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FRANÇOISE DE FOIX
Comtesse de Châteaubriant.

Born 1495.  Died 1557.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum
of the series of ancient portraits.

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IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

JULY, 1834.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

FRANCOISE DE FOIX, COMTESSE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Born in 1495—Died 1537.

(Illustrated by a beautiful coloured Engraving, from an Original Picture by Janet.)

"I am a garment worn, a crystal shivered,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower cropped by another's hand,
My colour sullied and my odour changed."

Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of Malta."

The life of Françoise de Foix, Countess de Chateaubriand, the first love of Francis the First, is one of the numerous instances of the exquisite misery which ever befalls a woman of lively temper and a quick feeling heart, if her steps swerve from the straight path of virtuous duty. Vain in such cases is it for either seducer or seduced to look for happiness or domestic bliss; on one side there is contempt, and on the other distrust, that poisons the very springs of peace. It was in vain that the Countess of Chateaubriand bestowed on the profligate Francis all the faithful tenderness and true attachment that would have given felicity to a virtuous and legitimate union; she was made to feel how impossible it is for a human being to cultivate at once the kindly affections that are the reward of the good, and at the same time lead a life of sin. The virtuous may enjoy a happy serene existence; the vicious may partake of pleasure, and in a hardened, apathetic state may, till the painful close of life draws near, lead a prosperous and reckless course for many years:

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for men to unthread the entanglements of sin and Satan, than woman; for, notwithstanding all that has been said of the superiority of man's intellect and strength of mind, it is evident that woman was meant for the good angel, the guide, the example, and the reward of her partner; and that, if she fall from her high estate, by yielding to the temptations of a creature of far grosser inclinations and less self-control than herself, for such man assuredly is, she sinks below even his moral standard, and can but very, very, very seldom indeed regain that of the pure and good of her own sex.

Without this sort of reasoning, it seems a perfect enigma in the direction of Providence, why such amiable and tender characters as the Countess of Chateaubriand, and the unfortunate la Vallière, should mix with sorrow and misery, while their wicked and insolent rivals, the Duchesses d'Estampes and Montespan, who not half their loveable qualities, should pursue a long career of prosperous and flourishing vice. But it is not to be wondered at that those whose hearts are devoted to wickedness should meet with more worldly success in the undivided devotion to their mode of life, than those whose natural tempers were attached to virtue, and who shrink with horror at every step they take in vice. A woman who loves wickedness, and is skilful in the practice of every fiendish art, is far more likely to retain a hold on the inclinations of a selfish corrupt man, than one who is heartbroken with remorse, and shuddering with self-abhorrence, by which internal suffering her beauty is blighted and her vivacity destroyed.

If we may believe the chronicler Varillas, the seduction of the beautiful Countess de Chateaubriand cost Francis the First more trouble than a monarch usually finds with ladies brought up in the demoralising atmosphere of a court.

The Countess de Chateaubriand was daughter of a younger branch of the semi-royal house of Foix: her three brothers were soldiers, who had already shown themselves worthy of the valiant line from which they sprang, but they had very little other possession than their swords and an honourable name; and their beautiful young sister, Françoise, was wholly portionless. Jean de Laval, Count de Chateaubriand, a wealthy relative of the house of Foix, offered the young lady his hand, and espoused her when she was only twelve years of age, which was certainly a time of life when a girl is better fitted to choose a doll than a husband: nevertheless, Chateaubriand being a young man of talents and high spirit, there was more chance of happiness for the fair Françoise, than is usually found in marriages where the lady's inclinations are not consulted. As the young countess approached womanhood, the fame of her beauty reached the court of France, and the king often asked the Count de Chateaubriand why he never brought his lovely bride to ornament the court circle. This was a step that Chateaubriand never intended to take, as he was far from thinking the company of the noble ladies at the court of Francis would improve the character of his innocent and happy wife, who seemed perfectly content with her retirement in his patrimonial castle in Brittany. It was indeed necessary that Chateaubriand should occasionally appear at Paris to pay his duty to the king; but whenever he came to court it was always solus, and at last he became alarmed and annoyed at the importunate inquiries of the king after his lady. His jealousy was roused, and he had recourse to a precaution that was in accordance with the romantic turn of that age. He had two rings made, exact counterparts of each other: one of these he gave his countess, and the other he kept himself, and charged her never to obey any message or summons from him when he was at court, without it was accompanied by that ring; because he thought he might be compelled to write a letter to invite her to Paris, which she was to refuse, as if from her own distaste to such scenes, unless the counterpart of her ring was enclosed in his letter. The countess promised obedience, and Chateaubriand departed for Paris with a lightened heart.

