—we know and pay obedience to the law of the Musulmans: but, O son of Abdallah, whose power did cause the stolen lamb to bleat in the stomach of its plunderer, lend thine aid to turn this wilful beauty to our wishes!"

"Son of the desert," replied the Faky, "it is a great thing which thou hast asked. There comes next moon a small adventure from the south, the slender hopes of some poor merchants, who love the Hadjis and their sacred rites. By our rules, a single Faky can walk before them—say that they shall live."

"I swear it," cried the Bedouin. "If I hold not by mine oath, may my camels be maimed, and may I feed with the cattle in the woods."

"Take this piece of paper," said the Pontiff, drawing an amulet from his arm—"swallow it."

"How!" exclaimed the robber, his suspicions of poison being keenly awakened.

"Ah! Allah!" cried the Faky, smiling, whilst he slowly withdrew another charm from his elbow, and swallowed it.

"See, Maolen," said the Priest, turning to the Caphir of Sennaar, "he is thine husband—tis the will of Allah."

El Taka ate the amulet with deep homage, during this short appeal.

"Full many a string of wooden beads have I received for this quackery," thought the Faky, as he looked with earnest confidence towards the yielding victim of his art. She bowed her head. "It is done," said the Faky. "I have not in vain lectured on the Tefsyn or the Touhyn.*"

"Faky," said the daughter of Sennaar, whilst she gazed intensely upon a small aperture, which admitted a view of the surrounding country, "conclude thy holy office; but methinks I hear a death-song with these ears, and mine eyes see very strangely. Canst thou take warning?—my father's daughter would not hurt thy reverend beard."

"A phantasy, partly caused by my magic spell," returned the priest.

"What if I saw armed men descending from yonder hill, and slowly hiding themselves within those rocks?" said the girl, still watching with eagerness. "It seems, priest, as though the spell were breaking. Didst thou not say that thy enchantment gave thee eyes and ears on all sides?"

"I said not so," replied the Grand Faky; "but—Allah!—we have that power, and our spells need last no longer than our purpose. See, thy husband claims thee—the nuptial tie is bound!"

"Fairest of the southern houries!" exclaimed the chief of the robbers, covering the maiden with his cloak, "thou art, indeed, the Robber's Bride. Let us hear the tambour and the pipe."

"And I," cried the spouse of El Taka, "let me hear the hadon†."

At this moment, there was a loud cry from without, and the hissing of a lance, which struck the cupola, was distinctly heard by the party within. Men's heads were seen peeping through the barred openings (or windows, as they might be called) of the temple, and it was clear that the great Nubian freebooter was at length besieged in his own fastness. Yet, to enter the place was not the work of an instant; several weapons were, indeed, thrown on both sides, and one of the assailants perished beneath the stroke of a dart hurled by no less a hand than that of El Taka himself; but the mode of attack was matter of deliberation on the part of the invaders. They were without machines of any kind,

* Religious men.
† War-cry.
their almost naked bodies were not invulnerable, and the garrison were well provided with lances, which they threw from time to time with fatal effect. The robber became more bold and fearless; in a short time he knew that his troops must return, and surely he could bid defiance within his strong wall, to hundreds of undisciplined Arabs. And possibly the besieged might have held out till the arrival of the expected auxiliaries, had not the fierce passions of their chief turned suddenly against his bride.

"‘Tis this slave of Sennaar," said he to his companions, "who hath dealt this treason with us." They bowed assent. "She shall die," exclaimed El Taka, brandishing a spear, and advancing wildly toward her. The Faky held his arm.

"Priest," said he, drinking deeply from a gourd of ouzou, "tempt me not to strike a holy man. Think, too, of thy friends, who even now are strangers in our southern deserts."

"I told thee, the next moon, Abdallah," replied the pontiff, "and thou wilt never see it. Moarlen," he added, turning to the captive bride, "thy spell is dissolved."

"By death," cried the infuriated robber, rushing forwards, but the Faky threw himself between the victim and her husband, and in an instant he unbarred, with desperate force, the massive bolts which kept the main entrance to the temple—"The spell is indeed gone," she exclaimed, pushing open the door to the Arabs from without, whilst El Taka, who had disengaged himself from the priest, pursued her amid a darkness which shrouded both friends and foes. But the Faky pressed closely upon their footsteps; for independently of their sanctity and learning, these religious Sheikhs are extremely averse to violence or bloodshed. He had escaped the spears of the besieging Arabs, and leaving them to their work of carnage within, drew rapidly from beneath his white cloak, a box of cedar wood, and in another moment the surrounding sant-trees* were in a blaze. A flood of light burst forth, scaring the unruly camels, and flinging its lurid gleams upon the neighbouring rocks. Here, crouching on the white sand, sat the bride of Sennaar, her savage spouse having sought her in vain amid the shades. Here was the chief of the besiegers mounting on his frightened beast, and encouraging the deeds of slaughter which annihilated the favourites of the robber. And here again was El Taka himself with his spear and lance glancing furiously upon the maid, whom the fire had now revealed to him, and preparing to hurl his dart. But the same beacon which pointed out the object of his rage, marked him also in all his warlike terrors. The chief of the Bisharein beheld him as he waved his murderous hand, and, springing from his camel, received upon the target the weapon intended for the captive. A moment more, and the lance of the Bisharye whizzed fearfully as it sped towards the breast of the freebooter; but he jumped aside, and the dart lay buried in the sand. Each had now his spear, and each pressed on the other in mortal combat.

"Leave us to fight alone," cried the Bedouin to his friends, who were about to end the strife by throwing their lances at the robber. He was obeyed. Long and doubtful was the conflict, and, but for an accident to which the bravest are exposed, we could not say whether the sandy grave might not have yawned for both of the combatants. It happened otherwise. The turban of El Taka, got by the blood of the Mamalouk, and ill wrapt upon the robber’s head, became loose, and entangled the arm of its wearer. In vain did El Taka, with almost unearthly strength, tear it in twain as he sought to recover from this disadvantage. That was the death struggle, for the spear of his enemy had pierced his heart.

"Allah Kenin," exclaimed the Faky, who had taken the captive under his care, "let the body of this wretch be thrown, like that of a slave, into the Nile."

"And for our brave fellows," added the Arab Chief, "we will carry them far from this horrid spot, even to the cool well of Nedjeym, where they may repose in peace, and be hallowed by the thirsty traveller. Then, for this maiden——"

"Be that my care," answered the priest, pouring forth his benedictions upon all around, "it shall be my lot to see her safely guided to her country, which lies across yon burning plain. The camel and the water-skin shall not be wanting, and the Bedouin, who crosses the mountains with his host, shall never be forgotten.—Farewell!"

* Acacia.
THE FOREST TRACK.

A FACT.

PART 1.

The Mayor of D— was seated by a blazing fire, enjoying the recreation of his pipe and a bottle of beer, in company with the Forest-keeper, who occupied the other side of his hearth, in a like attitude and pastime. The room in which they sate was a large brick kitchen, forming the best part of the ground floor at the Mairie; and, the church only excepted, the Mairie itself was the building of most importance in the village of D——. Probably in former times, this house had belonged to one of the old families of the "noblesse de province:"—both its wings had been destroyed since then; and it consisted, now, merely of the centre of the original building, much the worse-looking for the loss of its supporters, as well as for a partial decay of plaster and wood-work that had followed the days of its prosperity. A space, which in all likelihood was once occupied by the lawns, pleasure-grounds, parterres and avenues of the chateau, now separated from its relics, had been turned into ploughed fields and meadows, or made the site of hovels and mean-looking shops; one small court alone remaining, partly divided into a kitchen garden, whose useful neatness would have been more suitable for the front of a modern cottage, than for this old, narrow building, with its large-paned windows and nearly hingeless Venetian blinds, indicating, as they did, pretensions it was no longer in a state to support. Round this court had been built a wall of much later date; a porch also, in front of the house, had been added, of white stone, upon which the word MAIRIE appeared in large letters, which as well as the tricolour flag above the iron "grille," announced its present destination.

The Mairie was situated at the extremity of the village of D——, which, lying towards the German frontier of France, is of itself a place too insignificant to be known beyond its own neighbourhood. On one side, the Mairie looked to the street, on the other, it communicated with a lane that ran behind the high road, leading to the principal town in the department.

This lane after a certain extent, branching off on the way to a little hamlet, rather more than a league distant from the village, skirted the forest of ———; in which direction it was confined by the course of a narrow canal, lying parallel with its path, and following the boundary of the wood. The unceasing traffic between the village and the hamlet rendered this road a thoroughfare of constant resort. By some of the peasants, however, who were in the habit of passing to and fro, a shorter cut had been made across the forest, which, affording greater shelter from the severity of the elements, as well as abridging both time and steps, had, now that the winter had set in, become a regular, though less frequented track. Two great advantages occurring to the Mayor from the situation of his house, may be understood by this topography of the forest. The first, that by its vicinity he was defended from the north-west wind;—the second, that to the convenient communication of the above-mentioned lane, he was indebted for the more speedy arrival of his poultry, eggs, and other comestibles, which, on their way from the "Métairie" of his cousin of the hamlet, "Fermier Bourgeois," and retailer of live stock and vegetables, were always presented for his inspection prior to their entry into the village.

The Mayor, from whose fireside a considerable digression has been made, was elected to that office in the year 1832. Of an honest and conscientious character, the strictness with which he attended to his duty was so balanced in the minds of the people, by his benevolence and impartiality, that he possessed the esteem of the whole arrondissement. Left a widower with one daughter, now between twelve and thirteen years of age, these two made their home happy to each, and were as well reported for their mutual affection, as for their good dealings towards their neighbours.

It happened that on the present afternoon, being towards the close of December, the Mayor had occasion to send to the
neighbouring hamlet the sum of 1200 francs. This money, tied up in a bag, lay on the table near which he was sitting; it was to be conveyed to its destination by his daughter Félicie, who was going at the same time to attend the “fête” of one of her cousin’s family, whence she was to return on the following day.

Perhaps this appears a large sum to have entrusted to the care of a child; but it must be remembered that, being brought up in a situation where she had found herself obliged to act and think after her own judgment, and to take the entire management of the affairs of the house, Félicie Nicot was considered, and indeed deservedly, by her father, as more trust-worthy than any one else, and was in the habit of performing, with great accuracy, services of this kind, not unfrequently required by a person, who like the Mayor, was apt to be entrusted with money, and other important commissions.

The Mayor of D—— enjoyed a sort of celebrity in his way: he took precedence of the “Cure” on all public occasions, which shows the undue influence of Mammon over the church. Even in the attitude of good fellowship maintained between himself and the Forest-keeper, as they now sate together drinking and smoking by the fire,—something in the individuals betrayed that difference of station, which may always be remarked among the lower classes, in their degrees, if not of refinement, at least of wealth or office; and which, while living on terms of perfect companionship and familiarity, never fails to be exacted on the one part, and acceded to on the other. These distinctions are always more striking where a public functionary is concerned. Thus, although in his own house, one of these men occupied a chair, which, whilst it was as hard, as unwieldy, and as mean in appearance as the other, had yet the addition of two joints that were supposed to have converted it into a “Fâteuil.” Now in the provinces a seat in the “Fâteuil” is a post of honour.

This man was the one who took the lion’s share of the talk—the other was content chiefly to listen. Whilst the first thumped with his hand upon the table, the other might be heard calmly replying “Monsieur vous avez raison.” When the superior contradicted, the other yielded, and if the former held out his snuff-box without turning his head the way he offered it, the latter bowed as much as if he had been looked at. And all this was for the reason that the humble individual was Pierre Levêque, the Forest-keeper, and the other Jean Nicot, Mayor of D——.

The Mayor was a jolly-looking man, with a round cheek and a merry eye. He always clapped his hands at his own jokes, and always laughed at them twice as loud as any body else, which made them go off with great effect, nobody supposing so much noise could have been made about nothing.

The Forest-keeper was a dull-looking, square-jointed man, with harsh, matted hair, gray eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, a nose without a bridge, his jaws underhung, his cheeks lank. He seemed as if he would have been better pleased to have sate stupifying his senses with the fumes of tobacco, than to have the trouble, either of talking or of listening; but he also seemed anxious to conciliate the person with whom he was holding converse—so that sluggishness and servility were contending with him for the upper hand. There was altogether somewhat repulsive in his appearance.

The conversation of these two men, if it might so be called, was drawing to a close. The heat of the fire, the soporific effect of their occupation, and the draughts that were its necessary concomitants, had considerably abated the Mayor’s eloquence, and relieved his friend from the labour of acquiescence. They sate with their eyes directed toward each other, but half closed, like those of two tabby cats in broad day-light; but they still probably fancied themselves in the enjoyment of social intercourse. At this moment, a door from the foot of a staircase leading to the upper rooms, was opened by the Mayor’s daughter, who came in, carrying a basket on her arm, ready to set off on her visit to the hamlet.

According to the custom of her country for persons in that rank of life, Félicie wore no bonnet; her hair was parted under a cap, which, as she belonged to an affluent family, was neatly embroidered and trimmed with lace. It might have been becoming, had not the cold pinched her small features into a sharp expression, and turned all the pink of her fair skin to a fresh lilac.

She had fine gold ear-rings dropping almost to her shoulders, and a heart and cross of gold upon her bosom, over a white frill,
and a high stuff dress. There were two or three rings also on her fingers, besides a numerous addition of chilblains. All these she concealed under a pair of white knitted gloves; she then dismounted from a peg a heavy cloak, by which she was to be secured from the effects of "a nipping and an eager air," under whose blighting influence the whole face of nature seemed concealed and withering.

"It's a long way, Mademoiselle, I'm thinking, you've go this afternoon," said the Forest-keeper, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"A long walk, and a cold one too, Maître Pierre; but what of that—a good welcome and a warm fire when it's over; then I've my thoughts to beguile the way."

"And your thoughts," rejoined the man, lazily, as he shook the ashes from his exhausted pipe upon the hearth, "your thoughts are then very pleasant?"

"Why not?" said Félicie; "sometimes I can be as gay all alone as if I were in the best of company—I ask no better than to be alone sometimes—to-day, for instance."

"What shall you think about to-day?" said Pierre Levêque.

The Mayor opened his half-shut eyes, suspended his occupation for a moment to spit upon the hearth, and resumed it, with his looks fixed on the little girl's smiling face, and wearing an expression of complacent inquiry, that denoted his approbation of whatever she might chance to say, and his conviction that it would be worth listening to.

"First," replied Félicie, "of many things that I have to tell Josephine;—afterwards, there's the dance next Sunday!—further, how much I shall have to do when I get home, to make up for lost time—with all that—how my father will be getting on without me. You see," she added, nodding, as she drew the strings of her cloak, "there's enough to occupy my thoughts during a good long journey."

"And I," rejoined her father, "shall be thinking of 1200 frs. that belong to Gérard Huvier, which Jean Nicot must replace, if lost, from the dower of Félicie Nicot; and this is the only thing that ought to occupy her attention till she arrives with them quite safe at his door."

"I mustn't then even think of you?" asked the little daughter, fondly.

The Mayor stroked his flat shining hair over his forehead, rubbed the palm of his rough hand past his nose and mouth, caressing his chin with his forefinger and thumb, whilst he replied, in a tone, meant to be full of warning—

"Not unless you should lose the money."

"Oh!—if I were to lose the money, indeed," exclaimed Félicie, "where should I go then?"

"That I can't answer for; all I advise is, that you don't come back to me." And here the Mayor clapped his hands, and laughed, and the Forest-keeper and Félicie laughed too, at the idea of the reception she should meet with after having lost the 1200 frs.

"Allons, mon enfant," interrupted the good-humoured father; "waste no more time; the sky looks gray and heavy in the wind. I should be loth to see another fall of snow, and not be sure thou wart well housed."

"I'm going," she gaily answered; "I will but put my handkerchief smooth over the bag, then slip on my gros sabots, give you a kiss, and go."

"You'll find it heavy walking by the water's edge," observed the Forest-keeper.

"I know it, Maître Pierre; but for me it matters not. I am not cast down by a trifle. Oh! when once I set out, my resolution never fails; I think, indeed, that it increases with every step; the first is always the most difficult to me. That, in the present case, is to leave this good fire."

And still Félicie felt more inclined to remain there talking, than to depart; for although ready equipped, she stayed spreading her hands before the blazing wood, that she might, as she called it, "set out warm."

The Forest-keeper, who had also risen either to go, or to make room for her at the fire, took up his cap, and leant against the chimney piece, as if he was himself aware of the effort it required to brave the cold air.

It was past three in the afternoon by the Mayor's silver watch: his anxiety increased, at this discovery, and he again urged his daughter's departure, saying, "You will be late, child—the day closes early; and you must remember you have more than a league to walk."

"Mademoiselle can never go by the road," said Levêque.

"Is there any danger?" anxiously inquired the father.

"The snow," returned the man, "has drifted at the water's edge to such a height, that the stream is no longer to be distinguished from the path; one or two places besides, in the road, that have iced over since the thaw, are all but impassable."
“Indeed!” exclaimed Félicie; “what am I to do, then?”

“You had better take the bye-path through the forest,” suggested the Mayor.

“Tis the shortest and the safest,” added the Forest-keeper.

“Tis very lonely,” observed Félicie.

“Mademoiselle, you will save more than a quarter of an hour’s walk; and if you keep to the left under the trees, the track is dry and clear, and you can meet with no sort of impediment.”

“You think it is the best thing I can do?”

“C’est comme ça que je l’entends.”

“Allons—I shall follow your advice—Adieu mon petit père—Salut Monsieur!”

“Au plaisir,” returned the Forest-keeper; and Félicie crossed the kitchen. Having gained the door, she stopped a moment, with her back against it, before she raised the latch; then looking round at them both, but especially at the stranger, with a half-embarrassed smile, as if afraid of being more laughed at than she laughed at herself—

“You don’t know,” she said, “why I had rather go by the water’s edge. It is—now don’t laugh at me—because I am afraid!”

“Bah!” uttered her father.

The Forest-keeper smiled. “You, Mademoiselle,” he repeated quietly, “you afraid!—and of what, may I ask?”

“I am no longer so,” she replied, still laughing, and still ashamed.

“It was very foolish!—à demain donc!”

and she disappeared through the door.

Félicie began her journey very prosperously. She took the advice of the Forest-keeper; and either regardless of the momentary timidity by which she had been assailed, or, if it were something more durable, determined not to yield to its impression, penetrated resolutely into the recesses of the wood. Perhaps as the day closed on the young girl’s path, and the clouds gathered in heavy masses above, and the tall stripped trees shook their frosted boughs, and shut out the relics of the fading light, except by glimpses, her weak fancies increased more than she would have liked to own. Then, probably, she began to wish she had set out a little earlier—perhaps she prayed that she might arrive in safety, or even regretted having ever quitted her father’s fireside. Perhaps, on the contrary, with a mind as hard as her frame, the anticipation of her visit, and the exercise of walking, dispelled every childish terror, and the weariness of her lonely journey was forgotten in the pleasures that were to succeed it. Be this as it may, Félicie went on, not only without cause of alarm, but without meeting any one, until she came to the thickest part of the forest. Here her attention was first arrested by the sight of an old man, employed in making up a bundle of dry fagots. She was near enough to see him plainly, though not so close as to make it necessary to address him, and she passed on at the distance of perhaps fifty paces.

I know not whether these unimportant details of the little girl’s proceedings may have led to the idea that her expedition was to be accompanied by any extraordinary circumstances, or that it was, in any way, more eventful than other journeys of the same kind, which must appear simple and common enough in the daily life of a person of her station and habits; but it is nevertheless true, that, after the incident last related, the unfortunate young creature had scarcely proceeded a few furlongs further, when she fell dead—from a shot fired from behind the trees.

But I must defer the conclusion of what I have to relate, till the next number of the Court Magazine.

H. R.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMISTRESS.

All was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance.

A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name.

Milton.

A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name.

Shenstone.

It was from Mrs. Corney O’Sullivan that I first acquired any knowledge of my A. B. C. I recollect, as if it were only yesterday, being introduced into her select school for teaching the young idea how to shoot amongst young misses, and my appearing in the midst of them, with what then was the fashion for little boys to wear—a grey beaver hat and dashing feathers, a white frock, and three yards of red riband
tied around my middle (for waist I had none), short white cotton stockings, red morocco shoes, and, shame to my manhood be it spoken!—without that which was then the ultimatum of my ambition, "a pair of inexpressibles." In Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan's school, I blush to say it, I, being "sent out of the way" at home, seemed to be one of the softer sex, and was not to be distinguished as of a different gender, but by a pair of awfully red cheeks, wicked impudent black eyes, and a little chubby fast that was incessantly cuffing "the ladies." I remember, too, that my appearance, (being the only male in the school,) created a loud titter among the juvenile misses, and that before I was called upon in the evening by my old attendant Anty, to return home, I had, between boxing and kissing, no less than four of the pupils, each claiming to be "my wife," and every one of them I thought I was henceforward entitled to treat accordingly.

Such is my recollection of my first days, as a scholar in the academy of Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan, who, for two miles at least round the town of Maynooth, was regarded as one of the most elegant and accomplished women that had ever established herself in "the teaching line." In such an opinion, the farmers' and shopkeepers' wives were perhaps justified, for none of them could recollect having ever seen the like of her. Mrs. O'Sullivan was about five feet eight inches high—shapeless as a churn, and spare as a whipping-post. She had passed a couple of years of her life, at one time, at Versailles, and was, therefore, she thought, entitled to dress in a manner, which she called à la Françoise—that is, she wore a high caul pink cap, which added about four inches to her height, and was decorated with white, red, and blue silk ribbons—the body of her gown was brown, and the petticoat or slip was scarlet, reaching down about two inches below the knee, and displaying blue cotton, or crimson silk stockings, rolled round small spindle shanks, terminating in an eternity of foot, that was adorned with high-heeled shoes, and large plated buckles. Such was the figure, and such the appearance of the preceptress to whom I was introduced, and who greeted me with a kiss, in which, if there was one particle of affection, it was more than counterbalanced by the profusion of snuff, with which she smothered me.

I regarded the old lady, I must own, as a far more important personage than our then diamond-loving Queen Charlotte. The riches she displayed to my childish eyes seemed to exceed those which the Arabian story-teller has described as being clustered around the lamp, which the young Aladdin was fated to possess. She had a large goblet of cut glass, in which she assured me her grandfather, the Bishop of Cork, was wont to drink his claret; and this goblet I thought was as splendid as if it were composed of a single diamond, for it glittered with all the hues of the rainbow; and then it was the drinking-cup of a real bishop—a vehicle of potation to one of the wealthy children of the poor Apostles! It was the riches of this world and the attractions of the next at once united; and never shall I forget how my young eyes used to glisten as the reflection of them was glanced back from its three-corner-cut handle! There was then the Patrick's-day's gift of her grand-uncle, the Major, to her own, own father—it was an Irish harp, the rim of which was of genuine goldlace, its strings of silver stitched upon green velvet, or velveteen, with the magic words, "Erin go bragh," worked in golden tinsel! This I estimated as the ne plus ultra of the sublime and beautiful in the fine arts; and even to this day, my boyish recollection of Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan's Irish harp brings to my mind a feeling of admiration and sensations of delight, which the most faultless work in painting or sculpture could not now convey to it. Such is the consequence of first impressions—and regarding Mrs. Corney, from her appearance and dress, as different from all other women, I could not but deem her, from the possession of such rarities as I have described, as richer than the rest of her sex put together. There was another circumstance which determined my opinion as to her awful importance—she was always talking of her "grand relations." She had a great-grandmother, who was a Lady Ventry, a great-grandfather an archbishop, and as to grand-uncles, and uncles who were rectors, they were so numerous, that they were scarcely worth counting; besides, she had one cousin who was a general, a second cousin an admiral, two uncles shot in duels, one killed
following the fox-hounds, her own father massacred by the rebels in the County Cork; and she also had a step-brother, who was tried by court-martial for horse-whipping his superior officer! None but an illustrious family, like that of Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan, could have such glorious achievements to be recorded of it; and the only wonder was, how it came to pass that Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan was the President of a ladies' "Seminary," in the paltry town of Maynooth. This apparently extraordinary circumstance was, however, easily accounted for by herself—she hinted that the late Mr. Corney was a very capital scholar, having obtained a scholarship at Trinity College; and, besides that, he was six feet three in his stockings, and having come to her "respectable" father's house as a tutor, he took her "for better, for worse." This was Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan's account of herself, her distinguished family, and fall in life. Can it then be matter of surprise, that, uniting all this concatenation of events and circumstances together, backed by her apparent treasures, I should have regarded my first schoolmistress with as much admiration and awe, as the heathens looked upon Phidias' magnificent statue of Minerva, at Athens? Her half-French, which she imported from Versailles, and her half-English, which she brought with her from Cork, induced me to look upon her as a walking monument of learning, an animated Boyer's, and a talking Johnson's Dictionary! Besides, the profusion of snuff which she used, seemed an emblem of genius; and though her skin was as yellow as a Limerick glove, still in justice to her it should not be forgotten, that she had a colour on her cheeks as deep as that exhibited by a well-pickled beet-root—a complexion, which her slanders (and who have not their enemies?) averred she had brought with her in medicated saucers from La belle France.

This was Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan—this was my first schoolmistress; and though she found some difficulty in driving into my brain "the first rudiments of learning," yet I had no trouble in acquiring at her academy, the principles of another science—a knowledge of the human heart, in which I am still an humble student. Mrs. Corney had an only daughter, who, by the will of one of her relations, was possessed of five hundred pounds, Bank of Ireland Stock, and another such fortune was not to be found in the entire town of Maynooth. This young lady, who rejoiced in the romantic name of Euphemia Sidney Clara O'Sullivan, was considered a prize in the neighbourhood, and every old gouty shop-keeping widower, and every rollicking young fighting farmer, was reckoned in her train of admirers. Euphemia, when I first saw her, was about nineteen years of age, round as a dumpling and plump as a partridge, and she displayed for the benefit of the young ladies, and for my especial advantage, a neck as white and expressive as a diaper tablecloth. As I was a favourite, I can speak of the charms of the young lady from experience, for I can remember, often and often sitting upon her knee, and as she pointed with a quill to the letters in my primer, I kissed her for the time she devoted to my instruction. She certainly possessed the merit of conducting me over what is the pona asinorum of all youthful abecedarians, the letter G, and having got that far with her, I made my way rapidly to the ultima thule of instruction—that which in hedge-schools is elegantly designated the upper-see-and.—Miss Euphemia was not entirely engrossed by the care of her respected mamma's seminary, for her lovers possessed a considerable portion of her time—and none of them more than Pat Rooney, a stout Kildare boy, who had a farm of forty acres, and ten head of black cattle, that would bring a high price in the worst fair in the county.

