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At the Office of the LADY'S MAGAZINE & MUSEUM.
A GENERAL ADDRESS
TO THE
READERS OF THE LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM,
UPON CLOSING THE VOLUME FOR THE YEAR 1833.

In taking the customary leave of our Fair Friends, at the close of the year and of another volume, we feel a confidence that we have in no department of our work relaxed from the principle upon which we started, (under a new proprietorship,) in the year 1830—"that no effort on our part should be wanting to make each volume surpass its predecessor in excellence and beauty." Sensible that this publication has yet to be made the medium, not merely of recreative amusement, but of beneficial entertainment, we look forward, with pleasure, to the period when we can embrace the latter—a dear object of our heart. The march of improvement, like many other movements, must be proceeded in with cautious celerity. As with the too rapidly moving and impetuous legion, some unknown marsh may, in the morass, deal destruction amongst them, so with a periodical, a too rapid change might deal destruction amongst, or drive away, its readers. The lovers of the nambly-pambly, in style and sentiment who might perhaps have been found amongst the readers of earlier series, would now scorn to relish horrific stories of fiction, love-sick tales, and rhyming—exhibiting not a shadow of poetry, which at that time so deeply interested them. True it is, that that kind of reading was then almost general: none other was to be found in works not purely standard; when, not as now, few judged themselves to be capable of writing articles sufficiently talented for print, and fewer still imagined themselves possessed of the powers of judicious criticism.

In proof of the progress we have made, we would refer our readers to the plate of "The Last Look," for February, 1830, Vol. I. of the improved series.

This plate, prepared under the old management, we were necessitated to use, in consequence of the shortness of the time (only a few days) before the period of publication, when the new proprietorship commenced. As a specimen of the former character of the work, the plate is a perfect curiosity, not to be met with in any subsequent number of the publication.

To speak of the several departments.—The fashion plates were executed by a new hand and superior artist. The embellishments were likewise of a different order; and the tone, tenor, and style of the literature were changed. To our satisfaction, the public press teemed with commendations. When, however, we compare the manner in which the fashion plates were at first executed for us, with the style in which they afterwards appeared, when we called to our aid the artistical powers of the proprietors of Le Follitt Courrier des Salons, we ourselves were astonished, and the public likewise, how so elegant and great a change could have been effected in the execution of what had hitherto been regarded as merely a milliner's or lady's guide to the monthly variations of the fickle goddess of fashion.

These exhibitions of the fashions were designated, most appropriately, by the public press, "WORKS OF ART." They afford, indeed, a specimen of whatever is neat, chaste, or appropriate for female dress, having nought that is tawdry, or other than what a sensible man would wish to see as the selected garb of his wedlock companion, his sister, or his friend: and to the artist's eye a something of elegant and winning lightness, coupled with heart-moving effect, was felt to have been produced.

The death of a favourite artist, and other casualties, threw us, for a short time, in the back ground with regard to our principal monthly embellishment, and the plates we published were far from agreeable to our wishes. We were, indeed, quite at sea in this respect; but, although buffeted about by uncertainty, we were driven, at length, into the very harbour of science, and, proceeding to the capital of taste, drew from its richest stores not merely the principal of its long hoarded treasures, and the fairest of its female beauties, but even carried away, as the journals we presently quote humorously mention, "the very jewels" in which, in times past, they had adorned themselves.

We next found it advisable to increase the size (though we did not add to the price) of our work, for the better display of the now produced, and the then forthcoming, series; and, before we began our actual operations, greatly to our contentment and benefit, the numerous subscribers of another old periodical, the Lady's Museum, became the joint companions of the sisterhood of readers of the Lady's Magazine.
Our subscribers will remember, we then proceeded to give Authentic Ancient Portraits, which are justly pronounced to be "Gems." We could not, however, get them executed after our liking. Many were our disappointments. Several plates were rendered wholly unfit for use, and we could find no one to execute them in the effective manner in which they are now presented to the public. Some of our attempts may be kindly forgotten—but they are to be seen in our pages in the uncoloured portraits. Nearly two years were, indeed, spent in an endeavour to bring about this, by us considered to be, a great and substantial improvement. If it be a pleasure to visit a gallery of paintings, surely in these beautiful paintings the professor has a picture worthy the keeping—an exquisite portrait, recalling to his recollection the very persons who were renowned or conspicuous in the history of ages long gone by.

These full-length authentic portraits of illustrious and royal women, splendidly coloured, with a finish that makes them equal to the finest miniatures, have been acknowledged by the public press to afford valuable subjects for historical painters and the fair artist. Fortunately for us, there has sprung up, simultaneously with our inclination and the facilities at our command, a great public rage for pictures correctly representing authentic historical costume.

Fancy balls are among the elegant and pleasing amusements of the day; and the adoption of the splendid and appropriate attire of historical characters revives the past, and throws a charm and liveliness over such assemblies unknown in other full-dress parties. But it has been found to be by no means an easy thing for the fair requirant to procure a correct historical costume; for even where a copy has been closely imitated according to the attire exhibited in the pictures known most commonly, such as those of Queen Elizabeth, Anna Bolesyn, or Mary Queen of Scots, the half length figure only is shown; and a correctly coloured whole length figure, of any of these has not before, we believe, been in any shape presented to a British public; and we think we may safely say that, except through our medium, from some foreign source, or from the originals themselves, where access to the originals can be obtained, it would be impossible to procure them. In proof of the expense we are at in publishing these Portraits, it will be merely necessary for us to state that at present there are sold in the shops common coloured lithographs of actors, something in imitation of our own plan, at 6s. each copy !!! We supply, indeed, the great deficiency and desideratum of a Coloured Portrait Gallery, and we are able to offer a rich succession of characters well known in history, the originals of whose portraits are only to be found in the cabinets of princes, or the hoarded treasures of the antiquarian.

The correct assumption of recherché costume is an elegant exercise for female taste, particularly when it is accompanied by a familiar knowledge of the biography of the character assumed. It would be most mortifying for a lady, when she enters a fancy ball-room attired as Queen Elizabeth or Mary of Scotland, to find a chance-medley of five or six rival Marys and Elizabeths, like so many Queens of Brentford. To save our fair readers from this mortification, we enable them to adopt a wider range of character and costume. A great variety of historical toilettes is now placed at their command, at a price, for the whole work, which the public press declares to be "less than the value of the single embellishment,"—at a price, indeed, unexampled for cheapness, supposing it were purchased only for the beautifully coloured figure, as a matter of study, or for the scrap-book. When, indeed, it is considered that for the sum of half-a-crown, one of these coloured portraits, besides a richly illustrated Magazine of the largest size, full of original literature by the first authors of the day, is to be procured, we hope we have realised the expectations of our friends, and, in some measure, the pledges which we put forth at starting.

While, indeed, we offer these magnificent historical portraits to the public, we have not forgotten to render them important and interesting memorials of history. We have sought not merely to gratify the eye, but have illustrated each portrait by the choicest and most authentic records of the lives and characters of the parties.

Connected with each is an original memoir, most carefully compiled for the particular occasion, in which research has been made through the scantiest books and manuscripts, to obtain every interesting anecdote and trait that can be relied on for veracity. We need scarcely insist on the authenticity and originality of these lives; some are of well known characters; others, of persons who have never before been the common
subjects of biography. Supposing we had been inclined to transfer the labours of others to our pages, where could we have found, ready penned, in the literary world, memoirs of Anne of Bretagne, Queen of France, Queen Claude, Queen Eleonora of Austria, or La Belle Paule?  

We have ready, A SERIES of illustrious portraits of equal beauty and rarity, for continuation during many succeeding numbers of our work; and we can assure our subscribers, that the Magazine will not be suffered, in the slightest manner, to recede from the excellence that has brought down upon us public approval.  

We have ventured to say not a little for ourselves; but if our labours deserve commendation, we will transfer the praise to the numerous and talented associates whose valuable services it is our good fortune to possess.  

In concluding, we feel proud in putting forth the sayings of the press upon our endeavours. The extracts from the several journals, biassed only by a love of truth, in which this monthly publication has been reviewed, will, we think, be perused with pride and satisfaction. There exists a remarkable similarity in their general, and even in their particular commendation; and yet the writers are separated by counties and hundreds of miles, and, make their reviews in the secret chamber, wholly unconscious what a brother editor may be intending to say, or has said of us. If, then, they so far agree, we shall boldly put forth an increased number for the new year, relying upon the strength of the commendations heaped upon us, the zeal of our friends, and the approvers of literature; and, moreover, with this PLEDGE, that we will IN NO DEPARTMENT RETROGRADE.  

We know, that at much less cost, we could produce a book, which would have a more extensive sale; every-day experience teaches this,—the multitude feeds upon what is common, as a common person will adorn her body with garments of every hue, and entwine feathers, bows, and ribbons in her hair, so will the mind of that person delight also in reading tales that are horrible, tales full of love, something withal prophetic;—works of the former character sell, indeed, their tens of thousands, even at the price of our Magazine. When the new proprietorship commenced, public writers of talent were not merely averse from having their names in this Magazine, but were afraid to have their names appear in a periodical for ladies. This is a fact;—but what is now the case?—it is a gratifying compliment to any writer to be an avowed contributor to our work. We labour not for the multitude, unless they change to our inclinations: we labour for the refined and the elegant, and to know that such are our readers, is our great reward; and as our readers again join the circle of their friends, we doubt not of an increased harvest to give oil to the wheel, to make it take a more extensive range in collecting materials for their delight and entertainment. The effect which might be produced by a very little exertion on the part of well satisfied subscribers, may not inappropriately be exhibited in the following outline:—Suppose, for instance, a periodical has regularly 20,000 readers, the whole number, it is fair to presume, is satisfied with the work; for few persons will trouble themselves perpetually about those things in which they do not feel at least some interest, or from which they do not derive some portion of pleasure; but of this number 10,000, we will say, derive a pleasure beyond the mere gratification of the passing novelty of reading what is amusing, or peeping at what is pretty. Next, let it be said, that each of the 10,000 has an intimate or friend in whose heart there dwells a sympathy of sentiment,—when present together the pursuits of their inclination are precisely the same, and when absent from each other, they endeavour vividly to revive the recollection of their absent friend, by entering upon the customary amusements, and continuing the same favourite pursuits.  

On the first of each month, as regularly as clockwork, no sooner was breakfast ended than they were wont with their friends to look at, suppose we say The Lady's Magazine and Museum, for we are far from meddlers in other people's affairs—particularly in literary matters—it would be most natural for the friend to say, I will order the Lady's Magazine and Museum from our bookseller, or have it from our circulating library; in either way, have it I will, for I shall then be spending the first evening in each month in the same pursuit, reading the very same articles, and conjuring up, most probably, at the same time, the very same thoughts: how many half-crowns, such an one might say, would I not give to be present with my friend; one then, at least, I will not grudge, monthly, to make our thoughts and our doings identically the same. Further, I will convey my sentiments in my next letter, and I shall then be
able to see whether our opinions continue to be still alike; whether particular tales, reviews, and matters which please me, have been equally interesting to my friend. I will select that which I consider to be the best tale in each number—pick out the poetry which is in its nature most heart-home—select for reading the best book that has been reviewed—and mark the review which has been most fairly and ably written.

Or only some may be animated by that feeling; and others content to be monthly engaged in exactly the same pursuit with their friend, viz. in reading the newly arrived number of The Lady's Magazine and Museum, a work, for the reasons stated, which we prefer mentioning to any other.

But, again, one half of these—say 5,000—animated by a still stronger feeling, may have a positive liking for their monthly friend, by whom they are never forsaken, be the weather what it may, whether tempests rage, or dismay and terror cloud the political horizon, secure indeed, notwithstanding its great age, from almost every plague but that of bankruptcy. There may be grandmamma seated in the corner, now in her 80th year; she may be telling her grandchildren what she herself heard from her mother, The Lady's Magazine used to be in her time, and what kind of publication was then the fashionable rage amongst ladies in polished society—how diminutive it was in size—how small in price! And that she never thought to have seen (and we will suppose her to be a woman of refined taste and judgment) such very great improvement. We think, indeed, we hear the Old Lady tell with delight that they were both born in the same year, and speak rather pointedly of the superiority of her associate in renewing her youth with the adjuncts of "New Series," "Improved Series," "Improved Series, Enlarged." Such families, thus delighting to see the changes for the better, make themselves warm partizans in the cause, take it up as a thing of personal interest, and try their efforts to gratify their friends in all parts of the kingdom, and to please them as they themselves are pleased, using their utmost endeavour to increase the circulation.

But drawing aside the curtain, and peeping at a true picture, instead of gazing at one of fancy, there is really a great charm, though its innocent pleasure is not much sought, in being able to call to mind absent friends by reason of following the same pursuit. In England this is little practised. On the Continent generally; but more particularly in some states, every gift has its duplicate. It is not with these parties enough that they are gazing at the gift of a friend,—but that the giver possesses the fac simile, the counterpart, the identical thing (in duplicate) which they themselves have.

By this means of deriving pleasure from pleasing, the circulation of a publication may in ONE DAY be increased THREE-FOLD, and great as would be the benefit conferred, the effort would be merely the result of a little domestic and endearing exertion.

Nor are the authors of such an advantage unrewarded. The proprietors of a publication so favoured by such recommendation, are enabled to put forth increased energies; they can afford to do and to give more for their subscribers, as well as increase the number and the pay of their hard working and able contributors. It is a ploughing and a sowing which produces a smiling and an abundant crop of benefits.

And now having made so long a trespass for ourselves and friend, The Lady's Magazine and Museum—we have, in concluding, no regrets to put forth for this or that unjust severity—this or that calumny. We have wholly, we believe, on that head, abstained from a course which could involve us in censure. Nothing, in our minds, is more contemptible, nothing more worthy of condemnation, than literary jargon upon persons. We have endeavoured to perform our task with justice to our subscribers, in the reviewing department; promoting the circulation of works of merit TRANSMITTED FOR REVIEW, and leaving it optional with our readers to purchase or not, works which we did not consider worthy their attention. In a word, neither from circumstances are we under any extraneous obligation or control; nor have we any interest to which the approval of our readers is not paramount.

Lady's Magazine and Museum Office, 112, Fetter-lane,
December 1, 1833.
TO A FRIEND, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Alas! we both are sadly changed, since first
My youthful muse essayed, in mirthful vein,
To celebrate this day—then, joyful, burst
Spontaneous from the heart the happy strain;
And I remember, even to this time,
The smile which kindly praised my first attempt at rhyme.

We both were children, then—gay things—nor knew
That this fair world could teem of aught save flow'rs;
We had been told by wiser heads, 'tis true,
That thorns were strewed on every path; but ours
Had never yet known aught like sorrow's sting,
Nor dreamed we then of woe that future years might bring.

Yet the time came when I, too, felt and proved
That man is made to mourn whilst here below;
But the first hour of deepest grief, beloved,
Was soothed by thee; 'twas thy voice bade me bow
In humble resignation to that Power
Who only can support in such a fearful hour.

Since then we both have deeply drained the draught
Of sorrow to the dregs—the bitter cup
Has often overflowed—but we have quaffed
It still together, and have both looked up,
Encouraged by each other, to that land
Where love eternal reigns and mercy guides the hand.

Friends whom we deemed sincere have proved untrue,
And those we think do love us still are far
To distant scenes removed—whilst some we knew
Are gone for ever where no sorrows are;
But thou remainest, tho' the rest be changed,
The same midst fortune's frown, and faithless friends estranged!

Look up, then, dearest one, look up and cheer,
My harp again with one bright smile—once more
Let us look forward to the dawning year,
And hope it yet may beam like those of yore;
Oh, may each joy of other days be thine,
And heaven's benignant ray o'er all thy pathways shine!
As erudition seems the prevailing epidemic, though some seventy winters have shed their hoary influence over my once "raven locks," I venture, for the first time, to indulge a passion which has been daily growing upon me, gaining strength even in proportion as my own strength decreases. The passion I speak of is that of seeing myself once, at least, in print. Alas! although I cannot boast that mine is "the pen of a ready writer," I feel, nevertheless, a desire to burst from my obscurity. If for fame's sake, "I'la mieux tard que jamais" but if from dotage, it would have been well for me that my Mentor had never quitted me. I have long sought for a subject worthy of dissertation, but, as each presented itself to my mind, I rejected it, as a pretty woman casts aside dress after dress on the night when her whole heart is wrapped up in anticipations of making the "conquest" of one of us poor helpless mortals. Had not my heart been rendered impervious to female loveliness by the peril of a certain fascinating damsel, who eloped with an officer on the morning of the day appointed for the marriage, our marriage contract, I might now, instead of being a member of that worthy but most unenviable fraternity, yelept "old bachelors," have been preparing an "étrenne" or new year's gift for some smiling urchin of a grandchild, come to wish grandpapa the compliments of the "nouvelle année!"

Ah ! the "nouvelle année!" and the day par excellence—the busy, bustling, étrenne-giving "jour de l'an," so joyously hailed by children, and blushing maidens, gods and daughters, nephews, nieces, and, I may add, postmen, newsmen, porters, servants, and all belonging to that worthy race. On New Year's Day the schoolboy rises with the lark, nor murmurs that the matin bell rosses him too soon from his sound and dreamless slumbers. On that day the lisp of babe rises from its sleepless pillow—for at such a period even infancy has its pre-occupations: the night has been passed in rehearsing its little compliment for grandmama—its fable for grandmamma—in thinking of bonbons, and horses, and dolls, and carts, of which the following day is to make it the happy possessor. It rises with the earliest dawn, and, like the harbinger of joy, is the first to bestow the kiss of affection on the cheek of its youthful mother.

Can I, who have been so long seeking for a subject on which to employ my leisure moments, find a better than the one this day affords? I never, indeed, see the return of "New Year's Day," without recalling to mind the pleasures that day has afforded me at different epochs of my life; epochs, marked, I may say, by the giving or receiving of étrennes. Bonbons recall my earliest years, when, like the children of the present period, I had to con my new year's compliment and fable. Toys recall those years of happy childhood, during which the brow was unclouded—the heart free from care; while almanacs and books marked the years of schoolboy date. Then came the time, when, instead of receiving, I began to give étrennes; the happy time when all was bright before me, when I considered it a duty incumbent upon me to hasten from house to house, during the first fifteen days of the month of January, to distribute in profusion numberless trifles purchased at the dearest rate, offered with assurance for the most part with—indifference! Still, there was one exception—there was one out of the multitude who prized my gifts—one who, during a series of years, when I presented my offering, rewarded me with one of those soul beaming smiles, sweeter a thousand times to me than the waters of the cool fountain to the parched lips of the wanderer of the Arabian desert.

The origin of "étrennes" dates as far back as Tatius, King of the Cures, among the Sabines, and who, if I remember my schoolboy days, was murdered at Lanuvium, B.C. 742. On the first day of the year (we are not accurately informed of the date) an offering was made to Tatius of some branches of a tree, consecrated to the goddess Sterena, who was supposed to have the power of conferring vigour and energy on the weak and indolent. In consequence of that year turning out particularly prosperous, he hailed the augury as propitious, and instituted the giving of presents on the first day of the new year, calling those presents by the name of Sterena, the evident etymology of the French word étrenne. Had I an inclination to display the prodigious depths of my profound erudition, I could tell of the festivals held by the Romans on the first day of the new year, and of the presents, consisting of dates and honey, given and received on those occasions: I could tell of the étrennes given to Augustus by the Romans, the produce of which was expended in erecting statues to the gods forgotten in the Pantheon. But modesty has ever been one of my prevailing maxims; besides, I recollect that I am endeavouring to describe a Parisian—not a Roman—jour de l'an. One word more, however: I am inclined to think
New Year's Day in Paris.

that this custom dates with us from the festivals held by the ancient Gauls, who, on the first day of the year, went to the house of the misletoe, previously blessed by the Druids, while canticles and hymns were sung, each verse ending with the words, "Au gui l'an neuf?"—"The misletoe for the new year!"

This at once explains the presents and songs on "New Year's Day."

For fifteen days before the commencement of the new year, business of every kind, foreign to that of étrennes, is totally neglected in Paris. Shops, in the style of booths at fairs, are erected along the Boulevards, on the Pont-Neuf, and on the Place du Chaletet. Nothing can equal the bustle, the movement, that reigns in the streets. Every face wears a business-like aspect. The shopkeepers, not content with displaying their novelties within doors, encumber the footpaths outside their shops with glittering regiments of cavalry and infantry, drums, hobby-horses, ships, boats, dolls in every attitude; while the canchoise with her high Normandy cap: huge tables groan under the weight of volumes of exquisitely bound "fairies tales," "moral tales," and all the long catalogue of "tales" written for the edification of youth. The bonbon shops present at this season a spectacle most gratifying to the taste, but most perplexing to the choice of the beholder.

At length the wished-for day arrives. The inhabitants of Paris are awakened from their slumbers at the first peep of dawn by the roll of the drum, and bands of military music passing under their windows,—the drummers and musicians of the several regiments being ordered to their officers, and receive in exchange the usual "pour boire." You have scarcely time to draw aside your curtains and slip on a robe de chambre, when a gentle tap is heard at your door: you may depend upon its being that self-important, Argus-eyed, aye, and Argus-eared personage—that dealer in gossip and tittle-tattle—Madame la Concergerie, the portress of the house. She comes with a countenance decked in smiles, to bring you your journal, and wish you the compliments of the "nouvelle année." Of course, so much politeness cannot be suffered to pass without a "reply" being suitably closed upon her when another tap announces the postman, come to present his "Almanac" and his "civilités très humble." Then comes a succession of those polite persons, the carriers of newspapers, the watermen, the garçons de la boucherie, baker, grocer, &c. &c. And woe to him who on this day bestows with a sparing hand: in such a case he may be certain that throughout the year his letters and messages will be neglected, his journal will have fallen into the mud, or be forgotten alto-

gether, and he will get from the grocer an extra allowance of heavy paper weighed with his sugar, and from the butcher twice as much rejouissance* as falls to his lot.

On "New Year's Day," the Parisian dons his holiday apparel, his countenance is radiant in smiles, the rich man becomes more generous, the poor man more grateful, those belonging to the serving classes more zealous. Each sallies forth to get or to give. The student, who has lived for the last couple of months on little better than bread and "potage," has expended his savings in "chocolate à la vanille," "pralines," "diablotins," "marons glacés," which he presents in gift bags, satin corbeilles, or boxes of painted glass. The author, to ensure himself a good reception, presents a letter from the author, or Morocco, gilt edged, lettered, &c. &c., the quintessence of his prodigious learning. The husband, who would fain have his cara sposa forget either his neglect or his ill-humour, or perhaps both, has provided himself with a parure, an India cachemire, or a desert service of Sévres or Dresden china; while the wife, ever attentive to the comforts of her "lord and master," presents him with a delicious, warm, comfortable, well-lined and wadded robe de chambre, which she has taken "upon credit," but which at such a moment ensures her a free pardon for every act of extravagance she has been guilty of during the past year.

The first visits of the new year, those paid on "New Year's Day," are devoted to the various members of the visitant's own family, to those with whom he is under obligations, and to true friends, if he has the happiness to possess any such in this cold world of ours. Everybody "devote" Voltaire's definition of his three classes of friends. "I have," said the wit, "three descriptions of friends: the friends that love me, the friends to whom I am indifferent, and the friends that hate me." Who but himself could have expressed in so few words the true character of his countrymen? The first visits, then, are devoted to friendship, the next to indifference, the latest to those that love us not: for, however they may appear rejoiced to see us—however they may fumble and caress us, still there is invariably a something that betrays the real feelings of the heart. At this period no one must be neglected: every card, every visit, every card, must be conscientiously returned; in short, to adopt a contrary conduct with respect to acquaintances in Paris, is considered a crime little inferior to that of Rezé majesté.

* The heavy bones which the butchers in Paris weigh with the meat, over and above what belongs to the joint, are called rejouissances.

† What would the talented author of "On Credit," say to the kind-hearted use made of such a means of acquiring a new year's gift, aye, and that too at the cost of the receiver?
During the ten years that preceded the old French revolution, the fashionable étrennes amongst the higher classes of society consisted of various articles of the Sévres porcelain. My readers may judge to what extent this étrenne system was carried, when they hear that during the first fortnight of the month of January the small apartments of the Palace of Versailles were transformed into porcelain shops, the king not disdaining to take upon himself the office of "salesman," à prix fixe, on the occasion. *

One of the most agreeable methods of distributing étrennes in a large family, is by lottery—a plan also much adopted in my young days. I was last year invited to the house of one of my oldest friends, and witnessed one of these lotteries. A large table in the saloon was covered with presents for all ages: every thing was numbered, and tickets corresponding to the numbers were thrown into a bag and well shaken; each person was then called by the youngest child of the family to draw a ticket. One may conceive the apropos of the prizes drawn by each—and the laughter occasioned by a large doll falling to the lot of the grandpapa—a drum to grandmamma, a pair of pistols to a young lady, a polichinelle to the governess, a go-cart to the tutor, a fowling-piece and a case of mathematical instruments to two children in leading strings, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to an infant in the cradle!

In terminating my "New Year's Day in Paris," I shall, conformably to ancient custom, and in default of more "substantial étrennes," conclude by offering to my various readers the economical but sincere tribute of good wishes. To papa and mammas then, to grand-papas and grand-mammas, uncles, aunts, &c., I wish health, as the first of blessings, and length of years to receive the lisp ing "new year's compliment" of their fourth generation.

To my young and lovely countrywomen (for, readers, although a resident on the Continent for nearly the whole of my life, I am by birth an Englishman,) I wish success in all their speculations: and as I hope many of them will change their state before the close of the year, I wish they may each and all draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery.

To my young friends of the nursery and school room, I wish that the sweets of life may be showered upon them in abundance.

To the members of my own fraternity, I wish every enjoyment their desolate condition can afford, but I also wish their numbers may be greatly diminished during the present year.

Lastly, to my "Publisher," should I find one willing to print the paper of a dotard, I wish prosperity in all his literary undertakings, and an increase of "subscribers."

P. P. P.

ZION’S PILGRIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER’S PRAYER."

"Arise—depart, for this is not!"
Thy "rest," who bearst a Pilgrim’s name—
What find’st thou on this barren spot
Thy love—thy wishes, still to claim,
And tempt thy faulting steps to stray,
That thus they linger on the way?

Is it that thou art journeying on,
With one from whom thou wouldst not part;
And thus affection’s ties are drawn,
Perhaps too closely, round thine heart?
Still hasten on, for thou shalt be
Companions through eternity.

Perchance thy doubting heart is griev’d,
To leave, in this unshelter’d wild,
A gift, in sorrow’s hour received,
That, when a dying mother smil’d.
Yet trust in Him, thy lips confess—
The Father of the fatherless.

Or dread’st thou death?—O thus to fear
A vanquished foe, must ill become
The Christian soldier—Hark! we hear,
Untenanted’s the Saviour’s tomb—
Haste, then, the joyful sight to see,
Nor doubt that thus thine own will be.

* Historical.
Upon the lamented death of the Princess Amelia, her afflicted father, George the Third, ordered the present Mausoleum to be constructed; that Mausoleum which was to contain not the remains of the venerable monarch only, but those of his family who, preceding him, were destined first to repose there—offering to the reflecting mind the melancholy consideration of youth and loveliness—a nation's prayers and a nation's tears—proving no barrier to its awful entrance.

In making this mausoleum, the workmen discovered in Wolsey's Chapel three coffins which circumstances induced them to open in order to discover what bodies they contained, as it was supposed, from such a resting-place being allotted to them, that they were those of no ordinary persons. One presented to the astonished beholders a body which appeared to have been preserved with great care—but it was a decapitated one. The features wore almost the appearance of life—sufficiently so to recognise in them those of the unfortunate monarch Charles the First. Sir Henry Halford, who was at Windsor at the time of this discovery, immediately perceived it was the head of that royal martyr, which looked as if still in existence. The veins had been injected with red wax, which, upon being exposed to the air, immediately liquefied; and a few starting drops of it falling on Sir Henry’s hands, strengthened the delusion.

The other coffins being opened, presented also the remains of unfortunate royalty, in the bodies of the children of Edward the Fourth and of his queen, the unhappy mother of the princes who were murdered in the Tower at the instigation of the usurper Gloucester. One was that of the Princess Mary, their fifth daughter; she was promised in marriage to the King of Denmark, but died at Greenwich before a marriage could be solemnised. She was, according to the historians of that day, buried at Windsor, in Wolsey's Chapel, in 1480. Her long silken tresses (of that golden colour which the poets of her time so frequently celebrated, but which seems lost to our own), appeared to have defied the power of the grave,* and even to have preserved their bright glossy hue and softness of touch, with as much unimpaired beauty as when they were entwined with princely gems. She, too, had known the terrors of the Tower, the horror of its imprisoning walls, for she was with her mother when she took sanctuary there. She died in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The same grave contained the body of her brother, Prince George, who, when a child, was created Duke of Bedford, but died in infancy. His hair was evidently that of a baby, presenting also its distinctive characteristic. These interesting relics were in the possession of his present Majesty, and probably still are. They suggested, upon seeing them, the following

STANZAS.

Hark! what Angel symphonies!—
Cherub voices seem to rise,
‘Midst celestial music given,
That tells us not of Earth—but Heav’n—

“Call us not to earth again—”
“Doom’d no more to wear her chain—”
“Earthly crowns!—what idle toys—”
“Sceptres!—life’s fantastic joys —”
“Tho’ her white rose whiter shone”
“O’er the regal mantle thrown,”
“Yet how sharp its thorn, which press’d ”
“On a mother’s bleeding breast——”
“England’s richest rose-buds fade,
“Beneath the murderer’s midnight shade!—
“Tho’ no sculptur’d flowrets tell,
“Where their opening blossoms fell,
“Tho’ no monumental grace,
“Told their dark—dark resting-place,
“Tho’ they own no trophied tomb,
“Wear they not a brighter bloom!“

* The writer has some of the hair in her possession. The account was received by her from Sir H. Halford, at the period of the interesting discovery.
TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

No. I.—HUBERT DE BURGH.

I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom!
Why, for my King.
Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King;
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm—Shakespeare.

Hubert De Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third, was the most renowned captain, the ablest statesman, and, although past the meridian of life, accounted still the handsomest man of the age in which he lived. The services he had performed for his country during the stormy period of the French invasion, especially his memorable defence of Dover, had won for him that meed of popularity which the English nation seldom fails of bestowing on her successful commanders, while, at least, the memory of their achievements is still fresh; and his distinguished talents, joined with the cultivation of brilliant wit and winning manners, acquired for him the most unbounded influence over the mind of the youthful monarch. As Grand Justiciary of England, a now forgotten office, but in the early days of the Plantagenet dynasty a post equal, if not superior, in importance and dignity to that of Constable of France, Hubert De Burgh had attained to that perilous height of grandeur and power, beyond which it would be a difficult matter for a subject to advance. It was his mighty hand that supported, nay more, that swayed the sceptre in the puny grasp of his imbecile master. It was his decisive voice that pronounced the veto in the national council, from which neither bishop nor peer dared utter an appeal. This assumption of despotic power, together with his unbroken sunshine of prosperity, had long been viewed with invidious eyes by the ancient nobility of England, ever jealous of their senatorial rights; and at length their dissatisfaction began to show itself—not openly, indeed, but in a variety of ways tending to diminish his credit with the nation at large. More than once the ever-discontented citizens of London were excited to present to the Sovereign protestations against the overweening influence of the haughty favourite, which, being disregarded, were followed by open tumults at various times, and on divers pretences; but the master-mind of the Justiciary was not only equal to the task of coping with such feeble opposition, but was sure to gather from each attempt of his enemies pretenses for further extension of the royal prerogative. The most insidious of the adverse party now thought proper to change their plan, and, relying on the well-known fickleness of the King’s disposition, took every opportunity of representing to him his great need of a royal consort, in the persuasion that Henry would, in all probability, transfer to his wife the excess of regard which he at present lavished on his favourite; and, with still greater probability, they calculated that no Queen would tolerate the unbounded influence of the Grand Justiciary either in her husband’s councils or affections.
"A wife!" muttered the discontented favourite, when Henry first made known to him his ardent desire of possessing a helpmate for him—"a wife! aye, he shall have one, but it shall be one of my own choosing:—it is not to every consort that the leading-strings of the royal baby may be safely confided. The Princess Margaret, sister to the King of Scots, is, if I mistake not, the woman for my purpose; but I must be fain to woo her for him myself, that I may ascertain how far she may be wrought upon to unite with me against the plots of priests and burghers, rabble and nobility, for, if firmly allied with her, I may defy them all."

Such were the projects with which Hubert De Burgh sought the court of Alexander the Second of Scotland—projects which his enemies were not slow in penetrating, nor slack in their endeavours to counteract at home, by instilling into the weak mind of Henry a thousand disadvantageous impressions of the bride which Hubert had selected for him. Hubert, meantime, was received at the Scottish court with a more distinguished welcome than if the Sovereign had come in person to the wooing; for the weakness and frivolity of Henry's character, together with the meanness of his personal appearance, could not have failed of producing sensations allied to contempt in every breast, and would have effectually operated to deprive him of the flattering demonstrations of respect and admiration which were spontaneously offered to his majestic representative. At the chase, in the tourney, and in the halls of state, where the beauty and chivalry of Scotland were assembled in the presence of the King and the Queen-mother, Hubert De Burgh distinguished himself by the ease, grace, and gallantry with which he performed every exercise of manly daring and courtly elegance; and it was universally agreed by the fairest dames of the Scottish court, and confirmed by the voice of the Queen herself, that the Grand Justiciary of England was the best rider, tilter, and dancer that had ever tried his prowess in their presence. The Princess Margaret alone was silent; but it was observed that her eye followed the stately figure of the ambassador of her future lord, as he crossed the tennis court below the open gallery in which she was seated by the side of her royal mother to witness the contest of skill between Prince David, the brother of the King of Scotland, and the accomplished ambassador of England. It was decided in favour of the Justiciary, who came, as usual, to receive the prize for which they had played, a chain of gold enriched with jewels, from the hand of the Lady Margaret. A deep blush overspread her fair cheek as the noble antagonist of her defeated brother, flushed with exercise, and the excitation of the hard-fought game, knelt at her feet to claim the guerdon, which he did in those tones of insinuating softness so pleasing to woman's ear. Margaret was somewhat embarrassed in opening the jewelled clasp of the rich chain. Her eyes encountered the ardent glance of Hubert, and the chain fell from her hand. He raised it from the ground, and, not unseen by her, pressed the unconscious toy, which had so recently been honoured by her touch, to his lips, as with a profound obeisance he returned it to her, and, with a courtly grace which many a youthful gallant vainly strove in the privacy of his own chamber to imitate, bowed his lofty head to receive the investiture from her hand.

The Queen-mother sighed, and wished the office had been deputed to her, secretly resolving, at the same time, to take a very early opportunity of visiting her daughter at the court of England.

That evening the presence of the Princess Margaret was required in the council chamber, and the Archbishop of Glasgow, in a long and florid harangue, informed her of the purport of the mission from the English court, which Hubert de Burgh had officially declared to the King, her brother, in the morning.

Though Margaret had more than once received intimations from the Queen, her mother, how nearly the matter touched herself, yet, as she listened, the colour forsook her cheek, her bosom was agitated by a visible tremor, and she sedulously employed herself in stripping, one by one, the feathers from the elegantly wrought mount of her jewelled fan, while the Archbishop set forth in pompous terms the advantages of the splendid destiny that awaited her. "Many English Princesses," he said, "had wedded Kings of Scotland; but Scotland had never yet had the honour of giving a Queen to England," and he hinted at the possibility of the two crowns being, at some future time, united in the person of a descendant of this singularly desirable marriage.
Hubert de Burgh, who, as the representative of his sovereign, was seated in a chair of state at the right hand of King Alexander, kept his dark piercing eyes fixed on the varying countenance of the Lady Margaret, during the oration of the Archbishop, and when the almost interminable harangue at length was brought to the desired conclusion, he rose from his seat, crossed the hall, and, bending one knee before the Princess, unrolled a sheet of vellum, on which was portrayed what was called, in the language of the times, the complete effigies of King Henry. It was a whole length miniature, in body colour, painted on a barbarous gilded background, which the arbiters of taste of that day, the Greeks of Constantinople, had rendered fashionable in the West. As to the picture, it was nearly similar, in style and effect, to the portraits which we still see on painted glass in old cathedrals, on enamelled tombs, and in illuminated manuscripts.

The artists of the thirteenth century had not acquired, or even dreamed of acquiring, the flattering skill of enhancing beauties and concealing defects: the likenesses they produced were faithful transcripts of the features of the original, executed with a disregard to light, and shade, and perspective, that rendered even a faithful likeness a grotesque caricature of the person depicted. Henry the Third of England, though the son of the homliest couple in Christendom, King John and the beautiful Isabella of Angouleme, was remarkable for the meanness of his personal appearance: his hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were nearly white, and a singular weakness in his left eyelid caused it to hang down over the orb, so as partially to overshadow the pupil, unless when painfully supported by a forcible contraction of the nerves, which gave a sort of knavish shrewdness to features which otherwise would have been remarkable only for the simplicity of their expression and the insignificance of their outline.

The limner had, indeed, added a brilliancy and softness to the complexion of the portrait of which the original could by no means boast; but, at the same time, he had copied the royal defects with a liveliness and fidelity that rendered the likeness to the monarch ridiculously striking to those who had once seen him. The effect which it produced on the mind of the young and haughty female to whom it was presented as the representative of the future partner of her destiny, in a marriage from which there was for her no appeal, no retreat, but the dreary one of a convent, was allied to horror. She glanced from the portrait of the royal puppet, in whose features knavery and folly appeared to strive for mastery, to the noble and energetic countenance and stately form of his kneeling representative, and, clasping her hands together with a look indicative of the anguish she dared not utter, she either by accident or design permitted the vellum to slide from her lap on the brazier full of hot coals, near which she was seated. There she had the satisfaction to see the hated portrait shrivel, crackle, and become utterly obliterated, before it could be rescued from its fiery situation.

"An omen, an evil omen!" exclaimed Prince David, the younger brother of the Lady Margaret; "the marriage will be fatal to one of the parties."

"Tush!" exclaimed the King of Scotland, bending his brows significantly upon his brother: "the evil omen is to him who would dare to prevent a marriage so dear to the hearts of all who love their country or honour the sister of their Sovereign."

That most unhappy sister had meantime availed herself of the general confusion which her accident had created to retreat from the council chamber to the solitude of her own apartment, where flinging herself into the arms of her favourite, Lady Alice De Ville, the daughter of an exiled English baron, she gave way to a passion of tears.

From the indulgence of this natural relief to her agonised feelings she was roused by the entrance of the Queen-mother, the King, and the Archbishop of Glasgow, who addressed her by turns on the impropriety of her conduct in the council chamber, in terms of the greatest reprehension. Margaret had been weeping before they entered, and she now redoubled her tears, till at length she sobbed audibly.

"I am at no loss to understand the meaning of this perversity," exclaimed the King. "The features of our royal kinsman, Henry of England, are of too simple a character to please your dainty fancy, which has been rendered stark wode by reading the absurd romauts of the Provençal poets. I take the blame to myself for suffering your English slip of melancholic treason to harbour in your bower,
my lady sister," continued the angry King, darting a menacing look at Alice De Ville, who was tenderly supporting her weeping mistress.

"Nay, there you wrong my poor Alice," replied the Princess; "for her heart cleareth so to the memory of her native land that she hath ever importuned me to give a favourable answer to the Ambassador of the King of England, whom she hath glosingly represented to me as a very amiable Prince."

"And so he is, daughter Margaret," replied the Queen; "for thus Hubert De Burgh doth likewise witness. He confidently assures me withal that King Henry is of so easy a temper, that thou mayest chain him to thy girdle with a silken thread, and twine and wind him according to thine own pleasure."

"Oh, never wed me to a Sovereign whose sceptre I may be tempted to twirl as I would my distaff!" responded the Princess. "I would choose me one whose frown might occasionally possess some terrors for me."

"Then learn, my Lady Margaret, to hold in some degree of awe that of your liege lord and elder brother," said the King, bending his brows upon her; "and know that, if you obey not my commands to wed the royal spouse who proffers to you a share of his throne and heart, perpetual imprisonment within the walls of a convent will be your doom."

"I would prefer a life of religious seclusion a thousand times before exchanging my nuptial troth with a man whom I can never love," returned Margaret, beginning to count her beads.

"How do you know you cannot love a man whom you have never seen, daughter?" asked the Archbishop.

"I only know," replied Margaret, weeping afresh, "that my jackanapes Ralph is a better favoured creature than this Henry of England, to whom you are so desirous of wedding me."

"How dare you speak in so sacrilegious a manner of a Christian King, as to liken him to a vile beast of the forest, Lady Margaret!" exclaimed the Archbishop.

"So far from intending Henry of England any wrong by that comparison," replied the Princess, "I protest unto you, my Lord Archbishop, that I will give my consent to wed him before I leave this presence, if his Grand Justiciary, Hubert De Burgh, will swear that his master is possessed of half the agreeable qualities of my Ralph, who is a most incomparable jackanapes."

"Go to, Madam," replied the Archbishop; "you have already done much towards embroiling two kindred nations in deadly debate and bloody warfare; and if your present unmaidenly license of speech were to be reported, it would scarcely be in your own power to repair the mischief it would work against you own people and your own house."

Margaret wept afresh, and the King told her, in very stern language, that if at the end of three days she signified not her consent to marry the King of England she should be consigned to a desolate convent in the Orkneys for life. With this threat he left the apartment, followed by the Archbishop. The Queen-mother remained, and by turns upbraiding and soothing the refractory damsel, set forth to her the charms of liberty, of royalty, and unlimited power, as the wife of so weak, and yet so magnificent a Prince as Henry of England.

"And, oh dearest lady mine, only to think of the princely halls and pleasant groves of merry England, its green fields and sparkling streams," said Alice eagerly. "It is a land fairer than the Palestina of Holy Writ, a land flowing with milk and honey, abounding with brave men and fair women. Its very name hath joy in its sound—to see it once again would be to me a happiness so great that Paradise itself could scarcely offer any thing better; but to go as the Queen of the land! Oh, my sweet lady, bethink thee once again ere you reject such a destiny."

Margaret, however, was sad and passionate, and continued resolute in her refusal to take the idiot boy of England for her husband. On the evening of the third day the Archbishop sought her for her final decision, which, he assured her, if unfavourable, would be followed by the instant departure of the English ambassador and his train, immediate incarceration of herself, as her brother had threatened, and, in all probability, her insulting rejection of his flattering proposal of marriage would be revenged on her unhappy country with fire and sword by King Henry.

"Then," replied Margaret, "to avert so great a calamity from my country, and also to save myself from the dreadful alternative of a convent, I declare myself
ready to accompany Hubert De Burgh to the English court."

The Archbishop applauded the wisdom of her decision, and hastened to communicate her unexpected assent to the King her brother.

A very few days sufficed to complete the preparations for her departure. Her bridal dresses, her jewels, her retinue, were provided with great expedition, and all her arrangements conducted with a despatch hitherto unprecedented; for there remained till the very last moment an undefined sort of dread on the minds of those about her that she would retract her consent.

Hubert De Burgh meantime demanded and obtained frequent interviews with the bride-elect of his Sovereign, and appeared well satisfied with the progress he had made in her favour. "It was, in fact, his eloquence and representations of the amiable qualities of his royal master that had reconciled the Lady Margaret to her English marriage," said Alice De Ville, and King Alexander treated him with additional confidence in consequence.

The Queen-mother, and every one who knew how spoiled and self-willed a creature the Lady Margaret had been from her infancy, expected her to evince the most violent manifestations of reluctance when the moment for bidding adieu to her friends and country arrived. They were mistaken: the Lady Margaret was not only composed but cheerful on this trying occasion, received the blessing of her royal mother and the Archbishop with great meekness, and suffered the Grand Justiciary to place her on her magnificently-caparisoned palfrey without uttering a dissentient word. A tear, indeed, was observed to start, and she enveloped her face in her long veil, to conceal her emotion; when Hubert, having vaulted on his charger, took his station by her side, and reining the mettled steed back, partly to display his fine figure and gallant horsemanship, and partly to evince his courtly breeding, waved a parting salute to the Queen-mother and her ladies, gave the word to move forward.

The Lady Margaret, who had been unaccustomed to travelling, pleaded great bodily fatigue as an excuse for prolonging the journey as much as possible; and, ere they had crossed the Tweed, the Grand Justiciary appeared even readier to find excuses for lingering by the way than herself.

It is a common observation that the stander-by sees the most of the game; but, in the present instance, only a part of it was seen by the youthful nobles of whom the retinue of Hubert De Burgh was composed: this was the growing passion of the Grand Justiciary for the betrothed bride of his royal master, none of them suspecting that a royal beauty of eighteen could possibly bestow any portion of her regard on a warlike veteran, on the luxuriance of whose dark locks, time and toil had begun to sprinkle a scattering of grey, and whose thoughtful brow was marked with the furrows of forty-two summers. The Princess's ladies could have told them that the valiant De Burgh possessed attractions of mind, of manner, and of even of person, sufficient to eclipse the ruddy glow of youth, and to win the palm from all the beardless gallants, who, in contempt of his mature years, called him old Hubert.

De Burgh himself, intent only on obtaining that influence with his future queen which should secure him from the danger of her alloying herself with his enemies, was very far from suspecting the state of his own feelings towards the young and lovely creature to whom he had devoted so large a portion of his attention. The passage of the Tweed was rough and stormy, and Margaret, affecting more terror than she actually felt, called on him for aid, shrieked at the swell of every billow, and finally clung to his arm for protection, when the little vessel was tossed by the rude winds on the vexed waters of a stream which she called a perilous sea. It required all the eloquence, nay more, all the tenderness of word and look, of which Hubert was master, to soothe and reassure his fair charge, who, while supported by his encircling arm, allowed herself to be persuaded there was no danger; but when, on the approach of those who might have placed injurious constructions on such familiarity, it was cautiously withdrawn, her terrors returned with redoubled violence, and he was passionately entreated by her frightened ladies to assist in supporting their royal mistress; and when, at length, the labouring vessel made the English strand, Hubert found himself compelled to the sweet duty of bearing his fair charge to the shore in his arms. She turned a mournfully expressive glance upon him, when, on placing her safely on
ter râ firma, he offered her the homage of his knee, and, in a strain of courtly gallantry, congratulated himself on being the first of her royal husband’s subjects to bid his future queen welcome to English land. "Talk not to me of royal husbands," she whispered, in reply, "my only ambition is to be the wife of a brave man."

"The valour of mine honoured sovereign is as yet unproven," replied Hubert, "but, doubtless, when the weal of his country requires him to shew knightly prowess in the battle field, he will convince the world that he is a true Plantagenet."

"Meantime, the world regards him as an idiot boy, the puny offspring of the most craven prince in Christendom," returned Margaret disdainfully.

"For the honour of my royal master forbear, Madam!" exclaimed the Justiciary, in a tone whose sternness awed the imprudent Margaret into silence, for they were now surrounded by the lords and ladies of whom her attendant cortège was composed.

Hubert de Burgh now becoming, for the first time, aware of his peril, avoided all opportunity of exchanging more than the cold formal intercourse which the etiquettes of their respective situations demanded, with his royal charge. Margaret, intoxicated with the delirium of a first love, felt the change acutely. While she supposed the avoidance was accidental, she wept with the passionate perversity of a child, who is deprived of its favourite toy; but no sooner did her penetration teach her to discover that this avoidance was the effect of resolute design, than a feeling of female pride induced her to retaliate upon the object of her affections a portion of the pain which he had made her suffer; and, whenever he did approach her, she treated him with a degree of scornful repulsion, that filled him at first with astonishment, and soon after with disquiet. He had fancied himself so secure of her love, that he had begun to experience some alarm lest it should prove too great a temptation for his integrity, and now he fancied he had suffered his own vanity to deceive him, he became the most miserable of men. In short, the wary politician was ensnared in his own toils; and, while he was striving to ingratiate himself so far with his future Queen, as to secure himself from any danger of her exerting a counter-influence with the King against his projects, he had, for the first time in his life, been guilty of the imprudence of falling in love—and with whom? With a King’s sister, whom he had obtained from her royal brother as a bride for his sovereign.

Hubert de Burgh had experienced a certain uneasy sensation in the region of his neck, and a confused idea of blocks and axes had risen before his mental vision, the day he had landed with the Lady Margaret on the English strand, on account of the undisguised partiality she had evinced for him during the voyage, which he dreaded might be reported to King Henry; but now all manifestations of tender regard on the part of the offended beauty had been discontinued, he felt ready to forfeit castles and manors, life and limb, only to recall a single smile once more.

He was discontented with himself, angry with her, and ready to offer battle to the whole world when they reached Carlisle, where they were to sleep. He waited on the princess with an air of haughty restraint at supper; chid his noble attendants, and even made very disobliger replies to the ladies themselves, when they ventured to speak to him. None knew what to think of such an unaccountable change in the courtly Justiciary, and they raised a chorus of lamentations at the fast descending rain which threatened to detain them at Carlisle during the following day. The succeeding morning dawned in a watery sky, and the ladies had no better entertainment than that of attending low mass in the chapel of the castle where they were lodged. The Grand Justiciary was grave and melancholy, and the princess cold and haughty: books there was never a one in the castle; and, if there had been, the power of reading them was confined to Hubert de Burgh, his secretary and chaplain, on the part of the English, and the Lady Margaret and her almoner on that of the Scotch. The young English lords had for the most part learned to write their own names, but as for reading them when written, that was another matter, and the clerkly skill of few of them extended so far. The noble retinue was therefore dull as dull could be, till the jester of the governor of Carlisle proposed their joining in a game of "hood-man blind," the same play that we call
blindman's buff, in the great hall of the castle, a proposition which was eagerly acceded to by the leisure-weary companions and attendants of the Lady Margaret and the Grand Justiciary.

It suited neither the rank nor humour of these elevated personages to join in such sports and pastimes, so they remained, for the first time since they had crossed the Tweed, to the enjoyment of a tête-a-tête. Once how rapturously would such precious moments have been embraced by them both, as affording the much desired opportunity of unrestrained converse; now, sad and silent, they appeared only anxious to assume towards each other a semblance of indifference. For the first half hour, as it appeared to both, but in reality for the space of about ten minutes, the Lady Margaret most piously occupied herself in the perusal of her breviary book, while the Grand Justiciary was no less busily employed in tracing characters on the leaves of his ivory tablets; at length he closed its gold clasps abruptly, and, approaching the princess, asked how he had been so unfortunate as to offend her?

"By your unkindness of word and look," she replied, "by your coldness, your indifference, and neglect."

Hubert de Burgh stood confounded at a reply so unexpectedly direct. He had never been guilty of the imprudence of actually making love to the Lady Margaret, though every thing he had said and done had implied the passion he forebore from breathing, a degree of caution much in practice among the lovers, if lovers they may be called, of the present day; and had Margaret been his inferior in rank, or even his equal, she would have felt precluded from calling him to account for his present alteration in manner towards her; as it was, she availed herself of the privilege of her superior rank, and demanded his reason for such conduct.

"What words are these?" he replied, "and from whom is it that I hear the accusations of coldness, of indifference, and neglect? Is it not from one who has already deprived me of my peace, and whose fatal charms go nigh to hurry me into the madness of avowing myself guilty of the crime of loving the betrothed of my sovereign?"

"If you have not courage to avow your love, it were certainly best to conceal it," observed the Lady Margaret; "but if it be of me you speak as the betrothed of your sovereign, I charge you to call me so no more, for I know of no act of betrothment that has passed between Henry of England and myself."

"That act is included, fair Margaret, in your consent to become his wife."

"His wife! aye, when I consented to become so; but that, my Lord Justiciary, I have never yet done, nor shall any power on earth make me do so."

"The saints preserve us!" exclaimed the Justiciary, forgetting once more the lover in the statesman: "what on earth, then, my lady princess, induced you to accompany me to England?"

"Ungrateful and insensible!" replied Margaret, bursting into a passion of tears, "and can you ask that?"

"Oh, heavens," cried De Burgh, essaying to clasp her to his bosom, "what is it that I hear—how could I dare to imagine such a thing."

"Go, go!" she cried, pushing him from her with some degree of violence, "you are not worthy of the love of a king's daughter,—you who weigh the peril of making her your wife."

"How shall I dare to appropriate to myself the gem which is destined to enrich the regal diadem of my sovereign?" said De Burgh.

"If you loved as I love, how little would you reck of the danger of a monarch's wrath," returned the princess.

"Oh, if you could read my heart," said De Burgh, looking wistfully upon the lovely prize that courted his acceptance.

"I do! I do!" she replied, turning scornfully away, "and I see that a convent must be my refuge from the detested nuptials, from which you dare not snatch me."

"Ah! Margaret, Margaret, consider my honour and my duty: how shall I venture to violate them both?"

"You thought little of either, false and self-deceiving man, when you first laboured to kindle passion in my virgin heart."

"Nay, Margaret, nay; I never presumed to enact the wooer to one so far above me."

"Not in words, most prudent Hubert: but why did you not maintain the same guard over those eloquent eyes of yours, so well practised to work a maiden's woe,—why did you, by a thousand nameless wiles, teach me to believe myself
beloved by you?" Her angry tones softened into accents of reproachful tenderness as she concluded, and, leaning her head upon her hand, she once more gave way to a flood of tears.

Hubert De Burgh threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Tears from such eyes are too much for me to bear: I place my fate in your hands: tell me what you would have me do."

"It is not for me to prescribe that," she replied. "If your own heart tell you not, Hubert De Burgh, then let me bury my broken heart in the shades of a cloister; and as for you, return to enjoy your wealth and honours at the court of the mankin King who calls you favourite. You may endure his society, if you prefer it to mine; but I will never submit to the degradation of becoming his wife."

"But the King your brother, your royal mother, rash maiden, what will they say to your conduct?"

"E'en what they list," returned the Princess; "and little will it reek me, when I shall have given my dowry to the church, and shrouded my bloom beneath the veil of perpetual celibacy."

"The saints forbid!" replied Hubert, locking her hands in his. "I were worse than a craven if I perilled not my head to win me such a bride."

"Nay, wed me not, Sir Hubert, if such be the apprehended result of your bridal."

"The subject who will venture to rival his Sovereign need not be troubled with apprehensions of consequences," replied De Burgh; "nevertheless, sweet Margaret, I am ready to brave all that royal vengeance can inflict, since you tempt me to the crime."

"Is it such a deadly crime, my Hubert, to love, and to approach the altar of God to sanction that love by holy wedlock?" said the Princess, in a tenderly reproachful accent.

"And is it thus, false jade, you act the part of the serpent and the woman combined, in beguiling your traitor, your betrothed husband's honourable proxy, to his ruin, and your own dishonour?" exclaimed a stern voice behind the startled lovers.

The Grand Justiciary laid his hand instinctively on his sword; but the Lady Margaret, with a cry of terror, flung herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Save me from my brother's wrath!" for it was, indeed, the royal Alexander, who had deemed it prudent to follow his wayward sister in disguise.

"Swear to me to perform your engagement to King Henry, or I will slay you with mine own hand!" cried the King of Scotland, rudely grasping her by the shoulder, and half-drawing his weapon as he spoke.

"Not while Hubert De Burgh possesses an arm to protect the woman who is ready to resign a crown for love of him," interposed the Grand Justiciary, placing himself in an attitude of defence.

At that perilous moment a seasonable interruption was afforded by the entrance of the Earl of Chester, Hubert De Burgh's declared enemy, who, splashed from spur to plume with hard riding, strode up to the Grand Justiciary, and presented him with a packet, sealed with the royal seal, exclaiming, in an excited tone. "Read these presents, Sir Hubert De Burgh; it comes from the King's own hand."

De Burgh took the scroll with alacrity, though perfectly aware nothing of an agreeable nature could come through such a channel; but, had it been his death-warrant, it would have been welcome at that moment to the unfortunate favourite.

The Earl of Chester fixed his eyes on his long envied rival with malicious scrutiny, as he, with an agitated hand, broke the royal seal, and read with a heightening colour, the following communication, in which his enemies flattered themselves that they had prepared for him a mortification which would irritate his proud spirit into some act of open defiance to the King's authority, or at least into the unpardonable utterance of expressions of anger and contempt for proceedings every way so vexatious and embarrassing to him. As to De Burgh he almost believed himself under the influence of a dream, when he read these words:—

"Trusty and Well-beloved,

"Whom for form's sake we thus address, although we be marvellously disposed to hold thee as a false knave and an arrant traitor, touching this marriage with the Scotch King's sister, into which we have been unadvisedly enticed against our own better judgment, and the opinion of some of our loyal lieges and trusty councillors to further thine own naughty devices; men standing amazed meantime at the easy manner in which we have been led to compromise our royal dignity and the weal of our people by contracting our royal person
in a marriage with a beggarly Scottish wench, who hath but a paltry dowry of twenty thousand crowns for her portion.

"Moreover, we hear that the said Lady Margaret is shrewd of speech, and by no means so fair as she was reported to us. That her skill in music is passing small, that she only seweth indifferenty well with her needle, hath little knowledge of broderie; but is overmuch addicted to dancing, a practice which ourselves never affected, holding the same to be one of the temptations of Sathanas; so we lose no time in giving thee to understand, that we consider the said Margaret as a princess by no means worthy of the felicitous destiny of becoming our queen, and we command thee, as thou valuest life and limb, to break off this treaty with all convenient despatch, making such excuse to our brother of Scotland as thou mayest deem necessary and decent, and so we bid thee heartily farewell."

(Signed) "HENRY, REX."

"Given at our royal palace of Windsor."

"Witness, ROBERT, Earl of CHESTER."

"Robert Earl of Chester, you have done your errand to me," said the Justiciary; "and now I charge thee to be gone while thy footing hence is good." He raised his eyes from the royal letter as he spoke, with a look which had the desired effect of ridding him of the presence of his arch enemy; then turning to the King of Scotland, he put the scroll into his hands, with these words,—"Sir King, you have witnessed the delivery of this letter; be pleased to read its contents."

Anger, scorn, and mortification contended for mastery in the proud heart of the Scottish monarch as he read: and when he came to the conclusion he flung the royal scroll from him, with an expression of contempt for the writer too strong for repetition, and, turning to his astonished sister, addressed her in these words:—

"Meg, thou wert right in choosing thee a proper man and true for thy husband, in preference to a Prince who is in folly and ignorance ten degrees worse than his father John, of unblemished memory. Send for thy chaplain, Sir Hubert De Burgh, for I will avenge this affront which our fair sister hath received from the fool thy master by giving her to thee in marriage with our own hand in this very room. And I say unto thee, De Burgh, call back Robert of Chester that he may witness the marriage, and carry the tidings of the same to King Henry."

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THE KNIGHTING OF FRANCIS THE FIRST AT MARAGNAN.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

On Maragnan's red plain I stand,
And, tearing off the veil,
Whence phantom ages sail,
I view King Francis, sword in hand,
Plumed, helmed, and cuirassed, and in blood:
As the sea after storm,
Pants the king, glowing warm,
With havoc, glory's darling food;
His dimmed sword, recking from the foe,
Weary he leans upon;
Death is tired—Slaughter's won
Her day meal for few hours or so—
Down on the soiled field kneels the king,
With his barred head bent down,
Yet bright his proud eye shone,
And thus spoke Gallia's sovereign!

O Prince of knightly chivalry!—I've marked thy banner shine,
Like lightning seen thy fearless spear assail the hostile line;
And as the battle's thunder burst, the bravest bolt that poured,
Fell like a demon, armed in wrath, from Bayard's flaming sword!
Fiercely I've fleshed my maiden brand as eagles flesh their young,
But the best reward that glory gives shall fall from off thy tongue;
King Francis earns his spurs to-day, he's won them in the fight,
Then lay thy sword upon my back, the King is Bayard's knight.
High honour—courage—virtue strong, rich modesty proclaim
Thee worthiest to knight thy king—to lure him on to fame;
Baptise me then, O Star of France! and let thy radiance spring,
Like daybreak o'er a mountain peak, on me thy Chief and King.
The Quiet Neighbour.

Thy sword shalt be my godfather, and when I e'er forget
The brand that dubbed me Honour's knight, may Glory's sunrise set;
May I, more worthless than the dead upon this blood-drenched plain,
Lie, till th' archangel summon all the slain to life again.

The knight he waved his loyal sword, the king on bended knee
Kneel down with joy on that death plain; ah! who so proud as he?
He knelt before the brightest chief that e'er drew sinless brand,
And rose again a knighted king at Bayard's right hand.

What were the throne—the jewelled crown—the studded sceptre's powers
Without that fine and holy sense that sanctifies all hours?
The sense of honor! virtue! fame! embalming memory's shrine,
O Bayard! such thy knightly worth—King Francis! such were thine!
Abbey Cottage.

THE QUIET NEIGHBOUR,
BY MRS. HOFLAND.

When the bad health of Mr. Cecil compelled him to change the air of Russell Square for that of the neighbourhood of Kensington, he found it convenient to remove into a house which was attached to another, contrary to the wishes of his two daughters, who desired to have found a cottage ornée, more sequestered and enclosed by pleasure ground. Caroline, the eldest, was, however, soon reconciled to the circumstance, for, being on the point of marriage it was not of moment to her, and she observed, "that Ellen, her sister, would soon become reconciled, as the inhabitant of the next house appeared to be really a quiet neighbour."

"If we are to have neighbours at all," replied the discontented Ellen, "commend me to a gay one. I have no idea of being exposed to the surveillance of prying eyes, and ill-natured misconstruction, which always belong to a country neighbourhood; without the power of observing gay visitants, criticising new fashions, and flattering equipage in short, returning with interest the censoriousness to which we shall be subjected."

Ellen was an affectionate daughter, willing to endure much privation for a beloved and suffering parent, but she was also a lively girl, habituated to the pleasures of the metropolis, and heretofore spending her time in a gay circle; and the great change in her situation left her at leisure for observation, especially as her sister was busied with preparations for a more welcome change. Ellen, therefore, became by degrees, and unconsciously, the very character she had reprehended in another, and was always either looking out for her neighbour, or seeking to learn something concerning him. It soon became plain "that he was a widower, and saw very little company, most probably a mean-spirited wretch, for he kept no footman;" "he had one child, which was very pretty, and neatly, but never smartly dressed; it was much too nice a child for the stupid wretch its father."
derly servant, now gently chafing its hands, and then stepping to the door in expectation of the doctor for whom he had sent.

It struck Ellen that the fit into which the child had fallen resembled one she had witnessed at school, and which was the forerunner of measles, and lifting the child into her arms, and pressing her to her breast, proceeded to procure hot water immediately, adding, "I know there is plenty in our house, and perhaps my father's slipper-bath may be useful—let us try."

The very words seemed to re-animate the old domestic, and in a few minutes everything was arranged, and life was restored; on the medical man's arrival the prognostic was confirmed, and the means adopted highly approved; and Ellen, blushing and shrinking from observation, left the house in more haste than she had entered.

In relating this adventure to her father, Mr. Cecil could not help observing, "that so far as he could learn, the conduct of Mr. Appleton had shown throughout that he was a most tender father and a good Christian also."

"That he is, certainly," cried Ellen; "I never can forget the expression of his countenance when he believed the little sufferer really dead; still less could I lose the memory of his gratitude to God when her face resumed the hues of life, and her hands were stretched out, and she lisped papa.—Really—"

Ellen suddenly paused—she was deeply affected, and the kind old man was scarcely less so in order to soothe her spirits; he declared that he would spare her as much as possible during the illness of the child.

"I shall never go again, depend upon it, father; I am sensible of impropriety in having done so, but I was taken by surprise—indeed, I had not the smallest expectation of meeting Mr. Appleton in the house."

"That I am sure of, Ellen, for if you had known it, I question if your humanity would have had fair play; since, however, you have done so much, it strikes me that you cannot be happy without doing a little more. I can go with you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, and to-morrow came," and so soon as the father had taken his daily departure, the kind neighbours took their stand near little Emma's couch, until she was able to bear removing into the next house, where her affections, not less than her natural desire of change, daily led her. It will be readily conceived that the fond father was not slow to accept their invitations of his invalid neighbour, and the half whispered acquiescence of that fair daughter who had been so valuable to his child. In the course of the winter the quiet neighbour became the cherished guest.

It was evident that their friendly intercourse had a happy effect on both the gentle-

men, who, although of different age and character, mutually benefited each other. The aged sufferer found in the tender attentions, the superior attainments, and even the pious seriousness of his young friend, a species of steady consolation well suited to his present views and situation; and the younger, in the very exercise of that kindness, and in the explanation of his own principles and those exalted hopes which he entertained as a Christian, found also a pleasure he had not known since he had consigned to the grave that beloved wife whose memory he cherished so fondly, and whom he hoped to rejoin in a world of more permanent happiness.

Being a man of fine taste and extensive reading, his conversation frequently diverged to general literature, and Ellen, contrary to her habit, would attentively listen, but she rarely joined in the conversation so long as Mr. Appleton remained, although it was no means uncommon for her to expouse her opinions, recapitulate his arguments, and even use his words in speaking to other friends. So great became her reserve, that on the first visit made by her married sister, their father complained of it to her. "My quiet neighbour," said he, "has become my kind companion. I may say my affectionate friend, but I grieve to find some lurking prejudice still exists in the mind of Ellen towards him; for although she esteems and admires him, and his little girl forms her greatest pleasure, she is cold and silent towards the parent. I can perceive that she is anxious as the evening approaches which is likely to bring him, and I fear it is only for my sake she tolerates his visits."

Caroline, who had been wont to read every thought of her young heart, inquired how far this was true?

"I feel afraid of him, and ashamed of my own former folly: how could I do anything against so excellent a man—a man of whom I knew nothing?"

"Very true, my dear; but the fact was, that you were vexed at exchanging a gay circle for a dull one, and your temper being ruffled, found a vent in speaking of a stranger;—he was a safety-valve to you, and as you did not injure him, now the matter is over there is no occasion to recollect it. I would have you neither fear him nor love him, but respect him."

"Alas! I do all three. — I count the hours of his absence, though I feel humiliated during his presence; and almost desire his departure, lest he discover what is passing in my heart. I know that his own is in the grave, save so far as it is given to his child, and therefore I am hopeless; he has led me to a new and better world than I ever contemplated before, but the only human being who could have made it a Paradise I must never hope to interest."
Music's Memories.

"Never, is a long word, Emma," said the affectionate sister, as she pressed her to her bosom. "I cannot believe that any man can witness the entire devotedness of a young and lovely woman like you to the painful duties you perform so well, unmoved, nor do I think a good man less likely than another to form a new connexion; on the contrary, since he resigns to God the beloved being demanded at his hands, so may he thankfully accept another as the gift of the same merciful donor. Do not betray yourself, my love, but still allow yourself to despair, for alack! with every aid that love and friendship can offer, you have a trial before you which neither can avert."

This prophecy was soon verified: the old gentleman breathed his last in the supporting arms of his beloved neighbour, who yielded to both his daughters all the support his kindness and piety could bestow, being in every respect the tenderest of brothers, until they were alike placed under the care of Caroline's husband.

Every one wondered how Miss Cecil's spirits continued so low in the new scene to which she removed, and where numerous pleasant acquaintances awaited her; till more were they surprised when it was found that she declined the offers of two lovers, either of whom a large circle of mammies had long angled for; but winter and summer passed away, and Ellen still seemed the same pensive person—she neither wept nor complained, and evidently tried to be cheerful, but there was a heavy and weight that perchance sat upon her countenance.

A child's voice was heard to pronounce her name—a child's quick step bounded after her, as she was taking a solitary walk in autumn. She turned, and saw the darling Emma, the petted favourite in that home she could never cease to regret.

"My love, how came you here, my sweet child?"

"Well, don't cry, and I will tell you how it is. I was five years old yesterday, and so papa has brought me to see you, and he says that you and I (but it's a great secret), he hopes you and I will never be parted again, for I have so wanted you, dear Miss Cecil, you don't know."

Ellen could reply only by endearments.

"And papa has wanted you quite as much as me; nurse says more than me; but see, he is coming, and he can tell you all about it."

Ellen wished she had never heard the latter words of the unconscious prattler, for they had dyed her pale cheek with blushes, and made her heart throb almost audibly; but she did not re-enter the house until her spirits were re-assured, and she knew herself to have been long the preferred, the selected, the beloved of him with whom her own heart had been "so fondly garnered." A promise to the wife he never ceased to honour, that he would not marry till their child was five years old, had bound his tongue; and the peculiar situation of Ellen had prevented her from reading in his looks and manners the dawning and the growth of that full approbation and solid affection which characterised his love, and bade fair to render her the happiest of women when united to her "quiet neighbour."

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MUSIC'S MEMORIES.

BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

The strains we hear in foreign lands
No echo from the heart can claim,
The chords are swept by stranger's hands,
And kindle in the breast no flame,
Sweet though they be.

No fond remembrance wakes to sing
Its hallowed influence o'er the chords,
As if a spirit touched the string,
Breathing in soft harmonious words
Wild melody!

The music of our native shore,
A thousand lovely scenes endears,
In magic tones it murmurs o'er
The visions of our early years—
The love of youth.

It wreathe sthe flowers we wreathe
In childhood's bright unclouded day,
It wreathe sthe vows we breathed
At fancy's shrine, when hope was gay,
And whispered truth.
Finn M’Coul’s Finger-Stone.

It calls before our mental sight,
Dear forms whose tuneful lips are mute,
Bright sunny eyes, long closed in night,
Warmed hearts, as broken as the lute
That charmed our ears.

It thrills the breast with feelings deep,
Too deep for language to impart,
It bids the spirit joy or weep,
In tones that sink into the heart,
And melt in tears.

Finn M’Coul’s Finger-Stone.

[Further exploits of this celebrated Finn M’Coul may be found in the Lady’s Magazine and Museum, for October, 1835, p. 207.]

Like Finn M’Coul, the famous Ossian was a giant. Whether he was Scotch or Irish is a matter of some doubt—for it is on record that Ossian came from Scotland to compete with Finn, and, if they were countrymen, what occasion was there for competition? The Danes, in those days, gave every Irishman quite enough to do, against these sea kings and their hordes, without wasting time or temper in contests with each other. As Ossian did, therefore, come all the way from Scotland for a trial of strength with Finn M’Coul, the Irish giant, it follows as a matter of course that he was no countryman of his.—And let antiquarians thank me, as they ought, for thus simply clearing up a question which has so much troubled the world since the times of McPherson’s half-forgotten paraphrases, published as “Ossian’s Poems.” It is clear, then, if there be truth in inference and deduction, that Ossian must have been a Scotchman!

But the contest?—In faith, I had forgotten it. Go to that wild and beautiful district near Dublin,—that patch of mountain scenery, so romantic and so splendid, known by the name of the Breaks of Ballynessmore, and there you may amaze with some of the most delightful scenery in Ireland, you may feast your eyes with the “whole, full, true, and particular account” of the contest between the rival giants.

Years have rolled by since first I took a walk among those hill fastnesses—more years than I might choose to acknowledge. But what I then saw has since remained unfor-gotten, and much of what I then heard is in the same predicament. It is true, however, that I had one by my side, whose—but there is no use to tell that.

A mountain road winds through those Breaks, like a huge snake. By the roadside there stands a tremendous rock of granite—perfectly isolated. It seemed to me like the remains of some trophy, built, perhaps, in the times of paganism. At least, I have seen such in other parts of the island, and I was invariably informed that where each stood, some warrior had fallen in the old contests between the Irish and their Danish invaders. But it seemed that the column-rock had a different tradition attached to it here.

The day had been beautiful—one of those brilliant days of softness and brightness are so prevalent in Ireland. Perhaps the noon-tide might have been a little too sunny—but we could remedy this, for our pedestrian tour was taken

“In the leafy month of June,”

and we had but to retire from the radiance and fervor of the day-god’s beams, beneath the shadows of the lofty cairns scattered over the hills, which afforded us at once pleasant shade and pleasant resting-places. The day passed on, and as a summer shower made the heath glitter with its diamond-drops, tremulous as sudden joy-tears on the mourner’s lids, we hastened for shelter into a rustic cabin by the way-side, which, fortunately for my fair companion, happened to be close at hand.

No one was within, save an old woman,—a withered crone, who in no common degree possessed the loquacious powers of her age and sex. She paid us a world of attention,—paid an infinity of the blushing beauty of my fair companion,—would “engage that a lady so fair was not without a sweetheart,” and, with a smile at myself, “would not long be without a husband;”’ hoped that “she would be happy as the day was long, and live until she saw her great grandchildren at her feet;” was certain that “she was an Irishwoman, for she had the free hand, and the fair face, and the bright blue eye, and the step, bounding like a fawn’s;” and prophesied more good fortune to us, than (to one of the party, at least,) has yet been fulfilled. She was an excellent specimen of the natural politesse of an Irish peasant. Her compliments were rather insinuated than expressed. True,

——“Upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue;”

but, malgré the brogue, I question whether more delicate flattery—so pleasant, after all, to our amours propre—could be more dex-
terously conveyed, even in the most brilliant circles. Nothing can beat the hearted complaisance of free and untutored nature; and the peasant will often break out with a compliment more graceful and more exquisite than that to which the boasted elegance of precisely conversable could give birth.

We happened to mention something about the granite column we had lately seen. Our hostess interrupted us with a "Would you know, gentleman, what that great rock really is?" I expressed a desire to gain such information, and, happy to hear the tones of her own voice, and proud of holding familiar conversation with those superior to her in rank, she lost no time in telling us a legend, which I shall take leave to relate in my own words—hers being rather prolix.

It seemed that Finn M'Coul went hunting, one day, on the Curragh of Kildare: his sport was as indifferent, for he had only brought down one red deer and killed two wolves. He came home to his house, on the hill of Allen, in such indifferent spirits, that his lady inquired what ailed him? He replied, heaving a deep sigh (like Major Macpherson in the song), that he had trouble enough from his child. She heard his voice that morning, that Ossian, the great Scotch giant, was coming to challenge him in a trial of strength, and if he lost the day, his credit, and the credit of Ireland, would be gone for ever. At this news, Finn's wife was equally low-spirited as himself. They sat by the fireside "in doleful dumps," and their thoughts were any thing but pleasant or happy.

At last, the lady (for I cannot find it in my heart to designate her as plain Mistress M'Coul,) said to her lord and master, "What time does Ossian come?" "To-morrow," said Finn. "Oh, then," said she, brightening up, "there's need to set a little piggie, and leave all to me, and I'll be bound to bring you through it like a Trojan!" Finn was a wise man—so he placed himself under the superintendence of his wife.

In an emergency, there is nothing better than to trust to woman's wit. So Finn (by his wife's direction) went into a great huge child's cradle (and hard enough it was for him to gather himself up into it), and lay there, snug enough, while she kept busy in the kitchen, baking some cake bread. By and by, in came Ossian, and civilly inquired whether Finn M'Coul was at home? "No," said she, "but I am his wife, and perhaps I can answer for him."

"What!" said Ossian, "did not he hear that I, Ossian of Scotland, was coming over for a trial of strength with him? Wherever he may be, I shall not return home until I see him, and until he feels me." So, when the wife found that he was not to be driven away by "not at home," she invited him in, saying that Finn would soon be back, and ready and willing to have any trial with him that he wished.

So he sat down by the fire, and made himself quite at home. He noticed the large cakes that were baking in the oven, and asked for what she was baking them. "For that little creature in the cradle there," said she. So he looked round and noticed the cradle, and Finn in it, with a nightcap on his head, and tied under his chin, and pretending to be fast asleep.

Astonished at the immense bulk, he called out, "Who's there—what man is that in the cradle?" "A piggie that might hold about a gallon or a gallon and a half, and filled it to the brim for him. Ossian took a sup of it—not much more than a quart—and she laughed downright at him for taking so little. "Why," said she, "the child in the cradle there thinks nothing of emptying that piggie in one draught." So, for shame's sake, Ossian took a little more, and a little more yet,—until, truth to say, he was in a fair way of getting drunk.

This was the very pass that the "gude wife" wished to bring him to. "While his father is out," said she, "may be you'd like to see the boy there throw a stone, or try a fall, or do any of the little tricks that his father teaches him." He consented, and she went over to the cradle, and gave Finn a shake. "Get up, dear," said she, "and amuse the gentleman."

Ossian wondered at his black beard, and his great size. "Pon my word," said he, "you're a fine child for your age. Let us try how your father teaches you to wrestle." Finn did not say a word, but grappled Ossian round the waist and laid him on the ground before he well knew what was the matter. Ossian got up very sulky. "Show me how you'd throw a stone, my boy." Finn took up the very stone we have seen on the
Danish Chronicles.

Breaks of Ballynascomney—it stood then upon the hill of Allen—and flung it across to where it now stands. And to this day it bears the marks of Finn’s five fingers where he grasped it, and to this day it bears the name of Finn M’Coul’s Finger Stone.

Ossian was much surprised, as well he might be, at such a cast. “Could your father throw such a stone as that much farther?” “Is it my father?” said Finn, “faith, he’d cast it to Scotland, or America, or the Western Indies, and think nothing of it!” This was enough for Ossian; he would not have the trial of strength with the father, when the child could beat him; so he pretended sudden business required him back to Scotland—though he never could return home half fast enough—the stone still remains where Finn threw it, and any one on or near the Sigham mountain will shew you “Finn M’Coul’s Finger Stone.”

R. S. M.

THE INFIDEL.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE “MOTHER’S PRAYER.”

Blasphemer, cease—must victims still
Upon thy guilty altars lie;
And souls, led captive at thy will,
Writhe in eternal agony?

Institrate, yet a thirst for blood?
Though round thee glide a spectre band,
Whose life-drops mingle with the flood
Which rises in Despair’s dark land!

’Twas thine to bid—thine to rejoice
That bursting flood-gates Freedom gave;
But ’tis not thine to still the voice
That rises from its gory wave.

For thou shalt hear it in that hour,
When, on its raging waters cast,
Thy shipwreck’d soul must own that Power,
Which wills thy day of mercy past.

Then shalt thou know their ruthless deed,
Who rob of peace a dying bed;
Nor spare, though pity bends to plead,
The heart which all but hope hath fled.

DANISH CHRONICLES.

“STRUENSEE, OU LA REINE ET LE FAVORI.”
Chronique Danoîse de 1769. Par. MM. Fournier et Anhout. 2 vols. 8vo. à Paris, chez Dupont.

History presents few examples of so rapid an elevation and so brilliant a career, brought about by mere accident. The origin was as unexpected as the denouement was terrible. At one moment a prime minister, the ruler of a kingdom, and the next transition the condemned inhabitant of a gloomy dungeon, whose massive gates he was only to repass at the voice of the headsman! Struensée, the subject of these remarks, was an obscure but talented German physician, inhabiting a small lodging at Ancona. In 1769 the court of Denmark was a prey to discord, and the most odious intrigues were disseminated by the ambitious and wicked Marie Julia, over whose remains an indignant nation has placed in the royal sepulchre a black stone without any inscription. Christian VII., King of Sweden, was an object of detestation to his stepmother, who, in order to undermine the constitution and intellects of the young king, that the crown might pass to her own son Frederick, put forth every wicked device. In these infamous plans she but too well succeeded.

Marie Julia had also vowed vengeance
against the lovely and innocent wife of Christian. The young queen had far eclipsed the bel dame in beauty, which was in itself sufficient to kindle her indignation and excite her hatred: thus at her hand the young foreigner was doomed to perdition, and every infamy was heaped on her devoted head. Another motive for this conduct is attributed to her: the queen-mother dreaded an heir to the kingdom, who would eventually cut off her own darling Frederick. Things were in this state when Christian, who had been absent from Copenhagen for some time, was one day returning to his palace, and passing through the little town of Ancona he was seized with a long fainting fit, which circumstance so alarmed his attendants that they sought the nearest doctor. The house in which Struensee lodged was pointed out to them, and the king was carried on the arms of his attendants to the young doctor’s apartment. Struensee, without having any notion of the rank of his patient, administered such remedies as soon brought the King to himself. A conversation ensued, in the course of which the physician perceived that the King was more diseased in mind than in body. He spoke freely to him, and the King was so pleased with his good sense, ready wit, and talent, that he declared to him who he was, inviting him at the same time to accompany him to Copenhagen in quality of his private physician. This offer, as may be imagined, was gratefully accepted. The Count de Rantyan, an ancient minister, and bosom friend of the father of Christian, had been disgraced by Christian, through the artifices of Marie Julia. He happened to be in the house where Struensee lived during the above-mentioned scene. The physician immediately introduced him, and he was appointed to fill a high situation in the state. The first act of Struensee was the reconciliation of the King with the young Queen, who had received so much ill treatment that she had quit the court, and had retired with some of her ladies to one of the palaces distant a few leagues from Copenhagen. The Count offered to go himself for Caroline Matilda, a step gladly acceded to by the King, and he used so much expedition that the two carriages entered the gates of the palace-yard at the same moment. It was a dreadful blow to Marie Julia to see the King return accompanied by his royal consort, and by the excellent and noble Count de Rantyan. In the course of a few months Struensee was raised to the dignity of Prime Minister. He was feared and hated by the Queen-mother, who, after having imagined various schemes to rid herself of so powerful an enemy, invented an odious plot, which she hoped would at once rid her of an enemy and hated rival. She spread a report that a guilty passion existed between the young Queen and the favourite, and actually suborned a slave to swear he had witnessed interviews between the parties. But this calumny was only believed by the creatures of Marie Julia. The young, the lovely, the interesting, the unhappy Caroline Matilda had gained all hearts, and to this day her memory is revered and cherished in Denmark as the most innocent and persecuted of her sex. If she had foibles (and who dare say he is without them?) they were in some measure atoned for by numerous virtues. Struensee was seized at a ball, and hurried to a prison—tried by the High Court of Denmark, and about to be acquitted, but for the evidence of an infamous slave, bribed for the purpose by Marie Julia. Hurlcd at once from the pinnacle of grandeur into utter destruction, three days after the condemnation his head—almost the highest in the kingdom—rolled upon the scaffold!

This is the condensed subject matter of the work before us; and whatever opinion may be formed of the real interest which existed between the lovely wife of an almost idiot King and the Physician, we give that portion as we find it in the pages of the book itself.

We have translated two passages from this highly interesting work:

COURT POLICY: OR, THE AMBASSADOR’S DAUGHTER.

• • • Madame Gohler, the companion to the Queen, whose vanity, had been cruelly punished, had not forgotten the offence towards herself. There had sprung up a warm attachment and devotedness between the Queen and Struensee, and the latter, finding he was watched, maintained the greatest reserve in his conduct towards the queen, who felt a secret distrust at his apparent coldness. Their tête-à-têtes were rare, and the Count had opportunities of seeing his royal mistress only in the king’s apartment. They were both, indeed,
aware that suspicions had been awakened in the minds of those persons who were about the palace; and they had much to fear from Madame—if not from some act of premeditated vengeance, at least from some terrible indiscretion, which would lead to a discovery of the truth.

One morning, when they were assembled together after breakfast, Madame Gohler was the first of the party to perceive an expression of mysterious cunning on the countenance of Christian, as if he was preparing to make some important disclosure. The same remark was shortly after made by Caroline Matilda, his queen, who felt involuntary terror as to the nature of the secret thoughts of her husband.

The king appeared embarrassed in what manner to begin the conversation. After having passed his hand over his face and through his hair several times, he suddenly broke silence, and turning towards Struensee, said—"Count, is your heart free?"

The reader may judge of the queen's feelings at hearing these words; the doctor himself was a little disconcerted, and answered with embarrassment—"Sire, this question—"

"Appears indiscreet," interrupted the king; "I can conceive that the answer annoys your gallantry not a little; possibly there may be a person present (and he turned his eyes towards Madame Gohler) before whom you would not care to explain yourself freely. Well, I will answer for you—I who have not the same reasons for silence. No, my dear friend, you are not in love; none of our ladies have stolen your heart, or, if they have, you are an adept at concealment, for I have not perceived it."

Matilda once more breathed freely, and, notwithstanding her terror, she almost regretted that the Count had succeeded so well in disguising his passion.

"The time is now come, dear Count," added the king, in a more than usually affectionate tone, "to inform thee of a delightful idea which struck me some time since, and with a project which has ripened in silence, in order that I might enjoy the surprise."

"Some new mark of favour, sire. Alas! I am unworthy of it, I am ashamed—"

"Hold thy peace, these are only the words of a modest courtier. Yes, thou hast guessed rightly. I wish to shew thee low highly I esteem thee. I am generally thought to be selfish, because I am reserved in public, and because I am constantly absorbed by my sufferings in private: yet, without its being generally supposed to be the case, I bear in mind the interests of my friends, and have worked for thine."

"Sire, accept my thanks beforehand: deign to satisfy my curiosity."

"I have considered thy position at my court: it is unstable and precariously of my subjects are obstinate in considering thee an adventurer; thy projects of reform, openly avowed, have raised thee many enemies, and thou requirest a more firm support than that of a suffering king, who may disappear from one day to the next."

"May heaven avert this calamity!"

"Heaven and thee, dear doctor, compose thyself. My fears are not a satire upon thy science, but I never prided myself in being much of a philosopher; and, with respect to the future, I have some slight misgivings. Enough of this: it is of thee I would speak; thou must seek a more firm position, by riches, by the eclat of titles, and, above all, by an alliance with a powerful family: in one word, by a brilliant marriage—what thinkest thou?"

A deathlike chill seized Matilda. Madame Gohler raised her eyes, and fixed them attentively on the Count, to mark the effect of this proposition. For a moment he was disconcerted, but shortly regaining his self-possession, he said, with a smile,—

"How, sire, you condescend to take the trouble of marrying me? Presented by you, my future wife is very sure of appearing amiable in my eyes."

"She is the handsomest person at my court."

"I see so many who are beautiful, that it would be difficult to yield the palm."

"What thinkest thou of the young Princess de Beresof?"

"The Russian Ambassador's daughter?"

"Is she not the perfection of beauty? Eyes of a dove-like softness, a figure like a sylph. Matilda, let us have your opinion?"

"In short," replied the queen, scarcely breathing, "a most accomplished person—perfect—has the Count remarked her?"

The king continued. "It is impossible, doctor, that you should not have observed her beauty: I believe you to be a little hypocritical on this subject, and
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firmly believe that, in your heart, you do justice to so many charms. Besides, she is one of the richest heiresses in the empire, and springs from a stock whose nobility is historical."

"Alas, Sire," interrupted Struensée, "that it is which makes me so reserved: such brilliant advantages as these! What am I, and what can I offer to a wife of your choosing?"

"My friendship, a hundred thousand ducats, and one of the first dukedoms in my dominions. What do you think of it now, Count?"

"Sire, such an accumulation of favours—"

"I will have no thanks—say only that thou acceptest: to refuse such offers, a man must either be mad or in love; and I know that thou art neither."

Matilda awaited the answer in trembling anxiety. She saw Struensée kneel, take the king's hand, and put it respectfully to his lips: he then arose, saying,—

"And notwithstanding, sire, I refuse."

Christian thought that he had misunderstood the Count. Caroline Matilda hung down her head to hide her joy and confusion; and Madame Gohler began to remark the fact, that the queen acted in this scene.

"What, Sire?" demanded the king, at the same time drawing himself up, "you refuse? But are you aware that this answer is an affront towards the prince, towards me, who have already pledged my royal word? Do you consider this? Your reasons, Sire?"

"To marry a foreigner!"

"My wife is English—I never repented it."

"The difference of religion."

"You are a philosopher."

He had no reply to make.

"You hide from me the real motives which dictate your refusal, but I shall succeed in discovering them. Undoubtedly I was mistaken in thinking that a chivalrous love had no place in a thinking mind such as yours. Well, we shall endeavour to find out what this sentiment is, which is powerful enough to make you refuse a great fortune: we shall know where this mysterious beauty is to be found, who dares thus to place herself between you and our will."

Matilda trembled from head to foot; but the king, while he laid an emphasis on his words, only thought of Madame Gohler, whom he suspected of being the real obstacle to his wishes.

It was necessary to confirm him in his error, and Struensée affected the air of a guilty person just discovered, and who, by casting confused looks towards his accomplice, seems to provoke a twofold avowal of the same fault.

But Madame Gohler was no longer in the humour to allow a similar suspicion to rest upon herself.

"Sire," cried she, spitefully, "I see clearly upon whom your Majesty's suspicions rest, and I dare say that you are misinformed. The Count is certainly gallant; but his exterior homage may serve to veil other views. Your offers are magnificent, and nothing save a reciprocal love can cause their rejection. Where, then, is this woman who loves? Was I seen to shudder at the first mention of the word marriage? Did I, pale and trembling, hang down my head to hide my confusion? Was I ready to faint? Have I shown all the symptoms of a real passion? Did I accuse myself? No, Sire, I am, thank God, neither weak, nor guilty: it is elsewhere that the object of the Count's passion must be sought for.

Struensée trembled at his danger, and made a prompt decision.

"Then, Madame, you do not love me?"

"I, Sire," replied Madame Gohler, a little thrown off her guard by this sudden attack, "have I ever given you any right to think it?"

"Perhaps you may, Madame; but whether it proceeds from delicacy on your part, or from a change of mind, I accept this disavowal. I ask your pardon for having offered you a homage which was displeasing; and now that I am disengaged from all this, Sire," added he, turning to the king, "I accept with gratitude the alliance that you propose."

"Ah!" cried Madame Gohler, thunderstruck.

"Well," said the king, rubbing his hands, "one has much difficulty in making thee decide; I was beginning to be uneasy. Thus my cherished project will be accomplished."

"Yes, Sire; in a few days I shall present my homage to the Prince de Bérésot. I shall go to his country house."

"The journey will be unnecessary; the prince arrived in town last night."
"Well, then, I shall see him to-morrow or the next day."
"I expect him—"
"To-day?"
"Presently."
"I am caught," thought Struensée.
At this moment, the door opened, and the page in waiting announced the ambas-
sador, Prince Bérésorf.
Without raising her eyes, Caroline Mat-
tida asked permission to retire; but, pre-
vious to consenting, Christian wished her to congratulatethe future husband of the beau-
teous Nathalie.

With trembling accents she stammered out a few incoherent words. "I wish—I
hope—that this alliance will ensure your
happiness; it is worthy of tempting the
highest ambition. Therefore—I congratu-
late you, M. le Comte."
"Call him M le Duc," said the king.
"Oh, Sire," added Struensée, "I am not
yet that," and he bowed to Caroline Mat-
tida, who went out, accompanied by Ma-
dame Gohier.

Many were the evils which presented
themselves to the mind of the physician.
First and foremost, the resentment of the
Queen herself, should he enter into an
alliance; next, the hazard, without a
good and substantial cause, of refusing to
obey the mandate of his Sovereign, in
taking a wife of his gracious selection;
the third, the actual affront offered to
the ambassador of a great power, should
he decline the honour of an alliance with
one of that rank and bearing; and, fourthly, the means of shewing his devotio
to the Queen, by some act which would
create a rupture. The latter course he
resolved to adopt, and, with manly but
crafty boldness, ere the conference ended,
to declare war against Russia; more mind-
ful of his own situation than the inter-
ests of his King, although there existed
abundant ground for his not conceding to
the treaty between his Sovereign and that
great power, as the matter had been craf-
tilly planned by her wily representative.

The Russian ambassador was introduced.
He was a man of middle stature, about
sixty years of age: his bald head was half
hid by an enormous wig worn at that
epoch: the wrinkles on his forehead were
visible, and stamped him to be a man
worn out by mental fatigue, whilst his
eyes sparkled with a singular vivacity.
His back was bent, more by fatigue than
age, and it was easy to perceive in his
dignified composure the classical exterior
of a veteran diplomatist. He was much
esteemed at the court of Catherine for the
energetic zeal with which he supported
the interests of his sovereign. In short,
his tenacity was proverbial. It was after
a thousand minute difficulties, and, we
may say, step by step, that the Count de
Rautzen had, after eighteen months,
brought him to some decision relative to
the treaty respecting Holstein. Catherine
had at length consented to leave that pro-
vince to Denmark, in exchange for two
German fiefs. The obstinate old man
was obliged to decide upon signing the
conventions pending since the death of
Peter III., but it was easy to see that this
concession annoyed him, and that he
agreed with a bad grace to resolutions
which were in his opinion contrary to
sound policy.

After this insight into his character,
we may better conceive the favourable
ear which he lent to the King's proposals.
As he was an expert judge of courtly
favours and disgraces, he knew that the
fortune of the Count de Struensée had
not yet attained its highest point, and
foresaw the moment when the doctor
would govern the state by governing his
patient. To attach himself to this rising
star, to be able to influence it, was to
place a hand on the Danish crown; it
was a preparation towards reconquering
on one side what Russia would have
abandoned on the other: it was being a
faithful servant to Catherine and merit-
ing all her favours. When this plan
ripened in the head of the diplomatist, he
sacrificed to it all the prejudices of birth,
which had but little weight with him, and
looked forward to making his seducing
daughter the real Queen of Denmark.

Such were his intentions when he was
ushered into the King's presence. After
having paid his respects to him, he in-
clined his head towards Struensée, with-
out deviating from that cold civility which
at court spreads an impenetrable layer on
human sentiments.

Christian advanced a few paces to meet
him.

"Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, we have
been expecting you with great impatience.
The Count de Struensée, the happy mor-
tal, who is here, is deeply flattered by
the honour which you deign to do him.
We render in his name all the thanks
which he has already addressed to us,
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and to them we join our own, happy to enjoy on this occasion the obliging friendship of the worthy representative of our illustrious sister.

The strain of courtly compliments being once begun, the three personages kept it up some time, and Struenseé did not appear either the least clever or the least amiable of the party. He saw Christian preparing the parchments and the great seal which were, in a short time to make of him, who was only an adventurer, a duke, a great noble, worthy of being allied to a young princess of the blood of the Romanoffs. What a dream. The reality, notwithstanding, appeared near at hand, certain; no obstacle presented itself to this elevation. A man's head may be turned, and the Count was for a moment dazzled, but one thought of Matilda dissipated all his dreams. Already the King held the pen, when his favourite, casting a glance at the papers which covered the table, drew from them a bundle which had that morning been brought by the Count de Rautzan to receive the royal signature.

"Monseigneur," said he to the Prince, "permit me in your presence and with your sanction to give to the King, my master, a respectful mark of my gratitude. However intoxicated I may be at the glorious favour with which you deign to honour me, I will not permit myself to be absorbed by my own happiness. I shall acknowledge the King's bounties by making his interests supersede those of his servant; and, if your excellency consents, the signature of the marriage contract shall follow that of the treaty of alliance between the two courts."

The prince's brow was clouded, but he had no objection to start against this proof of delicacy. Struenseé shewed the papers which he held in his hand. "Here," said he, "are the articles."

"Well! let us sign them immediately." "A moment, if you please, my lord; will your excellency have the goodness to read over again to the King the principal clauses of the treaty?"

"Willingly, Count. By article first, her Imperial Majesty gives for ever to her Swedish Majesty the duchy of Holstein, which has long been a subject of contest between the two powers."

"Very well," said the king, who was annoyed at all this; "let us go to the second article."

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"Permit me, my lord," said Struenseé; "I imagine that there is a map joined to the treaty."

"Here it is, and you see, marked in red lines, the limits of the duchy of Holstein."

"You must know, Count, that, in consequence of ulterior conventions, her Imperial Majesty has reserved for herself, by way of indemnity, a small portion of territory."

"A small portion, my lord, which will be found to be the richest, and the most people,—the course of the Elbe, the two shores, and the navigation! Look, Sire," added he, as he approached the king, and opened the map before him, "certainly it is not thus that you understand this clause."

"I beg your pardon, Count," said the foreign minister, coldly. Christian knew not what to think: in following, on the map, the lines which Struenseé pointed out to him, he could not help regretting the fertile country of which he saw himself stripped: he was astonished that the Count de Rautzan had agreed to such vast concessions, and he hoped, perhaps, that possibly his favourite might, by discussion, regain a portion of that which he had lost by diplomacy; for he said with embarrassment—"But, really, there may be some mistake."

"Most assuredly," added Struenseé; "the Court of Denmark signified its willingness to accede to reasonable arrangements; but does not this new sacrifice which is required, exceed all bounds?"

"Sir," said the prince, reservedly, "this sacrifice is not new; it has been deemed necessary, as a very trifling compensation for the advantages of which we consent to deprive ourselves. Such is, however, the will of my sovereign."

"And my sovereign, here present,—has he not also a will?"

From the moment the point of authority was thus brought into action, the king secretly took Struenseé's side of the question; notwithstanding which, to prevent any animosity between the two diplomats, he reminded them of their future relationship.

But that feeling had little weight with the Russian plenipotentiary, who, clinging to the point in question, protested against any unforeseen restrictions which might be of a nature to overturn the basis of the preceding conventions.

"It is because the basis of which you
speak," said Struensee, with warmth, "was laid long since by certain counsellors, whom I strongly suspect of having sacrificed their country to foreign influence."

"What dare you insinuate, Sir?"

"Yes," continued the Count, raising his voice, "I see still through your pretensions the crafty artifices of the queen Marie Juliana and her favourites."

The diplomatist, who was said to possess the good graces of the widow of Frederick V., felt deeply hurt, and said—

"You go too far, Sir."

"Struensee, really—"

"Ah, Sire, I no longer know you—you, who are so jealous of the glory of your crown: will you suffer it thus to be torn from you piece by piece? See now; it is fifty thousand souls, and a revenue of a million, that would be snatched from you by the stroke of a pen, by a jealous and ambitious power, which is constantly developing itself, that always opens its arms and never folds them again; take care of the giant: the instant he seizes you, he is ready to encircle you, and the prey he sets to work upon is soon devoured. You will not throw him a remnant of your kingdom. No, you will not sign a cowardly act, which would make you the puppet of Catherine, and the laughing-stock of Europe."

The warmth of this discourse made an impression on the King. His fears once awakened, together with his pride, followed the bias which was given to them; and at this moment the representative of the Russian potentate appeared to him to be his most formidable enemy. The Ambassador, no longer master of himself, cried out, "Monseur, the officious counsellor, think well of it: the Empress will feel herself offended."

"And you, Sir, beware of offending the King."

"Tremble at the consequences of a rupture."

"We do not fear threats."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, calm yourselves," said the King. It was too late.

"This treaty will then be null and void?" asked Berésof.

"Let it be so."

"You lose the alliance of Russia."

"We shall have that of France."

"You wish for war."

"We shall expect it."

"I demand my passports."

"They shall be sent to you."

M. de Bérésof then cast a furious glance at the Count, and a smile of affected pity towards the feeble monarch, and with rapid strides quitted the apartment.

Christian appeared quite bewildered. "Truly," said he, when the first surprise was over, "the negotiation has taken a singular turn! What a strange conclusion to a proposal of marriage. Here is the contract torn, together with the treaty. My poor friend, I pity thee with all my heart."

"And I, Sire, do not pity myself: I have done my duty in immortalizing my own interests to those of your Majesty. Have I not well sustained your dignity."

"A little too much," answered Christian. "And the prince's threats."

"Do not alarm yourself—Catherine has so many other occupations! But this scene has greatly agitated you: you must take some repose."

In saying these words, he conducted Christian to his chamber, confided him to the care of an assistant physician, and in a moment after was in the queen's apartment. She was in tears: as soon as she saw the Count enter, she ran forward. "Well!" was the only word she could utter.

"Well, Matilda, you thought me ambitious: undeceive yourself, I may possibly possess the virtues of ambition, but I am unacquainted with its meanness."

"This marriage—"

"Is broken."

"How have you managed?"

"I declared war against Russia."

"Ah!" Caroline Matilda was overpowered; then giving way to feelings of gratitude, she threw herself into the Count's arms.

"Oh! my friend, what dangers our fatal love will draw down on thy head."

"I shall repair this coup d'état. I do not fear Catherine."

"And the prime minister?"

"Rautzan!" cried he, as if struck with a sudden thought, "my God! I had forgotten him."

THE DEATH WARRANT; OR, THE SIGNATURES.

* * * * The King's aberration of mind continued. They had already entered the gates of Copenhagen, and were within an hundred paces of the palace. Rautzan, almost without hope, and with feelings of indescribable anguish, resumed
"Well!" retorted the Queen-mother, with an expression of bitter irony, "and what have you learnt, pray?"

"What I alone, as a King and as a husband, had a right to demand."

Christian's firmness of character was limited to these few hasty replies. From the instant he perceived the eye of his step-mother assume that fierceness of expression which he so much dreaded, from that moment his resolution vanished, and he found his spirit subdued. No sooner did she call to him in an authoritative tone to follow her, than, with downcast eyes and the docility of a child, he obeyed her imperious mandate. These three personages then entered the King's study. Marie Julia led Christian to a table, covered with papers, and made a sign to him to be seated: he obeyed.

"I have several times asked you," said she, "to sanction by your signature the sentence pronounced by the High Court of Denmark. It is an imperious duty, from which you can no longer shrink: justice must be done, or the King is dishonoured. Sign!"

Thus saying, she took up a parchment, already prepared, and placed it before the King.

Rautzan had meanwhile seized a blank sheet of parchment, and having hastily written the following words—

"We, Christian VII. King of Denmark, do command that the prisoner, John Frederic Stiernæe, shall be removed from the citadel of Copenhagen before the hour appointed for his execution, to undergo a secret interrogatory; and, for that purpose, shall be conducted into our presence, under the conduct of the Count de Rautzan, who alone will become responsible for his safe keeping."

He placed the writing before the King, saying, in a low tone—"Sire, here is the order; sign it quickly. Your Majesty promised me you would."

"Sire, your honour is at stake," said the Queen-mother, at the King's right hand. "Sire, you have given me your royal word," said the Count, at his left.

Marie Julia perceived him. "Speak out, Sir," said she, addressing Rautzan: "do you oppose his Majesty's sanctioning the death of a traitor?"

"God forbid, Madam! for I grieve at the necessity which forbids clemency."

"Sign, then!" said the merciless Queen, seizing the King's hand: "sign!
the dawn approaches, it is time to have done."

``Not before your Majesty has granted my petition," said Rautzan, again advancing the parchment, which he had folded carefully, to conceal the writing from the piercing eye of Marie Julia: "time presses, Sire; remember your promise."

``What does that paper contain?" inquired the Queen.

``A permission to see the prisoner for the last time."

A smile of triumph lit up the features of Marie Julia. Christian, bewildered between these two counselors, one of whom sued for a life, while the other with equal earnestness demanded the punishment of death, scarcely knew what either asked. He tried in vain to free his hand from the firm grasp of Marie Julia, and from time to time he cast imploring looks towards Rautzan. His step-mother, impatient at the delay, seized a pen and placed it between the King’s fingers. Dreading a renewal of her violence, he suffered her to place his hand as she pleased, and, abandoning it entirely to her guidance, he signed the fatal warrant. Then, with a violent struggle, having disengaged it from her grasp, he abandoned his hand once more to the guidance of Rautzan, and wrote his name beneath the order for the liberation of the prisoner.

Each next endeavoured to seize the parchment the other so anxiously sought to possess. The hands of the Queen and of Rautzan encountered those of the weak and half-terrified King, who started, and by a mechanical movement graspèd the two papers firmly, crumpling both between his hands. Marie Julia was not, however, a woman to be daunted by the respect she owed her sovereign; she snatched the paper violently from him. Having opened it, to make herself certain of its identity, and finding that she was not mistaken, an exclamation escaped her lips.

``What is the matter, Madam?" enquired the King.

``Nothing! your Majesty’s hand trembled, it appears; that is all. Now the document is in form, and I shall myself see to its execution in the course of a few hours."

``Here, my friend," said Christian, handing the second paper to Rautzan.

The Count seized it eagerly, kissed his sovereign’s hand, and quitted the apartment.

The Queen-mother pulled the bell—Wesland entered.

``Lead the King to his chamber," said she; "but let him not go to bed."

She then quitted the room; and at the door meeting an officer of the guards, she desired him to send her one of his soldiers instantly.

``Peters," said she, as the man appeared, "I know you, and I promise you my protection if you execute the order I am about to give you faithfully. The Count de Rautzan has just quitted the palace; he cannot be far distant; follow him, watch his movements, and bring me an exact account of them."

``Your orders, Madame, shall be obeyed," said the soldier, as he hastened to execute his commission.

Although the Count proceeded towards the citadel with breathless haste, Peters had not much difficulty in overtaking him; for at that hour the streets of Copenhagen being deserted, the footsteps of a passenger were heard at a distance.

As he proceeded, Rautzan reflected upon the means he would employ to conduct the prisoner to a place of safety. The surest method that presented itself to his imagination was to embark with him, while it was yet dark, in one of the canal-boats, and put out to sea as speedily as possible, and land on the coast of Sweden. The only thing to be feared was that the piercing eye of the boatman might detect Struensee beneath the folds of the cloak in which he would be enveloped. But gold might still triumph over this obstacle. As to himself, he knew that exile would be the price of his devotedness; but he was resigned to sacrifice his honors, although he sighed when he reflected that at his age he must bid his country an eternal farewell. Full of these intentions, he presented himself at the post of the citadel, and passed on, saying he was entrusted with an important message from the King to the Governor. Von Hohen, who united in his person to the title of Governor of the Citadel that of Military Commander of Copenhagen, was already up, and occupied with the preparations for the fatal day. On the visit of the Count being announced to him, the veteran hastened to receive his guest. Rautzan placed the order in his hand, and, without speaking, watched attentively, to see if any expres-
sion of distrust was visible in his countenance. None such, however, appeared; all he could discover was a start of surprise. Von Hober having finished the perusal of the paper, bowed saying—

"Pardon me, Count, if I testify my surprise at seeing you the bearer of this paper."

"I brought it myself for the sake of expedition," answered Rautzan; "you see, Sir, that the King's order is peremptory. I hope you have no objection to execute it!"

"I am a soldier, and know my duty too well to disobey, let it cost me what it may."

"Let it be done quickly then; I await."

"You, Count?"

"Certainly; be quick."

Von Hober muttered something between his teeth that Rautzan did not hear, he bowed, and quitted the room.

As soon as Rautzan found himself alone, he gave way to the most unfeigned satisfaction on the success of his plan. The old officer seemed to have no suspicion whatever on the subject, and thus far the stratagem had succeeded. He had already pictured to himself the joy of his friend at finding himself free, one hour before that appointed for him to die."

Twice had the clock of the citadel tolled the hour since Rautzan had parted from the Governor. The sun had already illumined the eastern horizon; the bustle of the inhabitants passing and repassing in the streets of Copenhagen was increasing at every moment, and flight would be attended with difficulty and danger, nay, perhaps, become altogether impossible. Suspense became agony. The Count paced backwards and forwards in the utmost impatience, seeking to explain this inconceivable delay. To have acquainted Struensee with the plan for his escape was impossible; would he, then, unknowingly reject the only means by which he might be saved? Absorbed by this new idea, Rautzan called a soldier, and desired him to seek his commander.

The moment Von Hober appeared:

"I wait, Sir—I wait," said Rautzan, out of humour.

"I could not have expected such haste on the part of the Count de Rautzan," said Von Hober.

"There is no question about me, Sir," answered Rautzan; "will you, or will you not, execute his Majesty's orders?"

"I entreat your Excellency's patience,—every thing is in preparation,—the execution will take place in an hour."

"What do you mean?" cried Rautzan wildly. "Is the warrant, signed by the King, already in your hands?"

"Already in my hands, Count? Was it not your Excellency that brought it to me in such haste?"

"The order for——"

"His execution—here it is."

Von Hober placed the paper in the hands of Rautzan,—it was the death-warrant!

Rautzan uttered a wild cry of the deepest despair, as he struck his forehead violently with his hand. At once he comprehended the King's error, his own, the dissimulation of the wicked Marie Julia, who had feigned to have the warrant in her possession. A thousand times he cursed his own heedless, mad precipitation. What was now to be done? He would return to the King; he would sue—entreat—pray—importune him,—at all risks he would obtain another signature. But was there time? He still hoped,—he would fly. Rautzan entreated the astonished governor to delay the execution as long as possible, and, without losing another instant, he flew towards the palace of Christianburgh.

The greatest agitation prevailed in the palace. He went straight to the King's apartment—it was vacant. He next went in pursuit of Marie Julia,—she was not to be found. He sought Wesland—he was also absent. He made inquiries, and learnt that, after a short interview with Peters, Marie Julia had forced the King into her carriage, and had carried him off.

"A horse!" cried Rautzan —another instant saw him in pursuit of the fugitives, whom he was informed had taken the road to Fredericksburgh."

**Virtue** is a tender plant, which, without much watchfulness, will never flourish in human nature. In our first parents the very seeds of it were fatally blasted, and the climate of this world is far more uncongenial to it than that of Paradise. If, then, in natures so pure and innocent as were theirs, it failed to grow up to perfection and maturity, it cannot without unceasing vigilance prosper in a soil so stubborn and unfruitful, and choked with weeds so bad and innumerable.
The name of Laura is immortal, but was her life happy? is the question demanded by Levesque, a French author of the last century, who has bestowed no little time and research in tracing every fact that can be gathered relative to this celebrated beauty and her lover.

What Laura's thoughts and feelings were on the subject of the ardent and enduring passion with which she inspired the heart of the most celebrated and gifted man of her era, never was known, and never will be till the secrets of all hearts are discovered. The only person, indeed, who could have solved the mystery,—she alone who could have answered the question—is silent. And whether Laura did or not occasionally give a sigh of regret and think of the chains that bound her in a somewhat rigorous domestic subjection, can only be guessed at by conjecture. It appears probable that Laura accepted the literary admiration of her Italian lover with a sort of passive complaisance; that she received each new poem that was to perpetuate her name and celebrate her charms throughout civilised Europe with quiet satisfaction, and would read them, or cause them to be read to her—for Petrarch expressly declares that she was unlearned—and that she would then turn all her thoughts to the management of her numerous family of infant children and her household, without any romantic commiseration for the agonies so pathetically described by him to be his portion. It is not a very easy thing for by-standers to draw conclusions from the demeanour of a woman towards the man she loves. There is a secret satisfaction, well known to womankind, in puzzling impertinent inquisitors in such cases. All that is known is, that the most guarded coolness was alone apparent in the manners of Laura whenever she chanced to meet Petrarch. His life was spent in watching for opportunities of beholding the object of his passion; yet when they saw each other they seldom spoke, and, in all probability, Petrarch never had a private interview with Laura in his life, or even the opportunity of addressing her in the language of passion, other than in his sonnets and odes, which, perhaps, were regarded by the beautiful matron merely as poetical fictions.

In the time of Petrarch and Laura there was an intimate union between Italy and the South of France. Pope Clement the Fifth, a Gascon by birth, withdrew his court to Avignon from Rome, which latter was rent by murderous factions. The divisions between the parties espousing the cause of the Pope, or the Emperor of Germany, raged in every one of the free and beautiful trading cities of Italy. The Guelphs upheld the arbitrary power of the Emperor, who himself chose to name the Popes, and to consider himself as suzerain of Italy. This power the German Emperors have striven for, perpetually, since the days of Charlemagne, and they have finally, in the nineteenth century, secured it. The Ghibelines, on the contrary, upheld the free election of the Popes, and the independence of Italy. We find all the noble-minded and highly-talented Italians of the latter party—Dante, Petrarch, and his father, were Ghibelines. But there is in Italian history the utmost perplexity about these two factions. This confusion is occasioned by the Guelphs sometimes adhering to the Pope. But when the reader has clearly ascertained whether the Pope was nominated by the Emperors, or freely elected, the difficulty vanishes. If, indeed, the Pope was thrust into the chair by the German power, the Ghibelines opposed him. At last each party elected a Pope—one reigned at Avignon, while many antipopes succeeded each other at Rome, who were murdered or deposed by the raging factions with as much celerity as were some of the Roman Emperors of old.

Florence ever bore a most active part in these dissensions; and when the Guelphs obtained the ascendancy, the father of Petrarch, a Florentine noble of the Ghibeline party, was forced to retire from his native city, with his family, to Arezzo, a little country town in Tuscany, where Francesco, the poet, was born, the 20th of June,
LAURA DE NOYES.
Celebrated by Petrarch

Born 1308
Died 1340

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady & Museum

Vol. IV
Rien de la Suisse de l'ancien Temple
1854
1304. The northern nations call his name Petrarch, but the Italians Petrarca; the family name was Petraccolo. The father of the poet was obliged to leave Tuscany soon after the birth of his son Francisco, and he finally settled at Carpentras, a little town in the immediate vicinity of Avignon, where the exiled Pope, Clement the Fifth, had fixed the Papal seat.

Petrarch may be reckoned among the many great geniuses that poetry and the belles lettres wiled from the study of the law. During his father’s life he was forced, to his infinite discontent, to pursue his legal studies; for, his father, in an inquisitorial visit to the chamber of Francisco, having caught him reading Latin poetry instead of law, beat his son, and made an auto de fe of Virgil and Horace,—a great outrage, when it is remembered that all books in the fourteenth century were manuscripts, dear to buy, and scarcely to be obtained for money. This event must have occurred at an early period of Petrarch’s life, as his father and mother both died long before he and his brother were of age; for, owing to the neglect and peculations of his guardians, he and his brother had no resource when they attained their majority, except in devoting themselves to the church. At this time both brothers were remarkably handsome, and their hearts were extremely susceptible to the power of female beauty, and, as our poet owns in one of his letters, he and his brother thought of nothing more than adoring their persons, and making themselves amiable in the eyes of the ladies. By his account, both must have been, in their youth, a pair of arrant coxcombs, as it is owned by them that the better part of the day was spent in curling and perfuming their hair, and in studying which was the most becoming dress. At this time Francisco first began to write Italian poetry. He had before written in Latin, but as few women could understand that learned language, he began to compose in his native tongue, that his talents might receive the highest meed in his estimation—the approbation and admiration of the fair.

Such were the tastes and pursuits of Petrarch and his brother when poverty forced them to enter the church. Francisco did not make so great a sacrifice as his brother, who became a Carthusian at Bologna. Our poet entered the civil department of the church, and though an ecclesiastic, not having professed the priesthood, he might at any time have left his preferments and married. He was first a canon, and subsequently an archdeacon. Thus the fine head of hair of which he was so proud was saved from the tonsure. The poet often speaks with great affection of those curls in his Latin letters, and laments that they turned grey before he was thirty, which misfortune he attributes to the sorrows of his hopeless love. He bewails it as a peculiar mortification to his vanity; and yet it is some consolation to the ladies to find out that their would-be lords and masters are at least as vain as themselves, not only in the time present but the past.

Hitherto the biography of Laura seems forgotten, but it is indeed so inseparably interwoven with that of her lover, that it would be unintelligible if not accompanied by some account of him.

Laura was a noble southern, of French extraction, daughter of Audibert de Noves and Ermessende his wife. She was born at Avignon in the year 1307. At the age of eighteen she was married to a French noble, Hugues de Sade, of Avignon, whose family was then one of the most honourable and ancient in the district, and it still maintains its rank and influence in that part of France, or at least did so a few years previous to the Revolution of 1789, when the Abbe de Sade, the descendant of Laura de Noves, embodied all the traditions of his family and country, together with the researches of antiquaries, and wrote the memoirs of Petrarch, which we are at present following.

Petrarch has left the most minute records of the hour and moment when his heart—by his own acknowledgment one of the most wandering and coquetish that ever beat in man—was fixed immovably in a sudden love, which would have been most sinful, as its object was a married woman, if Laura had not been a paragon of virtue and chastity as well as of beauty—it was therefore hopeless, and perforce wholly intellectual. He laments it as “Quella rea e perversa passione che solo tutto mi occupava e mi regnava nel cuore,”—that guilty and obstinate passion which reigns supreme in, and wholly engrosses my heart.

Petrarch has made three separate memoranda of the hour when he first beheld Laura. In one of his Latin letters he says, that he was preaching on Good
Memoir of Laura de Noves.

Friday, April 6th, 1327, in the church of St. Clara, of Avignon, at early matins, when Laura entered it, and their eyes for the first time encountered each other's. She was dressed in a green robe, brocaded or embroidered all over with violet flowers; she wore a necklace composed of pearls and garnets; and her fine light hair, braid in tresses, was partly wound round her head, and flowed partly over her shoulders. She was tall and slender, of a graceful and majestic presence; and her large blue eyes sent forth an expression of enchanting softness and modesty.

In one of his sonnets this fair lady is thus described by the poet:

In what celestial realm did nature find
The fair idea of her I fondly love,
When in that angel face she first designed
To show on earth her glorious works above?
What nymph or fallen goddess e'er unbound
Such sunny tresses on the breeze to flow?
Where was such virtue in a mortal found
Although the bright perfection works my woe?
He for diviner beauty looks in vain,
Who never gazed on her enchanting eyes,
Nor knows how love can wound and heal again,
Who has not heard how tenderly she sighs;
How soft she speaks, and what bewitching wiles
Dwell in her glances, as she sweetly smiles.

Petrarch's attachment was of the extraordinary duration of twenty-one years. He appears, if we may judge from his letters, to have struggled at times desperately to throw off a chain that he could not break, and which bound him until the end of his life. In one of his early sonnets there is a species of fierceness and abruptness in the composition, together with a strength and terseness of expression, that makes it a singularly difficult thing accurately to exhibit its true power in another language; at least it requires a most intimate knowledge of Italian, and gifted talent in the translator's own.

This extraordinary sonnet is that entitled, S' amor non è, che dunque è quel chio sento? It is thus faithfully rendered into English by Miss Agnes Strickland:

What is it that I feel, if 'tis not love?
But is it love, by Heaven! What may love be?
If good—whence these sad pains which mortals prove?
If evil—why so sweet its power on me?
What mean these sighs, if 'tis my pleasure still
To bow, one woe,—if not—ah, what avail it to lament?
Ah, living death! Oh most delightful ill!
How can you be in me without my own consent?
And if to bear this outrage I agree,
My fragile bark mid adverse gales I find,
Without a helm on some tempestuous sea,
So toss in doubt and fear my troubled mind,
Scare what I wish or hope myself I know,
And freeze in summer's heat, and burn in winter's snow!

Petrarch could write of the lady he loved oftener than he could see her, although he constantly lived in her vicinity. He never had an interview without celebrating it by a sonnet or canzone. He seldom saw her except on the public parade, at church, or seated on a stone bench at her door, surrounded by her family and friends, such being the primitive custom in the fourteenth century, for a noble matron to spend her summers' evenings in the courtly city of Avignon.

[This interesting Biography, which runs to a considerable length, will be concluded in the ensuing number for February.]

Lord Byron's Reason for Living in Italy.—What was the reason?—The romantic beauty of the scenery, the exquisite nature of the climate, the superiority of art, or classic associations? No, nothing of the sort. What was it, then? Simply, that Italy is free from cant, "which," added his Lordship, "is the primum mobile of England." This is but too true; and yet we English flatter ourselves that Italy is the soil of superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism, and that England is the only European country free from such abominations.
MEDITATION IN THE GROUNDS OF NORLANDS;  
NOW DESIGNED FOR A CEMETERY.*

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

'Tis Winter, and the rust'ling leaves around
Bespeak his influence—yet the sun is bright,
And the blue light of heaven looks cheerily,
Seen through the branching groves—methinks the day
Is like thy fate, O! Norlands, long the scene
Of joyous greatness, elegant repose,
Till the dread night when thy fair mansion fell
The prey of bickering flames,† that fiercely swept
Whate'er wealth, art, and splendour could bestow
Into one smouldering mass. Thy paths are now
O'errun with vagrant weeds, thy plants unpruned,
Thy "pleasant places are made desolate."
This is the winter of thy being—this
Thy day of faded loveliness—ere long
To be renewed, though by the cold chaste hand
That consecrates thee to the honoured dead;
Thy spring again shall flash, thy summer glow,
And future days outshine the glories past.

Though never more on thy green lawns shall stray
Young Beauty's footsteps in her hour of pride—
No more the gallant soldier sheath his sword,
And in thy roseate bowers find sweet repose;
Or the worn wanderer from rich India seek
Thy healthful breeze to brace his fever'd form;
Yet all by turns shall tread, with pensive step,
Thy tranquil paths, shall sigh beneath thy shades,
Or rest for aye beneath thy verdant cells.

Here may the best affections of the heart,
And all the sweetest charities of life,
Flow freely—and the' waked by Sorrow's hand,
The touch shall purify the breast it pains,
And call the virtues it laments to life.

* GREAT WESTERN CEMETERY.—This estate is situate at Notting Hill, just beyond Kensington Gardens, and is nearly equi-distant from the extremity of Piccadilly and the end of Oxford-street, and from either only two miles, through Kensington or Bayswater; thus embracing within its reach an extremely populous and most respectable neighbourhood. Through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, it is within the limits of a moderate walk. It is on the lower part of Notting Hill, and comprises in the whole fifty-two acres, an extent in one ownership, in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolis, which may surprise even those persons who are intimately acquainted with the outskirts of London. One portion of this estate is called "Norland Farm," and is let to a farmer at a considerable rental. Another, comprising twelve acres and a half, is walled in. These were the grounds of Norland House, occupied, until destroyed by fire †, some years ago, by H. Drummond, Esq., the banker, when much valuable property in plate and jewels was lost by the occupant. All around are lofty trees, many of which are of great beauty and size; and there are also divers woody plantations, gravel walks, and shrubs, in various parts of the grounds. At the further extremity of this general enclosure, on the right hand and on the left, is a raised ground, formed some sixty years ago by the earth thrown out of the sunken foss which bounds the western extremity. It is a curious thing to see the manner in which the now ancient trees have grown, forming groves on either side of these elevations, which might at some future day offer spots of more than ordinary interest, whilst, at all events, they could serve for the present as watch-towers to prevent unlawful entrance or depredation. The estate is a peninsula, for the county creek bounds the north, south, and west sides; and the east, facing the road, is secured in great part by a lofty wall. So that in the way of security, with the Anatomy Bill, very little expense is required. And on the north side this estate is also bounded by a private road and lofty wall, at the end of which there is one of the several gate-entrances. On the south, or opposite side, there is, as it were, a wilderness of brushwood, and a long footpath, hedged in, and an extensive border or range of ancient plane-trees, whilst the centre of the ground exhibits a lawn most beautiful to look upon, without any trees. Norland Well, within the grounds, is concealed by a thicket, and surrounded by live of very large girth. About the year 1736 its water was, in great celebrity, and the whole neighbourhood was supplied from its spring. For this purpose,
Meditations in the Grounds of Norlands.

Here, too, the faith that wakes undying hope
Shall plume her drooping wings, and gazing round
On plant and flower, which germ beneath the soil,
Shall hail their resurrection, and proclaim
Like promise to man's soul—that peerless thing
Which Nature typifies, but equals not
Thro' all her range of empire—fair, sublime,
Degraded oft—yet deathless as its source
And purchased by a price beyond all name.

Ah! who may people this sequestered spot?
Who lay their weary bones below this grass?
It hath a place for all—a lovely spot
For each lone wanderer: the young, methinks,
Beneath some flowery knoll may find a grave
Meet for their early fate, where spring-time flowers
Exhale their soft perfume, and dew-drops fall,
Bright as those eyes whose beams so lately wrung
Tears such as parent, lover, sister, sheds
Upon the death-doomed by consumption's power.

Where the tall elm spreads its broad canopy
Of clustering foliage, let the warrior sleep;
And words that tell his glory—sculptured forms
That shew his deeds of daring, rise around:
And where the cypress waves its lofty bough,
In ever-living verdure, place the sons
Of learning and of science, by whose hours
Of studious toil, and intellectual power,
Whate'er can bless and dignify mankind
Flows thro' successive ages—leading forth
Man from his savage wants, his helpless cares,
His ignorance, and his misery—up to man
Informed, refined, ennobled, blest at once
With freedom, wealth, and love—nay, more than these,
The power to worship and adore that God
Who gave such gifts to man.

within the kitchen-garden, not far distant, an extensive reservoir was made, presenting
an immense area of brick-work, of considerable value. It is of very surprising extent,
and the boundaries are covered with stone coping. The whole is surrounded with
chain-work. In the transparent waters of this receptacle are flourishing the finest water
lilies and other aquatic plants. The kitchen-garden, within which is the above,
except where it is enclosed by a row of towerimg trees, is surrounded by a very high wall
covered with fruit trees, also of considerable extent. The whole of the extensive outbuildings
are still standing, in excellent condition; and, indeed, in their present state, an uninformed
passenger would imagine that the tower on the top belonged to some chapel or place of
worship. There is a long line of wall next the Great Western or Uxbridge Road, with
two double gates, of great height and good proportions, of ornamental iron work. This
place is, in every respect, most admirably adapted for a Cemetery. The extensive opening
which will remain at the rear of Lord Holland's Park will be a great advantage to the
appearance of Holland House, and, indeed, to the neighbourhood, instead of the land falling
into the hands, first, of brick-makers, and ultimately of builders.

There are now about nine cemeteries established for country towns, upon the plan first
promulgated in the year 1824, by Mr. Carden—the founder of the General Cemetery
Company in London; and as the establishment of extra-urban cemeteries has been so
strongly recommended by his Majesty's Government, and is so much in accordance with
the present state of public feeling, anxious even to prevent interments from taking place in
the Metropolis, the Great Western Cemetery Company, the name by which Mr. Carden's new
scheme is designated, is particularly fortunate, in furtherance of such a national and im-
portant object, in having so very eligible a site as "Norlands."

Of the nine cemeteries mentioned, it may be interesting to state the progress made in the
new general cemetery at Liverpool, which was begun in 1825:

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<td>1833</td>
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Oct. 1, 1117
Where shall the poet, where the painter rest,
Fair Norlands, in thy shades? Lo! here the spot,
Rich with green laurels and o'erhanging bays—
A mound that in its gentle rising seems
The hallowed spot where genius should repose
After long sojourn with a troublous world,
But rarely meet to estimate its worth
Till life is past, and consolation's cup
Arrives too late. Here may the marble give
Names dear to fame, and weeping musest point
To features known not in the halls of state,
Though noblest of the noble. Sooth to say,
Thou, Norlands, wilt be just; thy mother earth
Takes all unto her bosom, but yields each
The meed that he has earned.

Farewell! but not for long; I will return
And meditate full oft in this calm spot
On all things dear and awful. Soon must I
"Throw off this mortal coil," yet not to thee,
Fair Norlands, yield my clay. Less tranquil grave,
Less lovely, must suffice; for such is his
Who was, who is, my son; and with whose dust
My own should be commingled, since our hearts,
Our spirits, and our minds, were only one.

Literature.

An Encyclopedia of Gardening. By J.
C. Loudon, F.L.G.H. & Z.S., Con-
ductor of the "Gardener's Magazine,"
and "Magazine of Natural History."
Published in Dec. Part I. Longman
& Co.

Mr. Loudon is well known to the world
as a man of no ordinary talent, which he
has made conducive to general utility by
valuable works on horticulture, botany,
and natural history. These are not mere
theoretical treatises: they are the original
observations of his own experience, united
with that of a numerous circle of practical
men, voluntarily enlisted by his urbanity in
the cause of useful knowledge. His re-
putation is not confined to his own coun-
try: we often meet with translations from
his works in foreign journals of literature;
for his sagacity in discovery, and his per-
severing industry and perspicuity in the
manner of making known the results of
his labours, have justly gained him an
European celebrity.

The "Encyclopedia of Gardening"
will fully sustain this high estimate of the
author's literary character. The present
number treats of the history of gardening
from the earliest times to the seventeenth
century. Great research has been used, and
valuable information is afforded to the
public, and the letter-press is illustrated
by numerous wood engravings. Mr. Lou-
don, in the course of his detail, proves
from history, how universal garden ceme-
teries were in every nation in the world
sufficiently civilized for their manners and
customs to become subjects of history;
and he fully proves that this wholesome
mode of interment continued till a
noxious and ignorant superstition crowded
the bodies of the dead into the vaults of
places of worship, on the same principle
that an ill-educated infant is afraid of
sleeping alone. Mr. Loudon then pro-
ceeds to show that even in the head-quar-
ters of superstition, the spirit of public
utility has forced the Italians to revert to
the ancient patriarchal custom of the Jews,
exemplified even in the burial of the
Saviour in a garden cemetery. From the
same motives of public utility that in-
duced Mr. Loudon to gather together his
valuable information, we proceed to give
the following specimens of his extensive
labours:—

"The cemeteries of the Jews may be con-
sidered as a species of garden. We find
that Abraham, when Sarah died, purchased
from the children of Heth a "field, and all
the trees which were within its limits, or on
its borders," as a place of burial. It ap-

* If we remember aright, it was calculated by the projector, that a great number of remains
deposited in vaults in the metropolis would be removed to such a new Cemetery. Err.
pears, from Abraham having declined the choice of any of the sepulchres of Hebron and fixed on a spot ornamented with trees, that burial-places in those days were considered scenes of beauty, as well as of mournful associations. This idea is confirmed by the circumstance that the sepulchre in which Jesus Christ was laid, being placed in a garden. We read of others formed under a tree, and sometimes hewn from the sides of a rock; so that, on the whole, it is clear, that, with all who could afford it, among the Jews, the place of burial was not only sacred from its use, but interesting, or beautiful, from being accompanied by some striking or agreeable natural features. (N. Amer. Rev.—See Ency. of Agr. § 17.)

**Persian Cemeteries.**—The tomb of Cyrus is described by Strabo as in a tower; and Arrian says it was situated in the royal gardens, amidst trees and running streams. (G. L. Menon.)

The vale of Tempe, however, as described in the third book of Elian's Various History, and the public gardens of Athens, according to Plutarch, prove that the philosophers and great men of Greece were alive to the beauties of verdant scenery. The ancient, or public garden of Athens, Plutarch informs us, was originally a rough uncultivated spot, till planted by the general Cimon, who conveyed streams of water to it, and laid it out in shady groves, with gymnasia or places of exercise, and philosophical walks. Among the trees were the edict, the plane, and the oak; and the two last sorts had attained to such extraordinary size, that at the siege of Athens by Sylla, in the war with Mithridates, they were selected to be cut down to supply warlike engines. In the account of these gardens by Pausanias we learn that they were highly elegant, and decorated with temples, altars, tombs, statues, monuments, and flowers; that among the tombs were those of Pirithous, Theseus, Oedipus, and Adrastus; and at the entrance was the first altar dedicated to love.

The cemeteries of the GREEKS may be reckoned among their public gardens. The Athenian Ceramicus, the burial-place which received those who had lived and died in the service of their country, was ornamented with trees and sculptures in such a manner as to make it a pleasant resort for all who wished to borrow inspiration to noble deeds. Groves, gardens, and the sides of public roads were also adorned in the places of sepulture for eminent men.

The emperor Constantine first introduced burying in churches. This unhealthy practice was continued for many centuries, from a superstitious notion that in holy places the body was protected from evil spirits. The first attempt to establish a public and park-like cemetery was in the Low Countries, by an edict of the enlightened and benevolent emperor Joseph. The example was followed soon after in France and Italy.

At Genoa, the Protestant burial-place is a small enclosure on a hill, surrounded by walls, and planted with roses and other shrubs. (Morton's Protestant Vigils, p. 318.)

At Leghorn, the English burying-ground has some of the tombs of this city, made of cypress trees, others by neat railings of ironwork. The ground is enclosed by a wall, and the entrance kept locked. Among other tombs is that of Smollett. (Holman's Journey, &c.)

At Bologna is a public burying-ground a little way out of the town, made out of the suppressed convent of Certocina: it was first applied to this purpose in 1802. It is an effort to give a kind of characteristic elegance to the different conditions of life after death. Rich dignitaries of the church are classed, and inferior clergy are arranged at a respectful distance. Arched recesses are made to receive statues and sarcophagi for the wealthy, and headstones have their allotted district. Sepulchres are marshalled for exhibition, with quaint fancies and simdipagacies;—bad monitors to the living, and destitute of any feeling for the dead. Here, in a room appropriated to skulls, is the skull of Guido, mounted on a bracket. (Duppa's Observations, &c., p. 36.)

At Pisa, the Campo Santo is a large burying-ground, in form a rectangle, about 406 feet by 116 feet, enclosed within an arcade. It has its name from the holy earth which the Pisans brought from Palestine, in the year 1192, but the building was not erected till 1283; and it contains, besides the tombs, a number of pictures by the old masters. (Duppa's Observations, &c.)

At Rome, Eustace tells us that the fields called Prati del Popolo Romano are used as a burying-place for foreigners:—They are planted with mulberry trees, and adorned by the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. This ancient monument, which is supposed by Galilei to have been only an ornament to the garden, is described by Eustace as being about 120 feet in height, and standing upon a basis of about ninety feet square. Its form on the whole is graceful, and its appearance very picturesque, supported on either side by the ancient walls of Rome, with their towers and galleries venerable in decay, half shaded by a few scattered trees, and looking down upon a hundred buried tombs interspersed in the neighbouring grove, it rises in lonely pomp, and seems to preside over these fields of silence and mortality. The other tombs are in various forms; sepulchral stones, urns, and sarcophagi,—some standing in good repair, others fallen and mouldering, half buried in the high grass that waves over them.
(Galiff's Italy, &c., p. 369; and Eustace's Classical Tour, &c., p. 226.)

“At Naples, Eustace tells us, 'the two principal hospitals have each a cemetery for the burial of the dead. The sum of 48,300 ducats was raised by voluntary contribution for the latter; and a piece of ground was selected half a mile from the city, on a rising ground. A neat little church is annexed to it, with apartments for the clergy, &c., and the road that winds up the hill to it is lined with cypresses.' This burial-ground Blunt describes as 'consisting of 365 separate vaults. Each morning, the large slab of lava which closes the mouth of some one of these receptacles for the dead is heaved aside, and is not replaced before the approach of night. To this pit all the corpses destined for burial that day are promiscuously committed. Thus the revolution of a year sees them all receive their victims in succession; while an interval so considerable allows one corpse to mould before another is laid low.' (Eustace's Classical Tour, p. 500; and Blunt's Italy.)

“At Venice, the practice of burying in churches has been relinquished for some years; and the burying-ground of that city now occupies the small island of San Cristoforo, situated in the Laguna, between Venice and Murano. The burying-ground of the Jews, on the sandy islands of Lido, is covered with tombstones bearing Hebrew epitaphs. The burying-ground of the Protestants is within one of the bastions of the fortress of Lido, and contains several tombs of English and Germans. (Cassell's Journey in Corniola, Italy, &c., in the Years 1817 and 1818.)"

Tales of the Manse.—Edited by Hugh HAY, Esq. First Series. Simpkin and Marshall, London; and Blackie and Co., Glasgow.

This volume is very unequally written, sometimes, to all appearance, by a young author, and at others passages of merit present themselves, which lead us to anticipate that we shall be able to bestow greater approbation on succeeding volumes of the "Tales of the Manse" than we can accord to "St. Kentigern." The tale itself is deficient in talent and imagination; but the era chosen renders it scarcely possible for an author to write naturally. The times of the Druids are dark, dim, and barren of that sort of incident which throws light on national character. History has left us no traces of the tone of domestic manners at that early period. For this reason, the familiar expressions of every-day life in the romance of "St. Kentigern" are incongruous and clashing to good taste. It is but justice to the author to say, that he has made all the research that abstruse reading will furnish on the subject; and that several chapters, particularly the first, are very cleverly written. The awkward jocularity of his style makes a burlesque of the illusions of reality which a writer of genius always contrives to throw around a well-chosen historical tale.


Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the value of Dr. Southey's poetry, there is but one in regard to his prose works, the merits of which are universally appreciated in the literary world. During perusal, the easy style of the author, by reason of its elegant simplicity, is wholly forgotten by the reader, while the fascination of Dr. Southey's narrative lasts, whatever the subject on which he treats. His Naval History is full of incident, the result of deep research in chronicles; and not only are the chronicles of France and England made to yield their treasures, but he has diligently searched the unvisited historians of Spain, and translated many passages in order to throw light on the practices of our ancestors in naval warfare. From these we take some curious extracts not highly complimentary to the earlier service, as it is proved that in the days of chivalry the naval heroes of England were a piratical set of depredators. A combined Spanish and French flotilla of sea rovers of the same stamp are spoken of in the writings of Gutierre Diaz, a chronicler of Spain, as having descended on the coast of Devon for the purpose of making reprisals for some English depredations. They find themselves on the estate of the naval commander Sir Henry Paye, familiarly called, we presume, by his mariners, Captain Harry Paye, a name that is very drolliy metamorphosed by the Spaniards.

"Thence they coasted on, landing for wood and water, and to carry off cattle, and to burn the houses and the standing corn, till Pero Nino learned that he was not far from Poole. "This place," says the chronicler, 'belongs to a knight called Arripay, who scoura the seas, as a corsair, with many ships' plundering all the Spanish and French
vessels that he could meet with. This Arripay came often upon the coast of Castille, and carried away many ships and barks; and he scourod the channel of Flanders so powerfully, that no vessel could pass that way without being taken. This Arripay burnt Gijon and Finesterra, and carried off the crucifix from Santa Maria de Finesterra, which was famous as being the holiest in all those parts, (as in truth it was, for I have seen it,) and much more damage he did in Castille, taking many prisoners, and exacting ransoms; and though other armed ships came there from England likewise, he it was who came oftest. It is edifying to perceive that every nation regarded this sort of piratical warfare, when it was carried on by their enemies, in its proper light,—and yet all pursued it in the same spirit themselves! The sea-captain, whose name when thus Hispaniolised looks as if it belonged to an Indian cacique, is no other than the Harry Paye of the English chronicles. Pero Nino no sooner heard that he was near Arripay’s place of abode, than he determined to return the visits which that corsair, as he deemed him, had paid to the Spanish coast. Accordingly they entered the harbour, and came at daybreak in sight of Poole. The town was not walled, and a horseman could ride to the nearest village, which the chronicles describes, must have been erected for the sake of the view which it commanded over that beautiful inlet, not for defence. Here, as at Falmouth, the French commander thought it would be rash to attempt a landing; and when the Spanish, as if the honour of his country required him to take some vengeance here, persisted in his purpose, Mosen Charles forbade any of his people to land with him. The Spaniards landed under the command of Pero’s kinsman, Fernando Nino, with orders not to encumber themselves with plunder, but to plant their banner before the place, and set the houses on fire. One large building was maintained awhile against them; but when, after a stout resistance, they forced an entrance, the defendants escaped at the back part; and here the invaders found arms and sea-stores of all kinds: they carried off what they could, and then set the storehouse on fire. By this time the English had collected in some force, archers and men-at-arms, and having put themselves in array, they came so near that it might well be seen, says Gutierre Diez, who was of a ruddy complexion, and who of a dark one. They had taken the doors out of the houses, which they contrived, by means of supports, to place before them as pavisas, to protect them against the cross-bow shot. Under these the archers kept up a brisk discharge, with such effect that the arbalisters dared not expose themselves, while they stooped to charge their arbalisters. Many were wounded, and those whose armour protected them, are described as fledged with arrows. Pero Nino seeing his people in danger, and that they were beginning to fall back,* landed with the rest of his men, and the French then, notwithstanding their previous determination, hastened with all speed, like brave men, to support him. He set up the cry of Santiago, Santiago! and is a Englishman, who by his enemies’ account fought right well, were at length compelled to retreat, leaving among the slain a brother of Arripay’s, a gallant man at arms, who distinguished himself by his great exertions before he fell.

*Here Pero Nino learnt from his prisoners that the Welsh were in arms, and had baffled the King’s forces: this made him regret the more that Martin Ruiz should have refused to co-operate in this expedition; for with such a force he felt confident that they might have taken many towns, that the strength of the country would have been drawn from the coast, and that they might have levied contributions, and returned with great reputation and wealth. *If he had twenty galleys, as others have had there before and since,* says his standard-bearer, *it is to be believed that he would have done marvellous things.* Gutierre Diez was, indeed, devotedly attached to his country, and it is not for his labours, Pero Nino’s name would now be known only to Spanish genealogists. But though he was an excellent alpenaz, and a good chronicler, he was by no means the best of geographers; for he says that they went up the Southampton river, and came in sight of London, which stands about two leagues from the open sea; a great river called the Thames, coming from the north, and encompassing the place on which it stands; and on the other side is the Isle of Wight. They found a Genoese carrack lying there, which the English had captured; and they would have brought it off, but it had no sails. They were then about to burn it, when the Genoese came off to them in a boat, and, representing themselves as friends to the King of Castille, said their carrack had been taken, though it was provided with the King of England’s safe conduct, and that they were now making suit for its restitution, wherefore they prayed that it might be left unhurt. The reasonable request was granted. The galleys then made for the Isle of Wight, where they landed, and after some skirmishing found it necessary to re-embark, and then returned to France. Reflecting upon this expedition, the author says, that a man who makes war...
against Christians may be saved if he pleases; for in such a war the king is to see whether his cause be just or not, and the subjects, according to the law of Castille, are bound to do what he commands them. But in such a war the Christian must observe four things: he must never put to death one whom he has in his power, either as a prisoner, or as one who is overcome and at his mercy: he must neither rob churches, nor offer any injury to those who have taken refuge in them; nor help himself to anything that may be found there, except a meal for himself and his horse; he must offer no violence to any woman, whether married or single; and he must neither burn houses nor standing corn, because the mischief falls upon the innocent and helpless. These rules, he says, Pero Nino ordered to be observed every where, except in Arripay’s country, because he had burnt places in Castille.”

The present volume is still occupied with the Naval History, abounding in matter of interest to the general reader. The biographies of the British admirals have not yet been commenced.

We cannot help regretting the desultory manner of publication adopted by the editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Surely it were better if first, second, and third volumes on one subject followed each other regularly. This is the third odd volume put forth in three successive months.

*The Prediction.*—In 3 volumes.

The Prediction is not named, in its title-page, as either novel or romance: in reality, the work is a mixture of both, and considerable talent is displayed in each department.

In the component parts of the story there is, however, an exuberance that sometimes requires restraint. We are led from this circumstance to suppose that the *Prediction* is a first work, as young authors often lavish their untried powers in superfluity of incident. Experience will correct this fault, if fault it be, and teach the author to husband the valuable overflows of a fertile imagination, which are put forth in this work as if the mind were an inexhaustible treasury.

We are inclined to think that the most equal talent is displayed in the first volume, which is principally devoted to the natural characters and home sketches generally found in the domestic novel. Mrs. Elwin, and her hand-maid Priscilla, are very amusing personages, and we regret their early exit from the scene of action. There are some powerful scenes in the more elevated part of the work, such as the interview of Charles St. Elmoir with Helen; the introduction of Marie Antoinette; and the search by the heroine for the papers in the lonely apartments.

We cannot compliment the printers on the manner in which this work is got out: it is full of the most provoking errors of the press, which, in many instances, would subject the author to the reproaches of trifling verbal critics; but, subject ourselves to the same accidents, we feel justified in laying the fault on those who seem to deserve it.

*The Chameleon.* Third and last Series.

Longman and Co., London; Paterson and Rutherford, Glasgow.

“The Chameleon” is the concluding volume of a series of clever miscellanies that we have in previous seasons noticed with approbation. Although the author disclaims the title of annual for his book, it has annually made its appearance at Christmas-tide for the last three years. We learn with regret that the illness and threatened dissolution of the author is the cause that the public will see no more succeeding volumes of the Chameleon. As in its predecessors, so in this, we meet with true poetry among some of numerous pieces with which the book abounds. We regret that our author publishes all he writes. We think a smaller volume of selected gems from the whole series would have brought him a higher poetic name: his name will survive, it is true, but it will be by reason of gems which some benevolent critic will dig out of a mine of various materiael. Our favorites in the present volume are the “Floating Beacon,” “The Catherine of Iona,” “Where is my Father’s Grave?” “The Portrait of Mary of Scotland,” “The Burial of the Brave,” and “I dream of thee.” Among these we select as a specimen “The Floating Beacon,” previously doing a kindness for our author that he ought to have done for himself, by striking out two lame, tame, and inefficient verses.

**THE FLOATING BEACON.**

Red Spectre of the watery wild,

Of visage rude and uncouth form;

Unlike to Ocean’s sail-winged child—

Spawn of some haggard midnight storm!
Fix’d wretcher amid tides that flow,
And ever waft the slimy weed;
The “Onward” thou canst never know,”
And “Backward” would be bliss indeed!
What dost thou here?—To make more grim
The yellow surge that round thee raves?
Gaunt spectre, looming dark and dim,
Where havoc hath made people graves!

Seen in the daylit haze, more drear
Than through the gloom a rock-girt coast;
The bravest barque shrinks by in fear
Of thee—of many a wreck the ghost!
The blood-red banner on thy mast!
Well may it droop in drowsy fold;
Ne’er to the breeze nor battle blast
Will it be gloriously unrolled!

Is there in all thy pulseless bulk
A manly heart that heaveth free?
It cannot be, thou tomb-like hulk;
’Twould pine to death if pent in thee!

Thus, as amid the waveless waste
Of sullen brine we slowly sail,
Drugg’d with delay—till food to taste
The madness of the sweeping gale.

Night closed—and with it closed the lid
Of many a landward gaze-tired eye;
Up from the depths in which twas hid,
Leaped a young tempest with a cry.

Wildly its wings around our sails
In midnight glee their fear out-flapped;
The brownest brow with terror paled—
Shoals hemmed us in—but shoals un-mapped!

Backward the reeling vessel shrunk,
As if the path it thrird from land
Were safer—while in distance sunk
The murky outline of the strand.
Oh! for a broad and boundless sea!
O! for a safe and sheltering shore!

In vain—the land is on the lee,
And windward yet the breakers roar!

But lo! firm fixed, where all is lost,
See—where a guiding light appears!
And from the danger-guarded coast,
Thus, Pharos-led, our vessel veers!

Grim visaged though the Beacon Barque,
Such was the aid the uncouth gave;
There let it ride, a blessed ark,
For Beautiful become the Brave!

O! in the voyage that Life we name,
How late’st his ere this truth we own—
“Whate’er the glare of purchased fame,
Beauty in use alone is shown!”

There are some valuable prose papers
in the Chameleon, and among others, a
letter that the lamented Sir Walter
Scott addressed to the author.

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

Theodore Hook is one of our literary
veterans who retains the strength of his
intellect, such as it is, unexhausted by his
frequent publications; while his moral
perceptions seem somewhat improved by
advancing age, and perhaps by the altered
temper of the times. The insolent servility
so conspicuous in his works published
in the reign of the fourth George, which
won for him the proud distinction of being
considered the leader of the lackey and
silver fork school, is mellowed down into
a decent adoration of wealth and distinction.
Perhaps our ancestors had a similar
veneration for silver spoons that Theo-
dore and his imitators have for forks;
and hence arose the homely proverb,
which supposes that a peculiar favourite
of fortune is “born with a silver spoon in
his mouth.” These worthy moderns
ought to make a new reading, and say, a
silver fork. Considering the affection that
Theodore and his disciples bear to these
appendages to the dining table, it would
be a kindness if the Herald-office would
issue a permission for such literary gentry
to bear a pair of silver forks as supporters
to their arms. It would be a privilege
their labours have duly earned.

It must be owned that the present novel
is less tainted with this puerile worldli-
ess than some of its predecessors. Hook
has a cunning intuition into the workings
of hearts whose feelings have been nur-
tured in a state of society wholly arti-
ficial. He is a painter who draws from
life, it is true; but his subjects are crea-
tures who are wrung and warped by affec-
tation and luxury from the natural stan-
dard of human nature. However, while
London teems with pretence and supercil-
iousness in man and woman, Theodore
Hook’s likenesses will continue to amuse.
Yet his attempts at sketching any thing
above these mental distortions are failures.
The love scenes and true real lovers are
prosy and monotonous. Hook cannot
draw a man with a shade of goodness and
humanity in his character without making
him a fool. Then we are quite unbeliev-
ing on the subject of gentlemen fainting
away when they are in love: girls may,
perhaps, now and then, when they know
no better; but men! their hearts are of
tougher materials, as Mr. Theodore Hook
very well knows—and yet both his heroes in
the two tales occasionally faint away under
the pain of disappointment. This seems unnatural, especially in the works of so sneering an author as Theodore Hook, when detailed in sober seriousness. The first tale, which is devoted to delineate love, has little to recommend it in story or character, except a general easiness of style, and ever and anon a shrewd digression, which shews a master in worldly craft. Love, in the hands of the veteran Hook, is a sorry, trashy affair, indeed.

The succeeding tale, called Snowden, which is meant to illustrate pride, is a comedy of no ordinary merit. The character of the Marquis of Snowden, who is an aristocratic Whig, is admirable; and the manner in which all his schemes for the further aggrandisement of himself and family, turn to his mortification, is in a genuine spirit of fun and drollery. This tale also contains excellently well-directed satire, justly levelled at human folly and perversity, which, we think, Mr. Hook must own is higher game than knives, forks, or silver spoons, curtains, carpets, and house furniture, or even the situation of the house itself.

Lord Snowden has an unfortunate personal resemblance to Mr. Buggins, a popular actor, and this is a source of great tribulation to him, as he is a shy retiring man in his habits, from excess of pride, and whenever he ventures abroad without the adjuncts of his rank he is constantly greeted as Mr. Buggins, to his infinite indignation. Circumstances draw him from his dignified retreat at his country seat of Lionsden: he has set his mind on marrying his daughter, and then giving his hand to a young wife, and obtaining the appointment of Governor-General of India. His first step to forward the last of these laudable designs is to invite his present gracious Majesty to pay a visit to Lionsden. But what befel must be told in the author's own words, which in nothing can be found to be tedious:

"The first failure was a very serious one, but it was the fault of nobody. The morning was ushered in, not by a salute of artillery, as had been proposed, but by one of the most violent storms of hail, rain, and wind, that had occurred in the memory of man. Before eleven o'clock, all the flags which had been displayed were blown from their masts, and two-thirds of the admirably constructed dinner-tents levelled with the ground, crushing, in their fall, crates of crockery, and mixing with the mud all the inciting conditions which were to have given zest to the abundant viands. The orchestra, erected for the Russian horns, was blown into the sheet of water near which it was placed, and the barge in which the band of the county militia were harmoniously to have circumnavigated its surface, was cast high and dry upon the land; in short, such a scene of confusion was never before witnessed. At a little after noon came the corporation—not in state, or in procession, but as they could, by detachments: some in post-chaises, others in gigs, flies, and similar conveyances,—the sword and mace having been cautiously forwarded in the carrier's covered cart, wrapped up in a blanket, which served to protect the baubles from the effects of the weather. A crowd of rain-defying urchins had clustered round the gates, by whom every new and well-wetted comer was greeted with a shout of laughter. It was at these gates that the noble Marquess proposed to meet the royal cortege; but as the storm showed no symptoms of abatement, instead of awaiting its arrival on horseback, the horses of his Lordship, and of three or four invertebrate toadies, who alone could be prevailed upon to face the tempest, were placed under cover, while his Lordship and these faithful adherents were bundled into one of the lodges, a servant being placed on the look-out to give timely notice of the approach of their Majesties. Pain, Lord Snowden could endure without flinching, sorrow he could feel without weeping, he could suffer losses without regret, and bear privation without murmuring; but anything like ridicule was death to him. Already mortified beyond measure by the badness of the weather, and its consequences, the cheers of the dirty little boys by whom his hiding-place was surrounded, struck upon his ear as discordantly as the yells of so many demons. "What are those fellows shouting about?" said his Lordship; "do they see the royal carriages?" "Oh, no, my lord," said an unfortunate servant, "they are all making fun of the Mayor and corporation as they come in." "Making fun, Sir," said his Lordship; "what do you mean by fun? Have them removed instantly."
dily brought to the door of the lodge. The Marquess and his friends mounted—a performance which required more strength than grace, on account of the power of the wind, and in a few minutes all was in readiness for the reception. When his Majesty's carriage reached the gates, a momentary pause was made amidst the triumphant cheers of the people; and the Marquess, seated on his favourite charger, and dressed in his yeomanry uniform, welcomed the royal visitor, who, however, came without the Queen—in itself a sad blow to his Lordship. His Lordship took off his regimental chaco with an air and manner which had on a thousand different occasions attracted the admiration of all who had witnessed the graceful display, and acted as faggleman in the cheers which welcomed the Sovereign; but how shall his misery be adequately described—how his position sufficiently well portrayed—when the truth shall be told? In uncovering his head, the lightfit chaco parted from its noble master's head with such reluctance, that the wig—nature's shame and art's master-piece—came with it, and in an instant was blown over the heads of the populace till it caught in the bough of a tree, leaving the Marquess as clean shorn as a devil, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the weather, the shouts of the mob, and the irresistible mirth of majesty itself.

"Never was man so distressed. There he was, with his bald head, mounted on a plunging horse, curvetting amongst the umbrellas of the populace, having totally lost his presence of mind, not choosing to put on his chaco before the King, and not daring to look round; the carriage proceeded at a foot pace amidst the motley throng. To complete all his miseries, just as they reached the great entrance, where, according to the previous arrangement, the magnates of the corporation were assembled, an active boy, who had climbed the elm which had caught the missing periwig, ran up to his Lordship's side, holding the dishevelled article in his hand 'high up in the air,' looking more like a bird's nest than a Brutus,—at the same moment crying out, with the voice of a Stenton, 'Here's your wig, my Lord; I got it down, my Lord; hope you won't forget the poor boy, my Lord.'

The corporation stared and wondered—to what straits may magnificence be reduced! Unconscious of what he did, the noble Lord, in an agony of despair, replaced the well-made, yet much damaged covering upon his head, having in the confusion of the moment, put that part which was destined for the front upon the nape of his neck. It was quite impossible to help laughing at the scene, even had the example not been set in the highest quarter, and this laugh it was that wrung him to the very soul. Having affected to smile at his own misfortunes, his Lordship proceeded in attendance upon his illustrious visitor, to the great drawing-room, where the chairs of state had been according to arrangement placed, the absence of her Majesty having been accounted for by the badness of the weather, which had induced the Queen to proceed direct to Windsor. This disappointment having been generally announced to the company, the ceremonial of presenting the address began. The Mayor delivered it to his Lordship, who, positively refusing the aid of glasses, (although perfectly conscious of the difficulty of seeing without them,) commenced reading the dutiful and affectionate testimonial standing at the right hand of the King, the Mayor and corporation being in front, and the apartment filled with all the company forming the invited party, and by a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of Shuttleworth, who, wet as they were, had been permitted to witness the interesting and magnificent ceremony. The moment the fine sonorous voice of the noble Marquess was heard, silence the most profound reigned amongst the assembled throng. His Lordship read as follows:

"May it please your Majesty,

"We the Mayor, Burgesses, and Aldermen of the ancient and loyal town of Shuttleworth, beg to be permitted to approach your royal presence, in order to offer our dutiful congratulations upon your Majesty's arrival in our neighbourhood.

"In venturing thus to address your Majesty, we have to request that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to accept our hands, as a testimonial of our sentiments, and as a proof of our anxiety to merit that patronage which your Majesty is known so generously to afford to the artisans of the United Kingdom, two specimens of the manufacture of our native town, consisting of a blue silk pelisse and a white lace veil: and to entreat that your Majesty will be pleased to appear in them in public upon the first fitting occasion."

"At the conclusion of this paragraph, a shout of laughter rent the splendid saloon; the King himself first stared with astonishment, and then burst into an immoderate fit of mirth; upon which the Mayor and corporate body, released from the apprehension of committing a solecism by indulging in their merriment, re-echoed the peal, leaving the Marquess in a state of perfect stupefaction, unconscious, in his anxiety to puzzle out the writing, what were the words he had uttered, and completely unaware that, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, and the crowd, his unfortunate but well-meaning friend, Mr. Wiseman, had handed his Lordship the address which had been intended for her Majesty, instead of that which was to be read to the King. Any attempt to restore gravity in the audience
would have been vain; to describe the Marquess’s indignation, equally so: rage kindled in his eye, and the look of compassionate contempt which he cast upon the crowd, who could see anything comical or absurd in a grand ceremonial in which he himself was one of the principal performers, was worthy the pencil of a Wilkie. To add to all his miseries, and conclude the spectacle in the most appropriate possible manner, the band stationed in the ante-room, hearing the burst of noise within, concluded that the ceremony had terminated; and according to directions previously given, struck up one of the liveliest airs from Auber’s Mamma.

"In consequence of the absence of the Queen, a masque which was to have been performed in her Majesty’s honour, remained of course unrepresented; and for the same cause his Majesty, instead of remaining to sleep and pass part of the following day, took his departure at a few minutes after ten, about a quarter of an hour before the display of fireworks. In the lateness of the hour, a circumstance, the grief for which was in some degree compensated by the complete failure of the exhibition, caused by the fall of the heavy rain, and the consequent disappointment of all those to whom fire-works would have been a sight. All that we may venture to repeat of what passed be before his Majesty’s departure, was of itself enough to kill the Marquess:—‘God bless you, my dear Snowden,’ said the King, stepping into his carriage; ‘we have had a delightful day—excellent fun: I shall never hear the name of Lionsdon again without laughing.’ A daggis to Lord Snowden’s heart, or the least severely done him greater injury than the avowal of such an association in the royal mind.

It is impossible to resist the detail of another of his Lordship’s adventures:

"In this mood of mightiness, his Lordship was driving at a clapping pace across Barnes Common, when his horse shied at a donkey, who was very wisely, and by no means like a jackass, standing up out of the rain under a hedge. The suddenness of the shock snapped the shaft of the cabriolet, and the career of his Excellency the Governor-General Bahander, K.G., was suddenly stopped, with no other damage than two or three kicks against the floor of the cab from the heels of the proud and spirited animal that was drawing it. The rain was coming down in torrents. ‘Shaft broken, my Lord,’ said the Tiger. ‘What the deuce is to be done?’ said the Marquess; ‘not a house near——’ said the boy. ‘It is the worst place, too, as it could have happened in, my Lord;’ said the man, ‘for there’s no house near.’ ‘To be sure. What’s this thing coming?’ said his Lordship. ‘It’s the Richmond omnibus, my Lord.’ ‘Oh! money on us—is there any body in it?’ said the Marquess, who began to feel that rain is no respecter of persons. ‘Town, Sir, town?’ said the fellow on the step of the door; ‘plenty of room.’ ‘My Lord, I think you had better get in,’ said the Tiger. ‘Well—I—here, open the door,’ said the Marquess, who certainly never had before seen the inside of an omnibus, and never expected to have been driven to such an expedition. However, it saved him from the rain, from cold, rheumatism, and all the ills that flesh (even that of the Pilimmons) is heir to, and might be immortalised in history as having been graced with the presence of the greatest Governor-General that ever was destined to govern India.

"The Marquess stepped in, and the conductor gave the word—‘All right!’ but this was done so soon after the admission of his Lordship into the vehicle, and he was so long picking out a clean place to sit down upon, that the jerk of the horses threw his Lordship forward into the lap of the fatest woman that ever was seen out on a caravan at a fair, who, unfortunately, was carrying a jar of pickled onions on her knee, which was upset by the Marquess’s tumble, and in its fall saturated the front of his Lordship’s waistcoat and stock with its fragrant juice.

"The Marquess made a thousand well-bred apologies, and was got upon his legs by the exertions of the fat woman, whose struggles to rescue herself from the imposing weight of nobility materially assisted the efforts of a good-natured dirty little man in the corner, and a thin spare woman, who was carrying a bantam cock and three hens in a basket to London, having upon her other hand a large faced child, with great blue eyes, and a cold in its head. Near the door, and over whose shins the Marquess first tumbled upon getting in, was placed a stout blue-aproned market gardener; and, opposite to him, a smart-looking man, with a mosaic gold chain around his neck, and a bunch of oily curls coming out from under his hat, just over his ear—he was the dandy of the party. Off went the omnibus—rattle went all the windows—slap went the weather-boards—bang went the axletrees; and away went the whole concern, at a rate and with a noise of which the Marquess, till that moment, had but a very faint conception. The dirty dandy in the corner, as soon as he saw the involuntary contortions of poor Lord Snowden’s countenance, as the huge thing bumped up and down, and twisted first one way, then the other, began to affect a similar distaste for the conveyance; and to mark his sympathy with the new arrival, forthwith pumped himself up close to him. He looked at the Governor-General Bahander for a moment or two, and then pulling out a sort of whitish-brown paper funnel, which did
duty for a snuff-box, offered it to the Marquess. 'Do you snuff, Sir?' said the dandy. 'No; I'm obliged to you,' replied the Marquess. 'Have you been down at Richmond, starring?' asked the dandy. 'Sir!' said Lord Snowden. 'I mean,' said the man, 'have you been acting a few?' 'I don't exactly understand you,' said the Marquess. 'Oh! come, governor, none of your nonsense—no tricks upon travellers!' said the dandy. 'Governor!' thought the Marquess; 'what the dience can he mean?'

'I think,' continued the stranger, 'I have smoked a pipe or two before now along with you in the Coal-hole.' 'Sir!' said the Marquess. 'I never smoked a pipe, or was in a coal-hole in the whole course of my existence.' 'What! my Solomon Lob,' said the exhilarated fiend, 'you don't mean to deny yourself to me! No, no—whether you have smoked pipes and been in the Coal-hole, I won't argue; but I know this, I have paid many a shilling to see you, and never grudged a penny of them.' 'Sir,' said the Marquess, 'I repeat, you are mistaken.' 'I tell you once for all,' said the dandy, 'its no manner of use your trying to gammon me. Buggins is Buggins all the world over—on the stage or in it.' 'Sir,' said the Marquess, 'I am not Mr. Buggins, and I never saw that person in the whole course of my existence.' 'Then, if you never did,' said the facetious passenger, 'I'd advise you to look at your own sweet countenance in the looking-glass the moment you get to your lodgings, and you may save your two shillings for paying to go and see him in the play.'

'After a short delay, during which several aristocratic carriages rolled by—at which periods the Marquess adopted the celebrated system of ostrichism, and hid his head—the omnibus rattled on towards town. At Waltham-green, two tall scraggy girls, from a boarding-school—

'Sickly, smiling, gay, young, and awkward,' were poked in. A gentleman with very red mustachios was picked up at the Queen's Elm-tree; and a poulterer's boy, with a couple of skinned rabbits in a tray, was added to the party at the corner of Sloane-street, the said rabbits being on their way back to a poulterer's in Duke-street, St. James's, because they were not fresh.

'At the top of St. James's-street the caravan stopped. The day had cleared up: the pavement was dry. The King was in town; there were many people about. Lord Snowden just peeped through the windows, and saw groups collected—men he knew. Here it was clear, he could not get out—whither should he go?—how far—what place was safe? 'Any body for White Oss Cellar?' said the man on the steps. Out went the dirty dandy, the man with the apron, and the boy with the rabbits. But their places were instantly supplied by a portly gentle-man, lugging in a small sized green garden-engine with a fan spout, and three fishing-rods, which he had just bought at the corner of Albermarle-street, and a fond mother, who had provided herself with a heap of toys for her six children. Still the Marquess kept peering out of his prison—nobody saw him, and it was pleasant to peep through the loop-holes thus unobserved. In a few minutes all was right. But the pavement in Piccadilly was up: it was necessary, therefore, that the huge machine should go down St. James's-street; and so it did. But short was its progress in that line of march. All the bumpings and thumpings which its rapid course in the earlier part of its journey had excited now were to be compensated for. The driver smacked his whip, the horses obeyed the sound, when bang went something, and in an instant the whole fabric came down with a crash like thunder, exactly in front of White's. In detail were the passengers extricated. The dear little boarding-school girls jumped out first; the fat man with his garden-engine stuck in the door-way, and was only ejected by the ponderosity of the still fatter woman with what she called her 'mon jar,' clasped like a lovely baby to her bosom; the lady with the toys was trampled under foot; the sick child was jammed under the dirty man in the corner; and the thin woman who took care of it, getting anxious about its fate, unwillingly abandoned the poultry; and when the most noble the Marquess of Snowden, K. G., and Governor-General of India, emerged, amidst the cries of 'Take care of the old gentleman,' he came out without his hat, with a little bantam cock perched upon his head, and a couple of fuzzy-legged hens roosting upon his shoulders.'

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood.

Tilt.

The Comic Annual has at length been satisfactorily heard of, although we thought it had met with some tragic end, in November, as lost, stolen, or strayed. However, better late than never. Right merry jests cannot be out of season at Christmas; and we welcome him, not forgetting that his fair rival in the lists of mirth, helped us to laugh away the dools and glooms of November, by the aid of the Comic Offering. Success to them both, we say; there is a plentiful need of a large supply of fun in these dolorous times, when comedy has fled from the stage, and would be dead outright, were it not for the names of S. Eridan and Hood, and all the droll doings connected therewith.
But to our task of review. The bill of fare commences with an extravagant tale of an Italian about to be hanged for coinage, who causes the hangman to be bitten with a pet tarantula that he privately cherishes, and thereby sets the awful functionary capering instead of doing his office. There are some passages in the "Fancy Fair" droll enough, but a little too coarse for extract. The sketch turns on the mistake of an old sporting man who goes to a fashionable "Fancy Fair" expecting to see a little pugilism—in short, a farce of the Fancy. "The Death of the Domine" is very clever. "A Waterloo Ballad," and "Over the Way" are amusing. Among the "Sketches on the Road" the last is excellent, and in the legitimate spirit of laughter; the others are in a tone a little bordering on brutality. And here we must pause, and read friend Hood a small feminine lecture on the morale of fun: if he sends his book to the tribunal of the fair, he must patiently hold up his hand and hear a lady-like verdict. There is no real comic effect produced either by pictorial representation or verbal description of miserable women crushed beneath grinding wheels, of sailors bitten in two by ravenous sharks, or the helpless wretchedness of the blind; nor would Mr. Hood find shipwreck or loss of limbs the funniest incidents in the world, were he himself to be in such a predicament. We would willingly be hoodwinked, did not a sense of duty compel us not to wink at our friend Hood's faults in this respect; but the fictitious imagery of such horrible events, treated with levity by a popular writer and artist, will lead to the evil consequence of hardening the heart, and when such calamities really occur, the beholders will be disposed to sneer and grin, instead of yielding to the generous impulses of the natural feelings of humanity. These faults are bad every way, vile in taste, and utter failures in fun.