Francis soon began his jesting railings and reproaches upon the court for the absence of the hidden beauty of Brittany. He assured the king that it was her own dislike to leave the country, that kept her away from Paris and the court; in proof of which he offered to write any letter the king might dictate to request her appearance, providing that the king did not insist on the young lady's inclinations being forced. Francis took him at his word, and the
Memoir of the Comtesse de Chateaubriand.

letter of invitation was despatched; but, as the ring did not accompany it, the lady's answer was in obedience to her husband's directions, requesting that he would not urge a measure to which she had a rooted aversion. Chateaubriand showed it triumphantly to the king, and for a time he was relieved from solicitations which his jealous fears rendered exceedingly irksome. The mischievous perseverance of the courtiers of Francis occasioned, however, the discovery of the secret. The Count de Chateaubriand had an old servant who was in his entire confidence; to this man the count had intrusted the secret of the rings, and this person was persuaded by one of the courtiers to divulge it, and afterwards bribed to steal the ring for a few hours, during which time a skilful goldsmith took the exact pattern of it; and the original ring was artfully put where the count, who had been much distressed at the loss, found it, and fancied he had only mislaid it. Francis, in one of their next carouses, began to jest again on the secluded tastes of the countess, and proposed that Chateaubriand should write a second time. This he did with the most unhesitating confidence. The forged ring was inserted in this letter by the count's servant, and despatched to Brittany; and the first knowledge of the fraud practised on Chateaubriand, was the appearance of his wife, who, immediately upon the receipt of the letter with the counterpart jewel, had hastened to Paris. Here the king contrived immediately to see her, and was captivated with her beauty. Her honour was finally corrupted by the villainous arts of the king; and Chateaubriand, whose peace was blighted by the infidelity of her in whom he had centered all his affections, retired to his castle to hide, even in the scene of his former happiness, his misery and dishonour.

The power which his new mistress gained over Francis, soon became apparent to the whole world; she loved him, in return, with all the exclusiveness of a first passion, caring for nothing but her royal lover, and not casting one thought on the extensive influence she possessed; now and then she gave way to a passionate feeling of remorse for her ingratitude and infidelity to her husband, and Francis had great trouble to prevent her from seeking him, and craving pardon for her delinquencies. These scenes used to cause jealousy and dissension in the mind of the king, but the beautiful and weak Chateaubriand had not resolution to put her penitent resolves into execution. She became the head of a party; but she was a mere puppet in the hands of her ambitious brothers, who were better content with the dishonourable distinction that the countess had obtained, than was her high-spirited husband, and they directed her influence as their ambition prompted.

The first fatal turn that was given to the fair fortunes of Francis, was the infatuation that displaced the Duke de Bourbon from the government of the Milanese, to give it to the countess's elder brother, Lautrec, a brave and faithful, but hot-headed, young man, wholly without experience to direct the affairs of that most difficult warfare. Thus was Bourbon, the haughty conqueror of Marignan, displeased and outraged; and the first seeds sown of that dreadful dissension between the king and his kinsman, of which France afterwards tasted such bitter fruits. As to the countess herself, she was amiable and unpretending; she loved the king for himself alone; and if she was the leader of a party, she was but an unconscious instrument in the hands of her family. Such was her meek and gentle deportment, that she obtained the friendship of the king's sister, the accomplished Marguerite de Valois, who passed many of her private hours in company with the countess, that age being little scrupulous on the point of royal morals.*

The power of the Countess de Chateaubriand over the heart of Francis, continued from the year 1519, till the absence of the king for that Italian campaign which terminated in the disastrous battle of Pavia. Francis, it appears, from a MS. poem of his in the Royal Library at Paris, retained his love for the countess after his capture and imprisonment at Madrid. This document is an epistle in verse, in which he describes to the Countess de Chateaubriand the whole of his Italian campaign, and the loss of the battle of Pavia; he mentions all his family with affection, but, as may be supposed, never alludes to the death of his young queen, Claude, who died in Paris at the time he was crossing

* See the portrait and history of this lady in the Lady's Magazine for October, 1831.
the Italian frontier. After describing the lost battle and his capture, he adds,

"Bien je pensai trois dolent à cette heure
Avecques toi plus ne faire demeure,
Dont tout d’un coup je perdis l’espérance,
De mère, sœur, enfans, amie, et France."

Sadly I thought at that moment,
That with thee I should no more abide,
At one blow bereft of all hope
Of mother, sister, children, love, and France."

While France was in a state of consternation at the loss of the battle and the imprisonment of the king, the Count de Chateaubriand, who had for years remained at his castle in Brittany brooding over his wrongs, and biding his time for vengeance, suddenly appeared at Paris with a party of his retainers, and, seizing his wife, carried her off with him to his domains in Brittany, while her royal lover was a captive, and powerless to render her assistance.