It was the wish of Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan that her daughter should not marry; for she found the interest of Euphemia's money very convenient; and, above all things, she was opposed to Euphemia marrying Pat Rooney, for this particular reason, that it was quite evident the young lady was more inclined to wed him than any one else in the world. The matter was long disputed between the mother and daughter, and though the former (as she considered) had always the best of the argument, yet the other thought she was more deeply concerned in the affair, and having resolved to please herself, she only waited for the opportunity of doing so. This opportunity was long looked for, but never came, until Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan, in an evil hour, determined upon astonishing her pupils, the parents of her pupils, their friends, and her neighbours, by giving them a party, such as never before was seen in the old Irish town of Maynooth.
The party of Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan took place on a fine summer's evening, in the month of June. Long before the company assembled, the school-house was surrounded by about one hundred and fifty ragamuffins, (men, women, and children,) collected to see the hall-door swayed round with freshly-pulled branches. This Mrs. O'Sullivan designated "the vestibule" to her "bower of pleasure." The hall was strewn with green grass, intermingled with the impudent yellow flowers of the dandelion and the modest tops of butter-cups—this the visitor was requested to regard as "a verdant lawn," or "a green field," whichever he or she might choose to fancy it. The hall led into the school, nick-named "the ballroom," for the nonce. Here a sight presented itself, such as a Maynooth fashioner never looked on before—the writing-desks, which could not be removed to any other part of the house, were covered over with long green grass, faded roses, and consumptive looking lilies—these were "the luxuriant rural banks on which the lovers, tired of dancing, were to recline." The floor was chalked of a dazzling white, so that the spectator should suppose, that those who were sitting on "the green and flower-begemmed seats," had fatigued themselves with "capering in the snow." The centre of the ceiling was ornamented with the pictured face of a jolly-looking gentleman, who seemed as red, hot, and happy as if he had been at a hard-drinking match. From all parts of his head blue streaks diverged—this it was easy for the most unenlightened to guess was intended to represent the sun; and in order that the symbolical personification might not be misunderstood, from the mouth of the jolly gentleman depended a bunch of candles which shed a glare of light over the entire room. The walls were overspread with what were called "garlands," but were, in fact, the roots and blossoms of various flowering plants tied together, with the same display of taste and art manifested by the green-grocer, who hangs a "hank of onions" in the front of her stall. At the upper end of the "assembly-room" were placed the musicians, a bag-piper and two fiddlers, having their hats bound round with what seemed a decided favourite with Mrs. O'Sullivan, the tapering leaves and flaring flowers of the dandelion, with bunches of lilac intertwined. These musicians were all half-drunk before the company arrived; and as one of the fiddlers was an Orangeman, he amused the company with "croppies lie down," and "Protestant boys"—obnoxious tunes, the sounds of which his rivals, rather than assistants, who were decided papists, attempted to stifle in the national airs of "Patrick's day," and "Garryowen." The combined harmony of the three created a woeful sensation upon the sensitive ears of the Irish peasantry outside the door, and their curses were loud and deep upon the hostess for not kicking the three unmusical blackguards out of the house.

The ball-room, such as I have described it, was the scene of my schoolmistress's glory, and as she entered it, (her head dress decorated with the real blossoms of the laburnum, and having a wreath of the same natural flower twined around the bordering of her gown,) it was evident, from the delight with which she inhaled a large pinch of snuff, and gazed about her, that she considered she had exhibited to the entire parish a model of elegance, which if the people had any taste, they would, for ever after, strive to imitate. Poor Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan!—little dreamed she at the moment, how "the scene of all her joys" was to be "violated by the rude" tricks of one Patrick Rooney!

It had been announced to her guests upon the back of her school-tickets, that Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan was to be at home at eight o'clock on this fatal evening. The least polite of her visitors, as it was evident from the early hour of his attendance, was "ould Jack Lanigan," who made shoes and boots for the college gentlemen, and repaired the same when required. Old Jack was a widower, and Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan, it was thought, would have no objection to change her name to that which dignified his shop-board; but then Jack was a dry old miser, and had repeatedly declared, that if he was ever to marry again, "it wouldn't be to a woman that would let every christian in the barony be looking at the knees and shins of Mrs. Lanigan." The manner in which Jack made his appearance before Mrs. Corney upon this occasion was any thing but dignified—he stepped into the ball-room with his hat on, carrying under one arm his eldest son, Patsy, a boy who had a head like a furnace, for it was a deep, deep red; under the other arm was Master Joe,
whose nose was the constant subject of impolite observation amongst his juvenile companions.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," says Jack, popping down the two boys in the middle of the floor, and taking off his hat, "but as I saw some wet grass in the hall, and as the youngers have their light pumps on for dancing, I was afraid, you see, they'd catch cold, and by my sowkins, I wouldn't have a doctor's bill to pay, for all the figures of all the O'Sullivans in Ireland — so you see, I brought them in this way, and I'll now hail in the sprisshauns."

Jack clapped his hat on his head, darted out again into the hall, and in a minute afterwards appeared with Miss Jenny Lanigan, an urchin about four years old, on his back, and who had her two little red fists twisted into the long ties of Jack's cravat. Miss Mary Lanigan was under his right, and Miss Biddy Lanigan under his left arm. Having shook his burdens from him, he again addressed Mrs. O'Sullivan:

"There are all my darlins for you, ma'am, and I'd be mightily obliged to you, if you think of it to-morrow, to whip that young imp, Jenny Lanigan. You see, ma'am, you ought to whip Miss Jenny well; for when I was taking my punch to-night, I found the gallowes little devil stole all the sugar out of my second tumbler. I wish you'd teach her the commandments, ma'am, for she thinks it no harm in the wide world to steal from her own father."

Miss Jenny, who had half choked her father in the passage from the street to the ball-room, hung down her head, and Mrs. O'Sullivan was beginning to lecture her, when a little runt of a shock-haired waiting-maid popped into the room, bobbed down to the ground before the hostess, and screamed out:

"Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, the Masters Farrell, and the Miss Farrells."

"Very properly done indeed," said Mrs. O'Sullivan to the ill-grown servant; "but Maria, you need not come into the room to announce the company, it will suffice if you call them from the outer door."

"Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, the five Masters Roberts, and the six Misses Roberts."

These were the next announcements — the company commenced pouring in rapidly, and Miss Jenny Lanigan was saved from a lecture on the heinousness of breaking a commandment, and stealing lump sugar. The dancing commenced immediately afterwards, and with great spirit; for at the desire of old Jack Lanigan, and at the request of the company, "the Protestant boy" fiddler was discharged, and the two papists played away merrily.

Although Patrick Rooney had not been invited to the party, yet there he was, and on no other individual in the company would Miss Euphemia bestow her hand during the entire evening. About ten o'clock, Jack Lanigan, who could not dance, and did not wish to be losing his time, very audibly hinted a wish to partake in the pleasures of the party, by having "some good strong whiskey punch."

This hint of Jack Lanigan hastened the catastrophe of the night, for the instant Miss Euphemia saw her mother retire, she gave me a very sweet, and a very long kiss, and placing a paper with some powder in my hand, desired me to shake it into the jugs on the side table, promising at the same time to give me some sugar-barley, if nobody saw me doing it. I executed my commission with such fidelity, as to drug every vessel I could find, not only in the ball-room, but the kitchen; and I must observe, that she fulfilled her part of the contract, by bestowing upon me three or four ounces of the most delicious sugar-barley, with which I and the other youngsters had an exquisite "feast."

The hot punch and the negus were handed about most plentifully. Old Jack drank like a fish, and the company again renewed their dancing.

Miss Jenny Lanigan, who was seated with my party in one corner of the room, manifested as decided a partiality for sugar-barley, as she had already shown for lump sugar. She was most unfairly seizing two large pieces for herself — I resisted, and a grand set-to was about taking place between us, when —

Old Jack Lanigan was heard to exclaim, "By the powers! Mrs. O'Sullivan, that's the worst whiskey I ever drank, it has given me a pain in my —"

"I declare," cried Mrs. Farrell, a great fat woman, who sat next to Jack, and was partial to a cheerful cup, "I declare I have got a most violent stitch in my — Oh!"

"And I too," said Mr. Farrell, a tall lad of man, "I feel a most extraordinary sensation, —- Ah!"

"Yes, indeed," observed Mr. Roberts,
twisting himself about on his "verdant couch," like an elk just landed out of the river, "there is a feeling of very great ugliness about my inside, for—Oh! dear!"

The dancers too were observed to pause. Master Farrell let fall his partner's hand, and placed his own on the front of his waistcoat. Miss Roberts made a bow to the wall. Miss Mary Lanigan fixed her eyes on the ceiling, and seemed to be wondering at the jolly face of the pleasant sun. Miss Biddy Lanigan twirled round, as if she was about executing a perouette. The Masters and Misses Roberts, Lanigans, Farrells, et cetera, all stopped short, and then, as if they were moved by the one impulse, they darted towards the door.—Young ladies and young gentlemen, papas, mammas, friends and acquaintances tumbled over each other, and a scene of confusion, as great as it was indescribable, ensued. Some called out they were poisoned—others declared they had caught cold, sitting on the grass, which covered the writing desks; all agreed they were never so sick in the course of their lives, while divers took their solemn oaths, they would never drink a drop in Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan's house again!

The good effected by the sophistication of the liquors used at Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan's party, was the elopement of Miss Euphemia with Patrick Rooney, which was never noticed in the confusion, until she and her beloved were made one, in the Gretna Green of Ireland—the straw-market in the city of Dublin.

I should, perhaps, have completely forgotten all these circumstances, if I had not chanced, in the commencement of the last season, to be sitting in the Dublin Theatre, and to see in the next box to me a fine handsome but mature matron, whose dark eyes, black hair, and very full bust, reminded me of one I had for many years ceased to think of. Our eyes met, and even through my spectacles, she was able to recognise her youthful druggist. She pointed to a steady-looking gentleman near me, who was keeping six boys and four girls in order, and assured me, that I looked upon Patrick Rooney, Esq. J. P. and all the young Rooney's, whom she never could have counted as her own, but for the drug distributed at her suggestion, and by my hands, at my first schoolmistress's, Mrs. Corney O'Sullivan's party.

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MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO MYSELF.

To the Editor of the Court Magazine.

Sir—The expression of Young, that, at forty, man suspects himself a fool, is, in my opinion, one of those taking phrases, having much more sound than sense. A man who lives till forty, without having long before discovered and corrected his chief claims to the title, must, I should imagine, be a fool of the dullest water. But we must remember that Young was a persevering shadow-hunter till very late in life, and that it was not before his eyes opened, and he found his hands full of patronizing promises, that he lifted up his heart to Heaven, and groaned deep music about the imanity of earth and earthly cares. So much the better! Had he attained his object, we should in all probability have never had his poems. Now, see how admirably matters are arranged! He is in a better world; and we have all the benefit of his "Night Thoughts,"—which, however they may be coloured by the morbid state of his mind, are turned off in fine style. It is, if I do not err, Mr. Lockhart, who says, in his life of Burns, that the love and sorrows of the bard could hardly be regretted, they having suggested such beautiful stanzas as "The Lament," beginning

O thou pale orb, that silent shines!
But I feel that I am blundering the quotation, for it has a dash of the absurd as I have mentioned it; whilst I most distinctly remember that when I read the passage, it struck me as being very gracefully expressed.

Well!—my only reason for mentioning it here is, that if the youthful Burns, waiting over his inauspicious love, could justify so bold an expression on the part of his learned biographer, I am right in applying it to the ancient Young, lamenting the bursting of all his bubbles. Thus, having got back to the starting point of my digres-

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sion, I feel myself at full liberty to go on with my subject.

I repeat, that the suspicion, ray the discovery and consequent amendment of a man’s folly—in other words, his arrival at the years of discretion, or, to give my own phrase, “his introduction to himself”—I repeat, that this should take place much earlier in life than forty. For, Sir, permit me to mention a case in point—that of your humble servant. I am by no means forty, nor anything like it; yet I not only suspect, but I know that I am the most confounded fool in England, and that’s a bold word, Mr. Editor. For this knowledge I am indebted to the circumstance mentioned at the head of this article. You will perceive that by the terms of that heading, I do not pretend to any acquaintance, far less to any intimacy; but simply to an introduction. I said just now that I knew myself to be a fool—true; but beyond that my knowledge does not extend. Nothing whatever do I know of the depths of my own being; of the self-delusions of my own heart; of the real scope of my own mind; or of the fittest application of my own faculties. Now, it appears to me, that while a man is ignorant of so much that he may, nay that he must, call his own, and one day render a strict account for, he cannot be said to know himself. This point established, another and very important one arises. The young man, whose dawn of wisdom appears in the discovery of his own folly, and of his utter ignorance of himself, will very naturally say—“I must go to work at this theme, before I begin any other. I must know myself, before I presume to judge of any one else.” Following up this happy thought, he, by the combined process of introspection and retrospection, soon finds his past folly established beyond the possibility of doubt. How different this plan from that which he had heretofore adopted! Formerly, he limited himself to the faults and foolleries of others; delighted in quizzing folks to death, fancying himself above the reach of ridicule; was a great diver into other men’s motives, and dissector of other men’s characters; thought himself perfectly competent to pronounce on the nature and offices of friendship, and especially versed in the mysteries of love. Woman was perfectly clear, in all her varieties, to his scrutinizing glance. He knew the sex well, and was up to all their tricks.” Alas, poor youthful—

and what now meets thy somewhat waking judgment? Thy past conduct, ridiculous in almost every point! Befoiled in thy dimmy philosophy; befoled in thy ill-judged friendship; befoled in thy frivolous love! And all this, while fancying thyself, like Vivian Grey, the string-puller of all the puppets round thee—thou thyself in fact successively the puppet of them all! Well, take heart, lad, thou’rt not the first of the family of fools. It is the oldest aristocracy in the world, and boasts the noblest names in all quarters of the globe! Therefore, lament not the having worn “motley” for a season; but mind thyself-teaching, and, with time, thou, too, may’st make a scholar, “a ripe and good one.”

This is a style of treatment which I think well suited to all young gentlemen suffering under the necessity of couching. In my case, it is doing me a world of good. Indeed, I am nearly of Wordsworth’s way of thinking in this, as in most respects—viz., that the true period of wisdom is infancy. One thing is certain, that if a “still tongue makes a wise head,” the infant beats boy and man out of the field; for, even supposing foolery to exist in his mind, he can’t utter it, whereas the boy and the man both no sooner conceive a folly, than they give it birth. But let me quote Wordsworth on the subject. He says much the same thing that I do; but he has a more serious way with him; add to which, he is a poet and a water-drinker. He thus addresses the infant:

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul’s immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou Eve amid the blind,
That deaf and silent readest the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the Eternal mind—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find.

This “best Philosopher,” the infant, is perfectly unplagued by two of the most preposterous parts of “our philosophy”—i.e., love and wine. Venus, Cupid, the Graces, Bacchus, and all their confounding train, could not disturb this infantine Seer from his sublime speculations. Let them try with any of the “children of a larger growth,” and Heaven preserve us, what a rumour! Why, even Wordsworth himself, though so moral a bard, that when he saw a Highland girl with a “very shower of beauty for her earthly dowry,” was warmed to no more passionate proposal than the following:
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, anything to thee!—

Even this high-priest of propriety would,
We fear, be put into a fidget, were those
Romping celestials to burst into his study.
But the infant is calm. Oh, that I could
return to the

Shore of that immortal sea,
Could in a moment travel there,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore!

Though I fear my attempts to fill the following part of the character, would have a clumsy effect:

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A four-years’ darling of a pigmy size!
See where mid work of his own hand he lies,
Prettied by sallies of his mother’s kisses,
With light upon him from his Father’s eyes!

To be serious for a moment—what an exquisite picture is here! And now, to be serious no longer, who will deny that the exemption from love and wine and conversation, is the secret of the child’s wisdom? I care not whether the conversation is stimulated by the one or the other—by the love or the wine—but, in either case, are the chances not a hundred guineas to a silver groat, that the speaker is making a fool of himself? I say nothing about “public speaking,” “unaccustomed” as I am to that nonsense. Besides, that’s an infirmity which generally comes at a more advanced stage, and its folly is not equal to the other two,—it having an object specific enough improper, namely, to humbug this great nation. The other two styles of nonsense, the vinous and the amorous, have, on the contrary, no object whatever!

“My sweet young lady, look not so imploringly in deprecation of my censure on your favourite topic, or, upon my honour, I shall give you a specimen of the ‘nonsense amorous’ forthwith. But believe me, bright creature, that however pleasing, it is an objectless style of speaking. Now, pray oblige me by sitting down at the piano, and permit me in spirit to turn over the leaves for you, while you play and sing (as you so well can) Moore’s beautiful ballad.

Believe me if all those endearing young charms.—Excellent! you warble it divinely. I must do myself the pleasure of paying you every possible attention! I am sorry the chimpanzee is dead, or I’d introduce you; but the monkeys are at the Zoological still, and they are great favourites with the ladies! But, where the dev— I was going to say—am I galloping to? Oh, the song—yes the song—you did sing it most touchingly, and with such perfect pathos. But will you be so obliging as to tell me what it means? I am very much afraid, fairest of musicians, that if I were to question you for ever on the subject, I should get no answer; unless, pouting very prettily, you should take refuge in—’How very absurd to cease one so! The song means what it says, to be sure!’ Clever, my angel—clever, I admit, but it won’t do. You tell me, it means what it says—well, let us see then what it says. Allow me to read it to you.

SONG.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loneliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruins each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself tenderly still.”

“Now, your perceptions will please to observe, that this stanza, one of the most melodious, unquestionably, in our language, means the following piece of plain English, or it means nothing whatsoever. To make the matter perfectly plain, I will address the sentence to you, and that rising blush will but heighten the effect of the illustration:

‘Most beautiful creature, here you stand before me in all the lustre of loveliness. If, on getting up to-morrow morning, you were to be as old and ugly as you are now young and captivating, I should have quite as strong a passion for you; though my vigour and youth survived the utter destruction of yours.’

‘This is the true, the only meaning of Moore’s mellifluous stanza. It seems to me, that notwithstanding that dissatisfied look at this dispelling of an illusion, you would be much inclined to laugh in the face of any man, however sublime, who would talk to you after so preposterous a fashion. Your evident good sense convinces me you would. As to the second verse of the song, I need not trouble you with it, because the poet abandons the ground taken in the first, merely intimating that people can grow old together, like Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson—a very different thing from Mrs. Anderson turning suddenly old by herself. And now I must run off to secure a box or stalls for Jenny Vertpré’s theatre. So, good morning, and be sure you alter the
sweep of that curl by to-morrow, when I intend to fall in love with you in plain prose. You'll find far more real fun in it than in poetry."

From all such nonsense as that which I have just exploded, the inarticular infant is perfectly free. Take also a set of wine-bibbers after dinner. As soon as their stomachs are wholly drenched, they not without some consistencey drink each other's healths. I may as well furnish one specimen. The giver of the feast has had his health drunk, in his "temporary but necessary absence"—that is, he has been asleep, I presume. He returns thanks in style and manner following:

"Gentlemen, I beg to return my sincere thanks for the great honour you have done me in drinking my health. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see my friends happy and comfortable around me. (Here he becomes warm.) Yes, gentlemen, I say happy 'n' comfurrable—happy 'n' comfurrable's my motto—(becomes weaker)—my motto, I say, my motto (rallies and thumps the table). As for the kind manner in which my friend has mentioned my wife and children, I don't like to say any thing, but, as the saying is, this I will say that should not, that a better woman and finer children are not in all England. (Becomes mauldlin). My dear friends, you are most of you bachelors; oh, if you did but know the delight of having such a wife and family as my wife and family, then you, you'd all have wives and families." (Sinks over-powered, amidst cries of "Bravo.")

If you don't give the dinner yourself, or if you're at a public dinner, you have only to say in return for the barbarous persecution inflicted on you, two things—first, that you are "unaccustomed to public speaking;" secondly, "that it is the proudest moment in your life," with the addition of "Gentlemen, all your good healths."

Now supposing, for argument's sake, that an infant could speak, could it utter such stuff as this? It could not. Naturally, it is too sensible. It is only after declaiming at public schools, playing private theatricals, attending public meetings, &c., that we become stultified to the spouting point; a national taste which I attribute to Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, Mr. Canning, and others, all gentlemen who should have left their other qualities behind them, before they settled this taste for tongue-wagging as a popular distinction. And yet our men have the coolness to quiz the chanting of the gentler sex! Are the good fellows mad, not to perceive that a pretty woman's prattle, if not very profound, is generally very pleasing; whilst the he-monster's mouthing is generally loud as empty, and invariably a bore! The infant is the true orator. He says nothing, and achieves his object. Did the pebble-chewing of Demosthenes lead to a greater result?

It will perhaps be urged, that all this speculation of mine is infinitely ridiculous, from the circumstance that we can't become children again. No, my good brothers in gabyhood, we can't. But the all but divine Shakspeare has called us "children of a larger growth," and a higher authority than that of Shakspeare has pointed out child-like simplicity as the true manly wisdom. Wherefore have I, of my free will and full affection, hinted to you, that the silence of the child is one great proof of its wisdom. Its unpolluted soul is brooding and introspective; not like ours, gadding after vanities, gossiping away good names, and insinuating bad; clouded by passion, and degraded by indulgence. On the confused clapper of the tongue, I charge all this. And though we are authoritatively told that it is not good for man to be alone, yet this, I submit, is only applicable to those who can keep their tongues in order, and have any thing good to say. They, indeed, should be frequently encouraged to come among their fellow-men; for, to what noble uses might not this gift of language be applied, instead of being as it now is an instrument of ill? Imagine for a moment, a tongue devoted to soothing sorrow, and elevating joy; to healing animosities, and promoting "every chaste affection;" and in the wider field of public effort, to the inculcation of religious truth, or to the assertion of that unselfish patriotism which is the soul of well-regulated freedom. A man possessing such a tongue and so employing it, would indeed liable to reproach if he dwelt apart. But the class of gentlemen, whom I have been referring to the silent lips of infancy for a salutary lesson, will probably on a self-examination see no cause, in the list of functions just named, for continuing their present plan of making a noise in the world. The best proof I can give of the sincerity of my creed is, that I act strictly up to it. Already I feel the advantage of the change. I am no longer one of
THE ONCE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN."

About twenty miles from the metropolis stood Hartley Lodge, the property and residence of Mr. Engleton, a gentleman truly worthy of the general esteem in which he had long been held. Some of his more dashing neighbours may have thought that, considering his circumstances, he lived somewhat too retired; but those who witnessed the happiness of his domestic circle could feel no surprise that he sought not for pleasure elsewhere.

Few persons have trod the path of life beneath such cloudless skies as had Mr. and Mrs. Engleton. Their marriage was one of pure, and, perhaps we may say, of intense affection. Somewhat had they experienced beforehand of the difficulties and uncertainties which ever lie in the course of true love; but they had long since arrived at the period anticipated by Virgil's heroes in their hardships—

Hic olim meminisse juvat.

Occurrences and anxieties which, at the time, had brought tears, and sighs, and sleepless nights, were now subjects of pleasing reminiscence, exciting only placid smiles or gentle raillery. Blest with almost uninterrupted health, and a more than ample competency, they had arrived at the afternoon of life; and, to crown their happiness, a son and daughter, the only fruits of their union, had grown up all that the fondest parents could desire.

Maria Engleton was now eighteen years of age. Parents and lovers only dream of that self-knowledge, which is, if not the foundation, at all events the regulator of all other knowledge.

"But what," some self-student may ask, "is to be done, should a man continue a fool, after all?"

To which I reply, "Why, in that case, my dear Sir, I am his very humble servant, and must decline the honour of lending him any money."

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your obedient servant,

MYSELF.
across the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Engleton, when they thought of their daughter's too sensitive feelings; though, to say the truth, they were not accustomed to think or argue deeply on any subject. They brought up their children with kindness, and perhaps too great indulgence, in habits of religion and morality; they visited and were visited by their neighbours, and had no cares of a pecuniary nature; and thus, unmarked by any important event, years glided calmly away, till imperceptibly their daughter had arrived at womanhood, with her character still unchanged.

Under the parental roof, and in occasional visits to London, she had acquired those accomplishments deemed necessary in her station of life; but still, guileless and warnehearted as in the days of her childhood, she visited the cottages of the poor, and often literally wept with those that wept. To receive assistance from Hartley Lodge was nothing new among the afflicted of the hamlet, but never before had it engendered such sincere thankfulness. A beautiful young female of superior rank, bringing relief, and entering, not for mere form or pity’s sake, into their tales of sorrow, but with evidently intense interest, and whose cheering visits became more frequent as the gloom of sickness or poverty darkened around them—such a being appeared in their eyes the verisimilitude of one of those celestial messengers whom we call angels. The blessings of the widow, and the orphan, and the helpless, were upon her head, and towards her their inmost hearts glowed with a fulness and warmth of admiration and gratitude not to be purchased by mere almsgiving. When the dim eye beheld her, it gleamed, and, at her coming, the parched and pale lips smiled; and, when her name was uttered, withered hands, lying listless on the bed of sickness, would arise and clasp themselves together as if in prayer.

Such was the state of things at Hartley when Edmund Engleton came home from Oxford. He was two years older than Maria, and they loved each other dearly, with the pure and confiding love of an only brother and an only sister. But their characters were very different, for the prevailing feature in his was a lightness—almost a rude boisterousness of spirits—which often led him into acts of thoughtless folly. Warm, open-hearted, and generous, nothing could have induced him to contemplate doing what might possibly inflict pain upon another; but a hearty laugh, and the prospect of a “glorious frolic,” were to him irresistible excitements, and, like many in riper years, he was accustomed to act first and think afterwards. Even his dear Maria was sometimes the victim of his practical jokes; and then, when she would hang round his neck, and with tearful eyes kindly reproach him, and say, “Dear Edmund! how could you serve me so?”—he would be sorry, very sorry, would comfort and caress her, and would declare (what was indeed the truth) that he “meant no harm,” and she would kiss him, and not merely forgive, but excuse him, and declare that she only was to blame for “being so very foolish as to mind such trifles.” And this generous self-accusal on her part probably rendered the task of his own justification to himself more easy, though, indeed, it may be questioned if he ever really thought on the subject.

On his return from Oxford he was a fine young man, enjoying high health and exuberant spirits; and his parents saw in him their joy, their hope, and their pride. His talents were not considered by others to be above mediocrity; but the eyes of parents discern what the world sees not, and to them his college tales and jokes were proofs of shining abilities and brilliant wit. The father, (good man!) when leaving Oxford at the same age, had put away his books with the emphatic observation that they were “done with.” They were ranged upon the highest shelves in the library, as though he feared lest proximity might tempt him to a renewal of his studies; and there they had remained till they had become to him even as a dead letter or a barren soil, while the joys and converse of his family were as ever-gushing fountains of pure water, refreshing to his heart.

Little dreamt he of philosophy; but, if the end of that science be happiness and peace of mind, Mr. Engleton was, at this period, as near their attainment as may fall to the lot of human nature in this lower sphere.

Not quite so much can be said of his good lady. She thought on the days of her youth as she beheld her daughter, now moving before her in unconscious beauty, and, in her eyes, appearing

More than painting can express.
Or youthful poets fancy when they love.
"How," she asked herself, "would it be, should the heart within that lovely but delicate frame become the shrine of misplaced or ill-requirements affection?" Appalling was the sole mental reply that she could wring from her own experience and conviction. "The fair temple will be shattered into ruin, and must perish amid the fearful strife."

But this was a suppositional case, and might never occur: for though Maria was now at an age when the affections are easily entangled, she was, comparatively, out of the reach of temptation, being ever under the eye of her parents; and then her own rectitude of principle and purity of heart formed a protecting barrier not easily to be overthrown.