Of the designs themselves, and the execution of the wood-cuts generally, we must say they are very clever and spirited, yet far less elaborate than those in the Comic Offering; but it is a curious fact in this branch of the arts, that the difficulty in the execution consists in proportion almost inversely—that mere line and outline give the artist infinitude of trouble—great richness or fulness comparatively much less. The binding of the latter is very superior; that of the Comic Annual very ordinary.

By way of specimen of the Comic Annual, we have reserved some passages, selected à discretion, of the Lost Heir, a comic poesy, well illustrated by the cut of a "Lost Child its own Cryer."

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed motherly eyes, sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a plaything at making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all the other young boys, with two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys. When his father comes home, he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one, he'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and ingums not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't be making a mob in the street:

O Serjeant MacFarlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?

Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;

Saints forbid! but he's p'raps been invigilated away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs.

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rug Fair;

And his trousers considering not very much patch'd, and red plush, they was once his father's best pair.

His shirt, its very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinnafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast. He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so much jagg'd at the brim, with one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and, you'll know by that if its him. Except being so well-dress'd, my mind would misgivme some old beggar woman in want of an orphan, had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!

Billy—where are you Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow! And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herrings tomorrow. O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more valley, If I'm to see other folk's darlings and none of mine playing like angels in our alley; And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair, As Billy used to make coaches and horses of, and there ain't no Billy there! I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only knew'd where to run. And then he has got such dear winning ways—but, O, I never, never shall see him no more! O dear, to think of losing him, just after nussing him back from death's door!

Only the very last month, when the winds falls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny! And the three-pence he got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many. And the cholera man came and white-washed us all, and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.— It's no use to send the cryer to cry him about, he's such a blunderin old drunken dog; The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown, and went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted mother and father about town. Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home to your best of mothers! I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers. I only wish I had got him safe in these two motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him! 

Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was, but a child don't feel like a child till you miss him. Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch—its that Billy, as sartin as sin! But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

The recent junction of the two National Theatres seems only to have increased the before lamentable condition of the English stage. We are induced, therefore, to look back to what has taken place in relation to theatrical affairs during the last forty or fifty years. It is not a little singular that, shortly after Sheridan became a proprietor and manager of Drury-lane Theatre, a similar coalition was entered into between the two theatres "Royal," in consequence of which the principal performers acted, as convenience suited, at either house. This coalition, which commenced in 1779, lasted, indeed, but a short time—a result which we are much inclined to anticipate will attend the present similar undertaking. But there is, also, another strange occurrence, likewise co-existent with these establishments; viz., that a few years prior to the first coalition, foreign dancers were introduced on the stage of Drury-lane, an example which of late has been adopted by the managers of the present day, at both houses, and which, as in the former instance, has been succeeded by their union. At first sight it may appear very extraordinary that such a similar and regular progression should have taken place preparatory to this second change. Upon a common principle, however, the apparent riddle can very easily be solved. When the public ceases to attend the theatre, it is argued, either that the performances are not approved of, or that something in the constitution of the house or its management is positively disliked. The latter being of a personal nature, is deemed to be a matter worthy only of secondary consideration, and the first blow is at the performances. The treasury is brought low by reason of empty benches; economy is necessary; salaries must be reduced,—and due subordination brought about by having the patent theatres under one chieftain. In the changes of performance, however, each branch in its turn undergoes a temporary trial. The wonderful among the brute creation are made the subject of exhibition; and when tragedy, comedy, and all changes are equally unavailing, last of all comes the attractive ballet.

It would be difficult, indeed, to point out a remedy for the decline in this species of property, at the great houses, unless it were
a diminution in the prices of admission, and concluding the performances at an earlier hour. The resident public would then be induced more frequently to attend the theatre, and they would also gain a relish for theatrical performances,—whether for good or evil, which is not a matter for present inquiry, depending much upon the virtue or weakness of the proprietors and managers; but the public would acquire an inclination to go often, and the performers themselves would be inspired by playing to overflowing houses, thereby mutually encouraging each other. Whereas, at present, the resident public know very little of, and care still less for, the theatres. The long interval made by large families, on account of the expense, between each visit, destroys the lurking inclination to go again, which might have existed at, or for some short time after, witnessing an agreeable and attractive novelty.

In Sheridan's time, we do not find that any address to the public was issued; but Mr. Bunn, on entering into his management, deemed it requisite to put forth an explanatory letter, in which he professed to point out the cause which had produced the distress in the dramatic circle; but, alas! the truth of the matter was, Mr. Sheridan's extravagant expenditure out of the theatre constantly beggared its treasury. The salaries, however, were always paid, and in full, although on many occasions the company were compelled to wait some considerable time ere the money made its appearance. During that gentleman's proprietorship, he extracted from the theatre, in the shape of profits, no less a sum than 100,000l. and upwards, notwithstanding his dramatic personæ comprised the strongest phalanx of talent of which the stage has perhaps ever boasted. Amongst them we find Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, Miss Pope, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Goodall, Miss Decamp (now Mrs. C. Kemble), and occasionally Madame Mara, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Bland—all ladies of first-rate abilities, and receiving that which they deserved—large incomes. Then there were, of the male sex, John Kemble, J. Palmer, Barrymore, Smith, King, Dodd, Parsons, Suett, John Banister—each, as many of the visitors of the theatres even of the present period know, men unequaled in the past, as well as at the present time, in their respective departments. These gentlemen were also paid appropriate and adequate salaries. Would any one declare that such men as those just enumerated were not deserving, and richly, too, of their pay? By their powers they attracted crowds to witness their performances.

Are there no living authors who can write successfully? Doubtless there are; but, to enable them to write, or even to induce them to make the attempt; they ought to have liberal and unbiased encouragement. A reasonable degree of respect should be paid to them when their pieces are offered, and they should not be looked upon as requiring a positive introduction to lay before the manager the tribute of true muse. This, we regret to say, of late years, has not been the line of conduct pursued. To whom have the pieces, submitted for approbation by the author, been sent by the manager for perusal? Why, to such rival authors as chanced to have some connexion with the respective theatres.

"Nature is nature," and a feeling of jealousy will creep into the opinions of rivals, let them be in what station of life they may. A system of injustice, not merely to the author but to the public, has thus been fostered; and going a little further, we might add, that the managers have had reason to regret the plans they pursued on this head, if we may judge from the numerous failures which have followed the representation of almost countless pieces which have been attempted to be foisted on their patrons, the public. Let, then, this system be altered entirely, a diminution be made in the salaries, suitable to a peace establishment, the theatre be closed at an earlier hour, and each author have a fair and equal chance.

It is said by some that the theatres have been ruined by the exorbitant demands of salary made by the popular actors and actresses. We are induced to deny this assertion; although we are not prepared to say, in the spirit of fairness, that the demand may not have been carried a little too high. We would take the liberty to ask whether none but those of leading talent have received exorbitant salaries? Whether any besides those whose ability and powers were so great as to "draw" full houses have not been paid far more, in some cases, than double what their dramatic capabilities in justice called for? Again, have none but the highly-gifted been brought forward? Yes! Night after night the favoured "friend" of a proprietor, of a manager, or of an influential man about the establishment, has been forced on in a leading character, without possessing one single requisite for the personification, unless it might chance to be a pretty face or an elegantly turned ankle;—an act at once disgraceful to morality, disgusting to parents, and to persons who are given to reflection, and opposed also to every principle of common decency. Are not such persons supported by favours, whilst the modest well-conducted actress, possessing fifty times the talent, is kept back and almost broken-hearted at her hard fate? Is this the course to pursue to deserve the patronage of a willing public? Have done, then, with such prac-
Drama, &c.

...tices as these: let the "talents" have fair scope—let them appear en masse, where the play will admit thereof; let authors have proper encouragement extended to them, and we shall hear no more about their distresses, the dilapidated state of the drama.

Having despatched one department, we will proceed to investigate the assertion that large salaries have been the cause of the ruin. Let us consider who have been the most expensive performers within the period of years just spoken of:—Cooke, Kean, the great John Kemble, Young, Liston, Braham, the matchless Mrs. Siddons, Miss O’Nei, Miss Stephens, Miss Wilson, Miss F. Kemble, besides many others. Each of these received what Mr. Bunn has denominated as meaning—immense salaries. Why were those large salaries given? Simply because they drew full houses, thereby enabling the treasurer to pay in full all the other salaries as well as their own, whilst the minor talents played to empty benches. Drury Lane was about to shut up when Kean burst forth, and accumulated thousands for the lessee. The same year Miss Stephens enriched the treasury of Covent Garden, and the proprietors once more wore smiling faces. On another occasion, the junction of the talents of John Kemble and Young in Julius Cæsar, and other plays of equal interest and worth, produced a similar beneficial result; and again, at a subsequent period, the union of the powers of Kean and Young drew numberless thousands to the theatre who previously considered that they had long before taken their farewell of exhibitions of that description. Miss O’Nei brought abundance to Covent Garden; whilst a few years after Miss Wilson saved Drury Lane from bankruptcy, by her exertions, by pouring suffusion of cash, into the coffers of the theatre. Miss Fanny Kemble, again, enabled her father to surmount pecuniary difficulties which had all but overwhelmed Covent Garden, and Mrs. Siddons was a mine of wealth to any establishment with which she chanced to connect herself. The actual worth, therefore, of such performers is decided by the result of their exertions; and that result is so extensively beneficial as the various experiments have proved it to be, surely the remuneration for the attraction ought to be comparatively commensurate. Great, however, as the attraction is, as respects any particular individual, we have so many instances where a lapse of years has so diminished their hold over the community of playgoers, that the announcement of a name in the bills has not, as in former days, had the effect of drawing or enticing a full audience to witness the performance. The moment when such diminution shall have arrived,—however unpleasant to the actor and to the manager on the one part to reduce their terms, and on the other to refuse to give more than the real value, an average salary, (an act, by the bye, of common justice to the other members of the profession,)—is that when the manager, looking to his own interest and to that of the public, should make his stand. Were this course to be pursued, the question of "unequal salary" would be completely annihilated. Who of the present day is there who does not remember, like ourselves, when the name of Miss Stephens, or of Braham, in the bills for the evening, was what was termed a "card," or, in other words, certain of producing a full house? What, of late years, more especially as regards the lady (of whom no one can entertain a higher opinion than ourselves), has been the consequence of their engagements? Why! that not one sleeping extra has flowed into the treasury by the announcement. Well, then, is a manager warranted in paying to such a party as large, or, what we believe to have been the fact, even a larger salary, than when in the zenith of their powers, and when their very name was pregnant with golden attraction. We can hesitatingly say no principle grounded on justice, or upon the common "rule of three" question of, "if the talent and attraction of the performer be so and so, how much is it worth?" Let some such calculation as this be followed, and the abuses complained of may cure themselves, and talent demand and find its proper level. According to capabilities let the party be paid. Jaded and worn-out powers, grafted upon former excellence and popularity, should not be the guide. We would offer to performers of education and consequent ability handsome incomes; but the requirements developed by the capability be the barometer of determination for the engagement. Competition, until lately, had the effect of fostering and bringing forth talent; but that genial soil is no longer existing—the chance of competition is smothered and cut off by the junction of the two patent theatres. A question might, indeed, almost arise, whether one patent under the present system would not be sufficient, and then whether the other patent ought not to be conferred on a third theatre? On this point, however, we have not, as yet, been able to make up our minds; but the subject we heard a few evenings since mooted, with much force of argument and plausibility of purpose. In the event of combination amongst any class in trade, the law is put in force with the view of restoring a healthful condition of things. Why not, therefore, in theatrical affairs? Mr. Bunn has much within his grasp; he can bring round a wholesome state of things; or he can at once extinguish all the hopes which may have been engendered in the breasts of
numbers who have been taught by their parents to look towards the stage as the source from which they are to expect, if they render themselves deserving, honour and wealth, and comfort when in the vale of years, and when age shall have so far impaired their physical faculties as to render their powers unavailable. With these modifying circumstances, armed, are too great to centre in one person. It will be our vocation to watch, and that narrowly too, the progress of the new management, and where praise is due, it shall be freely awarded; but if the contrary, then will a just condemnation from our feeble pen be its attendant.

King's Theatre.—Affairs at this splendid house have undergone no alteration during the past month. Laporte continues in possession, and, as far as we can learn, no chance exists of his being ousted for the ensuing season. The company already engaged is powerful and effective. In our last Number we gave a list of all the principal artists with whom he has as yet made arrangements. The season will commence early in February, and we hope it may prove more profitable than that of 1833.

Drury-Lane.—During the past month, little has occurred at this house to call forth particular remark. We cannot, however, allow the opportunity to escape without expressing the delightful treat we had, on the 15th ultimo, in seeing Macready personate Coriolanus. In the third act, his commanding attitude, as he alone repelled the advances of the mob, was grand and powerful; and his denunciation against Tullius Aufidius was a sublime display of lofty, nervous passion. Great applause was bestowed on the principal scenes, and Mrs. Sloman did as much for Volumnia as any one since Mrs. Siddons left the stage. The Senators were represented by seven grave personages, whose deliberations were witnessed by nine attendants!!! The person, too, who regulates the processes should place the lectors immediately after the consul, and not in the rear of all the other soldiers. They were Roman officers of justice, and should not be brought forward in the scene of the Volscians. The latter were also represented by the same individuals, without any alteration of dress, and were made to march in as Roman soldiers. This circumstance, though not of vast importance, would be as well corrected.

On the 26th ult. a new piece was brought forward, entitled, “St. George and the Dragon, or the Seven Champions of Christendom.” The plot closely follows the history, but is confined to that wonderful exploit which obtained for St. George his deathless fame, and the representation of which hung round the necks of the bravest, as the highest reward of the Sovereign. The scene commences in the cave of the “Enchantress.” The Sorceress is enclosed in a rock, and “St. George” having liberated the other six Champions, turned into stone by the Enchantress, they separate to pursue their adventures. The second act opens in Egypt. The first scene is in the palace of “King Ptolomy.” The celebration of the marriage of his daughter “Sabra” to the King of Morocco, is put an end to by the progress of the “Dragon,” who cannot be satisfied unless a virgin is sacrificed to his devouring jaws. “Sabra” having been exposed for that purpose, is rescued by “St. George.” The fight with the “Dragon,” is well managed, and the scene in which it appears grasping the horse by the throat, and its tail enveloping the Knight, is extremely picturesque. The whole ends with a grand procession of the “Seven Champions.” This splendid scene drew down shouts of applause. Mr. Ducrow, as “St. George,” was admirable; on him and his horses the whole burden of the piece rests.

Covent Garden.—Gustave has been the order of the night at this house, and crowded audiences have fully warranted its continued representation. Novelty has, therefore, been an absentee from the boards of this theatre; but, if we are to place implicit reliance on the current rumours, this will not be long the case. The pantomime we scarcely include in this term, taking it as a matter of annual course. Farley, the king of “pantomimic constructors,” has selected for his subject the nursery tale of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog. If the story is not strongly engraven on the memory, the fault, we opine, was not at all events the “nurse’s,” who, no doubt, told o’er and o’er again the far-famed and celebrated “history,” commencing with “Old mother Hubbard, she went to her cupboard, to get the poor dog a bone, When she got there, the cupboard was bare, and the poor dog had none.” This is the groundwork of the pantomime produced on the 26th ultimo, of which we subjoin particulars.

“Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog, or Tales of the Nursery.”—The King, to enrich his treasury, is about to form a union
with the "Duchess Grisfinwinkleblowsabella;" and opposes the union of his daughter with "Prince Percinetti," who is not rich. To prevent the union "Cupid" assumes the character of "Mother Hubbard," a sorceress. Thus we pass through nine beautiful scenes; the first is divided into three sections. The Queen of Night in her chariot, giving way to Phoebus driving his fiery steeds, and afterwards displaying "Venus" rising from the sea in her coral bower, and the descent of "Cupid" on a butterfly. During these we are introduced to "Little Jack Horner," and several other well-known nursery favourites. Then the Harlequinade itself commences. The tricks were "few and far between;" there was no novelty. In the last Dioramic scene, by Grieve, is exhibited "a grand naval allegory, in which is placed the Temple of Perseverance, with the planting of the British standard on the Magnetic Pole, surrounded by a brilliant aurora borealis." The scenery and machinery were good.

Adelphi.—Few seasons have been more prolific in novelty at this house than the present. Every month since its opening, we have had the satisfaction of noticing the production of at least one new piece. Another new piece, The Victim, has been brought out with the acæstomned success which awaits Mr. Yates' judicious management and discrimination. The play is taken from an extremely interesting tale which appeared in the February Number, page 58, of our Magazine entitled, "The Last of the Burnnings," a Norwich record, to which, for the plot, we refer. The adapter, Mr. Brunton (Mrs. Yates' father) has adhered closely to the story of our tale—in deed, so much so, that even the very names are transferred from the pages of the Lady's Magazine to the stage of the acting, by Yates, his elevan-year-old, O. Smith, J. Reeve, and Hemmings, was excellent; and the piece was received on the first night, as it has been every succeeding evening, with rapturous applause.

"Harlequin and Margery Daw, or the Saucy Slut and the See Saw."—In the story, as dramatised, it appears that "Margery Daw" has attracted the notice of the "Fairy Queen," who determines to be her protectress. Her lover, Harlequin, having a rich and cruel father, Pantaloone, is crossed by him in his love, and urged to marry "Miss Guineanob" (Mr. Sanders), afterwards "Madam Doce." In a scene of great splendour, displaying the mists of midnight hanging over the "Shining River," the Queen of the Stream issues, attended by the "River Faries and Elves." Margery's farm is seen at sunrise, and "Margery" herself in the midst of her poultry, enjoying the pleasure of attending to their wants. At a touch of the "Queen's" wand, all the characters cast off their skins. The principal novelty consisted in the personification of the "Civet Cat," West Strand, which having been fresh imported "all alive," is thrown over the heads of the people in the pit, drawn up by a string through a hole in the ceiling. A representation of the inside of a gin shop ends by all the parties being put to flight by the issuing of ardent spirits from the cellaring. Harlequin dashes through a pipe of port, and the Clowns, after making sad havoc by splintering all the bottles, escape by plunging through a 300 gallon hogshad of genuine Jamaic. Loud applause followed the falling of the curtain.

Olympic.—"Another and another still succeeds," may be taken as a fair motto for any account of the novelities at this house, whether with reference to quantity or quality. The Welsh Girl, the last, is an elegant and pleasing vaudeville. The plot is natural and simple. From the frequent introduction of the melodies of the Welsh, it awakens great interest in the heart. The "gay widow" assumed the character of a simple Welsh girl. Nothing could be more disillusioning than "The allurements of Love," and "The Mountain Fair," or a "solo in the finale to "The March of the Men of Harlech," which elicited a unanimous call for repetition. The music is arranged by Mr. Parry, who produced a novel effect in the overture, by having a harper behind the curtain on the stage, who played the lively air of "A Pepperkin," accompanied by the band in the orchestra. The vaudeville has drawn crowded houses.

The fair manager of this theatre disdains the assistance of Harlequin and Columbine, and seeks succour from the Heathen deities, who are not slow to listen to her applications for aid, either at Christmas, or at other holiday times. The heathen deities cannot prevent us from laughing at them most heartily. On the 26th ult. was produced, "The Deep, Deep Sea, or Perseus and Andromeda." The characters are all cast as in the original mythologic drama. The scene opens with a view of a sub-marine grotto, in which Neptune is reposing in the absence of his vixen wife, who has gone to drink tea with Cassiope, the Queen of Ethiopia. The slumber of the Monarch is soon interrupted by the return of Amphitrite, who is enraged by the presumption of Cassiope in comparing herself in beauty to Juno and the Nereides, and commands her husband to punish insolent vanity. Neptune kindly consents to drown the whole world, but, fortunately for the globe, at this moment the great American sea-serpent, "half man, half horse, and half alligator," makes his appearance, and Amphitrite contents herself with sending him to ravage the country of Ethiopia. The Oracle directs that Andromeda shall be de-
Drama, &c.

Drama, &c.

livered up to be devoured by the serpent, as the only means of pacifying Amphitrite, but Perseus disputes the monster's claim to his mistress, and in a combat destroys the scourge of Ethiopia. The contest, however, was not conducted on equal terms, for the American serpent has borrowed Uncle Ben's three-barrelled rifle: but the Ocean God having damped the priming, it misses fire, and the monster is then despatched by a sword. The Gods and Goddesses descend from above, and the infernal come up from below, to celebrate the nuptials of the happy pair. Jove, with an eagle cowering at his feet, occupies the centre cloud, in true celestial regality. At this period of the action Phineus, uncle to Andromeda, and also her suitor, comes to the rescue with a chosen band. They are all turned into stone in the act of striking, upon having the head of Medusa presented to their view. Madame Vestris, who personated the hero, acted with great animation, and sang, as she always does, delightfully. The piece was approved by general acclaimation.

The Victoria.—On the usual night the house was crowded to the very roof, to witness "A. B. C., or Harlequin, Guy Earl of Warwick, and the Cow Dung." On the rising of the curtain we are introduced to the cottage of "Alpha," the academic fairy. Under the disguise of an old woman she sets up schoolmaster. Alpha informs her pupils that there will be no more earthly wheel to the head of the Cow Dung is severed from its body. Guy, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Harlequin, sets out to attack the beast, and destroys the monster. A Knight competitor expects to receive the hand of one of the ladies of Cologne, as a reward of his valour, but the Earl appears, and destroys his hope. A Dancer, disguised as a countryman, enters, and hence arises the change of character. "A. B. C." was such as to make the audience laugh and applaud, and the managers will, we have little doubt, be satisfied.

Surrey.—On the 26th ultimo Mr. Osbaldeston produced "One, two, come buckle my shoe." As far as the eye can speak or judge in these matters, we should say that "One, two," &c. was an exceedingly entertaining piece; but from the very uprooted state of the theatre, owing to the enjoyment of the holiday folks, we could not hear a word. The grand moving panorama, by Marshall, representing some of the principal scenes in Byron's works, would itself induce many a visitant.

The Strand.—Mr. J. Russell's experiment of The Strand-ed Actor has, we are glad to say, answered the most sanguine expectations of himself and his friends, and we shall rejoice to hear of his success. Let us recommend all our friends to pay him a visit. We can venture to promise them a treat.

On the 26th ultimo Mr. Russell laboured under considerable indisposition and agitation, and made several apologies. At the close of the evening he stated that he had been served with an ejectment from the house; but he trusted he should soon be able to present the same entertainment elsewhere. This statement was received with great sympathy, and he was warmly applauded.

Sadler's Wells.—This theatre presented its audience with "Christmas Eve, or the Flag of the Hill." "Twenty-four blackbirds baked in a pie" are here portrayed, with a variety of additional matters. There were many novel tricks, much beautiful scenery, &c. to constitute a good pantomime.

The Fitzroy.—This house, which has relinquished its old appellation of the Queen's, opened with an entirely new company, under Mr. Ollier and Mr. Mayhew. The entertainments were the Templar, a domestic tragedy; Who is Right? a laughable farce; and a pantomime, named "Harlequin Merman." The pantomime was most successful. An election booth is introduced upon the stage. A corpulent "plumber" is actually torn asunder, and converted by main force into a "split vote." The performances were highly approved.

New Queen's.—Mr. Elliott, late of the Queen's Theatre, now called the Royal Fitzroy Theatre, has taken Cooke's Circus, in Windmill-street, Haymarket, as the New Queen's. The company, which comprises nearly all the members of the old Queen's, commenced, we hope, a successful campaign on the 26th ultimo, with The Military Execution, a new piece entitled A Friend to Dinner, and Captain Ross, the characters in which were all well supported.

The English Company in Germany opened with The Merchant of Venice. King John and Miss E. Tree were particularly admired, and the house, which is as large as Covent Garden Theatre, was crowded in every part. The local theatricals were jealous of their good fortune. Hamburg is the first city on the Continent where a sterling company of English performers has shewn itself. The members must return to England with lively feelings for the hospitality with which they were received at Altona (says the Hamburg Reporter). But it seems a rich merchant there has joined Captain Livius in his speculation. Every place was eagerly taken for the first three nights, principally by the people of Hamburg. Altona being in Denmark, the senate cannot prevent their performing there. A petition was to be presented to the Senate, praying to be allowed to act in the Apollo, which house is the size of the Haymarket theatre. During the week an answer will be given to the petition. The German Papers say there can be nothing like Miss Tree. Vining is also a great favourite. The Russian Consul is so pleased with the English performers, that he has
written to the Emperor, strongly advising
him to invite them to St. Petersburg, and
grant a sum sufficient to defray the expenses
there and back. The Grand Duke of Olden-
burgh has expressed a desire to see the Eng-
lish performance, and offered to guarantee
the expense of twelve nights' performance.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

Académie Royale de Musique.—So great
has been the hit, and so successful the new
ballet in Paris, since our last number, enti-
tled La Révolte du Serail, that we are in-
duced to present the subjoined lengthy
detail of the plot, appointments, and repre-
sentatives, satisfied that, even though it be
not produced by the manager of the patent
theatres, an English audience will have an
opportunity of witnessing its representation
at the King's Theatre, at which establish-
ment, during the ensuing season, it will be
given. Under the direction of its composer
and conductor, M. Taglioni, with all its origi-
nal magnificence. We learn, however,
that Mr. Bunn has paid a visit to Paris for
the express purpose of making such arrange-
ments as will enable him to produce this
ballet on the boards of one of his houses.
The particulars are abridged from the criti-
cism which appeared, a day or two after its
production, in the Gazette de France:

"This is a ballet in the most simple, and
yet most brilliant meaning of the word.
The scenes are laid in Grenada, in the time of
the Moors. The King, Mahomet, has ob-
tained a victory over the Castilians, by the
courage of Ismael, chief of his forces. He
leads the youthful warrior with presents
and honours. Incense is burnt in the mosque
of the Alhambra: the seraglio is one scene
of joy, and the King orders the ladies of his
harem to join in the amusements. They
shortly appear, but Ismael's feelings may
be imagined when he recognises amidst
the graceful band his dearly beloved Zulma, the
loveliest maiden in Granada, to whom he
has sworn eternal love, and from whom he
has received a pledge of constancy in return,
yet who, nevertheless, is now the favourite
of the King of Granada. Ismael is about
to give vent to his feelings in loud re-
proaches, when he is stopped by Mina, an
African, a faithful slave of Zulma, who,
by her looks, seems to say to her lover, I am
not guilty. Mahomet presents Ismael with
a magnificent plume of feathers, but at the
moment, Mina, in the name of his mistress,
acquaints him with a secret rendezvous.
The King desires to award a sabre of honour
to the recompense. This, however, is de-
clined by Ismael, who requests in its stead
the freedom of the ladies of the harem.
Mahomet hesitates, but at last promises that
the freedom of the female slaves shall be
declared. Ismael solicited this favour for
the purpose of obtaining the deliverance of
Zulma, and fancies that his wishes are ac-
complished by the proclamation of the royal
grace. Mahomet excepts Zulma from the
general act of freedom, and endeavours to
convince her that his conduct in this respect
is highly flattering to herself. She repels
and defies him, and shews she has given her
heart to another. Mahomet, enraged, is in-
clined to kill her on the spot, but postpones
his vengeance. He then proceeds to the
grand mosque, accompanied by Ismael, and
followed by the acclamations of his court
and the people, which was represented
with unusual magnificence. In the second
act the most mysterious part of the interior
of the harem is exposed. This is the bathing
apartment of the women. A great many
of them may be seen immersed in the water
contained in the bath, from which they come
out successively to attend to the duties of
the toilette, or to enjoy the amusements of
their sex. A great deal has been said about
this scene. It has been de-
scribed as one that must shock even the
least prudish. All the bathers and oda-
lisques belong to the Académie Royale de
Musique. The scene itself is enchanting,
full of freshness and grace, but does not
exceed the limits of choreographic decency.
The bathing apartment of La Révolte du
Serail is one of the most elegant productions
of Ciceri, and a most graceful scene of
mimic art. The play advances. Zulma, by
her entreaties, obtains the slave's pardon,
and she, in token of her gratitude for
Zulma's kindness, presents that lady with a
bouquet, composed of the simplest and
saddest flowers, which Zulma fixes at her
side. Mina introduces Ismael to Zulma.
She relates to her lover by what chance she
was seen by Mahomet, who, struck with her
beauty, caused her to be carried off and
introduced into the harem. She successfully
resisted both the persuasions and the ma-
nances of Mahomet, and the declaration of
freedom about to be made will at last place
her in the arms of Ismael, whom prudence
admonishes to retire. The proclamation is
really made. The women at first rejoice,
but when they learn that Zulma is excepted
from the general deliverance, they refuse to
accept the favour. The King, who is in-
formed of this seditious movement, proceeds
to the harem, and on hearing the murmurs
which are raised on all sides, instead of
yielding to them, he tears to pieces the edict
of liberation, and the women become more
slaves than ever. Agitation then begins;
the female rebels are excited; Zulma is
proclaimed chief of the insurrection; but
their proceedings only demonstrate the will,
not the means, to revolt. The insurgents of
the harem are very much embarrassed with
their love of liberty. The faded bouquet
which the old female slave had given to
Zulma here falls to the ground, and is transformed into a Séilam resplendent with freshness. This miracle reveals the name and quality of the giver. She is the Genius of Women; the bouquet is her talisman; and immediately heaps of lances appear on both sides of the stage. The odalisques seize them and swear to use them. Old Mysouf having observed this sudden arm- ing, runs to advise Zeirof it, who is a young page to the King. At his approach upon them the lances are all converted into lyres, which the women play, while they dance to the music, and Zeir departs. He is no sooner gone, than the revolt assumes a new intensity. Myssouf is disarmed and chained to the foot of a column, and the standard of insurrection, surrounded by the magic bouquet, is committed to the hands of Mina. The gates of the seraglio open of themselves, the women of the city join the insurgents of the harem, who rush out and seize upon some vessels which they find ready. The King arrives with his troops, and proposes to follow them, but the gates close against him, and he is obliged to be a passive spectator of the general flight. The rebels direct their steps to the Mount Aventine of the seraglio. All the women are armed cap-a-pied—helmet on head, sabre at the side, and musket in the hand. Sentinels are placed, to guard the camp, and patrols are established. Military ardour has not extinguished love in Zulma’s heart; and, in spite of the strictness of the sentinel’s orders, she receives, during the night, the tender Ismael in her camp, who robs her of the magic bouquet, the gift of the genius of women, and endeavours to persuade her to fly with him far from the dangers of civil war. At this moment the trumpet sounds, announcing battle. The General cannot possibly desert her post. Zulma passes her troops in review, and fearlessly awaits the enemy. A flag of truce is received, according to the forms of war. The King wishes to make peace, Zulma allows him to enter the camp with a few slaves, and some officers without their arms. The terms of a treaty are arranged;—the women shall be free, and have the liberty of giving their hearts to whom they please, which are granted, and Zulma shall be allowed to marry him whom she loves. It is Ismael, who falls at the feet of his master. Mahomet pretends to give his assent, and asks permission to distribute presents. The women immediately run to the objects of seduction which are offered them. Coquetry gets the better of prudence and security; the ranks are broken, and the arms abandoned, and while they are quarrelling about shawls and jewels, the followers of the King seize their positions and muskets and turn them against the rebels. The treaty is torn to pieces, and Mahomet reassumes his uncontrolled empire over the subdued harem. He wishes to make Zulma renounce Ismael: she refuses, and flies to seek her talisman; but it is gone. Ismael, who had taken it from her, being ignorant of the virtue of the magic bouquet, throws it at his feet in a fit of rage. Zulma seizes it, and at once reassumes her power. The Genius of Women then appears, and reconciles all the parties. Peace is again concluded, and the theatre represents the enchanting site of the Gardens of the Généralif, terminated by a terrace, from which the King and his Court witness the review and exercise of Zulma’s soldiers. The success of this ballet was more and more decided as each act followed. Each, in truth, presents different effects of the most dazzling pomp and magnificence. The revolutions which close the spectacle form a continual source of amusement.

Nothing can equal the costliness, the effect, and variety of the decorations and costumes. The divertissement are of a very pointed nature,—the music, the first attempt of M. Labarre, is entirely interpreted by Mme. P. Leroux (Zeur), and Madeleine Elie be added: endeavour, at the same time, to form an idea of the ballets executed by Mesdames Noblet, Duverney, Julia, Montessu, Fitz-James, and Perrot, who, in the character of a man, does not swear too much in the presence of so many ladies, impressing all with the graceful movements of the military squadrons, with Madeleine Fitz-James, about to leave us, says the Gazette, for another country, Mademoiselle Duverney, who fortunately remains with us, and Mademoiselle Brocard, as they arrived in a few minutes. The ballets were so fine, that we hope to see one of the wonders of the present times.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A concert, by the pupils of this Institution, was given on Friday, the 20th ult., which was very numerously attended by its patrons and friends. Amongst the novelties of the day was a symphonie by young L. Phillips, in which he displayed much talent. Following this was a spirit song and chorus of the Weber class, by Macfarren, jun., full of description and
originality. It was beautifully sung by Mr. G. Le Jeune; so well, indeed, that at the termination the call for its repetition was universal. The encore was answered, and the vocalist appeared to have received increased vigour by the encouragement thus held out to him. When he again arrived towards the conclusion, he was honoured by the warmest marks of approbation from the audience generally, and Lord Burghersh, in our hearing, complimented him very highly upon his excellent style. Master Gledhill then performed a concerto on the violin in so superior a manner as to reflect the greatest credit upon his tutor, Mr. F. Cramer. In the course of the afternoon a magnificent Italian madrigal, from the accomplished pen of Lord Burghersh, entitled "Che prevenite, Cordaro," was sung in fine style by all the vocal pupils of the establishment—including Mrs. E. Seguin, the Misses Birch, Gooch, E. Lindley, Risdon, and Macfarren, and Messrs. Allen, Le Jeune, Streton, and several of the chorus. An encore was to be expected. A unanimous encore was also, and justly, too bestowed on this production. Of the numerous clever compositions we have heard of his Lordship's, we do not remember any that has produced so much effect as this madrigal, which is at once powerful, beautiful, and exquisite. We feel additional satisfaction in being able to speak in strong terms of commendation of this work, because his Lordship is now the greatest patron and supporter of music in this country. Misses Gooch and Brown (pupils of Crivelli) sang a duet of Mercadante's with great applause; and Miss Birch gave Mozart's fine air, "Parto," very effectively; she was well accompanied on the clarinet by Mr. Bowley. A selection from the "Messiah" was extremely well performed—the solo parts being taken by Mrs. E. Seguin, Misses E. Lindley, Risdon, and Macfarren, and Messrs. Allen, Le Jeune, and Streton. The beautiful bass solo, "The people that walked in darkness," has not only been chanted and the recitative and air, "Thus saith the Lord," and "Who shall abide?" were admirably executed—the former by Mr. Streton, and the latter by Mr. Le Jeune. The orchestra was led by Mr. C. A. Patey, and the performances were under the direction of Mr. Lucas.

Masoni, the violinst, performed at the Royal Academy of Music on the 17th ult., and the next evening was introduced by Sir George Smart to a select party of professors and amateurs, at his house. Masoni proved himself a sound musician, and legitimate performer, in a quintette by Beethoven. He acquitted himself that naturally and was ably supported by Messrs. F. Cramer, T. Cooke, Sherrington, and an amateur who played the violoncello in a manner that would have done credit to any professor. In the course of the evening Masoni played two compositions of his own, full of the intricacies of the science, by his performance of which he both delighted and astonished the company. Moscheles also delighted the company on the pianoforte, and Miss Woodyat, Master Tucker (from Wells), and Mr. Horncastle, sang several pieces with great taste and judgment. Among the amateurs present, were Lord Burghersh, Sir John Rogers, General Bell, &c.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—This harmonious knot has existed nearly a century, and to it we are indebted for the preservation of some of the finest compositions for "many voices" that were ever written. On Thursday, the 19th ult., the society dined at the Freemasons' Tavern (Sir John Rogers in the chair), when a variety of beautiful madrigals were sung (under the direction of Mr. Hawes) by about thirty voices, including half a dozen cantos from the choir of St. Paul's. It were an endless task to enumerate every composition; but J. Bennett's "Flow, O my tears," written in 1590, is a mass of masterpieces. Two new compositions were introduced by Mr. Barnett and Mr. Parry, both of which were repeated. The authors did not presume to place their feeble attempts in competition with the sterling works of the ancient masters, although they wished to have tried that style of composition, at the only place where they had the opportunity.

HARPER AND MORI.—The "King of Trumpeters" gave a concert on the 19th ult. at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street. The room was crowded to excess. Mori led in the concert. A more efficient gentleman could not have been selected. This individual ranks in the very class of first-rate players, that, come who may to this country as a rival, the talent of Mr. Mori is so highly appreciated, that his interest, whether of fame or in a pecuniary view, runs no chance in the slightest degree of being injured. Not merely was he born amongst us, and brought up in England, but he has attained a rank as a violinist far exceeding that ever arrived at by any of his predecessors. The presence of Paganini, highly gifted as he is, and of others whose abilities are of so transcendent a quality, have induced a worship on the part of their fellow-countrymen, amounting even to " idolisation," but we find with delight from a considerable number of the provincial journals, that Mr. Mori has been giving concerts in various parts of the country, and that his exquisite performances were received with rapturous enthusiasm. At Mr. Harper's concert M. Mori executed in a very beautiful and brilliant manner a Concerto by Beethoven, in the course of which he introduced "Gramachree" with variations, by Mayseder, which was very warmly applauded by the whole house, and nothing but its extreme length prevented the audience from insisting on a repetition.
of it. Mr. Harper performed a fantasia on the trumpet, in most wonderful style. He and all the performers, instrumental and vocal, received great praise.

The Old Pantheon in Oxford Street.
—The Pantheon is to be converted into a splendid Bazaar and Saloon of Arts. The architect engaged in the work is Mr. S. Smirke. The Saloon of Arts is to be devoted to the exhibition of productions in the fine arts for sale—admission gratis; some portion of the Bazaar will be occupied by the larger shopkeepers. An extensive conservatory and aviary will form the entrance from Marlborough-street.

Mr. J. B. Cramer.—The French papers teem with eulogiums on the unrivalled talents of Mr. J. B. Cramer, who is just returned to Paris after a most successful tour in Germany. This celebrated pianist and composer, whose fame has become proverbial throughout Europe, gave a concert on the 12th ult., which was attended by the élite of rank and talent of the French capital. This first appearance of an artiste who has not been heard in Paris for upwards of twenty years, was hailed by the public with every demonstration of the most rapturous satisfaction. Mr. Cramer possesses a touch different from every other piano-forte player; if he but strike one chord, one note, he produces a tone such as no other man living can produce. His style, severe and classical, is perfectly his own, and, though brilliant in the extreme, possesses none of the legerdemain nor decep tions which are at present in vogue; with him all is smooth, perfect, finished, admirable: others reach the ear, but Cramer touches the heart. The splendid talents of the pianist and composer were displayed to perfection in his grand concerto in D major, and in his “Air avec brillante variations.” But it was in his “exercises,” above all, which were listened to with breathless attention, that Mr. Cramer most delighted his audience—“exercises” which none but himself could either have composed or executed as he did. The effect was absolutely electrical; and Mr. Cramer retired, covered with plaudits. Each individual rose, anxious to offer his meed of homage to the transcendent talents of so great a man.

The Oratorios.—It is intended, we are told, by Mr. Bunn, to give an Oratorio on the 30th of the present month, as well as during Lent, of the same species as that exhibited by Lapore last year. The sacred representation has already received the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain. An objection has lately been made, as was the case last season, to the introduction of dancing, and it may be recollected that on that account Captain Polhill relinquished his project of bringing out a Lent performance at Drury Lane. The piece selected for the ensuing season is, we learn, founded on the dramatic and highly interesting story of Joseph and his Brethren. The music is by the celebrated Mehull. On the Continent this composition has been long known and justly admired. H. Phillips will, of course, support the character of Joseph. The loss of Mrs. Wood, in this performance, will, we greatly feel, Miss W. Farren commenced his engagement under Mr. Bunn on Saturday last, in the character of Sir Peter Teazle, in the comedy of “The School for Scandal.” He will shortly appear in a new character in a piece written by Jerrold, the successful author of “The Rent Day,” “Nell Gwynne,” and many other favourite pieces. The new play is in a forward state of rehearsal, and is entitled “The Wedding Gown.”

Lord Byron’s tragedy of “Sardanapalus,” is in preparation at Drury Lane Theatre. Macready of course enacts the part of Sardanapalus.

Wallack, the comedian, has just returned to this country from a long professional tour in Scotland and Ireland. Notwithstanding the reported want of theatrical patronage in the country, we understand that our hero received nearly 300l. on his benefit night in Dublin, and 147l. in the theatre at Glasgow. Mr. Wallack is now with his wife and family at Brighton; but will shortly leave for Bath and Bristol, at which places he has engagements which commence after Christmas.

We understand it was the intention of the manager to have withdrawn “Gustavus the Third” from representation during the Christmas holidays; but its continued run, with every prospect of unabated attraction, has induced him to alter his determination, and to postpone the reproduction of Auber’s “Fra Diavolo” until a later period than was originally intended.

The ballet of the “Revolte du Serail,” is to be brought out, it is said, at Covent Garden as it was in Paris, and in three acts.

Although several versions of Scribe’s comedy “Bertrand et Ratom,” have been presented, we do not hear that any one has been accepted at either of the Theatres.

MASONI, THE SECOND PAGANINI.

This second wonder amongst violin players has, since our last number, visited Brighton, where he had the honour of exhibiting his powers before their Majesties, the members of the Royal Family then at the Pavilion, the cabinet ministers, and the various officers of the Court, under the immediate introduction of Sir Andrew Barnard, to whom Masoni bore letters from the Earl of Munster and Lord Burghersh. It is a singular fact that the latter nobleman was present at the theatre at Florence when Masoni, then but eight years of age, made his debut. It may here be not altogether uninteresting to our
readers, the more particularly as so little is known of this extraordinary individual, to have a more minute detail of his life.

Masoni was, as we stated in our number for December, born at Florence in 1799, and, from an early evidence of precocity in the art of playing the violin when extremely young, he was placed under the instruction of the celebrated Campanelli. When only eight years old, he made his debut at the theatre at Florence, where, such was his character for possessing astonishing talent as a performer, which he had already gained from having assisted at some private concerts, that one of the most crowded audiences ever witnessed within its walls were collected to welcome him. Amongst them was Lord Burghersh. On that occasion, so wonderful were the abilities he displayed, he was presented on the stage, in the presence of the audience, with a gold repeater and chain, and a gold medal, by the then Grand Duchess of Tuscany (sister of Napoleon), in whose suite he was immediately engaged as first "concerto" player, and afterwards, in the same capacity by Fernandez III., brother to the Emperor of Austria, by whom he was subsequently recommended to his notice, the Princess Leopoldina, sister to Marie Louise (the wife of Napoleon). This princess afterwards becoming the wife of Don Pedro, he accompanied her to the Brasil, and arrived at Rio Janeiro in 1817, where he was installed musician to the Emperor. At Rio he remained until 1822, and then quitted for Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. In both of these places he established Philharmonic Societies and Italian Operas, which were conducted under his personal direction. Whilst at Monte Video he married a young lady of the name of Ribot, the daughter of one of the first families at Marseilles. In 1824 he proceeded with his wife and family (four children) to Valparaiso and Chili, where he remained for three years, and then bent his course to Peru, where he also founded Philharmonic Societies. From Peru he proceeded to Lima, and having there formed a similar institution, sailed for Calcutta, calling at Manilla and Singapore. During his sojourn at the latter place, he gave four concerts, which were attended by all the residents of respectability. He arrived at Calcutta towards the end of that year. Of Masoni’s reception in the East we gave a description in our former account, and we also added an account of his having reached our shores.

So great, so astonishing, was the progress that young Masoni made whilst under Campanelli, that his master frequently said, as (strange to relate) he also did to Paganini, that “there was a peculiarity of style, a facility of execution, and a beauty of conception in young Masoni’s playing, which, except in the instance of Paganini, he had never met with.” When the subject of this article shall have made his appearance before the public, they will have an opportunity of deciding whether the early prognostications and opinion of the tutor have been verified. In the case of Paganini we should apprehend that no doubt can exist but that in him the expectations of the instructor had been fully realised. We have, on several occasions, heard Masoni in private, and are as little disposed to deny that in him also the anticipations of Campanelli have been brought to a perfection far beyond any thing he could, in his days, have imagined, as that the Maestro who has lately quitted England surpassed any performer ever heard in this country until this exhibition.

In some respects the powers of Masoni excel those of Paganini; but in one particular the two are as opposite in their constitution as it is possible for two human beings to be,—we allude to their dispositions. What the latter _artiste_ was, we presume every person to know; avaricious, and selfish to an endless extent—his idol, money. The former, on the contrary, is full of amiability, mildness of manner and demeanour, willing, and indeed anxious, to serve a fellow-creature, ergo, charitable—and the excess of his desires, the establishment of his fame in England, and the realisation of a moderate competency for a wife and seven children in the event of his being prematurely summoned to his last account.

For such a man we cannot but look forward to a popularity equal to that at which his predecessor had arrived, accompanied by the esteem and respect of a British public, which the singular conduct of Paganini alone prevented his securing. During the first evening Masoni had the honour of playing before their Majesties, he introduced a composition of his own, entitled “Introduzione e Polonese;” an Overture, also from his own pen, “La Graciosa,” both of which elicited the most marked encomiums of approbation from the Queen and the royal party. His execution of Rossini’s “Non piu Mesta” and variations, was the triumph of the night, and that in which his peculiarity of powers was more clearly developed. Sir G. Smart accompanied him on the piano-forte, and we hear that he pronounces Masoni’s performance to be unrivalled. The piece was executed in a style which for pathos, precision, and brilliancy, has never been equalled. Paganini’s pizzicato, harmonics, tenors, and chromatic double shades were the points in which he stood pre-eminent, but Masoni appears to surmount these difficulties as triumphantly as his predecessor. Masoni’s arpeggios, and the rapidity of his staccatos, are indeed astonishing and extraordinary; and in these two respects he certainly excels Paganini.

This is the sixth volume of this series of publication, and although in its illustrations it is not so good, yet in its musical and poetical department it far exceeds those which have preceded it. We congratulate the proprietors, Messrs. D’Almaine and Co., on having Mr. C. Jefferys, one of the most popular and effective "originators" of songs of the present day. From our knowledge of his style we should say that at least six out of the twelve songs are from his pen. They are full of point and sentiment; in particular we could mark one which our fair readers will term a "delicious" song; it is entitled "We have lived and loved together," and is adapted to an exquisite melody, recently from the pen of the celebrated Herz. We doubt not that the general popularity of this beautiful ballad will equal that which we know it to have obtained in the higher circles. This, however, is merely one of the many extremely pretty compositions with which this sixth Number of the Bijou teems. We have, in addition, verses from T. H. Bayley, Mr. Comyns, Barlow Wilson, G. Croal, &c., &c., and music which claims Herz, Horn, G. A. Hodson, Rodwell, Bishop, A. Lee, Knappston, E. Merriott, Blockley, Sir J. Stevenson, Hunt, Weippert, and Rosenberg. The book, looking at its contents, is one of great value, and a credit to its spirited proprietor.

May we meet there.—The words by J. A. Law, Esq.; the music by J. F. Dannely.

Mr. Dannely has evidently very considerable talent as a musician; but he does not as yet appear to have arrived at that point of tact which enables a composer to produce as great an effect as his conception is capable of. In the song before us, as well as in the three following, there are passages of very great beauty; but from want of the skill to which we have alluded, they do not burst upon the hearer with the power they really possess. A little less hurry in their conception would probably remedy this defect. Notwithstanding this drawback, these songs are exceedingly pretty, and worthy a place in the collection of our musical friends.

The Dying Summer’s Day.—The words as above, and the music by the same.

The remarks we have just made apply also to this composition, but in a less degree. There is a more playful strain running through this song, which, in addition to the words, are of a character likely to please the multitude, and are, therefore, calculated to be more extensively patronised.

Come, come with me.—The words by C. Mackay, Esq.; the music by J. F. Dannely.

This production is rather of a superior class to those of which we have been speaking; and although there is an unevenness in the way in which it is strung together, yet it is extremely effective and pretty. There is a buoyancy and lightness about it which cannot fail to please every person.

The Waves of Orwell.—A Duet. The words by the late Mrs. J. Cornold; the music as above.

The duet before us does not please us in any one point. There are attempts in it which would have been far better left alone, because in their failure the whole composition, which otherwise would have been good, has been destroyed. There are, however, many who probably may not view the work in the same light as ourselves, and by whom it may be deemed worthy of an extensive patronage. We trust it may be so, for the sake of the publisher.

Norma; arranged as a Dramatic Divertimento for the Piano-forte.

Few of our musical readers are ignorant of the striking effect which Madame Pasta produced in this opera of the Maestro Bellini at the King’s Theatre; and in this performance our readers will find much of the beauties of that artiste’s exquisite singing recalled to their imagination.

Instructions for Singing. By S. Nelson.

After a minute perusal and several trials of the various methods herein contained, we venture to pronounce the work as one of value for young songsters, as the utmost simplicity in the explanations and different examples has been followed.

The Flower of Scotland.—The words written by Charles Jefferys; the music composed by N. J. Sporll.

An elegant little song, which will become the greater favourite the more frequently it is heard.

The Lily of St. Leonard’s.—A Ballad. The words written by Charles Jefferys; the music composed by Ernesto Spagnolotti.

There are but few composers of ballads for the use of the drawing or music room who have been more successful (be it remembered, he was one of the first pupils of the Royal Academy of Music). The melody of the ballad now before us is of so pretty and tasteful a character, that we can entertain no doubt of its soon rivalling the most favourite of its predecessors.

The Queen Bee.—A Ballad. The words written by Charles Jefferys; the music composed by Louis Leo.

Another very pretty ballad of the light and pleasing class, and is that sung by the fascinating Mrs. Honev, in the entertainment played at the Adelphi, entitled "the Butterfly’s Ball." We should like to see the composer’s talent developed in a work of a higher grade, feeling convinced that his powers, pretty as this ballad is, would be displayed to great advantage. The author of the poetry can at a few minutes notice furnish him with
a fit and proper subject whereon to exercise his calling of "notation."

**The Single Married, and the Married Happy.**
—A Song. The words written by Charles Jefferies; the music composed by N. J. Sporll.

The words of this song are replete with feeling and good sentiment, and the music to which they are wedded is exceedingly well calculated to produce the effect intended.

**The Bride.** — A Divertimento for the Pianoforte. By T. Rawlings.

A few months since, we had the pleasure of calling attention to the very elegant ballad, the subject of this divertimento, from the conjoint pens of Nelson and Jefferies. Mr. Rawlings has most successfully availed himself of the popularity of that publication to found upon it an extremely clever divertimento.

**Sant.** — A Sacred Divertimento. Arranged from Handel's Oratorio. By N. B. Challoner.

Amongst the numerous clever productions of Mr. Challoner, this "arrangement" is entitled to rank with any of its predecessors for the talent and tact he has displayed in its concoction. The title-page is graced with some excellently executed specimens of the lithographic art.

**The Bonnie wee Blue Bell.** — A Ballad. The words by J. L. CLENNELL; the music by Miss CleNNELL.

We had occasion, in November, to speak in terms of high commendation of a production of Miss CleNNELL's, entitled, "Sing me a song of thine own, maiden," in which an excessive degree of taste and elegance was displayed, and happy are we to find by other emanations of her muse that such is her distinguishing feature. The ballad at present on our instrument, and through which we have just run, is equally deserving of praise. It is simplicity, grace, and beauty—a beauteous timbre in itself. A very clever and effective experiment has been made by the fair composer in the 14th and 16th bars, by an inversion of the melody.

**First Set of Foreign Quadrilles.**—Arranged for the Piano-forte, by E. Marriot.

These are a most effective and well-arranged set of quadrilles, selected from the works of Weber, Mayeder, Boieldieu, Bellini, and Herz.

**The Knight of the Silver Horn.**—A Romance.
—By John Blockley.

We have seen many of Mr. Blockley's productions which have pleased us far more than that now before us. As a table song, it may, we think, prove effective.

**Lo Zingaro Quadrilles.**—Composed and arranged by Alexander Lee.

Of the English composers of the present day, Mr. A. Lee is, perhaps, the most tasteful and successful as a writer of ballads; and few petite operas, perhaps, have taken a stronger hold on the public than that bearing the name of these quadrilles, which are arranged from the following popular airs, introduced into the said opera:—"Bells upon the wind," "Where, where is the rover?" "The Gypsy's wild chaunt," "The Queen of the Greenwood Tree," and "The wild Mandoline." The song is very pretty and effective.

**I saw him on the mountain.**—A Ballad. The poetry by JAMES BIRD; the music by John Barnett.

This ballad is not one of Mr. Barnett's best compositions, yet it is effective and pretty.

**The Sun shines brightly.** — A Cavatina. The poetry by L. O. CUMMING, Esq.; the music by J. BLEWITT.

We look upon this *cavatina* as one of Mr. Blewitt's most successful, and we hope it may prove so in the home acceptance of the word. The air is full of novelty, and is ingeniously contrived. He has also wisely abstained from overloading it with accompaniments. We do not, however, altogether approve of the latter four or five bars and the terminating symphony: they are of too foreign a character for an English production, with words of the class of which its poetry is composed.

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**Fine Arts.**

**Finden's Gallery of the Graces.**—Parts VII. and IX. Tilt.

This is really a treasure of a publication. The Spirit of Norman Abbey—illustrated from Byron, by E. C. Wood, engraved by E. Finden, is full of enchanting witchery; eyes and mouth portray loveliness most captivating to mortals.

Caroline—illustrated from Thos. Campbell, drawn by F. Hone, exhibits woman in her most amiable loveliness.


"The star of the north shews her golden eye, 
But a brighter looks forth from yon lattice on high!"

The beautiful eye and animated demeanour of this very striking figure do the utmost credit to the artist and the engraver, W. H. Mote.

Erinna, by L. E. L., drawn by F. Stone, engraved by Charles Lewis. The more this picture is looked at, the more it pleases. The graphic delineation is closely adhered to.

"It is a lovely face: the Greek outline Flowing, yet delicate and feminine."

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American Damseh.—The girls in America are beautiful and unaffected; perfectly frank, and, at the same time, perfectly modest; but when you make them an offer of your hand, be prepared to give a wait that will not. In England, we frequently hear of courtships for a quarter of a century; in that anti-Malthusian country a quarter of a year is deemed to be rather "lengthy."
—Cobbett.

Copper Vessels for Cookery.—A few days ago three young children of a French count died, in consequence of the negligence of his cook, in giving them food which had been left in a copper saucepan, the tinning of which was worn off.

Hyde Park, Knightsbridge. — After years of negotiation for an opening to Hyde-Park, Knightsbridge, between Lord Westminster and Mr. Golding the brewer, the idea has been abandoned. The intended new street will commence near St. George’s Hospital, and the north side of the street will be the wall and premises of Mr. Tattersall; the south side will be bounded by Belgrave Chapel and Milton House, the residence of Earl Fitzwilliam. To effect these changes the Earl of Egremont’s house, the Lady Emily Marsham’s, and Mr. Lane’s (the surgeon), are to be removed.

A Five-Horse Coach.—Mr. Beaumont, one of the proprietors of the Emerald night coach from London to Birmingham, acting on the suggestion of his coachman, John Webb, has within the last two months commenced driving five horses instead of four, the first three running abreast. The experiment has been tried between Coiley and Redburn, a distance of eight miles, a very billy road, and the distance is performed in much less time, with more ease to the cattle, than could possibly be done previously, and it does not in the least add to the difficulties of driving. The experiment being found to answer will be put in practice on other stages.—Derbyshire Courier.

Dr. Adam Smith.—This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down as a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Heh! and he’s well put on too!" that is, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

Chimney Sweep.—A chimney requires to be swept. The master sweep attends, with a little boy. He fastens a blanket across the fireplace to prevent any soot from falling into the room. Now watch the child. Trembling, he draws a black bag over his head and shoulders; the master grasps him by the arm and guides him to the fireplace; he disappears up the chimney, and then the master. He is motionless, his head on one side, listening attentively. Ask him a question; "hush," is the answer, with his finger on his lips. Presently a low, indistinct moaning is heard in the chimney. "William," says the master, putting his mouth to the edge of the fireplace, and speaking in a brak, cheerful tone—"that’s right, William." Another moan; and then—"I say William—brush it well out, I say." Down comes a quantity of soot, and the child is heard scraping the sides of the chimney. Presently silence; and then moaning again. "William," exclaims the master, "I say, Bill, you’re almost done, ha’nt you?" No answer; the child’s head being, remember, in a thick bag; but the brush is heard once more, and the master holds his tongue. Silence again; and the moan of the child returns. This time the master shouts—"Bill, Bill, I say, Billy, how do you get on?" and so on till the end of the work; whenever the child cries, or is silent, his master shouts to him "Billy, I say Billy, my lad." This is a mild case, without oaths, threats, or blows. Ask the master why he tormented the half-smothered boy by speaking to him whilst his head was in the bag up the chimney: he will say—"For no reason that I know of." Believing this answer to be false, you press for another, when the master says:—"We always speak to ‘em, when they’re up the chimney, for fear they should run sulk and stick." Run sulk and stick! droop, faint, and die of suffocation. Examine the boy when he comes from the chimney. If his knees and elbows are rough and bloody, they are covered with horn like the knees of the mountain goat; his face, neck, and breast are wet with the water that flowed from his eyes, which are red with inflammation; the veins of his temples are swollen into cords; and his pulse is at a high fever mark. In a word, he has been tortured.—England and America.

Admiral Napier.—The sum of 125,000£ has been awarded to Admiral Napier’s fleet as prize money, for the capture of the Miguelette fleet; it is to be paid in three installments, at intervals of six months.

The late Mr. Adrian Hardy, the Entomologist.—Such an opportunity has rarely presented itself to the lovers of this branch of Natural History, to possess one of the finest, and, in a particular class, the most beautiful and rare collection of specimens in any part of Europe, by the recent death of the proprietor, the late Mr. Adrian Hardy, of Haworth, Chelsea, well known to all persons who have dipped into the sub-
ject. The deceased had devoted not fewer than forty years to this peculiar study, in the selection and arrangement of his specimens. So high, indeed, did this gentleman rank in the estimation of men of science, that when a rarity, even though it were but a butterfly of the smallest dimensions, was taken, whether in Asia, America, Africa, and of course, in Europe, it was sure to be forwarded to him. The collection is to be disposed of, and some one of the scientific societies will do well to profit by the opportunity to gain in one day the labours of forty years.

Proverbs of the Arabs.—A Prince without justice is like a river without water. 
—Listen, if you would learn; be silent if you would be safe.—Inquire about your neighbour before you build; and your companion before you travel.—The false appearances of a proud man make his ill-wishers envious; but could his heart behold his heart, he would have cause to weep.—Poverty without debt is independence.—The fool is a foe to himself: how can he benefit others?—By six qualities may a fool be known: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, trust in a stranger or authority to discriminate between friend and foe.

Conditional Speed.—A gentleman of fortune residing in Buckinghamshire, who prides himself very highly on the superiority of his horses, was greatly struck by the trotting of a roadster belonging to a butcher in the neighbourhood. The owner refused to part with the animal, till an offer of seventy guineas proved irresistible, and the gentleman mounted his prize in high glee. To his utter astonishment, the brute would not exceed an ordinary amble. Whip and spur were vain persuaders: for weeks he persevered in he'd only to go faster as he was dropped from the grandstand for the first-named gentleman. At the conclusion of the race (which he won) he discovered that the Honourable Miss Macdonald, second daughter of Lord Macdonald, had thrown the kercies. In a few days he paid his addresses, and he became her "wedded" he's sent off, and the kercies. This was sufficiently romantic, but the oddity of the thing is quadrupled by the fate of the other three competitors being also sealed on the same day. Arndilly married Lord Saltoun's sister—Lovat took to wife the Honourable Miss Jerningham—and Gairloch married an English nobleman's daughter, whose name we forget at present. It would be no bad speculation, after such an event, to send a few demoiselles every year to Inverness.

Unhappy Fate of Francis, Viscount Lovel.—Startling Discovery—Lord Bacon in his history of King Henry VII. says, that in his flight after the battle of Stoke, he rode through the Trent on horseback, but not being able to gain the opposite bank, he was drowned; but there was a strong rumour at the time that he was starved to death in some hiding place, by the treachery or neglect of some person in whom he confided. Mr. Cowper, then Clerk of Parliament, in a letter of 1737, says, that he had heard the
Duke of Rutland—John, the first Duke—say, that "upon occasion of new laying a chimney at Muster Lovel in 1708, there was discovered a large vault or room under ground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, the books, papers, pen, &c., and near him a cap, all much moulder and decayed; which the family and the neighbourhood judged to be this Lord Lovel, the manner of whose exit had been involved in obscurity." So it seems that this unhappy nobleman, who was Lord Chamberlain to King Richard, and possessed of estates equal to any peer in the kingdom, after escaping the perils of Bosworth and Stoke, died the most miserable of deaths under his own roof.—Earl of Egmont: Sharpe’s Peerage.

**Lemonade versus Life.**—The Marquis de Brosset once passed through Metz, going to his regiment; he entered a café generally resorted to by officers. These gentlemen, displeased at seeing a man not in uniform amongst them, resolved on annoying him. The Marquis called for a glass of lemonade; it was brought; one of the officers upset it. A second was called for, brought, upset; and the same fate. The traveller thereupon rose: "Gentlemen," said he, "short reckonings make long friends. I have to pay for three glasses of lemonade, for which I must have in return the lives of three of you. I am the Marquis de Brosset—that is my card and name." All the party felt silly, and sorry for having insulted a comrade; but they were obliged to go out with him. Three of them, one after the other, fell dead beneath his arm. Then M. de Brosset wiped his sword, bowed to the rest of the officers, and continued his route.

**The Bacon Girls.** A large portion of the industrious class of Germans who emigrate to England for a limited period, endavour to realise a little money by the invitation to "buy a bier," have returned to their own country in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt, each of them having five or six sovereigns in pocket, which, according to their habits of frugality, is enough for their sustentation at their humble homes during the winter. They cross the water at Dover, and then travel the remainder of a long journey by land, supporting themselves, in their progress, on a little bread, stewed peas, and water.

**The Dear Auditor.**—Meanwhile, Maitre Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the leaves of the written charge drawn up against Quasimodo, and presented to him by the registrar, and, after taking that glance, appeared to be meditating for a minute or two. Owing to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment of proceeding to an interrogatory, he knew beforehand the name, quality, and offence of the accused; made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to find his way through all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much betraying his deafness. The written charge was to him as the book, paper, pen, &c., near him a cap, all much moulder and decayed; which the family and the neighbourhood judged to be this Lord Lovel, the manner of whose exit had been involved in obscurity." So it seems that this unhappy nobleman, who was Lord Chamberlain to King Richard, and possessed of estates equal to any peer in the kingdom, after escaping the perils of Bosworth and Stoke, died the most miserable of deaths under his own roof.—Earl of Egmont: Sharpe’s Peerage.

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"May I be married, Ma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why, Ma, you know that the children have never seen any body married, and I thought it might please 'em."

The Old Witch of Fermoy.—A correspondent in the Liverpool Journal of Dec. 7, gives the following verbatim account from the lips of an Irish peasant resident on the scene of her "freaks and phantasies"—

There once lived in the kingdom of Munster, nigh-hand the town of Fermoy, a most elegant, fine young gentleman, as rich as if he had the wealth of the Injenees. Early in his life 'twas God's will his father and mother should die, leaving himself the master of a beautiful grand castle and a power of gold, and a deal of servants. After the mourning, which lasted a whole twelve months—to be sure he went into company as usual; but the people were all surprised by his introducing along with him an ugly old woman that was humpy (more misfortune to her), and only for his being such a grand gentleman, the never-a-one would speak to her, good or bad; so out of compliment to him, she was left in all parties and company. Itself he could not go to a ball only she must be stuck to his skirts. If he went out airing in the carriage, that was the finest ever was seen with mortchaly eyes, for his mutton head and a passionate of him, equal to his shadow, until at long last people began to think all was not right; for on some friends asking him about her, he swore she was an angel, and every thing else that was beautiful. Well, it was no good for 'em to beat him; the more advice he got the worse he was, and they thought for certain it must be some bewitchment of magic or other devilment that come over him. So they made a bargain, some of them, to go to his castle, and they no sooner determined on it than away they went and never rested till they got to his own room, where he was down on his knees before the old witch. Never a word they said, but one come to his head, and another to his heels, and carried him down stairs, and shoved him into a carriage, and druv away as if ould Nick was after 'm, and never stop'd or said till they came to Cork's own town all the way; and they druv up the main street till they come to Judy Kelly's, who kept a very decent house, the sign of the 'Bagpipes,' long before M'Dowell's, or any of the great inns that's there now was heard or thought of; and getting a warm bath, they stripped off every tuck of clothes, and soused him holus bolus into the water, and scoured him all over; while others ran away with his clothes, even to his garters, and cut 'em up in bits to see what deviltry was the manes of his misfortune, when what would they find through every stitch but bits of erubia,* wove in and out as curious as if they were made in the clothes. Well, when they had dressed him again in span-new clothes, away they whisked him back to Fermoy; but they had to search high and low for my lady before they found her, for she was greatly in dread himself would kill her when he came home, he'd be in such a fret. The never-a-one of him would believe, good or bad, that the like ever kem over him to love such an ugly old hag; and what did he do, but he tuck a hout of her be the poll, and thrum her out of the window into the river, but sure if he did, hersell swum ashore equal to a duck, being she was a witch, and you couldn't drown a witch. As soon as she got to the other side of the river, and landed ashore after her swim, she went on her two knees down, and you may believe me twasut a blessing she gave him, or any thing belonging to him, only the worst o' what could happen to him ever after. From that day out, there was no tale or tidings, good, bad, or indifferent, of the Ould Witch of Fermoy.

* Herbs.

Costume of Paris.
(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, DECEMBER 26, 1833.

My dear Friend,—I have just had the extreme pleasure of receiving your note, the most amiable, toute charmante letter, and proceed to answer it without delay. I shall execute all your commissions, and give you in my next all the renseignemens I can gather on the subject of our carnival balls. You must excuse my letter being very short to-day, as I shall have occasion to write to you again, a day or two hence. I shall therefore proceed without further delay to the fashions:

Dresses of brocade silks and satins, Persian satins and pompadours, are more worn than any others; they are made completely à l'antique, with sleeves à double bout, and ruffles à la Louis XV. Dresses of black blonde, embroidered in large detached bouquets, or à colonnes in natural flowers, done in coloured silks, and worn over black satin, are the most distingué dresses that can be worn at dinner parties; they are also very elegant for balls; they lose their effect if worn over white or coloured under dresses. For morning wear, dresses of foulard silk, poul de soie, pékin, and satin, are esteemed.
the most elegant. The corsages are tight to the bust, the sleeves by no means so immoderately large at top as they have been, and perfectly tight from the elbow to the wrist. The skirts are very full plaited round the waist, and little or no space left plain in front.

HATS.—The fronts of the hats are rather longer at the sides than they were; and a small rouleau or piping is put over the very edge of the front, which gives it a pretty finish. The crowns are en casque (rounded at top), and the velvet or satin is put on in folds lengthways or across. Velvet hats font furur just now. Black velvet, lined and trimmed with orange, and two very long ostrich feathers of the same colour, or a bouquet consisting of four short feathers. The ribbons worn on the hats at present are very rich and handsome: they cost fifteen francs a yard, and are called “pompadour ribbons.” A dark green velvet hat trimmed as above, with a ribbon a shade or two lighter than the velvet, is very elegant: the feathers and ribbons must match exactly. This is what please ladies. The hat and garnitures does not answer so well in any colour but green. Some of our elegantes, instead of feathers, have a bouquet of velvet flowers, which have a pretty effect. Satin hats are the next in estimation to velvet. An orange satin, lined and trimmed of black, and one of black feathers, one black, the other orange, is très bon ton. Rose and black, Haiti blue and black, dark green and black, and pea green and black, are the colours most worn in hats.

FLOWERS.—The velvet flowers just mentioned are mostly fancy flowers, and are of mixed colours, as black with orange, green, or rose-rose, dark red, marigolds, and sweet pea are also made in velvet. Natural flowers (artificial) are also much worn, or bouquet of soncis (marigolds), china-asters, dahlias, or roses, are flowers most in vogue.

TURBANS.—Turbans are coming in very much this winter: those called the “Morbite turbans” are the most worn: they are made of gaze de soie, embroidered cachemire, embroidered tulle, gauzes, gold and silver tissues and lamas; and are ornamented with birds of Paradise, espirits, and diamond aigrettes.

FANS AND BOUQUETS.—The fans in fashion just now are called “Éventails à la Voltaire,” they are as large as those worn formerly by our great-grandmothers, and are exquisitely painted and gilt; the subjects on them are taken from the heathen mythology. The bouquets for carrying in the hand are very prevalent: the centre of the bouquet is formed of white flowers; the coloured ones are placed all round.

CRAVATTS.—Those of black tulle, embroidered in coloured silks, are still much worn, but the newest of all are called “Pompadours;” these are merely about two yards of the wildest and richest satin riband, put simply round the neck, and knotted in two knots; one after the other (no bow), forming a sort of braid; the ends are brought beneath the ceinture, and reach at least as low as the knee. Sometimes the ends only pass the ceinture about three or four inches, but those with the floating ends look the most distingué; they are particularly adapted for concert or opera dress. The other are costumed with a white dress. The ceinture should match the “Pompadour” as nearly as possible.

FURS.—Palatines or long fur tippets are much more prevalent than buns, although the latter are worn. The furs in highest estimation are marten, sable, and sable dupion.

CLOAKS.—The most elegant material for cloaks is called “satin de laine,” or worsted satin. It resembles plain fine Merinos (not twilled) broché in satin flowers. Black and orange, black and blue, black and green, black and red, green and violet, green and crimson, and brown and orange, are the most beautiful colours in this material: it is à riflets (the colour changes according to the light in which it is seen). Some cloaks are loose, merely fastened at the neck with a small cordelière and tassels: others are fastened round the waist. Some are with sleeves, some without. The latter are made frequently to put on and take off in the following manner. Arm-holes are cut in the cloak, which are concealed by the cape; to each arm-hole are four straps with buttons in them; the sleeves have four corresponding straps with button-holes, by means of which the sleeves are put on or taken off in an instant, and with the utmost facility. The capes are invariably square, and are deep and very full; the collars of velvet. These cloaks are well wadded and lined with silk or satin. They have one or two pockets on the inside to carry the handkerchief, fan, purse, &c.

COLOURS.—The colours still in vogue are those of last month; orange, Haiti blue, cherry, rose, moss-green, pea-green, vert-bouteille, violet, lavender, masts, and every shade of brown, from very dark to very light.

Adieu! Ma chère amie. I cannot write more to day. Mon mari te presente ses hommages, je t’embrasse de tout cœur.

Toute à toi,
L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(1.) TOILETTE DE BAL.—The plate gives an exact representation of the style of coiffure adopted in France during the reign of Charles VII. The front hair is drawn in smooth bands as far as the temples, where it is braided, and turned round two or three
times, and fastened in the centre by a small gold ornament. (See plate.) Another braid, forming a large bow of hair, falls towards the back of the neck. (See plate.) The back hair is turned up en chignon; a thick braid, with a row of pearls twisted over it, goes round the head, and finishes by being twisted in the chignon at the back. (See plate.) A golden arrow, placed at the back of the head, fastens the braid and chignon. A string of pearls entirely encircles the head, and crosses the upper part of the brow. Dress of white tulle, corsage plain, and perfectly tight to the bust. Sleeves à double sabot, with immensely deep ruffles à la Louis XV. A rich mantille of blonde ornaments the corsage; at the back and front the mantilla is very narrow, and in a single fall; but on the shoulders it is excessively deep and full, and in three falls. The skirt of the dress is ornamented en tapis, with guirlandes of small roses, with buds and foliage. Five full-blown roses, increasing in size as they go down, are placed at distances down the centre of the front of the skirt. On the shoulders, in place of the neuds de page, are two full blown roses, and two others make a finish to the ruffles at the inner part of the arm. (See plate.) White satin ceintures, fastened in two coques (bows without ends) at the back. The necklace consists of a double chain of pearls, to which is suspended a small, flat, scent bottle, that is hid beneath the ceinture. White silk stockings à jours (open work); white satin shoes, white kid gloves, blonde scarf, and fan à la Volta.

The sitting figure gives the back of the dress and cofiffure.

On the table is a newly invented lamp called "lamp hydraulique;" the form is that of a high vase standing on a pedestal (see plate); it is of bronze gilt à or moulu. The shade is of green paper.

(2.) Toilette de Concert ou de Soirée.—A toque of gaze de soie, surmonted by a rich plume of ostrich feathers, and ornamented with bows of gaze ribands. The toque is extremely high at the right side (see plate), and quite shallow at the left. A large bow of wide gaze riband is placed close to the forehead at the right side, and fills up nearly the entire side of the leaf. The hair, in full curls, is a good deal parted on the brow, and falls particularly low at the left side. Dress of embroidered satin, with corsage à l'antique, and sleeves à double sabot, with ruffles à la Louis XV. The corsage has a revers or sort of mantille of satin, the same as the dress, cut out at the edge in points (see plate), and trimmed with narrow blonde. A tucker of narrow blonde appears also round the bosom of the dress. The mantilla is very deep in the shoulders, and slopes off gradually until it becomes quite narrow in the centre of the front and back. The skirt is excessively full. Black satin shoes, silk stockings, white kid gloves, pearl necklace and ear-rings.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**Births.**

Dec. 21, at Brighton, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Loftus, Grenadier Guards, of a son.

Dec. 27, the lady of Henry Chitty, Esq., of the Middle Temple, of a daughter.

Dec. 31, at Richmond, the lady of Henry G. Wells, Esq., of a daughter.

Dec. 26, the lady of T. Thompson, M.D., Keppel-street, Russell-square, of a daughter.

Dec. 23, Mrs. H. Bagster, of Guildford-street, of a son.

Dec. 16, Mrs. Firth, of York-place, Walworth, of a son.

Dec. 15, at East Bergholt, Suffolk, the lady of E. Godfrey, Esq., of a son.

Dec. 14, in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, the wife of T. Chandlees, Esq., of a son, who survived but a few days.

Dec. 14, Mrs. R. Johnson, Crescent-place, New Bridge-street, of a daughter.

Dec. 13, in St. Andrew's-place, Regent's-park, Mrs. J. Leman, of a son.

Dec. 26, at Westbourne, the Rev. R. Eden, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, to Anne Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Frederick Dickenson, Esq., of his Majesty's Victualling Office. Dec. 17, at Warndorf, the Rev. A. A. Hammond, of West End Lodge, near Southampton, to Elizabeth Malpas, eldest daughter of the late T. L. O. Davies, Esq., of Alresford, Hants. Dec. 17, W. H. Heathcote, Esq., third son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart., to Sophia Matilda, the only daughter of T. Wright, Esq., of Upton Hall, Notts, and half sister to Sir R. Sutton, Bart. 

**Died.**

On s'abonne à la Direction du Follet, Ruelle St. Martin, N° 61.

Créature exécutée par M. A. Normand, Passage Choiseul, N° 19.

Robe en tulles garni de rose des ateliers de M. A. Mocha, l'atelier de la Reine et Gabriel.

De M. M. Monahan de Londres - Flora de M. Chagot & Fils, N° 21, nom de Givenchy.

Lampes hydrauliques du seul dépot à Paris G. J. Gilbert.

Éventail à la mode et flacon d'eau douce Mme des M. de Blanche parfumeur N° 15, du Rez.

Passeage Choiseul, 18.

Published by J. Page no. 17, Fetter Lane, London.
LA CAMARGO

Born 1710

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum,

VOL. IV.

No. 12 of the series of antique portraits.

Died 1770

1834

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THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

AND

MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE DE CAMARGO.

BORN ANNO 1730. DIED ANNO 1770.

(With a beautiful full length Portrait, taken from the Life, the chef d'œuvre of the celebrated Lancret.)

Ah! Camargo, que vous etes brillante!
Mais que Sale, grands dieux, est ravissante!
Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux.
Elle est inimitable, et vous toujours nouvelle:
Les nymphes sautent comme vous,
Et les graces dansent comme elle.—Voltaire.

Marie Anne Cupis de Camargo was born at Brussels, on the 15th of April, 1710, of a noble Spanish family, both on the father's and mother's side. One of her ancestors, of the name of Cupis, an attaché to the Court of Austria, settled in Flanders, where he married a Spanish lady of noble descent, of the family of Camargo, which name he added to his own, and since that period both names have been adopted by his descendants. Her father's family of de Cupis had given many cardinals to the conclave, and her mother's brother, de Camargo, was actually at the time when our heroine was the prima.

The grandfather of Mademoiselle de Camargo was killed in the Austrian service. His young widow, who had been left with an infant son, finding herself reduced by the death of her husband, to very limited circumstances, resolved, as soon as the child was of a proper age, to place him in a situation to enable him to provide for his future maintenance. With this intent she had him instructed in the arts of music and dancing, in both of which he became a tolerable proficient. He married a lady without fortune, the issue of which marriage is the subject of the present memoir, the eldest of the family. This Don Ferdinand Cupis de Camargo fled to Brussels on account of some heresy, notwithstanding his relationship to the President of the awful tribunal of Spain. His faithful wife accompanied him, but they were able to save only their lives. Don Ferdinand was a ruined man; and as he had a young and rapidly increasing family, and was in a destitute condition, he resolved to make an effort to gain support for his family, notwithstanding the nobility of his descent. So late even as the time when Mademoiselle de Camargo was prima donna of the French stage, a branch of his family was Grand Inquisitor of Spain; and the reader can refer to the ecclesiastical history of that country to prove that Don Juan de Camargo succeeded Don Diego de Caspedes in 1720, as the thirty-fifth Grand Inquisitor, in the holy office.

The young Marie-Anne, who seemed to be intended by nature for a dancer, evinced at the earliest age the most extraordinary disposition for the profession to which she was destined. It is said, that, while yet in the arms of her nurse, she could not hear the sounds of a violin without manifesting the most unequivocal symptoms of delight, and becoming animated by such gay and lively movements, that it was predicted on all hands that she would one day become the greatest dancer.
in Europe. Light as a bird, she danced as soon as she ran alone, and her fairy-like figure was the admiration of every one.

When about the age of ten years, the agility, lightness, and elegance of her movements attracted the attention of the Princess De Ligne, who offered her father to bring her to Paris, promising to procure the best instructions for her at her own expense. This proposition was joyfully accepted; and the celebrated Mademoiselle Prevot was prevailed upon by the Prince D'Ysenhoven, and his brother the Count de Middlebourg, to receive her as a pupil. Marie-Anne profited so rapidly by the instructions of Mademoiselle Prevot, that at the end of three months she returned to Brussels, and made her début as first dancer at the theatre of that town. She was shortly afterwards engaged, at a high salary, by M. Pelissier, manager of the Rouen theatre; but in consequence of his failure, the theatre was closed, and Mademoiselle de Camargo, and two other candidates for public favour, Mademoiselles Pelissier and Petitpas, were engaged at the grand opera in Paris. The fame of the young Camargo had already reached the metropolis; never was "debutante" received with such marks of enthusiasm; the theatre, every night crowded to suffocation, literally rang with plaudits. Nothing was spoken of in the higher circles of Paris, but the Camargo. She led the fashions: there were gowns, hats, colours, coiffures, à la Camargo. In her time powder first became general in France: her shoe-maker was known in a very short time to have realised an immense fortune by making shoes for the ladies of the court, who were all ambitious of being chaussées by the cordonnier of the fair dancer; the shoes she always wore had immensely high heels.

The wonderful success that Mademoiselle de Camargo had obtained in her profession, became at length displeasing to her instructress, and Mademoiselle Prevot, who resolved to humiliate her, insisted on her taking parts in the "ballets." But this, so far from having the desired effect, only contributed to increase, if possible, the popularity of the dancer. In one "ballet" she had to figure in a dance of demons: the famous Dumoulin, who personated his Satanie Majesty, was to dance a pas seul; but at the moment when the orchestra commenced his air, he was no where to be found. Madlle. Camargo, who stood on one side of the stage, among a group of demons, saw that the effect of the whole would be destroyed by his absence; with one bound she sprang forward, assuming one of her beautiful attitudes, and, although unprepared, danced an extemporé pas seul with so much lightness, elegance, and grace, that the spectators were transported with admiration. This circumstance served to increase the ill-will and envy of Madlle. Prevot to such a degree, that she positively refused to permit her to dance an entrée in which the Duchesse de Berri had commanded she should appear. The celebrated Blondi entering the theatre for the rehearsal at the moment, found the young favourite bathed in tears, and in perfect despair at the thought of offending a princess of the blood. He told her, that if she would quit her harsh and envious mistress he would himself instruct her, and promised that on the following Tuesday she should dance the entrée in question. The progress she made under this great master realised the high expectations that had been formed for her. Under his guidance, she united what was called la danse noble with brilliancy of execution, to the elegance, grace, lightness, and soul-inspiring gaiety of her own style of dancing and acting. In fact, her liveliness on the stage was so natural and so unaffected, that she never failed infusing a portion of it to the most grave and melancholy of the spectators.

From this period, Mademoiselle Camargo was queen of the opera. With the natural desire of eclipsing her cruel and envious mistress, she made an astonishing progress in her profession; besides which, she inherited from nature the most brilliant advantages of person and disposition. Her conformation was most happily suited to her talents; her feet, ankles, bust, arms, and hands were of the most perfect form, and her lovely face expressed a comic archness and gaiety that harmonised with her aerial figure, and she danced and moved with a lightness most singular at that epoch. She was the first that in dancing beat four entrées; this was in 1730, before pirouettes were known. Thirty years after, Mademoiselle Lany beat six, and in modern times Taglioni has been known to execute eight: but this may be attributed to the greater freedom of dress, and the more natural form of the
shoe. The reader will see, by examining the authentic portrait annexed to this memoir, that the fair Camargo was forced to represent nymphs and goddesses, in all the barbarisms of stiff stays, powdered hair, and shoes, the heels of which were monstrosely high, that, in walking, the female figure was literally poised on its toes. Modern improvement had not then imagined such a thing as appropriate costume on the stage, and the most laughable effects must have been produced by its violation. Ridiculous as it was, the elegant Spaniard was obliged to submit to the laws of fashion in this their most insane freaks.

The expression of the face and figure of Marie-Anne Camargo was that of great vivacity, and every movement on the stage seemed full of laughing gaiety. In public, she was all life and energy; in private life, she was pensive and silent. The contrast was indeed striking. This is to be attributed to the cruelty of a man, whom she had inspired with that sort of savage passion which seeks the suffering and degradation of its object, rather than to promote happiness. And as the beautiful Camargo was averse to every other suitor, and turned the coldest ear to all the flatteries of a host of adorers, perhaps the melancholy that seemed strikingly at variance with her natural genius, might be attributed to the mental agony her wicked persecutor made her suffer.

Before we proceed to narrate the insulting conduct of her insolent lover, it is necessary to mention that, with the profits of her first early success on the stage, she sent for her father and family from Brussels, and, like an excellent daughter, devoted her earnings at that tender age to their support. A brother of her’s became a musician, and she became the instructress of her young sister Sophie, who afterwards made her début as a danseuse with considerable success. La Camargo, after the arrival of her father in Paris, lived constantly under his care, and never went to the theatre without his protection. The poor girl had the utmost need of it.

Even in the present day actors and actresses are denied Christian burial; but at that time the great lords of the French court exercised an absolute authority over the whole establishment of the theatre. They treated the actress as Sultans do their purchased slaves; and till the fair Camargo became prima donna, there was never found an actress that had either the power, or, indeed, the virtuous inclination, to resist their lawless wills. But Marie-Anne Camargo never forgot that though sad necessity had reduced her so low, she was as nobly born as the highest amongst them, and though her noble father had relinquished lands, titles, and distinction, yet he had been born and reared in a palace, and her nearest relative swayed the destinies of a great and renowned people. The niece of the then Grand Inquisitor of Spain, noble as she was in mind as in blood, would not submit to be the guilty paramour of the Count de Melun, although he was a prince of the blood royal of France. "If he loved her," she said, in answer to all the seducing proffers with which he assailed her, "and felt inclined to woo her for his wife, she would give him a candid answer, and perhaps might try to return his affection, but to other dishonourable addresses she had nothing to offer, except scorn and abhorrence."

For three years the Count de Melun pursued the beautiful Camargo; and, at last, enraged at her firm resistance, he had recourse to an unmanly and cowardly exertion of his power, as a mighty noble and prince of the blood. He carried off the Camargo and her young sister by force from the opera-house, and detained them several days at his hotel, in spite of all their endeavours to gain their liberty, and the remonstrances of their unhappy father.

There is a memorial extant addressed to the prime minister, Cardinal de Fleury, dated 1728, from the father of the unhappy lady, which is one of the most extraordinary state papers, connected with the theatre, that ever existed. The original is in the possession of M. Beffara, in his collection of curious and historical papers relating to the Académie Royale de Musique, and is an authentic proof of the scandalous abuse of the power of the French nobles in the earlier half of the last century.

"Ferdinand de Cupis humbly represents to his Eminence that he is a Spanish gentleman, who can prove sixteen quarters of unsullied nobility; that he was ruined in his fortunes, and exiled,
through no breach of honour or moral conduct, and his poverty was further aggravated by being in a strange country, burdened with the maintenance of seven young children, whom he had no means of rearing in a manner suitable to their birth; that the petitioner, in consideration of their wants, was forced to forget their nobility and make them submit to a degradation more bitter to him than death, and to permit Marie-Anne and Sophie to become opera dancers, on condition that he and his wife always accompanied them to and from the theatre. The eldest, Marie-Anne, was always as much noted for her modesty of demeanour, and duty to her parents, as she was for her skill in her profession; the other was likewise tractable and dutiful, but is only a child in her thirteenth year.

"During the last three years, Monsieur, the Count of Melun, has made use of every art of seduction to corrupt Marie-Anne, and when he found that nothing could shake her virtuous resolution, he descended to means unworthy of himself and me, by proposing a price (to me, the father of Marie-Anne!) to consent and assist in the infamy of my child; and when he found that his abhorrent attempts were treated with the contempt they deserved, he found means to conceal himself in her chamber one night, and when she raised an alarm, so that he was expelled from the house, he basely threatened to deprive her of her appointments at the Opera. At last, on the 10th of May, he carried off both my daughters, by means of a number of his servants, and detained them against their will, at his hotel at Paris, situate in the Rue de la Culture St. Germain, for four days. The petitioner implores your Eminence to wipe off the dishonour inflicted on an unhappy noble in the person of his daughter, by enforcing the laws confirmed by his Majesty, and established by his august predecessor, which punish the crime of abduction by death. Or, in case the extremity of the law should not be deemed expedient to be pursued on a person of Count de Melun's high blood, that his Majesty will force Monsieur to marry the eldest daughter, and portion the other, as the only means of repairing this flagrant act of injustice; and the petitioner will ever pray for the health and preservation of your Eminence."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the Cardinal laughed at this spirited remonstrance of an injured family. The outrage of Count de Melun, to whatever extent it was carried, remained unpunished, among the other infamous acts of the French noblesse, for which they paid so fearful a reckoning at the Revolution.

Marie-Anne Camargo pursued her profession with increased brilliancy in public, but in private life she was scarcely ever seen to smile after this occurrence. A sorrow was seated at her young heart that never could be removed. Romancers would dwell on the penitence of her insolent lover; but remorse seldom visits the corrupt profligate of real life, and whether he finished his atrocious career in his early days, or laid his dishonoured head beneath the guillotine in his old age, there is no record to inform us.

Madame de Camargo had also a fine clear voice, and sang with much taste. On many occasions, particularly in the "Spectacle de la Cour," for her talents were held in the highest estimation by the King and royal family, as well as by the members of the court, she took part in operas as well as in ballets. In 1734, La Camargo quitted the theatre, but reappeared six years after in "Les Fêtes Grecques et Romaines," an entertainment got up purposely for her. The public found her still the same, and lavished upon her the same testimonials of admiration and applause. In 1751 she finally quitted the stage.

Madame Camargo executed every style of dancing in the highest perfection. She far excelled all her contemporaries in what is called "la danse noble" (the serious style), in minuets, passe-pieds, entrées de Graces, and les loures; while gavottes, rigadoons, tambourines, and other lively dances, she executed in a style peculiar to herself, introducing into them a variety of steps of her own invention. In the minuet she has never, if equalled, been surpassed.

In the beautiful portrait which we subjoin to this memoir (the chef d'œuvre of the celebrated Lancret) she is represented dancing a pas seul of her own invention, known to this day by the name of "La Camargo."

Louis XV., in testimony of his admiration of her talents, granted her the pension formerly enjoyed by Madame Prevot; and on her retiring from the theatre, in 1751, she obtained another from the opera
of 1,500 livres a year: her salary had never exceeded 2,500 livres, yet from this she saved sufficient to support herself and her father’s family, and to bestow large sums in acts of beneficence.

Madame de Camargo died on the 28th of April, 1770, after a most brilliant career, universally regretted by her friends and the public.

In private life Mademoiselle de Camargo was accounted a model of charity and benevolence, modesty, and good conduct. Never at any period of her life was the slightest word whispered to the aspersion of her fair fame. This conduct, as may be supposed, gained her the esteem and friendship of the higher classes, who were all desirous of testifying how highly she was appreciated by them for her unblemished reputation. The extraordinary Camargo was the first actress ever heard of on the French stage, that preferred a life of celibacy from an innate sense of virtue, and that high spirit which chose to show him who despised her for her profession, that if he did not choose to make her his wedded wife because she was an actress, she could, like the lady in Comus, pass through the ordeal of the temptations of the French stage free from the slightest taint of dishonour. One day walking in the Tuileries, she was met by Madame la Maréchale de Villars, who, having joined her near the great basin, entered familiarly into conversation with her: in a short time they were recognised by some of the promenaders, and the enthusiasm became so general, that the gardens re-echoed to the cheers of the admiring multitude.

The splendid ballet opera of Manon Lescaut, which was brought out at Paris in 1828, revived the memory of the beautiful Camargo. The public mind was raised even to a state of frenzy. The character assigned to represent that lady, gained for her so much popularity, that attention was drawn particularly to her own individual life and history. In the past year also, another piece was written, in which she was made the heroine, and considerable success attended its production; but it is altogether a departure from her real history. Tales and romances have likewise been written on her story, but the romantic adventures of her life may furnish food enough even for the lovers of the wonderful, without calling to aid the powers of fiction.

It is worthy of remark that ladies of Spanish descent seem peculiarly successful on the Opera stage. Besides Camargo, we can note Mercandotti, and the peerless Malibran, whose father and mother both were Spaniards.

STANZAS ON THE BIRTH OF MY YOUNGEST BROTHER.

Infant, sweet blossom of the morn,
Unspotted flow’ret bright,
Whence com’st thou, from what unknown shore,
From what fair realm of light?

For sure, so fair a babe as thou
Couldst ne’er have sprung from earth;
Thou art too lovely and too sweet
“For aught of mortal birth.”

Com’st thou from regions pure of air,
By spirits nursed and bred?
A sylph by birth, a sylph by race,
On purest ether fed?

Or spring’st thou from the ocean’s coves,
A genius of the sea?
Know’st thou the Nereid’s coral rocks
Unknown to all but thee?

Or, if thou’rt neither sylph nor sprite,
What art thou? say, fair child;
There’s something strangely sweet in thee,
So fair, so soft, so mild.

But ah! adieu this playful strain,
Thou art a child of earth—
Though lovely, pure, and fairer than
The rest of human birth.

But that which sheds the brightest ray
Of beauty round thee, love,
Is innocence, the innocence
Of cherubim above.

’Tis this that lends a brighter hue
To thy soft roseate cheek;
’Tis this that gives a deeper blue
To thy soft eyes so meek.

Lovely is earliest infancy,
Lovelier than riper years;
Because the robe of innocence
A spotless infant wears.

M. M.
LITERAL TRANSLATION OF A POPULAR BALLAD
SUNG AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF MEHEMET ALI, THE PACHA OF EGYPT.
(From the modern Arabic.)

[This ballad deserves attention, not from its poetic merit, but because it is a faithful picture of the manners and customs of the energetic but barbarous people who are threatening destruction to the Turkish empire,—the warlike Arabs of Egypt.]

BALLAD.

I am a native of Galioub; since my first remembrance I have seen the Nile overflow my native fields sixteen times.

And I had a neighbour named Sheik Abdallah, who had a daughter that had never shown her face to any man but me. Nothing could equal the beauty of Fatma; her skin was firm, and smooth, and cold, and her black eyes were as large as a fındgian (a coffee-cup). We had but one heart between us, and I had no rivals. Just as we were going to be married, our Bey (may the ban of Alla be on him) had my hands tied, and strung me by the neck to a chain, that held fifty others, and his Aga (may the ban of Alla be on him) drove us all off to the camp. As I was poor, nothing was listened to, but I must serve in the Pacha’s army. May the ban of Alla be on him, too!

The tambours, the trumpets, and the fifes so rung in my ears, that I soon forgot my cottage, my goats, and my chadouf (a machine for raising the Nile water), but I could not forget the sun of my life, the light of my thoughts, my poor Fatma. They made me a present of a fusil, and the dress of a nizam. They taught me to turn my head to the right and to the left, and to hold one foot in the air, and, being a clever boy, I soon learned divan dour salem dour (present arms), and many other fine things.

And they sent me with my regiment to Mecca. Then I saw the Caaba. We fought among the deserts, the rocks, and the mountains,—we killed the enemies of the Prophet *, and I became a Hadji (a privileged pilgrim to Mecca), for I saw Mecca the desired, Alla be praised.

Then they made me a corporal, and, after three years’ war, they put us on board ships, and they wafted me back to the country of the blessed river (the Nile); they encamped us on the banks, and I was troubled to be so near Galioub and Fatma without daring to visit them.

Then the fever of chagrin seized on me, and being sick they put me into the hospital of Abouzabel; and the Frangidi doctors (European physicians in Ibrahim’s service) were worse than my disease, for they starved me in order that they might sell my rations of food. May Alla confound all these too!

Day by day I grew more sick and sad. I was ready to die, Then the mischievous Frangidi compounded for me a drug: its very smell made me worse, and nearly stifled me. I already had this cup of abominations at my lips, when I heard a sweet voice cry under the windows, “Hassan! Hassan! in enni! (“Hassan, Hassan, my dear, or my life, my eyes!”)

Then for joy I flung the cup of Frangidi physic at the nose of the nurse. I felt a renewal of the blood, and that I was cured; the fools of Frangidi doctors thought it was their evil-smelling physic that healed me so speedily. “Give me my billet of health,” I demanded, and they gave it me, lauding the wonders of their own skill.

I rushed directly out of the hospital, the trembling arms of Fatma were thrown round me, and after our first rapturous greetings, she told me when she heard the regiment had returned, how she had hurried to the camp.

“...And...” said she, “when I wanted to enter the tented ground, a negro presented his bayonet, and cried ‘dour’ (halt there). Now I knew not what this dour meant.” So the black cried the louder, and would have killed my Fatma, when she tried to force him, but a Turkish officer came up and demanded what she wanted. “I want my Hassan, my betrothed,” said she, “whom ye have taken away for three years. May Alla confound ye all!”

Then the officer sneered and turned his back on my Fatma. The poor girl was retiring confused, when she by good luck saw the wife of my sergeant coming towards

* Ibrahim’s expedition against the Wachabites, in Arabia, is here alluded to.
There’s Rest.

the camp; she made her plaint to her, and that good believer, may Alla reward her, told her thus:—

“Thy Hassan is sick to death, in the hospital, I will take thee with me near it, but thou must not enter there!” Then this dear light of my life ran by her side more swift than the gazelle, and came under the window of the hospital, and cried aloud, “Hassan, Hassan, ia enn!” and the sound of her sweet voice healed me.

And full of joy I carried her in triumph to my tent, and I went to my aga, my adjutant (here he names all the ranks).

And having obtained permission, we went to Galioub, where her old father, Abdallah, gave us the marriage benediction, Alla be praised.

Alla is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!

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THERE’S REST.

Stanzas written at Night, on the River St. Lawrence, North America.

BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE (LATE MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.)

There’s rest, when eve with dewy fingers,
Draws the curtains of repose
Round the west, where light still lingers,
And the day’s last glory glows.

There’s rest in Heaven’s unclouded blue,
When twinkling stars steal, one by one,
So softly on the gazer’s view,
As if they sought his glance to shun.

There’s rest, when o’er the silent meads,
The deepening shades of night advance;
And, sighing through their fringe of reeds,
The plaintive rill’s clear waters glance.

There’s rest, when all above is bright,
And gently o’er the summer isles
The full moon pours her yellow light
And Heaven on Earth serenely smiles.

There’s rest, when angry storms are o’er,
And Fear no longer vigil keeps,
When winds are heard to rave no more,
And Ocean’s troubled spirit sleeps.

There’s rest, when to the pebbly strand,
The lapping billows slowly glide,
And, pillowed on the golden sand,
Breathes soft and low the slumbering tide.

There’s rest, deep rest, in that still hour,
A holy calm, a pause profound,
Whose soothing spell and dreamy power,
Lull into slumber all around.

There’s rest for Labour’s hardy child,
For Nature’s tribes of earth and air,
Whose soothing balm and influence mild,
Save guilt and sorrow, all may share.

There’s rest, beneath the quiet sod,
When life and all its trials cease,
And in the bosom of his God,
The Christian finds eternal peace—
That peace the world can not bestow,
The rest a Saviour’s death-pangs bought,
To bid the weary pilgrim know
A bliss surpassing human thought.
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST YEAR,
As connected with Literature, Public Improvements, &c.

BY MRS. HOPLAND.

In the beginning of a new year, although existence with each individual goes on in its usual routine, yet we all feel called upon for the exercise of reflection and meditation upon the great purposes of life, and the important changes which belong to its close—together with recollections of those events in our own history, during the year that is past, which have been interesting or important.

Many have to remember that, during that time, they have cemented an union which must affect the happiness of every future year of their lives; and many more know too well that, during the past year, with them the dearest ties have been severed—the links which bound them to time dissolved, and that henceforth it will become their wisdom and consolation to look more earnestly than before towards that eternity where alone they can renew them, and enjoy them unceasingly. Leaving alike the joys and the pensive to that train of thought which shall lead the former to devout gratitude, and the latter to pious resignation, we proceed to look back upon the past year, so as to recall cursorily its productions and improvements, and thereby awaken our attention to all that is most worthy of abiding in our memory and influencing our conduct.

In the serious literature of the country nothing particularly striking has come before the public eye, but a good deal that is, nevertheless, excellent. Sermons are now truly religious discourses, calculated to enlighten the young and inquiring mind, and to strengthen the faith of the advanced Christian, and are far superior to the splendid nothings which half a century ago issued from the press under that name, with no other pretensions than those of a cold morality, seasoned by high-sounding oratory.

Periodical works have been probably as good, or better, than for several preceding years, for their proprietors are compelled to exert every medium of rendering them attractive, in consequence of the cheap, but yet effective rivals, who in their numerical force have obtained considerable power, if not towards the monthly, yet certainly the weekly publications; but we believe the two leading ones are as flourishing as ever. Of the new candidates for public favour, (many of whom have ended their brief existence in the last twelve months) the original “Penny Magazine,” the “Saturday Magazine,” and the “Encyclopaedia,” are decidedly and properly the favourites of the public. For those whose situations in life, or whose narrow means enable them only to snatch “a mouthful of knowledge,” these works are indeed invaluable, and we should rejoice to see them in every poor* man’s house, both as a proof that he had a taste for learning, and the medium of gratifying it; but yet we are much of the opinion of the accomplished author of “England and Englishmen,” that to a man of education they are only tiresome affairs.

With the exception of the above work, Mr. Lytton Bulwer has not honoured the year 1833, and much in our opinion does it lack one of his spirited novels or interesting romances, if we may so term “Eugene Aram”; nor have the promised volumes of the erudite D’Israeli, or any new composition from his admirable son, come within the same period. The “Tales of a Chaperon,” and one or two others, as “Mary of Burgundy,” the “Parson’s Daughter,” and “Love and Pride,” make up the deficiency in a great measure; but we cannot think that the “Tales of Fashionable Life” under any title, and even when very cleverly written, do this. They are trashy, unsatisfactory food to the mind at the best, and, in their satirical vein, rather expose the weakness they ridicule for the purpose of exciting contempt, than of removing the evil which deforms their fellow-creatures, and renders them objects of abhorrence in the eyes of tens of thousands who can never judge for themselves as to the actual conduct of those above them. If the writers in question belong to the grade they satirise, surely they

* Circulating lending libraries were in this parish (St. Andrew’s, Holborn,) found extremely useful in their influence among the poor. A volume of Voyages and Travels has kept many a man from steering to the beer-shop, and Miss Edgeworth’s Tales were ruin to “a drop of the crust” even in Saffron Hill. On my telling her this when she was last in England, she said “it was the sweetest reward her exertions had ever brought her.”
ought not to give such bitter pills as they thus administer, for no other purpose than to prove the great family of nobility despicably dishonest, inordinately proud, contemptibly servile, and insolently tyrannical, without rendering them the means of purifying the sin they expose, and the imbecility they sneer at. On the other hand, if they have by permission crept into the ranks of the "Exclusive," upon purpose to spy the nakedness of the land, (for naked it must be, if there is neither sound principles nor good intentions, whatever be its riches or its graces,) surely every one has a right to question the news communicated by him who "is an enemy in the camp," and perforce practising those arts of base insinuation and unworthy artifice which he so freely attributes to those around him.

How long these novels may remain popular, there is no saying—unhappily there is a principle in human nature likely to render them permanent. Whatever deteriorates from those above us, is grateful to the palate even of the aspirants who most earnestly desire to enter the ranks of the calumniated; and persons of quality themselves are eager to see, or think they see, the peculiarities of their acquaintance exposed, even at the risk of being similarly exhibited themselves; a weakness to be accounted for on the score of having more time than employment, and that want of excitement which arises as a concomitant trouble to those who are emphatically "at ease in their possessions."

In point of fact, the aristocracy, both new and old, are very much like other human beings—education and circumstances have enlarged the sphere of their virtues and their vices, both of which are somewhat distinct from their fellow-creatures, but (their temptations considered) not larger, one way or other, than any other rank exhibits. So long as education consists in attainments and accomplishments, rather than the inculcation of sound motives and subdued tempers, religious humility and dignified integrity, mere men and women will be subject to the faults of nature and situation, whether they are countesses or country maidens, lords or leather cutters.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

**Vol. IV. No. 2.**

Where right principles have been acted upon, when has frail humanity exhibited more of all that is good and amiable than our nobility (particularly our female nobility) have possessed, but not therefore exhibited? In how many instances has the strictest self-denial been practised by the loveliest and highest in the land, that the stream of secret bounty might cheer the hut of poverty, or relume the dwelling of misfortune?

A new species of literary amusement is now widely diffused amongst us, of which Captain Marriott may almost be termed the father, since the "King's Own," "Newton Foster," and "Peter Simple," are unquestionably at the head of their class; and, so far as we have seen, far surpass their imitators. Much as we admire the American novelist, who, perhaps, first rendered the sea scenes as captivating as they are interesting in their terrors, we yet think our own countryman entitled to the praise of originality in the above novels; since in the American we have the sea—in the Englishman the seamen before our eyes, and it is the service of the sailor, rather than the element on which he serves, that is rendered the great object of our attention. The semi-barbarous state of our jack-tars at the very period of its progress into comparative cultivation, thereby losing its stronger points of humour and pathos, together with its frequent ferocity and astonishing ignorance, ask for no common powers of discrimination, no common portion of genius; and in Captain Marriott we find perfect competence to his own intentions, and of course he has opened a new gold mine, or at least one which has not been wrought since the days of Smollet, and then it was through a very distinct race of savages to the present far more amiable though less characteristic fraternity.

One thing we are sorry to observe in this animated writer—he is fond of making the fathers of his heroes either imbecile or wicked. It is true, old Foster is a kind-hearted, absent, silly old man, for whom we have a regard; but the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Simple is very hateful. Let us, however, be merciful even to him: the system by which he became a minister is far more to blame than the individual. We can hardly feel surprised when we hear such a man say, "D— the church of England,
Recollections of the Past Year.

and d— those who made me one of her clergy!” Until that time comes when her livings are the reward of the good man who fulfils his duties, the learned man who studies to confirm her precepts, we must expect such ebullitions from younger sons, who accept livings that they may hunt and shoot, and old gentlemen who bow for livings that they may lounge and gastronomise.

Allowing that the late year has made no great figure in literature, yet we ought to rejoice that at length it has decreed a temple to art. This is one step in public virtue, and, as such, we hail it, malgre all the faults and expenses complained of in conjunction with it.

At a time when all the world is talking of retrenchment, it may be a bold thing to say a word on the other side; but it is, nevertheless, true, that we do think John Bull a very parsimonious personage towards his children in some particular points. He likes industry, but provides against any getting forward in a fair way too fast—is willing to reward the brave fellow who will give a blow or take one, but woe to the pale boy that pens a sonnet or pencils a landscape: in all the realms of roast beef and plum-pudding there is found no place for him, the genius of the family.

This species of avarice is spreading through every department of intellectual pursuit, and surely a more degrading meanness cannot be found. We have lately been horror-struck with reading three advertisements in the “Times,” purporting to come from parents who had from two to five daughters to educate, and wished to engage some young lady capable of teaching “ music, French, drawing, and every other accomplishment,” for which, one observes, they should give a salary of 12l. per annum. Another modestly speaks of “a nominal salary,” as “the young lady would be rendered very comfortable;” and a third says, “no salary will be given, as the lady will be treated as one of the family.”

Let any mother amongst us look at such advertisements, and place ourselves in the situation of either such governesses or their mothers, in order that we may justly appreciate the treatment offered to those talented, industrious, and virtuous young women to whom such offers are made. Many of them have been brought up in affluence, educated at a consider-
conducted on a scale often liberal even to extravagance, surely it is a cruel and unjustifiable deed ever to tempt the necessitous thus, even to their own undoing; and particularly unworthy on the part of ladies, who ought to feel for their own sex, and consider for them also.

"It is not enough that you should have my custom, but that you should gain by me," said the present King of the French to a young coal merchant whom he insisted upon paying immediately. Happy would it be if the same spirit of consideration for the welfare and comfort of others, ran through the whole circle of society, more especially that part of it who hold the dispensing power to the larger portion. The unkindness of thoughtlessness, the injustice of withholding trifling payments, and of incurring considerable and frequently unjustifiable debts, are the sources of innumerable miseries through every gradation of situation, and are the more reprehensible because every one may avoid them. "Even-handed justice will command no chalice" to the lips of the humblest, which her own would recoil from drinking; and every one knows that although "honesty may be the virtue of a footman," it is one which a nobleman cannot be deficient in with impunity. To a far higher tribunal every one is amenable than worldly opinion or self-conceited precepts of convenience, for are we not commanded "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

At a period when London is filling with the gay, the fair, and the wealthy—when bustle, splendour, and rivalry in luxury will pervade not only the ranks of fashion, but those of circle beyond circle, who advance towards them, we trust these reflections will not be deemed intrusive or inappropriate, which tend to diminish an affection of useless parade, and the efforts of foolish ambition, in the fair readers of a work designed not less for their use than their amusement. The woman who has sufficient mental dignity to resist the temptations around her, will necessarily direct a judicious expenditure into its legitimate channels; and although no proud display takes place at her hospitable board, it is certain no petty saving, no oppressive dealing, no dirty contrivance to elude a creditor or baffle a dependant, shall be whispered to the circle whose envy she has excited, or sting her own bosom in the bed of sickness or the hour of misfortune. The respectability and the personal accommodation of her husband; the real welfare, not the fictitious splendour, of her children; the happiness of her friends, the power of rewarding merit in her dependants, and of extending the aids of charity and compassion to the poor and afflicted, will be to her a daily tribute of applause more dear in the quiet cheerfulness of her "sweet, sweet home," than the loudest huzzas which ever rung in the memory of those, who, in catering for the world of pleasure, have earned the condemnation alike of husband, children, creditors, and their own hearts.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

BY G. R. CARTER.

The boundless realms of air attract the meditative eye:
When clouds of silvery whiteness hide the sapphire of the sky,
Or stars pursue their silent course as beautiful and fair;
—How pleasing to poetic minds—the distant realms of air!

Sole monarch of a world unknown, the sun with light enshrouds
The purple summit of the hills, the bosoms of the clouds,
And viewless as the spirit there the moon serenely glides,
With queen-like brow, as if she held dominion o'er the tides.

Oh! what were Summer's glowing charms, or Autumn's hush profound,
Or Winter's stormy threats, with which the leafless woods resound,
Unless those heavenly realms unto the Christian's heart conveyed
The hope of an immortal home that time shall never shade!

Beyond the eagle's proudest flight, beyond the farthest sea,
Congenial souls shall meet again, from earthly trammels free,
And when the dawn of glory breaks upon the clouds of care,
Shall thrill, with mingled songs of praise, the boundless realms of air!
THE GOLDEN GOBLET.—AN IRISH FAIRY LEGEND.—No. III.

In Ireland, as in Scotland, among the lower orders, there is a prevalent belief in the existence of supernatural powers of the gentry commonly known by the name of "fairies." Many and strange are the stories I have heard respecting this mysterious and much-dreaded race of beings. Loud and frequent have been the expressions of surprise, and even of anger, at the hard faith which could not credit all that was narrated of the wonderful feats of Irish fairies. The most amusing thing was, that the more my disbelief was exhibited, the more incredible were the legends which were launched against my willful obstinacy.

I have forgotten the full particulars of many of the traditions which were familiar to me when a boy, but my memory retains sufficient to convince me how utterly vain was every attempt to reason the superstitious out of their belief in the wild and the wonderful. I should have known that "—Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast To some dear falsehood, hies it to the last."

But in these cases the fanaticism was harmless:—it was rather of the head than of the heart—of the imagination, than the reason. It would be a fortunate circumstance if all superstitions did as little mischief as this.

In my youth I was a sickly boy—but the debility of the body was not accompanied with debility of mind. Shut out from the athletic exercises of my age, I read a great deal—and retirement compelled me, for amusement sake, to reading and contemplation more than youth is accustomed to indulge in. My reading was very varied, embracing within its sphere all sorts of books, from the arena of forbidden lore to the solemn mysteries of religion. The result was, that I imbied a sovereign contempt for the superstitious traditions of my native land, and it is more than probable that I was not particularly chary in evining my contempt at every opportunity, whether in or out of season. When the mind of a boy soars above the ignorance which besets his elders, who have neither the chance nor the desire of being enlightened, he is apt to pride himself, as I did, on the "march of intellect" which carries him along triumphantly.

Many, very many years have elapsed since I happened to be a temporary visitor beneath the hospitable roof of one of the better sort of farmers, in the county of Cork, during the Midsummer holidays. As usual, I there indulged in sarcasm against the credulity of the country. One evening, I happened to be in a conversation at the very existence of "the fairy folk," and, as sometimes happens, ridicule accomplished more than argument could have effected. The good people could bear any thing in the way of argument—at least, of argument such as mine—they could even suffer their favorite theories and stories respecting the fairies to be abused: but to laugh at them—that was an act of the greatest unkindness.

My host was almost in despair, and quite in anger, when the village schoolmaster came in, an uninvited, and, at that crisis, a most welcome guest. A chair was soon provided for him in "the warm corner:" whiskey, which had never seen a gauger's face, and never been within a furlong of the gauger's stick, was instantly on the table, and the schoolmaster, for the hundredth time to my certain knowledge, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its flavour.

I had often seen him before. He combined in his character a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity: was a most excellent mathematician and an accomplished classical scholar: but of the world he knew next to nothing. From youth to age had been spent within the limits of the parish, over which, ferula in hand, he had presided for more than a quarter of a century,—at once a teacher and an oracle! Of course, he was deeply imbued with the superstitions of his native country, (for the superstitions of the north differ from those of the south—nay, every district has its own shade of belief?) but he was especially familiar with the wild legends of that rocky glen (the defiles, near the Killworth mountains, commonly known by the name of Araglin, once famous for the extent of illicit distillation carried on there,) in which he had spent the golden days of his youth and manhood, in the useful but noiseless tenor of a scholastic life.

It was to this eccentric character that my host triumphantly referred me for full information respecting the existence and the vagaries of the fairies. He wasted no time in prefatory proof of the former, but plunged at once into the heart of his story, and told the following tale:

"You know the high hill that overlooks the town of Fermoy? Handsome and thriving place as it now is, I remember the time when there were only two houses in that same town, and one of them was only in course of building! Well, there lived on the other side of Corran Thiera (the mountain in question) one of the Barry's, a gentleman who was both rich and good. I wish we had more of the same stamp among us now:—'tis little of the Whiteboys would trouble the country then. He had a fine fortune, kept a fine house, and lived at a dashing rate. It does not matter, here or there, how many servants he had; but I mention them, because one of them was a very remarkable
fellow. His equal was not to be had, far or near, for love or money.

"This servant was called Con O’Keele. He was a little old man, with a face the very colour and texture of old parchment, and he had lived in the family time out of mind. He was so small that no one ever thought of putting him to hard work. All that they did was, now and then, from the want of a better messenger, or to humour the old man, to send him to Rathcormuc post-office for letters; but he was too weak and too feeble to walk so far—though it was only a matter of two miles; so they got him a little ass, and he rode on it, quite as proud as a general at the head of an army of conquerors. ‘Twas as good as a play to see Con mounted on his ass—you could scarcely make out which had the most stupid look. But neither man nor beast can help his looks!

"Con was not worth his keep, for any good he did: but, truth to say, he had the name of being knowed in the fairies and, at that time, Corran Thieria swarmed with them. They changed their quarters when the regiments from Fermoy barracks took to firing against targets stuck up at the foot of the mountain. Not that a ball could ever hit a fairy, but they hate the noise of the firing, and hate the smell of gunpowder, quite as much as Beelzebub hates holy water.

"But it is reckoned lucky to have a friend of the fairies in the house with you, and that was the reason why he was kept at Barry’sfort. Many and many a one could swear to hearing him and the ‘good folk’ talk together at night, on his old mule from Rathcormuc with the letter-bag. My own notion is, that if he had any thing to say to them, he’d be too wise to hold conversation with them on the high road, for that might have led to a general discovery. He was fond of a drop; and, when the whiskey was in, his tongue went so glibly, that, in the absence of other company, he was even forced, as he trotted home, to talk to himself.

"One night, as he was going along pretty fresh, he thought he heard a confused sound of voices in the air, directly over his head. He stopped, and sure enough it was from the fairies, who were chattering away like a bevy of magpies; but he did not know this at the time.

"At first he thought that it might be some of the neighbours wanting to play him a trick. So, to show that he was not afraid, when the voices above and around him kept calling out, ‘High up high up, in the air so high!’ he put in his spoke, and cried out, bold as a lion, ‘High up, high up with ye, my lad!’—No sooner said than done. In a twinkling he was whisked off his ass, and was ‘high up’ in the air, in the very middle of the

“good people,”—for it happened to be their festival night, and the cry that poor little Con heard was the signal for collecting their numbers for the night. There they were, mighty small, and moving about quick as motes in the sunshine. Although Con had the reputation of being acquainted with them all, you may well believe that there was not a single face among the lot that he knew.

"At length, off they all went, when the leader—a little morsel of a fellow, not bigger than hop-o’-my-thumb—bawled out, ‘High for France, high for France, high over!’ Off they went, through the air—quick as if they were on a steeple chase. Moss and moor—mountain and valley—land and water were all left behind, and they never once halted until they reached the coast of France.

"They made for the house (they call it chateau there) of a great lord—one of the seignors of the court—and, without leave or license, bolted through the key-hole in the fairies and, at that time, Corran Thieria swarmed with them. They changed their quarters when the regiments from Fermoy barracks took to firing against targets stuck up at the foot of the mountain. Not that a ball could ever hit a fairy, but they hate the noise of the firing, and hate the smell of gunpowder, quite as much as Beelzebub hates holy water.

"But it is reckoned lucky to have a friend of the fairies in the house with you, and that was the reason why he was kept at Barry’sfort. Many and many a one could swear to hearing him and the ‘good folk’ talk together at night, on his old mule from Rathcormuc with the letter-bag. My own notion is, that if he had any thing to say to them, he’d be too wise to hold conversation with them on the high road, for that might have led to a general discovery. He was fond of a drop; and, when the whiskey was in, his tongue went so glibly, that, in the absence of other company, he was even forced, as he trotted home, to talk to himself.

"One night, as he was going along pretty fresh, he thought he heard a confused sound of voices in the air, directly over his head. He stopped, and sure enough it was from the fairies, who were chattering away like a bevy of magpies; but he did not know this at the time.

"At first he thought that it might be some of the neighbours wanting to play him a trick. So, to show that he was not afraid, when the voices above and around him kept calling out, ‘High up high up, in the air so high!’ he put in his spoke, and cried out, bold as a lion, ‘High up, high up with ye, my lad!’—No sooner said than done. In a twinkling he was whisked off his ass, and was ‘high up’ in the air, in the very middle of the
Indeed, some of them whispered that he must have gone off for good, with the fairies.

“Now, does not this convince you that there must be such things as fairies? Sure, it is not more than twenty years since I heard myself tell the whole story from beginning to end; and he’d say or swear with any man, that the entire of it was true as gospel. And, sure as my name is Dennis O’Cann, I do believe that Con was in strange company that night.”

“But, Mr. O’Cann, we must have more proof than little Con’s own declaration.”

“To be sure you shall. Was not, then, the golden cup at Barry’s-foort, and to be seen—as seen it was—by the whole country?”

“Certainly, if the cup is to be seen, the case is altered materially.”

“But I did not say that the cup is at Barry’s-foot, only that it was. The end of the story is, indeed, quite as strange and curious as the beginning.

“When Con O’Keefe came back from his wonderful excursion, no one would believe the story he told them; for though it was whispered that he was great with the fairies, yet, when the matter came to the test, they did not give credit to it. But Con soon settled their doubts; he brought forward the cup, and there was no gainsaying that evidence.

“Mr. Barry took the cup into his own keeping, and the name and residence of the French lord being carved on it, he determined (as in honour bound) to send it home again. So he went off to Cove, without any delay, taking Con with him; and, luckily, as there was a vessel going off to France that very day, he sent off Con with the cup, and his very best compliments.

“The cup was the favourite goblet of the French lord,—a rare piece of family plate, given to one of his ancestors by one of the old kings of France,—and nothing could equal the hubbub and confusion that arose when it was missed. His lordship called for some wine at dinner, and then great was his anger when the cup could not be found. In his passion—and he swore like any trooper—he took a solemn oath that he would never taste a drop of anything stronger than pure water, until the cup was on his table again; and that if it was not forthcoming in a week, he’d turn off every servant he had, and without giving them a character.

“High and low the cup was searched for, but without finding it, as you may suppose. At last the week came to an end—the servants had all their clothes packed up, to be off in the morning. His lordship was getting dreadfully tired of drinking cold water, and the whole house was, as one may say, turned topsy-turvy, when, to the delight and admiration of all, in came Con O’Keefe, from Ireland, with a letter from Mr. Barry, and the golden cup, safe and sound!

“To be sure he was welcome. His lordship made it a point to get ‘glorious’ that night, and, as in duty bound, the whole household followed his example, with all the pleasure in life. You may be certain that Con played away finely at the wine—you know the fairies had made him ‘free of the cellar,’ so he knew the taste of the wine by that time; aye, and relished it, too. Without a shadow of doubt, they all had high life below stairs to perfection that evening.

“Con was sent back with many fine presents for his master, and a long purse of gold for himself. From that day to the day of his death, he never met with the fairies again, nor took ‘a cup too much,’ except in the real Irish acceptance of the word—the cup being figuratively put for its contents.”

“And, Mr. O’Cann, do you believe all this fine story?” “Why, in truth, there are some parts that require an elastic mind to take it in: but there is no doubt that Con was sent over to France, where there was a great to-do about a golden cup. If the tale be true—and I tell it as Con used to relate it, especially when overcome by liquor, and when they say truth is sure to be spoken—it is proof positive that there have been fairies, and that not very long ago.”

There was no combatting such arguments as these, based upon an “if,” so I did not attempt the task, and the schoolmaster in triumph remained master of the unploughed field of ignorance.

R.S.M.

THE LONELY WRECK.

BY G. R. CARTER.

No more like a giant awaked from his sleep,
Shall the vessel unfold her white sails on the deep;
No more shall the thunder that slept in her sides,
Proclaim the dominion she holds o’er the tides:
Her proud flag is humbled, and silent her deck,
And the winds sing a dirge around the lone wreck.
Memoir of Charlotte Corday.

As wild as the seamen, with billows surrounded,
O'er the trackless expanse of the waters she bounded;
And when her commander for battle array'd her,
She dared the attack, and destroyed the invader;
But the days of her triumph are ended and past,
And the stormy winds moan round her quivering mast.

What rapture awoke in the hearts of the brave,
As, at first, they beheld her consigned to the wave!
When the skies, on whose bosom the golden clouds lay,
Empurpled the peaks of the mountains with day.
How changed is the scene!—she's encircled with foam,
And her crew are estranged from their country and home.

A wreck more sublime than the ship or her crew
In the drama of Nature we frequently view.
How often some genius assumes the deep lyre,
Till its chords are instinct with expression and fire;
But death chills the spirit that broke forth in song,
Ere its heart-thrilling music is heard by the throng.

MEMOIR OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BORN 1768—DIED 1793.

Amongst the many extraordinary females who, from time to time, have been conspicuous in the world, through their heroism and patriotic devotion, none, perhaps, is more worthy of notice than the subject of the present Memoir.

Marie Anne Charlotte Corday, or, as she is usually called, simply Charlotte Corday, was born at Rouen, in the year 1768. Her father was descended from a noble family, and had himself formerly been Master of the Horse to the King. At the death of her mother, which happened when she was very young, she retired to Caen, in the department of Calvados, to reside with one of her female relations, although her father was still living at Argentan, in the department of Orne. Of her early history very little is known. All that appears certain is, that every attention was paid to her education, in order properly to expand the naturally strong powers of her mind. Gifted with a beautiful form, and a modest, yet at the same time dignified carriage, she seemed calculated to inspire the beholder with admiration. Her moral character ever remained unimpeached, even by those whom she had rendered her enemies by her anti-jacobinical doctrines. The occupations in which she delighted were chiefly mental, and rather of a serious cast. Her reading embraced not only the literature of her own country, but extended also to that of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It was the study of the history of this latter people, (as will be seen by a letter she wrote a short time previous to her death to the proscribed Deputy Barbaroux, which will be found in a latter part of this paper,) in which she seems to have formed but too favourable an opinion of Brutus, that first instigated her to the murder of Marat, from whom neither herself nor any of her family had ever received any personal injury.

It was only the accounts she heard of the daily enormities perpetrated by this monster, who was continually exciting the blood-thirsty mob of Paris to excesses towards the respectable and higher orders of the community, that inspired her with the desire of freeing her country from his yoke.

Her mind, which was as yet wavering, was shortly afterwards strengthened in its resolution by the following circumstance:—

At the instigation of Marat, and some others of the leading Jacobins, a number of the Deputies belonging to the National Assembly, who were unwilling to second them in all their revolutionary schemes, were at first treated by them with the utmost contempt, and afterwards cast into prison, without even the form of a trial, or any grounds being alleged for such a proceeding. Those towns, therefore, whose Deputies had met with such unjust and barbarous treatment, came to the de-
termination of sending an army to Paris, for the purpose of rescuing their Deputies, and afterwards putting an end to the tyranny of this odious faction. The provinces of Normandy and Brittany in particular entered into this alliance; and Caen, in which town Corday then resided, was chosen as the point of assembly for the expedition. In the mean time, however, the greater part of the Deputies, who had been imprisoned, found means to escape into Normandy. There, by the personal relation of the atrocities perpetrated by Marat and his party, they excited the inhabitants of the district still more to the execution of their project. No sooner was the office opened for the registry of those who wished to enlist in the patriotic undertaking, than thousands of young men, from all parts of the adjacent country, hastened to Caen to join in the expedition for the overthrow of the tyrants at Paris. At the sight of such a concourse of warriors, engaging in such a cause, the heart of a being like Charlotte Corday could not remain unmoved. The thought of so many brave men exposing themselves, perhaps fruitlessly, to the rage of a blood-thirsty faction, raised in her the most painful and sorrowful emotions. Already were present to her mind the despairing cries of disconsolate mothers, whom a cruel death had deprived of their only hope, the prop of their old age;—already she seemed to hear the lamentations of numberless maidens and widows, mourning the loss of their lovers and protectors. These dreadful prospects of the future, which her ardent imagination had presented to her in a tenfold terrible light, added to the frequent interviews with the proscribed Deputies at Caen, raised her abhorrence of the infamous Marat, whom she regarded as the author of the present evils, to the highest pitch. And now it was that, in the heroic spirit of female devotion, she determined at once, and without any assistance, to free her unhappy country from the author of its calamities, the death of whom, she imagined, would put an end to the impending civil war, and thus, by a voluntary sacrifice of herself, preserve the lives of thousands of her countrymen. In order to expose no one else to any danger, she kept her design, which she determined to execute singly, secret from every one, even from her father.

Under the pretence of undertaking a journey to England, she took leave of her friends and relations at Caen, on the 9th of July, 1793, and travelled by the diligence to Paris. Soon after her arrival there she paid a visit to Duperres, one of the Deputies of Caen, and delivered to him a parcel, that had been entrusted to her by Barbaroux, one of the proscribed Deputies. She held a long conversation with him on the unhappy state of public affairs, but gave him not the slightest idea of the design she had in view. As any intercourse with her, however, in case of its becoming publicly known, might expose him to the suspicion of the Jacobins, who might, therefore, afterwards consider him as an accomplice in the plot, she tried, by every means in her power, to induce him to take his immediate departure from Paris; but without effect. He then expressed his wish of returning the visit on the morrow, which she, however, declined receiving, on account of that being the day appointed for the execution of her daring attempt.

As early as eight o'clock in the morning she went out, and having purchased a large knife, which she concealed in her bosom, she drove in a coach to Marat's hotel, where she was, however, refused admittance. Having calculated upon such a refusal, she delivered a letter to the servant for her master, in which she requested the permission of a personal interview, assuring him that she could give him information of a very extensive conspiracy. In the evening she again applied for admittance, but received the same answer as in the morning. Corday, however, determined not to be dismissed a second time, pretended to have very important disclosures to make. Marat was then in the bath, and overhearing the dispute, ordered the servants to admit her into his presence; when, after a number of preliminary questions as to her name, place of abode, and the object of her visit to Paris, he learned the conversation of the proscribed Deputies at Caen, observing at the same time that “their heads should soon fall under the guillotine.” Scurcly he had he uttered these words, which were a new proof of his murderous intentions, than Corday, drawing the knife from her bosom, stabbed him with it to the heart. He cried out but once faintly for assistance, fell to the ground, and a few moments afterwards expired.

The deed was no sooner committed, than, remaining motionless in the apart-
ment, she announced her name, and surrendered herself to the attendants, who hastened to the assistance of their master.

On Marat's assassination becoming publicly known, a number of municipal officers, and members of the Committee of Safety, hastened to his hotel, by whom Corday underwent a preliminary examination. One of the members, thinking to intimidate her, reminded her of the guillotine, to which she replied merely with a smile. Whilst hooted and insulted by the mob with the most dreadful imprecations, on her way to the Abbaye, she betrayed not the slightest emotion, having apprehended much worse treatment—nothing short of instant death from Marat's personal favourites.

On the 17th of July, at about eight o'clock in the morning, she was removed from her prison, and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Her answers to the interrogatories of the court were all given in the most heroic spirit. Her deportment, during the whole of the trial, was modest and dignified. She not only surprised the audience by her wit, but also excited their admiration by her eloquence. She acknowledged the whole of the transaction, and the motives that had prompted her to it, with the most perfect candour; and even went so far as to justify her conduct, by declaring it was a duty she owed to mankind, and the world in general. From the following specimen of her answers, some idea may be formed of her character. After being questioned as to her name and age, and the principal points relating to the murder, the examination proceeded as follows:—

Q. What tempted you to murder Marat?
A. His crimes.

Q. What do you mean by his crimes?
A. The misfortunes which anarchy has inflicted on my country. Marat has rendered our national character depraved, and corrupted the morals of the people. For four years this monster has been a disgrace to us through his crimes; but, happily, he was not a native Frenchman.*

Q. Have you any associates?
A. Yes!
Q. Who are they?
A. All upright men in France! Are you, gentlemen, so little acquainted with the human heart as not to perceive that no other inspiration was needed—that it is much better to execute one's own will than a stranger's.

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* Marat was born at the village Baudry, near Neuchâtel, in Switzerland.

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citizens, is the whole of her defence. This intrepid calmness, this total denial of herself, this freedom from all remorse, as it were, in the very sight of death, however sublime it may appear, is not natural; it can only be accounted for from an excessive degree of political fanaticism. Upon you, citizens, depends what weight this moral consideration shall have in the scale of justice. I leave it entirely to your judgment."

The jury having found her guilty, the judges immediately decreed the punishment of death. Upon this sentence, which she heard with the greatest composure, being pronounced, she gave a joyful exclamation, and then, addressing herself to her advocate, thanked him in the following terms:—

"Your defence of me, Sir, was skilful and noble, and the only one suited to my situation. I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. That you have won my esteem by it I will instantly prove to you. Those gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just informed me that my property is confiscated to the state; in my prison I have incurred a small debt, which I entreat you to settle for me when I am gone."

Having been reconducted to her prison, she partook of a roasted fowl with an apparently tolerable appetite. A few hours afterwards, when the executioner arrived to lead her to the place of execution, she wrote a letter to the Deputy Doucet Pome- tecoutant, whom she had at first solicited to be her advocate, reproaching him for having refused such a request, and representing to him the noble manner in which Chauveau had acquitted himself of the task.

In the public reports of the day, two other letters are set forth, said to have been written by her in prison previously to her trial, one of which was addressed to the proscribed Deputy Barbaroux, which we have already alluded to, and the other to her father. From the first, which is dated the 16th of July, eight o'clock in the evening, and runs to a considerable length, we will extract a few passages, as tending greatly to confirm many of our foregoing remarks. The beginning contains a relation of the events that occurred to her from the time of her departure from Caen, up to the very moment of her stabbing Marat.

"I confess (says she, towards the conclusion of the letter,) that what made me fully determined to do the deed, was the courage and enthusiasm with which our volunteers enlisted on Sunday, the 7th inst. In short, I thought it a pity that so many brave men should have to march up to Paris to fetch the head of an individual, whom, after all, they might have missed. I did not consider him at all worthy of such an honour; the hand of a woman was, in my opinion, sufficient for the purpose. When I left Caen it was my intention to have immolated him on the summit of the Mountain* of the National Assembly, which, however, I found he had discontinued visiting. * * *

"At Paris they cannot conceive how a woman could, in cold blood, sacrifice her own life for the sake of saving her country. I expected nothing less than to be murdered on the spot." * * "May peace soon be restored! There is now one tyrant the less, and without this we never could have obtained it. As for myself, I have enjoyed peace for these two days; the happiness of my country is mine." * * "In my whole life I never hated but one being; and I have now shown what I am. Those who pity me, should rather rejoice that they will see me in the Elysian fields with Brutus and others of the ancients. The moderns have no charms for me, they are such despicable people. There are few patriots that know how to die for their country." * * "To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, is the time appointed for my trial; perhaps by noon I shall have lived to speak the language of the Romans. How I may conduct myself in my last moments I cannot say; and it is only the end that crowns the work. There is no occasion for my affecting insensibility to my fate, as at present I have not the slightest fear of death. I never valued life except for the utility it might bring with it."

The letter to her father, dated on the same day as the preceding, was as follows:

"Pardon me, my dear father, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many innocent beings, and been the means of preventing the death of others. When the eyes of the people are

* Without some explanation, this term may be rather unintelligible to many of our readers. At this period of the Revolution two parties were predominant in France, viz. the Republican and the Jacobin party. The former, at the head of which was Brissot, were generally called Brissotines, though sometimes Girondists, from many of its partisans coming from the department of Gironde. The latter, or Jacobin party, went by the name of "The Mountain," from many of its members occupying the highest seats in the hall of the Assembly, and was headed at first by Robespierre and Danton, and afterwards by Marat.
opened, they will certainly rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. The reason of my feigning a journey to England arose from my wish to remain inconnu, but I soon found that impossible. I only trust that you will not be injured by what I have done; at all events you will find protectors at Caen. Farewell, my dear father; forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate. You know your daughter; no bad motive could have impelled her. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart, as well as all my relations. Remember the words of Corneille:—

"Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud."

"To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I shall appear before my judges."

About five o'clock in the afternoon, she was removed from her prison to the place of execution. On her way thither, which occupied upwards of two hours, she displayed the same firmness and composure that had rendered her such an object of admiration on her trial. The streets, through which the mournful procession passed, were lined with thousands of persons, some of whom, indeed, had the brutality to insult her ears with the most dreadful imprecations, for having deprived them of their chief, and the abettor of their crimes. But neither reproaches nor imprecations affected in the least the serenity and mildness which shone in her beautiful countenance. She mounted the dreadful scaffold, at the sight of which many a bearded warrior had trembled, with the most undaunted firmness, and saluted the surrounding spectators, who now changed their former imprecations into loud acclamations. She adjusted her head herself under the dreadful machine; and, before the completion of her twenty-fifth year, offered up her own life for the sake of saving thousands of her fellow-countrymen. When the axe had terminated her existence, the executioner seized her head, beautiful even in death, and showing it to the surrounding multitude, gave it several buffetts, no doubt with the idea of thus getting into their favour; but even this rabble, accustomed as it was to every species of crime and barbarity, showed its indignation at the atrocity, by insisting that the wretch should be immediately punished.

Thus perished, by an untimely death, the beautiful and unfortunate Charlotte Corday. Her corpse was buried in the church-yard of St. Magdalaine, not far from the grave of Louis XVI.

To enter into any examination of the morality of the deed by which this self-devoted heroine sought to benefit her country is not our province: our readers must form their own opinion on the subject. In whatever light, however, her conduct is viewed, one thing is certain: that with her own sex her example is unlikely ever to find many followers.

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**The Contest of the Spirits.**

**First Spirit.**

From my loved Italian shore,

Gladden’d by my smile no more,

From the gently heaving wave
In whose spray my form I love,

From the rose and jasmine bowers,

Blushing with a thousand flowers—

From that sunny strand I lie;

Who on earth so blest as I?

My home is in the moon-lit spray,

Yet shun I not the eye of day;

I wander oft, unseen, unheard,

When fair Aurora’s warbling bird

First tunes her lays—I love the land;

Where, as if touch’d by gentil’s wand,

O’er all the smooth enamell’d plains

Unfading beauty ever reigns.

Dear, art thou! smiling Italy,

What spirit half so blest as I?

**Second Spirit.**

My dwelling is th’ Atlantic wave—

There, upon a bursting billow,

Furious, raging, is my pillow.

There my dwelling-place I have:

Who, of all the sons of air,

Can subvert my empire there—

What is Haly’s softened strand,

What her rose, or what her vine,

Tho’ the sunbeam ever shine—

What’s this gay, luxurious land,

To my echoing, foaming tide?

You, sprites of Italy, may hide

Your heads in your own southern flowers;

I am Ocean’s lord—alone

I listen to its hollow moan.

Away, ye elves of perfumed bowers—

Mine be the stormy and the wild,

Be yours the soft, the fair, the mild.

**Third Spirit.**

My home is in the trackless air—

Wrapt in a shroud of moonlight fair,

Invisible I now have flown

To listen to old Ocean’s moan—
No Afterthought when once a Wife.

To hear the Nereid's midnight song,
To view each pure melodious wave,
Bright in the moonshine—fled I have
From my ethereal home, along.
The shore of earth: What spirit dare
With me compete? Your homes are fair,
But mine the loveliest is of all—
Reply, ye sylphs of this high hall.

Queen of the Spirits.

Cease, blest sylphs, this contest vain—
Glorious spirit of the main,
Thy thund'ring waves are grand and bright:
Gay spirit of the realms of light,
Thy home aerial and pure;
'Tis exquisite; and be thou sure,
Glad spirit of th' Hesperian land,
Thine is the fairest earthly strand.
Sweet are thy roses, rich thy vines,
Thy fields where Phoebus ever shines.
But see, the first bright tinge of day
Crimsons the waves—Aurora's ray
Colours the east—ye sylphs regain
Your homes—the moon is on the wane.

M. M.

NO AFTERTHOUGHT WHEN ONCE A WIFE.

"These awful words, 'Till death do part,'
May well alarm the youthful heart,
No afterthought—when once a wife,
The die is cast, and cast for life."

To those young ladies who are about
to pronounce, or who have already pro-
nounced vows, which ought save death
can disannul, the following "hints" are
suggested. To the former I would say,
pause and reflect seriously ere you enter
into a new state, whether you can con-
cientiously fulfil all the duties which it
imposes upon you; and let the latter re-
collect that, as their destiny is irrevocably
sealed, their duty now is "to bear and
forbear," even should they not have drawn
prizes in the matrimonial lottery.

A good wife should be perfectly free
from affectation, vanity, and that thirst for
universal admiration which, if not checked
in the bud, may eventually lead to the
most unhappy consequences. "The die
is cast," and it becomes, therefore, her
duty to devote her whole soul to the task
(should it unfortunately prove one) of
pleasing him who has chosen her from
amongst the multitude to be the partner of
his "joys and sorrows." Selfishness must
not enter into her character, and she should
at all times be ready to give up her own
opinions to his—to consult him in every
thing, and invariably, when he returns
home from the business or pleasures of
the day, as the case may be, receive him
with a smile of cheerfulness and delight.
Let her especially beware of ever exhibiting
either caprice or waywardness of

Should he ever in a moment of irritation,
whether from a just or unjust cause,
utter an unkind word, as she values her
own future peace, let her not by an angry
retort add fuel to the flame already
kindled. The wisest of men has said, "a
soft answer turneth away wrath, but
grievous words stir up anger;" and a look
even, at such a moment, would be capable
of sowing the seeds of endless discord. In
such a case she must bear meekly with his
infirmities of temper; and if he proves to
be in the wrong, wait until he is calm ere
she attempts her own justification. Above
all things, let her beware of acquainting
"her friends" with any matrimonial dif-
fferences that may arise; for there is no-
thing more degrading to a woman's pride
than, on that score, to be the object of pity
amongst her acquaintances, the female
part of which (like the Comères in La
Fontaine's fable, who magnified one egg
into two dozen or thereabouts,) will assur-
edly assist her to swell out the catalogue
of his misdemeanors to such an extent that she will think him "the vilest of the vile," and herself "the most injured of her sex." Thence proceed eternal quarrels and recriminations; for what man will forgive, or at least place any confidence in the woman who thus informs the world of those dissensions which should be hid in the inmost recesses of her own breast?" It should be the supreme pleasure of a good wife to make home as agreeable as possible to her husband; those numberless attentions to which the French give the title of "petits soins," and which the woman who loves knows so well how to pay, should not be neglected: she should consider nothing as trivial which could win a smile of approbation from him. Should he be fond of society, and his income permit him to indulge in it, she should assist him gracefully in doing the honours of his table; and as the household affairs would be exclusively her department, she should not trust to servants, but superintend everything herself. However extensive her establishment, economy should be strictly enjoined, and extravagance even in trifles carefully avoided. The neglect of this has been the ruin of too many families, and bitter must be the reflections of that woman, who, by her thoughtlessness on such points, has brought misery on all those most dear to her! If, on the contrary, her husband is fond of retirement, she must not, by constantly filling the house with company, give him cause of complaint, as there is nothing more annoying to a person of studious and retired habits than a never-ending influx of idle visitors. Extravagance in dress is a growing evil, and should be checked ere it becomes "a subtle bosom sin." If women would reflect a moment, they would find that "a meek and quiet spirit" is their greatest ornament; that scrupulous cleanliness and neatness—that an innate modesty and elegance of mind, which characterises, or should characterise, every woman of education and good breeding, together with an amiable disposition, a cheerful and obliging temper, and an earnest desire to please, would gain and retain their husband's affections more effectually than all the tawdry trappings of fashion.

If a woman possess shewy accomplishments, she should only bring them forward after marriage, to enliven her own fireside, unless her husband take a pride in seeing her shine in company; in that case his will must be law. She should pay a due regard to her health, and, if delicate, not exhaust his patience by constant complaints and unavailing murmurs, which would only tend to depress his spirits, without affording her the least benefit.

A proper sense of religious duties and a due observance of public worship being the foundation of every virtue in woman, and so necessary to her temporal as well as eternal welfare, cannot be too strongly inculcated. Wives in particular should attend to the advice of St. Peter, who tells them "to be in subjection to their own husbands;" that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives! while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

**MEMOIR OF CATHERINE THE SECOND, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.**

**BY THE DUCHESSE D'ABRANTES.**

There has been lately published at Paris, a biographical sketch of Catherine of Russia, the great bad woman of the north, written by the graphic pen of the Duchesse d'Abrantes. This memoir exhibits the varied talents of Madame Junot in a new light. Sometimes she appears to forget the severity of unornamented truth rather more than we should wish, if we were searching for authentic information on such a subject. No one can, however, deny that Madame Junot is the first female writer of France at the present day, and that her style is always sprightly and entertaining whenever she chooses to write. Her work proceeds thus:—

In the midst of the splendid fêtes given soon after the conquest of the Crimea, and in celebration of the victory, a warning voice reached Catherine of Russia, which seemed to declare that the time was not far distant when she must render an account of her guilty life.

Gregory Orloff, who had been the
principal instrument of her usurpation, had for some years retired from court. Disgusted by the domination of Potemkin, and the succession of new favourites, Orloff had requested permission to travel. Laden with the riches heaped on him by his sovereign, he visited various countries in Europe. ‘Orloff was married; he had espoused the young Countess Zinovieff, his cousin, lady of the cipher of the Empress.’ She was amiable and handsome, and this man enjoyed great domestic happiness, a blessing that he had little deserved. At Lausanne he lost his wife, after an illness of a few days. The passions of Orloff, always violent, seemed to be concentrated in the agony of grief he felt when he closed the eyes of this soother of his life. The frenzy of despair that succeeded her immediate loss, was followed by a settled melancholy; his attendants were deceived by this apparent quietude, and he took the way to Russia without any one perceiving that grief had unsettled his reason. The evening of his arrival, there was a grand fete at Tzarco Zlebo; the halls resounded with joyous and animated airs, the waltzing groups went round the dancing room with celerity, and in the midst of this lively crowd, Catherine leant on the arm of Lanskoii, a new favourite, whom she really believed loved her from gratitude, and of whom she was deatingly fond. All of a sudden a man in deep mourning presented himself before her; he wore the first decorations of the Russian empire, and a crowd of foreign orders besides, but all oddly put on, and fantastically jumbled together; his hair was in the utmost disorder, his face ghastly pale. Catherine shuddered when she recognised Gregory Orloff.

‘Ah well, Katinka,’ he said, with a delirious laugh, ‘you still have a taste for dancing then? Will you waltz with me? Don’t let my black dress scare you?’

‘And he looked alternately at his mourning habit, and at Catherine. All of a sudden, his countenance assumed an expression of wildness.

‘Did you know that my wife was dead?’ he shouted out with a terrible voice, ‘did you know it, I say? And if you did know it, how dared you give a ball when my poor Zinowieff was scarcely buried? Eternal perdition seize you if you committed such an outrage.’

* One of the orders of her court: they wore her initials in gold and jewels.

“He glanced round him as if intent upon mischief. In a moment he seized a chair, and dashing it against the ground, broke it as it had been a wine-glass. Lanskoii advanced to protect the Empress—but she, who at the moment that she recognised Orloff had seen that he was out of his mind, immediately interposed, and, speaking with great softness, assured him that she did not know till then that his wife was dead.

‘Yes, she is dead,’ said Orloff, shaking his head and folding his hands, ‘she is dead—angel that she was,—and, as for me, I remain behind. I am very unhappy, Katinka, for I loved that wife of mine very dearly—I loved her passionately!’

“And this savage Orloff shed tears of love and despair for the loss of his wife. All of a sudden he perceived Lanskoii, and began to laugh.

‘Ah, ah!’ he said, ‘who is it we have here—a new favourite? Hum, you are very young, child! Poor ninnyhammer, how will you like to take a sudden tumble from this elevation?’ He then redoubled his sallies of laughter, and added such insulting expressions respecting the Empress, that Lanskoii, whose sisters were present, sprang forward to expel him by force. Orloff looked on him with an expression of contempt, and extending an arm which would have demolished the elegant figure of the favourite at a blow, he said, ‘another step and I will fling you out of this window’—showing him one close by.

‘Orloff! Orloff!’ cried Catherine in a tone of remonstrance: then addressing Lanskoii, whom she retained by force, she added, ‘let him alone, don’t you see he is mad?’

‘Oh! to be sure! I am mad, am I?’ retorted Orloff with a bitter laugh; and then he added, ‘And who has made me mad? Is it not thee, Katinka? Was it not for thy sake that I became a regicide, an assassin, and stamped on my brow the sign of a murderer, which makes all men flee that look thereon? And now, woman, thou sayest I am mad.’

‘He raised his arm, and his menacing attitude so terrified the Empress, that she uttered a cry, and sunk half fainting on a sofa. Her terror recalled Orloff to himself for a few instants, but he still retained his savage manners. He turned away from the Empress, and left the royal apartments
in silence, darting, as he went, on the festive groups, ferocious looks which chilled them with terror. To those young people who did not remember the demeanour of Orloff, when, in the meridian of his power, he used to traverse those apartments, the scene was inexplicable.

"For a long time Catherine retained the greatest terror of this formidable visitation. More than once again Orloff forced himself into her presence. She dared not forbid him the court, for, mad as he was, he awed her. The reproaches with which he loaded her, made every one shudder. At last, he was carried to Moscow by force. In a state of phrenzy he declared the apparition of Peter the Third was ever present to his eyes; that this murdered monarch never left him for an instant. Wherever he was, he said, he pursued him, crying for vengeance. He died in despair, the beginning of April, 1785.

"Vladimer Orloff returned to the Empress her portrait, surrounded with diamonds, which his deceased brother, like all her other favourites, always wore on the breast-button of his coat. Catherine gazed on it for some moments in silence, then returned it to Vladimer, and desired him to give it from her to Alexis Orloff, with permission to carry it as his brother had done. In fact, Alexis had shared the crimes of Gregory, and, in his turn, was now to inherit the same rewards."

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**LINES FOUND IN THE CELL OF A MANIAC.**

*Supposed to have been written during a storm.*

Rise, spirit of the whirlwind, dread demon of the blast,
And crush an abject wretch whose dream of hope is past:
Stern elements, I brave ye, for your hottest rage can ne'er
Equal my bosom's storm—increase the torture there.
Oh! reason, consciousness, why do ye return at times
To tell me what I am—to tax me with my crimes;
To remind me of the past:—and oh, why at times upraise
The curtain of futurity—shew unto my gaze
A hideous boundless space, the place for spirits curst,
Where seem shadowy fiends to hover, until my spirit burst
It's clayey limits?

* * * * *

Though dark, and dimly seen through a twilight's mystic gloom,
'Tis Hades, dread abode—'tis there I see my doom.
Hope, e'en cheering hope, from me, from guilty me hath fled,
Dead amongst the living, yet living 'midst the dead.
Come, madness, raging madness, come; for thy worst horrors are
To the tortures of remorse to be preferred far.
I see the vengeance of my God, I hear his awful calls,
In the stormy winds that roar, in the thunderbolt that falls.
Rave on, ye elements, ye annihilating powers,
Dread noiseful comrades of my gloomy mortal hours:
For oh, 'tis sweet to me to hear the thunders loudly crash,
And mark the crimson lines that streak the lightning's flash.

IOTA.
TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES, No. II.—THE GOLDEN RELIC.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

In the earlier periods of our history, beings of another world are recorded to have ridden on the wings of the wind—the incubus, or nightmare—and to have wandered about from parish to parish, blasting the corn and the cattle, or casting spells and afflicting the objects of their indiscriminate enmity. Tradition almost invariably stamps the unhappy mortals, who, in the estimation of the vulgar, were qualified by age or loneliness to hold communion with such spirits, with the seal of the most wretched poverty; and whilst they were supposed to have over all subjected nature a boundless power and an uncontrolled influence, rarely was either exercised in the first law of nature—self-preservation; and few were those who knew where to calculate on the next precarious meal. Though the exceptions were rare, yet among these marked ministers of good or evil, there were some of a superior caste, who, whether they possessed or not the unearthly power attributed to them, were far removed, by nature and qualifications, from the ignominy with whom popular prejudice had allied them, and to whom, from secret motives, they would instil the notion that they did belong. Of such was the individual of whom we are about to speak.

Dame Sageley had attained the requisite age, and with it the reputation, of dealing in witchcraft. She was the only remaining descendant of a once opulent and numerous family, whose possessions extended principally over the wide wilds of Hertfordshire; but in early life much had been sacrificed by her brothers in the rage of the crusades, in which they fell; her husband and three sons were martyrs in the insurrection of Leicester, and with them sunk the remainder of the property.

Alone and desolate, Dame Sageley held the domains of her ancestors in the possession of strangers and foreigners; and the only compensation awarded to her in her old age, for the sacrifice of her family and fortunes, was a small house, surrounded by a garden, perhaps half an acre in extent, and a pitiful pension granted to her by Henry the Third, on the borders of the widely-extending forests which then spread down to the banks of the little river Bulbourn, and separated them from Langley, the residence of that monarch, and the place where he then held his court. The humble village of Langley bears no vestige now of the favour in which it was then held; but at the period to which our tale refers, the long line of houses, whose monotonous bearing is now only occasionally broken by the rattle of a town coach, or the heavy drawl of some agricultural vehicle, was then the scene of merriment and festivity on occasion of the birth of a Prince, afterwards known as Edmund of Langley.

It was little probable that a female of Dame Sageley's reputation should pass unvisited by some one or other of the court party; but, secluded and uncompromising in her nature, she shunned the public gaze, and aware of the reputation which beset her, she as much as possible avoided a contact with the world, save in the little offices of charity and kindness to her poorer neighbours during periods of sickness or sorrow. To her cures of the diseased, and some small relief to persons in poverty, it is not unlikely she was indebted for the reputation of one who held communion with forbidden things. More than usual care had been bestowed on her own education, and even as a girl she had excelled in the limited knowledge of those rude days. Some acquaintance with the healing powers of simples, in an experience of little less than fourscore years, and through numerous vicissitudes of a changing fortune, which she had acquired, rendered her an object of reverence even to those by whom she was feared.

Latterly, another and imperative motive had increased her necessary vigilance for seclusion. A family to whom, in the decline of her falling fortunes, Dame Sageley had been indebted for kindesses, had fallen into evil days, and of a numerous race one child only remained. Proscribed and hunted down, the shelter which under richer roofs had been denied to her, she found beneath the humble thatch of Dame Sageley. Years had rolled on, and the unconscious and smiling infant had become a fine girl, in the bloom of glowing youth and loneliness; and to preserve her lovely charge from the profane gaze of the visitors at the adjoining palace, to cultivate her intellect and enrich her mind
with whatever resources her own afforded, was the daily occupation of her aged protector; and well were her efforts repaid. To a quick perception and an ardent spirit, the young Gertrude added an intensity of application which seconded the efforts of her aged instructress; so that, long before she had arrived at years of maturity, she need not have shrunk abashed before the accomplished and highly-gifted ones of the land, though hitherto she had seen little more than the churls by whom their cottage was surrounded. Amongst her many accomplishments, she had been early accustomed to embody in song, without the aid of any accompaniment, the warm imagery of her own pure and uncontaminated mind; and to pour the effusions of her light heart on the evening breeze, or beneath the pale light of the broad silver moon, was her delightful task, when the ancient dame, beneath the latticed portal of her dwelling, where the egalantine, passion flower, and clematis were blending their harmonies of tint and odour, would press her withered hands upon her head, and, whilst she blessed her with all the fervour and energy of a parent, she would almost forget the sorrows of departed years.

Often, in the calm of the receding day, as the tones of her voice, now deep and sad, now light and mounting, floated over the waters that glided silent and slowly through the valley beneath, have the peasants hurried their steps, and deemed the sounds as not proceeding from an earthly voice. Busy courtiers, too, would linger and listen, and wonder whence such melody proceeded; but when told from old witch Sageley's cottage, they would pursue their course with a smile of contempt not always unaccompanied with a slight tremor; for even the higher class, in those days, had some belief in supernatural powers being possessed by those who communed with the Evil One.

Bright and happy as were the days of the innocent Gertrude, evil was impending over her; and the light heart, that never knew sorrow but for others, was to be pressed down with its own: yet her aged protector forgot not the duty to which she had devoted herself; and whether her influence partook or not of earth, so it was exercised for good, what did it matter?

During the festivities which succeeded the birth of another heir of England, it had been her care more than usual to seclude her child, as she fondly called Gertrude, and the increasing concourse of visitors rendered such seclusion more than ever needful. Still, when all around were supposed to be within the palace, and peace was on the cottage and the fold, the exuberant and girlish spirits of the youthful inmate would burst forth into song. Frequently would Gertrude wish she could witness the gaiety of the neighbouring court; and sometimes, when the dame would endeavour to repress this wish, and tell her the fulfilment of it would too probably be her ruin, she would almost yield to melancholy; but even then she would indulge in her favourite talent and sing. At such a moment did she warble the following song, in a half plaintive tone of repining and melancholy:

The sun is setting cheery
On shrub and tree and meadow,
The doe, alarmed, goes bounding by
Beside her lengthening shadow.

Along its course the rivulet
Goes gliding on in gladness,
When I alone am sore beset,
And half inclined to sadness.

The spring-tide comes, and nature wears
Her gorgeous robe before us;
Her course the moon straight onward bears,
Along the blue depths o'er us:
But I, alas the day! am born
For selfish sorrow only;
Like the nightingale, on single thorn
I sing, for I am lonely.

The eagle soars along his path,
He seeks his rocky cirie;
And even the very night bird hath
A task that does not weary.
Above, below, in earth and air,
All living things are joyous;
They know no thought like those we bear
Within us to destroy us.

For I, the simplest of my race,
Without or grief or sorrow,
I weary of the happiest place,
And doat upon the morrow.

But sorrows o'er me may be flung—
Alas! I do not need them;
For what is e'en the heart unwrung
Without its native freedom?

The last murmurs of her voice had scarcely died away when a quick tapping was heard at the door. So unusual a sound startled the younger inmate; but Dame Sageley, whose blood ran in a more even current, expressed no symptom of alarm, and her calm look composed Gertrude's spirits, as she rose to admit the intruder. It was a youth, apparently of two-and-twenty; but the quivering blaze of the wood embers on the low hearth gave sufficient light to discover that the falcon he bore on his wrist bespoke him an attendant of the court, and his dress was in the extreme of the fashion of those days. He slightly apologised for his intrusion, but with the air of one who felt a consciousness that he was more accustomed to conferring than receiving favours. Notwithstanding a haughtiness of demeanour, his apology, though slight, was made with an air of courteousness and good-breeding, such as in society is never without its effect. But the dame had seen too much of mankind, their deceit and hypocrisy, to be for a moment deluded by blandishment of manner or a smooth voice, and from the moment she addressed him she felt conscious it was so, and he spoke with less confidence and more respect. "Unaccustomed to the paths on his return from St. Alban's," he said, "he had lost his way, and the distant sound of a voice which he had followed had led him to their door, and he could not resist the temptation to behold the being from whom emanated such sweet melody." He had now only to repeat his apology and withdraw, the dame giving him no encouragement for further discourse. The lights of the palace, still glimmering on the opposite hill, were pointed out to him, with a civil but very cold salutation of adieu! and he turned from their door. Gertrude traced his hasty steps down the descent from their cottage till his figure was lost in the wood that skirted the bul-
added the artless girl, sighing, "I wish I had not seen him." — "Ah, Gertrude, would to God you had not; would that I could preserve you wholly from that passion which causes the spring of life to pass away in sorrow, and the summer without peace; and makes us the victims of fate and affliction, till the mists of autumn wrap us in their gloom, and leave the bitter blasts of winter entirely to consume us. Retire now, my child, and let me reflect in solitude how we can avert this great evil." The next day the stranger came not: true, he had not promised; ah! was he not expected? He had not hinted an intention of doing so, and yet poor Gertrude felt disappointed. The gay girl had become grave, her smile was no longer the smile of a tranquil spirit, her daily occupations became wearisome, for her thoughts were upon the stranger; and she had resigned the serene slumbers of innocence and peace for tumultuous dreams. At length he did come; then days and weeks passed on, and still he continued a constant visitor. The aged dame forbade him not; she dared not, for she knew him. Still she encouraged him not. The energies of her nature seemed to be leaving her, or was it that her task on earth was nearly done, and that she felt it was so, and resigned herself calmly to the abandonment of her strength and the extinction of her intellects? She saw the young people daily companions; wherever retirement was to be found, in the intricacies of the woodland paths, by the winding of the river, by moonlight, or when the early sun was rising in the east, still they were inseparable. To delight her aged friend was now no longer the only object of Gertrude's songs; to watch her wishes, no longer the sole delight of her heart—the stranger was her all of hope, of thought, of love.

Gradually the good dame Sageley was sinking to that rest which her miseries on earth had long made her sigh for. Constantly she warned Gertrude to think only of the youth as of a stranger, or as a friend, or as a relative, "but as a lover, Gertrude, never! It would be your peril, and from that I would save you, yet, dare I, yet? No—oft my child, will sorrow dim your eye; frequently will the bitter sigh heave your bosom; my death will come, sickness may befal you, still break not the relic—love may cool, friendship die, wearied hope sink to despair, still break not the relic.—But, Gertrude, when home, and friends, all, all are lost and sorrow seems wearied with persecution, and a marriage with that youth promises to secure your happiness, then perdition is hovering o'er you. Then, and only then, break the relic, and you will be saved, though your peace may be a wreck—should you dare to marry him without doing as I, in these my dying hours, command you, soul and body you are lost."

Gertrude sighed, but was silent, yet she cherished the thought that he loved and would never prove false.

From exhaustion the poor old woman ceased her warnings, and the afflicted Gertrude retired, not to sleep, but to wonder at the dame's vehement and mysterious manner, and to think of the youth, whom in spite of every thing, she loved.

The following morning the poor dame was found a corpse, on her knees. Gertrude's tears were the tears of bitterness, and her wailings the agony of an almost broken heart.

Gertrude was now alone in the world, the being who professed to love her was unknown to her, save as an attendant on the Court; her own simple heart had acknowledged him for its lord, but in the pureness of her mind she shrank from a continual intercourse which the presence of her aged friend had hitherto sanctified. By almost invisible degrees she imagined her lover had become emboldened by the decease of her loved mistress; he no longer stood in awe of that indefensible being,—of that superiority from which he had hitherto shrank. At length he spoke freely, and then plainly, and when they parted—Gertrude burst into tears. In the violence of her sobs she felt the pressure of the relic, but she dared not have recourse to what she deemed its mystic influence. Sorrow visited her,—but there was now no chance of her marriage with the youth she loved.

Months passed away, and Gertrude had fled from her home. The attentions of her once humble lover were changed to persecutions; the memory of her departed friend clung heavily to her; every little neglect to which she felt she had subjected herself for the man from whom she now fled, returned with accumulated force,—and yet she loved him! The contrast of her once happy home, happy, though
so humble, was ever pressing upon her thoughts. The scene of their first meeting, the witness of their growing affection, all was remembered, but it existed no longer for her; it was lost for ever—yet she loved him! Her misery and degradation, wretchedness and poverty that lay before her, changed not her sentiments, so far faithful is the heart of woman! How unchanging when once she truly loves.

London was not then what London is now: at all times miserable enough for the unhappy, yet too often to it the unhappy fly as to their only shelter. But within its walls there was then no refuge, even in the streets. The beggar fled from the insufferable stench by night, and the precarious alms charity gave were but a poor compensation for the necessity of wading through its filth by day. Into many of the streets daylight scarcely ever penetrated, so closely did the upper stories approach each other by the projecting buildings, that they nearly met overhead—yet to London fled the wretched Gertrude. It was not long ere misery had worked its worst with her, save that it could not deprive her of her innocence. Her little property was expended, and her trifling personalia had all been disposed of. Exhausted and hungry, the fragile form of the once lovely Gertrude had wandered from the city, and, with her head resting against a bank, she lay on the public footpath which crossed an open field where now Aldersgate-street is situated, without a roof to shelter her.

There are always wretches to oppress the desolate. A heartless rabble soon collected, making a mockery of her. She was almost too far gone to heed them; but as she raised her languid eye to some two or three figures that stood gloat, as though she would implore protection, though too feeble to ask it, she caught the eye of her lover, her oppressor, her pursuer. With the little strength that remained she sprung towards him, she clung to his knees, and by all his sworn affection she conjured him to save her. He spurned her from him, and ordered her to be seized, accusing her of witchcraft. She shrieked aloud. The mob receded, as if fearing contagion, to make room for her to pass, deafening the suffering girl with their groans and hisses. On her first being cast into prison, such was her debility, there was no expectation of her recovery. Her sweetness of temper excited feelings of humanity in her jailors, and with their care she was sufficiently recovered to understand the nature of the situation in which she was so cruelly placed. Still she poured forth the gratitude of a thankful heart that even her present misery protected her from her lover’s importunities. Alas! she was deceived. Her returning health and strength were duly intimated to him who had brought upon her all this misery. Emboldened, yet apparently softened, he came, yet again insulted her by offering the gilded infamy she had already rejected. He then essayed taunting her with her miseries, and pointed out to her that his simple word could extricate her. She reproached him not; but she said, depending on her own uprightness, she had measured his love by her own, and most bitter was her disappointment. He left her, saying she would repent when too late even for him to save her.

The next morning she was arraigned. On the bench of her judges sate her accuser. He, the son of the monarch—her lover—was there to accuse her. Then she felt the truth of all Dame Sageley had said—then she felt the mercy of her warning, but too late—bowed her head meekly, but made no reply to the accusations brought against her, though she felt all was false. She was condemned to six months’ imprisonment; yet not even whilst they were bearing her away was her affection wholly subdued, though now she felt it hopeless. Heavily and wearily passed the term of her imprisonment; and latterly her lover had ceased his persecutions. At the conclusion of her punishment, with an aching heart she bent her steps to the scene of her childhood, of her hapless love. She shrunk from the great city. She felt chastened by affliction, if that which was pure could be rendered more so. She now looked on the past with less passion, and upon the future with more hope. She resolved to return to the cottage, her sole inheritance, and by labour and diligence procure a subsistence, and forget her persecutor. But what can represent her horror when, on reaching the long-cherished spot, she found the cottage that had sheltered her infancy, the cottage in which she had learnt all her lessons of piety and goodness, the cottage rendered dear by the hallowed remembrance of her deeply-lamented protectress,
The Parted Girl.

The evening shades have gather’d o’er
Yon bark upon the billow,
Bright stars look down, and softly pour
Their light around each pillow;
Yet still there is one dark-hair’d maiden there,
Who lifts her eye to Heaven in prayer.

* Of her parentage she was ignorant.
Memoir of Laure de Noves.

The flowing wave is dipp’d in gold,
From the deep red setting sun,
And daylight’s wings begin to fold,
For his race is nearly run;
Still that maiden looks on the burning sky,
And her bosom swells with heart-drawn sigh.

Faint mists are rolling o’er the tide
Of Atlantic’s heaving breast,
And gallantly they onward glide,
Like a bird to its mountain nest:
Yet that pale girl thinks of a far-off land,
And longs to fly back to its happy strand.

A cloud wrapt in its crimson vest,
The lone, last one in the skies,
Where yon star wakes from its fairy rest,
To gaze as the daylight dies;
That cloud has call’d to the maiden’s mind
The dear one she’s left in her home behind.

It has wing’d from the white-cliff’d shore
Of Old England’s sea-girt isle,
Where breathes a voice she hears no more,
And laughing lips she sees not smile;
Oh, her long dark lashes can’t stay the tear
Which falls for the heart she loves so dear.

Ivy will die if torn away
From the oak to which it clung,
So that maiden’s spirit, once so gay,
Will moan like a harp unstrung;
For she breathes, she sighs, she prays alone
For that lov’d lost form—the absent one!

January, 1834.

E. G.

MEMOIR OF LAURE DE NOVES;
USUALLY CALLED PETRARCH’S LAURA.

(Continued from page 35.)