It is scarcely possible to know whether Francis was pained at the resumption of the Count de Chateaubriand’s rights; but soon after a new passion sprung up for one of the maids of honour that attended his sister Marguerite, when she visited him in his Spanish prison.

The Countess de Chateaubriand suffered all the agonies that the absence of the man she loved, and the presence of the one she had so cruelly injured, could inflict; she looked forward to the time when Francis should be restored to his kingdom, when she fondly trusted that the first use he would make of his power would be to force her husband to restore her. This was a vain hope, for the only notice that Francis ever took of her he had once so madly loved, and whom he had deprived, by his treacherous plans, of the affections of an honourable and adoring husband, was to send to the broken-hearted countess, by the instigation of his new mistress, Madeemoiselle d’Hérelly, whom he had created Duchesse d’Estampes, an insolent message to restore forthwith the jewels and rings he had given her. The unfortunate countess roused herself at this insult; she knew that the device or pattern in which those jewels were set, was highly prized at court, having been designed by her friend, the accomplished sister of Francis, Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, who excelled in the elegant art of drawing, and particularly in devising the ciphers and patterns in which it was then the fashion to set ornaments. The Countess de Chateaubriand caused the gems to be unset, and the gold melted down, and in a few days returned the gold and jewels, saying, that “since he who gave them was mean enough to resume the gift, she returned the just weight, and the same jewels in right number; but as for the inscriptions and pattern, they were none of his—they had been devised for her by a friend, and were transferred to her heart.” This anecdote is related by Brantom, and is the last authentic account that history furnishes of this unhappy lady. Varillas relates a story that she was cruelly put to death by her husband, when he found that nothing could eflace her passion for Francis. This is by no means improbable; but the only certain fact that has ever transpired is, that her husband carried her from Brittany to a remote castle, in 1537, and that she never was seen to come out of it: whether she expiated her brief period of guilty pleasure, and the wrong she did to her own husband and the gentle Queen Claude, by years of lingering penance, or by a violent death, is therefore unknown.

There still exists in MS. at Paris, Memoirs of the Court of Francis the First, written by the Count de Chateaubriand, which, from the dates, must be by this lady’s husband. Some use has already been made of them, in the course of our series of memoirs, in the life of Anna Boleyn, by the translation of an extract from a curious paper edited by the French antiquary, Jacob. From the extract descriptive of Anna Boleyn’s person and accomplishments, it would appear that Chateaubriand possessed no little power as an author, and it is probable that extracts might be made from his MS. that would throw a great light on the interesting period at which he lived.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

The coiffure is of the Brêtonne form, of cloth of gold, surmounted with a raised row of pearls; a sort of black velvet drapery depends behind.* The hair is plainly parted on the brow, and turned round at the ears, in the style often worn at present. The robe is of black velvet, the corsage figured; the train is plain black velvet, bordered and embroidered with

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* This was called couvrechef, from which the word kerchief is derived; it was probably folded over the cap in the open air.
Lines.

The sleeves are of the same material as the corsage, full at the shoulders and tight at the arm and wrist. A white cambric collar, worked with black, is open at the throat, to show a necklace of gold beads and pearls strung in a pattern: on the breast is a rich brooch of rubies and gold, from which depends a pear pearl. The shoes are very singular; and this fashion gave rise to the following satirical verse:

"Ces demi pantoufles becques
Rondes par devant comme un œuf,
Se semblent raquettes consues,
Pour chasser au loin un œuf."

Extract from a Satiric Poem, printed in 1478.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO JANE LAWLEY, DAUGHTER OF BEILBY THOMPSON, ESQ., M.P.,
AND THE HONOURABLE MRS. THOMPSON.

Cherish thy name, sweet girl—for never yet
Hath history's page recorded one more dear,
Nor poetry one gem more brilliant set,
In the wide range of her ennobling sphere—
If wisdom, beauty, talents, suffering, claim
Warm admiration, love, or pity's tear;
'Tis to a Jane we owe the meed of fame,
And bend before the virtue we revere,
With veneration deep, and deference sincere.

Hath the wide world one human being seen,
Endowed like Jane, the royal, and the young?
Where loveliness triumphant graced the mien,
And learning influenced the gentle tongue;
Where truth and faith, inform'd the powerful mind,
(A mind at once meek, modest, firm, and strong.)
Where every female trait of sweetness join'd,
The patience that to martyr'd saints belongs,
And soars beyond the praise that waits on mortal songs.