Thus argued the mother, and usually succeeded in dispelling melancholy forebodings; yet, ever and anon, when her daughter's feelings were greatly excited by what others deemed trifles, she would shudder to think of what she must experience if brought into conflict with the worst influences of the master passion. But these were her secret fears. She spake not thereof, even to her husband, at the time, nor communicated them to any other person till long after the events about to be related. Her whole demeanour and aspect were, at this time, placid and composed, even as they appeared afterwards, when all her fears were dispelled, in brighter and happier days.

Merry was the little family circle at Hartley Lodge, and, with "the merry month of May," all nature seemed rejoicing around them. The house was pleasantly situated upon a gently rising slope, sufficiently elevated to command, in front, a somewhat extensive prospect, the general character of which was commonly termed "woody." And this character appertained to the neighbourhood, not because there were either woods or forests there, but because it was highly cultivated, after the fashion usually adopted by rich bankers, and merchants, and retired tradesmen, each contriving to make his own grounds or park as picturesque and as private as possible—a little spot, shut out from the world, and sacred to his household gods, where he might say, in the words of Martial,

Prando, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, cano, quiesco.

Here I enjoy all that wealth can afford me, and am at rest.

Thus the continuity of plantations and "belts" in every direction by the road's side, rendered the drives in the neighborhood exceedingly pleasant during the summer and autumn, but, in winter, the long, and leafless, and houseless lines had a lonely and uncheering appearance, and it frequently happened that there were rumors of highway robberies having been committed. These would occupy the attention of the gossips for a few days, and grow into very improbable tales, and were, moreover, sometimes discovered to have had no other foundation than the alarm of a timid boy or an ignorant drunkard.

It was now, however, the month of May, and our little family were sitting at the social breakfast meal. Edmund appeared in even higher spirits than usual, and there was a sly, laughing meaning in his eye, as, ever and anon, he threw a glance toward the winding road (which swept through the park to the house), as though expecting to see some one issue from among the lofty trees which bounded their little territory, and composed the foreground of their more extended view. Maria observed, and smiled affectionately upon him, but made no inquiry. It was too little for her that he was happy, for the happiness of those around her was her chief delight, and she had feared latterly that their mode of life was too tranquil for one accustomed to the gay scenes of which he frequently spake.

"Are you expecting any one this morning, Edmund, that you look so frequently toward the lodge?" asked Mr. Engleton.

"There! there he is!" cried the volatile youth, starting up. "There he is. Exact to time, as usual—always punctual. We are earlier to-day. I didn't like to ask you to wait, because you would have asked me why, and I wished to give you all an agreeable surprise."

As he spoke, a postchaise was seen to emerge from under the trees, and advanced rapidly towards the house.

"But who is it, my dear boy?" exclaimed his mother. "You never hinted to me that any one was coming, and really—"

"Oh! don't put yourselves out of the way for him," cried Edmund. "He's nobody. It's only Arthur Baynton! There!—that's an agreeable surprise for you, isn't it? Eh!—what say you, Maria, you are old friends, you know."

The father and mother were, at the
moment, looking out at the window, and as Edmund addressed and advanced towards his sister, an instantaneous paleness, and then a warm flush, overspread her countenance, and she looked as if she would have begged him not to notice her.

"Ha! ha! ha!"—laughed the giddy youth, "do you think he will cut you because he is grown a man?"

Maria replied only by some indistinct words about her dress, and hurried out of the room.

Arthur Baynton was an orphan, and had, when a boy, more than once spent part of his "holidays" at Hartley Lodge. So Maria and he were really "old acquaintances," and, when they thought of each other during absence, many delightful juvenile recollections were awakened within them. And latterly she had thought somewhat more of him than usual, perhaps in consequence of his gaining "honours" at Oxford, the "news" of which reached her, by a letter from her brother, when she was sitting in a favourite bower which had been the joint handywork of all three. Happy, thought she, were the days when they were so employed, so free from thought and care! Yet she thought of Arthur still but as a boy, and hesitated not to express to her parents, her anxiety lest he might injure his health by over-study.

On the present occasion, however, her brother's strange observation roused all the feminine pride which appertained to her character, and she feared, and almost trembled to think that she might have spoken of his friend in terms too warm to be becoming in her sex. The consequence was, that on her return to the breakfast parlour, her welcome and whole demeanour to her "old acquaintance" were cold, and distant, and constrained, so wholly unlike her former meek frankness of manner, as to excite the attention of all present.

Arthur felt that he shook a listless hand; and when he looked on that sweet face, the remembrance of which had often cheered him onward in his course, he beheld not there the heart-thrilling smile that he was formerly wont to see, and without which his imagination had never painted it. Therefore did his heart appear to sink and feel cold within him. So, although there was the addition of a welcome and esteemed guest to their number, the breakfast-table at Hartley Lodge was no longer surrounded by a merry party.

"Poor Arthur, as we used to call him!"—said Maria, when she was again alone; "he is sadly altered. He seems quite to have lost his spirits. I do hope his health is not materially affected by those odious books. And yet I saw his colour come and go, and he looked quite pale. Surely that is a bad sign! He used to be so very cheerful, and so good, too. Yes, and so very kind to all, and to me so particularly, that I should be very—very sorry if any thing should hap—Oh! I could not bear it! It must not be! And yet I have heard my father and others say that these "honours" are often too dearly bought, and are as the funeral cypress wreath around young heads. And whence else can such change have come over him? We used to be such friends! And now, to-day, he is so distant, so ceremonious, so nervous—yes, nervous. That is it! He is evidently very ill. Poor fellow, how I pity him! What shall I do! Oh! I will pray for him. Indeed I will, and with all my heart!"

Murmuring those words, she threw herself upon her knees, and uttered a fervent ejaculation; but she could not continue her prayer, for the gush of feeling was too powerful, and she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

It was long before Arthur Baynton could escape from his too hospitable friend, who, with boisterous familiarity, hurried him from place to place to see his horses, and his dogs, and his guns, and other articles of such important property as young men commonly love to exhibit to their friends, and to praise and ask opinions about.

It would appear, from general observation, that men may be warm, lasting, and intimate friends, without possessing any close similarity of character. And this remark, if true among mankind generally, may be more particularly applied to the friendships of boys and young persons, as also to dwellers in the country, soldiers and sailors, and others who have had but a small number of persons among which their selection must be made. Incidents of trivial import frequently establish the foundation for an intimacy that shall endure through and influence the whole course of a life. The mere circumstance of boys being together under the same roof forms a tie which strengthens rapidly by a participation in the same amusements, and the same tasks, and other juvenile troubles. Now, Arthur and
Edmund had been schoolfellows, and were afterwards fellow-collegians, and, as stated before, had sometimes passed their “vacations” together,—events that might be more than sufficient to account for the continuation of a friendship formed in early days, notwithstanding that the gradual development of character in each exhibited points of striking dissimilarity. But, beyond these causes, was one which will be well understood by all who have experienced an incipient passion, and which operated powerfully upon Arthur, and made him excuse, and forgive, and endure much that might otherwise have wrought a breach between him and his thoughtless friend. And the cause was simply this: that friend was Maria’s brother.

On the present occasion, the task of “lionizing” was far more dull than it is usually wont to be between young men of their age. Edmund exhibited and spoke of his friend’s recent acquisitions with childish rapture; but ungracious and misapplied appeared the few faint assenting praises and remarks which he could extort from Arthur Baynton.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Engleton were left by themselves.

“Our young guest certainly is not in his usual spirits,” observed the good lady.

“He is fatigued, no doubt,” said her husband. “Men don’t take a double first class by sleeping. Now, however, he may rest and be thankful. I am delighted with his success. He is sure of a fellowship; and, as he intends entering into orders, a comfortable living will fall to his share in due course, and so we may consider him as provided for. His own fortune, though scarcely sufficient alone to have supported him in the rank of a gentleman, will now make a handsome addition to his means. The only thing to be feared is his falling in love; for he is a fine, handsome young fellow, of agreeable manners, and every way likely to be sought after in society.”

“He must take care of himself,” observed Mrs. Engleton, quietly proceeding with her needle-work.

“Yes!” said Mr. Engleton, “he is just the sort of man to find favour in the eyes of mothers.”

“And, after what you have said, my dear, why not add, of fathers likewise?” asked Mrs. Engleton, looking up with a sly, half-reproachful expression in her countenance.

“Because, so be it,” continued the good man, laughing—“of fathers also. Only, as daughters are more constantly under the eye of their mothers, I thought that, without offence, I might suppose the latter more constantly upon the alert. Indeed, such is the fact. If there be a question concerning a child’s welfare, the eye of a mother never sleeps.”

“Whatever the father’s may,” added Mrs. Engleton, significantly.

“What do you mean, my dear Maria?” inquired her husband; “your tone and look convince me that you have something on your mind; but, really, I am quite at a loss to guess what it can be.”

“Sit down, my dearest husband,” replied the good lady, pointing to a chair by her side. “Yes—it is even as you say—a mother’s eyes are ever awake, and she sees what others observe not. I may be weak and fanciful. Instruct me by your better judgment, if I am so; but where the happiness of a dear and only daughter is at stake, it is surely better to be needlessly cautious than to run unnecessary risks.”

She then proceeded to state what she had noticed of Maria’s altered manner and conduct immediately upon the arrival of their young friend; and gradually excited in the breast of her husband a degree of uneasiness equal to her own.

The conversation that thence ensued was long and confidential. Both allowed the young man’s merits, and averred that they would rather see their child united to him than to any other; but, that she should bestow her young heart upon one who must allow years to elapse ere he could fulfill his engagements, presented a fearful prospect for the future. They had themselves tasted “the bitterness of hope deferred,” and resolved that the spirit-quenching cup should not be proffered to their child.

It is immaterial what their contrivances to ward it off may have been, for even while they were consulting, Maria and Arthur were together, and ere they parted, she shed many tears. Yet were they not now tears of sorrow, for her head lay upon his shoulder, and—they were lovers.

When the die was cast, the worthy parents said many wise things, dictated by experience; and the young people said and thought many pleasant, dream-like fancies, dictated by love and blissful ignorance of the future. All parties, however, seemed
to be agreed in opinion upon one point, and that was the impossibility of returning to the neutral state in which matters stood before the declaration. So Arthur remained a visitor at the lodge, and Mr. Engleton observed that, as what was done could not be undone, they must use all their interest for his advancement.

From this period, the happiness and prosperity of the whole party appear to have been continually on the increase, till it reached the point at which we shall too soon arrive.

The desired fellowship was, in due course, awarded to the young lover, almost as a matter of right; and scarcely had he taken possession of his rooms, ere he was unexpectedly applied to by a nobleman of the highest rank, to undertake the tuition of his eldest son. The terms proposed were not only very far beyond Arthur’s expectations, but a distinct promise of a living was added. Then, on commencing his task, he was agreeably surprised to find his titled pupil already an excellent scholar, and endowed with talent, industry, and a thirst for knowledge.

These were pleasant tidings to transmit to his Maria; yet they were but trivial in comparison with what followed. The distinction between tutor and pupil was soon lost in mutual esteem and friendship. They became as brothers; and after a while, when his lordship wished to read during the vacations, they made several visits together at Hartley Lodge. Thus it happened that the pupil, whom we shall call Lord Marchmont, contracted an intimacy with Edmund Engleton.

A natural high flow of spirits was, perhaps, the only point in which they closely resembled each other; but that quality goes very far towards the formation of youthful friendships. They rode out, and pursued the sports of the field together; and his lordship has since said, that though at first he was somewhat startled at the coarseness of certain practical jokes perpetrated by his companion, there was such a fund of good-humour and merriment about him, that it was impossible to be angry. Moreover, Mr. Baynton’s time, when they were not reading, was occupied as that of lovers commonly is. So there was no choice of companions, and the young nobleman, from first merely enduring, soon began to feel amused with the eccentricities of his jovial associate; and, at length, allowed himself to be a party in certain ridiculous pranks not worth recording. For this error he blamed himself, in after life, with undue severity, since it is scarcely probable that different conduct on his part would have had any influence on the character of Edmund Engleton.

Perhaps the happiest periods of domestic life are those which glide smoothly along, without being marked by any important event. So, at least, seemed it with the family at Hartley Lodge. A smile was on every countenance, and joyful hope pointed exultingly to the future. And thus, for the space of two years, no change took place, save the growth of friendship and esteem, and the yet closer union and entanglement of hearts between the lovers.

The halcyon and semi-delirious period styled “courtship,” with all its ineffable delights, has none, perhaps, so radiantly joyous as when it is drawing to a close. Then Hope and Fancy seem preparing gracefully to retire, as though their herald-like duties were at an end, and it became them to make room for the fulfillment of all their flattering promises.

Such were the feelings of Maria and Arthur, when Lord Marchmont, a few weeks after he had honourably completed his studies, arrived unexpectedly at Hartley Lodge, with his father’s presentation to Mr. Baynton of a rectory in Devonshire. Nothing remained but for the new incumbent to go thither and take formal possession. The marriage was to be solemnized immediately on his return, and all needful preparations for the ceremony were to be made during his absence.

It was the latter end of January. Long continued rains had been succeeded by a sharp frost, and the happy family sat round a cheerful fire, having dined earlier than usual, as Arthur was to leave them that evening.

He had sent his luggage forward, and purposed walking about a mile to take the coach; but Maria wished him to ride, or, at all events, not to walk alone, having some indistinct presentiment of danger. Her brother Edmund, who appeared in unusually high spirits, ridiculed such an idea as perfectly nonsensical; and to her surprise and mortification, neither he nor Lord Marchmont offered to accompany their friend. So, as was her wont, she strove to conquer or conceal her uneas-
siness, though at the moment of taking leave of her lover, her heart was much oppressed, and with difficulty could she refrain from tears till he had left the room. Then they flowed plentifully; and when her brother and Lord Marchmont returned from saying adieu to the new rector, they found her still weeping. His lordship appeared surprised and shocked; but Edmund ran to his side, and throwing his arms around her neck, said, laughingly,

"Really, Maria! I did not think you would have been so foolish, or I would have gone with him at once. But, never mind, we can cut across through the plantations, and catch him yet, as he went round by the road—what say you?"

"I should be very grateful," said Maria, looking up, and smiling through her tears.

"Let us go," exclaimed Lord Marchmont; "I am really quite ashamed of myself. How could I be so thoughtless as to listen—"

"Come along!" cried Edmund, "we should overtake him if he'd been gone twice as long!"—and then leaping over a chair which happened to stand between him and the door, he bounded off with all the wild gaiety of a school-boy about to join his companions in a favourite game.

From this gay parting scene, the spirit and tone of our tale must be utterly changed, for the happiness of that family was at an end!

On the following day an inquest was held on the body of Edmund Engleton, at which Lord Marchmont deposed that, immediately after quitting the house, the deceased ran from him across the grounds, and that, not being so well acquainted with the bye-paths, he soon lost sight of him, and was, for awhile, bewildered in the plantations; but when there, he clearly heard a rough voice cry, "Your money or your life!"—and, immediately after, a noise, as of some one falling, accompanied by an exclamation indicative of pain. He rushed instantly to the spot, which was on the road side, and there found the deceased, groaning, but apparently unconscious of what was said to him. His lordship proceeded to state, that his agitation of mind was so great, that he knew not how long he might have been calling for assistance ere it arrived; but it appeared to him as if much time had elapsed. The deceased was then placed on a hurdle, and borne to a neighbouring cottage, where he expired at four o'clock in the morning, without being able to utter any words to throw light upon the cause of his death. The evidence of the surgeon went to prove that the deceased had received a violent blow on the temple, but that the mortal wound was at the back of the head, and appeared to have been caused by a fall against some hard substance. This opinion was corroborated by the place and position in which the unfortunate young man was found by his friend, as his head then rested upon a stone step at the foot of a stile, much lower than the public footpath, on which it was supposed he too must have been attacked.

A farmer and his son, who were at the time crossing a field on the opposite side of the road from Mr. Engleton's plantations, deposed that they both heard the threat, "Your money or your life!" and hastened immediately to the high road, but, unfortunately, entered it at a gate in an opposite direction from that which the ruffian had taken to escape; nevertheless, hearing his running footsteps on the hard road, they pursued as long as there appeared any chance of overtaking him, and then hearing Lord Marchmont's cries for assistance, they felt it their duty to return.

As no further light could be thrown upon the case, the verdict found, was "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The country was, of course, scoured in every direction, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of the assassins; but no trace of them could be discovered. The effect produced upon Lord Marchmont by this catastrophe was fearfully denoted in his altered appearance, his pale cheeks, his downcast and averted eye, and his ever-querivering lip. He resolved to attend the remains of his young friend to their last long home; but, in the interim, he seldom stirred from his own room, and when with any of the distressed family, his feelings always seemed too deep for expression, and not one word of comfort ever passed his lips. When all was over, he took leave of them with wringing hands, and shortly after embarked for the continent, from whence he returned not for many years.
Any attempt at describing the melancholy and deep anguish of the once happy family were a work of supererogation. For months their spirits appeared crushed with the weight of their affliction; but time, which passeth not without "healing on its wings" over the head of the mourner, gradually unfolded to them visions of future happiness, chastened indeed, but yet glistening through their tears. On the bosom and into the ear of her beloved, would Maria pour forth her sorrows, and together they sought consolation, which was not denied them; for the unbounded confidence of mutual affection is, in itself, consoling—but, more than all, their religion was that of the heart, and not merely a name. Well was it for them that so it was, for heavy was the burden that they were doomed to bear!

The seasons had again gone their round. Winter had once more abandoned "the long-continued strife," and the revivifying breath of spring cheered the whole face of nature, as our lovers went forth to take their last walk in that character. All was arranged for their marriage on the following day. For some hours, lost in converse sweet, they wandered, scarcely knowing whither. Their world was in themselves, and all else was lost sight of; till, returning home, they found themselves in the road where Edmund had met his untimely end. By a tacit, yet perfectly understood feeling, they had always previously avoided walking in that direction. Now they were approaching the fatal spot. Maria was first conscious of the circumstance, and summoned all her resolution and self-possession, that she might not appear weak in the eyes of her beloved. She spake of her brother, and, even as a sigh at his fate escaped her, said, "I ought to be thankful that it was not even worse. Suppose you likewise had fallen on that fatal night!"

"I ought indeed to be thankful, dearest Maria!" exclaimed her betrothed, pressing her hand fervently. "I never told you why before; it is the only thing I have concealed from you, and my reason was that I feared the recollection of the circumstance might cause you uneasiness during my journeys to and from Devonshire. But now—now, that we are never more to part in this world—always, always to be together!"

And their eyes met, and, meeting, said, in dumb swimming eloquence, more than words may express. Maria first broke the silence, by reminding her lover that he was about to tell her something.

"Yes," replied he, "it is one more subject for thankfulness. On that fatal night I likewise was attacked. You know I was much in advance of Lord Marchmont and his companion, and I was walking very fast, because the night was cold, and I had also some apprehension that I might be too late for the coach. So I cannot tell the spot exactly; but it must have been somewhere hereabouts, that a villain leaped over a stile, rushed up the bank, seized me by the collar, and, holding a pistol to my head, threatened my life, and demanded my money. In a cooler moment I should probably have given him my purse; but his ferocious conduct excited me, and all was the work of a few seconds. I struck at him violently, and fortunately with sufficient strength to release myself from his grasp. It seemed to me that he fell backwards; but I hastened from the spot, and shortly afterwards was pursued by two of his accomplices, from whom I escaped narrowly, by quitting the high road. Do not tremble so, Maria!—I shall not expose myself to such danger again, my love! My duties are in the paths of peace, and for a trifling purse surely I would not risk my life. Nay, my dear Maria!—it is but a tale of the past. We have only to be thankful. Stop! Yes—this is the very spot! That is the stile he came over—I am sure of it."

Maria had trembled exceedingly throughout this brief narration, which seemed to have lasted for hours, so earnestly had she listened to each word, catching now at hope and then feeling an intense coldness at her heart; but when he ceased to speak, a convulsive shiver burst forth, and she sank senseless on the pathway. They had stopped opposite to the spot where her brother had been found by Lord Marchmont!

Can the reader, bearing Edmund Engleton's character in recollection, be at a loss to guess why he offered not to accompany Arthur Baynton in the first instance—why he afterwards ran away from his noble friend in the plantations—or by whose hand he fell?

It was even so. A practical joke, once imagined, tempted him irresistibly. He was resolved "to frighten the parson," as
he termed it, and thus brought death upon himself, and entailed long years of misery upon his family and friends.

Maria, in her loneliness, drooped, as a fair stricken flower, which can never again lift up its head to share the blessed sunshine that invigorates all round. In deeds of mercy and benevolence she trod meekly and tremulously her way through life. For the happiness of him whom she loved she prayed fervently, but never saw him more. Of the aged and afflicted parents, bowed down by their sorrows, why should we speak? They and their daughter are now where “the weary are at rest.”

The last survivor of the once happy family circle, was the rector of a small parish in Devonshire. The poor blessed him, but at the tables of the rich he was not found. No clergyman could be more attentive to his clerical duties; but in one solemn and important rite he never could be induced to officiate. The Holy Sacrament, he said, was not for such as him to administer; and when he partook thereof as a communicant, it was observed that he always used his left hand. He was a grey-headed man when the passing bell announced to the villagers that their beloved rector’s spirit was just freed from its “mortal coil;” but his monument in the chancel tells of one who died in the prime of life.

Reader! this is not all a “Tale of Fiction.” We have changed the names of persons and of places for reasons of our own; but the foundation of what thou hast read is in Truth.

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**ARDMORE PATTERN.**

Vide Ipse Forentem
Cæde Neoptolemus geminosque in limine Atridas.

ÆNHIAD, LIB. 2.

Well primed with whiskey, and with stick in hand,
Bold Paddy capers right forensi the tent-door;
Ready to tumble in the yellow sand,
The boy that dares within his reach to venture.

**IRISH TRANSLATION.**

No person can form a proper estimate of the Irish character, nor duly appreciate the native politeness, frankness, humour, and boundless hospitality of the peasantry of that country, unless he has seen them at the fair or pattern. It is there only that the portrait of an Irishman can be seen at full length. There you may study him in every mood. In the vast panorama spread before you, every passion and feeling of his nature is alternately brought into play. At one moment he is kneeling with the most profound reverence, and to all appearance entirely absorbed in religious feeling, at the tomb of his patron saint; at the next, he is greeting, with all the frankness and cordiality of his heart, some friend whom he invites to join in the amusements of the day. Follow him into the tent. He sees a pair of brilliant eyes and smiling lips; a moment after, a glass of his favourite nectar is quaffed to the lady’s health, and they are tripping it on “the light fantastic toe.” A stranger enters: he invites him immediately to participate in their revelling; nay, to such an extent is this carried, that where the stranger declines the offer, offence is frequently taken, and a battle ensues. It is a gratifying thing to see him now seated by his favourite *colleen*, and entertaining all around him with his humour and loquacity; now encouraging the dancers, now applauding the musicians, and frequently making merriment at his own expense. But the scene soon changes. He snuffs the bottle from afar, and instantly bounds off to the scene of action. Or should his jealous eye detect another bent upon his *Moris* *,* his blood is instantly on fire. The offender is in a trice knocked down, and when once the thing is begun, the amusement does not flag for a considerable time. In a few hours afterwards you will see him with his late antagonist, wringing his hand, and expressing his sorrow for what has occurred “all through a misunderstanding.”

These scenes may be witnessed with
more or less splendour in all parts of Ireland, but only to perfection in the remote districts. In those places bordering on great towns the amusements are greatly curtailed. —

The potent monarch, called the constable,
is in the heart of the fair; and although it frequently happens that the peelers* are obliged to practise the better part of valour, and "take to their heels and run," yet many a fair flower is nipt in the bud by their vexatious vigilance. Indeed, so contagious is association with Englishmen, that in those places, in times gone by famous for "their frolic and spree," nothing is now to be had but gingerbread and Punch and Judy! A passage the degenerate people are all agog with—

The bold lieutenant,
And the crew so gallant,
A sailing up to Cork in a hackney chaise.

And instead of the music of "the sticks a rattling," and "the blast o' the pipes," the sound of the sodger's band delights the ears of the vulgar—

For 'tis there's the randyvoo house, for each bold hero,
For to take on whose heart beats high!

Cork fair once so renowned—held, too, upon classic ground,
That holds the Skeheen† that once held King Shamus;
is now-a-days little better than a cattle-market[]. Donnybrook, it is feared, has also suffered much from the march of intellect. Ardmore§, however, "where 't would be folly to talk of taking a peeler," still remains in all its glory: and unless the monks of La Trappe, who since the expulsion of their order from France, have established themselves in the neighbourhood, work a miracle there, promises to remain in statu quo for another half-century.

The first people inhabiting Ardmore and the other part of the county of Waterford, of whom we have any certain intelligence, were the Menapii. Ptolemy, who wrote in the year of Christ 140, informs us that the Menapii then inhabited the counties of Waterford and Wexford. Strabo, a writer of the Augustan age, places a people of the same name in Belgic-Gaul, near the banks of the Rhine; and in Caesar's Commentaries, we find mention of the same tribe, who, he informs us, were expelled from their possessions by the Usipetes, a German nation. Considering these facts, it appears extremely probable that within the two hundred years from Caesar to Ptolemy, the Menapii emigrated and settled on the southeastern coast of Ireland. The manners, too, ascribed by Caesar to the Menapii of Belgic-Gaul, are strikingly similar to those of the ancient Irish. "After all Gaul," said he, "had submitted to peace, the Mori, and the Menapii stood out in arms, and neither sent ambassadors to him, nor otherwise treated of submission." He describes their manner of making war, as retiring within their bogs and fastnesses, and from thence making sudden assaults upon the Romans. This was the practice of the Irish upon the Anglo-Norman invasion. The Decii were the next people we find in possession of these districts. The present occupiers are of the same race. Originally the Decii were planted in Meath, and possessed near the famous Tara an extensive tract of land called Desie Temragh. They drew their descent from Fiachadh Suidhe, eldest son of Fedlimid, the law-giver, who was supreme monarch of Ireland from the year A.D. 164 to the year 174. Whether they effected their settlement by force, and banished the Menapii, we are uncertain. We find no mention of the Menapii after Ptolemy. It is extremely probable, that as the country was then but thinly inhabited, the two families became blended together.

The power of the Decii remained unimpaired from that time to the year 1169, when Melaghlin O'Feeelain, prince of the Sept, was taken prisoner by Earl Strongbow, when the city of Waterford was stormed. By the mediation of Durmod Mac Murrough, king of Leinster, his life was spared, but the chieftaincy of the Decii ended with him. The principal part
of their territory was given to Robert le Poer, whose descendant, Sir Richard le Poer, was created Viscount Desies and Earl of Tyrone in 1673. The natives, however, were never removed from the place. And although Waterford city, Lis- morne, and several other parts of the county of Waterford, became strong holds of the English, they have to the present day remained a separate people.