In continuing the biography of these two interesting persons, we gather from Petrarch’s Latin letters that copies of his sonnets were conveyed to the fair inspirer of his poetic genius. Whether she could read them after she received them, is a point on which he has left us in doubt, as he mentions in his correspondence that Laura was unlearned, and, in the fourteenth century, reading even a native language was a somewhat scarce accomplishment. This celebrated beauty may, then, have shared in the general ignorance, without being liable to any particular reproach. On the other hand, Petrarch’s admission of her want of learning may refer only to her inability to read his Latin poems. With the usual want of self-criticism apparent in great writers, Petrarch held these in higher estimation than the emanations of original genius, which have rendered both him and the object celebrated immortal. An argument in favour of the supposition that Laura could read Italian is in the circumstance, that, out of the two authentic portraits of Laura* still in existence, she is in the one represented as reading a poem very attentively. It is now desirable to mention the source from which the portrait

* Before the close of the present half-yearly volume, we will present our readers with this second authentic portrait. Laura is not only habited in a totally different manner, but her portrait must have been taken when she was about fifteen years older than she appears to be in that accompanying the former portion of her history in the January Number.
is drawn that illustrated the first portion of this memoir.

This portrait is most satisfactorily proved to be that of the youthful Laura from the circumstance of the laurel tree, the symbol of her name, being painted by her side; also, by her being placed near the well-known portraits of Dante and Petrarch, reading a poem; and likewise because she is attired in the green gown, figured with violets, described by Petrarch. We have, too, the evidence of the tradition of the inhabitants of Avignon and those of the neighbouring districts, that Giotto painted it from the life. Giotto was the court painter at Rome, and when Clement the Fifth transferred the papal see to Avignon, Giotto became resident at that city, and lived on intimate terms with Petrarch and the family of the De Sades. Giotto left many very fine specimens of his art in a chapel, most singularly painted, at Padua, and likewise at Ferrara, Florence, Naples, and, above all, in the cloisters surrounding the Campo Santo, or Holy Field, at Pisa, where there are innumerable portraits of noble and illustrious persons of the fourteenth century, most of which, though in excellent preservation, are nameless, through the want of some distinguishing signs and tokens whereby to recognise them as historical characters. But the painted cloisters at Pisa have not, till lately, met with the attention from antiquarians which they deserve, being, as they were, wholly unknown in the last century. These cloisters are a most curious deposit of historical portraiture, mixed with odd scriptural designs. Giotto commenced the work at the instigation of Dante, who was living in exile at Ravenna when Giotto visited him. The great poet is known to have sat to him for his portrait; it is still to be seen in many places in the cloisters. Dante likewise mentions the painter Giotto with great affection in his Divina Comedia.

In 1348, that dreadful plague, called in history the plague of Florence, which, like the present cholera, first commenced in the east, reached the lovely shores of the Mediterranean. It broke out in the east of China, and is supposed to have destroyed a tenth of the human species. I made the circuit of the earth in three years. This scourge carried off half the inhabitants of Avignon. In the month of April its venom was most active, and on the 3d of that month Laura, the Lady de Sade fell sick and made her will; on the 6th she expired, and was buried the same day in the church of St. Clara, at Avignon. She was then in her forty-second year. Seven months after, her husband, Hugues de Sade, espoused another wife.

Hugues de Sade, the husband of Laura, was by no means easy in regard to the adorations of which his wife was the object. Tradition declares that he was a jealous husband, without being an affectionate one; nor could the guarded coldness of the demeanour of his beautiful and faithful wife altogether avert his suspicions, which lasted during Laura's life.

There is still in existence a most interesting record of Petrarch's feelings when the tidings of the death of Laura reached him. This memorial, far more lasting than any monument, is contained in a manuscript copy of Virgil. It is still to be seen in the library of the King of France. This Virgil is full of marginal notes in Petrarch's hand, and in the same hand, inscribed on a blank leaf, is this simple and touching memorandum, written in Latin prose:

FRANCISCO PETRARCA TO HIS BELVED LAURA.

Laura, distinguished by every personal excellence, and long celebrated by my verses, was first seen by me, yet in my youth, on the 6th day of April, 1327, in the church of St. Clara, at Avignon, at the hour of matins; and at the same early hour this light was withdrawn from us, in the same month of April, in the year 1348. I was at Verona, alas! at the time, quite unconscious of my loss. The mournful tidings, by letters of my friend Ludovico, reached me at Parma, in the same year, on the 19th of May, in the morning. Her chaste, her beautiful body, was buried on the evening of the same day she died, in the church of the Cordellers at Avignon (the same with that of St. Clara). Her soul, indeed, as Seneca said of Cæpio, has, I am persuaded, returned to heaven from whence it came. In painful record of this event, I have written the above with a melancholy pleasure, and in this place, which is often present to my eye, to the end that, by reading it often, I may make a proper estimate of this fleeting existence. Then shall I be fully satisfied that there is nothing more in life that ought to occupy my affections. This last great tie being broken, it is time to leave this great Babylon,—the departure which, under the Divine blessing, will be welcome to me—welcome when I think of the vain cares, empty hopes, and unforeseen accidents of past time.
The 6th of April, here mentioned, was Good Friday.

We have been favoured with some original translations from Petrarch, in which a close adherence to the peculiar turn of thought in the Italian has been observed with remarkable terseness and accuracy. From these we have selected two that cast a light on this peculiar era in the life of the author. The following sonnets, written during Laura’s life, the reader will perceive, are literal translations, unfettered by the rhythmical arrangements of our language, which therefore give more especially the spirit of the Italian.

**SONNET THIRD, DURING LAURA’S LIFE.**

(Good Friday was the day he fell in love.)

Era il giorno, &c.

It was on the day when the sun hid its rays
Out of pity for its creator
That I was caught, and I did not guard against it;
For your lovely eyes, lady, enthralled me.

It did not seem to me to be a time to defend myself
Against the shafts of love. 'Tis for why I went
Secure, without suspicion: whence my misfortunes
Began amidst the general weec.*

Love found me quite disarmed,
And the way to my heart open through my eyes,
Whence tears made themselves a passage.

Notwithstanding, to my thinking, it was not honourable
To wound me with an arrow in that state,
And you, who were armed, not even to show the bow.

**SONNET FORTY-SEVENTH, DURING LAURA’S LIFE.**

Benedetto sia l’giorno, &c.

Blessed be the day, and the month, and the year,
And the season, and the time, and the hour, and the moment.
And the fine country, and the spot, where I was deceived
By two lovely eyes that have bound me.

And blessed be the first sweet griefe,
That I had at being joined with lo
And the bow and the arrows with which I was pierced,
And the wounds which went to my heart.

Blessed be the many songs which I
Sent forth, calling on the name of my lady,
And the sighs, and the tears, and the wishes;
And blessed be all the paper,
Wherein I registered her fame, and my own thoughts,
Which are hers alone, so much so that nought else has a share.

Petrarch firmly kept the resolutions
made by him. His after-life was
wholly occupied by studies of a refined
and spiritual nature. He consecrated the
memory of Laura by verses still more eleg-
ant and admirable than those that cele-
brated her beauty when living.

This memoir would be incomplete if it
was not accompanied by a specimen of
one of these gems in his own language.

The following is considered by the Italians
as the most perfect of his sonnets. It has
been translated by Lady Dacre and Miss
Agnes Strickland. The translation by
the latter was published in the *New
Monthly Magazine*, during the editorship
of Campbell, and deserves to be pro-
nounced exquisitely beautiful:—

Quel vago impallidor, che il dolce riso
D’un amorosa nebbia ricopperse
Con tanta maestade al cor s’offerser
Che li si fece in contra à mezzo il riso

* Here he alludes, not to any public calamity, but to the general mourning and prostration of heart which the Catholic church endeavours to produce on the public mind by means of her sym-
bolical ceremonials on Good Friday.
Memoir of Laure de Noves.

Conobbi allor si come in paradiso
Vede l’un l’altro; in tal guisa s’aperse
Quel pietoso pensier ch’altri non s’perse,
Ma vide’l io ch’altrove non m’affiso
Ogni angelica vista, ogni atto umile
Che giamaia in donna ov’amor fusse apparve
Fora uno sdegno a lato a quel ch’io dico,
Chinarva in terra il bel guardo gentil
E la undo dicea (come a me parva)
“Chi m’allontana il mio fidele amico?”

There was a touching paleness on her face,
Which veil’d her smiles, but such sweet union made
Of pensive majesty and heavenly grace,
As if a passing cloud had veiled her with its shade.
Then knew I how the blessed ones above
Gaze on each other in their perfect bliss;
For never yet was look of mortal love
So pure, so tender, so serene as this.
The softest glance fond woman ever sent
To him she loved, would cold and rayless be
Compared to this, which she divinely bent
Earthward, with angel sympathy, on me;
Which seemed, with speechless tenderness, to say,
“Who takes from me my faithful friend away?”

TRANSLATION OF “QUEL VAGO IMPALLIDOR,” BY LADY DACRE.

A tender paleness o’er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smiles, as were a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avowed,
That, in my eyes, my full soul strove to speak.
Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in heaven; so beam’d serene
That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.
Each grace angelic, each meek look human,
Which love o’er to his fairest votaries lent,
By this were deemed ungentle cold disdain;
Her lovely looks, with sadness downward bent,
In silence to my fancy seemed to say,
“Who calls from me my faithful friend away?”

Another masterpiece of Italian poetry,
written after the death of Laura, seems
composed during the dominion of impa-
tience, and at a time when his feelings of
passionate excitement overcame his better
spirit of resignation:

SONNET OF PETRARCH, WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF LAURA, TRANSLATED BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Quanti invidia——

How much I envy earth, whose cold embrace
Wraps the fair form for ever torn from me,
And veils in darkness that enchanting face,
Which, midst distraction, gave me peace to see.
How much to Heaven itself I bear despite,
Whose glorious portals evermore retain
The radiant spirit, and impelled its flight
Where others scarcely entrance may obtain.
How much I’m jealous of the blest above,
Who dwell for ever in her presence fair,
By me desired with such devoted love——
And to relentless death what hate I bear,
Who, having slain in her my life and sense,
Sleeps in her shrouded eyes, nor calls me hence.

Vol. IV.—No. 2.
The celebrated coronation of Petrarch with the poetic laurel, at Rome, was not the reward of these his most perfect poems, but was awarded him for a stiff Latin composition, an heroic poem, called *Africa*, which he and the learned world esteemed far more than his beautiful Italian sonnets. Posterity cannot be a judge in the matter, since the poem of *Africa* is unknown to them, it having died a natural death, or is still lying in manuscript in the cabinets of the learned in Italy. This coronation took place before the death of Laura. It made him in such esteem, that he was perpetually appointed envoy from the Pope to princes of Italy. We do not think it necessary to follow our poet in these journeys, nor to devote any space to his friendship for Rienzi, or to dwell on poems devoted by him to the cause of his friend and the freedom of Italy. In the latter part of his life, Petrarch retired to the house he had built at Arqua, in the neighbourhood of his favourite fountain of Vaucluse. It is thus described by Rogers:

"Half way up
He built his house, whence, as by stealth, he caught,
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,
That sooth'd, not stir'd."

"I have built," he says, in his Latin letters, "among the Euganean hills, a small house, decent and proper, in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." When the Venetians overran the country Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe." -- "I am not so sure of that," replied Petrarch, and he fled with his books to Padua. He was right, for some Stradiot or Albanian soldier, in the service of the Ocean Republic, knowing little and caring less for poesies in *la dolce lingua di Toscan", might have inflicted on him the fate of Archimedes.

The tradition of the peasants in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse declares that Petrarch used to roam about near the fountain and among the hills, dressed in a sort of buff leathern coat, on which he used to write the sonnets, as he composed them, with a pencil of chalk.

Petrarch was happy in a serene, painless death. He had been gently declining in health for about six months. He was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting on his copy of Virgil, as if in an attitude of meditation. He had been so often seen by his servants in this posture, and so peaceful a smile dwelt on his features, that it was some time before they believed he was actually dead. He died in 1374, at his house at Arqua, aged seventy years.

The last sonnet written by Petrarch was wholly of a spiritual nature, and suited to his age and religious profession. We take it, as translated by Miss Agnes Strickland, from the *New Monthly Magazine*, for November, 1824:

The nearer I approach that final day
Which brings our mortal sorrows to a close,
More clearly I perceive how swiftly flows
The tide of time, and human hopes decay;
And to myself, in musing mood, I say,
"Now all my earthly ills, my love and woes,
From my freed soul shall pass, as falling snows
Melt in the sunshine from the hills away,
And every fruitless wish shall fly with life,
Which I so long and rashly have pursued;
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor tear, nor worldly strife,
Shall on my sweet and perfect peace intrude;
And I by brighter light shall see more plain
For what fallacious joys we sigh in vain."

His friend Boccaccio survived him. Among other bequests, Petrarch thus remembers him in his will:--"To Don Giovanni, of Certaldo, for a winter gown at his evening studies, I leave fifty golden florins; truly, little enough for so great a man." His books he left to the republic of Venice, laying, as it were, a foundation for the library of St. Mark; but Venice possesses them no longer. He left to Francisco Carrara, a Madonna, painted by his friend Giotto. It is still preserved in the cathedral of Padua.

The tomb of Petrarch is still in excel-
lent preservation. Lord Byron describes his visit to it, in his historical notes to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. "Arqua (for the last syllable is accentuated in pronunciation) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles to the right of Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. From the banks of a little blue lake, the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arqua is soon seen between a cleft, where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered, at intervals, on the steep sides of three summits; that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents. Petrarch is deposited, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters, on an elevated base, and preserved from contact with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will soon be overshadowed by four lately planted laurels."

To this we add a circumstance little known, but really interesting. Petrarch had a favourite cat, remarkable for her attachment and fidelity: she survived her master only three days, and the villagers of Arqua made her a grave at his feet. This tradition is preserved in a late Number of the *Revue de Paris*.

Petrarch’s house, as well as his tomb, is entire; they are preserved with the most devoted and affectionate care. In 1667, Paul Val de Zucchi, the proprietor of Petrarch’s dwelling, and lands in Arqua, placed the poet’s bust in bronze above his mausoleum.

To return to Lord Byron. Petrarch has never been more warmly commemorated than by the stanzas devoted to him by the noble poet, in *Childe Harold*:

There is a tomb in Arqua; reared in air,  
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose  
The bones of Laura’s lover; here repair  
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,  
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
From the dull yoke of his barbarian foes;  
Watering the tree that bears his lady’s name  
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died,  
The mountain village where his latter days  
Went down the vale of years; and ’tis their pride—  
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,  
To offer to the passing stranger’s gaze  
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain  
And venerably simple, such as raise  
A feeling more accordant with his strain,  
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
Is one of that complexion which seems made  
For those who their mortality have felt,  
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed  
In the deep umbrage of a green hill’s shade,  
Which shews a distant prospect, far away,  
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,  
For they can lure no further; and the ray  
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

Petrarch was celebrated in the dawn as well as in the meridian of British poetry. Chaucer was personally acquainted with him. These great men met at Padua during the splendid nuptials of Lionel of Clarence, "third son to the third Edward," and Violante of Milan. In the prologue to the *Clerk of Oxfo/of’s Tale of Gaulthe-

rus and Griselda, Chaucer mentions that he obtained the tale from his friend Petrarch, and adds a noble eulogium to his memory, which we communicate to our female readers in the paraphrase of Ogle, which we have preferred to the antique words of the Father of English poetry:

"A tale I bring!"  
At Padua learnt, and of no vulgar muse.  
’Tis what Petrarch in friendly converse taught.  
Petrarch! who purely wrote and nobly thought;
Whose works and manners, delicate as sage,
Charmed every sex and state, from youth to age.
Thou sun of Italy! whose piercing light
Dispelled the shade, forbade it to be night!
Oh that on me thy rays had longer shone!
Too soon departed! and too lately known!
Now close entombed the glorious poet lies;
To death a prey! a lesson to the wise!

Laura never had any tomb, but an unenscribed slab of stone in the family burial-place of the De Sades, in the Cordeliers church at Avignon. It has been shown that she was hurried to the grave the day she died, and most probably in that time of terror was buried with scanty rites. The fickle heart of Hugues de Sade was soon transferred to another, seeing that a second wife was wooed and won in seven short months. Thus he left

En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée
Plume, labeur, la langue et la devoir
Furent vaincus par l'aymant de l'aymée.
O gentill ame! estant tant estimée
Qui te pourra louter qu'en se taisant?
Car la parole est toujours reprisée
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.

The intended munificence of Francis the First was never carried into effect, nor were the royal verses engraven on the nameless stone that covered Laura's remains. In 1533 the Archbishop of Avignon, and some learned friends, all great admirers of Petrarch, went to St. Clara's church and commanded the stone that covered the bones of Laura de Noves, the Dame de Sade, to be raised. This was in her family burial-place, in the chapel of St. Anne. They found her skeleton, and near it a little leaden box, containing a sonnet written on parchment, and sealed with green wax, likewise a bronze medal, on which was a female figure, with the hands folded on the bosom, and the letters M. L. H. J.

These discoveries were made for the perplexity of the worthy and erudite finders, and for the confusion of the whole learned world. The treasured sonnet was read and criticized by the learned junta who had torn it from the silent keeping of the tomb; and they pronounced it not to be the work of Petrarch, because it was evidently that of a young writer; this was, however, no proof, for we have seen that Petrarch became enamoured of Laura while he was very young and Laura might have retained the first crude effusions of his passion that reached her hands, and very probably she preserved it thus carefully in life and death, for she was no critic; and it might have had a value in her eyes that his more polished sonnets failed to obtain. As to the medal, it was likewise in all probability some hallowed token of saint or lover, cherished through life, and enjoined to be placed in her coffin. A luckless pedant, who was present at the exhumation, happened to record a stupid guess that the initials M. L. H. J. meant to say, "Madonna Laura, he jacent." Here lies Madonna Laura. At this most commentators have raged amain, and all English haters of literary deceit, under the elegant modern term humbug, have railed and sneered at the whole affair. They ask triumphantly how it was possible for a medal to be designed and cast during the few hours that intervened between Laura's death and burial? and on the strength of this absurdity they have called in question even the existence of Laura. Lord Byron is seized with a most sardonic fit of spleen on the occasion. Yet in all probability these four initials did not signify any such meaning; they may stand for four hundred different sentences, and a little reflection will show that all the folly rests in this—that Maurice de Seve made a vague supposition, and had the egotism to perpetuate it as a fact, in his
Memoir of the opening of Madame de Sade's tomb. Had any deception been really intended in regard to these relics, a well-known sonnet of Petrarch's would certainly have been transcribed for the purpose, but the Archbishop and his learned company were as much puzzled with what they found as all critics since have been with their account of it. The place of Laura's sepulture is no longer in being: the church of the Cordeliers was demolished in the French Revolution.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.*

This portrait represents Laura in early life, and is extremely curious. When we remember that it perfectly coincides with her description left by her lover, in his Latin letters, of her appearance the first time he saw her. Her hair, which is very light, is knotted up under a small cap, called caillé, or coquille; her necklace is of pearls and garnets; the gown is the celebrated one of green silk, figured with little violet heads; the bosom, cuffs, and skirt of the dress are faced with lilac velvet edged with gold. The gown is drawn up to show a brown satin petticoat bordered with gold, and a sort of long pouch, by way of a pocket, worn in the fourteenth century, called an aumonière, often placed outside the gown. The girdle is a loose knotted sash of lilac silk; the fringe at the ends, and a knot, form a sort of tassel. The shoes are long and pointed, of the poulaine kind. This girlish portrait of Laura will be succeeded by another equally authentic, but painted some years after, when she was in the full meridian of her beauty.†

**Review.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia: a History of Europe in the Middle Ages. Vol. 2. Longman and Co.

The continuation of the History of Europe in the Middle Ages comprises that of France and Germany, and the section embracing the intellectual and religious history is rich in anecdote. The learned author justly considers, that the actual truth of the facts related in monkish lore is a matter of slight importance, compared with the light these narratives throw on the manner of living and modes of acting in those times. He has a true feeling of what history ought to be, as may be perceived in the following observations:

"The limits which are unavoidably observed in the present work, have placed the author under great disadvantages. If he dwells even slightly on each of the numerous points which a subject like the present must exhibit, he soon exceeds his bounds. If he passes rapidly over them, his work becomes a barren nomenclature, a dry record of facts, names, and dates. This consideration ought, in all justice, to disarm the severity of criticism, although it does not always succeed in doing so."

There are some curious fragments of antique poetry in the appendix, from which we extract a spirited translation.

* Published last month, January 1.
† Most probably in March next.
FORESTER.
"I let alone who lets me so."
SIR COLGRIAND.
"And what is here your office now?"
FORESTER.
"I watch these beasts, prevent disaster:
They fear me, own me for their master."
SIR COLGRIAND.
"Then make them cease this ravenous cry."
FORESTER.
"They'll not annoy you while I am by.
And what's your business in a place
Which feet of men so seldom pace?"
SIR COLGRIAND.
"Accoutred in this knightly guise,
I seek adventure's bold emprise.
Some champions, who, in equal arms,
Will try a joust, and hazard harms."
FORESTER.
"You need not ride three miles for that:
Beyond the wood a spacious plat
Of grass displays its lively green,
No prettier meadow can be seen:
A little chapel decks the centre,
The sculptured porch, which 'neath you enter,
Has at each end a marble prop,
A bell beside, a cross at top;
Its roof a linden overshades,
The fairest tree in all these glades;
A clear cool fountain springs hard by,
Frmed in with marble not bare high,
Whence the unceasing streamlet tinkles
Into a cistern it beprinkles;
An emerald basin you'll behold,
Chained to the brim with links of gold;
Scoop water in the glittering shell,
And fling it back into the well;
You'll find you angered a stout elf,
As fond of fighting as yourself:
The woodman pointed, as a guide,
With his left hand, and turned aside."
I rode along with thoughtful mien,
And reached, in half an hour, the green.
O! 'twas a lovely spot; a view
O'er woody hills and rivulets blue.
A castle, towering from the plain,
The mistress of the fair domain;
The trees so still, the air so mild,
The sun so bright, the landscape smiled;
And, on the linden, birds were thronging,
All chirping, warbling, singing-songing;
Since world is world, was never heard
So sweet a concert from the birds:
Had I been with a funeral train,
My heart would have felt cheered again.
I saw the chapel on the lawn,
Just as the forester had drawn,
The fountain with its marble rim,
The gleaming basin on its brim;
The morning star is not more bright,
While watching for the dawn of light.
When I beheld the emerald basin,
Methought to hesitate at facing
The upshot would be acting lightly,
Would seem unmanly and unknighthly:
With rash resolve, in luckless hour,
I got the basin in my power,
Scoop'd water with the glittering shell,
And flung it back into the well.
At once was quench'd the light on high;
Black storm-clouds gather'd in the sky,
The lightning flash'd, the thunder crash'd,
Wind, rain, and hail in eddies dash'd:
The scatter'd leaves bestrewed the ground,
The trees stood skeletons around,
The birds fled toppling on the blast,
The steed I held plung'd, look'd aghast;
But for the providence of God,
We both had perished on the sod.
Then silence all the scene o'erspread,
Save where the waters gurgling fled;
Slow sailed the parting clouds away,
Again the landscape shone in day;
But, from the castle's echoing mound,
A bugle-horn began to sound,
My ear a noise of engines smote,
The drawbridge bowed across the moat,
A stately knight, armed cap-a-pee,
Rode forth, and turned his steed toward me;
I girt my saddle, and remounted,
As I on his coming counted.
I soon perceived this lordly elf
Had broader shoulders than myself,
A stouter horse, a longer spear,
A tougher shield; and I felt queer.
When he was ridden near enough,
He said, in accents loud and rough,
"I shall not deign to ask your name,
You are no courteous son of fame:
My forest you have half destroyed,
Have scared my game, and left it void;
'Tis meet we try each other's strength,
Defend yourself, or lie at length."
Spurring his charger to advance,
He firmly couched his heavy lance.
I levelled mine, displayed my shield,
And met him fairly in the field.
His breastplate I no sooner struck,
Than my lance splintered, by ill luck,
While he, with a resistless force,
Had thrust me backwards off my horse,
And left me sprawling on the plain,
Chap-fallen, stunned, and bruised amain,
Leading as lawful prize away,
The steed that bore me to the fray.
Poor I trudged back on foot again,
The whole long road explored in vain.
"This adventure is related by Sir Colgriand to the knights of the round table,
in the presence of King Arthur. Sir Lian determines to avenge the disgrace of his
nephew, and repeats the same enterprise with opposite success; he slays the
knight, takes possession of the castle, and
marries the widow. The English romance
is referred by Warton to the reign of Henry
the Sixth; but, as this German version is
of earlier date, both are probably from an
original in Norman French."
Enchiridion; or, a Hand for the One-handed. By GEORGE DERNENZY,
Captain, H. P., 82d Regiment. Renshaw and Rush, Strand.

This clever little book is an instance of the elasticity with which the mind of a brave man will rise superior to a calamity that would doom a less energetic character to a state of uselessness and dependence. Captain Dernenz has not only, with wonderful expediency, invented several ingenious instruments, as substitutes, by whose aid he contrives to dispense cheerfully with the right hand and arm he lost in defence of his country, but by means of the present work he affords the benefit of his experience to such of his fellow-creatures as have suffered a similar misfortune. To them we consider the "Enchiridion" a work of high utility, written as it is with brevity and perspicuity, and illustrated with various engravings, which render perfectly plain the species of instruments he describes, as well as the use of them. Among the engravings, we were particularly struck with the ingenuity of the invention of a knife and fork for one-handed persons, and with the mode of snuffing a candle with the left hand. The egg-cup, too, is a simple but essentially necessary contrivance for a one-handed man. We cannot leave this work without commending the strain of manly cheerfulness and piety with which it is written, shaming as it does the morbid discontent and causeless cynicism which is the fashionable vice of the day for those to indulge in who have met only with the mortification of a damp or dreary day—whimsies which "real pain, and that alone, can cure."

A new edition of the "Enchiridion" is now in the course of publication in Paris, which is our particular reason for now noticing a work published so long ago as the year 1822.

The Songs of the Loire, and other Poems.
By GEORGE MANBY.

If the author of the Songs of the Loire is ambitious of the title of the Mocking Bird of English Song, he has richly earned it. In this volume he gives us imitations of almost every popular ballad that has been hackneyed through the streets of London for the last few years. When metre, tune, measure, and a general cast of thought are stolen ready made, easy enough it is to write poetry! witness one of his songs,—

"Roll on proud Gallia's river
Through a land both rich and free,
I seek, and give her
The lyre I strung for thee," etc.

The parody is complete throughout. In the excitation of some private musical meeting, our author might have been excused in having poured forth new words to an old beautiful melody, and he might have sung them, or promoted the singing of them, without reproach; but he ought never to have put them forth as his own, without the thoughts and metaphors had been improved or original. In this instance the metaphor of a river bearing a gift and a message to a lady is preserved, but oh, how Moore's elegant and congruous image is destroyed! The mind of the reader is delighted with the natural truth of Moore's subject;—a wreath of flowers may be borne to the feet of a lady by the smooth current of a river, and be even improved in freshness and loveliness by their watery passage,—but a strung lyre! would it float? and if it did, in what plight would it arrive? Herein rests the difference between poet and poetaster, between the highest effort of poetical power—a beautiful song, and a mocking echo of its sound. People do not pause to define the difference between the two, but they nevertheless feel it.

We have also an imitation of Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens."

"Maid of Amiens! ere I go,
Tell me if in vain I woo?"

There is another to this tune,—

"How sweet to rove through Clisson's grove!"

If "Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue" had never been written, we should not have seen among the "Songs of the Loire" "Hurrah for the vineyards of France!
Hurrah for the colours of Gaul!"

But the worst plagiarism is the imitation of Darwin's gorgeous but less known invocation to Mayday, commencing an address to a "Maid of Florence":—

"Since thou wast born 'neath heaven's blue skies,
Bright maid the lineaments unfold;
Unclose thy black voluptuous eyes,
And bind thy scented locks of gold."

Darwin's lines are as follows,—

"Born in the blaze of yonder orient sky,
Sweet May thy lovely form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy locks of beauteous gold."
The plunderer has certainly marred what he has stolen; but does he think, because he recklessly appropriates every sweet measure that a fine ear brings chiming to his memory, no one will recognise the originals?

When we sit down deliberately to find fault, and set these faults in array against an author, be sure there is some good in him which makes his work worth the trouble of analysis, otherwise a general sentence of condemnation would be enough. So our mocking bird has occasionally a sweet song of his own—at least, what we suppose to be his own; yet when we meet such instances of literary bad faith as those we have quoted above, it makes us suspicious whether these our new favourites are not thieveries, stolen from a source that has escaped our memory. This may be; and if we do not quote with the admiration due to lofty thought and melodious metre the stanzas beginning "She who was named eternal Rome!"—"The city built on many isles"—"Our ship, our gallant ship's at sea"—"The mighty wind"—"The wreath that crowns thy marble brow"—"The Alpine hunter's song," it is because we find them in a depository of stolen jewels, and are dubious whether they are the lawful goods of the man that claims them. If they are, the greater the shame for him, who can do better, not only to steal from other people, and to fill up the rest of his volume with such trash as—

"I anthe! I anthe! I want thee, I want thee, Come hither, come hither; Thou may'st not go thither, Before I have said To my own noble maid— I anthe! how dearly I love you! I anthe! how dearly I love you."

Or—

"Thy name, then, Sir Knight, is Sir Harry Flight!"

And those eternal repetitions in the commencement of verses—a poetaster fashion of the last few years—such as "The fragrant flowers—the fragrant flowers!" "The purling streams—the purling streams!"—"The dark-eyed maid—the dark-eyed maid!" There are twenty-one poems in this little volume, commencing with this common-place mannerism. In some of them the repetition occurs at every stanza, and this is the more to be regretted, because there are poetical beauties scattered among some of these careless strains, which a little reflection and correction might have polished into perfect songs.

If our author meets with a dozen reviews as honestly meant as our own, his next work will be replete with poetical beauty. The present degraded state of poetry is owing to influenced reviewers.

_Puckle's Club; or, a Grey Cap for a Green Head._ Tilt, Fleet-street; Hailes, Piccadilly.

This book is put forth in the most finished style of Whittingham's embellishment. The wood-engravings are first-rate, and the designs admirably expressive. For instance, "the Lawyer bribing a Witness," "Newsmonger," and "Envious," are remarkable for the natural expression of the countenances. "The Antiquary," peering at an old stone, (he might pass for a geologist, only the science of geology did not exist in the last century,) is deserving particular distinction; and the "Critic" is as fine a block as ever was cut out of wood. As for the literature, we own we regret the revival, redolent as it is, of pipes, tobacco, pots of porter, and other insignia of genteel life in the last century. The editor had better have gone a century farther on, and illustrated the designs by well-chosen selections from sources that have supplied Puckle with the only clever passages in his Club—we mean the admirable characters drawn by Bishop Hall—and, if more were wanted, Butler, La Bruyere, and the translation of Theophrastus might have given him a noble supply. Many of these are as much forgotten as Puckle, and much less deservedly so.

_Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe._ Written by a Father for the Instruction of his Son.

These biographies form a little volume that is not only very pleasing, but contains information much needed in the grand work of education. The author is the late lamented Lord Dover. Excellent sentiments are contained in the address to his son with which the volume commences, shewing how heavy a loss his family and society in general have sustained in the premature death of this accomplished nobleman.
The sovereigns whom Lord Dover has selected as the greatest of modern Europe, are—Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; John Sobieski, of Poland; Peter the Great, of Russia; and Frederic, of Prussia.

An historical mistake (page 261) of some importance occurs in the life of Peter the Great, which ought immediately to be corrected by errata slips in the remaining copies, and in the next edition of the work. Lord Dover mentions Anne, daughter to Peter the Great, wife to the Duke of Holstein, and mother to Peter the Third, as subsequently becoming Czarsina of Russia; but this princess, in reality, did not survive her father. The Empress Anne, who reigned after Catherine the First and Peter the Second, was Duchess of Courland, being the second daughter of Peter's elder brother, and partner in the empire, the Emperor Ivan. The Empress or Czarsina Anne was, therefore, not Peter's daughter, but his niece; and what is singular, Anne had an elder sister, the Princess of Mecklenburg, then alive, on whose infant son the empire was settled; but by a sudden revolution, after the death of the Empress Anne, this little Emperor was deposed, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine the First, was raised to the throne. Ivan, after a life-long imprisonment, was murdered by the orders of Catherine the Second, the usurping wife of Peter the Third. The Emperor Peter the Third was the Duke of Holstein, son of the Princess Anne mentioned by Lord Dover, and the direct heir of Peter the Great. Thus the lineage of this Princess Anne ascended the Russian throne, and still possesses it, but she herself was never Empress or Czarsina. The present Emperor Nicholas is great grandson to this daughter of Peter the Great.

It would have been desirable, as a work of education, if such a genealogy as we have considered it proper to trace in order to mark out this error, had been appended to the biography, particularly as it is brought down to the reigning Sovereign of one of the most noted kingdoms of the present times.

Each biography is ornamented with a portrait, engraved on wood. That of Peter the Great is well executed, and strongly resembles the best pictures of him.

_A Tableau of French Literature during the Eighteenth Century._ By M. de Barante, Peer of France. Translated from the Fourth Edition. Smith and Elder.

The work before us contains sound and clearly defined criticism. It may be recommended safely to ladies who wish to select for themselves a profitable course of reading in French classical literature. M. de Barante enters into a luminous analysis of the most celebrated works, and judges with singular impartiality their peculiar character and the effect they had on their times. He possesses a high sense of moral rectitude, and, undeceived by the blaze of genius, does not scruple to condemn a deviation from the eternal laws of truth and purity, if a great author is found a transgressor in these important particulars. The moral tone of M. de Barante may be ascertained by his view of the character and writings of Rousseau:

"With Rousseau, the accomplishments of duty had never been the source of any enjoyment; he had not been able to find in it the employment of an ardent and sensitive mind. He was always met with in a false position, where his feelings were out of place; thus he imputed his misfortunes to human institutions. In the inner sanctuary they doubtless accused him of his faults; and he cherished by those means a sentiment of bitterness and hostility against that society in which his character and circumstances had prevented him from taking a suitable place. Then he would make man's progress to virtue, not by attention to duty, but by a free and passionate transition, followed by pride and independence. Such a route has no secure ground, and can only deceive us. Rousseau gave us his life as an example: it was filled with errors and defects, yet none professed virtue with more warmth and enthusiasm than he. When we do not submit our conduct to the prescribed rules, it is in vain that the imagination be inflamed by zeal for all that is noble and honest: we are no longer virtuous. It is a trait peculiar to civilised times, that those characters who insulate themselves from real circumstances and nourish illusions, live with sentiments the most sublime. The mind is exalted; it feels, with a marvellous vivacity, the passion for excellence; the imagination sees nothing but purity, knows nothing of evil; but, having disdained the trodden paths, not regarding duty as sacred, men wander from error to error without even perceiving it. Experiencing within themselves, in their utmost force; the most virtuous motives, they
cannot think them culpable. Sentiments appear to them to have more reality than appearance. Rousseau, in the height of his impurity, believed himself to be the most virtuous of men; he was willing to appear before the tribunal of God with his works in his hand, and thought their pages would be found to contain that which would redeem all his faults. This disposition sensibly influences the nature of the talent. The man whose life is in accordance with his sentiments, expresses them simply and without effort; there is in his words as much elevation as there can be, somewhat of the assured and positive, that penetrates and carries us with them. But he whose virtue exists only in an overheated imagination, intoxicates himself in his notions, and attaches himself to them, so much the more as they are his only good: they are not wanting in truth; they have much of the sincerity of the feelings he expresses; it is his very soul revealing its emotions to ours. It persuades us, it moves us; we have a conference, but no account is rendered. What contradiction! We cannot repose in full confidence on his statements; they are true, but they are not plain. The highest character of genius, whose charm is eternal, is wanting. By this rule, Rousseau was far behind the eloquence of Boswell.


Mr. Bird's last poem will fully sustain his rank among contemporaneous poets. The book before us is a tale on the popular subject of Emigration, pouring, in deep shades of interest, the distresses of the agricultural population, wholly unstained by party spirit. Many beautiful specimens might be given from this work, but Mr. Bird's touching powers of description are already known and duly appreciated.

We make therefore an extract from his sprightly Metropolitan Sketches, a new style of writing, in which he shows considerable skill, and which we would earnestly advise him to cultivate. Genuine comic talent is eagerly sought after in the present woful times for literature. Many writers attempt "comic sketches," but very few are successful. The "Monument" is very clever; "The Altar of St. George's Church, Hanover-square," "The Thames," and "The Bank of England" will be great favourites. "The Tower" is good, but we think more might have been made of it in the way of interesting allusion, "Whitehall" is deficient in historical accuracy. We prefer

The New Post Office.

Good morrow, dear Miss "General," how do you do?

How does your mother do, in Lombard-

street?

I doubt, my dear, that since the birth of you,
The poor old lady's ruin is complete;
She's not the only mother that must rue
To see a daughter's charms with hers comp-

ete:

To see the public homage from her taken—
By all neglected and by most forsaken!

And now I gaze upon thee at a time
When every loyal Cit has ta'en his dinner,
Save a sad few who weare the lofty rhyme,
Who rarely dine at all, as I'm a sinner!
They feed on cowwebbs in their flights sub-

lime,

While grow the persons and their pockets
Thinner.

Alack! how seldom the poor poet's fate is
To cry at dinner time. Ohe, jum satis!

And now thy visitors begin to throng
The busy streets — I see a timid girl
Glancing around, as quick she glides along,
Her bright eye peering through an aur-

burn curl,

While feels her hand the gauzy folds among,
And draws forth silly from the hills of pearl

A pure white folded sheet without a blot,
Addressed "To Strephon," sealed— "For-

get me not!"

I mark, as quickly from the box she steals,
Courteous and free, to give place to an-

other,

She throws the speed of Mercury in her heels,
As though she dreads a scolding from her mother!

And now a more important bustler wheels
Just round the corner — he seems bent to smother

The bunch of letters which he grasps so tight,
Till out he grumbles— "Let them go to-

night."

And they will go — and on the coming day,
Full many a country "Dealer" in sad tones
Will read — "We take the liberty to say,
In a few days our " Mr. Jasper Jones"
Will wait upon you in the business way;
Stuffs, Bombazines, fine Norwich Crapes,

Gallions.

Are ric — we hope more favours you will show us;
Which means, "Fork out the money that you owe us."

Storehouse of countless minds! repository
Of cogitations, numerous as the beams
Of the bright sun in his meridian glory!

Huge reservoir! to which unnumbered

Streams
Of art and science, sentiment and story,
Review.

Commerce, religion, politics, with themes of war, and love, are daily, hourly stealing, to thee—tho pet lamb of Sir Francis Freeling.

Prolific source of pleasure and of pain!
How fast and far thy rapid sails impart
O'er the extended earth, and ample main,
Both joy and sorrow to the human heart!
And scarce like drought, or gladden it like rain,
That cheers the scathed and drooping plant—thou art
Insatiate too! thy huge mouths eat and drink
Whole reams of paper and whole tuns of ink.

There are several minor poems that are both spirited and natural; among these we particularly notice two—"The hurricane roared through the starless night," and "I was walking alone on Dunwich shore."


We do not consider it exactly our province to notice every religious work that is put forth, some being devoted to the peculiar views of various sects, and others more distinguished for good intention than literary ability. When, however, we meet with publications similar to the present, estimable for clearness and simplicity of style and interest of narrative, as well as for pure piety, we are happy to give our testimony to their merits. How requisite it is for good books to be made attractive to general readers! Many hearts are won to the cause of truth by the valuable qualities of a volume that was taken up by only a thoughtless idler to dissipate the tedium of a vacant hour. Such are the memoirs of Henry Martyn, and the remains of Henry Kirke White, works whose literary merits are acknowledged even by those readers to whom the beauty of holiness is distasteful.

Alphonso Henry Holyfield was the son of a man whose chief care was to initiate his only child in scenes of profanity. At seventeen, out of pure abhorrence of vice, whose hideousness had been unveiled to him without stint or limitation, he betook himself to a totally different path of life. By the assistance of heaven, he was enabled to persevere in his Christian course through an existence embittered by ill health and precarious circumstances. He died at the early age of twenty-eight, leaving a journal and correspondence, which, under the care of the Editor, his excellent friend, the assistant secretary of the London Missionary Society, will confer the same benefit on society as the memoirs of Martyn and Henry Kirke White. Like them he was a true disciple of the Established Church, delighting in her ordinances, and following her discipline.

Elementary Books.


The first named of these useful works is a modest and successful attempt to reduce to rule the capricious pronunciation of our language. In the form of a vocabulary, the authoress has proceeded through the vowels, not in the usual initial order of a dictionary, but by the regular quotation of every word in which the vowel that happens to be under exemplification forms a leading part. To these words are attached entertaining and intellectual explanations. The whole is exceedingly desirable, as clever spelling exercises, for children; but we should recommend the teacher, in this case, to question the pupil upon the meaning of the word, rather than impose the drudgery of getting the explanation by rote. This questioning will induce the habit of thought.

In the second work under review, Miss Bobbitt has laid down a plain rule how to remove many infantile troubles from the minds of young children, by the clearness and brevity of her grammatical definitions. We can sincerely recommend her book to all persons engaged in the task of education. The parsing exercises are particularly good, and the dialogue preceding them strikes
us as entirely new. Notwithstanding its extreme simplicity, it is an excellent lesson to the teacher as well as to the pupil.

The third is a little pamphlet on French Genders. This treatise has excited our surprise, to think how so much useful and indispensable information can be comprised in such narrow bounds. It truly forms a concise system for expeditiously obtaining an accurate knowledge of the genders of 15,540 French common nouns, besides comprehending the difficulties of H mute. After bearing witness that it completely fulfils this promise, we need say no more by way of recommendation.


This is a popular work in America, which has been praised by Mrs. Trollope, in her "Domestic Manners," and is now reprinted in this country by the Leadenhall press, which, it must be remembered, had the honour of first introducing the works of Brocken Brown and the early novels of Cooper to the British public. We see much to admire in the style and descriptive powers of the author of "Francis Berrian." Although in conception of character and development of story he is many grades, indeed, below Brown, Cooper, and Paulding, nevertheless, if he were to confine himself to the delineation of real scenes and events, and totally to abjure the regions of fiction, we should, perhaps, rank him above the two last. As a proof of his descriptive powers and beauty of style, we give the following extracts:—

"Where can be found on the earth better principled, better nurtured, and happier families than those of the substantial yeomanry of that region? Even yet, after so many wanderings and vicissitudes, I recall in my dreams the hoary head and the venerable form of that father who used to bend the knee before us in family prayer, and who taught my infant voice to pray. I find pictured on my mind that long range of meadows which front our village church; I see my father at the head, and my mother and the rest of the family, according to their ages, following each other's steps through those delightful meadows, as we went up to the house of God in company; I see even now the brilliance of the meadow pink, and I seem to hear the note of the lark, startled and soaring from our path. There is the slow and limpid stream, in which I have angled and bathed a thousand times; there was the hum of the bees on the fragrant white balls of the meadow button-wood which formed impervious tangle on the verge of the stream. Each of the boys had his nosegay of pond lilies, with their brilliant white and yellow cups, their exquisite and ambrosial fragrance, and their long and twined stems; each of the girls had her bonnet and breast decked with a shower of roses. Well, too, do I remember the venerable minister, with his huge white wig, his earnest voice, and an authority at once patriarchal and familiar. The small and rustic church was filled to overflowing with those who had there received baptism, and who expected to repose with their fathers in the adjoining consecrated enclosure; and there, opposite to the church, was the village schoolhouse, one of those thousand nurseries of New England's greatness. Dear remembrances! how often ye visited my dreams in the desolate land of the stranger!"

"We had much fatigue, and encountered many dangers, and there were many quarrels and reconciliations, before we reached the mouth of Red River. That river discharges its water into the Mississippi by a broad and creeping stream, through a vast and profound swamp. It seems a deep, dark, and winding river; its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters; the foaming path of the monstrous alligator gar, the shark of rivers, a thousand little silver fishes leaping from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numberless alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self-direction; or, occasionally, these logs sinking one end in the water and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow, between the hiss of a serpent and the roaring of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings, and carelessly sailing along, just over the surface of these dark and mephitic waters, with a savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs, and feathers; a soil above the bank, greasy and slippery with a deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gulleys seventy feet deep, and large enough to be the outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrifying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds, which can scarcely find their way through the dense forests; moccasin snakes, wriggling their huge and seamy backs at the bottom of these dark gulleys. Such was the scenery that met my eye as I advanced through the first thirty miles of my entrance of that region which had been so embellished by my fancy. I
Looked around me, and the trees, as far as I could see, were festooned with the black and funeral drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears, and my nostrils joined to admonish me that here fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night; and when, to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweetering berth, millions of mosquitoes raised their dismal hum, and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand, sat with blood, and another thousand succeeds, and 'in that war there is no discharge.' A hundred owls, perched in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note from the wall of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

"You rise from a slumber attained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabins of the woodcutters. You see here inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery: there is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protrusion in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called an 'ague-cake,' a yellowish white complexion, finely described in the language of the country by the term 'tallow-face.' There is an indescribable transparency of the skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and the flesh; eyes, preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black, and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature; dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness from their appearance altogether incredible, for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move.

"There is something unique, chilling, and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young: you would suppose that the grave was dug for them; but the more slender and uncertain their hold to life, the more gaily they seem to enjoy it. They laugh and shout, and drink, and blaspheme, and utter their tale of obscenity, or, it may be, of murder, with bacchanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes, and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world; open them, and look upon the laughers, and see the strange fire of their eye, and you will almost believe the chilling stories of vampires.

"The first evening of my arrival in these waters, found us at the point where the Black, Red, and Tensas rivers mingle their waters in an immense swamp, cheerful by the note of no bird of song, enlivened by the flocks of healthful and edible fowls, as the geese, ducks, swans, and only vocal with the shrill notes of the jay, the cawing of crows, and the wheeling flight of the numberless carrion vultures that prey on the dead fish that float to the shores.

On the verge of the bank where we lay, and with a little opening in the dead forest, was a family such as I have described: an inhabitant of such a cabin who lasts two years, may be thought fortunate and long-lived.

The wife and the mother in this family had once, I dare say, been pretty. She had had theague four years in succession, and now had the swelling, the filthiness, the brilliant eye, the flippant tongue, and run on from story to story with more than the garrulity of an old Frenchwoman. On an emergency, I presume, she could have handled the dirk with dexterity. She informed me, that for a month in the preceding spring, they had been overflowed, and she was in the midst of a flooded swamp, thirty miles in diameter. They built a house on a raft of logs fastened together, and secured from floating away with grape vines. On this raft was stationed the family, oxen, pigs, dogs, chickens, and all. They had a barrel of whiskey to keep up their spirits. Each of these logs was covered with red slime, and as slippery as if greased. She took me for a cotton-planter, and said—Now, you planters have but one house, and we wood-cutters have two. We have our floating house on the raft; and when the river falls, and that grounds, we build us another on the bank. Look you there—only three paces from my door, used to lie, of a sunny morning, a couple of thundering alligators; and my Franky, there,' pointing to a boy who seemed about four years old, who had the customary prominence in front, and was otherwise as mischievous and as ugly an urchin as you would wish to see, that there boy, with half a shirt, would needs be playing some of his 'rusty shines,' the funny dog, and so he crawled out, and gave one of them a rap on the snout with the broom-stick. The monstrous devil curied his tail, and gave Franky a slap, which tossed him in the air like a bat-ball; and the beast would have had the eating of Franky in a trice; but I heard Franky scream, as the alligator struck him: I seized a kettle of boiling water, and threw it on the horrid creature, just as he showed his white teeth to eat Franky, and this drove my gentleman into the water."

If the reader should here recognise some features of Mrs. Trollope's own progress up the Mississippi, in justice to the author of "Francis Berrian," the reader must remember that his volumes were printed before Mrs. Trollope's famous work was written.
An Index or Key to the Service of the Church of England. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Those who have not forgotten their childish troubles will remember their real perplexities in finding out the proper order of our really intricate ritual. Captain Durenzy’s "Index" ought at least to be bound up in the Prayer-book of every child that attends the service of the Church of England. It would likewise be of great use to strangers and foreigners.

Aurungzebe; or, a Tale of Alraschid. In 3 vols.

Notwithstanding numerous faults, the author of "Aurungzebe" succeeds at times in delighting his readers. Considerable imaginative powers are shown in the story, particularly in the narrative, and description of lively action. He is excelled by few of the most skilful romance writers. He is not amiss in the development of character: his portrait of Aurungzebe, for instance, is a fine historical likeness; but he is strangely deficient in judgment and arrangement, for whilst he is enchanting his reader during the progress of a scene, he brings the issue to a most awkward and unsatisfactory conclusion. This fault arises from inattention, and the absence of ordinary industry, not from the lack of genius. But he is elsewhere faulty; for the moment he makes his personages enter into dialogue, they can indulge only in conversation at once stupid and tiresome. Dialogue is, indeed, a fatal rock on which he suffers utter shipwreck; and if he desire complete success, he must steer clear of such hazards in his future voyages. The dialogues between Buccas and Ramjohnny are intolerable—interminably long, and unreadable in quality. The character of Buccas is too forced to be natural, and his actions too pantomimic to be pleasing or attractive to the acute observer. Yet, with all these defects, "Aurungzebe" is no common composition. It is true to history; and, in the most minute details of oriental manners and customs, the author has closely followed, particularly in his description of the court and camp of Aurungzebe, the graphic records of Bannin, the talented French physician of the mighty Emperor, who has left us a sprightly and authentic memoir of a residence at Agra. This information may be interesting to our readers, that Aurungzebe died on the Mogul throne, after having seen his hundredth year.

Paris Chit-chat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

COSTUME OF PARIS.

PARIS, JANUARY 26, 1851.

Selon ma promesse, I hasten, my dear Clarinde, to give you an account of one of the most splendid spectacles I ever witnessed, the last bal costumé. But I must begin by telling you how near I was being disappointed. M. de F— was not well; worse still—he was de mauvaise humeur! and would not hear of my going. However, my mind was made up, and, about twelve o'clock, when he thought I was sound asleep, I got up, dressed, ordered my carriage, and drove to some friends that I knew were going, and accompanied them to the scene of enchantment. Oh! ma chère, you can have no conception of the splendour, of the variety of the costumes, of the magnificence of some, of the singularity of others. I would not have lost it for I know not what! I know very well that you, who are so prudent and have acquired so many puncetious English ideas of decorum, will lecture me on what you will call my having deceived my husband; but, tell me, does not every Parisienne do the same? I mentioned it to all my friends at the ball, and they approved highly of it, and said they would have acted in the same manner; and I know for certain there were many there who did so. No Frenchwoman, believe me, gives up to her husband in such things, especially if she happens to be un petit peu coquette comme toi et moi! Besides, I told him next morning, and he stormed and raved for half an hour, and then forgot it altogether; indeed, if he had not, I should have had an attaque de nerfs, and terrified him into a fit of the gout. Now for the ball. Picture to yourself the immense Salle, almost lined with looking-glass, thousands of lustres rendering the scene more brilliant than day; the boxes and galleries decorated with festoons of gold and silver gauze, and all the avenues transformed into groves of odoriferous plants and shrubs. At one end of the room was an immense orchestra, consist-
ing of upwards of thirty musicians, dressed in complete suits of armour, mounted on horses richly caparisoned, and performing symphonies on wind instruments made after ancient models. After the overture of “William Tell,” four Spaniards, the first male and female dancers from the theatre at Madrid, entered, and, dressed in the costume of their country, executed several national dances—the bolero, the zapateado, &c., &c. I cannot possibly give you an idea how beautiful it was. I shall certainly try and induce M. de F— to take me to Spain, where I shall see them in still greater perfection. The women wore over their chemisettes, which had loose sleeves tied in with ribands, small corsages laced in front, blue and scarlet short petticoats, and round their waists gauze scarfs tied in front: these they took off towards the end of the dance, and each having flung her’s gracefully over her lover, led him away captive. Then followed an exact representation of French costumes, from the commencement of monarchy to the close of the year 1833. Each group, forming an age, or epoch rather, danced quadrilles; as they entered they were announced by a flourish of trumpets, and preceded by a herald attired in the military accoutrements of the period to which his party belonged; he carried a banner, on which was inscribed the epoch represented. The persons represented, belonging to every epoch, were the noble lord and lady of the manor, two persons of the bourgeois or citizen class, and two of the peasantry; then we had knights of the chivalry and romance, fully equipped and ready to break a lance with any who disputed the colour of their mistresses’ eye-brows; minstrels who could a “tale of love” pour forth, and “send their hearers sleeping to their beds;” warriors in armour, with sword, and helmet, and shield, and buckler; fair chatelaines, attended by their youthful pages. We had the velvets and brocades, the plumes and diamonds, of the gay court of the gallant Francois I.; the ruffles and laces of Louis XIII.; the long-trained robes of the seventeenth century; the elegant costume worn under the Regency; the splendour and eclat of the reign of Louis XV.; the ponderous wigs, the epees, and clubs, the extravagances of 1792 and 1794; the costume under the consulat, under the empire; en fin, every change to the last revival of ancient modes in 1833.

You ask me to give you a description of the newest walking dresses. Do you know, ma belle, that the task is a difficult one? I do not think we have had more than three fine days during the last two months. The weather is excessively mild for the season, but wet beyond anything ever remembered in Paris; and you know our belles never walk but in fine weather. If you are desirous of knowing what is worn in morning visiting costume I can tell you.

BLACK VELVET HIGH DRESSES, à corsage plat, are amongst the most distingué. Satin broché, satin moirè, satin Anglais, and printed satins in dark colours, and by no means as rich as those worn in grande-toilette, are also very fashionable. Pékins, poux de soie, cachemires, foulards d’Afrique, and des Indies, and a new material called Tudorienne, after M. Victor Hugo’s new piece, Marie Tudor. This is a tissue composed of silk and cachemire worsted, so exquisitely wrought that it combines the gloss and brilliancy of the richest satin, with the softness and pliancy of the finest cachemire: it is made in all colours, plain and figured. For all, except ball-dresses, the most general make is en redingote,—high redingotes for morning, low for dinner, opera, or simple evening dress. For the former, the corsages are invariably tight to the bust; the sleeves, still very full at top, and nearly tight below: these dresses are mostly worn without a reticelle or collar. A very short white lace scarf, beautifully embroidered, is simply tied round the throat; the ends sometimes reach to the waist, but never below. You will, perhaps, say, this is a very light dress for January; but let me be understood. If you walk out, or go in your carriage, you wear a cloak well lined and wadded, which you throw off on entering a hot room; at least we do so à Paris; and I think if the plan were adopted aux bords de la Tamise, it would be found a preservative against “colds.”

The dinner and evening Redingottes are, as I have said, in general made low. Some, however, are nearly high, leaving merely the throat exposed. The following is a description of a very elegant one that I have got. It is made of plain black tulle, lined with rose coloured satin. The corsage has a little fullness at the back; the fronts are very full, in five deep folds, slanting from the shoulder to the centre of the front of the waist. Long sleeves à double salop; the top puff excessively large and full, the lower one small, and immediately above the elbow. From the elbow to the wrist, the sleeve as tight as possible, and finished at the wrist by two rows of very narrow black lace. The corsege is finished at the neck by a small, square falling collar, of the material of the dress. The skirt, excessively full, has a double row of quilted satin riband down each side of the front. These rows meet on the waist, and are about a third of a yard apart at the bottom of the skirt. Between them, exactly down the centre, are five rows of gauze riband, going down gradually larger and larger. These, with the quilting of satin riband, give the dress the appearance
of being open in front, and brought together by the bows. A double row of the same quilling goes round the collar, and down the front of the corsage. The hat to be worn with this dress is of rose crape, made transparent as it is for evening. The front is très évasée, rounded off and very short at the ears. The colotie, rounded at top, is in folds, that finish under a bow of gauze riband, with long ends placed at the lower part of the colotie (crown), towards the back at the left side. The garniture consists of two feathers, one placed standing up in the centre of the front of the hat, the other placed beneath the passe (or front): it is put in at the front, close to the forehead, and, inclining towards the right, it curls over the edge of the passe, and finishes outside. Four puffs of gauze riband hide the stem of the feather underneath, and give a becoming finish to the hat.

Velvet Hats, trimmed with rich satin ribands, and with two or three ostrich feathers, are more worn than any others; the colours preferred are black and orange, black and green, black and blue, and black and rose. Hats of satin dentelle, a satin that has the appearance of blonde lace over satin, are très recherchés. The forms have undergone no change since last month; nor will there be any great variety now until Long-Champs.

Evening Coiffures.—There is no fixed style of coiffure adopted at present for the hair. Some wear immense tufts of curls at the sides of the head à la Stéphanie and à la Grignon; others, the flowing ringlets of Ninon de l'Enclos. Some have adopted the coiffure of Marion Delorme; while others again, prefer the bonnet à la Marie Stuart, or the elegant chapeau à la Dalpayrat. Those who wish to be very simple, wear turbans of mixed gauzes, brown and orange, brown and scarlet, brown and rose, brown and blue. These turbans (by no means formal) are merely twisted on the head by a coiffure. Six or eight "argus" feathers are placed with much taste and elegance towards the right side of the front of the turban. It is to match these feathers that one of the colours should be brown.

The prettiest style of coiffure for demoiselles is a braid en couronne on the top of the head, rather far back. The front hair in full tufts of curls, very much parted on the forehead in ringlets, or in two braids en fer à cheval, coming down at each side of the face, and turned up again and fastened beneath the couronne. An arrow, richly ornamented, and a small gold chain crossing the brow, are pretty additions. These, or a wreath of flowers round the head, or one or two detached bouquets of roses, half blown, and buds, or small mixed flowers, are the only ornaments worn by young ladies. The hair in the morning is dressed as simply as possible; the back hair braided at the top of the head, the front generally in one single long thick ringlet at each side of the face. Those who do not consider this becoming, wear full tufts of curls or bandeaux lisses.

Flowers.—Flowers are still much worn. Those in favour are roses, china-asters, dahlias, auriculas, marigolds, and dark fancy flowers. Some are made in velvet, and answer extremely well for velvet hats. For evening, guirlandes and bouquets of small mixed flowers, or of rosebuds, are fashionable: and a wreath of oak leaves with gold acorns has the prettiest effect possible in dark hair. Feathers, birds of Paradise, and esprits are also much worn.

Necklaces and Earrings of jet are more rich-chêné than any others. The net in estimation are ruby, coral, and garnet.

Gloves.—Black silk gloves and mittens à jours in rich lace-patterns, long and short, have quite superseded kid gloves, either in ball dress or dinner costume.

There is nothing whatever new in lingerie.

Mantelets and Pelerines.—There are some new pelerines and mantelets made of rich satin, black, orange, violet, or grenat, lined with a different colour satin; they are very large, thickly wadded, and piqué (quilted); the mantelets are trimmed with black lace, and the pelerines with swansdown, white or dyed, blue or rose. They are in general made with capuchons (hoods), and are the most useful things possible to put on on leaving a hot room or theatre; they are so very light, that they cannot possibly injure a dress: and with the capuchon drawn over the head, one has veritably l'air d'un petit chapelain rouge.

Colours.—The colour of all others most in vogue is black; next orange, ruby, crimson, emerald and apple greens, moss green, chocolate, chestnut, nut brown, dahila, violet, dark lilac, lie de vin, cherry, rose, blue Haiti, and sky blue.

Now, ma toute aimable, as you say your great balls have not yet commenced in London, I shall reserve ball dresses for another letter. Still, should you, en attendant, go to a ball perchance, your robe must have a corsage en pointe, sleeves à double sabot, with ruffles à la Louis XV., and the skirt of the dress must be open in front, and looped back at distances with diamonds, jet ornaments, flowers, or bows of riband, consisting of two coques, with a cameo in the centre. Your ceinture must be of the broadest gauze riband, with long silk tassels at the ends—bien entendu, tied in front. And your coiffure must be à l'antique.

I shall now close my dépêche, wishing you every amusement the approaching season can afford. Mon mari, toujours
On s'abonne à la Direction du Follet, Boulevard St. Martin, n° 61.

Troquet de Vêtements monsire de la Maison Liégeois, Rue 50 des petits Champs, 93.

Richerot en satin des Ateliers de Mme Monten, Rue des Moulins, 25.

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1833.
aimable pour toi, t'envoie un baiser. Adieu,
donc ma belle et bonne amie, et crois-moi
pour la vie.

Tien amie sincère,

L. de F——.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 3.) — Costume de Spectacle ou
Soirée.—Toquet or hat à l’Espagnole, of
velvet. This hat is made very nearly on
the model of a man’s hat; the leaf is very
broad at the sides, and diminishes towards
the front and back; it is turned up at
each side, and down again in the centre of
the front, so as to form a point à la Marie
Stuart on the forehead. A broad satin
ribbon is passed round the top of the ca-
lotte, crossed in front, and brought round
again to tie at the back in a bow
with long ends. A bird of Paradise is
placed towards the right side, and inclines
to the left. (See plate.) The hair, in full
tufts of curls, fills up the sides of the leaf.
Satin redingote with low corsage, à rivières.
The redingote, which is made tight at the
back, crosses entirely in front (see plate),
and is in folds coming from the shoulder.

A deep revers or pelerine, cut almost square
at back, with a deep point or dent de loup
on the shoulder, and coming en schall in
front as far as the waist, gives a pretty
finish to the corsage. The sleeves are ex-
cessively full at top, and have a deep
pointed cuff turned up at the wrist. The
skirt, which is very ample, crosses equally
with the corsage, and is cut out in dents de
loup (see plate), beginning small at the
waist, and increasing in size as they go
down: these dents, as well as the revers
and cuffs, are edged with a very small roul-
neau, outside which is a double row of
black lace, not very broad, nor very narrow;
it is put on with some degree of fulness.
The ceinture is composed of the broadest
gauze riband, tied in front in two very
small coques (see plate); the ends fall very
low, and are finished by rich silk tassels.
Chemisette of fine cambric, edged with
narrow lace. Pearl necklace, gold ear-
rings, black satin shoes, white kid gloves.

(No. 4.) ToJulette de Grande Soi-
Ree ou de Concert.—This plate gives
the model of a new and most becoming
head-dress in velvet, half hat and half
toque. The crown, and half the front (as
may be seen by the sitting figure), is per-
fectly a dress hat: the leaf, which is deep
at the right side, is bent downwards nearly
to a point in front (see plate), and finishes
very small at the left side. A bow, with
long ends of broad satin riband, retains a
bouquet of feathers on the left side (see
plate), and is then brought across the back
of the crown to the right side, where it
finishes by a full bow. Four or five tips of
ostrich feathers are placed with a bow of
satin riband under the deep side of the
leaf. The hair is in bandeaux. Under-
dress of black satin, with a deep flounce of
blonde, and edged round the neck with a
narrow blonde, over which is a full dress
redingotte of rich satin moyen âge. The
corsage is made tight to the bust, and has
a piece cut out in front, so as to form a
kind of stomacher in black. (See plate.) A
revers excessively deep on the shoulder,
narrower at back, and cut away nearly to
a point in front (see plate), finishes the
corsage. The sleeves, which are full at
top, are tight to the lower arm. The skirt,
open in front, is, as well as the revers, and
front of the corsage, cut out at the edge
en feuilles (in imitation of the indentures
of leaves), and edged with a narrow rou-
leau. The dress is fastened round the
waist by a ceinture of ruban satin gros
grain, that matches the dress perfectly.
Rich necklace of pearls, with diamond
ornaments; very long gold earrings. Black
stockings à jours, black satin shoes,
white kid gloves.

Fine Arts.


"The Shade of Sadness," painted by
Boxall, engraved by W. H. Motte,

"In those eyes of tenderest light
A sadness, as of love, I see;"
is, in every respect, admirably executed
and well depicted.

"The Passion Flower," drawn by
D. McElise, engraved by Hollis, has
much of freshness about it. It is also
admirably engraved. The fingers exhi-
bit the playful reality of life, and the
entwining flower much elegance of ar-
rangement. Much talent of conception
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is shewn in this, by no means an easy
subject to delineate.

"The Wild Flower," painted by W.
Boxall, engraved by Ryall,

"Her face, yet shaded by the pensiveness
Breath'd o'er it from her holy orisons,"—

"Imagination's phantom, lily fair,
In pure simplicity of humble life,"—
is executed with great skill, and is accu-
rately delineated according to this de-
scription.

We cannot help noticing a general im-
provement in hands and fingers, of which
we have before complained.
Harmonicon.

Songs of Provence, Nos. 1 and 2.—The Miller of Provence.—The words by Chas. Jefferys; the music by Julian St. Pierre. L. Lee.

On former occasions we have had under our notice several works by Mr. Leoni Lee, possessing somewhat a similar character, except that “Songs of Provence” are more spirited than those now before us. This composer, having met with well-merited patronage, is likely to ensure a continuance of it. Both the numbers are full of beauties. The title-pages, a thing, indeed, of but little moment to the scientific mind, are graced with some admirably designed and executed lithographic engravings, beautifully characteristic of the precise subject of each production, from the clever pencil of John Brandt.

Lays of Venice, No. 1.—Haste to the Carnival.—Duet. The words by Chas. Jefferys; the music by Charles Coote. Same publisher.

The second, third, and fourth numbers of this work reached us as far back as October last, and favourable notices appeared in November, whilst the first has remained unheeded till now. It is extremely pretty in melody, with simple but appropriate accompagniments, and is worthy of those which follow in rotation in the series.

Maiden of Dante.—A Duet. The words as above; the music by J. J. Sporer. Same publisher.

Mr. Sporio is rising fast in our estimation as a composer, and evinces considerable discretion in not attempting to do too much. The duet is elegant and pleasing.

The Father’s Prayer.—The words as above; the music by S. Nelson.

The Mother’s Prayer.—Words and music by the same. Same publisher.

These “twin spirits,” as authors, have here again written, according to custom, two most effective productions.

Come o’er the moonlit Sea.—A Duet. The words by Chas. Jefferys; arranged, with an accompagniment for the Guitar, by Louis Leo. Same publisher.

So fashionable has the guitar, of late years, become, that a song, to be exhibited in its most attractive form, need be presented to us with such an accompagniment. Mr. Lee has happily, and most successfully, fixed upon this extremely popular duet from the “Songs of the Gondola” as a beginning.


The authors, in bringing out this work in its present form, have thus described their intentions:—“This adaptation is offered for the use of musical amateurs (who are not vocalists) on the Sabbath-day, and care has been taken to form the passages more familiarly for the piano-forte than in any previous arrangement, as well as to place the themes in an order that may historically agree with the passages of Holy Writ they have originally been intended to illustrate.” So much are we lovers of Handel, that any arrangement, provided the subject be not altered, comes as a welcome guest to our table; but the one in question is admirably done, and will be found well worthy the attention of all devotees of sacred music.


This forms a delightful little exercise for juvenile performers on the piano-forte. The air is taken from Bellini’s Tu Fedrai, in the opera of “Il Pirata.”

Il Bagno, Racconto Pastorale.—By VASCAY. An elegant production.

Ella, mi’Arietta. By VASCAY. Signor Vaccay’s acknowledged taste and tact are very strongly manifested in this composition. It is pregnant with elegancies of the chaste Italian character.

I have Nothing now.—A Ballad. The poetry by the Ettrick Shepherd; the music by Osmond.

To beautiful words the composer has wedded some delightfully pathetic and expressive music. The ballad cannot fail of becoming a favourite.

Lady, fair Lady.—A Serenade. The words by Geo. Howe, Esq.; the music by E. T. Carus. An elegant serenade, and which requires only to be known.

’Twere best thou shouldst forget me.

Another pretty ballad, by the same authors.

Gustanus the Third.—The Overture arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte by Bochsa. Mori and Co.

It was needless to dilate upon the excellence of the music written by Auber for his opera, inasmuch as a discerning public has decided, by an almost unparalleled patronage of its performance at Covent-Garden Theatre, that it is of that character which pleases their fancy. It has, then, only to be stated that there is such a piece extant, which will recall, when in their own houses, many of the pleasures moments within the theatre. Bochsa appears, in the arrangement before us, to have devoted on this more than ordinary care and tact. He has also written accompagniments for the flute and violincello, so that a “quartette” party may be at once formed.

Gustanus the Third.—Select Airs for the Harp and Piano-forte, with (ad lib.) acompanhiments for the Flute and Violincello. Arranged by BOCHSA. Same publisher.

Following up the judicious intention of Mori, Bochsa has selected all the most favourite airs from the opera, and arranged them for the various instruments already named. The task is admirably performed.
Drama, &c.

Gustavus the Third.—The Sailor’s Chorus, Long live the King.—Arranged as a quick march for the Harp, by Bochsa. Same publisher.

M. Bochsa’s talent has seldom shone forth more vividly than in this piece. Petit Souvenir de Gustavus.—“Answer, mighty Sorcerer,” and the Air de Ballet “La Folie.”—Arranged for the Harp by Bochsa. Same publisher.

Another striking evidence of the powers of this professor. This, as well as the preceding works, will prove very popular favourites of the ensuing season.

The Vocal Primer.—By J. Jousse. D’Almaine and Co.

In an extremely small and convenient form, Mr. Jousse has stored up more real and sound information upon the subject of the study and practice of vocal music than we remember to have seen in double the compass. The instructions are given by questions and answers; a mode of teaching, by-the-bye, peculiarly advantageous to young students. We can recommend this work to students in the art of singing.

The Musical Album for 1834. Falkner.

In this elegant production we find eight very pretty vocal and five instrumental compositions, all worthy attention. The whole of the music is by native professors; a circumstance which renders the work doubly deserving of patronage.


A very clever composition, and will, we doubt not, become a great favourite.

The Pirate.—Words by W. St. George King, Esq. ; composed by Haydn Corbi, Willis. A powerful production.


This is a very agreeable composition for two performers, and proves to be, as said, facile.

Oh, when it is too late.—A Ballad. The words by T. H. Bawly, Esq. ; the music by Alex. Lee. Duff and Co.

One of those exquisitely pretty ballads, so many of which have had their origin with Mr. Lee. There is much delicacy of style and expression in this composition.

Hurrah for brave Ross and his Crew.—A Song. By Jesse Hammond, Esq. ; the music by J. Blewitt. Ditto.

This song, were it solely for the spirited lithographic title-page representing the first elevation of the chief “Tullochkin”, in Boothia, upon the wooden leg made for him by Captain Ross, is deserving of general patronage as an illustration of poetry. The words are full of sentiment, and are well set by Blewitt.

KING’S THEATRE — OPERA ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SEASON.—At length the much-disputed question, as to the party who would have possession, during the spring, was determined, and Laporte drew up his prospectus for the season, 1834. In the ballet department, no doubt can exist as to the transcendent powers possessed by some of the individuals whose names will be found subjoined. The season, at present, is arranged to commence on the 15th of this month, with Donizetti’s opera of “Anna Bolena,” a composition which, it will be remembered, Pasta, last year, made extremely effective, in which Made. Ungher will make her début. The tenor part will be done by the young Russian prodigy, Ivanhoff. Mdlle. Tagliani also begins the season with us, and will remain for six weeks, when she leaves England for a short time, until April. In her absence, Mdlle. Duvernay, who raised herself to great favour last season at Drury-lane, will appear as a débuteante. The ballet is “La Sylphide.” Mademoiselles Brias and Salvi, and Zucchelli (a contralto), will be here next month; Pasta, Grisi, Rubinii, Tamburini, Lablacé, Litté Pérot, and the two Elsers, do not come till Easter. Laporte is now gone on his travels for additional talent. The names of those engaged for the opera are—Mademoiselle Julietta Grisi (from the Italian Opera at Paris) Madame Ungher (from the principal Italian theatres in Italy and Paris), Mdlle. Blasis (her first appearance these three years), Mdlle. Salvi (her first appearance in this country), Madame Tamburini, and Mdlle. Castelli,—Tenori: Signor Rubini and M. Ivanhoff.—Bass: Signor Zucchelli, Tamburini, and Lablacé.—For the Ballet: Mdlle. Taglioni, Mdlle. Duvernay, Mdlle. Teresa Elsler, Mdlle. Fanny Elsler, Mdlle. Adele, Mdlles. Chavigny, Kipler, and A. Bourgouin, and Messrs. Perrot, Coulon, Theodore, Leblond, and Henri Vallier. The ballet department will be entirely under the management of M. Taglioni. We trust the forthcoming season will prove more successful than the former.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.—At the former “The Wedding Gown,” and “St. George and the Dragon;” at the latter “Gustavus the Third,” and “Old Mother Hubbard,” continue to offer nightly feasts. Thus may the performances, at these two houses, for the past month, be described. In confirmation, however, as both establishments are now in fact but one, we would add the following remark from the Observer of the 30th ult. :—"We are informed upon
good authority, that the average nightly receipts of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, during the whole of the last three weeks, have been very nearly 550l., but that Drury-Lane has been, of the two, considerably most productive. Nevertheless, Planché's "Gustavus the Third" still continues to draw profitable houses, and, while it does, it would be absurd to lay it aside."

**Victoria.**—Sheridan Knowles' admirable "Wife" has proved highly attractive "at the only theatre in the metropolis where it can be acted." A very successful one-act piece was brought out at this theatre on the 24th ult., entitled "The Blacksmith." The chief incidents in the plot are the separate arrivals, at Gretna Green, of a Captain Darlington with a young heiress, and of his man-servant, also with a runaway young lady, whom he has prevailed to accompany him to seek the aid of the Blacksmith to join two in one, in the supposition that he is an officer in his Majesty's service. The situation excited much amusement, and the audience greeted the Blacksmith in a manner to ensure his frequent re-appearance before the public.

**Adelphi.**—The novelities at this house continue to meet with unprecedented reward. Since our last, a new piece, called "Lurline, or the Revolt of the Naiads," has been produced, and is nightly received by crowded audiences. It is the first adaptation to our stage of "La Revolte du Serail," the particulars of which we gave in our last Magazine, under the head of "Parisian Theatricals." So attractive has this piece proved, that money has been nightly sent from the house from want of room. The officers of the Guards are amongst the most regular attendants. The "Naiads" go on swimmingly, and the bath not only overflows the stage, but the house. The Duchess of Kent has twice visited the theatre during the month.

**Campsie.**—Here, as usual, "Madame" is nightly greeted by full audiences. Liston, Keeley, and herself, contrive to keep their friends in the midst of a "mass" of laughter.

**Surrey.**—At this house matters are proceeding with that success which the spirited manager merits.

**Sadler's Wells.**—Here things are also decidedly prosperous, and the manager's struggles for novelty properly rewarded. A new drama, called "The Tinker of Tadcaster," has been produced. It is founded on a story which appeared in one of the periodicals, called "The Coiners," and is put together with considerable dramatic tact. The acting was extremely good. "Eva" is followed, in which Cobham played the high-minded and fiery "Colonna" with dignity and power; and Miss MacCarthy adorned the character of the pure and affectionate "Evdene" with pathos and nature.

**City.**—By permission of the assignees under Mr. Davidge's commission, this theatre has been opened for the benefit of the creditors to the estate, but the receipts are insufficient even to defray the actors' salaries. Several pieces have been most respectfully sustained.

**J. Russell's Entertainment.**—J. Russell, with his little bark, has twice weathered the storms, and obtained shelter at the feet of Souci theatre, where his entertainments were delivered to crowds of admirers, some thirty or forty years ago, by Dibdin the First. We expect to see fortune smile with equal favour upon his successor. Mr. Russell purposes opening this week.

**Italian Opera.**—"Don Giovanni" has been successfully revived. The auditors rendered full justice to the magnificent composition, supported as it is by a host of talent. Mlle. Santini Leporello is beautiful—her execution of the music without a fault, and she acted with grace and feeling; but on the whole we prefer Mlle. Grisi, whose face and figure are finer for the character; and her singing, if not so perfect, is but little inferior. Mlle. Ungher, a German, sings and plays as one who thoroughly knows and loves the art of singing. Her "Batti Batti" was captivating, and richly merited the plaudits. Mlle. Schultz, who, like Mlle. Ungher, was also at home in the music of her great countryman, was scarcely less successful, and contributed her full share in producing the rapturous encore of the trio, with Grisi and Rubini. Tamburini, in Giovanni, showed himself an elegant and accomplished comedian, as well as a first-rate vocalist. Zechelli sung admirably, but his figure and style were unsuited to the gallant libertine. Tamburini's "Fin che dal vino," and Rubini's brilliant execution of his duet, "Mio tesoro," called down unanimous encores. Santini's Leporello is the best part he has yet played or sung in Paris; the omission of a little of the buffoonery with which he overloads the character would be desirable. His voice and general execution in the duet, "O Slatto," and in the sextetto, displayed a firmness of power and precision truly Mozartian. This performance has rapidly advanced Santini in the opinion of the dilettanti.

**Porte St. Martin.**—A new and successful drama has just been added here to the list of the popular productions of M. Alexandre Dumais. "Exadhe" is "Angelo," and the plot, which is marked by the usual peculiarities of this clever writer, is wrought up with all the high dramatic power which the public have so frequently admired, and so frequently lamented that it should be
displayed upon subjects not only unworthy the pen of a man of talents, but actually degrading to the drama. We should have been glad to have had to record, even for the sake of M. Dumas himself, that this monstrosity had been hoisted from the stage: truth, however, obliges us to state the direct reverse: it was received throughout with approbation, and at its conclusion the name of the author was hailed with even enthusiastic applause. So much for the taste of the day.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vocal Concert.—On the 13th ultimo, the first performance by the Vocal Society took place at the Hanover square Rooms; the programme contained many compositions of the highest order. Braham gave "Mad Tom" with a power, pathos, and effect that he alone could do; he was rapturously applauded. Miss Clara Novello sang a fine scena by Spohr, and Mrs. E. Seguin another by Righini, in a manner that elicited great applause. Morley, madrigal, "I follow, lo! and Weelke's "To shorten winter's sadness," were admirably performed, and encored. Willman performed a fantasia on the clarionet in a most masterly manner. Several glées, choruses, &c. were sung with great effect. Mr. T. Cooke led an excellent band among whom was Lindley, who is in himself a host.

The Madrigal Society.—The annual general meeting of this society took place in the Freemasons' Hall on the 16th, Sir John Rogers in the chair, supported by Lord Burgghersh, Lord Saltoun, Sir A. Barnard, Mr. T. Cooke, and others. Among the professors and amateurs, "Non nobis" was sublimely sung by 80 voices.

Royal Society of Musicians.—Lord Howe, as one of the directors of the King's concerts of ancient music, will preside at the 90th anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians on the 14th of March.

Mason, the celebrated violin player, and also Mr. J. B. Cramer, have been invited to dine with the Melodists Club on the 30th instant, being its first meeting this season. Braham, who was one of the founders of the club, will also be present, and Lord Burgghersh will take the chair.

Mr. C. Incledon's Concert.—On the 22d ultimo this gentleman, the son of Mr. Inclelon, gave a vocal concert at the City of London Tavern, the large room of which establishment was crowded to an overflow. It is the occasion of the debut of the grandson of the "English vocalist." In features he is the true inheritor only to the author of his school, the advantage being on the side of the boy; but in many parts of the voice the faculty of the grandfathers flashed across the recollection of all those who had the good fortune to hear the "sovereign of nature's song." His voice owes much to Mrs. G. Wood, to whom considerable credit is due for the inculcation of a correct style and fruitful taste. Master George Incledon sang several pieces: a duet with his father, "Oh, Polaund!" a manuscript by Nelson; the beautiful ballad, by Shield, of "A little boy, I left my home (encored);" "Rose gently blooming," by Spohr; and Herz's duet of "I know a bank," with Miss Shirreff, were the most excellently executed, and were very warmly applauded. The following, a powerful galaxy of talent, assisted:—Misses Shirreff and Betts, and Mrs. G. Wood; and Messrs. Hawkins, Fitzwilliam, Hobbs, Terrail, E. Taylor, Bellamy, Hawes, and Broadhurst, in addition to himself and son. With such professors, it would be superfluous to say more than that that which was executed was done in so admirable a manner as to leave no wish ungratified. Sir George Smart presided with his known ability at the piano forte, and his performance of the accompaniments gave increased effect to the executions of the vocalists.

Doings at Naples.—The kind solicitations of hospitable English friends induced me to spend the Christmas holidays at Naples, instead of proceeding to Rome; and as the Carnival will commence here on the 17th of January, I shall remain, in order to witness the doings during that gay period. As a farther inducement, my friends are anxious that I should give a public concert at the Great Fondo Theatre, which I feel inclined to do, in consequence of Malibran, Lablache, David, Calvarolla, De Beriot, &c., having in the kindest manner promised me their valuable services. You can form some idea of the gaiety of an evening party in this city. Just before Madame Masi left Naples she invited all the principal singers belonging to San Carlo, and a number of amateurs of distinction, to a soirée musicale. Such a merry making party I never witnessed. We had much good singing; but you will be surprised when I tell you that Mazzinghini's comic duet of "When a little farm we keep," which I had the honour of singing with Malibran, carried all before it, in consequence of the exquisite manner in which she sang the Da, Re, Mi part of it; and when we repeated it, she executed the florid divisions so delightfully and so brilliantly, yet quite different from the first time, the company were enraptured. To give you an idea how free and easy they take it here, the prima donna requested Lablache to sustain F below, myself B flat, others the harmonic intervals above, and to place our finger on the side of our nose, to form a drone, while she imitated the squeaking tones of the horrid bagpipes (which din our ears in all corners of this place), in such a manner as to create the loudest laughter, particularly...
when we all sunk our voices very slowly together, as if the wind in the bellows was nearly exhausted.—A new opera, by Pacini, has been brought out at St. Carlo, called Irene; or, Le Asse dio di Messina, in which Malibran, Reina, David, and Lablache appeared. It proved ineffective, and was only performed three times. The second grand gala night exceeded the first in splendour. The opera house was lighted with 750 wax torches, and many of which were five feet high.—Extract of a Letter from Mr. Parry, jun.

The Royal Society of Musicians, at its Christmas general meeting, voted the sum of sixty pounds to be divided among several indigent non-claimants, one of whom was poor Marrriott, who held the situation of trombone primo at the Opera House for forty years, but who is now, at the age of eighty years, in very indifferent circumstances. Gratuities were also given to some of the oldest claimants on the Society, in addition to those engaged at the theatre, among whom is John Malon, once a celebrated clarionet player, now in his 88th year.

A New Pianoforte.—A German of the name of Niggl has brought to London a pianoforte with two sets of keys, similar to Kirkman’s old harpsichords. The lower keys produce the same tones and effect as the original instrument, but the upper keys produce tones of a stringy nature, not unlike violins with muted on. When a melody is performed by the right hand, on the upper keys, an accompaniment is played by the left, on the lower, and the combined effect is very pleasing. In shape and size this instrument resembles a horizontal grand pianoforte.

The Revolt of the Seraglio is in a forward state of preparation at Covent-Garden, and will be brought out as the next novelty. The run of Gustavus the Third has lasted so long, that it would be most unreason-able to expect it to do much more. When it ceases to be sufficiently attractive, the Revolt of the Seraglio, got up with much splendour and novelty of effect, is to take its place.

At Drury-Lane, Sardanapalus is also kept in reserve, and the successful production of Jerrold’s Wedding Gown has rendered the absence of Ellen Tree (who is now returned to us), for whom the part of Myrrha is designed, of little consequence. The Wedding Gown and St. George and the Dragon, assisted by a one act interlude, have filled Drury-Lane every night, so that here also the lessee is in no haste to change the performance previously observed with his part of Sardanapalus; but it is by no means certain that it will immediately succeed the Wedding Gown, as another piece, which has excited a great deal of attention in Paris, is talked of, and may be resorted to.

All the recent proceedings betoken great activity and energy on the part of the lessee, and his exertions deserve to be rewarded.

The original design of performing Mehuil’s sacred opera of Joseph and his Brethren at Drury-Lane, during the approaching Lent, has been abandoned, for an undertaking which possesses all kinds of capabilities. The lessee has secured Graham, who is to be paid by a nightly salary.

Poole’s comedy, in one act, (and it is certainly the neatest and completest piece of genteel comedy of modern times,) has just been published. We notice it chiefly to remark upon the author’s candid avowal in the preface that he took the plot from the French stage; and, moreover, that he had the courage to adopt a piece which was unequivocally condemned on its first representation, although acted by the best performers Paris boasted. He saw at once that the cause of the failure was feeble, pointless, and slovenly dialogue. In his version he has amplified the defect. The plot in French and English is precisely the same; and Poole’s triumph, therefore, is the triumph of neat, pointed, and appropriate dialogue. We wish he had told us, into the bargain, who was the author of the original.

The latest advices state that the Woods are drawing capital houses wherever they go, and that Mrs. Wood is a great favourite in private society. Power also had met with every encouragement—more than he had looked for, considering that he was immediately preceded by Master Burke, who was so extraordinary a favourite.

Some few years since, previous to Mr. Theodore Hook’s embarkation for the Mauritius, his wit and general literary talent procured for him the entree to the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre; and a literary friend, in writing to a favourite author and actor, addressed him thus:—“My dear W.—can you, by hook or by crook, give me your bones to-night for your new piece?”—To which laconic note the actor made the following brief reply:—“I cannot! My Piece has withdrawn—my Bones have walked off—Hook is out of town—and Crook is gone to the d—!”

The dignitaries of the church at Richmond ask 100 guineas for the erection of a tablet in the church to the memory of poor Keen; and the same disinterested body modestly demand 20 guineas for a monument against the church! A monument to the memory of a waterman, replete with “high-sounding words,” eulogistic of his “life, character, and behavior,” stands erect it, while the remains of the “Mighty Me-teor” are suffered to moulder without:

No! Some kind painter and glazier who has been passing, with a brush full of paint, and in the plenteous of a generous heart
for past histrionic gratifications, has daubed “Edmd. Kean”! “O tempora, O mores!”

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.—The people of Hull wished to have a piece written in honour of Capt. Ross. Mr. L. Rede went down and prepared one. When finished the Licensor (though the Captain himself stood to have had no objection to it) forbade the use of the word Ross. Verily George Colman is doing all he can to get the ridiculous office he holds abolished.

At Liverpool there have been three theatres open—the Liver, Queen’s, and Sanspareil. The proprietors are talented actors; Mr. Raymond decidedly, with the exception of Power, is the most gentlemanly droll Irishman on the stage. Hammond, his coadjutor, is of the John Reeve school, possessing much humour. Every department is well filled. T. P. Cooke has been down for a fortnight, drawing excellent houses.

It is said that Mr. Morris intends commencing his next season on Easter Monday; a period far earlier than the Haymarket Theatre has ever before opened.

From the various reports which have recently reached us, theatres in the provinces are on the mend. The fortunate change, we are informed, has been proved at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bath, Sheffield, Canterbury, Maidstone, Dover, &c.

Sheridan Knowles, has been delighting the good folks of Canterbury, Maidstone, &c. with his performances, in his own plays of the “Hunchback,” “The Wife,” and “William Tell.”

Miss Pelham has been acting with Mr. Sheridan Knowles at Canterbury and Maidstone, with great success.

Young Burke was out in America for this country the latter end of the last or the commencement of the present month.

The lease of Covent Garden has very generously given up to Mr. Egerton (the Secretary) and the Committee of the Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund, the use of the room near the stage-door, for the uses of the charity. A similar boon will, it is anticipated, be extended by the same individual at the other house, to the Master and Committee of Management of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund.

There are no fewer than twenty-one theatres now open every night in London and its vicinity (Sundays excepted), many doing very well, and most of them making a living. In the list we find—Drury lane, Covent-garden, Victoria, St. James’s, Olympic, Adelphi, Sadler’s Wells, London Bridge, Pavilion, City (Hilton-street), Clarence, Ducrow’s in the East, Fitzroy, New Queen’s, Westminster, Bell-street (Paddington), Orange (Chelsea), Sans Souci, or Vandeville, Minor (Catherine-street), Wilmington-square, and the Garrick. In addition to these there are several private establishments which are open twice and thrice a week.

Mrs. Gore’s new comedy, of which much has been said in praise, has, we hear, been withdrawn from the Victoria, not that any dispute has arisen between the lady and the managers, but because the fair author imagined that, in the present state of the company, it could not be produced so advantageously as at the Haymarket; at which house it is, according to an existing arrangement, to be brought out shortly after the opening.

Kerry, too, is also waiting for an opportunity of bringing forward several eminents of his muse—a tragedy, a comedy, an opera, and a farce, he has ready; but as matters stand, there does not appear to be much chance for him.

Miss Mitford is likewise prepared with more than one tragedy, in addition to her Charles the First; they are in a complete state for rehearsal. Finding, however, that the taste of the day is in favour of compositions of a lighter class, she has written a village opera, the music to which has been set by an English professor. Although it is finished, we do not hear of its speedy production.

MISS ATKINSON.—This young lady, we find, is doing great things at Bath. From the subjoined extract from the Bath Chronicle of Thursday the 23d ult., no doubt can exist but she will speedily become an established favourite with the residents and visitors of that delightful city:

"On Monday night was produced Cinderella, in which Mr. Sapio appeared as the Prince, Mr. H. Phillips as the Baron Pompilioni, and Miss Atkinson as Cinderella. The audience was provided with a feast of the richest harmony. Both Sapio and Phillips were in prime voice, and were enthusiastically applauded. Miss Atkinson's 'wonder golden opinions' from all parts of the house. Her voice is full of the sweetest and most liquid melody; we should think that it is also full of power, but as her newness to the stage naturally made her very timorous, she did not give us any very favourable opportunity of forming a judgment on this point. All her efforts were received with strong approbation, and they richly deserved it. We have not space for any extended remarks on Artaxerxes, which was produced on Tuesday night. It went off extremely well. Miss Atkinson's performance confirmed us in the good opinion of her abilities which we have before expressed. We are quite sure she will prove a most valuable acquisition to her profession."

Mori, Boehsa, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Bishop, have been delighting the inhabitants of numerous towns. This, if we remember rightly, make four tours during the past
autumn,—an interesting "event" in the musical world. The provincial journals are full of the praises of the party.

The New Play.—There has been some doubting in licensing Mrs. Gore's version of Scribe's Bertrand et Raton, which she has called the Minister et le Master; but through the considerate kindness of Lord Belfast, the Vice Chamberlain, the obstacle has been removed. The objection originated with the Dramatic Union, and it is pointed out whatever he thinks ought not to be published attention to the portion which met with the approval. It is not now necessary to with opposition. We have little doubt, after having read the original, that in English it will be successful. Mrs. Gore has executed her task with peculiar talent, although she was running a race with several other dramatists. W. Farren has the principal part, and it is expected the comedy will be acted immediately after the Wedding Gown shall have ceased its attraction.

Another New Play.—It has been said that opposition was made to licensing the Revolt of the Seraglio, an account of some objection to the bathing scene. We apprehend this to be a mistake. The propriety or impropriety of that exhibition must depend upon the stage management, and would not appear in the manuscript sent to the licenser. It is much longer delayed the lessee of the Thames Theatre must find himself anticipated at the King's Theatre, as he has been, to a certain extent, at the Adelphi; but the production of it by Laporte will depend upon circumstances.

The Lenten Performances.—The new Lent performance at Drury-lane is upon the story of Jephtha and his Daughter. Mr. Lacey is the leading performer in this department of the drama (if, indeed, it may be called a "department of the drama") no man has perhaps greater skill and experience. Braham will, of course, have the principal character. Madame Feron is also engaged for it.

The Kemble in America.—Accounts, unfavourable to the attractiveness of C. Kemble and his daughter in the United States, have been circulated in this country. They apply exclusively to New York, where a prejudice exists against the Park Theatre. There can be no doubt that the popularity of the Kembles has created many enemies among the native performers, if in no other class. Personally, it is impossible that Charles Kemble could excite hostility, but professionally he has stirred up the envy of not a few. Nor can Fanny Kemble be a favourite among the ladies of the stage; and others would be very glad to avail themselves of a little check in their career, to produce a belief that their attraction was at an end. Authentic accounts have not reached England of the result of the last engagement of Charles Kemble and his daughter at the Park Theatre. For twelve nights' performances, ending October last, he received no less a sum than $1,015, or about 900l. per night.—Observer.

Sham letters have been recently received, or said to have been received, in England, from Mrs. Butler, late Miss F. Kemble, and signed by her married name. She is still, however, announced in the playbills and theatrical advertisements of the United States as Miss F. Kemble. She and her father are followed with increasing interest and curiosity.

Mr. C. Kemble's Return to this Country.—C. Kemble returns to England early in the summer, without his daughter. Letters from her to a female friend, in December, signed "Frances Anne Kemble," state that she could not be married until May, just before her father's departure.

Mr. Knowles and his New Play.—Mr. Knowles has materially altered his play of "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," which he has reduced to three acts. It is to be brought out at the Victoria Theatre, as the author's engagement there closes, we believe, at the end of March. Knowles is to play the part of a lover of the Beggar's daughter, and Egerton her father. After Knowles quits the Victoria he will probably visit the United States professionally, but he does not seem to have decided whether he will permanently settle on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Charles Kean.—Charles Kean left London at the close of last week for Dublin, where he has entered into a highly advantageous engagement with Mr. Calcraft. "The Revolt of the Seraglio" is immediately to be produced at the Victoria Theatre. "The Israelites in Egypt" which was so successful last year, will again be performed in Lent.

Madame Malibran and the King of Naples.—Malibran is at Naples; there has been a "row" between her and the King. Some time since "Otello" was performed. The pathetic Desdemona had excited the tears of many who heard her; the King stopped the opera, and ordered the ballet to commence. One of the first lords of the court of Naples gave a fête to the duke of that capital, and invited his Majesty. "What do you give this evening?" said the King, after having graciously accepted the invitation. "Sire, a spectacle, concert, and ball." "Very well; some good buffoonery, without doubt, for the spectacle?" "Sire, the most amusing that can be had." "And who sings at your concert?" "The courtier named the most fashionable singers of the theatre and city, but, like a skilful courtier, reserved the name of Malibran to close his sentence, and prove to his Majesty how much he wished to please him.—"Take care," was
the King's answer, "that she sings before my arrival."—An eruption from Vesuvius could not excite more speculation in Naples.

ACCIDENT TO M. NOURRIT.—At the close of the fourth act of "Robert le Diable," the machinery which forms the vault of the cathedral gave way, and fell upon the head of Nourrit, and so completely stunned him that he was obliged to relinquish his character for the remainder of the evening. It was reported that Nourrit was killed, but we are happy to state that the accident is not likely to be followed by any serious consequences.—Golagni's Messenger.

A new drama, from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, entitled Mount St. Bernard, or the Headsman, will be produced at the Victoria Theatre on Tuesday.

Madame Malibran, on her return from Naples, will perform a few times in London, and afterwards proceed to Paris, to perform at the French Opera.

The Dramatic Authors' Society shared 150l. last week, being the receipts of the last two months.

Mr. Davidge's Bankruptcy.—The bankrupt has passed his final examination. The certificate was signed by every one of the creditors, and the comissioneer passed a high eulogium on Mr. Davidge's conduct, who had done all that an honest man could be expected to do in his distressed circumstances.

Mrs. Waylett has arrived in town from a most successful trip to the Emerald Isle. On the 24th ult. she took her benefit, when, says the Freeman's Journal "at an early hour in the evening, from the immense pressure of persons anxious to gain admission, it was found necessary to notify that the house was so full that accommodation could not be obtained. Hundreds of persons left the different avenues leading to the several entrances, who were unable to obtain admission. We understand the receipts amounted to upwards of 400l."

NEWSTEAD ABBEY,

Written at Newstead, in 1814, by Lord Byron.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.]

In the home of my sires, as the clear moonbeam falls,
Through silence and shade, o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays;
When the stars are on high, and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er echoes the grey floor of stone
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own:
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recal
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too mazy to fall:
It tells not of Time's or the Tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that has held it in sway.

[Byron wrote, 'On leaving Newstead Abbey,' and 'Elegy on Newstead Abbey.']

* From the "Sherborne Mercury," January 23, 1831.

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ART OF DECRYPTING EFFACED COINS.—
The most surprising form of this experiment is when we use a coin from which the inscription has been either wholly obliterated, or in such a degree as to be illegible. When such a coin is placed on a sheet of red-hot iron, the letters and figures become oxidated, and the film of oxide radiating more powerfully than the rest of the coin, will be more luminous than the rest of the coin, and the illegible inscription may be now distinctly read, to the great surprise of the observer, who had examined the blank surface of the coin previous to its being placed upon the hot iron.

In order to explain the cause of these remarkable effects, we must notice a method which has been long known, though never explained, of deciphering the inscription on worn-out coins. This is done by merely placing the coin upon a hot iron; an oxidation takes place over the whole surface of the coin, the film of oxide changing its tint with the intensity or continuance of the heat.

The parts, however, where the letters of the inscription had existed, oxidate at a different rate from the surrounding parts, so that these letters exhibit their shape, and become legible in consequence of the film of oxide which covers them having a different thickness, and therefore reflecting a different tint, from that of the adjacent parts. The tints thus developed sometimes pass through many orders of brilliant colours, particularly pink and green, and settle in a brown, and sometimes fade and tint, resting upon the inscription alone. In some cases, the tint left on the trace of the letters is so very faint that it can just be seen, and may be entirely removed by a slight rub of the finger. When the experiment is often repeated with the same coin, and the oxidation successively removed after each experiment, the film of oxide continues to diminish, and at last ceases to make its appearance. It recovers the property, however, in the course of time. When the coin is put upon the hot iron, and consequently when the oxidation is the greatest, a considerable smoke arises from the coin, and this diminishes, like the film of oxide, by frequent repetition. A coin which had ceased to emit this smoke, smoked slightly after having been exposed twelve hours to the air. I have found from numerous trials that it is always the raised parts of the coin, and in modern coins the elevated ledge round the inscription, that become first oxidated. In an English shilling of 1816, this ledge exhibited a brilliant yellow tint before it appeared on any other part of the coin. —Brewster’s Letters on Natural Magic.

A SCANDALIZING WHISPERING GALLERY.
—A naval officer who travelled through Sicily, in the year 1824, gives an account of a powerful whispering gallery in the cathedral of Girgenti, where the slightest whisper is carried with perfect distinctness through a distance of 250 feet, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar. By an unfortunate coincidence, the focus of one of the reflecting surfaces was chosen for the place of the confessional, and when this was accidentally discovered, the lovers of secrets resorted to the other focus, and thus became acquainted with confessions of the greatest import. This divulgence of scandal continued for a considerable time, till the eager curiosity of one of the dilettanti was punished, by hearing his wife’s avowal of her own infidelity. This circumstance gave publicity to the whispering peculiarity of the cathedral, and the confessional was removed to a place of greater secrecy.—Brewster’s Letters on Natural Magic.

USEFUL CAUTION AGAINST FIRE.—
In the present fearful times, when malignant incendiaries startle the peaceful repose of country dwellings, it is the natural consequence that every fire is attributed to malice, while, doubtless, the effects of accident take their course as usual. As the lives of suspected fellow creatures are at stake, it is desirable that the numerous causes of spontaneous fire should be brought to the public mind, mysterious and little thought of as they sometimes are, which must be our excuse for giving the following extract:

"Every person is familiar with the phenomena of heat and combustion produced by fermentation. Ricks of hay and stacks of
corn have been frequently consumed by the heat generated during the fermentation produced from moisture; and gunpowder magazines, barns, and paper mills have been destroyed by the fermentation of the materials they contained. Galen informs us that the dung of a pigeon is sufficient to set fire to a house, and he assures us that he has often seen it take fire when it had become rotten. Casati likewise relates on good authority that the fire which consumed the great church at Pisa was occasioned by the dung of pigeons that had for centuries built their nest under its roof."— *Breuer's Letters on Natural Magic*.

**DESTRUCTIVE QUALITIES OF SOUND—DEATH PRODUCED BY NOISE.—**Buildings have often been thrown down by violent concussions of the air, occasioned either by the sound of great guns, or by loud thunder, and the most serious effects upon human and animal life have been produced by the same cause. Most persons have experienced the stunning pain produced in the ear, when placed near a cannon that is discharged. Deafness has frequently been the result of such sudden concussions; and if we may reason from analogy, death itself must often have been the consequence. When peace was proclaimed in London, in 1697, two troops of horse were disembowelled and drawn up in line, in order to fire their volleys. Opposite the centre of the line was the door of a house, and the first time there was a large mastiff dog of great courage. This dog was sleeping by the fire, but when the first volley was fired, it immediately started up, ran into another room, and hid itself under a bed. On the firing of the second volley the dog rose, ran several times about the room trembling violently, and apparently in great fear; when the third volley was fired, the dog ran about once or twice with great violence, and instantly fell down dead, throwing up blood from his mouth and nose. — *Breuer's Letters on Natural Magic*.

**METHOD OF READING LETTERS ON COINS IN THE DARK.—**Among the numerous experiments with which science astonishes, and sometimes even strikes terror into the ignorant, there is none more calculated to produce this effect than that of displaying to the eye, in absolute darkness, the legend or inscription upon a coin. To do this, take a silver coin (I have always used an old one), and, after polishing the surface as much as possible, make the parts of it which are raised rough by the action of an acid—the parts not raised, or those which are to be rendered darkest, retaining their polish. If the coin thus prepared is placed upon a mass of red-hot iron, and removed into a dark room, the inscription upon it will become less luminous than the rest, so that it may be distinctly read by the spectator. The mass of red-hot iron should be concealed from the observer's eye, both for the purpose of rendering the eye fitter for observing the effect, and of removing all doubt that the inscription is really read in the dark—that is, without receiving any light, direct or reflected, from any other body. If, in place of polishing the depressed parts, and roughening its raised parts, we make the raised parts polished, and roughen the depressed parts, the inscription will now be less luminous than the depressed parts, and we shall still be able to read it, from its being, as it were, written in black letters on a white ground. The first time I made this experiment, without being aware what would be the result, I used a French shilling of Louis XV., and I was not a little surprised to observe upon its surface, in black letters, the inscription, "Benedictum sit nomen Dei."— *Breuer's Letters on Natural Magic*.

**METHOD OF EFFACING CREASES AND MARKS IN VELVET.—**The great beauty of velvet makes it at all times a desirable and becoming article of dress; but the value of it, and its extreme tendency to form marks and creases on the least pressure, renders it less generally used for robes than it otherwise would be. The following recipe is an infallible method of effacing creases and chafed places, and restoring them to equal beauty with the rest of the garment:—

Stretcher the breadth of chafed velvet, where it is injured, in an embroidery frame, or let it be tightly held by pins or thimbles over a large bowl or basin, in which three teaspoonfuls of black tea have been infused in boiling water. Hold the velvet over the steam arising from the bowl till it gradually becomes equally humid all over, but it must not be very wet. Let it dry a few minutes, then take a box iron, not very hot, and pass it gently over the rear part of the velvet, which must be held upright, either by hand or the frame, so that the silky face does not get the least pressure. Meanwhile, the nap of the velvet that was before crushed and discoloured will rise up as the iron passes beneath, and will appear as rich and fresh as if new. Great care must be taken to apply the iron when of a proper heat. If very hot, the nap will appear striped, or perhaps the colour will change to red or brown. But, if skilfully managed, this is a most valuable recipe for restoring costly robes and mantles, which these defects have caused to be thrown aside when they have scarcely been worn.

**ANGERSTEIN GALLERY.—**A notice affixed to the door of the late Mr. Angerstein's house in Pall-Mall, where the national pictures have hitherto been exhibited, an announces that, in consequence of its insecure state, it has been shut up, and the pictures removed. The insecurity arises from the excavations for laying the foundation of the Conservative Club-house.
REMARKABLE SUBMARINE DISCOVERY.—Among the occurrences transmitted by tradition to our seafaring men in Gower, is an account of the wreck of a homeward-bound Spanish galleon, laden with dollars, on Rhosilly Sands, shortly after the conquest of South America by the Spaniards; that the crew, without giving information of the nature of her cargo, sold the wreck for a trifle to a Mr. Thomas, of Piton, who, not being aware of the, and of his having took no pains for her recovery, and she shortly became completely imbedded in the sands. Nevertheless, suspicion always existed in that part of the country, that she must have had on board some valuable articles; and, about twenty-six years ago, in consequence of the sand having drifted very unusually, part of the wreck, in a very decayed state, became visible, and a great quantity of dollars, with some old iron and pewter, were then dug up from some depth in the sand. The late Mr. John Beynon, of Piton, having failed to prove, by any written document, the property of the vessel by his ancestor, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Talbot, of Penrice Castle, as Lord of the Manor, became entitled to the property, but he generously refused to accept it, and consequently many of the inhabitants were much enriched by this fortuitous circumstance. The spot where the vessel struck being only open at four o'clock in the afternoon, the sand having returned to its old quarters, the money-hunters were obliged to desist in their attempts, and all hopes were abandoned of any further booty from that source. During the late gales, however, the sand having again shifted out, the spot was once more revealed to the inhabitants; and a very large quantity of dollars has been the result, some bearing the date of 1631, others further back. The circumstance has created a very peculiar interest in the neighbourhood, and as it is not likely the present Lord of the Manor, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., will deviate from the precedent of his respected father, it is to be hoped the neighbourhood, which is very poor, will be considerably benefited by this occurrence.—Cambr. Chronicle.

ELOPEMENT.—The son of the well-known "whip," Mr. Stephen Piggons, who drives the Defiance coach from Cambridge to Witney, has eloped, on Saturday last, with the youngest daughter of the late Thomas Skeels, Esq., of Stoney. Every requisite arrangement appears to have been well managed, the fugitives driving off at full speed for Ely, where they got into the Red Rover night coach to London. The young lady, who is about seventeen years of age, is possessed of good property. We have been since informed that the friends of the youthful couple have followed them, to arrange the affair in an honourable manner.—Cambridge Chronicle.

THE FAMILY OF BURNS.—Good and active friends bestirred themselves after his death; Burns manically wrote his life and edited his works; Robert, his eldest son, was placed in the Stamp office by Lord Sidmouth; cadetships in India were generously obtained for William and James by Sir James Shaw, who, otherwise, largely befriended the family; and Lord Panmure nobly presented one hundred pounds annually to his widow; pull these, took no pains for her recovery, and she shortly became completely imbedded in the sands. Nevertheless, suspicion always existed in that part of the country, that she must have had on board some valuable articles; and, about twenty-six years ago, in consequence of the sand having drifted very unusually, part of the wreck, in a very decayed state, became visible, and a great quantity of dollars, with some old iron and pewter, were then dug up from some depth in the sand. The late Mr. John Beynon, of Piton, having failed to prove, by any written document, the property of the vessel by his ancestor, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Talbot, of Penrice Castle, as Lord of the Manor, became entitled to the property, but he generously refused to accept it, and consequently many of the inhabitants were much enriched by this fortuitous circumstance. The spot where the vessel struck being only open at four o'clock in the afternoon, the sand having returned to its old quarters, the money-hunters were obliged to desist in their attempts, and all hopes were abandoned of any further booty from that source. During the late gales, however, the sand having again shifted out, the spot was once more revealed to the inhabitants; and a very large quantity of dollars has been the result, some bearing the date of 1631, others further back. The circumstance has created a very peculiar interest in the neighbourhood, and as it is not likely the present Lord of the Manor, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., will deviate from the precedent of his respected father, it is to be hoped the neighbourhood, which is very poor, will be considerably benefited by this occurrence.—Cambr. Chronicle.

THE Omnibus Trade, and its "Trick."—The number of omnibuses which start daily from the Bank to Paddington, and vice versa, is 72; and by Holborn and Oxford-street, 65. An interval of three minutes is allowed between the departure of each, and both lines are regulated by two companies, consisting of proprietors, each of whom pays to the general fund a sum out of their annual income; her brother, a London merchant of much respectability, has long interested himself in her affairs; and her brother-in-law, Gilbert, died lately, after having established his family successfully in the world.—From Cunningham's Life of Burns.

INCENDIARY REVEALED, BUT DETECTED, IN A LADY SNIFFUOGLER.—During the last month, on the arrival of the Belfast steamer from France, the appearance of a passenger, who gave the name of Mrs. Ellen Marshall, attracted the attention of a custom-house
officer, who handed her over to the female searcher, and it was discovered, on divesting the lady of her black silk gown, that her petticoats were entirely made up of black French kid gloves, very ingeniously sewed together. The lady was of course compelled to throw off her glove petticoats, which, with the exception of her gown, were the only apparel she had on, and she was provided with more suitable ones. The gloves, on being counted, amounted to 504 pairs, and are valued, by the King’s appraiser, at 37l. 19s. There was a young French lady, named Julie Marie, in company with Mrs. Marshall, who also undertook a private examination by the searcher, and three foreign lace flounces, a French lace dress, eight yards of lace, and twelve yards of black blond lace, which she had disposed about her person, so as to make her appearance ene"clate, were taken from her.

Death of Captain Hoppner. — We announce the death of Captain Hoppner, of the Royal Navy, after a severe illness of three months. This excellent officer and worthy man commenced his career on board his Majesty’s ship Castor, when he was ordered to Corunna, to assist in embarking the troops after Sir John Moore’s retreat. During the rest of the war he was constantly on active service, either on the enemy’s coast, in the Channel, or in North America, where his excellent conduct on all occasions procured him the love of his shipmates and the approbation of his superiors. Captain Hoppner’s name has been frequently before the public. His intimacy with Madeira, one of the principal personages at Lo Choo, forms an agreeable and interesting episode in the account of those labours of the Great Men, which he conveyed Lord Amherst and his suite to Batavia, in the boats of the Alcesto, after the loss of that vessel, and his opportune return on board of the Lion, Indianman, to the assistance of his comrades, must be remembered by every one. He was employed in all the recent expeditions fitted out by government to explore the Polar Seas, in the last of which he commanded his Majesty’s ship Fury, which it became necessary to abandon among the ice. His health, which had suffered considerably on these occasions, was still further impaired by an excursion to the South of Europe, on his return from the last Polar expedition, terminated his mortal career the 22d ult., in his 39th year.

Death of Abbas Mirza. — Intelligence has been received of the death of Abbas Mirza, the son and designated heir of the King of Persia, who was marching at the head of an army to put down an insurrection of one of his brothers. This event will occasion many speculations, and possibly some disturbances in the East. Mirza was at the head of the Russian interest.

SO\NM\RB\UB\LL\UB\IS\UM. — Dresden was the theatre of a melancholy spectacle on the 20th of December. At seven in the morning, a female was seen walking on the roof of one of the loftiest houses in the city, apparently occupied in preparing some ornament as a Christmas present. Thousands assembled in the streets. It was discovered to be a handsome girl of 19, the daughter of a baker, possessing a small independence. She continued her terrific promenade for hours, at times sitting on the parapet and dressing her hair. The police came to the spot, and various means of preservation were resorted to. In a few minutes the street was thickly strewn with straw; beds were called for from the house, but the heartless father, influenced by the girl’s stepmother, refused them. Nets were suspended from the balcony of the first floor, and the neighbours fastened sheets to their windows; all this time the poor girl was walking in perfect unconsciousness, sometimes gazing at the moon, and at others singing or talking to herself. Some persons succeeded in getting on the roof, but dared not approach her, for fear of the consequences. Towards 11 o’clock she approached the verge of the parapet, leaned forward, and gazed upon the multitude. Every one felt that the moment of the catastrophe had arrived; she rose up, however, and returned calmly to the window by which she had got out; when she saw there were lights in the room, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell dead into the street. The scene that followed cannot be described. The father is accused of having attempted to poison his first wife, and of rejoicing at the melancholy fate of her child, as he now inherits her property.

Austria. — Last week a young girl from Lorraine was found poisoned. She was the wife of an ex-soldier, who was under the influence of jealousy.

Schools in the United Kingdom. — It appears that of 18,300 independent schools in the United Kingdom, free of the control of ancient statutes or committees, Latin or Greek is professed in 3,100; French, in 5,720; Phillips’s interrogative system, 6,150; and partially in about 5,400; the monitor system of Bell and Lancaster, in 1,450; mathematics, in 1,200; German or Italian, in 1,800; drawing, in 2,200; and the Hamiltonian system, in 430.

Effect of Jealousy. — A young lady, of a wealthy family at Bologna, was executed on the 6th Dec. for murder. Impelled by jealousy, she succeeded in poisoning two very lovely young women, one of whom was her own cousin. She was married, and suspected her husband of committing infidelities with her two victims. The proceedings against her had continued for two years, and her husband finding that her fate was inevitable, as there was no hope of pardon from the Pope, on account of the enormity of her crime, died of despair a very short time before her execution.
BRUTAL ASSAULT BY A LINEN DRAPER AT STOCKWELL, UPON A LADY.—At Union Hall, Henry Vince, a linen draper, residing at Stockwell, Thomas Collier, his shopman, George Skinner, Mary Ann Vince, and Charlotte Fayer, were brought before Mr. Murray and Mr. Hawes, M.P., on the 15th ult., charged with having assaulted Miss Caroline Newton, a highly respectable maiden lady, residing at Clapham-rise. Miss Newton stated, that seeing some articles in the shop window, she went in to inquire the price and examine the quality, and, on remarking that the article shewn was of an inferior quality, and that they asked two prices, Collier immediately said, "What do you mean by that?" Miss Newton then repeated the observation, saying, that she had made purchases before at the same shop at a different price. Anxious to get home, before dark, Miss Newton departed, and had not proceeded far before she was overtaken by Collier, who said, "We have lost a piece of handkerchief from the shop." Assurance to the contrary was of no avail, and he took her arm to bring her back. They were met by Vince, Skinner, and a policeman. When they got to the shop, she was shown into an inner apartment, these persons and the two female defences being there. Miss Newton then said, you must strip; at this part of her narrative the feelings of Miss Newton, for a considerable time, were so much excited, that she could not proceed until her brother and sister had used various restoratives; the lady then said that she took off her bonnet, etc., but expressed her determination not to consent to be stripped before so many persons. Vince insisted; but, before leaving the room, said to the policeman, "that if you had not said that I charged two prices, I should not have insisted on your being searched." She was then taken up stairs; and article after article taken off her person, until she was almost in a state of nudity. Vince then exclaimed outside, that he only suspected her. Miss Newton then said, you now had an opportunity of seeing I am innocent; upon which Charlotte Fayer, a servant in Vince's employ, said, "Oh, but you must have dropped the property." Mr. Hawes characterised the whole proceedings of the defendants as of the most infamous description. Mr. Murray fully agreed with the worthy magistrate, and resolved to send the case to a jury. The policeman confirmed the statement, and said that he conducted Miss Newton home, who appeared to labour under great agitation. A respectable friend of Mr. Vince's begged that the case might be dealt with by the magistrates, as other proceedings would have the effect of destroying Mr. Vince in his business. After retiring to the magistrates' room, in consequence of the delicate state of Miss Newton's health, the party returned, and the magistrates, much against their inclination, reversed their decision, and fined each of the male defendants 5l., and, in default of payment, to be committed for two months to gaol. At the particular request of Miss Newton, the female defendants were discharged; the magistrates remarking, that it was owing to their having acted under the direction of their employer, that such lenity was extended to them.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PENSIONER.—There is upon the Pension List, in the shape of a superannuated public servant, a gentleman, who has received, since his retirement from his official duties, no less a sum than 40,000l. of the public money. The facts are singular:—This gentleman, a most valuable officer to the governments under which he held his situation, after a service of fifty years, retired upon an allowance of 2,000l. per annum. Being at the period of his superannuation, seventy-five years of age, a prolonged existence, and a consequent burden upon the public purse, could not be anticipated. In proof, however, of the mutability of human calculations regarding the continuance of life, this gentleman still lives, has received the pension twenty years, is therefore ninety-five, and enjoys, we understand, a comparatively good state of health.

AN EXPENSIVE LADY PENSIONER.—By the demise of Lady Nepean, 500l. 16s. 6d. per annum, the amount of her pension, is saved to the country; it having been granted in 1792, her ladyship has consequently received upwards of 20,000l. Her husband, the late Sir Evan Nepean, was secretary to the Admiralty a number of years, and received a handsome allowance for his useful services, notwithstanding his wife was also in the receipt of the above annuity.

ROWLAND STEPPHenson.—The arrest of the ex-banker of London at the suit of the ex-sheriff of London, and the fact that both were in confinement at the same time in the debtors' prison of this city, has been previously noticed. The former has procured bail for the limits, and was released from dunce's vile on Thursday evening. The prosecutor has not been so fortunate. —American Paper.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—A Mr. M. having lived two years with a Mademoiselle L., the parents of the young people at length agreed that they should be lawfully united, and the marriage was to have taken place towards the end of the month; a few days ago Mr. M., having gone out on business, leaving his intended occupied with embroidery, on his return found her dead. She had taken the unaccountable resolution of dressing herself in her wedding clothes, with a nosegay at her bosom and a crown of orange.
Miscellany.

flowers on her head, and then shut herself up in a small room and put an end to her existence by suffocation.—French Paper.

The English in Greece.—The Subbean Mercury states that a great many Englishmen have made purchases of land in Greece, and among them Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who has bought a very fine estate in the environs of Athens. 'The admiral also built a very large house, which he has since sold to King Otho for a considerable profit, and with the money has bought the seven islands called the Petales.

Singular Story.—Mr. Combe mentions a porter who, when drunk, left a parcel at a wrong door; on becoming sober, he was told of his mistake, but could not remember what he had done with it until the next time he got drunk, when he at once called to mind the house, and went and recovered the parcel.

Mont St. Bernard.—The Lamanon Courier announces that Mont St. Bernard is at this moment very dangerous. In consequence of the quantity of snow that has fallen, travellers are threatened by the avalanches. Three persons arrived lately at the house of refuge with their hands and feet frozen. They received immediate assistance, and are to remain until perfectly cured.

Giant Family.—At Rittenwald, in Switzerland, the postmaster and landman of the district is a fine man of about fifty, who is nearly seven feet high. His wife is above six feet, and of seven or eight children, sons and daughters, the boys are all above six feet six, and the girls above six feet.

A Woman Left in the Arctic Regions.

—When Captain Ross had been two months in Boothia, he discovered a native whom his companions called "Tullooohia." He had lost his leg by the frost, and had been drawn about on a sledge. Captain Ross made him a wooden leg, and when the natives saw him erect, they were surprised and delighted were evinced by their attention to Captain Ross, who, with his brave crew, were thus secured a hearty welcome during the severe winter they passed among these natives.

A Temperance Tea-Party.—The third tea-party of the Preston Temperance Society was celebrated on Christmas-day, in the Exchange Rooms. The company amounted to about 1,200; the tea-kettle was a boiler containing 200 gallons, erected in an out-house, and forty reformed drunkards officiated as waiters.

Women.—Lady Blessington, in her "Memoirs of Lord Byron," thus describes the feelings under which women exist:—'How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive and easily wounded as we are— obliged to call up pride to support us in trials that always leave fearful marks behind—how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference when the heart is bleeds; and the decent composure put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and, like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside, and all the graces, the heart-consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel that though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman only can understand a woman's heart—we cannot, we cannot, it appears—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it; and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed; and while we nurse the grief that lies too deep for tears, and consumes alike the health and peace, a most inexpressible and impenetrable grief, that the mostUTHF 38906 foreigners.

Junius.—It is reported that Lord Nugent is in possession of the secret as to who was the author of "Junius's Letters"—a fact, however, that is little more than a curiosity of literature, illustrative of what has been already stated. Its being known to the writers, as well as many other letters, are among the valuable MSS. in the archives at Stowe.

Matrimonial Statistics.—In Glasgow, in 1821, one of each 100 inhabitants took a wife; in 1831, one out of each 100 did likewise; and in 1833, one out of each 80 contrasted the realities of wedded bliss. In the New Town, Edinburgh, one out of each 131; and in the Old Town, one out of each 190 inhabitants were married; little more than half the number in Glasgow. We would humbly recommend the fair Edinburghians not to permit this state of things to continue, but forthwith to institute a committee of inquiry, before which all obstinate bachelors should be hauled over the coals.—Scotsman.

Full Work.—There are nearly 21,000 workmen in the lodging-houses of Paris; 20,000 are in full employment.
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—The names of their Royal Highnesses have lately been most improperly used as a blind for the apprehension of a woman selling play-bills at Drury-lane Theatre, who was alleged to have improperly excited them into their carriage with insolent language. Seeing the account in the newspapers, Sir John Conway, by desire, wrote to the magistrates at Bow-street, disclaiming all knowledge of, or interference in the transaction, and requiring the poor woman's immediate liberation. This has been done. Of course, previous to the woman's incarceration, the honest, active, intelligent policeman gave his evidence upon oath, but now he will, at the suit of the commissioners, be indicted for perjury. Thus the great housebreakers pursue their calling unanswer'd, whilst the petty traders, appley-woman, pamphleeters, and others of the several grades, are answer'd unceasingly, to the great public disadvantage. We hope justice will be strictly administered, and expect next month to be able to state what view the commissioners take of the subject.

ANTIQUITY OF THE JEW.—The Jewish nation is of the greatest antiquity upon earth. It is a remnant of a dispensation that has passed away. The law and the prophets are their family history, their rites and customs, their food, their daily life, are derived from times long anterior to all records but their own.

TURKISH MANNERS.—The Turks of all classes have more innate good breeding than any of the European nations. Though suddenly raised from the drags of the people to offices of the highest distinction, one can never detect any deficiency of dignity in their demeanour; and their affability and condescension to their inferiors, put the latter at their ease after the first moment they are in their company.

**Births, Marriages, and Deaths**

**Births.**


**Married.**

Jan. 13, at All Saints, Southampton, by the Rev. Charles Hatch, of Chelworth-grove, Fellow of the King's College, Cambridge, R. G. Hubback, Esq. of Kensington, to Frances, third daughter of the late Lord Charles Beaufort Kerr, and grand-daughter to the late Marquis of Lothian. Jan. 14, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. Orlando Balls of Greenwhich, to Anne Maria, the third daughter of Charles Charrive, Esq. of Blackheath-road. At Farley, Quintus Vivian, Esq. of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, to Isabella Jane, the third daughter of J. Heubin Esq. of Farley Castle, Somerset. Jan. 8, at Conover, the Rev. W. Evans, Rector of Shipton-cum-Tidington, Worcestershire, to Katherine, only daughter, of T. Parr, Esq. of Lythwood Hall, Bolton. Jan. 16, at Camberwell, the Rev. Ebenezer Temple, of Birdburth, Wilts, to Harriet, the eldest daughter of Henry Crosby, Esq. of Camberwell-grove.

Jan. 15, Mr. John Reid Jackson, of Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, to Susan, second daughter of Mr. G. Cooper, of Windsor. Jan. 16, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Bently Phillips, Esq. of Beverley, to Anne Leonora Taylor, eldest daughter of the late J. B. Taylor, Esq. 43d Regiment.

**Died.**

LAURA Celebrated by PETRARCH

Born 1308                       Died 1374

In authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum


Jan 1st 1834. Was published a portrait of the Youthful Laura with memoirs.

Published by J. Page, 432 Fetter Lane, London.
The accompanying portrait of Laure de Noves is one painted by Giotto when she had attained the full perfection of her beauty. That celebrated lady is evidently represented when she was at least ten years older than the picture that adorns the January number of the Lady's Magazine. In the present portrait her figure is rounded with the most beautiful fullness in the bust; yet she is slender in the waist and throat. There may be seen in this a finish of beauty unknown to girlhood, which shows how much more loveliness is often perceptible in the woman of eight-and-twenty than in the girl of eighteen. We find, from Petrarch’s Latin letters, that the youthful Laura was tall and elegant in person. Her eyebrows and eye-lashes were dark, and her hair the colour of gold—"la chïome d’oro:" of these beauties the poet frequently speaks. Her hair is, in this latter portrait, of wonderful length and luxuriance, bandied back from her brow, and the ends braided and knotted round a little cap composed of black lace and pearls, by which part of the hair, and the back of the head, are enclosed. This sort of cap is called coquille, or cole, from a fruit-shell. Part of her hair is confined by a blue riband, lightly twisted down the length; it depends beyond her waist, in the fashion worn by the Greek ladies of Constantinople. There was at that time an intimate connexion between Greece and Italy. The robe of Laura is exceedingly graceful, being a tight bodice, and full train of violet satin, laced up in the corsage with gold cord; the sleeves sit close to the arm and shoulder, slashed to the elbow in the peculiar fashion of the fourteenth century, to show the white linen chemisette through; the lower sleeve is a sort of long glove, bordered and buttoned with gold; the cuff is curiously pointed, in harmony with the pointed shoes, and lined with grey squirrel fur. The skirt of the dress is full and flowing, elegantly cut, with a sweeping train; and the garters of the dress behind are set off by some support beneath, in the manner of the modern tournure; the dress is edged with gold, and bordered with grey squirrel fur. A petticoat of tawny plush or velvet is shewn beneath. The shoes are of the pointed pouline mode. She wears no carcanet: all her jewels are lavished on the belle chïome d’oro. In her hand she holds a roll of vellum, on which we may suppose is inscribed a sonnet of Petrarch’s to the glory of her beauty, in praise of which he wrote three hundred and eighteen sonnets and eighty odes and canzonets!!!

The rich costume of Laura is not surprising, when we remember the Pope’s court was then kept at Avignon.

We have chosen this portrait from others less graceful in design, but which strongly resemble it in features. The former portrait, published in January, represents Laura in the green gown figured with violets that has been alluded to in the memoir, and is celebrated by Petrarch.
Lines on St. Valentine’s Day.

It is inferior to the present as a work of art, as it partakes of the stiffness usually apparent in portraits of that era; nevertheless, to the admirer of Petrarch, and the collector of portraits, these two, so strikingly alike in features, give to each the double pledge of authenticity.

We know not that we need add any thing to the historical memoir of this chaste and justly lauded beauty than will be found at pages 32 and 94 of the two former numbers (viz. for January and February) of the Lady’s Magazine and Museum.

LINES ON ST. VALENTINE’S DAY.

The roses are shedding their sweetest smell
To greet the opening day,
And the birds on every hill and dell,
Are singing their matin lay.
Their notes as soft on the echoes fall
As dew upon the flowers,
Which raise their heads through the misty pall,
That shades their fairy bowers.

The brook has woke from its silent sleep,
And gently murmurs along;
And the proudest wave of Ocean’s deep,
Bursts forth in its wildest song.
The winds are shaking each leafy tree,
Scatt’ring its blossoms around.
Or bearing the blithest melody,
To float o’er the perfumed ground.
The lark has left her shelter’d nest,
And flutter’d her upward flight:
The redbreast’s rose from its lonely rest,
To carol in fond delight.

For this day is held the regal court
Of the winged god of hearts;
Beneath the flowers he’ll gaily sport.
And cast his feather’d darts.

Then awake, awake, my own true love,
Unclose those long lids of thine,
And clear as the morning star above,
Thy dark eyes so light shall shine.

For over thy couch thy lover kneels,
The first that will meet thy view,
Then take this fond heart, which only feels
That it beats alone for you.

February, 1834.

E. G.

MEMOIR OF MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

As an admired and popular writer, Miss Anna Maria Porter was long before the public, and at so early an age, that it could not be believed that the praise which was supposed to be given to an experienced writer, was awarded to one who had scarcely gone beyond the age of childhood. Her early productions in periodicals of the day, had obtained a celebrity that seemed to belong to much ripier years. Almost in infancy, her talents gave promise of that bright dawn into which they afterwards burst. Before she was six years of age, she was placed upon a table for examination in her different studies, and obtained the highest place in the classes, although they contained many pupils twelve years of age; a circumstance often spoken of by her revered parent, whilst her eyes beamed
with pleasure at the recital. Her earliest years were passed at Edinburgh, whither her mother went, after the death of her husband, an officer of dragoons, to procure the advantages of education for her five infant children. Distinguished in their different walks, as they advanced in life, as much as by their ever watchful attentions, they repaid all her maternal solicitude, and she was often heard to exclaim, "I am the happiest of mothers."

Sir Robert Kerr Porter, her eldest son, equally distinguished by the genius of his pencil and his pen, united with that of his no less talented sisters, seemed to cast a halo of brightness around her. The first of Anna Maria's acknowledged productions, was the "Hungarian Brothers." —How beautifully is fraternal affection there depicted. With all that modesty ever attending real genius, in a letter to the author of this memoir, she says, "Don't be too anxious to see my 'Hungarian Brothers;' you may pronounce them awkward, odious beings. For my own part, I am apt to think they may very well be mistaken for women in male masquerade. I fear they act, speak, and think more femininely than otherwise; however, you shall be introduced to these odd heroes as soon as possible." Thus humbly did she estimate a work which rapidly ran through several editions, and has ever since remained a stock book. To this succeeded many others, into the merits of which it is not here necessary to enter, as they have been so long before the public, stamped with the seal of genius, and such acknowledged approbation, that her name is thus placed very high in the list of the most popular writers. Her virtues, rather than her talents, are the subject of this memoir, yet were they beautifully harmonised together. But the crowning gem was deeply-seated piety, the effects of which were evinced in her gentle bearing to others. Charity was with her not only a fixed but an active principle. "Although I have not wealth to bestow," she would say, "a little exertion on my part may, perhaps, obtain it from others, who may make me their almoner to relieve suffering." Lively in conversation, for which she possessed peculiar talents, she threw over it a brightness and a charm which made it singularly attractive, and gave to it a brilliancy of wit that ever sparkled, but never wounded. During her whole life she was the ever-watchful daughter over a parent she equally loved and venerated; but there was one spot where she had, above all others, garnered up her heart, and where the greatest portion of her earthly treasure rested,—in her sister's love; and beautiful indeed was the picture each presented of that affection, which knoweth neither change nor "shadow of turning;" beautiful was it to see, as the author of this memoir often has, each, in the midst of admiring circles and honest praise, disclaiming for herself the offered tribute of fame, awarding it to the other, who was equally unwilling to receive it. How great the bereavement of that sister is, can only be understood and felt by those who saw how strongly through life, as alas! in death, their very beings seemed bound together, and their affections riveted to each other. Anna Maria's health was always delicate, and her continued mental exertions and consequent sedentary occupations, did not improve it. Her aged parent had a constant claim upon her attentions. When at a ripe old age, universally esteemed and respected, that parent sunk into the grave, in June 1832, the health of the daughter seemed to decline. Her affectionate sister took her to town the following spring, trusting that she would derive benefit from a renewed intercourse with long-valued friends there. She left London in May,—in her way to her brother's, Dr. Porter, a physician of celebrity, long resident at Bristol. She arrived there on Monday, May 28th, and on the following Sunday the fatal shaft was sped. On the evening of that day symptoms of typhus fever first manifested itself, and ten days terminated her valued and inestimable life. When the silver chord of life was loosed, and her almost sained affections yet lingered upon earth, she named to her almost heartbroken sister, in her last hours, some of the friends she most loved, but being weak, she stopped and added, "You, my dear Jane, know who they are, and you will tell them that my heart loves and blesses them still."

Her remains were interred her brother's vault, in St. Paul's churchyard, Bristol, and he has planted white roses, her own pure emblem, round her tomb; and laurels, now commemorative of her earthly fame, and the envied but perishable plants of earth, are, it is trusted, exchanged for the bright unfailing palms of heaven.
ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

ADDRESS TO MY DEAR FRIEND, JANE PORTER.

Mourn not the sanctified tho' sad decree,
Which took the angel to her God from thee;
Mourn not that angel, to her native sphere
So soon transferr'd—no more an angel here:
Mourn not the gifted, in her hour of fame
Call'd to the glories of a higher claim!
Mourn not the good—the good can never die;
They but pass on to immortality.

Her's were the virtues in their holiest range;
The onward path, which knew no devious change,
But led earth's pilgrim footstep, as it trod,
With lifted eye to Heaven, and to her God.
Her's, too, the gentlest harmonies of mind,
Her's softness into every grace refined,
That steals from sense whate'er can win and warm,
And give to Fancy, Judgment's better charm,
With temper'd Wit, that in its sunny play
Bade Satire's chilling frost-work melt away.

Her's pure benevolence, whose hidden source
Gave, like the Nile, its fertilising course;
Tho' veil'd the spring from which its waters flow'd,
Nor seen the hand that Pity's boon bestow'd.
Her gentlest attribute, Humanity,
Taught her the full diffusive charity,
Which, in its golden chain united, bound
Earth's suffering children, wheresoever found;
And with that open hand bade Hope impart
A heavenly balm to heal the wounded heart.

Her latest act the wandering dove display'd,
In rescued life, her own the forfeit paid;
Calm midst her heavenly hopes she sank to rest,
A sleeping angel, on her Maker's breast.

Thou, the Bereaved, left a while to know
The chastening influence of earthly woe:
Yet feel the trusting hope which faith supplies—
To thy "rapt eyes" what angel forms arise!
In blest communion interceding there,
Where all is love, and confidence, and prayer;
From earthly care and earthly suffering free,
Prepared with angel powers to welcome thee;
And, crown'd with light amidst their bright abode,
To hail thee in the bosom of their God!

MARY COCKLE.

EVENING HYMN.

God of Heaven, before thy throne,
Thou great, eternal, holy One,
Behold thy children kneel to pray,
And seek thy blessing on the day;
Oh, turn us not in wrath away.
The Recompense. 133

But, Father, in thy mercy, grant
Thy fulness to our every want;
Pour down, like dew, upon each head
That peace for which our Saviour bled;
Oh, guard around our humble bed.
Forgive our faults, and may each breast
Be pure before it sinks to rest;
And when the first light decks the skies,
In thankfulness, oh! let us rise;
Almighty Being, hear our cries!

February, 1834.  E. G.

THE RECOMPENSE.

A Tale from Life.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER, AUTHOR OF “THE LAST OF THE BURNINGS.”

“He had left his home in his spirit’s pride,
With his father’s sword and blessing;
He stood by the valiant, side by side,
His country’s wrongs redressing.

“He came again—but an alter’d man,
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o’er him.”

“A father’s benediction be upon you,
my son! and may the blessing of God
hallow it; you have ever been a dutiful
and a good child; I have, therefore, no-
ting to fear from your future conduct.
Go, then, Edgar, fight the battles of your
country with confidence, and let mercy
and honour, as well as courage, be your
passports to fame and distinction.”

Such were the words of the Rev. Her-
bert Stanley to his son, a handsome and
high-spirited youth of sixteen, as the latter
was preparing to join his regiment, then
about to leave England for the shores of
America. The young Ensign listened to
his parent with reverence, and to conceal,
or rather as an excuse for concealing the
tear in his eye, and the shade that was on
his brow, he turned to his mother for a
farewell kiss; then taking his little sister,
a child of three years old, upon his knee,
playfully said, “Well, Clara, good-by! I’m
going to play at soldiers in earnest
now.”

“Oh, I’m so glad!” said the prattler,
with delight, and throwing her tiny arms
around her brother’s neck, she kissed him
repeatedly, telling him at the same time
to bring her home plenty of drums and
trumpets. Edgar smiled at this, and
seizing the moment, he rose, and cheer-
fully exclaimed, “Now for a new, and by
me, unexplored world. Mother! Father!
once more adieu! Your precepts are in-
printed on my heart, and, whether I stand
or fall, you shall never have cause to
blush for me.” So saying, he waved his
hand, and hastily quitted the place.

The Rev. Herbert Stanley was one of
those pillars of our national church who
both by precept and example contribute
so ably to its support. His parents were
the youngest members of a respectable
family, and possessed but little worldly
wealth; out of what they had, however,
they cheerfully awarded a portion to the
education of their only child, Herbert, at
college, as the bent of his inclinations had
led him to select Divinity for his future
profession. He entered holy orders, but
his parents dying soon after his ordina-
tion, he became deprived of the little pa-
tronage they possessed, and for a consid-
erable period was doomed to inactivity. At
length he obtained a curacy near the But-
terby Wells, Durham, at a yearly salary
of forty pounds, a sum not sufficient to
pay the interest of what had been ex-
pended on his education. The young di-
vine was, however, not of a desponding
nature, and, in the hopes of something
better turning up, he applied himself,
heart and soul, to his duties, notwithstanding
the inadequacy of his reward. In a
little time he formed an attachment for a
young lady, who resided in a gentleman’s
family in the capacity of governess, and,
after the usual attentions, made her his
wife. It was now that he began seriously to consider the means of improving his circumstances, and at length the project of opening a school presented itself. From the estimation in which he was held, this design proved eminently successful, inasmuch that, in a few years, he was placed beyond the reach of poverty, and enabled to lay by a little store to purchase an ensigny for his son. The youth was ardent, noble, and generous in disposition, and he entered upon the new world which opened before him with a thirst for the news of his promotion; but added, that from the uncertainty then hanging over future movements, and the harassing state under which they laboured, it might be some time before he could again write. Meanwhile his little sister imperceptibly approached that enchanting period, when the budding, blushing girl, unfolds herself in all the attractions of womanhood; she was not very tall, but then she looked more like a fairy than if she had been so; her features were not very regularly formed, but then such a sweet expression beam'd from each, under the illumination of her gentle blue eyes, that few would have departed from a scrutiny without pronouncing them faultless. Her hair was not very fashionably dressed, but then it fell in such soft, luxurious curls down her neck, and played upon a bosom so pure and white, that the veriest coquette in high life might have envied her! In short, Clara Stanley was a creature formed to be gaz'd upon and admired; whilst the graces of her heart and understanding rendered her even more delightful than all the fascinations of her beauty. With all this, Clara was modest and retiring; she never made any display, and it was only in the calm serenity of domestic intercourse that she could be properly appreciated. She never took the heart by storm, but stole gradually upon the affections, and there made her home; like that star which sages tell us shines at such a distance from our planet, as to require ages for its light to reach it, but, when once here, its benign influence endures for ever.

The pastor doated upon his daughter—and who could blame his fondness? In her he again beheld his wife, young and blooming, and in her he beheld a virtuous being, who, without difficulty, he could lead from his fireside to heaven. Beside Clara, Mrs. Stanley had presented her husband with several children, who all bade fair to prove every way worthy of the stock from which they sprung. Indeed, if perfect felicity can be enjoyed upon earth, it was attained by our curate; his wife was still fair to look upon; his children, in his eyes, as so many mines of treasure; and his pupils but an extension of his family, for they looked up to him and revered him as a father, whilst his parishioners paid him more respect than they did either to the rector or the bishop of the diocese.

Edgar had now been absent from home nearly fourteen years; the communions abroad gave him plenty of employment, and seldom was it that a letter from him found its way to Butterby; but this apparent remissness was unavoidable from the nature of his duties; and when he did write, his epistles were always so cheerful and so affectionate, that they might be likened to gay and grateful exotics introduced into an already beautiful flower-garden. In his correspondence, he never failed to desire that a hundred kisses might be bestowed for him upon his little Clara; and that artless girl, although she scarcely recollected the youth, would immediately fly into her father's arms, and beg, almost with tears, that he would not delay the delivery of her dear, dear brother's present. At such times, the worthy man felt his heart lifted above every petty care, and whilst folding her delicate form to his bosom, he blessed God for having granted him children whose feelings were so tenderly alive to the softest sensibilities of nature.

The best of men, those most deserving of earthly happiness, are frequently, for some all-wise purpose, visited with afflictions; and perhaps such an ordeal is absolutely necessary, in many cases, to prove our competency for wearing divine honours hereafter; for, who knows what he can withstand, until he has been tempted? Who can tell that the gold is pure until it has been tried? From such a trial as we have mentioned, was Stanley not exempt. In the midst of peace and security came misfortune, like a thunder-storm upon a sunny vale. One night, when his family had retired to their slumbers, the parsonage took fire, and was in a few minutes wrapped in one livid flame; the alarm
instantly spread over the village, and all hands were employed in endeavours to extinguish it, whilst a few bold and hearty peasants rushed into the house to rescue its inmates. In this they happily succeeded, but not without an accident. As the curate was bearing his wife from her room, a blazing rafter struck him to the ground, and falling across his knee so scorched and mangled it, that he was carried out in complete unconsciousness.

From a deficiency in the supply of water, the dwelling was totally consumed, and its hitherto happy occupants left without a shelter for their heads; but this disaster was, in a measure, remedied by the hospitality of an old farmer in the neighbourhood, who promptly offered the distressed family an asylum in his house, until another habitation could be provided. This proffer was gratefully accepted, and our curate and his weeping family were, without further delay, removed to their new abode, after which a messenger was despatched to Durham for a surgeon to examine into the extent of the reverend gentleman’s injuries. In a short time the man returned, accompanied by Mr. A—, who shook his head on seeing the crushed limb, and, after the use of some cooling applications, said that it would be impossible to pronounce fully upon the case until the following morning, and then took his departure.

Next day he again visited his patient, and was accompanied by a young student, who was concluding a course of medical studies under his superintendence.

The surgeon was a man whose fame had spread far and wide, and it became a saying, that if a man had one arm amputated by A—, he would, without alarm, offer him the other. Too much celebrity is, however, frequently dangerous, and our operator gave authenticity to the remark, for when a case came before him, he seldom thought of healing it, but rather delighted in the opportunity of displaying his skill, by taking off the limb with all imaginable neatness, and then crowning the affair with a speedy, certain, and triumphant cure. Such characters have too often existed, and many a sufferer has lost an arm or leg merely to gratify the vanity of his surgical attendant. It was in conformity with this practice, that Mr. A— hinted that Mr. Stanley’s knee was too much injured for mortification to be prevented, and that, unless a very favour able change took place by the following day, life could only be saved by amputation. This unwelcome intelligence was communicated in the evening by the curate to his family, and he concluded by declaring he felt too strongly fortified in mind to fear the approach of death, consequently he would rather bare his breast to its dart than drag on existence as a cripple. The affliction which these tidings occasioned, can only be conceived by the truly affectionate wife and the truly filial daughter. The shock was such, that Mrs. Stanley was thrown upon a bed of sickness, and the innocent Clara became distracted with the double care which now devolved upon her. At one moment she was smoothing her mother’s pillow, and striving to calm her spirits, then would she fly to her father, and alternately beseech him to live for his children, and express her hopes that the doctor might yet save him. These hopes were, however, dashed, when, a little after sunrise, A— entered the apartment, again followed by the student, who held in his hand a large case of instruments. Clara was in too much distress to think of decorum, and the moment she saw the doctor she firmly seated herself by the bedside, as if to guard her father from an enemy; a look, however, from her reverend parent caused her to retire, but she remained, with breathless agitation, without the door.

Mr. A— once more examined his patient’s knee, and then deliberately said, “I can do nothing here; the limb must be immediately dismembered, or I will not answer for the consequence.”

“Whatever it be, I must submit,” said Stanley; “nothing can overcome my horror at such a mutilation.”

Clara now darted to her former station, and exclaimed, “For sweet Heaven’s sake, recall your words, papa! or I shall not exist another hour.”

“Persuasion is useless,” said the sufferer; “if I live, I shall only be a burden to my family. To the will of Heaven, therefore, I submit.”

Clara now sunk upon her knees before the doctor, and piteously exclaimed, “Cannot you try a little longer to save my father’s life? Is there, then, no hope?”

“None,” said the surgeon, in a coarse and brutal tone of disappointment: “Were I allowed to follow my own plan, I would restore him again to health, but if he will
be obstinate, I must decline any further attendance."

"Then, Sir, we part, for my resolution is fixed," said Stanley.

The pertinacious surgeon took his leave with the utmost apparent indifference.

Clara now clasped her hands in agony; when, at that moment, her eye fell upon the features of the student: they were pale and pensive, but enlightened by an intelligent eye, and ennobled by an intellectual brow. He met her glance, and whilst she yet looked upon him, a smile spread upon his lips. It was not one of mockery—it was not one of ribaldry—but it was such a one as the angel bestowed upon Abraham when announcing that his son's life was spared.

The effect was electrical; it was the straw which hope throws for the drowning man to catch at. It raised more delightful emotions than did the dove, when she flew with the olive-branch to Noah, ere his ark rested on Mount Ararat; and it found its way into Clara's heart—aye, into her "heart of hearts!" She flew towards him, she grasped his hand; and, in a tone attuned by harmony itself, she exclaimed, "You, you can save my father! I see it in your smile—I know it from your looks: say that my surmise is right, and a daughter's gratitude, a daughter's blessing, shall repay you."

Again the student smiled, as, in a deep yet clear and musical tone, he replied, "I have hitherto devoted myself more to medicine than to surgery, and I must confess that I think a cure might be effected without spilling a drop of blood, or dividing a single artery."

"God prosper you for ever, for these words," cried Clara, in a transport of delight.

The student now, with some agitation, drew his hand from Clara's grasp, and gently raising her, he said, "I am sorry that I spoke so unguardedly, as I may have been misled by appearances; but if you will retire for a short time, I will, in a few minutes, let you know all we have either to hope or fear."

These words, though apt to raise doubts of success in so sanguine a mind as Clara's, were so delightfully honied by the tone in which they were uttered, that she rather looked upon them as a favourable omen than otherwise, and, gratefully blushing her thanks, retired. In a very short time the student also quitted the chamber, and as he passed Clara, who waited at the foot of the stairs, he gaily said, "All's well, Miss Stanley; may I never deserve my diploma if in six weeks I have not the honour of presenting to you your reverend parent, sufficiently restored to health for the discharge of all his manifold duties."

Clara's little heart again fluttered with joyful emotion, and she could have expressed the student as a brother; but, shrinking back with maidenly modesty, she faltered out a few words of gratitude, and permitted him to depart. Yet, had she given utterance to all she thought, he would have remained there for ever.

Julian Melville, for so was the student named, was not greatly mistaken in his prediction. In less than two months the Reverend Herbert Stanley was enabled, to the joy of his family, to walk with the assistance of a stick; and regarding young Melville in the light of a benefactor, he offered him an invitation, and a welcome to consider his residence as a home, during his stay in Durham. Julian frankly declared the pleasure he anticipated from the curate's society, and was not backward in availing himself of the permission. He was a young man formed to be esteemed. Amongst the giddy and gay, perhaps, his grave and studious deportment might have opposed insurmountable barriers to his becoming a favourite; but, amongst the giddy and gay it was impossible that his true worth should be appreciated; nor did he find any joys sufficiently sterling to call forth that graceful, that feeling smile, which enriched his features when mingling with the wise and good. To the world, he was sensible and polite; but in the circle of domestic and innocent hearts, such as that into which accident had now introduced him, he was all that a fond mother could wish in a son, all that an upright man would require in a friend, and all that a fond and gentle maiden could desire in a lover. Sense without pedantry, skill without display, gaiety without heartlessness or vulgarity, and graces formed to captivate the heart without blinding the judgment, were his principal attractions; and these he brought so powerfully into play during Stanley's illness, that pain and sorrow were alike alleviated, and the divinity would frequently declare that he owed his recovery more to Melville's beguiling conversations than to his medicines." Clara, too, felt every other senti-
ment absorbed in the one of admiration when he was present; and her eyes failed not to express it in the eloquent poetry of their glances. Of this, however, she was unconscious, and Julian prized the expression too dearly to hazard its loss by even hinting that it was observed. He read to her, he conversed with her, and he walked with her, yet he never dared to think of her as aught but a sister, lest he should be denied her society, as one who presumed upon her artless offerings of gratitude; still Julian could not but love her, and his days were divided into chequered hours of felicity and sadness; felicity, when by Clara's side—sadness, when alone, and reflecting that he was poor, and that years might probably elapse before his profession brought him affluence.

Meanwhile, the curate rapidly recovered, but only to be plunged into inextricable embarrassments. During his illness the care of his academy had been confided to his usher, a young man of learning, but of narrow and sordid principles. This person never threw away an opportunity of making money; accordingly, when he heard that his employer's life was considered in danger, he at once tendered his resignation, and closed the school. His next step was to engage a house at Durham, and send circulars to the parents of Stanley's pupils, informing them that he had opened a school on the same principles as the former, and soliciting support. The plan succeeded but too well; and Stanley, on his restoration to health, found himself deprived of his pupils, and destitute of the means of obtaining a livelihood. The Swan of Avon says, that "woes tread upon each other's heels;" and the aphorism was confirmed by a letter which Stanley received a short time after from his rector, informing him that the young man who had officiated for him while he was ill had offered to perform the sacred duties of minister for thirty pounds a year, and as he (the rector) had heard that Stanley would be incapacitated by his accident from again performing divine service, he had accepted the proposal.

The curate, unthinkingly, read this mercenary epistle aloud, so that the utter destitution of their circumstances became at once known to his wife and daughter. More need not be said, as I should only unnecessarily pain my readers by dwelling upon the afflicting scene that followed.

Without a home, without money, without a prospect in the world, Herbert Stanley nearly bent beneath this last stroke of ill fortune, and he folded his hands on the table, and drooped his head in despair upon them.

"Dearest papa," exclaimed Clara, in tears, "do not give way to sorrow; everything will brighten around us again, I am sure. Remember how well and how faithfully you have always acted your part as a priest of our Father which is in heaven, and then think of the words of him who, after a long life's experience, tells us that 'he has been young, and now is old, yet never saw the righteous man forsaken, nor his children begging their bread.'"

"Angel of consolation," said the afflicted man, "you remind me of my duty. I ought to teach you resignation to the will of Him who chasteneth whom he loveth, instead of murmuring at his decrees; but I have been ill, very ill, and my mind partakes somewhat of the debility of my body. Faith will, however, administer its healing balm to both, and I shall be better anon. Leave me, my cherub; and you, my dearest wife, permit me to be alone a while, that I may pour out my heart in communion with my Maker."

This injunction was obeyed in silence, and the curate piously betook himself to that, which, having for its aim an object of greater magnitude than the things of this life, is sure to wean the soul insensibly from them—prayer. When his devotions were concluded he felt more serene, and after a few hours' cheerful conversation with his family, he retired to consider of the best means of retrieving his affairs. The fruit of his reflections was a resolution to commence active exertions to regain his pupils, and he thereupon visited his neighbours to represent matters in their true light. But, alas! he found his views every where frustrated, through that meanness which is so frequently inherent even in the minds of the wealthy. Some were indebted to him for a portion of the preceding quarter's education, and conceiving that, as it had been interrupted, they had no right to pay, and that if they again sent their sons they would again become liable to do so, they refused under various pretences; while others had got the new pedagogue to accept lower terms than those required by Stanley, and consequently were unwilling to increase their expenses. Thus Stanley not only failed
in his object, but was even unsuccessful in collecting the full amount of what was due to him, as his debtors well knew he had no means to enforce his claims by the assistance of the law. Dejected and dispirited, after striving with his fate for some weeks, he was once more about to sink into despondency, when Mr. Franklin, a rich London merchant, who had come down to visit some relations, heard of his distresses, and, having been acquainted with his parents, with a generous warmth hastened to relieve him. He had an agent in Brussels, who was not only wealthy but possessed considerable influence in that place, and, amongst other acts of munificence, had founded a public academy, on similar principles to those of our far-famed Blue-coat School. The gentleman whose department it was to superintend the higher Greek and Latin forms had recently become deceased, and Mr. Franklin waited upon Stanley with the offer of recommending him to his friend as a gentleman every way efficient, and worthy of filling the vacant situation. Not, however, content with this, he, in the most delicate manner, offered to supply him with money to enable him to go there; adding, for the purpose of quitting those scruples which every man possessed of a nice sense of honour must make against receiving a pecuniary obligation, that it might be repaid, when convenience served, to his Brussels agent, who would transmit it to London.

Mr. Stanley’s heart was too full to express in words his feelings at this kindness; nor did the worthy merchant give him an opportunity, for the moment he found his proposals were acceded to, he rose, and, taking Stanley’s hand, said, “I shall then, my dear sir, do myself the honour of dining with you to-day, for the purpose of making you acquainted with all necessary circumstances; to-morrow you shall have letters of recommendation, and on the same evening I will accompany you to London, whence you must hold yourself in readiness to embark in company with some ships of war bound for that quarter, which will sail in a few days; else Boney may snap you up on the way.”

When Clara was told of what had transpired, she sobbed like a wayward infant, shedding tears of mingled joy and sorrow. She rejoiced at the prospect of her father’s emancipation from poverty; but then, she could not indulge the thought of leaving the green “daisy-pied” glades, where her innocent hours of childhood had been played away, without deep and bitter regret, and she mourned like a child about to leave its parent. On the morning of departure she rose with the lark, to bid adieu to those spots she had most loved. The dawning day was as glorious as ever mortal could wish to shine in Paradise: the grey light of morning was finely blended with the beams of the newborn sun, which gaily careered through a host of clouds, dappled by Aurora, in her rosy progress, with the brightest crimson; and, as the hues of heaven fell upon fair nature, they seemed to dress her in a garb that mocked the art of man to imitate. It was the essence of colours; and tree, and shrub, and rivulet, and plain, and hill, were all clothed with it, in every variety of shade and richness. Amid this lovely scene the fairy form of Clara glided; sometimes slowly, and sometimes with swiftness; now would she stop to gather a cowslip from some bank she loved, then would her feet wander to some grove that, perchance, was endeared to her by some fond remembrance. Those spots, particularly those where she had walked with Julian, were selected for an especial farewell; yet she secretly knew why, and if a suspicion crossed her that it was because one she could not but esteem had hallowed it by his presence, she acknowledged for the feelings by supposing them to originate in her extreme love for her father, and gratitude for his preservation. In the excitement of feeling, she almost unconsciously spoke aloud. “Farewell, sweet Durham!” said she; “I shall never again ramble amid your dearly-loved and beautiful scenery, nor hear the birds whistle forth songs of happiness from the shelter of their leafy homes. Farewell—a long farewell—perhaps for ever!”

“And whither is the nymph of these fair landscapes about to fly, that she can bid farewell to spots so lovely?” said a voice in a gay tone by Clara’s side. She turned in surprise, and beheld near a scented hawthorn him whom she had unwillingly and unknowingly “crowned with her love, and enthroned in her heart.”—“Mr. Melville!” she exclaimed, “oh, I’m so glad to see you; I would not have left England for the world without that pleasure. I shall now have your parting words to think of and wile away time with when I am far, far away.” This was, indeed, developing
the true state of her heart. Language of the same tendency, uttered by a town coquette, might prove dangerous; but with Clara it was different: she was all sincerity, and never thought of etiquette requiring a concealment of her sentiments, so that she freely laid open her heart upon every occasion.

"What do I hear, Miss Stanley?" asked Julian. "You surely jest when you talk of leaving England."—"Alas! no," said Clara, and, taking his arm, she pensively pursued a winding footpath, and told him all she knew. Julian's heart was affected: it was torn with contending emotions; he hurried on a while, and then stopped. He essayed to speak, but his tongue failed, and his words died away ere their sense became apparent. He tried to talk of consolation, whilst he was himself inconsolable; and he attempted to appear cheerful, although his heart was bleeding. A thousand conflicting thoughts crowded his brain. Should he declare his love? No! 'twould be unavailing; yet, in remaining silent he abandoned the only pass that might lead to future happiness—but, in doing so, he secured Clara from a world of regret. While thus debating, the pair emerged from their embowered path to a spot where Titania might hold her court and deem herself impartial. It consisted of a circular piece of green sward, which sloped gently upwards on all sides from the centre, and formed a mimic valley. The bows of the infant hills were thickly studded with larch and fir-trees, with here and there a towering oak, and the place was so effectually concealed, that one might live an age near it without being aware of its vicinity. Here they paused and conversed with all the eloquence with which "the boy of hearts" delights to gifted young lovers; but it was in stillness—the eyes alone spoke—the discourse was a communion of feeling. At length Julian broke silence which became distressing, and said, "Coming unknown and unannounced into a strange place, Miss Stanley, I have not words to express the magic influence which one so charming—pardon me for saying so—as yourself has had over my thoughts and actions; and when you are away I shall feel more than ever the want of friends and relatives, for not a being upon earth can I call either. Acquaint me, then, of a lack of manners if I suffer you now to return home unattended: I feel that I could not venture upon a walk, at the termination of which I knew we must part, to see each other perhaps no more. This glade has been a favourite with both of us; here, then," (and his deep-toned voice faltered as he proceeded)—"here we will return separate ways, without a word. We will reserve 'farewell,' in the hope that this is not the time allotted by fate for breathing it. I shall visit the place every day whilst I remain in Durham, to delude myself with the expectation of seeing you, and, being disappointed, will still carry on the pleasing deception, by supposing you to be detained by one of the million of little accidents which your dear sex ever have ready for excusing a want of punctuality. And now, Miss Stanley, fare—no, no; I mean—good morning."

Clara tried to smile, as in tacit consent to this arrangement. She turned to depart, and merely uttered "Good-by!" She then ascended the path by which she came, whilst Julian took an opposite direction; but before advancing many steps, he stood to watch her as she receded. Clara looked round, and their eyes met. Again they waved an adieu—again they went on—and again they turned round. This time they remained still for a few moments, and then, as if by mutual consent, retraced their steps, and once more stood in the centre of the vale.

It was not without confusion that they thus found themselves giving way to the true impulses of their bosoms: but Julian, wishing to shorten so bitter a parting, caught her hand, impressed one burning kiss upon it, and rushed from the place.

Mr. Franklin was nearly two hours after the time he had appointed for being with Stanley: nevertheless, he fulfilled to a title all he had promised, and that evening saw the whole party rolling along the high road to London. When there, no time was lost: purchases were made, preparations brought to a conclusion, goods shipped, anchor weighed, sails unfurled, flag hoisted, and away they went. After a pleasant voyage, our curate and family arrived in safety at Brussels. An unrelenting fate, however, seemed to pursue him; for on calling at the house of Mr. Franklin's friend, he found that not only had the vacant situation been filled up, but that the worthy founder of the establishment had been withdrawn from this life by sudden death.

"And is this the recompense of all
your unshaken fortitude and faith, papa?" exclaimed Clara, after listening with dismay to her father's recital of these events. "Is it thus that the good are cast down, while the bad every where flourish?"

"Peace, my child. When in England, I confess to having given way to sorrow; I will here atone for my weakness by present resignation. Heaven is just, and we shall assuredly hereafter, if not here, meet with the reward."

Two years after the date of these incidents, a plainly, though neatly attired and lovely girl was seen pensively tracing the way towards an humble cottage, which skirted the plains of Waterloo. It was the interesting Clara Stanley, and in that cot dwelt her father, who, by the kindness of some English gentlemen, had been placed there, and recommended to a few families as private tutor to their children; they were, however, but poor, and consequently Stanley's remuneration was small; still he contrived, with the assistance of Clara's needle, to eke out a scanty maintenance for his wife and children; and this he did in preference to again intruding upon the generosity of Franklin, to whom he already owed so much. It was with some money she had just received that Clara was now returning home, when a regiment of English soldiers crossed her path, and prevented her from proceeding.

"Aha! my little flaxen-haired beauty," cried a corporal, starting forward as the men halted awhile to rest themselves, "I haven't seen so fair a cheek this many a day. Egad, I must try if it be flesh and blood or marble." So saying, he would have inflicted a salute, had she not nimbly avoided him, and screamed loudly to him to let her pass. "No, no!" cried the man, "such a fair prize is not met every day;" and with the boisterous impetuosity which characterizes John Bull, he caught her hand, when his colonel rode up, and angrily demanded, "What is all this? What occasioned your outcry, my pretty maiden?" Clara blushed and curtseyed, as she timidly related how she had been molested.

"Shall I never teach you discipline, Harris?" said the officer sternly; "retire, sir, to your station, and pass the word for an opening to be made, that this poor frightened girl may pursue her way in safety." Clara thanked the colonel for his intervention, and walking gladly forward, soon reached her father's house. Here she was told that an attempt had been made by some passing soldiers to plunder the place, which would have been carried into effect, but for the interposition of their commander; and Clara, as she marked these indications of some approaching commotion, looked at the furrowed features of her father and wept. The time of which we are treating was that when, after his return from Elba, Bonaparte had resolved to "measure himself with Wellington" (to quote his own words). Troops were every day passing and repassing with all the bustle, pomp, and parade of war. At length, appalling rumours reached the horror-stricken citizens. A dreadful battle had taken place at Ligny, another at Quatre Bras, and now the opposing armies were about to decide the struggle on the plains of Waterloo.

Stanley, and those dear ones around him, feared the truth of this report. They kept closely within doors, where their situation was rendered appalling, by the dreary perspective of misery they had to look forward to, as all the families from whom their recent subsistence had been drawn had fled. Whilst thus "chewing the cud of bitter fancy," a tremendous roaring of artillery announced the strife begun; music, blended with the cries of the fallen, floats fearfully on the winds. Volley after volley, shout after shout, came upon their panic-struck ears; and Clara, with a shriek, flew to her father's bosom, and there nestled, as if she had found a refuge from every surrounding horror. Still she could not shut out the dreadful sounds; and, to add to her terror, a half-spent bullet struck the casement, and shattered every pane of glass. Shortly after, a second, third, and fourth came in at different parts of the building, scattering splinters and dust in all directions, and in another minute it was discovered to be in flames. "Have mercy, oh Lord, and spare my darlings from the lions," cried the unhappy Stanley, as he laboured to put out the fire: some stragglers passing at the time, he was materially assisted by them; and, by nightfall, all danger was past. The next morning, like the three preceding, was gloomy, and an incessant shower of rain fell in large drops, as if the sky wept for the cruelties practised beneath its canopy. Exposed to all this
inclemency sat the Rev. Herbert Stanley, with his arms round the waists of Clara and his wife, while his little ones crowded round him on their knees, and clung to him for protection. One side, and part of another, of his house, were levelled to the ground; the flooring was burnt, and the roof presented several openings, through which the wind whistled, and the rain fell. "Now then, my children," he solemnly said, "we have sunk to the extreme of distress; and, should brighter times ever arrive, we shall have learnt how to feel for the calamities of others. But be of good cheer; I still believe this latter trial will terminate happily for us all. These wars must carry our boy, our dearest Edgar, soon to England, where he will learn our condition, and hasten to relieve it; therefore, once more I bid you trust in God, and he will reward you."

"Shelter, shelter, and one drop of water for a dying man," cried a soldier, tottering into the ruin, who, from his scorched and bloody dress, appeared to have been engaged in the recent conflict. Although pale and disfigured, the features of a handsome but sun-burnt countenance made themselves conspicuous for proud and manly beauty; and, though bending with pain and weakness, his person was evidently of the finest formation. Stanley immediately arose to assist him, when, with pleasure, he recognised the officer who had saved his house from plunder. "It is a friend," he exclaimed, "and as such is doubly welcome to such miserable shelter as I can afford him."

"Ah!" cried Clara, advancing to the stranger, "and it is the same gentleman who rescued me from the insulting soldier."

Mrs. Stanley now joined her husband, to assist the fainting man, but suddenly grasping his arm, she exclaimed, with a thrilling shriek, "Angels of mercy, support me in this hour!" A mother cannot be mistaken in her own offspring—a mother's heart never yet throbbed for an alien as it would for the child of its affections; a mother's eye bears the image of those dearer than her apple, long after age has glazed it, and Mrs. Stanley, with all a mother's perceptions, detected in the stranger her only boy. "It must be—it is—Edgar Stanley, my own son, who stands before me!" she cried, and caught him in her arms.

"Such is indeed my name," said the stranger, feebly; "and surely—yes—that old man—that venerable face—my father—my mother!" and, exhausted by his energy, he sunk upon a low couch, which stood near him.

"My boy, my son! and is it thus we meet," rejoined Stanley; "but it matters not: blessed be the hour which brings us again together, however inauspiciously it has done so."

"Alas! my father," moaned forth Edgar, I feel this hour will not have a twain, and see me in existence; the bullet has struck vitality. I did hope that, having gained competence and rank, I should wear out my last days by the domestic fireside; but God's will be done—father, your blessing; mother, one kiss,—charge, charge to the teeth—sister, I know you again—down with that battery—victory is ours. I die, father, I die;—my fortune—my all, my—they retreat, they fly. I come: oh, God, receive my soul!" With these words his head dropped upon the cushion, his eyes emitted a glassy lustre, the blood forsook his lips, he ceased to breathe, and in the next moment he was still.

"Now, then, the measure of my woes is full," cried the almost frantic curate; "cup after cup of happiness has been dashed from my lips. My son, my boy, my hope, my pride is gone. Oh, my children, my children, this is indeed a bitter hour."

"To lose him at such a time, too," said Clara, tearfully: "and so noble, so good; ah!" she continued with almost childish simplicity, as she raised her head, after kissing the stone-like brow of Edgar, "why do not those times return, when, if those who relied upon the Lord were in affliction, an angel was sent from Heaven to administer comfort?"

"Who speaks of comfort amid the horrors of war?" exclaimed a familiar voice, as some one entered the place; all turned to gaze upon the intruder, and, to their astonishment, beheld Julian Melville.

"How! Clara here!" cried Julian; but ere he could utter another word, Clara pressed a finger upon her lips, enjoining silence; and, with the other hand, tremulously pointed to her brother's corpse. Julian spoke not a syllable, but hastily strode to the couch, and placed his hand upon Edgar's heart—it beat not. With
much agitation, he nevertheless tore open the vest, and taking a probe from his case of instruments, inserted it into a gaping wound beneath: he found the ball, and, by a skilful movement, sent it rolling on the ground. A deep sigh, and a copious flow of blood followed, and Julian, starting joyfully up, pointed to the reviving soldier with both hands, and, turning to his beloved, with a smile (the very counterpart of that which had so struck Clara on a former occasion) exclaimed, "He lives! the ball rested against a bone, and loss of blood is all the injury sustained. See—he breathes freely!" He then turned his attention again to Edgar, and in a few minutes he was in a great measure reanimated.

Whilst a scene of rapture is passing, which no pen could adequately describe, we will, like faithful historians as we are, account for Julian’s presence. It may be remembered that after a very lover-like parting with Clara, at Durham, he scammed off in most romantic haste. Now, it so happened, that the worthy Mr. Franklin had been an unintentional witness of his sapient sentimentalities, and being naturally a blunt, bluff-speaking old gentleman, he arrested Julian’s flight, and saluted him with "Hark! young man, I conceive you to be as arrant a simpleton as ever I met with." Julian was about to make an angry reply, when he recognised Mr. Franklin as a friend of the medical gentleman under whom he had been initiated into the mysteries of Galen and Hippocrates. "And upon what foundation, sir?" said he, but with somewhat of sternness in his tone.