Oh! when thou rov'st in Escrick's flow'ry glades,
Think on this hapless Jane and breathe a sigh,
Due to the honour'd dead—the glorious shades
That rise in sacred pomp to memory's eye;
Then pause (thou darling) ere the shadow wanes,
And say, "I will be such as she"—"Yes! I"—
For know the world its power to wound retains:
The stake, the axe, no victims now supply,
But trials shall be found for all who live and die.

Thy noble spirit is averse to guile;
Thy artless lip incurred to simple truth,
Affection wakes the sunshine of thy smile,
And thou hast learnt religion in thy youth—
Hold fast these blessings in thine inmost breast,
E'en with a martyr's firmness: for in sooth,
Like Jane,* thou may'st be harass'd and distress'd
By folly's taunt, contempt's insidious sneer,
False pleasure's gauds, and fals'er friendship's tear.

Tho' life appears for thee one brilliant stream,
With which no drops of darker tint may dare
To mingle with the hues that o'er it beam,
Yet brace thy mind to meet advancing care;

* Lady Jane Grey: vide also in the present number the review of the picture of this ill-fated lady, in the Salon de Paris, for the present year.
The Curse.

For Heaven apportions unto all some share
Of pain or woe,—that so we may not deem
This our sole world, but for that home prepare,
In which one long, unchanging scene of rest,
Becomes the portion of the good and blest.

Think not, tho' grave and pensive is my strain
That I would check thy young life's opening joy,—
Oh! never may I hear thy lips complain,
Or know thy bosom shrink beneath annoy;
No! I but seek thy spirit to sustain,
And give thy nobler faculties employ,
Because I ween that, like the royal Jane,
With thy fair form, a mind and form was given,
Meet to embellish earth—then rise to heaven.

Barbara Hofland.

THE CURSE.

"A blessing, a father's blessing, rest upon thy head, my child, my boy!" said Mr. Trevor to his only son, who had that day attained his twenty-first year; "may every anniversary of this day brighten into happier and happier prospects, and children and honours and friends accompany you to old age." The father grasped his son's hand—his own was cold; and a dark and strange expression clouded his brows and gleamed in his eyes as he spoke. His son, Harry, was struck; his heart, all joyous the moment before, now beat with some wild, yet nameless, prescience of coming evil. "Dearest brother," cried two beautiful girls, his sisters, coming forward and tenderly saluting him while they presented him with flowers, the blooming emblems of peace and happiness, and their fond wishes. "All hail! presiding monarch of this day," cried his friend Julian Spencer, jumping in at the open window of the saloon where he had been standing, "only one blessing more to crown the whole is left me to wish you,—a wife, Harry, a wife." "Duty—gratitude—thanks to all," replied Harry: "I echo back your wish, my friend, with me it would linger. I know no fair damsel who would accept me as her preux chevalier; no, Julian, it is for you to say with Caesar, Veni, vidi, vici."

They both now turned to the sisters. Agnes, the younger, was laughing archly; Madeline blushed, and busily occupied herself in pulling some flowers to pieces. "Oh! for the evening," cried Agnes sportively; "this evening, so abounding with pleasures,—a masked ball! how delightful our dresses are." "Hush, hush," interrupted her brother, holding up a rose, "remember secrecy is the order of this night, no one is to know each other's costume, Madeline and Agnes excepted."

"But the wonder of all will be," said Julian, "if a woman keep the secret."

"Oh you wicked one," cried the girls, running off to superintend the preparations for the evening festival.

Mr. Trevor, his family, and his son's intimate friend, Julian Spencer, his chum at college, being introduced, it may not be unnecessary to say something more of Mr. Trevor himself. In early life he had fondly loved, and married her he loved; but she died after having made him the father of the son and daughters now introduced: her image had never been effaced from his memory, and to her loss was attributed the gloomy fits of abstraction which at times absorbed his faculties. His eldest brother, the lineal inheritor of Trevor Castle and its extensive domains, was with his wife and infant son then travelling. An angry and jealous feeling fatally subsisted between the brothers, owing to their father's very unequal distribution of property. Some mystery shrouded the circumstances attending his death—it happened abroad,—and reports strange and various were circulated; but Mr. Adrian Trevor took immediate possession of the castle, to the utter exclusion of his brother's infant son and his widow. In a short time mourning was assumed for the child; he died at nurse; and his mother, left unno-
ticed, helpless, and destitute, had taken refuge in a convent. High in character, and possessing the social polished manners of genteel life, no surprise was manifested; though some, more correct and strict in principle, considered the possession little better than usurpation, unless authentic proofs of the child's demise had been produced. Opinion and rumour at length subsided, and he lived rather respected; but conscience, which never sleeps, was not at ease—the worm which dieth not, gnawed at his heart: the secret pang, without alleviation for irreparable injury, wasted his days, withered him in his prime, and gave anguish to his sleepless nights.