In all the records of this county, I find no mention of the amusements of the people. Smith, who wrote scarcely a century back, though remarkable in other respects for his industry and accuracy, is silent upon the point; and Spenser gives us but very meagre information on this interesting subject. The only change, however, that appears to have taken place within the last few centuries, is in their dress. Since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a considerable improvement has been effected in this particular, as well here as in the other parts of Ireland. As many readers are perhaps unacquainted with the costume of the native Irish in those days, I cannot place it more vividly before them than by quoting the following description of the male attire, from Derricke:-

With skulls upon their powies,  
Instead of civil caps;  
With speare in hand and sword bysides,  
To bear off after clappes.  
With jackets long and large,  
Which shroud simplicitie,  
Though spiteful darteis which they doe bear  
Importe inquitie.  
Their shirtes be very strange,  
Not reaching past the thigh,  
With pleates on pleates they pleased are,  
As thick as pleates may lie;  
Whose sleeves hang trailing downe  
Almost unto the shoe,  
And with a mantle commonlie  
The Irish kerne doe goe.  
And some among the rest  
Doe use another Wede,  
A coat, I ween, of strange device,  
Which fancy first did breed;  
His skirts be very shorte,  
With pleates set thick about,  
And Irish troues more to put  
The strange protractours out.

The present dress consists of a frieze coat, generally blue, but not unfrequently a light grey; inexpressibly made indifferently from corded fustian, sheep-skins, and dragoon, a kind of coarse flannel with blue and white stripes. Their stockings are made of the undyed wool of the black sheep, but the better sort sport Connemara ones of blue and fancy colours. Brogues are the only covering used for the feet, but numbers of both sexes walk barefooted. The waistcoat is gaudy, if the owner can afford to have it. Red cloth is generally worn by the old people. A straw hat, bound with blue calico or red cloth, completes (when supplied with his shillelagh) the equipment of a “bachelor” at the pattern of Ardmore. Upon ordinary occasions, however, a large outside coat is worn. It is somewhat similar to a coachman’s coat, but appears of little use to the owner, as he alwayswears it rolled up upon his back.

The dress of the women is more peculiar. They all wear long blue mantles, with hoods, which when the hood is drawn over the head completely conceals the figure. Spenser vents a torrent of invective against this mantle, and indulges in some insinuations against the “beauties of Erin,” which you would not expect from the gallantry of the author of the “Fairy Queen.” “I am sure,” he says, “you will think it unfit for a good housewife to stir in, or to busie herself in her house in such sort as she should.”

He concludes his observations on the subject, by strenuously recommending the proscription by law of all mantles! With the economy of the interior articles of dress I am not as familiar as the poet appears to have been. A skirt of red or green silk is worn by the richer class, over which is a cotton gown, drawn back however, so as to display to the fullest advantage the former, and pinned into a kind of train behind. The married women invariably bind their heads round with silk handkerchiefs of different colours, which give a strange and remarkably enlivening appearance to the vast assembly, half of which at least is composed of women. Saffron, blue, and scarlet are the predominant colours. The young women generally appear in lace caps. No such thing as a bonnet, I believe I am safe in saying, has yet ever been displayed at Ardmore.

Having said so much by way of preface, it is now time that I should introduce the reader to the pattern. On the level and capacious strand of Ardmore numerous tents are spread out, around which a dense mass of people are collected, whose numbers may be estimated at fifty thousand, comprising all ages and both sexes. In the bay lie a countless number of small craft, which have conveyed the fishermen of Youghall, Dunbarvan, Waterford, and all the adjacent coast of the counties of Cork and Waterford to the spot.
Oh were I a Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,  
'Tis I that would make its glory shine!

But how could I describe the din that arises from the motley crowd, and convey to the reader an adequate idea of the forest of human beings waving to and fro beneath us—some exercising their strength by casting immense weights—some contending in pedestrianism—one group dancing—another fighting—while a third is engaged in prayer—the music issuing from the tents, mingling with the shouts of the contending parties, and the ceaseless noise of those vying their wares?

Accompanied by five others of a somewhat similar disposition, and among them a young Frenchman who had been resident in those countries for above a year, and whom we knew by the familiar sobriquet of Burgoo; as somewhat resembling in sound his Gallic appellative, I visited the pattern. As I have good reason to remember my journey, I shall have little difficulty in detailing our operations. We were dressed as sailors: simply, blue jackets, white pantaloons, Leghorn hats, and light shoes—each carrying a "switch"† in his hand. Shortly after our arrival in bay, convoyed by a trustworthy "boy" named Ned Fagan, we found ourselves in the heart of the crowd, and at the entrance of the principal tent, which was in shape, as Ned remarked, "like a dog's elbow, both round and square."

"Welcome, gentlemen! welcome, gentlemen!" exclaimed the smiling proprietress of the tent, as she marked our approach, standing behind a row of barrels, and drawing the liquor with a rapidity surpassed only by the activity of the consumers.

We returned the greeting of the "most sweet wench;" and in sooth she was "sweet as the Hybla honey."

"Wisha, welcome, young gentlemen! welcome to Ardmore!—I say, make room for the gentlemen—easy wid them pipes for a moment—Missus Cathy, bring us down a couple of gallops till we treat the gentlemen;"—and similar exclamations of delight at seeing the entrance of half a dozen mad-caps evidently in quest of divarashin, burst from all sides of the tent.

I soon found myself in the lap of a ma-tron, who kindly accommodated me with the only resting-place unoccupied. My companions shifted for themselves.

Order was in a moment after restored. The pipers once more blew up Nora Crina, and a group immediately commenced "handling their feet" in concert with the music.

Abundant supplies of liquors were soon brought us; and here in the outset, ignorance of the customs of the people had nearly the effect of involving us in a quarrel. One of my companions being presented with some drink declined accepting it, at the same time drawing from his pocket a quantity of silver for the purpose of paying for some.

"You an' your money, be d—d!" exclaimed the insulted countryman, and dashed the silver with violence from the hand of my friend. A scramble ensued, and considerable confusion was created.

"D'ye think no one has money but ye?" cried the irritated man, pulling a handful of silver from his pocket. "By Jaws, I spind money as free as ever you would, my man, whoever you are."

"Wisha, do as he bids you, agragla," said some of the women, entreatingly; "do, for the sake of peace."

"Why don't you drink, Harry?" said I, seeing the necessity for active intervention.

"And come, Sir," turning to the angry man, "here's your good health, not forgetting the girls! Harry, our turn will come by and by."

"That's something like reason," replied the countryman.

My friend apologised with a frankness that completely allayed all angry feeling, and thus for the present an engagement was averted.

"Come gentlemen, a dance! a dance!" now cried the matrons, anxious to have the matter forgotten, and perhaps too desirous to afford their daughters an opportunity of displaying their accomplishments before the company.

"Come gentlemen, a dance!" echoed the young men, eager for an opportunity to show their superiority as dancers over the strangers. "Sure an' 'tisn't with the likes of us that you'd be afraid to dance."

"Come boys, by your leave—dance you must, faith, or fight me!"—said an old man, with a white head, and a nose that vied in

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* A dish well known to sailors.
† An Englishman would call this a cudgel, weighing 7 lbs. Such an article is quite necessary to ensure the maintenance of the peace.
* My darling; literally my white, or unspotted love.
hue and beauty with the immortals nasal ornament of Bardolph, springing up, and volunteering the part of the master of the ceremonies.

"Here," said he, "is a partner for you, and do you Eileen dance with that gentleman there. What, you rogue! you won't, won't you? 'Tis longing to be axed, you are! Come gentlemen—thunder and turf! won't you help yourselves?" said the jolly old dog, pushing forward the last remaining into the centre of the tent.

"Nate Callaghan!—where is that piper gone to?" exclaimed several impatient voices.

"Shut your praty trap! here I am, returned the musician.

"Morty Sullivan!" said he, calling out to one of his colleagues, "call in Jack Carthy, and the fiddler—and I say, do you, Dindly Deshie, my tulp! take out that flute that you have hiding in your pocket, there—come, my bouchal, none of your scheming tricks, they won't do for you—out wid it—we want all the music of the pattern. Hurrah! now for it, my darling!" said Nate, snapping his fingers and capering about the tent, elevated with a fresh draught of the best "Beamish and Crawford,"* qualified by a strong infusion of moutain-dew.

"I say, Morty, what business have you standing there gastering with another man's wife?"—again exclaimed Callaghan.

"Oh!—folly on, my boy, folly on," replied Sullivan, good-humouredly.

"Another man's wife, indeed!" said Sullivan's companion, "I suppose, Mister Callaghan, he is to ax your leave to speak to his own wife!—very good money there was paid for it too!"

"Yerra, wisht you fool!" said Sullivan, endeavouring to soothe his spouse, "sure, you know 't was only joking he was."

"What consarn was it of his at all?" said his wife, not so easily pacified.

"How easily you're offended, ma'am!—I suppose you want him to ax your pardon, do you, Mrs. Sullivan? Masha sure arn't!" said Callaghan's wife, coming up.

The pipers, however, had now taken their seats, and the noise of the women was soon drowned in the screaming of their instruments.

The dance now commenced, and it was soon apparent that, however able to whirl in the graceful waltz or move through the light quadrille, we knew nothing of dancing, as that term is understood at Ardmore. Some of us had the good sense to confess our inferiority, but our friend Burgoo refused to yield the precedence to anybody.

"Come, I'll bet you a gallon of porter," said a young man to the Frenchman, "I'll dance wid you."

"A hornpipe?" said Burgoo.

"Yes, agonize, or any other step Jack Quinlan ever taught," returned his challenger.

"Go it, Burgoo!" cried some of my companions, anxious to have a laugh at his expense.

Burgoo sprang upon the boards that were sunk in the earthen floor, and shouted out, "Music!"

The pipers obeyed the call, and in an instant Burgoo and his antagonist were "footing it" with might and main.

Infelix puér et imparius congressus Achillei! The noise of his feet could scarcely be heard, as his light shoes fell upon the boards, whilst the sound of his competitor's brogues could be distinguished high above the loudest note of the bagpipes. In short, after a little more than fifteen minutes' exertion, he was forced to surrender, and he sank into his seat, in a state of the utmost exhaustion. His conqueror was, however, too generous to boast of his victory; on the contrary, he affected to believe that he had no advantage over him whatsoever.

A young man and woman now started forward.

"What will ye have?" said Nate Callaghan, who appeared to preside over the orchestra. "'Tatter'd Jack Walsh'—" Shawen shall!"—"The Rakes o'Mallow"—or what'll ye have?"

"Nora Crina," Nate, if you please," said the young woman, to whom her partner had referred the question.

This was by far the best dance yet. The lady sustained her part with becoming spirit, and her lover's performance was beyond all praise. During the dance he sang the following Irish song:—

Rinckie dhas na Nora Crina,
Corrig dha cus na Nora Crina,
Nora! Nora!
Thurum pouga—
Who! Suissa m'shora Nora Crina!
The English of which is—

Dance prettily, Nora Crina!
Lightly dance it, Nora Crina!
Nora! oh, my Nora!
Ah, let me taste thy lips.
I’ve won it!
Your my soul’s idol Nora Crina.

While repeating the fourth line, he dexterously caught the maiden round the waist, and kissed her.

As soon as they had retired, Jack, the piper, was called on for a song.

“No,” said Jack, evidently, however, with no intention of refusing; “I ain’t in the humour. My throat is as dry as the upper leathers of my brogues.”

“A’thin, bad win’ to you for a vagrant!” exclaimed one of the company. “I suppose there ain’t whiskey enough in the pattern to make it mellow for you.”

Whiskey was immediately brought to Jack, and without further ado he warbled forth “The Ram o’ Darby,” to the delight of the listeners.

And o’chome ‘tis he was the curieuxest ram, Sir, That ever your eyes did see.

Jack was interrupted for a moment by the boisterous applause of the assembly.

“That’s no more the air of ‘The Ram o’ Darby’,” said a countryman, in an under tone, to a friend near him, “than an ‘Nobody can Deny.”

“An’it, tho’!” cried out one of Carthy’s friends, who overheard the remark. “Yerra, boys, do you hear him? This chap here says that that ain’t the air of ‘The Ram.’”

“Don’t it please you?” thundered the vocalist, rising wrathfully. “Maybe this would be more to your liking!”—and as he spoke, he discharged a pewter vessel that stood before him at the head of the critic.

Luckily the man caught it on his arm before it reached its destination. The blood, however, sprang profusely from his temples. The next moment his stick descended upon the skull of the piper, and Carthy rolled in the sand.

“I say, fair play!” “I’ll back Jack Carthy!” “Now for it, Jack, my beauty!” mixed with the cry of “The Mulcahys for ever, or die!” burst from the crowd, which now pressed forward, eager for combat.

Carthy sprang from the ground, and flourishing his stick in the air, called on Mulcahy, his antagonist, to follow him. He then rushed from the tent, accompanied by everybody present. Each man singled out his enemy, and a general and desperate fight ensued.

“Jack Carthy! Jack Carthy! is it mad you are? Oh, yerra! will nobody hound him?” exclaimed his wife, wringing her hands, and forcing herself through the throng into the presence of her husband.

“Go home, and mind your children, or I’ll smash every bone in your body!” returned her angry lord.

Judy, however, did not so soon forget her duty to her husband; but seeing a man of huge dimensions bearing down upon Jack, quickly caught up a large stone, and placing it in the corner of her mantle, swung it with such precision and force upon his poll, that the man was instantly compelled to bite the dust.

——- furere medisique in millibus asiet
Bellastrix asiet que viris concurrenc.

In a few moments the fight raged through the principal part of the pattern, nor did it cease till the parish priest, and his coadjutor “Father Tom,” rode with their long whips into the crowd, nor until the parties had thrashed each other to their hearts’ content. During the action I was separated from my companions; but we all escaped unhurt, except one, who underook the office of peace-maker, and was knocked down for his pains.

I now wandered through the crowd, and for the first time had an opportunity of seeing the external amusements. The most remarkable thing I saw was “a pig chase.” A prize pig was started, which was to become the property of the man who seized it by the tail and arrested its speed. To render the matter still more difficult, the tail of the hog was carefully shaved, and covered with lard. There were several competitors, and excellent sport was afforded. Eventually the animal was captured. One man, who evidently understood the business, kept pace with the others for some time, and did not attempt the tail till most of them had unsuccessfully tried it; then seizing a handful of small gravel, he sprang upon the pig and held it firmly. The poor animal halted, perhaps wearied, or seized at that juncture with some swinish whim. The prize, however, was awarded to the victor.

I now passed through crowds who stood regaling themselves at the numerous stalls, on which were spread out a vast profusion
of apples, pears, cherries, currants, gooseberries, and the other fruits so plentiful in that county in autumn. The only thing I observed in the way of an exhibition was one monkey, carried by an Italian boy, who had found his way thither. It created the greatest interest among the natives, being most probably the only specimen of foreign zoology ever witnessed by them.

"Yerra, look at the nate little hands of the cratur. How natural he cracks the nuts and ates the apples!" exclaimed some of the women, regarding him with admiration. "It would be a Christian, only it can't speak."

"I'm sure," remarked another, "I ain't lucky to have anything to say to it. Look at his tail."

I now returned to the tent where we originally met, and there found all my friends. I urged their immediate departure, as it had now grown late.

"Come, man," said one of my friends, shoving me a vessel containing some whiskey, "the Mermaid, you know, won't sail unless she has plenty of ballast."

I was overruled—perhaps the fates so willed it—and took the liquor. Several of my companions were considerably elevated—Burgoo, perhaps, more so than any body else. He sat beside a pretty girl of about eighteen, who appeared highly pleased at the Frenchman's attentions. Among many extravagant things which he did, he took off his hat, and insisted upon exchanging it for an old felt caubeen which was stuck upon the head of a countryman near him. The man merely laughed at the matter, and in a moment or two returned his hat. Burgoo now turned to a young man, whose surly countenance should have bid him beware. He attempted a similar movement with him, but was instantly levelled on the floor. He was the admirer of Burgoo's companion. The moment he fell, a peasant grasped me by the throat, and each of my friends was singled out by the drunken men who now thronged the tent. Though some of us understood the use of our weapons, but for the interference of the women, perhaps our lives would have fallen a sacrifice. I succeeded in flooring my assailant, but the next moment I fell to rise no more—for that night—from a blow of a pewter pint on the side of my head.

When I awoke, I found myself in bed, surrounded by women. It appeared that as soon as I fell, some of the women shoved my body under a table, and covered me from their husbands' sight with their mantles. In the morning I was conveyed to the hospitable residence of a neighbouring clergyman, by whose attention I was soon restored. My companions had sailed, and I found myself thirty miles from home, without a farthing in my pocket. I remained with the Rev. Mr. —— until the evening, when he supplied me with money, and having whispered in my ear the folly and danger of intemperance, bade me farewell at the next coach-stage.

R. R. P.

THE LATE FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

The experiment made by the amateurs in November 1834, has this year been repeated with equal success, under the direction of Sir George Smart, who has shown how much can be done, even with the most inexperienced troops, by a skilful and energetic leader. The materials for this festival, after being put together, produced a whole that would have shed lustre upon the art in this country, had they been brought into operation with all the advantages requisite to make them produce the most perfect effect.

One very serious obstacle which they had to encounter, was the defects of Exeter Hall itself, which having been constructed for quite a different purpose, is particularly unfavourable to musical sound. Not only does it affect the vibration of the stringed instruments—a strong proof of which appeared in the tone of Mr. Cramer's violin, usually very full, but which here sounded like a bird-organ—but a disagreeable resonance pervades it, to such an extent in some parts, that the rapid harmonies in the chorusses were often perverted and changed.
into horrible discordance, by the former chord being repeated by the echo after the succeeding one was struck. The tones of the brass instruments were thrown back to the orchestra; and this strange effect may account for Mr. Harper, in his accompaniment to "The trumpet shall sound," more than once all but missing his note. Each note also from Mr. Platt’s horn seemed to rebound back, meeting and breaking the current of vibration sent forth by the succeeding notes.

In our account of the Amateur Festival of 1834, we stated these defects; in our notice of the Festival at Westminster Abbey, during the spring of the same year, we showed the unfitness also of that venerable pile for musical performances upon a large scale. At this time, we recommended that Westminster Hall should be tried, because we supposed it capable of holding a large audience and a large orchestra, such as this metropolis requires, neither of which could be accommodated in the largest sized concert room now existing in London. But on measuring Westminster Hall, we find that it is much too low, and on this account the roof, being as it is without a ceiling, would prove an invincible impediment.

It is really disgraceful to the capital of the British empire, that with the feeling for music that has always existed among us—for whether we really like it or only affect to do so, still the fact is, that the art is much encouraged in England—it is really disgraceful, we repeat, that in this vast city, there should be no building specifically devoted to the performance of those stupendous works which do so much honour to our country, and can alone convey an adequate idea of the powers of harmony when blended with the most sublime and soul-kindling poetry.

That such a building is in contemplation we heartily rejoice to find; and we also rejoice to perceive, that in spite of the groundless fears of a few timid minds, and notwithstanding the mistaken notions of two or three amateur noblemen, who know of no music in this country beyond their own circle—who are ignorant of its extensive cultivation among the middle and even the lower classes—who see not the musical choral societies and musical instrumental societies swarming from the parent hives like clustering bees, and settling in every quarter of the metropolis—and who, therefore, would erect nothing but a second Exeter Hall at the west end;—we rejoice, we say, that in spite of all this, the spirited gentlemen who have undertaken to build a National Music Hall, will do it upon a proper scale, and not allow themselves to be panic-stricken by those who either wilfully or ignorantly choose to examine things through the large end of a telescope. Another circumstance at which we equally rejoice is, that all the most distinguished musical professors go heart and hand with these gentlemen in promoting the noble object they have undertaken.

Besides the unfitness of Exeter Hall for musical performances, this Festival had to strive against the dead-weight—perhaps we are wrong, for the weight was not always inert, far from it—of a committee of medical men, well skilled, no doubt, in the resources of the pharmacopoeia, and cunning in repelling disease from the human frame, but not one of whom, we believe, understood a note of music. Well might it have been said

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

The bad working of such a committee was but too obvious. The proper powers which the conductor ought to have had, were retained by these gentlemen, who beset poor Sir George Smart with a host of third, fourth, and fifth-rate solo singers, buzzing about his face and ears like the flies set free by the Queen of Brobdingnag’s dwarf under the nose of poor Gulliver. First, there was Miss Bruce, whose voice is so wry, who sings so dreadfully sharp, and whose enunciation is so indistinct, that we cannot imagine how she can herself so far mistake her own powers as to undertake to sing sacred music, more particularly on such an occasion, and in so large an orchestra. We have heard her warble very agreeably in a room, and in a subdued tone; and to such warbling should she confine her musical efforts. Miss Bruce was, however, as a queen among those who followed after her;

Car parmi les borgnes, les avengers sont rois.

We here allude to Miss Wagstaff, Miss Woodyatt, Miss K. Robson, and Miss Tipping. With regard to Miss Bainforth, she has a fine soprano voice; but she has begun to sing in public too soon. She ought now to be vocalising scales, instead of taking a part in public concerts. She has great resources, but the other ladies we have just before mentioned appear doomed.
ever to remain embourbées in the quagmire of mediocrity. Mrs. E. Seguin sings pleasantly at times, but when she undertakes anything difficult, she shows that though she may have passed the pesa asimurum, she is but a learner yet. May she take a friendly hint, and still continue her studies!

Mrs. Alfred Shaw, with her beautiful contralto voice, her pure, chaste, and expressive style—our ever-constant favourite, Mrs. Bishop, who makes a stream of beautiful intellect flow upon everything she sings—Mrs. W. Knivett, who always warbles pleasantly, but sometimes elevates her style to a high poetic strain—and Miss Masson, who always sings charmingly, compensated, however, for the defects of those singers of their own sex who never should have made their appearance at this festival. But to return to the Committee.

These gentlemen, with assuredly the best intentions in the world—for we must do them this justice—undertook that for which they were not competent; unless, indeed, they can show that the study of physic teaches the best mode of giving effect to an orchestra. They, therefore, must have acted as a clog to the wheels of the conductor's machinery; and we are bound to say that Sir George Smart has so much the greater merit in having overcome the impediments so thickly studded along his path.

We cannot avoid, en passant, giving one word of advice to those who formed the Committee, in the hope that it may be of service to them on future occasions. When gentlemen, such as those who composed the orchestra—most of whom move in as high a sphere of life as the gentlemen of the Committee, and many of them in a higher—give their gratuitous services for a charitable purpose, they will not allow themselves to be rough-ridden by men who have assumed a "little brief authority," and upon whom they are actually conferring a favour. Was it proper, on the night of the private rehearsal, when there was nobody in the Hall except the members of the Committee and half-a-dozen friends—medical, no doubt—who, book in hand, and with grave faces, went thither to judge of the effect of the music—God save the mark! —was it proper, we ask, that during the repose of the music, when any gentleman of the band attempted to enter the hall to see the effect of the newly erected orchestra, he was met at the door by a little man with head erect, and badge of office—the secretary, we believe—snarling, and snapping, and barking like a Scotch terrier or a lady's petted pug-dog, and making the rules of well-bred courtesy merge in the observance of a pretended set of regulations, which, if they had been framed by the Committee, were ill-judged, and ought not to have been applied? What was the consequence of this conduct?—that most of the amateurs entered the hall by climbing over the rails, and the little gentleman barked to no purpose. At one period, the symptoms of displeasure were so evident, that among the performers serious consequences might have been apprehended, had it not been for the kindly feelings manifested throughout towards Sir George Smart, and that clever little man, Mr. Travers, the chorus master, in return for their obvious talents and immense exertions.

The Committee did very foolishly to depend upon Mr. Braham giving his services gratuitously. He promised, they said, that he would sing if he had no engagement. Is he ever without an engagement at this season of the year? Mr. Phillips's terms were too high—then why not have engaged Mr. Kellner, who is the finest dramatic bass singer we have, and whose terms would not have ruined the Committee, as he would have sung for nothing, if he had been asked?

The male singers, nevertheless, mustered very respectfully. Mr. Sapio is a host in himself; and but for that unhappy trick he has of jerking up his notes, or, more properly speaking, of taking one note as a stepping-stone to another, and hooking, as it is termed, would be the first tenor in this country. We always admire, though we often censure him; and if he would but listen to our advice, and leave off this ugly hooking, we should greatly rejoice. He gave, "Comfort ye my people," in very beautiful style. Mr. Horncastle is also a hooker—but on one or two occasions he pleased us, though we do not generally admire him. He gave "Gentle airs" very well at the first performance, and was more than usually successful in the Messiah. Of Mr. Balf, who, in beauty of style and feeling, may be termed the very first of our young native singers, we shall only say that he gave Pergolesi's "O Lord! have mercy upon me," with equal simplicity, truth, judgment, and feeling.
Mr. Machin has a fine, though somewhat heavy, bass voice, which he is fast bringing into a state of high cultivation, that will place him at the head of the list as an oratorio singer.

The choruses, taking into consideration the defects of the Hall, went most perfectly; and the stupendous mass of sound produced by so many voices combined in pure harmony, boomed through the building as if it were a mighty choir of angels singing the praises of the Most High in strains of immortal beauty.

A list of the several days’ performances has been so often before the public, that it would be mere waste of time to enumerate them here. All our contemporaries concur in giving the highest praise to the choruses, and in blaming the miscellaneous selections by which the two first concerts were commenced. The audience were eager to hear the united efforts of six hundred performers; they went to Exeter Hall for that express purpose; but before they were gratified, they were forced to listen to a long miscellaneous collection of solos, most of them sung by inferior persons. Was it then surprising that they should have been tired out, and have left the room before the concert was over? Had the powers of Brahman, or of Mr. Kellner, or of Mr. Belte, or of any other first-rate singers, been put in requisition after the choruses, and not before, then the audience would have listened with patience to the end of the concert, and it would not have been found necessary to stop the clock in the hall in order to beguile the weariness of those who attended solely to hear, as we have before observed, the united efforts of six hundred performers, and not the squalling of Miss Bruce, or Miss Wagstaff, or Miss Woodyatt, or Miss Tipping, or Miss K. Robson, who so mercilessly murdered “Angels ever bright and fair.” In reducing the number of solos for the first day’s performance, after the first rehearsal, why was Miss Bruce retained, and Mrs. Alfred Shaw’s exquisite “O Salutaris Hostia” expunged? Surely this was trifling with the audience.

In a former part of this paper, we express a doubt whether the fondness which our leading people display for music be real or only assumed. We suspect that it is not real, otherwise the revival of an oratorio of Handel, unknown to the present generation, would have excited more curiosity than that of “Solomon” did, if only for the purpose of criticism. When Sir George Smart first brought out “Israel in Egypt,” it was at a heavy pecuniary loss—for no one went to hear it. Now every body expatriates upon its beauties, and people crowd to admire and applaud its noble choruses. Such will also ultimately be the case with the Oratorio of “Solomon,” which Sir George Smart has carefully divested of those blemishes belonging to the age in which it was written, and has most judiciously strengthened with the resources of modern orchestral instrumentation. The Committee of the Festival deserve to be immortalized for bringing out this work, and Sir George Smart for recommending it, as well for his beautiful arrangement of it. Unfortunately, the English, before they allow themselves to judge, require to be told what is fine; they then avow admiration, which we apprehend is only a fashion; for if an angel from heaven were to descend upon this earth, and bring out a musical composition in London, it would prove unsuccessful at first, until its merits had been decided upon by other and more skilful persons than the élite of the audiences who frequent musical entertainments in this metropolis. This is a lamentable drawback upon the advancement of the art in England.