"Why for standing shilly-shally with such a girl as that, whom one might see with half an eye you love. Why did not you declare yourself, you rogue? She evidently expected you to do so.

"I may have had my own private reasons for abstaining from such declaration," returned Melville.

"Pshaw—nonsense," muttered Franklin, but with a sudden transition of manner he inquired what his reasons were.

Such curiosity in any one else would be deemed impertinent to the last degree, but Franklin was a man who at first sight insensibly won the heart to confidence: he never inquired about the affairs of any one without the intention of doing a service; and Julian, knowing this trait, imparted his griefs, with a new-born hope of their being dispelled.

"Money purchases influence, and I have both; follow me, therefore, to London and I will get you, young as you are, an engagement as army surgeon, where, if you don’t make cash enough to enable you to accomplish your wishes, we must have very lazy enemies," was Franklin’s reply; "but," he added, "don’t stop to thank me now, for I must hurry off to your lady-love’s father, with whom I should have been two hours ago."

To bring our narrative to a close, Franklin fulfilled his promise, and Julian in due time reached Waterloo with his regiment. He soon discovered where Stanley was to be found, and opportunely visited him, as we have seen, at a time when his professional knowledge was of the utmost utility.

"Twice, my young friend, has our family been beholden to you for restoring one of its members to life," said Stanley, after he had embraced his son; "what recompense can I ever make for such deep obligations?"

"Here! I’ll teach you what to do," said a voice, belonging to no other than Franklin himself, who bustled unexpectedly into the place; "you may look, my worthy friend, it is I, though your delicacy did prevent you from letting me know where you were, lest I should think you wanted my assistance; but I have found you out through the oddest means in the world. I have a daughter, you a son; my heart alive, there he is! Well, these young folks met abroad, loved each other, and wrote home for my consent; I came over to meet her spark, and so learnt where you were to be found. And now, let us to business. Here, Julian, Clara; give me your hands: you were right in not bidding each other farewell for ever. There, I know my friend will consent to your being united; and, in return, Edgar here shall have my daughter. Thus, your piety, Doctor, your son’s services to his country, and the skill and fidelity of young Esculapius here, have all, I trust, met with a well-merited RECOMPENSE."
THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

La Vaga, fairest vale of Autumn's pride,
Where sheltering oaks the tempest's rage defied,
And Indian canes in stately borders grew,
By fields of nodding grain, and linen blue;
How rich thy fruits, whose golden lustre play'd
Like glancing sunbeams 'mid the leafy shade!
In gay festoons whose purple vintage hung,
As branch to branch the graceful tendrils clung—
Whose terraced gardens, like a fairy dream,
And smiling hamlets, graced bright Xenil's stream,
While like her harem's queen, above the rest,
Granada lifted high her lovely crest.

Ah! who the anguish of that heart can tell
Which spake in tears, and choked his last farewell,
When, turning back from Alhambra's brow,
Boabdil gazed upon the scene below?
'Twas winter then, but still the heavenly clime
Might vie with other realms in summer's prime;
And still the air, as 'twere to mock his fate,
In odours wafted mem'ry of his state;
And dulcet warblings from each shrub and tree,
Recall'd his royal halls of minstrelsy.

Let the sad mother speak, whose frenzied eye
With anguish saw their fortunes prostrate lie;
Nor deem Affection less that anger stole
O'er her fond breast, and fired her mournful soul.
For where were then her hopes—where the bright tide,
That pays its tributes to a mother's pride?
All—all were ebbing—winking fast away,
Like the rich glories of departing day?
And nought could check that deep-drawn bitter cry,
Which told a queen's, Aixa's, agony:—
"Aye, often there the crimson stream hath run!
'Twas worth the cost—but ah! thou weep'st, my son!
Well may a woman's weakness fill his eye,
Who was not man enough for these to die."
'Twas thus she spake, and, brightest as he set,
The sun lit up each dome and minaret—
Flash'd back from ranks of steel, while pennants gay,
All proudly flaunted in his gladsome ray.
And bark! that pealing hymn, that rising cry!
It is the Christian's song of victory.
The Crescent sinks, hosannas fill the air—
And lo!—Alhambra's towers!—The Cross is there!

Remorseless Spain! the Christian triumph's o'er,
And thine begins—oh! scenes of human gore!
'Tis not the shout of heaven-born victory,
'Tis not fair Mercy's strain that fills the sky.
Ah! no; far other thoughts those sounds inspire,
Inflame the eye, the vengeful bosom fire;
The cry of "Isabella" and of "Spain" 
With clamour drowns soft Pity's feeble strain.
Forward they march, right on with proud array;
And swelling pageantry maintains their way;
But pause, before they pass that portal high,
Where Mercy's ensign smiling greets the sky,
That Cross, whose triumph is so fraught with grace,
The seal of pardon to a guilty race!
Not thine the rack, the dungeon, and the chain,
Nor prize of lawless love, nor sordid gain!
'Twas not for vengeance that the Saviour rose,
And paid our debt with more than mortal throes.
The Conquest of Granada.

He came to teach, to love.—He died, to save:—
Reviled, unused, 'mid torture, He forgave.
The triumph His acclaiming angels sing,
That quells the grave, and takes from Death his sting.

Iberia! what was thine? Not all thy might,
Thy skill, thy valour, e'er had won the fight—
Wert not that onward rolls the swelling tide,
Whichwhelms the pagan world in all its pride.
Fann'd by the breath of Heaven, whose giant sway
Sweeps on its glorious, sure, immortal way.
'Till Time himself shall stop his destin'd flight,
And darken'd ages sink in endless night.
Then the bright morning star shall rise and bring,
Justice, and Truth, and healing on his wing.

Not such their hope—the wretched outcast race
Who find in Libya's sands a dwelling-place:—
But first, where Calpe rears her rocky head,
They seek with trembling hope a sea-girt bed.
At that extremest verge they crave a tomb,
Where kindred skies may weep their bitter doom.
In vain their grief—in vain their humble prayer—
'Tis Spanish ground—no rest for Moslems there:
"Beyond the wave," the haughty victors cry,
"There, mourning, live, and there, despairing, die."

Full oft at eve, when springs the fresh'ning gale,
They tell to list'ning groups their touching tale.
That breeze awakes, 'mid Afric's burning glades,
The thought of home and sweet La Vega's shades
'Till, lit with Fancy's flame, the distant view
As brightly gleams as if the scene were true.
The fair Nevada, crested high with snow,
And rich Alhambra's ruddy towers below,
The kindling influence share;—the mountains blue.
Their dusky mantles fold—and ev'ry hue
A ling'ring glory wears, as 'twere to tell
The Moor of all he lost and loved so well.
Almada's shades, that darken deep and fast,
On mem'ry pour the visionary past.

Ah! there how sweetly soothing breath'd the night,
When friendly stars shot forth their tender light.
As gently 'neath her balmy covert stray'd
Enamour'd knight, and soft, confiding maid.
A sweeter fragrance breath'd from lover's vows,
The incense, Passion, on Love's altar throws;
Whose stealing magic wields such high control,
It woos the heart, and charms the yielding soul.
For them no more shall Philomela's song
Within those groves her plaintive notes prolong!
Nor ever more, with painted verdure spread,
Shall Lindaraxa yield a flow'ry bed.
Where gentle airs would fan the sunny cheek,
And mantling slumber's dreamy raptures speak,
As sunk in soft repose sultanas sleep,
And captive maidens tearful vigils keep!
No more shall Vivarrambla's square resound
To Moorish joust!—nor Illiberian ground
Their Arab coursers, proudly prancing, bear:
Nor the loud clarion peal their triumph there!
Ah! never more shall beauty's smile approve,
Nor white arms wave to victory and love:
Their chivalry is o'er—and hence despair
And sad regret their toilsome lot prepare.

Thus the sad husband, on the strand of life,
Mourns more than self his lost—his cherish'd wife.
Ask wherefore seems to speak his anxious eye?  
Why darts his eager look through vacancy?  
'Tis dear Affection gives her aid to love,  
Rends the dim veil, and paints the saint above.  
With cheering magic fills each darksome part,  
And lifts a vision beaming from the heart.  
Yes—all he loved, though quench'd from outward sight,  
Still burns within with more than vestal light.  
With flame enduring in this living tomb,  
Pale Mem'ry trims her lamp 'mid Sorrow's gloom;  
Whilst in the mortal desert spring her flowers,  
Immortal as in amaranthine bowers  
E'er grew—whose fragrance, with the parting breath,  
Transcendent soars above the bed of death.

Ah! not like his the outcast Moslem's prayer—  
The prayer on Alla calls to lead them there,  
Where, girt with fruits, and crown'd with sparkling snow,  
The mountains smile upon the vale below.  
Their mind's Elysium is no Eden blest,  
No happy vale, where peaceful spirits rest;  
But gushing fountains pour their crystal flood  
O'er virgin marble stain'd with crime and blood.  
There moral texts ensculptured deep are seen,  
With rich device, and lewd reward between:  
Such as the great Impostor shrewdly gave  
To Islam's sons, without the pow'r to save.  
Yet still we owe them much, whose fost'ring hand  
Pale Genius nurtur'd in a genial land;  
Cordova's heights our grateful homage claim,  
Where Inspiration shed her radiant flame;  
And, fresh as zephyrs from Pierian spring,  
Young Learning brightly plumed her silvery wing.  
Dear is the vale in whose fair bosom lay  
The Christian warriors' bulwark, Santa Fé.  
What deeds of high emprise, without her gate!  
Within her walls, what scenes of royal state!  
How bright that eve, when back the wand'rer came,  
Whose bosom glow'd with ardour’s purest flame;  
Who, oft rejected, venturous still went on,  
'Till seas were compass'd, and a world was won.  
Well might that courtly circle gaze on thee,  
Columbus, stoutest mould of Constancy!  
The eagle glance was thine,—the giant mind,—  
Th' ennobling thought,—the spell that binds mankind.  
But all are gone!—the learned and the brave,  
All sleep! and shepherds tend the hero's grave:  
Whilst high on mountain hoar, or craggy fell,  
The crumbling tower alone is left to tell  
Where fiercely rag'd the fight, and courage high  
Hurl'd the bright lance of Moorish chivalry.

CEOUR DE LION.

BY G. R. CARTER.

O'er the Syrian desert sweeps  
Cœur de Lion's mail-clad host,  
Like the tempest which impels  
Clouds of fire on Asia's coast.  
Many a sceptred hand is there,  
Many a brow that owns a crown,  
Mingling in the mighty throng  
Ripe for conquest or renown!  

Vol. IV.—No. 3.
The Heiress.

Richard of the eagle-eye!
Richard of the sheathless sword!
Like a torrent from the hills
Are his banded warriors poured!
He shall blight thine olive-branch,
And thy gorgeous cities win,
Haughty ruler of the East,
Unrelenting Saladin!

England’s banner waves its cross
Over Acre’s towery walls,
Songs of victory resound
Proudly through the palace-halls.
Fairest city of the Sea!
Worthy of a conqueror’s pride;
Thou art won and humbled now,
Richard claims thee as his bride!

Where the Saviour died for man,
Where the ground is holy still,
England’s bravest chivalry
Tread each sacred vale and hill;
Fillow rolls on billow past,
Lances gleam, and chargers foam,
Threatening all with equal wrath,
Monarch’s throne, and peasant’s home!

But a change is on the scene!—
Youth and valour yield to death;
Plague and famine o’er the host
Breathe their pestilent breath.
Richard! what were all thy dreams
But the phantoms of an hour!—
Spectre of a fallen king!
Captive in a lonely tower!

THE HEIRESS.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE

* * * * *

The day was dull, and, as dullness is an epidemic, the guests were ennuyé. Books lay upon the table, but no one felt disposed to read. The harp was out of tune, even if any one had been inclined to draw music from its strings. The artist’s portfolio was there, and, for the first time, its treasures were unheeded. The novelist had lost his wonted wit, and reclined in listless lassitude. The Major was drowsy, or musing,—perhaps he was planning a campaign against the widow’s heart! The poet stood at the window, watching the blue heavy clouds sailing by at a minimum of speed. The ladies sat “in solemn silence,” engaged in some of the nicknackeries on which the fair sex delight to waste their time and their ingenuity. The very lapdogs lay in the sun, and, as the newspapers have it, lazily “sank into the arms of Morpheus.” Nor was there much difference out of doors. The day was excessively hot,—not a wandering zephyr whispered through the leafy trees. The river murmured by with a quiet, sleepy noise. The hum of the bees, the shrill cry of the grasshopper, the monotonous cawing of the crows, the tinkling of the sheep-bells in the distance, and now and then the spring-bird, calling “Cuckoo, cuckoo!” were the only sounds abroad. All was the essence of a dreamy state of inaction. In a word, the spirit of Ennui was the presiding deity of the day!

How unlike the rural mirth of yesterday, when innocent enjoyment had a thousand voices,—when pleasure shed many a delight from her starry diadem—when the flush of joy lent added charms to the cheek of beauty,—when the lip, which before was silent, was made elo-
quent by the delicious excitement of the present ecstasies—when bright-eyed Hope scattered her flowers in such profusion, that some of them fell, like pleasant balm, upon the hearts of the sorrowing—when the blood ran through the veins with a quicker flow than in the every-day transactions of life—when the joy-crowned goblet of delight passed round from lip to lip, and the nectarous draught, unlike that of the wine-cup, had the gift of gratifying, without intoxicating the senses. The same scenes were there, but the genius loci was wanting! There was the same difference between yesterday’s pleasures and to-day’s dulness as between the ocean bearing on its bosom a thousand richly-freighted argosies, which a fair wind was sending in triumph to their destined ports, and the calm lake, without a breath of wind to crisp its surface or ruffle its smoothness. Oh, who that has a heart to feel but would prefer the one, even with its chance of peril, to the weary calmness of the other!

It wanted some hours to dinner, that grand epoch in the daily history of an Englishman; and we should have been in despair if, while all felt the dulness, and none made an effort to dissipate it, Julian Tressilian had not entered the room with his lady. They had been wandering by the river, despite of the heat of the day, and came home without a coup de soleil, and with their spirits invigorated by the beauty of the visible creation around them.

"You are ennuyé," said he; "and, what is worse than the disease, you yield to it. It needs but an effort to shake off the mental incubus. If you should chance to die now, a jury would bring in a verdict, 'Died from want of excitement!' Play, walk, read, dance, even have a game at blindman's-buff, in preference to sitting as you do, as if you were inhabitants of the Castle of Indolence; or, if bodily exercise is too violent a cure, try mental excitement. I propose that, as Lady Morton has heard our stories, she now contribute a sketch by herself, and, if it be not too much to ask, of herself!"

The motion was unanimously passed, being duly seconded by Lady Tressilian. After some pretty protestations of inability, which went for nothing, Lady Morton complied, with the most natural-looking hesitation I ever saw.

Premising that she is a lively agreeable woman, with a quick intelligent eye, and pretty coral lips, half-concealing the whitest teeth ever lavished upon woman—that her countenance, although what no one could call decidedly handsome, is strikingly spirituelle—that her voice is sweet as the song of the nightingale (I never heard such a sweet voice before)—and that her years are yet far distant from the "certain age" which women dread to own, and even seem more remote from it than they are, it will easily be imagined that the mere announcement of her promise to tell a tale, and a true one, for that was the compact with us all, was sufficient to draw the poet from the window, the novelist from his reverie, the artist from his semi-somnolence, and to dissipate the Major's drowsiness.

The company was soon formed into a group, and, after no inconsiderable pause, in which the lively story-teller seemed to be collecting her remembrances, she thus commenced, to a most attentive audience:

"Story! I have none. I can boast of no hair-breadth 'scapes; I have had no adventures; I have been a stay-at-home traveller all my days; I have led a calm, quiet, ladylike life, and I have nothing, positively nothing, that is worth my telling or your listening to.

"Besides, think of the disadvantage you take me at. Every one else has told a tale, and mine, after all of yours, will, as poor Desdemona says, be a 'most lame and impotent conclusion.' You must absolve me from my promise, and I will dance, sing, play, do anything else you wish. Instead of dissipating ennui, I shall but increase it.

"You shake your heads, and hold me to my word. Well, be yours the penalty. Bear witness all that I gave full and fair warning.

"So, if you must have a narration, and, worse than all, a true one, I shall give you an anecdote, like Othello, 'of my whole course of love.' Let me again advise you to be wise in time. It is dull, dry, matter-of-fact—no mystery, no horrors, nothing extraordinary, and with the slightest possible dash of romance.

"Fifteen years ago, I was just fifteen years old. It seems but as yesterday. My father resided in Derbyshire, where he had a tolerable estate. He was an honest, true-hearted, wise-minded, country gentleman, burdened or blessed with a family
of daughters, whose numbers equalled that of the Muses. How earnestly he longed for a son! but longings went for nothing, and he had made up his mind, some years before I was born, to bear the disappointment with all proper patience. I do not think that he lamented the want of a male heir oftener than ten times in every day!

"He belonged to the old school—that is, he was fond of field sports, fond of the bottle, fond of his family honour, that although he might dispose of his estate as he wished, he had made up his mind to leave it to Sir Edward Morton, the head of the house, and so attached to the constitution, that, something to the detriment of his own, it was his constant and time-honoured custom, night after night, to stand by it— when, truth to say, his libations to the rosy god had left him scarcely able to stand by any thing else"

"On the whole, however, he was what is called 'a good sort of man.' Your six-bottle-men—your mighty Nimrods—your thorough John Bull gentlemen, who killed their own mutton and imported their own wines, have nearly all passed away—and, if the truth be told, we have no great loss in them. It is a pity that, in losing this class, we seem to have lost their genuine hospitality also. I know that there are exceptions—so, Sir Julian need not think that I mean any thing personal respecting Tressilian Court—but the open house and the open-hearted hospitality of our English gentry seem to have vanished. and cold ceremony appears to have occupied their place.

"Yet all this is a sad digression: I return to my father. He lived happily enough among his friends, and the only care that ever flitted by him, was caused by the thought that life was short, and that he could scarcely hope to see his nine daughters married before he died. But my mother was an adept in matrimonial tactics. (I think she must have been a match-maker by intuition, for she lived far from the London marriage-marts,) so that, year after year, a daughter was sent into nunnial currency.

"Heaven only knows how this was accomplished, for no fortunes were paid down, or promised,—it was known that the estate would go to the elder branch of the family,—and it was not the beauty of my sisters that got them wedded into the best families in the county,—for I may say, and that without any very extraordinary vanity, that I, plain as I am, was by far the handsomest of the lot!"

"Here, in all the pride of conscious beauty, her ladyship made a momentary pause, and, almost involuntarily, her eyes turned to the reflection of herself in a splendid glass opposite the ottoman on which she reclined. Her auditors saw the glance, and her cheek glowed as she caught the eager look of admiration which the Major turned upon her. At this moment she really looked beautiful,—so she felt that the ardour of his look might be forgiven. When was there woman who ever felt really angry at the homage rendered to her charms?

"Nay—not a word! I see what you would say—so spare me your compliments. But really my sisters were not very distinguished for beauty. But then they were pretty well accomplished—as accomplishments went at that time. They could draw a little,—play a little,—dance a great deal,—and were most notable housekeepers. You smile—let me tell you that this last is a first-rate advantage in the country. A woman, so endowed, although portiuneless in worldly matters, is something of a prize in a country household. If she does not bring a fortune, she can make one!

"However it happened is of little moment now, but it is certain that my sisters, to use the proper and conventual terms, are all exceedingly well off! I have had a more stirring life—I have moved in higher circles—I have been stanzaded for my beauty—I have been courted for my wit (mind, I use the words that others used, for I hate wit, and I am little of a beauty)—I have been as happy as most women in my station; but I question whether, after all, my enjoyments—society, love, fashion, flattery, literature—have been more in value or in number than theirs. Yet, they spent their lives in what I may call a state of human vegetation! The same dull round of routine employments,—the same homely and household pursuits,—the same unintellectual society,—the same sort of stupid husban"d, whose highest ambition is to breed cattle for the county agricultural association, or to enforce a rate in the parish vestry, or dine at an inn with the county member,—the same sort of bullet-headed children, with straight locks and chubby cheeks,—the same petty jealousies
The Heiress.

The same hum-drum society—have formed the doom of my contented sisters, and in that doom they have been happy! It is extremely well that we all have not the same tastes. Such a life as theirs would kill me in a week.

"Well, eight of my father's daughters were taken off his hands—you see that I can use the true market phrase—before I was fifteen. I was the ninth, and the youngest by many years. When all the rest had been disposed of, literally to the best bidders, I was yet such a mere child in years and thought, that matrimony was a goal to which, for some time at least, my steps were not to be directed. Perhaps, as I was the beauty of the family,—mind, I only use the word comparatively—I was kept on hands a little longer, in the hope of being more advantageously disposed of! Perhaps, my youth would have been no great impediment to my 'settlement in life,'—how convenient are these terms!—but my mother died suddenly, and I was sent to a fashionable boarding-school, at Derby, until 'further orders.'

"We knew very little more of the relative to whom my father intended leaving the estate, than that he was eccentric, very rich, and very old. On the formal announcement of my mother's death, he sent a letter of condolence, written in very courteous terms,—requesting particular information respecting the domestic affairs of our family,—and intimating a desire that, connected in blood as we were, we should also be connected in friendship.

"In his usually frank and hearty manner, my father replied that it should not be his fault, if a friendship were not formed and fostered. From this followed such an interchange of compliments, that, some six months after the correspondence commenced, Sir Edward Morton invited my father to visit him at his seat in Yorkshire.

"The visit was paid, and each father must have loudly sounded the praises of his child, for they agreed that the estates should be united by the bond matrimonial. I was fluttered and flattered at receiving a notification that I was to proceed forthwith to Morton Hall, where my father still remained. I had a vague suspicion that something in the marriage line was on the tapis, for my father's recent letters had been brimful with praises of Mr. Henry Morton—the only child of his host. The praises must have all been on hearsay, for young Morton was then on the Continent.

"I was received at Morton Hall as if I were Sir Edward's daughter, instead of his guest. We women have a sort of freemasonry by which we can see when we are likely to become favourites, and I saw at a glance, that I was on the high road into the old baronet's heart. He was so kind, so considerate, so generous, that I must have been cold indeed, if I did not seek to repay him by all the attentions in my power.

"Soon after my arrival I was summoned to a cabinet council in the library, where, after a preliminary harangue of half an hour, my father informed me that Sir Edward and himself had agreed that Henry Morton should marry me, and that it was expected that I should make no objection to this arrangement. Sir Edward added a few words to the effect that he knew my disposition was exactly similar to that of his dear son, and this gave him assurance that the union would be a happy one. The gentlemen quite forgot that neither party had yet seen the other. But a family compact of this nature, does not include much regard for the feelings or affections,—it is simply an affair of business, and not an affair of the heart!

"I usually have a good memory,—yet I forget what reply I gave to this matrimonial proposal. Perhaps I gave none—perhaps none was expected. At any rate the affair was looked upon as fixed, and I was sent back to school, loaded with presents.

"In a few months I was suddenly summoned home;—my father was on his death-bed, and I arrived in time to receive his blessing and see him die, Although he was a negative character in society, as a man, he was a kind parent, and the tears which I shed for him were neither few nor unmerited.

"On his will being opened, it appeared that he had saved a considerable sum annually from his income, and this accumulation, divided between my sisters, was some consolation to them for the remaining provisions of the will, which stated that, by mutual agreement between Sir Edward Morton and my father, it had been determined that Henry Morton should become the husband of Isabella Carlisle—that he should tender his hand to me
within one year after his father's death, and that in case either party declined to make or accept such offer, the united estates were to become the sole property of the other. If the refusal came from the gentleman, he was to be cut off with an annuity of $300 a year, if from me, I was to have one-third of that sum as my yearly income. There were other provisions, one of which prohibited either party from adding any thing to the income of the other. All this would have been of little use in a mere will, for it was evident that my father could not control the manner in which Sir Edward Morton might wish to dispose of his property—but it appeared that there was a bond between Sir Edward and my father, in which, under immense forfeitures, the compact was confirmed. Very soon after this Sir Edward Morton also died, and his 'last will and testament' was found to correspond in these essential points with that of my father. They had taken care to fence their wishes by all that the law could render most binding. The union of the estates was an important matter of the union of hearts, they thought nothing!

"Here then was I, at the age of sixteen, a conditional heiress, and a conditional wife! Sir Henry Morton soon returned to England, and was little pleased to find the conditions on which his paternal estates were bequeathed to him. You would hardly blame him for taking legal advice upon his father's will. I am little of a lawyer, but I believe that some short time before he quitted England on his continental tour, he had joined in what is called 'cutting off the entail,' which I fancy gave his father a power to alienate the property as he wished. Poor Sir Henry was heart-sick to find himself in this dilemma. Although he did not conceal his chagrin, he did not attempt to dispute the validity of his father's 'last will and testament.'

"Did he dislike me? No. He had never seen me—scarcely knew, until now, that such a being was in existence—but he had romantic feelings—was of an imaginative turn of mind—and of acute sensibility. It is no wonder, therefore, that he had a horror of being obliged to marry 'per order,' as the tradesmen have it. He did not attempt to disguise his feelings, and through one friend or another, I was not long left in ignorance of his avowed intention to decline my hand. What an affront!—not to let me have the pleasure of refusing him! But I was not very much displeased with this report of the young baronet's spirit:—I think I should have heartily despised him, had he made up his mind, as some of the sex would have done, to take the estates, with myself as the encumbrance; but from the moment I heard that he vowed he would only see me once, to tell me that he would not wed me, he grew rapidly in my esteem."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

The white cliffs of Britain emerge on my sight,
And the scenes that my fathers beheld with delight;
The birth-place of freedom, the land of the brave,
The hate of the tyrant, the hope of the slave,
Dear brother Atlanties forget not the ties;
Laws, language, life, liberties,—all that ye prize.

Like the farewell of Summer, the fall of the year,
How peacefully pleasant her valleys appear;
The streamlet glides swiftly around the green hill,
And the trees that hang o'er are beautiful still.

In transport I kneel on her heart-hallow'd shore,
And fervently pray that all strife may be o'er;
Alas! that ambition or rivalry's frown,
Should banish the glory of either's renown.

For here are the tombs where our fathers are laid,
And here are the temples in which they have pray'd;
These fields are the same that were trodden before,
By kindred and friends who will tread them no more.
ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNA MARIA, OF PORTUGAL, WITH THE MARQUIS LOULÉE.

[The event alluded to, it is believed, is unexampled in modern times, from the heroic devotion of this lovely Princess, who yielded all her royal claims for the purpose, with the acquiescence of her Majesty, the Queen of Mother. The late John VI, on the sudden and dubious death of the Marquis’s father, declared that “he would be his father.” His Majesty placed him near his royal person, highly favoured him; and thus, in his intercourse with the Royal Family, originated the passion which has ended in a delightful union. The Marquis is remarkably handsome, and entirely unaffected in his manners; so also is his consort. They determined upon travel, almost incognito, the now simple Marchioness observing that “her presence among the Portuguese people can be in no way necessary.”]

Let prouder poets weave the verse in vain,
For formal throbings of the courtly train;
I, nothing envious, but seek to prove
A simple theme of self-devoted love.

Bright was the morn, and placid was the hour,
When Royal Anna felt love’s pleasing power;
Like that fair morn, may all her wishes prove,
Nor hapless hour arise to blight her love.
Long, long shall both, his kindred name revere,
Where sorrow ever found a ready tear:
Who could the monarch with the father share,
And thus exclaim “Here seek a father’s care!”

So war’d, so unforbidden, unrepress’d,
Stole the soft flame upon fair Anna’s breast;
Ah, Venus, who of all thy train shall tell,
Of one who loved so wisely and so well?
Bid the bright nymphs who swell th’ Idalian tale
Of ancient lore, in court or lowly vale,
And who with many an adverse storm have strove,
Say—if like fair Anna they gave all for love!
Let the proud swains of early Greece declare
If e’er they found a manly form more fair;
The mild descendant of a noble race,
Unmindful of his rank’s commanding grace,
Yet by love’s soft attraction touch’d alone,
By one who bore alliance to a throne!
Ah! Venus, haply, with Minerva strove,
When Anna thus declared herself for love:

High is my birth, and proud the name I bear,
But what are these if Nunez cannot share?
Let not Braganza’s crown descend to me,
If, noble youth, I bear it not with thee!
The Sylph Lover.

All, all I yield, unheeded let us roam,
In thy dear bosom is my native home:
Bear me to wilds far distant,—let me be
Alicen to thrones—but not forgot by thee!

The virgin Queen of Heaven, she sure may move
Who yields all hopes on earth for purest love:
Maternal goodness gave the fond assent,
That bore to all, blest gift of Heaven, content.

Hail, happy youth—hail, happy, happy fair,
May gentle fate your love and beauty spare;
And long may doubting lovers from your fame,
When thrilled by power, a grand example claim:
For what on earth can higher transport move,
Than that which springs from pure and hallow’d love.

THE SYLPH LOVER.

A FANTASTIC TALE, FROM A BRETON LEGEND.

"Twas I that led you through the painted meads,
Where the light fairies danced upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.

Old Play, 1600.—"Wisdom of Doctor Dodgson."

"Yes, dame Isabeau, we have with pain noticed the negligent manner in which your daughter has performed her duties. But one confession since Christmas last! and I verily believe that she slept in sermon-time at the church of Coucy. We have all a paternal regard for our vassals of the abbey, and when, like lost sheep, they wander from the right way, we bring them back with affectionate solicitude."

Here Frere Jehan paused to take breath. He leant back in the wooden arm-chair, made a sigh of compassion, and gave a scrutinising glance at the pretty Eloise to see how she took his lecture.

Now Frere Jehan was a fine plump monk of the rich order of the Premonstratensians. His curled black beard was neatly clipped in a circle round his face, his eyes shone like two pieces of live coal, and his large cheeks were of a bright claret colour. His gown was of the finest cloth, girded by a costly silk belt. In spite, however, of his florid jocund appearance, there was a sinister expression of mouth and eye that declared to the observant beholder that Frere Jehan was a sensual egotist.

"Sainc Salaberge," muttered dame Isabeau, "have I not told you, child, that you must go oftener to church. The reverend father is very kind to trouble himself about your welfare. Why do you not thank him, and promise to profit by his advice?"

Eloise replied not: she was in a profound reverie. Her thoughts were wandering far enough from the cottage and the holy visiter.

"How! have you nothing to say? Think you that no apology is due for sleeping at a sermon?"

"Ah, pardon me, mother! I did not sleep at Frere Jehan’s sermon; I only closed my eyes—that I might think."

Dame Isabeau held up her hands—"Here is a pretty reply! Is it not a sad thing, father, for me, so good a Christian, to have a girl who chooses to think with her eyes shut in sermon-time?"

"Do not make yourself unhappy, mother," replied Eloise; and then she added, with repugnance and in embarrassment, "I hope the reverend father will pardon me if I have unwittingly offended him."

"For all sin there is mercy, fair child," said Frere Jehan; "and those who repent are half-pardoned."

But his words were lost on Eloise, who was already again absorbed in thought. On what could her thoughts be dwelling with such deep attention?

There was nothing but the old poplars to be seen through the diamonded panes and heavy wood-work of the pointed windows of the grange. As their pale leaves shivered in the clear moonlight, they traced a thousand fantastic shadows on the walls and ceiling of the low-roofed room.

"Father," said dame Isabeau in a half-
whispering confidential tone, "you must not be angry with this child, who has no ill intentions. In truth, she is a very singular maiden; and if she goes not often to church or shrift, she goes still seldomer to feasts and festivals. It is more than six Sundays since she has joined her companions in the village dances. She takes delight in nothing but to sit dreaming as you see her now, and when she is alone she talks unceasingly to herself."

"Solitude is not good for young girls," said Frere Jehan; "it encourages bad thoughts."

"Ah, if with all this estrangement from the world she had had a little more devotion, I know well what I should have thought of for her: it would have been a religious life. But that is not possible."

"Why is it not possible? dame Isabeau. Confound the matter to me, and we will soon make a little nun of her. I will undertake her religious instruction, and her admission among the Cordeliere sisters of St. Quentin. The abbess is one of my relations."

Eloise turned on him impetuously—"I will not be a nun—do not reckon on it: I will die first!"

Frere Jehan and her mother were perplexed at this sudden explosion. Eloise continued, in an under-voice, as if talking to herself—

"I who love to wander on the banks of the rivulet when the moon sleeps on the meadows—I who love the clearings in the woods when the sunset gilds the green leaves—I who love to dance by myself when the breeze sings more harmoniously than the viol of the jongleur—I who love the free air of the heavens, and they would deprive me of all this!" Then she added, with angry determination, "I will not be a nun!" and darting through the tears that filled her rebel eyes a glance of rage on Frere Jehan, the charming girl quitted the room.

"What a strange child!" said her mother. "Where can she have learnt all the odd things she has been talking of? For my part, Frere Jehan, I understand no more of them than of the Latin in your breviary. But," continued she, lowering her voice, "she was born on the holy eve of Advent, and I believe she sees visions."

"Indeed!" replied the monk. "At present, farewell, mere Isabeau. I will think of some way to convert your daughter."

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This Eloise was, indeed, a strange girl. She had no companions among her laughing rosy compatriots of the village; she always avoided them, and still more their vulgar-bred brothers, whose company and conversation inspired her with disgust, which she did not try to conceal. The beauty of Eloise was of an order that the rude villagers could not comprehend. Her fair and delicately-formed features, her redundancy of light silken curls, her airy figure and dreamy smile, which never appeared during the laughter of others, made her seem like the inhabitant of another world whenever she mixed unwillingly with the Sunday sports and dances of her neighbours. She seemed like a daughter of one of those Druids who used to unveil the future to her Celtic ancestors.

She entered her lonely little chamber, which occupied the eastern corner of the low-roofed cottage-garage. Ivy and honeysuckle hung from the thatch, and half-obscured the open window, which was nearly level with the velvet turf below, and the breath of early spring flowers came sweetly through the open casement. The heart of Eloise was ready to burst when she thought of the hateful proposition of Frere Jehan. She shed a few tears, then shook her pretty head with an air of resolution, threw down her silken curls, and made her night toilet.

Her light was extinguished, and everything was still. Then a voice was heard from one corner of the chamber, high, clear, and brilliant as the vibration of silver, or the ringing of glasses in unison.

"Mistress, my dear mistress! I am here. Good evening, fair mistress."

Eloise started up.

"How! you here at such an hour! When did I give you leave to enter my sleeping-chamber? Away with you, or I will call aloud and scare you hence."

The voice became more plaintive, and murmured more sweetly than the goldfinch when disturbed in his night covert among the embowering leaves.

"Do not chide me, mistress. Consider, unkind mistress, that you have not talked with me since yesterday."

"How exacting he has become! Not talked to him for four-and-twenty hours! One might as well have the tyranny of an earthly lover."

"Oh, what a vile welcome is she giving me! I who have worked for her so hard since yesterday! I have neither
sported in wood nor mead; I have
milked the black cow, and caught the kids;
I have driven home the ten lambs from
pasture; I set out the milk and skimmed
the cream without wasting any; I churned
the butter, and I watered her flowers; I
dressed up her chamber so prettily with
violets and primroses. It was I that drove
out the tormenting gnats, one by one;
and now, my only recompense is harsh
words!"

At the conclusion a gentle sob or two
was heard.

"Well, Verdin, my friend, be reason-
able. Come here, child, and talk to me a
little without complaining, and I will let
you stay."

The voice warbled an harmonious mur-
muring, expressive of pleasure.

"Knowest thou, my Verdin," said
Eloise, "that they want to make a nun
of me?"

A burst of silvery laughter was the
reply.

"Laughest thou, then, malign fay, at
that which makes me weep? Thou wilt
laugh when they bury me alive in their
black cloisters; for I shall die from want
of the light of heaven in the dark lone
convent cell."

At that moment a rustling and scram-
bling was heard under the casement. Eloise
gave a cry, for the purple visage of Frere
Jehan was seen by the light of the moon,
as the wicked monk tried to climb in at
the open window.

At that moment Frere Jehan received
so terrible a buffet on the ear from an un-
seen hand, that he fell back on the turf
half-stunned, while a voice sharp as a sil-
ver-whistle pierced his ear, saying—

"Oh, oh! Frere Jehan, you pay visits
by night, and watch under the windows
of young girls. Old loup garou, Ou! Ou!
ou! ou!"

Sorely bruised and frightened, Frere
Jehan gathered himself up, and without
tarrying to revenge the affront, fled home
to his convent; but all along his path
every bush, and stump, and old doddered
oak seemed to twist itself into fantastic
semblances with goblin heads branching
into uncouth horns, while he was pursued
by the shrill shouting in his ear of "Ou!
ou! ou! ou! Jehan!—old loup garou, ou!
ou! ou! ou!"

Now the intentions of Frere Jehan in
regard to Eloise were any thing but pure
and righteous. It was her perversions, not
her conversion, that he had in view; nor
did he believe that so lonely and friendless
a creature could oppose the slightest re-
sistance to the wickedness he had planned.

Frere Jehan was a man of a strong bold
character, not easily turned from a project
once formed; nevertheless, he was strangely
perplexed by the force of the buffett he had
received beneath the window of the cham-
ber of Eloise. The hand that had be-
stowed it with such hearty good will was
invisible, it is true; but, from its stunning
weight, he was certain that it was not
given by Eloise herself, however good her
intentions might be to chastise his intru-
sion. As to the goblin heads with the
grotesque horns and ears that he had seen
popping and peering at him over the
hedges as he fled homeward to his con-
vent, Frere Jehan was in his secret soul a
total disbeliever in the existence of such a
spiritual world—he did not even believe in
his breviary. He accounted for these things
from natural causes; and the odd sights
he had seen, and the reproaches from the
thrilling voice of some invisible enemy
which pursued him in his flight, were, after
much cogitation, attributed to the con-
fusion in his own head, produced by the
stunning effect of that astounding buffett
from the mortal arm of some lover of
Eloise, whose interview had been inter-
rupted by him. Boiling with rage and
jealousy at this supposition, the monk
swore by his flock that he would be re-
venged on the presumptuous wretch that
dared to interfere with the arrangements
of the church.

Frere Jehan therefore abstained from
openly paying his weekly visits to the
grange of Isabeau, the mother of Eloise;
but he spent the principal part of his time
watching the premises and lurking about
the precincts, to spy out the visitor that
shared the solitude of the damsel.

For many an evening the wicked old
sinner had crept, half double, crouching,
and listening, beneath the hawthorn and
sweetbrier hedge that bounded the gar-
den of the widow Isabeau, without making
any discovery to reward him for so much
trouble, when one lovely starlight sum-
mer's night he heard a soft whispering
that proceeded from the interior of a thick
arbore of clipped myrtle, behind which,
screened by the close shelter it afforded,
the monk had ensconced his unholy cor-
poration. The whisperings soon became
more audible, and he distinctly heard Eloise say—

"It is now some weeks since I have been pestered with the company of that wicked monk: I assure thee, my Verdin, that I love thee more than ever, for having rid me of him thus effectually. He always frightened me, and I never thought he would have offended me so much laughter as he did when you sent him rolling on the grass."

Fresh bursts of laughter were then mingled with the jocund voice of Eloise, as she concluded this demonstration of her gratitude. Frere Jehan was indignant with rage; but still continued to listen.

"If he had ever returned to torment you," said another speaker, "I had commissioned a swarm of hornets to favour him with their company on the road; they were to buzz! buzz! buzz! round his bald head and thick neck, and dart their stings into him if he approached the cottage. Eloise, you are guarded from sunrise to sunset, by these emissaries of your Verdin."

The conversation had taken so strange a turn, that the monk, though he distinctly heard the sweet silvery voice of the speaker, scarcely believed himself in his right senses; he remembered that he had been worried with a plague of hornets whenever he went near the precincts of the grange, but he did not suppose they had any particular commission to annoy him. Presently the voice of the last speaker resumed.

"Is not, my Eloise, the dew of honey-suckles and eglantine, distilled with the honey of violets, more sweet and nourishing to thee than the milk of the black cow?"

"Yes," replied Eloise, "and when I have imbibed some drops I seem to lose my earthly nature in an ethereal existence. I seem as if the rays of the sun would draw me to the clouds like the dew, and when I dance in the meadow, I seem as if I scarcely touched the heads of the flowers with my feet."

"Ah, you must come to our lunar festivals, then you will delight in resiping the delicious essences that my brethren compound from the rich flowers of those bright countries that the sun looks upon with more fervour than he vouchsafes to the western hemisphere. You must become one of us, my little fay."

"Your little fay, indeed!—you know that I am not so yet—nor perhaps shall ever be—for I shall one day be forgotten for some beautiful daughter of the air. Alas, poor Eloise is not adorned like your proud sylphides, with a rainbow-coloured scarf and a flaming carbuncle ring!"

"As for the scarf, my beauty, that shall one day be yours, and here is the ring. Guard it well, and if I should happen to be far from you when any danger threatens you, turn it round thrice on your finger, and wave your hand thrice in the air, calling thrice on my name, and I should hear the summons and come to you were I at the uttermost extremity of the firmament. Quicker than light would I be at your side. I must soon leave you a while, Eloise. The lady of our green country is incensed against me: for two new moons have I neglected to appear at her solemn assemblies of the children of the air; I must attend her the new moon, or this beautiful queen, who is my mother, and has sometimes her caprices, will perhaps punish me by a long imprisonment."

"Did I not foretell that thou wert meditating to forsake me, and this ring, which I value not, is meant for a parting gift. Ah, deceitful Verdin! thou art tired of hovering near me! Of what avail are thy presents when I shall see thee no more; and how do I know that thou wilt come though I use the spell thou hast taught me?"

"How, my love, thinkest thou that I deceive thee? Did not a power stronger than my own compel me, I would never quit thee till I won thy consent to leave your mother and home, and follow me here to the green isles of the air. But now I promise you that my absence shall not exceed the first week of the Midsummer new moon, if thou wilt consent to part with me to-morrow."

"Well, then, confirm this promise by a vow."

"I swear it to you, on the faith of a fay."

Frere Jehan here pushed aside the thick foliage, in a desperate attempt to get a glance at this extraordinary speaker. To his astonishment he saw the glittering wings of an enormous butterfly, which, gleaming in the starlight, reflected a thousand hues of phosphoric colour, like mother-of-pearl. To the wings themselves were attached the figure of a beautiful young man, as fair as an angel. Frere Jehan had scarcely assured himself of this strange
sight, when he received another astounding buffet from an invisible hand, that sent him rolling to the bottom of a deep pond, close on the borders of which his hiding-place happened to be.

Frere Jehan, after some floundering, at length crawled out, covered with water-weeds. When he came to land, out of sheer terror he made the sign of the cross, and the fright he was in went nigh to make him a Christian.

"Holy Lady of Liesse, are these things possible?" said one of the gossips of the village, to another old woman, who was in the middle of a marvellous tale.

"Possible; yes, truly, neighbour Rainblaud, she is possessed by a demon!"

"May our lady pardon me, mere Salaberge, but I cannot believe it. A young maid, so soft, so sweet, so modest, that she seemed scarcely to dare to raise her eyes from the ground."

"Nevertheless all is true—and let me tell you, that a young girl who loves neither morning church, nor evening dance, is sure to come to harm."

"But do they say that the goblin was seen in her company? What was he like?"

"Oh, like a fearful black demon, with black horns and a serpent tail."

Then I saw him one evening fly over the roof of our house, but he looked to me like a great bat! Have they not carried the sorceress to prison?"

"Oh yes, and to-day the Lord Abbot and all his monks are sitting in judgment on her."

This dialogue took place at the entry of the great hall of the Abbey of the Premonstreaus.

The vast hall was hung with black, and black draperies covered also the monks' stalls.

A suppressed murmur pervaded the assembly as the accused was led before the monkish tribunal.

The young fair girl looked deadly pale, and her long light hair fell in disordered curls over her face; she was unable to support herself at the bar of the tribunal, and a seat was brought her: she fell backwards into it with the hue of death on her features.

The heartrending appearance of this poor maiden, so fair and helpless, awakened a feeling of compassion throughout the assembly. An expression of deep concern sat on the placid indolent features of the Lord Abbot, and the good old man was resolved, unless witnesses were most pertinacious against her, to acquit the prisoner.

"Eloise Norbert," said he, addressing her, "you are accused of a very great crime: may the Virgin help you in proving your innocence."

The poor girl raised her drooping head, and made a painful effort to discover the appearance of the place into which she had been conveyed, so much were her eyelids swollen from excessive weeping.

"What have I done?" murmured she, "I have never wrought harm to a living creature. Those persons are very wicked that bring an accusation against me. And again her face was suffused with tears.

"You are accused of the greatest crime; that a human being can commit against God—of a fearful communion with his enemy."

"How?" cried Eloise, opening her large blue eyes with astonishment: "I do not even know any one who is an enemy to the great, good God."

"You are familiar with a devil."

Eloise uttered a piercing cry of terror. "I!" exclaimed she. "Is it I who am accused of being acquainted with that horrible spirit that comes on earth during dark nights to carry away the souls of dying sinners, that they may burn for ever in that vast gulf of fire—which is far—far—a great way off from here? Oh, if I had ever seen him, I should have swooned; and if he had spoken to me, I should have died of fear. Oh, my God, who could have said such false things of me? What wicked wretch is it?"

"It is I," said Frere Jehan, advancing towards her with a brutal aspect.

Eloise turned away from him with horror. "Behold," said Frere Jehan, "how the guilty damsel quails before me: she cannot abide my look. Her confusion is a proof of her crime, for she knows I was an eye-witness of it."

Then Frere Jehan recounted, that twice being accidentally near the grange of Isabeau, he had been witness of the nocturnal interviews of Eloise with a frightful demon, whom he combated, and, after being sorely injured in the affray, he had succeeded in putting the foul fiend to flight; and he called on his brethren of the convent to witness how bruised and mistreated he had twice returned from the grange.
Eloise raised herself suddenly from her seat, with an air of determination that animated her pale features.

"You bear false witness before God," she cried, "and you thirst for my innocent blood from a spirit of vengeance, because I would not be subservient to your base purposes—for this reason you have invented this fearful charge against me."

A murmur of indignation was raised in the assembly against Frere Jehan.

As for him, he did not lose a particle of his assurance.

"Criminals," he replied coolly, "have always recourse to vague retributions in order to invalidate the testimony of those who bring proof of their guilt: but dare you swear that you do not receive the visits of a spirit?"

"Why should I imperil my poor soul by a wicked perjury? Yes, I own that I have a spiritual being for a lover—but what harm is there in that?"

"Her own lips have accused her!" exclaimed Frere Jehan, with a barbarous shout of triumph.

All the spectators shuddered, and the good Abbot turned away and wept.

Eloise perceived too late the cruel cunning of her enemy.

"Yes," she explained, "I love a spirit it is true, but he is not an evil one—black and malignant—such as you describe him—he is a sylph, and every one knows that sylphs and fays are not devils."

All the spectators made a sign of assent. The tribunal of monks seemed indecisive, for they knew the tradition concerning these beings, whose nature was very doubtful in their eyes.

"Heresy!" shouted the malignant witness, Frere Jehan; "heresy! a new crime against the accused! The scriptures speak but of angels and devils—the fantastic beings of whom you speak, either do not exist, or are demons in disguise."

The villagers and their wives stood amazed at the great learning of Frere Jehan, although there was a general manifestation of disapprobation at the hardihood of his speech.

"No," he resumed, nothing daunted by the expression of public displeasure, "I declare that there are neither fairies, nor goblins, nor sylphs."

"Ou, ou! ah, ah!" shouted voices above; all present raised their eyes to the groined roof of the conventual hall. There the grotesque heads, carved in oak, that adorned the beams of the rich gothic architecture, seemed in a state of animation, rolling their eyes hideously, and lolling out their tongues at Frere Jehan. He seized the crucifix and held it aloft, as if to defend himself from the powers of evil."

"Vade retro, Satanus!" said he.

"Ou, ou! ah, ah!" replied the heads.

"See you not, my brethren, the artifices of this youthful sorcerer—let the country be instantly freed from the dangerous creature."

Terror dispelled all pity. Eloise was unanimously condemned to be burnt alive.

She heard her sentence without uttering a word, only when the men-at-arms of the Lord de Coucy came to lead her from the hall, she was heard to exclaim, "My mother! my poor mother!"

Alike deserted by her parent and her friends (for her weak ignorant mother shared in the general terror), the forlorn Eloise lay alone and half dead in the deepest dungeon beneath the great tower of De Coucy. Cold drops of water fell from the moist roof on her burning brow, unheeded by the unhappy girl. The long fair curls, that a sylph had so often embalmed with his kisses, lay spread on the damp clay of the floor. Something entangled itself among them. Eloise started to consciousness, with the natural horror that humanity feels at the approach of reptile life—it was a toad creeping over her hair. She sat up and repelled the harmless but disgusting familiarity of the animal. She sobbed bitterly—she thought of her mother, of the beautiful sky and verdant earth that she was never again to behold: she thought of her lover, and felt that worst pang of woman's heart, that she was forsaken.

She thought of the ring he had given her, but it was vain to endeavour the trial of its power, for the cruel Frere Jehan, during her first consternation at finding herself seized and accused, had torn it from her finger.

Presently her confused thoughts took a new turn, and she asked herself whether indeed Frere Jehan was not in the right, and whether she had not been deceived by the illusions of the evil one, under the disguise of the beautiful sylph Verdin. These horrible thoughts at times distracted her mind, already enfeebled by suffering
and despair; and at intervals the thought
of eternal perdition shook her soul.
In one of these dreadful moments a
strange and unnatural voice called her
thrice by name; it was sharp and hoarse
as a grating wheel.
The poor girl uttered a cry of terror,
for, casting her eyes to the corner whence
the sound proceeded, she saw, illumined
by a lurid light, a hideous figure, thick
and dwarfish, having a huge ill-proportioned
head, with matted bushy elf-locks,
beneath which glared eyes that glowed,
red and ardent, like burning coals.
"Oh, holy Virgin, aid me!" shrieked
 Eloise; "the bad spirit who deceived me
has come in his own shape to make me
his prey! Help! help!"
"Silence," said the visitant, "I am
not a demon, but a gnome, and I am
come to save you, on one condition."
"It is Verdin, then, that has sent thee
to help me," cried Eloise, gathering
hope from his reply; "pardon me, good
gnome."
"No, it is not he. Listen; the ring
that he gave thee I have stolen from Frere
Jehan; but it is useless to me, unless its
lawful possessor consign it to me—such
are the conditions of its magic power.
Yield it to me with your consent, and I
will deliver thee from this dungeon."

Eloise reflected a moment. "But if I
should agree to transfer it to thee, tell me
what use thou wouldst make of it?"
"What matters it to thee?"
"If you do not tell me the truth, you
shall not have it."
"Well, then, the sylph Verdin is my
enemy; while he is in possession of his
powerful ring, I cannot harm him; but
if he willingly relinquishes it to another,
and that other, knowing the circumstances
of the case, without deception on my
part, transfers it willingly to me, the sylph
will fall into my power, and I will impris-
on him for a hundred years, in a dark-
some bed of coal, in my lowest mine."

"Away with you, gnome," said Eloise,
turning from him to the wall.
"How! do you refuse?"
"Yes, away with you, wicked one!"
The gnome sent forth sharp laughs of
derision. "Fool! to-morrow I shall see
thee burn on the pile!"
"But you will not see me betray my
Verdin."

"He cannot help you, nevertheless,
for I have the ring that was to summon
him if harm befell you; and though I can-
not use it myself, I will take care that it
shall not be used by you."
"Malignant gnome," said Eloise, "your
nature being evil, I know it were vain
to implore you to have pity on me; yet have
you taken from me the bitterness of death,
by confirming to my heart the truth of my
lover. I die, it is true, but Verdin knows
not of my misery. Hideous being, I thank
you for the comfort you have brought
me."
The gnome received her thanks with a
harsh cry of displeasure, and vanished
with a shock that made the old tower reel
over the head of the poor captive.
Strange as was this appearance, Eloise
soon afterwards sunk into a deep sleep,
the first she had known since she parted
from her lover.
At sunrise, the trampling of heavy steps
awoke her. It was the executioner and
his assistants. At the sight of the abhor-
rent man, dressed in red, the poor girl
sunk on the ground in an agony of terror,
but it was in vain to shrink from her
dreadful doom; the executioner raised
her in his arms, and when her animation
returned, she found herself on the horrid
pile, chained to a black stake, in the
middle of the extensive court of the castle
of De Coucy. Although it was a mid-
summer morning, the sky was darkened
with heavy clouds, which were accumu-
lated one upon another with a blackness
of more awful character than that which
usually betokens a summer storm, and the
low pendant heavens seemed fraught with
more direful artillery than in a mere thun-
der-shower. Lightning of a lurid colour
occasionally sent forth its flashes, and a
perpetual roll of distant thunder formed an
awful running bass to the confused sound
of human tongues that was heard around
the pile where the unhappy girl was about
to be sacrificed.
Frere Jehan stood in the front of the
pile, and casting one of his malignant
scowls on the victim, offered to her ado-
ration a huge crucifix. Eloise, shudder-
ing, turned from him with abhorrence,
and closed her eyes, not on the symbol of
the faith, but to shut out the view of its
vile bearer.
"Behold, my brethren," said he to the
spectators, "how the sorceress rejects the
comfort of the church, and its ministers.
Executioner, fire the pile."
The flames rose slowly from three sides
The Sylph Lover.

of the pile, in the heavy atmosphere, as the executioner and his assistants applied the torches. At that instant the collected force of the tempest appeared to burst over the spot. A mighty blast of tempestuous wind beat down the smoke, and scattered it over the plain: an arrowy glance of vivid lightning darted direct on the iron cross borne by Frere Jehan, and a crash of thunder was heard that dispersed executors and spectators in terror, and sent them in divers directions in search of present shelter. Then began one of those awful storms that in the course of ages has been known to devastate the vineyards and harvests of the fair continent of France; and this fierce tempest of hailstones, which brought famine and plague in its train, is spoken of with equal horror in the chronicles of the twelfth century, as the celebrated hail-tempest of the last age, which hurried on the Revolution, by the means of the dearth of wine and bread which it caused in 1790.

When, towards the close of day, the uproar of the elements had subsided, the authorities of the village of De Coucy visited the spot where they had left the miserable Eloise, chained to the stake, and enveloped in the flames of the newly-kindled pile. The wood was scattered unconsumed in every direction. Frere Jehan lay dead before the pile, struck by lightning, but all trace of the victim had disappeared; the chain was void that had bound her, and no mark of fire appeared near the spot where she had stood.

The last stroke of midnight was sounding from the abbey-clock of Vermand. Upon the verdant platform that had once formed a Roman camp, were scattered bright gleams that presented to view a scene unequalled on this earth. On every leaf of the three great elms that crowned the mound, which had of old borne the prefect’s tent, hung a glow-worm, while little watch-fires of various coloured flame, of rose-coloured, green, azure, or violet, showed that an army of sylphs was keeping the station on the places once occupied by the cohorts of fallen Rome. Sylphides every instant arrived, alighting from shooting stars. On these they glided down from the regions of upper air to the place of rendezvous, during their lunar revels. Each sylphide was attired in her rainbow scarf, and wore her flaming ring of carbuncles, while the sylphs danced round them, fanning their butterfly wings, and welcoming each newcomer with a magic song.

From the edge of the forest peeped out the goblins of the wood in odd groups; the goblins of the marsh glided about with the lanterns that seduce travellers into their miry pools; the heavy gnomes or goblins of the earth, with their hideous forms, and mantles sparkling with gold, now and then appeared through opening rents of earth. Although the first night of the new moon is jubilee to the spirits of earth and air, yet none dared interrupt the festivities of the beauteous sylphs, whom all the spiritual world looked up to with envy as their superiors in power and perfection. The queen of the sylphs joined not in the accustomed solemnity: a cloud was on her beautiful brow, and her agate sceptre trembled in her hand.

“Verdin,” she said; “oh, Verdin, you shall be punished, my son; this is the third new moon that I have missed you from my side! I will imprison you in a hollow willow for a whole year!”

The prince of the sylphs approached his mother in lowly timidity, to plead the cause of his younger brother.

“Pardon, my queen and lady, pardon for our beauteous Verdin—some harm has doubtless befallen him, for lately, when I met him winging his way between Mercury and the Sun, his face was sad; and the last time he joined our feasts, he tasted neither the almond bread nor the essence of roses; perhaps some malignant gnomes has since caught him in his toils.”

The queen shook her head. “How,” she said, “can the heavy and circumscribed intellect of the earth-demons injure the ethereal essence of a child of free air, unless the sylph stoops to the toils of mortal passions, and cloys his bright nature with earthly desire? It is the highest triumph for a sylph to raise a frail mortal to his own bright ranks, but oftener in the attempt is the lovely child of air dragged down to the dust, and, through the faithlessness or frailty of his human lover, loses his rank as a sylph.”

At that moment Verdin appeared at the foot of the mound, supporting a pale, fair girl, who seemed dazzled by the wonders before her.

“Mother and queen,” he said, in a submissive voice, “forgive my neglect, but it is long, very long, since the subjects of the green country have been recruited
from the children of men. See the gentle
and lovely spouse I have brought home to
your realms."

The sylphide queen regarded Eloise
with a piercing glance, then, with a sweet
smile, bent forward and kissed her brow,
saying—

"Come, my sylphs, and beautiful syl-
phides, welcome this fair and faithful
bride of your youngest prince, invest her
with the iris-shaded scarf, the crown of
peacocks’ plumes, and the flaming car-
buncle ring. I will myself dance with
her on the verdant mound, and hail her as
a lady of the green country.

Such is the fanciful termination that a
legend of Brittany has given to the sad
story of some young victim to the hideous
superstition of witchcraft.* That part of
the story which alludes to the trial and
execution of the young girl through the
malice of Frere Jehan, the tale being a
popular Breton tradition, is most likely
founded on fact.

MARCH.

BY BRYANT, THE AMERICAN POET.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few, are those who speak,
Wild stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern climes again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year’s departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

* To our more recent subscribers, we would recommend the perusal of the "Last of the Burn-
ings" in Britain, a Norwich record, by Edward Lancaster, published in the Lady's Magazine
and Museum, February, 1835, page 36, which, on account of the great merit of its incidents,
had been since successfully dramatised.
BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

FAMILY OF NARCISSI—DAFFODILS, NARCISSUSES, JONQUILS.

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils
That come before the summer dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Amidst all its rich profusion of spring blossoms, March does not present us with a more lovely flower than the daffodil. In its wild state it is one of our peculiar island beauties, and as such has been celebrated by our poets.

The three great divisions of this family are styled, in floral nomenclature, daffodils, jonquils, and narcissuses. Botanists term them all Narcissi, and distinguish the different species by the second Latin name, which is called the trivial or descriptive name. For instance, Narcissus sylvestris, gives the botanical student to understand that the species named is a native of the woods. The original species of daffodils and jonquils are natives of England; but the delicate white sorts, called exclusively narcissuses, are from Italy and Greece. The distinguishing difference between jonquils, and their relatives the daffodil and narcissus, is, that the jonquil sustains a head of several smaller flowers on a one general supporting footstalk; jonquils, therefore, are unbellated or clustered daffodils; while the other species of narcissi have but one large flower supported by the footstalk. With this explanation of the botanical description of the first-named daffodil, the five natives of Britain follow naturally.

The Narcissus sylvestris, or wood daffodil, used to grow in the woods and coppices near London in great plenty, where rivulets and springs abounded. The flower sellers formerly brought them in great quantities in their baskets, pulled up by the root, flower and leaves, and sold them in that state in the metropolis; the buyers put the roots into water, and they lived for a long time. They were much esteemed by our grandmothers for their enchanting fragrance. The wood daffodil is then but an occasional visitor in our streets; it is entirely superseded by the double yellow daffodil, as few wild spring flowers are to be found now in a natural state within seven miles of London. The food of cultivated flowers is of a less delicate quality than that of their fairer and coyer country sisters.

Tame flowers are not so particular in their notions of the purity of air and water as the free denizens of the woods and meadows, who daintily retreat before the polluted atmosphere of London, and abhor the dew, sullied by smoke, which falls on their fair bosoms; nor can they delight in the gale tainted by a thousand impurities.

The wood daffodil is single, and of a most elegant form and outline, springing from an oval bulbous root, and sending forth, in February, a sharp green blade, emerging from a whitish envelope. After five or six long blue green leaves are put forth, from their centre, a palish green pouch springs up, which raises itself on a footstalk with great rapidity. This pouch is the calyx, which in most bulbous-rooted plants is called spatha. This calyx gradually assumes the appearance and almost the consistency of light brown paper, when the flower tears the sides of the spatha, and issues forth not half expanded, and standing on a secondary footstalk about an inch in height; it is joined by a tubular bright green germin, bent on one side, which gives the flower a lateral position; from this germin expand six starry petals, the size of a half-crown, of a bright primrose colour, tinted green beneath, where the germin is extended into the flower-cup. In the daffodil the corolla seems to perform the functions of a calyx, while the nectarium, which is a beautiful whole cup of a brilliant gold colour, seems especially to protect the anthers and pointal. The young botanist will observe that the germin, corolla, and nectarium are all in one piece, and that after florescence the flower-cup does not fall off, but withers. Within the golden cup, called the nectarium, are six anthers, which make the Narcissus family ranked in the class hexandria, and one pointal, which places them in the order monogynia. The petal communicates with the germin or seed vessel, which is the thick green tubular receptacle, bent sideways, from which springs the flower. This
green tube, if examined, is found to be three-cornered, and, when cut open, to contain three long cells, full of round seeds, which are found perfectly formed, though the flower be dissected while but a bud. After the flower-cup withers, the germin increases, and produces ripe seeds in July.

The wood daffodil is chosen for this botanical analysis, because it is in a single and natural state; but the double daffodil, or white narcissus, will only partially answer to this description.

"Strew me the green, round with daffydown-dillies,
And cowslips, and king-cups, and loved lilies."

Milton, in his exquisite monody, somewhat varies the appellation, and says,

"Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodilies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."

The word daffodil is an old English corruption of asphodel, perhaps with the French de prefixed, at the time of our Norman kings, when the languages of the Saxon and French were struggling together. Pope mentions

"Yellow meads of asphodel,"

Which he takes direct from the classics, and it is still a question whether the asphodel, described as an Elysian flower, by the Greek and Latin poets, was the yellow daffodil, or the lily, that we in modern times call asphodel.

Dryden alludes to this flower, but counterchanges it with its sister narcissus.

"The daughters of the flood have searched the mead
For violet pale, and cropped the poppy's head,
The short narcissus, and fair daffodil."

It is a little doubtful whether Herrick, in his address to daffodils, meant our wood daffodil, or the white narcissus; but as it may, his ode is one of the most beautiful in our language, and stands alone in its metre of singular and melodious construction.

The second species of British daffodil, is the narcissus vulgaris, or common single daffodil, called by our ancestors by the poetic name of primrose peerless, which ought to console its admirers for the harshness of the botanic vulgaris: nor is this a just nomenclature, for the primrose peerless in a wild state is rather capricious as to the choice of its native seat. It is a flower delighting in water, but, discarding muddy or stagnant marshes, it loves to grow with its bulbs immersed in pure spring water, and is a native of the north of England, growing in lovely profusion on the margins or in the shallows of the lakes, fed by mountain streams. The blossoms are larger than the wood daffodil above described, and its starry petals extend to the size of a crown piece. The corolla is of a lively light yellow, and the inner cup or nectarium of a rich gold colour; and this shading of two hues of the same colour is one of the peculiar charms of the tribe of narcissi. The wild daffodil is hung with peculiar grace on its stalk; it is a flower of sprightly movement, "wagging its sweet head to every March gale." It is Wordsworth's daffodil, who studied this beautiful sprite of the lakes in her elegant single state; and never was there a more descriptive picture drawn by the graphic pen of the poet, than is contained in the following lines:

I wander'd lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed, but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant—or in pensive mood;
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The double daffodils, that grow plentifully in every cottage garden and shrubbery, are a variety of this species, which some gardener of ancient times has taken the trouble of fattening into unwieldiness; their heavy heads are weighed down by the over plenitude of their corolla, and they have lost the charming faculty of dancing on their stalks, so delightfully recorded by Wordsworth. They will grow in any situation or aspect, and do not disdain to blossom in the immediate suburbs of the impure metropolis. They are called Lent Lilies in the vicinity of London. The paler coloured starry petals are still retained in their original state in the double daffodil; it is the nectarium clumsily multiplied, which makes the flower double; this is effected by the conversion of the anthers into numerous floral leaves. The fragrant scent of this daffodil is injured by cultivation.

The third British daffodil is the Narcissus bicolor. It has sulphur coloured petals, and an orange nectarium cup. The country people call this flower, and its double varieties which are numerous, eggs and butter.

The fourth is Narcissus junctifolia. It has narrow rush leaves, the petals are narrow and bent back, while the nectarium is large, fringed at the edge, and expanding into a broad bell. The country people call it the petticoat daffodil, from the resemblance of the nectarium to a hoop petticote or farthingale.

The fifth is Narcissus polyanthus, or many-flowered daffodil. It is an English jonquil, bearing three flowers from a large spathe, and being only on one footstalk. The flowers are larger than any other sort of jonquil; and there is less variety of colour in the shades of yellow, between the petals and nectarium, than any other of the tribe.

Here closes the list of these beautiful flowers, considered as indigenous children of Great Britain; and we proceed to the consideration of the narcissi which are mostly fair exotics naturalised from the south of France, Italy, and Greece. The Narcissus poeticus is the flower into which the ancients feigned that the egotistic Narcissus was transformed. The petals are starry, and of the purest white; the nectarium of a pale yellow. There are varieties,—an orange, and likewise a purple nectarium. The double variety of this flower is extremely elegant; the white starry petals are multiplied, it is true, but are arranged with the utmost regularity, while the nectarium shrinks down so low, that to common beholders it is wholly lost, and the flower appears purely white; but, if dissected, between every range of white petals may be discovered a little fringe of orange, into which the nectarium has dwindled. The white double narcissus will not bear seed, but multiplies readily by offsets from the roots. The fragrance of the narcissus is extremely powerful; it was supposed by the ancients to be of a narcotic nature, and to produce heaviness in the head, and sleep. For this reason the name of narcissus was given it, signifying in Greek, torpor or deep sleep; and it was dedicated to the deities of sleep and death. In its natural state, this flower grows by clear pools, and by the sides of streams that are quiet, and yet pure. It hangs its fair head, as if gazing at its own reflection in the water;
from this quality has been derived the fabulous story of Narcissus pining to death for love of his own shadow in the water. Our own poet, Shelley, has alluded most elegantly to this natural property of the flower, without any hackneyed personification of the boy Narcissus. He thus speaks of it:—

"And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt every where;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
Rose from its dreams of wintry rest.
Then the pied wind flowers, and tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all;
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
’Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

A very long list of the varieties of this flower might be quoted. Among these, the most remarkable are, the great white oriental narcissus, with a large citron-coloured cup, called by old Tradescant, the Caer of Muscovy; likewise the narcissus of Narbonne, or great late flowering French narcissus; and the oriental white narcissus, with a starry cup. There are upwards of fifty varieties of the narcissi; and as they are a florist’s flower, and produce new sorts, yearly, by seed, the species is increased almost beyond reckoning.

There are also white jonquils, or umbellated narcissi, with starry petals, and pale yellow cups. The largest and most beautiful of these is the Italian jonquil, which produces two white flowers from one spatha, having delicate pale yellow cups, and anthers of a bright orange, approaching to scarlet. There are likewise white jonquils, with a head of numerous blossoms about the size of a shilling, and these are by cultivation produced with very double flowers; but the doubling of petals of the jonquil is not so elegant as that of the white narcissus, and those who have thus varied the flower, have spoiled the perfection of its outline, and made a costly mistake.

Besides the white jonquils there are an infinite number of yellow and gold coloured ones: the most famous of these is the Soleil d’or, and another variety, Darg d’or; these are remarkable for the splendour of their colours, and the fulness of the umbel or flower cluster.

Jonquils are among the fancy bulbs that florists delight in; great numbers are yearly raised in Holland from seed, and, together with hyacinths, tulips, and tuberoses, are exported to England in great numbers, and numerous varieties are yearly obtained. Few florist amateurs in this country have the patience to wait for the flowering of seedling bulbs; and yet, when once a series of successive beds is established, it is by no means tedious or unpleasant; for though the cultivator must wait five years for the flowering of the first bed of seedlings, yet if there is a fresh bed made regularly every year, the florist never seems to wait any time after the first five. These beds are simple in preparation, and any lady who delights in her garden, and is able to direct a servant or labourer, without the expense of a professional gardener, may, by following these directions, raise new and beautiful bulbs.

**DIRECTIONS FOR RAISING BULBS.**

For jonquils, hyacinths, tulips, anemones, carnations, and ranunculuses, the seeds must be collected from good flowers, or it is useless to sow them; the heads of the flowers standing for seed must be carefully tied up; the ripening time is from June to August, and August is the month for sowing. Beds screened from the north and north-east must be chosen, and a loamy soil is best; and the natural earth should be mixed with old tan, or horse manure. After being carefully dug and finely raked, the seed is to be sown, and some fine rich earth sifted over it, mixed with sand. The seedlings will come up next April; the little bulbs will have the appearance of young onions, and the anemones and ranunculuses that of parsley, or young carrots. They must be carefully weeded by hand, and, in the spring and autumn, a little dressing given them of rich earth and sand, mixed with a little old manure. Some gardeners sow the seedlings in pots or boxes, and transplant them into beds; but they will remain very well in their original seed beds, if they are thinned and weeded, and the earth round each plant gently stirred with a small old knife. No lady feels real delight in her garden who is not, to a certain degree, an operative; her garden is then the source from
which she draws health, spirits, and a clear, bright complexion too; for a lively circulation gives more fairness even to the hands, than the sun and air take away. Besides, hands may be carefully guarded by gloves. The mistress of a garden, who merely looks on, takes not half the pleasure that she does who has a number of light tasks to perform, which the comfortable consciousness of proprietorship, and the delicate skill of a lady, cause her to perform better than any other person.

But to return to our jonquils. The first year they come in bloom, the quality of the flower can hardly be ascertained; if good, they are likely to be better; and if poor, they may prove good the next season, as they do not blow strong till the second year. They may then be transplanted in the boilers, where they require clean, light earth. Jonquils are among the bulbs that must be taken up every three or four years after flowering, when the leaves die down; they may be replanted in September or October in a fresh spot. The offsets and double roots must be parted from these at this time, and planted in a little nursery, if quick increase is wanted.

Those who live in London will find that bulbs which flower in water produce more perfect blossoms, and thrive better than any other plants that are expected to grow in the metropolis. Yet it must be premised, that the usual way of managing an unhappy bulb, which has the calamity to find itself in the hands of a native of London, is the direct reverse of right, or, according to the expressive idiom of East Anglia, “right wrong.” It is generally supposed that no bulbs will grow in water, excepting those imported from Holland; this is mistake the first; for English jonquils, narcissuses, hyacinths, and tulips, will bloom right well, if carefully taken out of the ground in June, and dried in the sun, and placed in water about November. Moist bulbs taken out of the earth, and transferred directly to water, will not succeed; the change is too sudden. The cause of the better success of the Dutch bulbs is, they are sold at a proper age for flowering, and are of a proper dryness. Now, to proceed to the second mistake in the London management of flowering bulbs: they plant them in hyacinth glasses, most inconvenient receptacles for two reasons; their formation prevents the bulb being immersed in water, and when it runs up to flower, the bulb ought to be immersed in water; and, as it is scarcely possible to introduce a stick, or any reasonable support for the plant, in a hyacinth glass, if the bulb has a rich head of flowers, it perpetually topples over with its own weight, through the shallowness of the top of the glass. To be sure, in Cockneyshire, the poor stalks are generally miserably weak, and are often accommodated with a cumbrous framework round the glasses, like a weakly child’s go-cart. The third mistake is: it is a usual London custom, after they have put the poor bulbs in their inconvenient prisons, to further aggravate the torments of the unhappy things by placing them on a shelf or mantelpiece, at a distance from the light, for three weeks or a month—to force them forward, truly! In the course of this time, they shoot up a long, weakly sprout, drawn and sickly, of the colour of blanched almonds; they are then in the state of blanched celery or endive; and if their cruel masters wanted to eat them, they would, doubtless, then be in the best state to chop up in a salad. We will not pursue the further history of the life and death of an unhappy bulb that is expected to flower under metropolitan management; thousands of them, in a languishing state of decline, may be seen every season, and their masters observe—“My bulbs never succeed; I buy them for Dutch roots, and am always deceived.” The way to succeed, and never to be deceived, is, from the first time the bulb is placed in water, to give it as much light as possible, and to keep it level with the light till it fully flowers. This mode of treatment will always ensure a satisfactory degree of success.

There is a method of managing bulbs which will occasion them to blow with great beauty in London, and prevent the root from exhaustion the first season, so that they may, if carefully dried, be used successively for two or three. The secret consists in keeping the bulb immersed in water, after the flower-stalk has formed; but this requires some little contrivance, as, when the bulb is first set to grow in water, it must not be immersed. The form of the usual hyacinth glass plainly shows that it is impracticable to use it in this case; although it would be convenient if the top, which is the receptacle for the bulb, were extended to
six inches in height. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* recommends a glass jar with an open mouth, to have a piece of lead of about four pounds weight to the foot, notched round, and fitted to the bottom of the jar, and the notches bent down so as to support the lead about an inch from the bottom. In this lead a hole must be cut to receive a supporting stick, and the whole use of this piece of lead is to keep this stick steady. Then there must, about the middle of the jar, be fitted a second table of lead, in the middle of which a large hole is to be cut for the reception of the bulb, and a small one by the side for the reception of a stick; which last must, of course, be placed so as to answer precisely to the hole in the lower bit of lead, and a flower-stick passed through them, they will be kept quite steady. Then take the jonquil or hyacinth root, let it be quite dry and clean, free from offsets or loose brown skins, place it on the large hole in the upper lead, and pour in water till it just touches the bulb and reaches the upper lead, but not beyond at present. Then fix the jar on a stand or window-ledge, so that it may receive every ray of light that a London atmosphere has to give, carefully fill up as fast as the bulb consumes the water, and if the bulbs are in a room with a fire they will soon throw out leaves of a healthy shining green. In about a month or six weeks, when the flower-stalk begins to shoot up, tie it to the stick, and fill the vase with water till the brown part of the bulb is covered, when the florescence will proceed with a vigour and beauty which will reward the care bestowed at the first outset on the plant.

Crocuses and snow drops will succeed thus, as well as those formerly named; and perhaps white lilies, tiger lilies, and tiger flowers, may be brought to produce their beautiful flowers. Dahlias might bear a trial, and many curious experiments be made with plants that have bulbous or fleshy roots. It is well known that if the top of a large carrot be cut off and placed in a hyacinth glass in water, it will continue to throw up a quantity of tufts of beautiful feathery leaves, making a verdant winter bouquet, pleasant enough for people to look on who have nothing to view but bricks and smoke; and if a few of the small bulbs are set round this tuft, as snowdrops and crocuses, it is no despicable object while they are in bloom. After all kinds of bulbs have done their duty, they should be taken from the water and laid in a dry place, where mice, which love to devour them, cannot get at them, and they will be fit for use the next year; but after that time they had better be sent into the country to nurse for a season or two, to be restored to the bosom of their native earth.

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**SIGHTS OF LONDON.**

**THE JEWEL-ROOM IN THE TOWER.**

"The Tower!—Aye—the Tower!"

*SUCH was the result of our *coursel de famille,* which had lasted somewhat longer than the deliberation of that prince of crookbacks, Richard the Third. We will visit the Tower. And see the place where so many brave, and learned, and beautiful persons lost their lives—Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Essex, and Sir Thomas More, and poor Anne Boleyn? All: but I cannot engage for their precise localities; unless, indeed, the prison of the luckless, lovely Boleyn, which is now, I believe, the Jewell-house, or, as it was formerly styled, the Martin Tower. Nay, uncle, the warders told my brother that she had been confined in the Beauchamp Tower—the officers' mess-room. Don't you remember her letter to that odious Henry, and its affecting date, which, you said, always moved you to tears?—"from my doleful prison in the Tower."

That says no more for the Beauchamp, than for any other of the Tower dungeons; and, Heaven knows, it had them at every bastion, each disputing with its neighbour the palm of suffering and sorrow. But, lately, when I had occasion to call on the keeper of the Jewel-house, I observed in his hall: an ancient sculpture—rude and irregular enough, but which he had, luckily, rescued when just on the point of being chiseled down by some Goth of a mason—a large H, the initial of Anna's cruel, yet still-loved consort, surmounted with his imperial flowers; while under it is her own name, "Boullen." I could have wept to see this proof of woman's affection, which
neither captivity, nor slander, nor degradation, nor even peril of death, though all dealt out by the hand which ought to have honoured and cherish'd her, could abate or alter.

Can we see it, uncle?

It is not generally accessible: I hardly think, however, the keeper of the Jewel-house would refuse its inspection to any proper visiter.

Well, then, to-morrow we will go to the Tower.

Arrived on the following morning, at the gate, we were civilly questioned of our business. On saying that we wished to visit the Jewel-room, a bluff and burly warder, whose costume strangely combined the antique cap and doublet of the Tudor's Buffetier (or Beef-eater, as the corrupt, but more intelligible term now is,) with the unroman habiliments of modern time, stept forward, girt with his formidable yet peaceful sword—"more for ornament than use."

The dress of our scarlet and gold cicerone was not more oddly contrasted than was every thing around us. The Tower is, in fact, a pile of contrivance, an elder edifice, at once military and monastic, conventual and castellate, some like Norman and feudal keeps, others like reverend prebendal mansions, are mingled with houses of that mean fashion which I cannot describe better than by saying they are old without being antiquate. The Armoury, begun by the last James, and completed by his luckier son-in-law, notwithstanding its noble length, resembles a Dutch hospital, and is flanked by dwellings of yet homelier construction. The main-guard-house is stuck against the White Tower, a low brick building, without the slightest assumption of character. And as for the habitants of England's oldest fortress!—I may be fastidious, but really the modern military dress is out of all unison with the Tower and its recollections; the ordnance labourers, in their paper caps and dowlas aprons are still more so. The rides only, the venerable trees which they occupy, and the upper half of my friend the warder (but beware of looking down at his Blucher shoes and white stockings) are in any tolerable keeping.

I am nothing, if not critical. So I commented upon these incongruities loudly enough to inspire a cautious idea of my antiquarian research. At least, he walked forward more taciturn than his fraternity usually are, and led us straight to the Jewel-room. Here he rang a bell, loud enough to awaken poor Anne Boleyn, had her ears been spared. We descended into a low hall, comfortably lined with scarlet cloth; and had scarcely sat down on the carpeted bench which surrounded it, when a quiet elderly dame made her appearance. She, too, was of modern apparel. Fash!—she should have been attired like the old lady who, in Shakespeare's fifth act, brings King Hal the news of his Queen's delivery. She did not, however, like that discontented personage, grumble about "an hundred marks;" for she opened a small door, and, ushering us into the Jewel-room, civilly said—

"Two shillings each, if you please, Sir. Is this your entire charge?

Nothing more, Sir; but the warder is entitled to one shilling.

A shilling for each of us?"

No, Sir; for your whole company.

We entered an octagonal room, vaulted, and, as well as I could distinguish, in the Saracen style. Across it ran a range of lofty iron bars, separating us from the treasures which we came to examine. Six argand lamps, with silver reflectors, each of a vivid brightness, threw their light upon a crimson curtain, which still baffled our curiosity. Independently of the suspense and the preparation of all this—and the influence was not slight upon my young companions—I was struck with the effect of so many lights refracted from the red curtain over the pillars and arched recesses of the Jewel-room, and mingling through its deep and obscure angles their own glowing hues, like a sunset amid the hills.

The mysterious folds were withdrawn, and a stream of radiance poured upon the now disclosed treasure; lighting up its jewels and its gold in one yet undistinguishing blaze. When we could compose our vision, and observe the dazzling mass in detail—which, indeed, was not the business of a moment—an alcove presented itself in front. On its lower shelf reposed the crowns, the diadems, the orbs, glittering in their many-coloured gems; the ampulla, the golden service of the communion, with its plates and chalices; the regal health-cup; and the richly-chased fountain, which, in less economical times, was wont to play good clarinet or hippoceras at the regal table. Above these, and the many other ornaments of the coronation banquet, rose the baptismal font, occupying in its height the whole upper part of the alcove.

A melancholy interest overshadows this relic of infant royalty. Our Princess Charlotte—whose babe died, with herself, ere its solemn use could be needed—was the last for whom it held the consecrated water. Surrounding it are the ten massive salt-cellars of the banqueting-table, with their chased and crested covers. One of the ancient pieces, and the cover of another, with a golden spoon and plate or
two, were "conveyed" (the wise it call) from Westminster Hall at the coronation of his late Majesty, but by whom is a secret not to be penetrated; the deficiency was, however, properly and promptly replaced.

Beneath all these, we saw the baton of the Confessor Edward, shining in its golden simplicity; and the several sceptres of our kings and queens, with all their gorgeous variety of diamond and amethyst and ruby. Reverentially be it said, there they lay, like so many uncloaked serpents basking and glittering in the sunbeam.

Apart from all, reposing on their several pedestals, and covered within their crystal orbs, we beheld the new Imperial Crown and the State Salt-cellar. I will tell their histories hereafter; suffice it now to say, that each revolves by secret machinery, presenting its decorations in their various aspects. The broad and deep-blue sapphire; the unique ruby, which the fifth Henry bore in his helm at Azincourt, and which our yet elder boast—the Black Prince—displayed over the fields of Cas-
tille; (separated from each other by the diamond fleur-de-lis, still retained in the British crown;) the mound of a thousand brilliants, whereon the concentrated rays of the lamps strike with ever-changing splendour, as the whole diadem slowly revolves within its sea of light, the eye and the pen alike fail beneath their contemplation.

The salt-cellar—a model of the White Tower, and placed in the centre of the King's table at coronations—presents its alternate fronts, and glances to the lamps like a fairy palace. The whole scene, indeed, belongs rather to Arabian fancy than to English reality: were the spectator left to his own imagination, and spared the story of the good dame at his elbow, he might think himself among the wonders of Vathek's hall or Thalaba's garden.

But the story must be told—the say must be said—and the peal of that clatter-
ing bell announces other visitors, ready to take our seats, and to mute our astonish-
ment with theirs.

UNCLE JOHN.

REVIEW.

Literature.

The Young Seer; or Early Searches into Futurity. By ELIZABETH FRANCES DAGLEY.

This is a very pleasing and admirably intentioned book, being well calculated not only for the young, but for those whose duty it is to watch the development of young minds, and preserve them from the errors to which, in one shape or other, they are as human beings subject. It will be evident that the interesting heroine of this Tale is infected with Eve's first failing, curiosity, which, in a short but clever preface, is defined to be good, or evil, according to its direction; and it further asserts, on the subject of fortune-telling, which, as the title implies, forms the basis of the story, that "it is a well-known fact, that numbers whose rank in society and good sense ought to guard them from the infatuation, are nevertheless too frequently misled by this dangerous fallacy."

The story opens with a lady fortune-teller, who shuffles the cards for the purpose, and thus implants the idle desire which a gossip in after times excites, and who, by sad degrees, leads on her victim to sorrow and death; but we do not wish to mar a good tale by brief particulars, which will be read with interest by the many. Miss Dagley, in all her works, has proved herself well acquainted with the human heart, her style is perfectly unaffected, and her composition neat and well suited to its subject. In order not to interfere with the story, we subtract a scene of country gossip, which every one will acknowledge to be true to nature, and yet completely free from that overcharged character which too frequently is assumed by writers of common occurrences:—

"My dear Mrs. Smith," said the lady of the house, "how exceedingly glad I am to see you; your coming is indeed an unexpected pleasure, for I understood this morning that you were confined to your apartment by a severe cold."

"So I am my dear, or so I ought to be," replied the visitor, "for I have a very bad cold, and the doctor said I ought not to think of stirring out; but the afternoon being so fine, I thought—indeed the fact is, I was so anxious to know whether you had heard the news, that at all risks I was resolved to come—the report of Miss Murray's wedding."

"Oh, bless my heart! that is old news," cried one of the company, somewhat con-
temptuously, tossing her head at the idea that Mrs. Smith, who had generally the credit of gaining the very first intelligence
upon most subjects, should now come to relate a circumstance which every body knew.

"The wedding being all at an end I mean," said Mrs. Smith, nodding significantly at the last speaker, as much as to say—"another time do not be quite so hasty in showing contempt at what I advance."

But the implied reproof was lost upon the person it was intended for; indeed, the feelings of the whole party were changed into breathless astonishment. The report had come upon them like an electric shock; the voices of the different disputants were in a moment hushed. It was no longer deemed a matter of consequence whether the bridal-dress was of silk or of lace—even the circumstance of Eleanor's wearing old-fashioned sleeves was forgotten. The trifles which had been argued into importance, sunk into their original nothingness in the minds of all, when they heard this new and strange intelligence.

After a few moments, however, doubt succeeded to wonder. "Where and how did Mrs. Smith hear the news?" was now inquired; "surely there must be some mistake."

"No mistake, I assure you," said the lady; "I never report things upon slight grounds of information—however, you shall hear. About an hour ago, as I was sitting reading the newspaper, my maid Lucy came bustling into the room, looking the very picture of alarm. 'Oh madam!' said she, 'what in the world do you think?'

"That something is broken or lost, by your looks,' said I.

"No, ma'am, nothing in this house is lost, but poor Miss Murray has lost her husband that was to be; it's all over about the wedding, they say.'"

"Nonsense, Lucy," cried I; "where have you picked up such a report: it cannot be true?"

"Indeed, ma'am," continued Lucy, "it is too true; I heard it all just now at the grocer's, every body is talking about it. They said, ma'am, that Mr. Murray and Mr. Egremont had been fighting a duel, and that Mr. Murray was brought home mortally wounded, and that Mrs. Murray went into convulsions, and that Miss Murray dropped down dead. That was the first report, ma'am; but while they were talking, a young woman who does plain-work for the family came into the shop, and she who goes to the house so often is quite to know, and she said things were not quite so bad as was reported. There had been a quarrel, and a duel, and the gentleman was going off on account of it, but that Mr. Murray was not wounded, and that Miss Murray had only had a fainting-fit, and that nobody knew anything of what it was about, but that the wedding was all at an end. How-ever, ma'am, all that I heard seemed so strange, I hardly knew what to make of it, when coming home, who should I meet but Martha, Mrs. Spencer's old housekeeper. I felt certain she would know all about it,—so says I, Oh! Mrs. Martha, what a sad piece of business this is; may-be you can tell me something about it.' Martha, however, seemed in a great hurry. 'Very little indeed, Lucy,' said she, 'only I understand that Mr. Murray and Mr. Egremont have quarrelled, and the marriage is at an end.'

The book is very neatly got up, and embellished with a good plate, from a design by Mr. Dagley, (whose name as the author of "Death's Doings," &c. is well known,) which illustrates the story well.

The Coquette.—By the Author of "Miserrimus." In 3 vols.

All the world agree to attribute this unowned chick to Mr. Mansel Reynolds, the editor of the "Keepsake," who is, of course, made also answerable for its extraordinary elder brother, "Miserrimus." There are, indeed, various scenes in the "Coquette" that strongly savour of an editor's store, and some poetry, written in the style of those verses which Mr. Reynolds sometimes inserts in the "Keepsake," to the joy of his literary enemies and the regret of his friends.

His genius is decidedly of a lofty tragic cast; and, let him write no more novels of fashionable life, for although the "Coquette" displays talent, and is an amusing book, containing passages of coarse comic humour that some persons can laugh at, yet it is out of the best of the author's true genius. We therefore recommend the author of the "Coquette" to resume his tragic stolen; for "Miserrimus," with all its faults, stands first-rate in its class, while its sister "Coquette" is many degrees lower than several of the works of female writers.

The principal fault of our author, in both his works, is want of knowledge of the female heart, and of light elegant skill in describing the thousand imperceptible shades of character that form a coquette. A vulgar, romping, private actress, completely artificial in everything she says, does, and looks; is his idea of coquetry. Alack, alack! coquetry, like poetry, comes by nature. It may be improved by study, but, if genuine, never can be so disagreeable as the author of this novel describes his riding, scolding, talking, flighty, bold-

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speaking, blue heroine. Women that possess the charm of conversation are injured persons in England: they are given hard names in real life, and even their admirers hold up distorted and unnatural pictures of them in fiction; and by this means all that playfulness, which gives the life and charm to society, is frightened from female practice when a few friends assemble together. Yet that playfulness is the natural charm of woman, and an innocent charm we will prove. Let those who love playing with children—and every one who is good for any thing, man or woman, loves it dearly,—let them then notice the thousand delicate coquetish wiles and fancies that a lovely female child of a twelvemonth old will intuitively assume to obtain and retain attention, and then say whether a love of pleasing is not the natural province of woman, since it shows itself in the very purity of innocence, long before the human mind is capable of forming plot or plan. Away, then, with these coarse caricatures of the essence of female loveliness. Woman may well be silent and sad in society if her brightest charms are vilified by the odious name of coquette; and the coquettes, too, creatures like Miss De Vermon. But Miss De Vermon is not the only female in the work who is a libel on womankind. The sub-heroine, Mrs. Trash, presides over many low coarse chapters, that we think the work would be better without; and here we must repeat our usual exordium against character names—such as Trash, Froth, Jargon, &c. This mode of writing is a secret avowal of inability to draw individual character; and though it was used, or rather abused, by the dramatists and novelists of the last century, we defy any critic to produce an instance where a characteristic name denoted a masterly-drawn character; perhaps Tony Lumpkin is the only instance, and his is certainly not so unreal an appellation as those of Trash and Froth. A delicate adaptation of a name occasionally met with in society or history is not so jarring to the imaginative powers of the reader:—the Lovelaces and Wildairs of the last century, for instance, and Scott’s Ephraim Macbriar, Habbakuk Muckle-rath, Ebenezer Cruikshanks, Roger Wildrake, and Captain Mac Turk, possess odd but real names. Nevertheless, descriptive names, even in the hands of Scott or Shakspeare, are too apt to dissipate the illusion which it is the peculiar province of the author to throw round the mind of his reader.

The best-drawn characters in the work are those of Lady Dundizzy, Miss Sillival, and Mr. Duport. Miss Sillival, although often an actress in improbable scenes that are laboriously worked up, is a truly comic delineation, and the author deserves great praise for the naïve and drollery of the character. The good-natured Lady Dundizzy is what her name indicates, a deaf dowager. Her eternal blunders and mistakes, by misscallying all people’s names, have excellent effect; and the innocence of heart with which she makes entries in her pocket-book to assist her memory is truly diverting and original in fiction, though we doubt not it is drawn from nature. This dowager is in the habit of always mistaking Mr. Duport’s name for Dunoir or Dubois. He is arrested one day by mistake for a person of the name of Dunoir, and seeing Lady Dundizzy’s carriage close by, he appeals to her to prove his right name, and she miscalls him Dunoir, as usual, whereupon the bailiffs carry off their prey in triumph. Penitent for this mistake, Lady Dundizzy makes the following entry in her pocket-book:

"Mem.—Always to remember to call Mr. Duport by his right name.

"Mem.—Always to remember to call every body by their right names."

It seems strange that in these times the author of the "Coquette" should fall so often into the sin of coarseness; and the coarser his scenes are, the less comic effect they have. Nothing is heavier than laboriously-wrought farce. All the Trash and Huggins scenes are trash indeed.


The Dark Lady of Doona is a historical romance. The scene is laid in Ireland, during the few last months of the life of Queen Elizabeth, after the execution of the Earl of Essex, when Ireland, agitated by Tyrone, was in a more than usually stormy state of political existence. This romance will materially add to the
well-earned fame of the author of "Stories of Waterloo." The style is spirited and bold, and there is a certain cheerfulness in the composition which leaves a pleasing impression on the mind of the reader. The story and characters are highly dramatic; and when we recommend it as a volume that may be read aloud with pleasure, we give the highest commendation upon a work of fiction. A heavily-written book, although possessing great merit, cannot always delight a listening circle. In this age our sprightly literary geniuses write romances and novels instead of comedies. They are, indeed, in the right, as the stage offers but little or no encouragement.

The most effective characters in this romance are Ralph Montravers and his lady love, a fair prisoner, whom the dark lady of Doona keeps in the disguise of a dumb page; not that the page is required to be dumb every day, and all day long—that, considering her sex, would have been outraging probability too far, as our clever author very well knows; but fair Mistress Florence gets the liberty of tongue now and then, and, as may be seen, uses it to no little advantage:

"Close in with the land a galliot was becalmed under the huge cliffs of Saddle Head. Part of the crew were sleeping, and part collected forward in a group, endeavouring to wipe away this inactive portion of their duty, by listening to the common-place narrations of nautical adventure. Beside the helm, which had been abandoned, as the bark for hours had wanted steerage-way, two youths stood conversing, whose different dress and superior air proved them to be no seafaring men, but personages of honour and distinction. 'How provoking, Gerald, to be within a stone's-throw of land, and remain cooped within the galliasse, floating as idly as yonder heap of sea-weed.'—'And yet, Ralph, wherefore should we be anxious to leave the bark? We have no waiting friend to bid us welcome, no broad lands to call us masters. We are felons and traitors, if the Queen's excellent majesty and her most upright counsellors can be relied upon. I am attainted, and thou proscribed. I have been deprived of rights and titles, and thou hast an hundred marks upon thy head. But courage, Montravers; let fate stand our friend; we may mend, and, by St. Jude! we cannot mar our fortunes.'—'Aye, Gerald, we are fairly matched. —thou an outcast from thy boyhood, and I a wandering broken man, who has seen his fortunes wrecked beyond recovery, and

the best and bravest master perish on the scaffold, the victim of that heartless hag, Elizabeth.'—'Hush, hush! speak treason only, Ralph—thou mayest then, haply, escape the axe; but, by the mass! breathe but one doubt upon the peerless beauty of the virgin monarch, and thy fate is sealed. But, softly; I see our schipper has come on deck: he is a shrewd knave, and we had better keep our histories to ourselves.'—'He has done us good service, however, and acquitted himself right faithfully. I may wrong him by doubting that his calling is an honest one; yet, if he be a rogue, 'fore God! he is a bold one. His light shallop was never fitted out for commerce; his crew are wild and numerous, and look more like rovers of the sea than men engaged in the sober cause of traffic. Our guide may be somewhat uncultured in his manners, but in air and bearing he is far beyond his mates. Trust me, Gerald, we are in but indifferent company.'—'Well, well, let the wind blow a few hours, and it shall part us. See, here comes Hubert, if, in sooth, that be his true name.' As he spoke, the schipper of the galliasse approached the place where his passengers were discoursing. He was a very young man; but the hardships of a seafaring life had left their rough traces on his bronzed countenance, and proved that he had been buffeting their fury from his boyhood. His person was of the middle size, and admirably proportioned for endurance of fatigue and the lighter feats of manly exercise. His sunburnt countenance was open and intelligent; courage and ready wit might be traced in the expression of his handsome features, and the flashing of his keen black eye; and he gave his orders with that decision which bespoke a perfect confidence in his own skill, and the certainty of meeting an implicit obedience from his comrades. His dress was made of coarse blue kersey, though not in the usual form of that worn by seamen. It was a loose and shapeless upper coat peculiar to the mariners of Flushing, with a sort of garment attached, formed like a woman's petticoat, which only descended to the knee. He wore a seal-skin cap upon his head, and had a telescope in his hand, which he occasionally directed towards the west. 'The breeze,' he said, addressing his passengers, 'is gathering, and in a few minutes we shall have a flowing sheet and a swelling sail. You are wearied, doubtless, noble sirs, with lying on the water like a log; but the wind will have its way, and the tide will never stay, at least, so goes the adage.' 'We must be patient, Hubert,' said the taller youth;—'and now to pay our passage. Come hither—thou hast earned thy guerdon honestly;' and he told twelve broad pieces in the mariner's hand. 'We
shall soon bid you farewell, wishing your returning voyage prosperous.' The schipper still held the gold carelessly, nor offered to place it in his pocket. The second youth observed it, and exclaimed—'How now, knave!—wouldst thou tell it over? do so; a murrain take thee—think ye we would be deprived of so much wealth—tell it me—the count is thine.' ‘This pays me not,’ said the mariner coldly. ‘Why, what the foul fiend ails thee—is it not thy bargain, fellow?’ ‘It is not; for half the sum was all I claimed when I took you on board the Jolly Tar. Gold will not pay me, sir knights;—grant me a boon, if it please you; but for gold, I neither want nor take it; and I suspect that my own girdle holds more pieces of coin than both your purses, were their united contents told twice over.’ ‘By Saint Paul! thou art a saucy varlet,’ said the tall stranger, with a smile; ‘you give us gallant titles which we deserve not, and eat the same bread tax us roundly with our poverty. What boon dost thou purpose—speak, the breeze is rising, and my foot longs to press the green ayard once more.’ ‘The boon is simple,’ said the mariner, as he laid his hand upon the helm to direct the vessel’s course—‘I would serve you as your gentleman. The tall youth smiled, and his companion laughed outright. ‘Hubert,’ said the former, ‘little dost thou know how broken are the fortunes of him you would accompany; I could not pay thy service; for, by the rood! where I shall bestow me when I leave your bark, I know not.’ ‘And yet,’ said the steersman carelessly, ‘the Earls of Kildare could once have rewarded good service bravely.’ The youth started—‘By heavens! Ralph, he has my secret!—then turning to the schipper, he demanded haughtily, ‘Fellow, what know-est thou of me?’ ‘Every thing,’ was the cool reply,—from the hour you left the protection of Lady Mary of Offaly, till you were confined to that of the Duke, at Mantua; aye, Earl, every adventure, from the time you tumbrled into the pit, hunting with the gallant cardinal, until you fell in love, dancing at the Queen’s mask, with the fairest star of all, the peerless Mabel Montague—’ ‘Gerald! thy confessor knows not more than this strange fellow; I ever swore thou couldst not keep thyself incognito. Now, I will defy thee, knave, and he any one less than Sathanas, to say who I am, and what errand brought me hither.’ ‘Under favour, no knave, Sir Knight; and yet one who might haply blunder on some inexcidents of thy own numerous exploits.’ ‘No, by the rood, or I’ll give thee leave to call me as poor a masquer as my friend.’ ‘Knowest thou aught of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex?—speak, why wince ye, knight? the question is but a simple one. Never did a draver noble stoop to the headsman’s axe. He had deadly enemies and devoted friends; one was his gallant master of the horse. When the bright fortunes of that splendid favourite were darkened by his own folly, and the unceasing malice of his foes, who clung more faithfully to his beloved head than to his foot, he sought more desperately on the Earl’s last mad attempt, than Ralph Montravers?—’ ‘Thou art discovered, Ralph; and yet, in faith, it is a poor jest to feel that we are in the power of a stranger. Thou wouldst not play us false?’ and he darted a searching glance at the mariner. ‘I would not,’ returned the schipper calmly, ‘were thy attendant, noble Earl, attended with more perils consequences to him who harboured you, or the marks upon your head, Sir Knight, trebled.’ ‘But what security can be placed in mere assertions?’ ‘If I would betray you,’ said the mariner, ‘the port of Galway was as well made as the wild bay; and Sir John Mowbray would oblige his royal mistress, by sending you in safe keeping to England. Elizabeth has a garrison in Sligo; could not the bark have been steered a little to the northward? Look over yon beetling point—’ for the vessel had now rounded the headland, and was opening the bay of Doonooma. ‘Scest thou aught in the red streak of light, which the setting sun has left behind? There is a dark building rising above a grove of fir trees.’ ‘Your sight is accurate, Sir Knight; and there lives one who would win the reward and fetter you as closely as ever prisoner was manacled. The Ban Durragh, as I have heard men say, of late years, has become marvellously loyal.’ ‘The Ban Durragh—who may he be?’ ‘The schipper smiled: ‘She rather, if it so please ye; Grace O’Mally, called lady by her followers, and fifty names besides, by the rest of mankind, lives in you black building: that is the castle of Doona. But, mark; the watch tower spies us.’ ‘Favoured by wind and tide, the bark ran quickly between Achill Head and Devlinsness, but it did not escape the vigilant look-out kept on the hill of Tarman. A flame arose from the tower, which in a few minutes was answered by another from the castle of Doona. Regardless of either signal, the bark stood on till she passed the Ridge point; when, rounding to, she lowered her sails. ‘Thus ends our voyage,’ said the schipper, as the splash of the falling anchor was heard. ‘And now, what say you,—shall I take on service with you, noble sirs?’ ‘What couldst thou do?’ said the tall youth, with a smile. ‘I ween thou hast never been regularly bred up a gentleman of the bed-chamber.’ ‘Indeed, the tale of my accomplishments is soon
told; but, noble Earl, what I lack in experience, might I not balance in fidelity?" — Canst ride? canst fence?" said the second stranger. "He would be a wild steed that could make me part the saddle. I can wield a brand indifferently, shoot a fair shot with bolt or bullet, steer the Jolly Tar from Clare to the Canaries, learn the counsel of other men, and manage to conceal my own." Gerald, he has us there, — what wouldst thou have for good services?" Just what good service merited — shall I take on, Lord Earl?" "If thou wilt try fortunes with one so broken as myself, thou art welcome." The shipper bowed — "Pardon a short absence," he said, and calling apart one who seemed his second in command, he conversed with him earnestly for a few minutes, and then vanished down the hatchway. "We have gained a shrewd attendant, Ralph — ’tis a strange and amphibious sort of animal, but yet may be useful in our exigencies. I perceive we are to land immediately. The shipmen are bringing our mails and weapons from below, while others are launching the pinnae off the deck." "Well, fate direct us! — for where to steer our course, I know not." A short time had elapsed, when Hubert rejoined his new masters. In his attire was exchanged for a neat and well appointed jerkin and trunks. His appearance was now that of a well conditioned yeoman, and a small hunting hanger and feathered cap well became the bravery of an Earl yeoman.

"Come, noble sirs, night draws on apace, and after curfew we might find an entrance into Doona no easy affair. The Ban Ousel then rarely opens her gates to strangers; we lodge there to-night, unless your worshipships have otherwise provided." — "In faith, Hubert, if the lodging be not furnished by thyself, we are most likely to have a green couche and a starry canopy." — "Tush! We must not take to the greenwood till stone walls fail us. But, gallant gentlemen' — and his voice sunk to a whisper — 'what names do you purpose borrowing? With your own titles I promise you a ready entrance; but, on your wish to return, 'fore God, you must seek a better surety than mine." "Gerald, the knave speaks truly; shall we be kinsmen, drop our own titles, and take our old companion Tyrrell's?" "Twill answer. But your story — your business. The Ban Durragha, credit me, takes a lively interest in the affairs of her visiters, and particularly such as arrive at midnight; and who can give but an indifferent account of knightly looks and empty purses. But the boat waits, and we can frame a fitting tale for the Berragh, as we row to shore." As the little pinnae pulled from the galliot, Montravers asked if the bark would remain long where she had anchored. "Only till the boat returns. No, no — the Lady Grace makes sad mistakes in trifling matters of right and property. Her enemies, men say, are numerous; she wages therefore a sort of indiscriminate warfare, and is by no means scrupulous as to grounds of quarrel. By accident she might include us in the list, and under that impression, annex the Jolly Tar to her own squadron. But to guard against mistakes, ere morning break the bark will be far beyond the danger." As he spoke, the pinna grounded on a sandy beach, and the passengers and their light baggage were promptly landed. The boat then pulled out to sea, and the strangers and their squire were left together."

This extract will serve to interest our readers in this attractive work, as it will introduce some of the principal personages of the drama.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. 15. —

Mr. James Fraser has written his "History of Persia" in that same clear and powerful style which makes his works of fiction rank among the best of modern publications. Yet does this delightful author restrain his rich imagination within the proper bounds of legitimate historical composition. He fills his volume with facts, not with detail and comment, in the mode of some overpraised historical writers that flourished in the last century. To our taste are such anecodes as the following, tersely and simply told, as they throw more light on national character and habits than many pages of what used to be emphatically styled fine writing:—

"Jacob died in 877, the first independent monarch of Persia of the Mahommadan faith, bequeathing a sceptre, which required a firmer grasp, to his brother Amer, who was religious and generous, but devoted to luxury. Far from pursuing hostilities against the court of Bagdil, he sent thither a respectful letter, consenting to do homage for his dominions. But this loyalty did not continue long; disagreements and wars arose, and the Caliph Modad, unable to reduce the rebel, instigated Ishmael Samani, a chief of Transoxiana (Mavar al Nahar), to attack him. Valour or accident, or both, favoured the enterprise; the army of Amer was dispersed, himself taken prisoner and sent in chains to the capital, where, after a confinement of some years, he was put to
death by the Caliph Motaded (A. D. 901). It is told of this prince, that as he sat a captive on the ground after the battle, while a soldier prepared for him a coarse meal, by boiling some flesh in a small pot, a hungry dog thrust his head into the vessel, and not being able to extricate it, ran away with the mess as well as the cooking utensil. The unfortunate monarch burst into a fit of laughter. 'What on earth can possibly induce a man in your situation to laugh?' said one of his guards.—'See!' replied Amer; 'it was but this morning that the steward of my household complained that 300 camels were insufficient to carry my kitchen furniture, and now that dog scrambles off with furniture, provisions, and all!'

"The Turkomans, who had emigrated, or been driven from the steppes of Kipchak, to the plains of Bekhara, gave existence to a dynasty as powerful as any that had yet sat on the throne of Persia. Settled in Korasan, their numbers increased so much in the reign of Mahmoud, as to create in the mind of that monarch many alarming anticipations. 'How many of your tribe might I rely on to assist me in case of need?' demanded he one day of their ambassador, Israel, the son of Seljuk, as he stood in the presence armed with bow and quiver, according to the custom of his people.—'Send this arrow to my tribe,' answered Israel, laying one shaft at the King's feet, 'and 50,000 horse will attend the summons.'—'Is that all your force?' inquired the Sultan.—'Send this,' replied the chief, presenting another, 'and a like number will follow.'—'But were I in extreme distress,' continued Mahmoud, 'and required your utmost exertions.'—'Then send my bow,' said Israel, 'and 200,000 horse will obey the signal.' The proud conqueror trembled, and foresaw the future overthrow of his empire."

These passages powerfully remind us of the glory of our genuine English literature, the "Chronicles of England," which were poorly superseded by the wordy pages, done up into chapters, of fine writing, by the authors that flourished in and about the Johnsonian era. Yes, flourish they did, and, fortunately for them, they produced their books in an age that had a relish for flourishing verbiage.

The publishers of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library" may be congratulated on the judgment that led them to place this important and greatly-needed history in the hands of a gentleman, who is not only a rare oriental scholar, but who has travelled far and wide into the East, and made himself personally acquainted with the manners and customs of the people he describes. The consequence is, that in the place of a compilation savouring of the scholar's study, our national literature is enriched with a work full of fire and reality.

Fraser's "Persia" will make a delightful school class-book, for the best of all possible reasons—it completely captivates the attention when read aloud, and it is likewise of high utility to the geographical student.

Before we quit this volume, we cannot help extracting some pages that must forcibly impress on the female mind how thrice blessed it is for them to be born under the influence of the Christian religion:—

"Of the women belonging to several classes (described in the work before us,) we can say little. Females, in Mohammedan countries, are scarcely more than the slaves of a sensual despot. Yet, such is the force of native ingenuity, wit, and strength of mind, that, under all disadvantages, wives frequently succeed in gaining a powerful influence over their husbands. Even the king himself has not rarely been directed by the vigorous counsels of a female; and there are instances where the talents and intrepidity of a woman have upheld the sinking fortunes of a royal dynasty. Still an Eastern harem must ever be the abode of discontent and intrigue, and, consequently, of misery and crime. No one has painted the horrors of such a prison in more lively colours than Chardin, while describing what he had heard and seen concerning the harem of the shah."

"The seraglio of the king," says he, "is most commonly a perpetual prison, from whence scarce one female in six or seven ever has the good luck to escape; for women who have once become the mothers of living children are provided with a small establishment within the walls, and are never suffered to leave them. But privation of liberty is by no means the worst evil that exists in these melancholy abodes. Except to that wife who is so fortunate as to produce the first-born son, to become a mother is the most dreaded event that can happen to the wretched favourites of the king. When this occurs, not only do the mothers see their last chance of liberty and marriage cut off from them, but they live in the dreadful anticipation of seeing their children deprived of life, or of sight, when the death of their lord shall call a new tyrant, in the person of his son, the brother of their offspring, to the throne. Should they avoid the misfortune of having chil-
dren, by an assiduous court paid to the king’s mother, or to the mother of his eldest son, it sometimes happens that they attain the good fortune of being bestowed upon some of the officers about the court; for the ministers and grandees, who are always intriguing with these influential ladies, seldom fail of soliciting a female of the royal harem either for themselves or their sons. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for the king himself to bestow one of these fair captives upon his favourites or his courtiers, and sometimes, when the harem gets crowded, this is done to a great extent, as a measure of economical expediency. Happy is she that is thus freed from her prison, for she at once exchanges the situation of a slave for that of a legitimate and influential wife, and the head of a domestic establishment, when she is ever treated with the attention due to one who has been the favourite of a king.

The temptation of such a chance as this, contrasted with the miserable fate of those who remain immured, drives the captives to the commission of the most horrible crimes. Even new-born innocents are murdered, either by actual violence or the denial of that nourishment which it is a mother’s duty, and should be her delight, to give. Such are the consequences of this iniquitous violation of the laws of nature; and the number of tragedies is increased by the reluctance with which the royal favour is sometimes received. Chardin relates an instance where Abbas II. ordered a beautiful girl to be burnt alive, by having her tied in the chimney, and lighting a fire of wood beneath, while he looked deliberately on, because he had detected her in an artifice to avoid his attentions. The harems of the great are probably less fruitful in horrors than that of the sovereign, in proportion only as power and opportunity are more limited,—the principle is the same in all. But, as we descend into the scale of society, and reach the middle and lower orders, this jealous tyranny diminishes; till at last, in the families of mechanics and villagers, the mysteries of the veil almost disappear, and the wives and daughters of the peasantry pursue their occupations like those of the same class in Europe.

The women of the better ranks are often exceedingly fair, of good complexion, generally full formed, and handsome. The strong admixture of Georgian, Circassian, and Armenian blood, which results from the admission of so many females from these countries into the harems of the wealthy, has tended much to improve the Tartar physiognomy of the rural tribes, and the somewhat heavy figures and sallow colour of the aboriginal Persians.

In many instances their eyes are large, black, and languishing; their lips rich and red, setting off teeth naturally even and white. But they disguise their proper charms by painting their faces of various colours, of which white and crimson are the least offensive. Constant smoking spoils their mouths and teeth; and they frequently imprint on their persons fanciful figures, tattooed into the skin. A fine head of hair is reckoned among the most indispensable of female ornaments; and when nature or accident has deprived them of this, the Persian beauties, like the fair ones of other climes, supply the defect by wearing wigs.

Their dress within the harem is sufficiently simple. A shift of coloured silk or cotton covers the upper part of their figures, and, together with a pair of zere-janeehs, or trousers, compose the principal portion of their attire. Over these they throw a jacket or pelisse, with a shawl, cloak, or furs, according to the state of the weather. Round the head an immense silk handkerchief is wound in a peculiar shape, like a turban. When they go abroad they put on a wrapper of blue checked stuff, which envelops them from head to foot, leaving only a small opening of lace-work, through which the glance of the eye may sometimes be perceived. Yet no husband can recognise his own wife should she meet him. Indeed, it is a point of etiquette among all well-bred Musulmen, to turn aside from a veiled female, so that detection is impossible; and women of all ranks are said to avail themselves of this privilege, in order to enjoy some of that liberty which their lords are disposed to deny them.

The occupations of the sex are few and uninteresting. Ladies of rank meet to talk, gossip, and tell stories; to show each other their finery and jewels, listen to singing-women, and see them dance, or have parties of pleasure at each other’s houses. But the bath is the great scene of enjoyment and relaxation, where each, secure from interruption, lays aside restraint, and gives full scope to torment and scandal. They are utterly wanting in all that delicacy of sentiment and language which is the greatest charm of females in more civilised countries; and, ignorant of what we consider propriety, they express themselves on all subjects with disgusting grossness. Their terms of abuse are indecent in the extreme, and are used with equal frequency by high and low. Where jealousy and intrigue breed constant quarrels, the conversation of a coterie of Persian ladies must, of course, be intolerable. The domestic pursuits of the middle and lower orders, necessarily employ more of their time; but the same causes operating, although less forcibly, produce in proportion the same effects; and we scarce need remark, that
women in Persia, as in all other quarters of the globe, are the creatures which circumstances and education have made them. If these have been adverse,—if the softer sex have been basely degraded by their proud and oppressive lords, shall we blame the sufferers for a misfortune, which they owe to the tyranny of Eastern customs,—to the injustice of those whose solace in sorrow and suffering they were designed to be, and who, by every law of nature and manly feeling, were bound to protect them?”

The “History of Persia” is illustrated by a good modern map and thirteen useful wood engravings. Among these it is curious to see in one, depicting the ancient tomb of a Mussulman saint, the precise model of many a village-spire in England. Doubtless, these Imamzadehs have been the origin of our gothic architecture.

**Dr. Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopaedia.** No. 50. —History—Rome. Vol. I. Longman.

There is more attention paid by the writer of this volume to the antiquities, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of ancient Italy, than can be found in other collective Histories of Rome. This circumstance, of course, renders it much superior as a class-book, and work of reference to those which treat wholly on the military annals of the country. Wars and rumours of wars have long been the only taste among historians—we shall be happy to hail the introduction of a species of narrative that gives a little more insight into the human heart. Unfortunately for mankind they are fighting animals, and perhaps will ever retain strong pugnacious inclinations until doomsday: yet as they really do other things as well as fight, historians ought to take notice of other human creatures besides those that lead armies.

**Dr. Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopaedia.** No. 51. —Natural Philosophy. By Baden Powell, M.A. Longman and Co.

There is far more entertainment in this volume than ladies would generally suppose could be connected with the abstruse subjects of Physics and Mathematics. Those of the fair sex who wish to store their minds with perspicuous information on the rise and progress of these sciences, will do well to possess themselves of the present volume, which is wholly free from crabbed and technical terms and phrases.

**Sketches of Canada and the United States.** By William L. Mackenzie.

For the first hundred pages, Mackenzie’s work gives promise of being more spirited and amusing than most of the numerous Transatlantic tours which have been submitted to our criticism; and it is with regret that we see him leave his lively anecdotal narrative, to embark on the troubled and perplexed sea of politics.

We gather from Mackenzie a fact that has never reached us before, and which is somewhat interesting to the ladies, viz., that in both British and Republican America, female freeholders are permitted to vote in the election of representatives for legislation. Here is his account of the manner in which they exercise the privilege:

> “When my friend Colonel Baby, of Sandwich, contested the county of Kent with Messrs. Lyttle and Wilkinson, no less than thirty-five ladies came forward to the hustings, and gave their votes,—maids and widows; one of them gave Wilkinson a plumper. This was almost equal to a declaration in form. Only one married lady voted. But in Lower Canada there have been numerous instances of women exercising the freehold right of voting in person for a favourite candidate. Sometimes the wife votes on one freehold, and the husband on another.

> “There was a contested election at Montreal, in May 1831, which lasted about a month: during its continuance, two hundred and twenty-five women came forward to vote. One of the candidates, Dr. Tracy, was an Irishman, and for him ninety-five ladies recorded their votes. The other gentleman was Mr. Stanley Bagg, a citizen of the United States, naturalised in Canada. For him there were one hundred and four female voters. The other twenty-six did not vote. Several ladies voted one way, and it is said their husbands took the other side. One married lady voted in her own right. Her husband was found to have no vote. The Irishman won the day, but by a very small majority. The Quebec Act, under which the ladies vote, was passed in the British Parliament forty years ago.

> “It is in my recollection that when Canning was standing for Liverpool, he told the ladies, in a jocose way, that if ever he advocated the doctrine of universal suffrage, he would not fail to include them. What is it that may not become fashionable?”

Whether George Canning’s jesting proposition will be one of the next reforms, cannot at present be surmised; we should regret to see such clumsy exercise of
power placed in delicate female hands, for what they gained in actual authority they would lose in influence; besides infinite damage would necessarily ensue to smiles and graces by the hideous course of study they must pursue to obtain the needful information which way it was proper to vote. An heiress of lands and tenements must of course read political journals and postscripts of newspapers, and even now and then dip into parliamentary debates; the dulness of which would distress her mouth with yawns, and bend her brow with frowns; and though we will cheerfully allow that in the married state the lady is the better half, yet it would appear in European eyes an ugly sight to see her and her servant half-voting on opposite sides at a contested election, for we have from high authority that it is a pleasant thing for people to be of one mind in a house. Then let the men still retain in their own especial keeping the troublesome prerogatives they often make such a laughable use of. Ladies are above political intermeddling, their finer sense of moral rectitude causes them to look down with painful sorrow on the distracting turmoil, and be thankful that no duty forces them to encounter the soil of the dark and dirty mazes of politics.

Curtis on the Preservation of Sight.—Renshaw and Rush, Strand.

This little book is the reprint of a chapter in Curtis’s Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye; a work that has already been noticed by us with the highest approbation. The invaluable information relative to the preservation of sight, the result of Mr. Curtis’s laborious experience, is by this advantageous mode of republication placed within the reach of many weak-sighted persons who could not obtain the more elaborate and expensive treatise. At the same time we would give warning to readers, that a little learning on their parts, is perhaps a dangerous thing with such a delicate organ as the eye.


It is a little singular, that men of learning and high cultivation, should waste their powers in writing abstract metaphysical poems of a didactic description; a style that no one in the present frivolous age will read, or properly appreciate. We regret, for the sake of the author of the “Lay of Life,” that he had not been born in the Augustan days of good Queen Anne, when his didactic Cantos would have advanced him at least to the office of Under Secretary of State, while the splendid talents of his friend, Lord Nugent, would have placed that noble lord at the helm. The principal poem is a little too grave and abstruse for extract in our pages; and the lighter poems, contrary to the usual custom in such publications, are inferior to the composition that occupies the greater part of the volume.

Elementary Books.

1st. Catechism of Natural Philosophy. By George Lees, A.M.


3d. Outline of Sacred Geography. By A. Reid, A.M.

Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

These works, which are thrown into the popular form of a catechism, are specimens of a series of useful elementary school books, published by Oliver and Boyd. They are replete with much valuable information, communicated in a lively and attractive style. The Catechism on Botany contains the most perspicacious explanation of the difficult system of Jussieu that we have seen. But we own that the author, though a follower of Jussieu, insists on the excellence of Linnaeus’s system, as the best method of finding out an unknown plant, if a young student gathers it in a wild state, and refers to Withering, or any other familiar work founded on Linnaeus’s arrangement.

The Catechism of Natural Philosophy may be read to advantage by young ladies, as the first principles of science are here luminously explained; but we would strongly recommend teachers of both sexes to be discriminative in the selection from these valuable works, of the portions that are necessary to be committed verbally to memory, and those that are requisite to be studied and comprehended by the pupil, without being arbitrarily tied to parrot-like repetition. This admirable system of communicating instruction has been much abused and misunderstood, through want of liberal and discriminating teachers.

The course of Scripture study to which the Outline of Sacred Geography is a key, merits the support of all persons concerned with tuition.
COSTUME OF PARIS.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 24, 1834.

Our Carnival, ma très chère et très belle Comtesse, is over; and never do I recollect a more brilliant one in our gay metropolis. We have had balls upon balls, each surpassing the other in magnificence. As to the street exhibition, les jours gras, I cannot say much for that, for there was nothing very remarkable to be seen,—si non milord Seymour, driving up and down the Boulevards, his carriage crowded with young men masked, and his lordship amusing himself by showering bonbons and ten and twenty sous pieces amongst the populace, for the mere pleasure of seeing the canaille scramble for them!

Ce qui ne nous interesse pas beaucoup.

I mentioned in my last letters that nearly all the ball-dresses are made with the skirts open in front: some are looped back with diamonds, cameos, jet ornaments, amethysts, topazes, &c. &c.; and others more simple, with a row of pearls, or brooches, or bouquets, or both. This mode becomes more general every day. In case you wish to have any ball-dresses made, as your London season is about to commence, I shall proceed to describe a few of the prettiest amongst those I have seen lately. A dress of violet, violet, mauve, or rose satin, broché de blanc: in a large pattern of white bouquets, and rébroché in gold: that is, the white flowers intermixed with gold.

Corseage à pointe, sleeves à double or à triple sabot, with deep ruffles à la Louis XV., and on the shoulders deep jockeys of blonde; the skirt open in front, and looped back at distances with jewels. This leaves the under-dress visible, which is of white satin, with, over it, either a tablier or an entire petticoat of blonde. To let you into a little bit of a secret, these petticoats are made as follows: the front breadth of blonde, beautifully embroidered, either in detached flowers, à colonnes, or, what is newest of all, à dessins formant échelle (ladder pattern), which is wreaths of flowers running across like the steps of a ladder. Instead of going lengthways, they begin close to the waist, exceedingly small, and as they go down they gradually increase in size. The remainder of the petticoat is of false blonde, without embroidery. Some have merely the tablier of blonde attached to the front of the satin under-dress, which answers quite as well as the blonde petticoat.—Another: a dress of rose-colour gauze, broché in rich columns; the corseage à pointe, with draperies à la Néapoli; sleeves à la triple sabot (in three puffs, instead of two); the front of the skirt en tablier,—that is, the front breadth cut out, and attached to the skirt again by bows of ribbon at distances. These bows were of silver gauze ribbon, with silver fringes. There were five or six at each side of the tablier, and the fringed ends of each bow fell as low as the beginning of that placed beneath it. The nœuds de page on the shoulders were of the same ribbon. These bows at present consist of two coquilles and three ends. A wreath of small roses with silver foliage completed this very pretty costume.—Another: a dress of blue satin, broché de blanc. The front of the skirt en tablier; but instead of the piece being cut out, it was merely marked by four double rows of very narrow blonde. These rows of blonde were put on so as to form lozenges or mitres down each side of the skirt; and at each point where they met was a small bouquet of white and blue flowers. The corseage was à pointe, and ornamented with a beautiful mantille de blonde. Sleeves à double sabot, and ruffles.—Another: a dress of gros de Tours, white, embroidered à colonnes, in floss silks; the skirt open in front, and held back with bouquets; the corseage à pointe, embroidered in small guirlandes, forming the ventail (a fan) in front; sleeves à double sabot.—Another: a dress of blue crêpe de Chine, blue, or rose de Tournai, embroidered à colonnes, in floss silks; the skirt open in front, and looped back at distances with handsome tassels, composed of real pearls. Corseage à pointe, with a double row of pearls round the neck and down the seams. The sleeves ornamented with similar tassels, in place of the nœuds de page. Cordelière necklace, and earrings of pearls. A dress exactly similar to the above, in rose-colour and crêpe, and, in place of pearls, jet ornaments, is equally recherchée.

In walking and carriage costume, black velvet dresses, and satin dresses and redingottes, are the prevailing costume with our elegantes. The corsages are invariably made tight to the bust.

HATS.—In hats there is nothing very new at present, nor will there until Longchamps. Velvet and satin hats, and hats of poux de soie, reps, and gros d’Alger, are the most prevalent. Coloured hats, with the fronts lined with black velvet, are still worn. They are ornamented with flowers, or two or more ostrich feathers. There is scarcely any difference in the form. The fronts are short at the sides, rounded off, and très évasees, but small. The calottes, or crowns, are mostly rounded at top, and the satin put on in folds. The crowns are rather larger than they have been for some time. They are trimmed with rich satin ribbons, called ruban Pom-
Paris Chit-chat, &c.

padour, and ruban Luxor. This latter is quite new and very rich, covered with hieroglyphics, in imitation of the Monuments du Luxor.

Caps and Turbans.—For morning wear our belles have adopted little English caps, with ribbons inserted into the hems, which are very pretty and simple. They are lined with damask, rose, blue, apple-green, mèièse, &c.; and a bow of gauze ribbon, with several ends, is placed at the left side. The same caps, made of black tulle, and lined with coloured silk, are also much worn. A double quilling of tulle is the only border worn at present. Turbans of gold and silver lamé, gauzes brochés, tulle embroidered in coloured silks, cachemire, &c. are much worn. To describe them would be almost impossible, for scarcely any two are alike, being merely twisted on the head by the coiffeur. They are ornamented with birds of paradise, eagles, herons, ostrich feathers, all fastened into the turban by aigrettes of diamond, &c.

In Lingerie there is nothing new until Long-Champs.

Gloves.—Long white kid gloves are coming in a little again; they are ornamented at the tops with puffed or quilted white satin ribbon; the ribbon, which is about an inch in breadth, is puffed (in small puffs) or quilted on a ribbon wire, and the wire is merely tacked on to the top of the gloves, the wire keeps them in sit at the joining, which comes to the back of course. The ribbon is made up into a bow as if tied in two small couples with rather long ends, each end about half a quarter or a little more in length.

Mittens.—Long and short, black and white silk mittens and gloves are still very much worn; they are in handsome open work patterns, and are always worn in costume à l'antique.

Hair.—The antique coiffures are most in vogue; the most becoming I have seen lately is à la Mancini; this is much in the style of the coiffure à la Sévigné and à la Grignan, but the ringlets are closer to the face, descend lower at the sides, and are less formal than those just mentioned. The back hair is in bows, encircled by a wreath of very small flowers. A few flowers are also intermixed with the front curls. Coiffures à la Ninon, à la Dubany, à la Sévigné, and à la Grignan, are to be seen in every ball. In simple coiffures, the braid en couronne on the top of the head is still more worn than the other thing else, the front hair is in full tufts of curls, the lower ones dropping into ringlets, very much parted on the forehead, and falling very low at the sides. The flowers preferred for the hair, are guirlandes of very small mixed flowers. Arrows are also worn in the hair, as well as ostrich feathers and birds of paradise; both these latter are worn very far back. Ferronieres are entirely exploded; small gold chains are sometimes worn round the head; they cross the upper part of the brow, but these are seldom seen, except when the front hair is in bandeaux, and this style of coiffure is fast disappearing.

Colours.—The prevailing colours are green, marron, giroflée: the colour of the purple stock gillyflower, orange, maïs (the colour of Indian corn), lie de vin, violet, emerald green, vert Anglais, or tea-green, sage-green, apple-green, moss-green, dark lilac, crimson, blue Haiti, light blue, rose, and black.

Voilà, ma chère, all the modes that I can give you to-day.

Cooper's novel, "The Bravo," has been brought out with the greatest success at the Italian Opera. The music, which is admirable, is by a young composer of the name of Mariani. I make no doubt but that the Opera will be represented in England.

Mon mari se porte assez bien; lately he has been de bonne santé et de bonne humeur, but that will not last long! Adieu, ma chère je t'embrasse bien tendrement.

Aime-moi comme je t'aime,

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 5.) Ball Dress.—Dress of gauze over satin, the corsage à pointe, by being cut on the bias in front, fits as tight as possible to the bust; it is ornamented with full draperies à la Sévigné. (See plate.) The sleeves, à double sabot, are very full at top, and have deep ruffles à la Louis XV, and deep jockeys of blonde on the shoulders. The skirt of the dress, which is en tablier, is brought together at each side with bows of gauze ribbon and bouquets, gradually increasing in size as they go down; there are five of these bows and bouquets at each side. (See plate.) The hair, on the very summit of the head, is in two high coques or bows, with a thick braid in the centre; the front hair, which is much parted on the brow, is drawn smoothly to the sides, where it falls into full tufts of ringlets à l'antique. A wreath, consisting of very small sprigs of the forget-me-not, of lily of the valley, geranium, rose de meaux, and wheat, encircles the hair on the crown of the head, and finishes over the tuft of curls on the left side. White silk stockings à jours, white satin shoes, kid gloves.

(No. 6.) Walking Dress.—Capote of satin. The front très évasée, and worn far back, so as to display the brow and hair as much as possible. At the sides it is very short, and the corners are rounded off. The crown, which is round at top, has a broad
satin ribbon over the top. At the lower part of the crown is another ribbon, which crosses in front, and descends at the sides to form the brides. A large bow, sustaining a bouquet divided into two parts, and composed of very small flowers, is placed at the right side (see plate), and another small bow of merely four coques is put over the bavoi or curtain at the back. A plain ribbon, coming rather low on the forehead (see plate), ornaments the underneath part of the front. The mentonnière, is of narrow white blonde. Redingot and pelerine of satin, trimmed with three rows of narrow black lace. The corsage is tight to the bust, and the sleeves excessively full at top, and rather wide at the lower arm (see plate); they are rounded over the hand in imitation of a small cuff. The pelerine is round at the back, deep on the shoulders, and sloping off gracefully in front (see plate); it is finished at the throat by three rows of black lace. The skirt, en tablier, is marked by three rows of black lace down each side (see plate); these rows of lace nearly meet at the waist, and are very distant below. Black shoes, white silk stockings, and white gloves.

**Harmonicon.**


This is a most valuable work, and having already reached a second edition, it proves the general and just approbation with which the exertions of Mr. Cruse have been met by the public, composed as well of professional as private persons. Considerable time has elapsed since we have seen a production at all approaching to the excellence of that now before us. In every point of view, it must be hailed as a most important addition to the collections of sacred composition and arrangements at present extant; for its adaptations are equally appropriate to private and public purposes. In many publications of this character difficulties have occasionally arisen in private use, by the accompaniments being so arranged as not to be at once convertible to the pianoforte, unless the party playing happened to be thoroughly conversant with the peculiarities attached to the adaptation for the organ. Here, however, we do not see that the slightest obstruction is presented, even to a very moderate performer. The accompaniments are so clear, distinct, and simple, as to be applicable either to the organ, the pianoforte, or to Mr. Green's royal seraphine,—an instrument, by-the-by, of which we are pleased in having this opportunity of adding our humble praise to that which has followed every professor's acquaintance with its powers and effects.

*The Irish Gentleman.* A Ballad. The words by an Old English Gentleman; the music by John Blewitt. Gerock and Co.

Although we cannot predict an equal popularity to this ballad with that which has attended its predecessor, the "Old English Gentleman," yet no doubt can exist of its meeting with very great favour. In the next edition we should suggest a correction of some of the harmonics, which Mr. Blewitt, on re-perusal, will find to be somewhat faulty and unresolved.

*My Heart is still with Thee.* A Ballad. The words written by Chas. Jefferys; the music composed by S. Nelson. Duff and Co.

An exquisite ballad; indeed, it is about the best we have seen for many months.

*Rondo Militaire.* Composed for the Pianoforte, by H. Herz.

As usual, this composition is worthy the hand of this great master of harmonies. It abounds with a number of beauties of a novel and effective character.


This song is embellished by a superior title-page. Mr. Blewitt was never in a more felicitous strain than when writing the music; and Mr. Banier Benedick has afforded him, by the emanation of his poetic muse, every opportunity for the display of his peculiar powers of composition.

**Drama, &c.**

The King's Theatre.—The lessee of this establishment has been compelled to postpone the commencement of the season until next Saturday. Laporte arrived from Paris, after having concluded all his arrangements, on Thursday night. With Rossini's opera of "La Gazzella D'Adr," the beautiful ballet of "La Sylphide" will be played. The most important, and almost fatal, causes of delay have been the refusal of the director of the Theatre Italien, in Paris, to permit any of his company, contrary to former custom, to quit that capital till the termination of his own season, at Easter. The consequence was, that Madame Ungher, Ivanoff, and the young Russian slave, the celebrated tenor, could not then visit this country. Thus the lessee had at once to look out for other talent for the early part of the season. Basias was not, by her engagement, expected to arrive until nearly the first week next month,
and no prima donna was immediately available. There was also no tenor. Laporte went to Paris, and remonstrated with the director, without any satisfactory result. A communication was instantly forwarded to Seguin, to offer terms to Madame Caradori Allan, who chanced recently to have again taken up her abode in the country. That lady held out for remuneration far above that which the Secretary was commissioned to give, which circumstance actually caused the present postponement. Laporte, having made all minor arrangements in Paris, returned; and it is likely that arrangements may yet be brought to an amicable termination. Should Caradori and the lessee not agree upon terms, and Blasis not arrive by Thursday, another soprano, of some eminence in Paris, of the name of Casimir, will be at hand. Whenever lady may play the part of “Ninetta” in the opera mentioned, every arrangement is for the benefit of the ballet. There are in and Duvernay display their surprising talents. Perrot cannot join the corps till Easter; but we have Messrs. Coulon, Emile, Gue- rinot, and Cozzo; the last named an artiste of considerable power, we understand from the Scala at Milan. After Easter week, Mesdames Pasta, Julie Grisi, and Ungher, and les Messrs. Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, and Ivanhoff, will reach our shores. The ballets in rehearsal are those already named. “The Bayadere.” “The Sonnambule,” and one of nouvelle construction, from the master-head of Taglioni’s father. It is untrue that this young lady had refused to come over until her money was secured to her; on the contrary, she offered to allow herself to be called upon, in the event of a defalcation for rent, in the payment of the sum of 1,000l.

DRURY-LANE.—On the 8th ult. a translation of M. Scribe’s comedy of “Bertrand et Ratou” was played, under the title of “The Minister and the Mercer.” The original play is said to have been written under the encouragement of the French Government, for the purpose of discountenancing that tendency to revolt which has so long threatened, and which still embarrasses them. Of M. Scribe’s talents as a dramatist, it is not necessary here to speak. The plot is interesting without being complicated, the incidents devised with ingenuity and tact, and cleverly arranged. The characters are drawn with a masterly knowledge of human nature: and the dialogue is always natural, as well as full of point. The scene is laid at Copenhagen, in the reign of Christian VII. who was united to Caroline Matilda, the ill-fated sister of our monarch George III. The comedy refers to that political change in the Government of Denmark by which Struensée, the Prime Minister, was destroyed, and the young Queen doomed to an imprisonment from which she was soon afterwards released by death. * Raton Bur-kenstaff (Mr. Downton), a rich silk-mercer and extensive manufacturer, becomes the leader of a popular insurrection, drives the Count and his colleagues of the administration into measures which make them odious to the people, while he saves his own reputation, and ultimately turns the very engines which had been prepared for his disgrace into the means of his personal triumph, and the downfall of his enemies. The Government of Struensée is demolished; the Count Bertrand de Rantzau is appointed Prime Minister, amidst the acclama-tions of the people; and Raton, who has risked his life and wasted his fortune in the revolution, is rewarded by being appointed silk-mercer to the court, and having the privilege of placing the king’s arms over his shop-door. There is an underplot, arising out of the star-crossed loves of Eric Burkenstaff (Mr. Cooper), the only son of Raton, and Christine Falkers-tern (Miss E. Tree). The representation deserves praise. Mr. Farren penetrates into the very spirit of the character allotted to him. In a style wholly different is Mr. Downton’s personation of the vain, noisy, consequential Raton. It is a broad, bold caricature by the side of an elaborately-painted picture, and the intermingled coarseness, with his talent, was applauded. Mrs. Glover played the silk-mercer’s wife with good effect; and Mr. Webster, in a low-comedy character, that of John Raton’s shopman, understood how much a good actor can make of a small part, and added to his growing reputation. Miss Tree, after a long absence, appeared as Christine. The part is not a very busy one, but it is one which might be easily spoiled had it fallen into less able hands. The acting was of the very best quality, and the representation generally superior to any recent production. The scenery, which is excellent, represents chambers in the royal palace and in the Hotel Falkenstern, and the shop of Raton, no great scope, it might be conceived, for pictorial display. The genius and taste of Mr. Stanfield have invested the first with an air of grandeur and magnificence which reminds us of what Versailles is described to have been in the days of its early glory. The translation has been skilfully performed, a work of no common difficulty, the original being full of those felicitous turns of expression in which the language of France, for the purposes of comedy at least, is so much more rich than our own.

* Vide this interesting history in a tale entitled Struensée, in the Lady’s Magazine and Museum.
The translator (Mr. Bunn) has, with considerable dexterity, done all that perhaps could have been effected. The play was received throughout with warm applause.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The representation of "Jeptha's Vow" has been prevented, it is said, by the interference of the Bishop of London, very much to the disappointment of all the lovers of Handel's compositions. Since our last number, Mr. Bunn has brought out with much success, although not equal to what was expected, his version of the "Revolt of the Scragio." * Pauline Leroux is as active and graceful as ever, and the military evolutions by the Nymphs are admirably performed.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—At last the rebuilding of this house is commenced, but it will be seen by the subjoined paragraph, taken from the Observer, that an unforeseen obstacle was thrown in the way of its speedy completion:—"While the Revolt of the Ladies has been exhibited at Covent Garden, the "Regulus" has been performed at the English Opera-house, or at least on the site it is intended to occupy. The bricklayers and their labourers have struck for wages; with the precise particulars we are not acquainted, but the sum paid, we understand, was 30s. a week, as high a price in these times is any where given. Mr. Beazley, the architect, in consequence, provided himself with a new set of workmen, but the refractory, who continued in possession, would not let them come upon the ground until the police interfered. The whole affair is now arranged, and the undertaking is proceeding so rapidly that the theatre will be ready for the admission of the public by June next. It is understood that it is to be completed for a sum not exceeding 16,000/"

VICTORIA.—On the 19th ult., Mr. Knowles's comedy of the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green," reduced to three acts, and considerably altered in other respects, was produced. When this play was originally brought out a few years ago at Drury Lane Theatre, it was condemned, in our opinion unfairly. It sparkled with passages of poetic beauty, noble sentiments were clothed in appropriate language, the characters were portrayed with great skill, and there was no lack of interest in the plot. Every thing that could offend even fastidious criticism has been removed from the new version of the comedy, while all its beauties have been retained, and it has met with decided success. The ballad of "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-green," as given in Percy's "Reliques of

* The plot of this we gave in a lengthened detail in the Lady's Magazine and Museum, for January, under the head of "Parisian Theatricals."
THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COMMEMORATION OF HANDEL, 1764, AND THE CONTEMPLATED ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEE.

—According to Dr. Burney's very interesting account of the commemoration of Handel, which took place in Westminster-abbey, and at the Pantheon, under the immediate patronage of King George the Third, in the year 1784, one hundred years from the birth of the immortal composer, it appears that the directors were, the Earl of Exeter, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Uxbridge, Sir Richard Jeff, Bart., and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., who acted as treasurer. Conductor, Josiah Bates, Esq., who presided at the organ. The band consisted of 250 instruments, led by Mr. Hay and Mr. Cramer; and the singers amounted to 245, with Madame Mara at their head.

The first performance took place in Westminster-abbey, on Wednesday morning, May 26, 1784, which commenced with the Coronation Anthem—on which occasion, the King, Queen, royal family, nobility, the great officers of state, archbishops, bishops, and other dignified clergy—also the heads of the law—were present, together with nearly three thousand other persons.

The orchestra was at the west-end of the aisle; and the King's box in front of the organ, over the entrance to the choir. It is impossible to give an adequate description of the splendour of the coup d'œil, and equally beyond the power of language to give an idea of the effect produced by a choir of five hundred efficient vocal and instrumental performers.

The second performance was at the Pantheon, on Thursday evening, May 27, which consisted of a selection from Handel's various operas, &c.

The third performance took place in the Abbey, on Saturday morning, May 29, and consisted of "The Messiah."

The fourth performance, consisting of selections from various oratorios, took place in the Abbey, June 3d. And on Saturday, June 5th, "The Messiah" was performed a second time, by the special command of her Majesty Queen Charlotte. Besides these, there were three rehearsals, to which the public were admitted by tickets, price half-a-guinea; the tickets to the performances were a guinea. The total receipts amounted to 15,736l. 12s. 10d. The expenditure 5,736l. 12s. 10d.—leaving a surplus of 7,000l.—which was thus divided:—To the Royal Society of Musicians, for its very great support on the occasion, 6,000l. To the Westminster Hospital, 1,000l.

A festival is now in contemplation, on a still more magnificent scale, for it is proposed that the orchestra shall consist of, at
least, 600 performers; and when we re-
collect the great strides music has made in this
country, as well as on the Continent,
within these fifty years, and what a variety
of additional instruments, which are now
in use (we need only name the clarinet for
one), and the vast improvements in trom-
bones, also, serpents, bass-horns, &c., to
give an idea of the powerful auxiliaries
they must prove. His Gracious Majesty
has generously entered warmly into
the subject, and promised his best support.
On the 13th ult., Sir George Smart com-
unicated to the Royal Society of Musi-
cians the progress he had made, requesting
their co-operation to carry the great design
into effect. There were nearly a hundred
members of the society present, many of
them of the highest rank in the profes-
sion. They received Sir George most
cordially, and offered him every assist-
ance in their power. A committee was
appointed, consisting of about sixty musical
persons, to superintend the arrangements of
the orchestra. An acting committee, con-
sisting of Sir George Smart, Messrs. P.
Meyer, Hawes, Sherrington, F. Cramer,
Potter, and Parry, was also appointed, to
prepare plans, &c., which are to be laid
before the king, and then submitted to the royal and noble directors of
the festival. It is to be hoped no ob-
stance will be thrown in the way of the
benevolent intentions of our gracious
sovereign, who is anxious to promote the
undertaking, being well assured that sev-
eral excellent charitable institutions will be
benefited by it, and the musical character
of the country greatly enhanced.
Thousands of persons will most certainly
flock to London from the Continent and
different parts of England, and the benefit,
directly and indirectly, will be incalculable
to trade. Talent, whether native or fo-
 reign, will be employed in every depart-
ment, so as to render the tutti the most
perfect, as well as the most numerous, that
this or any other country could boast of.
At present, the last week in June and the
first week in July is the period named for
holding the festival, which will consist,
according to the outline alluded to, of four
rehearsals and four performances; and it
is intended to prepare accommodations in
the Abbey for five thousand persons. It
will be a splendid sight when their Ma-
 jesties and most of the first personages in
the kingdom, together with thousands of
well-dressed individuals, are assembled
within the walls of such a venerable build-
ing as Westminster Abbey, to hear the
heavily strains of sacred music poured
forth by the united efforts of between six
and seven hundred voices and instru-
ments.

The Patent Theatres.—We hear of
no decided novelties in preparation at
the Winter Theatres, beyond "Sardanapalus,"
which is to take the place of "The Minister
and the Mercer," when wanted; but the
lessee seems confident that he shall be
able to reach Easter with the performances
now so well established at both houses. In
that case, "Sardanapalus" will be made a
grand show-piece for Easter, and we are
told of the extensive and costly preparations
in scenery and costume. The fact is, that
if, in these times, enough variety can be
offered to the eye, the story of a piece, or
whether it have any story at all, is of com-
paratively little consequence. Of one
thing the lessee is quite sure—that some
of the finest poetry in our language will
accompany the scenes.

Mr. C. Kemble.—A report was current
in the beginning of last month, that Mr.
Charles Kemble had returned to England:
yet it is very well known that his positive
engagements in the United States do not
terminate until the 1st of June next. Mr
Kemble will then re-visit London, and
probably, in the ensuing season, he will go
through all his principal characters and
retire from the stage. That he will ulti-
ately settle in America, notwithstanding
the residence of his daughter there, we do
not believe. It is supposed that Mr. and
Mrs. Butler may visit England in the
summer of 1835, but not earlier. The
latest accounts from Mr. C. Kemble are
dated in the middle of December. Another
report says, "Charles Kemble's return to
England is quite uncertain. He has not
even intimated to his friends in England
the precise period when it is his intention
to leave America. It is rumoured, how-
ever, that there is a probability of his
acting at the Haymarket Theatre during
the ensuing season."

Mr. Knowles's New Play.—Sheridan
Knowles was offered a large sum for his
deservedly successful play, "The Blind
Beggar of Bethnal Green," by the lessee
of the National Theatres, previously to
its being produced at the Victoria, where
its run promises to equal the most popular
of the dramas written by this very in-
genious and modest gentleman.

Mr. Power in America.—The New
York Advertiser says, that Power has been
received with great enthusiasm at the
Chesnut Theatre. A new interlude of his,
called the "Omnibus," has been played
many times, and seems to be very accept-
able to the audience.

The Oratorios and Their Inter-
diction.—The position in which the
patent theatres are placed by the recent
prohibition is not a little curious. The
term "monopoly," in their case, has come
to imply their not being able to do what
the other theatres do. Thus, at the Vic-
Drama, &c.

of injury was done to her in London by injudicious puffing.

The Butterfly’s Ball.—Mr. Addison has printed his operatic extravaganza called the “Butterfly’s Ball.” Certainly it appears in a very different shape to that which it bore when it was brought out at the Adelphi. We remarked at the time, that Reeve did not know a single line of his part of only about fifty lines; and, in his brief preface, Mr. Addison does not scruple to give that very able but proverbially careless performer a lesson which, if attended to, may be very useful, and save authors hereafter a great deal of trouble and anxiety.

The Haymarket Theatre.—It was said, in the early part of the month, that Morris would certainly open the Haymarket Theatre at Easter. We believe the truth to be that he did entertain such a project, but has relinquished it, seeing that last year it was a losing experiment.

Poor Kean’s Theatrical Portraits.—Kean, the tragedian, collected, during his years of prosperity, many interesting and curious articles relating to his profession, including a number of rare theatrical portraits. These gems are deposited with his library in Bute College, and the whole will shortly be sold by auction, by order of his administrator.

Life in Dublin.—Pierce Egan after “fretting his hour upon the stage” in all parts of Ireland, has succeeded in writing a musical burletta for the Dublin theatre, which has met with decided success, and which will, in all probability, be transferred to our London boards. It is entitled “Life in Dublin,” and is a confirmation of the merry frolics of the well-known Tom, Jerry, and Logie, in the capital of the sister kingdom. The whole thing is admirably got up, and gives a humorous view of the “Spree’s of the tight Irish boys” at Donnybrook fair, Howth races; and all the well-known scenes of fancy, fun, and frolic, on that side of the water.

Death of Mr. Melrose.—Mr. Melrose, the favourite tenor singer of the London and Dublin theatres, expired at his lodgings on Aston’s-quay, on Sunday morning, the 16th ult. He performed the character of Count Bellino on Thursday, in Abbey-street, and sang beautifully. No symptom of illness was perceptible on that evening, nor did he feel indisposed till the following morning, when he complained of illness in his throat, and it was discovered that the quinsy was rapidly advancing. He died early on Sunday morning, leaving a wife and young family. Mr. Melrose was a partner with Chapman in the Queen’s Theatre.—Dublin Evening Post.

Death of Mr. C. Kramer, Master of His Majesty’s State Band.—This eminent musician died on Tuesday evening,
at his residence in Huntley-street, Bedford-square, after a long indisposition, aged 54. Mr. Kramer, who was denounced in the musical world K. Kramer, to distinguish him from the Messrs. Cramer, was many years master of George the Fourth's fine military band, which he brought to a perfection never surpassed, and seldom equalled. On the death of Mr. Sheild, Mr. Kramer was appointed master of the King's state band. In 1827, Mr. Kramer brought out an Opera at Covent-garden Theatre called "The Seraglio," the music arranged and adapted by him from Mozart's drama of the same title, with additional airs, &c. by himself, which had a run of fifteen nights. No man better understood the genius of wind instruments than Mr. Kramer, and he was a very good performer on the clarinet and flute; he made very great improvements on the serpent, by adding keys to it, so that it has become an instrument of much importance in a band. The late King was very partial to him, and conferred on him the honour of appointing him one of his pages.

PAGANINI.—M. Berlioz, a French composer, has been chosen by Paganini to compose a symphony, in three parts, on the captivity and death of Mary Queen of Scots, with which he (Paganini) intends to commence his series of performances this season in London.—French Paper.

MADRID OPERATIONS.—M. Grimaldi, director of the Royal Theatres of Madrid, is travelling in order to collect his Italian company, and is at present in Paris negotiating with several distinguished singers, amongst whom are Mile. Ungher, and Zunzelli. A new and magnificent opera-house is building at Madrid. There will also be shortly brought out a new tragedy, called "The Conspiracy of Venice," by M. Martinez de la Rossa, who, though he has become minister since the reception of his play, has promised to find time to superintend its being brought forward.—Galigani.

Neukomm has composed a Te Deum, with accompaniments for wind instruments, the effect of which must be very imposing and grand, especially in the choruses, when a dozen trombones are introduced, besides four trumpets and four French horns.

WOBURN ABBEY THEATREALS.—The Woburn Abbey Theatrical Entertainments closed for the season on Saturday evening the 1st ult., with the farce of "Scan Mag." On Friday the 24th January, the comedy of "Simpson and Co." was played at the Abbey, ninety of the gentry and tradesmen of Woburn being invited to witness the performance. The following is a copy of the "Bill of Fare" for the occasion:

"Woburn Abbey Theatre, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Abercorn. This Evening, Friday, January 24, 1834, His Majesty's servants, his Grace's guests and family, will have the honour of performing, with new scenery, machinery, dresses and decorations, the much admired comedy of "Simpson and Co." Pater Simpson, by the celebrated Mr. Charles Matthews (of the Theatre Royal, San Clementi, Florence). Bromley, Lord J. F. Russell (his second appearance on the boards these five years). Foster, Lord Francis Russell. Servant, Mr. T. Oakden. Mrs. Simpson, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford (for this night only). Mrs. Bromley, Lady Georgiana Russell (positively her last appearance in that character). Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the Baroness De Clifford. Madame la Trappe, Mademoiselle Migneron. With a favourite song by Lady Rachel Russell (dressed in character), being her first appearance on any stage. Weipert's band will attend. Doors open at half-past eight—performance to begin at nine precisely. N.B. No money will be returned, as none will be taken. Vivant Rex et Regina!"

Lady Rachel Russell's song was encored. After the play the ball-room was thrown open, and dancing commenced, in which their Graces and other distinguished personages at the Abbey took a part. A sumptuous supper was prepared for the tradespeople in the steward's apartments. It was nearly four o'clock when the company separated.

A QUICK MOVEMENT.—Since our last an unusual instance of industry, and, as we sincerely hope, of commensurate reward, in the movements of those talented professors Mori, Bochsa, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Bishop, has come to our knowledge. During an absence of twenty-three days, these parties gave no fewer than as many concerts at the following towns:—Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Halifax, Leeds, Preston, Liverpool, Chester, Shrewsbury, Kidderminster, Lichfield, Ludlow, Hereford, and Worcester. At several of these places they were compelled to give a second Concert on the same day. As has been the case wherever these artistes have previously gone, the provincial press has resounded with praises of their joint and individual efforts.

NEW Masses.—There has been lately performing at the English Catholic Chapel at Moorfields, the first two movements of a new unpublished mass, by an Italian writer of the name of Caruso. The music is, part of it, exceedingly pretty, the fugue in the "Kyrie," and the short trio, "Cuncto Sancto Spiritu," being, perhaps, among the best things in it. The great attraction which this mass has proved both to the chapel and choir, has determined the authorities there (if rumour speaks correctly) to lay aside altogether the masses of Haydn and Mozart, and to substitute for them, what is termed a "lighter species of music," one of the forthcoming novel-
ties of this kind being, it seems, a mass of Lord Burghersh's. It however appears, that the Requiem of Mozart is about to be adopted as the regular funeral mass at Moorfields; a design which we may fairly enough attribute rather to the good taste of the directors, than to the wishes of the subscribers.

Pagannini.—Notwithstanding his vast fortune, this wonderful musician is determined to make one more campaign.

"The world is all before him where to choose," and he prefers England, as his friends say, because he had given a promise to perform for certain charitable institutions. He has declared that he never was so enthusiastically applauded as in England. We hear he has engaged for a series of concerts: Pianon to lead, Dragonetti for the double bass, the whole under Mr. Watson, late of Covent-garden Theatre. Some of the concerts will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, and the rest at the Adelphi Theatre. They are to begin on the 7th April.—Pagannini reckons that he has, at various times, lost 600,000 francs by those to whom he had confined the arrangement of his affairs, and 600,000 more by managers of theatres who have run away with his share of the money produced by his performance.*

Mr. Braham is engaged to perform at the Bristol theatre for a limited period, commencing on the 3d inst.

LIVERPOOL.—The opera here promises to be a failure. The houses can only boast of tolerable boxes. One or two of the principal male and female singers are very respectable; the dancing was indifferent. The manager restricted the local press to the upper boxes, and they only casually mention that such performers are now in town. Vandenhoff and his daughter are playing in Glasgow to excellent houses.

CONCERTS.

Mr. Wallis's Concert.—This gentleman, of whose compositions we have on several occasions had to speak in terms of praise, gave a concert at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on the 21st ultimo; but, from untoward circumstances, his patrons, who mustered in large numbers, were fated to be deprived of the two chief attractions of the night, Miss Bruce and Mr. Incedon. The absence of the former was caused by severe indisposition, and the latter was prevented from giving his assistance by a heavy domestic calamity. The amusement of the evening, however, was admirably kept up by Mrs. George Wood, a lady whose talents deserve to be

more generally known, Mr. Nelson, and Master George Incledon. The last-named is improving rapidly, under the fostering guidance of Mrs. G. Wood; and on this occasion was rapturously applauded in a beautiful ballad, composed by Nelson, entitled "My heart is still with thee."

Dr. Carnaby's Concert.—This highly respectable professor's concert, on the 20th ultimo, was very well attended, as might be expected. The programme contained many of the Doctor's own vocal compositions, which are replete with melody, extremely well arranged, and of that style which will find favour with those who are partial to what is termed the good old sterling school. The principal sopranos were Mrs. E. Seguin, Miss Lloyd, Miss Wagstaff, and Mrs. Percy, the Doctor's daughter. Mr. H. Phillips sang his new old ballad, "Shall I, wastyne in despair," and was encored. Besides two overtures, which were well performed by the band, led by Mr. F. Cramer, there were three instrumental pieces. Beethoven's fine pianoforte concerto in C minor was performed in a brilliant manner by Mr. C. Salaman. Mr. T. Wright executed La-barre's Irish fantasia for the harp with great taste.

Oxford Concerts.—The Stewards of the Music-room have given two excellent concerts during the past month. The prima donna was Caradori Allan, whose singing quite enraptured the company. The Misses Smith, pupils of Liverati, sang a variety of songs and duets with great applause. Signor Giubili was the basso, and his singing gave much satisfaction. The grand festival in honour of the installation of the illustrious Wellington will commence on Tuesday, June 10, and continue for four successive days, on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the interesting occasion.

Vocal Concerts.—The third performance given this season by the Vocal Society was honoured with the presence of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. Several fine compositions were well sung by Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Seguin, Miss C. Novello, Mrs. G. Wood, Miss Woodyatt, and Miss Masson; Messrs. Vaughan, Bellamy, Sale, Goulden, Hawkins, Spencer, Horncastle, King, Hobbs, Chapman, E. Taylor, and Master Howe. Two madrigals were admirably performed and encored; one, "Down in a flowery vale," by Festa, was composed in 1541. Mrs. Anderson executed Hummel's pianoforte concert in A minor in a most brilliant manner; she was rapturously applauded, which appeared to give much pleasure to her royal pupil, the Princess Victoria. Mr. T. Cooke led the band, and Mr. Turle most ably conducted.
PARISIAN THEATREALLS.

All Paris is in arms at what they look upon as a gross attack upon the "liberty of the subject." The subjoined brief detail, which we have extracted from a recent number of Galignani's Messenger, will fully explain the cause. We have likewise added a paragraph from the Courrier Francais.

"The Prefect of Police has issued an edict respecting the closing of the theatres at 11 o'clock. The following is the document in question; it is dated the 15th ult.:—

"'1. Henceforth, and at all times, the dramatic representations at the theatres of the capital shall cease at 11 o'clock, and this hour being passed, the curtain shall be let down, and the house immediately evacuated by the public.

"'2. In cases of extraordinary representations, and benefits, the Prefect may allow a departure from the foregoing article; but the special permission to be granted, shall fix the hour, at, or before which, the representations are to conclude.

"'3. In the exceptional cases above-mentioned, the directors of the theatres must, at least forty-eight hours previously, address the Prefect an application for his authority to publish representatives which shall exceed the hour fixed by Article 1. In case these applications shall not be made by the time above limited, or in case the Prefect of Police shall not grant the exceptional permission required, the extraordinary representations are to conclude at 11 o'clock, as has been declared in Art. 1., with regard to the ordinary representations.

"'4. The provisions of this present ordinance shall apply to the theatres of the Banlieue.

"'5. Every director of a theatre who shall contravene the provisions of this present ordinance, shall, on a report of a procès verbal of a Commissary of Police, proving the contravention, be brought before the competent tribunal, and subject to the penalties of simple police, without prejudice to other measures which may be taken against him."—Galignani's Messenger.

"It is affirmed that M. Gisquet has written to the managers of the theatres not to take literally the ordinance relative to the closing of them. It is a child of the police still-born.—Messenger, Feb. 21.

"The Courrier Francais has the following:—'The most striking feature in the late ordinances relating to the theatres, is that it is impossible to carry it into execution. During the two days it has been in force, the representations have not finished any earlier than before—the curtains have not fallen at eleven o'clock—the audience have not been called upon to leave the houses; in short, everything has passed as usual. We learn, however, from several of the directors that Commissaries of Police have been there for the purpose of drawing up procès verbaux if the curtains were not lowered at eleven o'clock, in order to found prosecutions against the directors for disobeying the ordinance. Thus they avoid offending the public, which is not to be rather unmanageable when provoked, but wish to avenge themselves on the directors of the theatres, who, if the tribunals take ordinances of police for law, will be delivered up to the arbitrary power of the police. This mode of enforcing it would be worse than the ordinance itself. Either the ordinance must be rescinded, or it must be carried into execution fully and fairly against those who are liable—that is, against the public, to whose prejudice it has been issued. The public must be driven out of the theatres before the representations are finished.'"

Miscellany.

Rise and Fall of Nations.—Every nation that has yet made itself great or famous on the globe has exhibited one story—it has risen up from the beginnings—it has discovered great vigour and force of mind—has raised itself by that power to pre-eminence, but has been unable to sustain the spirit by which it rose; and, sooner or later, has sunk from its renown.

A Turkish Opinion of a Christian.

The Turk considers the native Christian as his inferior, and can seldom conquer his contempt sufficiently to place full confidence in him. On the other hand, over the Frank physician, who stands under a different jurisdiction, he knows that he has power; and in a country where the right of the strongest prevails, this alone gives a material advantage. But, besides this, every Frank is, according to a common Turkish saying, sensible and well-informed; the words, Akely Frankistan (the sensible Frank-land), are in every Turk's mouth. But proper as this character may, generally speaking, be, as a distinction from the Turks, it is by no means applicable to the majority of Franks practising in Turkey; as Dr. Oppenheim, in his work "On the State of Medical Sciences and on the National Diseases in European and Asiatic Turkey," relates, that he was called to a consultation with a French physician who had served as drum-major in Napoleon's army.

Danger of Performing a Surgical Operation in Turkey.—If a physician proposes to perform an operation, it is
necessary that he should conclude a barg a in before the judge, not so much to en sure payment, as, in case of an unfor tune rate, to secure himself from insults, accusations of murder, or from individual vengeance. Accordingly, the patient, or one of his relations, goes with the operation before the Cadi, or, in large towns, before the Mufti, who gives them a fetuq, by which the operator is acquitted of all blame in case of an unfortunate result, and promised a certain sum for the operation, only the half of which is paid in case of failure. The advantage of such a proceeding, Dr. Oppenheim observes he experienced. After the affair of Monastir, on the 24th of August, 1830, I performed an amputation on a wounded Dehi. He died. Some months afterwards, being sent by the Grand Vizier to Pristina, to examine some recruits, I was invited to visit the Cadi. After the usual compliments and courtesies, he asked me, "Art thou the German physician? Didst thou operate upon the Dehi, Solomon Agra, and he is dead?" I answered in the affirmative; and he went on, "Here is his father, who accuses thee of homicide. Thou hast shed his blood, and must atone for it." I was already sufficiently familiar with the manners and language of the country not to be frightened, and, after a few rough answers, withdrew, and reported the affair to the Pacha, who reprimanded both accuser and judge. It is very different when, without a surgical operation, a physician has the misfortune to lose a patient by an internal malady. He then runs no danger of paying for the lost life with his own, unless the deceased had held some political office, in which case the family are often tempted to take vengeance upon the physician for the loss of their income. Otherwise, the family is soon consoled. Fate had appointed this hour for the death of the deceased; and, thus, he is gone to Paradise, death is, to him, no misfortune.

Proceedings on the Death of Official Personages in Turkey.—The father of the present Pacha of Uskup was taken ill six years ago, and the body of the Grand Vizier saw him as he lay in the last agonies. I foretold to the sons his immediate death. They replied, "No, no! if it be the will of God, he shall live yet longer." They, however, declined the ill-boding physician’s future visits, removed the invalid to a remote, quiet wing of his seraglio, and suffered only a few old and confidential slaves to attend him. The sick man died, probably by the same day. The sons buried him under the floor of the room in which he lay, and, for four years, conducted the government in his name; sanctioning, with his signature, all public documents. Physicians were called in from Constantinople, and from all parts of the empire; they were consulted upon the invalid’s case, but not permitted to see him, upon the plea, that he would neither endure the sight of a physician, nor take any medicine. The physicians were then all well paid and dismissed. When the sons had, by immense sums expended in the shape of presents, at length purchased the favour of the court, they announced the recent death of their father, and were confirmed in his offices and dignities, and allowed to retain his extensive fortune.

Mrs. Inchbald and the Kembles.—The mode of life which was followed by persons destined to occupy so prominent a place in the world’s eye, and as languishing in the obscurity of an inferior grade of no eminent profession, is a matter of curiosity and interest. The Inchbalds, Mr. and Mrs. Siddons, and Mr. Kemble, generally resided together in the same or neighbouring lodgings. Mrs. Inchbald wrote, read, and made copies of writings from the works she perused. Mr. Inchbald employed his vacant hours in painting the portraits of the party. Mr. Kemble was engaged in the study of history, composing his tragedy of Belshazzar, and preparing himself for the stage. Mrs. Siddons, returned back to the country from the capital, had thrown away ambition, and, resigned to her disappointment, passed many a day washing and ironing for her family; and at the conclusion of her labours, sung duets with her brother. Sometimes the party walked out together of an evening, played at cards, or amused themselves with still more infantile pursuits, went out into some neighbouring fields to play at “blindman’s buff,” or “puss in the corner.” Amid all these scenes of ambition or of wealth which afterwards opened upon them, “it is highly probable,” observes Mr. Boaden, “that every member of the party, at times, heaved a silent wish for those times again.”—Mrs. Inchbald’s Life.

Chard.—There is said to be a most interesting and peculiar feature in this town. A spring of water, rising at the entrance of Chard, divides into two streams, running through the town on each side of the street. One falls into the river Parrett, and is conveyed to the Bristol Channel; whilst the other flows into the Axe, a little below Ford Abbey, and so reaches the English Channel.

Somnambulism.—From the Journal of Fribourg:—“There is living, at a short distance from Vuessens, in the district of Sappierre, a girl between ten and eleven years old, who has taken no kind of nourishment for the last three months, though her complexion remains fresh, and her eyes and countenance generally lively and cheerful. She can walk and run
with her accustomed agility, and will
sometimes mount on a horse and ride at
full gallop. She, however, is not so stout
as she was, and at times suffers from pain
in the intestines, which are generally rather
swollen, and become more indurated. She
utters cries or rather moans, but whether
from pain or vexation is not known. She
appears to feel her situation, but cannot be
induced by any means to overcome her
repugnance to food, which is so great that
she cannot even bear the smell or sight of
it. Her mother relates that having one
Sunday left the child alone in the house
while the family went to evening prayers,
an old woman came and demanded some-
ting to eat. The child refused, saying
that her parents were at church, but on
their return would no doubt give her
something. She, however, at length pre-
vailed on the girl to admit her, and to go
up-stairs with her into a chamber, where
she threw the child on a bed and beat her
severely, and then left her. It was from this period that the poor
girl ceased to eat. We do not give credit
to all the absurd tales which credulity has
created out of these circumstances, but the
fact itself is unquestionable, though science has
hitherto been unable to account for
the phenomenon.

RESTORATION OF A GRAND PICTURE
BY RAPHAEL.—The history of this pic-
ture is singular. One of the keepers of the
Dusseldorf gallery was employed in repair-
ing a landscape in body colours, which was
not without merit, but the colours being
only compounded with water and gum,
were somewhat damaged by time. In the
course of his work he perceived that the
landscape had been painted over an oil-
painting, and found that the defaced part
gave to view a portion of a figure in which
he recognised the touch of a great master;
he washed clear a larger space, and a figure
of the most surpassing beauty was soon
developed; it proved to be Raphael's St.
John in the Desert, which had been long
lost; and this superb picture was wonder-
fully preserved by the disguise it had so
long worn. Must not the landscape-painter
that covered it with his inferior art have
had an overweening idea of his own produc-
tions?