A short time before this memorable day, his son's twenty-first birthday, he had been walking late one evening in the gloomy recesses of the forest adjoining the park. There he indulged “rumination sad,” and conscience, that busy monitor, in whispers fearful and severe, uttered dreadful truths; and as guilt is in fear where no fear is, struck with a terror he could not conquer, with rapid steps he was hurrying home, when a sudden darkness obscured the moon-beams, which a moment before had shone so serenely bright; the birds fled for shelter to their nests, and the deer bounded for safety to the thickets; the rain fell in torrents, heavy gusts of wind shook the wilderness, the thunder rolled, and the lightning in vivid flashes threw a momentary glare over the face of convulsed nature. A peal, a flash more tremendous than the rest, made him stagger against an obelisk, which stood at the boundary of the park; he fell stunned, and had scarcely recovered himself, when a slight pressure on his arm made him start and turn round; he gazed with distended eyes, for a female figure stood before him: by partial gleams of the moon, as she burst from the dark separating clouds, he beheld her, horri-stricken he beheld her; but what inspired such horror? Was it the dress? No,—she wore the habit of a nun; he had seen many in that array. Was it the voice?—No, that he had not as yet heard; he could define no feeling he felt, yet dread, indescribable dread, overwhelmed every sense, and he shook as if in the last tremor of nature. He still leaned for support against the pillar—his heart felt bursting, he could utter no word, but still continued gazing on the figure; sud-
your heavy ear, and stop your expiring prayer for mercy."

Mr. Trevor was now left alone: he could utter nothing; he closed his eyes, as if to hide him from the impregnable fiend, and sunk insensible to the earth; and before he recovered the power of action the morning had dawned, and with slow and fainting steps he reached his home, where all had been confusion and alarm at his unusual absence.

The widow of Mr. Trevor’s brother was an Italian of high birth; she inherited violent and impetuous passions, but the desire of vengeance for injuries was the predominant attribute of her stormy nature. Her husband, on his death-bed, had bequeathed her and his infant son to the care and affection of his brother, who promised faithfully to watch and protect them and their interests with a father’s tenderness and fidelity; but, alas! temptation was too strong—principle too weak: to aggrandize and enrich his own he stifled the cries of conscience, and taking base advantage of their unprotected condition in the interior of a foreign land, he determined to usurp the rights of his nephew, and arranged his nefarious plans, as he hoped and believed, beyond the possibility of detection or discovery. He advised the widow to reside in a convent till all affairs were prepared at home for her reception; the child he placed at nurse with a poor woman, who for a certain sum of money received him, and promised to bring him up as his own. He soon, however, received tidings through his emissaries that the child was dead; and that the widow, reduced to want and despair, had taken the veil in another convent. He now enjoyed his usurped possessions without fear of detection; but the voice of conscience could not stifle the voice of his brother from the grave—the voice of his perishing widow from her gloomy cell—the voice of his injured dead innocent infant, sounded in his ears,—

"Thou art the murderer, the betrayer of a brother’s blood!"

Thus, though he believed them gone for ever—the one dead, the other by conventual fetters secured from ever interrupting him,—still the terrors of guilt pursued him; and the guilty only can imagine his consternation and horror when she made her appearance in the wilderness of the park: certainly the worm gnawed deeper and deeper at his heart, but there was no "compunctions visiting,"—no repenting thought mingled in the dark chaos of his troubled soul; he felt insecure, yet knew not from what baneful quarter the retributive blow would come. In the unlimited indulgence he granted to his children, rested his sole enjoyment of his ill-acquired wealth and consequence; and to gratify his son, he had for many years made Trevor Castle, during vacations, the home of Julian Spencer,—they had gone to college together, and they seemed to have but one mind.

Young Spencer was reported to have a very large fortune; his habits were expensive, and his expenditure unlimited. In his frequent visits to Trevor Castle, he had with peculiar favour distinguished the beautiful Madeline: he had in words equivocal offered her love—marriage, but it was in secret, for he feared the indignation of a relative, who had other views for him. She had given him her heart, her whole guileless heart, and in his constancy rested her hopes of future felicity. Such was the situation of things, when Henry Trevor attained his twenty-first year; and the brilliant fête to celebrate it was in preparation when our narrative commenced. The evening, the eventful evening of the masked ball arrived; the magnificent hall of the castle was splendidly illuminated; the music sounded through the spacious galleries; the gay and joyous laugh, the sprightly repartee, made doubly interesting by the strict incognito of the guests, with the graceful dance, and the mingled gaieties the various characters assumed, bewildered the senses with the excess of pleasure. The fair Circassian, the dusky Indian, the bright, the vivid Sultana, and the freezing Laplander, all performed their parts, and conspired to render the whole a scene of enchantment.