In conclusion, we cannot but express another ground of censure upon the Committee of the Festival: that of raising the price of admission to a guinea. The consequence of this ill-judged measure has been, that the rehearsals were crowded, and the benches deserted on the nights of the performances, even by the members of the aristocracy, all among the latter who attended having preferred the rehearsal nights. And, indeed, who in the English world of fashion, would pay a guinea to be packed away with scarcely room to move, during four or five consecutive hours upon hard benches, to hear even the best music in the world? We fear that this injudicious advance in price has caused a considerable diminution in the profits for the Hospital.
THE COURT.

There has been much festivity, adorned with regal splendour, enjoyed at Court during the last month. The King has held his usual weekly levees at St. James's Palace, and has given banquets at Windsor Castle to the Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and to the Knights of the Thistle and St. Patrick. On Thursday, the 5th ultimo, the Queen held a drawing-room at St. James's, when the following ladies had the honour of being presented to her Majesty:

Lady Oxfamtown, on her marriage, by the Countess of Rosse; Hon. Mrs. T. Best, on her marriage, by the Duchess Dowager of Richmond; Lady S. Needham, by her mother, the Countess of Kilmorey; Hon. Miss A. Cranston, by Lady A. M. Donkin; Mrs. G. Mostyn, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Vansittart; Lady C. F. Strangways, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Miss Lloyd, by her mother, Lady Trimlestown; Miss E. Robarts, by her mother, Mrs. Robarts; Lady Gardiner, on her marriage, by the Countess of Chesterfield; Countess of Charleville, on succeeding to the title, by her mother, Lady Charlotte Bury; Miss Colquhoun, by her mother, Mrs. Colquhoun; Mrs. Gerard, by Lady Gerard; Mrs. Scott, on her marriage, by her mother, Lady Maria Stanley; Mrs. T. Gladstone, on her marriage, by the Countess of Denbigh; Lady E. Courtenay, on receiving rank, by Lady Bolton; Mrs. W. Owen Stanley, on her marriage, by Lady Maria Stanley; Miss G. Beresford, by Lady Elizabeth Reynell; Lady Rivett Carnac, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Miss M. A. Clarke, by Lady Clarke; Miss T. S. Rice, by the Marchioness of Lansdowne; Mrs. P. Browne, by Lady Radstock; Mrs. R. Gosling, by Lady Cottenham; Lady Talbot de Malahide, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Mrs. A. B. Dyce, on her marriage, by Lady Young; Mrs. Henry L. Hunter, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Thelusson; Mrs. Mosley, on her marriage, by Lady Mosley; Lady Fothimore, on her marriage, by the Viscountess Bridport; Lady H. Dunlop, on her marriage, by the Countess of Rosebery; Hon. Lady Stirling, on her marriage, by Lady A. Byngh; Viscountess Deerhurst, on her marriage, by the Hon Lady Cockerell; Hon. Mrs. G. Hope, on her marriage, by the Countess of Haddington; Hon. Mrs. H. Ashley, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Ely; Hon. Mrs. F. Scott, on her marriage, by Lady Hume Campbell; Hon. Mrs. Finch, on her marriage, by the Countess of Aylesford; Lady Cooper, on succeeding to the title, by the Dowager Lady Honeywood; Mrs. Archedeke, by Lady Bolton; Miss Wharton, by the Hon. Mrs. Lane; Miss Young, by Lady Young; Miss Wynne, by Mrs. C. G. Wynne; Miss F. Blackwood, by her mother, Mrs. W. Blackwood; Miss J. Trollope, by Lady Trollope; Miss L. Young, by Lady Young; Lady George Hill, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Lady Bolton, by Mrs. John Portal; Hon. Miss Napier, by the Countess of Haddington; Miss Kennedy, by Mrs. Colonel Howard; Lady Young, by the Dowager Countess of Winter ton; Lady Sondes, on coming to the title, by the Marchioness of Ely; Miss Clayton East, by her mother, Mrs. Clayton East; Miss Heneage, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. J. Heneage; Lady Robert Kerr, by Lady Gomm; Miss Caroline Honeywood, by the Dowager Lady Honeywood; Miss Crawford, by her mother, Mrs. Crawford; Mrs. Young, by the Countess of Albermarle; Miss L. Honeywood, by the Dowager Lady Honeywood; Miss St. John, by her mother, Mrs. E. St. John; Miss Blackstone, by Mrs. D. Griffith; Lady Campbell, on her return from Persia, by Lady Aylmer; Mrs. Allen (of Errol), by the Countess of Albermarle; Lady Rendlesham, by the Marchioness of Londonderry; Miss Hoey, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Miss Ross, by Lady C. Guest; Mrs. Powney, by the Honourable Mrs. Heneage; Miss F. Hoey, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Lady Dickens, by the Right Honourable Lady Vivian;
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Miss Parker, by the Countess of Haddington; Miss Robertson, by Lady Yarde Buller; Lady Maitland, by the Hon. Mrs. G. Elliot; Miss Smyth Pigott, by Mrs. Every; Miss Allen (of Erroll), by the Countess of Albemarle; Mrs. Crawford, by Lady Rivett Carnac; Miss Riddell, by Mrs. Milman; Miss Arredceckne, by Mrs. Arredceckne; Lady Eleanor Howard, by the Countess of Wicklow; Mrs. Beale, by Lady Harriet Clive; Hon. Miss Thelusson, by her mother, Lady Rendlesham; Mrs. King, by the Marchioness of Downshire; Mrs. Robertson, by Lady Yarde Buller; Miss Beale, by Lady H. Clive; Mrs. M'Alpine, by the Hon. Mrs. Lane; Mrs. Halford, by the Countess of Denbigh; Miss Fleming, by Mrs. Fleming; Miss Amphlett, by her mother, Mrs. John Amphlett; Miss C. Mosley, by Lady Mosley; Miss F. Broughton, by the Hon. Mrs. Lane; Miss O. Mosley, by Lady Mosley; Miss L. Price, by her sister, Mrs. Basset; Lady H. Searle, by Lady Hatherton; Mrs. N. Duff, by the Marchioness of Ely; Mrs. R. Stewart, by the Countess of Roseberry; Mrs. J. Wood, by Mrs. Evans, of Portran; Mrs. C. Beale, by Lady H. Clive; Mrs. J. L. Wynne, by the Countess of Stradbroke; Miss C. Robinson, by the Hon. Mrs. Heneage; Miss E. Harvey, by her mother, Lady Harvey; Mrs. W. Blackwood, by Lady Dufferin; Hon. Miss A. Crewe, by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. C. Offley; Mrs. Saunders, by the Countess Amherst; Hon. Miss J. Hood, by her mother, Lady Bridport; Hon. Miss C. Hood, by Lady Bridport; Mrs. E. St. John, by Lady Bolton; Mrs. Jones (of Clytha), on going abroad, by Mrs. Milman; Miss M. Fanshawe, by her mother, Mrs. Fanshawe; Miss C. Maitland, by Lady S. Maitland; Miss K. Williams Wynan, by the Countess of Denbigh; Miss M. G. Wilkinson, by her mother, Mrs. G. Wilkinson; Miss Hankey, by her sister, Mrs. D. Griffith; Miss F. Hankey, by her aunt, Mrs. D. Griffith; Miss M. Rushbrooke, by Mrs. Rushbrooke.

The Prince of Orange and his two sons arrived at the Palace towards the close of the Court. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the door of the Entrée Room by Lord Charles Fitzroy, the Vice Chamberlain, and Sir Robert Chester, the Master of the Ceremonies, who conducted the Princes into the Throne Room to the presence of their Majesties. Their Royal Highnesses dined in the evening with the King and Queen, and have since appeared frequently at Court, and in public. It is rumoured that the visit of their Royal Highnesses to this country is likely to consummate the happiness of two distinguished personages.

On Friday the 13th, their Majesties' first State Ball was given. This is the most interesting, and perhaps the most splendid of royal fêtes: the display of female loveliness on this occasion must have proved, that if the English painters cannot rival the ancient masters, it is not for want of beautiful subjects to inspire their pencils.

In our next, we shall state any particulars deserving of special notice, that took place at the celebration of his Majesty's birth-day on the 26th.

We are happy to state that the King and Queen continue in the enjoyment of excellent health.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Sentiment of Flowers. Tilt.

A very pretty and elegant trifle, well worthy of notice, and of which the following is a fair specimen:—

"MODESTY.

"BLUE VIOLET.

Violets whose looks are like the skies.

Barry Cornwall.

"This beautiful flower is known to all who have breathed the pure air of British fields. They could not pass along our hedge-rows in spring without inhaling its fragrant perfume, though its tiny head is so comfortably hid beneath its humble foliage that it seldom meets the eye of the careless passer by. Yet although unheeded,

Gentle gales,

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Nature perfumes, and whisper whence they stole

The balsam spoils.

Milton.

"Let us entreat our friends who would seek for the purest and most healthy pleasures, to rise with the sun, and accept the invitation of Elliot to

Walk where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane;

and then—but Howitt, in all his freshness, shall tell you what delight you will meet with. All unexpectedly, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many beautiful allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted. They are like true friends; we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and most beautiful. In March they are seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through their thick clustering leaves."

So many years have now elapsed since the peace of 1814, that the recollection of the sufferings of those cast by the fate of war into captivity, is beginning to be effaced. The present work comes, therefore, opportuneiy, to revive the remembrance of those scenes which create a disgust and horror of war. Much has been said of the cruelties and hardships which the British prisoners encountered in France during the war; but we firmly believe that the French suffered more in England. Our hulks or prison ships, in which men were packed upon each other like herrings in casks, and the regulations by which they were governed, are a disgrace to civilised nations, and cannot be thought of without horror. Richard Langton offers us no such disgusting details, because they did not exist where he was a captive.

These volumes are pleasant and entertaining, and though a little imbued with John Bull prejudices, give a fair and pretty exact picture of the state of France at the period of her hostilities with this country. It does the more credit to the author, because man under restraint and suffering is always prone to be led away by his feelings rather than his judgment; and we find the present work very little tainted with this blemish.

The Fellow Commoner. 3 vols. Churton.

This work is a reprint from a series of papers which appeared in the Court Magazine, and were abruptly discontinued, in December last, without bringing to a conclusion the tale they embodied. Several of our subscribers having addressed us on the subject of the tale not being ended, we referred the matter to our publisher, who has accordingly printed them in the form before us, and added those previously unpublished. Our task is now to announce the appearance of the work, leaving the discussion of its merits to our contemporaries.

Private Education; or, Observations on Governesses. By Madame Bureaud Riofrey. Longman.

Some time since, we had occasion to notice a very excellent work on the physical education of girls, by Dr. Bureaud Riofrey, to which we earnestly called the attention of mothers of families. We have at present to recommend, in equally strong terms, to mothers, another work: one on the intellectual education of young females, by the wife of Dr. Bureaud Riofrey, an English lady of high mental attainments, who has already distinguished herself as a writer in French, as well as in her native tongue. The volume before us is a book of very great merit, and ought to form a textbook in every family, as it no doubt will. The subject of private education of girls is here fully and practically treated by a person of high intellect, and evidently of considerable experience. The style is lucid and elegant, the arrangement of the subject clear, methodical, and judicious. We earnestly trust that Madame Bureaud Riofrey will continue to employ her powerful pen on a subject which very few mothers well understand, and which, nevertheless, is one of the most important in the state of civilisation and moral refinement which we are striving to attain.


This is one of a series of works of science in a portable form, written by Mr. Mudie for the purpose of instructing that portion of the community who have not much time to devote to abstruse studies, but are anxious to gain scientific information. This little book is a gem, both in style and matter. We cannot recommend it too strongly to our juvenile readers, as well as to those of maturer years, together with Mr. Mudie’s previous productions of the same nature, such as “The Heavens,” “The Earth,” “Natural History of Birds,” and several others.


The eighteenth volume of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, is the first of the present work, which is carefully and accurately compiled, and supplies an immense quantity of information, a great part of which is wholly new, concerning the gigantic empire of China, whose commercial relations with Great Britain, after having long been restricted to a chartered monopoly, have at length been thrown open to general competition. An acquaintance with the history of China—with the peculiarities of its inhabitants, with the nature of its soil and productions—has now become a necessary study to the commercial as well as the legislative portions of the community. The present account of China, now complete in three volumes, will no doubt meet with a ready sale, which it well deserves.
CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

PHILHARMONIC.

The sixth and seventh concerts of this society were as follows:

Sixth Concert, May 9th.

ACT I.

Sinfonia Pastorale—Beethoven.
Grand Fantasia, piano forte, M. Thalberg.
Duette, M. Ivanoff and Mr. Phillips, “O vei” (Guillaume Tell) — Rossini.

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. 11.—Haydn.
Aria, Madame Malibran de Beriot, “Mon più di fiori,” Coro di Bassetto
Obligato, Mr. Willman (La Clemenza di Tito) — Mozart.
Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley—Haydn.
Scena, Mr. Phillips, “Ah che invan”
(Pietro von Abano)— Spohr.

The Sinfonia Pastorale was given with excellent effect and precision, though, as we have before observed, we have never heard it performed anywhere in a manner to satisfy us that its beauties have yet been fully understood; but we must say that it never went better than at this concert. M. Ivanoff’s “O cara immagine” was sung with exquisite finish and expression. But we now come to what most surprised and delighted us, we mean the piano forte playing of M. Thalberg, who is as superior on his instrument to any other player, as Paganini is superior to every other violinist. He was right to have no orchestral accompaniments, for he requires none. Every finger of his is an instrument, and every instrument a voice. His music is noble and dignified, full of pathos and emotion. A most bewitching melancholy pervades it, yet it is remarkable for breadth and grandeur. With so great a superiority of mechanism over every living artist, M. Thalberg never attempts a difficulty for the sake of display. All that he does beyond the highest powers of the most gifted among other piano forte players, comes without an effort, and is always an illustration of true poetic feeling. Therefore even his most complicated difficulties appear as melodious and flowing as the most simple melodies, and throw an unaccountable charm over the mind.

The succeeding duet was scarcely listened to, so powerful was the fascination which M. Thalberg threw over the whole audience; and it was not until after Spohr’s overture, which is a beautiful though somewhat cold composition, that they seemed to awake from their trance.

Haydn’s sinfonia, No. 11, though it went perfectly well, was listened to with indifference, and it was not till the appearance of Madame Malibran de Beriot, that the company present seemed roused to fresh excitement. Madame de Beriot broke the enchantor’s spell by giving Mozart’s beautiful music with an effect truly electric. Though she had previously been acting and singing at Drury Lane, she seemed to have reserved for the Philharmonic the largest portion of the sacred fire, for it burst forth into a stupendous blaze, especially during the latter part of her song. She was ably accompanied on the coro di bassetto by Mr. Willman.

The quartet which followed was a failure. The gentlemen who played it may depend upon this, that it is quite a mistake in quartet playing for the first violin to have all the talk to itself; the second violin, viola, and violoncello, when they have to reply, should do so in a manly, though not a pert tone. Such is the mode pursued at Vienna, where the best school of quartet playing exists. Another mistake is the order of placing themselves, adopted by Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley, in a line across the orchestra, the first violin at one extremity and the violoncello at another. No quartet can ever go well, unless the first violin and the violoncello are side by side.

Mr. Phillips should never sing Italian; he neither has nor ever will have the Bocca Italiana, and his Italian singing is therefore clumsy and ineffective. The overture to Der Freischutz went, as usual, very well.

Seventh Concert, May 23rd.

ACT I.

Sinfonia Eroica—Beethoven.
Aria, Mr. Machin, “Mentre ti lascio.”—Mozart.
Septet: Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, and Double Bass—The Chevalier Neukomm.
Recitativo ed Aria, Miss Masson, “Per pietà,” (Cossi fan Tutti)—Mozart.
Overture, “Jessonda”—Spohr.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D — Mozart.
Aria, Madame Malibran de Beriot, “Quando il core,”—Persiani.
Quartet: Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.
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cello, MESSRS. BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDO, and LUCAS, (No. 13, in B flat)—Beethoven.
Terzetto, Madame MALIBRAN DE BERIOT, Miss MASSON, and Mr. MACHIN, "Coraggio osole," (Fidelio)—Beethoven.
Overture, "Anacreon,"— Cherubini

The Sinfonia Eroica went extremely well, if we except the first movement being rather too slow. With Mr. Machin’s Italian singing, we find the same fault as with that of Mr. Phillips. The Chevalier Neukomm’s septet for the wind instruments is not worth mentioning. Miss Masson is entitled to praise for the manner in which she gave " Fer Pieta," from the "Così fan Tutti." In the overture to Jessonda, the piccolo flute was dreadfully flat, and was played with overpowering energy. After the symphony, the first act was very heavy and uninteresting.

The second act redeemed the credit of the society in this concert. Madame Malibran de Beriot electrified the whole room by the manner in which she gave Persiani’s music, which in itself is but indifferent, but to which she imparts life and interest. The quartet, No. 13 of Beethoven, went as beautifully as at the Quartet Concerts, and does infinite credit to the four young professors, who have studied and got it up in such a manner as to render its beauties comprehensible, which they never were before in this country, except to a select few. The terzetto was given with effect; so was the concluding overture.

M. T. COOKE’S CONCERT.

Wednesday Morning, April 27th.

This concert, which took place at the Opera House Concert Room, was very well attended, and gave great satisfaction. Independently of the combined talents of Madame G. Grisi, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Rainforth, Miss Masson, Signor Tamburini, Messrs. Balfe, Hobbs, Parry, Phillips, &c. and those of Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Mori, Nicholson, Willman, Baumann, and other distinguished instrumentists—the three principal attractions were the performance on the oboe of Mr. Grattan Cooke, Haydn’s Farewell symphony, and a madrigal by Festa, dated 1541. Mr. G. Cooke, besides a delightful tone and beautiful expression, evinces in the two solos of his own composition which he here played, an originality and power of conception that peculiarly qualify him for dramatic composition, to which, we trust, he will direct his powers of mind.

ITALO AUGUSTI SAGRINI’S CONCERT.

Hanover Square Rooms, Tues. M., May 10.

We have no space to particularise this concert, further than to state that the clever young beneficiary played two pieces on the guitar,—a rondo by Hummel, and a duet on the piano forte, for piano forte and violin, with Madame Pilipowicz. He also recited, with great effect, between the acts, in Italian, Latin, English, and French, the episode of Francesca di Rimini, from Dante. Madame Maggioni, Madlle. Salvi, Signor Brizzi, M. Begrez, and M. Sedlaczek, gave the support of their talents on this occasion.

MADAME SOPHIE OSTERGAARD’S CONCERT.

Willis’s Rooms, Thursday Morning, May 12.

The benefit concerts are so numerous, that we are unable to devote more than two or three lines to each, and yet every beneficiary expects a full account of his concert, and every singer a notice. It is impossible for us to realise this expectation. Miss Ostergaard had a good attendance, and her concert was very good; but distinguished by nothing out of the common, except a trio for piano forte, oboe, and bassoon, by Madame Dulken, Messrs. Barret and Baumann, and a violin solo very effectively given by Mr. Blagrove.

M. KELLNER’S SOIREE MUSICALE, HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

Tuesday Evening, May 13th.

In this concert we particularly noticed a beautiful quartet, composed by Mr. Kellner, entitled "Ave Regina," and sung by Miss Kemble, Madame Sala, Messrs. Begrez and Kellner; "Haste, my Nanette," an elegant duet of the old school, by Travers, very beautifully given by Miss Birch and Mr. Kellner; Moore’s ballad, entitled "The evening gun," which was effectively given by Madame Sala; and Mr. Kellner’s song of the "Blind Mother," which we mentioned in our last number, and which was most exquisitey sung by Miss Kemble, who bids fair to take the lead among our native artists. Having heard of Mr. Kellner as a singer and composer, we were not prepared to find him a concerto player on the piano forte, and were very agreeably surprised at the powerful and effective manner in which he gave the middle movement of Hummel’s septet for wind instruments, displaying a brilliant and powerful finger, and a perfect command of his instrument.

M. SEDLACZEC AND SIGNOR BRIZZI’S MORNING CONCERT, CONCERT-ROOM, KING’S THEATRE.

Monday, May 16th.

What have we to say but a repetition of what we have already said? This was certainly one of the most attractive concerts of the season, and one of the best attended, for the orchestra was filled by the audience as well as the room. Madame Brizzi’s piano forte playing was one of the most attractive parts of the concert. She gave Herr’s variations on "Vive tu," in a style seldom surpassed. Neither must
we omit to mention her husband, Signor Brizzi, whose talents have not been duly appreciated by our contemporaries,—whose manner is full of feeling, and is of a beautiful school, and whose only defect is forcing his voice a little, to make what is small appear large, but which, in fact, makes it still smaller. Let Signor Brizzi not be discouraged, but sing on in the same pure style, and he will soon be done better justice to. Mr. Sedlatzec played his flute concerto and his "Souvenir du Simplon" with a fine pure tone, and in the broad, flowing style of the true German school. We are sick of Bellini's Posa- naca, which was nothing but what Madame G. Grisi made it, and its interest is now gone. Besides, Grisi is no longer a "vergin vezzosa."

Mr. Sudre's experiments were exceedingly interesting; but the gem of the concert was part of a quintet for the wind instruments, by Reicha, played by Messrs. Sidlatzec, Barret, Willman, Rousselet, jun., and Baumann. It was enthusiastically received, and the audience would gladly have listened to the entire quintet.

M. THALBERG'S MORNING CONCERT, CONCERT-ROOMS, KING'S THEATRE.

Saturday, May 21st.

Again we heard this wonderful youth—again we were delighted, wonder-stricken, and affected. What power is there in this man's finger to act thus upon our senses? How has he wrought upon the short, abrupt note of the piano forte, so as to give it the effect of song? We know not, but such is the fact. Here we saw but a single instrument; and alone it engaged the attention and interest, and soon after excited by enthusiasm the feelings of an overflowing audience, among whom were the most distinguished professors, eager to listen to and revel in M. Thalberg's music. M. de Beriot and his gifted wife, gave Tartini's Dream in the most perfect style. The concert contained only eleven pieces, which was very judicious, and the beneficiary's beautiful performance was not drowned in a number of other pieces. The audience departed without weariness, which seldom occurs at other concerts.

MADAME SALA'S CONCERT, WILLIS'S ROOMS.

Monday, May 23rd.

This was likewise one of the best concerts of the season. Madame Sala again sang with sweet taste and effect, Moore's "Evening gun," which she has brought into vogue. Among other vocal pieces we particularly noticed a beautiful ballad, written by Mr. Ball, and adapted to Weber's music. It was sung by Mr. Shirling, who has a rich tenor voice of the finest quality. We trust that he will employ perseverance, and study to render it available; if he does so, he may reach a high rank among our native talent. Mrs. Bishop also gave in her best style "La Menaca," by Balf, and M. Ivanoff, Mozart's beautiful song, "O cara immagine." We regret that we have not space to notice any of the other distinguished vocalists, except Madame Malibran de Beriot, who, although "Nell ebrezza del amor," from "Ines de Castro," was in the programme, sang "Quando il core," by Persiani, which she repeated the same evening at the Philharmonic. Mr. Mori played a violin solo, most exquisitely in point of execution, and very much better than usual in style and taste. M. Servais' solo on the violoncello was a splendid performance; and a clever little boy, nine years of age, named Charles Dilioux, executed on the piano forte Herz's Fantasia on the air of "La violette," in a style that might have put many old performers to the blush. If this child is not prematurely spoiled, he will become a remarkable man.

MR. OLE BULL'S CONCERT, KING'S THEATRE.

Saturday Evening, May 21st.

The performance of this gentleman on the violin is beautiful, and full of poetry; but we are not of the same opinion as some of our enthusiastic contemporaries, who rate him above Paganini. Mr. Ole Bull has consider- able genius, and his power of playing upon the four strings at once, and thus producing a regular quartet, is quite marvellous; but his music is unconnected, and badly composed; though his own passages are beautiful, and the effect he gives them most exquisite. In brief, he is a young man of talent, but far, very far below Paganini.

THE CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This amateur society is rapidly rising into well-deserved repute. Its first concert at the Hanover-Square Rooms took place on Tuesday, April 26th, and was very fully attended. Beethoven's sinfonia, No 1, went extremely well, and would by no means have disgraced a professional band. M. Servais' violoncello solo was exquisite. We have already stated our opinion of this prince of violoncellists. Mr. Bale sang one of his own songs from the Siege of Rochelle, and had no sooner disappeared, than a warm encore recalled him to the orchestra. Madame Sala and Signor Brizzi both deserve great praise. The chorus shall have the charity of our silence. We trust they will do better next time.
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FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1836.

MORNING DRESS.

Of plaid Swiss gingham, fastened down the side with bows of green riband. Collar of French lawn, trimmed with a Mechlin edging. A simple cap of worked lawn, with full double border of Mechlin lace, under which the hair is arranged in bands and tied with pink riband.

EVENING DRESS.

Of mulberry velvet, with long sleeves of blonde appliqué, full chemisette of blonde. The hair is fastened with an elegant carved comb. Bandeau and ear-rings of gold. Scarf of tulle, the ends of which are worked in gold, and gold fringe.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Pelisses begin to be very much adopted in carriage dress. Several of those lately made are of rich plain satin, with a double pelerine trimmed with sable; the skirt, which fastens on one side, is trimmed round the border with a broad band of sable; a similar band ornament the side on which the pelisse fastens. Short mantles of the Spanish form, lined and trimmed with fur, are expected to be very fashionable in carriage-dress. Several of the most novel morning bonnets are composed of suez-coloured velvet; some have the crown trimmed with plain satin ribands to correspond; others have a broad band of folded satin riband, crossed in front, and descending to form the brims; a light sprig of velvet flowers, which droops a little forward, is inserted in the band. The interior of the brim may be adorned either with small rose or blue flowers, or else a single rose without foliage, or a pompon of blue or rose riband may be placed on each side. Feathers are the only ornaments employed for half dress hats, and we have never seen so great a variety of them. Besides maraboo and ostrich feathers, we see those of the peacock, the parrot, and the splendid plumage of the bird of paradise, all in requisition for half-dress hats. Those of maroon and purple velvet appear to be most in request. Evening dresses will be pretty closely copied from the modes of our Charles the Second, William and Mary, and George the First’s day. Thus the waists will be, as we mentioned last month, a more formal length, the corsages in some instances peaked in front, but more frequently descending somewhat in the form of a scallop, and the short sleeves decidedly reduced in size. We have indeed, already seen some made close to the arms, but rendered large by gauze berillons or coques of riband, which entirely cover them. A still prettier style of sleeve is that composed of three or four rows of blonde disposed in the form of a shell. Skirts will not diminish in width; they are now quite as ample as those introduced by Mary the Second on her return from Holland. They have increased in length; we have seen some that not only touch, but even trail a little on the ground,—thus they are at once too long and too short to be graceful.

Trimnings, particularly those of the Spanish kind, will be adopted. We have already seen some of black real lace, interspersed with knots of riband, from each of which gold aiguiettes issue. Rouleaus of curled ostrich feathers, of the colour of the dress, are also expected to be in vogue; they will be large for the borders of dresses, but small for corsages.