DEGRADED CONDITION OF THE RU-
SIAN PEASANTS.—The Russian peasant
may be called a slave, for, notwithstanding
the partial emancipations effected by Ca-
therine II. and Alexander, this class of
slaves forms in Russia more than nine-
tenths of the whole population. The re-
proach of this humiliating degradation of
that portion of the human race which is
plunged in the most abject and debasing
state of servility, attaches to those who go-
vern that vast empire. The Russian em-
pire is composed of 95 different nations,
who speak in more than 40 different idioms.
Thus there are 95 nations which ought to
be civilised at once—to be freed from their
prejudices, their barbarous manners, and
their superstitions. The Russian peasant
is a slave by nature; he has no feeling of
his own existence; he knows not that he
was a man before he was a slave, and has
no idea of that precious liberty in which all
men have an equal right to participate.
He conceives himself born for others.
The Government require machines which
will obey the hand that directs them, and
such machines will they keep by leaving
them in their present state of ignorance.
It may be said, without fear of contra-
diction, that the Russian slave is not yet
ripe for civilisation. There is no such
thing as present as education of the people
in Russia. The peasant knows what his
father has taught him, and what he knows,
as it were, by instinct—to eat, to drink, to
suffer (if he knows what suffering is), and to obey. Curbed under servitude, he can-
not call any thing his own. The nobles
only, and a few privileged bourgeois, can
possess landed property. His children be-
long to his lord, of whom he is the depen-
dent, who can either sell or exchange him
and his children, together or separately.
He is looked upon as a mere piece of fur-
niture or fixture, depending on the humour
and caprice of his master. The Russian
peasant is an enemy to everything new: he
does what his father did before him, and
therefore brings nothing to perfection.
Hence the mechanical arts are in their
mere infancy. Their furniture, utensils,
and vehicles are all of the same kind as
those used 200 years ago. Even the edu-
cation of the animals is in Russia in its in-
fancy. In the mines, however, the Russian
peasant is seen to more advantage, both as
regards industry and intelligence, than
any where else. In these subterranean
prisons labour an infinite number of slaves,
who are kept to work by the fear of the
knout, and other punishments, as terrible
as they are infamous. The greediness of the
Russian is extreme; but it is natural that a
man who possesses nothing should wish to
take something from his master's capacity.
As soon as he has saved a few roubles he
buys them, and often dies without having
been able to enjoy his treasure, which re-
 mains lost and buried in the earth. The
use of water as a drink is almost unknown
amongst them. They commonly drink a
species of hydromel, but brandy takes the
first rank; as soon as they get any money
they get drunk with brandy. The innu-
merable fêtes of the calendar are all days
consecrated to intemperance. As the mor-
row always feels the effects of the previous
evening's debauch, it may be said that the
Russian peasant is intoxicated three-quarters out of the whole year. The effects of this course of life are felt at an early period; at 60 he becomes decrepit, and few attain the age of 70. The poorness of the food taken, and the manner of protecting themselves from the cold—namely, shutting themselves up in their heated apartments, the air of which is seldom changed—also contribute to the depopulation of the empire.—From the Polonais.

DISCOVERY OF THE HOT BATHS AT CARLSBAD.—These mineral waters, now so much celebrated all over Europe, were discovered by an odd accident, by the Emperor Charles the Fourth. This monarch was in close pursuit of a stag, and one of his hounds fell into a large piece of water, which, being nearly scalding hot, the poor beast set up a pitiful howl. The distress of the animal drew the attention of the emperor and his huntsmen, and, in rescuing the poor dog from his over-hot bath, they discovered the beneficial warm springs of Carlsbad, which were speedily used for the relief of the diseased.

Enchiridion.—The arts have their victims, as well as war, and there are many one-handed mechanics who will be thankful for being made acquainted with the ingenious helps proposed by Captain Deryniz, the author of the “Enchiridion; or, Treatise for the One-Handed,” for the comfort of persons in the same unfortunate predicament.

Extra Urban Cemeteries for Lisbon.—The dead, for the most part, are buried in churches; by the “Chronica,” lately published, this will not continue long, as Don Pedro has directed four burying-grounds to be enclosed forthwith.

The Weight of Church Bells.—The large bell recently cast by Mr. Harrison, at the manufactory of Messrs. Hawks and Co., is destined for the church of St. Nicholas. The bell was placed on a waggon, drawn by eight horses. It is a beautiful cast, and bears an inscription, together with the arms of the late George Anderson, Esq., the donor, and the name of the maker. Its weight is 8,604 lb., being only 336 lb. below the great bell at St. Paul’s, the weight of which is 8,400 lb. It may not be irrelevant, however, to state that these are small when put in comparison with others; the great bell at St. Peter’s, in Rome, weighs 18,607 lb.; that in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, weighs 17,000 lb., and is fixed at a height of 275 feet from the ground; the “Great Tom” of Christ Church, Oxford, weighs 17,000 lb., and that of Lincoln 9,894 lb.—Newcastle Paper.

Anglomania.—Just before the French Revolution, the savants had so highly vaunted every thing English, that the name of Anglomania was invented by the court to designate this predilection. About this time, a young French nobleman, who had just been in England, was riding by the side of the carriage of the king, Louis the Sixteenth; he was mounted on an English horse, of whose paces he was very proud. The weather was dirty, the mud splashed the royal carriage. The King said, at last, “Vous me croyez, Monsieur le Comte.”—(“You splash me.”) But the nobleman understood the King, “Vous trottez,” and, thinking only of his steed, supposed he meant to remark on its trotting, and said, with great complacency, “Yes, sire, in the English style.”—“This is carrying the Anglomania too far, I think,” said Louis, drawing up the glass of the carriage.

How to Describe a Beauty.—The mode of describing a beauty is now reduced to a system; and we do not see why rules should not be laid down as accurate as those of any other science. The comparative mode, for instance, may be divided into three, embracing the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdom:—In the first, which is the richest, we catalogue our mistress’s charms as if we were making out a jeweller’s bill,—namely, 1. A pair of diamond eyes; 2. One thick and one thin ruby or coral lips; 3. A double row of pearl teeth; 4. A quantity of golden hair; 5. A complete set of silver tones. In the vegetable fashion, the complexion is of roses and lilies; the eye is violet or sapphire; the hair chestnut; the lips carnations; the teeth snowdrops. In the animal or zoological style, our mistress’s hair becomes an eagle’s or a raven’s plume; her eyes are those of the dove or the antelope; and her teeth a flock of sheep.”—Heath’s Pictorial Annual.

Shishak’s Victory over Rehoboam.—The truth of this part of sacred history has lately received a most remarkable confirmation. One of the great palaces of the Egyptian kings at Karnak was partly built by Shishak, or, as the Egyptians called him, Sheshonk; and on one of the walls, which is still standing, Champollion, in his visit to Thebes, in 1828, discovered a piece of sculpture representing the victories of this Pharaoh, who is dragging the chief of thirty conquered nations to the idols worshipped at Thebes. The hieroglyphics upon the shield contain the words Judah malek, which means King of Judah. The figure, therefore, represents Rehoboam, the only Jewish king vanquished by Shishak; and thus, after the lapse of two thousand eight hundred years, we have the unexceptionable testimony of an enemy to the faithfulness of Scripture history.—Outlines of Sacred History.
**BIRTHS, Marriages, and Deaths.**

**BIRTHS.**

Of Sons.—At Cherry Cottage, Galway, the lady of Lient. Hughes, half-pay 73rd Regiment.—Feb. 9th, of Princeton, Miss. Ward, Esq., surgeon. —Mrs. Charles Hay, of Phillimore-place, Kensington.—Feb. 12th, at Montague-square, the Hon. Mrs. M. E. Hope, eldest daughter of Lord Bute, and of Llys-y-nant, Carmarthenshire, the lady of John Harry Henningham Hope, Esq.—In Duchess Street, Park-lane, London, Lady Caiumorin.—Feb. 8th, at Powis Castle, Lady Lucy Clive.

Of Daughters.—At Gowram Glebe, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Staple.—At Killeen, county Cork, the lady of the Rev. John Sproule, Esq., near Ballinskehe, the lady of Captain Bell.—The lady of George Smith Hayter, Esq.—Feb. 10th, the lady of the Rev. Gilbert Gilber, B. D.—At the residence of James Sproule, Esq., Athlone, the lady of Lieutenant Alexander Gunnings, half-pay 61st Foot. —At Kilmore, near Knockrath, the lady of Rev. J. D. Sr., her thirteenth child.—Feb. 13th, the Marchioness of Clanfield.

**MARRIAGES.**


**DEATHS.**

Feb. 9th, in his 66th year, Deputy Assistant Commissary General Thomas Lane, son of the late John Lane, Esq., of Nicholas-lane.—Jan. 31st, at Hayes, Middlesex, John Brandon, Esq., aged 74, at his house, Stockwell, Surrey, Josiah Taylor, Esq., aged 73, for many years an eminent bookseller in Holborn.—Feb. 11th, in his 69th year, Peter Dunkley, Esq., of Cowcross-street, and Reigate, Surrey.—Feb. 11th, Elizabeth Ann, and Mrs. Vaugham, of Charlever, aged 32 years.—At Joseo, Bengal, on the 6th of October last, in the 35th year of his age, Robert Brande, Francis, Esq., surgeon of that station, third son of Charles Francis, Esq., of Bexley.—In London, on the 13th, his residenee, Cheltenham, Thomas Flower, Esq., late of Bombay, aged 87.—Feb. 11th, Robert, second son of Mr. William Burr, of the 1st, M. P., of Dunraven-square.—On Wednesday, Mrs. Arabella Ekins, wife of Charles Ekins, Esq., of Tunbridge Wells, daughter of P. Turnere, Esq., of Newman-street, sculptor.—George Leigh, Esq., claimant to the title and estates of the late Lord L. of Stonely.—Feb. 18th, at Yonaghall, R. T. Hastings, nephew of the Earl of Tantallon.—Feb. 14th, in Southwark, Francis James, Esq., of Crown and St. Mary's, Mossel Bay, of the Madras establishment.—Feb. 16th, Robert Trevor, Esq., of London's Artillery, aged sixty-two.—Feb. 17th, in Upper Harley-street, Benjamin Good, Esq., aged forty-nine. —Feb. 17th, at the rectory, Winterbourne, near Bristol, the Rev. Thomas Whitefield, B.D., rector of that parish, late of St. John's, Oxford, aged sixty-eight.—Feb. 17th, at Mortimore-hill, Berks, from rupture of a blood-vessel, Samuel Hunter, Esq., son of Sir Claudious Hunter, Bart., in the twenty-eighth year of his age.—Feb. 17th, at Brighton, Sir T. Clarges, Bart., in his fifty-fourth year.—At Doring, Feb. 16th, Mr. John Thompson, late of Petworth, Sussex, aged seventy-four.—At Henley-on-Thames, Feb. 11th, Henry Thomas Parker, Esq., of Castle Louth, Ireland, and late of the Ninth Lancers.—Feb. 16th, at Houghton-house, Dartford, in his seventy-seventh year, Isaac Espinasse, Esq., barrister at law, a bencher of the Hon. Society of Gray's-inns, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Kent.—Feb. 18th, at Paris, Mrs. Mary Sandford, widow of the late Major William Thomas Sandford, formerly of the East India Company’s service on the Bombay establishment.—Feb. 16th, John Bennet, Esq. secretary to Lord’s—At Dublin, Feb. 14th, Mr. Metrise, late co-proprietor of the Queen’s Theatre, Tottenham-street, aged forty, after three days’ illness.—At Paris, Feb. 17th, Jacob Ricardo, Esq., aged fifty-four. —On the 25th December, on his return to England, in a serious illness, Lord St. Mark, Esq., of Beaulieu, Esq., Feb. 17th, at Bath, Mr. John Theiwall, well known as a political dealer and manufacturer of silk, aged 67.—Feb. 17th, at Brighton, Sir T. Clarges, Bart., in his fifty-fourth year.—On the 25th of November last, at Kingston Cross, Hants, after a suffering for eighteen months. Andrew T. S. Sparrow, son of Captain Henry Sparrow, of a series of dramas and novels; he was a young gentleman of very high promise, and amiable disposition.
HÉLOÏSE.

Born not.

Died 1164.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

No. 41 of the series of ancient portraits.

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1834.
MEMOIRS OF ABELARD AND ELOÏSE,

WHOSE FIGURES, AS LARGE AS LIFE, AND TOMB, ATTRACT UNIVERSAL ATTENTION IN THE FREQUENTER'S OF PERE LA CHAISE, AT PARIS.

(ILLUSTRATED BY AN AUTHENTIC WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAIT OF ELOÏSE, SPLENDIDLY COLOURED.)

Like the history of Petrarch and Laura, which has occupied no small portion of our recent numbers, Abelard and Eloïse, must also claim a joint narration, when more immediately speaking only of the latter. Of the ancient sources from which we had intended taking our materials for this purpose, we now find a well arranged and accurate view in Stebbing's Christian Church, vol. II. (Lardner's Cyclopaedia,) to which we shall make a brief reference.

"At the period when St. Bernard was in the zenith of his reputation, there appeared in the church a man whose talents would have made him conspicuous under whatever circumstances they had been brought into action. This was the eloquent, the learned, the unfortunate Abelard. Having been expelled from Leon, on account of the boldness of his opinions, he propounded his doctrines at Paris, in the midst of those crowds of inquisitive and adventurous students, who came from all parts of Europe to that celebrated university. The force of his genius was irresistible. It was in the midst of his triumphs that he became enamoured of the beautiful Eloïse, the niece of Fulbert, one of the canons of the church of Paris. His passion was met with not inferior fervour: and the lovers fled during the night, to engage in a secret marriage."

The annals of history teem with records of human misery produced by the tyrannical influence which the Roman church exercised over domestic ties. All that were connected with that splendid but erring establishment, were doomed to celibacy, under pain of reprobation in the next world, and scorn and infamy in this. This rule was imperative upon those who had taken upon themselves the priesthood, and it was by implication extended to all connected with the administration of the law or of the secular government of the church. For instance, supposing that the Roman hierarchy extended the dominion it exercised in the fourteenth century in the present day, all barristers at the Chancery bar, all serjeants at law, archdeacons, proctors, and also all ecclesiastical lawyers, and doctors of law and physic, and all professors and teachers of science, were expected to be unmarried men. It is true, that vows to that effect were not enforced under penalties of loss of life and torture, as in the case of the priesthood; but if one of either of these professions took unto himself a spouse, he lost all hopes of preferment, was deprived of his livelihood and scholastic honours, and, in short, finished existence in some such state of universal contempt as a Paria that has forfeited one of the Hindostanee castes.

Our age has witnessed a relaxation of these hard rules of celibacy; the contingent branches have long since had their freedom, and the church itself sought on its own behalf for equal license. Petitions from all parts of the Continent poured...
in upon the supreme head of the Catholic church within the last few years, to allow the priesthood to marry, and that which seemed to be the general wish, was looked upon as a wholesome departure from the rules of the dark ages, (doubtless, however, at the time well-intentioned,) which may in the end produce a new order of things, by breaking down one other of the many yet existing walls of partition!

It was on account of the law which we have reprobated, that Eloise so firmly denied the marriage that had actually taken place between her and her lover. Feverishly alive to the fame of her distinguished husband, Eloise persuaded Abelard to keep their union a mystery, and she became a nun in the Abbey of Argenteuil. Her acknowledgment of him would have stopped his career of fame and ambition, and would have consigned him to opprobrium for life. Yet this step proved fatal to Abelard. The arguments made use of by her to prevent him from marrying her, are strikingly fine: she adored him, and knew no tie to be stronger than the devotion of heart to heart. Abelard was not a priest, but of a calling something similar to the lecturers on science, and professors of our universities. This unfortunate and disinterested lady ought not, therefore, to be judged by the rules of modern life, as if she scorned and abhorred the sanctity of the marriage tie from vicious and irreligious motives. A slight slur of passing censure may have been cast on her, which history does not bear out; and whatever impropriety fiction may have blended with the names of these unfortunate victims of ecclesiastical law, it must be remembered that with it, neither they nor ourselves have aught to do, as it is historical fact that is alone recognised in the present memoir. These lovers were not the only persons sacrificed to the cruel policy, in those dark middle ages, of a barbarous church government: the misfortunes of our Saxon king, Edwin, who contracted a prohibited marriage with his cousin, Elgiva, is a proof what atrocity monkish rage and envy could perpetrate. St. Dunstan, it is well-known, with his saintly hands, defaced the beauty of Elgiva’s face, by searing it with branding irons, and cut the sinews of her arms and legs, to spoil the elasticity of her form. After such deformity was effected, a cloister was the only retreat for the unhappy queen, aike dethroned from royalty, and deprived of her beauty.

The relations of Eloise, when she became a nun, supposed that Abelard was only anxious to conceal his own disgrace and hers, by making her a sacrifice to his selfish fears, and they revenged themselves upon him. The transactions took place at Tours in the year 1130. Abelard then entered the monastery of St. Denys, and Eloise consented to take the veil, but the hearts of these ill-fated lovers were little prepared for the change. It was at this time, that the abbey of the Paraclete (or Comforter) was founded by Eloise. This monastery lasted, for certain, till 1613. Eloise was erudite she knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It was not till long after their retreat into these houses of religion, that the solitude of their cells was found to soften the poignancy of grief, or the regrets of their fatal passion. They carried on a correspondence, but he gave her not the least encouragement. His answer to her first letter was cold and harsh; by his own confession, he regarded her like the rest of her sex, as hurried on by passion, and bearing little real affection for himself. This savours of condemnable cruelty, and she reminds Abelard of the suspicious nature of his conduct, and his hurrying her to take the veil. Did she deserve such treatment? she eagerly asked him; his had been her only happiness. Not the creature of sense, she loved, she declared, only the man himself.

In his subsequent letters, Abelard treats her more considerately, and he may be regarded as very faithfully endeavouring to conquer an unfortunate passion, and the language chosen by him is exceedingly fine.

In another letter, the passion of Eloise declares itself afresh, and carries her to wild excess. Having been ill, however, she writes in a very different strain, and seems to have resolved to think less of him—to forget him was impossible. She still, indeed, adored him, though he seemed to be, in reality, less ardent; yet his last letter is perfectly agreeable to the character he had assumed, and contains many good exhortations.

In a word, the general complexion of his correspondance is cold and impassionate, moral and religious—and her letters are sensitively beautiful.

One would have thought it natural for
Abelard to have been the first to have offered consolation to his once so tenderly loved, in their mutual affliction, at least by writing to her; on the contrary, she it was who first broke the silence.

Of Eloise, we have but little more to add in finishing her history: her sorrows were many and heartbreaking, unless subdued by deep thought of religion. But the career of Abelard was not yet to be finished in the gloom of a cloistered life. The form of absolution used in his behalf is still extant. The admiration of his eloquence was too great and general to allow of his remaining in obscurity. His scholars flocked to the monastery, and clambered at its gates for the instructions of mind so original and so striking. Abelard was again permitted to open a school. Thither students flocked in numbers, from far distant countries, and he exhibited so great a vigour of mind and boldness of thought, that the heads of the church soon condemned this work of his to be burnt, and the author (but for a remission of the sentence) had well nigh been imprisoned in the monastery of St. Medail, at Soissons. The following adventure is too ridiculous to be omitted in our notice of this celebrated and unfortunate man.

Having returned to St. Denis, and declared himself sceptical as to the truth of the traditions respecting the founder of that monastery, he was obliged to seek safety by flight. In the neighbourhood of Nogail-sur-Seine, he found a wild and solitary tract of country; on that lonely spot he built himself a little hermitage of the reeds and other materials furnished by the neighbourhood. Prayer and meditation were his sole employment, and his mind began to form a right estimate of the folly of the world and the vanity of its pursuits. Many of his pupils gathered round him, and built cells in the vicinity of their master's. His enemies pursuing him, he was obliged to escape into Brittany, and he was elected Abbot of St. Gilda's—but he soon returned into France. This was about the year 1139.

It is in our province to notice that besides many abstruse and argumentative religious—doctrinal works, Abelard wrote answers to certain problems and questions proposed to him by Eloise. In the year 1140 St. Barnard brought his opinions before the council of Sens, and his works were condemned as before. Abelard set out for Rome to defend himself in person. In his way, however, Cluspie, the abbot, Peter the Venerable, pressed him into his monastery, and effected a reconciliation between him and St. Barnard. Thus exhausted by his long labours and many troubles, he was well content to find a home. His strength declined apace, and he was sent to the convent of St. Marcel, near Chalon-sur-Saone, that the beautiful scenery and salubrious climate might cheer his latter days. Brief was the further span of his enjoyment. His spirit obeyed the call, and he left behind him an imperishable name, as the most learned and acute, as well as the first of scholars.

We wish, before closing this history, to introduce a few remarks upon the preservation of ancient portraits, begging our readers to remember the very early period, the beginning of the twelfth century, when Eloise lived.

It may be questioned, and with some show of justice, how it is possible to procure authentic likenesses of illustrious persons who flourished in the centuries before the art of painting revived and engraving was invented? But the researches of antiquaries, who are in truth the only real historians, have set this question at rest: and above all, the labours of the lamented Mr. Stothard, in his "Monumental Antiquities," have cast a strong light on the resemblances that still remain to us of the illustrious dead. In his valuable numbers published on the effigies of the earlier Plantagenets at Fontevraud in Normandy, he has proved, from comparison of the embalmed corpse of Henry II. with the enamelled effigy lying on the tomb, that the image was a facsimile of the person of the deceased. There is, indeed, a peculiarly energetic formation in the bones of the forehead and chin of that mighty Plantagenet, which, owing to the art of embalming, has been spared by the fingers of decay: and this circumstance, minutely agreeing with the expression and formation of the effigy above, convinced the antiquary that these monumental figures were strong resemblances of the personages they meant to commemorate. This clue once given, the truth has been corroborated in many instances; and on comparisons of the dress, jewels, size, hair, and height, the artificial figure above is a strong likeness of the body below, the day it was consigned to
the tomb. Let us then for a moment consider the ceremonies that attended the burial of illustrious personages.

From remote antiquity it was the custom to carry the body of a sovereign, or chief, dressed in his robes and regalia, on the bier, with the face uncovered; and that this was the general custom in all ranks, we find by the ballad of the “Friar of Orders Grey,” quoted in Shakspeare—

"They bore him, barefaced, on the bier,
Six proper youths, and tall."

And this custom was long retained in remote country places, among the lower ranks; but in the eighth and ninth centuries it was discovered that the ghastly alteration produced by death, or, perhaps, the traces of poison or a violence, rendered it a most inconvenient custom to expose the real features of a great personage to the gaze of the multitude. A wax figure was therefore substituted, the face of which was a cast taken from the corpse. The figure, as large as life, attired in the costume of king, queen, noble, pontiff, bishop, abbot, or abbes, lay stretched on the top of the coffin; while the corpse in the coffin beneath was arrayed in a similar manner, adorned with false jewels, arranged after the pattern of the real, which were formerly worn by the representative above. Sometimes this waxen fac-simile was placed over the place of sepulture, until a monument was prepared to commemorate the deceased.

To this custom we owe the preservation of waxen figures, in Westminster Abbey, of Queen Elizabeth, Charles II., the Duchess of Richmond, and General Monk, the exhibition of which has caused such public scorn: and how they came there has been repeatedly and insulsingly questioned. There was a similar waxen effigy of Oliver Cromwell, who was buried with more pomp than Louis XIV. This figure was carried in state, on his coffin, at his funeral; but at the Restoration the populace, who had been very angry at this effigy, broke into Whitehall, where it was kept, and suspended the waxen figure by a rope from one of the windows of the palace, and afterwards demolished it, or it might have kept company with the waxen worthies in Westminster Abbey, which ought not in fact to be despised or destroyed, as they are doubtless the truest resemblances of the personages they represent. These effigies afterwards served as models for the peculiar sculpture of the day, which was carving in wood, and then enamelling of the colours of the robes and jewels, precisely after the manner in which the waxen model was clad. There is a wonderful degree of talent to be discovered in some of these performances; and they have the still higher merit of faithful resemblances, and are far preferable in point of good sense, clad as they are in the very dress and fashion of the day, compared with the Greek and Roman dresses in which it is an absurd custom to array our modern monumental busts.* Which would be the nearest resemblance to George Canning, suppose no paintings of him survived seven centuries, an engraving from his statue near St. Margaret's, Westminster, or a bust enamelled in this antique fashion?

We know it is constantly asked how we can be confident that the ancient portraits now publishing by us are authentic resemblances. Some argue, that the very accuracy with which we pourtray, not merely the face and figure, but the minutest paraphernalia, betokens at once that there must be a deception. We have been induced, therefore, to place before the accompanying portrait, one of so many bygone ages, an historical prelude of the manner in which the closer resemblances of persons living in remoter times have been accurately handed down to posterity. The intermediate ages furnish not the same facilities.† Hence has arisen, amongst the partially-informed,

* Whoever wishes to see one of these enamelled monuments in a state of the highest perfection, must go to the ancient church of East Ham, in Essex. It has all the gloss of freshness about it, owing to the following circumstances:—When the puritans were defacing all monuments, the rector of East Ham, of that day, covered this beautiful monument with two coarse painted deal boards, inscribed with the Ten Commandments; it was lately found, by the present rector, in the finest state of preservation, and he had it carefully cleaned; and there it is now, at the altar, to the great ornament of the church. This monument was erected to the memory of Lord Neville; it consists of three most expressive figures. Lord Neville died in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and this monument was most likely not erected till the time of James; so that it has been kept new, as in a deal box, from that period to this. No one can look on the face of Lord Neville without an internal conviction that it is a faithful resemblance.

† On the subject of a general registration of births, deaths, marriages, and christenings, in the House of Commons, in March, 1833, the Solicitor-General said it was easier to trace a pedigree 500 years old than one of comparatively modern date; which remark is well applicable to our present comments.
a very venial cause for doubt or disbelief.

Having proved the faithful authenticity of the ancient mode of taking likenesses, we now proceed to the description of the portrait of Eloïse.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

She is not here represented in her ecclesiastical costume as an abbess, but in the secular dress which she wore at the time when a lingering symptom of vanity may, perhaps, be visible. Her hair is parted, and confined by a fillet, like the Scotch snood. Her gown is of the simplest form, slightly gathered round the throat, in the fashion that the Italian painters, in after-times, represented the Virgin, and from that circumstance the mode has been called à la Vierge by modistes of the present day: the sleeves are straight, and buttoned at the wrists with six gold studs. The gown is not fashioned to the figure, but the fullness is confined by a cincture of cream-coloured leather, with a gold buckle; one end hangs below the knee, and is guarded with gold. The skirt of the gown flows on the ground. The bag suspended from the girdle of Eloïse is exactly the form of the reticules that the Parisian correspondent of the "Lady's Magazine" has announced as fashionable in 1833.

It was called, in 1150, esarcelle, and ausmomière, as it was worn by the great for the purpose of giving alms. The effigy of Queen Berangaria, the wife of Richard Cœur de Lion, has one on the tomb at Fontevraud. In this costume of Eloïse we have the exact appearance of the citizen class in the twelfth century. There was little difference in the masculine and feminine habiliments in common life. The flowing gown was an Asiatic fashion, brought by the crusaders from the Greeks of Constantinople; it was worn alike by men and women. The surcoat, emblazoned with armorial bearings, was the peculiar privilege of female royalty and nobility. The tabard, likewise emblazoned, was the dress of knights and earls. Eloïse is here in a girlish dress. Had she been depicted as a married or consecrated female, her hair would have been concealed. Virgins alone wore their hair flowing, or if luxurious, snooded, for convenience.

Eloïse was tall in stature, slender, and of a noble mien. Early misfortunes drove her to religious seclusion, and she died, aged 63 years, Abbess of the Paraclete. Abelard died on the 21st April, 1142. They brought his corpse to the Paraclete, that it might rest under the care of Eloïse. She survived him until the 17th May in the year 1163, and was buried by his side. To shew how notable and far-famed a history is that of these two unfortunate but celebrated personages, on the day of Pentecost, divine service is performed in the Greek tongue (in the Greek church), in commemoration of the founder of the Paraclete.

At the revolution of 1789, the remains of Abelard and Eloïse were exhumed by the municipal corps of Nogent-sur-Seine, and the abbey of the Paraclete was sold. Their monuments and bodies were transferred to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and now repose side by side, in full-length figures, under a beauteous canopy, partly of wood, partly of stone, supported by 12 pillars. The present portrait was taken from the effigy of Eloïse, assisted by an engraving affixed to a learned memoir of M. L'Évêque, in the "Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," the subject of which is the bas-reliefs of the time of Eloïse. The portrait has likewise been compared with the remains of the corpse. Its authenticity is therefore undoubted.

THE GRAVE-YARD, U. S.

How many seek this sacred spot
To muse upon the common lot—
To think of joy and sadness o'er,
And sigh for those who sigh no more!

The thoughtless youth forgets to smile;
The maiden loves to pause awhile;
And calm old age, with careful eye,
Looks calmly on eternity.
The Heiress.

What strange events may intervene
Ere I review this holy scene:
The trees shall bud, the flowers shall bloom,
The foliage cast a deeper gloom:

The leaves shall fall, the flowers decay,
And Winter urge his iron sway,
And Time shall many a change behold
And many a wondrous tale unfold:

Many a beauteous babe be born,
Many a mother left forlorn,
And every bliss and every woe
That chequers human life below;

And I may turn, in after times,
An aged man from other climes—
May turn (if fate forbid it not)
To seek once more this hallowed spot;

And youth and beauty here may be,
And age, and care, as now I see,
And still the self-same placid scene,
As though no change had ever been.

THE HEIRESS.
BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

No longer keeping the reader in suspense,—"the singular provisions of the two wills were no secret, and the little brunette who had been for twelve months at Madame Le Plasir's without attracting any attention, became the belle of Derby all of a sudden. As if by a miracle, it was discovered that I had bright eyes—that my figure was graceful—that my manners were exquisite—in a word, that I was an heiress! Such attentions as I was paid might have turned a wiser or an older heart than mine. But, although I was scarcely "sweet seventeen," I was suspicious of all this novel kindness—these new friends,—and of my new situation. Young as I was, I was singularly suspicious of flattery: therefore, though beaux stared at me in All Saints' Church, and bowed to me at St. Alkmund's, I had sufficient sense to prize their attentions just at their proper value, and I walked on

"In maiden meditation, fancy free!"

"Flies hover round the honeycomb, just as admirers around an heiress. A dashing, handsome, fortune-hunter formed the resolution to heighten the disgust which the absolute command to marry me, excited in Sir Henry's mind. This person was a Captain Smith, and he possessed talents and address sufficient to render his success with both parties far from problematical. He contrived to become intimate with Sir Henry, and being a pleasant and well-informed companion, the intimacy soon ripened into friendship. Poor Sir Henry had a lonely time of it at Merton Hall, and the prospect of giving up a fine estate was not likely to render him very happy. The gallant captain soon became so necessary to him, as a relief from his own sad thoughts, that in a week or two he was quite domesticated at the Hall. The baronet did not conceal his thoughts from his new friend, and I have some reason to think that this 'Job's comforter' did not draw my character in the most flattering terms. At all events, he neglected no opportunity of heightening the feeling against me; and poor Sir Henry was easily persuaded that on 300l. a year without me, he could live far happier than on a yearly income of 14,000l., burdened with me. I believe that Captain Smith took good care never to say any thing against me, but he was an insinuating man! I was condemned by implication. He dealt out his 'speechless obloquy'; and I believe that ignorance and ugliness were the very best imperfections attributed to me.

"Marian Smith, only sister to the ad-
venturer, officiated as semi-governess in Madame Le Plasir's 'Establishment for young Ladies.' She was a clever, shrewd, showy girl, exactly such a one as might easily be made a knowing intriguante in love or politics. Some time previous to my becoming an heiress, she had taken a fancy to me, and treated me with an affectionate kindness, for which I was exceedingly grateful:—the more so, perhaps, because such attentions were rare. When, from the mere nobody I had been, fortune elevated me into a somebody, with high expectations and high possessions, every one seemed anxious to distinguish me; but, somewhat haughtily, I fear, I turned a deaf ear to their blandishments, and my sole school friend was Marian Smith, who had been kind to me when no interested motive could have influenced her. Accordingly, we were Damon and Pythias in petticoats!

"In this, she had a great advantage over me:—she was six-and-twenty, I was not seventeen. So, when her brother formed the plan of gaining my hand and my rich acres, his sister was one of the best instruments he could employ.

"He could not have a more able confederate. She played her cards well, and held the game in her own hands:—she used all the arts of a practised tactician. She glided into my confidence,—extolling the virtues of her brother in the most quiet unsuspicious manner,—commenting with great commiseration on the horrid necessity of being compelled to marry a man whether I loved him or no,—and losing no opportunity of letting fall insinuations against him. All this was done with such an apparent sincerity,—such a deep wish for my happiness, that even watchful suspicion would be disarmed of apprehension. It easily imposed upon me, who knew no guile, nor thought that others could practise it.

"No wonder then that all this had much of its intended effect. I was slightly predisposed against Sir Henry on account of the peculiar circumstances in which we were relatively placed—and the dark hints as to his excesses on the Continent, were not so very welcome to me, for they tended to corroborate the prejudice which my caprice had taken against him. In a word, the soil was exactly suited to the seed, and my dear Miss Smith was a cunning cultivator.

"Her brother sometimes came to Derby to pay 'a flying visit' to his sister, and when in my hearing she inquired after Sir Henry, his sole reply was the significant 'shrug and sigh' which, in their very silence, spoke volumes.

"I had half made up my mind to refuse the hand of Sir Henry,—but the Smiths had no wish that this should be the issue of the adventure. To throw the rejection on him, would require very little trouble; this done, the captain determined to gain my hand, and what he must have wished for quite as much, 'my broad lands besides.' It is very probable that success would have crowned all this scheming, had not a slight accident completely changed the current of events.

"You may remember that the provisions of the double wills made it imperative that Sir Henry Morton should wed me or refuse me within twelve months after his father's death. That period had now very nearly elapsed, and my guardians, who had no doubt that the 'very eligible marriage' would take place, withdrew me from school,—thinking that Sir Henry might not exactly wish to woo his future bride under the surveillance of a boxy of the 'bread and butter misses' of a boarding-school. The announcement came on me so very suddenly, that, my dear Marian Smith being accidentally absent, I had no opportunity of taking counsel with her.

"My uncle, to whose house I went, was a plain-spoken gentleman, and made my journey most miserable by a series of jokes upon my coming 'change of situation.' Protestations—even tears were in vain,—he put down every thing with 'a little modesty, very natural to your situation, and becomes you exceedingly!' I never was so tormented, before or since.

"Fortunately for me, my aunt was of a different character. She had mixed with the world, and after some little time I was prevailed upon to state my feelings. I told her my distinct and firm resolution not to marry Sir Henry.

"She was a woman of kindly feelings, and looked at events with a resolve to find out their causes. With the most admirable tact she learned how my prejudices against Sir Henry had been fostered. 'It is well,' said she, with a smile, 'that this dangerous Miss Smith is separated from you now. I know, from authority indisputable, that her brother has been acting the same part by Sir Henry.'
It is not very difficult to surmise the motives for this double game.' I protested, of course, against these suspicions: my aunt listened to my vindication of Marian Smith, but I could easily see that she remained incredulous.

"It now wanted about six weeks of the expiration of the year, and I began to cherish hopes that Sir Henry would not come to ask my hand. I ventured to hint as much to my aunt, and her answer set my spirits in a flutter. 'Sir Henry does come. He will be at your cousin's next week, so make your mind up to be wooed and married, and a.'"

"I do not know what impulse led me, but such as it was I felt its weight to be irresistible. I interrupted her with, 'I have never seen Sir Henry; let me judge of him, myself unknown. I have promised to spend a week with my cousin. It may be a wild fancy, but I would like to play the part of Miss Hardcastle. My cousin, I am sure, will easily join in the plot.'"

"'Oh, I see,' said my aunt, 'you would Stoop to Conquer. The thought is romantic: if the execution fails, you are lost. However, where there is much to be gained, much may be risked. Let it be so, if you will. I must only trust that you will perform with éclat.'"

"We drove over to my cousin's the next day. She was delighted to enter into our scheme, and arranged so that, except from my own imprudence, no chance of discovery was left. This was the easier, as Sir Henry had expressly stipulated, that, being in indifferent spirits, his visit was to be so strictly private, that no guests were to meet, no visitors to see him.

"Sir Henry, therefore, visited Oaklands without the remotest idea of beholding me there. He knew that I was in the neighbourhood. His friend, Captain Smith, with more delicacy than I had given him credit for, did not accompany him—indeed, he was not invited.

"I felt ashamed—deeply ashamed of my credulity, and very distrustful of Marian's motives, when I saw the baronet. He was now about three-and-twenty, tall and slight in figure, with the air of a man of fashion, and that innate gentleness of manner which, after all, is peculiar to gentle blood. When I looked at his handsome face—his expressive eyes—his beautiful forehead, with its whiteness well relieved by his dark hair—I confess that, like Bob Acres' courage, my prejudice 'oozed out at my fingers' ends.' He was just such a man as the quick fancy of seventeen might worship as a hero, or idolise as a lover!

"How much he had been slandered! His intellectual attainments surpassed those of every one with whom I had ever conversed. His knowledge of books had been corrected and aided by his knowledge of life. Travel had not been thrown away on him. With me, it may not have been love at first sight, but it was something very like it.

"His personal attractions, considerable as they were, was the very least of his merits. His melancholy mien—the thoughtfulness that brooded on his brow and in the darkness of his full and speaking eye—the gentleness—the tenderness of his manner—the sweetness of his low, melancholy voice—the eloquence of his impassioned words—all made him but too interesting an acquaintance.

"We soon became friends: his melancholy sometimes brightened into a smile, as he listened to the lively sallies which fell from my lips; for, I know not how, while my actual spirits were at zero, my seeming spirits were as high as fever heat. We walked together—we conversed together—until, at last, the flush on his cheek, and the flashing of his eye, and the deepening tenderness of his voice, when in my company, made me suspect that my task was over. I had conquered my own idle prejudices—I trusted that I had gained a lover, and conquered him.

"At last, it was time for me to return, for only two days remained of the fatal year. As time had passed on, Sir Henry had sunk deeper and deeper into melancholy, which, at last, even my presence served but to increase.

"I had been introduced to him as a portionless and almost friendless orphan. Another day, and he would see me in my own character. But how would the change affect him? Would he think lightly of the deception, or would his delicacy shrink from the folly which had sought to make his heart the object of an experiment? With these conflicting doubts, I was almost as much disturbed as himself.

"The crisis came. I was sitting alone in the drawing-room when Sir Henry entered. He took his seat by my side,
The Heiress.

and, for a time, both were silent. At last he spoke:

"'You leave us, Isabella. You will leave regrets behind you. I must be pardoned,—but, ere you depart, let me tell you how much I love you. Nay, shrink not: your colour changes, and you tremble. Pity, if you will not forgive me.'

"He took my hand, and, I scarce know how, I could not withdraw it. One moment's pause—he looked into my eyes—they were filled with tears—his lip was on my burning, blushing cheek, and I knew—how exquisitely!—that this was love, ardent and acknowledged.

"Trembling—blushing—panting, with these new and exquisite sensations, I withdrew myself from his embrace. Both again were silent: at last I felt that now it was my turn to speak.

"'I can forgive—let us both forget this weakness. To you it can matter little what, in after life, becomes of me. You will yet think of me, perhaps, as one who has amused your idle hours—whose youth may have been her greatest charm. You will forget the friendless orphan, and it is right that you should forget her. Remember, Sir Henry, that you are betrothed. Leave these scenes, and become, even as your father willed, the husband of one who, far better than myself, has a claim to the right.'

"'By Heaven!' interrupted he, 'this will drive me mad. What right had my father to dispose of my hand—how could he fathom the depth of my feelings? No, Isabella, let my betrothed, as you call her, take the broad lands that my fathers won at the point of the sword, in the olden days—let the heir of a thousand years live without wealth, but with his pure and first affection cherished as nature meant it should be. I cannot marry a woman whom I do not love. When the tyrant of ancient times chained the living body to the dead corpse, the union was not more unnatural than that which, from the grave, my father would make between hearts that cannot love each other. No, better to die than be party in such a union.'

"He spoke with so much eager vehemence, that I could perceive his mind to be firmly resolved. I could not resist inquiring into the causes of his dislike to the marriage.

"'And is it only to the manner of the marriage, as a family compact, in which the hearts of those chiefly concerned were not consulted, or to the lady, that your objection is applicable?'

"'To both: my faith plighted without my knowledge—without my consent; this, of itself, would create a spirit of opposition. But the lady—'

"'And what of her?'

"'What of her?—she is as unlike you as possible. If she were not vain and pedantic—at once a blue-stocking and a coquette—I could easily forgive her want of personal attractions. But your colour changes—perhaps you know Miss Carlisle?'

"'I do, indeed,' said I, with some bitterness, for although I had expected much, I had not expected to find my character drawn in such colours. 'I do know her—as well as I know myself.'

"'I am sorry, then, that through you I have unconsciously wounded her,' said he, with a look of great embarrassment.

"'Oh!' replied I, 'it makes no matter; you have drawn her picture, no doubt, but the shadows predominate. It is somewhat curious, though, that she should have heard much the same of you.'

"'Of me?'

"'Yes. That you were a roué in morals—a pretender in fashion, a clown in manners, and, to crown all, a gambler.'

"He replied, with an air and tone of great vexation, 'There must be a sad mistake here. I abhor gaming. I hold the character of a roué in utter detestation; and for my manners, fashion, and attainments, they are such as you see.'

"He drew himself up with some stateliness, and paused, as expecting my answer. I kept silence, and he continued.

"'What I heard of the lady, I fear is true: my informant—'

"'Was Captain Smith, whose sister drew your character for Miss Carlisle,—so it is likely that the misrepresentation has been mutual.'

"'If I thought so—'

"'You would throw yourself at Miss Carlisle's feet—become her prince charmant for life,—and forget the world of protestations you made me just now.'

"'No!' said he, with a smile, 'my resolve is taken, and my only dread now is, that I may unconsciously give pain to one to whom it should be spared. I shall see her to-morrow, resign all claim to her hand, and then, if you can wed a man of
broken fortunes, my fate is at your disposal. Isabella, you cannot say no! you must not!"

"My answer was brief—for I was so much affected by these proofs of his regard, that I scarcely dared trust myself to speak:—

"'It will be well for all parties, that I decline my answer until to-morrow. See Miss Carlisle, and then if you still reject her, or rather, if you decline to offer yours for her acceptance—for, after all, the refusal may come from her,—I will'—

"'Be mine? Is it so?'—I checked his raptures, for I heard the carriage-wheels. I merely said, 'I shall be with Miss Carlisle when you come to plead your suit to-morrow.' In five minutes I was on my way to my paternal mansion.

"I reached home late, and found my aunt there before me. Pleading fatigue, I hurried to my bed-room, and left her, with curiosity ungratified, quite unconscious of the issue of my experiment.

"The next day was to bring me joy or sorrow. I was pretty confident of the result—though, at times, a doubt would chill my heart, that Sir Henry might feel disgust at the finesse I had been using. But when hearts were trumps, who would not play a bold game?

"My room of audience was the library, and, to keep up my character of a bas bleu, maps, books, mathematical instruments, were scattered on the tables. The ground was strewn with 'learned lumber' from the shelves—a pair of globes were on the table immediately before my seat,—in short, the whole apartment was in a state of literary litter, well calculated to strengthen the impression that I was what well-informed men must hate—a vain, pedantic female.

"Sir Henry came—I knew the sound of his footfall, as he paced down the passage. He was announced, and I rose to receive him. A little pause before he entered—a sudden start, as he caught a glimpse of my figure. I had taken care to have the window-curtains drawn, so that in the indistinct light it was impossible to distinguish my features.

"Our tête-à-tête was coldly formal. A few sentences from him—a few monosyllables from me. At last he took courage, and respectfully stated that, after due consideration, he had resolved to decline presenting himself as a suitor for my hand. He apologised for what he called 'his insensibility to my merits,' but frankly said that his heart was not his own to offer. He would, it was true, abandon worldly fortune, but he had enough left for competence—the world was open to him, where he might win wealth and fame by his talents, if such he had,—and at all events, he believed that he could persuade the object of his affection to share his lot, be it bright or gloomy.

"He made this declaration with such manly gentleness—evidently anxious to spare my feelings and justify his own—that, while he was resigning me, I felt that I loved him more than ever!

"My thoughts overwhelmed me. I grew faint, and sank back in my chair. Sir Henry hastily arose, took me in his arms, and led me to the window. I revived at his touch. He threw up the window to give me air, the light fell full upon my face,—could he trust his sight? He stood in amaze—was it but a dream? At last conviction flashed across him—my smile told him all. He threw himself at my feet, and, you may be sure, did not plead in vain!

"I spare you a detail of what follows. My uncle had already provided a special licence,—my aunt had taken care to provide me with a bridal wardrobe—there was no difficulty in procuring a parson; and, as all comedies must end with a wedding, we were married that evening.

"Of the Smiths, I never heard again:—I never inquired after them. I have been happy as a wife, and never had reason to repent my experiment. Even yet, though years have elapsed since Sir Henry's death, I cherish the memory of our enduring and happy love.

"Here ends my narrative. If it has been dull, remember that I warned you that it could not well be otherwise."

Our lively story-teller paused, and our thanks followed profusely. I am mistaken, indeed, if the narrative has not made a deep impression on some one,—for I saw the Major, at the tender scenes, brush away a tear from eyes all unaccustomed to the "melting mood."

(The beginning of this Tale is at page 140.)
"You're always postponing, you put off for ever,"
Tom angrily cried to his indolent wife;

"And you're always fault-finding, and really never
Did I such a fidget behold in my life."
Said the pretty Kathleen, who would rather sit playing
Half the morning with Minet than think of obeying
The calls of her household; to order it right,
See her furniture shining, her table-cloths white,
And her wardrobes and closets made tidy at night.

"And who would not find fault?" said her spouse, in a passion,
"To see his house govern'd in such a vile fashion:
When I come from my counting-house, tired as a dog,
Soak'd thro' with the rain, and cold as a frog,
I've a room like a milliner's workshop to sit in,
Amongst gloves, ribbons, flowers, and knotting and knitting:
The sofa half fill'd with your dress-making matters,
The carpet in holes and spread over with tatters;
A handful of fire, in a bushel of ashes,
A bad shutting door, and two broken-paned sashes;
Over which there's an untidy drapery dangling,
That six months ago wanted washing and mangling:
With three crazy chairs, on which no one can sit,
Two candles unsnuff'd since the time they were lit:
No dry shoes, or coat, or e'en dinner forthcoming,
While you, at that dusty piano sit humming;
And when dinner does come, 'tis placed on a table,
With a soil'd, ragged cloth, and the legs all unstable;
With knives that have edges as thick as their backs,
Plates and dishes all odd ones, with numberless cracks;
Forks and spoons as like silver, as I'm like a Turk—

"Then they're something like silver," said Kate with a smirk.

"Is water so scarce? that you can't get a glass
Better wash'd?" he resumed—"you let any thing pass."

"Well come, come," said Kate, smiling sweetly, "don't scold,
Dear Tom, till you've dined, or your fish will be cold."

But Tom, at that moment, her sweet smile defied,
Sat down, carved, and, tasting the luckless fish, cried,
"These flounders are muddy—the butter is oil'd,
The parsley is gritty, potatoes half boil'd:
And that salt is so damp, that the white of an egg
Is pungent compared to it—change it, I beg:
This porter has been half a century dead,
And the bread is both stale and as heavy as lead:
And what's this triumphantly swimming at top
Of the butter?—by Jove, I can't get a clear drop:
Do you know what a strainer is made for? I wonder,
I would turn off a cook that should make such a blunder,
As to send me up butter not pass'd through a tamis,
Making all that one eats with it, tasteless and clammy.
Let us see what the steak is—'tis juicy as wood
That has lain in the earth since Deucalion's flood;
The cayenne wants bruising—it has not fair play
In this tarnish'd plate-caster—here, take it away;
And the county of Durham, I'm sure never grew
Such vile mustard as this—away with it, too:
These pickles are vapid, and flabby as leather,
And your horse-radish scraped, should be light as a feather;
But this is like so many carpenters' chips,
And as bitter as gall, as it passes one's lips.
Here's a tart with a crust like the wall of a church,
And baked till the barberries are dry as a birch.
Why don't you look after your servants, and see
Things managed with something like comfort for me?
Sure, 'tis not *infra dig.* for a woman like you,
To visit her kitchen, and see what's to do:
If your servants do wrong, you can surely resist 'em,
But this you can only succeed in by system.
Remember that cleanliness, order, and duty,
Tie a man to his home, with bands stronger than beauty:
Rise early yourself, Kate, and set all a-going,
And buy a receipt-book, and make yourself knowing;
'Twill be time better spent than in reading a novel,
Of elegant Misses, that pine in a hovel;
Or in spoiling good screens with some nondescript flower,
Or tormenting these keys out of time by the hour—
For you're out of time always, as I am a sinner,
At music, at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner;
And, in short, we must have a complete reformation,
Since the whole of your conduct requires regulation."

"Well, I think this will do for one dose, Tom," said Kate,
"'Tis hard to be told I am always too late.
Sometimes I could half cry my eyes out with sorrow,
When I put off the work of to-day till to-morrow.
But there's one thing," she pettishly added, "I own,
I am heartily vex'd that I did not postpone,
And that is—I'm serious, Tom—that is my marriage:
I'd gladly walk barefoot from London to Harwich,
To call back the day when I gave you the right
To scold and torment me from morning to night."

"There it is," Tom retorted, "you don't time things neatly,
Had you put off that day, tho' for ever and aye,
You'd have me your debtor, and life had pass'd sweetly:
But, since we are tied up for better for worse,
And have the same interest, Kathleen, in one purse,
The next prudent thing to not marrying at all,
Is to wear the yoke so that we mayn't feel it's gall;
Try what you can do."

"If I do try," said Kate,
"You'll tell me, perhaps, I shall still be too late."

"Late is better than never," said Tom, with a smile;
If you like, you'll learn something, I'm sure, in a while.
See what ought to be done by consulting your book,
And you'll, no doubt, be some time a match for your cook.
You've two maids and a boy, who have nothing to do
But to keep things in order, and wait upon you.
They won't do of themselves; they are all of 'em like
A clock—you must wind it up before it will strike.
If they see you determin'd to hold a tight bridle,
They will cease to be slovenly, wasteful, and idle.
Temptation should never be thrown in their way;
You've their morals to answer for—think of that, pray.
Tom and Kate.

A new life they must turn o'er, here or elsewhere,
For I'll cut short such dealings as these, I declare."

"We'll see what's to be done then, next week," answer'd Kate.

"Nay, if you decide on amendment, why wait?
I should like a beginning to-morrow, my dear,"
Said Tom, "and at night let me see the fire clear,
The door made to shut, and the table set right,
Knives, forks, spoons, and tumblers, and candlesticks bright;
And let your cook dress something fit to sit down to;
If she can't, or she won't, why then send to town to
Your sister, and tell her to hire us another,
And let us not live in this comfortless pother:
Only think what a scene! if I'd brought home a friend,
He'd have said in his heart,—" Well! Tom has made an end
Of his comforts for one while, with that dawdling wife,
His folly I'll take as a warning for life."

"Well," said Kate with a smile, "then to-morrow I'll try,"
While the tear trembled bright in her pretty blue eye;
"But for all that, you'll wish I had put off the day
Of our marriage 'for ever and ever and aye?' "

"Why that was, I own," said Tom, "rather too tart of me;
But in point of a kind speech, you, Kate, had the start o' me;
'Tis a pretty long walk between London and Harwich,
Which you would go barefoot to cancel our marriage;
If, indeed, Kate, you're serious, 'tis better to part,
But you know Kate you won, and you may keep my heart."

"Then I will," replied Kate, "and remember this night
Is the last you shall see, in which all is not right;
At least I'll endeavour, and make a beginning."

"You'll succeed then," said Tom, in his manner most winning.

Kate was true to her word, and entreated a dame,
Who for housekeeping knowledge had gain'd a great name,
To teach her the mysteries domestic, which throw
On calm marriage life that beneficent glow,
Which illumines most sweetly the world's thorny maze,
And inspires the young heart to walk firm thro' its ways.
She pass'd her noviciate in capital style,
And thought herself paid when Tom gave her a smile.
In six months her house became famous for neatness,
Her table and fireside, for taste and completeness:
Propriety shone in whatever she plann'd,
Order, style, and economy went hand-in-hand:
She became a good timeist, and knew to a minute,
When a dish should be ready, and what should be in it;
Her servants, perceiving there was but one way,
Since their mistress would rule, thought it best to obey,
Grew alert and respectful, exact and discreet,
And the triumph of Kate o'er herself was complete.
Having throw'n off her indolence, all things went right,
And the cares of her household then prov'd her delight.
Method rendered all easy, and gave her full leisure,
For reading, and music, and visits, and pleasure,
While Tom proudly own'd his dear Kate was a treasure.
The courtiers of King Henry the Third had some trouble in persuading their royal master of the unfitness of the matrimonial alliance which his absent favourite, Hubert de Burgh, had concluded in his name with the Lady Margaret of Scotland; but the insidious representations of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the persevering importunities of the Earl of Chester, together with the disadvantageous report which they caused to be conveyed to him of the personal qualifications of the young lady, at length wrought upon him to write an angry letter to De Burgh, enjoining him to break off the treaty of marriage.

No sooner had he despatched the Earl of Chester on this mission, than the mind of this weak and vacillating prince began to experience a variety of misgivings respecting the probable consequences of the unprecedented step he had been induced to take by the persuasions of those who were the declared enemies of Hubert de Burgh; and when the Archbishop of York, and others of the friends and adherents of the grand justiciary, in their turn, represented to him the dishonourable light in which his conduct would be regarded by the whole world, the anger of his offended ambassador, and the likelihood of his joining the insulted King of Scotland in obtaining a signal revenge upon him, he not only felt, but expressed the most passionate regret for what he had just done, and implored the Archbishop of York to follow the Earl of Chester, and, if possible, succeed in overtaking him, before he had delivered his letter and message to Hubert de Burgh.

The Archbishop of York was, however, too old and cautious to undertake such a perilous mission. He was one of those wise people who can point out an error, with all its probable train of evil consequences, without having either the power or the inclination to suggest a remedy; so he contented himself with reproaching the king for not having consulted him before he proceeded to the breach of a solemn contract of marriage with the sister of so powerful a neighbour as the King of Scots, especially as he must have been aware that the lady had already crossed the Scottish border, and was on her journey to London.

Henry on this redoubled his laments, and smiting on his breast, as was his custom in any trouble or perplexity of his own bringing on, made use of his usual exclamation—"Oh! for the head of God, say no more about it, my lord archbishop, lest men should stand amazed at the relation thereof."

"Men will stand amazed in good truth, my royal liege," responded the archbishop, "when the King of Scots proclaims the injury you have done to his fair sister, who is, without exception, the loveliest and most discreet princess in Christendom, notwithstanding the insult you have been pleased to offer her, Sir King."

"We are ready to marry her, we are ready to fulfil our royal contract, yea, and to settle a goodly dower upon her, over and above what our good brother of Scotland demanded for her, in case she should be so unhappy as to survive us, which the saints foretold, lest she should be enticed into committing a second marriage after our death," groaned the king in a doleful voice.

The archbishop shook his head, and assured the king that the Lady Margaret was a princess of too high a spirit to accept him, after the injurious manner in which he had been induced to treat her, on the false representations of men who resolved to break off the match out of hatred to his friend and favourite, Hubert de Burgh, of whose advancement they had ever evinced the most bitter jealousy.

"Fie upon them, for two of the falsest traitors that did ever persuade a Christian king to a naughty deed," replied the king, who was always of the opinion of the last speaker: "I protest I will go to meet the Lady Margaret, my betrothed wife, and marry in despite of them both; and then, with the assistance of our loving brother, the King of Scots, and our trusty and well-beloved justiciary, Hubert de Burgh,
we will confiscate the lands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and hang that evil-minded traitor, Robert of Chester, for the audacious meddling of which they have been guilty in the matter. Yes, and we are ready to forswear the letter also, if thou wilt be pleased to give us absolution for perjury, my lord archbishop."

This the Archbishop of York protested his conscience was too tender to allow him to do, but he approved of the king's design of meeting the princess, and offering a personal explanation and apology for the error into which he had been betrayed by the misrepresentations of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Chester.

The resolution was undoubtedly a good one, although the hasty marriage of the rejected bride would have rendered it useless, if it had ever been carried into effect; but the fact was, King Henry consumed so much time in consultations with his tailors and tinsmen respecting the dress in which he should first be introduced to the princess of Scotland, and changed his mind so often as to the fashion of the royal robes which he proposed to wear at his marriage solemnity, that the Earl of Chester returned from executing his commission before the king had come to a final decision on these important points.

The monarch was in the wardrobe chamber, holding a privy-council, with the master of the robes, the groom of the stole, two lords of the bedchamber, two tailors of the body-half, a dozen tailors and sempstresses, four embroiderers, and three jewellers, when the Earl was announced.

The warlike peer, who was attired in a complete suit of mail, had to exercise some ingenuity in avoiding entangling his long spurs among the silks, satins, tissues, furs, and laces with which the apartment was strewn, or decomposing the economy of various superb suits which were displayed on wooden stands to the admiring eyes of the king, who, bareheaded and disencumbered of his upper garment, was seated on the ground with a huge pair of shears in his hand, with which he was himself fashioning the sleeve of a surcoat, of parti-coloured damask, which the tailor had not cut to the royal fancy.

"Now, praise to St. Ursula and her forty thousand virgins!" exclaimed the monarch, holding up the sleeve, with a look of extreme satisfaction. "had they all been present to guide the shears, I could not have carved a more comely sleeve for my bridal garment. Our betrothed queen and spouse, the Lady Margaret, cannot but stand amazed at the goodliness of the fashion when she beholdeth me arrayed in such dainty guise at the nuptial altar. How say ye, my masters, shall I not make a jolly bridegroom when tired for the wedding?"

Here the Earl of Chester, who knew not what to think of this fresh freak of Henry's variable humour, advanced a few steps with an embarrassed air, and bending his knee, stammered out the accustomed salutation of, "Health and loyal greetings to my royal liege."

"How now, Sir Earl!" exclaimed the king, peevishly: "have a care how you set your mailed feet among these dainty trappings—I prythee what hath brought thee back so soon? May blessed Saint Bride grant that thou hast done no mischief touching our marriage with our betrothed Lady Margaret of Scotland: for if thou hast, thy knave's neck shall be worth no more than a rope's purchase."

"May it please you, my gracious liege," stammered the luckless earl, "I have performed the errand on which you sent me forth, stoutly and truly, in the deliverance of your royal letter to that false traitor, Hubert de Burgh."

"Thou hadst better have delivered thyself to the hangman, with a great fee to bribe the knave to do his office speedily upon thy vile body, thou egregious meddler," exclaimed the king, flinging down the tailor's shears in a pet, and casting an angry glance at the earl.

"May it please you, my royal liege," interposed he, in a beseeching tone—

"No, thou troublesome traitor, it doth not please me," interrupted the king.

"Thou hast, I do verily suppose, wrought me more mischief in one hour than I can repair in a month, and what saith my trusty and well-beloved justiciary, Hubert de Burgh, to the letter?"

"He said nought to the letter," replied the earl, sullenly, "he only bade me depart from Carlisle while my footing was good."

"I commend him for the saying!" rejoined the king, laughing: "but was the Lady Margaret in presence?"
"Aye, marry, was she," returned the earl.
"But my loving Hubert did not show her the letter, I trust," said the king.
"I cannot say that he did," rejoined the earl: "but he put it into the hand of one who was in presence, who took it in worse part than he did."
"And who was that, I pray?" demanded Henry.
"The King of Scots, an' please your grace," replied the earl.
"The King of Scots!" echoed Henry, in a tone of consternation. "How came he in my town of Carlisle?"
"That I ventured not to ask, my lord," said the earl. "All I know is, he was there."
"And what did he say of me?" demanded the king, eagerly.
"More than your grace would like to hear from the lips of a subject," said the earl.

But Henry the Third, like all weak people, was tormented with an intense desire of hearing all the disqualifying observations that were made of him in his absence; so he commanded the Earl of Chester to repeat to him, verbatim, every thing the King of Scotland had said on perusing his letter.
"Will it please your grace then to command the present audience to avoid the chamber," said the earl, looking significantly at the company of tailors, sempsters, embroiderers, and jewelers.
"Seest thou not, thou foolish earl, that we are busily engaged with them in preparing our bridal garments?" said the king; "and they are such untaught varlets, that something will go wrong if we leave them for one moment to their own devices, albeit needle-work and fashioning garmenture is their calling. Therefore speak on."
"Not I, by the mass, unless your grace will give me private audience," said the earl: "I marvel me your grace hath not more regard for your kingly dignity and knightly honour, than to make yourself of fellow-craft with vile tailors and needle-men."
"Nay, but Robert of Chester, consider the case of my wedding-garments," interposed the puny sovereign, in a beseeching tone.

The fierce earl, who with difficulty could restrain the inclination he felt to kick the frippery articles with which he was surrounded out of his path, turned his back rudely upon the monarch, to quit the presence, muttering, as he did so, "Wedding garments, forsooth! a motley coat is the only robe that becometh such a prince."

"What wert thou saying of my garments, my lord?" demanded the king. "We would fain know thy opinion, since thou hast but just seen the Lady Margaret, who belike afforded thee a specimen of her taste."
"Aye, marry, did she, my liege," responded the earl, "for she wedded the Grand Justiciary in his travel-soiled riding suit, and appeared prouder of her bargain than if she had married the emperor in his royal robes."
"By my yea and nay!" exclaimed the king, starting from his sedentary posture, and beginning to shuffle on his surcoat, "I do believe thou liest, Robert of Chester; my justiciary, Hubert de Burgh, is too well practised in the ceremonial of courtly breeding and all the solemnities of parellings and decoramens, to depart so widely from the respect due to me, his royal liege, as to enact the part of my proxy on so worshipful an occasion as my betrothment with the Lady Margaret of Scotland, in a vile suit of riding tire, and the roads miry belike, as in sooth thine own filthy appearance betokeneth them to be; fie upon thee, my Lord of Chester, to enter the royal presence of thine anointed sovereign in such shameless disarray; deserve we no more reverence from our subjects?"
"My liege," responded the earl, sullenly, "I came to your grace in all haste, to report an unexpected event, which I supposed would be matter of sufficient importance to excuse the ceremony of changing my boots; but by the mass, if I had known the audacity of that insolent upstart, Hubert de Burgh, in appropriating to himself the royal bride he had wooed for a Queen of England, would have been taken so quietly, befriended me if I would have ridden my Barbary roar so hard over moss and moor to be the first to bring your grace the news that your grand justiciary had wedded a king's sister, and that Alexander of Scotland compelled me to witness the marriage, whether I would or not."
"We do not blame our brother of Scotland for fastening us in a solemn betrothment with his royal sister for the
sake of her maidenly honour, so soon as he perceived we were wavering in our kingly mind respecting the conclusion of the marriage, so now we may consider our bachelorhood well nigh at end, since we are espoused by proxy to a fair young wife,” said the king.

“Your grace misconceives the matter wholly,” replied the Earl of Chester, who was out of patience at the king’s slowness of apprehension: “Hubert de Burgh hath wedded the Lady Margaret of Scotland, not in capacity of proxy to your grace, but in his own audacious person hath he taken her to wife for himself, and made her, whom he deemed a fit match for his sovereign, dame Margaret de Burgh.”

“By all the saints and martyrs, the false traitor shall hang for it!” exclaimed the king, turning of a livid paleness, which was usual for him to do when excessively incensed. “And the King of Scots,” pursued he, “didst say he was consenting to this villany of my accursed justiciary?”

“Aye, my liege,” replied the earl, “and he bestowed the Lady Margaret, who is the fairest princess in Christendom, on old Hubert, with his own hand. Moreover, he gave the bridergroom a ruby ring, of surpassing value, from his own little finger, to wed the lady with; and Father Jerome, Hubert’s chaplain, read the service of matrimony in the chapel of the house; and as soon as it was finished, they thrust me forth with more contumely than I think it fitting to repeat, and bade me report the marriage to your grace, which I have done, not out of obedience to their mandate, but in hopes of moving your grace to vindicate your kingly honour by taking signal vengeance on the ungrateful traitor, who hath, in return for all your royal favours, put such a notable affront upon your grace.”

“He shall smart for it, by my halidome,” replied the king: “life and limb shall he forfeit; money and lands will I escheat to mine own use; and as for the light-minded Scottish wench whom he hath wedded, we will spoil her of dower and jewels, and send her to keep her honey-moon, as a sorrowful widow, in our convent of Bermondsey. She shall see cause to rue her folly in dooming a crowned king to wear the willow, while she wedded one of his varlets. Get ye hence, my merry men, with your shears and needles,” continued he, turning dolefully to the tailors and broiderers. “Alack the day! we are a forsaken bachelor, instead of a jolly bridegroom. You, Sir Amelot de Fripeville, see that our damasks, our saracens, our cloths of gold, furs, and rare broderies, are safely bestowed in our presses, coffers, and chests, against a happier season. Small use have we for these godly trappings now; and do you, Lord David de Brus, send our minstrel Lothaire to our privy chamber, with his lute, to sing us a love-lorn ditty of a forsaken knight.”

“Would it not better beseech your grace to call a council for the purpose of attainting Hubert de Burgh of high treason?” demanded the Earl of Chester.

“By my fag, thou hast spoken like a wise counsellor, Robert of Chester,” responded the king, “we will call together a few of our trusty and well-beloved lieges to devise a punishment for that audacious villain who hath stolen our lady-love; and then will we make our plaint at leisure, touching her cruelty and our own forlorn condition as a deserted and bereaved lover.”

The newly-wedded pair, mean time, having bade farewell to the King of Scotland, (who parted from them at Carlisle, in order to return to his own country,) proceeded at easy day’s journeys towards Hubert de Burgh’s pleasant domain at St. Edmund’s Bury, where they proposed spending a few days previously to the grand justiciary’s return to court, where he concluded his announcement of his marriage with the Lady Margaret would be received by the king with great satisfaction, since he had been so positive in his rejection of her for himself.

The haleyn days of bridal happiness which the wedded lovers were permitted to enjoy, were, however, destined to be few. It was but the first morning after their arrival at St. Edmund’s Bury, while Hubert de Burgh was engaged in sweet converse with his royal bride, on their plans for extending his already noble establishment, and rendering it convenient for dispensing a daily maintenance to a hundred poor families in the neighbourhood, when they were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the young Earl of Pembroke, the son of Hubert de Burgh’s ancient friend and patron, the renowned William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke.

“My lord justiciary,” exclaimed the
young noble, casting a glance of curiosity
and admiration at the Lady Margaret,
"it is doubtless pleasant pastime to
spend the day in idle joyance at the feet
of a fair and royal bride; but whilst thou
art thus enthralled in the links of love,
it may be the office of a true friend to
rouse thee from thy dreamy bliss, by
asking thee if thou art aware of what is
going on at court, where thou hast ene-
emies who neither slumber nor sleep?"

"Their wakeful malice will never hurt
me," replied the justiciary: "the eagle
soars a pitch above the kite, the buzzard,
and the carrion crane, I trust."

"The shaft of an ignoble marksman,
nevertheless, may bring the soaring eagle
to the dust," rejoined the young earl,
"and I repeat my question to thee, my
lord justiciary: knowest thou what is
even now in agitation in the court?"

"No!" replied the grand justiciary,
"but thou art burning to inform me, I
perceive; therefore let me hear it at once,
if it concern me."

"What sayest thou to a bill of attain-
der in preparation against one Sir Hubert
de Burgh, grand justiciary of England,
and some time favourite of King Henry
the Third?"

"Thou art jesting with me, Richard
Mareschall," replied De Burgh, starting
from his seat; "on what grounds dare
they found such a bill?"

"I am told, my lord justiciary, that
his grace hath himself furnished Robert
Earl of Chester, Peter de Reinaul, and
his worthy uncle, the Bishop of Winch-
ester, with a long list of your misdeame-
ours," said Pembroke, "in addition to
the many causes of complaint which they
say you have afforded both to Lords and
Commons."

"Where is the minister of state who
hath not, I should like to know?" ex-
claimed De Burgh. "But it is this royal
marriage of mine which hath stirred the
envy, hatred, and malice of my enemies
into so bitter a ferment."

"And also given cause of offence to
the king," observed the Earl of Pen-
broke; "but the prize is more than worth
all the peril you have incurred," added
he, bowing to the Lady Margaret, who,
with clasped hands and a pale cheek, was
listening to the conference in anxious
alarm.

"This is a sorry welcome for thee, my
sweet lady wife," said De Burgh, turning
to her with a tender glance, "for thou
hast not only condescended, from thy
royal estate, to wed the subject of a mon-
arch who wooed thee for his queen, but
thou art likely to share the fallen fortunes
of a ruined man."

"It was thee, and not thy fortunes,
that I wedded," replied the princess;
and whatever chance or change befall
thee, thou wilt be more to me than all
the world beside."

"Loveliest and dearest!" exclaimed
the justiciary, pressing the hands of his
loving bride to his lips, "you make me
too proud when I look upon you, and
listen to your sweet words. As for this
mater which my Lord of Pembroke
tells me, let it not trouble you; it is but
a passing storm, which shall be presently
dispersed by my presence at court. I
have overblown many such, and all my
sorrow is, that I must leave thee here
while I repair to London, to face the
matters out with King Henry and his
noble.

"No, Hubert," replied the lady, cling-
ing to his arm, "thou shalt not leave me;
we have not yet been wedded one little
week, and dost thou talk of parting?"

"I grieve to say it must be so," re-
plied De Burgh; "it will but be for a
few brief days, during which time thou
mayest abide safely in my strong house
here, where my faithful servants and
vassals shall be enjoined to pleasure thee
in all things."

"As if I could taste of pleasure in thy
absence," rejoined the weeping bride.
"No, Hubert, I will to the English
court with thee, and share thy peril, my
beloved."

"Our mutual interests demand that
you should remain here, sweet life!"
said De Burgh, "and if matters go amiss
with me at court, it will be necessary to
defend this castle as a place of refuge.
Shouldst thou fear to maintain a siege,
Margaret, if need be?"

"Dost not the royal blood of Scotland
flow in my veins?" replied the Lady
Margaret, proudly: "wherefore, then,
dost thou talk to me of fear? I have
no fears, except for thy safety."

The tender contest between those
wedded lovers was at length decided by
Hubert de Burgh interposing the autho-
ritv of a husband, and strictly enjoining
his lady to remain at St. Edmund's Bury,
Tales of the English Chronicles.

Till he could clearly ascertain the position of his affairs at court.

Matters, mean time, had been carried in the king’s council with a high hand against him, his powerful enemies having strained every nerve to effect his ruin; and the weak-minded prince, his master, forgetful of his past services, had changed, in one day, from the most partial and injudicious of friends to the bitterest of foes.

At Stratford-le-Bow, Hubert de Burgh and the Earl of Pembroke were encountered by an armed knight, riding at fiery speed, who, on perceiving them, halted full in their path, and, extending his long lance across the road, exclaimed, “Who goes there?”

“And who is it that insolently affects to bar the passage of the grand justiciary of England?” exclaimed Hubert de Burgh, striking the horseman’s lance aside with his drawn sword.

“A friend in need,” replied the other: “one who mayhap perilth his own life to tell the valiant Sir Hubert de Burgh that he is attainted of high treason, that he is no longer of the king’s council, no longer lord of castles and lands, no longer justiciary of England.”

“And who is it dares to bring me such tidings,” exclaimed De Burgh, raising his trusty brand with a menacing gesture.

The horseman raised his visor, and revealed the noble countenance of Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, the younger brother of the king.

“Noble prince!” said De Burgh, lowering the point of his weapon, with an air of the deepest respect, “in what light am I to consider your words and conduct?”

“As the action and warning of a true friend,” replied the prince; “for, whatever have been your faults as my royal brother’s favourite and minister of state, I cannot forget that your gallant defence of Dover, while we were yet in our minority, mainly contributed to preserve this fair England of ours from the yoke of France, and I were loath to see so noble a stag hunted to death by bloodhounds.”

“If it will please you, my gracious prince, to allow me to accompany you to the court at Westminster,” said De Burgh, “I trust I shall be able to confound my foes, and justify my conduct to all good men.”

“Tis easier said than done, De Burgh,” replied the prince. “Thou wilt have to give account of the expenditure of every groat that has been carried into the Exchequer since thou hast been at the head of affairs. Moreover, many breaches of the great charter are alleged against thee; and, above all, thy foes have no intention of allowing thee to plead thine own cause to the king.”

“How!” said De Burgh, “am not I a free man? And shall I be deprived of the privilege of an English subject?”

“In all probability thou wilt be executed as an attainted traitor, without the formality of a trial,” replied the prince; “and, at all events, I counsel thee to avoid the London road, since the king hath issued his warrant for thy apprehension, and the citizens of London are thirst for thy blood.”

“Then,” said De Burgh, “my only plan is to retrace my steps to St. Edmund’s Bury.”

“Thy foes will be ready to beset thee on thou takest that direction,” returned the Earl of Cornwall. “I tell thee, De Burgh, thy case is a desperate one, seeing that thou wilt have neither benefit of law nor clergy if thou art taken: thy best course will be to cross to the Surrey side, and take sanctuary at Merton College, where thou wilt have leisure and opportunity for preparing a memorial, which I will undertake shall be presented to the king, so soon as his present choler be somewhat abated.”

The sound of approaching horsemen cut short the acknowledgments which De Burgh was preparing to offer to his royal friend, who, hastily exclaiming, “the Philistines be upon thee—look to thy ways, Hubert,” rode off at full speed.

“For life, Sir Hubert, to Merton—Away!” cried the Earl of Pembroke; “I will meet thy foes mean time, and send them London-ward, on a fool’s errand, if I can.”

De Burgh was well mounted and a hot rider at all times, and being perfectly familiar with the road, was soon in the direct track for Merton, which place he happily reached, and without any difficulty was admitted to the privilege of sanctuary by the superiors of the college, which had been richly endowed by him.

The rage of the king, on hearing of this proceeding on the part of his discarded favourite, was extreme. “Marry,
my masters," said he, to the Bishop of Winchester and Sir Edward Segrave, upon whom he had just conferred the office of grand justiciary, "do we look like a crowned king to be baffled in our anger, and defied by a parcel of vile cowl men, armed with no better weapons than crosiers and chalices? Go to the lord mayor of London, and tell him to take a troop of the city bands, and pluck me forth this audacious traitor, that he may die the death."

There was a deadly animosity subsisting between the lord mayor and citizens of London and Hubert de Burgh, and most eagerly had the former watched for an opportunity of assisting in the ruin of the haughty military favourite and prime ruler of King Henry's councils; but, now that his fate was thrown in a manner into their own hands, they hesitated at venturing so perilous a deed as the violation of sanctuary, which, in those days, was considered a more detestable crime than murder.

It required all the persuasions of the Bishop of Winchester to back the royal authority, before the chief magistrate of the city of London could be prevailed upon to issue his orders for the apprehension of De Burgh; but when at length he was wrought upon to lead the city bands to Merton College for that purpose, he was attended in his march by a tumultuous mob of upwards of twenty thousand of the rabble apprentices and disaffected persons of the lower order, to all of whom the proud justiciary had rendered himself obnoxious. These had long thirsted for his blood, and were now eager to lend a hand in dragging him to a scaffold. They proceeded towards Merton with fierce excreations against the fallen favourite, to whose ears their savage yells, while they were yet two miles distant from the college, sounded a more dismal death-knell than ever the passing-bell tolled to a condemned man on the way to execution. The prior and fellows of the college looked pale with affright as the clouds of dust in the distance betokened the approach of the ruffianly crew; but when, on their more near advance, the warders from the highest spire of the chapel proclaimed that they were not only armed with pitchforks, spears, and crow-bars, but some of them were carrying a pitch barrel and lighted firebrands for the purpose of burning the convent over their heads, they began to implore their perilous guest to preserve their lives by surrendering himself to the lord mayor. Hubert de Burgh, in the bitterness of his soul cursing the hour that ever he adopted the friendly counsel of the Earl of Cornwall, was about to resign himself to his evil destiny, in order to preserve the terrified ecclesiastics from the dreadful fate with which they were menaced by the leaders of the mob, who were now assembled before the college gates, and were loudly demanding him to be given up to their vengeance, when the lord mayor and city sheriffs suddenly advancing, bade them stand back in the name of the king, to whom the Archbishops of York and Dublin had represented the crime of violating sanctuary in such forcible terms, that Henry, alarmed at the step he had taken, hastily despatched the Earl of Cornwall with a company of soldiers to countermand his former peremptory orders to the lord mayor for dragging De Burgh from his sanctuary. The chief magistrate, who had never fully relished a commission that savoured of sacrilege, was glad to order the city sword to be sheathed, but it was no light matter to persuade the furious populace to withdraw without their anticipated victim. Their dispersion was, however, at length effected by the Earl of Cornwall's followers telling them that an outlandish monster had been seen in the river, above bridge, and a dozen boats were in pursuit of it when they left the city; at the hearing of which, those cockneys of the thirteenth century, who were as genuine lovers of sights and wonders as their descendants in these modern days, hastened back to London with one general consent, without bestowing another thought on Hubert de Burgh, till, on arriving at Southwark, and making eager inquiries respecting the fate of the outlandish monster, they were answered by the scoifs and jeers of the gibing passengers, who reminded them of the circumstance that it was "All-fools' day."—a notification not very agreeable to the lord mayor, when he reflected on how sleeveless an errand he had been persuaded to lead the city bands to Merton College.

As for Hubert de Burgh, his mighty heart, in spite of the proud bearing he had maintained when his danger appeared most imminent, had been shaken at the
thought of perishing ignobly by the hands of vile mechanics and plebeian slaves, as he insolently enough styled the London citizens of the lower order; and when, after their departure, he saw the western sun setting in the peaceful tranquillity of a soft April sky, he could scarcely believe that he had not been under the influence of a frightful dream.

Vespers had never been so devoutly performed or so piously attended at Merton College, as on that eventful evening. As for the valiant de Burgh, his escape from the peril that had so lately threatened his life, wrought such an unlooked-for impression on his mind, that for the first time he professed a desire of keeping a godly vigil of fasting and prayer, in the chapel, at the shrine of our Lady of Merton.

This design was highly commended by the holy brothers of the college, several of whom offered to join with him in offering up vows for his speedy deliverance from his present restraint; but ere these pious intentions could be carried into effect, a horseman, whose accent proclaimed him to be a native of Suffolk, presented himself at the college-gate, with the intimation that he had a message to Sir Hubert de Burgh from his fair lady, whom he had left the day before at his strong house at St. Edmund’s Bury.

“What tidings bringest thou of the Lady Margaret, worthy friend?” said Hubert de Burgh, who recognised the courier for a Burgh-man, “and what greetings hath she sent me?”

“Alack, noble Sir Hubert,” replied the messenger, “my tidings are sorrowful tidings, for thy lady lieth sick at the point of death, of a fever brought on by grief for thy absence, and the greetings which she sendeth thee are these—that if thou comest not with all convenient speed to speak comfort unto her, thou wilt see her no more as a living woman.”

“My horse, my horse!” shouted De Burgh to the servants of the college, who stood ready to receive his orders. “My fleet horse Endo, I say, ye tardy knaves! By the light of our Lady’s brow, I will be at St. Edmund’s Bury by sunrise to-morrow morning, though ten thousand armed men disputed my path. There’s gold for thee, my good fellow,” continued he, tossing a part of the contents of his purse to the messenger; “ride thee back for life to my house, and tell my Lady Margaret to take heart of grace, for I will be with her ere matin prayers are said in the Abbey of good St. Edmund.”

The prior and monks of Merton, though not at heart displeased to be so well rid of their dangerous guest, yet considered themselves bound in conscience to remonstrate with him on the imprudence of quitting sanctuary while the royal warrants were abroad for his apprehension; but De Burgh, with whom the report of his lady’s danger was the paramount consideration that swallowed up every other apprehension, would not listen to any cautions respecting his own safety, and tarrying only till his good steed could be saddled, he rode off at fiery speed from the friendly convent, which had been to him so secure a city of refuge from the wrath of the king, nobles, and rabble.

Although the fine person of Hubert de Burgh was so well-known in the immediate vicinity of London, yet, as no one in those parts suspected him of the imprudence of quitting sanctuary the very evening after he had proved it so safe an asylum, he passed unnoticed through the places where there appeared most danger of his being recognised, and when, after three hours’ hard riding, he found himself as far advanced on his journey as Brentwood in Essex, he began to consider the perilous part of it was over. It was about eleven o’clock, and the full moon was shining with uncommon brilliancy, when he entered the town, which he hesitated not to do, on the supposition that at such an hour the streets would be perfectly deserted, and all its inhabitants buried in sleep; but on advancing towards the market-place, he perceived, with some uneasiness, a company of soldiers drawn up before one of the inns for the purpose of refreshing their horses. Aware that a horseman of his distinguished appearance would not be allowed to pass unquestioned, De Burgh lost no time in striking out of the main street down a darker by-lane, but unluckily Endo, who had probably recognised some former comrade among the chargers of the troop, thought proper to signify his friendly reminiscence by a loud shrill neigh, which attracted the attention of the leader, who was indeed no other than Sir Edward Segrave, the new justiciary of England, one of the parties most deeply interested in the capture and death of Hubert de Burgh, of whose office he was considered by many as little
less than a usurper. "Tis he!" he shouted, "the false traitor, Hubert de Burgh! Give chase, my merry men; five hundred crowns for him who brings his body to London, either dead or alive."

De Burgh scarcely required the stimulus of this notification to urge the mettle of his steed with spur and rein, but the old adage, which says, "more haste worse speed," was exemplified in his case; for ere he had well cleared the last street of Brentwood, Eendo, being pressed beyond his strength, unfortunately stumbled over a large stone that lay full in his path, and went down beneath his rider. Scarcely was De Burgh aware of his misfortune, before he had, with the energetic promptitude that formed a prominent part of his character, extricated himself from stirrup and saddle and was on his feet; but his foes were now so close upon him that it was only by an exertion of activity and presence of mind truly extraordinary, that he succeeded in gaining the shelter of a small chapel, in a convent-garden, just without the town, where his quick eye had noted that tapers were still burning before the altar. To the astonishment and alarm of the three priests, who were performing a midnight mass over the dead body of one of their order, De Burgh rushed breathlessly into the chapel, and planting himself at the altar, he dropped his sword, and seizing the crucifix in one hand and the pix in the other, defied the fierce pursuers, who followed close upon his traces, "to touch him if they dared, since he was again in sanctuary."

"Sanctuary or not," replied Sir Edward Segrave, "I have the king's warranty for thy apprehension, thou false traitor; and as the sacriice must be on his head, I will adventure to arrest thee, Sir Hubert de Burgh, in his name, and convey thee to safe ward in the Tower of London, leaving his grace and my lord the pope to settle the matter as they list."

It was in vain that the officiating priests united with De Burgh in protesting against the violation of sanctuary. Segrave and his followers surrounded the unhappy fugitive, and, notwithstanding his desperate resistance, seized him; and, having placed him on horseback and fettered him, they conducted him to London, with every species of indignity, amidst the exulting shouts of the base mob, which, collecting on the road, increased every moment, and followed the fallen favourite of their frickle sovereign, with insults and execrations, to the Tower, where Segrave having seen him safely bestowed, hastened to inform the king of his apprehension.

Henry was at first so delighted with the news, that he loaded Segrave with carasses and commendations; but the serious representations of his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, and above all, those of the Archbishops of York and Dublin, on the dreadful crime of violating sanctuary, the sacredness of which was respected even by robbers and the most desperate ruffians, once more effected a change in his ever-vacillating timorous mind, and, trembling from head to foot at the possibility of incurring the sentence of excommunication from the pope, he turned hastily to Segrave, with this exclamation—

"Verily! men to hear of the deed thou hast done would stand amazed, and if they did not know that thou wert the grand justiciary of England, would believe thou wert a heathen dog, or a vile Mussulman vizier or bassa, in so shamelessly violating the sanctuary of a Christian chapel; fie upon thee, Edward Segrave, fie upon thee! I do command thee to hasten to the Tower, and conduct my rebel and traitor, Hubert de Burgh, back to the sanctuary at Brentwood, whence thou didst so unadvisedly take him; but at the same time, I charge thee to enjoin the high sheriff of my county of Essex to watch the chapel vigilantly, so that no person be allowed to enter to offer him refection of any kind; so that, unless he would prefer being starved to death, his proud stomach shall be humbled to come forth, and render himself up to our royal discretion."

Segrave, though sorely mortified at the tenor of this harangue, was compelled to execute the bidding of the royal imbecile, in conveying his lately captured rival back to the sanctuary whence he had so violently removed him; where, too, as a matter of necessity, he confessed the sin of which he had been guilty to the superior of the convent, performed penance for the sacrilege, and offered a hundred marks at the shrine of our Lady of Brentwood, to avert her wrath and appease the ill-will of the ecclesiastics.

As for De Burgh, he had been too
much accustomed to the freaks of fortune to be very much astonished at any of her vagaries, and he was so well aware of the vacillating character of King Henry, that he had positively calculated on either being released from prison, or replaced in a sanctuary, before the lapse of twenty-four hours; therefore he took all the changes of the drama, in which he was reluctantly performing so conspicuous a part, with perfect calmness, the only thing which troubled him being the report of his lady's sickness, and that was to him matter of very painful anxiety, although, when he combined circumstances, he was half inclined to suspect the sincerity of the messenger who had brought the news to him—since the tenor of subsequent events rendered it more than probable that it was only a stratagem of his enemies to draw him from the sanctuary of Merton College.

The royal orders prohibiting any one from supplying him with food were so strictly obeyed, that De Burgh found himself compelled to observe such a fast as he had never before kept, and at the end of six-and-thirty hours of abstinence, he would freely have bartered one of his fairest manors for a mantlet of bread and a draught of ale. The shades of evening were again beginning to obscure the chapel, and De Burgh, in utter despair at the prospect of the comfortless vigil he was likely to keep, strode to the portal, with the design of effecting if possible a retreat from his cold and inhospitable quarters; but the sight of the high sheriff and his men on one side, and Segrave and his party on the other, keeping the most vigilant observation on all his movements, compelled him to resign every hope of escape, and once more he betook himself to the melancholy occupation of pacing the narrow limits of his prison, and wearying every saint whose image was portrayed on the stained glass of the illuminated windows, with prayers for deliverance from his present strait. Then the remembrance of his royal and beautiful bride, and his alarm and uncertainty regarding her, filled him with anguish, which rendered the pangs of hunger and thirst almost forgotten; and in the sore travail of his spirit he flung himself on the marble pavement before the shrine of our Lady of Brentwood, and burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming, “Oh, Margaret, Margaret, if I could be assured of thy safety, my beloved wife, I could bear every thing else without shrinking.”

Here the soft pressure of a female hand that trembled with powerful emotion caused him to start, and raising his eyes he perceived a slight graceful figure in pilgrim’s weeds kneeling by his side, who hung over him with the tender sympathy of a guardian angel, and mixing her tears with his, sobbed out, “Hubert, my husband!”

To spring from his recumbent posture and snatch his lovely consort to his bosom, was the impulse and action of a moment, but gently repelling his fond caresses, she whispered, “Time is too precious to be wasted thus, thou art famishing, my husband, but I have ventured my life to bring thee food; eat, eat, my Hubert, and live.”

She proffered a nourishing viand, that she had concealed in the folds of her dress, to his parched lips as she spake, but scarcely had he swallowed the first morsel of the welcome refreshment, ere the chapel was rudely entered by the high sheriff and his men, who loudly vociferated, “Is it thus that King Henry’s commands are impudently disobeyed: you must away with me to London, my dainty pilgrim, there to answer for this bold contumely.”

Margaret, with a piercing cry, sought refuge in her husband’s arms, who, folding her tenderly to his bosom, exclaimed, “Have a care how you treat this lady, master sheriff, for she is a king’s daughter, and my wife. If you are a bachelor, you must needs honour her for what she hath done; and if you be a married man, you cannot but applaud her, and wish that your own spouse may be as tender and true in the hour of trial.”

“In sooth, Sir Hubert,” replied the sheriff, “you are to be envied rather than pitied in your adversity; and I do lament me that my duty compels me to take your gentle lady before the king, to be dealt with according to his good pleasure for this her faithfulness to you. Trust me, I grieve to separate you.”

“Thou shalt not do that, sir sheriff,” replied De Burgh, “for I here render myself up as your prisoner.”

“It is your best wisdom, I believe, Sir Hubert,” replied the sheriff; “since, in the first place, it will permit me to give you license to finish the refection
your loving lady hath ventured her life to bring you; and, in the next, I trust it will be your surest recommendation to his grace’s mercy. * * * *

“May it please your royal grace,” said the high sheriff, on entering King Henry’s presence, after he had conducted De Burgh to London, “I have brought unto you a young damsel in the disguise of a pilgrim, whom I detected in the act of bringing food to Sir Hubert de Burgh, in the sanctuary at Brentwood.”

“A young damsel, saidst thou, master sheriff,” replied the king, “by my say she must be a very shameless wench, to demean herself in such direct rebellion to our royal commands. An it had been a man, he should have been hanged on Brentwood steeple, without judge or jury; but as it is a woman, we will graciously hear what she hath to plead for herself, for we are a merciful prince. So, mistress,” continued he, as the Lady Margaret, in obedience to a sign from the sheriff, advanced a step forward, and bent her knee before him, “what hast thou to say for thyself?”

“A plea which, I trust, your grace is too generous, too just, to disallow,” replied Margaret in her softest, sweetest accents. “I am the wife of Hubert de Burgh.”

“His wife!—ha! what wife? Not the Lady Margaret of Scotland, I trow?”

“The same;” she replied, with a suppressed smile; “and your grace’s most dutiful subject and servant.”

“Ah, thou naughty and deceitful woman, what hast thou to say respecting thy breach of contract with our royal self,” said the king, shaking his head at her.

“That as your grace did not consider me worthy of the felicity of being your wife, I was willing to enjoy the happiness of becoming your subject,” replied the lady; and methinks, my lord, after the affront you put upon me by rejecting me in such disqualifying terms, it is hard that you should wish to deprive me of the husband who was willing to take me with all my faults.”

“Fautes,” echoed the king, surveying the lovely suppliant from head to foot, “they lied most foully who said thou wert not the fairest Mag in Christendom, and the prettiest of speech withal. Alack, alack! what a dainty queen thou wouldst have made us.”

“My royal liege,” replied the princess, “I am a wedded wife, and it doth not beseem me to listen to your flattering words. My husband is, woe the while! in heavy cheer under the cloud of your wrath—and for what? Why, truly, because he took to wife a despised and slighted maiden whom you dishonourably rejected, thus offering me the only compensation in his power for the contumely with which you thought proper to treat me.”

“Oh, for the love of blessed Mary, say no more about it, lest men should stand amazed,” replied the king. “We were deceived with a false report, and we acted foolishly, but we acknowledge our fault.”

“My liege, you must do more,” said the Lady Margaret, rising, “you have done me great wrong, and you must make me amends for your injurious treatment.”

“We are ready to content thee, my lady princess! we are ready to do any thing for the repairing of our fault. Yes, if it so please thee, we will behead thy husband, and make thee our royal queen with all convenient despatch.”

“May our gracious Lady preserve thee from such deadly crimes,” replied Margaret, “and protect me from ever being again compelled to listen to language so injurious to my honour. Know, my lord and king, that I love my husband, and would rather share his sorrowful captivity than wear the proudest diadem in the world. You detain him unjustly from me, in prison, and I demand him of you.”

“Is that, my lady princess, the fashion in which you come before us to ask our royal grace for an attainted traitor?” said the king, looking at her in utter astonishment. “Marry, an we had wedded with you, we should have met not only our match, but our master, by lady. We begin to feel thankful that we are still a bachelor, now we have had a sample of thy spirit, dame Margaret de Burgh.”

“My liege,” said the lady, smiling, “I meant not to offend by claiming that as a matter of right, which I am willing to supplicate as a favour in the humblest language and the lowliest attitude.” She bent her knee once more, and holding up her clasped hands, entreated the royal grace for her husband.

“Aye, my lady cousin,” replied the king, “you speak now like one who may
Rambles near Rome.

expect to be heard—God forbid that we should deal so evilly by thee as to deprive thee of thy husband in thy very honeymoon. He hath our free pardon for his audacity in wedding a king’s sister, and our betrothed wife withal. Yea, we will even be so charitable as to hope that he may never see cause to repent of what he hath done. Amen, Amen, Amen.”

“We are both deeply beholden to your royal grace,” replied the princess, with a low reverence; “and pray that when you are pleased to enter into the holy pale of matrimony, your happiness may equal ours—I would say exceed it, if that were possible.”

“My lady princess, these are early days for you to boast of your nuptial felicity,” observed the king. “If at the end of a twelvemonth you hold in the same story, we will pledge ourselves to restore to you eight of the fair manors which your husband hath recently forfeited to our use, and in pledge of our royal word we permit you to kiss our hand.”

“I thus perform, as my husband’s deputy, homage for the restoration of eight of his manors, seized to the use of the king,” said the Lady Margaret, archly, raising the monarch’s hand to her lips.

“Beshrew thee, wench, but thou hast fairly won them!” replied the king; “and we pledge ourselves to restore all the rest of thy lord’s confiscations on the conditions we have named, wishing him joy, with all our heart, of having wedded so fair and loving a spouse. God grant that when we marry, we may have the good fortune to obtain a queen equally worthy of our esteem and admiration.”

RAMBLES NEAR ROME.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

“Villa Madama.”

There are few things which speak so impressively to the feelings as a beautiful landscape, breaking unexpectedly upon the eye with all the freshness of nature, surrounding some deserted mansion, or neglected temple, erected as if with an intention of defying the influence of Time, but remaining in its unchecked state of decay, and pointing out to us the difference between the works of man and those of his Maker.

I was involuntarily led to these reflections by an evening drive, in the environs of Rome, to “Villa Madama,” the once splendid residence of Margaret of Austria, when married to Octavian Farnese.

This spot commands one of the finest views of the “Eternal City,” although of its former grandeur only enough remains to call back the mind to what it had been. The deserted rooms, now converted into chambers for hay and corn, were richly adorned with arabesques, as was the portico, an elegant and beautifully-proportioned building, where some good, though mutilated statues, still fill the niches. The garden, where fountains yet seemed proud of their sculptured graces, broke suddenly into a scene of picturesque wildness. A high, overhanging hill, thickly covered with trees, contrasted in its rude uncultivated state with the neat vineyard on the opposite side, whilst the little pathway at the bottom of the garden seemed to wind round the hill; and on the other displayed, through a fine campagna, the Tiber, guiding in its course the eye to a distant but distinct view of Rome.

The effect of such a view, seen through a moss-grown gateway, which now encloses the entrance to this once princely mansion, is extremely fine; and scarcely was it less impressive, when contemplated through the arched windows of the dismantled chambers and turrets, heightened by the dim but rich gloom which evening, fading into twilight, threw over the whole landscape. It was well calculated to awaken the feeling traced in the following...

SKETCH.
Save the nightingale, which seem'd to woo her
With a softer song to listen to her story.
But that crazed mansion told a sadder tale
In every falling stone—and that proud portico,
Thro' whose high archway Rome—imperial Rome,
Burst on the wondering eye, 'midst sculptur'd forms
Half stealing into life, is fill'd with weeds,
That seem to grow in mockery around;
And those gay courts, where once o'er rich mosaics,
Love, with young Beauty, all exulting trod,
Echo no more to harmony's rich strains,
To the light laugh, or gently whisper'd sigh,
To chivalry's proud step, or high acclaim—
All, all is vanish'd, as some morning dream,
Scarce welcome ere 'tis gone!
Thus fade life's pageants! leaving, like this scene,
The heart all tenantless—and its chambers,
But fill'd as these are, with rich memories,
That, lingering 'midst its ruins, stay for ever!

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE JEWEL-ROOM IN THE TOWER.

(Continued from our last Number.)

"On your left is the ancient imperial crown, which—"

I will not follow the interpreters in her antiquarian lore. It is all, comparatively, modern. Cromwell, whether hating England's old royalty, or desiring in his own person to make for her a new one, destroyed the regalia of her ancient sovereigns, not only of the Stuarts, the Tudors, the Plantagenets, but her earliest dynasties. The diadems of Alfred, of Edith, the Confessor's queen—were seized and sold for a few pounds; their jewels being previously unset, and their gold melted down.

Our monarchs had, successively, enriched the jewel-room: some by purchase or marriage, others by positive plunder. The first and third Edwards, Richard II., Henry V. bought largely: Edward IV. stripped the abbeys; as did, we all know, Henry VIII.; but the latter of these splendid princes was as prodigal as rapacious—alieni appetens, sui profusus—and truly he made every thing his own which he touched,—whilst he as recklessly disposed of his own possessions. Elizabeth acquired store of jewels, by gifts and offerings—a civil phrase for the same peremptory consequence. James I. made his jewels fly among one favourite or other; but he did not replace them. His successor fell upon evil days; and sold or pawned no small portion of his crown-jewels: an example which Henry V. had pretty extensively set him. His queen, Henrietta, disposed of them wholesale; and, among them, the collar of rubies which Francis I. placed on the neck of our magnificent Henry in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The necessitous king and the sullen rebel disposed of the whole contents of the Jewel-room.

At the Restoration, new regalia were prepared, bearing the names, and perhaps the forms, of those wherein spoilation had done its work. These were first used at the coronation of Charles II., and, with certain additions, constitute the present store of the Jewel-room.

The crowns and diadems are five in number:—the ancient crown (as it is oddly styled) of the Confessor—the state crown—the crown of Queen Anne, as a queen regnant—the diadem of the queen's consort—and the Prince of Wales's crown.

The Confessor's is heavy and cumbrous, yet more kingly—more of English royalty about it—than its showier companion. It is arched and closed with four crosses and as many fleurs-de-lis, the insignia of that foreign royalty, which, having been relinquished in fact and in terms, might as well have been laid aside in its symbol. This crown is, however, very rich and splendid with a simple solid dignity, becoming the sovereignty which it represents.

The crown of state—so called as being worn by the king at meeting his parliament—was altered for our late sovereign. It is lighter and loftier in its form, and far more costly in its material. The gold of its circle and bars is literally concealed with diamonds; as are the Maltese crosses, and the fleurs-de-lis, which are here also improperly continued. Their lustre is beautifully contrasted with a sapphire, blue as a summer night's sky, and nearly—I should suppose—four inches in height and
two in breadth, along with the ancient ruby which still holds its proud eminence. It were pity, had this inestimable jewel, which descended from the Black Prince to Henry V., and which those famous warriors bore in Spain and in France—on the fields of Vittoria and Azincour—been removed from our crown. How it escaped so long, without either gift or pawn, plunder or confiscation, is a matter of no small marvel. The mound of brilliants, which has well replaced the *aqua-marina*, or sea-diamond (still, by-the-by, preserved in the Jewel-room), instead of being, like that jewel, almost sunk in the velvet-cap, stands forth—a bright and lofty condensation of stars. I have already noticed the dazzling effect of its revolvement—glancing to the lamps, and quickening its alternate splendours.

There was another crown yet more fairy-like, and scarcely heavier than a plumage of dew-drops, which the late monarch wore at his coronation. It was more Oriental than English; it was rare and precious, but not destined to be retained among our diadems. Economy, however, ordered it for the occasion, and it was broken up when the gaudy day was over.

The queen’s crown was made for the consort of the last James, having also its cross of dew-drops, the fashion whereof has undergone no change. Its jewelry is entirely of brilliants, and many particularly large. Sandford, in his history of that ill-fated prince’s coronation, states the value of this crown at nearly 112,000l.

The queen’s diadem is without arches—a tiara, with a lofty front of diamonds, surrounding a purple cap. The former is a crown-matrimonial, while this, which was made for Queen Anne, is the crown of a queen regnant; such as, in the fulness of time, our Princess Victoria may one day be.

The orb, symbolic of temporal power, and placed in the king’s hand immediately on his being crowned, is of gold, banded with various jewels. A very large amethyst, glowing like sunset, and half lost in its heavy antique setting, like the sun behind the hills, supports a golden and richly diamonded cross. The queen’s orb is of equally precious materials, but smaller in size.

The Prince of Wales’s crown is of regal form, closed and arched;—its material is gold, unadorned with jewels, and enclosing a rich crimson cap. Its simplicity is beautifully contrasted with the richness of its splendid neighbours; and harmonises well with St. Edward’s baton (as it is called), a plain golden staff, nearly five feet in height, and surmounted with an orb and cross. Plain as it is, many a man would be happy to make it his walking-staff, after the fashion of Colonel Blood, for it weighs nearly ten pounds of the purest gold.

In the same shelf with the baton are the king’s and the queen’s sceptres; two surmounted with a dove, and two with a cross. These also are of gold, but almost covered with jewels. The sceptre-royal is exceedingly beautiful, bearing the eternal fleur-de-lis, but disposed in better fancy; from the cap rises another large amethyst, wherein the golden and jewelled cross is placed. One of the regal sceptres, which was made for Queen Anne (not Anne Bullen, as the old lady at my elbow insisted, but Anne Stuart), is of ivory and gold,—fair and graceful as queens should be when they lay aside their splendours!

But there is another sceptre, unmentioned in any records of our coronations. Too small for a man’s hand, yet almost too large for a woman’s bearing, I know not for which or whom it was made, whether for king or queen. It is very rich, however, having nearly 200 precious stones, and is surmounted with a white dove. But that the council-books say nothing of it, I should suppose it had been made for Mary, the third William’s consort, who, as every body knows, was a queen regnant.

And, but that Cromwell swept away all which Charles had left of the regalia from the old jewel-house (in a different part of the Tower), I should imagine it to have been made for Philip of Spain, or brought by him from that country, when he espoused our first Mary, and was declared a king regnant. Belong it to what sovereign or country it may, it was discovered in the jewel-room about twenty years ago, and is worthy of its place among the sceptres of England.

Here too are the swords of spiritual and of temporal justice; and the Curtana, or sword of mercy. Its pointless blade reposes, like the blades of its sterner associates, in a richly-embroidered scabbard.

And here is the golden wine-fountain—a large dish, of some twenty inches diameter, beautifully chased, supported by emblematic figures, and surrounded with shells. From its centre rises a group of Naiads, which should have been Bacchantes; since upon high festivals it used to play wine, not water, at the royal table. The good city of Plymouth presented it to Charles II., who was but little, I believe, addicted to the simpler element. Since his merry days, it has been left as a toy in the jewel-room, or displayed only at the coronation banquets, enjoying a dry and wineless sinecure.

The huge golden cup, out of which our kings drink at that high solemnity to the healths of their people; and the yet larger sacramental chalice and patina, which
Charles presented to the Chapel Royal of the Tower; and the dozen, I believe, of huge salt-cellar (as our interpretess called them, though in that capacity they are fit only for a Brobdignagian dinner-table), with dishes, and plates, and spoons of the same glorious metal, I must leave unchronicled, for the Ampulla, with the golden eagle, out of whose beak the consecrated oil is poured by the archbishop on the new king's bosom, attract attention. The history of the original Ampulla would be a precious bit for our lady of the legend. It was borne from heaven by an angel to the Abbey of Sens in Picardy, one of whose abbots gave it to Thomas à Beckett, who gave it to Henry II.; and a bad return he met for so holy a gift! The Roundheads, however, melted it down with as little reverence as if it had been secular gold; and the present Ampulla, with its accompanying spoon, are of mere carnal manufacture, but very handsome; and though gold, says the proverb, maketh itself wings, the pinions of this sacred bird have never yet been stretched for a further flight than between the Jewel-house and Westminster Abbey.

The baptismal font, from which our Princess Charlotte was the last to receive the holy symbols, occupies in its height two shelves of this splendid repository. It is a stately specimen of art: the golden spurs of the king, and the golden bracelets of the queen, bring back to us the recollection of chivalrous times. The first might have royally decked a knight of the highest blood and bravery: the latter graced the fairest lady who smiled on his emprise.

Something now began to move and glitter at my right hand, like the Fata Morgana of Italian hemispheres. It was a model of the White Tower—the city of Exeter's present to William III.: this model of the White Tower is, in truth, as yellow as gold could make it. Yet had it been silver, the likeness would not have been more correct; since, thanks to our breweries, and steam-vessels, and gasometers, the White Tower is nearly as black as a coal-pit.

It revolved beautifully under its crystal globe, showing its alternate fronts, and glittering to the lamps. The young visitants were in ecstasy, and I was youthful enough to delight in the toy, and admire its jewelled snakes and lizards, its diamond trophies, and emerald windows. Then, also, the state-crown revolved, and its orb of brilliants shone like a thousand stars melting into one.

The curtain was then slowly drawn—and all again was dim and dusky—and the crimson shadows again settled on the walls.

The burly warder next asked for the shilling,—and touched his feet and his cap,—and home I went with my young companions, full of the wonders of the Jewel-room, and of the kindness of dear good Uncle John.

BARCAROLLE.

From a Tale of Venice.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

Thou art lovelier than the springing
Of a flower in leafy June,—
Thy sweet voice is like the singing
Of the night-bird 'neath the moon;
Thine eyes have all the brightness
Of the golden birth of dawn,
And thy foot the bounding lightness
Of a wood-nymph's on the lawn!

There is beauty in each feature
Of thy mind-illumined face,
And I love thee as a creature
Full of majesty and grace.
Like the onrush of a river,
Arrow-darting by its shore,
Is the tide of love, which ever
Flows to thee, dear Leonore!

Note.—In the Lady's Magazine for December, 1831, may be seen a descriptive engraving of very many of the coronal sceptres, &c., copies of which can be obtained at the office of publication, or through the booksellers.
THE MOUNTAIN CROSS.
A TALE OF THE VENDEAN WARS.

"Mourant sans déshonneur, je mourrai sans regret."—Corneille.
"Crimes beget disgrace, and not the scaffold."—Voltaire.

I was born at Angers, in the department of the Maine and Loire, on the 3d of January, 1777, and am the last descendant of the noble family of P——. I lost my father in the emigration, and my mother ended her days in a prison. I have neither brother nor sister, nor any relation living. I attained my seventeenth year a few days since, and already my hours are numbered—already the thread of my existence is about to be severed—already death, and what a death, stears me in the face: but I will not anticipate. It is for myself, not for the world, that I write these useless lines: my fate interests none—it is to fill up moments, fortunately few in number, to drown thoughts that, if indulged in, would drive me to despair—it is to alleviate, if retrospect can lessen, the miseries of a bursting heart; if not, it will break at once.

I followed my father at fourteen years of age: long before I was sixteen, he perished. I returned immediately to my native town, poor and penniless. All my father had to bequeath me was, a last embrace, a last advice, the example of his devotion to his colours, of his heroic courage, of his private virtues. I sought my mother—she was dead. I asked for her grave—it was unknown. Strangers had possessed themselves of our property.

We had left one or two relations in the town where we resided; they were dead. Those we had once called friends, dared not recognise me—and if they had ventured, would they still have loved me? poor, friendless as I was!

There were, however, two persons, after whose fate I anxiously inquired; the one, an ecclesiastic, who had formerly taught me Greek and Latin, called, Father Anselmo; the other, a musician, from whom I had also received instructions, a M. Edelman. I inquired after them, for both I knew were deeply bound in gratitude to my father, and to obtain their commiseration was now my last resource. I was told that both were violent partisans of the revolution, and that they had taken an active part in the affair of La Vendée. No one knew exactly what had become of them. I was not long, however, left a stranger to their fate, for passing a day or two afterwards through the "Place d'Armes," I observed an immense crowd assembled. I looked to see what was the matter, and, tied to the stake, pale, disfigured, wiltering in his gore, I beheld the venerable Father Anselmo. The vociferations of the mob were deafening, the public voice accused him of the most odious crimes: but he had been my master, had loved me, perhaps.

To rush through the crowd, and throw myself at his feet, was my first impulse; but I recollected that such marks of tenderness from me, would but serve to swell the catalogue of his crimes—I hid my face in my handkerchief, and wept bitterly. Edelman, I also found, had been arrested: the two fell beneath that terrible scythe, the revolution, that spares not even its own children.

The day was rapidly drawing to a close, the bleak winds had chilled me with cold, for it was winter. I had not where to lay my head, having but just exchanged my last "assignat" for a scanty morsel of bread. I recollected having in my childhood passed some days in a neighbouring village, at the house of Madame——; alas! gratitude forbids that I should name her. It was at her house my father and I had slept the night before our emigration: thither then I bent my steps, though with scarcely sufficient strength to reach the village. I arrived late at night, and proceeded at once to the house of my friend. Upon being admitted, I threw myself, or rather fell, at her feet, for I could no longer stand: "In the name of charity," I cried, "let me have a drop of wine, and a little straw to lie on: I am fainting from want and fatigue; I shall die if I pass another night in the snow; you are the only friend your poor little Auguste has left to him in the wide world!"

She embraced me as my mother would have done, and wept long and bitterly upon my shoulder. And oh! what an
inexpressible charm, tears—tears shed for the misfortunes of others, tend to the countenance of a woman! I had never before remarked how perfectly beautiful she was. Earnestly enforcing the necessity of prudence upon me, she conducted me as soon as I had partaken of some refreshment to a private chamber at the end of a long gallery, in which I observed three beds. She told me I had nothing to fear from their occupants, for that they were alike companions in misfortune. I did not, however, see them that night, for no sooner did I lay my head upon the pillow, than I fell into a deep sleep. When I opened my eyes, the day was already far advanced.

My comrades embraced me as a brother, my father’s name was not unknown to them. Our sentiments were the same, our misfortunes were cast in the same mould. One common destiny awaited us. They offered me something more than the mere consolation of words; they spoke of dangers to be incurred, of glory to be acquired. They were anxious to attach me to their cause; I was eager to link my fate to theirs, whatever it might be. Friendship must at every season, in every condition of life, be a delicious feeling; but in youthful hearts, hearts bruised by misfortune like ours, it becomes, I may say, a religious sentiment.

The oldest of my companions, a native of Chollet, whose name was Lemaire, might have been twenty years of age. He possessed a good figure, and, without being decidedly handsome, a fine countenance, inclining to seriousness; and a character full of resolution, energy, and presence of mind. His friend, the Chevalier de Villars, who seemed to pay him the greatest deference, was a year or two younger, and although little more than my own age, was much more manly in appearance than myself. His face was handsome in the extreme, his eyes sparkled with fire and vivacity, and his high and noble brow was shaded with ringlets of the darkest brown. His figure was good, and his address particularly pleasing. He possessed in an eminent degree all that reckless gaiety and cheerfulness, that so frequently characterise the season of youth. These qualities were particularly displayed in his scrutiny of me. “Truly,” said he, laughing, “we shall have some difficulty, I fear, in persuading the general that Auguste is not a girl in disguise.” And indeed my slight and diminutive figure, my blue eyes, fair hair falling in thick ringlets over my neck, and the clear white and red of a delicate complexion I had inherited from my mother, who was an Alsacienne, and which characterises all her countrywomen, gave me, to my infinite regret, an appearance of female timidity, that had often exposed me to the suspicions and rairillery of the rude and vulgar.

“I shall take care to undeceive M. le General,” said I, answering to the remark of de Villars, “in the first engagement where I can shed my blood in the service of my king.”

Lemaire smiled at my enthusiasm, and pressed my hand warmly. De Villars, who feared he had offended me, threw himself into my arms.

These young men had already distinguished themselves in the affairs of La Vendée. Their intelligence, their zeal, their tried courage, their youth, even as freeing them from suspicion, had caused them to be entrusted by the brave La roche-Jacquelin with an important mission to the exiled Bourbons. Already they were returned, the most important part of their instructions fulfilled; and the most unexpected—the happiest success, the results of which will most probably not be lost to the succeeding generation, had thus far crowned their efforts. All that remained to be done, was once more to cross La Vendée; for which purpose they had been promised passports by one of the chiefs of the interior. These papers shortly arrived: the bonds of our friendship had meanwhile been closely drawn by the uniformity of our misfortunes, and by the close familiarity which was the result of our strict seclusion. We vowed that death alone should separate us. Our kind friend, Madame——, had provided us with volunteer uniforms, and, having furnished us with money and provisions, made us promise to return to her one day, should we escape the almost inevitable dangers with which we were surrounded. I made the promise without shrinking—I had no fears, no doubts, as to the future: the first struggle for life does not startle the soul; on the contrary, it emboldens it. To the inexperienced mind, all is vast and unbounded, like hope and futurity to him whose expectations have not yet been blighted—who
still preserving, in perspective, that bright, that enchanting future, knows not that it will one day cast off all its glittering illus-
ions, and leave nought behind, save misery and anguish. Everything that succeded to the utmost of our wishes. We arrived under the royal banners, not indeed without obstacle, but without accident, and we might have esteemed ourselves happy—if happiness it could be called, to be spared the blow that would have fallen while the heart was still warm and flushed with expectation, only to be crushed beneath its weight when grief and disappointment had blasted every hope.

I pass rapidly over these events, for they recall so vividly names dear to gratitude and friendship, that I feel unable to dwell upon them. Notwithstanding my extreme youth, I had already distinguished myself in five or six engagements. I had gained the esteem of the Royalist army, the confidence of my superior officers, and had been promoted to the command of a company some weeks before the defeat of the Royalists at Le Mons.

I had received several wounds in the previous actions, and, though slight, some of them were still unhealed: so that in the affair of Le Mons, the fatigues of the preceding days, together with the loss of strength, weighed heavily upon me; to complete my misfortunes, my horse was killed under me, and my sword was broken close to the hilt, at the very commencement of the engagement.

One should have seen the tumult, the confusion, the disorder of the army, and heard the clamour, the vociferations of the people. One should have witnessed the disasters of that dreadful day, to be able to form even a slight idea of it; the bravest of the Royalist soldiers wandered to and fro in the streets, vainly endeavouring to rally, while their uncertain movements, their incessant outrages of rage and terror, mingling with the hoarse shouts of the victorious republicans, increased tenfold the horror of our situation. At last, I succeeded in gathering a party round me, at the base of a steep and rugged declivity, the heights of which were commanded by a company of republicans, who were hastening to our rencontre as fast as the innumerable impediments of cannon and heaps of dead permitted them. I pressed forward with ardour, encouraging my little troop by voice and gesture. At first we seemed to be gaining ground: our enemies were evidently giving way; we pursued our advantage to the utmost, now pressing onwards, now falling back, as if undecided whether to come to an engagement or not: had we done so, we must have had the worst of it, on account of their occupying the heights; but we expected, by tiring them out, to have been enabled to drive them from their posts, which would have been of singular advantage to our party. At length, after a hot struggle, and considerable loss on both sides, they seemed disposed to evacuate the field. In relinquishing their post, however, and as a last resource, they drove some of our own artillery, which blocked the passage, against us with a force which was increased to such a degree by the perpendicularity of the descent, that at the moment when about to give an order to “charge,” I was struck in the chest with so much violence by one of the poles, that I fell back almost lifeless on a heap of the slain. At the instant I was struck down, the republicans saw their advantage; for a shout of victory, accompanied by a cry of despair from my own troops, rang in my ears until recollection and sensation had abandoned me altogether. It was the cool morning air that at length revived me. Memory returned slowly. My ideas, bewildered at first, soon however got into a more regular train. A confused murmur, growing gradually more and more distant, first struck upon my ear. I listened eagerly, and soon distinguished, not only sounds, but words: they were accompanied by regular footfalls; and, by the clashing sound produced by bayonets and muskets, I rightly judged it to be a detachment of military on a march. I supposed them to be making a circuit of the town in order to ascertain the number of slain, and to prevent the escape of any survivors. In this I was not mistaken; for now and then, when they discovered a struggling royalist, who, like myself, had been reserved for a worse fate than that of dying in the struggle, they shot him without mercy. Already had I heard frequent discharges of musketry, accompanied by savage yells, which died away amidst shouts of triumph from the merciless conquerors. No time was to be lost: they were in the next street to me. I looked round for the means of escape; for life, however indifferent we may be to its
preservation in moments of cool reflection, becomes more valuable the nearer death approaches. Every avenue was securely guarded, every house was closely shut. I perceived a ladder amidst a confused mass of rubbish that had been heaped together to form a barricade: to place it against the wall of a house—to mount it, was but the work of an instant. I reached the roof at the moment a discharge of musketry broke the last step of the ladder, from which I was but in the act of removing my foot. Unhurt, but not out of danger, I passed from the roof of the house, on which I then was, to the next, and so on from one to the other. Still pursued, still in sight of my enemies, I reached the turn of the street before the soldiers, who had stopped to re-load their muskets, could pursue me. In the angle I perceived a small window, whose ill-closed fastenings yielded to my first effort. With one bound I was in the centre of the chamber. A young girl of the lower order was in the act of dressing herself: she uttered a cry of surprise.

"You have nothing to fear," I said; "save an unfortunate brigand, and Heaven will reward you." With these words I threw myself upon her bed, and drew the coverings over me. My cap had remained where I had passed the night. I said before that my hair fell in long ringlets over my shoulders. I turned upon my face, for my forehead was discoloured with gunpowder, and I closed my eyes. At that instant the door of the room was burst open: the soldiers entered.

"Ha!" cried one, "here is the pretty Jacqueline! Tell us, girl, have you got a brigand here?"

Jacqueline, fortunately, did not answer, or her voice must have betrayed her emotion; they approached the bed, and looked at me: "This fair one is Jacqueline's young sister, I know her well," said another. They looked under the bed, searched all over the room, pierced a bundle of clothes that lay in one corner with their bayonets, scattered a pile of shavings that lay in another, and again approached the bed. I had not moved.

"No use in losing our time here," said a soldier, "the brigand has gone further, he will escape if we remain longer."

So saying, with an oath and a laugh, they prepared to quit the room. All, except one, were outside the door; that one, he who had first spoken on entering, and who appeared to be a lover of Jacqueline's, turned to bid her farewell: for the first time, the open window caught his eye, he returned: "How!" said he, quickly, "how comes the window open? the brigand has then entered here!"

"I opened it to hear the firing," answered Jacqueline, composedly: "I can distinguish your shot among a thousand," she added laughing—"dis donc mon brave, could I think, be a fitting bride for a republican soldier, if I loved not such music? But go, go, and do you be the first to seize the brigand."

She pushed him out of the room, and shut the door. In another instant he might return—I had not a moment to lose. A few words exchanged rapidly with my protectress, whose admirable presence of mind had undoubtedly saved me, sufficed to decide her to bestow upon me one of her own changes of apparel. With her assistance, my toilet was soon completed; it was simple, but neat and tidy. My hair was gathered up beneath Jacqueline's long-ear'd Vendean cap, which was so artfully placed, as, in great measure, to hide my discoloured brow, and which now seemed merely the effect of sun-burn. After having assured myself, by a glance in the broken remains of a mirror, that in my present attire it was not impossible that I should succeed in deceiving the troops who were still in pursuit of me, I hastened to roll up my pistols, poniard, and all my military trappings in my grey jacket, which was decorated with the red cloth heart and epaulette that distinguished the Vendans. I tied all up in the red handkerchief that had served me as a scarf a moment before, and hanging my little parcel on my arm, I approached Jacqueline, and having forced upon her acceptance a couple of gold pieces, the moiety of my little fortune, but which she received most unwillingly, and having bestowed a grateful kiss upon her pretty brown cheek, I proceeded once more to encounter my enemies. I arrived at the foot of the stairs in time to hear the malevolence of the soldiers, who had just desisted from their fruitless search. I passed them without being noticed.

This was the first time I had been at Le Mons; therefore, not knowing in what direction I went, I walked on at random, seeking an outlet by which I might quit the town. I proceeded onwards, until I perceived some fields in the distance, and
imagined I had already gained my liberty. I was, however, suddenly startled by a sentinel dropping his musket before me: instinctively, I recoiled a couple of paces.

"Halt!" cried he, "no one passes without an order,—go into the office." I obeyed.

The office was a large room, crowded with women, uttering the most pitiable lamentations, and with young weeping children, some of whom, poor little orphans! had been separated from their mothers, in all likelihood for ever, during the trouble and confusion of the preceding day; all of them waiting till it pleased their conquerors to decide upon their fates.

"And thou, too, art one of these brigandes?" said a man, addressing me, while his ferocious aspect seemed to expand with an infernal joy, at seeing another victim in his power.

"No," I replied simply to his interrogatory.

"Who art thou?—And where is thy passport?"

"I have not got a passport,—I am the daughter of Jean Vidal, the miller of——, who was killed in defending the republic against the brigands; we are poor, and a numerous family, and I came to Le Morn to look for service; having arrived during the confusion of yesterday, I was so terrified that I hid myself until this morning, and am now returning to my native village, that is all."

"The daughter of Jean Vidal!" said my interrogator, "that is possible: take her before the President Saint Aubin," said he, "turning to a soldier; " he belongs to that village, and if she does not deceive us, he will readily recognize her."

The president was at the other end of the room. His back was towards me, a plume of tri-coloured feathers decorated his hat, and a tri-coloured ribbon was passed in guise of a scarf over one shoulder, beneath the other. He was engaged in conversation, and, as I thought, spoke with much action, if not violence. I gave myself up as lost. My heart sank within me, the large drops gathered upon my brow, my eyes grew dim, I felt as if about to faint. At that instant, my little parcel slipping from my arm, aroused me. I looked round, saw where I was, and recollected that firmness alone could save me: another instant, and I was myself again.

"At worst, what is it," said I, "but death? And what have I to live for?—Am I not poor, friendless, forsaken, surrounded with dangers.—Why then shrink from death,—death that must come sooner or later? Would it not be more welcome now, than in years to come, when, perhaps, new ties,—new affections—" Here I was interrupted in my meditation, by feeling my arm rudely grasped by the same person that had interrogated me before.

"Come!" said he, "and let us see if Saint Aubin will recollect thee. Surely, as thou art of the village, thou rememberest him?"

I was saved a reply, by finding myself opposite the president. I listened calmly whilst my conductor repeated the story I had invented; and, if I felt any emotion, it was that of shame and contrition, for having purchased at the expense of truth a continuance of a life of which I was almost weary, and of which, the Giver of life might deprive me, perhaps, at the next moment. Saint Aubin listened attentively to the speaker, and then suddenly turning round, he fixed his eyes upon me with an expression of sadness that I shall never forget. This state of uncertainty did not last a moment: his countenance, noble and benevolent in the highest degree, was impressed with a peculiar air of care and thoughtfulness that seemed habitual. His look, though benevolent in the extreme, was so penetrative, that he seemed to read the inmost recesses of my heart. Had we been alone, I should have thrown myself at his feet and confessed who I was. I should have asked him to show me that mercy, for which none ever pleaded to him in vain: before so many witnesses, the danger would have been too great. His determination seemed taken—a smile, the sweetest I had ever seen, lit up his fine features, while patting my cheek with the back of his hand, he said to me in a tone of affectionate commiseration—

"So it is thee, my poor Antoinette! how terrified thou must have been!"

With what a transport of gratitude and respect I should have pressed my lips to that hand, could I have done it without ruining my benefactor! He must have read in my countenance the struggles of my heart. He turned to his desk, and having written and sealed a note he gave it to me.

"I think," said he, "that since thou art disposed to enter a service, thou wouldst be better with my daughter than
elsewhere. The death of her mother, has left in the heart of Constance, as well as in mine, a blank that a tender friendship can alone fill up. The solitary life my daughter leads is a perpetual source of disquietude to me; I fear for her health and for her happiness, and it has long been my intention to give her a companion of her own age. Thy manners, my child, and thy timidity, please me; thou hast received the education of a gentlewoman," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper that I alone could hear, and then once more raising it to the dear calm tone in which he had at first spoken, he continued, "Constance will receive, and love thee as a sister. Thou knowest, perhaps, that since the war has broken out in La Vendée, my family inhabit a small house in the village of Sancy, near Sarthe. Thou mayest be ignorant of the road, and as thy age and sex require protection, here is a worthy man who will accompany thee."

My eyes during this time were bent upon the ground. I trembled lest my excellent protector should discover the deception I was practising upon him. When at length I dared raise them to his face, I observed his still beaming upon me with the same kind expression; he smiled, and pointing to the man who was to serve me as guide, "Go then, my child," said he, "go, and may Heaven prosper thee!"

He then turned, and entered into conversation with a person near him. "Worthy, excellent man!" I exclaimed, mentally, "may the protection of that Power thou invoke in my behalf attach itself to thy footsteps where'er thou goest. May it extend to thy family, and to all those whom thou lovest! And if the reward thy virtues merit be denied thee in this vale of competition and cruelty, mayest thou enjoy it tenfold in that blissful state to which thy virtues call thee!"

I quitted the office, and dreading to betray myself by conversation, I held on my way in almost unbroken silence. We were accompanied by several of the women and children before mentioned, and from their discourse I gathered numerous traits of the excellence of my benefactor's heart. Sancy was four leagues off, and at the first glimpse I had of the little farm from an eminence on which we stood, I felt my heart beat violently. Never had my sight rested on so fair a picture! Alas! even now I find a sort of pleasure in the retrospection: as if all that had passed since, were still the bright, the dazzling future, beckoning my young heart onwards in pursuit of joys that were no sooner within my reach, than they vanished from my sight, and were lost for ever.

The village of Sancy does not contain more than four or five houses, amongst which, the farm of M. Saint Aubin, with its four white chimneys, stands conspicuous. The approach to it is by a narrow footpath, winding circuitously over the bosom of a lofty eminence, whose rocky and picturesque sides, assuming the most fantastic shapes from a wild and singular contrast to the tranquil character of the village at its base. During the quarter part of the year, a few stunted hollies, with here and there a cluster of mulberry-bushes, interspersed with tufts of variegated mosses, whose pleasing variety of tints harmonising perfectly, and forming a relief to the eye, are the only signs of vegetation visible. But this sterility is amply made up for in the Spring; at that season reviving nature clothes the rocks with green, the yellow primrose, and the delicate anemone, enamel the verdant carpet; and the sweet-scented violet, hiding her modest head beneath her spreading leaves, exhales her sweetest odours. On the summit of the rock, on a rude but verdant platform, whence the eye wanders amidst the most delicious pastures, stands an antique stone cross, adding much to the singularity of this wild spot, and giving to it something of a miraculous appearance. The clear unrippled waters of a rivulet, meandering under the shade of a double row of willows, after various turnings and windings through flowery banks, bathes the foot of the rocks, and ends its wandering course half a mile beyond in the Sarthe. The soft murmurs of its rippling waves forms the only interruption to the death-like stillness that reigns around. Beyond are smiling plains interspersed, with thickets and clumps of lofty trees, resembling in the distance verdant islets. Occasionally the eye traces the windings of the beautiful Sarthe, with cottages scattered along its banks, intersecting the rich pastures like numerous lakes, and altogether forming a scene pre-eminent in loveliness. After pausing for some time to gaze on this landscape, we pursued our way, and
soon arrived at our destination. My guide conducted me at once to the chamber in which Constance usually sat, and having announced me as the bearer of a letter from her father, left us together.

Constance Saint Aubin appeared about sixteen years of age. She was perhaps not the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld, but there was that about her which at once convinced me she was the only woman I ever loved. I know not if it is thus with other men; but on me this first impression was sudden as thought—sudden as the first glance that shot from her eye—a glance animated with so kind, so tender, so touching a benevolence, that it seemed as though an angel had been sent from the regions above to minister to our wants on earth.

Her form, which was small and delicate, was one of perfect symmetry. Her dark glossy hair fell in rich and clustering ringlets, over a brow and neck of the purest alabaster. She was pale, but when she spoke, or was animated by any internal emotion, her cheek seemed to borrow the hue of the blush rose: but it was her eyes—her long beautifully-shaped, dark, dove-like eyes, that at once captivated my heart: the long silken lashes that shaded them, contrasting with the whiteness of her cheek, increased too much perhaps her natural paleness; but hers was not the paleness of disease, it seemed even to lend to her beauty a charm far more calculated to sink into the soul, than merely to attack the eye.

The first sight of me seemed to inspire an interest in the heart of Constance. She smiled, and with an amiable cordiality bade me be seated. She opened her father’s letter, and by degrees, as she read, her sentiments, without losing any of their kindness, seemed to have taken a different turn. Her embarrassment increasing with every line she read, was visible on her countenance. Her bosom heaved, the colour rose into her cheeks, and her eyes filled with tears, that she vainly struggled to suppress. She turned her head away for a moment, at the next she rose, and with the letter still in her hand, she came, and taking mine affectionately, she said, “Mademoiselle, have no fears, here you are safe; but we must be prudent,” added she, after a pause, and pressing the writing to her lips, she threw it into the fire. She then turned once more to me, and perceiving my emotion, she threw her arm round my neck, and mingling her tears with mine, she said—

“If the affection of a sister—if the sincerest friendship and commiseration can alleviate your grief, and supply in any way what I fear you have lost, you are not wholly unhappy.”

I tried to speak, but was only able to stammer forth some incoherent words. I pressed the hand I held in mine alternately to my lips and heart.

“Ah!” said she, perceiving my increasing emotion, “if you knew how I love you already!”

She loved me!—she said so!—

“Tell me your name,” she continued, “or tell me by what name you wish to be called?”

“I am called Antoinette,” I replied, blushing.

“Come then, dear Antoinette, come till I present to my grandmother a new candidate for her affection in my new found sister.”

So saying, she drew my arm within hers, and we passed into the next chamber, where old Madame Saint Aubin was seated by the fire in an easy chair, occupied in reading the Bible. Constance approached, and having spoken to her in a low voice, for a moment or two, she led me towards her. The kind old woman placing her book on a table that stood near her, received me with a benevolent smile, and embracing me, said—

“Welcome, my poor child, welcome to us. And thou, too, hast suffered! Alas! alas! so young, and unhappy! but with us thou wilt forget thy cares. Constance is a good girl, and will love thee as a sister.”

I shall not attempt to describe the first weeks I passed beneath the same roof with Constance. There was at once something delicious, painful, and embarrassing in my situation. I wished—yet dreaded its cessation. At each moment a painful idea came to interrupt this species of dream into which I was plunged. I was deceiving Constance, and her generous father. I was not what I appeared. And I was nourishing a passion that might never, perhaps, meet with a return. I was winning by stealth, under the disguise of a woman, an affection that otherwise would, in all likelihood, have been denied me. I was deceiving a heart that Constance in her own purity had bestowed upon me; and I was offering—what in
exchange? An ideal object, a vain phantom, that must one day vanish! The loss
of Constance would be the certain consequences of my deception: for it is less
cruel to be deprived by death of a beloved object, than to find that object un-
worthy our esteem. I decided, then, upon confessing every thing to her: yet
my own weakness, and the dread of losing her, made me delay my explanation from
day to day. I feared that in ceasing to love Antoinette, who would no longer
exist for her, that she would refuse to bestow that love upon Auguste. I per-
suaded myself, I know not why, that in ceasing to love me as a sister, she would
cease to love me altogether.

Between the want of being loved by
Constance, and the imperious duty that
called upon me to undeceive both her
and her father, I had not a choice. I
sought a moment for an explanation, or
rather awaited one, in trembling. An
occasion shortly presented itself.

(To be concluded next month.)

LOVE'S VIGILS.

From the Portuguese of Christoval Falçam.

WITH A CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

Christoval Falçam, Falçao, or Falçao, Knight of the Cross, Admiral and Governor of
Madeira, was one of the most celebrated of the early poets of Portugal. He was the
cotemporary and friend of Ribeira, the Theocritus of the Tagus; and his poems were
published conjointly with those of that famous pastoral writer. Both were in truth the
founder of the Pastoral Romantic Elegy, which, subsequently, became the national
form of Portuguese poetry. In this department of literature they were unequaled by
the writers of their own or any other country; and, to this day, have had no superiors.
Sua de Miranda and Jorge de Montemayor transferred this style of poetry into the
Castilian tongue, in which it soon became highly popular. Besides the Elegy, how-
ever, our author composed several other shorter pieces. Among them, according
to the prevailing taste of the time, were many *glosas*; * of which the following is,
perhaps, the most perfect. It is one of the simplest to be found in the language; a
rare merit, when we consider that their value depended on a great degree upon the
intricacy of their involution; and makes good the assertion of the German critic,
Bouterwek, that "the more simple the mot, the more poetical was, generally speaking,
the gloza." This, along with the others of the works of Falçam, is to be found annexed
to the old edition of those of his friend and cotemporary, Ribeira, *Mennu e Mops*,
published a short time anterior to the reign of John III.

I cannot sleep the weary night—
I cannot sleep for love.
Since first these eyes in thee beheld
Their life, their death, their weal, their woe,
Though erst repose they ne'er repelled,
Not once did they its sweets since know.
I hear—I see thee not—then, oh!
Though sadly days and nights on sweep,
How can I have e'en hope of sleep?
My mind, for ever occupied
In thinking o'er its cause of grief,
With pangs is momently supplied—
Fierce pangs, which find from nought relief;
Those nights, once made by slumber brief,
Like darksome days, now dreary creep;
For never, never can I sleep.
The good of life hath passed and gone,
The ill,—the evil, only, stays;
These watchings agony have grown,
My heart's keen pangs can nought appease:
With sense and soul in such a blaze,

* The specific name for poems of this description is, in Portuguese, *Esparças*—from the verb *Esparcer*—to overflow; literally, "overflowings of the heart." In Spanish *Glosas*—which has usurped the Portuguese word, even in that language. The generic term for the class to which it belongs is, in Portuguese, *Canções*—"Songs." In Spanish *Villancicos*—"peasant, or popular ballads." They are thus termed from the circumstance of their forming the sole literature of the rural population of these two countries.—Trs.
And sorrows, such a heavy heap,
Scant hope can I have of sweet sleep.
What ne'er before I felt, the fire
   In my fond heart now makes me feel:
I lay me down, wild with desire,
   I wake with brain like glowing steel.
I see thee not—the days slow steal;
I hear thee not the nights—and weep;
And so I cannot—cannot sleep.

SUPPLEMENTARY SCENE TO WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.
BY GOETHE.

The following, written as a sort of War Song, was acted as a supplementary scene to the first part of Schiller's Trilogre—Waltenstein's Camp, the night preceding the day on which the Weimar Volunteers marched out to join the Allied Armies.

**Dramatis Personae.**

**First Holkish Yager.**

**Second Ditto Ditto.**

**Foreign Minstrel.**

**Scene—Waltenstein's Camp.**

**First Yager.**

Here comes a chap across, d'ye see,
I'll bet he's out of Italy.

**Second Yager (To the Minstrel).**

What wouldst thou here, with thy guitar?
Like bridal-bidder, sooth you are.

**First Yager.**

The gowk that dons such gaudy dress,
His lusty land 'tan't hard to guess.

**Foreign Minstrel.**

What use can all this tumult be?
Be civil, and I'll sing to ye.

**Second Yager.**

Good! good! we'd hear a something new.
Take care now, interrupt not you (To the First Yager).

**First Yager.**

I'll nothing new! I'll old lyre-tones!
The lad's in love, you see't at once!—(Aside.)

**Minstrel (Recitativo).**

When minds so many meet together,
To joy or grieve, we know not whether,
Da dahl! ta dahl (Tuning his Instrument).

**First Yager.**

—The silly wight!

He sings when speaking, it's despite.

**Minstrel (Singing).**

I must to the field! from thee must sever,
Though fain would hold me here my heart:
We part e'en now, perhaps for ever,
No! from thy love I ne'er shall part!
Forth! to the field. That's not to sever,
Sever from thee cannot this heart.
High hopes are mine, I must endeavour!
I but fulfil my duty's part.
I'll to the field! wherefore not sever?
'Tis thine to weep! I've duties got!
So fare thee well! nay, grieve now never!
I'm thine for aye! forget me not!
Westminster Abbey.

FIRST YAGER.
Forget me not! laugh! that's all folly!
Can we remember and be jolly?
Forget! ha! ha! ourselves forget we!
That is the way to live! be't mine!
When on our foes our keen glaives whet we,
Or clasp coy maids, or quaff bright wine.

SECOND YAGER.
Nay, 'tis not fair our friend to hinder;
We'd willing still, lest strain so tender,
To fight our foes a pleasant part.
Who loves to live will aye be rushing,
Where fair are frail and cups are crushing.
But still, one can't but have a heart.
To sadness aye will song induce you——

FIRST YAGER.
I sleep—let not his strain seduce you.

MINSTREL (Repeats his Song).
I must to the field! from thee must sever!
&c. &c. &c.

SECOND YAGER.
You're right, all parting's but mere play,
'Tis painful now, anon 't grows better!
Thy song's like bright blade fresh from whetter,
The haft be mine, the edge whose 't may.

CONCLUDING CHORUS.
E'en so! hath the minstrel the deepest truth spoken
As fully we know, and feel well.
Brave youth! soon as ever the broad day hath broken,
Gird your loins for the field, say farewell!
But still think on us in each fierce bloody fight,
When they're o'er, and with victory's laurels you're dight,
Oh, bring back again what we leave ye!

MINSTREL (Solo, quasi parlando).
Yourselves bring here,
Oh, loved and dear!

CHORUS.
And the heartiest greeting we'll give ye.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A SONNET.—BY J. W.
The place is holy—if on earth be found
Place holy—with due reverence lightly tread
And wake not cavern’d echo, where the dead,
The famed of ages gone, lie tomb’d around;
Hark! the sweet solemn chant and lengthen’d sound.
Of “an anthem clear” by pealing organ led,
Rolls thro’ the lonely aisles.—Ah! straight are fled
All worldly thoughts. I pass earth’s narrow bound
Its griefs, its joys, and taste celestial calm;
To God submissive, and with man at peace:
'Tis to the suffering spirit blessed balm.
May wonted pious melody ne'er cease
In these long-hallow’d walls, till heavenly love,
With all the just, completes his choir above.
Literature.


"Allan Breck" is one of those works which will owe its fame to the author's powers of deeply investigating the perverse movements of the human heart; nor does Mr. Gleig fall into the error of throwing the false glory of romance around the unhappy being who is his principal character. Allan Breck is a creature of sin and sorrow—one for whom the reader cannot feel a particle of enthusiasm, although there is just enough human feeling left in him to excite sufficient human sympathy to lead the reader on through the story. Mr. Gleig has laid his scenes in the times of the civil war of forty-five, and perhaps too often challenges comparison with the mighty author of "Waverley;" yet we are not certain that, as far as regards narrative, incident, and deep observation, Mr. Gleig is any way inferior to his lamented countryman. It is in dramatic dialogue and comic cast of character that he falls so infinitely short of his model. The dialogue in "Allan Breck" is remarkably heavy, especially where Mr. Gleig attempts to delineate historical events and characters. The speeches are then as long, and nearly as proesy, as those in the present parliamentary debates, when certain members are pugnaciously opposed.

The objection of heaviness, however, does not exist, when the speakers in Mr. Gleig's work are of the lower order of his national characters. His Scotch dialects captivate the attention, although the whole cast of his narrative is grave and sad; while the reader, chained to the book by no common power, seldom feels inclined to smile. Indeed, after the woful execution of the innocent and well-meaning Laird of Ardmore, the narrative closes with a dreary impression, notwithstanding the happy marriage of the heroine.

Mr. Gleig has taken the thread of his narrative from some of those traditionary histories that formed the tragedies of private life, often played by auxiliaries of the great national drama, that was then performing. Allan Breck was one of the noted characters of that era, and has been portrayed by Mr. Gleig as stained with all the coarse profanity that the demi-heroes of partisan warfare generally possess, but which is seldom dwelt on by their biographers. One of the principal actors in the scene is Parson Neil, a nonjuruing clergyman of the Church of Scotland, a very good man, but, in the author's hands, a bore of the most enormous magnitude. To atone for this bad quality, many of the descriptive scenes of his lurking-places are drawn with no little beauty. We must add to these observations, that Gleig is a high moralist. He is not one of those deceptive writers that pourtrays human life as found in children's story-books, where the good are always rewarded in the end, and live very happy ever after. Nothing can be more mischievous or deceiving than such false pictures of life; for virtue is but seldom rewarded in this world, excepting by the possession of "that peace which passeth show." Mr. Gleig cannot be reproached with too great adherence to what is called poetical justice, as the following scene will testify, with which the eventful part of the narrative drearily closes. We must, however, premise that the reader is aware that the sufferer is an innocent man:—

"The remainder of the journey being performed on foot, and in the centre of a band of mercenary soldiers, Fergus had little leisure to indulge the working of his feelings by conversing familiarly with his chaplain. As they advanced, moreover, spectacles more and more harassing met them at every step. Each shielding, as they passed it, poured out its women and children to rend the air with their wild cries of indignation and sorrow, while along the sides of the hills, groups of men might be seen, hanging like thunder-clouds over the vale below. Fergus beheld these sights, and listened to those sounds, with the deepest emotion. Yet he knew that they boded no good to him; for the troops marched in order, with muskets loaded, so as to obviate all chances of a rescue. Nor, to say the truth, did he entertain the slightest wish that an attempt so desperate should be hazarded; for even now the fear of death overcame not the prudence of the politician, which satisfied him of the utter hopelessness of the enterprise. His sensations, therefore, were those rather of the gratified patriot than of the reluctant martyr; a triumphant conviction that the good opinion of the people attended him to the
stake, and that here at least his memory would live, not as a criminal, but as a benefactor.

"And now the processions approached a point whence the blackened ruin of Ardmore with its clump of tall beeches became visible. Fergus gazed upon it long and eagerly, while his flushed cheek and the involuntary distortions of his features marked the intensity of the struggle which went on within.

"'It would have been an act of humanity to have saved me this,' said he, speaking rather to himself than to those around; 'but, no matter—one more pang, and all will be over.'

"'Take courage,' whispered Parson Neil; 'bear up like a man and a Christian. The Southerns are around you now, and they must not see the slightest proof of weakness.'

"Fergus instantly averted his eyes, thought to cost him no common exertion to do so, and, keeping them steadily fixed on the ground, proceeded onwards, without hazarding another observation.

"A walk of less than half an hour's duration carried them round the little bay, washing one side of the hill of Ardmore; and a bend in the road shut out both the house and the plantations from the view even of such as might have looked back in search of them. Fergus, as if a load had been removed from his mind, ventured to lift his eyes; but the first object on which they rested caused the blood to curdle in his veins; and his step, which had been hitherto firm and unyielding, began to totter. About a gunshot in his front, on an eminence bare of underwood, stood a gibbet, from the cross-beams of which a rope loosely dangled, and around it lay or sat a second body of troops, as if guarding it from the aggression of the country people. Fergus groaned audibly as with shackled hands he seized the person's arm, who had been to afford him such support and consolation as the fearful circumstances in which he stood would allow.

"'One bold effort more,' whispered the parson, and all will be over. Bear up! bear up! I beseech you, for your own sake, and for the sake of those who take the liveliest interest in your fate.'

"'I am not afraid,' replied he—'not afraid to die; but such a death! God help me and support me! it is more than I can face!'

"Yet he did master his emotion, inasmuch that when the procession halted the natural paleness was again over his cheek, and his voice, as he besought the respite of a few moments in which to perform his devotions, was firm and manly. The request was not denied him. On the green turf, and under his native skies, he knelted down, while Neil proceeded to administer to him the sacrament, according to that beautiful form which the Episcopal Church of Scotland has provided for those whose hours are numbered. There was not, in all the hardened group which surrounded him, one eye that beheld the spectacle with indifference; and when, at the conclusion of the service, he rose and pronounced himself ready, the very executioner shrank from his task. But the hesitation was only for a moment. 'Bear my last blessing to Marcell,' said Fergus, as he undid his stock, 'and tell her that I die innocent. I forgive my enemies; and I require, with my last breath, that for this deed no reparation be sought.'

"As he said this, his arms, released from the manacles, were pinioned behind his back, and the rope being adjusted round his neck, he took his station on a little temporary platform, or stool, placed at the foot of the gallows. A brief interval followed, when, on a signal given, the executioner dragged the stool from beneath his feet. There were a few desperate struggles, a heaving of the chest, and those convulsive movements of the limbs with which nature marks her last efforts to sustain life, and all was quiet. He swung a senseless corpse between earth and heaven! While the preparations for this atrocious act were in progress, the countrypeople, having assembled in increased numbers, took their stations along the side of the hill, and manifested by their gestures, and an occasional burst of voices, that they were no indifferent observers of what was going on. More than once, indeed, a movement was made, as if an attempt at a rescue would be hazarded; but the display of military force was too imposing, and the enthusiasm of the moment died away. Thus it was, till, his devotions being ended, Fergus placed himself under the fatal beam, and the executioner was seen to be employed in the duties of his office. Then, however, there arose a yell, so wild and shrill, as to startle the eagle from his nest on the far off rock, while, as if actuated by one common impulse, the whole mass rushed madly downwards. In an instant the troops stood to their arms; the word was given to 'make ready, and the muskets were levelled; but no shot was fired. The crowd, which acted without organisation or control, wavered and stood still, while a few only of the most daring strove, by gestures and example, to lead them forward. But these remonstrated and exhorted in vain; one by one the multitude fell back, and the execution was completed without interruption. Nor was the slightest opposition offered to the fulfilment of that portion of the sentence, which condemned the body
to as much of public disgrace as can attach to a mass of senseless clay; the irons being adjusted to the limbs and joints, the carcass was fastened to the beam, and crowd and troops, except only a slight guard, meant rather to intimidate than to control the discontented, quieted the scene of death. Our tale is well nigh told: for, of the events which marked the progress of the next quarter of a century, few were even remotely connected with the fortunes of Allan Breck; or, as a necessary consequence, demand minute relation from his biographer."


Since the loss of Miss Jane Taylor, and the exhaustion of Mrs. Sherwood's powers, Sarah Stickney is the only religious writer who is worthy to succeed them in delineating domestic scenes, and shewing the human character under its various modes of acting, as influenced, or otherwise, by religious principle. How beautiful—how true—are some of the pictures of this admirable young authoress, the extract we present to our readers will show:

"A friend must be intimately acquainted with your character, and have just enthusiasm enough in her attachment, to render the meanest parts of it not disgusting to her, whatever they may be to others; she must have forbearance enough to tolerate your peculiar views and sentiments, with sufficient dignity to support her own; she must watch over you for good, and study to protect you from evil; she must command without exciting your vanity, and condemn without bitterness or reproach; she must be sparing of ridicule, except when used to correct slight errors, or like the stroke of the staff upon the ice, to ascertain its strength, and give confidence to farther trial; she must be willing to receive as well as to give, keeping no account of obligations; she must never permit a misunderstanding to remain unexplained, or an accidental want of kindness unatoned for; and, while the most trifling personal services are willingly performed, she must, above all things, seek to ennoble and exalt your mind, sacrificing the pleasures of the present moment, if necessary to your everlasting happiness, and faithfully commending you in her prayers to the guidance and protection of Him who is alone able to prepare you for the habitations of eternal rest. If, after all that I have said, I should be able to add, that in the course of my experience with the world, it was my happiness to find one friend, you will rightly esteem me amongst the most privileged of human beings. That this friend was of my own sex, it is scarcely necessary to say, since whatever may exist in the dreams of the enthusiast, I believe that a true, ardent, and lasting friendship between young men and young women is seldom to be found in real life; and who that is capable of estimating the influence of each character upon the other in their social intercourse, can withhold their regret, that these attachments should so invariably be destroyed, by the false delicacy, and all other kinds of falsehoods, that prevail in the world.

Yet such is the tone and character of society in its present state, that men will be jealous, and women will coquette, even in friendship: candour, confidence, and stability must be wanting to render their intercourse either refined or durable.

The first time I ever beheld Helen Graham was at the house of a widow lady, where other idlers beside myself were loitering away a winter's morning, by the help of that most empty of all devices that men, or rather women, have adopted for killing time—the amusement of making calls. The cold season had but just set in, and the drawing-room being yet uncheered by a fire, we were seated snug and warm round a social hearth in a sitting room, where a little girl of ten years old was preparing for her drawing lesson."

"Take your papers to the farthest table," said the mother, "I dare say Miss Graham will not mind us; she is always so abstracted," she continued, in an undertone, when the door opened, and a tall thin figure entered, muffled in well-worn furs, which had evidently seen better days. Miss Graham hesitated, when she saw how the apartment was occupied.

"The morning is so cold," said the lady of the house, "that we cannot leave the fire. Will you permit us to remain, Miss Graham, if we promise not to interfere?"

The artist bowed such an assent as implied a want of ability to refuse, yet not ungraciously, for her look, her voice, her whole manner was gracious in the extreme; and, at the same time, so dignified and condescending, that when she applied herself to the business of the day, I could not help thinking that her native element would be found in a very different sphere. The contour of her beautiful profile (for her face was so thin that you could not study it in any other way), the intelligence of her deep dark eyes, and the gracefulfullness of all her movements, interested me deeply; but when I heard the hollow cough which frequently interrupted her instructions, saw the long thin fingers with which she held her pencil, and caught the stolen glance which she more than once directed to the
distant fire, my interest gave place to sympathy, and I longed to offer her some token by which she might know it to be sincere. My anxiety was in some measure removed, when I saw the child, with an expression of unaffected solicitude, look up in her face, and say, "Are you better this morning, Miss Grahame?" At which she drew her left hand over the shoulder of her pupil, and bending towards her so near as to touch the rosy cheek with her own, from whence the roses had for ever fled, pursued her occupation without any other remark than what related to the subject with which they were engaged.

"I have brought my portfolio," said she, "this morning, in order that you may make your choice; for I well know how hard a task it is to copy what is not suited to our own taste."

"Ah! have you?" said the child, and clapped her hands with exultation.

"Stay, stay, my love," said Miss Grahame, "you must first finish this tree, before you begin with anything else."

With a look of disappointment the little pupil resumed her pencil, and laboured diligently until the tree was completed; but not without regretting that it was so full of foliage, and asking more than once if it would not look better without the lowest branch. "Now, now!" she exclaimed, after the last rough touch upon the stem—"now I shall see all your beautiful drawings!"

"You will be disappointed, my love," said Miss Grahame, with a faint smile, as she looked round, evidently afraid lest the raptures of the young enthusiast should awaken interest elsewhere. But I was the only one who heard or noticed what was going on. The rest of the party were too busy with the events of a late extraordinary marriage, to hear any voice but their own; and Miss Grahame spoke in so low a tone that it was with difficulty I could catch her passing remarks upon the drawings which the delighted child was turning over. "But this beautiful house," said the girl; "you must not take it from me, but tell me where this charming place can be."

"That is the place where I was born," said Miss Grahame, with an altered voice; "I cannot talk to you about that drawing; I hardly know whether it is good or bad."

"And why do you not live there now?" asked the child, still detaining the picture.

"It was sold, my love."

"And did you get all the money? It must have been sold for a great deal; you must be very rich. If I were you, I would not teach drawing, nor wear that shabby frock."

I could not forbear a stolen glance to see with what philosophy Miss Grahame bore this questioning. I expected to behold her countenance flushed with indignation, as mine was for her; but knowing that no unnamable feeling was mingled with the artless familiarity of her young friend, she answered, with a placid and benignant smile, "the money is not mine, my love, it was given to those who had a better right to it. But come, we must not trifle away our time; and since you consider money so valuable, I am sure you would not like your mamma to pay me for spending half an hour with you in idle talk."

"Oh! yes I should, for I like to talk with you best; and I never see you, except in these short lessons, and you will not stay a moment when they are over."

"You know I have others to attend to; and I assure you it is harder to me than to you, when I chide you for talking to me," said Miss Grahame, pressing a kiss upon her brow. "It is not a fault of which I can accuse many; but we both know, it would be very wrong in me to receive money for what I have not done."

When the first set of callers rose to depart, I found an opportunity of addressing the young student and her interesting instructress; but I almost repented of my purpose, when I observed the patient look of resignation with which Miss Grahame endured my advances, until convinced that I was really interested, and then her countenance wore the double charm of intelligence and gratitude.

Having spoken of some paintings she had at home, I said I should esteem it a great privilege if she would allow me to call and look over her private collection.

Miss Grahame blushed, and I thought, for an instant, looked distressed; but she immediately presented me with her address; and hoping I would not raise my expectations too high, begged I would spare her an evening hour, as she could not make sure of being disengaged at any other time.

I went accordingly on the following day, and found the Miss Grahame, whom I had imagined born to tread the marble courts of kings, a solitary occupant of lodgings, that were neither commodious nor situated in a genteel neighbourhood. She was seated close beside a pale lamp, with her eyes thickly shaded, so as to strengthen her sight, for a beautiful fine drawing, which she was under the necessity of executing by that distressing light. On my entrance she laid aside her shade, and welcomed me with a grace that would have done honour to a nobler habitation. The walls of her small apartment were crowded with pictures, some in elegant frames, some without any. Three portraits were amongst the most highly adorned; two of an elderly gentleman and lady—the other of a young man, whose striking resemblance to herself immediately arrested
Review.

my attention. Narrow as was the space allotted to a diversity of subjects, they were extremely well arranged; and every thing around bore marks of elegance, taste, order, and regularity. But, oh! what poverty! Never, never shall I forget that little room, and Helen Graham, with the figure and bearing of a queen, seated there in loneliness and penury. She must be a wretched woman, thought I, and doubtless something of the same kind was legible on my countenance, for she smiled, and asked me with great simplicity how I liked her little den. "We learn a great deal in passing through the world," she added; "I should once have thought it impossible to be happy in such a place as this."—"And are you happy?" I exclaimed.—"Oh! yes; quite contented in my daily occupations, and very, very thankful that I am able to maintain myself, to assist one whom I love, and to burden nobody. Sometimes, it is true, my spirits fail me, with my failing health; but God is gracious to the feeble, and my trust is in Him."

This passage is from the second tale, entitled "The Pains of Pleasing:" the conception of which, and the general tendency, is highly original. Yet the execution is defective in parts: it is not worked together well as a whole, and will not bear a comprehensive view, for it is a series of pictures and scenes carelessly thrown together. The narrator begins her tale with improbable abruptness, and leaves it unfinished: as the reader is anxious to know how Caroline, who is left in a hopeless state of penury, comes by the comfortable home in which she is narrating her life to her two unintroducted morning visitors. Above all, Miss Stickney ought to beware, in a work decidedly religious, of the error of representing her converted characters as performing the most hideous actions under the plea of changed hearts and spiritual principles: for instance, the mind of every reader must revolt with horror from Graham's desertion of Caroline, under the plea that her angelic conduct to him and his sister was merely the result of benevolent impulse. Nothing can be more sickening than the conduct of this wretch, whose selfishness has but changed its character, when he left the inconvenient paths of low vice for a regular domestic life. That the self-abused Caroline should exalt the character of the man she loved, at the expense of her own, is by no means inconsistent with the fond devotedness of woman; but our authoress should not leave her readers in the error of believing that the line of conduct pursued by this monster is right and just. That such scenes do occur in private life, we are aware; yet there is a moral obliquity in drawing them without censure. Had Graham's heart been really changed by his religious convictions, he would have conquered his disinclination, and tried to convince Caroline of the beauty of doing good from the principle of devotion to God, instead of deserting her for her demure sister. It is scarcely possible that the feelings of one sister can be concealed from the other in real life, and we are sorry that so high an authority as that of Miss Sarah Stickney should ever be pleaded in extenuation of conduct that too often is the means of rehearsing the most doleful tragedies in the bosom of domestic life—we mean the desertion of one sister for another, by a lover. Of all things it is the most dangerous to religion for a writer of abilities to call evil good; and the conduct of Graham and Caroline's sister, under the plea of conversion, is atrocious. Neither are we disposed to agree in the praises bestowed on Mr. Morton, for a really good man would never attack the Christian religion to try if a woman would defend it; and we think the falsehood of his lips, at least as culpable as the time-serving of his poor dependent: such a line of conduct is as unprincipled as that of putting money in the way of servants to prove their honesty. "Lead us not into temptation," is the cry night and day of every Christian; and will the benevolent Being who taught us thus to pray, approve of traps laid by one frail mortal to prove the powers of resistance appertaining to another? Our young authoress has, in these instances, swerved from truth and right feeling, but she atones for the error by many excellencies. The tale of the "Misanthrope" is more perfect as a whole than the other, and may be read with great pleasure: still the second tale embraces an idea of such general utility and original cast of thought, that we regret the authoress has sent it to the world in an imperfect state; it is rather the notes for a larger work than a complete tale. There are some passages in the preface that had
better have been suppressed, wherein the authoress defends herself from various reprehensions made by her acquaintances on the subject of drawing real characters in her "Sketches of Private Life." These, in a public address, we are inclined to think misplaced, and that remonstrance with the discontented parties would have been better. She is wrong in heeding such censure, for the general cast of characters, whether particular portraits or no, could not have been recognised as those of individuals by the public at large; and, as the criticism was not in the regular course of reviewing, she ought not to have bestowed a public word on the gossips, of whose private strictures she complains. Let Miss Stickney be assured that the author who is successful in drawing characters, although their traits belong to whole classes of society, will ever be accused of copying individuals; she must be calm under the accusation, and, as it is a certain proof of her powers, take the inconvenience as a thing of course. We find in her preface that she has suffered these stigmas to influence her in her present work, and from these feelings, perhaps, proceed some of the incongruities we have found it our duty to notice. Let her proceed unsparingly in her career; and, by her "Pictures of Private Life," continue her valuable lessons to the most valuable portion of society, by whose conversion or amendment they may become instruments of more extensive good.


We readily agree with the editor, Signor Cerutti, that the republication of the Simboli of Father Bartoli is a most valuable addition to the slender stock of Italian prose works attainable by the English student; but as the Signor Cerutti has not enlightened the unlearned in la dolce lingua di Toscana with one word of English, either in title-page or preface, to give one hint as to the nature of the work, it is a duty we owe to some of our readers to tell them the subject of it.

The editor, then, informs the literary world, in very good Italian, that being one day in his bookseller's shop, (which we presume is the courteous Signor Rolandi's, in Berners-street, now and then a haunt of our own,) the said Signor put into his hands the tid-bits of two little old books by Bartoli, which, having duly devoured, he relished exceedingly, and thought that the magnificent old Italian of one of them would be a great treat to all lovers of his native language; and as prose Italian books are scarce in England, he undertook the republication of the work in this country; but, as the book was half composed of learned quotations from the Latin historians and classics, he likewise judiciously translated these, and made the whole a very attractive book for lady students of Italian.

Signor Cerutti tells us, moreover, that the author of the Simboli was Padre Daniello Bartoli, a most learned Jesuit, born at Ferrara, in 1608, an era when the stores of learning were indeed deep and extraordinary, and men of letters took a vast delight in loading their works with numerous Latin, Greek, and Hebrew quotations; a custom which has occasioned this and other well-written books to sleep in oblivion for centuries.

It is now time to tell of what the Simboli of Bartoli consists. Every chapter contains, as the leading article, a detail of some historical anecdote, or custom of antiquity, headed as a sort of text by a proverbial sentence from Seneca, who seems the saint of the old Jesuit's enthusiastic worship—then all sorts of sayings and passages from the Latin poets and historians, and likewise from Italian poets, are quoted, in illustration of the moral drawn from the anecdote. "The Urn of Severus" is a remarkably elegant chapter, the anecdote is beautifully told, the moral of the essay, "La Misurata opinione di se stessa," may be rendered, Unbounded self-conceit. To give an idea of the plan of the work, the anecdote illustrating this maxim may thus be briefly translated:—"The Emperor Severus, in his last illness, had a beautiful urn of porphyry made, which he intended should hold his ashes; he often caused it to be brought to him, placed it on his sick bed, embraced and caressed it, softly patted it with his hands, and even kissed it, saying, 'Ah! fortunate stone, which art fated to enclose in thy narrow bosom that great Septimus Severus, whom the wide world cannot contain.'"
As a specimen of splendid Italian prose, we subjoin the passage at length:

"Quell' imperador Severo, che perfìn nel nome portava le verghe e la scure de' fasci, nè per tenere il mondo a freno gli faceva bisogno di trovarsi dove non era, mentre il sol nominarlo ricordava il temerio dov'era; crudele, non solamente severo, quanto alla gran copia del sangue; ma salutiero, quanto alla pestifera qualità degli umori che trasse dall'ammorbato corpo che in quei suoi tempi era la città e l'Imperio di Roma; onde poi fu il dir-sene che rimase, ch'egli o non doveva nascere per li tanti a' quali tolse la vita col ferro, o non doveva morire per gli altrettanti a' quali la rendè migliore col timore; costui dico, stato più necessario che utile al mondo, giunto che si vide all'ultimo de'suoi giorni, si mandò recare la bella urna del porfido, nella quale si dovean chiedere e serbare le ceneri del suo corpo." Posataghi sopra il letto, la riguardò con occhio mezzo invidioso e amante; poi lisciandola, e dolcemente battendola con le mani in atto di careggiarla, alla fine baciolla, e, sasso avventuroso, le disse, che nel tuo piccol seno chiedeurai quel gran Settimo Severo, cui tutto il mondo non ha potuto comprendere dentro se stesso! Così egli disse; parlando non altrimenti, che se il suo spirito fosse per chiedersi dentro a quell'urna, e sotto a quelle ceneri mantenersene vivo il fuoco. Nè questa fu frenesiai moribondo; fu delirio di superbo. Pescennio Negro da lui sconflitto nell'oriente, e nelle Gallie Clodio Albino; e i Parti, e gli Arabi, e gli Adiabeni tornati, a forza d'armi, all'ubbidienza di Roma, in diciotto anni d'imperio e di guerre, tanto gli avean gonfiata in capo l'opinione di se stesso, che gli pareva uomo non esser nato pari a lui in grandezza di meritì; nè tutto il mondo essere stato teatro capevole delle glorie del suo nome.

"Di così strani mostri di presuntuosa albagia, fosse in grado al cielo che sola l'Africa, dove costei era nato, ne partorisse. Il vero si è che ogni paese è abile a produrne, ogni tempo soggetto a vederne, ogni arte, ogni professione, massimamente d'ingegno, disposta a generarne. Uomini tanto pieni di se, tanto alti stimatori di quel che sono o di quel che sanno, che il mondo nuovo e'l vecchio, a cercarnar sin giù sotto gli antipodi, non avrà da poter mostravsi altrettanto che essi. Dove i capi non si contino, come si fa delle pecore, ma si pesino, così si dovrebbe degli uomini, non mancar loro altro che un Opinio, che, messa la loro testa, come quella di Caio Gracco, su la bilancia, confesserebbe— Roma non avere oro bastevole a contrappesarla."

We should suppose old Bartoli to have been one of those learned men, whose mild and studious life, and great learning, reflect honour on the much calumniated order to which he belonged. There is great liberality in some of his sentiments, considering the times in which he wrote. He seems acquainted with English literature, and mentions the improvements in science, in our country, with enthusiasm. His style strongly resembles that of Jeremy Taylor, who, most likely, was acquainted with his works, as he was his contemporary. Bartoli died in the year 1683.


We cannot help devoting a few minutes to the consideration of a work that has in a former edition obtained for its author great credit, as a political economist—however adverse he may be to credit in general. We are not disposed to enter into any length of argument on the expediency of the measure which he recommends as the best means of putting an end to pernicious credit; we will merely state that he proposes that the Legislature shall pass a law enacting that no debts shall be recoverable by legal proceedings whose amount is more than two pounds, and less than a hundred; thus allowing the poor labourer and artisan their week's credit for subsistence, and genteel families a week's credit for necessaries with divers tradesmen. This law Mr. Rosser thinks will prevent tradesmen from giving credit, and families from the mischievous system of receiving it. Yet, however salutary the intention may be, we are not certain of the possibility of forcing the public into the right way,—like laws for religious observances, we doubt, if people's hearts are not previously gained over to the subject, whether it is practicable to fence them in so tightly that they will not find a method of breaking out. For instance, nothing can be more rigid than the law regarding minors, who are legally incapable of receiving credit, and yet many an heir comes of age completely ruined; wherefore, tradesmen require still more enormous profits, to balance the enormous risk; and we own that we take a somewhat similar view of the effect of Mr. Rosser's legislative proposal. But in regard to Mr. Rosser's moral views on the subject, and more so as he is himself a lawyer, we are perfectly of his way.
ing, and recommend most earnestly every mistress of a family to read his pamphlet. With impressive but simple reasoning he points out the expediency of all dealings for household expenses being transacted by means of ready money. The lady of the house is generally the provider of the supplies. The time once was when she was the queen bee of her little hive, and when the eyes of all under her roof looked to her to dispense their comforts and sustenance. But without expecting an accomplished modern fair one to be an operative in any of these matters, we think that a practical knowledge of accounts and marketing ought to be added to her attainments, and that the care of purchasing provisions ought not to be left altogether to the stewardship of a London cook. Mr. Rosser will find that some alteration in the mode of educating young ladies is needful before his most salutary reformatons can be adopted in the household economy of genteel families; the cash must pass immediately through the hands of the mistress of a house to her various tradesmen before a ready-money system can be properly adopted. Let Mr. Rosser convince the ladies of the imperative duty of the stewardship that must necessarily devolve on wives, and he will no longer find that pernicious credit will be required, at least in housekeeping expenses. We add an extract that, even after due allowances are made for a change of times, will bring conviction to those who peruse it in a proper spirit:—

"I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting an account of the system of domestic economy adopted by Mr. Peregrine Langton, uncle of Mr. Bennet Langton, the intimate friend and companion of Dr. Johnson. After dwelling upon the evils of unnecessary credit, this account, showing what may be done by avoiding it, is particularly refreshing, and nothing can be more apt to our purpose.