Mr. Trevor, alone unmasked, walked through the motley groups: he strove by smiles and attentions to others to beguile himself of painful reflection,—to him no pleasure was conveyed; and to recover from the effects of affected enjoyment, he seated himself in the recess of a remote window, the drapery of which concealed him from the busy throng. Still gaily resounded the music, merrily continued the joyous festive dance; but there was one to whom these gaieties communicated no pleasure—in her ear they sounded the knell of departed peace; sorrow was at
her heart, and the tear of tender regret unseen rolled down her fading cheek:— it was Madeline. She had been dancing with a mask that did not recognise her, although him she knew full well,—the eye of love can penetrate the deepest disguise,—he left her: her eye followed his movements till he stopped, and leaning against a pillar he heard a voice exclaim, “Spencer, I know you by your favourite Spanish dress—I know you.” “No one but Vivian can know that,” said he, turning and giving his hand.

“Tell me then, Spencer, how have you been passing the last few weeks? I hear you are about to become a Benedict: lost your heart, and soon to give your hand to one of the fair damsels of this castle.”

“You jest, surely,” interrupted Spencer, with a smile of scorn, curling his lip, “I thought you knew my humour better: hearts, not hands, is my game—love and liberty my motto;” and laughing, he added, “the fair thing must sigh alone, and think on what is past,—for I am off to-morrow for the continent.” “Go to-morrow,” repeated his friend; “what, go and leave so sweet a creature to wear the willow?”

“Aye, even so,” said Spencer, with unfeeling nonchalance; “she will not be the first I have presented with that drooping ornament: its bending graces will admirably become her cold, moon-like beauty.”

“Spencer, you are incorrigible,” said Vivian; and the friends then mingled with the crowd, which was now thronging to the supper-rooms. Poor Madeline! she had, unseen, unknown, heard all: pride, woman’s pride for a moment supported her mild spirit, and she was moving away with ill-affected hauteur, forgetting that the mask concealed her agitated features, when again an innate, an injured delicacy swelled her bosom, at the recollection that her love—so chaste, so pure—was not only scorned, but betrayed and exposed, rushed over her mind, and imparted such an agony that it overcame all her fortitude; she pressed her hands to her throbbing heart, and was weeping bitter unseen tears, when the words “Dastardly wretch! serpent so long cherished in my heart as friend,—turn, vile betrayer, turn!” Henry Trevor speaks: thou pitiful deceiver of a trusting angel, I could crush thee to the earth; but thy life, thy dishonoured life, shall answer for thy perfidy: follow me, coward, follow me instantly.” With the fiercest passions raging in their bosoms they rushed out together.

Poor Madeline had heard all that passed—she heard no more; she fell senseless, but she was hidden from observation by the entwining flowers and branches which wreathed round the temporary pillars erected for the festive day.

A different scene was preparing in another part of the decorated hall: Mr. Trevor, at the head of the principal table, gave a signal for attention, he held a golden goblet in his hand, and bowed—“Friends all,” said he, with a firm voice, while his whole countenance beamed with the inward excitement and with the fervor of the welcome he gave—“friends all, I thank you much,—off with all masks, and let sincerity and love pledge me in the health to Henry Trevor, who is this day twenty-one.” The father, while he spoke, looked proud and happy, yet the canker-worm was gnawing at his heart. Alas! how many wear the smile of pleasure, when grief lies heavy on the bosom—how many smile when the sigh is bursting—how many smile when the tear is starting—how many smile when the heart is breaking!

The lord of the mansion, the master of the feast, the father of the family, he appeared joyous: he felt, but for the moment, he felt exulting, triumphant in happiness, yet he stood on the very brink of woe and desolation: too surely, ruin is most concealed from man when near! for he saw not the yawning gulf, the dark abyss, the fathomless vortex of evil, which was about to open and enclose him for ever.

The health of Henry Trevor went round: the young man bowed, he even smiled, but the smile was like a sunbeam on the turgid wave,—yes, he smiled, but he could utter nothing: thought, dreadful, awful thought, was tearing his heart: his purpose had been suspended; but he knew, he felt that a very few hours might number him with the dead, number him with murderers, or the murdered: he might have said, “Oh! how can I look up; for, oh! what form of prayer can serve my turn.” At the bidding of Mr. Trevor every one had unmasked, and sweet smiles and soft looks, with bright eyes sparkling and gay hearts beating, were seen around the banqueting tables;
but none shone so fair, so sunny, so bright, as Agnes, the rose of Trevor Castle. She shone unrivalled—except by Madeline, who, for her sweetness and modesty, was named the Violet; her beauty was so pure, so chaste, she always looked a being of another sphere.