Some pretty dinner-dresses are of satin à mille raiés, either black or brown, on a light grey ground. The corsage is half high, made rather long, a little rounded in front, and trimmed with a tulle draper, in very small flat plaits. The sleeve is tight round the arm-hole, and about half-way to the elbow. An excessively full sleeve, à l’Imbecille, descends from thence to the wrist; it is of tulle, the fulness looped at the bend of the arm by a knot of riband, and the shoulder ornamented by a neuf de page. A beautiful new material called mousseline d’Aboukir, has just appeared for ball-dresses; it is composed of Cashmere wool, and is exquisitely soft and fine; the pattern is a kind of mosaic, in which various colours are intermingled with gold foliage. This material is employed also for turbans; those of the Arab form are now coming much into favour; a good many are ornamented with bracelets of diamonds or coloured gems. We may cite among the most generally becoming head-dresses, hats with small round brims a little turned up, encircling a little the face, and ornamented with a single drooping feather. A row of pearls round the forehead is a favourite accessory, and adds much to the elegance of a head-dress of this kind. Some of these hats are ornamented with two tails of birds of paradise.
instead of a feather; one of the prettiest of this latter kind is a hat of white rep velvet trimmed with a light blue bird of paradise, and having under the brim a very narrow chain of diamonds retained at each side by a diamond rose.

Blonde lace caps retain their vogue: some of the most novel for social evening parties are made flat on the forehead, with coquilles of tulle-illusions at each side, and tufts of roses, or violetts of Parma. Blonde lappets supply the place of brides.

There is a good deal of variety expected in head-dresses of hair; it seems to be generally understood that there will be no settled fashions for them. It is supposed, however, that some of the coiffures of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will be revived with modifications. Flowers are expected to be very generally adopted for coiffures. No change in fashionable colours this month.

**Costume of Paris—By a Parisia Correspondent.**

Stuffs are coming into favour for negligé; it will, however, be only a fancy of the moment, as they are not costly enough to retain their vogue for any length of time. They are made of Spanish wool, are of an exceedingly fine kind, and generally figured. Dark hues, as brown, maroon, and soto-colour are most fashionable for stuffs. Velvet hats and bonnets of full colours, are as much in request for promenade dress, as those of rice straw were during the winter. Nevertheless, they are by no means exclusively adopted, for straw-colour and pea-green, two hues which hitherto have been worn only in summer for promenade bonnets, are also very much in favour. We may cite as one of the most elegant, a capote of straw-coloured velours épinglé, with the brim cut still longer than any that have yet appeared, rather narrow at the sides, but wide and deep over the forehead. The crown moderately high, and inclining a little to the left side. It was trimmed with a curtain veil of black blonde lace, and satin riband, a blue ground with a novel pattern in various colours. Another very pretty capote, is composed of pea-green satin, and trimmed with riband of the same colour, and a tuft of mignonette intermingled with small Bengal roses. Feathers are in general request for hats; they are curled, and the colour of the hat, in undress ‘Heron’s’ plumes, and other rare and expensive feathers, are adopted in grand toilette.

Cashmere bonnets are expected to be in favour for the promenade, they are always of two colours, rose and white, green and rose, or blue and white; they are ornamented with rich fancy silk trimming. Muffs are now generally adopted in promenade dress; and pelisses trimmed with fur, principally sable, begin to appear.

An attempt is making to bring in a new kind of fur, which has something of the appearance of feathers, and is in reality manufactured from the feathers of a kind of wild duck; it is called crépe, the colour is somewhat of mother-o’-pearl. It has been introduced by two or three foreign ladies of distinguished rank, but is not likely to become a favourite fur.

The pelisse form is much in favour in evening dress, except for ball robes. The corsages are half high, some dressed à la Serignié; others in crossed drapery. The skirt is always closed down the front, either by knots of riband or by fancy trimming ornaments.

Some of the new ball dresses of white tulle or orape, are trimmed down the front with a trellis work of white or rose guaze riband, lightly intermixed with rose-buds; the effect is exceedingly pretty. The corsage, draped horizontally, is ornamented with a half blown rose in the centre of the drapery, and one upon each shoulder.

A good many evening head-dresses of hair are decorated in the Spanish style with nets composed of ponceau or blue velvet, ornamented with pearls, and acorns of pearls. Another style of coiffure, composed of velvet, is likewise very fashionable even for unmarried ladies; it consists of a small bias band of velvet, brought round the head, velvet knots are placed upon it on each side of the forehead, they are arranged in a manner most becoming to the features; the band is continued round the head above the knots, and terminated on the summit of it by several coques.

Velvet hats with small turned up brims, are much in favour, particularly for the spectacles. Some have the crowns trimmed with a single long ostrich feather of the same colour. Others have three small têtes des plumes attached en bouquet on one side of the crown by a knot of riband, the ends of which fall on the neck. The hat is placed far back to display a brilliant ornament in the hair. Fashionable colours are the same as last month.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A series of outlines from the celebrated collection of Italian pictures in the possession of W. G. Coesvelt, Esq., engraved by Monsieur Joubert, royal 4to.

An essay on the education of the eye in reference to painting, by John Baret;—to be published uniform with the author’s popular work, “Practical Hints on Painting.”

It is the intention of Mr. Valpy to reprint in 8vo (uniformly with the established library editions of Hume and Smollett) the Rev. T. S. Hughes’ continuation of The History of England, from the reign of George II. to 1835. This continuous history will be completed in six monthly volumes, the first to appear in February.

The Book of Common Prayer, with short explanatory notes, for church service and private use, in a neat pocket size, by the Rev. G. Valpy, late Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge.

A complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the use of schools, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock, in one thick square volume, will be published early in February.

Just published, a new edition of the Greek Grammar, with notes for the use of those who have made some progress in the language, by the Rev. Dr. Valpy, in 8vo.


The Poetical Works of Pope, with illustrations, complete in four volumes, edited throughout and with notes, by the Rev. Dr. Croly.

The Angler’s Souvenir, cr. 8vo.

Cruikshank’s Comic Almanack, 1836, 2nd edition.


One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henri Quatre, by the author of The Gipsy, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Channing’s Works, 2 vols. fcap.

The First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commission, 8vo.

Economy of the Teeth and Gums, 12mo.

Economy of the Hands and Feet, 12mo.

Maltavagna, 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Juvenile Pianist, by Ann Rodwell, sq. 16mo.

Agnes de Mansfeldt, by T. C. Grattan, 3 vols. post 8vo.

Lay of the Lady Ellen, by H. Chester, Esq., fcap.

East India Register and Directory, 1836, 12mo.

My Note Book, by John M’Gregor, 3 vols. post 8vo.

Statutes at Large, Vol. XIII., Part III. (5 & 6 Will. IV.) 4to.

New Year’s Gift for Young Ladies, 4to.

The Outlaw, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 3 vols. 8vo.

Essay on the Rate of Wages, by H. C. Carey, post 8vo.

Glover on Municipal Corporations, 8vo.

The Nursery Offering, 1836, 16mo.

History and Description of Fossil Fuel—the Collieries and Coal Trade of Great Britain, 8vo.

Brown’s Sermons, 8vo.

History of Man, 32mo.

Pearson on the Apocalypse, 8vo.

Parker’s Fables, 18mo.

Family Prayers, by the Rev. E. Kennaway, 18mo.

Sermos and Skeletons of Sermons, by Jas. Kidd, 12mo.

Frank and his Father, fcap.

Library for the Young (Old Sports of England), 18mo.

Plebeians and Patricians, by the author of Old Maids, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Harrison on the Laws of the Stannaries of Cornwall, 8vo.

An Introduction to Hospital Practice, by C. J. B. Aldis, 8vo.


Smith’s Epitome of Patents, 12mo.

Disserations on Ethical and Physical Science, by Stewart, Mackintosh, Playfair, and Leslie, 4to.

Bull’s System of Veterinary Instruction, 8vo.

O’Croly’s Inquiry into the Points of Difference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, 8vo.

Chambers’s Educational Course, “History of the English Language and Literature,” by Robert Chambers, 12mo.

Chambers’s Educational Course, “Infant Education,” 12mo.

Embroidered Facts, by Mrs. Alfred Barnard, square.

Wright’s Comic Sections, 8vo.


Pickering’s Statutes, 5 Will. 4, 8vo.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of the Hon. Captain Henneker, R.N., of a son. The Countess Clanwilliam, of a son.
In Grosvenor-square, Lady Emily Pusey, of a son and heir.
At Godmersham Park, the Lady George Hill, of a daughter.
At Branham Biggin, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Ramsden, of a son.
At Barbain, the Lady of Sir T. Sabine Pasley, Bart., of a son.
In Edinburgh, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Fairfax, of a daughter.
At Cambo House, Fife-shire, the Lady of Sir David Erskine, Bart., of a daughter.
At the Vicarage, Meriden, the wife of the Hon. and Rev. William Somerville, of a son.
At Comrie House, Lady Mansell, the wife of Sir John Mansell, Bart., of three daughters.
At Wellesbourne, near Stratford-on-Avon, the Lady Charles Paulet, of a daughter.
At Little Shandolors Amersham, the Lady of Col. W. T. Drake, of a son.
The lady of Major Chase, of the Madras Light Cavalry, of a daughter.
At Hanover, the lady of Captain Stephens, As-de-camp to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, of a son.
At Fetcham Cottage, the lady of William Monney, Esq., of a son.
At Little Berkhamstead, the lady of William Stratton, Esq., of a son.
At Pisa, the lady of William Mure, Esq., of Caldwell, Ayrshire, of a son.
At William Recentry, the lady of the Rev. William W. Pym, of a daughter.
Mrs. William Robinson, of Albion-street, Hyde-park, of a daughter, still-born.
At Nice, the wife of John Hippesley, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. C. H. Jenner, Francis Hart, fourth son of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart. of Lullingstone Castle, Kent, to Charlotte Lascelles, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner, of Chesterfield-street.
At Merton, Norfolk, B. N. Garnier, Esq., son of the late Rev. W. Garnier, of Rookesbury, Hants, to Henrietta, daughter of Lord Walsingham.
The Rev. Thomas Brown, of Christ's Hospital, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Webb, Esq., of Lee Hall, Staffordshire.
At Portland-street, Glasgow, George S. Tullis, Esq., Cupar, Fife, to Jane, daughter of Alexander M-Briar, Esq.

DEATHS.
At Pope's Villa, Twickenham, after a few hours' illness, of apoplexy, the Right Hon. the Baroness Howe, daughter of the Admiral Richard Earl Howe, and wife of Sir Wathen Waller, Bart., G. C. H.
At Leamington Priors, Louisa Sarah, third daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, Bart.
In Park Place, Regent's Park, Mary, eldest daughter of the late James Dover, Esq., of Shepherd's Bush, Middlesex.
At Singapore, the Hon. Charles Robert Lindsay, second son of the late Earl of Bal- carras.
At Gibraltar, the Right Hon. Lord Vernon, aged fifty-six.
At his residence near Liege, General the Right Hon. John Lord Crewe, in his sixty-sixth year.
At her house in Portman square, after a short illness, Charlotte Sophia Lady Sheffield, widow of the late Sir John Sheffield, Bart., of Normanby, Lincolnshire.
Emma Mary, wife of W. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P., after a long illness, which first originated in debility brought on by nursing too long her youngest child. Mrs. M. was the only daughter and sole heiress of the late Joseph Palmer, Esq. of Rush House, county Dublin, and of Palmerston, county Mayo; was born in 1792 and married in 1812. Mrs. M. at the time of her marriage was considered one of the handsomest and most accomplished women, and also as one of the greatest heiresses in the kingdom.
Evening Dresses.
Walking & Evening Dresses.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1836.

MORNING DRESS.

Of black velvet; the corsage drapé, with short full sleeves. The hat of black velvet with rose-colour feathers and blonde lappets, arranged on the side; a cap with flowers round the face. Zephyr scarf of rose-colour. Earrings and chain of gold, set with carbuncles.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of green velvet with circular cape, collar of blonde with cherry cravat, bonnet of white plush, trimmed with cherry and a fall of white blond.

EVENING DRESS.

Of white satin, with a small cape of blonde, narrow in the centre and fastened with a bow of riband; short full sleeves and kid gloves. Turban of red and gold tissue, with a bird of paradise and an esprit plume.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Mantles are less generally adopted in carriage dress than they were in the beginning of the season; they have been partially superseded by mantelets of velvet or satin, of a very large size, lined, and wadded. They are made quite up to the neck, and in general with round pelerines. We have seen some lined and bordered with sable; others, and the latter are more numerous, of black velvet, or that very rich material triple satin, lined with rose, emerald green, or Swedish blue gros de Naples, and trimmed with broad rich black lace. The principal difference between these mantelets and those of last season, consists in the size; they are at present every way larger.

Pelisses continue in favour, but we have no change to announce in their form. The sleeves remain quite as large as ever, only we see several with the fulness at the lower part confined half way to the elbow by narrow bands of the same material, which are buttoned or attached by some fancy ornament in the centre of the arm.

Rose-coloured satin drawn bonnets are very much in favour in carriage-dress; they are always trimmed with plain satin ribands to correspond: the most novel style of trimming is a high knot formed of coques of riband placed on one side; there is something graceful and original in the form of this ornament. Straw colour is also in favour both for velvet and satin bonnets: some of the prettiest that we have recently seen were of rep velvet, the brim and crown edged with two pipings of satin, one brown and the other cherry colour: the trimming consisted of ribands and flowers in which the three hues were mingled. Where full colours are employed for hats and bonnets, black, emerald green, and marron are most in favour. They are trimmed with feathers and ribands corresponding in colour; the former are always placed on the right side. Flowers are not adopted for hats; they may be of mingled hues for bonnets, and placed on either side. We cannot well say that the brims of hats and bonnets either augment or diminish in depth, as fashion allows so much latitude in this respect, that the under-sized and majestic belle is no longer coiffée exactly in the same manner; but we think that generally speaking brims are of a moderate and becoming size, and very wide over the forehead. A good many morning bonnets are worn over small caps of plain blond, trimmed with wreaths of wild roses.

Pelisse robes of white pou de soie or gros des Indes are much in favour in half dress. The front is always edged with pipings of rose, green, or some other light-coloured satin: the sleeves are generally of the Venetian kind, looped at the bend of the arm by a knot of riband:—the under sleeve is tight to the arm.

Caps continue in great favour in evening néglige,—the most fashionable are distinguished for the simplicity of their form: we may cite among the prettiest those of blond, composed of a flat band with two rows of blond, divided by roses or light sprigs of flowers, and ornamented with a wreath round the summit of the head. Another pretty and very becoming style of cap is composed of tulle, the front arranged en bouillon, something in the turban style, is intermingled with light sprigs of flowers; knots and brides of tulle complete the trimming, no riband being employed for these caps.

Evening dress robes continue to be cut very low round the bosom, and the majority made with short sleeves. These are now, for the
most part, made close to the arm, but with two or three salets of the same material or else of white tulle, the latter is most fashionable, and certainly it has a very light and pretty effect upon a robe of rich silk or velvet. We see also some sleeves with the first beuffant composed of the material of the dress, and the second in blond or tulle, terminated by a manchette. A third style consists of a single beuffant on the tight sleeve, which is made to descend nearly to the elbow, and ornamented with two ruches of tulle. Long clear white sleeves are also a good deal in request in evening dress; some are surmounted by small round mancherons of the same material as the robe; others are set into a small tight sleeve of the material of the dress, which descends upon the shoulder.

Turbans have lost a little of their vogue. Small velvet hats are more in favour than ever, and likely to continue so. We may cite as among the most tasteful, those of black velvet trimmed with rose-coloured ostrich feathers, and black satin ribbons. The interior of the brim is trimmed with blond lace lappets of a very light pattern, tied carelessly on one side, and intermingled close to the cheek with small Bengal roses of a very pale red. The colours in request are violet, marron, claret colour, Swedish blue, emerald green, different shades of grey, rose, and straw colour.

**Costume of Paris—By a Parisian Correspondent.**

Ermines is very fashionable, both for the promenade and evening wraps. It is now the most fashionable fur both for muff and boas; it is also employed for trimming a new kind of pelerine, composed of coloured satin, and wadded; they are made open in front, but closed on the bosom by a knot of satin riband to correspond.

Velvet and velours naplé are hats and bonnets continue to be worn, but those of satin are at present in majority. Scabieuse is most fashionable for napié, and straw colour for half dress. Light colours are much in favour in the latter; the interior of the brims, with the exception of rose and blue hats, are frequently ornamented with coques of ponceau velvet; this kind of trimming has in some degree superseded flowers.

Aprons are getting out of favour in morning dress, especially those that are embroidered or fancifully ornamented in any way. The only ones now adopted are those of black moiré.

Poulard cravats begin to be worn in the early part of the morning; they are of turquoise blue, green, auraraan, or Indian white, with coloured vignettes.

Plain satin and pont de soie continue to be favourite materials for dresses in demi toilette. Emerald green is a very fashionable colour for these dresses, it harmonises perfectly with grey squirrel fur, with which many of them of the pelisse form are trimmed.

The balls usually given at this season by the Foreign Ambassadors and the Court, have commenced with great brilliancy. We may cite among the robes most admired for their elegant simplicity, those worn at the last Court ball by the Princesses Marie and Clementine; they were of white tulle over white satin. One had the corsage draped en demi cour, the drapery ornamented with a single rose in the centre of the bosom; double sabot sleeves; the ceinture of rich broad white satin riband, fastened on one side, and descending on the other in a kind of drapery, which was agraffed at regular distances by bouquets of roses, diminishing in size from the bottom to the waist. The other dress was ornamented in a very novel manner, with knots of blue riband.

Although robes of gauze and tulle were very numerous; there were also a great many of rich silks and even of velvet. We may class among the most elegant of these dresses one of white velours d’Ispahan, with the corsage draped à la Tyrolienne, the draperies confined by agraffes of coloured gems: short, tight sleeves, over which were Venetian ones of blond, looped near the shoulder by agraffes of coloured gems: a deep fall of blond lace was festooned round the border by similar ornaments placed at regular distances.

The coiffures offered a good deal of variety; as besides those en cheveux, which were most numerous, there were a good many turbans of the Arab and Juive form, of rich but light materials, as gaze blonde, gold gauze, &c. &c. and several small velvet hats which as well as the turbans were ornamented with jewels. Gloves in evening dress do not now reach nearly to the elbow; they are trimmed round the top with narrow riband, which forms a wreath of rosaces, foliage, or little knots, and is always terminated by floating ends. Fashionable colours are marron, ponceau, granite, different shades of green, and grey, rose, straw colour, and blue.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Assembled Commons, anno domini 1836, comprising a personal account of each member of Parliament and his family—the political party to which he now belongs, and to which his predecessors have hitherto belonged—his rank, station, and influence in his county—how elected—state of the poll at the last election—nature of his votes upon important questions, &c.

The Manual of Entomology, which has been for some time publishing in monthly parts, is now brought to a conclusion.

Nearly ready, Essays on a few Subjects of general Interest, Scraps and Recollections, a quarterly journal, devoted solely to Numismatic subjects, is announced by Mr. John Yonge Akerman.

The Poems of Ebenezer Elliott are, according to the new fashion, about to be re-issued in cheap weekly parts.

A new popular periodical is announced for this month, under the title of The Magazine of Health, by a Practising Physician.

The Magician, the scene in France, and the epoch the end of the English dominion in the fifteenth century, connected with the favourite studies of the period, alchemy and magic, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie.

London in all its Glory, a pocket manual, showing how to enjoy London in its various amusements, &c., with illustrations by Bonner.

The friends of Thomas Miller, the poet and basket-maker, intend publishing, by subscription, for his benefit, a new work which he has just completed, under the title of A Day in the Woods, being a connected series of tales and poems.

Lays of the Heart, containing an Ode to the Memory of a Father, and other Poems, by J. S. C.

The daughter of the author of The Balance of Comfort, has a work in the press, under the title of The Government, or Politics in Private Life.

Cuthbert Clutterbuck, of Kensaquhair, F.S.A., has just completed Edith of Grammis.

A work on the Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man, will be published early next month, by Edward Meryon, Esq.

The venerable Archdeacon Wix has now in the press a journal of his recent missionary labours in Newfoundland.

Preparing for publication, correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, and his reminiscences, now first collected, including many hitherto unpublished letters.

In a few days, The Anglo-Polish Harp, consisting of songs for Poland, to which will be added Scenes from Longinus, Palmyra, and other poems, by Jacob Jones, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.


Lardner's Cyclopedia, vol. LXXV.

Impressions of America, by Tyrone Power, Esq.

The Self-Condemned, by the author of The Lollards, 3 vols.

Mrs. Cleveland and the St. Clairs, a novel, by Lady Isabella St. John, 3 vols.

A Diary of the Wreck of H. M. S. Challenger, 1 vol.


Harmony of the Gospels, 12mo.


The Garden of Language.

The Sentiment of Flowers, illustrated edition.

The Monarchy of the Middle Classes, or France, 2nd series, by H. L. Bulwer, M.P. 2 vols.

Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer, by Agnes Bulmer.

The Life and Times of Rienzi, from the French of Cerneau and Brussels.

The Christian Remembrancer.

Dr. Abercrombie on the Philosophy of Moral Feeling, 3rd edition.

Elucidations of interesting Passages in the Sacred Volume, by the authors of The Odd Volume, &c., 2 vols.

Come on the Constitution of Man, 5th ed.

Lardner's Cyclopedia, vol. LXXIV. (Greece, vol. 2).

Profitable Employment for Leisure Hours, by the editors of the Juvenile Manual.

Paris and the Parisians, by Mrs. Trollope, with 14 illustrations, 2 vols.

The Waverley Novels, Part I.

Memoirs of Mrs. Stallybra's Mission to Siberia.

Mrs. Markham's Conversations for Young Ladies (Malta and Poland).

Hervey's Book of Christmas.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
At 41, Tavistock Square, Mrs. J. Remington Mills, of a son.
At Hatfield, the wife of, the Rev. Benjamin Peile, of a daughter.
At Bolton Row, the wife of the Rev. Charles Martyn, of a son.
In Grosvenor Square, the Countess of Daneskiold Samsoé, of a daughter.
At Brooklands Park, Hants, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel O'Meara, of a son.
At the Grange, Oystermouth, near Swansea, the wife of the Rev. S. Davies, of a son.
At Maidstone, the lady of Sir Keith A. Jackson, Bart., of a son.
In Greek Street, Soho Square, the lady of S. Lane, Esq., of a son.
At Kirkaldy, Fifeshire, Mrs. Henry Beveridge, of a son.
At Woodhouse, Wanstead, the lady of Mosey Wygram, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.
On the 20th ult., by special licence, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Hon., and Rev. Sir Francis Stapleton, Bart., the Lord Viscount Powerscourt, to the Lady Elizabeth Jocelyn. The bride was given away by her father, the Earl of Roden.

By special licence, at North Stoneham Church, by the Rev. Frederick Beadon, James Fenier Armstrong, Esq., of Castle Iver, King's County, Ireland, to Honoria, eldest daughter of John Fleming, Esq., M. P. for the southern division of Hants.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Edward, eldest son of T. Norris, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, to Jane Catherine, only child of the late P. Davis, Esq.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, John Dood Lyall, Esq., of Henley-upon-Thames, banker, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of C. Hawthorne, Esq., of Portland Place, Reading, Berks.

At Walcot Church, Bath, Charles Darby, Esq., 52nd Regt. Bengal Native Infantry, to Eliza Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Major Browne, of the 67th Foot.

At the parish church of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Joseph Parker, Esq., solicitor, of Whitehaven, to Frances Wilkins, eldest daughter of Benjamin New, Esq., of Newport.

At St. Mathew's, Brixton, Alonso Clarke, Esq., of Stockton-upon-Tees, to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Back, and niece of Capt. George Back, R. N.


At St. Marylebone Church, the Rev. Frederick N. H. Layton, to Maria Caroline, daughter of the late R. Orlebar, Esq., Hinwick House, Bedfordshire.

DEATHS.
At Calcutta, on the 20th December, 1834, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Peter Palmer, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, relict of the late Capt. William Moore, of H. M. 4th Royal Vet. Battalion, of spasmodic cholera, aged 50.

At Calcutta, on the 15th June, 1835, Martha Margaret, the beloved and affectionate wife of Mr. Peter Palmer, and youngest daughter of the late Capt. William Moore, H. M. 4th Royal Vet. Battalion; leaving a husband and five children to deplore her premature loss, aged 30.

At Paris, after an illness of only four days, the Hon. Anthony Lionel Ashley Cooper, youngest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

At Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, Lady Charlotte Lane Fox, aged 34.

At Boath, Capt. Sir James Dunbar, of Boath, Bart. R. N.

In George Street, Hanover Square, Mrs. Copley, the mother of the Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst, aged 91.

At his residence, King Street, St. James's, Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart.

In Mortimer Street, the Dowager Lady Blunt, in her 91st year.

At Hastings, aged 38, the Rev. G. Percival Sandilands, late Curate of St. George's, Hanover Square.

At Richmond, Lady Stanley, wife of Sir Edmund Stanley, Bart., in her 69th year.

On the 1st ult., at the Government House, Prince Edward's Island, his Excellency Lieut.-Governor, Sir A. W. Young.

At James-street, Buckingham-gate, NewmanKnowlys, Esq., late Recorder of London, and a Bencher of Middle Temple, aged 76.

In Albermarle Street, Francisco Texiera, Baron de Sampaio.

At Bath, aged 88, Mrs. Frances Bowdler.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1836.

EVENING DRESS

Of pink glacée silk, made as a robe, trimmed round with swansdown, and worn over an under dress of white satin. White and gold barge scarf. The hair dressed en Grecque with bands of gold.

DINNER DRESS

Of black crape, embroidered in bright coloured silks, short double falling sleeves, surmounted with an epaulette, embroidered to correspond with the dress. Barge plaid scarf; hair dressed high with red flowers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Our attention this month has been directed almost exclusively to in-door dress, for our fair readers must be well aware that nothing new is to be expected in out-door costume for several weeks to come. We have only to announce the increase of satin bonnets, and the diminution of velvet ones. We have also to observe that the mantlets which we spoke of last month increase in favour.

Pelisse robes of crape and gauze are very fashionable in evening dress. We have seen some composed of white crape, lined with white satin, bordered with bias bands of satin, and attached down the front by knots of satin riband; a plain corsage, with a square collar trimmed with blond lace; long sleeves over berets of satin. These dresses are remarkable for their elegant simplicity. We see also several of coloured mousseline de soie; rose, blue, and straw colour over satin of a corresponding hue. They are embroidered round the border in different patterns in white silk.

The caps that we mentioned last month are those most in favour, but we have seen also some with the caul high, and almost pointed; the front consists of a single row of lace very low upon the forehead, and moderately so at the sides. A light sprig of flowers is inserted among the lace on the right side, and a black velvet riband, which ties in a bow and ends, encircles the bottom of the caul. This is an innovation which we do not consider a happy one, nor do we think the mode likely to become general.

Rich materials are more than ever in vogue in full dress; one of those most in favour is velvet, flowered or spotted with silver. These dresses are generally made open, and worn over white satin Petticoats. We see also several white satin robes trimmed with velvet; one of the most elegant was made to open at the side, but fastened down by knots of turquoise blue velvet, with a white cameo in the centre of each. The corsage was draped, the drapery retained by cameos; short sleeves, arranged somewhat in the melon shape by bands of blue velvet traversing a satin bouffant; the ceinture was of velvet, clasped by cameos. There was something of novelty as well as richness and elegance in this dress. Full dress robes are generally pointed at the bottom of the corsage, and several are made without ceintures.