"Mr. Langton's income was two hundred and eighteen pounds a year. His family consisted of a sister and a niece. The servants were, two maids, and two men in livery; his common way of living, at his own table, was three or four dishes; the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome; he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance, as to clothes, was generally neat and plain. He had always a post-chaise, and kept three horses. The tenth part of his income was set apart for charity. He had always money by him for extraordinary expenses that might arise. Some money he put into the funds. He did not practice any extraordinary degree of parsimony, but took care that in his family there should be plenty without waste. Mr. Langton was enabled thus to render an income of small amount sufficient for his wants, and even comforts, by various means. "But the main particular," says Mr. Bennet Langton, who communicated the account to Mr. Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, "that seems to have enabled him to do so much with his income, was, that he paid for every thing as soon as he had it, except, alone, what were current accounts—such as rent for his house and servants' wages, and these he paid at stated times with the utmost exactness. He gave notice to the tradesmen of the neighbouring market towns, that they should no longer have his custom if they let any of his servants have any thing without their paying for it. Thus he put it out of his power to commit those imprudences to which those are liable that defer their payments by using their money some other way than where it ought to go; and whatever money he had by him he knew that it was not demanded elsewhere, but that he might safely employ it as he pleased."

Nor has the party here quoted since acted alone. Some individuals of firm purpose, agreeing in the principle, have for several years, entirely maintained the same against every kind of opposition. Many of these persons would, indeed, be inclined to go further than our author. They say, why should debts under 40s. be recoverable? It appears to them that the poor are as much nursed up into extravagance and imprudence by the facility of accumulating such debts, as their superiors are by the facility of accumulating large ones; and the small shop creditor, with whom they deal, is far more anxious in his books, and less scrupulous in taking advantage of ignorance and necessity, when he has once the upper hand over them, than the tradesmen of the wealthier persons are likely, or able, to be. But as to the opponents of the measure proposed by our author, these, they say, appear all to be too ignorant, or too short-sighted, to comprehend the subject; and when, indeed, they have any show of reason on their side, they are always arguing against some proposition that they have set up for the purpose of knocking it down, and
which is not to be found in the pamphlet.

Although we do not consider it our province to enter very largely into this subject, yet we must mention that few individuals have obtained more attention on the part of the press than has Mr. Rosser in his excellent and well-intentioned pamphlet, on a subject in itself perfectly simple, but in its bearings upon the customs of the community one of subtle difficulty.

The Tradesman’s Complete Book-keeper.
By RAYMOND PERCIVAL, Groombridge.

The method of keeping accounts, is in this little treatise so completely divested of every thing superfluous or intricate, that any lady or gentleman who is anxious to learn a clear mode of arranging money concerns, may, by this pamphlet, with a little study, form a regular system—changing, of course, the terms of merchants’ debts and credits, for rent or interest, and the expenditure of their establishment. At page 4, there is a good and needful piece of advice. ‘The operation of balancing accounts should be performed daily, because, in case of any omission (which will be sure to be detected in consequence) it is easier to remember it on the day it occurred, than afterwards. Besides, the first principle with every (real) man of business, is, to ascertain that his cash is right before he goes to bed.’

Rowbotham’s French Genders. Longman and Co.

We have often had reason to commend Mr. Rowbotham as a clever author and successful teacher of languages, and the interior of the present little book is worthy of his former labours—nevertheless, we are angry with the quackery on the title-page, setting forth that by means of his method, the French genders may be learned in a few hours. Yes, a child may be able to gabble them off by rote in a few hours; but as to that sort of learning by which the mind obtains the easy use and application of them, Mr. Rowbotham knows very well the practice of years is required—why then fall into the puffing vice of the age? He has saved his pupils some labour, it is true: at the same time, they must bring their usual quantum of application, or what is easily learned, is easily forgotten. There are no more royal roads to learning in the nineteenth century, than there were in the days of James the First, and yet, if we believe advertisers, the most difficult parts of languages are to be mastered in a few hours!


Dr. Rennie’s present publication is one of the literary wonders of the day, both for cheapness and utility. The second number is embellished with three plates, containing altogether nine botanical subjects, well designed and respectfully coloured—the descriptions are well written, and given in English as well as in Latin. But here we must suggest an improvement that would render the publication far more valuable to the youthful student, which is, that English names as well as the Latin should be appended at least to the descriptions of the plants. It is possible that our learned professor may say: “Many of these plants have been very recently introduced into this country, and have not been sufficiently familiarised to have acquired a vulgar or common appellation in the language.” This we are aware is the case in most instances, but we consider it to be the bounden duty of the scientific botanist forthwith to make the strangers’ names intelligible to the unlearned; to raise, at least, an idea in the minds of those unacquainted with Latin or Greek, by always adding to the first or family name of the plant, a translation of the second or descriptive name. For instance, here are no fewer than four plants whose second appellation is derived from the form of their leaves—and we would ask any young person, gardener or agriculturist, who subscribes to this cheap periodical, whether they do not form a clearer notion of plants that are called “The box-leaved Vassium,” “the Yew-leaved Phylloedoe,” or the “Obtuse-leaved Diapensia;” than from the same wholly in Latin, quoted as “Vaccinum Buxifolium,” “Phylloedoe Taxifolia,” and “Diapensia Obtusifolia.” Those who will find this cheap publication of use, and to such we address ourselves, require every assistance to be rendered in smoothing the mysteries of technical terms. Others, learned enough to understand their meaning, will
most likely purchase works containing more costly and more highly finished botanical plates. Interest, therefore, in the work demands that it should make itself as intelligible as possible to those who are most likely to be its customers.

We see with pleasure, that Dr. Rennie uses the classifications both of Linnaeus and Jussieu—they ought never to be separated. Whoever attempts to expel Linnaeus from the field of botany, is like one who puts out the candle of a lantern that he may see the better to search for small things in the dark. Although Linnaeus may not be the all-sufficient teacher in the temple of science that he was once thought to be, he is the most luminous guide that has yet been found.


Nothing can appear more anti-christian than the annals of the Christian church—humanity cannot help shuddering at the historic detail: yet, when it is considered, as Mr. Stebbing justly observes, that the Christian faith was not only the means of true religion, but was working a gradual civilisation in mankind, we shall not be surprised that the evil passions of human nature contended in a constant warfare before they submitted to the yoke, and occasioned a furious struggle, both in the minds of those who pretended to be Christians and those who were not. From the times of heathenhood to the Reformation, the human animal was, generally speaking, in a state of mental savagery, and, in many European countries, in positive personal barbarism; and many an age was stained with violence and crime, before it could be brought to understand that Christianity is a religion of peace and love, and not of hot-headed argument and persecution. If this history is opened with such conviction, the readers will not hastily blame the faith for the faults and follies of frail human nature—it was the deficiency of such reasoning that made Gibbon an infidel, when he searched the annals of the Christian church. To those who believe in the perfectibility of human nature, such search is indeed humbling; and human pride is apt to throw the fault on religion, when it really exists in their own corrupt and untamed hearts.

Mr. Stebbing has performed his historical task extremely well; he has collected facts with great skill and research, and told them in a very attractive style—and his narrative goes right onward without any dull dry passages. This second part commences with the eighth century, and leads the reader down through the atrocious reigns of the Greek emperors and the Roman pontificates, to the dawn of the Reformation under Wickliffe, Jerome of Prague, and John Huss. The volume cannot fail to be read with interest by the general reader.

We presume a history of the Reformation will join in at that era.


We must consider this work in the light of a bookseller’s compilation. The narratives, being merely the detail of incidents bearing extreme resemblance to each other, is exceedingly fatiguing to the reader. So little research has, indeed, been used in putting this work together, that Defoe’s “Life of Colonel Jack” is quoted as a genuine autobiography!!! Strange that the inimitable style of the author of Robinson Crusoe could not at once have been detected by an author of any experience, even if he had never met with any of Defoe’s obscure sketches. The autobiography of Colonel Jack, we can assure the publisher, is still less to be quoted as genuine, than the still more renowned one of Robinson Crusoe. As filling-up stuff, the work is crammed with quotations from “Guzman d’Alfarache,” done up as adventures pertaining to English thieves who performed their pranks half a century after that Spanish romance was translated. Besides, sundry old stories, hackneyed for twenty centuries, and to be found in the national traditions of every country, are done up as modern thievish exploits. The memoirs of “Captain Roberts,” of “Eugene Aram,” and “Barrington, the Pickpocket,” are the best in the collection.


The choice of Mr. Wiffen’s subject makes us doubt whether he possesses that high taste, which although not always found inseparable from great poetic powers is an handmaid almost indispen-
sable to the acquisition of lasting fame:—
to dilute and versify one of the finest
dramatic poems that any age has pro-
duced, is indeed, “to gild refined gold,
to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on
the violet;” and we wish for his own sake,
that an author who at times exhibits
considerable powers, should not have
made such woeful waste of his powers.
The poem is in blank verse, which is
sometimes rendered quaint and even
queer by the adoption of Miltonic
phrases. The best passages are those in
which Mr. Whiffin abjures from paraphrasing
the sublime terseness of the
original, and fills up natural descriptions
that are either omitted in scripture, or
very faintly touched upon. As a favour-
able specimen of the verse and turn of
thought, we quote the transmutations of
the caterpillar, a passage that Cowper or
Thomson need not blush to own.
The caterpillar with its signet gems,
The chrysalis in golden armour bright,
And the fresh butterfly with powdered
fans,
That on the rose scatters its painted dust,
And fluttering sips its fragrance, are but one,
A tiny egg, minuter than a seed
Of the tall mustard seed, compressed the
three.
And not a hoop, or tire, that girdles round
Its farthingale, nor gold-drop tipped its
wing,
But peacilled lay within its dot-like shell,
Nor freaked a feature God had modelled
not.

**Finden’s Gallery of the Graces. Parts XI. and XII. Title.**

There is more equality of execution in the
eleventh number of this publication,
than usual; nevertheless one of the por-
traits bears a decided superiority to the
others, this is the second entitled “Marga-
reta.” The design is easy, and the expres-
sion harmonious, certainly one of Stones’
best; the engraving by Mote, is soft, clear,
and in excellent tone and keeping. The
Gertrude of Wyoming is too square and
large for a poetical beauty, the head is
exquisitely and happily engraved, but the
rest of the person is left in a woeful state
of neglect, the hands are clumsy, and so
hideous in their want of finish, that they
would lead one to suppose that the lady
had sat down in the shade to rest after
washing; for the spread swollen hands
have no better appearance.
The high finish of the face throws the
course hands into more notice, while the
raw state of the shadows, make the fingers
seem to terminate in claws. The third
head “Edderline,” looks rather as if she
had been frightened, but with the excep-
tion of some false lights on the further
shoulder, the plate is a good one.
The twelfth is the concluding number of
the Gallery of the Graces, and we
are concerned to see that the publisher
should have been so ill-advised as to
introduce into the last number of a work
containing much beauty and delicate
art, two such exceedingly awkward de-
signs as the “Gleaner,” by Landseer;
and the “Dreamer,” by Boxall. How
much better it would have been to have
afforded encouragement to the arts, by
seeking out the fresh productions of
young artists, whose talents are languish-
ing in obscurity, who would eagerly sell
cheaply for the sake of being before the
public, rather than have this fine work
deformed by the wretched failures of
men with a name. Publishers are sure
to hear the truth from us. If royal
academicians append their names to de-
formities, we cannot sacrifice truth by
praising them. Let Edwin Landseer
keep to his monikies, and eschew the
company of gleaners for the time to
come, nor paint them like “apes with
foreheads villainous low.” The third
head in this number, entitled “Emily,”
atones for the others by the beauty of
design and sweetness of expression, as
well as the general correctness of draw-
ing and engraving; but, with submis-
sion to Miss Landon, we think it is the
Bible and not a romance that “Emily”
has just closed, for the expression of the
face is almost saintly.

**Mr. Day’s Exhibition of Models.**
The sight-seeing portion of the inha-
bbitants of London have seldom been pro-
vided with an exhibition at once so sensible
and attractive, as that offered by Mr. Day,
in King William Street, where we beheld
at a glance, the finished effect of the im-
provements that are in progress, or about
to be so, in the grand space now cleared
at Charing Cross. Mr. Day has chosen
his station extremely well for the advan-
tage of the public, who have nothing to do (after
having paid their individual mites of a
shilling a-piece, and seen the models, but to step out on the scene of action, and compare what they have seen within, with what is projected without. Thus may every person exercise a free-citizen right of admiring or grumbling at the intentions of his rulers. We confess ourselves to rank among the approvers, and own that we by no means object to the manner in which the noble façade of St. Martin’s will present itself to the eye, when the National Gallery, &c., is completed, and the circumstance that this beautiful building must perform part of an angle, instead of occupying a more imposing situation, is the principal objection that can be urged against the plan, which is, we understand, positively adopted by government. The reasons that reconcile us to the view that St. Martin’s will present, are these,—it is morally and physically impossible that this fine piece of architecture can appear in a central situation, without utter disorganization of that part of the metropolis, too dear a price to pay, when so much has already been done, and if it does not occupy a direct central situation, the intended view is best. We have principally confined our remarks to the small portion of Mr. Day’s admirable exhibition, that the public are to see instantly realized; we shall take future opportunity of dwelling on many fine ideas that are as yet but the unadopted emanations of genius. In a short time, Mr. Day will present to the public, a model of the Norlands, now forming into a garden cemetery; the only one in which taste and beauty seem to have any chance of being realized, as well as the feelings of every religious communion duly respected.

There is a part of Mr. Day’s exhibition that we must not omit to notice here; it is the model of the Thames Tunnel, lighted up with portable gas, and presenting to the eye of the timid female, who shrinks from a visit to the extraordinary reality, a fairy-like, but faithful representation of the whole, when in a state of completion. Setting aside its utility, this is the prett’est show we ever peeped into, and it will highly delight those who visit Mr. Day with no higher intentions than seeing a sight.

Truth to tell, a view of Mr. Day’s illuminated model, solved a difficulty that appeared to us, all but insurmountable on a visit to the real scene at Rotherhithe, knowing the marshy nature of the ground, it seemed all but impossible to make a slope sufficiently inclined to admit the approach of carriages to the shaft and tunnel. How this great difficulty is obviated, Mr. Day shews by a most ingenious contrivance, which we have neither time nor space to dwell on, further, than by advising our readers to go and see it.

Paris Chit-chat, &c.

NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, MARCH 24, 1834.

I know not how to thank you sufficiently ma très chère et aimable amie, for having executed my troublesome commissions so perfectly. The water-colour drawings are beautiful, I have sent them to be framed, I intend them for my “Boudoir.” Your addition of the “Annuals” was a most charming surprise. I admire them excessively, and have already read three, without being obliged to refer to that most odious of all volumes, the Dictionary. I am not like that erudite German lady, who having got hold of a dictionary, said, it was the most delightful book she had ever met with, for that the words were all arranged after one another like soldiers on parade; whereas in all the other books she had seen, they were huddled together like a confused mob, and there was no making out what they meant. I have been reading Italian very studiously, for we have had Italian Comedies performed at one of the small theatres. They were got up under the direction of Signor Albites, who for many years professed Italian in London; there was really a very tolerable company, and two or three excellent actors:

it was quite the rendezvous du beau monde. I should think they would succeed admirably in London, where the language is more spoken than here. Long-Champs, which takes place next week, is expected to be unusually brilliant; the weather is delightful, and the two last years we had pour ainsi diré, no Long-Champs; the milliners and couturières are all busy, but you know that until the time really comes, all the beautiful things are kept au grand secret.

It is said that open redingotes and robes will be as prevalent in walking dress as they have been in toilette de bal, they are to be of poux, de soie, gros de Naples with India muslin over, foulard silks, and étoffes (plaid) silks, which are coming in very much. Pelerines, the same as the dress, and mantelets trimmed with black lace, are still to be worn; they say the pelerines are to be rather smaller than last year; maus nous vromments, I doubt it, however, for the large pelerines were infinitely prettier, and more becoming than the small ones. Velvet and satin dresses still predominate; the former are made as robes, the corsage tight and high, the sleeves very, indeed I may almost say enormously, full at top, and
tight, or nearly so below: the satin dresses are usually made en redingot, which for walking or carriage costume is certainly the prettiest make; a pelerine or mantele of the same trimmed with black lace, makes it a very elegant dress. I can at present tell you nothing newer than this for toilette de promenade.

Ball dresses continue to be made as I described in my last; corsage à pointe, sleeves à d'air, or à triple salut, with ruffles à la Louis XV. the skirt open in front and looped back with jewels, bows of ribbon, or small bouquets, which always increase in size as they go down: these dresses à l'Antique are made of satin broché, which is certainly a splendid material; and so it ought to be, for the satins are as high as fifty francs a yard. Satin moiré is another rich material, very much worn, the pattern perfectly à l’Antique, consisting of trees, birds, &c. &c. I have seen some beautiful dresses of a new foulard silk that is exceedingly elegant, the ground is white, and the dessous natural flowers; as bouquets or a running pattern of roses, tulips, &c.; the satin de laine is also much worn in dresses as well as coats, it is a rich material, and has the advantage of being very warm: you know it is a tissue of cachemire and silk, and is made couleur sur couleur, or two colours. Poux de soie, broché in small flowers, or plain, merely glacé de blanc (shot with white) is worn both in morning and evening dress. Silk gauzes embroidered and stamped are pretty for ball dresses; there is a very beautiful satin that has just appeared, it is striped white and rose, white, and blue, white and crimson, white and maroon, &c.; on the white stripe is a small running pattern of flowers exquisitely embroidered in their natural colours, on the coloured stripe the same pattern is repeated in gold or silver. The satin dentelle is another splendid material still very much adopted by our belles.

HATS.—The hats are décidément rather larger than they have been worn lately; the crowns are mostly plain, higher than those worn in the winter, and a little higher at the back than at the front; the passe or front of the hats are long at the sides, nearly meeting under the chin, and they are made to stand back off the face as much as possible, in fact they are almost perpendicular. Flowers seem to be as much the rage as they were last summer; the bavolots or curlets at the back are deep and full, and a great deal of ribbon is worn; the fashionable material at present for hats is decidedly satin broché, rose, rose and white, broché in flowers, jonquille, nut, perruche, crimson, maids, and blue, all with white flowers, or all of a colour: blonde is coming in very much; a deep fall of blonde, forming a demi-voile, adds much to the elegance of the hat. Small blonde caps, with quilled borders that meet under the chin, are very much worn under the hats; some have a small rosette of narrow satin ribbon at one side, and some wear even two, one at each side, or a sprig of small flowers: these are placed over the tufts of curls, but I cannot say I admire them, besides they grow too common in a short time. Hats of pale de riz, they say, will be prevalent at Long Champs; parmi les femmes de bon ton.

FLOWERS.—Lilac is the flower at present coming in, but roses and buds, the scabious, china-asters, dahlias, daisies, lily of the valley, forget-me-nots, auriculas, tulips, pensées, violets, pinks, woodbine, acacia, jasmin, and poppies, are all worn. In my next you shall have an account of the nouveautés in lingerie: at present it is too cold for muslin or lace pelerines or canezous.

POCKET HANDKERchiefs.—Our elegantes at present go to a great expense for this article, they think nothing of giving three hundred francs for a handkerchief, I think myself it is rather high; mais—il faut suivre la mode: the newest I have seen are of the finest cambric, there is no hem; a row of open work goes all round, and to it is sewed a Valenciennes lace about an inch and half in depth, it is put on very full, inside the open work is a guirlande exquisitely embroidered, and inside that again are detached bunches of flowers all round, a small space is left plain between each two bunches: you can have no conception of the beauty of these handkerchiefs.

You asked me for JEWELLERY.—We wear diamonds, pearls, and cameo; next to these, or I may almost say in preference to them, we wear first garnet, next coral, and then ruby-jet, is also excessively worn for black lace is still fashionable, with rose, blue, green, lilac, &c. dresses, and with the black lace, jet goes best. Necklaces are much worn, bracelets entirely out except in the hair, long girandole earrings to match the necklace.

For COIFFURES, TURBANS, and CAPS, I must refer you to my last letter, for they have not undergone the slightest change since last month. Brodequins the colour and as much as possible of the material of the dress are worn in preference to shoes. In ball dress, of course, white satin shoes.

MITTENS of black lace, long and short; or gloves à jours, open work are still in vogue; the tops of the white kid gloves are ornamented with a quilling or puffing of white satin ribbon.

APRONS.—The embroidered aprons are as fashionable as ever, with pockets on the inside, there are some of satin brochés,
and dentelle satins, they are generally trimmed all round with a narrow black lace.

Colours.—The prevailing colours, and those coming in, are emerald green, parrot green, apple green, and vert jaunâtre, a new shade, something of a watery green, lemon, grenat, scabious, pale rose, lilac, (three or four different shades of this colour), violet marron, jonquille, palissandre (bois de palissandre resembles rose-wood, so you may fancy this shade of colour), pênée, blue, mauve, grey, and black. Orange is on the decline.

Salon for 1834.—Now ma belle, that I have told you all I could tell you on this subject, d'une si grande importance, a nous autres femmes, I shall give you just une petite idée of our “Salon.” Of course you are aware that the exhibition is open, and that at its close on the first of May, another opens. That of les Arts et Métiers; Arts and Trades; four immense buildings are erecting on the Place de la Concorde for this exhibition, which is expected to be on a wonderful scale. To return to the Salon. The first picture by which you are attracted, and before which you stand riveted for the first half hour, so fearfully, —so horribly true is it to nature, is “Lady Jane Grey,” by Delaroche. He is a painter of prodigious talent, and already celebrated by his pictures of the young princes, (Edward V. and his Brother), in the Tower of London, and Oliver Cromwell looking into the Coffin of Charles the First. He has well supported his reputation by the present picture. The scene is in the low room of the Tower, in which the unfortunate Lady Jane was beheaded; in the centre of the picture she is seen kneeling on a velvet cushion, her eyes are bandaged, and her arms are extended, she is grasping with her hands the fatal block on which to lay her head: she does not in the least shrink from her fate, still, in every muscle, in the position of her hands and arms may be detected the terror,—the horrible suffering of the moment; she is dressed in a white satin robe, her neck and arms uncovered; the expression of her whole figure is indescribable, it is contracted by agony.—And, Oh! what agony was hers! and still she gives firm and resigned. An aged man is seen leaning over her in the act of taking her hand to place it upon the block; on the left-hand stands the headsman, with the axe in his hand, the expression of his face is beyond description admirable, and one cannot but wonder how, after looking upon her as he did, he could have had the heart to deal the fatal blow! on the right, rather in the background, are two of the Lady Jane’s attendants, a man weeping and turning from the sight with horror, and a female who has fainted.

“The last day of Pompeii,” is another good picture, by Bruïeff, a Russian artist. It represents the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, as described by Pliny the younger, in the year 72; and the Death of Pliny the elder; the Philosopher is supported in the arms of a group of persons. A flash of lightning that the painter has introduced, evidently for the purpose of bringing out the figures, throws a disagreeable reflection all over the picture, and in a great measure decreases its merit.

There are a great many pictures from the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and scenes from Lucrèce Borgia, and other dramas. A scene from the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew; the last moments of the Grande Dauphine, the daughter-in-law of Louis XIV. who died in childhood, she has sent for Madame de Maintenon, her children, Louis of France, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Anjou, afterwards King of Spain, and her Infant Son the Duke de Berry; after having taken leave of her family, she kisses the infant, saying “C'est de bon cœur, quoique tu me contes la vie.”

There are many other admirable pictures which I cannot speak of to day, ce sera pour la première fois. There are several excellent portraits, amongst others some by an English artist of the name of Davis, which are very good. There are also some inimitable portraits in pencil, by Hypolite Masson, these likenesses are admirable, I knew them instantly, this artist particularly excels in children. I intend that he shall do my children for next year.

Maintenant ma chère amie en voilà assez pour aujourd'hui, je t'embrasse bien tendrement.

Mon mari est à la campagne.

L. de F——

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 7.) Ball Dress.—This plate gives an exact model of a very elegant dress, almost universally adopted at the late balls at the French court. The dress is of a new material, called Gaze de Constantinople, embroidered in gold. It is made à l'Antique. The corsage perfectly tight to the bust, is à pointe, and cut on the bias in front; it is ornamented across the bosom with full draperies à la Sévigné, (see plate) the sleeves are à double sabot, with blonde ruffles à la Louis XV. The open skirt, as may be observed in the plate, does not quite meet at the waist, as it is intended that the point of the corsage should be distinctly seen. The dress is ornamented with small rosettes of gauze ribbon, from which depend three or four long coques of the same, (see plate) in the centre of each rosette is a gold ornament or jewel;
Mode.

Coiffure en gaze vêue d'une plume.
Robe en gaze brodée d'or basse de Constantinople — Ce de dessous en satin.

Published by J. Pyne, 112 Petty tame, London.
1833.
Mode.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Follet, Boulevar St-Martin No 61
Capelet en Toile de soie glace — Medington en Gros de Naples garni de
Ruches en gros de Naples.

Published by J. Page. 122, Fleet lane London.
1832.
and, as may be observed in the plate, the
coupes are formed of a much wider ribbon
than the rosettes. This dress is worn over
a silk petticoat, ornamented with a deep
volant or flounce of blonde, heaped with a
puffing of ribbon the colour of the dress;
each puff is separate, and not carried on
from one to the other, (see plate). On the
sleeves are deep and very full jockeis of
blonde, and the dress is finished at the neck
with a deep ruff à la Catherine de Medics,
which, as may be observed in the plate,
diminishes gradually towards the front.
The back hair is in two high coques or
bows, encircled at the base with a rich
bracelet, which also retains a long ostrich
feather, (see plate); three light puffings of
gauze, finish this becoming and elegant
head-dress. The front hair is very much
parted on the forehead, the curls falling
low at the sides. Gold necklace and ear-
ings, white kid gloves, fan à la Valois,
white satin shoes and silk stockings. The
sitting figure gives the back of the same
dress, the only difference being the ruff,
which is replaced by a Mantilla.
(No. 8) TOUILLETTE DE LONG CHAMPS.
—Hat of poux de soie Glace, the front très
evasée, so much so, that it stands nearly per-
pendicular, the crown is plain, rather smaller
at the top than those lately worn. A large
bow of wide gauze ribbon is placed towards
the right side of the crown, which retains a
high bouquet exactly in front. A twisted
ribbon, (see plate), goes round the crown,
and finishes with a bow, consisting of two
coupes with two very long ends at the right
side; over the bavollet or curtain at the
back, is another bow with long ends.
Redingote Gros de Naples, with corsage
fitting tight to the bust. The sleeves are
immensely full at top, tight from the elbow
down, and finished at the wrist by a small
turned up cuff. The redingote is worn
with a round pellereine to match, which, as
well as the dress is trimmed with a thick
ruche of Gros de Naples, cut at the edges,
(see plate), down the centre of the skirt:
between the two ruches is a broad ribbon,
which seems to lace up the skirt in front,
at each spot where a lace-hole might be
supposed to come, the ribbon is retained in
a small puff, (see plate). Falling collar of
cambric trimmed with narrow Valenciennes
lace, brodequins to match the dress.

Drama &c.

THE KING'S THEATRE.—The London
"fashionable season" may be said to have
commenced on the evening of the 1st ult.,
on which occasion, the doors of this splen-
did theatre were thrown "open wide" to the
devotees of ton and of music. The
house, much to our satisfaction, was very
crowded; indeed the pit was crowded to an
overflow. Laporte on this, more than on
any former season, deserves the greatest
extent of encouragement from the lovers of
opera and the Terpsichorean art; not
merely because he has engaged a company
which boasts of all the novelty and power
the continent could afford, but, because,
he has had an accumulation of difficulties
to surmount, under which almost any other
individual would have sunk. First, there
were innumerable annoyances arising out
of the heavy losses sustained last year;
and the inability of the lessees to get in the
subscriptions, not merely for that sea-
son, but for several of those which preceded
it. Next, the idea of the court at the
assizes of Messrs. Chambers, in
giving any satisfactory reply to Laporte's
application for a reduction of the rent to
10,000l. per annum. Next, his having to
overcome the offer made by De Begriss to
give 11,000l., and to pay one-half down
before the commencement of the season,
with good security for the remainder; and,
lastly, the dilemma, contrary to all former
custom, with the director of the Italian
opera in Paris, mentioned in our last.
Laporte would otherwise have opened with
novelty in opera as well as in arisets.
Ivashoff, the Russian slave, and Madlle.
Umgher would have joined on the first
night. Yet, after, in a great measure,
surmounting these difficulties, it was still
feared the lessees would not have been able
to open the house, owing to the absence of
a principal gem. Fortunately, however,
with the assistance of his friend, Seguin,
the right hand, as we have heard him
designated, of the King's Theatre, Madame
Feron and Signor Curioni, both of whom
chanced to be in town, were persuaded to
lend their aid; so that with Zuchelli and
Giubilei, and Mrs. Anderson (late Miss
Bartolozzi, and Vestris's sister) the dramatis
personae were duly marshalled; and, ac-
cordingly, on the evening of the 1st ult.,
as announced by us, the season for 1834
commenced with Rossini's beautiful opera of
"La Gazza Ladra." The part of Ninetta
was taken at only two days notice by
Madame Feron. Several years have elapsed
since she last appeared in London. Dur-
ing the interval she has figured in the
musical circles on the continent, and
experience has not been lost upon her.
Curioni, after an absence of three years,
appeared in his old character, that of
Giannetto, the lover of Ninetta. He went
through the part pleasingly. A little more
fire would have well become soldier and
lover. The character of Fernando, the persecuted father of Ninetta, was admirably supported by Zuchelli. His singing, throughout the whole of the ninth scene of the second act, where he hastens to the rescue of his daughter—

"Vengo a voi, col sangue mio
La mia figlia a liberar!"

is worthy of the highest commendation. It bore the powerful impress of deep feeling. Giubilei appeared, for the first time, as the Podesta, and satisfied the audience, that if opportunity be given to him, he will attain high vocal eminence. The tones of Porto rushed onward with the rude violence of a mountain torrent: but Giubilei's approach with a staid and sober gravity. He displays more dignity and less noise than Porto. We may say of his voice that it is—

"Deep, yet clear; without o'erflowing, full."

Mrs. Anderson took the part of Pippo. The orchestra, which is extremely well appointed, was led in fine style by Dragoonetti. The overture was excellently performed. We would wish to seize this opportunity of bearing our testimony to the wonderful improvement which is manifest in the execution of the choruses of "La Bayaderé." M. Le Jeune, organist at the Catholic chapel, Moorfields, has, after an absence of two years from the establishment, returned to his old post of chorus master, which he ought never to have quitted. So great is the advance of his pupils, that no person can possibly hear their performance of one of the choruses, without being instantly struck at the change. But we have much progress to make to equal the Germans. The ballet of "La Sylphide," which followed the opera, again introduced Mademoiselle Taglioni to her friends and admirers. Her attractions are as great as ever. Her dancing is, indeed, the perfection of grace. All her motions are guided by ease, delicacy, and elegance. She had long ago fairly earned the title of "La Princesse de Danse," and her performance as the Sylph, on Saturday evening, proved that her claim to the appellation is as valid as ever. She was greatly applauded. Madame Duverney was likewise deservedly commended. These performances were repeated several nights; but, on Tuesday, the 11th ult., the entertainments were signalised by two first appearances; the one, "absolute failure," the other was a "hit." The first débutante is a Madame Kynterland, a lady certainly possessing a person calculated to support the character of the Assyrian Queen, Semiramis, in Rosini's delightful opera of Se-

* The whole set of these quadrilles were published in the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" for March, 1833. Copies of that number may still be had at the office, or through book-sellers.

miramide, her selection. Her voice is of an excessively feeble and thin timbre, extensive and facile in its upper range, but evincing a total absence of that body and weight so essential to the impersonation of the Queen of Babylon. We, at the same time, are willing to confess, that art and study have been exerted with no considerable success. Many passages were admirably executed, but a want of power rendered them ineffective, except to those who chanced to be near the stage. The other lady is youthful, and carries a fine face. Madile. Salvi, the Arsace, has a beautifully full and sonorous organ, a real cantus, of a very sterling quality. Indeed, so good is it, that with the exception of Pisaroni and Marianis, we have heard nothing like it for many years. Her style of singing is chaste and correct, and her exertions were warmly appreciated by a well attended house. We wait, however, until this young lady shall have played several times, for a fair development of the extent of her capabilities. Zuchelli, as Assur, never acted nor sang better, nor with greater effect. His performance of this character is superior to that of any other artist, except the elder Galli. The ballet of "La Bayaderé" followed, and the result of the rivalry between herself and Duverney was, that Taglioni completely surpassed any of her previous efforts. The dancing of both these accomplished Terpsichorean devotees, was the most elegant and lady-like which, perhaps, ever graced the boards of any theatre. They were rapturously applauded. On the 20th, Mademoiselle Taglioni took what is called "a benefit;" and if all who attempted the same experiment met with a similar fate, this proceeding would better deserve the name than, in most instances, it does at present. Before the overture was played, there was no standing room in the pit, and long before the ballet commenced every box in the theatre was taken. A new ballet was to be produced on a grand scale, and the most accomplished dance ever seen upon a stage was expected to exhibit her delightful art for the last time but one previous to her return to Paris. The opera selected for Madame Caradori's re-appearance, was Rossini's opera buffa "Il Barbieri di Seviglia," in which she undertook the part of Rosina. Her reception was flattering in the extreme, a vera pocca in. In some of her variations we could not help noticing a similarity to those used by Sontag; but her voice is wanting in breadth of tone. Yet she is an excellent singer, always graceful, pleasing, and correct, and her acting is in general characteristic. Her faults are those of nature, not of art. Still she is far more capable, as a prima donna, than any person we have this season seen
at the King's Theatre exercising this vacation. Zuchelli made an admirable Figaro. Between the acts of the opera we were introduced to an old favourite, the "Minuet de la Cour et Gavotte de Vestris," but we had never before seen it in such an advantageous light. It was danced by Mesdemoiselles Taglioni and Duvernay, and they enriched it with so many graces that we scarcely recognised our old acquaintance. The new grand ballet Féeërie, called "Sire Huon, ou le Cor Enchanté," composed by M. Taglioni, is an entertainment which reflects great credit upon the establishment. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were of the most gorgeous description; the ancêtres possessed many new features to recommend them to the attention of an audience; and the whole arrangement of the production is highly praiseworthy. The subject upon which it is founded is similar to that of "Oberon." Sir Huon (M. Coulon), having quarrelled with and mortally wounded a knight of high rank, is banished by his King from all association with his comrades, until by the performance of some dangerous exploits he can show himself worthy to be replaced in their society. Shortly after this banishment, in a dream, he beholds the lady of his love (Taglioni), is introduced to the world of fairies, and from them receives an enchanted horn, which if blown will render him assistance in the hour of danger. He passes through a variety of dangerous adventures, but he gets through his perils, and, with the assistance of the horn, is at last rewarded with the fair hand of his beautiful mistress. The pas de deux, is certainly one of the most charming pieces of pantomimic action we ever saw exhibited. It was danced by Taglioni and Duvernay. At first the shawl, assisted by the most expressive and graceful motions, was used in a variety of picturesque involutions, enveloping the head or limbs of the danseurs, then it became a veil, or a robe; and then assisted in producing pictures in a style of beauty new and delightful. After which followed a pas de deux, in which both dancers evidently attempted to exceed all their former exertions. If it were possible Taglioni excelled herself. There was all the loveliness and eloquence in her motions which we had previously seen and admired; but, added to them, we beheld a grace which gave a freshness to their features we had never before observed. Duvernay scarcely could have appeared to more advantage. Everything she attempted was executed in a spirit of perfect good taste, and she is the second most accomplished dancer we have beheld. The music was composed by Signor Costa. It is pleasing and well suited to the purpose for which it was written. After the ballet a loud call was made for Taglioni, and when she came on the stage with her father the applause became general and enthusiastic.

Drury Lane.—At this house the past month has witnessed no novelty. The "Minister and the Mercer," and the "Wedding Gown," have been played to "good" houses. An Easter piece, according to the old English custom, is to be produced, and rumour says much for its splendour.

Covent Garden.—The opera of "Gustavus," and the "Revolte of the Harem," have nightly filled this theatre. A new opera, founded on Herold's "Le pre aux Clercs," is in a forward state of preparation.

Adelphi.—We have to notice another successful trifle, in one act, called "Truth, or a Glass too Much," and on Saturday night, the 22d ult., the season closed: on which occasion Mrs. Yates gave her farewell.

Olympic.—On the same evening, the "Gay Widow" closed the doors of her theatre, after the performance of the "Widow," "In the Wrong Box," and the "Deep, Deep Sea." During the night, Madame delivered a spirited address.

The Fitzroy.—On the same night, this theatre also concluded its "winter" season.

Theatrical and Musical Intelligence.

The Easter Pieces.—Preparations for Easter are very actively carried on at each of the Winter Theatres. Much reliance, we are told, is placed upon "Sardanapalus." It is a fine dramatic poem: it has been composed with the strictest observance of the unities, but as the place of action does not change from beginning to end, it will not afford the means of displaying a variety of scenery. "Sardanapalus" will be by Macready, "Salemenes" by Cooper, the "Ionian Myrrha" by Miss E. Tree, "Zarima the Queen," by Mrs. Sloman, and "Arbaces," most probably, by Mr. G. Bennett. Lord Byron wrote the part of "Salemenes as prominent and popular as that of the hero. Jerrold, as well as Poole, according to report, have each two new pieces accepted.

Macready has been playing his popular characters in Dublin, to a cheering crowd. On Monday fortnight he appeared as "Macbeth," and on Tuesday, the last night but one of his performance there, he repeated "Virginius." The Dublin papers all speak in terms of the most glowing praise of his performances.
SHERIDAN KNOWLES quits the Victoria Theatre at Easter, and will first proceed to Bath and Bristol; thence to Cork and other places in Ireland, to fulfill engagements entered into some time ago. We have no doubt that the play of "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," will prove equally as attractive in the provinces, as it has been in the metropolis. Full audiences have every night been drawn to the Victoria.

Miss Wells, who met with such great success at the Haymarket, some few seasons since, and Miss Watson, are receiving instructions in singing from the first masters in Paris, under the immediate superintendence of Paganini, who, it seems, is determined to make the vocal equally attractive with the instrumental portions of his concerts.

Theatricals have recently worn a very cheerful appearance at Boulogne, where an English company of amateurs has been performing with great success, for the benefit of the poor French and poor English, so as to afford very welcome relief to the necessitous.

**Occurrence at the Carnival at Forli.**—A company of players were representing a farce in which a Frenchman was introduced, who, as is usual in such representations, appeared in the dress of an officer; upon his entry upon the stage, the uniform or the actor met with very general applause, which was, however, almost instantly hushed. No notice was taken on that evening of what had occurred; but on the following morning the actor who had been the object of the popular welcome was sent to prison by the Bishop of Forli for three months, while the rest of the company received a sentence or rather mandate of perpetual banishment from the Papal territory.

**Theatrical Patronage.**—The Canterbury people do not seem remarkably distinguished for their love of the drama. A Kent paper states that the celebrated Miss Phillips, of Drury-lane Theatre, acted one of her principal characters, within the last fortnight, when all the money taken at the doors was one shilling!

**Production of the "School for Scandal."**—We have it, says the Morning Chronicle, on the authority of Mr. Peake (the late Treasurer of Drury-lane), that the receipt for the "School for Scandal," on its first representation in Garrick's Theatre, was 225l.; and it must be recollected that King, John Palmer, Gentleman Smith, Dodd, Baddeley, Aickin, Miss Farren, Miss Pope, &c. &c. &c. acted in that play, and received as high salaries as those paid to performers in the present day. This was upwards of half a century since. Certainly the rents are higher now, and larger sums are expended on scenery and decorations (although at about the period we had the eminent names of Rooker and De Loutherbourg as theatrical artists). We predict, that all interested in the New Theatre, in the New Street, will have ample reason to congratulate themselves.

Peake is preparing a play for the new English Opera, to which Alexander Lee writes the music. The satisfaction of poor Sinclair and his lady, consequent on his success in America, will be mournfully alloyed by the sad intelligence of the death of their only son, a remarkably fine little fellow, and in many respects singularly precocious.

Braham has been singing at Bristol, Exeter, &c., with the greatest possible success. He has been ably supported by Miss Atkinson, in various operas, particularly in "Artaxerxes."

Miss Stephens has withdrawn herself from the Ancient Concerts, to the great regret of all lovers of singing that appeals to the heart while it charms the ear. She had belonged to that establishment for many years.

Little Buckstone is going to bring out an edition of Adelphi dramas, which is to include those he himself has already written, and also those which he may hereafter produce.

**The Opera in France.**—In 1645, some attempts were made to establish an Opera in Paris, but it was only in 1671, that a theatre was opened for the representation of lyric dramas. The opening of this theatre took place, by virtue of letters patent granted by Louis XIV. dated June 28th, 1669. In order to give encouragement to the performance of operas, Louis stated in these letters, that gentlemen, young ladies, and other persons might sing in musical pieces, without at all prejudicing their titles of nobility, or derogating from their privileges.

**Melodists' Club.**—On Thursday the 15th ult., this social club had its second dinner this season, which was attended by a host of vocalists and amateurs, who sang a variety of songs, duets, and glees, with great éclat. Mr. Sedlatzek performed a fantasia on the flute, composed for the occasion; he was extremely well accompanied on the pianoforte by the Masters Littof. A young man of the name of Richmond was introduced, who exhibited very extraordinary powers; he warbled an air, in imitation of a musical snuff-box, and hummed a bass at the same time. There was no kind of deception used, for he addressed the company just before he commenced his very wonderful performance. It was announced that the prize goblets will be presented to the successful candidates at the next meeting of the club, on which
occasion ladies will be admitted to witness the ceremony. Masoni intends to dedicate the fantasia, which he performed at the meeting in January, to the members of the club.

**Mr. Phillips' Lectures.**—Mr. Thos. Phillips, whose course of Lectures on singing at the London Institution, was interrupted by the melancholy loss of his wife, has resumed his interesting task. It has been too much the practice to say of a song, “it is delightful — to be sure the words are bad, but that is of very little consequence.” To this literary heresy Mr. Phillips opposes himself and insists that a higher order of talent is requisite for the production of lyric poetry than that which furnishes the unintelligible stuff by Tom, Dick, and Harry, of the present day.

**American Theatricals.**—Sinclair has just terminated a very profitable engagement at the New Orleans theatre. The opera of “La Cenerentola” had been played there to crowded houses. Thorne, formerly of the English Opera-house; Mrs. Knight, who a few years since, as Miss Povey, made a decided hit at Drury-lane, in “Der Freischutz;” Mr. Benedict, of Covent-garden; and Mrs. Austin, are also engaged. By letters, dated the end of January, it appears, that theatricals in most of the American states are in a flourishing condition. Sinclair has concluded an engagement for the Cincinnati Theatre, on the Ohio, where he opens in June.

**Demand for Girls.**—The proprietor of the Fitzroy Theatre is advertising for 200 little girls, to personate fairies in a grand Eastern Spectacle, which is in preparation. We did not conceive the stage of the Fitzroy to have been sufficiently capacious for the display of half that number of beings, whether terrestrial or the inhabitants of fairy land.

**Opera at Liverpool.**—The Italian Opera has not been successful at Liverpool. The Liverpool Advertiser, after regretting the thin attendances at the theatre on opera nights, endeavours to shame the inhabitants of that town into a love of Italian singing by telling them that not to admire “The Semiramid” and the “Barbiere,” will argue themselves inferior in musical taste to their rivals “at the other end of the railway.”

**A New Opera Forbidden.**—A new opera, announced for performance during the Frankfort fair, has been forbidden by the Censors. It was “La Prison d’Edembourg,” in one scene of which the prisoners escape by setting fire to the prison.

**The New English Opera-house.**—Some doubts have been expressed as to the possibility of erecting the theatre by the 1st of June. The late theatre was built in five months, and Mr. Beazley contrived to raise the present Theatre Royal, Dublin, in a period, from digging the foundation to opening the doors for the reception of the public, of sixty-nine days only! That house is universally acknowledged to be a substantial, commodious, and well-built theatre. The new English Opera-house will not be so large as the Dublin theatre, and there are 160 days from the commencement of the works to the proposed opening in July. The building is now rapidly proceeding—the foundations are of great solidity—the principal entrance to the boxes will be under a portico in the new street, at the eastern side of the theatre. The pit-entrance will be in the Strand. The private box-door will be in Exeter-street, which private door will also communicate with the dress-circle.

**Death of Mr. E. Knight.**—It is with regret we notice the death of Mr. Edward Knight, after a short but severe illness. He was the son of the late Mr. Knight, the celebrated comedian in London. Previous to his leaving England for the United States, Mr. Knight married Miss Povey, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. Mr. E. Knight completed his musical education in Germany, under the celebrated Ferdinand Ries, and was esteemed an excellent pianofortist and composer. The private worth of both Mr. and Mrs. Knight won them a numerous circle of friends in the various cities they visited, as well as the universal respect of a discriminating public. His widow has been making a successful tour through the western states, and is now playing to over-flowing houses in New Orleans. Mr. Knight has left a daughter, who bids fair to inherit the musical talents of her parents. —*United States Gazette.*

**Royal Society of Musicians.**—The ninety-sixth anniversary festival of this institution, which took place on the 14th ult., was a splendid treat to the lovers of harmony; between two and three hundred amateurs and professors dined in the Freemasons’ Hall, Lord Howe in the chair. Many elegantly dressed ladies occupied the galleries and extra seats in the hall. A number of glees and madrigals were beautifully sung, and a band of the first wind instruments, perhaps in Europe, performed several marches, &c., admiringly. The donations and subscriptions were numerous, and the evening was spent in the most delightful manner.

**Produce of Taglioni’s Benefit.**—Taglioni’s benefit, March 29th, was very productive; the net receipts were nearly 900/. It is understood that it was insured to her by the lessee at 500/.

**German Opera.**—We are likely to have a German opera also this year at the
King's Theatre, as Laporte, through some continental agents, is in treaty with several of the male singers who afforded so much satisfaction during Monck Mason's season. It is expected also, that Madame Schroeder Desrrent will also consent again to visit this country, although at present she holds out for terms.

The King's Theatre promises one of the most brilliant seasons that it has experienced for many years. The application from the nobility to Laporte for double boxes far exceeds the possibility of supply.

Mr. Morris, it seems, cannot make up his mind what to do with his theatre in the Haymarket: at one time he was for opening it at Easter or soon afterwards, but at present he has made up his mind to wait for events. He has engaged Mrs. Nesbitt for his season whenever it begins.

Mr. W. Bennett and Mrs. R. H. Bishop proceed to Leicester, to exercise their vocal talent at the Diocletian and concerts on the 8th of the present month. On the 11th, Mr. Bennett goes to Leamington, where he will be met by Mr. and Mrs. W. Knyvett. In the same week, Mr. Bennett will be at Birmingham, where he will be joined by Madame Caradory.

Macheath is ready with his annual monologue, but he does not intend to open the Adelphi Theatre with it until the week after Easter. He is in the best health and spirits.

A Brightonian writes, "We have a violist in this town named Cramer who assisted at the last festival in Westminster Abbey; and notwithstanding his great age he was the instructor of a young player now in the Academy, whose talent bids fair to rival eventually some of the great 'lions of the day.'"

CONCERTS.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The first rehearsal of the Royal Musical Festival will take place on Friday, 20th June, but the performances will not commence until Tuesday, the 24th, and they will be continued on alternate days (Sunday excepted), until Tuesday, the 1st of July, when they will conclude with Handel's "Messiah," by the special command of her Majesty. The King takes very great interest in the success of the undertaking, of which there is not the smallest doubt; and the directors are indefatigable in their exertions to second his Majesty's benevolent intentions. Plans of the Abbey will be shortly lithographed, which will afford the public an idea of the splendid edifice, but they must attend the performances, that the sense of hearing may be gratified. Admission to the rehearsals will be half-a-guinea, and to the performance a guinea; there will be a number of reserved seats, at two guineas each, besides the royal box and the places assigned for the presidents and directors, with their families.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The performance on Wednesday evening, the 12th ult., under direction of the Archbishop of York, for the Duke of Cambridge, commenced with a selection from Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum;" the company stood up at the fine burst of chorus "We praise thee, O God." Millico's elegant trio, "Fall is thy throne," was sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Bennett, and Phillips; the latter threw great spirit into the soul-stirring song "Why do the nations," Madame Caradory Allan made her first appearance; she sang "Let the bright seraphim" in a very animated manner. She also sang "Vengo a voi" with that sweetness of tone and flexible stile for which she has been long admired. Mozart's pretty duetto, "Deh prende," by Caradory and Mrs. Knyvett, was encored. After the fiery recitative from The Creation, "In splendour bright," sung by Mr. Bennett, Haydn's magnificent chorus, "The heavens are telling," was finely performed. We have seldom heard Mrs. Knyvett to greater advantage than in Handel's beautiful air, "What though I trace each herb and flower." Handel's well-known air, "God preserve the Emperor," with words adapted to it by Mr. Gross, of York, we believe, was well sung by Miss Clara Novello, Terrail, Bennett, and Phillips. The chorus, was very grand and imposing,—"Lord of life, and light, and glory, Guide thy church and guard our King!" Handel's second oboe concerto was performed in good style; as was the sweet air out of his lessons known by the name of "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Martini's overture to "Henry the Fourth" was welcomed as an old friend by many an ancient; the oboe solo in the rondo was well performed by G. Cooke. The Duke of Cumberland was present during the first part. The Archbishop of York, Lord Cawdor, and their families occupied the Directors' box.

VOCAL SOCIETY.—The fourth performance of the Vocal Society, was extremely well attended on the 23d February. Mrs. Seguin sang Sphor's beautiful air, "Ah che i giorni," exceedingly well, and was loudly applauded. Miss Masson did justice to Knapton's very clever song, written by Lord Byron, "There be none of beauty's daughters." Mr. Hobbs sang his own prize ballad with much taste. A number of glees were well performed, particularly W. Linley's "Hark! from yon ruin'd Abbey Walls," which was called for a second time, but not persisted in. "My ain fire-side," sung by Mr Broadhurst, was repeated. Storace's septetto from the Pirates "Hear, O Hear, a simple story,"
loudly encored. Walsley's elegant address to the cuckoo was greatly admired. Wilbye's beautiful madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers," composed in 1598, was rapturously received and encored; as was Marenzio's "When April deck'd in roses grew," composed in 1580; hitherto this madrigal has been always sung in the original language (Italian), but in order to render it more interesting, T. Oliphant, Esq., on that occasion translated the words: he accomplished the task extremely well; the first few notes are precisely the same as the beginning of Rule Britannia.

The only instrumental piece was a fantasia on the oboe, by G. Cooke, in which he displayed his superior talents; a passage in triplets, brilliantly played, was rewarded with universal plaudits.

Mr. Cooke led the band, Mr. Goss presided at the organ and pianoforte, and Mr. Tyrde conducted the madrigals.

The fifth Vocal Concert, was well attended: the performances gave great satisfaction, particularly Lindley's fantasia on the violoncello, and Marenzio's madrigal, "So saith my Fair," composed in 1580; also Bennett's quaint composition, "Thyrsis! sleepest thou?" (1590). A number of glees were performed, particularly T. Cooke's "The Clouds of Night," which is a masterly composition. Miss Stephens made her first appearance this season; she was well received, and was encored in the harmonized air of "O! listen to the voice of Love!" and Haydn's canzonet, "My heart is leading me heavenward." The other singers were, Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Miss Woodyat, Mrs. G. Wood, Messrs. Vaughan, Bennett, Goulden, Atkins, Bellamy, Sale, Terrail, Hobbs, King, E. Taylor, Chapman, and Mrs. E. Seguin, whose exertions were most successful.

Ribas' and Weipert's Concert.-This concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 14th ult., and was very fashionably and fully attended. A varied selection of music, instrumental and vocal, rendered this as good, perhaps, as any that will be given this season. Miss Bruce made her first appearance since her recent severe illness, which has in no way impaired the sweetness, flexibility, and delicacy of her voice. She sang, "Say but the Word," with her wonted taste and graceful ornament. Mr. R. Allan, gave Bellini's "Nel Furore" in a style to win him warm applause. Mr. Ribas' concerto on the flute, composed by himself, reflects great credit upon his talents. Weipert's concerto, by Herz, and a beautiful Swiss symphony for the violin, by Mori, were both played with the soundness of first-rate musicians, and afforded the greatest satisfaction.

Lincoln's-Inn-Dispensary.—A Concert, conducted by Sir George Smart, led by Mr. F. Cramer, and assisted by many of our most eminent instrumental performers and vocalists, was given on the 13th ult., in Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street, in aid of the funds of theabove most laudable charity, which, since its establishment in 1782, has afforded medical and surgical assistance to upwards of 150,000 poor persons, a large proportion of whom were visited at their own homes. The company, exceeded 600 persons. A spirited performance of Von Weber's grand overture to "Euryanthe," commenced the concert, which was followed by "Fortune's Frowns," by Rossini, admirably sung by Miss Shirreff, and greatly applauded. Moscheles brilliantly executed his "Recollections of Ireland," which were applauded to the echo; whilst Madame Caradori Allan was deservedly encored in "Come per me," from "La Sonnambula." Lindley's execution of his concerto was a magical effort, and brought successfully to a close, the first act. The second opened with Beethoven's Grand Sinfonia, No. 7, and followed by Haydn's "With verdure clad," very well sung by Clara Novello. Madame Caradori Allan and Zucchelli were encored in their duet from "Il Barbiere di Sefilia," called "Dunque io sono." Messrs. H. Phillips and Sapio gave their powerful aid on the occasion.

Royal Academy of Music.—The first public concert for the season, by the pupils of this admirable Institution, was given on Saturday, the 22d ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms. We cannot praise the execution of the duet between the Misses Hitchcock and Birch. The intonation of both ladies was bad. The concerto on the pianoforte was correctly played by Mr. P. Joelson, who displayed considerable facility of execution. Horsley's glee was sung effectively. The gem, however, of the morning's entertainment was Mr. George Le Jeune, in the aria and polacca out of the beautiful composition by Lord Burghersh, called "Il Torneo." The polacca bears one of the most delightful melodies. This young man is a most promising pupil of the Academy. He was very warmly applauded. We wish the instrumental performers would act upon the hint which has been so frequently given to them, by playing their accompaniments to the vocal pieces more piano, as on this occasion, as oftentimes, the singers voices were in consequence frequently inaudible. We cannot avoid expressing our regret that Lord Burghersh was prevented attending the concert by a domestic calamity. Mendelssohn's beautiful and characteristic overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was executed in a manner highly satisfactory. The second part of the con-
Evasive Perjury.—A witness, whose testimony is submitted to the Committee of Privileges and Elections in writing, thus answers the interrogatories administered to him:—Question. “Did or did not your brother, who was and is a minor, tell you that he had sworn (in order to vote) that he was above twenty-one years old?”—Answer. “No; my brother told me that he had written the figures 21 on a scrap of paper, which he put in his shoe, and swore he was above 21.”—New York Paper.

A New Language.—A committee of the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Paris, have just made a report on the merits of M. Sudre, who has invented a system of language by music. It appears that the committee have found that this new language is capable of expressing all our ideas; that these are capable of being communicated by sounds, characters and gestures; that it is calculated to communicate these ideas very near, or very rapidly at a distance; that it is well adapted for open or secret communications; and, lastly, that the system of sounds, and consequently the expressions of the thoughts were not liable to change, but would be in their nature permanent. The committee was struck particularly with the advantages secured for a remote communication. The members resolved to recommend M. Sudre to Government, in consequence of the universality of the application of this lingual telegraph, for it is capable of being put into practice on sea or land, and either at night or by day.

Statues.—One hundred and fifty casks of bronze statues arrived at New York from Liverpool, faithful likenesses of Bonaparte, Wellington, Van Buren, Jackson, Swartwout, Cambrelling, Hamilton, Biddle, and other distinguished personages, which turned out on inspection to be lead, some weighing 50 lbs. The bronze figures are free of duty; lead pays three cents per lb. The whole will be seized and melted down. What an amalgamation! Let's have no fighting in the crucible.—New York Star.

BEAUTY.—It is of external objects, particularly objects of light, that we think most frequently when we speak or hear of beauty; but this does not arise from any exclusive peculiarity of the feeling excited by these objects, as if the term were only metaphorically applied to others, but because external objects are continually around us, so as more frequently to excite the emotion of beauty; and in a great measure, too, because the human form—is an object of vision—is representative to us of the presence of all which we love, of those with whom our life is connected, and from whom its happiness has been derived, or from whom we hope to derive it. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when we think of beauty we should think of that by which the emotion of beauty is most usually excited.

The Gypsies are a relic of the old Nomadic life. We know not that they were ever better than they are, though certainly the tide of society is daily leaving them farther behind. In the list of retrograde nations, we may mention the Abyssinians; all their laws, customs, and forms, declare that they must once have been a civilised people. At present they seem to he barbarians, with a few antique traditions of civilisation; like Indians, armed with the weapons, and clothed in the garments of some murdered European crew.

Newspaper Patronage in America.—An editor of the Mordecai Noah school, somewhere in the East, who was lately requested to advertise for an apothecary, and take his pay in drugs, utterly refused to trade, and says, 'he will take nearly all sorts of produce in payment for papers and advertising, such as parsnips, wooden combs, old clothes, cold victuals, &c., but he won't take physic.' The other day, a gentleman proposed to subscribe for the Republican, and pay for it in tombstones. With our eastern brother we can say, that we will take nearly all sorts of produce,' even including physic, but we would rather be excused from tombstones.—Cincinnati Republican.
Miscellany.

Books.—The rook is a friend to agriculturists, and no farmer, who considers his own interest, will destroy a rookery. I once knew this done, in compliance with the request of many farmers, who, two years afterwards, were desirous that it should be restored; the wire-worms, cockchafer, grubs, and other destructive insects, having greatly increased within that period. In order to be convinced that these birds are beneficial to the farmer, let him observe the same field in which his ploughman and his sower are at work. He will see the former followed by a train of rooks, while the sower will be unattended, and his grain remain untouched.—Jessie’s Natural History.

The Migratory Habits of Eels.—So strong is their migratory disposition, that few things will prevent their progress, as even at the locks at Teddington and Hampton the young eels have been seen to ascend the large posts of the floodgates, in order to make their way when the gates have been shut longer than usual. Those which die, stick to the posts; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. A curious instance of the means which young eels will have recourse to, in order to perform their migrations, is annually proved in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Near that city there is a large pond, immediately adjoining which is a stream. On the bank between these two waters a large tree grows, the branches of which hang into the pond. By means of these branches, the young eels ascend into the tree, and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below; thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size, and become useful and beneficial to man. A friend of mine, who was a casual witness of this circumstance, informed me that the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals. The rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs did not appear to impede their progress.—Ibid.

Swallows.—I have frequently noticed how apt swallows are to settle on the ground, in a row, or perfect line. I have no doubt but that many persons must have observed this, while they have been walking near the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, during a fine autumnal day. The birds, after hawking for flies upon the surface of the water, will all at once settle on the path which extends across the head of the river in so perfect a line, that one looks at it with astonishment as the simultaneous act of the birds. Their flight is equally sudden and regular on the approach of an intruder. I have also noticed this regularity of line in young birds, while waiting for food from their parents.—Ibid.

The Duke of Gloucester’s Elm Tree.—It is not generally known that one of the elm trees standing near the entrance of the passage leading into Spring Gardens, was planted by the Duke of Gloucester, brother to Charles I. As that unfortunate monarch was walking with his guards from St. James’s to Whitehall, on the morning of his execution, he turned to one of his attendants and mentioned the circumstance, at the same time pointing out the tree.—Ibid.

Travelling in Spain.—In Spain, the first consideration is the procuring every accommodation the country will allow, before persons are invited to travel in their conveyances; minuitæ are attended to, and the result is a progress in a short period quite incredible, which is affecting the whole system of internal communications. The system is almost universally the same. The passengers are called at a very early hour, when chocolate, or coffee, or tea, which is becoming very much the fashion, is served, according to the inclination of the parties. A portion of the journey is made, and you halt at ten or eleven, sooner or later, as it may be, to dine, as it is termed. This is a regular déjeuné à la fourchette. Two hours are allotted to this halt, when you again start, and generally arrive before dusk, after which supper is served. These repasts being provided entirely for the passengers, every one is obliged to pay a proportion, whether he partake or not, unless he spend money to a similar amount in some other way. Whenever the coach stops, the mayoral opens the door, and asks if any one wishes to alight. Every thing in these conveyances is on the same uniform system of polite and respectful attention to the company and to each other.—Cook’s Sketches of Spain.

The Poet Gray had the odd contradiction of a manly mind, and fastidious and somewhat effeminate manners. His imagination was all rural; but his birth and habits lay in a town. He never took up a rural sport; it does not seem as if he had ever been on horseback. He amused himself in the fields with flowers and plants, and butterflies and insects. His fancy supplied him with the habits of countrymen; the plough, the axe, the spade, the scythe and sickle, the vocations of the shepherd and the herdman. He loved to contemplate the snowy whirlind, the April shower, the summer-morn, and the fading lights of evening, as the golden tints recede into twilight and darkness. His manner in society was that of petit-maître; his solitary thoughts were never frivolous. He was serious, benevolent,
gentle, and conscientious. Perhaps he was too delicate for the rude tempers of the world; and he was like a tender plant, which could not bear the rough air, and tempests, and frosts.

Petrarch and Laura.—A manuscript, or paragon, has been discovered in the archives of Montpellier, consisting of a series of poems in the Provencal tongue. They are thought to have been from the pen of Petrarch. They make frequent mention of Laura, of Vaucluse, of Rome, and of his coronation there. Petrarch, it is known, studied jurisprudence at Montpellier.

The Shaddock contains generally thirty-two seeds, two of which only will reproduce Shaddocks; and these two it is impossible to distinguish: the rest will yield, some sweet oranges, others bitter ones, others again forbidden fruit, and, in short, all the varieties of the orange; but until the trees are actually in bearing, no one can guess what the fruit is likely to prove; and even then, the seeds which produce shaddocks, although taken from a tree remarkable for the excellence of its fruit, will frequently yield only such as are scarcely eatable. — Lewis’s Journal.

French Tragedy.—A company has just been formed in Paris to accelerate stage coach travelling; a much lighter vehicle has been adopted, called a vélocé, having four coups, with three places in each, the first to be 1fr. 10c. the post, and the rest 1fr. throughout the whole line of route, including all charges. The company intend to commence operations next month. A lighter vehicle is contemplated for the Calais and Dieppe roads. A card of fixed prices for refreshments, adopted by the company, will prevent John Bull from suspecting imposition.

Foreign Robbery.—A letter of the 4th ult. from Bologna announces that the diligence between that city and Rome had again been stopped and plundered between Faenza and Forli. Among the booty was the sum of 3,000 Roman crowns, belonging to Cardinal Maffei. The robbers who carried off the golden armilla have been taken and the gold recovered, though it had been melted down. The Museum of Bologna possessing a drawing of the armilla, intends to have it recast, to resemble as nearly as possible the ancient one.

An Ancient Tomb.—The following is an extract of a letter from Kertch, in Russia:—“The director of our Museum has found on the hill of Mithridates an ancient tomb, containing a coffin of cypress wood, in very good preservation, in which there were two skeletons. On the top there were two earthen amphorae; on one of which is the figure of a dog in relief, with the Greek inscription ‘Skualde.’ At the feet of the skeletons were two vases in alabaster, a metallic mirror, a small cup painted black, and another beautiful vase, ornamented with designs in red. On one of the sides of this vase the figures of the three fatal sisters, with their attributes, are distinctly marked. Although this vessel has suffered much from time to time, there remain traces of gilding, and of the oil colours in which the garments of the figures were painted. The vase is valuable from its remote antiquity, it being well known that the manufacture of these vases ceased on the conquest of Greece by the Romans. It has also an additional interest from the circumstance of there never having been any object of the same kind hitherto found at Kertch, or in any other part of New Russia.”

When to Leave Off Drinking.—When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off—you have had enough. When you look at a distant object, and appear to see two, leave off—you have had too much. When you knock over your glass, spill your wine upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song you have been in the habit of singing for the last half-dozen years, leave the company—you are getting truly domestic. When you nod in the chair, fall over the hearth-rug, or lurch on a neighbour’s shoulders, go home—you are dead drunk.

Probable Effect of Temperance.—The last report of the American Temperance Society, showing the inconceivable mischiefs resulting from their consumption of ardent spirits, states that—one hundred million dollars was a sum far less than was annually lost to the United States by this destructive traffic—a sum which would purchase 4,000,000 sheep, 400,000 head of cattle, 200,000 cows, 40,000 horses, 500,000 suits of men’s clothes, 1,000,000 of boys’ ditto, 500,000 women’s ditto, 1,000,000 girls’ ditto, 1,200,000 barrels of flour, 800,000 barrels of beef, 800,000 of pork, 3,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 10,000,000 lbs. of sugar, 400,000 lbs. of rice, and 2,000,000 gallons of molasses; it would also build 1,000 churches, support 2,000 ministers of the Gospel, build 8,000 school houses, furnish 500,000 newspapers, and all in a single year!

Model of a Pyramid.—At the Duke of Sussex’s late consecration, at Kensington Palace, the attraction of the evening was a splendid model of the great pyramid of Cheops, composed of 3,000 pieces of cork, and a vertical section of the pyramid, from which it appears that the pyramid was not only built upon, but round a rock, which, it is stated, rises in the centre of the pyramid 130 feet, on the apex of which is situate what is called the Queen’s
Chamber. The pyramid was originally covered with plaster or mortar, which made the surface even, and thus rendered the ascent so difficult as to be accounted by the ancients a great feat: this plaster having now fallen off, the ascent is easy.

_Horrible Sutter._ (From the Bombay Courier of Sept. 29.)—The Rajah of Eedur, a small independent state beyond the British frontier in Guzerat, died in the afternoon of the 12th of August last; and when the event, which was for some little time concealed, became known to his household, seven of the Ranees (his wives) rushed into the apartment where the dead body lay. The mother of the present young Rajah was alone ignorant of the fact of the death, being detained in her room by the Karbarrees, or native ministers. On the morning of the 5th the above seven Ranees, two concubines of different castes from the Rajah, one personal man-servant, and four female slaves, were taken down with the sovereign but also with her, by the whole assembled population of Eedur. Every body of influence is stated to have aided in the horrid tragedy; and not a single person, either connected with the Rajah's family, or otherwise, appears to have interfered a solitary effort, by word or deed, to prevent these fourteen unfortunate people from taking the fatal step of burning with their chief's body. On the contrary the greatest alacrity was shown on all sides to complete this infamous outrage. One of the Ranees was several months advanced in pregnancy; another, who had throughout shown a disinclination to sacrifice herself, had only been married nineteen months to the Rajah, and was under twenty years of age. Just before the lighting of the funeral pile, the eldest Ranee (sixty years of age) addressed the Karbarrees, saying that "she herself had always determined to burn with the Rajah, and that no ex postulation would have turned her from her purpose, but that it was strange she had not heard one word of dissuasion or compassion expressed by any one." She concluded her remarks by desiring them to go and live on the plunder they were securing to themselves by the destruction of their chief's family. The Karbarrees were influenced, it is understood, in sparing the life of the surviving Ranee, as she is the mother of the late Rajah's only son, and her loss might have been injurious to their interest. An extensive pillage of the Rajah's personal property, consisting of various valuables in jewels, &c., is stated to have taken place for the benefit of the Karbarrees.—Well may Mr. Poynder (the director) urge the East India Company, and the public to use every influence to put an end to such unparalleled atrocities! And yet he stands as it were alone in the cause: the reader, even, reads and forgets the occurrence.

_Kites in the Air._—The kite has, from the extent of its wings and tail, very great command of the atmosphere and possession of itself in that element. It does not bear along in straight lines, but wheels in curves, which it is constantly opening and closing, and always in a smooth and graceful manner, without any jerks: and if it were possible to trace a day's path of a kite, it would be a very fine specimen of looped curves. The kite can hover for a long time over the same spot, with very little exertion of the wings, and though there is a fresh breeze; and there are times (probably when it has lost sight of some prize on the ground, or discovered that the prize over which it was hovering was no prize at all) at which it will "give itself to the wind," and drift to leeward in very beautiful style, and apparently with complete self-possession. Kites will also sometimes turn down the wind to escape the more powerful falcons, which, though they do not attack the kite, often frighten it, and make it lose its prey: and as going down the wind is not a habit of the falcons, the kite gets away from them by the manœuvre. That manœuvre, though held in great contempt by the falconer, is by no means an ungraceful or an uninteresting one: the bird rides lightly on the wind, but retains its self-command, so that it can take a new direction whenever it pleases. The axis of its body is placed at an angle to the wind, which is smaller in proportion as that is stronger, and the windward wing is elevated, so that the wind takes the under side at an angle, and tends to raise the bird obliquely upward, while its weight presses downward and counteracts. When looked at, the bird always has in these cases the appearance of descending as it drifts: but that is an optical deception; for all things that are higher than the eye appear to descend as they recede, even though they are rising, and the kite may often be observed to have gained height while thus appearing to float downward. If on these occasions an alarm is given, the bird hauls closer to the wind and makes off.—_Mudie's British Birds._

_Female Guard._—The Nizam has a guard formed entirely of women. These Amazons are under a state of military discipline, can go through the manual and platoon exercises of the general drill. An European officer, whose curiosity had been excited to see this female prætorian band, observed with astonishment that the big drummer, or rather the beater of the big drum, had her instrument suspended behind, instead of having it in the usual position, and was in this attitude hammering away with great execution.
CHANCE OF FORTUNE.—Rowland Stephenson, the once wealthy London banker, whose society was sought for by nobles, whose parties were everything that was stylish, whose dinners were recalled only by Sir William Curtis in the east, or Lord Sefton in the west; whose influence and character in the world stood high, and apparently immovable, impervious, and unimpeachable, is now the mere creature of passing charity, the object of common bounty, of mere eleemosynary aid and support. For years he has been the inmate of a debtors' gaol in New York, which is described as one of the most loathsome prisons in the world, and has been fed and clothed by the hand of the stranger.

A RICH BEGGAR.—An old woman of Calais, who lived upon alms, having lately died, a sum of no less than 10,000 francs in different kinds of coin was found in the hovel which she occupied.

COINS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The number of coins purchased by the British Museum between Christmas, 1832, and Christmas 1833, was 3,968, of which 659 were pennies of William the Conqueror; 296 were coins of the Kings of Northumberland, and of the Archbishop of York; and 2,012 Greek and Roman.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Mar. 7th, at Middleton Rectory, near Manchester, the lady of the Rev. C. J. Way, of a daughter.—Mar. 10th, at Woodford, Essex, Mrs. John Knowles, of a daughter.—In Brontonstreet, the lady of George La Touche, Esq., of a daughter.—Mar. 8th, at Hampstead, Mrs. P. Earle, of a daughter.—Mar. 7th, at Hook, near Odiham, Hants, the lady of the Rev. E. R. Larken, of a son.—Mar. 10th, at Lymn, lady of the Rev. Ambrose Goodle, chaplain to the Hon. East India Company, of a daughter.—Mar. 15th, in Bronton-street, Mrs. Beauvoir Berens, of a son.—Mar. 17th, Lady Susan Lygon, of a son.—Mar. 19th, in Bronton-street, the lady of B. Travers, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.


DEATHS.

Mar. 6th, of consumption, Mr. John Morris, nine years mathematical master in Uxbridge school.—Mar. 7th, at his residence, Counterhill, New Cross, from a sudden fit of apoplexy, Mr. Thomas West, formerly of Threadneedle street, London.—Mar. 8th, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in the 70th year of his age, Major Gen. Sir George Bulstrode Fisher, K.C.H., Commandant of the Garrison.—Mar. 7th, suddenly, at Old Brompton, in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. Charles Mandle, widow of the late Charles Mandle, Esq., of the Ordnance Department.—Mar. 9th, at Ramsgate, aged 72 years. John Henry Campbell, Esq., formerly Major to the 23d Regiment of Royal Welsh Fusiliers.—Mar. 8th, the infant daughter of the Solicitor-General.—Mar. 2d, at Paris, Charles Henry Templeton, Esq., late of Trinity College, Cambridge, son of Thomas Templeton, Esq., formerly of Calcutta.—Mar. 9th, William John Rice, Esq., of Harwell, in the 82d year of his age.—Mar. 7th, R. Best, Esq., late Secretary of the Bank of England, in the 87th year of his age.—Mar. 17th, at her residence in Southampton-place, Euston-road, deeply and sincerely lamented by her family and friends, Mary, widow of the late John George Graeff, Esq., in her 50th year.—Mar. 14th, of a rapid decline, Mr. J. Palmer, Governor of St. Martin's Workhouse.—Mar. 12th, in Devonshire-street, aged 76, Mrs. Morier, relieff of Isaac Morier, Esq., late Consul General at Constantinople.—Mar. 16th, at Dublin, aged 73, Mrs. Bunn, mother of the lessee of Drury-lane and Covent-garden.—Feb. 20th, at Brussels, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Adelaide Constance Fitzgerald.—Mar. 17th, at Mecklenburg-square, Robert Barron, Esq., aged 62.—Mar. 12th, at Wiesbaden, Eliza, wife of Captain Gardiner.—Mar. 16th, Daniel Capel, Esq., late Captain of the 13th Light Dragoons, third son of the late W. Capel, Esq., of Prestbury-house, near Cheltenham.—Mar. 19th, at Westhorpe, near Southwell, Notts, Charlotte Anne, only daughter of R. Warrand, Esq., aged one year and ten months.
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Born 1542.                             Beheld 1586.

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VOL. IV.

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MEMOIR OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

To illustrate a beautiful coloured whole-length Portrait of her as Dauphiness, 
Queen of France.

Could valour aught avail, or people's love, 
France had not mourned Navarre's brave Henry slain; 
If wit or beauty could compassion move, 
The rose of Scotland had not wept in vain.—M. LEWIS.

To rush into the lists of controversy, 
as the champion of the hapless Mary, is 
not the intention of the author of the present memoir; neither time nor space 
would allow of it.

The plan adopted in giving information 
respecting her, will be to pursue a 
brief chronological account of her eventful 
life, illustrated at different eras, by the 
choicest poetry of which she has been the 
subject: and Mary, unfortunate Mary, 
with all her feminine errors, and woes, 
and charms, has been the theme of song, 
and of the genuine unbought adoration of 
the poet, from the hour that her youthful 
loveliness inspired the grim pedant, 
Buchanan, her future calumniator, with 
that fine Latin poem, "Nymph of Caledonia," to the times when the minstrel 
Chatelar died a martyr to his mad passion 
for this "bright particular star," and 
the youthful George Douglas met an 
ignominious death with joy for love of her.

1543. Mary Stuart, the unfortunate 
heiress of James V., and Mary of Guise, 
was born while her father lay on his 
death-bed, expiring from the most agoni 
sing of all maladies—a broken heart 
and wounded spirit. His mind was 
crushed with the loss of the battle of Sol 
way, being deserted by the feudal forces 
who owed military duty to the Scottish 
crown.

Of Scotland's stubborn barons, none 
Would move to southern wars.

After Solway fight, or rather flight, 
the monarch betook himself to his bed; 
he had not spoken for days, while the 
fearful workings of a noble but misdi 
rected pride were consuming the springs 
of life. When on the third day previous 
to his death, his attendants ventured to 
rouse him with the important tidings that 
a living child, his successor, was born to 
him, "Is my hair a child, or a maid?" 
asked James, eagerly, in the phraseology 
of the day. They told him it was a princess.

"Then," sighed the king, "the crown 
came by a woman, and will go by woman."

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Mary succeeded to that inheritance 
of woe, the Scottish crown, a few hours 
after.

1548. This beautiful infant had many 
wooers even in her cradle; and the court 
ship of the young King Edward VI., on 
whom, in childhood, the southern crown 
of her island had likewise devolved, was 
carried on so rudely at swords' point by 
his uncle Somerset, that after the battle 
of Musselburgh, it was judged advisable 
by the council of her mother Mary of 
Guise, the queen-regent of Scotland, 
to place the person of the heiress (by 
sending her to France) out of the reach
of her foes. Mary was educated at the corrupt court of Catherine de Medicis, with the purpose of uniting her to the Dauphin Francis, who, by the sudden death of Henry II., became king in his minority.

And here it must be pleaded in Mary's favour that the breath of slander never for a moment injured her good name, though every one was eloquent in praise of her early talents, her beauty, and that charm of fascination of manners which never deserted her even in her severest trials, and without which beauty and talents are indeed dross.

1558. Mary was married to Francis, heir of Henry II. They had been betrothed during the lifetime of his father, and she had long been called the dauphiness queen, and he the dauphin king.

Francis II., though plain and puny in person, bore a heart loving and true to his young spouse, who seems to have regarded his memory with great affection. He died of a decline just before he came of age, leaving his lovely wife, in her eighteenth year, a widow. The slightest stigma was not cast on the character of Mary, either as the wife or widow of Francis, left as she was to her own guidance, at an age when the most discreet of human beings have very little self-command, if passion or temptation happen to assail them.

Catherine de Medicis, who retained the reins of government as regent-mother for another minor king, dreading the influence of Mary's talents and charms in the royal family of France, sent her back to Scotland. That she went most unwillingly, every one knows; for there are few that have not heard the anecdote, that she watched the receding shores of France till they faded from her streaming eyes, exclaiming, "Ah, France! ah, dear country! that I shall never behold again." But every one has not heard that she embodied these feelings in a little French poem, that is one of the easiest and most graceful in that most unmetrical, we will not say unpoetical, language, for French prose abounds in poetry.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie la plus cherie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance:
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours.
La nef (the north) qui de-joint nos amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitie,
Une part te reste, elle est tienne;
Je la fie a ton amitie,
Pourt que de l'autre il te souvienne.*

Holingshed describes Queen Mary's landing in Scotland thus: She arrived at Leith, the 20th of August, in the year 1561, where she was honourably received by the Earl of Argyle, the Lord Erskine, the Prior of St. Andrew's, and the burgesses of Edinburgh, and conveyed to the Abbie of Holierood,—for, says Buchanan, when some had spread abroad her landing in Scotland, the nobility and others assembled out of all parts of the realm, as it were to a common spectacle. But the old chronicler, graphic as his descriptions generally are, is not more faithfully minute in his sketch of this scene than Hogg in his Queen's Wake, who tells the story historically as well as poeticaly.

Scotland, involved in factious broils,
Groaned deep beneath her woes and toils,
And looked o'er meadow, dale, and lea,
For many a day her Queen to see.
The Spring was past, the Summer gone,
Still vacant stood the Scottish throne.
But scarce had Autumn's mellow hand
Waved her rich banner o'er the land,
When rang the shouts from tower and tree,
That Scotland's Queen was on the sea.
After a youth by woes o'ercast,
After a thousand sorrows past,
The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain;

* This is extracted from Ellis's admirable letters of English History.
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face;
Then every tongue gave thanks to Heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien,
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen;
The woes of one so fair and young,
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotion, broil, and war;
In one short year her hopes were crossed—
A parent, husband, kingdom, lost!
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head.
For such a Queen, the Stuarts' heir,
A Queen so courteous, young and fair,
Who would not every foe defy?
Who would not stand? who would not die?

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung;
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale,
Wide waving in the southern gale,
Which through the broomwood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue;
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
A sight so fair on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again.

When Mary turned her wondering eyes
On rocks that seemed to prop the skies,
On palace, park, and battled pile,
On lake, on river, sea and isle;
O'er woods and meadows, bathed in dew,
To distant mountains, dim and blue,
She thought the isle that gave her birth,
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Slowly she ambled on her way,
Amid her lords and ladies gay;
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
And presbyter, with look severe.
There rode the lords of France and Spain,
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine;
While serried thousands round them stood,
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.

Though Mary's heart was light as air,
To find a home so wild and fair;
To see a gathered nation by,
And rays of joy from every eye:
An absent look they oft could trace,
Deep settled on her lovely face.
Was it the thought that all alone,
She must support a rocking throne,
That Caledonia's rugged land
Might scorn a lady's weak command,
And the red lion's haughty eye
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie?
This doubt so elegantly expressed by the Ettrick Shepherd, was set at rest by the wisdom and excellence of Mary's government during the years of her widowhood; her most vituperant detractors cannot deny that she governed her kingdom during these days of independence in a manner that alarmed Elizabeth, who began to imagine that Mary would, as a female sovereign in the same island, surpass her as much in mental powers and royal energy as she did in beauty and truly feminine accomplishments. Very soon Elizabeth began to sow mischief and dissensions in the Scottish government, by her impertinent interference on the subject of the marriage of the royal beauty, the disposal of whose hand she affected to assume, as she chose at that time to consider Mary as her heiress.

But we have not yet completed Mary's portrait in these early days, so admirably drawn by the Ettrick Shepherd, whose scattered traces we are weaving into one whole.

Queen Mary lighted in the court,
Queen Mary joined the evening's sport;
There such a scene entranced the view,
As heart of poet never knew.
'Twas not the flash of golden gear,
Nor blaze of silver chandelier;
Nor Scotland's chiefs of noble air;
Nor dazzling rows of ladies fair:
'Twas one enthroned the rest above,
Sure, 'twas the Queen of grace and love.
Taper the form, and fair the breast,
Yon radiant golden zones invest,
Where the vexed rubies blench in death,
Beneath yon lips, and balmy breath,
Coronal gems of every dye,
Look dim above that beaming eye.
Those cheeks outvie the dawning's glow,
Red, shadowed on a wreath of snow.

Oft the rapt bard had thought alone
Of charms by mankind never known;
Of virgins pure as opening day,
Or bosom of the flower of May.
But not in earth, the sea, the sky,
In fairy dream, nor fancy's eye,
Vision his soul had never seen,
Like Mary Stuart, Scotland's Queen.

The landing at Leith, and the welcome that awaited Queen Mary, were not, it seems, much to the taste of her French attendants. One of them gives a very sorry account of it, and above all, speaks most disparagingly of Scottish minstrelsy.

"We landed at Leith," says he, "and went from thence to Edinburgh, which is but a short league distant. The queen went there on horseback, and her lords and ladies who accompanied her were forced to ride the little wretched hackneys of the country, as wretchedly caparisoned, at sight of which the queen began to weep, and to compare them with the pompous and superb palfreys of France; yet there was no remedy but patience. The worst of all was, being arrived at Edinburgh, and retired to rest, in the Abbey, (which is really a fine building, and not at all partaking of the rudeness of that country,) there came under her window a crew of five or six hundred scoundrels, from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks, of which there are enough in that country, and began to sing and howl psalms so miserably mistimed and mistuned, that nothing could be worse. Alas! what music, what a night's rest!"

This Frenchman has certainly no taste for Scottish music: such another concert is not on record.

During her childhood, and afterwards during her widowhood, Mary received proposals of marriage from the following distinguished personages:
Edward VI., both as Prince of Wales and King of England; the unfortunate Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain; the Archduke Charles, son of Ferdinand,
Emperor of Austria; the Duke of Anjou, the brother of her husband, Francis II, and afterwards Henry III. King of France. The Earl of Leicester, favourite of Elizabeth, had likewise the presumption to propose himself as her suitor.

1561. In this year began the quarrel betwixt Elizabeth and Mary, while she was yet in France. The sixth article of a treaty which had been made on her part by intrigue was, that she should not bear or use the arms of England and Ireland; which Mary, considering her pretensions, delayed executing. Upon no subject was Elizabeth so irascible as upon that of the succession. The beauty of the Scottish queen was also another cause of dislike; for though she possessed extraordinary abilities, she had vanity to suppose her person was as captivating as her genius was strong, and to the voice of flattery she lent an attentive ear.

Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, whose wife, Lady Margaret Douglas, was, in the year 1561, Mary's most dangerous rival, as regarded the English succession; she was daughter of Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII., by the Earl of Angus, whom that queen married after the death of her husband, James IV., she selected, and was married to him July 29, 1565, giving him the title of King of Scots.

The particulars of the marriage of Mary with Darnley are too curiously illustrative of manners and dress to be omitted here: they are in Ellis's Collection, in a letter from Thomas Randolph to the Earl of Leicester, her disappointed suitor—

"Yesterday being Sunday, the banns of matrimony in St. Giles' Church were asked between the Queen and the Lord Darnley in the sort in which I sent your highness a billet, saving she was first named. At dinner, with all the solemnities requisite, he was created Duke of Albany. . . . . . . The manner of the marriage was in this sort. Sunday, in the morning, between five and six, she was convoide by diverse of her nobles at the chappel. She had upon her backe the greate mourning gown of blacke, with the great wide mourning hood, not unlike unto that which she wore the deulfal days of the buriall of her husband. She was leade unto the chappel by the Earles Lennox and Atholl, and ther she was lefte till her howsbonde came, who also was convoide by lords. The ministers (Catholic priests), two deep, ther to receive them. The banns are asked the thirde time, and an instrument taken by a notarie that no man said against them. The ringes, which were three, the middle a riche diamonde, were first put upon her fyngey. They kneel togeather, and manie prayers saiide over them. She tarrieth out the masse, and he taketh a kiss and leaveth her ther; and he wente to her chamber, whither within a space she followed, and there being required according to the solemnitie to doff her care, and leave aside those sorrowfull garments and give herself to a pleasanter life, after some prettie refusal, more, I believe, for manner sake, she suffereth them that stood by every one to take out a pin, and so being committed to her ladies, she changed her garments. To ther dinner they were convoide by the whole nobilitie. The trompettes sound, a largess cried, and moneye throwne aboute the house in greate abundance. They dine bothe at table at the upper ende. Ther serve her these earles,—Atholl, sewer; Morton, carver; Crawfurde, cup-bearer. Him in these offices, Elgin, Cassillis, Glencairn. After dinner they dance a while, and retire them selves till the hour of supper."

Randolph takes notice of the extreme insolence of Darnley to every one directly the banns were published, his proclaiming his intention of revenging all his boyish affronts on those he had marked as his enemies as soon as he had attained to the power as well as title of a king—an impudence which doubtless hurried on the dreadful tragedy that followed. The whole of Darnley's remaining life was a struggle to obtain absolute power, and, of course, he had a mighty party against him, independently of the conjugal discontents that arose between him and his wife. But whether she was privy to his violent death, can only be known on that day when the secrets of all hearts are displayed to view.

The murder of Rizzio, the favourite of Mary, even in her presence, was plotted by the king. March 9, 1566.

On June 19, 1566, James VI. was born; he entered London as king on May 7, 1603.

And now we must speak of the murder of Darnley (King Henry). Being unwell, he was brought by his wife's sug-
gestions to Edinburgh; he was lodged in a house belonging to the provost of a collegiate church, called Kirk of Field, where now stands the house of the principal of the University. Sunday, February 9th, the queen left him to attend a masque in the palace, and at two o’clock next morning the house was blown up with gunpowder; the king and a servant were found lying in a garden of the house, dead, but without any marks of violence or burning. The king was only twenty-one years of age. This was A.D. 1567.

24th April, 1567, Queen Mary carried to Dunbar by Bothwell.

15th May, 1567, married to Bothwell after the Protestant form, having first created him Duke of Orkney.

6th June, 1567, Mary escaped from Bothwick castle to Dunbar in men’s clothes.

Battle of Pinkie, between the English and Scots, July 15, 1567. Bothwell defeated.

Bothwell, at the close of the year 1567, an outcast, and hunted after by his enemies, in concert with a few as desperate as himself, armed some vessels and became a pirate; finally, upon the coast of Norway, having attacked a rich ship, assistance arriving, he was taken prisoner: when his name became known, his confinement was not less severe; it saved his life only, and, unpitied and unassisted, he languished ten years in prison.

1568, escaped from Loch Levin Castle. She captivated the affections of George Douglas, her keeper’s brother, aged 18. Sunday, May 2, 1568, whilst the family were some at supper, others at prayers, an accomplice stole the keys, and opening the gates to the queen and one of her maids of honour, then locked them behind her, and threw the keys into the lake. Lord Seaton Douglas, Sir James Hamilton, &c., received her upon the opposite shore.

Her young lover suffered death for her sake with the most extraordinary heroism and constancy. He was taken at the battle of Langside, and hanged with every species of contumely by the confederate barons.

The memory of that George Douglas is preserved in the songs of the Scottish peasantry as the truest of all the heroes of love and loyalty; to him were justly applied the words of the ballad—

“Oh Douglas, oh Douglas, tender and true!”

The result of the battle of Langside (near Dunbarton), May 13, 1568, which she personally witnessed, rendered her own kingdom insecure for her, and she resolved to go to England; and finally, with such impatience, that she got into a fisher’s boat and landed at Workington, in Cumberland, the 16th of May: from thence she was conducted to Carlisle.

Mary was sent prisoner to Bolton, a castle of Lord Scroops, on the borders of Yorkshire, July 13, 1568.

1568. Removed, because Lord S. was brother-in-law to the Duke of Norfolk, to Tutbury Castle, Staffordshire.

While Mary sojourned at Tutbury Castle, the charms of her person and manners are supposed to have moved the heart of the Earl of Shrewsbury, her castellan; the jealousy of his wife was extreme, and, prompted by this fiendish passion, she played the spy on Mary, and told Elizabeth that the Queen of Scots constantly turned her person into ridicule: this produced a correspondence between the two queens, of the most singular kind, in which the beautiful prisoner taunted Elizabeth with her evil tempers, and with a report going at the English courts that she beat her maids of honour, and that she in an outbreak of passion cut one lady on the back of the hand with a knife, and had sorely pinched and bitten the thumb of another to the bone.

From this time the treatment of poor Mary went from bad to worse.

Duke of Norfolk’s schemes of marriage with Mary: sent to the Tower, October 8, 1569, afterwards released, promising not to correspond with the Scots’ Queen.

Mary conveyed to Chartley. Walsingham (Elizabeth’s minister) bribed a man employed by her friends, and Paulet conniving, letters were placed in a hole in the wall of the castle, under a stone.

The letters were taken, and after being answered by Mary, were opened by Walsingham, and then again sent away sealed to the parties, Anno 1586.

Soon after carried to Fotheringay Castle, in Northumberland: a commission first sat in the Hall, Oct. 14, 1586.

Feb. 1, 1587. Warrant for her execution signed. The council directed the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent to see it
executed. Feb. 7 (Tuesday) appointed: they arrived at Fotheringay, and prepared the persecuted queen for the joys of heaven, who repined because the body must endure the stroke "of the executioner!"

After the fatal blow, the Earl of Kent alone said 'Amen.' The by-standers were silent as the grave, their hearts penetrated with admiration of her fortitude, and sorrow for this melancholy termination of her career. Her remains were interred at Peterborough, though afterwards conveyed to Westminster Abbey. When James ascended the throne every honour was paid to her remains at Peterborough. The whole period of her imprisonment was nearly nineteen years: she was forty-two years and two months old.

An unknown poet of the last century, when real poetry, excepting in songs, was scarce enough, has written a lyric on the imprisonment of Mary: it was well known to our grandfathers, and fathers, but is sufficiently forgotten at the present day to render its republication acceptable here—it is indeed worthy of being recorded. It is set to a melody of the most plaintive and simple description, and is called the Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.

From the walls of my prison I see  
The birds as they wander in air;  
My heart how it pants to be free,  
My looks they are wild with despair.

False woman! in ages to come,  
Thy malice detested shall be;  
And when we are cold in the tomb,  
Some heart still shall sorrow for me!

There are still extant some most atrocious letters written by Sir Francis Walsingham, commanding Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, the gaolers of Mary, to poison or make away with their wretched prisoner; and reproaching them, in the queen’s name, with not having done it before. The answers of these gentlemen are stern and manly, and will lead the reader to acquit them entirely of conniving at treachery. These knights were the sourest of all puritans; they positively thought it a good work to make a Catholic princess, who endangered the Protestant succession, pine with want and starve with cold occasionally. Of these cruelties Mary complains, and her health suffered by them; but they were not assassins, and would not do in secret the odious work set them by Elizabeth and her satellites. The correspondence, which is by no means well known, is too long for insertion here, but it may be found in Hearne’s Glossary, with some curious comments, by the old antiquary. After this diabolical tampering had failed, the farce of a trial was resolved on, which her grim but honest gaolers were willing enough to forward.

The admirable stanzas of Burns were written some years after the above, and are more generally known—yet they never will be read with more pleasure than when connected with an historical sketch of the life of their unfortunate subject.

**LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.**

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets of daisies white,  
Out o’er the grassy lea.  
* * * * *

Now laverocks wake the merry morn  
Aloft on dewy wing:  
The merle within his noontide bower  
Makes woodland echoes ring  
The mavis mild with mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest,  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
With care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae,  
The hawthorn’s budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae.
Memoir of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The meanest hind in all Scotland
May rove their sweets among;
But I, the Queen of all the land,
Maun bide in prison strang.

I was the Queen of bonnie France,
Where happy I ha’ been;
For lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e’en.
And I’m the Sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae.
The weeping bluid in woman’s breast
Was never known to thee,
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of woe
From woman’s pitying e’e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortunes shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne’er would blink on mine!
God keep thee from thy father’s foes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet’s thy mother’s friend,
Remember him for me!

Oh, soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn—
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o’er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house of death
Let winter o’er me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring,
Bloom o’er my peaceful grave!

If painting and design illustrate history, such poetry may justly be said to illuminate it, for it casts a brilliant light on some portions of that record of human woe. Poetry is still more nearly and anciently connected with history than painting; let no one, therefore, scorn the introduction of such verses as we have quoted, simple in construction, and purely historical, both as to events and character. Their beauty will cause them to dwell in the minds of the young, and make the heart thrill with a delightful memory when reading any thing which can recall it, like the notes of a far-off-remembered melody, as Wordsworth says,—

“Mine eyes are filled with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in mine ears
That heretofore I heard.”

It was this feeling, so truly imbued in the heart, and doubtless implanted by him who early connected together poetry and prophecy, that made all early-historical record to be cast in a rythmical form, and the metrical chronicle of the actions and sufferings of the departed great was composed and sung, long before sculpture had carved the mental effigy, or painting traced the rude hieroglyphic. We revert, therefore, and ever shall, to historical poetry, whether ancient or modern, as the most natural and original mode of impressing events on the mind and memory, thus returning to the primitive custom.; with this difference alone, that modern critical taste selects the heart-stirring and the beautiful from various sources, while the antique bard went on chiming through dull and dry metre, flashing out into the light of song only when the subject under discussion was of a truly poetic nature.

Here we are happy to quote some beautiful stanzas selected from the Cha-
meleon, a Scottish annual, published this year, and written by Mr. Atkinson of Glasgow: they were composed on the circumstance of a very lovely portrait of Mary being found at Kirkwall Abbey, in the Orkneys, and on the tradition belonging thereto, that Bothwell left the picture of his injured queen there when he sojourned in that remote part of Scotland.

Glows not thy beauty's shadow yet
On many a pictured wall,
Thou loveliest gem that e'er was set
In Britain's coronal.

It seems to lend the lordly hall
An air of nobler grace,
Above the mitred abbot's stall,
It beams an angel's face.

Where cloister'd nuns beneath it wept,
'Tis pure and pale like them;
And now where learning's hoards are kept,
It seems their brightest gem.

Amid far Thule's wildest isles,
Fierce love thy semblance bore;
And still the treasured image shines,
To grace the lonely shore.

Thus terminates a history which must have often chilled the reader with anguish.

What romance, what tale of fiction, has ever in so few years doomed its ill-fated hero to undergo such vicissitudes, to suffer such afflictions? We are reaping some of the fruits of her sorrows, and of those who then lived; we enjoy a religion without restraint; we are restrained by religious principles, but we blush at the price paid for so great a blessing; can the pen of charity condemn the queen for her endeavours to uphold and propagate her faith? What would have been the lot of any one of us, made the idol of our sex? Not the raised-up creature of a base flatterer's praise, but acknowledged to have been the most beautiful, the most lovely of women; could she, unlike all others who lived before, or have since dwelt upon this earth, be insensible of the sway her beauty gave her over the hearts of all who approached her? Various circumstances might in the end create some excuse for her fatal exit, but the various and varied transactions of her life must make us decide that she was greatly wanting in prudence; ignorant of the deceitfulness of the world, the sport and envy of Elizabeth, persecuted beyond measure; of too fine a mould for the coarse contact of the people she was to rule over, without a friend, without a protector, none to advise her, scarcely a wife when a widow. A most unfortunate queen. Few women have exhibited greater fortitude, or greater bravery, often herself in the very heat of the battle; and another and a far greater virtue, was her trust in GOD, clothing her with piety, meekness, and resignation: the latter she was so strongly invested with, that she prayed with every appearance of sincerity even for her persecutors.

Mary's countenance was most beautiful; her figure most perfect; her hair black, although, according to the custom in those days, she often used various coloured locks. Her eyes were dark grey; her complexion fine; hands and arms delicate. Her stature majestic. She sung and played on the lute with great skill, and a celebrated French writer has recorded, that "no man ever beheld her person without admiration and love, and none will read her history without sorrow."

**DESCRIPTION OF HER DRESS.**

Mary is here represented in the dress she wore just after her first marriage with Francis II., when she was the star of the French court as the dauphiness-queen, which was her title just before she succeeded to the French crown-matrimonial. The head-dress assimilates in form to that in which she is usually depicted; but the front is formed of her hair creped and folded into the shape of what is commonly called a Queen Mary cap; a net of silver and crimson, mingled with jewels, covers the back of the head. Her neck is covered with a chemisette of point lace, with a small standing collar.
A string of large pearls surrounding the throat, clasps in front with a jewel, and continues to the corsage, where it terminates with a splendid cross: this is a fashion revived in the present day, and a very elegant one it is. The robe is of violet velvet; it opens in front, to show a white damask Petticoat. The dress is bordered with rich embroidery on gold-coloured satin; the corsage tight to the form; and nothing injures the tasteful outline of this beautiful costume, excepting the stiff high shape of the sleeves on the shoulders—which fashion would spoil a form less perfect than Mary's, by making the wearer look high-shouldered. Round the waist is worn a belt of the richest description of jewels, set in massive gold engravings, and from this belt depends a cordeliere of pearls similar to the necklace, clasped at intervals with jewels set in gold. The bracelets are set in massive gold, and are nearly of the pattern of the belt.

This is the only portrait of Mary where she is represented in regal splendour. There is something mournful and subdued in every dress in which she is depicted after she succeeded to the woful inheritance of her northern sceptre.

LINES SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WITH A PURSE.

BY THE LATE MISS PEARSON.

That you may not your friend forget,
Accept, dear sir, this simple net;
Contrived in gentle bonds to hold,
That mighty necromancer, gold—
The servant of the good and brave,
The tyrant of the fool and knave;
Of power to blanch an Ethiop white,
Or make an angel dark as night.

And when your generous bosom sighs,
To chase the tear from misery's eyes,
May this, unfailing stores impart,
To aid the impulse of your heart.
And while on pleasure's rosy wing,
You rove through life's delightful spring,
May this, like fairy gifts of old,
Its ample treasures still unfold,
To gratify each liberal thought,
With honour, truth, and genius fraught.

But should your guardian spirit sleep,
And error lead you to the bowers
Where dissipation hides with flowers
The scorpions that around her creep;
And warbles that Circean song,
Which binds the soul in fetters strong:
Oh! then may this no power supply
To aid the fatal fantasy;
So shall the dire delusion cease,
And reason win you back to peace:
To fireside joys, and pure delights,
Unsullied days, and tranquil nights,
To every charm that home bestows,
And every bliss that virtue knows.
Constance had a friend who lived within half a mile of the farm. The walk to the castle was one of the most delightful about the neighbourhood. It was through a lovely glen or valley, through which the rivulet before mentioned wound its course. On one side of the stream was a narrow walk; on the other a row of willows, whose drooping forms were reflected in its clear and glassy surface. The ascents on both sides were covered with fertile shrubs and bushes. This valley became our daily walk, because we were almost sure of meeting our friend half way. Adèle de Séligni was of noble descent. She was two or three years older than we were. Her name, her education, her manners, gave her a superiority over us, which she herself invariably endeavoured to conceal. The affection that subsisted between her and Constance, certainly gave her the greatest charm in my eyes; but at the same time I felt that the man who had never seen Constance, might esteem himself happy in the affection of Adèle.

One morning we set out earlier than usual on our accustomed walk, of which we had been deprived for the three or four preceding days by heavy rains. At a distance we saw Adèle coming towards us, but instead of the light elastic step with which she was wont to bound forward to meet us, her pace was slow, and we remarked that she put the handkerchief she held in her hand frequently to her eyes. We hastened towards her, and as we met, I remarked, for the first time, the traces of sorrow on her hitherto joyous countenance. Her eyes were red and swollen, she had evidently been weeping, her thoughts seemed pre-occupied: she joined us almost without speaking, and for some time we proceeded onwards in silence. The kind heart of Constance seemed bursting with this constraint, so new to her: her eyes filled with tears; she threw her arms round her friend—

"You are unhappy, dearest Adèle?" she said.

"Oh! very," replied her friend, "very unhappy, but you could not understand the cause of my grief."

"What!" said Constance, "can you have sorrows that I could not understand,—could not feel for?"

Adèle smiled bitterly; "Ah!" said she, "you know not what it is to love!"

"Can you say so?" said Constance, quickly; "do not I love you,—do not I love Antoinette,—my father,—my grandmother? Ungrateful Adèle, how ill you judge your friend!"

"Tis well," replied Adèle coldly; "but that is not the love I speak of."

"Oh!" interrupted Constance, "I know it,—you mean what we read of in books,—the love described by poets: that love I do not indeed know,—nor would I know it, since it makes those I love unhappy. I am certain," she continued, "that if he be my lot one day to marry, I shall never love my husband better than I love you,—or you, dear Antoinette."

"You promise me that, Constance?" I cried.

"Yes," answered she, smiling, "I do promise it."

"You are happy to think so," said Adèle; "and I hope you may never find the contrary."

Adèle then, at the earnest solicitation of Constance and myself, told us her little story.

"You know that about two years ago," she said, "my cousin came to visit us for the first time. You recollect him, Constance, and you may judge,—but no, you cannot judge, for you know not what it is to love—that it was impossible to see him every day, for six months, without discovering his many virtues,—his amiable temper, his affectionate heart. Suffice it to say, then, that before he quitted our roof, we became engaged, with the consent of my brother: but our marriage was deferred for two or three years. My cousin, on quitting us, immediately joined the royalists. A couple of months after the action of Le Mans, where the royalists were defeated with so much loss, my brother returned home, and announced that a young officer whom he had met
accidentally, and who had escaped almost miraculously from the dangers of that disastrous day, would arrive during the night. I had every thing prepared for his reception: he arrived, and judge of my astonishment at seeing De Villars."

"The Chevalier de Villars!" cried I, interrupting the recital.

"Well, yes!" answered Constance in a voice of astonishment, "the Chevalier de Villars,—is there anything so very extraordinary in that?"

"De Villars is my cousin," said Adèle, answering my exclamation. "He told us he was pursued," continued Adèle, "and that each hour he might be arrested, and put to death. I entreated him myself to hasten his departure, and in three days he set off to join the broken remains of the royalist army."

"Where have the royalists assembled?" I asked.

"I know not exactly," said Adèle, evidently surprised at my question.

"Have many escaped,—did De Villars speak of Lemaire,—did—"

"Indeed, Antoinette," interrupted Constance, "I cannot understand what you mean by asking such questions.—Well, Adèle, and have you heard of your cousin since?"

"No," answered Adèle, "and I have dreadful forebodings of his safety. I hear that the republicans possess the possession of all the country."

"Possession of all the country!—impossible!" I cried: "Good heavens! De Villars at the castle for three days, and Auguste knows nothing of it!"

"Ah!" said Adèle, "and do you know Auguste, too? De Villars spoke of him continually,—who is he?"

"Do you know him, Antoinette?" reiterated Constance, impatiently.

"Yes, I know him well."

"Ah! and you blush just as Adèle does when she speaks of her cousin,—I am angry with you for keeping secrets from me,—do you love him?"

"I love none but you, my own Constance," I answered, smiling at her mistake, which, however, was very natural. Here the conversation took a different turn. When we arrived at the castle, we remarked, for the first time, that the day was already far advanced. We hastened to take leave of our friend, and set out on our walk homewards. We walked on quickly and in silence, so deeply were we both pre-occupied by the conversation we had with Adèle. My blood boiled to think that De Villars had been so near me—that he had inhabited the very house I had just quitted, and that I had not seen him—that he had found an opportunity of joining the army, whilst I, a slave to the mean, cowardly disguise I had adopted, had lost the only opportunity, perhaps, that would present itself of returning to my duty. Occupied with these reflections, I proceeded at such a quick pace, that Constance had been unable to keep up with me. I had passed the gates before I perceived it, and paused to see if she was near. Not finding her overtake me, I retraced my steps, and observed Constance seated on a moss-covered stone, in a little arbour, which she took much delight in forming. I saw that she was weeping,—"Unkind!" she exclaimed, in a voice of reproach, "you have never spoken a word to me since we quitted Adèle,—your thoughts have been wholly occupied by that Auguste, that—"

"Dearest, dearest, Constance!" I cried," how unjust, to think, for one moment, that there is in this world, another that I could love as I love you: listen to me—listen but for one moment, and pardon,—oh! pardon, beloved of my heart, a deception, that affection for you has alone prevented my—" "Deception!" she cried, interrupting me, "what deception, in the name of Heaven?"

"Constance!" I cried, throwing myself at her feet, "Constance, forgive me—"I am not what I seem—"I am not Antoinette—dearest, I am—"

"What! not Antoinette? impossible—you deceive me—who—who are you, then?"

"Auguste."

"You, Auguste!" and uttering a shriek, she fled from me; and before I was aware of her intention, she had already reached the house.

After remaining some time in the arbour, I returned slowly to the house, ill at ease, and angry with myself, for the abrupt manner in which I had betrayed my secret. For several weeks my life at the farm was totally changed. Constance avoided every opportunity of being alone with me. Our daily walks were given up; and under one pretext or another, she remained continually in the chamber with her grandmother. To persons unacquainted with what had passed between
us, the behaviour of Constance might not have appeared different to what it had always been. But to me, who knew all, alas! how great was the change! She seemed to regard me with an eye of suspicion, as if she expected to find an enemy, where she had hitherto found a friend. The innocent familiarity of her manners gave way to a sort of constrained coldness: her gaiety was gone; she was not only become grave, but melancholy. Of all the places in which I sought to indulge my grief, my favourite seat was the “arbour” above-mentioned, and there I would sit, for hours together, brooding over my misfortunes. Constance observed my predilection for this spot, and from that moment abandoned it altogether herself, so great seemed her dread of meeting me. Sometimes, when I saw her approach, I observed her turn suddenly into another walk the moment she perceived me, and, if I spoke to her, she passed on without noticing my words. Things continued in this state for more than two months; when one morning, that I was lying on the mossy seat, buried in sad and deep reflection, I felt the light pressure of a hand, that I knew could belong to no one but Constance, on my shoulder.

“Antoinette! said she, for she had never called me otherwise; “Antoinette, I am come to tell you we must part.” Her voice trembled as she continued. “My father has found means to restore you to your family, if you have one, or to send you to any part of France: here is a letter I have just received from him; he expects you in three days at Le Mans. My father knows not,” she added, after a pause, “that you are other than Antoinette.”

“But you! you!” I cried, starting up, am I then still Antoinette for you? Constance, we cannot, must not, part thus—for you, at least, I must, I will be Auguste:—tell me that you love me—that I am not indiff erent to you, at least, and I will still, endeavour to preserve my life, if it is dear to you—otherwise,” cried I, tearing off the cap that I had so long worn, and flinging it from me—“otherwise, away with this cowardly disguise—I have nothing now to live for—come death—come when and under what form thou wilt—to me thou art welcome!”

“Auguste! my own Auguste!” burst from her lips.

“You love me then, Constance?”

She hid her face in her hands. At that moment, I perceived the old man coming towards us who had been my guide to Sancy.

“I am come, Mademoiselle Antoinette,” he said, “to tell you, that M. Saint Aubin expects you early tomorrow, instead of the day after. He has found a safe conveyance for you as far as Strasbourg, where you may remain until you can join your family.”

We proceeded directly to the house to prepare for my departure. I was prevented further conversation with Constance that night, as she complained of being ill and feverish, and retired at an early hour. She promised me, however, that she would accompany me next morning as far as the Mountain Cross. Accordingly, we set out early, and soon found ourselves at the old cross, where we were to part, for Constance felt herself too ill to proceed farther; and as the morning was cold and chill, I dared not detain her, lest it should increase her indisposition. We knelt down at the foot of the cross, and there we plighted our vows to each other—vows that death alone was to dissolve. I promised Constance to acquaint her father with every thing, to obtain his consent, and to return to claim her as my bride as soon as peace should be restored to our unhappy country. We perceived the servant who was to accompany me to Le Mans on the pathway below us: the moment, the cruel moment of separation was come. Constance trembled—nay, she wept. I caught her to my heart—her head sank upon my shoulder—I imprinted one fond kiss upon her pale lips, and—I know not how—but I tore myself away.

We proceeded at a quick pace—I dared not “cast one lingering look behind.” In the course of a few hours we reached the house of my protector without accident. I knocked at the door, it was opened by an old servant, who knew me well; having seen me frequently at Sancy. On looking in the old man’s face, I was shocked at the air of sadness visible in it. His eyes were red with weeping, and the traces of recent tears were legible on his furrowed cheeks. I inquired for M. Saint Aubin; but the faithful old man, bursting into a fresh flood of tears, informed me that his master had been arrested.

“Arrested! M. Saint Aubin arrested!”
I cried, "and when—for what was he arrested?"

"He was arrested two hours ago," said Pierre.

"And for what?—What crime can they possibly charge him with?"

"Who can tell?" answered Pierre. "How many are daily torn from their families, thrown into prison, and dragged from thence to the scaffold—and for what?—but I know it must come to this at last, my master was too good, too benevolent, for the wretches; nothing will satisfy them but his life."

"He, at least," cried I vehemently, "shall not be dragged to the scaffold! I will save him, or die in the attempt."

"Poor silly child!" exclaimed the old man, "tis little you can do for him."

"Would they admit me to his prison, think you?" I inquired.

The old man shook his head, "Not today, at least," said he; "to-morrow we shall see what can be done."

The next day Pierre applied at the prison. M. Saint Aubin was detained au secret, no one was permitted to see him.

Eight days rolled on in this state of inconceivable anxiety: each day Pierre applied at the prison, but was denied admittance. Could I but have seen my friend, I imagined that by some "coup de main" I might succeed in saving him; or could I have found a sufficient number of royalists in Le Mans, I thought a rescue at the last moment might be attempted with success. I mentioned this to Pierre, but he told me that there were no royalists in the town, except those in the different prisons. At length the eighth day came. Pierre returned later than usual.

"I have seen him," said he, "I have seen him, and here is a letter for you; I am to see him to morrow again, and best of all, he is not in danger."

I took the letter, and hastily glancing my eye over its contents, I exclaimed, "Thank God, thank God! He is really not in danger!" the letter was short, and merely contained the following words:

"My dear child,

"When I wrote to Constance, desiring your return to Le Mans, I had hopes of being able to restore you to your family,—You see how my fate has changed since I wrote that letter! I thank you, my dear child, for the interest you have taken in my affairs; do not make yourself unhappy on my account, my imprisonment cannot last many days—make no delay at Le Mans, but return as quickly as possible to Saney—you will be safer there than in the town, and promise me—never to quit Constance. Alas! I am told she is ill—and worse, I very much fear, than Pierre allows me to suppose; return then to her, dearest Automette, and conceal my imprisonment from her, and from my mother: destroy this note; not for my sake—but it might compromise you. My captivity is about to cease. Heaven bless and preserve you, my poor child.

SAINT AUBIN."

I questioned Pierre as to the state of Constance: he admitted she was ill, but not dangerously.

"I am in hopes," said he, "that my master will be out of prison by to-morrow evening."

"In that case," said I, "I shall remain here, for a report of his imprisonment may have reached Saney, and I shall then, at least, be able to say that I have seen him."

I resolved then to wait until the following day. Accordingly, next morning Pierre went at an early hour to the prison: he returned almost immediately, breathless with the haste he had made, his countenance radiant with joy.

"Oh! Mademoiselle!" said he, "I have such good news! Master is no longer in prison!"

"No longer in prison!" I exclaimed, "where is he then? can you tell?"

"Why, no!" said he, with an embarrased air, "I do not precisely know where he is.—When I asked to be admitted, the jailor stared at me, and said, 'he is not here!' I asked if he was removed to any other prison—he said 'No!' and shut the door in my face. So it is quite certain that he has escaped."

"Not so certain, I fear, Pierre," said I.

"But it is certain a number of prisoners escaped last night."

"Ah! then he certainly might have escaped,—still, I know not why,—but my heart misgives me,—I feel as if some dreadful misfortune was about to burst over us."

"Nervousness, nothing else, always the way with you women," muttered Pierre, half- vexed, between his teeth.

"I'll tell you what, Pierre! I'll go to the prison myself, and by asking to be
admitted as his daughter, I may be able

to learn something.'

I instantly put my plan into execution: on demanding admittance, I was told by
a rude, surly keeper, that he was no longer
there.

"And he has not been put into any
other prison?" I asked eagerly.

"No," was all the answer I received.

"Is he free then?" I ventured to ask.

"Aye, free enough with a vengeance!"
growled my surly informant.

"Was he among those that were said
to have escaped last night?"

"I have no time to stand here answer-
ing your questions," said he in a dogged
tone: "begone!"

"One question more!—answer me but
one more. For mercy's sake tell me, if
you can, where is he gone?"

"Home!" said he, losing all patience.

"Home!" I reiterated. A load seemed
removed at once from my heart.

"Yes!" replied the fellow, "to his last
home—to heaven, or to ——. Go there
and ask for him." He closed the door
violently.

I almost sank beneath the blow.

"Merciful God!" I exclaimed, "my
worst fears are then confirmed!"

I returned to the house broken in
heart and spirit. The door was opened
by Pierre, who, in an agony of tears, told
me he had been making inquiries of a
relation of his who was in the office of one
of the chiefs of the interior, and who told
him that M. St. Aubin had been arrested,
and brought to the scaffold, for having
saved a young Vendean girl, whose fa-
mily were supposed to have been
royalists.

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, sinking
on my knees, "do I hear aright? St.
Aubin, my benefactor, my preserver, dead
—and for having saved me!"

Pierre approached; he told me there
was not a moment to be lost, that I must
instantly quit the town. "At the farm
you may pass for a second daughter of
St. Aubin," said he; "besides, my poor
master set his heart on your returning to
Mademoiselle Constance: you cannot re-
fuse his last request."

"Be it so, then," said I; promising
myself to embrace Constance once more,
and then throw off my disguise, and re-
venging the death of the innocent man who
had died to save me.

I had already reached the old Cross,
where I had seen Constance for the last
time. I sat down to compose my thoughts,
and to consider how I should reply to the
inquiries that I knew would be made
after my benefactor. Suddenly my re-
verie was interrupted by the clear sounds
of a female voice, singing, or rather
chanting, part of the service for the dead.
I started up in amazement, and, looking
over the precipice, I observed a female
climbing from rock to rock. She was in
deep mourning, and had one of the red
handkerchiefs worn by our officers on her
as a scarf. Her long fair hair was stream-
ing in the wind; her arms, as well as her
feet, were bare. Her face was turned
from me, for she was looking down at a
man who stood below watching her most
intently. Another look was sufficient to
tell me it was Adèle. I recognised the
man as one of the servants belonging to
the castle. As soon as he saw me he
shook his head mournfully, and, pointing
to his forehead, gave me to understand
she was mad. I ran towards her by one
of the winding pathways that intersect
the mountain. She stared at me in
astonishment, and, placing her hand upon
her brow, as if trying to recollect herself,
she burst into a wild fit of laughter.

"Do you know," said she, after a
pause, "that the monsters could not be
satisfied without his blood? " But I am
going to meet him." Here she began
chanting again. "I am going to meet
him: but you know not what they have
done; they have killed him—killed him!
Not so," said she, moving her arm as if
in the act of firing off a musket; "but
so," laying her head upon the rock,
and raising her arm and then letting
it drop upon her neck, "so—so. The
guillotine—ha! the guillotine!" She
shuddered with horror. "But I am
going," she resumed—"I am going to
ask them for his head." Another wild
fit of laughter succeeded these words.

"They want to keep his head them-
selves. Hark! Do you not hear?—'tis
his voice!—'tis De Villars calling me!
When they killed him, they knew I loved
him; but they will give me his head.
I am going to ask them. I know they
will." She turned from me, and again
resuming her melancholy chant, was soon
out of sight.

My God! my God! was it possible
that I still lived—lived to see all those I
loved fall, one by one? My father, my
mother, my friends, my benefactor, my companions in arms!—Adèle mad!—Constance—Oh! God, I trembled to think how I should find her. I pursued my way, and arriving at the farm, I found the doors open. I entered—the servants were not in the way. I proceeded instantly to the chamber occupied by Constance.

The room was darkened; a crowd of persons, consisting of the members of the household, neighbours, and physicians, stood round the bed; and in that bed, supported by pillows, her face, that face I had so loved to look upon, now dreadfully disfigured by disease, lay my beloved, my adored Constance. They made room for me. A young girl who stood near her stooped down and whispered something in her ear. She started, and, raising herself with difficulty.—"Antoinette returned!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together. "Where! where is she?"

I stood at the opposite side of the bed, and leaned over, so that she might see me. "Here I am, dearest Constance," I said. "Here, look at me; do you not see me?"—"See you!" she exclaimed, in a voice that thrilled through me with horror; "see you! Oh, God! you know not I am blind!"

I cannot dwell on the horror of this scene. It was true, perfectly true, Constance had lost her sight, completely and for ever, by that dreadful malady, the small-pox. Her life was also in the most imminent danger; indeed, it was the opinion of the medical men that attended her that nothing less than a miracle could save her. I watched beside her pillow the livelong night. At every moment some new and fatal symptom appeared. In the morning she asked for her confessor, that he might administer to her the last rites of her church. During this solemn ceremony all the household had assembled in the room outside hers. We were still on our knees, when the door opened, and the venerable priest appeared. He pronounced the name of Antoinette. I arose. He took my hand, and pressing it warmly between his, he gave me his benediction. I felt, at the moment, that the blessing of the holy man, and the pressure of his hand, was a signal that we should shortly meet in another world; and this thought supported my sinking heart, and enabled me to go through my remaining trials with more courage.

I entered the sick-chamber—alas! now the chamber of death—on tiptoe. I approached the bed that contained all I loved on earth. Constance called me. Throwing myself on my knees at the side of the bed, I took her hand and pressed it to my lips.

"You know," said she, "what a good man he is. I told him we loved each other, for I was afraid that it was a sin. But he says it is not; he says that—but where are you, Auguste? You are gone!"

"No, no, my beloved; here I am: your hand is in mine; do you not feel it?"

"No," she said; "I feel nothing, I am so cold. What a noise is in my ears! Hold me—hold me!"

I raised her up and held her in my arms.

"Hold me—tightly. I am falling—my father—I am—Oh, God! to leave you thus! I—! Auguste!"

Her head fell back upon my shoulder. She was dead! Her pure and lovely spirit had taken its flight to that world where all is bright, and beautiful, and happy.

When next I became sensible, I found myself in another room, undressed, and in my bed. I started up, the past seemed like a dream to me—however, by degrees, the cruel certainty of all I had suffered, of all I had lost, impressed itself more and more distinctly on my mind. I arose, and hastily dressing myself, I proposed to take one more look at her I had loved so well. The door was half open, but the room was filled with persons, assembled to take a last farewell of the lovely flower thus early blighted. I could not bear in my distress to encounter any one—I knelt down at the door, and uttered a fervent prayer for the repose of her I hoped soon to join, and hurrying from the house, I took the shortest road to the Mountain Cross. Evening had already closed in. I flung myself on the earth at the foot of the Cross, and fell into a deep slumber—they say the sleep of the prisoner, the night before his execution, is sound and unbroken, thus it was with me. When I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. All nature was smiling with renewed lustre. I looked towards the farm. An unusual bustle
Hope; or the Sceptic's Dream.

I held my little parcel on my arm, and opened it. I took out my Vendean uniform, and throwing off my disguise, I resumed my former habits. Then bidding an eternal farewell to the old Cross, at whose foot Constance and I had pleaded our faith to each other, I took the road to Le Mans.

At the gates, I encountered a company of republicans. I was seized, and dragged to the prison, where I am penning these lines. My miseries are nearly at an end—I was tried to-day—to-morrow, at this hour—Hark! the clock strikes!—’tis four—yes—to-morrow at this hour, my head will roll upon the scaffold!"

L. V. F.

[The foregoing pages were discovered a few years since, between the stones of an unplastered wall, in a chamber of one of those houses that served as prisons at Le Mans, during the horrors of 1792-93. The only difference between these pages and the original manuscript, which was in French, is, that the names which were left blank in the original have been filled up in the translation.]

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HOUGUEMONT CHAPEL, AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"One word, one little word, will tell
How Britons fought, how Britons nobly fell."

"One word, one little word will do—
’Twill mock Oblivion’s power—’tis Waterloo!"

Copied, 14th September, 1816.

HOPE; OR THE SCEPTIC’S DREAM.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF THE MOTHER’S PRAYER."

O stay, thou bright and shadowy form,
Which hast my transient slumber blest;
Come, as the halcyon in the storm,
And on the raging waters rest.

Still, still, thou fly’st me, and in vain
I woo thee now, and court thy smile;
Yet once it blest me, but again
Shall ne’er this aching heart beguile.

Yes, ’tis the same, that form of light,
Flashing but as a meteor’s ray,
Once shone the star of sorrow’s night,
And morning’s pledge of coming day.

’Tis past,—a blessing curst to me,
Revealing light, yet deep’ning gloom—
A glimpse of heaven—if such there be,
To aggravate an outcast’s doom.
THE OLD COUNTRY MAGISTRATE.

THE IDEA TAKEN FROM THE SONG OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

It was a hazy dismal morning when Matthew crossed the heath, followed by his wife with an infant in her arms. Their boy had, till now, walked by his mother's side; but fatigue, and the scanty supply of food he had received for the last two days, had so weakened his frame, he could proceed no farther, and he sunk exhausted on the ground. Matthew raised the lad in his arms, he pressed his lips upon his forehead, and the tear of agony fell upon his cheek. My poor perishing child! must I lose thee also? Is it ordained thou art to follow thy sister Anne? Well! God's will be done." The last words were uttered in a low subdued tone of mingled resignation and despair. His eyes were raised to heaven, and one knee bent upon the ground to support the head of his drooping boy. His wife hung over him in speechless agony. "Oh for a drop of water and a crust of bread to lengthen his life but a span!" exclaimed the wretched parent, as he beheld the boy become fainter and fainter. "Hark!" cried his wife, "I hear the distant sound of a carriage; help may be at hand." "No! (replied he) it will avail us nothing; the carriages of the great pass by without heeding the sufferings of the houseless wanderer; let us rather search for water to revive our poor boy." Thus saying, he spread his threadbare cloak upon the ground, and wrapping his almost senseless child in it, turned up the road to seek for a spring, accompanied by the mother, with her suckling infant.

Sir John Worthy was in the habit of taking an early ride round his estates, and it was the sound of his carriage which had aroused the wanderers. A turn of the road brought it close upon the spot where the boy was lying on the cloak. "Hallo!" cried Sir John, "stop, stop!—what is that lying yonder?" The servant descended from behind the carriage, and quickly brought intelligence that it was a boy apparently perishing from want. "Perishing from want!—the vagabond—how dare he come to perish from want so near my estate?—Thomas, take him up on your seat behind, I'll teach him what it is to come starving within my jurisdiction. Take him up, take him up—the young villain. Have you got him safe? Now, coachman, drive forward." Thus ordered, the man gave the horses the whip, and they were out of sight in a few minutes.

A countryman who had approached near enough to hear the last words of Sir John—take him up, take him up—had no doubt but that it was for some misdemeanour, still stood gaping after them, when the afflicted parents returned. —What was their dismay when they beheld the cloak only, and the boy gone; they cast their eyes hastily around, but he was no where to be seen; they feared they knew not what: the poor woman's feelings were so overcome that she could have fallen to the ground with her sleeping babe, had not the countryman caught her in his arms. "If it's boy ye're frightened for, he's taken up for a vagrant, I spose—for they've carried him off in magistrates' coach. I heard justice call him a villain, and order 'em to tak him up." Matthew's grief was now at its utmost stretch—he fancied his poor boy had been snatched from him and conveyed to a loathsome gaol in a state more deserving commiseration than punishment; he inquired what direction the carriage took. "It's gone home to be sure," said the man. "Home!" ejaculated Matthew; "do you then know to whom the carriage belongs?" "Ees, to be sure: I said afore, to our Justice, he be the magistrate, every body knows Sir John Worthy—amost all this estate belongs to him." "Worthy!" exclaimed Matthew! I wish his name agreed with his nature; it was not a very worthy action to steal away my poor boy. "Why, as to that matter (replied the other), Sir John has the name of a very humane gentleman, and is very much loved by all about here, specially by the poor, but he has a mortal detestation to all vagabond beggars, and won't allow none of 'em about his estate, because he says as how it encourages idleness: he blowed up poor Aunt Dorothy for begging a few halfpence that she might get summor for to keep her children from starving; he did give her a trifle, for certain—and a lucky hansel it was, as it happened, for next day, sure enough, she got into the almshouses." Matthew's heart sunk within him when he heard Sir John was such an enemy to beggars, which he na-
turally supposed included all persons whose misfortunes had brought them to a state of want; however, he determined to follow to the mansion-house, and endeavour to gain the liberation of his son: but he knew not how to accomplish this; the distance was full two miles—his wife was too exhausted to accompany him, and to leave her behind, was impossible: the peasant soon relieved him from this difficulty by good-naturedly offering to shelter her in his father’s cottage, which was not far distant, and having assisted to convey her thither, and leaving her in the care of the kind-hearted old dame, who promised to do all she could to comfort her, he offered to show Matthew the nearest cut across the fields to the mansion, which offer was gladly accepted—and having first prevailed upon him to take what humble refreshment the place afforded, they trudged away together.

When they arrived at the gate of the splendid mansion, Matthew’s heart misgave him: he had met with many a repulse at the homes of the great, and he feared the door would be closed upon him here without his application being attended to. He paused a moment; but the recollection that his son might be dying in a prison, roused him to a sense of his situation, and the instant he had knocked for admittance, the door was opened by an elderly porter. “Can I see the magistrate?” he asked. “Why, as to that matter, perhaps you can, or perhaps you cannot, that depends upon the nature of your business,” returned the porter; “but, hark ye, if ye come here to beg like a vagrant, you’d better be off as quick as you came, or you may stand a chance of visiting the county gaol; the justice allows no unworthy idlers about his doors.” “I do not come to beg, but to obtain advice how I may regain a child which has been stolen from me.” “Oh, oh, that alters the case; if it is justice business, that is to say regular justice business, Sir John always attends to it instantly.” So, desiring him to sit down, the porter left him, but returned in a few minutes; and Matthew was shortly ushered into the presence of the magistrate.

Sir John Worthy was a man of somewhat singular habits, and had rather an eccentric method, peculiar to himself, in his dispensations of justice. His appearance was that of a bluff, hearty, old gentleman of sixty, and although time had thinned his silvery locks, there was still a sparkling fire in his eyes, and a hearty glow in his countenance, which bespoke him to be the true hearty old country gentleman.

The magistrate darted an inquiring look at Matthew, and said—

“Well, what’s your business?”

Matthew related what had passed on the heath, and concluded by assuring the magistrate that all he sought was the liberation of his son, whose only crime was his poverty. “Are you aware, sirrah, that I never allow poor people on my grounds four-and-twenty hours together? and if they get committed for being so, it is their own fault; and by your looks, if you had been taken up and committed to the same place with your son, it would have been all the better.”

Matthew’s spirit was not so completely broken as to be rendered incapable of resenting what he conceived a degrading insult. “Sir,” he exclaimed, “it is true I am poor, and in want, but I have seen better days, yes, I have been a respectable tradesman, but unlooked for (and I may add, undeserved) misfortunes have brought me to this miserable situation.”

“Aye, that may be, but I must have a more convincing proof that such is the case: therefore tell me the particulars of your history, that I may judge from that how far you are to be believed; but mind, I hate long stories—so make short work of it, for I have not yet breakfasted, and the toast and muffins will be getting cold while I am listening to you and your tales of distress.”

Matthew informed Sir John that he was formerly employed as a journeyman cabinet-maker, and by dint of industry and good fortune, was at length enabled to set up in business for himself; it increased rapidly, and for several years he had the best of success: his eldest daughter had now grown up to womanhood, and was not without her admirers. At this period matters of business called him from home for some months, but on his return he observed a great change in his daughter’s conduct: she, whose cheerful and affectionate disposition had attached her to all around, and had been the delight of her parents, was now become irritable and melancholy, courting solitude, and frequently indulging in tears. Both himself and his wife were at a loss to define the reason; in vain he endeav-
voured to draw from her the cause of her despondence; she pined away, and was soon after laid on a bed of sickness. One morning entering her chamber earlier than usual, he perceived his Anne had dropped asleep with an open letter in her hand; trusting it might unfold the cause of her secret grief, he eagerly perused it—the dreadful secret was at length revealed; the infatuated girl had been betrayed by a nobleman’s son under a promise of marriage. Maddened with rage, he seized his hat and a tough ash stick, and rushed out of the house in search of the author of her dishonour; he hastened towards the mansion of her titled destroyer; a carriage stood at the door, which opened just as he came within a few paces of it; he paused a moment, grasped his stick still more firmly, and stood in an agony of suspense (like the tiger ready to pounce upon his prey), lest the object of his vengeance should not come forth; but he was not to be disappointed; the villain, in all the heartless gaiety of fashion, issued from the house—accompanied by his father. Matthew darted upon him, seized him by the collar, and exclaiming, “You are he I have been in search of—villain—betrayed of my darling child,”—felled him to the earth, and laid his ash stick about him with such effect that he left him senseless before any one could attempt his rescue, so sudden was the attack. What was the consequence? An humble tradesman had dared insult a nobleman; he was prosecuted, justice was blind, dust had been thrown in her eyes: the case was decided against Matthew; he was fined and imprisoned. His long absence from his shop soon occasioned a rapid falling off in business, and on his release, at the end of his term of imprisonment, he found bailiffs in possession of his house and property, his wife and two children begging in the streets, and his darling Anne laid in the cold grave. This, Sir, is the beginning of my misfortune (said Matthew). “Hold your tongue, fellow, I’ll hear no more of it,” (exclaimed Sir John,) “beginning, indeed. I think it is an end as well as a beginning. First of all, you ruin an honest tradesman, then you turn his wife and children into the street, and then you lay his daughter in her grave; that’s going far enough, I’m sure. The rascal has brought tears into my eyes. And—and—what has become of your wife, eh?”

Matthew referred him to Hodge, the peasant, who stated that she was at his mother’s cottage. “Humph!” said Sir John; “what business has she there? Why did you not bring her here?”—

“Because she could not walk, an please your worship,” replied Hodge.—“Not walk!” exclaimed Sir John; “I’ll be bound I’ll soon make her walk. Here, you, Jonathan, take this fellow out of my sight, and don’t let me see him again till he can tell me a better story than what he has already related about distress, and imprisonment, and poverty, and all that; and let him learn that misery is not to be tolerated on my estate. And you, Philip, hasten to the cottage described by this peasant, and bring away the poor woman, as she calls herself, and let her share the same fate as her husband and her son.” So saying, the old gentleman rose from his seat, and went into the adjoining room to breakfast, but with what appetite the reader must form his own conclusions.

Sir John’s servants and dependants were in the habit of paying the most implicit obedience to his orders, and therefore the messenger was not long before he had executed his commands respecting the poor woman. Matthew was conveyed to another apartment, according to Sir John’s directions. The exertion of the morning, added to his having travelled all night, had an evident effect on his strength and spirits; his lips felt parched, and on entering the chamber he solicited a little water, for he felt faint. “Ah, poor fellow!” exclaimed the servant, “I dare say you do; but you stand in need of something better than that. It would be a sorry case to feed a starving man on cold water. Sit you down there, and I’ll see what can be done.” The servant left the room. Matthew sunk into a chair. The servant presently returned, and placed a good breakfast before him. “There,” said he, “eat, and eat heartily; and as you must feel fatigued, there is a bed in that closet; therefore, you may lay down and take a comfortable nap, for it will be some hours before Sir John will have you brought up again, and then he will decide your case.” Matthew replied he would lie down on the bed as he desired. “And be sure to pull off your clothes first,” said the servant, “because otherwise you might soil the counterpane and bed-furniture, which, you see, is all neat
and clean.” Matthew promised to attend to his directions, and the servant left him to himself.

Philip had hastened to the old woman’s cottage, and had removed Matthew’s wife to the place appointed by the magistrate, and had executed his orders to the very letter. Matthew’s fatigue was so excessive, that he slept soundly for four or five hours, nor did he awake until aroused by the servant, who informed him that Sir John would be ready to proceed with his examination in half an hour. Matthew arose, but could not find any of his clothes; and on inquiring for them, the servant told him that he should not like him to go before Sir John in those tattered garments, and therefore he must dress himself in those which he saw before him. Matthew attempted to argue against it, but the servant said remonstrance was useless. Matthew therefore put on the suit which lay before him. He had scarcely equipped himself when he heard the cries of a person outside the house calling for help: he threw up the window, and observed a horse galloping furiously along; his youthful rider had been thrown, and his foot being entangled in the stirrup, he was dragged along by the terrified animal. Matthew leapt from the window, and instantly closed the gate, which stopped the progress of the horse, while he seized the bridle and rescued the youth from his dangerous situation. At this moment two of the grooms arrived, who conveyed the youth into the mansion, fortunately with no other injury than a few bruises and a plentiful supply of road-dust.

Matthew was shortly after ushered into the presence of the magistrate.

“Oh ho!” exclaimed Sir John, “is this the poor half-famished fellow that was brought before me this morning? Marry, but there’s a wonderful change in his appearance. And where are his wife and his son? Let them be brought forward, as they shall all bear their share in this man’s sentence.” The wife of Matthew was brought in, and likewise his son, who appeared closely followed by the very youth whom Matthew had that very morning rescued from peril. Nothing could exceed the surprise with which the poor people gazed on each other. Matthew’s wife had been divested of her tattered garments, and now ap-
being able to distinguish cases of real misfortune from those of imposition: and I think the crime of poverty is sooner cured by sending the offenders to follow the plough, or pick hops in my plantations, than sending them to the treadmill, or to pick oakum in a gaol. Circumstances combined to induce me to believe you to be an object deserving my assistance, and conceiving you would work for your subsistence, I had made up my mind to give you employment on my farm, and a cottage to live in. The circumstance, however, which occurred this morning, and your conduct in rescuing my son from his perilous situation, induced me to alter my intentions, and I therefore resolved to give you the cottage to live in, and an allowance of twenty pounds per annum, as long as you conducted yourself with propriety. But your honesty in restoring the lost pocket-book and the bank note, has spoken such volumes in your favour, that I have now appointed you one of my collecting clerks, with an allowance of thirty pounds per annum to your wife, in addition. Now, this is my sentence, and I think it is such as will meet the justice of the case.”

“Noble benefactor,” exclaimed Matthew, “from what an abyss of misery has your benevolence raised me: lift up your hands, my boy, and pray for eternal happiness to the humane judge who has saved us from despair. Yes, noble sir, I will indeed be faithful to the trust reposed in me: every act of my life shall display the most scrupulous attention to your interests. My children shall be taught to repeat your name with gratitude, as their deliverer; and when the cold hand of death shall close these eyes, my last convulsive sigh shall crave a blessing on the Good old Country Magistrate.”

J. H.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Oh! call not Nature mute! her beauties speak;
They breathe forth adoration pure and meek.
Say, in you clear expanse of ether blue,
So soft, and yet so glowing in its hue;
In the low whispers of this perfumed air,
That scarcely moves the jasmine’s blossom fair;
In all these beauties can we trace no sound?
Can no still higher charm of voice be found?
In the dark wood, each tall and stately tree
Waves forth its praises, sweet as they are free;
Yon limpid streamlet that in brightness flows,
So glassy! ’tis a mirror for the rose,
Infusing coolness through the summer heat,
Its ripple is the voice of worship meet.
When first the sun makes all the orient bright,
And gladdens all things with his glorious light;
Inspired by his invigorating ray,
The feather’d choir from ev’ry glist’ning spray
Pour forth a hymn of gratitude and love,
Of adoration to their Lord above!
The early lark, in all her rapturous lays,
Warbles to Nature’s mighty Author, praise.
The flowers waft incense from “their cups of gold,”
When to the morning’s breath they first unfold.
Nature to God gives praise in joyful song,
We hear it all her lovely haunts among;
It breathes in ev’ry scented flower that blows,
It murmurs in the stream that sparkling flows;
We listen to its grateful melody,
In the lark’s matin song of ecstasy!
All nature joins to swell the song of praise;
And shall not we unite in grateful lays?
FATAL CREDULITY.

"Owre tru tale."

RELATED BY MRS. HOFLAND.

A gentleman, (I shall call Seyton, because I cannot recollect his real name,) was some fifty years since a person of consequence and respectability in the island of Jamaica, for his wealth was very great, and his probity not less, but he was unfortunate in losing five out of seven children at an early age, yet not exactly in infancy, so that the two who remained were objects of extraordinary anxiety, and the parents could not prevail on themselves to send them to England for the purpose of education.

The elder of these survivors was a daughter, the only one they had been ever blessed with, and to her mind the care of a judicious mother had given considerable instruction; but Charles, who was three years younger, and remarkably intelligent, sighed for knowledge he seemed little likely to obtain, when from the arrival of a clergyman at the island, who brought letters of introduction to several of the highest residents, every trouble of this kind seemed obviated. It was understood that the newly-arrived Dr. Walker was desirous of obtaining employment, either in the Church, or consistent with his duties; that he was a man of extraordinary attainments, and possessed of preferment in his own country, but in consequence of misfortunes, which had affected both his health and his purse, induced to seek, at least, for relief to his spirits, by a change of scene.

Mr. Seyton lost not a day in bringing this gentleman to his house, offering him the tutorship of his young son on the most liberal terms, and establishing him in his family on the footing of a dear and honoured friend. To the evidently debilitated state of their guest, every kind and skilful restorative was applied, and in the general hospitality of the house, a succession of visitors and visits, together with frequent excursions to the finest parts of that beautiful island, his mind appeared to regain its powers. He was a remarkably handsome man of about thirty-seven, extremely elegant in his manners, fluent in conversation, and well-informed on every topic which could be started of a general kind; and he possessed in an extraordinary degree that personal knowledge of persons about court, and connected with the government, which has a peculiar charm for those who reside at a great distance from it: altogether, he was held as an oracle in the island, and an especial jewel in the family where he resided.

Their love and courtesy met with the return it merited, but to his own young charge the doctor more particularly attached himself; and though a man evidently fond of society, and the luxuries of life, the hours he devoted to study with this boy, were evidently happy ones, the precocity of the pupil rewarding his labour and awakening his pride. These hours were also shared with great advantage by Eugenia, the daughter, who, though only fifteen, was considered the beauty of Kingston, and one whose sensibility and talents were not less remarkable than her person.

When poor Charles had enjoyed the benefit of his tutor’s care about ten months, he became suddenly weak and ill, and his alarmed mother protested against lessons of all kinds, under the idea that they were injurious. In this notion the affectionate tutor not only concurred, but with much attention and apparent skill devoted himself to nursing the sick boy, under the direction of his medical attendants. Alas! all care was in vain: in a few weeks he sunk into the grave, as his brothers had done before him.

To describe the sorrow of the bereaved parents, and the affectionate sister, is impossible, nor did that of their friend
appear less than their own,—he was now more valuable to them than ever, and they earnestly intreated him to remain. In order to make such an abode the more acceptable to his delicacy, they expressed a hope that he would still attend to the studies of Eugenia, whose mind might be drawn from the contemplation of her loss, by engaging in pursuits of that nature. How anxious both parents were to preserve their last earthly treasure, will be readily conceived by all, and in a short time they became persuaded that they had pursued the best possible plan, for the rose returned to the cheek of Eugenia, her mind was capable of pursuing the light tasks assigned her, and seeing she had been always healthy, and was now some years older than any of the sons had been at the time of their decease, every thing was hoped for, so far as she was concerned, and in her beauty, cultivation, and sweetness of disposition, the fond parents found the consolation they needed so much.

Time passed—the hospitable habits of the mansion were resumed—but Eugenia seemed absent, and averse from society: she became pale, abstracted, subject to fits of sorrow, and distressed when her complaints were inquired into. For the first time in her life, her heart seemed closed to her mother, yet clinging to her for support. In deep solicitude, the mother disclosed every observation to her husband, and they alike watched the symptoms of a mind embarrassed with its own emotions, but incapable of deceit. It became, at length, too evident that Eugenia's affections (however strange it might be) were given entirely to her reverend instructor.

Mr. Seyton was a man who knew little of books, but a good deal of human nature. He saw clearly that the superiority of Dr. Walker to any other man his daughter was ever likely to meet with, would preserve to him the love so ingenuously given. With a generosity seldom paralleled in rich fathers, he determined freely to apply that wealth, to which his daughter was sole heiress, in rendering her happy with the man of her choice, provided her love was as warmly returned as it was freely given.

That such was the case, both parents became soon aware; but they perceived, also, that the doctor combated with his own passion, though he could not possibly mistake the sentiments of one so heartless as Eugenia, and who, from having in the first place approached him as a kind of second father, was wont to repose upon him for a solution of all difficulties of thought or feeling. They could not fail to pity and esteem him for the struggle he must endure; and when, at length, it became evidently too much for him, and he announced an intention of returning to Europe, pity and admiration overcame every other consideration, and Mr. Seyton determined to lose no time in bestowing the happiness so highly merited.

This became the more necessary, from the violent grief his resolution had given to Eugenia, who was now become utterly unable to control her feelings, and, after witnessing this agony in one naturally retiring, and modest almost to timidity, the alarmed father entered the library which was sacred to the doctor, and, in considerable trepidation, enquired "whether he had ever spoken to his daughter on a subject which he had great reason to believe interesting to them both?" The clergyman protested "that he had never approached it, directly or indirectly: he was the most unfortunate of men, but incapable of ingratitude or dishonour."

Mr. Seyton declared "that, in his opinion, neither was violated by loving his Eugenia, under the peculiar circumstances which had rendered him her consoler and instructor, and her fortune could not be better bestowed than upon a meritorious man, to whom it might compensate for previous misfortune."

In an agony of sorrow, and with an air of candour natural to him, the unhappy lover confessed that he was already married—that he had the affliction of being the husband of a beautiful but profligate woman, whose extravagance had first ruined him, and then placed the seal upon his misery by becoming the mistress of his former friend. That, being too poor to sue for a divorce, and unable to breathe the same air with wretches so abandoned and cruel, he had hastily abandoned his living, which was sequestered for the payment of his debts, and by the advice of friends who pitied him, thrown himself on the mercy of himself and countrymen.

"The love I contracted for your dear boy," continued the doctor, "the generosity with which you have treated me, and more than all, the passion I unwit-
tingly imbibed and inspired, have cured me of every lingering vestige of sorrow for the woman who has wronged me; and my only desire, for a considerable time, has been, that of amassing money sufficient for my purpose; but you are aware that, of late, circumstances have so awakened my feelings, that I must either speak or die—I am flying from myself, and, as I believed, from the reproach of a family I adore, and for whom I could sacrifice my life—I must not trust myself to speak of Eugenia."

Every word he uttered awoke compassion for his sorrows, and admiration of his conduct; and in a short time the generous planter to his own great relief saw the power of consolation to all parties. If money could release him from a bond which religion declared void, the divorce should be quickly effected. On inquiry it was found that a ship was on the point of sailing for London, direct, and no time was then lost in telling poor Eugenia the sad story of her lover's embarrassments, in loading his purse and person with all good things, conducting him on board the vessel, and leaving to a mother's consolations the surprised but grateful girl, who had never till now dared to hope for the sanction of her parents, or indeed to repose on the belief that her passion was returned.

For a time, gratitude to her father, and hope of seeing her lover, soon again kept up her spirits, but when assured that a considerable time might pass before he could return, his absence pressed upon her in a manner which soon became injurious to her health and alarming to her friends, who thought it very possible that continual uneasiness might induce a weakness which even the happiest circumstances hereafter might fail to remove. Mrs. Seyton had a brother who was captain of a merchant vessel, and who, being a bachelor, held Eugenia as his child, and on his arrival about this time, they informed him of all that had occurred, and solicited him to exert himself in cheering Eugenia, who had always been much attached to him.

It soon became the decided opinion of the good humoured sailor, that nothing could do the poor girl half so much good as a voyage to England, since she could then watch the proceedings of a suit so interesting to her, and beguile the time which must necessarily elapse, by seeing the wonders, and sharing the pleasures, of that metropolis, of which she had heard so much: and where they had many friends who would rejoice in showing her attention. It was evident to all, by the eager acquiescence of Eugenia in this scheme, that her sickness was indeed of the heart, and therefore Mrs. Seyton immediately prepared to accompany her for that purpose, leaving, for the first time, the tender husband whose society was necessary to her happiness, and who could not possibly accompany them.

The voyage was quick and pleasant, and so entirely beneficial to Eugenia that on arriving in London her bloom was fully restored, and hope sparkled in her eyes; and the good uncle could not forbear to wish she had a lover more suited to her years, than the one she was in fact come to seek, and whom it was not an easy matter to find.

Having secured lodgings in Hanover Street, for themselves and servants, he proceeded to wait on those persons who had introduced the doctor to Mr. Seyton and his countrymen, but they were not aware of his having returned, nor indeed seemed to know any thing concerning him whom they had yet so warmly recommended; but he at length procured an address to that living which he had formerly held in Lincolnshire, and where it was most probable he had gone on landing.

Whilst the Captain was engaged in this pursuit, the ladies were confined to the house, and amused themselves not unfrequently by looking through the windows, in consequence of which they had twice seen a lady in mourning enter the house which they inhabited, and depart after a short stay. She was rather taller than common, and so singularly elegant in person that they could not forbear wishing to see if her face was as beautiful as her figure, but not being likely to gratify their curiosity, they enquired if such were the case, of the mistress of the house, when they next happened to see her.

"As to that, ma'am, for my part, I think her face more handsome than even her shape; indeed she was considered quite a beauty all her life, and what's more, she's as good as she is handsome, but the worst of it is, she's as unfortunate as she's good and pretty."

"Is she already a widow?"
“No, ma’am, I wish she was a real widow, but she is what we call in England a widow bewitched, her husband having deserted her, and her poor child—but it has pleased God to take her little Charles, and that is a mercy, though a mother’s heart, you know, ma’am, will cling close to the one bit of comfort that’s left her.”

“Very true,” said Mrs. Seyton, as the tears sprang to her eyes, “and her boy was called Charles?”

“Yes, ma’am, Charles Walker, and a lovely creature he was—quite a great boy too, for you see his mother was married when only a child, younger, I take it, than this young lady. The doctor was a dozen years older than she—a worthless iron-hearted man he be.”

Every word in this sentence alarmed Mrs. Seyton, and she began eagerly to question her informer, whose answers proved but too clearly that the very woman whose utter disgrace they were seeking to effect, was the one apparently so injured by the man for whom esteem in one party, and love in the other, had been so strongly elicited. This alarm was not in any comparative degree excited in the daughter, for her reliance was undisturbed—the name of Walker was so common, many clergymen might bear it; he had never spoken of a son, which it was utterly unlikely he would have omitted to do at those times when his feelings had been so much moved by the loss of her brother. Even if he were the man in question, might not this beautiful but frail woman have brought upon him all the evil he lamented, and become amenable to the divorce hanging over her, yet deceive a person like the mistress of the lodgings, who mistook her character?”

Thus reasoned Eugenia: but her anxious mother, on further inquiry, found that since her child’s death, Mrs. Walker had resided as a companion with two ladies of the highest respectability, and before that time had become known to many from her talent in drawing, by which she had supported herself and child. Though no longer employed thus, Mrs. Seyton made her past occupations the medium of forming an acquaintance with her, and her own judgment being fully satisfied as to her great respectability and strict propriety, she did not hesitate to tell her in what a situation her dear child was placed with the very man who had so cruelly deserted herself.

“Many waters cannot quench love,” and the unhappy wife took refuge, as Eugenia had done before her, in vain hopes and surmises, until astonished and roused to bitter indignation by the calumnies he had uttered against her; and when she remembered the youth and innocence of his intended victim, the probability that her fortune was still more his object than her person, in consequence of his unbounded passion for dissipation, the agitation and tears so natural to her situation, were exchanged for the calmness of fortitude to assert her own rights, and save from wrong the lovely girl who had already deeply interested her.

So delighted was this artless creature with her, so certain did she feel that the man she loved would have been utterly unable to forsake her, that it was impossible to convince her that it was the same person. Like those who mourn for the dead, she expected a miracle would interpose in her favour, and release them all from the misery of suspicion, and the more Mrs. Walker in the kindest manner, by relating traits of her husband’s misconduct, prepared her mind to admit his worthlessness, the more firmly she insisted “that her own beloved friend was utterly incapable of such conduct as that she described.”

On hearing this dreadful news, it will be readily believed that the captain became more than ever anxious for answers to his letters, especially as he could not learn from unwarried inquiries that any law proceedings on the part of the doctor had taken place, which certainly ought to have been the case. He became also desirous to the greatest degree that the husband and wife should confront each other in his presence, a circumstance not less warmly insisted upon by Eugenia, who firmly hoped that two people would meet who had never seen each other before.

To this the wife most readily agreed, and was making arrangements for coming on the following morning in order to take up her abode, when a post-chaise with four foaming horses stopped at the door. A glance showed Mrs. Seyton that Walker alighted, and she hurried her brother and the trembling wife into the back drawing-room, dreading the consequences of that rage too likely to hurry the former into
some deed of rashness he might afterwards repent; but before she had time to effect her purpose, Walker, conscious of no presence but that of Eugenia, rushed towards her with extended arms, when a half-uttered exclamation caught his ear—he turned his head, and beheld his wife.

The effect was evident—the deceiver shuddered with horror, but not the horror of aversion, though he tried to rally and assume a threatening aspect, as poor Eugenia cried out convulsively "dear sir, is this your wife?"

"My wife!"—"she was my wife certainly and," "and."

"Is this," vociferated the captain in a voice of thunder, "the woman you are now preparing to divorce?—the adultress who ruined you? or, is it the woman you deserted, and left to starve, fully believing that her beauty, might, in her distress, lead to that end?"

Every change in the delinquent's countenance gave such evident proofs of guilt, that Eugenia was compelled to abandon every hope, and was nearly sinking in a swoon, when her senses were recalled by that voice which had so long been music to her ear, as the wicked man, glancing on the person of his wife, with a tongue faltering with emotion, said

"Maria, where is our dear boy."

"He is in the grave.—I too had been there, if heaven had not preserved me for the sake of this innocent girl."

"Lost! forsaken, murdered! my boy,—my darling."

Uttering these words in all the agony of sudden sorrow, he ran out of the room, flung himself into the carriage from which his packages were removing, and was (we believe) never seen again by any of the party. It appeared afterwards, that he sunk into the lowest debauchery, and literally drank himself to death, existing on the bounty of that fond father who had supplied him but too liberally.

This terrible scene acted as a deathblow to Eugenia, and neither the tenderest cares of her mother and Mrs. Walker, to whom she became little less attached, nor the amusements provided by her fond uncle, could relieve the weight upon her spirits, nor prevent it from affecting her constitution. Medical aid, and watering places were tried in vain, and she now became so anxious to return to her own home, and her father's arms, that they set out, not without hopes that the voyage would prove as advantageous as it had done before, but, alas! there was then hope in the cup, now filled with despair. Often would the poor girl say to her fond, anxious mother, "I could have borne his death, but I sink beneath the sense of his infancy;" and when told "that she had really had a happy escape," she would acknowledge the fact, but with so deep a sigh as to prove that her heart still lingered on his memory; and, when her mother observed "that the wretched man certainly loved his child," Eugenia would smile her thanks, as if she were grateful for any trait of goodness in one to whom her young heart had attributed every virtue under heaven.

The nearer they drew to Jamaica, the weaker she became, and the violence of her agitation on entering the haven was such that it appeared impossible for her to land,—nor did she. The father came off in a boat, the moment he was apprised of their arrival, with that trembling joy which belongs to parental solicitude. The shadowy form of his only daughter has tended to meet him—fell upon his bosom, and expired.

* * * * * * *

Some years afterwards, Mrs. Walker married Mr. Robson, (author of the Grammagraphica,) a gentleman in Somersetshire, with whom she was perfectly happy. I remember seeing her as a visitor at a relation's house, (who is still living, and from whom I received this account of the sorrows of her early life,) and thought her, even then in declining life, the most beautiful and graceful woman I had ever seen; and the kind attentions, the superior conversation, and gentlemanly manners of her husband, are no less impressed on my memory. Both are, I apprehend, gone to the "house appointed for all living," and therefore consider that I have neither betrayed a trust, nor awakened a painful recollection, in retracing the history of one who "loved not wisely, but too well," and thus became the victim, less, perhaps of a deceiving man, than of her own fond tenacity and FATAL CREDULITY.
THE FADED WREATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHER'S PRAYER."

Through wearied Mirth's deserted halls,
In sleepless hour pale Sadness stray'd—
Hush'd is each sound within those walls,
Yet in their garb of pomp array'd.
Dark, chill, and noiseless as the tomb—
Seeming it were death's banquet-room.

While wand'ring through the well-known scene;
(For Pleasure's guests in masks appear,
And oft with varying heart and mien,
Sadness had mingled with them here;)
Her eyes, which ever sought the ground,
Cast there, a faded chaplet found.

"Ill-fated flowers," she weeping said,
"A wither'd heart doth yearn o'er thee;
And in this joyless bosom laid,
Such as thou art, thy home shall be.
Less cold that rest, but one will share,
For blighted hope alone is there."
'Tis thus the blossom morning's light
Saw pleasure in her bowers display,
So faded ere the close of night,
And cast with heartless scorn away.
Decking, at morn, the brow of gladness,
At eve, the cheerless breast of sadness.

TITIAN AND GIORGIONE.

A Chapter from an unfinished Romance.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

The art of painting had been but little
cultivated in Venice, until towards the
close of the fifteenth century. The Bellini, a family of artists, in whom the profession seemed almost hereditary, made nearly the only exceptions. Indeed, throughout Italy, there were (prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century) unfrequent indications of that extraordinary merit which was to give a new and enduring lustre to the Ausonian name,—a lustre which broke dazzlingly, like a sun-burst through a storm, upon a country desolated by the horrors of domestic strife, and cursed with the presence of invading armies.

Some names there are, which, amid this waste of years, may not be forgotten. Although Cimabue, (the reviver of the art, in Florence, during the thirteenth century,)—his pupil, Giotto, who took Nature for his guide and his inspiration,—Veneziano,—his murderer Andrea del Castagno, and a few others, preserved and even improved the art, they afforded but the dawn of a glorious day:—its meri-
dian lightness was reserved for the opening of the sixteenth century, which beheld, at one and the same time, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, the Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian.

It was in the last decade of the fifteenth century, that George Barbarelli del Castello Franco, (known on account of his size, by the diminutive Giorgione,) and Tiziano Vecelli da Cadore became the pupils of Giovanni Bellini, then in the zenith of his fame, at Venice. Eclipsed as he has been, at once and for ever, by the superior genius of both his pupils, it is but fair to allow him that praise which is his right. Nearly a hundred years before, John Van Eyck — commonly known as John of Bruges—had revived (some say invented) the art of painting in oil. From him the secret passed to Antonela da Messina, and hence, in succession, to Dominico Veneziano, Andrea del Castagno, and Jacobo Bellini—the father of Gentile and Giovanni. By the last named it was communicated to
Titian and Giorgione.

Giorgione and Titian,—and thus was laid the foundation of the Venetian School of colouring. Besides this, Giovanni Bellini taught his pupils to look to nature for their noblest exemplars,—an instance, in addition to the thousands which are on record and in daily experience, of the ease with which excellent advice can be given to others, yet not acted on by the adviser!

Giorgione soon perceived the defects of his master’s style. He had seen the works of Leonardo da Vinci,—how could he avoid perceiving the contrast?—and from these, as well as the strong auxiliar of his own keen judgment, and a taste superior to the bias of custom, acquired such a thorough distaste for the dry and laboured manner of Bellini, that he soon quitted him. Da Vinci’s works had opened a knowledge of the powerful effects of light and shade, of which Bellini knew little; and Giorgione made constant experiments, like our own Reynolds, on the constructions of colours, until, at last, he produced those beautiful and brilliant results with which, in his works and those of Titian, the world is so familiar. These, added to bold and vigorous execution, active imagination, and refined taste, sanctioned his deviation from the cold routine which then prevailed among Venetian artists, and enabled him to strike out that wonderful union of extreme vigour with extreme loveliness, which placed him permanently and at once, as a successful follower of art. The novelty of his style and the brilliancy of its execution drew public attention to his merits, and before his twentieth year he had attained a celebrity high as it was merited.

His fellow-pupil, Titian, also became aware of the defects of Bellini, but was too young, too poor, and too modest to place himself, like Giorgione, in competition with him. Therefore he remained a student—acquiring facility in drawing, skill in execution, and those habits of accurate imitation which are visible in all his works. Finally, when Giovanni Bellini’s increasing age made him wish to decline pupils—Titian went to study with Giorgione (now in possession of great fame), and profited so much by his instructions, that an excuse was soon made to dismiss him. It was, in like manner, that Domenico Ghirlandaio, jealous of his rising fame, dismissed his pupil, Michael Angelo.—Genius, like the Sultans of the East, brooks no brother near the throne!

It was with a feeling, not much akin to hope, that Titian saw himself, at the age of eighteen, thrown on the world. Proud and penniless, he had no resource but in that art to which, hitherto, he had so closely devoted himself, that he knew little of the vortex of life into which, thus suddenly, he was cast. But there is a buoyant and sustaining elasticity in the spirit of youth, which,—Antæus-like—bounds from the earth with renewed vigour, when circumstance has felled it,—and is “up and doing” when age would lie down and perish. Happy is it, that, in its sanguine temperament, youth scarcely pauses to enquire into the probability of success: enough for it if it be possible. Age, made weary by experience, and distrustful by that failure which springs from the decay of its own vital energy, hesitates to act when youth is midway in the attempt!

Perhaps it was well that Titian was thrown thus early upon the unaided resources of his own mind. Nearly every great deed which has become “a world’s wonder,” was contemplated or achieved under similar circumstances. In art,—in wars,—in painting,—in poetry,—in philosophy, the most eminent success has arisen from efforts where the greatest difficulties were to be struggled with, without extrinsic aid,—and in this lies most of the merit. I doubt whether, after a painter has acquired the elements of this art, it may not be an advantage for him to be cast, early and unaided, into that world of action and thought where there was much to be observed,—so much breathing life and beauty to be studied,—so much of nature, both in her sublime and more common features, to grow familiar with,—so much for genius to seize as his own, and stamp immortal by a touch!

Meanwhile, Giorgione proceeded in a splendid and eminent career, courted and employed, while Titian laboured under the disadvantage of obscurity. The style of his works bore such a close resemblance to that of his rival, that he was disparaged as an imitator. He received some few commissions (in fresco) but their price did little more than keep him above actual want, and he had the double mortification of seeing himself almost unknown, while fortune shed her golden
rays on Giorgione, and proud distinction raised his name aloft. In genius, as in most things of mortal existence, the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong.

There are few days so gloomy that a chance sunbeam will not brighten—few fortunes so low that accident may not temporarily elevate. The Signor Antonio Barberigo (son of Augustino Barberigo, the late Doge) was one of the most wealthy nobles of Venice. Already well known as the friend and patron of Manuzio Aldus, the celebrated Venetian printer, it was also his good fortune and judgment to give encouragement to Titian. Few there are, bearing the name of patron, who enough consider what service can be rendered by acts and words of kindness. Slight though they may be, they fall on the susceptibilities and quick sensibilities of genius, refreshingly as a shower on the arid summer, and often bring to maturity those fruits which else might perish in the bud. The friendship of Signor Barberigo had more than once Titian from despondency and despair. Well has a modern writer said, "Those who befriend genius, when it is struggling for distinction, befriend the world, and their names should be held in remembrance."

With abundant wealth, Barberigo had an admirable refinement of mind and manner. His was, especially, that rare art in conferring a favour, to lighten the obligation by appearing as the person obliged. While he saw that Titian’s was no common genius—while he knew that worth often pines away without encouragement—that neglect can dull the most brilliant powers, even as the cankerling rust frets into the priceless Damascus blade,—he did not forget that genius,—the shrinking mimosa of the moral world,—is ever sensitive, and therefore he resolved to be Titian’s friend, without the seeming of being his patron. In doing this, he well suited the jealous feelings of his protegé, made more jealous by the cloud over his fortunes. He succeeded in removing Titian from the humble abode in the Spereria where he dwelt, to a superior residence on the Grand Canal, near that of Giorgione, thus placing them in more direct competition,—in fact, uniting the rivalry by which Titian’s powers might best be brought into action.

Nor did his kindness rest here. The artist’s first commission in his new abode was that portrait of his patron which yet remains in the Casa Barberigo, and bears such a resemblance to the style of Giorgione, that, being mistaken for one of his productions, it met with considerable applause. Other commissions were given to him, from time to time, by Barberigo, who thus accomplished the twofold advantage of keeping the artist’s mind employed, and improving his circumstances.

Next, through the same influence, Titian was appointed to paint the portrait of Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus. This lady, the daughter of a Venetian citizen, had abdicated her throne in favour of the republic of Venice—an abdication not altogether voluntary; and the pregadi [the senate] had resolved that, as a mark of high honour, the portrait should be placed in the grand hall of audience, in the ducal palace. Titian proceeded to Asola, in the Trevisan mountains, the romantic retreat of the unquenched queen, and there produced that portrait of Catarina, in her widow’s weeds, which is now in the Palazzo Maurin, at Venice. There, glowing with all the remarkable beauty of the woman, and the majestic grace of the sovereign, it drew much attention to the merits of the artist; and even yet, after the lapse of more than three hundred years,—in which its colouring appears to have gained an increase of lustre from time—it almost seems—like the fabled statue by Pygmalion—ready to start into life.

This portrait was admired, but the star of Giorgione was yet “lord of th’ ascendant.” Few visited the studio of Titian—yet fewer came to purchase.

Let it not be said that the self-consciousness of merit is “its own exceeding great reward.” It is pleasant, in success, to know that you have deserved your fortune, but,—to use the remarkable expression of Keats,—“There is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object.”—scarcely inferior is the agony which rages in a lofty mind, languishing for scope for action, and languishing in vain. The fettered soul dashes itself against the bars that prison it, destroying itself without removing them! To possess the consciousness of desert, without the opportunity of exertion, is as if when the eagle would loftily soar into the clear ether for a nearer gaze on the splendours
of the day-god, he suddenly found his wing robbed of its power. To have hoarded knowledge, and high intellect, and limitless imagination, without the means of rendering them available,—to have the fulcrum of thought, yet want the lever of action,—energies to rove, unfettered, through space and infinity, yet be cramped by the chain of circumstance,—hopes, to take a heavenward flight with the seraphim, yet clogged to clay with the creeping worm,—aspirings, whose noble aims perish in their birth,—when such things are, it is as if earth’s treasures lay buried at our feet, and saw, but could not reach, the talisman to throw them open for our use,—as if some lovely and life-like statue stood before us, and we knew but could not utter the spell whose might would compel it into being!

All this may seem fanciful, and perhaps is so—but truth often lurks beneath flowers. Many a high spirit has “perished in his pride.” Many a heart has brokenly lived on in the sorrowful sickness of baffled hope. Over many an aim which might have soared immortal, the dark veil of obscurity has been cast.

Yet genius pursues,—and who will blame the pursuit?—that fame which soars loftily, yet soars not high as his desires. And, after all, what is it?—its pursuits perilous as a race across the arch of Al Sirat,—its fruits like those of the dead sea, bloom to the eye, and are ashes to the lips. When all is won, how little has been won! Strip the veil from the past and the present,—let the hearts of the mighty be visible,—what would we read?—their soul-sickness, their distressing doubts, their dark despair! We should learn a far wiser moral than we can glean from their writings or their deeds.

When Columbus, buffeted by every wave of fortune, saw himself laughed at as a dreamer, or rejected as an impostor,—when the treacherous King of Portugal stealthily sent out a squadron to make those discoveries which his daring genius had declared possible,—when for his noble plans of discovery there seemed, year after year, lessening chances of accomplishment, when, at the Franciscan convent, near Palos, he begged “a morsel of bread and a drink of water” for the fainting child he carried in his arms,—did he not suffer agonies which all his after-success,—eminent as it was,—could never atone for? Throughout these weary years his heart was haunted with the fearful dread that he might die with his great designs unexecuted—unattempted. What if false tongues traduced him afterwards, and the benefactor, in chains, returned to that Spain to which, in the emphatic words of his epitaph, he had given a new world, was there not, even then, the proud consolation of having fulfilled even more than his wildest fancy had anticipated? Yet, when his triumph sat on the highest seat, what was his pleasure then, in atonement for a single hour of the wanderer’s misery when all courts rejected his proposals, and he begged his way into that Spain which his adventurous genius was to enrich?

When Johnson, in a garret, did not live to write, but wrote to live,—what pangs were his, through the long, long time of his obscurity, as day after day, year after year, passed by, and found him poor, and left him struggling? What was all of his after-success when the noblest and the wisest—nay, royalty itself, hailed him with pride, as the great moralist of that land whose language, by a stupendous effort, he had at once analysed and fixed? Could he forget the humiliation of sitting—not at Curll’s table, but too shabbily dressed to be seen, behind a screen, waiting for the elemosynary plate of victuals “from the rich man’s table”? What was present fame to the bitterness of such a death-in-life existence?