Mr. Trevor continued to laugh loudly: his brilliant wit, his courteous demeanour, his urbane manners fascinated every guest; deeply he himself quaffed the pledged goblet; he seemed reckless of care and sorrow, and no one remembered to have seen him so animated, so apparently happy—for he was generally gloomy and reserved.

The varied, the hurried, the intoxicating delights of the evening were at last waning into weariness; and the younger guests exhausted with fatigue and pleasure, and the elder longing for repose, were preparing to depart, when they were summoned to partake of an early breakfast. Mr. Trevor appeared in his place, but his cheeks were now pale, his eye languid, and a painful anxiety seemed to mould every feature. Some of his family were absent.

"Some tables want their heads," said he: "where is Harry? where Spencer? Madeline? Why are they absent?" he continued, looking to Agnes. "Indeed, dearest father, I know not: it is strange, but I will seek them, they may be sauntering in the gardens." Scarcely had she uttered these words, when an approaching noise was heard, and in the next instant a figure, white as the sheeted corpse, and gasping for breath, rushed in among them, and uttering a wild and fearful cry, sunk on the ground—it was Madeline. She clasped her hands, frantically clasped them; and, between shrieks and sobs, exclaimed, "For me, for me—he died for me; I saw his blood, his very heart's blood, and I could not save him." Her eyes were tearless, but they seemed starting in agony from their orbs; her whole frame was shivering in convulsions, and despair glared in every pallid feature of her lovely face. She endeavoured to raise herself, and looked around; and then, as if to escape from some horrific image, she hid her eyes, but again she started up, and at length fixed her wandering eyes upon her sister; but again they rolled and gleamed in all the wildness of delirium, till exhausted by her struggles, and heart-rending piercing shrieks, she fell senseless at the feet of her agonised father. The guests, dismayed and horror-struck, departed without the ceremony of taking leave; and the family was left to themselves and their miseries.

"Oh! father," exclaimed Agnes, while burning tears rolled down her pale cheeks, "oh, haste, seek my brother! My dear, dear sister, what is the matter? What can we do? She speaks not—she moves not." Not a sigh, nor word, nor groan, escaped the suffering father, but his countenance was deadly pale; he stopped down, and raising his inanimate child in his arms, he laid her on a sofa, while Agnes, kneeling by her, used volatiles to restore her. After some time she opened her eyes, and seeming to recollect, she cried, "Hush, hush," and pointing to the distant prospect, she added quietly, "do not disturb him, his rest is sweet." She laughed in bitterness: then softly touching her sister's cheek, said, in that voice which wrings the heart, "Sweet Agnes, why do the tears dim your eyes, is your love false as mine is? Is your brother dead as mine is?" Agnes groaned, and folded her in her arms; but she started and struggled, and with rapid steps fled from them. The father, nearly distracted, followed her with Agnes to the wilderness, in the gardens. "Come, come," cried the beautiful Madeline, beckoning them to follow, "come on, we shall find them,—yes, yes, yes, here he is,—here Harry fell;" and with a few more hurried steps, wildly repeating, "here,—here!" she sunk upon the breathless body of her brother.

The early fated Henry, in proud vindication of Madeline's wrongs, had fallen a victim to the sword of the ungenerous, pernicious Spencer. The wretched father, conscience-struck, stood entranced in horror: immovable he stood gazing on his prostrate children. Meanwhile the poor Madeline, delicate in frame, and too sensitive in mind, could endure no more: in her violent struggles she had broken one of the vessels of her severely tried heart; and as the blood poured from her lips, she was fast yielding to the icy grasp of death. She spoke not, moved not; but at last, between soft and low sighs, she murmured, "Spencer—Henry—Father—Agnes." She looked up, and her pure innocent soul returned to the Great Being who gave it; and the beautiful, the highly-gifted, the virtuous Madeline was as a clod of the valley.
The father and surviving daughter stood stiffened in anguish unutterable; feeling was too deep for expression; till the storm of agony and remorse burst from the father's whitened lips, in few words: "Her curse is on my head, in my heart! My son, my child! he breathes not, speaks not, hears not." He took the body in his arms, clasped it to his breast, kissed his clay-cold lips, and again exclaimed, "My son—my son! my other darling too." He dragged the dead bodies of his children to him, and throwing himself upon them, he was heard in an inward voice to repeat, "Her curse—her curse!"