Short robes, such as were worn in France thirty-five years ago under the name of Polonaise, and subsequently adopted in England, where they were called curricle dresses, are again revived. We have recently seen some of white crape over white satin, the latter with the corsage square, and rather higher than they are generally made on the bosom. The crape dress descended a little below the knee, and the drapery of the front of the corsage formed a demi-cour. The sleeves, short and nearly tight to the arm, were finished at the bottoms by bands of ruby velvet. Arabesques of ruby velvet ornamented the front of the skirt. These dresses are calculated only for tall and graceful belles, but they are extremely unbecoming to ladies who are either stout or under-sized.

We have seen, since the publication of our last number, some evening dress robes made with short sleeves quite tight to the arm, and terminated by blond manchettes. After the very large sleeves to which we have been so long accustomed, these tight ones appear at first not only singular, but extremely ungraceful; nevertheless it must be owned that their effect upon a finely formed woman is highly advantageous to the shape. Another kind of sleeve, which we consider very pretty, and which holds a middle place between tight and large ones, is formed of a single bouffant of moderate size, arranged in longitudinal puffs by bands of satin or velvet. Bandeaux and ferronieres are very generally
adopted in evening coiffures. We see ferro-
nieres of velvet, diamonds, and even of flowers
of the smallest possible size. This fashion is
not, however, generally becoming; where the
forehead is low it is positively otherwise. We
have no change to announce in colours this
month.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN
CORRESPONDENT.

The season has been unusually brilliant, and,
indeed, is likely still to continue so, for the
solemn season of Lent will not make much dif-
ference in the pleasures of the Parisians. Some
ladies, distinguished for the elegance of their
taste, have recently appeared in ball-dresses of
velvet, either white or blue, made with great
simplicity, and worn with coiffures en cheveux
adorned with flowers. They had a novel and
striking appearance; still we cannot consider
the innovation a happy one, as the material is
far too heavy for dancing dress. We must
observe that a very great majority of ball robes
are of crape and gauze; one of the most elegant
that we have lately seen of the latter, is of blue
gauze figured in white. The corsage, low and
draped à la Tyrolienne, was trimmed with
a narrow blond standing up round the bust.
The sleeves, of very moderate size, were com-
posed of three sabots, divided by three bouquets
of white and blue flowers. The skirt was
trimmed with a deep flounce of blond lace,
which encircled the back of it, but came no
farther than the knee in front, when it was
looped on each side by a bouquet of white and
blue flowers.

It is still a question whether tight sleeves
will become general in evening dress or not.
We have already seen some modifications
between the bouffant sleeve of extravagant size,
and the tight one lately revived, which we
should consider more graceful than either;
as, for instance, small sabots laid on a tight
sleeve, or one of moderate size, ornamented
with knots, or trimmings of various forms,
which give a dressy look, without considerably
increasing the volume of the sleeve. Nothing
certain will be known on this point till after
Easter. It is said, but we cannot give it as
certain, that Longchamps will be this year un-
usually brilliant, and great expectations are
formed of the novelties, both in fashions and
materials, which it is expected to bring us.

There is a good deal of variety in evening
head-dresses. Nets, which have now lost their
primitive form, have taken others so varied,
and of such different colours, that they have
come quite an ornament of fancy. We may
cite, as one of the most striking of these head-
dresses, a small chapeau resille, quite of the
Spanish form; and another equally elegant of
black velvet, trimmed with a wreath of roses.
Small hats, of the form called à la Saint-Mogr.
are also much in request. They are composed
either of granite or black velvet. The trim-
ing always consists of two white ostrich
feathers, one of which is placed upright, and
the other droops towards the neck. Turbans
are very numerous, but we cannot say that they
offer any actual novelty in their form. Those of
transparent gauze are in a very large majority,
but there are also some of uncommon elegance
as well as richness, composed of gold and silver
tissues.

Trinkets are very little worn; one that is in
the best taste is a small necklace which just
encircles the throat; it is formed of a narrow
gothic gold chain, or a single row of pearls or
diamonds. The greatest display of jewellery
is made in the agraffes that retain the draperies
of the corsage. Fans of the antique form con-
continue in favour. Some of the most beautiful
are of silver filigree work, or of gold enamelled
in vivid colours. Fashionable colours have
not altered this month, but light ones are in a
majority in evening dress.
MISS ZORNLIN, the authoress of What is a Comet, Papa? has in the press The Solar Eclipse, or the Two Almanacks, containing more inquiries in Astronomy.

Mr. Curtis has just published a Map of the Principal Nerves and Blood Vessels of the Head, chiefly with a view of showing their connexion with, and influence on, the organs of sight and hearing.

Mr. Samouelle will republish, in monthly parts, the second edition of the Entomologist's Useful Compendium, with considerable alterations and additions. To be completed in about fourteen parts; with a Calendar in every part of the Insects usually found in certain Localities during the Month. The first will appear on the 31st of March.


Nearly ready, the Life of the late Bishop Jebb, by the Rev. C. Forster.

Captain Back's Journal of the Arctic Land Expedition to the mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, in 1833-5, is promised in a few days.

A Personal Account of the most striking Events of the War of Navarre and the Basque Provinces in Spain, by Captain Rennington, will be published on the 2nd of March.

Mrs. Bray has in hand a Description of that part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy, in a series of Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.

J. Barrow, Esq., has nearly ready for publication, a Tour through Ireland (through the counties on the sea coast), in a series of Letters to his Family.

The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley.

A new Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by James Prior, Esq., from original sources, and comprising numerous unpublished Letters, &c. is in the press.

A Tour through England in 1835, by Sir George Head, will appear early in the month.

Lambri's Journey to Mount Sinai and Petra, with nearly seventy engravings.

Sir J. Malcolm has in preparation, a Life of Robert Lord Clive, collected from the family papers communicated by the Earl Powis.

Picturesque Sketches of Landscape and Coast Scenery of Ireland, 1 vol. 4to.

 Beauties of Shakspeare in English and German, interpaged, 2 vols. 18mo.

 Sketches by Boz. 3 vols.


 Chapters on Contemporary History, by Sir J. Walsh, Bart. 8vo.

 Encyclopaedia Metropolitana, (Mixed Sciences, vol. 4, 4to.

 Richardson's English Dictionary, vol. 1, 4to.


 Clarke's Commentary on the Bible, 6 vols., imp. 8vo.

 The Annual Dahlia Register, for 1836, royal 8vo. coloured plates.

 Petit Repertoire Littéraire, by C. J. Delille.

 Sportsman's Annual, illustrations by Landseer, &c.

 Impressions of America, by Tyrone Power, Esq. 2 vols.


 Memoirs of Don Manuel de Godoy, 2 v. 8vo.

 Raumer's England in 1835.

 The Tin Trumpet, 2 vols.

 Southeys Life of Cowper, vol. 2.

 The Bar-Sinister, 2 vols.

 Comparative View of the Form and Character of the English Racer and Saddle Horse, with plates, 4to.

 Spratt's Obstetric Tables, 4to, part 2.

 Edith of Glamis, 3 vols.

 The Assembled Commons.


 Sermons by the late Dr. M'Crie.


 Hardy's Patent Rolls of the Tower of London, 8vo.

 The Rival Demons.


 The Cruise in the Midge, 2 vols.

 Mrs. Cleveland's The St. Clairs, 3 vols.

 Simons on The Ten Tribes.

 History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, by Dr. Taylor.


 List of New Books.

 Ben Brace, 3 vols., by Captain Chamier.

 Dale's Poetical Works.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Wilton Crescent, the Lady John Russell, a daughter.

At Ditchley Park, the Viscountess Dillon, a daughter.

The lady of John Wilson Patten, Esq., M.P., of a son and heir.

At Oulton Park, Cheshire, Lady Grey Egerton, a daughter.

At Mote Park, Athlone, the Lady Crofton, of a son.

At Southend, near Darlington, the lady of Joseph Pease, Esq., M.P., of a son.

At Belmont, Kent, the Right Hon. Lady Harris, of a daughter.

At Dumbleton Park, the lady of Edward Holland, Esq., M.P., of a son and heir.

At Warter Priory, Pocklington, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Lady Muncaster, of a daughter.

At Catherington House, Hants, the lady of Francis Morgan, Esq., of a daughter.

The lady of A. W. Shaw, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Wimbledon, by the Rev. H. Lindsay, the Hon. John Carnegie, second son of the Admiral, the late Earl of Northesk, G. C. B., to Charlotte, only daughter of the late David Stevenson, Esq., of Dollipop, Carnarthenshire.

At Muff Church, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Derry, Thomas William Fountaine, Esq., of Narford Hall, Norfolk, to Mary Barbara, eldest daughter of Henry Barre Beresford, Esq., of Learmonth, county Londonderry.

By special license, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, Christopher Town, jun., Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex, to the Right Hon. Lady Sophia Frances Cust, eldest daughter of the Earl of Brownlow.

At St. James's Church, John Bowness, Esq., Captain in the 80th regt., to Anne, eldest daughter of Charles Tyrrell, Esq., of Polstead Hall, in the county of Suffolk.

At Wilton Church, John Ward, Esq., to Henrietta Lister, fourth daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Kaye.

At All Saints, Southampton, John Hookins, Esq., of Devizes, Wilts, to Henrietta Jenima, sister of Sir James Gardiner Baird, Bart.

At St. Pancras Church, the Rev. Sir William Dunbart, Bart., to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. George Stephen, of Camden Town.

At the British Embassy, Buz, Oscar de Satoe Baron de Thoren, of Thoren, Pyrenees, France, to Millicent, only daughter of William Wall, Esq., of Worcester, and Great Malvern.

DEATHS.

At 12, York Place, Portman Square, Richard Thomas Goodwin, Esq., late Member of Council at Bombay.

On the 11th ult., Anne Rebeca, the wife of Cooke Tylden Patterson, Esq., of Iborneden, in the county of Kent, eldest daughter of Thomas Law Hodges, Esq., M.P., aged 33.

On the 6th ult., of a brain fever, in his 16th year, deeply deplored, George Augustus, fourth and youngest son of John Burke, Esq., of St. Michael's Grove, Bromport.

At Chelsea Park, after a few days' illness, the Lady Frances Wright Wilson, only surviving sister of the Marquis of Ailesbury.

In the 16th year of her age, Georgiana, third daughter of Robert Fellowes, Esq., of Shottesham Park, Norfolk.

The Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Frederick Townshend, rector of Stiffkey and Morston, son of George, first Marquis of Townsend.

At Luss, Sir James Colquhoun, Bart.

At his house, in Bedford Square, John Bell, Esq., one of his Majesty's Counsel, in his 71st year.
Evening Dresses.
FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1836.

EVENING DRESS.

Of blue brocade, sleeves in the old English style, with ruffles and pelerine of blonde; gloves trimmed with blue; head-dress and ornaments of gold.

SITTING FIGURE.

Embroidered dress of black tulle over black satin. Spanish slashed sleeves. Head-dress and ornaments of pearls.

SECOND EVENING DRESS.

Of white crape over white satin, made in a robe, and trimmed with coral-colour velvet. Ornaments and head-dress of coral.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

The spring fashions are as yet very much in retard, but we have reason to believe that their simplicity will present a strong contrast to the magnificence of the winter toilettes. The peignoir form will continue in request for half dress, and washing silks and jachet muslins, both white and printed, will be much in favour. 

Scarf are expected to be very generally adopted in out-door costume. We have seen some of Cashmere, the patterns were Turkish, and the colours extremely rich; nothing could be more tasteful than the manner in which they were mingled. For the approaching season, however, we consider those of white Cashmere edged with Cashmere lace, far preferable, and much more likely to be fashionable. Some pelisses of *pou de soie* in spring colours, particularly green and lilac, have already appeared, but we do not observe any actual novelty in their form. They are trimmed with swans' down. This delicate fur will, we have reason to believe, continue in favour during the month.

The only spring bonnets that have yet appeared, are composed of *pou de soie*. Some morning ones are of an extreme simplicity of form: some have the brims close at the sides, others wide, but all are wide over the forehead. There is as yet no decided form, but we think the majority of those we have seen have had the brims rather shorter than those of the winter bonnets. There is something of novelty, too, in the backs of the crowns, which we cannot well describe; they have neither the curtain of a bonnet, nor the usual form of the crown of a hat.

Ecru will be much in request for morning bonnets, and it is likely that in the early part of the season, drawn ones, both of that colour and white, will be very generally adopted. Straw colour, white, pistachio green, and violet of Parma, will be favourite colours for half-dress bonnets. Where these hues are employed, the edge of the brim will be finished by a piping of another colour. We may cite as a pretty contrast a bonnet of white *pou de soie*, edged with azure blue piping, and ornamented with a bouquet of blue flowers and white roses intermingled. Another very tasteful bonnet was of white *pou de soie*, edged with straw colour; the crown was decorated with white lilac, and the interior of the brim trimmed with tufts of small straw-coloured roses.

The new evening dresses are principally of gauze, crape, and organdy; this latter material is indeed carried to a perfection that almost rivals gauze in beauty and transparency. We have seen some very pretty robes composed of it, and trimmed with rose or blue satin riband. Three bands of riband descend from the waist on each side of the skirt in the tablier form; each terminates in a knot at some distance from the bottom. The *corsage* was draped horizontally, and very deep before and behind. Tight sleeves, ornamented with riband forming chevrons, over which fall a double trimming of organdy, edged with narrow riband: a similar trimming was disposed at the bottom in the ruffle style, and looped over the bend of the arm by a knot of riband.

Some gauze robes are made with flounces. As the skirts have lost nothing of their prepostorous width, we cannot consider this kind of trimming graceful; however, the effect is not so bad on gauze as it would be on more heavy materials. We have seen some trimmed with two flounces cut bias and set on double; they are placed one above another in such a manner that the extremity of the one just touched the top of the other. The upper one is usually looped at the side by a full knot of riband with floating ends, or a bouquet of flowers. A good many robes are trimmed round the border with a single flounce only, with the heading lightly festooned in silks; this style appears to us both lighter and prettier. Although the majority of sleeves in evening dress are tight, yet they are in many instances trimmed at the upper part either with lace or the material of
the dress, and invariably terminated by ruffles: this gives some degree of fulness, as well as a very dressy look, to the sleeve. We see also some tight sleeves covered with three or four rows of trimming falling one over the other; the trimming is set on with moderate fulness: this kind of sleeve is generally made only to those robes that have the border trimmed with flounces.

Small hats and turbans have as yet lost nothing of their vogue in evening dress. The most remarkable among the former are the chapeaux pouf; they still continue to be made in velvet, and trimmed with white feathers; but being just introduced, and of a singularly becoming form, they will, we understand, be made in crape, and most probably continue in favour during the summer. Wreaths of artificial flowers will be very fashionable for head-dresses of hair; some of new forms are about to be introduced. The colours most in request will be those we have already given for hats and bonnets—dust colour, pearl grey, lilac, and rose. White lilac and very pale rose are expected to be most in favour in evening dress.

Costume of Paris—by a Parisian Correspondent.

A good many new materials have appeared for longchamps. We may cite, among the most elegant for the morning promenade, the veloutine, the pouls de soie Laurette, and the foulard Corailine. This last is a new kind of foulard, not printed but figured. The most elegant among the half dress materials are the gros de Vatican, the Orientale, and the Persian, Chinese and Cashmeriennes stripes. There is every reason to believe that striped and sprigged materials will be most fashionable in the beginning of the season.

Nothing is as yet decided as to the forms or materials of bonnets. We know that some are prepared of pou de soie, with very wide brims, and excesses of lace, but we have seen also some rice straw hats of a larger size than those worn in the winter, and the brims not so close at the sides; both were trimmed with spring flowers. Bouquets of lilac, both white and lilac, were predominant. We are assured that both as a colour and a flower, lilac will this season be very fashionable. Some silk robes of a very beautiful new shade of lilac are already prepared for longchamps; one of the prettiest of them has a high body, ornamented by three rows of trimming, which pass from shoulder to shoulder; each row forms a point on the bosom, and is rounded and deeper on the shoulder. These trimmings are attached to the corsage in the lappel style. The sleeves are tight on the shoulder, and as far as the middle of the arm; six small bouffons descend from thence, and are attached by a narrow band; a narrow ruche at the wrist terminates the sleeve. The skirt is quite as long and wide as they have been made during the winter, and is trimmed on each side with three bias folds, which descend from the ceinture to the bottom of the robe.

Another robe, which is quite of a summer kind, is of clear Indian muslin lined with rose-coloured gauze. The corsage is high, and ornamented with entre deux of lace, each disposed in the shape of a V from the top to the bottom of the front; there are seven on each side, with full rows of muslin between. An entre deux traversed the sleeve in a spiral direction from the wrist to the shoulder, forming a bouillon small at the lower part of the sleeve, but increasing in size as it approached the shoulder. The skirt was plain to the hem, where it was trimmed with two very rich entre deux, in the centre of which was a bouillon, and that was surmounted by a very deep flounce of English point lace.

A few half-dress capotes of the spring kind have already appeared at the Opera. One of the prettiest of them is composed of pou de soie of a new shade of violet, and trimmed with a guirlande Ceris of green epis mingled with Easter daisies.

Another still prettier capote is of straw-coloured pou de soie ornamented with roses of corresponding hue. The band that encircled the crown, and the knots that the flowers were inserted in, were of tulle illusion, retained at regular distances by agraffes of ribbon. The brides were also of ribbon. This is really a tasteful and original coiffure.

Half-dress is most in favour for the Opera, and some very elegant toilettes of that description have been lately seen there; but they are mostly of a winterly kind, with the exception of two that we are about to cite. The first is a pelisse robe of white tulle lined with white satin, closed down the side by gold cord, which terminated by acorns. The corsage half high, was closed in front by three agraffes of gold very finely wrought, and the large sleeves were confined at the wrists by bracelets formed of small gold chains. The other robe was of rose-coloured pou de soie glacé de blanc. The corsage half high, and tight to the shape; a row of oval buttons composed of white beads fastened the corsage, and the front of the skirt. Long sleeves, made to sit close to the arm, but trimmed with three sabots, which gave some fulness from the shoulder to the elbow. A coiffure has lately been introduced in evening dress, which promises in some degree to supersede blond lace caps, though the latter are still in request. It is composed of a blond or lace scarf brought round the head, and with the ends falling on each side of the neck; the hair is dressed high behind, and ornamented with flowers either singly disposed, or in a wreath with the sprigs dropping over the scarf. This coiffure is really novel, and is also generally becoming. The spring colours are not as yet decided, but it is believed that lilac, écru, and the lighter shades of green, rose and blue, will be fashionable.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We perceive a new periodical is announced under the title of the Magazine of Zoology and Botany. It will be entirely under the superintendence of Sir William Jardine, J. P. Selby, Esq., and Dr. Johnstone of Berwick, to be published every alternate month; consisting of Disquisitions on the Habits, Affinities, and Distribution of Animals and Plants, Essays on Nomenclature, Biographies, Translations of important and interesting Papers from the French, German, and Italian Journals, Extracts from Voyages and Travels, Zoological and Botanical Intelligence, Discovery of New or Rare Animals and Plants, &c. &c., Biographical Notices, Proceedings of Societies, Obituary.

Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. Illustrated. Drawn from nature, by W. H. Bartlett and William Purser; with descriptions of the Plates by John Carne, author of Letters from the East. Part I. will be ready early next month.


Sketches of Germany and the Germans; including a Tour in parts of Poland, Hungary, and Switzerland. By an Englishman resident in Germany.

Rhymes for the Romantic and the Chivalrous. By D. W. D. In fc. 8vo., elegantly embellished with Engravings by Finden.

The Lyre of David; or Analysis of the Psalms in Hebrew, critical and practical, with a Hebrew and Chaldee Grammar. By Victorious Bythner; translated by the Rev. Thomas Dec, A.B.

A new edition of Redding's History and Description of Modern Wines; with considerable Improvements and Additions.


New edition of Dr. Donnegan's Greek and English Lexicon, considerably enlarged and improved. In one thick volume, 8vo.


The History of the Town and County of Poole. 1 vol. 8vo.


LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Fellow Commoner. 3 vols.

Antipathy, or the Confessions of a Catherer. Edited by John Ainslie, Esq. 3 vols.


Finden's Landscape Illustrations to the Bible.


Spain revisited by a Young American. 2 vols.

Seymour of Sudley. By Hannah D. Burdon. 3 vols.

The Devoted. By Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols.

The Tin Trumpet, or Heads and Tails. 2 vols.

Henningsen's Campaigns with Zululacarregni. 2 vols.

Mrs. Bray's Description of the Tamar. 3 vols.

Pencillings by the Way. 2nd edition. 3 vols.

Löwenstein, a Tale of the Forest. By Jane Roberts. 2 vols.

Flora Metropolitana, or Botanical Rambles within Thirty Miles of London. By Daniel Cooper.


Illustrations of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Professor, R.A., and H. Melville. Accompanied with extracts from the work, and descriptions of the Plates, by Bernard Barton; and a Biographical Sketch of the Life and Writings of Bunyan, by Josiah Conder. 4to.

The Counties of Derby, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Rutland illustrated. Part II., containing 8 Engravings.

Scotland and Scott. No. IV. With Comic Subjects, by G. Cruikshank. Also, Part I. of a New Issue of Scotland and Scott, containing 6 Engravings.


Songs of the Bell, and other Poems. By J. J. Campbell, Esq., B.A.

Herbert's Irish Varieties. 1st Series.

Harding's Sketches at Home and Abroad. Imperial folio.

Akerman's Roman Coins. Foolscap.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On Monday the 29th of February, the Marchioness of Londonderry, of a son.
At King’s Bromley, the Hon. Mrs. Newton Lane, of a son.
At the vicarage, Edgware, the lady of the Rev. N. Flott, of a daughter.
On Friday, the 26th of February, at Zierow, in Mecklenburgh Schwerin, the lady of the Baron de Biel, of a son.
At Orielton, Pembroke-shire, Lady Owen, of a son.
At Woolwich, the lady of Major Crawford, Royal Artillery, of a son.
At Gibraltar, on the 2nd of February, the lady of Henry Edward Morriss, Esq., Royal Artillery, of a daughter.
At Formosa Cottage, the lady of Sir George Young, Bart., of a daughter.
In Portman Square, the lady of R. W. Hall Dare, Esq., M.P., of a son.
At Belmont House, Cheltenham, the lady of R. G. Chambers, Esq., Bombay Civil Service, of a daughter.
On the 27th of February, in Eaton Place, the lady of Howard Elphinstone, Esq., M.P., of a son.
On the 28th of February, Lady de Tabley, of a daughter, still-born.
In Portland Place, the lady of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3rd of March, at St. George’s, Canterbury, by the Rev. J. Moody, of Chatham, Mr. Charles Goodharn, of Tunbridge Wells, to Mary Amelia, only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Holloway, of London.
On Wednesday the 16th ult., at St. Mary’s Church, Bryanston Square, by special licence, the Right Hon. Lord Poltimore, to Caroline, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General Buller, of Pylin and Laureath, in the county of Cornwall.
On the 15th ult., by the Rev. Thomas Fowines Luttrel, the Rev. John Woodhouse, to Laura Agnes, fifth daughter of Sir John Trevelyan, Bart., of Nettlecomb Court, Somersetshire, and Wallington, Northumberland.
At Sezincote, the Right Hon. Viscount Deerhurst, to Miss Cockerell, daughter of Sir Charles Cockerell, Bart.

DEATHS.

At Ditchley, the infant daughter of Viscount Dillon.
On the 15th ult., at Swerford Park, Oxon, Lieut.-General Sir Robert Bolton, G.C.H., Colonel of the 7th Dragoon Guards. Sir Robert was formerly Aide-de-Camp to George the Third, and Equerry to George the Fourth.
At Pinner Grove, Middlesex, Lady Milman, in her 81st year.
On the 26th of February, Henry Greswolde, Esq., of Malvern Hall, near Birmingham, in his 32nd year.
The Rev. Offley Crewe, rector of Astbury and Mucklestone, in his 86th year.
At Hackwood Park, the Right Hon. Lady Dorchester, in the 83rd year of her age.
In Dover Street, Mrs. Sparke, the wife of the Lord Bishop of Ely.
At Godminster, Somersetshire, in the 84th year of his age, the Hon. Stephen Fox Strangways, brother to the late and uncle to the present Earl of Ilchester, Senior Lieut.-Col. of the army for several years.
At Norton Fitzwarren, Somerset, in her 85th year, Mrs. Anne Malet, daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Malet, rector of Combe Florey, in Somerset.
At his residence in Wheelergate, Nottingham, far advanced in years, William Marston, M.D.
Isabella Mary, the wife of William Borradaile, Esq., of Balham, Surrey.
In her 45th year, Charlotte Anne, the wife of John George Norbury, Esq., of Mancetter House, near Atherstone.
In Nicholas Street, Chester, in her 85th year, Mrs. Hilton, relict of the late James Hilton, Esq., of Pennington and Smedley, in the county of Lancaster.
At Lea, Kent, Henry, the infant son of Robert Boyd, Esq.
On the 6th of March, at East Sheen, Montagu Burgoyne, Esq., in his 86th year, second son of the late Sir Roger Burgoyne, Bart., and his wife, the Lady Frances Montagu.
Sarah, wife of Edward Polhill, Esq., York Place, Portman Square.
On the 24th of February, Mr. William Auber, of Shoreham, Kent, in his 70th year.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1836.

MORNING DRESS.

Reoline of lilac satin; a double falling sleeve made tight to the elbow; collar of French cambric; bonnet of green satin, trimmed with blonde.

EVENING DRESS.

Of amber silk, clouded with light brown. The sleeves, corsage, and head-dress, after the fashion of Charles the Second’s time. Necklace and bracelets of amethysts and gold.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

We have to announce several new materials for négligé, half dress, and evening dress. Among the first, we think that brillantine, a very light material of Cashmere wool quadrilled with silk, may take precedence. There are several others twilled and striped, but none so novel and pretty as the one we have mentioned. Several printed jacot in muslin have appeared of new and very pretty patterns; they are expected to be a good deal in request in undress, but it is yet too early to be at any certainty on the subject; the same may be said of white striped, cross barred, and figured muslins. Peau de poule, composed of silk and wool, is figured and quadrilled with flowers in the squares. Fontards bazides are printed silks of new and striking patterns. Hindostan and Memphis are composed of a mixture of silk and wool; the first is figured and quadrilled with flowers in the squares, the latter is both plain and twilled. There are also several fancy silks both striped and figured. We see among the evening dress materials, a peculiarly rich kind of silk, to which the name of velouté is given; as velouté Aranda, de la Juive, guirlandes et bouquets, and clochette, this last is figured.

Pelisses are decidedly in favour in carriage dresses: they are composed of plain rich silks, as pou de soie or gros d'été, and are trimmed with the same material, either festooned, or in small rouleaux. A good many are closed down the sides with knots, which are also employed (but of a smaller size) to confine the pelarine at the throat and at the bottom. In some instances the sleeves divided into three bouffants, but of a small size, and the separation is marked by a knot between each. For half-dress pelisses, the pelarine is made open on the bosom, and generally shallower in front than behind; but both in half dress and négligé, pelerines are smaller than they were last season. The sleeves of pelisses have considerably diminished in size, though not so much so as those of robes. As to the skirts, there is no alteration in their enormous width, nor in the length that they have been for some time.