And Byron, in the spring of life, goaded by the pert taunts of a lowly peev,—the blossom of his youth all but blighted,—what, to the agony of a mind thus racked, was the glory that crowned his Childe Harold, and made him “famous in a night”? Is not the serpent’s sting more torturing in its pain than the embrace of love is rapturous in its joy?

Yet! a greater still:—when Napoleon wanted bread in the crowded solitude of Paris,—what was his far-Atlantic rock of exile to the wordless despair and rage of such moments, when the heart would rise to the throat with the deep, deep agony of concentrated and hardly-borne emotions? What was it?—in his prison-thrall he could look back, proudly, on the history which he had made:—he could see, even as posterity will see, the deeds and the daring which had made him immortal. But to live on, with the
fever-dread that he might die obscurely yet unachieved!—what could equal the horror of such a dread?

Even so with Titian. Conscious of his powers, he panted for fame. Oh, the heart-sickness of a mighty mind, musing in solitude on the world’s neglect, and living on, wearily, in the despairing hope that this cannot always last. Deep in the soul the barred arrow lies—deadly is the poison shooting through the veins of young expectation grown untimely grey.

But Titian’s feelings now were comparatively calm—just as pain ceases when mortification commences. Young as he was, disappointment had made him search the depths of his own spirit:—he was calm, for he was hopeless. Youth may be loud in its plaints, but the feelings of manhood, though deep, are sternly voiceless. It is in the silent night or in the day-solitude that there will be strong spirit-strivings—battles between hope and fear—faintness of purpose struggling with strong efforts of unsubdued but stricken will. Sit by the couch of a remorseful murderer, as he dreams of his victim, and you will scarcely shudder more than at the agonies of neglected genius, in its bitterness of spirit, when there is no eye to see, no ear to listen. But

“Who e’er shall see
The Fondo di Tedeschi stood on the Grand Canal, near the Rialto. Formerly the residence of the Signory of Venice, it afterwards was granted, as its name denotes, to the German merchants, as a commercial depot. Early in the sixteenth century it had been destroyed by fire, and on its being rebuilt, the Pregadi determined that its exterior should be painted in fresco, with Scriptural designs,—a fashion of decorating public buildings and the nobles’ palaces, which (much to his own advantage) had been introduced by Giorgione.

Titian was busy at his easel when the Signor Barberigo entered his studio.

“Tutti, Titian, I hear that Giorgione has been employed to paint the front of the new building of the Fondaco, of the German merchants.”

Titian mournfully replied—“I believe it is so. What matters this to me? Is it not enough, Signore, that I am not?”

“But if you were—”

“Hear me, Signore. I am wearied with my evil fortunes. It is not enough that I feel within me that high imagination, without which the poet and the painter vainly essay to produce what shall live long after themselves resolve to dust. Even for present need—save by your kindness—my pencil can scarcely provide, and it were better, perhaps, that I should altogether abandon a pursuit which, however I strive, is yet ungrateful.”

“Abandon your art? Not now, when there is the prospect of high success,—when, at last, you may compete on even terms with Giorgione.”

“Signore, it is with pain that I would abandon my art, which I love so much. Heaven can witness that when, ere my tenth year, I left my pleasant home—my dear parents—my brother Francisco—my kind sisters—I only wished to look upon art as a mistress whose glad smiles, in after years, would repay all the labours of my youth,—a mistress to be wooed without cessation, and worshipped as immortal. From that time I have pursued her with an ardour which never cooled,—an energy which never tired. My very pleasures had reference to this pursuit. If I looked upon the beautiful heavens,—on the serene or tempest-stricken sea,—on the forest-robed hills,—on the snow-crowned mountains,—on the vine-covered valleys, still my gaze was ever for my art. If I turned from the face of nature to the yet more lovely countenance of mankind, I still but gaze that my pencil might catch and copy the form of grace, or the features of beauty. Now, weary,—baffled,—without hope,—I would abandon what I love, for I cannot contend with my evil destiny. I would hide my failure in some far land,—away from these sun-bright skies,—and strive to forget those vain day-dreams in which I have often seen images of high renown linked with my name—strive to forget that glorious art which I have loved too well,—think on fame as a phantasy which many seek and few can gain,—and but remember the few kind friends who would make pleasant my paths of pain.”

“Tutti, Titian. Youth should not yield to despair. Is this your firm and final resolve?”

“It is,—Why should I waste life in a pursuit leading me a weary life, and leading me on in vain?”

“I know not,” said Signor Barberigo,
with a smile, “except that the painting of the Fondaco must be executed immediately—that the front towards the grand canal is all that Giorgione has time to perform—that I have even now been before the Senate, whom I reminded that the portrait of the Queen of Cyprus, which all praise, was yours—and that Andrea Franceschini, the grand chancellor, will presently attend to inform you that you are commissioned to paint the street façade which fronts the Merceria.”

It would be difficult to describe how Titian’s countenance became lighted up with joy at these welcome words. He did not speak—there was a quick pressure of Barberigo’s hand, but not an uttered word. The heart was too full for speech, and silence is the most eloquent language of gratitude. But as Barberigo quitted the studio, he could see that Titian’s cheek was flushed, and that his eyes glistened with a sudden tear. It is no common avalanche of feeling that can cause the fountain of man’s heart to overflow.

Here, at last, was the opportunity for which he had so long painted. On this might turn the event of his future fame. This was to decide whether he, indeed, were a painter. This commission brought him into open and direct competition with Giorgione—yet with a disadvantage, for the grand canal front would be seen by thousands, and ten thousands who passed through the great thoroughfare of Venice, while the Merceria façade would have but comparatively few beholders. Still it would be seen; and, if seen, he did not fear comparison.

The next day Titian proceeded to his task. The allotted subject was the story of Judith. He painted her with “her garments of gladness,”—her braided hair crowned with a tiara,—“her sandals on her feet,”—“her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornament in which she decked her bravely, to allure the eyes of all men that should see her,” when she put off the garments of her widowhood, and went from the city of Bethlehem to the tent of Holofernes, the Assyrian. He painted her beautiful as Hope, and holy as beautiful, and full of high and firm resolve, as before her eyes her foe and her country’s foe, heavy with wine and sleep, “lay upon his bed under a canopy which was woven with purple and gold, and emeralds and precious stones.” And in one hand was the uplifted “fauchion which she took down from the pillar of the bed,” while with the other “she took hold of the hair of his head,” to destroy the destroyer. There was all of beauty in her face, elevated by faith and courage—by that lofty spirit to dare and to do, which, from within, illumined her features.

“Like to a lighted alabaster vase!”

In the execution and conception of this work, Titian exhausted what he then knew of his art.

But at length, the painting being completed, his excited spirit fell, because, day after day, no one turned on it the glance of admiration; no silvery accent fell, for him, from the rewarding lips of praise. It is not to be wondered, if, having resolved that his fame should draw existence from this work, he felt bitter disappointment at finding cold neglect instead of the applause he coveted. You doubt whether worth does thus covet applause? Ah, you know little of the value of just applause! To some men it as the very breath of life, and Titian was one of these.

Signor Barberigo was absent, on a state-mission to Cyprus, while Titian was executing and when he had finished this painting. Perhaps, if he had been on the spot, to condole with him under his very painful disappointment, what is now to be related might not have occurred.—So often is seeming evil the parent of real good!

Giorgione delayed over his portion of the paintings, many days after Titian’s Judith was completed. Either his pride or want of leisure prevented his inspecting the performance of his rival. It chanced that two gentlemen, friends of Giorgione, and acknowledged connoisseurs, accidentally walked through the Merceria and were struck with admiration of the façade painted by Titian. The bold design and brilliant colouring of the work astonished them. Not having heard that any one but Giorgione was engaged in the decoration of the Fondaco, they naturally thought that this painting was from his pencil, and admired how much in harmony of tone, originality of conception, and vivid beauty of colouring, he here surpassed his other performances.

They went to give him joy of his great
success. He received their compliments with much complacency. But when, approaching near to the Merceria façade, they said that here he had eclipsed his other paintings, his colour suddenly rose, he made no reply, and seemed like one suddenly out of a dream, and looked and felt confused. Long and closely did he look at the Judith, until, at last, when he could not but feel its superiority he exclaimed, in an agony of shame and regret, “It is not mine, but my master’s.”

His friends, much astonished, enquired who was the painter, if he was not? Titian, who came up at this moment, replied “I am.” Becoming satisfied of the truth of this, they gave him great praise, and earnestly begged to be admitted to the honour of his friendship. Giorgione was so mortified that he shut himself up in his house for several days, and totally discontinued all future intercourse with Titian, yet admitted his desert, saying “He was a painter even from his mother’s womb!”

In a few days all Venice thronged to see the miracle of art which Titian had performed:—commission followed commission, faster than he could execute them. The Signores employed him in many public works, and he had reached fame,—the prize that he coveted,—when Barberigo returned from Cyprus and found him in the bloom of a renown over which, from that time, a shadow never came.

Over his feelings let a veil fall. Placed, at once, on a pedestal where all admitted his merit and courted his friendship, it would be presumptuous to detail what he felt. Gratitude to Heaven mingled with his own natural pride. He had won his triumph well and wore it meekly. His sensations—but who can “describe the indescribable?”

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THE CONVICT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A MOTHER’S PRAYER.

Calm thy repose, my babe,—though breathes the while
This heart, not long thy place of rest to be;
Wildly it throbs, yet tranquil is thy smile—
The latest boon that pleasure has for me.

Thus hast thou slumbered in the fatal hour,
Which gave to thee an heritage of tears,
A parent’s deed of darkness should not low’r,
To cast its shadow o’er thy future years.

For while I watch’d thee in unconscious sleep,
Sorrow was lull’d, and craving want withstood
But when thou waked to feel them, and to weep,
I gave thee succour, but the price was blood!

Then toll’d the knell of peace—guilt’s deadly blight
Pass’d with’ring o’er my soul,—but still thou smiled,
And heav’n not lov’d as thee—for sin was light,
When borne for thee, my friendless, orphan child.

But now it’s heavy at my heart, when nigh
A world unknown, and fain to meet thee there,
That wish may breathe no language but a sigh,
Lest I should curse thee with my dying prayer.

Ah! see athwart the gloom, in robe of light,
Morn steals with silent step, lest sorrow wake,
Gentlywithdrawsthecurtainofthenight,
And leaves my bell of death thy rest to break.

How wilt thou at that fearful sound complain,
While strangers soothe, and other arms caress;
For pity then will plead—nor seek in vain,
To find a mother for the motherless.
MEMOIR OF, AND NOTES ON, THE WIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The lovely Jean Armour, the excellent wife and venerable relict of Burns—who could not be made proud, though the heroine of immortal lays, was the possessor of much talent, along with all the domestic virtues; she may perhaps be said to have realised the doubtful hyperbole of Pope’s epitaph on Mary Corbet,* "No arts essay’d, but not to be admired;" died on the 26th of March, 1834, at her residence in Dumfries. That beautiful town had long been rendered classical by the first rude publication of the ploughman who was destined to become the "National Poet of Scotland."†

The fame of the bard would be a sufficient memorial, were it not for the modest merit of the individual who here deserves to be particularised as an example to her sex; she was born in 1765, at Mauchline, not far from the place in which she breathed her last; she received the useful Scottish education of her humble but respectable class, which impressed her mind with a due sense of religion and morals, combined with a simplicity that rendered the youthful and innocent heart at once devout, correct, light, and happy.

Thus was she when first seen by the poet. Faithful to our purpose, however, truth compels us to say that it was not for her after-days a felicitous occasion, unless we embrace in our view the many opportunities her change of situation afforded her of exhibiting the delightful compliance with her lot, and rendering conspicuous the innocent, tender aid of woman towards mankind under all his vicissitudes. She was at this first interview engaged, like the poetical Peggy and Jenny at Habbie’s Howe, on a bleaching ground; her easy step, her limbs formed in the finest mould, her clear and sparkling black eyes, made at least as strong an impression on Burns, as did the first view of Laura on Petrarch, and Caterina on Camoens;‡ and it was certainly described in verse far more natural. "Jean, moreover, danced gracefully, and sang her native wood notes wild," with a taste that astonished those who heard her, as much as (according to a tourist) "our Catalani" in early life did her accidental auditors in a certain Italian village. A professional man speaks of her voice as "a brilliant treble, and as rising without effort as high as B natural," in the melancholy air of The Cooen.

Burns, however, chose more simple characteristics in his beautiful contrast of countries warmer and more luxuriant, but worse-governed than his own. Thus he sings, associating her with "the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty:"

"Far dearer to me you lone glen of green breekman,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly, unseen;
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet aft wanders my Jean."§

And at the termination, the Caledonian

"Wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save Love’s wild sifting—the chains of his Jean."

* Dr. Johnson, in expressing his otherwise favourable opinion, quotes the objection of "a lady of great beauty and excellence" to this line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. That lady afterwards appeared to be Miss Mary Aston, a remarkable beauty of the day.

† This epithet was, we believe, first awarded by Mr. Mathias, while incognito he cut up Universities and Schools by wholesale, in almost every known tongue, in The Pursuits of Literature; but the epithet has since, we believe, been confirmed by all the world.

‡ The Portuguese national poet; on the origin of whose name Lord Strangford has bestowed so much critical labour.

§ We cannot let this apparently little known song pass without an original anecdote, during a tour to the Highlands of Scotland, made in less than three years after the poet’s death, whilst his memory was yet fresh in the heart of all Scotland. It will be our excuse that inferior Scottish songs of Burns have long been before the British public, and that Miss Poole, afterwards Mrs. Dickens, was never more applauded than in singing the words of Burns, "Ye Banks and Braes, &c." Among the visitors of Aberdeen, at the period mentioned, was a rather eccentric composer, Dr. Grenville, we believe a Doctor in Music, of Cambridge. In common with all of any distinction, he was received at the very interesting studio of Mr. Robertson, since the leading miniature painter of London. Finding that Burns had adapted the verses we have quoted to an ill-suited though excellent Irish air, he sat down to Miss Robertson’s piano-forte, and in a few minutes produced notes so descriptive of their sentiments, that, when sung by Shaw, an old companion of Burns, at the celebrated Aberdeen Concerts of that day, the auditory was thrilled with delight. Of this James Shaw it may be added, that no man ever sang his native music with greater power or taste. Instead, however, of visiting London, where distinction awaited him, he went to the United States of America, and not long afterwards died.
The union which thus willingly en
chained him, had some doubts shed over
it most unkindly by those fully aware of
the simplicity of the marriage contract in
Scotland; they have vanished however be
fore evidence; and the conduct of Mrs.
Burns conferred an additional honour on
the marriage state. She bore to him
five sons and four daughters, and shared
in all his struggles, as poet, farmer, ex
ciseman, &c. These have been amply
described by the numerous biographers
of her husband; among whom, by the
way, it is singular that the early and
meritorious work of his bosom compa
nion, Robert Heron, seems forgotten.
There is another of great taste and feel
ing, too rarely and always insufficiently
mentioned, Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh,
who was the kindest Mecenas of Burns:
when forsaken by the great, he nobly
claimed to be the banker for his domestic
necessities!

Mrs. Burns had, moreover, to sustain a
trial against all the aberrations of the
bard, and they were not a few; she was
aware too that she had had rivals; and
she had to witness his correspondence
and interchange of visits with ladies of
beauty and fashion; circumstances which
female delicacy can well appreciate; and
this at a period when, in his own striking
words—

"— the warm blood, quiv'ring strong,
Keen, shivering shot my nerves along."

Of her children, some died very early,
some after her husband’s death. This
took place in 1796, when their im
pothesized home was nearly isolated.
Dr. Currie’s edition of his works by sub
scription, in aid of the family’s neces
sities, is well known. Of the family,
Robert, the eldest son, was placed in the
Stamp-office, in London, and something
was also done towards the education and
provision in life for the other members.
Burns was buried with great respectabil
ity; and the United Kingdom contributed
in 1815, to raise a mausoleum, at St.
Michael’s ancient cemetery, in Dumfries,
to which his remains were honourably
removed. Yet notwithstanding all the
consideration which these distinctions
produced, and the aid derived from her
eldest son’s salary, the widow remained,
till 1818, with an income of something
less than 60l. a year! On this her pru
dence, economy, and frugality, enabled
her to meet all contingencies; live, it may
be said, respectfully, incur no debt, and
indulge in some degree in the charities of
her nature!

It is not the province of this memoir
to enter too minutely into the private
history of the various branches of the
family; the elder son Robert was well
educated, but while still young, his state
of health obliged him to retire from
the Accountant-General’s department of
Stamps, and live again with his mother
at Dumfries.

Besides this son, however, the widow
was blessed in two others, who survived,
and who had been in the East India
Company’s service, Captains William and
James Glencarn Burns. In 1818, the
latter obtained his final promotion, from
the kindness of Lord Hastings, when he
lost not an instant in transmitting to his
mother a draft for 75l., announcing it as
the first half-yearly payment of an in
tended appropriation to her of 150l. a
year; besides providing handsomely for
an infant daughter. William next sup
plied his place beyond their mother’s
wishes; and thus, for the last fifteen
years of her life, she was comparatively opulent.

This increased means of comfort, 
nevertheless, produced no particular change
in her long-fixed habits of resolute retire
ment, unless in further offices of kindness
and an extension of her charities. She
had ever avoided assuming merit to her
self for the posthumous honours largely
paid to her husband. The personal com
pliments of those who could not fail to
recognise her devotedness to her late
husband, only embarrassed her. It was
known by intelligent friends and neigh
bours that she had improved her naturally
strong mind by reading, and with a pow
erfully retentive memory could quote all
she read with aptitude. The immortal
poet had owned that he had long com
municated to her his performances, and
profited from her judgment. But no tes
timony of these facts, though undoubted,
could be elicited by strangers; and even
intimate friends had to draw out from
her the mental qualities she possessed:
such was the shrinking diffidence of her
character—so great her modest merit.

So she lived, and so she died, beloved
by all within the pale of her intercourse.
She had suffered attacks of paralysis, and
she survived the fourth but a few hours,
and was to the last utterly insensible.
She had a sister remaining to her, and a
brother in London. The mausoleum which had been erected in honour of Burns, for himself and family, was prepared to receive her remains; but this was not all, the corporation of Dumfries determined to honour her own virtues, and the whole community seconded the honourable determination. She was carried on a bier to the place of sepulture by hundreds of hands, frequently changing, from the numbers that claimed a share in this tribute of respect; while age and youth, male and female, thronged the pious procession to the funeral rites, on the 1st of April, 1834.

On this solemn occasion some devotees of phrenology contrived to obtain a cast from the poet’s skull. It was secretly exhumed for that purpose in the night previously to the funeral, examined by them with scrutinising curiosity, and, as they state, re-interred “as the clock of St. Michael’s struck one!” The Editor of the “Athenæum” remarks a discrepancy in the accounts concerning the appearance of the body. We think it can be thus reconciled: on transferring the remains from the grave to the mausoleum, in 1815, the body seemed entire, and the features perfect, as if they had but recently slept in death; on being exposed to the atmosphere during some repair made to the coffin, they crumbled into dust, and amid these remains the phrenologists in 1834 had evidently to seek their object. The departed Jean would never while in life have permitted what would have appeared to her, as it did to many, a violation of the dead.

FIDELITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE MOTHER’S PRAYER.”

Chide not, my love!—tis wisely given,
    Where change, nor faithlessness I dread;
For never shall that tie be riven,
    Which links the living and the dead.

We pledg’d our faith, while death stood nigh,
    To witness vows he came to bind,
Why would’st thou break his seal—or why
    Cancel the bond his dart has sign’d?

For who, if his treasure’s-bark should be
    Safe anchor’d on the sleeping wave,
Would spread its sails, the changeful sea
    Swell’d by inconstant winds to brave?

Thou say’st that death no power retains
    O’er living hearts, and I am free,
Fresh links to form, when broken chains
    Have yielded back my liberty.

Well, be it so,—with willing heart
    Fresh vows I plight; which none shall sever—
Enchain’d by those till death should part,
    By these till he unites for ever.

GRAND ANCIENT FRENCH FESTIVAL.

The following description of a ballet, given at the court of Henry III. of France, on the celebration of the marriage of his sister-in-law Marquise de Lorraine with the Duke de Joyeuse, may not be deemed uninteresting at the present period of English history, when so magnificent a national concert is about to take place in Westminster Abbey. As a specimen of the magnificence, or, as the reformers of our days would say, the extravagance, of what is considered to have been the most refined court that ever existed, what would the Commons say, were they to be
asked to vote 200,000l. for a ballet to
celebrate a royal marriage? and yet
such a sum was expended upon that
which I am about to describe. In those
glorious days women were treated like
angels, and no expense spared for their
gratification. Alas! in these degene-
rate times, being considered of "mortal
mould," we must content ourselves with
ordinary ballets: so much for "the
march of intellect."

Among the many superb fêtes pro-
jected on the above occasion, the follow-
ing may be mentioned as being the most
remarkable both for its novelty and splen-
dour. The idea was first suggested by
the valet de chambre of Catherine de
Medicis. The king's almoner wrote
the poem; the music was by Beaulieu and
Salmon, two attachés of the king's band;
and the decorations were by Jacques
Paten, a celebrated painter attached to
the court at that period. It was repre-
sented at the Chateau de Montiers, on
the 15th of October, 1579. At ten
o'clock the court assembled in the
"Salle de Spectacle" of the palace, and
the entertainment commenced. The first
person who appeared on the stage was the
Sieur la Roche, in the character of a
gentilhomme (we use the expression of
the chronicles of that day), flying from
the gardens of Ciree. Trembling, and
out of breath, he rejoiced at having
escaped the power of the enchantress who
still pursued him, and putting one knee
to the ground, addressed some compli-
cimentary verses to the king, begging to be
received under his protection. The en-
chantress, furious at having been foiled,
rushed forward, venting her rage in com-
plaints and threats. At hearing her
voice, the syrens appeared, superbly
attired, sung a trio, and after walking
round the stage, retired. These were
followed by twelve Naiads, personified by
the Queen, the Princess de Vaudemont
her sister, the Duchesses de Mercœur,
de Guise, de Nevers, d'Aumale, and de
Joyeuse, the Marechale de Retz, Mdlle.
de Larchant, and Mdlles. de Pous, de
Bourdeille, and de Cyprère. Nothing
could surpass the magnificence of their
dresses. At their side were eight Tritons,
playing on lyres, harps, and flutes, fol-
lowed by twelve pages, dressed in white
satin embroidered in gold, each of whom
bore two wax flambeaux. All this troop
advanced towards the king singing, and
dancing a ballet wherein they represented
twelve distinct geometrical figures. At
the end of this dance, which terminated
the first act, the violins struck up a very
gay air, called "La Clochette," which
was much in vogue in those days. The
moment that Circe heard this air, she
came out of her gardens in a furious
passion, and touched with her golden
wand the nymphs, pages, and musicians,
who thereupon remained mute as statues,
while she retired delighted with her
victory. Scarcely had she disappeared
when peals of thunder were heard; and
Mercury, who was sent by Jupiter to break
the spell, descended from heaven, and
after singing thirty couplets, sprinkled all
those who had been enchanted with a cer-
tain juice, which having the desired effect
of restoring their senses, they immedi-
ately recommenced dancing and singing.
Circe again rushed forward, and touched
them a second time with her wand; at
that moment the scene changed, and re-
presented the delicious gardens of the
enchantress, who appeared sitting at the
gates of her palace, with Mercury, quite
insensible, lying at her feet. The gardens
were peopled with lions, elephants, tigers,
and all sorts of animals: these had been
victims to her fascinations, whom she had
changed from human forms. An inter-
lude of eight satyrs playing the flute and
singing verses in praise of the king,
finished the second act. The third act
commenced by the apparition of four
nymphs, who had been sent by Diana to
Valois. These were personated by four
of the queen's maids of honour. As soon
as one of them had sung some stanzas,
the god Pan emerged from a bower, and
perceiving Diana's nymphs, began to play
on the flageolet: one of them besought
him to deliver Mercury from the enchant-
ments of Circe; Pan promised his assis-
tance, and left the stage, followed by his
suite. As a third interlude, four Virtues
appeared; these were four young ladies
dressed in sky-blue spangled with golden
stars; the first carried on her head a
pillar, the second a pair of scales, the
third a serpent, and the fourth a vase;
they played on the lute and sung. After
they had finished, a magnificent car ap-
ppeared drawn by a serpent, in which was
seated Mdlle. de Chaumont, as Minerva;
it was surrounded by a hundred flambeaux.
The Virtues joined Minerva, and sung
again whilst the car advanced to where the
king was sitting. Minerva, after having paid her compliments to the monarch, invoked Jupiter to punish Circe. Loud peals of thunder were immediately heard, and Jupiter descended slowly in a cloud: as soon as the god had touched the earth, he said to his daughter, that, to please the King of the French, he would punish Circe; and ordered Pan and his satyrs to take each a large club, and to attack her in her gardens. The enchantress, seeing them arrive, resolved to defend herself; and scarcely had she sounded a bell, when a thousand animals were heard roaring, yelling, and barking, in the most frightful manner: she then sung a few stanzas, saying therein that she would resist Jupiter and all the gods, but that she would yield to the King of the French. Pan, becoming impatient, gave the signal for attack. Jupiter stopped him, and tried to conquer the enchantress by threats, but finding that he could not succeed, he struck her with a thunderbolt. Circe, having thus become powerless, was taken by Minerva, who conducted her to the king. Jupiter seized the same moment to present Mercury and Minerva to him; and these respectful gods threw themselves at his feet, to show how much he surpassed them in eloquence and wisdom. This spectacle was concluded by a splendid dance of the Naiads, Nymphs, Pan, the Satyrs, Tritons, and Pages of the Court, who executed forty geometrical figures. At the conclusion of this magnificent fête, which lasted from ten till four in the morning, each of the ladies who had taken part therein, presented a gentleman of the court with a cadeau in gold. The following are a few from among the number:—

The Queen to the King, a Dolphin.
The Princess de Lorraine to the Duke de Mercœur, a Syren.
Madame d’Aumale to the Marquis de Chassiniur, a Whale.
Madame de Pous to M. d’Epernon, an Oyster.
Minerva to the Queen Mother, Apollo.
Circe to the Cardinal de Bourbon, her Book.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

As the period approaches for holding the Grand Musical Festival, the interest it creates becomes more intense, and the offers of professional assistance from all parts of the United Kingdom are, we understand, beyond belief. However, nothing positive can be determined until the plans of the orchestra, royal box, seats, &c. &c., in the Abbey are completed. The Directors are exceedingly anxious that every person who pays for admission should both see and hear everything, and, moreover, that there should not be the least confusion; consequently it is absolutely necessary to have ample time to prepare the accommodations, which at present are calculated at 2,500 good and comfortable seats, exclusively of the throne and box for their Majesties and the Royal Family. Our readers may form some idea of the splendour of the scene, when the Royal Patrons and Vice-Patrons, Presidents, Directors, and the dignitaries of the Church, with their families, are assembled, together with about two thousand other persons, and an orchestra, ascending to the roof of the Abbey, containing at least six hundred vocal and instrument performers, "Praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good-will towards men! Hallelujah!" How nobly the undertaking is patronised the following list will testify:—

PATRIOTS—The King’s Most Excellent Majesty, the Queen’s Most Excellent Majesty.

VICE-PATRONS—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

PRESIDENTS—The Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Dorset, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Gordon, the Duke of Leinster, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Winchester, the Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Ailesbury, the Marquis of Bristol, the Marquis of Westminster, the Marquis Conyngham, the Marquis of Clannicarne, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl Delawarr, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, the Earl Fortescue, the Earl of
**The Faucille.**

Who can, unmoved, the mighty Alps behold,
Or gaze on yonder Lake of living gold,
Nor feel his glowing breast expansive swell,
With deep emotions that no tongue can tell.

What solemn thoughts, what heavenly visions wake:
What new sensations on the fancy break!
Amazement, adoration, and delight,
Fill the full heart and captivate the sight.
Here every charm is seen, of every clime,
The wild, the simple, soothing, and sublime.
The waters sleeping in the vale below,
Hill high o'er hill, enrob'd in silver snow,
That seems by some high alchymy untold,
Nightly transmut'd into molten gold.

To think that these immortal hills have been—
When first creation smiled o'er all the scene—
To think that these immortal hills will be,
When time shall darken in eternity:
Perhaps they were when Chaos held its reign,
Perhaps will be when darkness comes again,
Immoveable and firm, perhaps withstood,
Or formed and fashioned by the whirling flood.

On this lone spot, in wrapped romantic mood,
How many great and glorious men have stood.
In every age,—the present, and the past:
The saint, the sage, the wild enthusiast:
Or mad ambition panting for the spoil,
Or pity weeping o'er the bloody soil.
Great Alexander may have mused alone:
And Caesar lust'ring for th' imperial throne.
Here Rousseau paused, that weak and wonderous man,
The glowing beauties of the scene to scan.
Here Byron sat in ecstasy of song,
To paint the storm that wildly swept along.
And haply here some child of noteless name
Has felt and fanned the soft poetic flame,
Whose heart the poet's feelings keenly knew;
Whose pen the poet's feelings never drew;
Whose ardent soul was form'd for something great,
Had fortune placed him in an equal state;
But fate or folly damped his youthful fire,
And quench'd in manhood every grand desire.

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* An opening in the Jura, 4,000 feet above the Lakes of Geneva.
Literature.

An Encyclopaedia of Geography.—By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. In Twelve Monthly Parts. Parts I. and II. Longman and Co.

If the wonderful progress that modern research has made in Geography, and the various branches of science connected with it, be properly considered by the public, they will highly estimate the value of the present work, which keeps pace with those discoveries, and its very high merits will be duly rewarded by liberal encouragement. Mr. Hugh Murray is assisted by the following gentlemen, whose original labours are worthy their great names in science. The Astronomical and Mathematical Geography is the department of Professor Wallace; the Geology and Mineralogy, of Professor Jamieson; Botany, of Professor Hooker; and Zoology, by W. Swainson, Esq. We say to the public, generously support a work so worthy of the country, and not view it only through the medium of penny pirates, according to the mean custom of the present day, that they may enrich their libraries and the minds of their young families with these high stores of knowledge from the fountain-head. The specimen of the plates submitted to our inspection accompanies the two first numbers; they have considerable merit.

The following extract will prove a specimen of the delightful information with which this publication abounds:—

1080. The flowers of the Gentians cover, as with a carpet of the most brilliant ultramarine blue, the sides of the Alpine hills in Switzerland and the south of Europe. Our fields are often, too often, red with Poppies, and the marshes are whitened with the “snowy beard” of the Cotton-grass, and our pastures with the blossoms of the Cardamine pratensis, so that they appear at a distance as if covered with linen laid out for bleaching, whence arises the vulgar English name* of the latter plant. Some of these plants thus living in society are continually striving with their neighbours, till the strongest obtain the victory. Many low perennial and herbaceous vegetables are overpowered by a colony of taller shrubs; such as the Whin or Furze and the Hume; and these in their turns must occasionally give place to trees and shrubs of a larger and stronger growth. Mr. Brown has, however, noticed a curious fact in regard to the Field Eryngo (Eryngium Campestre), and the Star-thistle (Centaurea Calcitrapa), which cover much cultivated ground upon the Continent, that these two engrussers are never mixed together indiscriminately, but that each forms groups or partial masses, placed at certain distances from their rivals.

1083. The stations of plants being thus, as we have already mentioned, liable to the influence of physical agents, it becomes necessary to define them by terms which are calculated at once to point out the places and the circumstances in which they grow. This, however, is a task of no small difficulty; for, without swelling the list to an immeasurable length, it will be impossible to define the various local situations of plants. There are many situations that produce only one or two kinds: for example, the snow, in the highest arctic regions to which our enterprising travellers have attained, has been found to nourish and to bring to the greatest perfection that highly curious vegetable, the Red Snow (Protococcus ni- valis), the truffle (Tubarius cibarium) is found entirely hid beneath the surface of the earth. Some fungi are detected upon the dead horns and hoofs of animals (no plants exist upon living bodies), and upon dead chrysides; and both fungi and mosse grow on the dung of animals. Paper nourishes the minute Conferva dendroides; the glass of windows, and the glass tables of the microscope, if laid by in a moist state, for a length of time, produce the Conferva fenestralis. Wine-casks in damp cellars give birth to the Raccadium cellare, and Dulrochet has detected living vegetables in Madeira wine and in gouldard water (a solution of saturn). These, however, and many others that might be noticed, may be numbered among the extraordinary stations, and they principally affect cryptogamic vegetables. In a popular view of the subject, though we cannot altogether omit the notice of such minute yet curious vegetable productions, we shall mainly direct our attention to the more conspicuous plants; and they may be thus divided:—

1. Maritime or Saline Plants. These are terrestrial, but growing upon the borders of the ocean, or near salt lakes; as the Saltworts (Salsola) and Glassworts (Salicornia), &c. Hence these plants abound in the interior of Africa and the Russian dominions, where there are salt-panns, as well as on the shores. 2. Marine Plants. This tribe is indeed mostly cryptogamic, and comprises the Algæ, Fuci, Ulves, &c.
The phanogamous, or perfect marine plants, are the Sea-wrack (Ruppea and Zostera), and a few others allied to them. 3. Aquatic Plants. Growing in fresh water. Both stagnant pools and running streams, in various situations, abound in plants; some are entirely submerged, but, in this case, with the rare exceptions of the little Althoic (Subularia aquatica). The flowers rise to the surface of the water for the purpose of fructification. 4. Marsh or Swamp Plants. 5. Meadow and Pasture Plants. 6. Field Plants. This tribe often includes such as, introduced with the grain sown in those districts, are equally placed there by the hand of man. 7. Rock Plants, which may include the natives of very stony spots, and such as, grow upon walls. Walls, though artificial structures, are known to produce many plants in greater perfection than natural rock; yet we must not suppose that any vegetable is exclusively confined to this habitat. The Helonstsem umbellatum and Droba murialis, may be cited as examples of this tribe in England; and amongst mosses the Grimonia pulvinita Tortula murialis, &c. 8. Sand Plants and plants of dry moors, where our Heath (Erica) abound. These should be included among the plants delicius stolicae of Decandolle; a very heterogeneous group, it must be confessed, and by no means easy to characterize. 10. Plants which attach themselves to the vicinity of places inhabited by man; such as the Rock, the Nettle, &c. These species follow every where the human footsteps, even to the huts and cabins of the highest mountains: encouraged, perhaps, by the presence of animal substances, and the azote which in such substances is known to abound. 11. Forest Plants, consisting of such trees as live in society. 12. Plants of Hedges, that is, many of our climbing plants, the Honeysuckle, the Travellers' Joy, the Buryrony, &c. 13. Subterranean Plants. Those that live in mines and caves, and which, though tolerably numerous and important, are yet mostly cryptogamous. One species, a fungus, yields a pale phosphoric light of considerable intensity. 14. Alpine or mountain plants, for it is very difficult to draw the limits, and, indeed, they will depend much upon latitude. A plant which grows upon a hill of inconsiderable elevation in Norway, Lapland, and Iceland, will, of course, inhabit the loftiest Alps of the south of Europe. Again, upon mountains that have no perpetual snow lying upon them, Alpine plants will be found much higher than on such as have continued streams of cold snow-water descending, which affects the state of the atmosphere at much lower regions. Greatly as this list might be swelled, we shall find that even here there is a gradation and an ap- proximation of one tribe to another; but these are amply sufficient for our purpose.


This useful publication affords information on every trade and pursuit connected with building, surveying, and engineering, and must be most valuable to every one interested in substantial property and the management of an estate.


The present number is replete with the talent we noticed in the commencement of the series. The sketch of the garden botany of Constantinople and Spain, will be most delightful to those who are interested in that science. There is among many others, a wood-cut representing the extensive garden cemetery at Scutari, in Turkey, with a funeral procession among the garden graves.

Fine Arts.

Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

The superior excellence of the water-colour department always renders this gallery the most attractive to ladies of all our national institutions. Female talent is there seen in the line in which it excels the most; for as flower and miniature painters, the works of women are as much superior to those of men, as men excel women in oil-paintings. It is most desirable, too, that ladies who are interested in these charming departments of art, should bestow great attention on the water-colour room, both for the purpose of improving their own style, and choosing the best masters, by obtaining a correct judgment in distinguishing excellent productions.

Oil-painting, for many reasons, will never find superior female professors; there is that sort of squalid discomfort in its pursuit that makes it exceedingly repugnant to elegant women, nor can they possibly study the anatomical proportions of the human frame, (without which, to excel is nearly impossible,) unless they lose more in delicate feeling than they gain in ability. We really advise lady artists to adhere entirely to those branches of art which seem most compatible with
their pursuits. Few, indeed, have ever obtained any degree of excellence in copper engraving, or oil-painting—not from want of ability, but through the uncongeniality of the pursuits; while in those departments of art which admit of lady-like implements, their success is complete. Where, indeed, do we find masculine talent excelling Miss Byrne’s, Mrs. Pope’s, or Miss Tomkyns’ flowers? Mrs. Robertson’s miniatures (in the present exhibition) far exceed all rivalry in the art; and Miss Jane Sambourne has shown in her delicately spirited lithographs, that it is possible for England to surpass the boasted continental skill in that style of engraving. Thus far we have devoted to a general critique on the pursuits of first-rate female artists of the day, rather than to the Suffolk-street gallery: we will now proceed to note what is generally deserving attention in that collection, in which there is this year a great superabundance of worthlessness: with the exception of the water-colour room, and a few gems by Hoffland and Roberts, there are no very excellent productions by great masters of the present day. The portraits are the best of this exhibition; but Lonsdale must recollect that superior as he now is, he may over-paint himself—there are fourteen works by himself and son.

No. 1. Portrait of Commander Ross, by J. Wildman. This is a spirited, well-painted portrait of a gallant-looking gentleman, who has in his gala arctic dress made himself a very picturesque bundle of fur. Whether it is a likeness, it is beyond our critical acumen to discover; not having ever seen the original, whom we think rather an injured personage; for he certainly has as great claims to be considered an intrepid polar hero as his far-famed uncle—who certainly takes no pains to sacrifice to the graces—yet no one seems to care for Commander Ross. To atone for this undeserved public neglect, the brave commander ought to be made a pet lion of by the ladies.

117. Captain John Ross, R. M., by H. Hawkins. The figure and face of the hero of the day is as like as if he had walked into the frame; nor is this painting a mere portrait, it lays just claims to the historical style: the scenery of the regions of eternal snow and frost is much more deceptively depicted in the distance than in the panorama in Leicester-square, although the panorama has all the advantages of the tricks of situation and light over and above its exclusiveness, yet the portrait is far better worth the attention of the public. The glowing brilliancy of the stars above the head of the great navigator, has a very fine and appropriate effect.

8. Caius Marius among the Ruins of Carthage.—Linton. The scene reminds us of a drop-scene in a theatre; a general fault with composition in landscape, for nature alone is really admirable in this branch of art. The colouring is affected, and the figures worse; nothing can be less in unison with the story of Caius Marius.

51. Mrs. Grantham Yorke.—Hurlstone. The child is equal to those of Sir Thos. Lawrence, both in drawing and colouring. The attitude and outline of the lady is extremely graceful and striking, the flow of the satin, free and fine; but the face, though expressive, is livid in the colouring. Hurlstone, if he learns to finish higher, will be our first portrait-painter.

163. The Sketch-book, by Lonsdale. This is a fine portrait group, as spirited as those by the old great masters, such as Vandyke and Titian. The portraits are modern.

164. St. George Caulfield, Esq., by Hurlstone. The portrait is a good one, but the dog is higher finished than his master.

174. Cottage Cares, by Prentis; very small, but deserving close attention.

411. The old Squire buying a dog of Gipsies.—C. Hancock. The story of this picture is admirably told, both as to drawing and expression. All the dogs are natural, those lapping side by side in the water, very much so; the fire and smoke, the gipsy woman, and all the accompaniments likewise, deserve praise. The back of the horse is too long, and the tone of colour painted too highly.

422. Greeks taking Coffee in a Kiosk.—W. Delman. This picture is likewise painted too high, but as it combines softness and clearness, time will ameliorate that defect. The standing figures are a little out of drawing, the heads being too large. The sitting figures are very highly finished, and well designed.

436—by H. Wyatt—is imaginative and attractive, but coarsely painted.

598. William Heseltine, by Mrs. Gent,
is a finely-worked miniature, elegantly designed.

613. Portrait, in the costume of Mary Queen of Scots, by Mrs. Col. Ansley, has all the force of an oil-painting, and is a great honour to female talent.

682. Boats on the Thames, by W. N. Hardwick: most distinguished among many excellent water-colour pictures in the same style, for clearness, and the beauty and softness of the perspective.

603. Is a frame, containing five miniatures of children, by Egley: the one in the wreathed frame is very lovely, the others good.

736. Study of a Cat sleeping, by J. Burbank: as velvety and natural as if Mrs. Puss was there herself; in truth, it rivals the wonders of Flemish art.

690. A frame, containing six miniatures, by Mrs. Robertson, contains very beautiful specimens of art. The miniature of the Hon. C. A. Pelham is, perhaps, the best worked in the room. This lady is in the highest class of this style of art.

676. Flowers, by V. Bartholomew. This splendid tropical group of cactuses, ipomeas, and passion-flowers with insects, draws every eye in this room: the flowers themselves are delicate and true, as well as glowing. One slight botanical defect must be noticed, which is, that Mr. Bartholomew has made the outline of the purple passion-flower similar to that of the white, when there is a great difference in the natural formation. The tropical scenery in the back-ground is well drawn and imagined, yet it is over-coloured and hard, without any aerial perspective. The idea of this picture has been taken from the noble picture of Van Huysum’s cactuses, in Mr. Taylor’s fine collection in Pall-mall.

706. A Study of a Hen and Chickens from nature, by Mrs. Withers. This is worthy of Mieiris: the chickens are most natural in their downy softness, and the head peeping beneath the wing of the mother can scarcely be excelled.

719. Hollyhocks, by W. Spry. A fine specimen of flower-painting, well designed and coloured.

672. Nectarines, by Mrs. Pope.

731. Greeengages, by Mrs. Pope. There is great beauty in the working and effect of this fruit, but Mrs. Pope should consider that flower-painting is a higher branch of the art, and give us flowers as well as fruit from her delightful pencil.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

We have bestowed considerable attention on this annual repository of British paintings, which is generally considered the second in rank, out of the three now established. The first idea that struck us, after a glance round the rooms, was the justice of feeling that had pervaded the minds of those that hung the pictures. The most delicate discrimination has been used. In regard to the merits of those that were brought forward conspicuously, we looked with some anxiety for an opportunity of exercising that independence of criticism which is our pride to possess, by bringing forward some young artist whose talents had been slighted; but we must own that the most conscientious justice has been done, with the exception of a clever little painting by George Cruikshank (no very obscure name), called the “ Forlorn Hope,” and some of Puller’s little excellent comic pictures; a painter who we venture to prophesy will by next season live in a more artist-like station than at Bethnal-green. However, to begin and take them “all in rotation,” as the Cicerone at Greenwich Hospital, says.

No. 1 is called “Fidelity,” by Henry Wyatt; wherefore, we know not. It is a good portrait, but merely a portrait of a fine woman, dressed in the modern antique style, now so fashionable; she is indulging the fondness that many ladies have for the impure canine species, by hugging a puppy—the little cur, we must allow, is well painted. The corners of the lady’s drooping eyelids are a trifle too red.

2. A beautiful interior of Mechlin Cathedral, by D. Roberts—polished exquisitely.

3. The Dutch Ferry, when the gloss is off, might be sold for a Wouerman’s; the horses and cavaliers are copied from him. The misty distance is true to nature, as Callcott’s doings generally are.

4. A Naughty Child, proves that Edwin Landseer must be banished from humanity—as a painter.

11. Out of four pictures painted by Morton, this is the best; it represents the interior of a cottage, and a young woman washing: the picture will be good when mellowed by a few years’ keeping: the fire and chimney have a most natural effect; the figure is likewise natural, but is at present too bright: 300 is by the
same artist; his Juliet is like most other Julies.—the painted actress; but the face of the nurse is expressive and well painted.

15. The High Altar of St. Alban’s is excellent in tone, and very rich in detail; the figures are secondary, but harmonise well with the whole.

16. Calais Sands. This is a glorious sunrise, by Wilson, remarkable for truth of tint, tone, and distance; the difficult hues of sun-break, rose, yellow, and grey haze, are finely blended, and yet have a distinctness perfectly enchanting to those used to gaze over the sea at that hour—the tender transparency of the shadows of the figures in the foreground are peculiar to early days, and betoken much effective study by the artist in the best of schools—nature. The sails of the ships seem cutting the saffron light of the dawn through a grey and rosy mist, produce an effect on the eye perfectly magical.

59. Calm on the Zuider Zee, is likewise by John Wilson; the contemplation of which does not raise any such enthusiasm; it is cold and monotonous.

19. is a most striking and finely finished scene, which drew all eyes in the room, and caused many inquiries after the artist, who is Mr. Edward Morgan of Norwich—a young man of very rising abilities, who, if he is not spoiled by the attention his first efforts have obtained, will be an honour to that school of painting peculiar to his native city, a school which already rivals the ancient Flemish. Mr. Morgan has modestly named his picture “a Composition;” a term that is a little prejudicial in the eyes of those who look for nature as the only successful guide of the artist. Let him study her both on a bold and minute scale, and shun other imitation of styles and mannerisms even of the very best masters, if he hopes for a high career and an enduring name.

22. We should not have noticed the Moses, but for the purpose of reproaching Mr. Singleton with the sin of imitating the maniacal style of Fuseli. Can he find a worse model?

23. Shylock. Is a fine head, strongly and firmly painted, by Ellerby; it is not villainous; for Shylock, the expression is even attractive.

32. Le Beau Temps, is blue, yellow, and raw, the figures spotty, the trees finical; it is a conglomeration of “mannerisms and affectations.”

41. Amy Robsart is an instance of an affected custom of the present day. It is the fashion to vary the monotony of portraits, by giving them some fanciful appellation, or by naming them after some of Sir Walter Scott’s heroines. Ugliness and vulgarity being no bar to such nominations—neither costume nor beauty will permit us to allow that this lady represents Amy Robsart.

46. Shayer, in his Welsh scene, has surpassed Ruysdael without imitating him; the gradations of clouds, and sky, and mountains, are true and lovely to look upon, the eye passes from tone to tone, and feels satisfied; nothing cutting or clashing vexes it. The trees and water in the foreground are touched with freedom and life; it would be difficult to find a fault in either drawing or colouring. If this picture is not sold, it ought to find a buyer forthwith.

49. There is much fine drawing and capability of excellence about this artist, but he must abjure yellow and lilac mountains, and bead-work trees—the first are stolen from Martin, and that great man could very well spare them. We warn artists whose profession it is to study intently the various lights that are thrown by the sun and air on mountainous distances, not to have the recollections of the mightiest artist of the present day too strongly impressed on their minds; nature will do more for them than Martin, with all his supernatural powers; and whoever imitates her lights and tones, gets the credit of originality as well; her style never goes out of fashion. Mr. Havell has made so beautiful a drawing, independently of the faults we have named, that we hope he will correct them, and try to vary his touch in leafing his trees.

52. Hylas and the Nymphs, is an instance of the daring with which a man will play with a great name when he has once obtained it. Nothing can be more utterly vile in drawing and composition, than this piece. Ugly and livid in colouring, the nymphs would frighten Hylas into fits, were he not of a kindred hideousness; and the company of the monster his master (who is dancing with rage in a very near distance) must have accustomed him to frightsome sights. Howard’s well-known picture on the same subject, though far from faultless, had healthy female beauty, rich glow of
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colouring, and bold originality of conception that took and retained the eye and memory. Etty should have determined to surpass Howard, or not have challenged comparison.

283—is by the same artist, full of the same faults. Wet, coarse hair, and drooping eyes are to be found in this picture; the blue angels, daubed in body colour, are very bad and unangelic.

57. This is a pretty picture, only Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf seem on very good terms. There is more coquetry than horror in the child's face.

58. Sabrina. It is positively grievous to see Howard exhibit such an imbecility as this, replete with gaudy colouring and bad drawing. Sabrina looks like a painted bust, suspended awkwardly by means of flying draperies; the river and distance are hard and perspectiveless. We are great admirers of Howard's genius, and are sorry to see the depreciation that flattery—the flattery of the press, has occasioned to the abilities of one of our most original artists.

133. Here we have Howard again, and here we have a glimpse of his original powers of composition; but he is careless now in his finish, and his sphyns and spirits have lost that enchanting aerial tint that once made him the finest painter of the land of Faerie.

271—is by Howard, and the best painting, in regard to composition and finish, that he exhibits here.

72. An Albanian, like a corpse that has opened its eyes, only not so human. Every part but the face is well painted.

116-118. These little gems are by the same artist, Walker. The scene near Dunwich has no locality distinct from other wild waves and cloudy mists; not a particle of land or shore is there for Dunwich, or any other town, to claim. The little picture is an excellent representation of the peculiar scenery of the coast from which it is taken. The artists of Norfolk and Suffolk in the present century rival the Dutch and Flemish school of the sixteenth and seventeenth.

198. Collins has in this Orkney scene entered on a bolder and more romantic style than is his usual custom; it is better than most other pictures in the room, but not one of his best: the foreground, the figures, and the dog, are all excellent, but the distance is hard, and the horizon too blue for the climate.

150. Roberts has given a glorious scene, in the decorated Cathedral of Seville. How gorgeous, yet how soft and chastened! what lovely blended lights! What a magnificent decoration this would be in a fine-sized room, at the upper end. The effect would be noble.

163. Patten's portrait of Paganini has been exhibited before, still its superior excellence drew our attention ever and anon from its neighbours. Vandyle has a rival in this great artist. Without the slightest servility of imitation, there is the truth, the spirit, the firmness of Vandyle. Patten looks on his subject with the taste of Vandyle, but he is no imitator of styles and mannerisms.

220. Rembrandt in his Painting-room would have been a very fine picture, if Mr. Fraser had not been bigotted to Rembrandt's faults as well as his beauties. He has most successfully imitated Rembrandt's glorious tone of light and richness of composition. Well and good: why does he not leave him there, and look abroad into nature for faces that belonged to humanity? If Rembrandt in his groups drew smeary indistinct faces, it was his fault and misfortune. If he had had no other ability, he would have been forgotten; and so will those be who will not discriminate between his faults and beauties.

229—is the best picture from Sir Walter Scott's works in the room. The face of Jenny is handsome, but a little too bold. The figure and face of her mistress are coarse and vulgar, yet the scene is altogether a good one.

232. The Seaman's Peril is a noble scene—the figures in the boat, and the man at the helm, very spirited. The water is well coloured and transparent; yet there is too little tumult and dash for such a heavy sea. It is on the whole, however, a great credit to the painter and if England had still the naval enthusiasm that she once had, and always ought to have, a subject so purely national as this composition of Seaford's would not remain unsold.

269, 291, 296—represent little domestic comic scenes, in which children are chiefly engaged. We notice them particularly as the production of an artist little known, but whose powers are certainly considerable in a rather original style. In the Watchman the expression of the boy is excellent; the figures, though, are
rather too untuck. The Grandmothers's
Snuff-box is the best composition, though
the faces are coloured too red and purple
even for sneezing. Mr. Puller must
study beauty more, and delicacy of co-
llouring, and strive to preserve his present
freshness of thought. His best coloured
piece, Dressing a Guy for the 5th of No-
ember, is sold, as it richly deserves to
be.

294, 295. Among the enamels, we
notice, as the most attractive, a Dog and
Fox, by Essex; and a Lady, after Gains-
borough. The work of both is exquisite,
certainly the best in the rooms of this
species of art.

339—is finely painted, as to the flesh,
light, and drapery. Though the features
are ugly and heavy, yet it is a striking
piece. The jewels are exquisitely co-
loured.

379. The Harvest Field, by Lee, con-
tains a most highly-finished country
group in the centre; the horses, man
and little boy near them. The distant
country is finely drawn, but coldly co-
loured. The sheaves and loaded corn
are bad; they are soft, and cold, and ar-
tificial—too buff. There is a glow and
warmth even in the tone of the air in
harvest which gives a peculiar tint to the
corn. Our artist has not caught this
glow, which is all his fine painting needs
to make it perfect.

430. The Unexpected Return is one of
Ferrars's attractive comic pieces. The
mother returns, and finds her family of great
girls and boys have left their studies and
dressed themselves up to act a play. Fer-
riar is so droll, that we must excuse his
ugly faces, in which there is no variety;
however, we promise the lovers of co-
medy a great treat in this picture.

457. The Pedlar, by Webster, de-
serves more praise than we can find space
for. It is a Wilkie, yet without imitation
of him, but close on the mistress
from which he drew his great fame. Na-
ture. The little girl's admiring attitude
on her knees, and the pedlar's own look
of enthusiasm at his wares, the young
woman meditating, and coughing her
mouth in the distance, are all excellently,
and so is the still life of the scene.

470. A Study, by Mrs. James Robert-
son, is a very lovely portrait—the best
female portrait in the room.

510. Fish, by Lee, are richly and
naturally coloured.

68, 591. One of these interiors repre-
sents the Louvre, by Davies; and the
other the British Institution, some sea-
sions since, by Miss Alabaster. No one
can examine the two without giving the
preference to the lady's composition,
which is superior in regard to perspective,
finish, and every essential of painting.
The figures in the foreground in Miss
Alabaster's picture are distinct from the
picture, which is not the case with
Davies'; but wherefore is it that female
artists are remarkable for a hard wiry
outline, a mannerism peculiar to every
picture in the room painted by a woman,
except a portrait or two?

471. The Luncheon, by J. Hollins,
is remarkable for the fine firm painting
of the man's head and figure: The girl
is simple and natural in attitude, but the
face is a little too red.

492. The Roman story of Cornelia is
nobly told by Bridges. There is great
moral and physical beauty in the prin-
cipal female figure. It is decidedly the
best historical piece in the rooms.

542. By Stark: it is too dotty, a fault
in fashion in the present day, but there
is much beauty of drawing and tone in
this piece.

555. Wood Scene, by Deane, is hard,
but well drawn.

SCULPTURE.

Among the few pieces of sculpture ex-
hibited, which are mostly fancy composi-
tions, we note the Narcissus of Westma-
cott as worthy of his fame. Likewise a
miniature Lion passant, by Boole; rather
a new style of art, which, we think, will
be encouraged by ladies of rank and for-
tune, as ornaments to their boudoirs and
drawing-rooms. We can recommend this
delicate sculpture as perfectly novel, and
hope to see more alabaster animals
sculptured equally spirited and natural.

Hoadley and Oldfield's Exhibition of
Stained and Painted Glass.

We can assure our country subscribers
that this is a very charming exhibition;
and we would advise them to make a
memorandum of it in their list of the
sights that are worthy inspection, when
they and their families visit the metrop-
polis; and to remember, that St. James' -
place, Hampstead-road, is not ten mi-
utes' drive from the Diorama and Colos-
seum.

The splendid glass enamel, in which
several popular pictures are copied, is a
successful revival of a lost art, in which
our ancestors excelled. The most important part of this exhibition we mention first, in a fact that Mr. Oldfield has succeeded in communicating to enameled glass that glorious ruby tint and those rich scarlets which have hitherto remained unknown to modern artists in this department. A very vivid example is seen in the copy from Rubens' celebrated "Descent from the Cross;" the crimsons of which vie with, and perhaps surpass, the colours in the stained windows of cathedrals.

The gem of this collection, and a gem it is, indeed, is a copy of Harlowe's well-known picture of Shakspeare's scene of the "Citation of Catherine of Arragon." The face and figure of John Kemble, as Cardinal Wolsey, are beautifully finished: the richness of the scarlet drapery, and the bold depth of the shadows, are really exquisite. The attitude and expression of Mrs. Siddons, as Queen Catherine, were never much to our taste, in the original; but the figure has lost nothing of its beauty through the medium of Mr. Oldfield's enamel—in truth, the whole is minutely finished.

Beneath this is a copy of Danby's picture of the "Opening of the Sixth Seal;" and this picture we take the liberty of preferring to the original. The explosion of the ignited masses from the volcano, and the lurid effect of the sky and air, are masterly. There is a solitary figure, sitting on a sort of platform of lava, that is extremely effective. Designs of the supernatural order are wonderfully heightened and improved, thus seen through the medium of glass enamelling, the gradations of light being peculiarly brilliant and striking. Martin's noble picture of "Joshua," of which the copy is magnified to the full size of the original, likewise gives equal or greater pleasure than the real picture. The effect of the sunbeams is most beautiful, because the manner in which the light is transmitted accords well with the subject. The effect of the sunbeams that strike on Joshua, as they pass behind the dark mass of rock, deserves particular attention. The sky is finely toned.

The "Belshazzar's Feast" does not give equal pleasure, yet there is no perceptible fault, excepting some want of opacity and strength in the foreground; the fact is, that the light of day is too white for it, and changes the colouring of the rich warm tones to a salmon tint; this painting ought to be illuminated with a lamp, and the ingenious artist would find the proper effect was immediately attained.

We recommend to Mr. Oldfield a more general adoption of ancient historical portraits and costume, as a style more congenial to this gorgeous art, which he has awakened from the sleep of centuries. The washy imitations of a classical style, that pervaded the last century, in which Cipriani was the leader, do not harmonise with an art which has preserved to us, with minute fidelity, the unfading portraits of kings, saints, and nobles of ancient days, after a lapse of time which has caused the canvas to rot from the wall, and the marble to crumble from the monument; yet, by means of the imperishable glass enamelling, the lovely features of Elizabeth Woodville, for instance, still look from the painted glass of the college she founded, as sweetly placid and earnest as when she ensnared and tamed the wild heart of Edward the Fourth.

We hope to see Mr. Oldfield's talents called in to perpetuate copies of family portraits on ornamented windows in gentlemen's and noblemen's seats, according to this ancient custom; but, without he turns his attention to antique portraiture, this can scarcely be expected. The contemplated structure of the round tower of the Temple church about to be erected in the Great Western Cemetery at Nottingham Hill, would be a fine and advantageous opportunity for him to display his clever art.

Panorama of Boothia.

We have seen much better painted panoramas from the hand of Mr. Burford, yet the present exhibition is attractive, for the sake of Captain Ross, under whose directions it has been executed; there is likewise to be seen the tent, under whose slight covering Captain Ross braved the rigours of an arctic atmosphere, in the course of his arduous researches, besides several articles used during the expedition. The general tone of the panorama is certainly very hard, and by no means deceptive; the gazer perceives it is a piece of painted canvas the moment it meets the eye. It is our candid opinion that the panorama-maker has relied too much on the well-earned fame of Captain Ross, and has been careless in the execution of his subject.
Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, APRIL 21, 1834.

Your letter, ma très chère Clarinde, has afforded me the greatest delight. So you really intend honouring our gay metropolis with your presence for a short time this summer! Ah! ma belle c'est aimable on ne peut plus aimable! I have given orders to have a suite of rooms prepared for your reception. On tu te trouvras absolument chez toi, car cela va sans dire, that you come to my hotel. I have already formed a thousand projects of amusement for you, and built ten thousand châteaux en Espagne, none of which can possibly be overthrown, at least let us hope so, though hope, I fear, is but a cheat, that flatters only to deceive. According to Madame de Maintenon, "L'Espérance nous crie sans cesse en avant, en avant, et nous attire ainsi jusqu'au tombeau." Mais, ma chère parons modes. I shall commence by giving you a list of the "New Materials" that have just appeared. Those for walking or carriage costume, or what we call Petite Toilette for morning visits, are,

The Salemporis; a material composed of silk and fine wool, an improvement on the chalys; the grounds are white or coloured, and the patterns mostly Turkish.

Levantines de laine, in the style of Norwich crape, but much finer and exceedingly glossy; these are made in every colour, sans dessins.

Satins de Bombay; a tissue of silk and cachemire, satiné, a very close resemblance to satin, made in all colours, the handsomest are flowered, but all of one colour.

Mousseline de Delhi, the same tissue as the last, but in very close, or very broad stripes or quadrilles; cross-barred; the stripes satinés.

For grande toilette de promenade we have,

The Fontanges; a thick, rich gros de Naples, broché in very minute flowers, as "forget-me-nots," "lily of the valley;" a small leaf resembling the trifle (shamrock), peas, or almonds. This is one of the most elegant materials I have seen.

The Visapour; composed of silk and cachemire, and as brilliant as satin; the dessins are immense flowers, and the colours as strongly contrasted as can be.

Taffetas de Siam, of silk and worsted, covered with a running Persian pattern.

Satins de Siam; the same material satiné.

Mousseline de Siam; a gauze not quite transparent, so exceedingly soft that it never creases; the dessins most admired are large flowers, as roses, tulips, &c.

Taffetas Ecosais; a plaid silk very much worn.

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Sévigné, the skirts are of an immense width, and the petticoats a little longer than they have been; the skirts are in general open in front, and held back with bouquets, bows of ribbon, pearl tassels; if the dress be white, blue, lilac, or primrose, &c.; but if it be rose, cerise, or green: the front breadth of the petticoat is ornamented with flowers of rich blonde. The deep fall of blonde or of black lace (according to the colour of the dress), called a mantille, is very much worn; on the shoulders are bouquets, or les nœuds de page.

**Walking Dresses.** Mostly made en Reineguette, fastened down the front with bows of ribbon, or trimmed with a thick ruche of the material of the dress, if it be silk, otherwise of ribbon; the corsages are tight to the bust, with folds coming from the shoulder to the waist. There is no determined fashion for sleeves just now, but the very newest are à l'imbécille, loose all the way down, and gathered into the narrowest wristband possible; these sleeves will decidedly be the fashion for muslin dresses, and robes de matin. Sleeves immensely wide at top, and nearly tight to the lower arm; some finished at the wrist by a tight cuff, and some (but very few) by a cambric cuff. Some are also loose. The long sleeves à double soubret, and tight from the elbow down, are going out. The couturières are busy making muslin peignoirs, for when the weather gets a little warmer, they are the most distingué dress for receiving morning visits; they are to be as follows:—of course open down the front, with a wide hem all round, in which is inserted a coloured ribbon, rose, blue, lilac, green, or pale; a large pleiner with a ribbon likewise inserted in the loom, entirely conceals the make of the corsage, which is not tight. The sleeves à l'imbécille, the pleiner fastened down the front with two bows of ribbon, a ceinture to match, tied in front with long ends, and the sleeves tied at the wrist with the same coloured ribbon. A tulle or blonde cap à l'Anglaise, with ribbons to match the dress. Some of those peignoirs have coloured silk linings throughout; but the others are far prettier.

**Lingerie.**—Large white muslin pelisses, with a broad hem put on all round, and edged with Brussels lace, if it be of thin muslin, and with Valenciennes, if it be cambric. The form of these pelisses is exactly what was worn last year. They are very large, and as oval as possible, so as to sit well over the full sleeves. Some have square collars, and others are without, and some are embroidered; the thin ones always. Pelerines round at the back, and made to cross in front beneath the costume, the ends of some longer, of others shorter, embroidered and trimmed with lace, are likely to become very fashionable.

Mantelets, lined with coloured silk and trimmed with old Malines lace, are very elegant; and the mantelets of black tulle and black taffetas, trimmed with black lace, are very much worn. The little plaited frills called jaillots, which I described to you so fully some time ago, are coming in again for summer. Square flat collars are more worn than any other; they are beautifully embroidered and trimmed with Brussels or Valencia lace. The pocket handkerchiefs I told you last time have no hems; they are finished at the edge with eight or nine rows of an open work stitch called point Turc, to which the lace is put on. They are embroidered in bouquets and guirlandes.

**Stockings and Shoes or Bottines.**

—Silk stockings à jours, open work, are worn in full dress, plain silk in demi-toilette, and Scotch thread en neglige. The white satin shoes at present have bows of satin ribbon, but soon they will scarcely exceed the size of one of our five sous pieces: they are made en rosettes in walking dress. Bottines or brodequins are more worn than shoes; they are of satin royal gros blue and gros vert, dark blue and green, or to match the dress.

**Mittens.**

—Long black silk mittens and gloves are still worn in full dress; white kid gloves, with a quilling or a puffing of white satin ribbon, are also worn.

**Hats and Capotes.**—The pretty hats of paillé de riz, that were so very general last summer, are again coming in. Nothing can be more distinguishable than one of them trimmed with white, pale rose, blue, lilac, paillé, or light green ribbon, and ornamented with feathers to match, or with a bouquet of moss or blush roses, double hyacinths, lilac, or mixed flowers. Hats and capotes of poux de soie glace, à reflets blancs, are much worn, or of white poux de soie. They are trimmed with rich sarfnet ribbons in preference to gauze, and are invariably ornamented with flowers. Leghorn hats are not in as yet. Drawn capotes are in high estimation with our eleganties. White, rose, green, and lilac, are the favourite colours for them. Crape hats, not transparent but lined with satin the same colours, are prevalent. The fronts of the drawn capotes are larger, and come more over the face than any other; almost all have a short demi-volée put on at the edge. Some of these volées are of rich blonde; but the greater number, and those thought the most distinguishé, are of blonde, hemmed at the edge, and a very narrow open blonde sewed outside the hem; others are of tulle illusion, with a narrow blonde outside the hem; and those for grand neglige, are of the finest English
tulle, hemmed or festonné all round. They are put on the hat with a slight degree of fullness, and are never more than half an ell in depth. Nearly all the hats have small flowers underneath the fronts, and some, instead of the blonde ears or bridies, have small wreaths coming down at each side of the face; these are excessively becoming. The little wreaths consist of small roses (no larger than the common field daisy). There are in general about ten roses in each wreath; then there are bits of heath of different colours, sprigs of lily of the valley, and of the forget-me-not, small pinks, bits of hawthorn, &c. &c. The crowns of all the hats are high—some higher at back than at front others higher at front than at back. The fronts are very round, standing quite round from the face, a good deal evasé, and nearly meeting under the chin. The bavolets (a curtain at the back) are worn fuller and deeper than they have been.

**Flowers.—**Roses, lilac, white, green, and lilac, acacia, hyacinth, wall flower, double stock, gillyflower, violets, narcissus, auriculas, scabious, carnations, pinks, the blossoms of fruit trees, guirlandes à la Ceres, consisting of wheat, oats, straw, and poppies, daisies, harebells, bluebells, with filberts, currants, cherries, holly, grapes, and oak with acorns.

**Reticules.—**The reticules are the little square bags which are the last year without cut tassels. They are made of silk broché, or embroidered in silk or gold, or silk stamped in gold. Some are of the very rich and splendid materials that were worn in dresses à l'antique last winter, namely, satin broché in coloured flowers and reticule fashion of the "sauterelles," worn by the ladies some centuries ago. As there is no fixed style of coiffure, I refer you to my letter of last month.

**Colours.—**White, emerald, apple, parrot, moss and myrtle greens, lilac, pale lilac or mauve, pale, rose, blue, yellow, grey, pearl grey, lilac grey, écrue, nut brown, and chamois, or fawn colour.

Now, my dear friend, I shall no longer trespass on your patience. Mon mari est revenu de la campagne, en bonne santé et très aimable, il t'embrasse ainsi que moi, bien tendrement. Adieu ma bonne.

Aime toujours ton amie,

L— de F—

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**DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.**

(No. 9.) **Walking Dress.**—First figure seen in profile. Hat of poux de soie, the crown high, and rounded at top; the front rounded at one side, square at the other (see plate), and a deep bavolet or curtain at the back. The trimming consists of a wide gauze ribbon going twice round the crown (see plate), and finishing at the right side with a large bow of the same, with two very long ends, and which retains a plume of ostrich feathers; underneath the front of the hat is a small bow of ribbon.

**Low dress of gauze de soie des deux nuits,** corsage plain, full sleeves, finished at the wrist by a cambric cuff. Canecou of thin cambric trimmed with Valenciennes edging, and an entre deux of fine embroidery is let in all round and on the shoulders: the trimming of which, as may be seen in the plate, is deep and full on the shoulders, diminishing gradually to nearly a point, and finishes beneath the ceinture, both at back and front. Cambric embroidered handkerchief. Hair en bandeaux lisses, white kid gloves, silk stockings, and shoes of satin Turc.

**Second figure.**—Hat of poux de soie, the crown flat at top, the front evasée, and meeting under the chin. The crown of the hat is encircled by a gauze ribbon which crosses in front, and descends at the sides to form the brides. A full bow of ribbon and a large bouquet of the Narcissus are placed exactly in front of the crown. Redingotte of gros de Naples; the corsage fits tight to the bust, and has three folds or plaits reaching from the shoulder to the waist (see plate). The redingot is fastened down the front from top to bottom with boutons de passimentaire (silk buttons), increasing in size as they go down. A row of these buttons is also placed down each side of the corsage between the sleeve and the folds already mentioned. Sleeves remarkably full at top, nearly tight to the lower arm, and finished at the wrist by a pointed cuff; the point turns up, and has a button in the centre, similar to those on the dress; another small pointed piece forms a jockie on the top of the sleeve. Ceinture à pointe, blonde cap and frill, white gloves, silk stockings, and black shoes.

(No. 10.) **Walking Dress.**—Hat of gauze lined with satin, the crown oval at top, and rather higher at front than at back; the front is very open, and sits quite round to the face, it meets under the chin (see plate); the cape on the crown of the hat is in large folds going lengthways, and entirely across the top. A wide gauze ribbon goes round the top of the crown and confines the folds; it is tied in a single bow at the back: a second ribbon encircles the lower part of the crown, crosses in front, and descends at the sides to form the brides. The back of the hat is finished by a full bavolet. A bouquet of Dandilion, partly in blossom and partly running to seed, is placed very high at the front of the crown. Redingotte of Mousseline de laine sur,
fastened down the front with bows of ribbon placed in distances. The corsage is tight to the bust, with draperies en cœur reaching from the shoulders to the waist, and meeting in the centre of the front. Sleeves à l’imbécile, full all the way down to the wrist, where they are gathered into the smallest wrist-bands possible (see plate). Blonde cap and frill. Hair à la Madonna. White gloves, silk stockings, and shoes of satin royal. The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

**Drama, &c.**

**King’s Theatre.**—At length M. Laporte has succeeded in bringing over such a vocal force as will give an éclat to his theatre, and carry him triumphantly through the season. The performance of three operas since our last, has excited very great interest in the musical world, in consequence of the perfect manner in which all their parts were sustained. The first of these is *Il Barbier,* in which Madame Caradore was the Rosina; Rubini, the Count; and Tamburini, the Barber. The trio, “Zitti zitti,” was performed by Caradore, Rubini, and Tamburini, with rare perfection and unity of feeling. The second, Rossini’s *Guerra Ladra,* regarded by so many excellent judges as his best work, was very decidedly superior to any other representation of the opera on the same boards. The Ninetta, Signora Giulietta Grisi, was a débütante; the effect produced by this young cantatrice upon the whole audience was far beyond any expectation which had been previously excited. Indeed, before entering upon any detailed criticism, and with a full recollection of the talent which has upon different occasions been bestowed upon the part, we may assert that we had never before seen it invested with its perfect interest and power. The beautiful quality of a genuine Italian soprano of great compass, power, and flexibility, and a school of the highest order, were at once displayed in the *Di Prover,* and stamped the certain success of the singer. But these were ordinary beauties in comparison with the feeling, the refinement, and the exquisite delicacy of expression with which the remaining portions of the opera were surrounded. When, in 1832, Mademoiselle Grisi first appeared in Paris, to which city she came from Venice, she did not create any strong sensation in the musical world, at least in the minds of those who are, perhaps not very correctly, so denominated. Mademoiselle Grisi is of moderate stature; her features are handsome and full of intelligence; her bust is perfect; it would form a beautiful study for Chantry or Behnes. Her voice is a soprano, pure, brilliant, powerful, and flexible. Taking it simply in its character as an unmixed soprano, it is very superior. Her eye is full of delicate meaning; her action is free from study or stage-trickery; she seems perfectly natural; and even her singing, with all its delicate finish and sweetness, seemed anything but an effort of art and labour; she produces all her notes with the utmost facility. The town have been treated by the performance of Donizetti’s pauper-like opera of *Anna Bolena.* This latter remark applies merely to the work as a composition. The acting and singing were of the very highest order. There is perhaps no more creditable testimony to the talents of Signora Grisi, M. Ivanhoff, and Tamburini, than that they have contrived to attract several crowded audiences by their superior execution of the worthless and trumpery music which Donizetti has infused into a production which would not exist for one night were it not for interest in the singers. This opera brought forth the long-promised phenomenon of a Calmuck first tenor, who with a voice approaching to the sweetness of the Italian, nearer far than could have been expected from one reared in so desolate and inhospitable a region, in all that regards the arts, as Russia. Ivanhoff, though labouring under severe cold, evidently possesses an exquisite organ, which the musician easily detects and appreciates under all accidental disadvantages. The voice of Ivanhoff is a high tenor; in quality something like that of Rubini, but fresher. He appears to inherit from nature a strong musical perception, and a very nice ear; and his singing is in some degree preferable to that of his model, Rubini, as it is without the constant trembling of tone, and that excessive passion for ornament, which so much interferes with correct expression. His exertions were warmly applauded, and as the effects of our climate pass away he nightly gains on the admiration of the musical public. Of Grisi, as the heroine of the piece, it is impossible to say too much, in the way of praise. As her subject rose in interest she warmed with it; and her first interview with Percy, her discovery with him by the king, her detection of the king’s motive in seeking to make her appear guilty, the celebrated scene with Jane Seymour,* that with Percy, in which she reverts to their former attachment, and above all, the scene previous to her being led off to execution, were a succession of effects judicious in conception and masterly

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*A portrait of Jane Seymour will be published in the *Lady’s Magazine and Museum* for June.*
in execution. Her disdainful burst at the king's intimation that the "judges" would hear her defence was remarkably fine; but the most beautiful point in her acting was in the last scene, where the horrible incident is introduced of the bridal procession of her rival close to the walls of her prison, as she is about to be conducted to the scaffold. She had sunk on her knees in a state of mournful abstraction in the front of the stage, and at the sound of the rejoicings, is mused from it with the feeling that she is again free and happy with her former friends, till a review of the scene around her brings her back to the sense of her dreadful situation. It is interesting to notice how much Mlle Grisi is herself affected by the more exciting situations of the drama. Her beautifully intellectual face, the exact symmetry of her form, the perfection of her bust, are delightful subjects of contemplation, and especially in the becoming costume of an Anna Bolena. But it is really remarkable to see this face, flushing and becoming pale, not with a colour that will "come and go," or that a maid can "feel and carry," but that of the lady in the School for Scandal, but with real ebb and flow of the eloquent blood. The expression which this peculiarity gave to the simple exclamation, "Giusto Ciro," when the king enters the apartment of his queen at the time when his absence or presence is to be a death to the person with whom she is engaged, and with no small danger to herself, was extremely fine. We never witnessed a more real picture of distraction and terror than Mlle. Grisi exhibited in this scene. The regal deportment of the actress throughout was finely sustained, and true to history. Tamburini, as the "bluff Harry," was, in every thing that could be desired. Mrs. Seguin, who enacts the part of Jane Seymour, sings the rather arduous music of that character credibly, and the more so as she acquires herself well in contact with the high talent of the prima donna. The two Stalers have arrived, and have danced several times. Their re-appearance is distinguished by the most visible improvement, particularly la belle Fanny. Little Perrot, too, is amongst us, and fails not to maintain his reputation as the "male" Taglioni. Duvernay, likewise, increases in favour.

Drury Lane.—A whimsical poem has furnished Mr. Pocock with the suggestion for "an Easter folly," to which has been given the title of Auster Fair; or, Michael Scott, the Wizard. It is an odd fantastic thing, but by no means inappropriate to the taste of the times. The story runs thus:—Michael Scott, though a wizard, has not forgotten that the fair sex exist for love; he sets about wooing Maggie Lauder, the beloved of Rob the Ranter, whose chief recommendation with the fair lassie is, that he has little of this world's goods, a proud spirit and a daring hand. The Baron of Braidrig has offered the hand of Maggie to him who wins the pony-race, and best performs other feats, at the approaching Auster-fair. Two good fairies, who had been shut up in a mustard and pepper-box, manage their escape by the instrumentality of Johnny, and by their art make Rob the Ranter come in foremost in the race. A magic bagpipes, with which he has been gifted by them, sets tables, chairs, fenders, and fire-irons in dancing movement of the most grotesque character. The hand of Maggie is consequently assigned to Rob, and Michael Scott destroys his cabalistic appurtenances, and promises to become a good and altered subject. The whole piece is managed well, and efficiently supported. The tragedy of Sardanapalus, or, rather, the "stage version" of Byron's magnificent poem of that name, has been at length produced. Its performance, however, was preceded by a ruse in the publication of an imaginary letter from Mrs. Maidyn, that having been the object from whom the noble author had drawn his character of Myrrha, who claims, almost as of right, the privilege of playing the scenic representation of that person. The piece has been produced, and under the most favourable auspices, as far as good acting and splendid scenery and dresses can be so designated. The piece itself is a litter companion for the chamber than for the stage. Macready, as Sardanapalus, supported by Cooper, Miss Phillips, and Miss E. Tree, so played, that they met with repeated proofs of the satisfaction their exertions elicited to crowded houses.

Covent Garden.—Herold's opera of Prè une Clère, by Planché, has been produced here. This opera had a run of nearly two hundred nights at the Opera Comique at Paris, and saved the theatre from impending ruin; but we cannot bring ourselves to admit it is suited to the taste of an English audience. Like all French music there is a good deal of noise, and a perpetual reference to the use of wind instruments. Herold, however, often seizes a very fine conception, but does not work it out with the richness or progressing fulness of Rossini, nor the elasticity and delicacy of Auber. The overture commences and ends admirably. It is, perhaps, a little stormy, but the instrumentation is well arranged. The opera of Don Juan has been revived at this house during the past month. Braham

* See a portrait of Anna Bolena in the Lady's Magazine and Museum for September, 1833.
once more appeared as the hero, and acted with admirable spirit. In his singing it must with regret be admitted that a diminution of general vigour was perceptible, although he frequently emulated both the sweetness and force of his best days. The charming duet of Juan with Zerlina was beautifully given by him and Miss Shirreff. The latter was one of the liveliest representatives of the rustic bride that we have seen. After the opera a farce called The Good-Looking Fellow, was produced. The plot turns on the embarrassments of a Narcissus Briggs (Harley), "a universal lover." It is light and laughable—but not to our taste.

French Plays.—These plays have commenced under very favourable auspices at the Olympic. The company in a week or two will be stronger than this country has before witnessed, and we therefore doubt not but that Laporte's exertions will be duly appreciated.

Victoria.—The new mystic melodrama, in three acts, called Umbroso; or, Magical Delusion, which was followed by another piece, entitled Brown Fanny; or the Seaman's Card, have been much applauded. The scenery in the former is delightfully painted; and the music, by Wade, is of a most pleasing character. Miss Emily Graham, from the Dublin Theatre, made her first curtesy to a London audience. She promises to be an acquisition to the company. W. H. Williams was full of life and humour. During the last month, after a performance of the Blaud Beggar of Bethnal Green, one evening Mr. Abbott came forward, and informed the audience that owing to "repeated applications to reduce the prices of the pit and gallery, and that it is their duty to take into consideration that the times will not admit of large sums of money being lavished upon amusements, they had resolved on reducing the prices of the pit and gallery." In accordance with this announcement the prices have been thus diminished to this scale, viz., Upper Circle of Boxes 2s. 6d., Pit 1s. 6d., Gallery 1s. The consequence of this reduction is that the managers have been nightly rewarded with crowded houses.

Adelphi Theatre.—Mr. Mathews has opened his annual budget of mirth. Mr. Mathews proposes during this season to repeat some of those entertainments which have in former years delighted the public.

Surrey Theatre.—No sooner had the Adelphi closed its regular season than the leaders of that corps joined Mr. Osbaldiston. The chief novelty has been the production of a piece founded on Victor Hugo's Notre Dame, under the title of Esmeralda; or the Deformed of Notre Dame. In its adaptation considerable license has been taken with the text, and not always with effect.

Fitzroy.—The Frolics of the Fairies; or, Park in a Pucker, may, in point of splendour and novelty of construction, vie with anything that has ever yet been brought forward at a minor theatre. Nearly two hundred children are introduced upon the stage at one time, and go through their evolutions with all the precision of experienced veterans; the eldest does not appear to exceed fourteen years of age, whilst some have yet to see their fifth or sixth year. The children to whom the dialogue is intrusted are very clever little creatures. The house has been crowded to excess.

Astley's.—The Wars of Wellington, in four parts, has afforded Ducrow an opportunity for the display of most gorgeous pageantry of every kind. The events in the life of the hero of Waterloo commence with the capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, and are brought down to 1815. It would be no easy matter to describe all the marvellous doings that are commemorated. There are several grand combats, single and general, all of which are contrived with the wonted taste and effective arrangements of Ducrow—and, what with gunpowder, blue and red lights, and all the din and bustle of war, the whole goes off with a spirit and éclat alone to be found within these precincts.

Pavilion.—The Traitor's Gate; or, the Tower of London in 1550, and Bethnal Green in the Olden Time, furnished a treat of no common merit, followed by The Demon of the Mystic Dart; or, Harlequin and the Lady-bird Sprite.

Garrick.—A new three-act drama, called Destiny; or, the Red Man of the Rue St. Roch, gives a pleasing historical sketch of the principal incidents in the life of Napoleon Buonaparte, from his first appearance as lieutenant of artillery down to the memorable era of Waterloo. The materials of the plot are rather meagre, but the incidents are so managed as to render it an exceedingly effective drama.

Theatrical and Musical Intelligence.

Parisian Theatricals.—The return of Mlle. Taglioni to the Grand Opera, in the ballet of La Sylphide, was, of course, the signal for an overflowing house. The terms of eulogium have been so totally exhausted in describing the talents of this charming being, that we can only say that on this occasion she proved herself, as she has ever done, unapproachable. A new ballet, on the subject of "The Tempest," is in preparation. The Nautical Theatre is proceeding actively, and will
speedily be opened to the public.

M. Mira is said to have been definitely appointed Director of the Opera Comique, which is now closed for the purpose of being completely repaired. "Robert le Diable" has been performed for the hundredth time, and is one of the most attractive operas of the répertoire. The title of the next novelty is *Une Aventure sous Charles IX*. A représentation extraordinaire took place here for the benefit of Perrier, on which occasion Mademoiselle Volnais, who has retired from the stage about twelve years, quitted her retreat to appear in *La Mere Compable*. Mademoiselle Volnais had reason to be satisfied with the kindness of her reception. The house was, however, poor, the receipts amounting to only 3,000f.

A good deal of conversation has been excited among musicians, by the fact, that at the approaching celebration in Westminster Abbey, Mr. W. Knyvett, who is not a professional performer upon that instrument, is to preside at the organ on the day when "The Messiah" is performed. Mr. Turl is the organist of the church, and, though enjoying a high reputation for cathedral music, he has thus been displaced. He will, however, have the opportunity, with Attwood and others, of taking part in his own organ on the other days of performance.

The spirited lessee of the Richmond Theatre intends, in obedience to the request of many of the fashionables of the neighbourhood, to open his theatre every Monday until the commencement of the regular season. The first performance under the new arrangement will be on the 5th of the month.

The Liverpool Theatre having undergone various alterations, particularly in the decorative departments, will open for the season on the 12th of May; and Mr. Finley, the scenic artist of Drury-lane, is negotiating with the manager to paint a drop-scene for the occasion.

The Italian Company have been most successful in their performances at Liverpool, and intend visiting Manchester immediately after the English *corps dramatique* shall have terminated their labours.

Miss Phillips and her sister are in treaty with Mr. Murray, the Edinburgh manager, to make a professional sojourn with him during his summer campaign.

Miss E. Paton and Mr. Collins are negotiating a fortnight's engagement with Mr. Calcraft, the enterprising manager of the Dublin Theatre.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles performed at Bristol during the past week.

Mr. W. J. Hammond intends opening the Sheffield Theatre on Whit Monday, the 19th inst.

Mr. R. M. Raymond opens the Chester Theatre during the races, which will commence on the 5th inst.

*Mrs. Salmon.*—The paragraph which we copied from the *New Monthly Magazine*, stating that Mrs. Salmon, the celebrated singer, had been reduced to penury, is, we are assured, totally without foundation. Mrs. Salmon has retired from the profession, and, we are happy to state, with an ample competency, which she is now enjoying in a delightful retreat near London.—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.

Miss Macfarren, a new candidate for public favour, has made a very successful début at our private concerts. Her voice is a fine contralto, and she sings with great sweetness and expression. She is, we understand, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.—*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.

**Incedon's Last Song.**—Brahms's success gave him uneasiness; and when Sinclair appeared, he said, "Ay, they want to knock me up; first, they brought a Jew's-harp against me, and now they bring a Scotch fiddle." The last song Incedon ever sang, was in the kitchen of the Rein Deer, Mealcheapen-street, Worcester. He attended the Glee Club as usual, but he declined singing, and left the room rather depressed in spirits. By mere accident he strolled into the kitchen, where, recovering his good humour, gathered the servants about him, and gave them "Now, farewell, my trim-built wherry," in most brilliant style; and then lapsing into gloom, he left the house. Not long after, he died.—*Dover's Actor's Life*.

**A New Opera.**—By Mariani, is in preparation, called *The Bravo*; which, it is anticipated, will rival *Gustavus*. T. Cooke is busily engaged in adapting the music for the English stage.

**Melodists' Club.**—This Society, founded in 1825, for the encouragement of melody and ballad composition, gave a splendid musical treat on Thursday in the Freemasons' Hall, when nearly a hundred amateurs and professors of music dined, Lord Saltoun in the chair, supported by Lord Ernest Bruce, Sir John Rogers (Chairman of the Madrigal Society), &c. &c. In the course of the evening, Mr. Hobbs sang the prize ballads composed by Mr. Blewitt and himself in a very chaste manner, after which the noble Chairman presented each composer with a very elegant silver goblet; and, in addressing Mr. Hobbs, Lord Saltoun observed that he had conferred on himself the greatest honour by singing his adversary's song with, if possible, better effect than he did his own, which displayed a liberality of freedom that reflected on him infinite honour.

**Ivanhoff.**—Ivanhoff was at one time pupil of Madame Fodor, who was formerly
prima donna at the Opera-house. He is by birth a Russian, but his mother, if we are correctly informed, was an Italian singer of some celebrity in the North of Europe. He was educated a musician, and, having a sweet voice and good taste, was sent to France and Italy for cultivation.

The Opera.—Laporte is doing all he can in the ballet department; but London audiences have been spoiled by Taglioni, and now they will be fully satisfied with nothing else. It is acknowledged by all judges that the Elslers, especially Fanny, have greatly improved since last year; and, had Taglioni never been seen, Duvenay would have been considered one of the most charming dancers that ever exhibited. Taglioni will return to the King’s Theatre in the first week in June; at least that is the time at present fixed, and, for the sake of Laporte, we hope it will not be postponed. We doubt much if any opera, however excellent, and let the cast be what it may, will draw an audience in London for many nights, without the aid of an excellent ballet. An admired ballet, on the other hand, will be attractive by itself, the rest of the evening being filled up merely by a moderate opera, moderately performed.

New Piece.—The new piece at Drury-lane, to be produced in a few days, is an adaptation from the French, under the title of Secret Service. Fouquet, the Minister of Police under Buonaparte, is the principal character in it, and the incidents are said to have occurred during his administration. It has been converted from French into English by Planche.

The Kembles.—We understand that recent letters from Mr. C. Kemble in the United States make it doubtful whether he will return to this country as early as June. His American engagements expire on the 1st of that month, after which his daughter will be married to Mr. Butler, and it is said that he means to spend some time with them, and not to revisit England until the autumn. Mrs. C. Kemble is still in Paris, superintending the musical education of her daughter Adelaide under the celebrated Bordogni; but it has been asserted that she will shortly sail for New York to join her husband and daughter. Nothing seems to have been yet arranged for the performance of Charles Kemble next season at Covent-garden.

The Haymarket.—It has been said that Mr. Morris would open his theatre on the 3rd of May, and such an intention did exist at one time, but it has now certainly been abandoned. The fact is, that until nearer the end of the season of the winter houses no adequate company can be obtained.

The New English Opera-house.—So rapid has been the advance of Arnold’s English Opera-house, that it seems to have risen almost "like an exhalation;" not, indeed, "with the sound of dulcet symphonies," but to the tune and click of trowel and brick. The roof will be on very shortly. Many of the preparations for fitting up the interior have been already made; so that, when once the edifice is covered in, the whole will be speedily completed, and the opening not be delayed beyond July.

Robert le Diable.—A revival of Robert le Diable, in French, at one of our English winter theatres, is among the theatrical topics of the day, and it is asserted that Mr. Bunn has entered into a conditional engagement with Madame Cinti Damoreau, Nourtir, and Levassor, for the purpose of bringing it out in French. Certainly the opera has not had in this country a fair trial. It was produced very imperfectly two seasons ago at Covent-garden and Drury-lane, and, when it was played by Monk Mason at the Italian Opera-house, it was so late that the piece had not time to become attractive before the principal singers were obliged to leave the country for Paris.

German Opera.—We shall have the German Opera at the King’s Theatre on the 5th of May. Laporte is to furnish the house, the wardrobe, the lights, &c., and his partner in this undertaking is to provide and to pay the performers. The receipts will be divided, and the price of admission will be the same as during the first season when German Operas were introduced into this country. Schroeder Devrient has been more than once applied to, but she demands even higher terms than are required by any of the Italian prima donne, so that, unless she lowers her expectations, she will not be engaged. Nearly the same may be said of Haisinger, who by no means holds the same rank in the art, and, as he and Devrient are on a perfectly good understanding, one will not visit this country without the other. The place of Haisinger it will not be difficult to supply; there are several better tenors in Germany; but it must be admitted that Devrient stands alone.

Signora Grisi.—It has been said that Giulietta Grisi is married, notwithstanding, like Taglioni, she is always mentioned in the bills with the designation of Made-moiseelle. The fact is that she has no husband, though she has had several offers of the most advantageous description. She is now not more than twenty-two years old, and, if we are informed rightly, was born at Bologna, or, at all events, early studied in that school.—Observer.

Mrs. Waylett.—This charming ballad-singer has been playing with great success in Kent.
THE ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—
"The note of preparation" is daily heard in Westminster Abbey; the carpenters are busy at work, and the orchestra, boxes, galleries, seats, &c., are progressing under the superintendence of the architect, Mr. Blore. All the seats will be covered with crimson bause, and numbered to correspond with the tickets; and, in order to facilitate the ingress and egress, there will be three different entrances, exclusively of the one for their Majesties and the Royal Family, and each entrance will be specified on the tickets, to which the company will, as a matter of course, pay the strictest attention for their own sakes. Those possessing two-guinea tickets will be admitted at the great western door; and those having one-guinea tickets will be admitted, up to a certain number, at the north, and the remainder at the south door. Order of the performances:—Tuesday, June 24. Haydn’s Oratorio “The Creation,” and a selection from Handel’s Oratorio “Judas Maccabaeus.”—Thursday, June 26. A selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Leo, Beethoven, and other composers; and Handel’s Oratorio “Israel in Egypt.”—Saturday, June 28. Selection from Handel’s Oratorio “Sampson,” and from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Purcell, Pergolesi, Cimerosa, and other eminent composers.—Tuesday, July 1. Handel’s Sacred Oratorio “The Messiah,” by command of her Majesty. —The public are to give orders to the various music-sellers for what number of tickets they may require. Tickets for reserved seats, two guineas each day. Tickets for seats not reserved, one guinea each day. Tickets for the rehearsal, half-a-guinea each day. The tickets will be issued to the music-shops about the middle of May. —A second performance in the Abbey will take place on the anniversary of his Majesty’s accession to the throne, and the third on that of the proclamation, when appropriate compositions will be selected for both occasions, which cannot fail to enhance the interest of the festival. So anxious are a number of persons in the country to procure tickets, that they are daily writing to the various music-sellers to secure them, or rather bespeak them, before they are issued. Mr. Gray is preparing a splendid organ, which will be erected in front of the western window; and the vocal and instrumental performers will be in front, and on each side, up to the ceiling, terminating with the kettle drums, trumpets, and trombones. —The performance will commence each day at twelve o’clock, and terminate soon after three.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Her Majesty has signified her intention of being present at the performance of Handel’s Oratorio "The Messiah," on the 2d of May, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. Her Majesty also intends to honour with her presence the performance at St. Paul’s Cathedral, on the 9th of May, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy.

MR. AND MRS. WOOD.—It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Wood are about to return to England. The latter will prove a great acquisition at the Royal Musical Festival. The applications for engagements are great beyond calculation; and those who sang in the chorus at Handel’s commemoration consider that they have a claim on the present management, forgetting that time has not been idle these fifty years.

M. MAZZINGHI, the composer, has been successful in his claim to the title of Count, which has recently been decreed by the proper authorities in Italy; he and his family are now at Rome. Mazzinghi married a daughter of Mr. Hodges, the eminent distiller, with whom he received a handsome fortune, so that he will be enabled to support his new title with dignity.

PAGANINI’S EXHAUSTLESS GENIUS.—
“We have it,” says the Sunday Times, “from a professor of eminence, who has accompanied Paganini in his performance of “The Carnival of Venice” at least two hundred times, that he has never heard it once without his playing at least two, and sometimes three variations, never heard before.” Paganini himself lately regretted extremely that this is his last visit to England, as it would take at least three seasons to enable him to exhibit to the public one-half of what he can do on the violin. The Signor has seldom enjoyed good health while in London, but at present we hear he is perfectly restored.

BEETHOVEN.—The anniversary of the death of Beethoven was lately celebrated at Marseilles, by a grand commemoration, in a church: 355 vocalists and 145 instrumental performers were assembled.

OXFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—At the Oxford grand musical festival, at the instigation of the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University, there will be four concerts, which will take place on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of June next. The first performance will be Dr. Crotch’s new oratorio, “The Captivity of Judah.” The most eminent vocal and instrumental performers will be engaged.

MR. BRAHAM.—The first time Weber heard Brahaim he said to a friend, “This is the greatest singer in Europe!” It was in his scene from “Der Freischütz.” We have the anecdote from the person himself.

A NATIONAL OPERA.—It is due to our national honour that the experiment of a
National Opera should be tried; and it might be tried at the King’s Theatre, by the engagement of a poet such as Moore, a composer such as Bishop, and a singer like Braham, to bring out a legitimate opera, even if it were done on an extra night.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A New Theatre.—A small theatre, called the Royal Kent Theatre, was opened on Easter Monday at Kensington. It is constructed upon the model of the Olympic, and cost about 1,500/. It will hold 2,000 persons. The tragedy of *Othello* was enacted to a crowded house. Messrs. Wynne, late of the Victoria, Bartlett and W. West, of the Haymarket, and Curling and Brown, provincial actors, sustained the principal parts.

Paganini’s Concerts.—This extraordinary being commenced his first series of concerts for 1834, at the Adelphi Theatre, on Monday, the 7th ult. And we congratulate the public on the circumstance, inasmuch as we look upon him as not only the greatest performer on the violin, but one of the first musicians that has ever been known to Europe. There was nothing new in the subject matter of the performances of the *gran maestro* on this occasion; but it was as fresh in its fascination as if it had been quite novel. The more Paganini is heard, the more he will be admired, and for this simple reason—that his excellence is a reality, his art is one speciously marvellous in its effects. Mystery to the uninformed, and by the uninformed most respected; but to the skilful ears, to those of the first men in the musical profession, jealous and uncharitable as they are in general towards one another, it is one acknowledged to develop infinite and exquisite niceties, hitherto undreamt of, in the production of melody and harmony on the simple vibrating chord, and chords of the violin. The more, therefore, he is known, the oftener he is heard, the more he will be appreciated. His first concerto, with orchestra accompaniment, contained much that was in the finest vein, but it was also disfigured occasionally by assumed eccentricities. His second performance, the variation to “Nel cor piu” was exceedingly beautiful, and in parts wonderful. The audience on this occasion, as formerly, was quite enraptured. The orchestra was select and effective, and some moderately good vocal performances filled up the intervening spaces between the different concerti. Miss Somerville and Miss Watson contributed to these; the latter young lady, who is not yet known to the public, is prepossessing in her appearance, and, with a good voice, sings very agreeably.

Harmonicon.

The Polish Maiden.—A Song. The Words by C. Jefferys; the Music composed by L. Devereaux. L. Lee.

A very elegant and effective song.

The Mountaineer’s Return.—As above.

Another extremely pretty production.

The Guitar of Spain.—A Song. The Words by C. Jefferys; the Music composed by S. Nelson, Keith and Co.

This playful and elegant song adds a fresh laurel to the number already gained by our friend Nelson for this style of composition. Its great characteristic is the admirable combination of effects which he has produced in a work of excessive simplicity. There is also a peculiar harmony in the music and words.

Grand Rondo, or Costume Quadrilles.—Keith and Co.

These quadrilles are likely, we think, to become very popular. They will form a pleasant change to many of those sets with which the town is familiar. The subjects are from various works by Herold; and Berlioz’s delicious air, “Tu Vedrai,” is also to be found among them.

The Queen’s Own, or Masquerade Quadrilles.—Composed and arranged by W. Grosse. Keith and Co.

A production in which the known abilities of Grosse shine forth in full power.

Philomel.—A Duett. Written and composed by Mrs. T. Welsh.

This delightful composition harmonises admirably with the words. Indeed, for many months we have not met with a duett which has pleased us so much. It requires only to be known to gain favourite.

The Notes of a Cuckoo.—A pastoral Duett. Arranged with accompaniments, as above. W. S. Welsh.

A very pretty and simple production: it has also an interest attached to it from the fact of the original, on which the melody is framed, being an impromptu air, sung by Mrs. Welsh’s daughter, who is only five years of age.

The Fisherman’s Chorus.—The celebrated Air sung by Mr. Templeton. The Gallop.—Welsh.

These several subjects are taken from Auber’s opera of “Gustavus.” Each is arranged as a fantasia for the pianoforte, with very considerable ability; the first by Francois Romer, and the others by — St. Claire.


An extremely good arrangement.

I love but one.—A Ballad. The Words by Byron; the Music by F. Romer. Welsh.

The subject of this ballad is full of
 prettiness, and, to make use of a technical term, is "well worked up."

The Village Dance. — The Poetry translated and adapted by T. Welsh; the Music by HEROLD Welsh.

Dear Isabelle — Cavatina. — Vain each base endeavour. — Life's like an April day. — The Poetry translated and adapted by J. Welsh; the Music by HEROLD Welsh.

The above works are from Herold's celebrated opera of "Le Pré aux Clercs," now playing at Covent-garden Theatre under the title of The Challenge. Its popularity renders it needless for us to say anything of this production in its musical character, further than that these songs are the "gems" of the opera. With respect to the adaptation of the words, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Welsh has done far more justice to the subject and to the poetic "goddess" than is evinced in any of the versions we have seen. No collection of music can be perfect unless these publications are to be met with amongst it.

I have dreamed of thee. — When the Fairy Queen. — There is a Star that wildly beams. — In Halls of Pride. — The Minuet's Song — There is an Hour. — The Poetry by MRS. C. GRENVILLE; the Music composed by H. R. BISHOP. Mori and Co.

Each of these songs is plentifully bedecked with the delights of German melody of the most touching character. Mr. Bishop has done himself and Mrs. Grenville ample justice.

We met, but we're shall meet again. — A Ballad. The Words by N. F. MILES; the Music by ALEX. LEE. Mori and Co.

A pretty and effective ballad, of which this composer has written many.

**Miscellany.**

**Small Feet a Deformity.** — Small feet are so generally coveted by the ladies, that they will scarcely believe that there is a country in the world where they are disliked; but in South America they are considered a signal disgrace and deformity. At Quito the ladies wear shoes a great deal too large for them, stuffed with wool or cotton. The reason of this predilection for large feet is — that small ones are supposed to betray an Indian origin.

**Apostolic Simplicity of the Catholic Church in France.** — The following anecdote is drawn from the Staphore, which is the leading journal of the South of France, and the editor vouches for the authenticity of it. A Curé, in the diocese of Aix, addressed this letter to his Archbishop. "May 5, 1833." "Monseigneur. — The duties of my ministry are beyond my strength, and, indeed, beyond my reach. As my numerous parishioners live in rural habitations, situated at such distances that I cannot walk to them so often as they require to see their pastor. My means will not permit me to keep a conveyance, and if I have not one I must have an assistant. My purport in writing to you is, that you deign to provide me with a vicar, or an ass, either will answer the purpose." It is very evident that this minister has a conscientious wish to fulfill his duties; and as the incomes of the French clergy are thus miserably reduced, he must like his work better than his wages, or he would not remain in the church: for there are few men who have an education, that cannot by their labour afford to keep such a humble animal, particularly when unencumbered with a family. The Church of France is thus reduced to primitive simplicity, far beyond any sectarian ministers in Great Britain, who are permitted to mix temporal labour with their avocations. — The Catholic Church does not allow of this when turned to the profit of a priest.

**An Heroine of the New World.** — Among the victims of Zamano, the cruel and bigoted viceroy of New Grenada, was Donna Apollinaria Zalobriata, the most beautiful and accomplished girl in the city of Bogota. She was in the first flower of her youth, and was a daughter of the best family in the province. Attached with ardour to the cause of freedom, she maintained a constant, but hazardous correspondence with Bolivar, who, after the decisive battle of Barriera, threatened Bogota with a speedy capture. At the terulcia and conversaciones, of which the beautiful Apollinaria was the leading star, where she captivated all hearts by her songs and her guitar, she used to obtain information from the Royalist officers concerning the destination of their troops, intelligence which she wrote down and sent to the hero of the patriotes, by means of messengers provided by her betrothed lover, a young gentleman who had become a votary to freedom, through the powerful influence of his beloved. Unfortunately one of the dispatches of the beautiful spy was discovered by the Viceroy Zamano on the person of a page of her betrothed. A court-martial sat on her and her lover, and both were condemned to be shot, although there appeared no proof that the gentleman knew what the paper contained. The condemned lovers passed twelve hours together en Capilla,* before they were executed. The priest

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* In the chapel, a constant custom in the criminal laws of Spain, the condemned never return to the world, but remain till death with the priests praying and confessing.
who was attending on Apollonaria threatened
tired her with eternal pains if she did not
confess who were her accomplices, but she
would only acknowledge the messenger
they had taken. They brought the two
lovers out of the prison, tied them to a
bench, and encircled them with troops!
When the piquet marched forward to put
them to death, they were again offered
their pardon if they would betray the
friends that Bolivar had in the town; they
only declared that they would say nothing,
but that Bolivar would soon come and
point out his friends himself. The priest
retired, and the unhappy girl exclaimed to
the grenadiers who were taking aim at her
lovely waist and bosom, "Conque verdugas
tenéis valor de matar una mujer"—"Butchers,
have you the hearts to slay a woman?"
The unhappy beauty screened herself
with her veil, on the border of which was
embroidered the words, in gold, "Viva la
patría." There was a pause in the execution,
but the savage Viceroy gave the sig-
nal from the balcony, and the volley laid
both the lovers dead.—*Revue des deux
Mondes*.

MAXIMS AND EXAMPLES.—To die for
truth is not only to die for one's country,
but for the benefit of the whole world.
Truth, like the statue of the Venus de
Medici is discovered by us in after ages,
broken in many fragments, but it may be
united by a real admirer, and forms an
adorable goddess. Women are too apt to
hate each other, because they see in in-
dividuals of their own sex nothing but
rivals; this animosity is the reason of the
odd suppositions of St. Anastasius, St.
Basil, Socrates, and other doctors of the
Church, who declare that at the resurrec-
tion all human creatures will rise as men,
because in heaven there will be neither
rivalries or jealousies. During the honey-
moon, a wife is considered by her husband
as a Forget-me-not. During the rest of
her life he compares her only to the other
names of the same flower, which are Toad's-
eye and Scorpion-grass.

To a true poet those thoughts that ap-
pear cloudy and indistinct in the bustle
and glare of day, become clear and bril-
liant under the calm veil of night. They
may be compared to the column of va-
pours which continually hover over Vesuvius;
in the light of day it seems a mass
of grey mist, but in the night a pillar of
fire.

The reason that the health of domestic
animals is so much better than that of their
masters, is, because they never think of it.

"Lovest thou me?" asked a young man
of his beloved, for the first time, when
they were alone together. The maiden
stole a timid glance, but was silent.—"Oh! if thou dost really love me," continued he,
"keep not this cruel silence;" but his be-
loved had not the power to speak—"I
was happy," exclaimed he, "but now I am
wretched; for of hope and bliss thou hast
utterly deprived me."—"My beloved, I do,
indeed, love thee," said the maiden,
"therefore smooth thy ruffled brow."—
"Then, wherfore didst thou delay so un-
kindly the enchanting acknowledgment?"
"I was too happy to speak," she re-
plied; "but when thy angry impatience
grieved me, then the spell was broken, and
I found words." The more pure-minded
and angelic a woman's love is, the more
difficult it is for her lover to comprehend
it.—*From the German of John Paul Richter*.
CEDARS OF LEBANON.—Some of the
finest cedars of Lebanon in England are
in Suffolk. Those in Campsey Ash are
unrivalled as a group. There is a very
magnificent one at Lord Calthorpe's, near
Bury. That at Col. Bullock's, near Witham,
is also very fine. There is one fine tree in
the collection that is in the grounds of the
decayed and dilapidated mansion belong-
ing to Colonel Strutt, near Hatfield, Essex.
The air in the neighbourhood of London
does not seem to agree with this tree. The
two noble brethren at Chelsea are dicing,
the size of their heads gradually dimin-
ishing. The one opposite the church of Ham-
mersmith is in premature decay; for we
believe that the age of the cedar may ex-
tend to a period we cannot reckon—while
none planted in England can be older
than two hundred years at most. A cedar,
therefore, that decays at one hundred and
fifty or two hundred years, must find an
uncongenial soil or climate.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.—An old idol
which has been embedded in the river at
Rangoon ever since the occupation of that
town by the British troops in 1824, has
appeared, it is said, in visions to the gold-
footed Majesty of Ava, complaining that
the priest who had charge of his altar, to
save his own life, had deserted his godship,
and absconded from his temple; to punish
which crime the idol has requested that
the culprit be apprehended, and forthwith
immolated at his shrine to appease his
wrath. No sooner was this said than it
was done; the next morning the priest was
arrested, sent down to Rangoon, there sac-
ificed, and the deity re-seated at his
shrine. The Rajah of Joypore likewise has
sacrificed two rams, to appease two old
rusty guns lying in the fort of Joypore,
which, it is said, thirsted for blood, and
has ordered them to be broken up, that in
future no similar demand may be made by
them.—*E. I. Magazine*.

FEMALE MEMBERS OF ROYAL SO-
CIETIES OF LITERATURE.—The learned
and scientific society at Geneva, which cor-
responds in the nature of its institution
with the Royal Society of London, have
elected Mrs. Somerville a member; the
first instance of a similar distinction conferred on a female by that learned body. Mrs. Somerville, wife of Dr. Somerville, a physician, is the lady so distinguished at present for her knowledge of the sciences. We take it for granted that the Royal Society will follow the example. Ladies have been members of royal academies of painting, and of societies of botany, why not of any other institution of art or science? There is more jealousy than any thing else in withholding public honours from the sex, especially when those honours are of a gentle and comparatively private nature; unquestionably fitted for them, and calculated only to do good.—Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

A Long Nose.—A Paisley manufacturer, having got, by some accident, a severe cut across the nose, and having no plaster at hand, stuck on the unfortunate member one of his gum-ticket, on which was the usual intimation, "warranted 350 yards long!"

Prevalence of Ivy in the Island of Jersey.—There is one picturesque feature which enters into every view in Jersey; it is, that the trees are, I may say without exception, entirely covered with ivy, which not only adds to the beauty of the scenery when the trees are in leaf, but which greatly softens the sterility of a winter prospect, and gives a certain greenness to the landscape throughout the year. Nor is the luxuriant growth of the ivy in Jersey confined to the trees; it covers the banks by the way-side, creeps over the walls, and even climbs upon the rocks by the sea-shore. About two miles to the east of St. Helier, there are several elevated rocks, the bases of which are washed at high water, and which, higher up, are entirely overgrown with ivy; and, from the natural outline of these rocks, and their green covering, they have all the appearance of ruins.—Inglis's Channel Islands.

Dreadful Accident through a Furious Ox.—On Monday afternoon, about four o'clock, a short-horned Devonshire ox broke away from the drove to which he belonged on return from Smithfield market, and forced his way through one of the wickets leading from Chancery-lane into Lincoln's-inn-square, to the great consternation of scores of persons in that area. After rambling about for some time, he fixed his eye upon a poor man, who, to avoid the attack of so formidable an antagonist, wheeled round one of the posts which stands near the fountain in the centre of the square. Either from alarm, or his foot slipping, he lost his hold of the post (his only shield), when the animal tossed him at least twelve feet in the air. He fell on his back, and was taken up motionless, blood flowing profusely. The sufferer was conveyed to the contiguous dispensary in Bishop's-court with all possible expedition. The half-mad animal made other pursuits, but luckily no person received further injury.—[All in favour of the metropolis aiding in the removal of London cattle markets.]

Imitation of the Articulation of the Alphabet, by Artificial Instruments.—Several attempts have been made to imitate the articulation of the letters of the alphabet. In the year 1779, M. H. Kratzenstein, of St. Petersburgh, and Kempelen, of Vienna, constructed instruments which articulated many letters, words, and even sentences. Mr. Willis, of Cambridge, has recently adapted cylindrical tubes to a reed, whose length can be varied at pleasure by sliding joints. Upon drawing out the tube, while a column of air from the bellows of an organ is passing through it, the vowels are pronounced in the order i, e, a, o, u: on extending the tube, they are repeated, after a certain interval, in the inverted order, u, o, a, e, i; after another interval they are again obtained in the direct order, and so on. When the pitch of the reed is very high, it is impossible to sound some of the vowels, which is in perfect correspondence with the human voice; female singers being unable to pronounce o and u in their high notes. From the singular discoveries of M. Savart, on the nature of the human voice, and the investigations of Mr. Willis on the mechanism of the larynx, it may be presumed that ultimately the utterance or pronunciation of modern languages will be conveyed not only to the eye, but also to the ear, of posterity. Had the ancient possessed the means of transmitting such definite sounds, the civilized world would still have responded in sympathetic notes at the distance of hundreds of years.

Animal Magnetism.—According to the report of a committee of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, animal magnetism has the power of producing somnambulism. The circumstances are so extraordinary, that even authenticated as they are by men of undoubted integrity and talent, it is extremely difficult to give full credence to them. The person who is thrown into the magnetic sleep is said to acquire a new consciousness, and entirely to forget all the events of his ordinary life. When this sleep is dissolved, he recovers his usual state of feeling and recollection, but forgets every thing that happened during his sleep: being again magnetised, however, the remembrance of all that occurred in the previous sleep is brought fresh to his mind. In one of the cases related, the patient, a lady of sixty-four years, had an ulcerated cancer in the right breast.
She had been magnetised for the purpose of dissolving the tumor, but no other effect was produced than that of throwing her into a species of somnambulistic sleep, in which sensibility was annihilated, while her ideas retained all their clearness. In this state her surgeon, M. Chapelain, disposed her to submit to an operation, the idea of which she rejected with horror when awake. Having formally given her consent, she undressed herself, sat down upon a chair, and the diseased glans were carefully and deliberately dissected out, the patient conversing all the time, and being perfectly insensible of pain. On awaking she had no consciousness of having been operated upon; but being informed of the circumstance, and seeing her children around her, she experienced the most lively emotion, which the magnetiser instantly checked by again setting her asleep. These facts do indeed appear startling and incredible. I can give no opinion upon the subject, for I have never seen anything I have ever seen; yet the testimony of such men as Cloquet, Georget, and Itard, is not to be received lightly on any physiological question; and they all concur in bearing witness to the above wonderful relation.

Philosophy of Sleep.

ANTiquITIES IN FRANCE.—Some interesting researches are in progress at Arles, in France. The interior of the celebrated amphitheatres has been dug up, and many discoveries have been made which will prove of interest to the antiquary. Considerable curiosity has been excited by the researches made upon the site of the theatre itself: as many objects of art were formerly found there, the researches are looked to with avidity. It is well known that the Venus of Arles was dug up in 1648. The authorities of Arles offered it to Louis XIV., by whose order it was placed in the gallery at Versailles. The recent researches have led to the discovery of a beautiful head of Diana, which is a splendid Grecian model, and of a marble equal to the Apollo Belvedere. A statue of Silenus has also been found. A beautiful head has likewise been dug up, of such dimensions as to lead to the idea that it belongs to a statue of 10 feet high. What has, perhaps, excited most attention is a votive altar of most exquisite finish, and in an excellent state of preservation.

Echo de la Frontière.

PERFUMED GLOVES.—Perfumed gloves were originally imported from Spain and Venice. In Spain the trade has existed for centuries; and it was formerly celebrated for the most exquisite kid gloves, both perfumed and embroidered. Embroidered gloves were, however, made in the highest perfection in Venice, and were imported into England as articles of the greatest luxury about the year 1566. "Gloves knytt of sylke" were also introduced about this time. The French still impart a fragrance to some of their gloves, which, however, quickly evaporates on exposure to the air. This fragrance is said to be obtained by a preparation from the leaves of the myrtle: its correctness, however, is not quite certain; it may be an experiment worth trying by the English glover. The perfume originally imparted, particularly to the Spanish glove, was of a permanent kind.

Change of Circumstances.—Abraham Thornton, some years ago tried and acquitted of the murder of Mary Ashford, between Erdington and Castle Bromwich, in this county, is now married and carrying on a successful business in North America. He still resolutely denies any participation in the murder. The extraordinary interest which the trial at the time excited, and the novel proceedings which followed, on the "wager of battle," must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. It is said that Thornton has some idea of returning to England.

Perseverance.—There was once a poor man, a shoemaker, named Gideon Lee, who went from house to house with his kit on his back to make and mend shoes for his more wealthy neighbours, to obtain a livelihood. He is now immensely rich, and at this time holds the high and honourable office of Mayor of New York, the largest city in the United States.

The Royal "Middy" in Custody.

In an early part of his present Majesty's naval career, during the American war, Prince William, then a midshipman, together with two other youngsters, landed on South Sea beach; and, having passed the lines, after warning given them by the sentinel, the latter, as in duty bound, took them all three to the guard-house, from whence they were marched before the colonel of militia, then in command, who after giving them a sharp lecture, sent them on board their respective ships.

Singular Operation.—A novel operation has been performed in Philadelphia, under the direction of Drs. Jackson and Draper, of that place, by the internal application of leeches, by means of silver tubes, being passed down the throat of a gentleman who was afflicted with what is termed "throat consumption." The result was satisfactory.

Stipends.—From a Parliamentary paper just published, we find that the ministers of 191 parishes in Scotland receive payments from the Exchequer to make up their salaries to 150l. The sums vary from 3l. to 128l. Twelve other ministers, who are without manses or glebes, receive sums varying from 27l. to 50l. to make up their
stipends to 200l. When the pay of a country clergyman is said to be only 150l., the value of the free house, with garden and some acres of pasture or corn land, is left out of view.—Scottman.

AN EDITOR’S MARRIAGE.—The following editorial notice is from the St. Clairsville (Ohio) Gazette of the 22d ult., whose editor desires all his numerous readers to rejoice in his happiness:—“It is not good that man should be alone.” The editor has the pleasure of informing his numerous and respectable readers, that he has taken a partner—not for one, two, or any term of years, but “as long as we both shall live”—not for the purpose of assisting in the labours of the printing-office, but to participate with him in “life’s joys and vicissitudes.”

FOREIGN BEAUTIES.—The favourite Queen of Duke Ephraim, of Old Calabar, was so large that she could scarcely walk, or even move; indeed they were all prodigiously large, their beauty consisting more in the mass of physique than in the symmetry of face or figure. This uniform tendency to embonpoint on an unusual scale was accounted for, by the singular fact that the whole of the royal family (even the servant) takes his regard as regularly fattened up to a certain standard previously to the nuptial ceremony, it appearing to be essential to the queenly dignity that the lady should be fat. We saw a very fine young woman undergoing this ordeal. She was sitting at a table with a large bowl of farinaceous food, which she was swallowing as fast as she could pass the spoon to and from the bowl and her mouth.—Holman’s Travels.

A WARNING WELL TAKEN.—When I began business I was a great politician. My master’s shop had been a chosen place for political discussion; and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but, after getting a little a-head in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours’ houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work to make up for hours I lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little wench who was passing the street put her mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, called out, “Shoemaker! work by night and run about by day?” “And did you,” inquired the friend, “pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?” “No, no,” replied Mr. Drew; had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, ‘True, true; but you shall never have that to say of me again.’” I have not yet forgotten it, and while I recollect any thing I never shall.—Samuel Johnson.

EXECUTIONS IN THE DAYS OF HENRY VIII.—Henry VIII. executed his laws with such severity, that 72,000 “great and petty thieves were put to death during his reign.” Even in Elizabeth’s reign “rogues were trussed up apace!” and there was not “one year commonly wherein 300 or 400 of them were not devoured and eaten up by the gallowes in one place and other.” In spite of these sanguinary punishments the country continued in a dreadful state of disorder. Every part of the kingdom was infested with robbers and idle vagabonds, who, refusing to labour, lived by plundering the peaceable inhabitants; and often strolling about the country in bodies of 300 or 400, they attacked with impunity the shepards and dwellings of the people.—History of the Middle and Working Classes.

WHITE BAIT.—(Clupea lata.)—A great difference of opinion exists among naturalists as to the true nature of the white bait of the Thames. Pennant considered this fish as an appendage to the bleak; Shaw regarded it as a carp; Drs. Turton, Fleming, and Mr. Donovan, were of opinion that the white bait is the fry of the shad; and this impression had been universally received until 1828, when Mr. Yarrell commenced a minute anatomical examination of the fish. It is well known that the number of the vertebrae forms one of the most distinctive characters of fishes, and Mr. Yarrell sought accordingly if this number corresponded between the shad and the white bait. In the numerous specimens examined by him of the latter, he uniformly found the vertebrae to be 56, whilst in the shad it was invariably 55.—English edition of Cuvier’s Animal Kingdom.

A NEW MODE OF COLLECTING DEBTS.—A tradesman of Stamford has adopted a rather novel mode of hastening his “long-winded” customers to settle their accounts. In his window in High-street, he has exposed a copy of the bills sent into them, with the several items for which they are indebted to him; and we are told it has cleared his books of several sums he never otherwise expected to receive.

SUTHERLAND HOUSE, IN THE GREEN PARK.—The roof now presents an extraordinary appearance. Such a mass of scaffolding projecting on every side is most wonderful, and the mere workmanship will cost upwards of 500l. About 100 men are employed on the various works; and we learn that their labours will occupy a year before completion.
MAXIMS TRANSLATED FROM GOÈTHE.

It is a far easier matter to sympathise with him whose brain is full of the greatest errors, than with one content with half truths.

There is no hair so little that it casts no shade.

The dust never rises so wantonly as when it is just about to be laid quiescent by a tempest.

It is no easy matter for one man to understand another, even if he bring the best disposition with him. What is to be expected if he bring but the smallest prejudice.

Men would know each other much better, if they were not so fond of endless comparisons.

Marriage is like a fair or market: the question is not whether the wares be good, but whether there be any better at the next stall.

The true poet of Metamorphoses is not Ovid, but Dante. It is he who shows the real metamorphoses produced in our nature by gain and loss; success and failure.

He who studies his body too much becomes sick: he who does the same by his mind disorders his understanding.

Nothing is so common-place but it will, if graphically represented, assume a humorous appearance.

There is no man of such mean parts that he cannot express with animation and force what he feels strongly.

Man would not be by so much the noblest creature on the earth, if he were not too noble for abiding in it.

Man's self-love is a strange contradiction. Who can guide him to his good?—Who may not influence him to his destruction?

He that looks forward sees one way; he that looks backward many.

One man throws down a thought; another throws down a card. They may both be beaten, and yet each may have given the victor his hint.

He who does not think too much of himself is a great deal superior than he believes he is.

BIRTHS.

April 4, the lady of Brice Pears, Esq., of Gloucester-place, of a son.—April 4, the wife of John Mapleston, Esq., of Golden-square, of a son.—April 2, at Staveley, near Knaresborough, the lady of the Rev. B. W. Pullas, of a son.—April 18, in Park-terrace, Regent's-park, Mrs. Keeling, of a son.—April 11, at Throgmorton-priory, near Southwell, Nottinghamshire, the lady of W. B. Martin, Esq., of a daughter.—April 21, in Grosvenor-square, the lady of Henry Bainbridge, of a son.—April 17, in Gower-street, the lady of William Whiteside, Esq., of a daughter.—April 10, at Thornbury, Gloucestershire, the lady of Edmund Lloyd, of a son.

MARRIED.


DIED.

April 20, at Argyle-house, Lady Frances Gordon, the only daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.—April 16, at his own residence, the Rev. John Griffin, for more than fourteen years the beloved and respected pastor of the Independent church and congregation now meeting in King-street chapel, Portsea.—April 9, at Stoke Newington, Jacob T. Challie, Esq., of the East India-house.—April 19, after a protracted illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Benjamin Way, Esq., of Denham-place, Buckinghamshire, aged 64.—At Harrow, Augustus, Esq., of Clifford Crescent, Esq., of Sanding, in the county of Kent, aged 73.—April 19, at Limehouse, Mary, the relict of the late Rev. George Williams, aged 73.—April 2, at Forest-gate, West Ham, Essex, Ann Martin, the wife of William Wells Plaxton, Esq., aged 60.
JANE SEYMOUR.

Third queen of Henry the 8th king of England

Married 1536
Died 1537

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.

1834

W. T. W. of the series of ancient portraits.
MEMOIR OF JANE SEYMOUR, THIRD QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.
Illustrated by a beautifully coloured whole length portrait after Holbein.

The personal history of Jane Seymour is little known, nor was there a single action of her life recorded that appeared to spring from her own free will. Authors are profuse in epithets of panegyric on this lady; and we find in the annals of her times she is called the gentle, the mild, and the excellent Jane Seymour. Few readers of history pause to ask themselves the question—wherefore? She was certainly a woman of a quiet temper, and as there is so little known of her early youth, she was most likely of a disposition exceedingly retired. That she had great beauty is a self-evident truth, of which Holbein's portrait bears ample testimony; and though beauty and temper are desirable qualities in woman, yet there requires something more estimable than either, to justify the praises with which historians have loaded the memory of this queen—the very historians who cannot avoid bearing witness to the somewhat astounding facts, that sweet, placid, smiling Jane Seymour first stole the heart of her friend's husband, who falsely accused, and thereby caused to be immolated, the wife of his bosom, that her place might be filled by the beauteous Lady Jane; and that this fair one married the murderer the very day after the death of his victim without any outward show of reluctance. In this case the most charitable inference that can be drawn is, that though a party concerned in the perpetration of atrocious evil, she was but a passive agent in it. Such a character deserves to be pitied, but surely not to be praised: for if there is no positive evidence that Jane Seymour, independently and of her own will, did harm, there is not a shadow of proof that she ever did, or intended to do, any good. Those who read history may wonder why the writers of it unanimously join in commending this woman's character; but the question is easily solved. The Seymours were the leaders of the protestant party, which was then and has been ever since triumphant: the leaders of any party will meet with partisans, even if guilty of very startling acts. Jane Seymour was the mother, though dead, of the heir-apparent in the most servile era that England ever knew. The flattering writers of the times be-praised the memory of the sultana—mother that had borne the despot Henry a living son; and modern historians have, with their usual parrot-like imitativeness, copied the phrases of their interested predecessors, wholly blind to the fact, that this mild-tempered beauty was a passive adulteress and murderess. Had she not slily listened to the wooing of a married man, the husband of her benefactress, the blood of Anna Boleyn* perhaps would not have been shed; at least she would not have been, as in our eyes and the eye of the thinking world, the ostensible cause of so dreadful a brutality. Would not a good woman have asked herself, when she saw the increase of the king's passion—What is to be the end of this?

* The dial spake not, but it made shrewd signs, And pointed full upon the stroke of murder.

* See the portrait and memoir of this unfortunate queen in the No. for September, 1833.
Are we too severe upon this lady, by thus divesting her of the ancient trappings of renown that she has worn undisturbed for ages? Surely not: for if in the eyes of woman the rule of right is to be perverted by the false lights of a political influence, how is upright conduct to be appreciated, or where on earth to be found? There is a woe, and a bitter one, denounced against those who call good evil, and evil good. The sixteenth century abounded with examples of glorious resistance to evil effected by female virtue; and let us not place the passively wicked Jane Seymour on the same historical pedestal as the nobly independent Jane Grey, or the suffering Anne Askew. Neither let us scruple to visit with just abhorrence that adultery of the mind, which caused Jane Seymour to be wooed and won while Henry's wife was living; since short time for courting there was between Anna Boleyn's dying and Jane Seymour's wedding day; for the former occurred on the 19th, and the latter on the 20th of May, 1536. Henry was married to Jane Seymour at Wolfhall, in Wiltshire: a fact scarcely mentioned in history. He was thus absent from the metropolis at the time of Anna Boleyn's execution; so that humanity was spared the outrage of seeing the wedding and murder going on in the same vicinity on two succeeding days. Henry paid Jane the compliment of marrying her at her family residence.

The family of St. Maur, or St. Martha, now called Seymour, came originally from a town of the same name in Normandy. Their ancestor followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror, and shared in his success. We find this notice in Camden, in his account of Monmouthshire:—“Not far from Caldecot are Woudy and Penhow, the seats of the illustrious family of St. Maur, now corruptly called Seymour. About the year 1240, Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, aided William St. Maur to wrest Woudy from the Welsh; and St. Maur kept possession by the law of the strongest. The Seymours in the next century increased their consequence by marrying an heiress of one of the branches of the illustrious family of the Beauchamps.”

Mistress Jane Seymour, as she is called in chronicle, was the third daughter of Sir John Seymour, of Wolfhall, in Wiltshire, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Wentworth, of Nettedest, in Suffolk: her father, previous to her elevation, held the situation of governor of Bristol Castle.

The first occurrence known with any certainty of this lady is that she was one of the maids of honour to Anna Boleyn; and as it is said that the friendship of these ladies was of long continuance, it is probable that this attendance commenced before the marriage of Anna, since we find she had other ladies of as good a family as the Seymours in her household while the divorce was pending, and Anna held the chains of the fickle king's fancy. At this time Jane Seymour was her favourite friend, and, if we may judge from Holbein's pictures, nearly the same age with her unfortunate mistress.

That Anna Boleyn was a zealous protestant is well known; and with the ardour and energy of her decisive character, she laboured to convert all around her to the protestant faith, and from her Jane Seymour received the first principles of protestantism. It is to be feared that both the friends were partisans of a fierce controversy, rather than true disciples of the pure reformed religion. Had the faith of either reached as far as conscience, Anna would have shrunk with horror from the passion of the king, the husband of the virtuous Catherine; while Jane in her turn would not have received the king's adulterous addresses, with the further aggravation that he was the husband of her benefactress, the friend of her youth. The religion of each must have been self-ended, or it would have produced purer conduct. These ladies, then, instead of being regarded as the pillars and promoters of our church, are, if tried by the inflexible rule of right and wrong, its shame and reproach; for they made religion a party to their own selfish views. Reformation must per force have taken place in England about that era; and it is the worst sorrow of the Church of England, that catholicism received its first blow from the vile passions of Henry VIII. Conscientious protestants mourned it then—they mourn it now, and with deep reason; for the abuses that Henry's wickedness interwove with the Reformation, are the excuses which the enemies of the Church of England ever plead in order to effect her destruction.

We have said that Anna Boleyn was an active agent in obtaining protestant
converts, and one little anecdote will show that in her own household she left nothing undone which could promote the work of controversy. It is related by Strype. During the time of Henry's courtship of Anna Boleyn, while the divorce was pending, Anna was attainted with little less than royal state. Among the ladies of her retinue there was a fair young gentlewoman named Gaynsford; and her equerry was George Zouch, a young gentleman of noble lineage; between these two some affection presently sprang up, and in the course of their “love tricks,” George one day snatched a book from the hands of Mistress Gaynsford, who was busily reading instead of attending to him. It was a book that her mistress Anna Boleyn had lent her, strictly charging her to read it in order to complete her conversion to the protestant faith. This book was one of Tindal’s forbidden works, which Wolsey had carefully concealed from the king; and he had taken measures, in the unsettled state of his mind in regard to religion, that Henry should never see it. George Zouch kept the book from Mrs. Gaynsford, in order that it might never engage her attention from him: again the young lady with tears and prayers begged him to restore it to her, but as George liked to be importuned by her he loved, he remained perversely obstinate, and kept it to tease her. One day when he was at service in the King’s chapel, he took it into his head to read the book of his beloved, and was entirely captivated with the style. The dean of the chapel, desirous to see what the young gentleman was perusing with so much attention, snatched it out of his hand, and finding that it was the forbidden protestant book, he carried it to Cardinal Wolsey. Meanwhile Anna Boleyn questioned the young lady respecting the book she had lent her, whereupon the girl, terrified at the loss of a book of so much consequence, fell on her knees, and confessed that her lover had stolen it, and tormented her by keeping it from her. Anna Boleyn sent for the culprit, and inquired into the matter; and when she heard the fate of her book, she was not angry with the young lovers; “but,” said she, “it shall be the dearest book that ever dean or cardinal took away.” Then hastening to the king, she entreated that Henry would interpose to recover the stolen volume; a request with which the monarch instantly complied. The first use Anna Boleyn made of her restored treasure was, to entreat the king to read it; the king complied, and said that “it was fit for him and all kings to read.” The perusal of this book is supposed to have settled Henry’s wavering mind in regard to the great change that followed.

From this circumstance may be gathered, that the active mind of Anna Boleyn was constantly employed in converting all around her to the protestant doctrines; and to her may be traced the conversion of Jane Seymour, who succeeded her unhappy mistress as head of the protestant party, which was necessarily the political as well as religious faith of the Seymour family, seeing that it was opposed to the catholic, who considered the Princess Mary as rightful heiress to the crown. When Queen Anna Boleyn lost her boy by a premature confinement, it is said that the accident was occasioned by the bitter grief the queen felt at witnessing the attentions that the king paid to her friend Jane Seymour, whereby she well knew that she had lost his fickle heart. Unfortunately the king had constantly the opportunity of beholding the dangerous beauty of Jane in the intimate intercourse of private life, owing to the affection that Anna ever cherished for her, which caused her to have her insidious rival ever near her. Jane Seymour was the court beauty, though very little younger than Anna Boleyn, having seen only her thirtieth year. It is already mentioned that Jane Seymour espoused the king the very day after the murder of her friend. * In the eyes of some this may not appear a degree more atrocious than Anna Boleyn’s conduct to the admirable Queen Catherine, whom she supplanted; but it must be remembered that there were no ties of early love between them; they had never taken “sweet counsel together, or been familiar friends.”

The Seymours were a climbing family; and Queen Jane, and her celebrated brothers, sacrificed every kindly feeling of the heart to ambition: for Jane the queen, Thomas the lord high admiral, and Edward duke of Somerset and Protector, fell in turn miserable victims to their pride of place.

* At Wolf hall, her father’s seat, in Wiltshire, whither Henry went during the execution of Anna Boleyn.
Jane Seymour enjoyed the throne of her wretched friend little more than a year. Her advancement opened an extraordinary career of honours to her handsome aspiring brothers. Whatever was done in the political world was effected by them; the queen remained a quiet cipher; and the only circumstance recorded of her is, that, in company with Henry, she once rode across the Thames from Westminster to Greenwich, when it was frozen over in 1537.

On the 12th of October, 1537, she gave birth to the long-desired heir to the English throne. To aggravate the imputation of brutality justly affixed to the conduct of Henry on many occasions, some writers have assigned as the cause of Jane Seymour's death, the anxiety of Henry to save his child, and that he mercilessly commanded that the wretched mother should be sacrificed for the well-being of the infant. Such were the reports of the day: though they were attributed to the calumnies of the papists, such conduct was but too like the monster, and is corroborated by the death of the unfortunate lady. The birth of Edward VI, and the death of his mother took place at Hampton Court—that magnificent palace which the rapacious king had a few years before wrested from Cardinal Wolsey, and he himself newly fixed his residence therein.

The infant prince was born on the morning of the vigil of St. Edward; and this young professor of protestantism was named after one of the most catholic saints in the calendar, Edward the Confessor, who was likewise considered as his patron saint. His birth was hailed with great rejoicings by the populace. The baptismal service was performed on the day of the infant's birth, apparently after the catholic ritual, in the chapel of Hampton Palace; and to make the scene more extraordinary, Archbishop Cranmer and the catholic Duke of Norfolk stood godfathers to the infant; and his sister the Lady Mary, afterwards the queen, of persecuting memory, answered as godmother to her baby brother, holding him in her arms during the service, and perhaps wishing all the time to strangle him. The font, which was of silver, was guarded by Sir John Russell, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Nicholas Carewe, and Sir Anthony Brown, in aprons, with towels about their shoulders. And figuring in this ceremony we find the wretched father of Anna Boleyn, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, who bore a great wax taper, and wore a towel about his neck. The Princess Elizabeth, then an infant not three years old, was carried by Edward Seymour, the brother of the dying Queen Jane. The office of the little princess was to bear the chrysm, the white robe in which infants that are baptised are enveloped, according to the catholic ceremonial. The Marchioness of Exeter followed with the child, which she held till it was transferred to the godmother. When the ceremony had been performed, and the gifts offered at the font, the unconscious infant was borne in state to the apartment of the queen, to receive the blessing of its dying mother.

After lingering in great agony about thirty-six hours, Jane Seymour expired, Oct. 14, 1537.

The next ceremony that occupied the attention of the court was her funeral, which was performed with the utmost splendour. The order for the interment is dated the 29th of October, at the Herald's office, where she is designated "most high, most excellent, and most Christian princess." Unlike her unhappy predecessor Anna Boleyn, she was not hurried to an obscure grave, but conveyed with great pomp to Windsor, and buried in the middle of the choir of the chapel of St. George. At St. Paul's, and at every parish church in London, masses and dirges were performed for this protestant lady after the catholic ritual. The king still wore mourning for her when he kept Christmas at Greenwich, nor did the court change this mournful garb till after Candlemas-day following. It is singular to remark, that the Princess Mary officiated at the funeral of her protestant mother-in-law, as well as at the baptism of her brother. Indeed, there seems to have been between these ladies an extraordinary intimacy, perhaps as much induced by Mary's hatred of Anna Boleyn, as by the pliable expediency of Jane's disposition, which

* The next day the Earl of Wiltshire was summoned to surrender all his places at court to the new favourites, Edward and Thomas Seymour; he had clung to his preferment till that hour. Six months afterwards, he died broken-hearted at Blickling-hall, Norfolk, not for the loss of his gallant heir, George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, or the tragical fate of his daughter Queen Anna, but owing to his own disgrace at court.
appears truly of that smooth unfeeling quality that courtiers of either sex are known to possess in a peculiar degree. Jane Seymour was the only one out of all Henry's wives whose memory received the marks of respect that are usually paid (out of decency at least) by widowers: nay, he carried his regard so far, as to remain unwedded two whole years, declaring that Queen Jane had been so loving, dutiful, and meek a spouse, that he felt no inclination to wed immediately, although he had received very good offers. Lord Herbert declares Jane Seymour to have been the discreetest, fairest, and humblest of all Henry's wives!! Henry left in his will that he was to be buried at Windsor, by the side of the mother of his heir. He had erected there a monument for himself and his wife, which was never wholly completed, owing to the state of exhaustion in which he had left his treasury; and during the civil wars it was pulled down, and sold for the value of the brass. The coffins of Henry and Jane Seymour were discovered in the choir, when Charles I. was buried, and more recently, during the search that George IV., when Regent, made for the burial-place of Charles I.

Southey, in his funeral song for the Princess Charlotte, which certainly is the finest poem that has been written by any laureate on any subject belonging to his peculiar vocation, thus alludes to the grave of Jane Seymour at Windsor, and draws withal a brief and spirited sketch of the evil doings of her detestable husband:

Henry, too, hath here his part,
At the gentle Seymour's side;
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.
No with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit.
No, by Fisher's hoary head;
By More, the learned and the good;
By Catherine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood;
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed;
Hateful Henry not with thee,
May her happy spirit be!

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.
The chaperon is of black velvet, faced with fawn-coloured velvet, bartered with gold: the point behind does not hang down as in the portrait of Anna Boleyn, but a fold of the velvet falls on the right shoulder like a lappet; the border of the head dress is a five-cornered frame of gold, studded with pearls; there are two cross folds of fawn-coloured gauze next the forehead. The dress is a superb robe of crimson velvet, with a square corsage, bordered with gold and pearls set in twos. The redras sleeves are exceedingly graceful in form, they give a very fine fall to the shoulders; they are of fawn-coloured figured plush, or velvet. The under sleeves are of the same material with the dress; they fit close to the arm, but are slashed at the wrist. The skirt of the dress is cut with a train; and robing back, faced with fawn-coloured velvet like the sleeves, it shows a white figured damask petticoat, bordered with gold. The jewels are a necklace of pearls, and a magnificent owshe of emeralds on the chest, from which depend three pear pears. The cordeliers is of pearls, and emerald medallions of wrought gold, finishing with a rich ornament of emeralds set in gold, and a pear pearl drop. The gloves are of tanned leather, worked and cuffed with gold. It appears that Jane Seymour did not alter the taste in dress introduced by the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, since there is an apparent likeness in general fashion to the costume of Anna Boleyn, although the dress is still richer and the materials more costly. The satins and velvets of that era were of surprising beauty and durability: they were exceedingly expensive, and the European courts were supplied with them from Venice and Genoa; and these cities chiefly imported them from the coast as articles of commerce, although some were manufactured by them.

Jane Seymour, third queen of Henry VIII., King of England, married 1536—died 1537.
THE CHILD’S EVENING KISS.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

Is it not Heaven’s own seal of purity,
That last, sweet, Baby Kiss? that infant claim,
In struggling fondness urged with asking eye,
All playful lifted at a Mother’s name.

Yes! ’tis the sacred stamp of cherub peace,
Half Angel in its sweetness,—impress pure
Of Paradise in its young happiness,
Ere forfeit bliss had taught us to endure.

Blest symbol too of Him, their guardian guide,
Who, own’d of these, his Heavenly Kingdom made;
And one cold cup to them in peace supplied,
Should prove the passport to celestial aid.

Springs not each feeling of the Mother’s breast,
The sacred impulse of a happier sphere?
As in communion with some heavenly guest,
Who looks from higher realms approving here.

Whilst Cherub Forms, their high commission giv’n,
Have sanctified that Evening Kiss, and bend,
Wafting each infant orison to Heav’n,
To Him—their Father—Guardian—Guide, and Friend.

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ELLEN NEWTON.

A TALE.

“A goddess! but a goddess who descends
To make her human mate immortal with her love!

But fairer, fairer still,
When the dark clouds spread o’er our shining life,
In sickness, and in sorrow, and in toil—
When by the suffering couch she sweetly tends,
With step that yields no sound, and eye that claims no sleep,
Deeming devotion duty. Beauteous being,
Who shares our grief, and, sharing, soothes the pang:
For them man feels, mid all his misery,
Bliss still remains with such a ministrant.”

D’Israeli the Younger’s Revolutionary Epic.

The last rays of an autumnal sun had shed their beautiful crimson glow over the face of nature, brightening up some far-off steeple, or tinging the waters of the river with its purple dye, which every now and then peeped out as it meandered through the green fields and sleeping woods, making the scene look like fairy land. Daylight, fast departing, appeared to the eye to flap its wings, like a bird as it flutters its distant flight, when Ellen Newton, seated on the bedside of her sick mother, looked first upon the lovely landscape, then upon the pallid face of the invalid; and she thought how like were the spirit and the day—both quivering to depart; both irradiated with a light so transcendent, that it seemed the hue of some better world.

The sun sank behind the hills, and each little star began to trim its slumbering lamp, when the sick mother, turning, said, “Ellen, my dear child! did you see you sun sink to rest? I know you did. I saw you watching it, and you thought I should never behold its light again.”

“Oh, no! dear mother; I hope you will live to see many, many suns rise and set.” But there was a fervour in the manner in which Ellen pronounced the word hope, which too plainly told it was but a forlorn one.

“Ellen, you are a good, affectionate
"girl," said Mrs. Newton, "and you wish to buoy up my spirits, but I feel that within me which says I shall never more see its beams in this world, but I trust I shall in a better. Oh! Ellen, though I am trembling on the brink of the grave, I feel a joy I never experienced before; for I am going from a clime of sorrow to that far-off happy land, whence no traveller returns; there, I shall meet my dear relations, my children, my Saviour, and never, never be torn away from them."

"Dear mother, you must not distress or ruffle yourself by talking of these things; the doctor says you must keep quiet, and you will yet recover."

"Never!" ejaculated the dying woman; "and it cannot distress me to talk about heaven, my future home, where I shall be so happy. All smiles—no tears can flow there; and you, Ellen, will soon join me, if you live a life of virtue and love to God. Oh! never, for the sake of a little comfort here, or because of the frowns of the world, forget your duty to him. Pray to him, and trust in him, and he will lead you through all dangers. Even though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you need fear no evil, for he will be with you, his rod and his staff, they will comfort you. I have seen the sun set once more, and now, like him, I will lie down and try to sleep, for I feel exhausted and very faint."

As Ellen removed the pillows which propped her mother on the bed, the tears fell fast down her cheek; but the room being now nearly dark, the invalid did not observe them—she only wondered why her gentle nurse was so silent.

Long did the warm-hearted girl watch by the bedside of her parent. The time for taking her medicine was past, but as she appeared to sleep, Ellen feared to disturb her. The deep tone of the village clock was striking the hour of two, when the sick woman roused herself, and said, "Ellen, will you tell your father I wish to see him? I cannot now last long—the film of death is coming over my eyes."

Ellen left the room in search of her father, whom she found in the next apartment anxiously waiting to hear how his wife was. When they reached the bedside of the invalid, they found her evidently drawing near the close of her pilgrimage. A deep stupor had come upon her, so that she seemed quite unconscious. After a little, she recovered sufficiently to discern who were in the room, and exclaimed, "Oh, my husband! I shall soon be taken from you, but do not grieve for me. I shall be very, very happy, Henry; only mind and follow me; let us meet in heaven, and spend a blissful immortality together; and my child, my child! you, too, shall come, and then we will sing in sweet union the praises of our God; but you must tread in the paths of religion, if you wish this to be the case; and I charge you, Ellen, that unless Edward Connerly forsake his former habits, and live an upright life, you never give your hand to him; but if—if—he reform—" convulsive shudders began to shake the poor sufferer's frame, "you—you may—you may," she gasped. One deep groan, and her spirit had winged its flight to heaven.

We pass over the anguish naturally felt on such an occasion for one much beloved. Mr. Newton now found his only consolation in his daughter Ellen, and she well repaid her father's love; but it was with great anxiety he, day by day, witnessed the rosy blush of her cheeks giving way to the pale hue of the lily; and her whole frame gradually wasting away, occasioned by her unremitting care of her late mother. For weeks she had tended her couch, many nights without tasting the sweet refreshment of sleep. Oh how deep! how lasting is woman's love. When even the stern brow of man sinks under misfortunes, her spirit will bear him up and soothe his care. It is in the sick room—in the prison—on the bed of death—when all consolation seems to cease; that woman hovers near to support and to succour, like an angel sent from heaven. Oh, reader, if you have ever felt what it is to be loved by a dear, a virtuous woman, you have drunk of the hallowed waters which flow from the springs of Paradise.

Ellen became daily more languid; and Mr. Newton determined upon trying whether change of scene and the bracing air of the sea-side would again restore her to health. They fixed upon the pretty town of H——, from its being warm beneath the cliffs, and the hills possessing all that was needed of an invigorating atmosphere. In about a fortnight they were comfortably ensconced in a neat little cottage. It was so near the beach, that in the winter the waves came
within a few yards of the door, and at spring-tides were even rude enough to enter without invitation. The change soon made a visible difference in Ellen's health, and, in a short time, she was sufficiently well to enjoy a walk upon the sands, and, occasionally, to take a sail. Often would she gaze upon the fine extensive views from the Downs; but still the beach was her favourite, for there she could look upon the sea, and think of one far away, rocked on its briny breast, on whom three summer suns had shone since she had seen him; and she would often fondly build a bower of happiness yet to come; or mournfully weave a cypress wreath to bind her youthful brow.

One evening when taking her accustomed walk, with a little book of poems for her companion, she found she had strolled so far from the village, that the shades of night were fast gathering around her, and that she could hardly regain the house before it was quite dark. Ellen turned to hurry home, when close upon the track she perceived a group of men, busily employed, conveying a quantity of small packages from a long low boat which had crept so noiselessly and close to the shore that she had not seen or heard it until that moment. Her curiosity was excited to know what they could be doing, for there was no ship in the offing from which they could have come. Gazing upon them, yet still hurrying on, a pistol was fired from the cliff, and before its tones had ceased to echo from hill to hill, three men came winding down from the heights by an untrodden and dangerous path. Their appearance caused an evident sensation among the sailors; they stopped, then worked with greater fury to get the goods they had taken from the vessel back again. By this time the three men had gained the beach in safety, and Ellen could plainly perceive they were dressed in the uniform of revenue officers. She dreaded the meeting between men of such desperate character, and as they were still some little distance a-head, and appeared not to have noticed her, trembling with fear, she determined to conceal herself behind some of the jutting pieces of cliff, which the storm had rent from its breast, where she could see the movements of the parties without attracting attention. The preventive-men advanced until within a few yards of the boat, when they stopped, and she could hear them demand of the sailors what they had in their vessel.

"What's that to you, you land-shark? —mind your own business," cried one of the suspicious party who seemed to take the lead.

"But it is our business to know what is in your boat, and where you brought it from," retorted the preventive-man; "and in the king's name we command you to inform us immediately, or we must proceed to take it by force."

"That you shall never do," said the sailor, "while I have breath in my body! —come, ho-a-ho, my boys; shove her off!" cried he to his comrades; "let's show these lubbers the way to answer an uncivil question."

The men had no sooner put their brawny shoulders to the stern of the boat, than the coast-guard rushed upon them, and a dreadful struggle ensued; they would soon have been overcome by the superior number of their opponents, had not the alarm of the pistol brought a body of men from the station-house, at about a quarter of a mile up the beach. The smugglers perceiving this reinforcement, lent all their energies to shove the boat off from the shore, and getting her fairly afloat, the men jumped in, and were full two cables length at sea before the new comers reached the spot. One of the preventive-men lay bleeding upon the sand, dreadfully wounded, and the smugglers had left one of their own comrades behind upon the beach. First of all, firing their pistols after the fugitives, who were already too far off for their shots to take effect, the preventive-men next secured their prisoner, who offered no resistance; then they picked up their wounded man, and across their shoulders conveyed him to the station-house. All that we have related occupied but a short time in action. Ellen had witnessed the conflict, and with the timidity of one unaccustomed to the sight of blood, and the sound of brutal oaths, had nearly fainted; she had seen the rough faces of both the parties, excepting the countenance of one tall young man, who, standing with his back to her, leant upon the gunwale of the boat, appearing to take no interest in the struggle; this she thought was the one who had been left behind; it seemed strange that he should not have endeavoured to save himself. As soon as the coast was quite clear, the fearful girl
shrunk from her hiding-place, hurried home as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, and arrived at the cottage just as Mr. Newton, with anxious fears depicted in his countenance, was going out in search of his lost daughter.

"How now, my dear?—where have you been all this time?" cried the nervous parent; "I was just hastening to look for you. But oh, how pale you look!—

Ellen sunk down into a chair, unable to answer.

"La, bless you, sir! she be seen a hobgoblin, 'pend on't," said the servantwoman, as she untied her young mistress's bonnet, and tried to restore her to life by the effluvia from an old-fashioned smelling-bottle. "They be very common in these 'ere parts: there were Betty Fenning nearly tumbled over the cliff at sight of un, which turned out to be a donkey's ears which twiddled in the moon; and Johnny Tutt, too, he see the ghost of his great-grandmother, who used to tell fortunes here; poor fallar, he com'd home to his wife quite putrified."

"Hush, hush! be silent, woman," said Mr. Newton; "she is now coming to herself a little, and will soon be able to tell her own story without your assistance."

When Ellen was sufficiently recovered she related to her father all that had passed; and, after receiving an injunction from him never to wander again so far from home, they retired to rest.

The next morning, while sitting at breakfast, Mr. Newton sent his man to learn the name of the unfortunate prisoner, and any particulars which might have been extracted from him. When the man had returned he was sent for into the parlour to relate the news.

"Well, John," said Mr. Newton, "what's his name?"

"Edward Con—Coner."

"Edward Connerly!" exclaimed Mr. Newton and his daughter at the same moment; "impossible!"

"Well, sir, I doant know; it aren't for me to contradict my betters, but if it ain't Edward Connerly, or Connorby, or some such ere name, may I never kiss Joan again."

"Well, well! never mind, my good man. Depend on it, Ellen, he has made some mistake," said Mr. Newton, turn-
appeared on behalf of the crown, concisely stating the facts of the encounter on the beach, calling the jury’s attention to the most prominent features against the prisoner, and winding up by saying, the wounded man has since died, from the effects of a ball which entered the right side of his neck, the side on which the prisoner was standing; and on the sand at his feet were found two pistols—one had been discharged, and the powder of the other was wet. The unfortunate man’s last words were, ‘that is the man who has brought me to this.’ I think the case is clear, for independently of the crime of murder, the prisoner’s life is forfeited for five years to the king for smuggling. If crimes of this kind are allowed to escape without punishment, we shall never be safe in our homes, the duties of the customs will never be collected.” The learned counsel, before sitting down, called Henry Johnson and William Paine, who both bore witness as to the identity of the prisoner, but were unable to state whether he was the person who shot the preventive-man or not.

The judge then rose and addressed the prisoner:—“Edward Connerly, you have heard the charge brought against you by my learned brother. The circumstantial evidence of the case appears to be much against you. You know the awful sentence which, if found guilty, will be pronounced. Have you anything to say?”

The prisoner for a moment or two covered his face with his hands; his whole frame shook—a desperate struggle was going on within. He took his hands away, all trace of suffering and fear had vanished, and, confronting the judge with a steady look, he said,“My lord judge, and fellow-countrymen, I am a sailor; I had been for nearly three years in the hot regions of the east; my burnt brow can well attest it has not received its hue from the fickle rays of England’s suns. I sighed to see my native shores again. I longed to see once more that fair girl whom I had left as pure as the mountain snow, yet warm-hearted as the noontide breeze. Was it not natural I should wish to see such objects again? A vessel was in port, called La Belle Matilde, whose captain had died of a malignant fever then raging in Calcutta, and I agreed to navigate her home. After a continuance of favourable gales, we arrived in the Channel, when, as if my mother country were angry to see her son return, the wind arose and howled around my helpless bark. I had no pilot on board; it thickened to a storm. In vain were cables put out, they snapped like twigs from the grasp of a falling man. A cry of horror arose—the vessel had struck, and the water was fast pouring in through the gaping planks. Death stared us in the face; some men drank and swore their senses away; others, upon their bended knees, sought for succour from Heaven. But every effort was fruitless; one dreadful sea parted the vessel in two, and we were launched into the foaming waves—some to enter an unknown world with curses on their lips. Lashed to a spar for nearly two hours, I felt the briny water wash over me; and yet no sound of human voice was near, save now and then the last gasp of some fellow-being as he sank to rise no more. My senses were going—I could no longer see. Methought I lay upon a downy bed, in a garden of flowers, lulled to sleep by the soft music of beautiful girls who flitted around me. I know no more till, as if disturbed from a pleasant dream, I awoke, and saw a dark-featured man standing over me, endeavouring to pour some brandy down my throat. I was in the boat of the smugglers. I asked them not who they were, but thanked them for my life. Oh! who can repay such a debt as this? and yet now you would take away from me that which you can never give again. But to return:—being a little recovered, I began to look around me, and saw that the boat was filled with tubs of spirits; I guessed immediately the character of my deliverers. We neared the shore; my native hills rose plainer and plainer upon my sight; the boat grounded—we were on the beach. I jumped out, but being still faint, stood for support with my back against the stern of the boat. The scuffle between the preventive-men and my preservers is true; but as I stand here before Almighty God, I never lifted my hand. I was then taken to the station-house, and from thence conducted hither, to answer for crimes I never committed.”

“But,” interrupted the counsel, “how do you explain the pistols being found at your feet?”

“I had a brace of pistols upon my person when the ship was wrecked, and
my position afterwards can easily account
for their being wet."
    "How came one of them to be un-
loaded?"
    "I cannot tell; but, hanging as I do
upon the brink of an eternal world, I
attest again that I am innocent."
    "Have you any witnesses to bring
forward to prove the truth of what you
have affirmed? Have you any that can
speak as to the first part of your impro-
bable story?"
    "No; alas! none. I left my country
in disgrace, and I now know not where
to find that affectionate girl from whom
I was torn away to visit foreign climes;
and as to witnesses of my conduct on the
coast, there were none save the smugglers,
who have gone no one knows whither—perhaps have perished in the
sea—the two men who appear against
me, and the unseeing eye of God; he
saw my actions, and to him I trust my
cause."
    "Yes! yes! yes! there is—there is,"
cried a female voice among the crowd.—
A buzzing stir went through the court
at this interruption. The judge re-
quested that the person might be brought
forward and placed in the witness-box.
A deep silence again reigned around, as
an aged man brought forward a young
and trembling girl, who leant upon his
arm for support.
    "Good God! it is she—it is Ellen!"
articulated the prisoner as he stretched
over the dock, with feelings of the deepest
interest depicted in his countenance. His
eyes were fixed upon her, and a light of
hope and joy sparkled in his handsome
features.
    "He is innocent—he is innocent!"
exclaimed the beautiful girl; and then,
as if for the first time recollecting where
she stood, a deep blush passed over her
pallid face; but it soon disappeared, and
she raised her large dark eyes to the
judge, imploring mercy. "My lord, you
cannot believe that he is guilty; no, no!
I will tell you—I will tell you all,"
gasped the girl, and she stopped for
breath. The whole court was gazing on
her in admiration, for scarcely ever had
they seen one so lovely as the form which
then stood before them. Her face was of
the true melancholy mould, shaded by the
dark hair which hung down in simple
negligence on either side; her nose was
nearly Grecian; and her sparkling eyes
heamed with such brightness, that were
it not for their long silken lashes, man's
eye could scarcely dare to look upon
them; her mouth was small, with lips
rather pouting, seeming as though sor-
row were their cast, yet as if, like the
opening leaves of a flower, they could
burst into mirth; her figure was short
and a little embonpoint; and as her rich
voice sounded through the hall, defending
the cause of one for whom there was
already a rising sympathy in the hearts
of those present, she appeared like some
good spirit winged from the skies. "My
lord," she continued, "I was walking, as
is my wont at eve, upon the sands, when
turning to retire home, I perceived the
parties alluded to. In fear, I hid myself
behind the jutting cliff, and saw all that
passed. He never moved. He is not
guilty."
    "When were you first acquainted with
the prisoner?" inquired the officer of
the crown.
    "Before he left his home I knew him
well. He was my companion by the fire-
side, and in the field. We grew up
together like branches upon the same
stem."
    "Did you know the prisoner when
upon the beach?"
    "No," answered the heroic girl, "or I
could have saved this mockery."
    During this discourse, and while he
gazed upon the fair girl, Connerly seemed
as though new life had been poured into
him. He drank in her words as the
thirsty camel in the desert eagerly stretches
out its neck to the stream. Ellen had
avoided looking at him; at length their
eyes met, and a still deeper glow suffused
her cheek.
    After a little further cross-examination,
the judge inquired of the prisoner if he
had any thing farther to state.
    "No, my lord," answered Connerly,
"I leave my cause in the hands of Him
who seeth all our actions, and who will
protect the innocent."
    The judge having briefly summed up
the evidence of the case, the jury retired.
In about an hour's time they returned,
They believed not the prisoner's story,
and, as he had no witnesses to prove his
case, pronounced him guilty.
    Having put on the black cap, the
judge proceeded to pronounce the awful
sentence. "Edward Connerly," he said,
you are found guilty, by a jury of twelve
of your countrymen, of the capital crime of murder; for which it is my sorrowful duty to sentence you to be hung by the neck, by the hands of the common hangman, until you are dead, and that your body be then given to the surgeons for dissection. I have requested a clergyman to visit you in your cell, and it is my prayer, young man, that you may be forgiven, and find mercy in the dreadful day.” A hum of dissatisfaction ran through the court, and many a cheek that had known no tear for years, felt the wet drop trickle down its hardened furrows. But Ellen heard the sickening doom without seeming conscious. No sigh rose from her bosom, her eyes were fixed and glassy, the soul appeared to have departed and left the body but a moving form. Mr. Newton led his heart-broken daughter from the court to seek comfort in their home, from that which alone can bind the wounded breast— religion.

The second day after the trial was appointed for the execution; on the evening before, Ellen visited Edward in his cell. The turnkey let her in without speaking, making as little noise as possible. He locked the door, and the sound of his feet died away along the stone passage leading to the prison. There was no sound of human being near. “Edward,” exclaimed the affectionate girl, “Edward, dear Edward,” but no voice answered:—“was she then alone? had he escaped?” She listened attentively, and thought she heard a voice speaking in a whisper. The rays of the setting sun burst through the iron grating of the cell, and fell upon the face of Connerly. He was on his knees, his hands were clasped fervently together, and his eyes were lifted towards the light. He prayed. She heard him articulate her name, the dying words of her mother were in her thoughts, and she wept bitterly. The sound of her grief roused the supplicant, who hastily sprang up to chide the intruder on his devotions. The lingering sun was shining full on Ellen’s brow. It was his own true love. For one moment they gazed, deprived of speech, then rushed into each other’s arms.

“Oh, Ellen! Ellen! that we should meet thus,” cried Connerly, “to meet, but to be severed, till we are joined again in the realms of bliss; to put the cup to our lips, but to have it dashed upon the ground. But why do I talk thus? How can you love me? A traitor to my country! a murderer!”

“Edward, say not so. You are not guilty. You are innocent,” sobbed the dark-eyed girl. For woman, when she truly loves, even though the object of her regard be stigmatised with the blackest names, believes no ill of the chosen object of her hopes: she loves, and loves for ever.

“Do you, can you think that I am innocent?” exclaimed Connerly: “then I am happy—I can die resigned.”

The knocking of the gaoler at the door, told them their time was past, and they must part to meet no more on earth.

“Farewell, dear Ellen, farewell,” articulated the prisoner, as he once more pressed the weeping girl to his heart; “you love me, and you believe me innocent; these thoughts will support—these assurances will comfort me. But for you, dearest Ellen, may your consolation be above; remember we shall meet there.”

“I do love you, Edward, and I have a right to love you, for I have a dying mother’s consent;” and she related to him the scene at the commencement of this story. When she had finished, she said, “Edward, let us pray together, ere we part. We shall never pray together again.”

The two lovers knelt down, and their supplications, their thankings, and their praises, wafted by their mingling breaths, arose before the throne of God. Their tears fell fast upon the ground, but as they prayed, a peace, a calm the world can never give, stole through their minds. Beautiful beings. O! what a scene; two fond hearts before the altar, seeking a blessing from their heavenly Father. Their breasts are bare to him; he sees their faults, he knows their thoughts. They rise happier, much happier than they were before.

The turnkey had been waiting some time, but dared not interrupt such holy moments. As soon as they had ended, he came in and gently conveyed the almost fainting girl from the prison. The stately pillar had fallen to the ground, and left the ivy shivering alone; the ship had lost its towering masts, and floated carelessly down the stream; deprived of all for which she wished to live, of all she loved, poor Ellen Newton was like a
blossom plucked from its parent bough, but to wither and to die.

Early the next morning the streets around the gaol were thronged by the curious and sympathising inhabitants of W——, to witness the last moments of the smuggler. At the appointed hour the prisoner was conducted from his cell, and ascended the scaffold with a firm step; they were about to put the cap over his eyes, when he turned to the sheriff, and said, “May I be allowed to speak a few words before I am launched into eternity? It is but a small boon.”

“You may,” replied the officer.

“My countrymen, my fellow-beings,” said Connerly, turning to the multitude, “you behold before you an unfortunate, but an innocent man. A few days ago I looked forward to bright years of happiness: my bark neared my native country, and all the fond imaginings of hours long gone by, flitted once more over my spirits; the voice of home, the sense of love, returned again; in fancy I bounded o’er the hills, or lay musing by some murmuring brook, thinking of nought but joy to come. How sad the change a few hours have wrought: now the dark clouds have gathered round my brow; I am condemned of horrid crimes I ne’er committed, for which in a few seconds I shall appear in an eternal world. The gulf will be crossed—I can ne’er return. May God in his mercy forgive my accusers. My time is short, very short; but before I depart for ever, let me do what good I can. Learn of me, then, not to lay your hopes, your treasures here below; the summer may glow with warmth, and the bright rays of the sun may kindly shine, but remember the hoar-frosts of winter will come, and then your treasure will be lost, your hopes blasted. The world is like a beauteous landscape, reflected in the water; the green fields, the dotted hills, the waving foliage, the blue vault spangled o’er with silvery clouds, meet your eye; you think it is an Eden; a sense of joy runs through your veins at thought of having found so dear a spot, and hastening to taste its sweets, you fall upon the tide; the placid stream gives way beneath your weight, and you find, alas, too late, that all is cold and death below. Take then the advice of a dying man, and hoard not your brightest gems on earth, but place them in heaven, and all will be well. Farewell, my friends—once more farewell!—Believe me, I am innocent—innocent!”

At a given signal the cap was over his eyes, the rope was round his neck, for the sheriff feared the people might rise and rescue the prisoner from his fate. For an awful moment they waited for the fall of the drop, a still calm reigned among the crowd, when a man from among them bounded on the scaffold, and with one fearful cut severed the cord. The platform descended, and with it the prisoner, unhurt. “Oh, short-sighted creatures,” shouted the new-comer, in the hoarse tones of a seaman, “you would have destroyed the innocent, you would have committed murder. I—I alone, am the guilty one, the raging waves would not take my life—it was left for you. Is it not written *whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed;* they dared not disobey their Maker. Let the guiltless go,” continued he, casting off the cap, and removing the cord from the neck of the prisoner; and folding his arms, he gazed upon the astonished multitude.

A shout of joy rent the air at this happy deliverance, which was followed by a low sigh of woe, for the sailor who had thus boldly stepped forward was well known to most of those present, as Tom Page, commonly called Rap, a notorious and desperate smuggler.

After such an interruption, nothing more could at that time be done. Connerly and Page were both conducted back to the gaol, and on the next day the case was again brought forward, when it appeared that the statement of Connerly was correct, and Page was recognised by him as one of the boat’s crew.

The story of Page is simply told. After they left the beach, the wind still blew a gale; the boat filled with water, and they were all cast adrift on the waves. His companions, no doubt, found a watery grave; he was picked up on the rocks at some distance from H——, and had not till the evening before the execution, heard that the innocent was about to suffer for the guilty. He immediately hastened to W——, and arrived just in time to save the life of Connerly. From Page’s wild and romantic character he was well known to many of the noblemen and gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood, who interceded with the king on his behalf; and on account of his hav-
Westminster Abbey.

ing so honourably and freely offered his life to save that of a guiltless man, succeeded in getting the punishment of death mitigated to that of serving in his Majesty’s navy for the remainder of his days, where his generous behaviour, and extreme bravery and fidelity, have caused his former crimes to be forgotten.

We need not say with what joy Ellen heard the sweet tidings of mercy; her young spirit rose once more from its bed of sorrow, like a drooping leaf refreshed with rain. Edward Connerly immediately joined the good old man and his affectionate daughter, and was welcomed by them as one from the grave. Congratulations were showered upon him from all sides; and in a few months the happy lover led the beautiful and blushing Ellen to the altar, as his bride; and for many years they lived in the little cottage on the sea-coast, where the greatest of human misery was turned into the extreme of human happiness.

E. G.

[They prayed together in the prison, and time rolled on, and that time which was so spent, like the sun when it stood still that the work of the Lord might be performed, brought about a happy deliverance. Had they parted ere they had prayed together, the fatal cord might have been fastened, and the fatal beam have fallen ere the cord was cut in two: had their devotions been less sincere, their piety less ardent, the heart of the gaoler might not have been softened to have granted them the indulgence of those few but auspicious moments of delay, and a death of ignominy would have sealed the doom of the one, and have entailed perpetual misery on the other; but the good work was wrought by a superintending Providence, by a process at once simple, intelligible, and just.]

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

If musing Melancholy ever chose
A holy spot to soothe her cherished woes,
’Twere surely here—in these immortal fanes,
Where heavenly solitude supremely reigns.
The world has many dire mutations seen,
But these old walls immutable have been;
Who can relate the changes they may see?
What mortal shall embrace futurity?
Can any learned seer—however wise,
Foretell this day what may the next arise?
And yet—perhaps—within these very walls,
Have deeds been done, at which the soul appalls.

’Tis strange to think in what a narrow space,
Repose the ashes of a mighty race:
Methinks their awful shades before me stand,
As though they mingled with the living band:
And see—they move—in noiseless pomp along,
A chilling grandeur hangs o’er all the throng:
Princes and peers, by warrior monarchs led,
Like some unearthly coronation of the dead:
Poets, and priests, and mimic kings appear,
The hero and the actor both are here.
As one by one before me slowly pass,
I single forth from out the shadowy mass,
Chatham,—th’ assertor of my country’s right;
Chatham,—who died upholding Britain’s might;
And Chatham’s son—who sunk beneath its woes:
An early victim to the world’s repose.

And strange to think how many pass this place,
The proud descendants of its mouldering race;
And lo!—in yonder dome assembled sit,
The modern stage of eloquence and wit;
And there the living light for ever shines:
Th' eternal phoenix of these holy shrines.
But late I listened to the matchless lore,
That gives the moral law to every shore:
And hailed with high applause the splendid theme,
The gifted language and the power supreme;
Of him, on whose divine, persuasive tongue,
The holy magic of conviction hung;
That fix'd the integrity of Britain's land,
When bloody Faction raised the severing hand,
And heard the mighty captain of the age,
Who sponged the bigot-blot from England's page;
Yet madly spurned the renovator's fame,
And gave to high renown—his great opponent's name.
Again—they speak—within the temple famed,
To-morrow—and their deeds may here be named.

And is it thus—that all must pass away,
The weak—the wise—the witty, and the gay:
That talent—beauty—fortune—love, and song,
To death's eternity—all—all belong.
For him whose soul hath yearned a deathless name,
And pawn'd its happiness for paltry fame,
Whether he seek renown in court or camp,
Or, pale with study, by the midnight lamp,
Or if for immortality he sigh,
In the sad bliss of holy poesy,
Here let him pause—and through the stealing tear,
Survey the frail mementoes treasured here.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

An Egyptian Tale, from my Great Grandfather's Portfolio.

Two twin brothers had fallen in love with the same woman, and she with them. The men and the women lived in different parts of the same nome,* and met accidentally at one of their great solemnities; it was at the feast of the Sun, which is kept twice a year, because their kingdom lies between the tropics, but more on this side of the line than the other. This situation is the occasion that they have

*Nome, or Nom, signifies, in the old Mezzoranian, or old Egyptian language, the house of the Sun. Their words are made up of monosyllables, put together like the Chinese, which is, amongst other reasons, why the Chinese ought to be looked upon as a colony of the Egyptians. The patriarch Joseph married the daughter of the priest of On, which several learned men say is the same with Heliopolis, or the city of the Sun. From se comes the Egyptian noms or divisions of the country, which the great Bochart, in his Piæleg, says is an Egyptian, not a Greek word, though dynasty is Greek; Bochart, lib. iv. c. 24. Hence very likely came the Nomades and Numides, from their wandering and frequently changing their habitation or noms. The first and most ancient of all nations lived thus.

Two springs and two summers. At the beginning of each spring there are great feasts in every nome in honour of the Sun; they are held in the open fields, in testimony of his being the immediate cause (in their opinion) of the production of all things. All the sacrifice they offer to him are five little pyramids of incense, according to the number of their noms, placed on the altar in plates of gold till they take fire of themselves. Five young men and as many young women are deputed by the governors to perform the office of placing the pyramids of incense on the altar; they are clad in their spangled robes of the colour of the nome, with crowns on their heads, marching up two by two—a man and a woman between two rows of young men and women, placed theatrically one above another; and make the most beautiful show that eyes can behold. It happened that one of the twin brothers was deputed with the young lady that I am speaking of to make the first couple for the placing the incense
on the altar. They march up on different sides till they come to the altar: when they have placed the incense they salute each other and cross down, the men by the ranks of the women, and the women by the men, which they do with a wonderful grace, becoming such an august assembly. The design of this is to encourage a decorum in the carriage of the young people, and to give them a sight of each other in their greatest lustre. When the five couples have performed their ceremony, the other ranks come two by two to the altar, saluting each other, and crossing as before; by which means the young people have an opportunity of seeing every man and woman of the whole company, though the placing of them is done by lot. If they have not any engagement before, they generally take the first liking to one another at such interviews; and the woman's love and choice being what determines the marriage, without any view of interest, being, in fact, all equal in quality, the young gallants make it their business to gain the affections of the person they like by their future services. To prevent inconveniences of rivalry at the beginning, if the man be the person that the woman likes, he presents her with a flower just in the bud, which she takes and puts in her breast: if she is engaged before, she shows him one, to signify her engagement; which, if in the bud only, shows that the courtship is gone no further than the first proposal and liking; if half-blown, or the like, 'tis an emblem of further progress; if full-blown, it signifies that her choice is determined, from which they can never recede, — that is, she can change the man that presents it, but he cannot challenge her till she has worn it publicly. If any dislike should happen after that, they are to be shut up, never to have a husband. If she has no engagement, but does not approve of the person, she makes him a low courtesy, with her eyes shut till he is gone away. The women, 'tis true, for all this, have some little coquettish arts, dissembling their affections now and then, but not often. If the man be engaged, he wears some favour or other to show it; if he likes not the woman, he presents her with nothing: if the woman should make some extraordinary advance, without any on his side, she has liberty to live a maid, or to be disposed of among the widows, being looked upon as such: these, by-the-bye, marry none but widowers. But to return to the twins. — It happened that the brother who went with the lady to the altar, seeing she had no bud upon her breast, fell in love with her, and she with him. The awe of the ceremony hindered them from taking any further notice of each other at that time. As she went down the ranks, the other brother saw her, and fell in love with her likewise; he contrives to meet her with a bud in his hand just as the ceremony ended, which she accepts of, taking him to be the person who had marched up with her to the altar; but being obliged to go off with the other young ladies, whether the concern she had been in in performing the ceremony before such an illustrious assembly, or the heat of the weather, or the joy she conceived in finding their affections reciprocal, or all together, had such an effect, that she fell into a fainting fit among her companions, who, opening her bosom in haste, not minding the flower, it fell down, and was trod under foot. Just as she was recovered, the brother who performed the ceremony came up and presented his bud. She, thinking it had been that she had lost, received it with a look that showed he had made a greater progress in her affections than what that expressed. The laws not permitting any further conversation at that juncture, they retired to their respective habitations. Some time after, the brother who had the luck to present the first flower, whom for distinction I shall call the younger brother, as he really was, found a way to make her a visit by stealth at a grated window, which, be it observed, is publicly prohibited by the wise governors, but privately connived at to enhance their love. He came to her, and after some amorous conversation made bold to present her the more advanced mark of his affection, which she accepted, and gave him in return a scarf worked with hearts separated by little brambles, to show him there were some difficulties for him to overcome yet; however, they gave one another mutual assurances of love, and he was permitted to profess himself her lover, without declaring her name, for some private reasons she had. Not long after the elder brother came, and procured an opportunity of meeting her at the same window. The night was very dark, so that he could not
see the second flower which she had in her bosom, only she received him with greater signs of joy and freedom than he expected; but reflecting on the signs he remarked in her countenance and after her illness, by a sort of natural vanity for his own merits, he flattered himself that her passion was rather greater than his, and excusing himself for being so long without seeing her, added, that if he were to be guided by the height of his flame, he would see her every night. She, reflecting how lately she had seen him, thought his diligence was very extraordinary, but imputed it to the ardour of his passion; in fine, she gave him such assured signs of love, that he thought in himself he might pass the middle ceremony, and present her with the full-blown flower, to make sure of her. She took it, but told him she would not wear it for some time, till she had passed some forms, and had further proofs of constancy; but for his confirmation of her affection, she put out her hand as far as the grate would permit, which he kissed with all the ardour of an inflamed lover, giving her a thousand assurances of his fidelity; and she, in return, gave him a riband with two hearts interwoven with her own hair, separated only with a little hedge of pomegranates almost ripe, to show that the time of gathering the fruit was nigh at hand. Thus were the three lovers in the greatest degree of happiness imaginable. The brothers won her favours on all public occasions, congratulating each other for the success in their amours, but, as lovers affect a secrecy in all they do, never telling one another who were the objects of their affections. The next great feast drew on, when the younger brother thought it was time to present the last mark of his affection, in order to demand her in marriage, which was usually performed in those public solemnities. He told her he hoped it was now time to reward his flame by wearing the open flower, as a full sign of her consent, and gave her a full-blown artificial carnation, with gold flames and little hearts on the leaves, interwoven with wonderful art and ingenuity. She thinking it had been a repetition of the ardour of his affection, took it, and put it in her bosom with all the remarks of tenderness by which the fair sex in all countries know how to reward all the pains of their lovers in a moment. Upon this, he resolved to ask her about

her parents, which was the only thing necessary on his side,—the woman having a right to demand any man's son in the kingdom, if he had but presented her with the last mark of his affection. The elder brother having given his some time before, thought the parents' approbation was the only thing wanting on his side, and resolved the same day on the same thing. They were strangely surprised to meet one another, but, seeing the different favours, they did not know what to make of it. When the father came, they declared the cause of their coming in terms which fully expressed the agony of their minds. The father was in as great concern as they were, assuring them he had but one daughter, who, he was confident, would never give such encouragement to two lovers at the same time, contrary to their laws; but seeing their extreme likeness, he guessed there must be some mistake. Upon this the daughter was sent for, who, being informed it was to declare her consent in the choice of her lover, came down with four flowers in her bosom, not thinking but the two full-blown had belonged to the same person, since she had received two before she had worn the first. The descriptions that the poets give of the goddess Venus rising out of the sea, could not be more beautiful than the bloom that appeared on her cheeks when she came into the room. I happened to be then present, being sent before by the Pophar to let the father know of the regent's intended visit, that, being a considerable officer, he might order his concerns accordingly. As soon as the young lady heard the cause of their coming, and saw them indistinguishably like each other, with the public signs of her favours, wrought with her own hands, which they brought along with them, she screamed out, "I am betrayed!" and immediately fell in a swoon flat on the floor, almost between her two lovers. The father, in a condition very little better, fell down by his daughter, and, bathing her with tears, called to her to open her eyes, or he must die along with her. The young men stood like statues, with rage and despair in their looks at the same time. It being the only indifferent person in the room, though extremely surprised at the event, called her mother and women to come to her assistance, who carried her into another room, undressed her, and by proper remedies brought her at
last to herself. The first word she said was, — "Oh! Berilla, what have you done?" All the rest was nothing but sobs and sighs, enough to melt the hardest heart. When she was in a condition to explain herself, she declared she liked the person of the man who went up with her to the altar; that some time after, the same person, as she thought, had presented her with the first marks of his affection, which she accepted of, and in fine, had given her consent by wearing the full-blown flower; but which of the two brothers it belonged to she could not tell; adding, that she was willing to submit to the decision of the elders, or to undergo what punishment they thought fit for her heedless indiscretion; yet protested that she never designed to entertain two persons at the same time, but took them to be the same person.

The care of their marriages being one of the fundamentals of their government, and there being no provision in the law for this extraordinary case, the matter was referred to the Pophar regent, who was to be there in a few days: guards in the mean time were set over the brothers, for fear of mischief, till a full hearing. The affair was discussed before the Pophar regent, and the rest of the elders of the place. The three lovers appeared before them, each in such agony as cannot be expressed. The brothers were so alike, it was hard to distinguish one from the other; the regent asked them which of the two went up to the altar with the young lady; the elder said it was he; which the younger did not deny; the lady being interrogated, owned she designed to entertain the person that went up with her to the altar, but went no farther than the first liking. Then they asked which of the two brothers gave the first flower; the younger said he presumed he did, since he fell in love with her as she went down the ranks, and contrived to give her the flower as soon as the ceremony was over, not knowing of his brother’s affections; neither did she bear any mark of engagement, but accepted of his service; the lady likewise owning the receipt of such a flower, but that she lost it fainting away in the crowd; but when, as she thought, he restored it to her, she did not like him quite so well as when she received it the first time, supposing them to be the same person. Being asked who gave her the second, third, and last mark of engagement, it appeared to be the younger brother, whose flower she wore publicly in her bosom; but then she received the full-blown flower from the elder brother also. The judges looked at one another for some time, not knowing well what to say to the matter. Then the regent asked her when she gave her consent, if she did not understand the person to be him that went up with her to the altar? She owned she did, which was the elder; but in fact had placed her affections on the person who gave her the first flower, which was the younger. Then the two brothers were placed before her, and she was asked, that, supposing she were now at liberty, without any engagement, which of the two brothers she would choose for her husband? She stopped, and blushed at the question, but at length said, the younger had been more assiduous in his courtship; and with that burst into tears, casting a look at the younger brother which easily showed the sentiments of her heart. Every one was in the last suspense how the regent would determine the case: and the young men expressed such a concern in their looks, as if the final sentence of life and death, happiness or misery, was to be pronounced to them. When the regent with a countenance partly severe as well as grave, turning towards the young lady, “Daughter,” said he, “your ill-fortune, or indiscretion, has deprived you from having either of them: both you cannot have, and you have given both an equal right; if either of them will give up their right, you may marry the other, not else. What do you say, sons,” said he, “will you contribute to make one of you happy?” They both persisted they would not give up their right till the last gasp. “Then,” says the regent, turning to the lady, who was almost dead with fear and confusion, “since neither of them will give up their right, I pronounce sentence on you, to be shut up from the commerce of men, till the death of one of your lovers; then it shall be left to your choice to marry the survivor;” so, giving orders to have her taken away, the court was going to break up, when the younger brother falling on his knees, cries out, “I yield my right, rather than the adorable Berilla should be miserable on my account; let me be shut up from the commerce of men, for being the occasion of so divine a creature’s misfortune; brother, take her,
and be happy; and you, divine Berilla, only pardon the confusion my innocent love has brought upon you; and then I shall leave the world in peace." Here the whole court rose up, and the young man was going out, when the regent stopped him: "Hold, son," says he, "there is a greater happiness preparing for you than you expect; Berilla is yours, you alone deserve her, you prefer her good to your own; and as I find her real love is for you, here join your hands, as I find your hearts are already." They were married immediately; the regent leaving behind him a vast idea not only of his justice, but wisdom in so intricate a case.

I drew an historical piece of painting of this remarkable trial, expressing, as nigh as I could, the postures and agonies of the three lovers, and presented it to the divine Isyphenia, the regent's daughter; telling her, that if she were to accept of flowers, as that young lady did, she would ruin all the youths of Mezorania: she received it, blushing, and said she should never receive any but from one hand, nor even that, if she thought she should do him any harm; adding, that she thought her father had given a just judgment; she then waived the discourse with such innocence, yet knowledge of what she said, that I was surprised to the last degree, not being able to guess whether I had offended her or not.

I am now going to enter on a part of my life, which bring to view the hopes and fears, the joys and anxieties of a young man in love, in an honourable way, with no less a person than the daughter of the regent of this vast empire. I shall not, however, enter into the detail of the many various circumstances attending such a passion; but shall just touch upon some particular passages, which were very extraordinary, even in a passion which generally of itself runs into extremes. It will be remembered that there is no real distinction of quality in these people, nor any regard either to interest or dignity, but merely to personal merit; their chief view being to render that state happy which makes up the better half of human life. I had nothing, therefore, to do in this affair, but to fix my choice, and endeavour to please and be pleased; my choice was soon determined; the first time I saw the incomparable Isyphenia, the regent's daughter, though she was then but ten years old, ten thousand budding beauties appeared in her, with such unutterable charms, that though I as good as despaired of arriving at my wished-for happiness, I was resolved to fix there, or no where.

I observed, when I was first introduced into her company by the regent, her father, that she had her eye fixed on me, as a stranger, as I supposed, but yet with more than a girlish curiosity. I was informed afterwards, that she told her playfellows that that stranger should be her husband, or no one. The wise Pophar, her father, had observed it; and whether it was from his knowledge of the sex, and their unaccountable fondness for strangers, or whether he disapproved of the thought, I cannot tell, but he was resolved to try both our constancies to the utmost. I was obliged by the Pophar to teach her and some other young ladies, as well as some young men, to paint; but it was always in the father's or mother's company. Not to detain my readers with matters quite foreign to, and perhaps unworthy your cognisance, it was five years before I durst let her see the least glimmering of my affection. She was now fifteen, which was the height of her bloom. Her father seeing she carried no marks of any engagement, asked her in a familiar way, if her eyes had made no conquests? She blushed, and said she hoped not. He told me also as a friend, that I was older than their customs cared to allow young men to live single, and with a smile, asked me, if the charms of the Bassa's daughter, of Grand Cairo, had extinguished in me all thoughts of love. I told him there were objects enough in Mezorania to make one forget any thing they had seen before, but that being a stranger, I was willing to be thoroughly acquainted with the genius of the people, lest I should make any one unhappy. I was just come back from one of our visitations, when I was struck with the most lively sense of grief I ever felt in my life. I had always observed before, that Isyphenia never wore any sign of engagement, but when I found she carried a bud in her bosom, I fell ill immediately upon it; which she perceiving, came to see me without any bud, as she used to go before, keeping eyes upon me to see what effect it would have. Seeing her continue without any marks of engagement, I recovered, and made bold to tell her one
day, that I could not but pity the miserable person, whoever he was, who had lost the place in her bosom he had before; she said, unconcernedly, that both the wearing and taking away the flower from her bosom, was done out of kindness to the person. I was then so taken up with contrary thoughts, that I did not perceive she meant to try whether she was the object of my thoughts or not. However, finding she carried no more marks of engagement, I was resolved to try my fortune for life or death, when an opportunity offered beyond my wish. Her mother brought her to perfect a piece of painting she was drawing; I observed a melancholy and trouble in her countenance I had never seen before: that moment the mother was sent for to the regent, and I made use of it to ask her what it was that affected her in so sensible a manner? I pronounced these words with such emotion and concern on my part, that she might easily see I was in some very great agony. She expressed a great deal of confusion at the question, insomuch that, without answering a word, she got up and went out of the room, leaving me leaning against the wall almost without life or motion. Other company coming in, I was roused out of my lethargy, and slunk away to my own apartment, but agitated with such numberless fears, as left me almost destitute of reason. However, I was resolved to make a most just discovery, and to be fully determined in my happiness or misery. There was a grated window on the back side of the palace, where I had seen Isyphena walk sometimes, but never dared to approach; I went thither in the evening, and seeing her by herself, I ventured to it, and falling upon my knees, asked her, for Heaven’s sake, what was the matter, or if I had offended her? She immediately burst into tears, and just said, “Ask no more,” and withdrew; though I cannot say with any signs of indignation.

Some time after I was sent for to instruct her in the finishing of her piece. I must tell you, that I had privately drawn a picture of her. In my hurry I had left it behind me in my closet, and the Poplar finding it by accident, had taken it away without my knowledge, and shown it to the mother; and making as if he did not mind Isyphena, who stood by and saw it, (as she thought undiscerned) seemed to talk in a threatening tone to the mother about it. When I came in, I had just courage enough to cast one glance at Isyphena, when methought I saw her eyes meet mine, and show a mixture of comfort and trouble at the same time. As this subject may be troublesome to my readers, I shall comprise in half an hour what cost me whole years of sighs and solicitude, though happily crowned at last with unspeakable joys. This trouble in Isyphena was, that having made herself mistress of the pencil, she had privately drawn my picture in miniature, which she kept secretly in her bosom, and it having been discovered by the mother, as that which I had drawn was by the father, to try her constancy he expressed the utmost indignation at it; but Isyphena’s greatest trouble was, lest I should know, and take it for a discovery of her love, before I had made her some overture. In progress of time we came to an eclatissement; she received my two first flowers; but because I was half a stranger to their race, we were to give some more signal proof of our love and constancy than ordinary; we frequently had common occasions offered us, such as might be looked upon as the greatest trials. She was the paragon not only of the kingdom, but possibly of the universe, for all perfections that could be found in the sex. Her stature was about the middle size; the just proportion of her shape made her really taller than she seemed to be; her hair was black,* indeed, but of a much finer gloss than the rest of the sex, nor quite so much curled, hanging down in easy tresses over her shoulders, and shading some part of her beautiful cheeks. Her eyes, though not so large as our Europeans, darted such lustre, with a mixture of sweetness and vivacity, that it was impossible not to be charmed with their rays; her features were not only the most exact, but inimitable, and peculiar to herself. In fine, her nose, mouth, teeth, turn of the face, all concurring together to form the most exquisite symmetry, and adorned with a bloom beyond all the blushes of the new-born Aurora, rendered her the most charming and the most dangerous object in nature. The noblest and gayest youths of all the land paid their homages to her adorable perfections, but all in vain. She avoided

* The author, being an Italian, did not think black hair so beautiful.
The Twin Brothers.

I will never renounce Isyphepa!" He said no more than their laws must be obeyed. I observed tears in his eyes as he went out, which made me see he was in earnest. I had scarce time to reflect on my miserable state, or rather was incapable of any reflection at all, when four persons came in with a dismal heaviness in their looks, and bade me come along with them—they were to conduct me to my place of confinement. In the mean time, the Pophar goes to his daughter, and tells her the same thing, only adding, that I was to be sent back to my own country, loaded with such immense riches, that might procure me the love of any woman in the world; for, says he, these barbarians (meaning the Europeans) will marry their daughters to any one who has but riches enough to buy them. The men will do the same with respect to the women: let the woman be whose daughter she will, if she had but money enough to purchase a kingdom, a king would marry her. Before he had pronounced all this, Isyphepa had not strength to hear it out, but fell down in a swoon at his feet. When she was come to herself, she endeavoured to comfort her, and added, that she was to have Young, the Pophar's son, a youth about her age; for though he was not old enough to govern, he was old enough to have children. He went on and told her I was to have a statue erected in honour of me, to be crowned by the fairest woman in all Mezorania, which, says he, is judged to be yourself; and if you refuse it, Amnophilla is to be the person. This was the most beautiful woman next Isyphepa, and by some thought equal to her, whose signs of approbation and liking to my person I had taken no notice of, for the sake of Isyphepa. She answered, with a resolution that was surprising even to her father, that she would die before she would be wanting to do her duty; but that their laws allowed her to choose whom she pleased for her husband, without being undutiful: that as for the crowning of the statue, she accepted of it, not for the reason he gave, but to pay her last respects to his memory, who, she was sure, would never marry any one else. As for the young Pophar, she would give her answer when this ceremony was over. When all things were ready for it, there was public proclamation made in all parts.
of the name, that "whereas I had brought into the kingdom, and freely communicated to them the noble art of painting, I was to have a public statue erected in my honour; to be crowned with a crown of flowers by the fairest woman in all Mezorania." Accordingly, a statue of full proportion, of the finest polished marble, was erected in one of their spacious squares, with my name engraved on the pedestal in golden characters, setting forth the service I had done the commonwealth, &c. The statue had the picture of Isyphena in one hand, and the emblems of the art in the other. The last kindness I was to receive was to be permitted to see the ceremony with a perspective glass, from the top of a high tower belonging to the place of my confinement, from whence I could discern every minute circumstance that passed. Immediately the crowd opened to make way for Isyphena, who came in the regent's triumphant chariot, drawn by eight white horses, all caparisoned with gold and precious stones, herself more resplendent than the sun they adored. There was a scaffold with a throne upon it just close to the statue, with gilt steps for her to go up to put the crown on the head of it. As soon as she appeared a shout of joy ran through the whole crowd, applauding the choice of her beauty, and the work she was going to perform. Then proclamation was made again for the same intent, setting forth the reasons of the ceremony. When all was silent, she steps from the throne to the degree with the crown in her hand, holding it up to be seen by all, supported by Ammolilla and Menissa, two of the most beautiful virgins after herself. There appeared a serenity in the looks of Isyphena beyond what could be expected, expressing a fixed resolution at the same time. As soon as she had put the crown on the head of the statue, which was applauded with repeated shouts and acclamations, she stood still for some time, with an air that showed she was determined for some great action; then turning to the officers, ordered them to make proclamation that every one should remark what she was going to do. A profound silence ensuing through the whole assembly, she went up to the steps again, and, taking out the most conspicuous flower in the whole crown, first put it in the right hand of the statue, and then clapt it into her bosom with the other two she had received from me before, as a sign of her consent for marriage, which could not be violated. This occasioned a shout ten times louder than any before, applauding such a heroic act of constancy as had never been seen in Mezorania. The regent ran up to her, and embracing her with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, said she should have her choice, since she had fulfilled the law, and supplied all defects by that extraordinary act of fidelity, and immediately gave orders to have that heroic action registered in the public records for an example, and encouragement of constancy to posterity. But the people cried out, "Where is the man, where is the man? Let their constancy be rewarded immediately."

The sequel need only be briefly told: the divine hand of the beauteous and faithful Isyphena was freely bestowed by her willing parent upon her brave and constant lover, and years diminished not the fervor of their early and ardent devotions.

THE INFANCY OF A GREAT MAN.

"Le génie rend l'homme illustre, et non pas la naissance."

Towards the end of the last century, there was a poor family of strolling musicians residing at Pesaco, in Italy, which gained a scanty subsistence by attending the neighbouring fairs. Though their wants were but few, yet their earnings were so trifling, that they were with difficulty enabled to satisfy them.

The Padrone was a horn-player, in which capacity he assisted at fairs, or in barns, whenever they chanced to fall in with one of those operatic companies of strollers who labour so zealously to caricature the immortal works of some of the greatest masters. The Padrone was of a more elevated caste in her profession, she styled herself a seconda donna, in which character she appeared on the boards, bien entendu when the theatre happened to have any company, which was not always the case.

Every one knows that in Italy a theatrical season lasts little more than six months: as soon as the season was over, the man used to pack up his horn, and the donna her theatrical wardrobe and
A Persian Hymn.

partitions; and thus lightly laden with worldly goods, and even more lightly burdened with fame, the miserable pair toiled their weary way back to their hovel at Pesaco, patiently awaiting the commencement of another season.

During one of these intervals (if I mistake not, on the 29th of February, 1792,) the signora presented her lord and master with a son. The child was destined from his birth to tread in the footsteps of his father, and like him to gain a livelihood by playing the horn, in the village orchestras. The poor musician paid the utmost attention to his musical education, and did not despair of being able by perseverance to instil into him a portion of his own talent. Unfortunately the boy was idle and obstinate, and his success seemed doubtful. His progress was but slow, until at length his parents took him to Bologna, in hopes that hearing others might create in him an emulation to excel: they were, however, mistaken, for if he listened at all it was without profit or improvement.

At twelve years of age, however, his musical organs began to develop themselves—thanks to the lessons of an old priest, called Angelo Jessi; he got a taste for the horn, studied thorough bass and counterpoint, and bade fair by perseverance to become a tolerable village musician. What a glorious day for his parents was that on which he made his début at a concert given in the open air at Sinigaglia, to celebrate a marriage: tears of joy streamed down the furrowed cheeks of his father, who beheld a future rival in his son. He soon had the honour of being engaged in the orchestra at the fairs of Lugo and Forli, at a salary of fifteen sous a day! his future welfare was thus assured.

Reader, this child, whose entrance on the stage of life is now relating, the son of the poor horn-player at Pesaco, the little boy who rambled from village to village, blowing into a brass tube to earn "his daily bread," is the man who has since made such a glorious revolution in musical art; one of the richest artistes of the day, both in money and in genius—Rossini!!!

A PERSIAN HYMN.

Who is he that can number the perfections of God? Where can the being be found that has rendered him thanks sufficient for any one of his innumerable benefits?

He has unfurled the vast canopy of the universe, and has therein sown the most variegated and the most beautiful colours.

The earth, the sea, and the forests; the sun, the moon, and the stars, are the works of his creative power.

His infinite goodness embraces the world from one extremity to the other, and the firmament of heaven sinks under the pressure of his favours.

He causes delicious fruits to grow on a tender and fragile stem; he fills the interior of a reed with sugar, and from a drop of water forms the dazzling pearl.

By the benign influence of the rays of the sun, he has changed barren and sterile fields into orchards and gardens of tulips and roses.

From the bosom of the clouds he causes abundant rains to fall and refresh the thirsty and drooping plants, and in the spring he arrays the naked branches with a dazzling garb of verdure and flowers.

For which of his benefits has man ever testified his gratitude? He who reflects on the thanks and praises which he owes his Creator, remains confounded at his own unworthiness.

He is prodigal of his gifts; but the greatest, the most inestimable of them, is that of having engraven on our hearts the blessed hope of a future life.

Oh, weak mortal, bow the head of humility on the threshold of adoration; remember that pride precipitated Ebis into the realms of shame and despair.

Avoid evil, for the master of heaven only admits into his beautiful regions the man who hates iniquity.

He who has not supported fatigue, will never find treasures; he alone who has worked courageously will receive a reward.

Fool! thou hast not done good works, and yet thou hasten to partake the favours of the supreme God: thou hast not sown, and thou expectest to reap an abundant harvest!

The world, which the great prophet calls the bridge leading to life eternal, is not the place where we see to fix our abode: let us then pass over it rapidly.

The garden of supreme felicity is the eternal abode of man; this world is only the road leading thereto: let us go forward then without stopping.

What remains of all the bones piled together by the hand of death? They have been so ground in the mortar of centuries, that the residue thereof is but a vain dust.
Where shall our sister rest? Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast, Soon we must hurry her.
Gone is the beauty now, From her cold bosom,
Down droops her livid brow, Like a wan blossom.
Not to those white lips cling, Smiles or caresses,
Dull is the rainbow wing, Dim the bright tresses.
Death now hath claimed his spoil, Fling the pall over her;
Lap we earth's lightest soul, Wherewith to cover her.
Where down in yonder vale, Lilies are growing;
Mourners, the pure and pale, Sweet tears bestowing.

Morning and evening dews, Will they shed o'er her,
Each night their task renews, How to deplore her.
Here let the fern grass grow, With its green drooping;
Let the narcissus blow, O'er the wave stooping;
Let the brook wander by, Mournfully singing;
Let the wind murmuring nigh, Sad echoes bringing.
And when the moon-beams shower, Tender and holy,
Light on the haunted tow'r, Which is ours solely:
Then will we seek the spot, Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforgot, With our long weeping.

Blackwood's Magazine for May.

In the stiff old gardens of our ancestors, there were sometimes to be found a picturesque custom or two, well worth reviving in modern times. The rage for improvement is too sweeping in its practice; and instead of judicious alteration, is apt entirely to obliterate all traces of what once was, when it would be better to select with discriminating taste the pleasing and natural, and reject what is forced and affected; and while we laugh at the antique passion for yew trees clipped into dragons and Adams and Eves, we might not be disgusted with one solemn dark yew cut into a simple pyramid, and rising in majestic contrast among the free waving foliage of the elegant deciduous trees and brighter evergreens. Again, the embroidered turf, so eloquently described by the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was beautiful, and well worthy of attention in the present day; by this is not meant embroidery in turf, which was performed by laying down strips of green sward on the ground in affected figures, something like the patterns that old ladies used to work in point stitch. This mode was the fashion of French gardening in its most finical state. But, in truth, the turf here recommended was termed embroidered, because it was formed of masses of blossoms, thickly intermingled as if in a state of nature, and of course was planted with wild flowers, which we distinguish by the name of turf flowers, for the reason that they love to grow among grass, which is indeed their natural home, and abiding place. No one in the present day has ever thought of cultivating native flowers, with a picturesque regard to their natural modes of growth; nor is any thing more difficult than to introduce an elegant turf or forest flower into a garden, and induce it to group in appropriate arrangement. An embroidered turf, where scarce and shy beauties meet together, is not to be found in our woods and banks, because the natural growth induces large plots of one species to spread far and wide in
favourite situations; therefore in making an embroidered turf, the natural mode of growth is considered; for by the hand of taste, nature may be assisted by introducing variety, and not superseded; and the groups that the exquisite taste of Milton imagined, as the adornment of the grave of his friend, may easily be effected.

Modern gardeners are too apt to consider these beautiful intermixtures as heaps of weeds; and though we allow that it is a crying shame to introduce turf flowers into the parterre devoted to exotics, because in rich mould they lose their native grace, and become unwieldy encroachers, yet we repeat that there is not sufficient attention paid to the cultivation of turf and forest flowers in their proper situations; if the beautiful natives are planted in our shrubberies and gardens, trimness and formality usually attend their introduction, and the ground is not suffered to assume that wildness which suits best with them. Besides many species of wild flowers that are ornamental to a high degree, are often extirpated as weeds, along with the hostile nettle, the dank sad dock, the deadly hemlock, and the flowerless plantane. Before we proceed to mention the natural flowers that ought to be spared and cherished, as the most appropriate ornaments to a wilderness or green bank, we must bestow a few words on the pedantry of our modern gardeners, who refuse to suffer any sort of green leaf or modest flower to intermingle itself with the velvet shortness of their smooth shaven green sward. They reject every thing excepting the finer grass tribes; even the beautiful trefoils, from the emerald shamrock to the lovely white perennial clover, notwithstanding the shortness and close thickness of their verdant carpeting, are rejected, and with daisies, cowslips, celandines, and other charming lowly turf flowers, are destroyed as injurious intruders on the true English green sward, whereby the turf in gardens, near the metropolis, becomes as uninteresting and monotonous as the green baize that covers the carpets within doors. However, we will permit the gardeners to have their own way in the open lawn, provided they will here and there suffer us to scatter a cowslip, rich alike dislikes the hedgerow shade and trim border.

This unmixed green sward is not very easy to procure to any extent, it is generally obtained by paring commons, where the natural grasses are free from any intermixture: green sward is seldom obtained in any beauty, except by this practice; and those persons who wish to convert several acres of arable land into fine lawn, will find themselves not a little embarrassed how it is to be best done, supposing their object is be usey and not the profit of grazing. A moment’s reflection will show that sufficient turf could not be obtained for the transfer, by the usual methods of paring. In this case, the best plan is to sow pure seeds of the fine perennial meadow grasses, the fescuta arvensis being the best. Specimens of the kind may be seen in the left-hand green-house at Covent-garden, and much useful information obtained there respecting turf grasses, which it would be advisable for any one much interested in converting a considerable extent of arable ground into turf to obtain.

Meantime, although we would allow the professional gardener to take possession of the open lawn, and clothe it with green sward, according to his most approved receipts, yet in all extensive grounds there are green banks and odd nooks, where a flower embroidered turf would look far more lovely than the trimmest green sward.

Let us suppose that one of these spots was about to be planted in a way that would assimilate closest with a state of nature; we will mention a method that has been tried with great success for the last five years. The piece of ground, which perhaps may have been foul with unsightly weeds, should be dug in October, and well picked, then rolled as level as possible, and inoculated with bits of fine grass or turf, planted in diamonds, at about nine inches square; little seeding tufts of grass may easily be collected, which will bear transplanting admirably; then in the intermediate spaces may be put in turf bulbs, as blue bells, grape hyacinths, single snow-drops, and daffodils; crocuses of all kinds, the tuberous rooted saxifrage, and wood anemones; the azure throatworts, (which though wicked weeds in the borders, are appro-
priate and lovely in the turf,) and orchissis' will grow in the turf though they languish in the parterre. Besides these, bulbs may be planted plenty of purple and white violets. The bright blue wood violet, primroses of all colours, common polyanthuses, star-leaved moss, the lovely little celandine and cowslips, daisies will freely plant themselves by seed, so no need of making a provision. About the end of May the beauty of most of these flowers will be over, and the turf may be closely mowed; this operation will perhaps a little retard the summer turf flowers, but it will do their beauty no permanent injury, while the violet leaves, in particular, will spring again, and make a charming carpeting of summer leaves; this plant is fond of the scythe.

Besides these spring flowers, there must be planted, at the same time, ladies' bed straw, white and yellow; the soft downy hieracums or hawk's-eye, the beautiful blue scabiosa, to be found on heaths; the harebell in quantities, several sorts of myosotis of British kinds, several sorts of veronica or speedwell, the English colchicums, the robinia geranium, the golden milk vetch and throatwort, and potentillas, will produce a succession of blooms till the early frosts; these will be most of them more lovely for a monthly application of the scythe. While the ground is yet fresh, white clover seeds, fescue grass seeds, and violet seed, may be scattered between.

No person who has not tried this method of making an embroidered turf, can tell how surpassingly lovely this arrangement of natural flowers appears, after the second year of its formation, when they are so thick that nothing but herbage and flowers can be seen. It must be noticed, that performed in this manner, all the plants have an equal chance of earth and moisture, and they settle their roots close to each other, just as plants establish themselves, when a hedge or ditch has been newly made up, and the banks are clothed by the seeds of weeds and wild flowers. Supposing that an admirer of nature wishes to transplant a forest or field flower, he will find it a difficult matter to make it grow, either in the parterre or turf; the latter would be the most natural station, but then, being full of thickly rooted, vigorous plants, the poor transplanted stranger finds it scarcely possible to strike a fibre among the others who have not suffered the pangs of removal, but when all are in the same state, every plant has an equal chance of getting its share of nourishment.

Before we leave the subject of turf flowers, we must mention, that whoever introduces either a double flower or an exotic into such a mixture, will be exceedingly disappointed; for if the double flowers are natives, as snow-drops or violets, in the turf they will infallibly grow single, and very much in the right of it so to do; all sorts of native single roses, as sweet-brier, the Scotch rose, the Dunwich rose, and eglantine, will blossom wild and free, with masses of flowering turf about their roots; but double and exotic roses, or delicate plants, as jessamine or trumpet honeysuckle, are strangled in a year or two, if turf grows close to the stem.

It will be needful now and then, in the first year of the formation of an embroidered turf, to look over it, and see that no unsightly weeds, as docks, plantanes, nettles, hemlock, chickweed, groundsel, or clivers, have seeded themselves, nor an undue proportion of crow-foot or yellow ranunculus has been intruded. Should the spot be near a hedge or shrubbery, all the sorts of periwinkle may be introduced in the back ground; but this species does not assimilate well with turf.

In pursuing this matter, we are naturally led to introduce the subject of the extensive Garden Cemetery at Notting Hill, which, during the past month, has by general invitation, been the resort of vast numbers of persons. The plan, viz. the establishment of extra-urban Cemeteries, is one of the greatest improvements in this country for many years past. Since the year 1824, Mr. George Frederick Carden has with the greatest perseverance, both by his pen and active personal exertions, urged his countrymen to the adoption of those improvements that have been found on the continent so highly satisfactory, as well as extremely beneficial. Liverpool, Manchester, and Norwich, early adopted the plan, to the great benefit of those towns, and of the public-spirited companies who severally tried the experiment, producing, as the effort did, large profits to the proprietors. Mr. Carden founded the General Cemetery Company, and we well remember the just but verbal tribute paid to his
exertions by the noble chairman, Viscount Ingestrie,—"That he deserved the gratitude of his country." We hope the issue has been equally to Mr. Carden’s profit and renown, and that this is an instance at least, contrary to the too general rule of human nature, "that the first founders or inventors of any beneficial system are wholly neglected or put aside, when their active services are not quite essential." We leave the answer to the managers and parties concerned.

Whatever may have been their conduct, Mr. Carden is now pursuing his plans and founding the Great Western Cemetery, in a spot so replete with beauty, that the object he has so long striven to accomplish appears actually attained, namely, another Père-la-Chaise: a ground where flowers and trees may surround the abodes of the dead with beauty, and take from the ideas of death the loathsomeness of city burials. Never was a spot better chosen for that purpose, than the Norlands; its close vicinity* (the distance being only two miles,) to the most beautiful entrance of the metropolis; its neighbourhood to the lofty trees of Kensington Gardens, and the woodlands of Lord Holland, and its own noble forest trees and full-grown shrubberies, point it out as a place where the public would not need to wait half a century to see the experiment realised, of an ornamental metropolitan burying ground.†

The train of thought that has recalled these facts, is connected with the subject of turf flowers. In the ex-urban Cemeteries that have been hitherto effected, a want of taste has always appeared in the manner in which flowers have been introduced round graves. Affectionate relatives love to see flowers springing on the spot where the beloved remains are deposited. In order to indulge this feeling, so interesting and natural, at Père-la-Chaise, Liverpool, Manchester, and Norwich, little plots are portioned out, railed or bordered, and kept in order at the expense or by the personal care of friends of the deceased; and though in a public establishment of the kind this is an indulgence that ought to be allowed, if requested, yet at Père-la-Chaise it has been found, that in course of time many of these little individual garden graves are neglected, the funds devoted to keep them in beauty fail, or those that supplied them, and perhaps tended and watched them, are themselves in turn lowly laid within the bounds of the family sepulchral ground, and leave none to adorn and visit it;* when this is the case, these garden graves soon assume the forlorn appearance that ever appertains to neglected ground, which has once known careful cultivation. This objection would be obviated, if the chief adornment of graves was an embroidered turf, for being formed of native flowers, when once a few months’ care was bestowed on them, every year would add to their beauty, and a few strokes of the mower’s scythe would sweep away decayed flower stalks, and set leaves and buds springing with renewed beauty. This species of covering is peculiarly adapted to the purpose, since it is well known that the shortest green sward that ever carpeted the hungry soil of a common, grows rank and dark when used to turf a grave, while that superabundant richness could only make the violet and crocus glow with deeper lustre; thus realising the touching lines of Miss Jewsbury, when speaking of the garden grave of an infant,—

* Mr. Loudon, in his Encyclopedia of Gardening, part 6, describing the extra-urban Cemeteries of Liverpool, says, "The practice of removing Cemeteries out of towns, will, no doubt, soon become general in England."

† We are glad to observe a very rapid increase in the number of suburban Cemeteries; for, assuredly, to a country in so high a state of civilization as ours, it is a subject of sore reproach, that the pernicious practice of burying within the walls should have endured so long. Besides the Metropolitan Cemetery near Wethersbrough-green, there have been ten others established within the last eight years for different country towns; and Mr. Carden, to whom the honor belongs of having taken the lead in this matter, and persevered in it with a rare spirit of zeal and determination, is now engaged in establishing a second Metropolitan Cemetery, to be called "the Great Western," in the vicinity of the Parks and Kensington Gardens. We can hardly imagine a spot better fitted for an establishment of this kind than the ground selected for this new Cemetery—indeed, we had no idea there was anything so suitable within so short a distance of town; it forms part of the western face of Notting-hill, is beautifully undulated, well wooded and watered, and perfectly secluded—Mechanics’ Magazine, April 12, 1834.

* An admirable arrangement in the model of the plan of the Great Western Cemetery, (a review of which is elsewhere,) is in the construction of Almshouses, by which greater care and attention can be bestowed upon the garden portion of the Cemetery.
Garden Graves.

"It is thy dust, my darling, gives life to each rose,
And because thou hast perished, the violet blows!"

Before Père-la-Chaise was fully established, or while it was yet struggling with the prejudices of the ignorant Parisians, who for half an age preferred pestilence and ugliness in the crowded city repositories of the dead, to healthfulness and beauty, De Lille, the French poet bestowed some fanciful, but elegant lines, on the subject of garden graves, the second verse of which presents an image of classic beauty, worthy of the Greek Anthology.

GARDEN GRAVES: OR THE SWISS CUSTOM OF PLANTING FLOWERS IN CEMETERIES.

From the French of De Lille.

Since in the tomb our cares, our woes,
In dark oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose,
In figures painful to the eye.

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Pourtrayed a nymph in airy flight,
Who hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a flannel's trembling light.

To die!—what is in death to fear?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame!
A power unseen still watches near
To light it with a purer flame.

The love that in my bosom glows
Will live when I shall long be dead,
And haply tinge some budding rose
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

Ah, thou who hast so long been dear,
When I shall cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near
In thoughtful mood to sigh for me.

And when the rosebuds' virgin breath,
With fragrance fills the morning air,
Imagine me released from death,
And all my soul reviving there!

It is singular that the burial of the dead in retired spots of natural beauty, which fine taste and philosophical reasoning has caused to be gradually adopted throughout Europe, and tardily and unwillingly by England, was the spontaneous feeling of our transatlantic brethren; the scattered distance of their forest abodes in America, has caused the family burying places to be in general, spots of the greatest beauty, adjoining to the homestead in the wilderness. How beautifully has our favourite American writer, William Cullen Bryant, thus alluded to this national custom, the following lines will show:—

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie,
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune
And groves a joyous sound,
The Sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet:
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat.
The Mother's Grave.

Away, I will not think of these,
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently prest
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs, and groups of flowers,
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell:
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee, and humming bird.

I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I loved should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

THE MOTHER’S GRAVE.

How calmly sleeps upon the hamlet’s scenes
The sunset’s glory! and o’er hills and woods
That mingle in the lovely landscape round,
Sheds forth a lustre earth can seldom claim.
Autumn’s wild hand upon the woods had thrown
Her many-coloured mantle, brighter now,
Where the rich hues of golden sunset fall;
Grey mists hang shadowy o’er the distant scene,
Broke by some cottage smoke, that curls alone
From the low bosom of a silent dell:
Oh! how it speaks of quiet to the heart!
Peeping from out uncrushable woods and old,
The dim grey tower o’erlooks the vale below;
And beauty is on all things; beauty tints
The glorious sunset of an autumn’s day.

But let me turn from these to where the yew
And statelier lime their mingled shadows throw
On grassy mounds, and urns, and headstones white,
Mark’d with sad tales for melancholy’s eye;
Around yon fane, wherein the voice of praise,
The prayer of penitence, and hope sublime,
And the sweet voice of holiest truth are heard:
Blest temple of devotion, see it stands
In evening’s golden light; its Gothic peaks,
Its fretted windows of antique device,
The Mother's Grave.

And old grey walls half-clad with ivy wild,
Shine as if light divine had pour'd from Him
Who claims that sanctuary, old and lone,
To grace the humblest of his fanes on earth.

But lo! a sweeter theme to claim the song
Of poesy, and wake each tenderer thought:
Behold affection's tribute fondly paid
In secret to the unforgotten dead.

Beside a grave whereon no stone reveals
How passed its tenant unto kindred clay,
But where young mourning hearts and scatter'd flowers
tell that affection lives e'en for the dead,
A maiden kneels, and, kneeling at her side
A fair-brow'd boy and girl of tenderest years
Mingle with hers their silent sorrows there.
Their hands have strewn with flowers that lonely grave,
Their hearts are grieving o'er the dead below,
Yet comfort with their sorrow seems to blend;
E'en while big tears are gather'd in her eye,
E'en while the prayer hung on her falt'ring lips,
A transient smile illum'd that maiden's face—
A smile, that told how sweetly in her heart
Came the still voice of comfort from above.
Then whispering low, a simple prayer she taught
To those beside her, told the mournful tale
Of the beloved and lost, for whom they grieved;
Of hope and comfort spake, then kiss'd away
The infant tears, that mingled with her own.
Oh! as I saw them kneel devoutly there,
Touched by o'erwhelming sorrow, yet upheld
By trust in Heaven, the orphan's sure resource,
With evening's softest glories round them shed,
Methought a group of youthful angels knelt,
And sought translation to their native heaven.
Whom might they mourn?—Why dost thou weep, sweet maid
"You scatter'd wild flowers mark my mother's grave."

Oh! what a host of sad o'erwhelming thoughts
Might gather round their young unpractised hearts,
When bent in anguish o'er that lowly mound:
The smile that blest their youthful sports was gone.
The voice that barr'd their sorrow, soothed their pain,
Taught the wild artless song, and humble prayer,
Whose blame was woe, and whose approval, bliss,
Is heard no more, to blame, or to commend,
Within the precincts of their quiet home.

No more beside their humble couch at eve
She bends to bless them, nor at morning greets
With her beloved smile their eager eyes:
Their cottage home is sad and lonely now,
Where joy so late in her lov'd presence dwelt:
They seek, yet find her not, then turn, and weep;
Where is she gone? ah, where? the fleeting smile,
That flash'd a moment in the maiden's face,
Tells how their hearts will answer words like these
Of her they lost. Ah yes; they fondly dream
She still o'erlooks them from the pitying skies,
To guide and guard them from distress and guilt.
The precepts now are hallow'd, every word
SETTLEMENT OR NO SETTLEMENT.

"That is the question."

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"My dear Louisa, how fortunate I am in meeting you," said a young man, hastily, dismounting, and giving his bridle to his groom, as a sudden turn in the road blessed him with the sight of a lovely girl to whom he was then hastening.

The heightened colour, and the beamng eye of her whom he addressed, spoke not less pleasure in the rencontre than his own, but her brow became somewhat shaded as she observed, "that she had promised to drink tea with poor Mrs. Waring; and as she was much of an invalid, and could not always receive a friend, it would be cruel to disappoint her."

"And may I not accompany you, Louisa?"

"Oh! certainly, dear Charles, if you please, for she wishes to know you, of all things, and she is herself a woman any one would wish to know; see all love her exceedingly at the rectory."—"But her cottage is quite a cottage, for her means are, I fear, very limited, and she lives so decided out of the world, and is so far advanced in life, that I fear the visit will hardly be agreeable."

Charles Livingstone probably thought so too; but where is the lover who cannot make a sacrifice, or would shrink from encountering an old woman in companionship with a young one, who is the chosen of his heart? A short walk brought them to the little embowered entrance of Mrs. Waring's humble dwelling, who sate there awaiting her beloved visitor, who with blushes of hesitation introduced her friend "who she had met accidentally."

"I am very happy to see you, sir," said the old lady, "I had understood that, in consequence of a journey into Staffordshire, you were not expected in this village till to-morrow?"

"I went on horseback, therefore, used the shortest roads, and by rising early have managed to come sooner than I had hoped for. I left Stone this morning at six."

"I know your route, you came through the village of——."

"I did, ma'am—a very pretty part of the country I found it, thereabout—you know it, I conclude, well?"

"I ought to do so, for I was born there, but of course it is now much altered; yet the large stone house with the rookery which you passed on this side of the village, with its descending terrace gardens, cannot be much altered; and the little inn, I suppose, is still the Lowthwaite arms?"

Livingstone did not answer, for a new light had darted on his mind, and he could not forbear exclaiming—

"Is it possible, ma'am!"—I beg pardon, I fancied at the moment you might be the widow of Mr. Waring, of Wolverhampton, but I must be wrong."

"Indeed you are not, I am the person you are thinking of."

"Good God! are you, indeed, that noble woman who gave up her settlement—the estate of her ancestors, to her husband's creditors, although no blame whatever rested on his name? I have heard my poor father speak of you many a time."

Charles paused, for the eyes that darted round the little parlour (where neatness and good taste in vain had sought to obliterate traces of the poverty they yet ameliorated) were filled with tears, and in the keenly-awakened feeling of the
moment he could have flung himself at the feet of the woman whose habitation he had expected to find completely wearisome. It will be readily believed that Louisa not only sympathised in his feelings, but was proud of them, as it was evident the good widow held herself flattered by the genuine admiration and esteem evinced by the young stranger, which, in displaying his own character, won upon her affections and rendered her not less his friend than the friend of Louisa.

Few words passed for some time, with those whose hearts and minds were nevertheless very busy with looking either backward or forward on the path of life; but when the tea-things were removed, Mrs. Waring, after evidently considering much, thus addressed Mr. Livingstone:

“You have heard your father speak of my excellent husband, you say; probably he told you that he lost his life in a vain attempt to recover considerable property ventured in Russia. As you, like him, are a merchant, I recur to the circumstance only to caution you against trusting any one house with more than a portion of your capital. No gains can repay the anxieties arising from placing in the hands of another not only your property, but your means of proving your principles.”

“I remember only the praise given to your conduct. After what you have done (and I fear suffered also), well may you advise others to be cautious.”

“Caution is considered the vice of the age, because its tendencies are all to selfishness; but surely a portion of it should be considered a virtue in youth, because they are so much to the contrary in kind confiding natures, that prudence includes self-denial. For instance, our friend Louisa would rather present you with her fortune than ask for a settlement, I dare say; but it was, nevertheless, to urge her on that very point that I requested her company this evening.”

“Louisa knows my circumstances exactly—knows, too, that if it were in my power I would double her fortune in making any future provision for her; but as I require all I have, and even more, to render me an equal partner, and no house in the British dominions can be doing better than the long-established firm to which I belong, this is not in my power.”

“Neither of you ought to desire it; but it by no means follows that, because you cannot increase her fortune, you should not secure it. There is great risk in all commercial affairs, for the politician holds the merchant’s purse. You may have an immense property locked up in a country where war prevents intercourse, and the most upright creditor be unable to make you remittances; in which case, you will allow a trifle coming in for present help to a family is no small comfort; more especially would it be so if you found yourself on a death-bed, and knew that your widow most probably would, from the distance and sufferings of the parties abroad, the carelessness, chicaneery, or losses arising to your partners at home, never secure a tithe of that property so situated, for such has been for many, many years my situation.”

“Very true, madam—very true: Louisa shall not be so situated.”

“She is, nevertheless, willing to venture,” said the bride elect. “I have thought much on the subject, because urged to it by my brother-in-law; and the result of all is, that I think people who go together for better and worse, ought to be rich and poor alike. How could I bear to have any thing which he had not? Surely, you are the last person, dear Mrs. Waring, to urge me to demand the settlement of a small fortune—you who, I apprehend, sacrificed a large one.”

“Stop a moment, my dear; we will talk of my affairs by-and-by. Yours are to be considered first, for you are beginning life. You say you could not bear to possess any thing your husband did not; nor would I wish you to do so, unless that time should come when he was stripped of all—a time which has come to many as wise, and good, and well-provided as he is. In such a case, would it not be sweet to provide your beloved husband with a certain, though a humble, home?—to pillow his aching head, after its injuries and buffeting, on that little competence where his old age might repose, or where his maturity might rest and regain strength to wage the war again? If you knew how grim the face of poverty is when she is viewed closely, you would gladly save one you love from being compelled to live with her; nor can the best of us answer for the effects of such
intimacy on our tempers, our affections, or even our principles."

"But I have been told that settlements frequently cause great divisions in families, and that independence is inimical to that obedience demanded from our sex; that wives so situated become haughty and self-willed, are sometimes extravagant, and sometimes covetous, and given to thinking they have a right to do what they will with their own."

"I doubt not the world contains many wives who have all those faults, without settlements as well as with them; and indeed those who brought no fortunes, and who married to better their situation in life merely, without either love for their husbands, or those principles of religion which inculcate the duties of marriage, are the most subject to these sins; but you, my dear Louisa, are not of this class, you are by nature gentle, but also firm, and are, therefore, calculated to perform your vows of obedience fully, so long as they are lawfully demanded. As to your fortune being a stimulant to extravagance, that is out of the question, it is too small for that, considered as income only."

"Dear madam," cried Charles, "she is utterly incapable of any such faults, and I see clearly that she must, and ought, to have her own seven thousand pounds settled on herself; but the truth is, that I wish to make it ten; yet so far from being able to produce the other three, that is the very sum necessary for my own advancement."

"And why should not Louisa give it to you? why should she be denied that pleasure when she prudently curbs her wishes by securing the rest, which, in case of ruin, will be valuable, and cannot be required in prosperity? In truth it would, if left in an untrammelled state, only be a temptation to speculate with in business, or expend in some of the many ways by which luxury leads the young astray, when they are fondly attached, and anxious to shower all the gauds of fortune on each other."

The language of the eyes had, on either side, agreed that this advice was indeed the most discreet, most virtuous, and the best, and should be acted upon immediately; but Louisa observed, "that, at all events, she could lend Charles the money if he wanted it."

"I trust," said the old lady, with dig-
each other, as by this object of mutual interest, whose every word appeared to them that of wisdom rendered sacred by sorrow.

Time passed; the gaiety of bridal hours was succeeded by the happiness of married life, which, in the case of Louisa, was a state of considerable activity, as she now resided in a larger town, was under the necessity of receiving much company, and engaging in all the duties which result from a conspicuous station, along with those more endearing ones which belonged to her as a wife and a mother. These cares did not, however, prevent her from occasionally corresponding with her venerated friend; nor did the increasing business and progressive prosperity of her husband prevent him from effectually serving her through the medium of his travellers; but there were times when both would smile at the recollection of her anxiety to secure for Louisa that which was now considered a mere pittance.

Times, too, when they sighed over the misfortunes of those they had known in better days, and schooled their own hearts in the lessons of adversity, by intimately acquainting themselves with its sorrows, and freely relieving them. The more they had, the more they gave; and in thus disposing of the superfluities of fortune, they were preserved from that idle and encraving expenditure, which is at all times an error where property is fluctuating, and a numerous family rising around you.

Louisa had become the mother of five little children, when Livingstone and his partners engaged in a banking concern, said to be much wanted in their city. The firm soon became important, and every way successful; and such was their uninterrupted prosperity, that the good sense and moderation with which it was enjoyed was not less remarkable than the personal qualities which had won for them the esteem of the good, and the admiration of all, although they had ventured of late to increase their expenses, and visit with certain families, generally unapproachable by persons in their rank of life, on terms of equality.

Such was their situation at that period now generally designated as the "time of the panic," when the great commercial interests of the country were shaken as by an earthquake, and credit, property, and confidence might be described like the shipwreck, in the emphatic language of holy writ, to "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man."

The first news of this awful crisis in London, which reached Mr. Livingstone, overwhelmed him with astonishment and terror, for he could not for a moment doubt that the shock which was felt in the heart, must speedily be communicated to the members — unfortunately both his partners were at a considerable distance, he could neither advise with them, nor receive the counsel or the means to meet the storm he expected. After an hour of agony those only know who have felt the overwhelming anguish of such a situation, poor Livingstone found

In consequence of which conviction, he flew to the pretty cottage-ornée, where Louisa and her little lovely group now resided, and with little preparation (for his countenance was too faithful for the disguise his affection had meditated) gave her to understand that notwithstanding his apparent and even his actual prosperity, in the course of a single week he might be to all intents and purposes a ruined man.

The alarmed, astonished wife, became of a deadly paleness, but she did not faint, nor could she weep until she had thrown her arms round her husband, and besought him "to take comfort, since no one could blame him, come what might;"

when her strong emotion being blended with her affectionate devotion to him, she melted into tears.

"Ah! Louisa, if you are thus moved with the apprehension of misfortune, what is to become of you if my fears are realised?"

"I have no fears for myself, Charles, nor our dear children, who are too young to recollect their present situation, and can step down in life without shame or sorrow; and the change will only serve to show you what a good manager your poor wife can be with a little income.

Preserve your spirits, in order to ensure your health; and then all will be well with us, and eventually so with our cre-
Settlement, or No Settlement.

editors, even if things come to the worst. Meantime, cheer up, and, if possible, find the means of averting that which you dread."

The tone in which she spoke, still more than the words, had the effect her heart panted to bestow. Livingstone returned to the scene of his duties and his cares; but he found no means of meeting the demands which the very following day were poured upon him beyond even all that he had foreseen, "yet a little, a very little help, might still preserve the house."

During the whole of this eventful day Louisa sat in a little back parlour listening, watching, trembling, and inwardly praying; but there were also moments when her mind reverted to her marriage, and the words of Mrs. Waring were present to her memory as consolatory for the future. In one of these her husband rushed into her retreat, exclaiming—

"In one hour it will be all over: we must close our doors. And yet, three thousand pounds—yes, three only, would turn the tide."

At that moment, what would not Louisa have given that she had possessed the means of aiding him; but as it was impossible, she could only offer eagerly to go out and try to borrow it from different friends to whom she could personally explain the case.

"We have no friends, Louisa, at such a moment as this—it is sauce qui peut with every one. My bills have been offered this morning, alike by those most intimate with me and most obliged to me: the only hope I can have is in the return of one or other of my partners, in consequence of what they must know is taking place in London—if not, in another hour—"

Many a task of agonising solicitude fell on Louisa's watch during the next hour, and her ears seemed to have doubled the acuteness of their sense, when the rapid driving of a chaise just before the specified time gave her a new sensation—

"Was it arriving to make new demands, or to bring relief?"

Whatever it might be, the bustle occasioned was tenfold, and she could not forbear to press towards the place and look for her husband. In doing so, she became aware of the loud chinking of money on a counter opposite to that which was used for payment, and a feeble voice was heard to say, as if in reply,—

"Oh! yes—I am a great hoarder of gold, and my pocket-book is well stocked also, and, depend upon it, my good sir, I will support you to my last shilling."

Numbers of those who were waiting left the place satisfied that they might do so safely, others received their due from the new supplies, and quickly followed, both alike eager to impart the good news, and magnifying, according to their own imaginations or wishes, the influx of wealth brought by the elderly lady. The effect was instantaneous—credit was restored, the remaining claimants retired, and when the partner really arrived, to whose exertions Livingstone had justly looked, the danger was over.

When the still agitated wife had drawn her beloved old friend into that little sanctum in which she had been so long trembling, and folded her gratefully to her breast, she could not forbear saying—

"How strange it is that you should be the first to help us!—you, whom in my heart I have been blaming these two hours."

"How sweet it is to receive aid from you," said her husband, who was following, "you to whom I have been indebted for the one point in my situation which saved me from distraction."

Mrs. Waring smiled as she answered, "I can enter into the feelings of both, and rejoice in the attachment to each other these different sentiments imply; and—"

"But where did you get so much money? I heard you speak of hoarding. You were the last person to do so, and how could you risk so large a sum!—there must be two thousand pounds?"

"Not quite; but I made as much show as I could with it. I have gained this principally by your husband's exertions, and meant to have lodged it in his hands when it became even money; meantime, I heard by chance how you were situated, and lost no time in hastening to your assistance, bringing my landlord with me, to guard myself and my treasure: from which circumstance, and the display made of the gold, a result, even beyond my hopes, is now evidently taking place."

"But if you had lost it—lost your all again?"
“I spoke to your husband before I produced it, and doubted not his word. Had I arrived too late to prevent the stoppage of the house, I should then have rendered it the medium of assistance for the future, and have remained with Louisa as one capable of instructing her how to manage a small house and small means. Let us all thank God that she is spared the trial.”

“Nevertheless, remain with us; be to us the friend, the mother, we have found you already. You are childless, and we are both orphans. Louisa does not speak; but I well know her heart on this point goes beyond mine in its wishes. Our offspring shall be yours—our comforts yours. My dear, have you not a word to say?” cried Livingstone.

“I shall have a thousand, by-and-by. My little Charles will be so fond of you—so proud of you. It was only last week he was wishing for a grand-mama.”

“Nor shall the dear child find her useless. Here, son Charles, is a letter I received just as I was setting out; from which you will perceive that the distant relation who bought my estate for half its value, who was a bachelor and immensely rich, yet never once noticed me ‘in my low estate,’ has actually bequeathed it to me on condition of resuming the name of Lowthwaite, and providing for its continuance in that name. Henceforward, my children, we will be one family. I both accept a settlement and give one.”

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Home.

Home-bound a traveller thou!—then why
A loiterer too through day’s short hours?
Casting thy staff of travel by,
To gather bright but transient flowers.

Are they not drooping even now
In tears, and fam’d by evening’s sigh?
Who mourns that night with clouded brow,
Doth frowning bid them close and die.

How wilt thou, when his pall is spread,
Retrace thy steps—in darkness find
The narrow way that homeward led—
The path for sandal’d feet design’d.

Hark! how yon murm’ring stream repines,
From nature’s channel wand’ring slow;
The fretting wave but force confines
From hast’ning back with rapid flow.

Mark, too, yon bird—in vain invite
The leafy boughs her wing to rest;
She stays not till her eager flight
Has brought her to her native nest.

In childhood’s home, the wand’rer leaves
His heart, an hostage true to be;
And love assured, the trust receives,
Nor doubts the pledge redeem’d shall be.

Bears Heav’n, then, the name of Home to thee—
Thence so unwilling to depart?
For, ah! where’er that spot may be,
There lies the loadstone of the heart.
Literature.


Those who regard Miss Edgeworth's genius with the affectionate admiration that we do, cannot help looking forward to the perusal of 'Helen' without anxiety. A long time has passed by since this first and greatest of modern novelists favoured the world with any of her productions; and those who loved her as the delight of their childhood, and in the guide of their opening life, dreaded lest the vivid power of talent should be deadened by the advance of years, and that she should publish aught beneath the high standard familiar to their memories.

The works of Maria Edgeworth may be divided into two classes: the first being devoted to the improvement and amelioration of all sorts and conditions of her oppressed and degraded compatriots, and to the development and explanation of their characters, and a generous vindication of them in the eyes of their fellow-subjects: the other class is conducive to the instruction and delight of that part of the community generally termed 'genteel society,' to effect which she has written several novels pourtraying domestic life in family intercourse, in various natural pictures of persons, from the age of Rosamond, in the first baby tale so entitled, up to the period of maturity. In the first class of her tales we rank her national ones of 'Ennui,' 'Castle Rackrent,' the 'Absentee,' 'Irish Bulls,' and 'Rosanna Mill.' These admirable productions give her the high meed of a patriotic benefactor, as well as the rank of a masterly writer. It is a glory to womanhood that the pen of a female has had a more powerful and beneficial effect on the mental and physical condition of her oppressed countrymen, and done more to exalt them from the low level in which they were considered by England, than all that has been attempted by kings and legislators since the days of Henry II.

Who ever did justice to the wit, the valour, or the genius of an Irishman till Maria Edgeworth showed cause for it? There are no set of beings for which we have a more hearty detestation than those combative animals of the Elizabethan order called heroic women, who are viragoes with their hands and vixens with their tongues. How different is the high moral courage of a noble-spirited woman of first-rate talents, who ventured to stem the tide of that cruel persecution which was grinding her beloved country to the dust; and this courage, the courage that calmly encountered general national scorn and antipathy, makes Miss Edgeworth a real heroine, without her overstepping the graceful tenderness of her sex. There was some personal danger in this conduct. The jealous suspicions of the Irish government we find, in her memoirs of her father, had already glanced at her family, somewhat in the manner we see portrayed with such admirable comic skill in her tale of 'Ennui;' and now prejudice is worn away sufficient to suffer the dismal detail of private persecution connected with the Irish rebellion to awake humane sympathy, persons versed in that history will duly weigh and value the risk run by those who pursued in fearful times the conscientious path between slavery to the government and partisanship of the turbulent population. Yet Miss Edgeworth was not a political writer. She sought to heal the woes of Ireland, by drawing the attention of the Irish people to the necessity of individual reform in life and manners as producing a general reform. In these days she would have been styled a political economist; but she was too wise to degrade the commanding genius (that charmed all readers, and did good to every class and division of human beings, whatever their prejudices) into the one-sided tool of party. She was to Ireland what Harriet Martineau was meant by Providence to be to the pauper class in England, if that lady had not excruciated her intuitive knowledge of the human heart, and her high powers of developing it, on the iron rack of political systems and fanciful and financial calculations, and made herself, in consequence, a mark for abuse from all those who were leagued with a party opposing that to which she was linked. Miss Edgeworth is a proof that a woman with great practical abilities may tread a distinguished path without swerving into any literary errors dangerous to her peace and reproachful to her sex. Her moral courage and sense of right led her to own and
cherish her hapless country in the worst of times. She dared be an Irishwoman. In strong contrast to this conduct, how many do we meet among the worthless idlers in the whirl of Cheltenham and London society, who, with Irish names, Irish tongues, and with as much of the national religion as worldlings can have of any faith, basely disown their country, and, like Lady Clonbrony, in the excellent tale of the 'Absentee,' truckle to the insolent prejudices of the master-power, by denying any filial connexion with that ill-fated land which supplies them from her bleeding bosom with the substance they consume far from her. Was that the line of conduct pursued by the generous Maria Edgeworth? No.—With a name of English derivation and protestant religion, she shrank not from owning and aiding the unhappy country in which she drew her breath, in times when to belong to Ireland was to incur a reproach and scorn from all the fellow-subjects of the British empire. Nor ought it to be forgotten by those critics who deny that female writers possess the power of original delineation of scenes and characters, that Sir Walter Scott declared that he owed the first idea of his far-famed series of national novels to the vivid natural pictures drawn by Miss Edgeworth. Among the domestic novels written by this talented authoress, we may reckon 'Helen.' There is scarcely a trait in the work that reminds us of her national tales, but we easily recognise the hand that wrote 'Patronage,' 'Belinda,' 'Almeria,' 'Manoeuvring,' and 'Leonora;' perhaps there is a shade of the fashionable novels that have been the mania of the last few years, and her titled dramatic personage of 'Helen,' and some of their doings, are rather in the style of Mrs. Gore and her imitators. This is a depreciation of Miss Edgeworth's talents and high moral worth; for the further she gets from the lower and middle classes of life, the less vigorous and valuable are her delineations. It is curious to trace the gradual assumption of aristocracy in Miss Edgeworth's tastes and feelings through the tale of 'Rosamond.' It begins with the story of the 'Purple Jar,' an incident in the infancy of a little girl, whose mother finds it needful to inculcate a laudable attention to economy even in the matter of the outlay of the cost of a pair of shoes. The popularity of the simple story of the 'Purple Jar,' caused the production of several charming volumes in continuation, in which Miss Rosamond is traced from the infantile adventure of the 'Purple Jar' and the old shoes through her juvenile years, to the important era of "coming out." We do not find in these volumes any particular change recorded in the circumstances of Rosamond's family. Yet there is a change, but it is in the mind of the authoress, who, from the simple and useful economy of middle genteel life, gradually invests her young heroine with the fastidious luxuries of the daughters of families of high birth, or the still meaner pretensions appertaining to the parvenu aristocracy of wealth. Years intervened during the writing and publication of this progressive work; and in this space of time Miss Edgeworth had learned to bow down to the Baal of artificial life and manners. Her novel of 'Helen' is certainly imbued with no little of the same spirit. There is too much of Mrs. Gore in it; yet the native high-mindedness that made Maria Edgeworth in the first glow and vigour of her talents devote them to a noble and patriotic purpose, does not suffer her to descend to the level of that clever writer's worldliness. The moral perceptions of Miss Edgeworth can never be so obtuse as those that dictated the 'Sketch-book of Fashion.' There is a valuable lesson afforded to young women in the character of Lady Cecilia Clarendon, a beautiful woman, possessing every charm of mind and manners, united to faithful affections and warmth of heart, but utterly devoid of mental integrity, being used to habitual falsehood and deception; in the course of these practices she in vovles in misery her husband, friend, parents, and all that are deservedly dear to her. The story turns on a circumstance which we think somewhat improbable and discordant with feminine feelings. Helen, who is an orphan, has been educated with Lady Cecilia, and owes great obligations to her parents, to whom she is devotedly attached. At her first entrance into life, Lady Cecilia is in love with a colonel in the Guards, of high fashion and sentimental celebrity in the arts of seduction. A series of florid love letters passes between the colonel and the young lady, who is afterwards wooed and won by Ge-
neral Clarendon, a manly and noble-minded soldier, whose character, drawn as it is, with some stern qualities about it, is peculiarly attractive to women; it is a character that does the authoress great credit. Lady Cecilia truly loves her husband, and her love is tempered with just as much fear as is necessary to make love lasting. These unfortunate letters, which were the indiscretions of a romantic girlhood, are ever thought of by her with terror, as she knows that Clarendon would regard such effusions almost in the light of dishonour. Through the agency of a fiendish spinster of quality, Lady Catherine Hawksby, these letters fall into the hands of a notorious publisher of libels on the nobility; and in the agony of the dread of detection, and the consequent loss of her husband's esteem and love, Lady Cecilia asserts to General Clarendon that these letters are written by his ward Helen, her early friend and companion, who since her marriage has been resident in his house, and is about to be united to a young man of great consequence and fortune, another ward of the General. It appears that the handwriting of the two friends, like the handwriting of most modern young ladies, is utterly divested of all decided character, and the two are so much alike, as not to be distinguished from each other. To this fatal correspondence were no signatures. That in a fit of heroic self-devotion, a young woman might be induced to own that she had forged a check, it is possible to believe; but to suppose that any young woman who loved devotedly a man to whom she was about to be united, could be induced even tacitly to suffer the imputation of writing rather warm love letters to a notorious roué whom she hated, is wholly against feminine nature, and therefore a defect in the work. Notwithstanding this flaw in the cast of the plot, all the development of character relating to it is admirably drawn. Lady Catherine Hawksby and her circle are fit subjects of legitimate satire, and are done great justice to. Miss Clarendon is a noble and peculiar character, though every one must pity poor Helen when under the spasms of heart-sickness for the loss of her lover, she is enduring her course of mental discipline.

Many persons have by this time read 'Helen,' and will see how far our judgment coincides with their own; and those who have not seen it, may be assured that though not free from defects, they will find higher pleasure in its perusal than in most other contemporary works of imagination.

Letter to the Peeresses of Great Britain.

By an Englishwoman. Rivington and Co.

This lady, in her well-meant appeal to our female nobility, uses every argument that piety or expediency can urge, to put a stop to the system of absenteeism from this country—a system, the ill effects of which are beginning to be felt in England, who, in her turn, is made to have a taste of the evils so long endured by unhappy Ireland. It is to be hoped that the ardent zeal of the fair writer will win some converts to practise the domestic virtues she eloquently recommends. As the pamphlet is short and cheap, we do not think it right to transfer its best passages to our pages, but advise our noble subscribers to purchase it, and give attention to the wholesome truths it contains.

The Old Maiden’s Talisman. By the author of “Chartley,” “The Gentleman in Black,” &c.

Although “Chartley” was an utter failure, “The Gentleman in Black” is a very clever writer in works of a peculiar cast. He excels in supernatural stories of every-day domestic life, blended with the ludicrous, and is, in English literature, what Hoffman is in the German, but, in general, bearing a better moral. In the romance of “Chartley, the Fatalist,” he got out of his accustomed track; wandered into the regions of doleful dulness, and utterly lost his way. Right glad are we to welcome him back to his old style of telling a story, which we recognise in the “Old Maiden’s Talisman.”

The tale that bears this title, occupies the principal part of two volumes. The heroine is a lady of high rank, but her fortune is only just sufficient to maintain her; she possesses a considerable share of beauty, and great sweetness and cheerfulness of temper, and she loves her few friends with singleness and trusting devotion of heart, for the simple reason, that she is convinced they have no other motive in life for seeking her company, but regard for herself. She was attached to
a nobleman of broken fortunes, who gave her up on account of her insufficiency of fortune, and afterwards married the ugly heiress of a London banker. The happiness of Lady Mary is not injured by this desertion, because her lover had given many proofs of worthlessness of character; yet she resolves to remain single, that she may enjoy the unbroken serenity of mind that she considers to belong especially to that state of life, and therefore declines every offer of marriage that is made her. The tale commences with the death of her uncle in India, who, unexpectedly, leaves her a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds; nay, further, his executor, Mr. Yerraway, a nabob of immense wealth, presents her with a ruby heart, in which is enclosed a talisman that can impart to her the real thoughts of every person who is speaking to her, differ they ever so much from the words on their lips.

As the possession of such immense wealth has already filled the heart of Lady Mary with distrust, she hails the gift of this ruby talisman as a treasure, in value surpassing her riches. As soon as she places it on her heart, she has the advantage of knowing every person’s real thoughts, as far as relates to herself. The author has, with great skill, shown what is indeed very true, that, if we could actually ascertain the thoughts and opinions of others upon ourselves, we should not even then have a true insight into their feelings and affections, as the train of thought alters with every variation of temper and spirits; and yet the under current of affection may remain steady to its object. This fact may be proved by the every-day occurrence of family quarrels: persons with warm affections and queer tempers, often think they hate those that are, in the depths of their hearts, most dear to them, and commit every outrage, not only of word and deed, but even of thought, against them: this is often the case with husband, wife, brother, sister, and child; yet let any one but themselves dare to abuse or injure the supposed hateful relative, and lo, the enemy is up in arms to defend the object of their own expected antipathy, with all their energies; or let death, or irrevocable absence separate them, and that unbidden yearning of heart so beautifully described in Scripture, reveals to human nature—this poor blind erring human nature that seldom finds the right path till it is too late to follow it—it reveals, we aver, that word and thought may both be strongly at variance with the real feelings, that the evil demons of pride and temper may make persons outrage the love dwelling in their own hearts: yet bitterly does the heart avenge itself for wronged affections. Any species of fiction that casts a light on the difficult art of self-knowledge, is highly valuable, and perhaps, in intrinsic morality, surpasses mere preceptive sermons. Few persons of reflective minds will read this work without some such idea presenting itself to them. The book, notwithstanding this character, is in many parts written in a comic lively spirit, and it is very entertaining. The end, however, is melancholy; the unfortunate Lady Mary dies of a broken heart, from the oppressive misery of more wealth than she knows how to use, and the hideous distrust that her money and her talisman together give her of human nature.

The remaining volumes are filled up with comic tales of coarser construction, that seem to have no higher object than promoting a hearty laugh.


We have little doubt, from the perusal of the notes of this poem, that the author is a person of learning and piety; and that, if not misled by the wrangling spirit of polemics, he would be eminent as a prose writer in our church, to which he seems to belong. But it would be to the last degree uncandid and deceitful, if we used the slightest word that could be construed into praise of his poem: he has not the least poetic genius, nor a germ (as far as we can perceive, through the dangerous facilities of his prosaic blank verse,) of poetic taste, feeling, or idea. We would earnestly advise him not to continue the publication of his work, for the many tasteless lines that might be extracted by the scoffers of the tenets he upholds, will throw ridicule and scorn on the good cause which seems dear to his heart. Many will tell him these painful truths in ungentler language,—many reviewers will fill their pages with passages held up to public scorn, at his attempt of a Miltonic subject on which he has sadly
failed: yet we would not wish to visit poetic aspiration thus heavily, since even the wish to excel in such a department, bespeaks a feeling heart and sensitive mind, which will be more than sufficiently wounded by the impossibility of success; but let him rest assured that poetry is to him a most pernicious bias, which ought not to allure him from pursuits in which his learning and habits of reflection might render him successful.

**Solitary Hours.** By **Hartley Lloyd.** Baldwin and Cradock.

Did Mr. H. Lloyd never hear of a collection of poems bearing this title, written by a certain Miss Caroline Bowles, of Blackwood celebrity? Strange as it may be, he has not, we are sure, and will feel great vexation that he has called his pleasing little volume by the same appellation. There is a gentle elegance that pervades the style of these poems, which are harmonious and unaffected, yet they possess few claims to strength or originality. The following is a fair specimen of the collection:—

**FIRST LOVE.**

"Remember me! remember me!"
These parting words of thine,
Oft fall from my unconscious lips,
When solitude is mine.

Remember thee, can love forget
The cause of his first sigh?
Can the heart's first impasioned thoughts
But with our being die?

Never! oh, never! Oft when sleep
Steals o'er my languid eyes,
As, far from man, I rest where vast
Canadian forests rise.

Thy smile again becomes my own,
Thy voice salutes my ear,
Breathing those plaintive melodies
I oft have wept to hear.

Again I view thy graceful form,
With all a lover's pride,
And wander with thee, hand in hand,
By Lynn's secluded tide.

**The Cabinet Cyclopaedia.** Conducted by **Dr. Lardner.** History—Europe during the Middle Ages. Vol. 3. Longman and Co.

The third volume of the "History of Europe in the Middle Ages," is devoted to a dissertation on particular passages in the religious and civil history of our own country, from the times of the Anglo-Saxons to the accession of the Tudors: we say, partial dissertation, rather than a history, for there is little regularity in the information given. The author is extremely minute in research as to some characters and eras; while in regard to others connected with equally important changes, little attention is paid: they are slurred over in a few generalising words. The favourite aims of the author are to establish the following points:—That the state of England under her Anglo-Saxon constitution was far worse than under the Norman yoke.—That the great and good Alfred was a vile character; which accusation is founded on the plea that he had early errors to reform, and, before he conquered his enemies, conquered himself, which self-reformation we humbly think his greatest glory.—That St. Dunstan was a good and benevolent man; that the unmanly and atrocious cruelty perpetrated on the helpless Elgiva, was not done by him; or, if it was, that her fate was deserved by her.—That William the Conqueror was an estimable and just person, and his invasion of England was a benefit to England.—That Edward I. first took Wales and Scotland as a rightful King, and not as an unrighteous robber.

It is desirable that a learned man should make researches on points that he thinks involved in prejudice and vulgar error; yet we cannot help saying that, considering the limits of the volume, too much space is devoted to controversy, when a more regular stream of information is required. Modern historians ought to be faithful collectors of facts, as related by various ancient authorities; if they arrange these in an attractive manner, drawing from sources to which the public cannot have access, they do an important duty, and may leave their readers to draw their own inferences on character from what is before their eyes; but if they devote the principal part of their pages to establishing their own particular opinions and party, their works will be flung aside as lumber, as soon as the controversies they have raised go to sleep.

We think our author leans with a little more favour than is rational to the discipline of the Roman Catholic church: there is nothing that raises the indignation of those who are deeply read in annals and chronicles, more than the ignorant abuse that is generally lavished upon the saints and great men that adorned that mighty but erring hierarchy: we are...
willing to allow that the Catholic priesthood of the middle ages stood, in many instances, with Christian intrepidity between ferocious military tyrants and their lawless nobility, and the harmless and industrious commonalty,—that for many ages their general occupation was to soothe, to civilise, to protect, the defenceless, ignorant, and oppressed people; but we are not prepared to excuse or explain away every individual record of fraud, violence, or imposition, in the manner that our author does in his history of St. Dunstan.

As to the manner in which he exalts the government of the Norman invaders over the Anglo-Saxon constitution, its uselessness is shown by the demand constantly made, from the Conquest to the reign of John, by the Norman lords, as well as by the commonalty, which was appended to every petition, and shouted in chorus from every subject's mouth. "The Saxon laws—the good old laws as established by St. Edward." If these were not more equitable and virtuous than those in vogue during the Norman dynasty, how came the Norman peer and the Saxon subject alike to unite in enforcing their restoration? especially when the descendants of William's band of victorious robbers, most of whom signed Magna Charta have Norman names, and still spoke Norman French, could only have known this beloved constitution through the report of their vassals; yet they asked for nothing new—nothing but the laws of good St. Edward; and if the Saxons had been, as our author sums up briefly, "an abominable people,"—how came their government to be so popular even with their foes? Our author utterly slurs over the facts, in the still more important reign of Henry III., when the cry for "the old Saxon laws—the laws of St. Edward," grew stronger, and the result was, that the first House of Commons was summoned, that had been since the Saxon kings held their Wittenagemot. Ladies have seldom an opportunity of making research into chronicles and charters; they seldom have an opportunity of obtaining a supply of knowledge from those pure wellsprings of history: it therefore behoves us carefully to point out the instances where a party-spirit makes modern historians faithlessly deprive them of important information relative to the very existence of the laws of their country.

Many readers will wonder at the whim that causes this author to call Richard II. the last of the Plantagenets (page 96), since a monarch of the same name and branch succeeded him. But George IV. might as well be called the last of the Guelphs. The third Richard was the last king of the name of Plantagenet; but two direct male branches of that name successively occupied the English throne in the years that intervened between the second and third Richard.


This valuable work maintains the same high rank that it took with the commencing numbers. The section devoted to the general principles of Geography is concluded in this number, and the rest comprises the geographical features of Europe, and commences the particular geography of England, in which the peculiar botany, zoology, and geology of this country are luminously treated, together with the statistics, language, and climate. There are wood-cut maps and some spirited little marginal cuts. It is no slight praise to declare that the language, though conveying scientific information, is simple and perspicuous enough to be comprehended by a child of common sense.


These clever publications are peculiarly suited to the two most prevailing pursuits of the times. The "Encyclopedia of Gardening," in the present number, treats of the scientific progress in the art of gardening, and the history of English, Scottish, and Asiatic gardens. The account of the late Earl of Shrewsbury's eccentric works at Alton Towers is very curious. There is a great deal of entertaining reading in this work, as well as valuable information. The "Architectural Magazine" contains useful papers and reviews of national improvements, and other works and subjects connected with building.


Those who really feel poetry cannot sit down and calmly criticise such as Mrs. Hemans writes: and when we say that many of the beautiful stanzas contained in this volume send unbidden tears
to the eyes, and thrills to the heart, the true admirer of poetry will know that all is said that ought to be said, and that wordy epithets of praise would rather injure than add to the fame of this gifted lady. Indeed, praise, in the present day, is so profusely, so recklessly, lavished on the rapid and the imitative productions with which the press teems, that what more can be offered, when a book glowing with immortal genius and fadeless beauty, like the present, appears? Verily, the silence of some periodicals would be its best praise; for, have they not profaned the incense that should be reserved as the due of real poetic genius, by lavishing it on the altars of dulness and plagiarism. The truest, the sincerest recommendation that can be given to the poems of Felicia Hemans is, to present our readers with specimens of the contents of her volume, with the assurance that it contains many gems equally worthy of extraction.

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
    In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
    There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her,
Now may sleep minister
    Baln for each ill:
Low on sweet nature’s breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
    Deep, deep and still!
Murmur, glad waters by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
    Come wandering o’er
That green and mossy bed,
Where on a gentle head
    Storms beat no more!
What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring rain
    Plays the soft wind;
Yet still from where she lies
Should blessed breathings rise
    Gracious and kind.
Therefore let song and dew,
Thence in the heart renew,
    Life’s vernal glow:
And, o’er that holy earth
Scents of the violet’s birth
    Still come and go!
Oh! then where the wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
    In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
    There, lay her there!

ANCIENT BATTLE SONG.

Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
Let the high word, “Castile,” go resounding through Spain;
And thou, free Asturias, encamped on the height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight!
Wake, wake! the old soil where thy children repose
Sound hollow and deep to the trampling of foes;
The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
With Arragon’s cry on the shrill mountain blast;
The ancient Sierras give strength to our tread,
There pines murmur song where bright blood hath been shed;
Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
And shout ye “Castile!—to the rescue for Spain!”

THE CURFEW SONG OF ENGLAND.

Hark! from the dim church-tower
    The deep slow curfew’s chime!
A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England’s olden time!
Sadly ’twas heard by him who came
    From the fields of his toil by night,
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
    In his children’s eyes make light.
Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quench’d the wood-fire’s glow,
Which had cheer’d the board with the mirthful word,
    And the red wine’s foaming flow!
Until that sudden boding knell
    Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,
    With a weight and with a chain.
Woe for the pilgrim then,
    In the wild deer’s forest far:
No cottage lamp to the haunts of men,
    Might guide him as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
    With love aspirings fill’d.
Would have lived o’er some immortal scroll,
    While the sound of earth were still’d!
And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
    Where the fondly lov’d in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread.
For the mother doom’d unseen to keep
    By the dying babe her place,
And to feel its fitting pulse, and weep,
    Yet not behold its face.
Darkness in chieftain’s hall!
    Darkness in peasant’s cot!
While Freedom under that shadowy pall,
    Sat mourning o’er her lot.
Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize,
    For blood hath flow'd like rain,
Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
    Of England's home again.

Heap the full faggots high,
    Till the red light fills the room;
It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening gloom:
Gather ye round the holy hearth,
    And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth
With a thought of the olden days.

On Dentition. By Dr. Ashburner.

Longman and Co.

There is certainly a great superabundance of technical phraseology in this work, which is in a style rather too learned for the unlearned; this circumstance is the more to be regretted, since it contains new and valuable information relating to the causes of the decay of the teeth, which are interesting to nine-tenths of the human species. Would that Dr. Ashburner had, before he wrote his useful work, studied the luminous and intelligible style in which Dr. Arnott communicates his invaluable stores of knowledge to the public! The most important principle of this work on dentition, is the proof that the rapid decay of the teeth, which often takes place in persons from the age of fourteen to twenty-two or three, is caused by the crowding of the disintegration teeth, which very often not finding sufficient room, crush and destroy the roots, as well as the sides of the others. It has been observed, that the London and Anglo-Americans are peculiarly afflicted with the tooth-ache, and this, previously to the publication of this work, has been attributed to the effect of climate; but as the English are noted on the Continent for the roundness and flatness of their faces, and that conformation is usually attended by shortness of the jawbone, from this cause may arise an affliction, which is certainly a national one.

We would advise all those suffering with the tooth-ache to peruse this volume, which explains the dangerous diseases that may be contracted by the crowding of the teeth, and the evils of permitting decayed ones to remain in the mouth. Besides this, mothers will receive many new hints on the management of infants, during the dangerous process of dentition.

The Third Annual Exhibition at Exeter Hall.

The collection of paintings at Exeter Hall we do not scruple to recommend to our fair readers as one of the very superior exhibitions in the metropolis. It contains, this year, many well-chosen and rare treasures from the ancient masters, some valuable historical portraits and small scarce gems of art, the like of which are not to be met with elsewhere. Before we proceed to notice these, it must be premised, that we are by no means under the magic influence of mighty names, and that we are thoroughly convinced of the fact by means of examining many galleries, that most of the renowned Italian and Flemish masters painted a very great abundance of genuine rubbish.

1. The Battle of Trafalgar.—This noble picture will be more interesting to professional men than the public in general. The eyes of the beholders are certainly drawn from it to its companion, No. 2, representing the “Gale after the Action,” which shows how picturesque human destructiveness may be made to appear. The effect of the water and clouds is almost magical, and every one will sympathise in the approaching fate of the magnificent Santissima Trinidad, which is succumbing under the united injuries of the battle and the breeze.

4 and 5—are celebrated and valuable pictures by Correggio, representing the colossal heads of angels. They are undoubtedly originals, greatly esteemed by connoisseurs, and are valued at many thousands. The red hue of the complexion offends eyes unaccustomed to the warm tints of the south; but it is the tint that the skins of young children assume in southern countries before the sun has bronzed them. These paintings, from the every-day careless look in the faces, have been studied evidently from the features of some little peasants caught for the occasion. There is a good deal of natural common life in the full face of the picture hanging to the right, opposite the door of entrance. The earnest stare of the eyes, and the half-opened mouth, have all the vacancy of uncultivated childhood. Near them is an angel’s head, by Albano, with the same red skin, superior in expression, but not so firmly painted.

9. Portia: by Godfrey Schalhken.—This is a most striking picture, of the
highest finish, uniting expression with an extraordinary effect of light. The artist was celebrated for his lamp-light scenes. We need not recommend the close examination of it, for it draws the eye from every picture in the vicinity.

12 and 16—are Zoffany’s celebrated pictures of George the Third and Queen Charlotte. The portrait of the queen is a very fine work of art, far superior to the hitherto most esteemed of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ portraits of her. The costume is very rich and majestic. The queen was not more than nineteen when it was painted. Her eyes and forehead then were pretty, and her hands, arms, bust, and figure very lovely. The nose and mouth have the defects that time exaggerated, but the whole expression is pleasing and sensible.

13. This portrait of Bayard, by Giorgione, is familiar to the eye, because it has been engraved in hideous caricature; but this original is excellently painted, and is most spirited in point of attitude. The colouring is very fine, and the whole reminds us of the peculiar excellencies of the painter’s own portrait, which has been admirably engraved. Giorgione is rather a scarce, but a most powerful master. This piece is well worth the study of portrait painters.

24. We never have seen a finer animal picture by Rubens than the present. It is reported that this great artist studied lions from nature in menageries indefatigably, and the wonderful spirit of this picture strongly confirms the assertion. The sunset over the desert distance is grand and poetical.

28. The portrait of an Italian nobleman reading a letter is a scarce but noble work of art by Giovanni Viani. It would be difficult to obtain such another study from this fine old master in England.

33. Portrait of Queen Mary the First of England.—The sight of this portrait alone is worth the admission fee. It is one of the best of the age; and as Mary certainly sat for it to Sir Antonio More, who was portrait painter to her husband, Philip II., it ought to be in a national collection: the working of the flesh, the fine drawing of the hands, and sad ascetic expression of the countenance, impress the mind of the beholder with a certain feeling of reality. Never were the semi-transparent and middle tints of the flesh finer wrought by the pencil. A portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs near this fine historical likeness; the opaque colouring of which, and the faulty working of the complexion, as if smeared with yellow wax, and the vulgar expression of the countenance, are in strong contrast with this gem of Sir Antonio More’s. Those who view this picture of Mary will be astonished to find how very different she must have been in person to all historical tradition, and even to the engravings published of her. Here are the remains of delicate beauty early broken up by care and mental suffering. We can scarcely suspect flattery, seeing that the painter has with the most minute detail traced the progress of age in the face of his subject, by faithfully marking all the little furrows round the eyes and cheeks, which are seen in the faces of most women past thirty-five. The picture is old looking even for the time she died, viz. at the age of forty-three.

Besides these pictures, we note a St. Joseph and Child, of the greatest beauty. The childish impatience of a boy reaching after the lily that St. Joseph is holding just out of his reach, is worthy the attention of all modern portrait painters, who wish to break the usual monotony of a stiff likeness. “Amor,” a cabinet picture, by Domenichino, deserves great attention for the fine pencilling and working of the flesh-tints and hair, and for the beauty of design, which indeed surpasses the expression. In the small room to the left are several cabinet Flemish and Spanish pictures of merit. “A Tinker, by Joardans;” a Spanish lady and peasants, &c.

In the entrance leading to the great room is a very finely pencilled painting of Hollar’s, representing London Bridge in the reign of Charles I., with the drawbridge; it is exceedingly curious as to the detail of costume, and is an instance of an art of painting which seems almost lost in the present day, in this method of working with thin slight tints the delicacy and transparency of water-colours is given to oil. This picture is not placed in a situation such as its merit deserves. The beautiful portrait by Honthurst, of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, in her early loveliness, as Princess Royal of England, is likewise put in a corner as of little worth, when it ought to be exalted to the place occupied by the worthless production of Sir Joshua before mentioned,
near Sir Antonio More's fine portrait of Mary. This portrait is erroneously stated in the catalogue to be of Elizabeth, daughter of James II., but James had not a daughter Elizabeth. It really represents that charming princess, who, when driven from her throne, still reigned by means of her virtues and talents in the hearts of all who saw her. It is to be regretted that Miss Benger did not append an engraving of this lovely picture to her memoir of this celebrated lady, instead of the hideous caricature which is the frontispiece of her book.

We have forgotten to note a fine conversation piece by Tintoretti, representing the Doge Pacini and his son; it is well worthy attention, not so much as a well-preserved and authentic specimen of the Venetian school (for we are rather at war with all particular schools and styles that distinguish by mannerisms a set of peculiar masters from natural representation), but this picture is a speaking one, full of natural character and expression, and carries us back to the times in which it was taken, and exalts portrait painting even above grand historical composition; for by means of its superior faithfulness and reality, we see the illustrious dead of other days stand before us as they lived and looked.

On the great staircase of Exeter-hall, leading to this collection, are paintings, after Walker and Lely, of Cromwell and James II.; the latter taken about his twenty-fourth year, before his person was marked by the small-pox.

We have now mentioned the pictures that are most deserving the attention of the public; others there are, attributed, perhaps, justly, to masters of great name, but we bow not to names, but to merit; and the public will find merit enough in those we have noted, to make the paintings at Exeter-hall an attractive exhibition.

Before we quit this subject we will mention that there is to be seen in the room a lithographic drawing of some ingenious improvements in Westminster, designed by Mr. W. Bardsell, architect, who has the superintendence of the paintings at Exeter-hall.

The Juvenile Musical Library. Allan Bell and Co.

We place this number among the fine arts for love of the clever little cuts from Cruikshanks' illustrative of Johnny Gilpin's well-known progress. It is a sin that these droll things should be lost on the music, as they would be treasures for a child's scrap-book, or, indeed, for any other. The music is sprightly and easy, and, altogether, the number must be attractive to children.

Illustrations of the Bible, from the original Paintings by Richard Westall and John Martin, Esq. Part I.—Bull and Churton.

These illustrations are miracles of cheapness, but the style of the designs are ill-suited to wood-cuts. If the word "original" means to imply that the designs have never been published before, there is some mistake in the statement in the title-page, since they are popular and well-known subjects of Martin's, if not of Westall's. From Martin there are copies of "the Creation," "the Judgement," "the Deluge," and "the Temptation," cut in wood, and much arduous work and curious art is shown by the cutter of the blocks; yet we deem it little better than lost labour, for there is no species of engraving, even of the lowest kind, such as lithograph and aquatint, but what would have shown Martin's bold distances and far aerial perspectives to greater advantage. Those who are judges of wood-cutting will be surprised at what has been done, yet will regret that such adverse subjects should have been chosen. This art should be devoted to near work, where delicate outline and sketchy pincelling is required, not in designs whose grand distinction is the magical effect of cloud and sky, light, distance, and shadow. These are utterly impracticable in wood, which admits few middle tints. There are eight engravings in all: the "Expulsion" and the "Cain and Abel" are the worst, and the "Deluge" the best among them.

Decline in the Price of Works of Art.—The two Correggios lately bought for the National Gallery for 11,500l., may be considered a great bargain, as the Noble Marquis to whom they belonged was offered some years ago no less than 20,000l. for them by Mr. Phillip's of Bond-street. The Peer was reminded of this a short time back, when his answer was, "I would not then have parted from them for 50,000l."
Harmonicon.

The Mountaineer’s Return. The words by C. Jeffereys; Music by L. Devreux. L. Lee.

The composer is in this abundantly successful.


An effective and pretty composition.

We subjoin the poetry, as well adapted to our page:

I dream’d I saw a garden gay,
That deck’d with flowers of spring,
Where little wild birds lov’d to stray,
And linnet lov’d to sing.

The crows, bell, and roses red,
There went’st in the gale,
While modest lily bent its head,
And wood the snow-drop pale.

And wood the snow-drop pale.

Again I dream’d I saw that place,
But ah! its bloom how brief!
For sadly chang’d was nature’s face,
And faded every leaf;

No snow-drop pale, no lily fair,
No blushing rose in dew,
No sweet flow’ret blossom’d there,
So cold the east wind blew.

I wept to see such falling pride,
So chilling was the sight;

Farewell, oh, desert wild! I cried,
Sweet garden, once so bright.

And thus, alas! it is with man,
His spring is bright and gay;

His length of life is but a span,
So soon it pass’d away.

So soon it pass’d away.

Two Lips. The Poetry by C. V. Ingleton; the Music by C. Hodgson. Duff and Co.

The poetry is of a superior character, and wedded to her sister muse, music.

The composer has not failed to make the most of the opportunity offered. The title-page is embellished with one of the most elegant lithographs we have seen, by Madeley.

Could you roam through the World.—The Poetry by Mrs Chenwell; the Music by Geo. Le Jeune. Duff and Co.

A most beautiful and pathetic ballad. It is the production of one of the most promising vocal pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, and reflects equal credit upon the institution and the student.

Drama, &c.

King’s Theatre.—This theatre has had a most prosperous course. Grisi more than compensates for the absence of Pasta, and any other female “artiste” comes not within degrees of her. Since our last, the operas of “La Gazzella Ladra,” “Anna Boleyn,” “Otello,” “Il Barbiero di Siviglia,” and Mozart’s “Don Giovanni,” have respectively been performed. On several occasions a seat could not be obtained in the pit a quarter of an hour prior to the rising of the curtain. Novelty, however, is wanting and we, in common with the multitude, expect it at the hands of the manager of this, as well as of every theatre. One of the morning journals asks—What can prevent the production of the magnificent works of Mozart, and other eminent composers? Can Grisi perform no other characters than the few she has represented? Has Tamburini forgotten the powerful sensation he made last season in Agnese, and the fine effects he has produced in many other operas? Will Rubini attempt the execution of no music but such as we have known him sing a thousand times? And is Ivanoff fearful of not being heard to advantage in other compositions than those with which he has favoured us? A new ballet put forth its attractions. The subject may be traced to that grand chronicle of romantic chivalry, “II Gerusalemme Liberata”; but the cause and the effect have so little resemblance, that many might question their relationship. It is one of Tasso’s episodes. The hero, Rinaldo, or Renaud (Teresa Ebler), falls into the power of the enchantress, Armida (Fanny Ebler), who exercises her magic influence so completely as to deprive him of all his valorous impulses, and make him an unresisting victim to her seductions. He, however, happens not to be quite alone in the world. He has been accompanied in his daring adventures by three knights, well worthy to be his companions in arms, who had previously, by sleeping potions, cunningly administered, been made prisoners by the same fair magician. They, however, have the good fortune to escape out of her power, and shortly afterwards are met by a holy palmer, who bestows upon them a wand invested with the peculiar property of counteracting the spells of witchcraft. Having discovered that Rinaldo is in the enchanted palace of Armida, they immediately return to their old abode, free the hero, and deliver over the enchantress to the custody of some impatient demons, who appear evidently for the purpose of executing justice upon the offender. Teresa is too tall for a woman, yet, in male attire, too effeminate for a man. She imitated in her dancing, the steps and motions of a masculine performer with much expression, yet not with much fidelity. Fanny is one of the most fascinating dan-
cers on the stage. In her pas de deux with Perrot she exhibited some movements particularly beautiful. Perrot bounds about the stage with so much elasticity, that we wondered at his extraordinary agility. The ballet seemed to give general satisfaction; the critics were loudly applauded.

On the 17th ult., Grisi repeated her part in "Anna Bolena" to a full audience. The few who, since the appearance of Grisi, have cast "a longing, lingering look behind" at Pasta, or the still fewer, who have an affectation of thinking unlike the rest of the world, are beginning to admit the equality of Grisi as an actress, and her vast superiority as a singer. We will merely say, grief was never more truly or forcibly expressed by an actress.

Between the acts of the opera, the Spanish dancers, so long announced, made their first appearance, and met with a very favourable reception. Those who like nothing out of the usual course, may say such an exhibition is ill-suited to the place—that it is a vast deal too boisterous, and too full of "alacrity of spirit." There was no elaborate posture-making, no straining for painful attitudes, no twirling on the extreme of the toe, no twisting like a tetotum for a quarter of an hour, but all sheer merriment and hilarity. They seemed to dance from excess of animal spirits, as if they could not help it, and that it was the natural mode of expressing pleasure. The two ladies are no beauties, either in figure, face, or feet; and the men (two also) are not remarkably well formed, but they made a very agreeable and novel exhibition, contrasting excellently with some French dancing by two men and three ladies, which was introduced after the Bolero. The movements are very rapid, and by no means ungraceful, and the dancers performed with admirable precision and exactness in point of time. Between the Bolero and the fin d'ouverture the performers changed their dresses, and in the last the men accompanied themselves on tambourines, while the women "struck the merry castanets." Both the dances are purely national, and it is agreeable to have such an opportunity of seeing them without the trouble of travelling as far as Madrid. There was just enough of it; for the airs, like the motions of the dancers, have too much sameness to render a lengthened performance desirable.

It is impossible for a greater musical treat than that which was enjoyed by a most crowded audience on the 20th ult. Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Grisi's extraordinary talents can be displayed in no stronger light than in Donna Anna. None will say so after they have heard her; for though the great composer, for the sake of preserving the balance of his work, kept down the character to a certain extent, Grisi rendered it not only more prominent than Mozart intended, but more prominent than any singer who ever appeared in it. She is not, to be sure, always before the audience; but when she is upon the stage, the eye is fixed on her and follows nobody else. Grisi, when she first opens her lips, inspires perfect confidence. Tamburini's Don Giovanni is a most capital performance. Ambrogetti, during Mr. Ayton's management, was, no doubt, more vivacious and unrestrained in the character of the hero, but it had some coarseness that Tamburini avoids; and nobody will dispute that Ambrogetti, as a singer, was not equal to the task. Tamburini is so thoroughly at home in all he has to say and do, that he seems "speaking" music. Caradori is a most engaging Zerlina, and sings "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto," with really touching pathos. Zucchini, as the hero, wanted a little comic force. Mrs. E. Seguin is an admirable and trustworthy musician. Giubilei's Masetto, was not at all below what it ought to be; and, in all respects, this delightful opera has, perhaps, never been better cast, from the day it was first produced.

Madame Caradori's benefit, on the 15th, (her first appearance in London, as Anima, in "La Somnambula," was tolerably well attended. The melody which characterizes this opera is admirably suited to her delicate voice, and she made a most flattering impression upon her company. The feeling she imparted to the character was only equalled by the ease and grace with which she sang the music, and her quiet unobtrusive style was not the less admired after the more impassioned intensity of Malibran in this, and Grisi in some other parts. An apology was made for Rubini, owing to hoarseness and sore throat, but there seemed no necessity for the excuse. Giubilei sang with a just expression, and the true spirit of the composer. He displays power and judgment. Mrs. Seguin, now familiar to these boards, is very efficient in "La Somnambula." An act of "Anna Bolena," and the new ballet, completed the evening.

The German Operas.—The impediments which prevented the German company from appearing, have at length been overcome; and they made their début on the 14th, in Mozart's "Zauberflöte," her gracious Majesty patronising them by her personal attendance. The principal singers are not so good as on the first season of Germans appearing in England, whilst the inferiors do their duty with evident superiority to their predecessors. The faces are almost all new, and they do not bear any name of celebrity. We believe they have been selected from the respectable provincial opreas, which, in Germany, often contain singers whose education is equally sound as those of naturally finer quality of voice.
Of this class is Madame Walker, who played Pamina. Herr Schmetzer was the Tamino; his voice is an agreeable tenor, managed with a good deal of taste and judgment. The Papageno of Herr Uetz, whose voice is a rather weak though flexible baritone, was amusing. The High Priest was represented by Herr Dolcher, who possesses an organ of great depth, but it wants smoothness and flexibility. The choruses were excellent, and produced an effect only to be obtained from the close and severe study of the German school. On the whole, the performance was creditable; but the prices of admission to the boxes (10s. 6d. each person) too high to ensure much public encouragement.

Dury Lane.—During the past month a new afterpiece, entitled “Secret Service,” has been brought out at this house with great success. Scribe is the author, and Planche has adapted it for representation on the English stage. The story is from an event in the life of Fouche, the minister of police during Napoleon’s reign, of whom it was said that even the most minute movements of the Emperor were at all times known from his spies. The interest—alternately touching and laughable—is excellently sustained, and the piece is written with more than ordinary skill. The audience gave loud and warm expressions of satisfaction at the conclusion.

Covent Garden.—Their Majesties visited this theatre on the 1st ult. The streets were lined with thousands of expectant gazers, and the theatre was crowded to the ceiling. The moment the King and Queen entered their box, a shout that almost shook the walls welcomed their coming, and a feeling of paternal love and respectful homage seemed to unite the royal personages with those who looked upon them, worthy of the brightest days of monarchy. The performance round an inn immediately commenced on the stage to sing “God save the King,” which was received with loud acclamations. The second verse, which Brahm gave as a solo, brought forth all the power and sweetness of his matchless voice, and boundless admiration for the strain swelled the torrent of loyal applause beyond all common bounds. After the play, “Here’s a health to the King, God bless him,” was demanded, and finely sung by Mr. Brahm, the delighted audience “applauding to the echo.” The performances were “The Duenna,” “Turning the Tables,” and “My Neighbour’s Wife.” They were all admirably done. The Majesty laughed as gaily as if he had been a mere subject, and the Queen and her courtly attendants were affected a good deal in the same way.—“Mirth, admite of thy crew,” seemed the motto of each and all. The cheering was fervently renewed in honour of the royal visitors on their departure.

The Duke of Devonshire (Lord Chamberlain) preceded their Majesties to and from the royal box. His Majesty wore an admiral’s uniform, decorated with the stars of the orders of the Garter and the Bath, and the riband and jewel of the order of the Garter. Prince George of Cambridge wore a military uniform, and was on the right hand of the King. The party which accompanied their Majesties consisted of the following persons:—Col. Wilson, Sir T. H. Curteis, Hon Captain Hay, Master Stephenson (page to the King), Master Grimston (to the Queen), Lord F. Fitzclarence, Sir J. Whatley, Sir W. Fremanke, Lord R. Grosvenor, Sir H. Wheatley, Miss Bagot and Miss Hudson (maids of honour), Lord Hill, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Miss Hope Johnstone (maid of honour), Earl of Errol, Earl of Denbigh, the Marchioness of Westminster, Earl of Albermarle, Duke of Argyll, Duke of Devonshire, Prince George of Cumberland, and Lady Clinton.

On the 6th a new grand ballet, called the “Fairy Slipper,” founded on the well known tale of Cinderella was produced. The principal dancers were the Alberts, Mademoiselle Noblet, and Mademoiselle Dupont. The plot is too well known to need description. Independently of fine and graceful dancing, the acting was decidedly superior to anything we have witnessed on the boards of an English theatre. Some of the music is pretty, and the scenery was splendid in the extreme. One scene, in particular, was very much admired, representing a lofty illuminated ball, somewhat in the style of the grand “Gustavus” ball scene. The ballet was announced for repetition till further notice amidst loud plaudits.

French Plays.—Our old favourite Perlet has afforded us several treats by his inimitable performances, after an absence of five years. He made his re-appearance on the 21st in two of his original characters—in that of Soufflé, in the vaudeville of “Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier,” and in that of the Comédien, in the vaudeville of “Le Comédien d’Etampes.” He performed this part in a manner which drew forth plaudits from all parts of the house. He was equally successful in the piece which followed, “Le Comédien d’Etampes.” A new vaudeville, in two acts, called “Toujours, ou l’Avenir d’un Fils,” was also performed for the first time. It is from the pen of Monsieur Scribe, and possesses much merit and excites considerable interest. The plot develops the meaning of the word “eternity” as applied to love, according to the construction put upon it by most young gentleman of twenty-one; in other words, it shows that eternity and three months are commensurate, in point of time, with a lover of that age. The acting of M. Paulin in this piece was excellent, and
Mademoiselle Beranger performed the part of Mathilde to perfection.

VICTORIA.—It is a pity that the splendid language of Massinger’s dramas is so little known to the public. This is occasioned by the unfitness of his plays for stage representation, according to the modern notion of dramatic fitness. The plots are so extravagant, and the characters so extraordinary, in many of his most beautiful productions, that the taste of an age having had sufficient opportunity to subdue them as preposterous, and wonders how a man of such fine genius and of so poetical a turn of mind should have produced any thing so absurd. In spite of this leaning to the unnatural, Massinger frequently shows us that he has observed nature, and surprises us with generous glimpses of the human world; subdues us with the eloquent beauty of the social feelings. Indeed, there is so much sterling excellence in his compositions, that we wonder they have not, by judicious alteration, been made applicable to the prevailing taste. It is true that we have “A New Way to Pay old Debts” in continual representation, but that is the only play of many from the same hand which is attempted at our theatres. Mr. Elton has come forward with an adaptation of “The Unnatural Combat,” under the title of “The Fatal Passion;” and, although we admired the manner in which he has arranged the play, we think he might have selected from the same author an agreeable and instructive subject upon which the drama is founded, as well as exciting. There is no interest excited for any individual concerned in it. The characters are, as usual, much exaggerated, and the incidents very improbable. The passions developed are principally bad; the heroes and heroines are tamed of gag, and the poeticists of a revolting, sanguinary, melodramatic mania, that awakens for them no sympathy. They are the creatures of the poet, not the beings of life. Mr. Forrester represented Belgarde, a poor Captain, with infinite humour and ability. Mr. Elton performed the part of M. de Montfort, Admiral of Marseilles, with an excellent conception of the character; Mr. Green appeared as Montreuil, and if he could have divested himself of his superfluous vulgarity would have made a most satisfactory performance. We should advise him to keep to the villains; a gentleman villain should show more gentility in his conduct. Theorine, the heroine, was represented by Mrs. Fisher, but not quite to our satisfaction. The language deserves more than we can say in its praise. It is full of novel and peculiar beauty. A very young débutante, described in the bills as only fourteen years old, whose name has not been announced, has appeared for the first time on any stage, as Juliet. Her performance was marked by considerable talent, and although, of necessity, in parts unfinished, she was graceful, natural, and easy, and, to say the least, it was one of the most promising débuts that has taken place for some years.

ADELAIDE.—Our readers who can enjoy a laugh will be pleased to learn that Mr. Mathews is still “at Home,” and that his sourées every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are as well attended as they have ever heretofore been.

SURREY.—The “combined company” at this house continues to draw overflowing audiences. In the course of the past month several novels have been produced with the greatest success.

FITZROY.—The long-expected satirical piece, called “One Hundred Years Hence; or, 1804,” has been brought out with success. The object is to show the absurd ideas of the present day, by showing the degree to which existing anomalies would be carried in another century. Thus, cheap knowledge and its consequences are ridiculed, while footmen and ladies’ maids are made to talk in a strain of florid eloquence, and other oddities fill up the measure of whimsical extravagance.

ASTLEY’S.—The grand “Masked Ball on Horseback,” in imitation of the celebrated Covent-Garden scene in “Gustavus,” is, in its way, as astonishing as any thing ever brought out here. There are about fifty horses and their riders, male and female, in the ring, besides groups of mountebanks, jugglers, musicians, and all the component elements of a grand masquerade. Great as are the resources of the theatre, it was scarcely possible to suppose so much could be made of the representation; and although the arena was neither broader, deeper, nor higher than before, the lancers of gallantry and the conquerors go through a variety of antics, and afford the greatest delight to all the spectators who nightly flock in crowds to enjoy the abundant amusements provided for them. An addition has been made to the regular company by the presence of W. H. Williams, whose comic songs are nightly relished with a stirring emotion inconsistent with the heat of the present weather. “The Wars of Wellington” carry every thing before them.

SADDLER’S WELLS.—Amongst the novels produced here are the “Gypsy of Epping Forest,” a domestic melodrama, from the pen of Mr. Campbell; and a farce called “The Roman Nose,” the offspring of Mr. Almar’s ingenious brain. The latter possesses a nice perception of character, breadth without vulgarity, and humour without buffoonery. The author has been particularly fortunate in the character of Mr. Benjamin Button; Mr. Smith, an amorous youth, with a nose of such magnificent proportions no female can help admiring. The little French maigrette, was admirably sustained by Miss Macarthy; Sir Mahony
McBlarney, a genuine Emerald, was placed in the hands of Mr. Macarthy, who gave great effect to the humour. The farce was received throughout successfully, and has been played every evening since.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.
It is hoped the directors will request ladies not to wear feathers at this festival, and that bonnets will be on the smallest scale. As the season will be thorough with strangers during the period, many of them visiting the metropolis for the first time, it may naturally be expected that the Opera-house and all the theatres will be crowded every night. We have heard that the manager of Drury-lane and Covent-garden theatres will now commence the performances until eight o'clock, which will afford sufficient time for persons who go to Westminster Abbey in the morning to dine, &c., for the performances at the latter will terminate by four o'clock. Mr. Bradwell, the tasteful decorator at the winter theatres, is employed to fit up the royal boxes, galleries, and orchestra in the Abbey, after very elegant designs by the architect, Mr. Blome. Tiers of seats have already been raised along the side aisles of the cathedral as high as the windows, and every possible place where the eye or the ear can obtain pleasure will be made available.

Two additional entrances are being made for this occasion; one is between the north transept and the western extremity of the abbey, and the other is under the south-west angle of the cloisters, and enters the opposite side of the abbey. The entrance is by a flight of covered steps leading to one of the great windows, from which a sufficient portion of the frame-work is removed to form a door-way. The reserved seats will consist of all the centre forms from the royal box to the orchestra, and two or three forms on the sides; so that every seat will be good for seeing and hearing. The forms will have backs covered with crimson baize, and conspicuously numbered to correspond with the tickets, which will render the access to them quite easy. Not a single ticket is to be issued more than the number of seats (whether reserved or not reserved); all confusion will be avoided; much, however, must depend on the public themselves, who should pay strict attention to the regulations. Their Majesties will go in grand state to each of the four performances in Westminster Abbey. The directors will wear full court dresses, but the company will only be expected to wear the usual morning dresses, consequently feathers should not be worn; neither should ladies put on large hats or bonnets with high flowers or ribbons, in order that they may not impede the view of those who sit behind them. Low head-dresses would be the best to be adopted.

The Seats numbered from 1 to 600 are in the centre Aisle. From 600 to 700, on the left-hand side from the western entrance. From 700 to 800, on the right-hand side.

GALLERIES.—The seats numbered from 800 to 900 are on the left-hand side. From 900 to 1000, on the right-hand side. The approach to the Two-Guinea Seats in the Galleries is by a staircase on each side of the Orchestra.

The Seats for the Guinea Tickets are in the North and South Aisles, on the Basement, and in the Galleries; the entrances to which are specified on the Tickets.

THE ORCHESTRA.
(The Great Western Entrance.)
The Directors have issued the following Regulations, to which the strictest attention should be paid:

Two-Guinea Tickets.—The entrance will be at the great western door.

Each person must be prepared with a ticket of the day, to be presented at the door. The part of the ticket containing the number will be torn off and returned, and must be shown to the gentlemen appointed to conduct the company to their respective seats; the number should be retained by the person presenting it, in order to rectify any mistake which may arise.

One-Guinea Tickets.—There will be two entrances for the one-guinea tickets; one at the north door, opposite St. Margaret’s Church, and the other in the Cloisters, Dean’s-yard. The different entrances are specified on the tickets, to which strict attention should be paid.

Rehearsal Tickets.—The tickets for the rehearsals will be received at the three entrances. The greatest care should be taken to use the tickets on the days for which they are issued; for tickets purchased for a particular performance or rehearsal, will not be admitted to any other. All the tickets are transferable.

The doors will be opened at ten o’clock each day, and be closed at a quarter before twelve. No person will be admitted after the arrival of their Majesties.

Dress.—Ladies are requested to wear morning costume, with low head-dresses.

Carriages.—No carriages will be allowed to stand at Poet’s Corner but those of their Majesties and the Royal Family, excepting such as have directors’ tickets. These carriages will remain in Old Palace-yard, and take up with the horses’ heads facing Parliament-square.

Carriages setting down at the great western door and the north entrance will remain in the most convenient part in the vicinity, and take up in the same direction as they set down, and drive off through Prince-street into George’s street.

The carriages of those going to the south entrance will drive down King-street into Great George-street, and into Prince-street, direct to Dean’s-yard; on entering which they will turn short to the left and set down at the Cloister door. These carriages will remain in Dean’s-yard, and take up with the horses’ heads towards the corner of the Cloister entrance, and drive off through Prince-street.

CONCERTS.

Signor Masoni’s.—This accomplished violinist gave his concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 16th ult. The principal point of attraction, was the performance of the “Beneficina.” A concerto from the scientific pen of Gohr, and an aria with variations, a composition of his own, were exquisitely played by Masoni. Of the vocal portion of his entertainment, Bennett’s singing Beethoven’s splendid and beautiful composition of “Adelaide,” was a delicious specimen of purity of conception, and chasteness and perfection of execution. He was rapturously applauded. M. G. le Jeune, of the Royal Academy of Music, sung an aria from “Mammetto,” entitled “Sorgette,” with great power and brilliancy. He possesses much facility of execution. He was warmly greeted. The duetto of “Con Patience,” by Miss Waters and De Begnis, was enthusiastically received; and Mr. Peron’s efforts created a feeling of regret that time could injure a voice. Rubini, from indisposition, was unable to attend.

Mr. Mori’s.—We were much pleased to find the King’s Theatre Concert Room crowded to excess on the evening of the 23d. Whether we regard Mori as a sound legitimate concerto-player, or as the leader of an orchestra, he has no superior, and but few equals. He had well chose for his principal performance Beethoven’s celebrated concerto, so much admired at the Philharmonic. He, amongst other efforts, took part in a concertante piece for four violins with Messrs. Seymour, Tolbecque, and Eliaison. The novelty of this latter performance excited much interest. Among the vocalists Phillips was encored in an antique ballad of the date 1656, entitled “Woman.” Ivanoff exhibited great taste and purity of style in an air by Donizetti, and in his celebrated “Vivi tu.” He has made rapid strides in the estimation of our amateurs. Stockhausen was encored in a French bolero, executed with the neatness and brilliancy peculiar to her; and Caradori, De Begnis, Zuchelli, Rubini, Miss Masson, &c., contributed to the general excellence of this concert.

Mr. F. Cramer’s farewell concert, on the 14th, was well attended. Mr. Cramer has belonged to the Ancient Concert Band for nearly half a century, and led it for thirty-four years. His brother, J. B. Cramer’s performance was a beautiful specimen of genuine pianoforte playing. Miss E. Lindley, daughter of the celebrated violinist, sang “Ciel Pietroso” in a very effective manner; and Mr. C. Bolsragon did ample justice to Mozart’s “Qui Sdegno;” he possesses a very fine mellow bass voice, of great compass.

Mr. Herz’s concert, at the Opera-room, on the 20th.—Such a union of splendid pianoforte playing was perhaps never before heard on one occasion. There was a duet on two pianofortes, by Herz and Moscheles, and a quartet performed on two pianofortes. The latter piece almost produced the effect of a full orchestra, for the different style and touch peculiar to each performer was in some degree equivalent to various instruments. An apology was made for Sigurta Grist, whom illness disabled from attending; but Ivanoff, who was sent for in the emergency, immediately came, and sang his favourite “Vivi tu.” Madame Caradori, Rubini, and M. Vrught, were also among the singers. We wish Mr. Vrught had sung something else than his Dutch ballad.
The composition appears to be merely a poor imitation of Beethoven's "Adelaide." M. Ghys played a solo on the violin in a style which confirmed us in our favourable opinion we formed of his performance on his recent debut at Moscheles' concert.

Mr. G. Le Jeune, one of the most promising pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, held an evening concert at the house of Miss E. Kendrick, in Duchess-street, on the 12th ult. It was well attended; and we were altogether much pleased with the selection of the music. Mr. G. Le Jeune possesses a voice of great power, flexibility, and compass. The grand attraction of the evening was Signor Masoni; his solo performances were admirable; his manner is both original and masterly. Giubeli was very effective.

Madame Stockhausen's.—This vocalist, universally a favourite, took a benefit on the 20th, at the King's Theatre. In all the pieces in which she took part, or sang as soloist, she enchanted her auditors with tones altogether unrivalled. The Swiss airs which she sang between the acts drew expressions of delight from all sides. At the end of the first act a quartet, with German words, was sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, Herr Schmerzer, and Mr. H. Philips. Mr. Stockhausen performed two pieces of his own composition on the harp. A capital effect was produced in the second act by a drinking chorus performed by all the German singers. The vocalists not previously mentioned were Grisi, Miss Novello, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanoff, and De Begnis.

The room was quite full.

Cipriani Potter's.—Mr. Potter, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, gave his annual concert on the 21st, in the Great Room, King's Theatre, which was well attended. This gentleman ranks very high as a composer and performer on the pianoforte. M. Vander Bogert, from Belgium, played a solo on the flute in a very superior manner. An apology was made for Mdile. Grisi, requesting that "Una voce" might be omitted, as she laboured under a cold; but she sang "Dunque io son" with Tamburini with her wonted brilliancy. The other vocalists were Caradori, Miss Masson, Rubini, and Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, who acquitted themselves with their accustomed success.

Madame Cellini's.—This lady gave an excellent concert on the 21st, at her house in Mancheater-street, Manchester-square. She sang Mercadante's beautiful duet, "Segui, deh! segui a piangenti," with Ivanoff, with great taste. Madame Stockhausen and Signor Rubini were, as usual, delightful; and Ivanoff in the aria allotted to him displayed, if possible, more than his accustomed sweetness. In a room his voice is heard to perfection. A fantasia on the violin by Monsieur Ghys was finely performed.

For the Benefit of the Poles.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Concert Room of the King's Theatre for the benefit of the Polish Exiles, but we do not think it could have afforded much to their funds. Attraction was not wanting, for Mademoiselle Guglietta Grisi, and Signor Tambrini sung "Dunque io son," from "Il Barbiere;" Madame Caradori Allan, "Una voce;" Signor De Begnis, and Signor Zucelli amused their auditors with Cimarosa's "Se fiauto un corpetto avete," from "Il Matrimonio Segreto;" Madame Garcia and Signor Rubini were much applauded in "Ah! se de mali mieli," from "Il Tancredi;" and Miss Clara Novello sung Haydn's beautiful recitative and air, "With verdure clad," in a delightfully chaste and unaffected style. Of instrumental players there were few: Chopin's elaborate and difficult variations for the pianoforte on "La ci darem" were played in a brilliant and effective manner by his pupil M. Fontana. Distin was effective in his trumpet concerto, but he was badly supported by the orchestra. We do not know whether the band had had any rehearsal, but they certainly required it; they took extraordinary liberties with the time in nearly all the accompaniments entrusted to them, and their performance was most slovenly. With this exception, the concert was highly satisfactory.

Signor Giubelli gave his annual concert on the 9th ult., at the residence of Admiral Donnelly, in Harley-street, which was very fully attended. He was assisted by most of the principal foreign singers now in London, who, as well as the beneficiare himself, exercised their talents with success. Signor Costa presided at the pianoforte with his wonted tact and ability.

Mr. Collyer's concert, on the 16th, at Willis's Rooms, was very well attended. The vocalists who assisted him were all natives, including Miss C. Novello, Miss Wagstaff, the Misses Smith, &c., who sung a variety of compositions with eclat. Nicholson's fantasia on the flute was a brilliant display of his unrivalled talent. Mr. Holmes and Miss Swane performed a duet on the pianoforte; and Mr. C. Davies, an air with variations on the harp, with great applause.

M. Moscheles's.—The concert of this eminent professor, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 8th ult., was, as usual, very fully and elegantly attended. His solo performances were a new MS. concerto fantastique of his own composition, as performed at the Philharmonic; a new MS. rondo, written by Mendelssohn expressly for this occasion; and an extemporaneous piece.
Both were executed in a style of excellence. The greatest attraction of the morning was a concertante duet by Herz and Moscheles, composed by the former on a theme in "Guillaume Tell," which was performed with extraordinary brilliancy. Monsieur Ghys displayed considerable power of execution in a fantasia on the violin. Monsieur de Vrught (first tenor singer to the King of Holland) made his first appearance in this country; he possesses a voice at once strong and flexible, and sings with extreme taste and feeling. A new song of Chevalier Neukomm's, called "Our own British Oak," was well sung by Mr. Machin, and is a very spirited and clever composition.

Mrs. Anderson's concert, on the 12th ult., was honours with the presence of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, and a brilliant assemblage of about eight hundred persons, in the Hanover-square rooms; Mrs. Anderson's performance on the pianoforte elicited the strongest marks of approbation.

Mr. Salé's.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, accompanied by Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, Prince of Leiningen, the Duchess of Northumberland, Baroness Lehzen, Sir J. Conroy, &c. &c., were present at Mr. Salé's concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, which were crowded chiefly with elegantly-dressed ladies. The performances were of a very superior order. Grisi was eminently successful in "Di Piacer," also in "Dunque io son" with Tamburini. Braham gave "Mad Tom" with that power and effect for which he is so distinguished. Their Royal Highnesses were heartily welcomed on their entrance into the Royal box, and the national anthem was sung.

Mr. Vaughan's.—The performance of Dr. Crotch's fine oratorio "Palestine" (written by the late Bishop Heber) deserves great credit; and the crowded state of the Hanover-square Rooms bore testimony to the high estimation in which he is held. This oratorio does credit to the English school. The vocal parts were ably sustained by Madame Caradisi, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, Terrail, Sale, Machin, and Phillips, aided by a most excellent band and a very numerous chorus. "Lo! star-led Chief," a quartette sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Machin, was deservedly encored; the accompaniments for the flute, oboe, horn, and bassoon, are very beautiful, and were admirably performed by Messrs. Nicholson, Cooke, Platt, and Mackintosh. Mr. T. Wright accompanied several pieces on the harp in a very effective manner.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VENETIAN OPERA.—Madame Pasta, Donzelli, and Bottrigari are at present performing with great success at Venice, in "Norma." Four new operas have been brought out at different theatres in Italy, within the space of little more than a month: the "Adventures of Scaramouch," by Ricci; "Rosamond of England," by Donizetti; "Emma of Austria," by Mercadante; and "The Fan," by Raimondi.

Mayerbeer is said to be engaged in composing a new comic opera for the Théâtre de la Bourse, in Paris.

Mademoiselle Taglioni is to leave Paris for London this day.

Miss Kelly was so much delighted with the performance of Miss Allison, in Juliet, at the Victoria theatre, that she sent for her after the play, and was pleased to compliment her highly on her acting. Miss Allison is not yet fourteen.

The New English Opera House is going rapidly. The roof is nearly finished, and all the work of the interior is ready, and will be put up immediately the roof is complete: a great portion of the scenery is also ready. Everything promises well, and we have no doubt but it will open at the time stated, namely, the first week in July.

Miss Loder and Mr. T. Cooke have new operas in a forward state; there is also a drama by Mr. Perkins, taken from Maturin's "Melmoth the Wanderer," but it has not yet been determined with what pieces the theatre will open. The company already engaged are—for opera, Miss Stephens, Miss E. Romer, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. H. Phillips, Messrs. Seguin, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bland, and a young lady of considerable musical promise; Miss Kelly, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. C. Jones, Mr. Wrench, Mr. Serle (to be stage manager), Mr. J. Reeve, Mr. Keeley, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Benson Hill, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Salter, Mr. O. Smith, and a gentleman from the Bath theatre, who is a clever melo-dramatic actor, and an excellent swordsman, for general business. Mr. Arnold is in treaty with several other persons of known talent. The orchestra, which will be as numerous as on former great occasions, is to consist of forty able performers. There has been a meeting at the office of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, respecting the new street from the Strand, and it is expected that it will be so far advanced as not to impede the entrance thence to the theatre, when the latter opens. It was intended to macadamise the street, but the intention has been abandoned, and it will be handsomely paved.

Miss Mitford's five act play of "Charles the First," for which a license was refused to the managers of Covent Garden theatre, a few seasons since, is to be produced at the
Victoria soon after the Whitsuntide holidays, with a very strong cast of characters.

Sheridan Knowles and Miss Jarman have been playing at Cork; they were very unsuccessful in the provinces.

The Haymarket theatre opens on the 9th inst.

A new drama, by Moncrieff, entitled the “Court of Queen Anne,” is in rehearsal at the Victoria theatre.

The Glee Club.—The prize of ten guineas, offered by the Glee Club for the best cheerful glee, was awarded at the last Saturday meeting to Mr. J. Elliott. There were only three candidates.

The Kembles.—New York, April 21.

—Mr. C. Kemble and his daughter were to make their reappearance at the Park Theatre that evening in “The Wife, a Tale of Mantua.” Miss Fanny Kemble was to perform Marianna, and her father, St. Pierre.

Hackett, the American comedian, has produced a new piece called “The Wag of Maine,” in which he has appeared with great success in New York.

Beaubourg.—The actor Beaubourg, who was extremely ugly, playing the part of Mithridates, in Racine’s play, Madame Leconvreur, who played that of Monime, said, “Ah, sire, you change countenance;” a wag in the pit exclaimed, “Let him do so—don’t stop him.”

Theatrical Novelties in Paris.—During April seventeen new pieces were represented in Paris—viz., one comedy, three plays, and thirteen vaudevilles. There were also fourteen debuts and ten benefits.

Mr. Vandenhoff is engaged at the Haymarket Theatre, London, for the ensuing season. He may be expected to return to Liverpool in August.—Manchester Guardian.

Mr. Wallace’s adaptation of M. Scribe’s celebrated play of “Bertrand et Raton,” first acted at the new Queen’s Theatre, under the title of “Bertrand and Burkenstaff, or the Conspiracy of Copenhagen,” is said to be in preparation at several of the principal provincial theatres.

We have recently had an opportunity of hearing an exceedingly clever young pianiste, a Miss Laidlaw, only fourteen years of age, whose admirable style of playing, whether as regards execution, power, or delicacy of expression, bids fair to rank her among our most eminent professors. She is by birth English, but has been studying in Germany: she lately gave two concerts at Berlin.

Signor Puzzi arrived in London last week for the season. Signor Puzzi, whose voice has recovered all its former powers, is performing with great success at La Scala, Milan.

Paris Theatricals.—“Antony,” a drama, written by Alexandre Dumas, came out some time ago, at the Théatre Français, at Paris; it was subsequently played at the Porte St. Martin; and, indeed, all over France. It was lately revived at the Théatre Français, but has been prohibited by M. Thiers. Some situations and sentiments considered offensive to pure taste and delicacy are assigned as the cause, which has made a great noise in the theatrical world of Paris, and in the Journal des Débats, the Constitutionnel, and other papers of that capital devoted to theatrical criticism. Madame Dorval, who had played, and was to play, the part of Antony, is highly indignant at this interruption. The director of the theatre complains loudly, and M. Alexandre Dumas, the author of the piece thus dishonoured, has remonstrated in such angry terms that a duel between him and M. Thiers was seriously apprehended by their respective friends.

Mr. Sloman’s Professional Feat.—On Thursday se’nnight, Mr. Sloman, the spirited manager of this circuit, completed his undertaking to perform in three pieces at the Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone theatres, within the hours of seven and twelve o’clock. The time of performing in the pieces, at the three theatres, took one hour and forty-eight minutes, and the actual time of travelling from Canterbury to Rochester, and from thence to Maidstone (thirty-six post miles), two hours and twenty-seven minutes, making together four hours and fifteen minutes. His performances at Canterbury commenced at seven o’clock, and closed at Maidstone at a quarter past eleven, thus completing his task in forty-five minutes less than the time given. The travelling was done at the rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour, over ground by no means the most favourable for travelling. Mr. Sloman was warmly greeted and cheered at the different towns he passed through, as also on his arrival at Maidstone, where he had the gratification of finishing his task to a house filled to the ceiling.

A Candidate for Vocal Honours.—A gentleman from the country took his daughter, the other day, to a professor of music, soliciting his interest to get her engaged at the approaching festival, stating that there was nothing like her in London, and that she sang “The Soldier Tired of War’s Alarms” better than ever Mrs. Billington did; and that he had written sacred words to it, for the purpose of having it sung in the Abbey! After a specimen of the young lady’s powers, which were terrific, the delighted father asked, exultingly, “Well, sir, do you really think there is anything before the public like it?”—“Indeed, I do not,” was the sarcastic reply.

The Musicians and the Clergy.—It has been mentioned that “sixty members of the Royal Society of Musicians have been called upon to perform, both at the rehearsals and the performance in St. Paul’s, for the benefit
of the sons of the clergy, for these seventy-five years past, without receiving a shilling remuneration from any of them, who do not play on the various instruments required, are obliged to pay for substitutes." If this be so, the objection of certain reverend prelates to the consecration of Westminster-abbey, as they are pleased to call it, for the benefit of the musical profession, seems not only unreasonable but unreasonable.

Booth, the Actor.—This individual has long had, in America, the reputation of being insane. There are those, however, who say there is method in his madness, and that his extravagances kept his name up when his acting would not. As a performer, he is still popular. Among his freaks he bought a great number of chickens and had them killed, and then sent for a clergyman to read the burial service over them. Once he invited a party of gentlemen to follow an old friend to the grave; when they arrived, they found it was to assist at the funeral of his horse. He took it into his head, not long since, to go into prison among the runaway negroes. He then exhibited in the streets of Louisville, painted black, asserting negroes to be the superior race, and himself one of them. He has lived on vegetables for years, and usually drinks water, but sometimes indulges in more potent liquors, and then he anec- 

Sinclair, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Fisher have been performing, with great success at the Cam Theatre, New Orleans. The first has been particularly happy in "Masaniello." He is thus mentioned in the Mercantile Advertiser of February 16th.—"Mr. Sinclair, as Masaniello, has established for himself a reputation with the citizens of New Orleans that will not easily be rivaled. We have frequently been delighted with this gentleman's vocal performances, but never until last found we have seen such spirit thrown into any character, as was given to Masaniello by Mr. Sinclair. The latter hour forbid us to go too far into particulars, but can any one imagine anything more perfect to nature than was the performance of the last scene? It was really a treat, and we feel convinced that Mr. Sinclair has not his superior, indeed we may say his equal, in this character.

There is not an actor now alive who performed in the "Duenna" when it was first represented. Quick, who died about four years ago, was the original Isaac Mendoza.

New Singers.—A Dutch vocalist made his debut at Moscheles' concert; his voice is a high tenor, with a very extensive falsetto, not unlike Sinclair's. He sang a pathetic ballad and a national hymn, in both High and Low Dutch, for he ran from C below the staff to F in altissimo! Mr. Conrad Boisra- 

gen, son of the eminent M.D. of that name at Cheltenham, has just arrived from Flo- 

gen, and has made his debut at Mr. F. 

Cramer's concert; he possesses a very fine bass voice of great power. Mr. Gwys, the newly-imported violinist, delighted the audience in a fantasia of his own composition, which was deservedly admired. He ranks among the first performers of the day.

Mrs. Waylett.—At Bologna the saloon of the Hotel d'Oro has been enlivened with a sortie musicale, got up in a superior style. Mrs. Waylett was all the rage. She was most fervently applauded in all she did. At the end of one of her concerts, a lady stepped up to her and said, "I hope it is not asking too much, but will you sing me "O, no, we never mention her?" The 

stylish with the greatest affability. The rush back of the retiring audience furnished one of the oddest scenes that could be imagined.

Madame Stockhausen.—Perhaps there is no vocalist living who is more generally admired than Madame Stockhausen wherever she has appeared. It were a wonder were it not so, for she sings with equal taste and sweetness in Italian, French, German, English, and last, but not least, Swiss.

Theatre Royal, Dublin.—Pierce Egan's "Life in Dublin," with the farce of "Love, Law, and Physic," were performed by desire of her Excellency the Marchioness Wellesley. Shortly after seven o'clock her Excellency, accompanied by Miss Caton, alighted from her carriage, at the grand entrance. Her Excellency was escorted to the theatre by a guard of honour of the 15th Hussars. A party of the 60th Rifles were also in attendance at the piazza. Her Excellency was conducted by the lessee (Mr. Calcraft) to her box, and received in the warmest and most enthusiastic manner by the house.—Stewart's Telegraphic Dublin Dispatch.

Weber's grand opera of "Euryanthe" will shortly be performed by the German company. Other novelties, among which are "The Eagle's Eyre," by Horst, and a new opera by Spontini, are in preparation.

Among the "lions" of the present fashionable season, is Madame Fillipowicz, a Polish lady, who is a most excellent performer on the violin. Her talent has been exhibited in private parties only, but she has surprised some of our best professors of that instrument by her strength of tone, brilliancy of execution, and bold masculine style. She is a pupil of Spohr.

Grave Cox.—Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in Esth churchyard?—That in which Miles Button lies buried, for it contains Miles below the sod, Miles in length, and Miles in breadth, and yet it is only a Button-hole.
Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, MAY, 1838.

You will be grieved, my dear friend, when you know that I have been acting la garde malade ever since I last wrote. I have had three of my children ill, and M. de F— is still labouring under a very severe attack, not only of mauvaise humeur, car cela va sans dire, but of gout and asthma. Oh! ma chère, I have had so many privations! I missed the races at Chantilly, where I had made up my mind to go; and a splendid fête the other evening, chez la Comtesse d’Appony. I was so annoyed; mais, mon amie, quand on se dèvoue à son mari et à ses enfants, as I do, one must be prepared to suffer many deprivations. Nevertheless, it is very provoking, that if there is any thing that M. de F— does not wish me to go to, such as the opera balls, or if we have invitations to a fête that he imagines would be too gay for his staid and sober years, he always contrives to feel a fit of the gout coming on, that must necessarily keep us both at home. I tell him that we should go and take up our abode in the midst of a forest; for really to live comme des ours, in such a place as Paris, is dreadful. He put me in a passion the other day; but I soon forgave him, for he bought me a most beautiful fan, quite an antique, of the reign of Louis XVI. It represents a comédie à la cour. Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the Prince de Lamballe, all excellent likenesses, are on the stage. Louis XVI. is seated on his throne, and the boxes and parterre are filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the court, all in the costume of the period. The mounting of the fan is mother-of-pearl, inlaid with gold and precious stones. You cannot imagine any thing more beautiful. The rage for these fans is carried to a great extent just now, and immense prices are paid for them. But I must tell you the cause of the quarrel: all our ladies are as busily employed as possible, embroidering waistcoats for the gentlemen; c’est un feu; they are done on white or pearl-grey cassimere, or black, brown, puce, or white satin, and are worked in coloured floss silks in guirlandes, detached bouquets, or what is prettier than either, en rambages (a running pattern all over). I thought M. de F— would look très distingué in one of these waistcoats, and commenced one for him; but only think, he refused to wear it, saying that such things were only fit for the young men that make themselves look like bears and monkeys and goats, with the pretty beards that are the fashion just now in Paris. I was so angry, that I gave it to a lady to finish for one of her friends; and if he had not given me the fan, I should not have spoken to him for a week.

HATS AND CAPOTES.—The hats have increased very much in size lately, particularly in the height of the crowns, which are nearly pointed at top; the fronts are also larger, descending low at the sides, some, indeed, almost meeting under the chin; the bavolets (curtain at the back) are excessively full, and deep, and are gathered, instead of being plaited. Almost every hat and capote has a demi-voile of blonde or tulle illusion with a wide hem, or a short veil of very fine tulle Anglaise, sewed round the edge; and all, except the little bonnets, worn en negligé, are ornamented with flowers or feathers: small wreaths or very small bouquets are worn underneath the fronts, mingling with the curls, and descending low at each side of the face: they are very becoming. Hats of paille de riz are the most fashionable for grande toilette; but hats and drawn capotes of poux de soie glacé, and of crape, are much adopted by our élégantes just now. Hats of paille d’Italie are a good deal worn; they are lined with poux de soie, and trimmed with sarinet ribbons glacé de blanc. The most fashionable colours on straw hats are lilac, light blue, rose, and green. These hats are worn larger than any others.

FLOWERS.—The flowers most in favour are roses—the rose pompon, the rose noisette, the rose de Meaux, and all small roses; branches of the acacia, of the apple, cherry, and peach-trees; pinks, scabious, violets, jessamine, mimosa, tulips of different colours, double and single hyacinths, woodbine, bouquets à la Céres of wheat, oats, barley, grass, straw, poppies, daisies, harlebells, &c. mixed; filderts, grapes, currants, and oak with acorns, are also fashionable.

DRESSES.—There is nothing very new in ball-dresses. The skirts are in general open in front; but some, instead of being open, are only made to look so. They are trimmed with rich blondes, flowers, bows of ribbon, or held back with jewels. The corsages for these dresses are invariably à pointe; but the points are very short, scarcely coming below the waist. All the corsages are made to fit tight to the bust, and have draperies à la Sévigné put on; but these draperies are enormously full. Three or four small bows of ribbon (about a quarter of an ell in each bow) are placed down the centre of the corsage; one is also

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put at the top of the back, and one at the waist. The nœuds de page are worn on the shoulders, but the ends are much shorter than they were. The sleeves are à double and à triple sabot, with ruffles à la Louis X V. Bows of ribbon or flowers are placed between the nœuds of the sleeves, and sometimes a wreath of small flowers goes all round the arm, dividing the puffs: it has a very pretty effect. Sashes tied in front, with very long ends, are worn when the corsage is not à pointe.

In Toilette de Promenade, redingottes are universally adopted. Some are trimmed with bows of ribbon placed at distances down each side of the front of the skirt, or with ruches, to make the dress look as if it was an open robe or skirt en tablier. Some have an opening down the centre of the front, and are tied at distances with bows of ribbon: the corsages tight to the bust. Some are plain, others have draperies put on à l'éventail, coming in full folds from the shoulder to the centre of the waist; and others again have these draperies to cross in front. The sleeves of all the new dresses are excessively full all the way down, and are finished at the wrist by a narrow wristband; however, the sleeves full at top, and tight from the elbow down, may still be worn.

Large round pelerines, or those à longs Pans, with long ends put beneath the cinture, of the same material as the dress, are worn; the waists are long, the petticoats long and excessively full, and the hems at the bottom of the dresses never exceed half a quarter of a yard English in depth. Although I tell you, my dear Clarinde, to wear your dresses long, I entreat you, ma chère, not to have them long enough to save the balayeurs the trouble of sweeping the streets.

I gave you a long list of new materials in my last. The patterns on the Fourlard silks, on the mousselines de laines, and on the jaconas, are immense flowers; the black grounds are the prettiest. Every thing is worn as much as possible en suite; I mean the trimmings, and feathers or flowers of the hat, the dress, the brodequins, scarf, &c., as nearly of a colour as you can; the variety of colours being only in the material of the dress.

Gloves and Mittens. — The newest mittens are of white silk à jours, they are half long, and are finished at the arm with a band of satin ribbon; there are short gloves of the same, which are particularly adapted to summer wear: long and short black silk mittens and gloves are still worn, and there are short gloves à jours of yellow silk that look very well.

Ruffles of embroidered cambic, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes, or Malines lace, are coming in; they are not frilled, but are merely a small cuff, which is sometimes pointed like a half handkerchief, the point turned up.

Collarettes and Pelerines. — Large round pelerines, and pelerines à Pans (with long ends) made of India muslin, or thin cambric, embroidered and trimmed with Malines or Valenciennes, are very fashionable; the collarettes have square falling collars, embroidered and trimmed with lace. The pietrots, which I have so often described, are much worn; and mantelets of black taffetas, or of lilac, or green poux de soie, trimmed with deep black lace, are quite as distingué as they were last year; these mantelets are also made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with black lace, they look very elegant.

Aprons. — The newest aprons are made of satin broché, satin and gros de Naples, embroidered in floss silks; the pockets are on the inside, the cinture is sometimes made with a slight point, and the apron trimmed all round with narrow black lace, or a ruche of satin ribbon.

Hair. — Ringlets are rather more worn now than the large curls of frizzed curls; the front hair is a good deal parted on the brow, and descends low at the sides. A braid, en couronne, is preferred to any thing else, especially for young persons; sometimes the braid is encircled by a wreath of roses, mixed flowers, or all white flowers, but this rather depends on the colour of the hair; pink or white flowers should seldom be worn by a blonde, whereas on dark hair, their effect is particularly pretty. The fairer the hair, the darker should be the flowers, while dark hair is more set off by white or light coloured flowers. In the coiffures à la Man- cini, à la Marié de Lorraine, à la Sévigne, &c., the hair is not worn high, the curls stand out far from the head, and their volume is much increased by a quantity of mixed flowers which are intermingled with the curls. Feathers, birds of Paradise, rich bracelets, &c., are much worn par les Ma- mans; but demoiselles content themselves with flowers, or a string of pearls round the head, and crossing the brow, as being more simple, and far better adapted to their more juvenile style of beauty.

Turbans of rich gauzes, ornamented with birds of Paradise feathers or diamonds, are a good deal worn.

Stawls and Scarfs. — A rich mate- rial, called Fourlard satin, are worn: small light scarfs of mousseline de soie, and mousseline de laine, knotted at the neck, are admired in walking costume.

Colours. — The prevailing colours are, rose, blue, several shades of lilac, lemon, yellow, straw colour, apple green, parrot
Mode.


Capote en Rubans de taffetas rose d'une fleur de rose — Vanneuse en Batiste garni de dentelle — Robe en tissus de Naples

Published by J. Pagge, 172 Fetter lane London.

1834.
On s'abonne à la Direction du Follet, Boulevard St. Martin, N° 61.
Robe en Organdie brodé garnie de dentelle - L'ouffue ornée de fleurs et d'un nœud en or.
Jupes longues en dentelle Hânche - Châle en Écarlate des deux Nuits.

Published by J. Page, 112 Fever Lane London.
1833.
Explanation of the Model of the Great Western Cemetery.

Our readers will remember Mrs. Hof-
lund’s beautiful lines upon the site of this
cemetery, Notting Hill, Bayswater, in-
serted in January last, so that we shall
only give an account of the more perfected
plan. The model, to which the public are
invited upon producing their cards, is now
at the Company’s offices, 13, Regent-street.
It shows the whole space of fifty-two acres
as it will afterwards be appropriated. One
portion, containing twelve acres and a
half, is already entirely enclosed, and most
magnificently wooded. The principal en-
trance will be above the side centre of the
grounds, by the roadway which at present
exists, near the new roads at which, of
Notting Hill are completed. From this
entrance there is a sweeping avenue of
trees, and a broad roadway running around
the church, and terminating in the public
road by Shepherd’s Bush. The church,
for the service of the Church of England,
is built upon arches, which are cata-
combs for the dead. The building is after
the design of the Holy Sepulchre of Jeru-
salem, which, internally, is admirably
adapted for the display of full-length
marble figures, on account of the niches
with which, internally, it is surrounded.
About two-thirds only of the outer boun-
dary of the whole has to be enclosed with
a wall. The grand avenue of trees being
formed, the catacombs under the church
made, the church built, and this wall com-
pleted, the cemetery is finished for the
public use; all of which, if the funds col-
llect will be completed during the present
year. Fortunately for the speculators, the
whole estate is brick earth; so that all the
work of excavation will turn to account,
and the soil be made, at the upper extremity, into bricks, and every brick required for use can be made upon the estate. With this great advantage, and economical management, the subscribers will possess, first, a beautiful property of fifty-two acres, including numerous outbuildings, a farm, and buildings; and have all the works just named executed for the comparatively very trifling sum of 31,500l. A large portion will remain unencumbered, for the use of those dissenting from the Church of England; viz. one-half of the further outer boundary on the Uxbridge side, and a large piece internally, together also with a piece, one-half, of the present inclosed garden. There is a very sweet Gothic chapel for their especial use. As the estate is so extensive, and in order both to give a tow to the scheme, which will surpass every other, and comfortable security to relations and friends, all around, are erected,* alms-houses, at short distances from each other. The tenants of these, being pensioners from corporations and other charitable societies, are a class of persons in whom confidence can be placed, and whose interests will secure good behaviour, in the little perquisites and rewards they will, no doubt, often obtain from visitors and the friends of those who inter there. Another arrangement greatly strikes our fancy: the walks are so laid out, that plots of ground are at once visibly divided, and capable of being used wholly by the Catholics, the Jews, Quakers, or any other brotherhood, in case they should prefer doing so to having the use of the general ground set apart for the "Dissenters." There is another structure which we have not yet to notice, a pyramidal form, capable of containing sixty thousand coffins. This is a range of layers, one above the other, decreasing gradually in size, and is intended to be constructed out of the excavated soil in the cemetery, the overplus in making family vaults, when the future profits of the company shall be sufficient to leave a surplus to create a building fund. Such an intent, considering the great value of building-ground, and that the cemetery of Perre La Chaise, 120 acres in extent, is now losing its beautiful shrubberies, by reason of the great use, and fullness of the ground, is a work not of fancy, but of wise forethought. Within three months past, for the reasons stated, an edict was issued at Paris, requiring super-structures to be made in Perre la Chaise. Considering, then, as the proprietors of the company set forth, "that on the burial of every stranger, of every lodger, and also of parishioners not having ground of their own, and of parties dying in extra-parochial places, double, and even treble fees are now required, this cemetery will be hailed as conferring a great public benefit; and considering that if only 1,500 families, at the trifling cost of 21l. (instead of hundreds charged in some places) purchased their family freehold vaults, capable of containing the remains of ten members, that sum would reimburse the proprietors every shilling of outlay. With the advantages of situation and cheapness, there cannot be a doubt of the approval and support of the public, and the consequent success of the company.

The grounds, we had forgotten to say, are in every direction interspersed with walks and tombs, monuments of elegant device, the handy-work of Mr. Day, the modeller.

**King's College.—Distribution of the Prizes to the Medical Students.—** On May 20th, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury presided in the large theatre, for the purpose of awarding the medals and certificates of honour to the medical students. This interesting ceremonial was graced by the presence of several ladies, so that beauty, rank, and fashion, mingled their plaudits with the other spectators. Among the most distinguished of the visitors, we observed the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Gloucester; Sirs A. Cooper and J. Nichol; Dr. D'Oyley; the Humbles. H. Hobhouse, R. Jones, and P.H. Leathes, Esq. Professor Mayo explained the ob-ject of the meeting, in a concise and eloquent manner, and was succeeded by Professors Partridge, Burnett, and F. Hawkins, each of whom eulogised in appropriate language, the assiduity and general good conduct of the students that composed their respective classes. The venerable Archbishop on presenting the prizes, congratulated the students in the most courteous manner, and expressed a hope that their present success would prove a stimulus to future exertions; and when he had concluded, the Rev. W. Otter, the principal, rose, and announced to the meeting, the foundation of two theological prizes, by P. H. Leathes, Esq. The rev. gentleman explained at some

* See page 347.
length the purpose for which these prizes were designed, and made the conduct of those medical students who had attended his lectures and examinations the theme of his warmest eulogy. He was succeeded by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who expressed their coincidence in his opinions.

The following are the names of the gentlemen to whom collegiate honours were assigned:—

Silver Medals to For Certif. of Honour
H. C. Mecafle, Anatomy H. Lees, T. M. Parke, Park
George Galland, Practical Anatomy Armion, G. Smith
George Cooper, Botany W. Rayner, G. H. Carter, Margeson
W. M. Thouin, Chemistry, James Freeman, Porter
Richard Jones, Materia Medica Rayner, S. Simons
W. B. Whitfield, Medicine Margeson, Simonds
Ditto, Midwifery Margeson, Layton
H. C. Mecaflle, Forensic Medicine, Orwin, Marston
John Simon, Surgery W. C. Robison
Gold Medals to For General Medical
H. C. Mecaflle, Mr. Parke, J. E. Margeson, Mr. Lees
Mr. Lees's Medal, Mr. Parke, Mr. Simonds
Mr. Lees's Medal, Mr. Parke, Mr. Turner

Ascent of the Great Pyramid.—At first, it must be owned, "the way seemed difficult and steep to climb;" but as you proceed, and rise from one of the bosomids (as the steps are aptly termed by Herodotus) to another, you gradually become familiar with your position, and learn to be bold. Our track lay along the north-eastern angle, where time, and the irresistible storms that sweep across the desert, have tumbled down many of the stones; and thus made, at various heights, resting-places for the traveller. And, indeed, these resting-places are exceedingly necessary, for the exertion and labour of the ascent, with the impatience which animates most persons on such occasions, soon put you out of breath, and make you glad to sit down, from time to time, to contemplate what you have already achieved. Looking upward, along the face of the pyramid, the steps, like those of the visionary ladder of Padan-aram, seem to ascend to the clouds; and if you turn your eyes below, the height looks dizzy, prodigious, fearful, and the people at the bottom appear to be shrunk to dwarfs. The prospect of the country enlarges at every step; the breadth of the pyramid sensibly diminishes; and at length, after considerable toil, you find yourself on that small table-land which vandalism, or the premature death of the original builder, has left upon the top of the Great Pyramid. A number of large blocks of an unfinished layer occupy a portion of the square area, and serve the traveller (or, at least, served me) as a desk to write on. They are covered with the names of innumerable visitors of all nations, cut deep in the stone; but I saw none to which any great celebrity is attached.—St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.

View from the Summit of the Pyramid.—It was now about mid-day; and the sun, entirely free from clouds, smote upon the pyramid with great vehemence; so that, what with the warmth produced by the labour of the ascent, and the ardour of its rays, we experienced a heat resembling that of an oven. The air was clear, and our view unimpeaded on all sides. To the south, scattered in irregular groups, were the pyramids of Sakkara, Abousir, and Dashour, glittering in the sun, like enormous tents; and appearing, from their number and the confusion of their arrangement, to extend to an unknown distance into the desert. On the west was the wilderness of Libya, stretching away to the edge of the horizon; arid, undulating, boundless, apparently destitute of the very principle of vegetation, an eternal prey to the sand-storm and the whirlwind. A flock of gazelles, or a troop of Bedouins, scoriing across the plain, would have relieved its monotonous, but neither the one nor the other appeared. In the foreground beneath our feet, the sand (which appeared of various colours, yellow, dusky-brown, and grey) swelled into hillocks of very remarkable formation, like the nuclei of new pyramids. To the north and to the east, the landscape presented a perfect contrast to this savage scenery: night and aridness are by no means more different; and if the contests of Typhon and Osiris represented, symbolically, the struggles between desert and the river—the one to nourish, the other to destroy—the gods were still there, drawn up in battle array against each other; though the evil demon, also, had evidently long prevailed, and was daily curtailing the empire of his adversary. However, all that remains of this valley of the Nile is luxuriantly covered with verdure and beauty: corn-fields, green meadows, woods of various growth and foliage, scattered villages, a thousand shining sheets of water, and, above all, the broad glittering streams of the Nile, spreading fertility and abundance on all sides, like a god. Beyond this were the white buildings of Cairo, Babylon, and Rhonda, backed by the long lofty range of the Gebel Mokattam, reflecting the bright warm rays of the mid-day sun.—St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.

Magnificent Sun-set.—Poets and travellers speak with enthusiasm of the
sun-sets of Italy, Switzerland, and Greece.

I have seen the sun go down in each of those countries, but never with half the splendour which on this day accompanied his disappearance; and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader's imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the pyramids. No sooner had the sun's disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole western sky along the edge of the horizon assumed a colour which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden: but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw-colour, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; over this, extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora-boresalis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which formed the groundwork of the sky, on to the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semicircles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, and terminated in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colours which they traversed, was so great that, I am persuaded, no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.—St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.

A MOONLIGHT VIEW UPON THE NILE.

—Glittering like molten silver beneath the moon, it seemed to stretch away interminably towards the west, among numerous islands and steep pyramidal rocks, which, rising to a great height, threw their mingling shadows over its calm surface, concealing its extent, and creating the appearance of a vast lake. Nothing in all Switzerland, on which at the moment my thoughts were dwelling, could exceed in grandeur or beauty this magnificent reach of the Nile, which seemed to realise all that poetry has feigned of fairy-land,—a paradise of rocks and waters, sprinkled with the splendid vegetation of the south, wrapped in unbroken silence, and lighted up by a moon and stars of inexpressible brightness.—St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.

THE HAREM OF MEHMET ALI, GOVERNOR OF EGYPT, is at this present era of civilisation, arranged on the most magnificent, yet most orderly style; there are between ninety and one hundred of the most beautiful slaves to be found in the East, and twelve musicians and twelve dancers, all girls under fifteen years of age, who are taught, the former to play on every sort of instrument, and the latter to dress in the costume of every nation, and to dance according to the costume. There are at least three hundred females in this building which adjoins his palace, besides between forty and fifty eunuchs, and various Arab menial slaves. When he quits the divan, and enters the harem, one of the young slaves with a silver wand is in waiting to receive him, and upon his appearance, announces his arrival to the assembly. He then marches through a double row to his seat, where he is complimented and feted; a female secretary, taught to write well and keep secrets, attends him to write his dispatches, and occasionally others read translations of the most remarkable articles from the London and Paris papers. At night, while he sleeps, half of the fair slaves are in continual waiting, and three are stationed at his feet and three at his head, to keep away the mosquitoes or flies. The utmost regularity and order are observed, and punishments, such as flog- ing,—even death by strangulation or drowning, are inflicted by the black eunuchs. Curiosity in looking out of the window, is one of the greatest offences. It may be a satisfaction to persons who commiserate the fair prisoners of the harem, all of whom value the customs of Europe, to learn that it is a frequent practice to give them as wives to officers, and that many an orphan is catered for in that blessing, as they then become important in their husband's houses.—A Correspondent in the Times.

A PRINCE IN DISGRACE.—Prince Frederick of Denmark, son of the Crown Prince, has been sent on his travels to Iceland, or, in other words, banished. The explanation given for this was, that he was 'inhospitable to persons of the most substance,' is, that this young gentleman lifted his hands not only against his wife, but also against the King and the Queen. Denmark is unfortunate for its family fracas. There is no court in which intrigue is more rife.

THE POST-OFFICE.—Extraordinary statement in the documents prepared by the Duke of Richmond:—"In addition to the immense quantity of property passing daily through the Post-office, the amount of which it is not possible to estimate, and the number of letters evidently enclosing sovereigns and money (about 700 per diem in passing through London only), there are not less than 1,000 letters annually put into the Post without any address whatever. In many of these there are valuable enclosures, and in the course of a single year there have been above 100 letters of this description, which, on being opened for the purpose of being returned to the writers, have contained property to the extent of between 20,000l. and 30,000l."
Incident to the death of Richard Lander.—[Ex-
tact of a Letter from the Agent to Lloyd's,
at Dundee, dated Feb. 6, 1844.—] You will be sorry to be informed of the death of Richard Lander, who left this place some weeks since, in the Craemer cutter, belonging to the company, taking with him a long-boat, which was to have been his means of escape. On his arrival at the Nuan, he was found dead, and it appears that he had sent up a few weeks before his death, a small boat on the shore, which was set on fire, the boat was burned, and four wounded men were killed. Mr. Lander was one of the latter. They had a canoe of their own, and at the time they were in the boat, the boat was aground, and to save themselves, they were obliged to give up the canoe, and make the best of their way; they were immediately followed by five or six war canoes, full of men, keeping up a continued fire for five hours, until it got dark, when they lost sight of them; they arrived here on the 27th ult. Mr. Lander expired this morning; he wrote me a letter two days ago, requesting that I would take charge of his property belonging to the African Inland Commercial Company, with which I accordingly complied. The ball entered near his hip, and worked down to the thigh. It was a most malicious and treacherous attack. Mr. Lander told me that there were Bonny, Brass, and Benin canoes; so that from these circumstances I am of opinion, that some of the slavers or other Europeans, have been the promoters of this murderous affair. Colonel Nicholls has forwarded a statement of the transaction to government; and, if proper steps are taken, the whole must be brought to light. Mr. Lander's clothes and papers are all lost.

March of Accomplishments.—A gentleman travelling round the county of Essex, in the way of business, stopped at his usual quarters, at Waldeham, where none hostess apologised, saying, if she should not find things so comfortable as formerly, she hoped he would excuse her; she had a new servant. The traveller replied, "Why, madam, we generally say new brooms sweep clean." "True," replied mine hostess, "but after I had bargained with this girl, she having stipulated to have an hour twice a week, I found out that she learnt to play on the pianoforte, and she is this evening gone to attend her music-master; but her time is nearly up, and I hope you will excuse it, sir, and make yourself easy till she comes back."

Poisoning Whales.—Captain Kendrew, of the Ann Elizabeth, of London, has taken with him, on a whaling voyage to the South Seas, several bottles of highly concentrated prussic acid, with which he intends to charge harpoons, for the speedier destruction of whales. — Tyne Mercury.
MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS BY GOETHE.

How can we learn to know ourselves? By reflection, never; but by our actions. Attempt to do your duty, and you will immediately find what is in you.

If I should listen to the opinions of another, they should be spoken positively. Or problems. Have enough in myself.

When a man promises to perform every thing desired of him, he must hold himself for more than he is.

Certain books seem to have been written not that we might learn from them, but in order that we might see how much the writer knew.

We should know mankind better if we were not so anxious to resemble one another.

Remarkable persons are for this reason worse off than others:—As we form no comparison of them ourselves, we observe them more attentively.

We may hit the hammer up and down the wall, and fancy each time they hit a nail upon the head.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

On May 17th, at Hammersmith, the lady of the Rev. Francis Thomas, Esq., of a daughter.—On the 18th May, at Great Harrow, near Sudbury, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, of a daughter.—On the 18th May, at Mortimer street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Charles East Heslet, Esq., of a son.—On the 18th May, at Great Cumberland-street, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, of a daughter.—On the 18th May, Mrs. Adolphus Goldsmith, of Chester-place, Regent's-park, of a daughter.—On the 18th May, at Norton Conyers, Lady Graham, of a daughter.—On the 19th May, in Torsington-street, Russell-square, the lady of William Villard, Esq., of a daughter.

DIED.

On the 13th May, at the residence of his father, William, eldest son of the present Earl of Burlington, aged two years and a half.—On the 15th May, at her mother's house in St. Savoy's gate, York, Hannah, third daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Hugh Robinson.—On the 16th May, at his house in Hanover-square, Henry Rolleston, Esq., of the Foreign-office, in his 68th year, after a long and painful illness, leaving a wife and two daughters to lament their early loss.—On the 16th May, at Gaerloch, Ross-shire, aged 2 1/2, after the birth of a son, Kitty, the wife of Sir F. Mackenzie, Bart., and eldest daughter of John Smith Wright, Esq.; and on the same day the infant son of Sir Francis Mackenzie, Bart.—On the 18th May, at South Lambeth, Mrs. Hansard, relict of the late John Hansard, of Great Titchfield, Lincoln's Inn Fields.—On the 21st May, at his house in Hanover-square, Robert Walpole, Esq., after a short and severe illness.—On the 21st May, George Head, Esq., of Upper Harley-street, one of his Majesty's Counsel, and a Bencher of Gray's Inn, for several years an eminent counsel at the Chancery Bar.—On the 21st May, in Chelsea-place, Belgravia-square, Edward Stephen Beever, youngest son of Alexander Ryd, Esq., aged eight months.—March 20th, at the Havannah, at the age of nearly 35, Rear-Admiral the Marquis D'Upenuce, a descendant of the celebrated naval commander of that name.—On the 19th May, Edward Courtenay Parke, aged 18 months, only son of the Rev. E. Tapart, of Kenington.—On the 19th May, most sincerely regretted by his relatives and friends, Henry Stafford, Esq., of Huntingdon.—On the 15th May, Lieutenant John Clarke, of the 1st West India Regiment, aged 80 years of his age.—On the 14th May, P. D. Sherraton, Esq., of St. Helen's Hill, near Wells, Esq., eldest son of the late Rev. Henry Lewis, vicar of St. Mark's, Battersea.—On the 1st May, at Kingston, Edward, youngest son of Lady Macartney, of Pembroke-cottage, Surrey, to Mary Whiting, only daughter of Henry Whiting, Esq., of Kennington.—On the 2nd May, at Bedlington, George Engstrom, Esq., fourth son of the late Hans Peter Engstrom, Esq., to Agatha, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Laid, Esq.

MARRIED.

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TO

THE FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE AND MUSEUM.

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† KING'S COLLEGE.—We regret exceedingly the error in our report of the adjudication of prizes to medical students. It was Mr. G. R. Carter, and not Mr. Turner, to whom the testimonial of P. H. Leathers, Esq., was awarded. The prize consisted of two splendid quarto volumes, of the Oxford University edition, of Bishop Mant's Bible and Prayer Book. Mr. G. Smith and not Mr. Margaretson, obtained the first certificate of honour in Materia Medica.
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Cunningham and Salmon, Printers, Crown-court, 72, Fleet-street.