Drawn bonnets continue in request in morning dress. The spring materials for hats and bonnets are pou de soie, rice straw, and Italian straw. The long brims, so fashionable last season, seem to be again in request, but a little deeper, and sufficiently wide to trim the interior with ribands and flowers. We may cite as a pretty novelty of this kind, knots of riband forming two tufts on each side, and with very long ends, which fall on the cheeks below the brim of the hat. A good many both of Italian and rice straw hats are trimmed with white feathers and ribands. Some of the prettiest half-dress bonnets are of rice straw, the brim descending low upon the cheeks, and the crown brought very forward. Some are lined with white tulle, and trimmed with white ribands. Others are lined with rose or blue crape, and trimmed with ribands of a white ground quadrilled in the colour of the lining; the interior of the brim is trimmed with puffed riband arranged in a very novel manner, each puff being formed of five or six coques, which compose a rose. Some of these ornaments are made with ends which fall upon the cheeks.

Silk robes will be preferred during this month, at least, in half-dress: we see several groupe de Naples robes striped in two shades of brown; others of an écru ground, figured in small black and white patterns; and several of grey pou de soie, both plain and figured. Mussin robes, however, are also partially adopted; the most novel of them have a corsage à l’enfant, it is made full and attached to a plain band. This is not a novelty, but a revived fashion; it is, however, the only change that has been made in the corsages of dresses, in other respects they remain just as they were, only that as the sleeves are now almost all made tight at the upper part, they do not fall quite so much off the shoulder; and where pelerines are adopted, they are not so wide upon the shoulder, nor is the trimming so voluminous over it.

Scarfs of black pou de soie, trimmed with
lace, are beginning to be very general, and there is no doubt that they will continue so during the early part of the season. The laces preferred will be of antique patterns, particularly those with double grounds. The mode of embroidered mantlets, canneus, pelelines, &c., is expected to be quite as general as it was last year. There is also great reason to believe that white muslin robes, and pelisse robes embroidered in very full patterns, will be greatly in request. Riband scarfs will continue in favour: we may cite as the most novel and beautiful among them, the Iris scarf, in which fifty-seven shades of different colours are apparent.

Turbans are expected to continue in favour in evening dress. Two new materials tul—Sylphide, and tul—Danae, have just appeared for them. Some evening-dress hats have already appeared of white or rose crape, or tulle, ornamented with sprigs of moss roses, or lilacs of Bengal. The colours that we announced last month will be those in favour except for silks, which, as we have already remarked, are at present either of full or quiet colours. White will be decidedly most in request for hats and bonnets, and also most in favour in evening dress.

Costume of Paris—By a Parisian Correspondent.

It is not to Longchamps that we must look this year for summer fashions; three days of incessant rain rendered it impossible for our élégantes to exhibit their summer costumes; but on Easter Sunday, and the dimanche following, there was indeed a brilliant display of them in the Champs Elysées and Tuileries gardens. Silks were in a majority both for robes and pelisses, particularly those of which we spoke last month. There were also several materials of a very light kind of silk and wool. One is the Armoi Dunoise; another, called Danae, is printed. The patterns of both are new and pretty. Tissu Smyrne, of goats' hair and silk quadrilled, is a soft material, which does not crease. Hardly any printed muslins appeared, although they are likely to be very fashionable in the course of the month. There were a few, but very few, white ones.

We have few observations to make on the forms of robes or pelisses, except as regards the sleeves, which are various in their forms; but all decidedly reduced in their size. Some of the muslin dresses had the sleeves composed of a succession of bias bands, let in in a spiral direction between rows of embroidery. Several of the silk and fancy materials had the sleeves made tight, and to the shape of the arm at the lower part, but bountanted at top. All stiffening, however, must be avoided, and indeed the sleeves are made for the most part tight on the shoulder, and a little way down the arm.

Pelisses are in a majority; several are composed of figured silks. One, that we considered the most novel among them, is composed of gros d'ic; a new shade of green, called vert Anglais, striped in narrow black stripes, with a running pattern of small spots figured in white between the stripes. It was trimmed with green satin riband figured with black, and fringed with white. The ribands, placed in zig-zag, closed the skirt down one side; a knot, formed of three coupes without ends, is attached on the point of each zig-zag. The corsage is high and plain; the sleeves, bountanted at the top, are trimmed from the elbow to the wrist with knots to correspond, but of a smaller size. A round pelerine, somewhat shallower than we have lately seen them, was closed before by knots. A few silk robes were trimmed with a double flounce, the extremity of which touched the edge of the bottom of the skirt; but it is supposed that flounces will be only partially worn, and that biou lace, or embroidery, will be the only trimmings admitted while the skirts of robes continue of their present extravagant width. Among several light summer scarfs which have recently appeared, we may cite, as the prettiest, those of tulle Lara. Scarfs are not yet very general, but they are expected to become so.

Drawn bonnets are extremely numerous, both in négligé and half dress. Those of the former are of white or écrité pou de soie, simply trimmed with ribands to correspond. The prettiest of the latter are of rose or blue gros de Naples glacé blanc, trimmed with a curtain veil of tulles or fin filet; a riband corresponding with the bonnet is run through the hem. Some that have just appeared, and are still more elegant than those just described, are of rose crape trimmed with a bouquet of roses lires; nothing can be lighter or more becoming than these bonnets. White pou de soie bonnets, with the brims edged with another colour, are also very fashionable. The in half dress. They are in general trimmed with flowers, but in some instances where flowers are not employed, knots of white riband, striped in the same colour as the edge of the bonnet, are used in their stead. Italian straw hats are for the most part trimmed with a bouquet of white or straw-coloured ostrich feathers; and it is expected that this fashion will continue even late in the summer. Some hats of rice straw have been lately introduced by a very celebrated house, with the crown ornamented with blonde or tulles disposed in drapery, and a sprig of flowers on one side. They are expected to become very fashionable.

Half dress is generally adopted for the spectacle. India muslin robes over white pou de soie slips are in great request. They are mostly worn with capotes of rice straw, trimmed with a sprig of green foliage, imitating, by the
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SYNOPSIS of Practical Perspective. Mr. T. H. Fielding, Teacher of Painting in Water Colours to the Hon. E. I. C.'s Military Seminary, has in the press the second edition, in royal 8vo., to be published in May.

A complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary for Schools, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock, will be published in July.


An Abridgment of Dr. Butler's Ancient and Modern Geography. By Miss M. Cunningham.

A third and concluding Volume of Sharon Turner's Sacred History of the World.

On Female Improvement. By Mrs. John Sandford, authoress of Woman in her Social and Domestic Character.

Essays on the Principles of Charitable Institutions; being an attempt to ascertain what are the Plans best adapted to improve the Physical and Moral Condition of the Lower Orders in England.


The Life of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Darnley, Life of Richelieu, &c. &c.


LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Book of Common Prayer, printed in a clear type, for church service and private use; with short explanatory notes. By the Rev. G. Valpy.


Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. Illustrated. Part I.

The Counties of Derby, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln and Rutland, Illustrated. Part III. containing 8 engravings.

The Scope of Piety, or the Christian doing all things to the glory of God. By T. Q. Sow.


Greenwood's History of the Germans, 4to.

Heath's Gallery of Engravings, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth.

Latham's Lectures on Clinical Medicine, 12mo.

Physical Theory of Another Life, by the author of Saturday Evening, 8vo.

Pericles and Aspasio, by Walter Savage Landor, 2 vols.

Passavant's Tour of a German Artist, 2 vols.

Random Recollections of the House of Lords, 12mo.

Sketches of Germany and the Germans, 2 vols.

Visit to the White Man's Grave, Sierra Leone, 2 vols.

Wellesley Dispatches, vol. 1, 8vo.

The Fellow Commoner. 3 vols.

Blunt's Jesus, Part III. 12mo.
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
At his house in Park Crescent, the lady of the Hon. Baron Alderson, of a son.
At Glangrave Park, Carmarthenshire, the lady of Colonel Gwynne, of a daughter.
At Great Missenden, Bucks, the lady of John Spooner, Esq., of a daughter.
At Tunbridge Wells, the wife of James A. Murray, Esq., of Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, of a daughter.
At Sidmouth, the lady of the late R. W. De Flamstead, Esq., of the Rifle Brigade, of a daughter.
In Nottingham Place, Mrs. Charles Cancellor, of a son.
At Charlton, Kent, the lady of James Farquhar, Esq., of Hall Green, in the county of Kincardine, M.P., of a son and heir.
At Southgate, Mrs. Henry Desborough, of a daughter.
In Berkeley Square, the Viscountess Fordwick, of a daughter.
In Harley Street, the lady of Dennis le Marhaut, Esq., of a daughter.
The Lady Caroline Calculfist, of a son.
In Grosvenor Place, the Lady Graham, of a son.

Deaths.
On the 19th of December last, at Port Louis, the lady of the Hon. James Wilson, chief judge of the Mauritius, of a son.
At Brighton, the lady of Sir Thomas W. Blomfield, of a son.
In Upper Harley Street, the lady of Edmund Pepys, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
At Northumberland House, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, the Rev. Edward Thompson, cousin of the Earl of Lonsdale, to Miss Ellen Percy, fifth daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.
At the residence of the British minister in Copenhagen, by the Rev. R. Stevenson Ellis, M.A., chaplain to the mission, A.C., the Rev. Nugent Wade, A.M., British Chaplain at Elsinore, to Louisa, fourth daughter of the late Charles Fenwick, Esq., his Majesty's Britannic consul in Denmark.
At St. Mary's, Bryanstone square, W. Huntley Campbell, Esq., capt. 20th regt., to Frances, only daughter of Colonel Pemberton, of Trumpington, Cambridgeshire.
At Vienna, Chapman Stansfield Marshall, Esq., of London, eldest son of Sir Chapman Marshall, Knt., to Josephine Juliana, youngest daughter of Mathias Joseph Webster, of the former place.
At Saint John's, Hampstead, Lawrence Fyler, Esq., captain in his Majesty's 77th regiment, to Amelia, daughter of the late Hon. John Byng, brother to the late Viscount Torrington.
Mr. Hammond, of Woodbridge, to Mrs. J. Bradley, of Portsea, widow of the late lieut. J. Bradley, R.N.
At St. Mary's, Battersea, Richard Walter Synnott, Esq., youngest son of the late Sir Walter Synnott, to Henrietta, fifth daughter of the late Henry Thornton, Esq., M.P.
At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Edward North, eldest son of Thomas Powell Button, Esq., M.P., to Catherine, second daughter of Samuel Gurney, Esq., of Upton, Essex.

DEATHS.
At Boulogne-sur-Mer, in the prime of life, after a lingering illness, Mary Ann, the widow of the late Colonel Fane, M.P., nephew of the Earl of Westmoreland.
At Ely House, Dover Street, the Bishop of Ely, in the 77th year of his age.
At the Bury, Chesham, Buckinghamshire, in the 33rd year of her age, Mary Harriett, the beloved and affectionate wife of William Lowndes, Esq., of the above place.
At Winchester, in the 70th year of her age, lady Letitia Knollys, only surviving sister of the late Earl of Banbury.
At his residence, the Little Hermitage, near Rochester, deeply regretted, James Hulks, Esq., in his 32nd year.
At Kingston on Thames, after two days' illness, Harriett, widow of the late Mr. L. B. Seeley, of Fleet-street and Thames Ditton.
George Frederick Angelo, Esq., late of the commander-in-chief's office, aged 56.
Harriett, wife of the Right Hon. Lord Carteret, and daughter of the eighth Earl of Devon, in her 64th year.
At Collumpton, Devon, Mrs. Murch, wife of Mr. Murch of that place, and aunt to the late Right Hon. George Canning.
At Charlton, the Countess of Suffolk.
Evening & Morning Dresses.
THE COURT MAGAZINE.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1836.

BALL DRESS

Of white satin, with folded cross body, robes and sleeves of blonde. The robing confined by wreaths of white and pink roses to correspond with the head-dress, the roses of which are arranged as a bandeau and chaplet mixed with pearls.

MORNING DRESS

Or Tissu Pekin, the cape and skirt edged with a plain fold of gros de Naples, sleeves made tight to the elbow, with a double fall on the shoulder; cap of light Honiton lace.

EVENING DRESS

Or blue satin, the corset made tight, with a cape of blonde tight to the figure—sleeves of white tulle, with blonde ruffles. The hair arranged low, with a wreath of blue convolvuli.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Carriage dress affords this month a good deal of variety. We see several ladies in cambric robes made with high corsages, which are trimmed at the throat with foreign lace; and pelisses of pou de soie of full colours, with the body made low, and the skirt open from the ceinture downwards. This is a fashion likely to remain in favour for some time; for as it is only calculated for carriage dress, it cannot become common. We see also some close pelisses of dust colour, or pearl grey pou de soie, edged with narrow blue or apple green rouleaux, with a broad ceinture of the colour of the robes, but fringed in that of the rouleau.

Several new patterns of printed muslins, and a great variety of light materials, composed either wholly of fine Cashmere wool, or of a mixture of it and silk, have appeared for negligé and demi-robe, but silk still preserves a decided majority for robes of the latter kind. The most novel are the poules de soie of a white ground, or with one the colour of unbleached cambric, strewn with bouquets of coloured flowers or sprigs. The new gros d’êtres are next in requisition; they are watered, quadrilled, or striped, with small patterns in the stripes. In speaking of robes, we must observe that there is not the least likelihood that tight long sleeves will become fashionable. We still see some very large, though not preposterously so; the only indispensable modifications are to have them tight, or nearly so, a little below the shoulder, and at the wrist. We see a good many made in four bouffants, which gradually diminish in width as they approach the bottom. There are also several with the upper part disposed in two moderate-sized sabots, and the sleeve from the elbow to the wrist made to the exact shape of the arm. This is a revived fashion, and one that is becoming only to those ladies whose arms are beautifully rounded.

Some élégantes have recently appeared in summer shawls of plain Cashmere, bordered with broad black lace of antique patterns. Green, blue, and Carmelite brown are the colours of these shawls. We look upon them rather as a passing fancy, than a fashion likely to be generally adopted. Those of white damasked China crape are decidedly fashionable, and are certainly very elegant. While we are speaking of shawls, we must not forget to notice one that we have very recently seen on a lady of high rank and distinguished taste. It was of India muslin, with a broad border, beautifully but lightly embroidered in gold.

Undress bonnets are generally of the drawn kind. The brims seem to have increased in size since last month. They are composed of pou de soie, which is the only silk fashionable for bonnets. Those of demi-robe are of rice straw, or crape; a few, but very few, are of Italian straw. The brims of hats have increased in size, and are always a good deal trimmed in the interior. The crowns are put rather backward, and for the most part are rather smaller at the top than the bottom. The ornaments are placed rather low; the flowers even fall upon the brim. We must, however, observe, that this rule is not arbitrary; for though trimmings of this description are adopted by a majority of our fair fashionables, we see also several who have the ornaments placed high.

We may cite, among the prettiest rice straw hats, one trimmed with white ribands fringed with green, and a bouquet formed of two sprigs of heliotrope and a moss rose. Another, well worthy of notice, is trimmed with a bouquet of white miraboulis shaded with blue, and attached by a knot of white pou de soie riband figured with blue; a light knot and band of
the same riband finished the trimming of the crown. The brim, extremely large, is trimmed in the interior with an angle of tulle blonde bonnîonné, and with a rose placed under the tulle at each side. This style of trimming is as fashionable as it is becoming. We may cite also, as a favourite style of trimming for rice straw hats, a very light sprig of foliage, at the base of which is a camellia, a rose, or a fancy flower.

Some of the new robes in evening negligé are of clear muslin, lined with rose or blue guaze. They are of the demi redingote form. Some of the prettiest are trimmed down the front with guaze riband, to correspond with the lining. It is arranged in rouleaux, and disposed in demi lozenge, which increase in width as they descend to the bottom of the skirt; there is a small space between each, which is filled with three puffs of riband. This trimming has a very novel and pretty effect. We may cite also some evening dresses of a new summer silk, called mascartine; it has a brilliant white ground, quadrilled in a very small pattern in dead white, and the ground strewn with very small bouquets of coloured flowers. The corsage is cut square and low, but moderately so. It is trimmed with a lappel, which spreads out on the shoulders, and is edged with coloured piping. The sleeve, tight to the arm, is encircled by two ruches at the shoulder, and terminated by two others just above the elbow.

Rice straw hats are much in favour in evening dress. A good many are trimmed with cherry-coloured riband, and two white ostrich feathers tipped with cherry colour, or two sprigs of white acacia, parcach de cerise. We see also several trimmed with white riband edged with cherry colour, and white lilac mingled with cherry heath-blossoms; the flowers are placed on one side of the crown, and disposed in the form of an obelisk. The bouquet is large at the bottom, and terminates by a single sprig of lilac. Fashionable colours are the light shades of rose and green, dust colour, straw, lilac of various shades, and some fancy colours.

Costume of Paris—by a Parisian Correspondent.

The attention of our élégantes is now principally devoted to half dress. A Parisian belle at this moment may almost be said to live in the open air; her mornings are devoted to the boîte de Boulogne, or the race-course at Chantilly; and her evenings are given up in a great degree to fêtes in the gardens of Tivoli, or rural balls in the environs of Paris. Silk robes are those most generally adopted for the first, they are made with high or three-quarters high corsages; in the former case the robe buttons up behind, and is made with a collar very open before. The corsage is tight to the shape, but the bosom ornamented with folds set on horizontally. The sleeves are of a moderate size, that is to say, they still remain large at the top, but are tight from the elbow to the wrist. Peléterins are no longer fashionable; worked muslin or cambric collars are adopted in their stead. The most novel of the latter, is one of plain cambic, trimmed with Valenciennes' lace; it does not reach more than half-way over the shoulders, but descends in the shawl style on the bosom.

English straw bonnets are worn in négligé, but only for the early morning walk; they are trimmed only with riband, arranged in a negligent knot on one side. Drawn bonnets of white or grey pou de soie, trimmed with riband to correspond, and a white tulle veil, may be worn as négligé coquet; but rice and Italian straw are the materials par excellence. The brims of hats are large, and trimmed in the interior in various ways with ribands and flowers. The crowns are trimmed with flowers or feathers, the former, however, are in a majority for morning dress. A good many are ornamented with bouquets-jardiniers, composed of roses, lilacs, jessamine, mignonette, or sprigs of foliage. The only thing these bouquets have to recommend them is their novelty—they are too large to be in good taste.

Among those hats trimmed with feathers, the prettiest have the interior of the brim lined with rose or straw-coloured crape, and trimmed with coques and blond lace, disposed on each side like coques of ribands, and terminated by ends which descend below the brim. The crown is ornamented with two feathers corresponding with the colour of the lining, and white riband striped in the smallest possible stripes, also in the same colour.

A new kind of mantelet called Puilie is much in favour, and will probably continue so till the weather gets very hot; it is composed of black pou de soie, trimmed with lace; it is a long scarf of rather an oval form, and is worn in the shawl style, so as to cover the back and descend nearly to the bottom of the dress. We should observe that it is doubled. Within the last few days some have appeared composed entirely of lace, and we have no doubt that they will continue in favour during the summer. We see also some scarfs of lilac and pearl grey pou de soie, trimmed with broad black lace; and also some square shawls of a very light kind of Cashmere: we may cite as the most fashionable of the latter, those called Landaman and Himalaya, they are of new and beautiful patterns.

Several new printed muslins have appeared of very delicate patterns, in bouquets or sprigs of flowers upon white grounds. Some are strewned with pinks, or other small flowers of various colours; others have the ground mar-
bled in grey or black, with roses, honeysuckles, or other flowers strewed at very great distances between. These muslins are as yet only employed for home morning dress; they are made in pelisse robes, and are generally trimmed with the same material, festooned in cocks' combs. A large square collar generally replaces the pelerine, it is cut in points, which, falling over the sleeves, forms a jockey, and descends in front in the fichu style. This kind of collar, trimmed as above described, or with a double row of lace, gives a good deal of grace to the tournure. The sleeves of these dresses are always large, but the size is modified by flat epaulettes, which descend very low; the fullness of the sleeve is also confined by different bands, which descend from the elbow to the wrist.

Several silk robes in evening déguisés are trimmed round the border, and quite at the extremity of the skirt, with a row of puffs of the same material. This style of trimming is new, but it is far too heavy, especially for silk dresses. India muslin robes, though not in a majority, are at least in an equal number with silk ones in evening dress. The corsages are always trimmed with lace; the skirts have seldom any trimming; but we have seen some with a single flounce, beautifully worked in separate bouquets feather stitch. White scarfs are almost universally adopted in evening dress, some are of tulle Lora, others of India muslin, trimmed with lace.

Rice straw hats are almost the only ones adopted in evening toilettes. We may cite among the most elegant, one that is trimmed with white rubans lampus, and with a tuft of red roses mingled with cherry-coloured roses. This mixture of colours is certainly not in good taste, although just now it is very fashionable. Another, the chapeau à la Grisi, has the brim edged with silk piping of the colour called immortelles, the crown is ornamented with ribands of the same hue, and with immortelles mingled with white jessamine. Here and there we see a chapeau de paille d'Italie, trimmed with white rubans lampus and white ostrich feathers, or a bouquet of white mirabouts, the down knotted with the barbs of coloured ostrich feathers; but the extravagant price of these hats, which are from twenty-four to thirty-two pounds each, before they are cut or trimmed, put them out of the reach of the majority of our fair fashionables.

Jewellery is now of a very light kind. Gold neck-chains are of the smallest possible kind, and of the most delicate workmanship. These kind of chains are also employed for bracelets, and for watch chains. The latter are formed of six or eight, retained by three gold runners, which are incrusted with precious stones.

The colours most in favour, are pearl grey, cherry, apple and emerald green, azure blue, straw colour, fawn colour, écre, and the lighter shades of rose colour.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Very shortly will be published, Fishing Anecdotes, with Hints for Anglers, by Edward Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c., and author of "Gleanings in Natural History."

A Poem, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, to be called "The Visionary," will be published in June.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie's new Romance of "The Magician" is nearly ready.

"'Hella, and other Poems," by Mrs. George Lennox Conyngham, author of "The Dream," will be published on the 3rd of June.

The author of Rookwood's new work, "Crichton," is announced for the early part of the month.

Nearly ready, "Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time," by Sir Nathaniel Wm. Wroxtall, Bart.: including original Anecdotes of the most distinguished Political and Literary Personages, Court Wits, and Beauties, of the latter part of the reign of George III. and of the Regency.

The first number of "The Horticultural Magazine and Miscellany of Gardening," conducted by Mr. Marnock, of Sheffield, will appear this month, and be continued monthly.

The Rev. Professor Henslow, of Cambridge, has engaged in a New Work, to be called "The Botanist." It will be conducted by Mr. Maud, the author of the Botanic Garden, and is to combine all interesting points of the science, with popular and practical information. No. 1 will appear on the first of August.

A small work, designed to supply an account of the Violin, and its chief Professors, from the earliest records of the instrument up to the present period, will shortly be published.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Torquay, Devon, on the 4th inst., the lady of Bryan Higgins Blake, Esq., of a son and heir.

At Wickham, the lady of Capt. Sir F. Collier, R.N., of a son and heir.

On the 10th inst., at Paris, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Napier, of a son.

On the 2nd inst., in Park-street, Lady Arthur Lennox, of a son.

On the 3rd inst., at Wwoc Castle, Glamorganshire, the lady of Robert Francis Jenner, Esq., of a son.

On the 6th inst., in Manchester Square, the lady of W. M. Praed, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.

On the 4th inst., in Portland Place, the lady of the Hon. R. Bootle Wilbraham, M.P., of a daughter.

On the 12th inst., in St. James’ Square, the Right Hon. Augusta Ada, Lady King, of a son and heir.

On the 13th inst., in Hill-street, Viscountess Eroumon, of a daughter.

On the 16th inst., at Norton Conyers, Yorkshire, Lady Graham, of a son.

On the 7th inst., in Melville-street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Farrier Hamilton, of a daughter.

On the 14th inst., at Aorbed Rectory, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3rd inst., at St. George’s Church, Hanover Square, the Earl of Antrim, to Laura Cecilia, fifth daughter of the Hon. Col. Parker, of Ensham Hall, Oxon, and brother to the Earl of Macclesfield.

On the 26th ult., at Athol Crescent, Edinburg, Patrick S. Keir, Esq., junr. of Kinmouzh, to Amelia, second daughter of Sir Neil Menzies, of Menzies, Bart.

On the 19th inst., at St. George’s, Hanover Square, Captain Swinburne, R.N., to the Lady Jane Ashburnham, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Ashburnham.

On the 5th inst., at St. George’s, Hanover Square, the Rev. William Corfield, to Henrietta Louisa, second daughter of the Lady Maria Cotes.

On the 7th inst., at St. James’s Church, the Hon. Lawrence Parsons, son of the Earl of Rosse, to Lady Elizabeth Toler, daughter of the Earl of Norbury.

On the 3rd inst., at Maidstone Church, Henry Home, Esq., to Lady Mary Marsham, third daughter of the Earl of Romney.

On the 30th ult., at Ingham, Norfolk, John Waite, Esq., to the Hon. Caroline, youngest daughter of Lord Wodehouse.

On the 17th inst., at Down, in Kent, the Rev. J. Pierce Morrice, Rector of Kyme, Somerset, to the Hon. Jane Lucy Powys, youngest daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

DEATHS.

On the 6th inst., at Fairfield, near Manchester, in the 79th year of his age, the Rev. Christian Ignatius Latrobe, many years Secretary of the Brethren’s Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel among the Heathen.

On the 11th inst., at his residence, 26, Ormabury-street, Regent’s Park, Robert Thorpe, Esq. LL.D., in his 71st year.

On the 11th ult., after a few days’ illness, the Rev. James Ellis, M.A., Rector of Ashurst, Sussex, aged 64 years.

On the 7th ult., at Bucharest, Harriet Far- rer, relict of the late Robert Colquhoun, Esq., of Camstrodan, Dumbartonshire.

On the 2nd inst., at her house in Grosvenor Square, the Dowager Lady Glengall, in her 70th year.

On the 5th inst., in Park-street, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Talbot, relict of the late Dean of Salisbury, and eldest daughter of Henry fifth Duke of Beaufort.

On the 26th ult., at Wouhland, in Kent, in his 21st year, the Hon. Francis de Grey, youngest son of Lord Walsingham, who was unfortunately drowned in attempting to swim to a boat adrift on the river Medway.

At Brunt Tree, near Dudley, Mrs. Priscilla Hatton, in her 105th year.

On the 12th inst., at Crawley’s Hotel, Lord Viscount Lake, in his 64th year.

On the 2nd inst., suddenly, Mr. J. H. Wif- feun, the celebrated translator of Tasso’s Jeru- salem.

On the 15th inst., at Stowe, her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham, in her 57th year.

On the 8th inst., at Ipswich, Lady Alicia Bissett.

On the 10th inst., at Charlotte Square, Edin- burgh, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, second son of James fifth Earl of Balcarres.

On the 20th inst., at his house in Cnnaught Terrace, the Hon. Henry Augustus Berkeley Craven, in his 60th year.