The curse had indeed smote his heart, it had fallen upon him: in the bereavement of his beautiful innocent children it had fallen upon him. He was forcibly separated from the lifeless bodies, and in a state of insensibility conveyed to bed by his grieved and appalled domestics. It was midnight of the ensuing day—the winds howled mournfully through the ancient galleries of the castle, the rain fell in torrents, and driven by the blast shook the windows; nature seemed in loud commotion—a dreadful contrast to the dreary melancholy reigning within. Agnes sat trembling by her father's bed, listening to the heavy breathing of his perturbed slumber: fearful and sad were the passing hours to Agnes. She had not only to bear the bitter anguish of her own heart, but she had to endure, to listen and watch her too guilty father: the suppressed groan, the agonised cry, the frequent start of inward horror, and the cold damps dropping from his pallid brows, all betrayed the secret workings of a troubled spirit. His child continued to moisten his parched lips till he opened his heavy eyes, and in accents though indistinct, he spoke—"It is she—she is come with retributive vengeance: was it a dream?—what a fearful dream." He seemed to recollect; "Agnes" he continued, and he was more calm. "Agnes, she came to visit my crimes, crimes which cry aloud to Heaven to hurl me to perdition." "Oh father, dear father, say not so, speak not such fearful words!" and Agnes pressed his hand to her heart, "you were ever kind and good."—"My child, my child, you do not know your wretched father: for your brother, your brother now dead, I wronged the widow and the fatherless; and their curse, their bitter heavy curse, imprecated on me and mine, now falls: it blights my children, it steps between me and my prayer for mercy. I am doomed—condemned—lost—lost."

"Oh, forbear—forbear, my poor father," cried Agnes, weeping in agony: "live—live, we will restore."

"Innocent angel, even to you the curse extends," the father interrupted: "the bolt has sped, death is now on me; and who in this sad merciless world, a world that visits the sinless for the sinner, who will protect you, my child?" He looked up: "one can, and though in shame and sin and sorrow I go to the dust, and though my guilt may brand your fair name with a father's disgrace, yet Agnes, in that world to which I am hurrying in the fulness of crime, in unforgiven crime, a pure bright sphere will be your abode. Agnes, I would, but dare not, bless you: blessing from my lips would turn to curses, for the widow's and the fatherless is upon me; I feel it in my soul, it burns me up in quenchless flames: yet, oh Heaven save—have mercy on this child, no, I left it to perish; and his widow—"

"Is here!" exclaimed a voice deep, solemn, and awful, "his widow stands here."

The father and the daughter shrank aghast, and shrieked. A female figure drew near the dying man's bed; her face was pale as marble, yet the fire of fierce undying passion glared in her dark large eye. She raised a long white arm,—her lofty form seemed to dilate as she cast a look upon the dying man. It was such a look as Satan might be supposed to cast upon a victim he had secured his own; a moment she gazed, and again she spoke—"Man of sin," she said, "man with a heart that mercy never touched, that justice never moved, your crimes have now their righteous visitation of the all-righteous one; ay! retribution from the High Almighty one, goes beyond my curse and puny vengeance: for hear, to your eternal horror, hear—your son fell by the hand of my son, the hand of your dead brother's injured son; your daughter was scorned, deserted by that son, and I am come to thunder the dire tidings in your ear—to listen to the groanings of your last despair—to see you sink down, deep down, among your kindred friends."

The expiring man endeavoured to raise his hands as if in prayer, but they fell
powerless; his eyes, his starting eyes grew dim; the darkness of death overshadowed his throbbing brows, and his breathing might have ceased; but the widow, in a voice that for a moment stayed the parting spirit, bending over the bed, shrieked—"Sinner, sinking in your sins, the curse of the widow—the curse of the fatherless—sink with you to the habitations of never-ending despair!"

"Woman, whoever you are," gasped poor Agnes, clasping her hands in supplication, "have pity, have mercy on us, leave us, leave him to die." A deep sigh, it deepened to a groan, and Agnes had no father. She threw herself upon his breathless body, and for a time lost remembrance of suffering in insensibility.

The widow of Mr. Trevor's elder brother, when she found herself deceived and left destitute during the delirium of a fever and bereft of her son, determined to enter a conventual life; but a very immense property devolving on her before her noviciate had expired, effected a change in every intention, and with care and caution she not only concealed her residence, but that she survived; and having an ample command of money, she never rested until she had discovered the obscure abode of her poor little wronged infant. By liberal bribes she prevailed upon the indigent nurse (should any inquiry be made) to declare him dead. She then hastened with him to England. She reared and educated him under the assumed name of Spencer, and placed him at the same college, where the intimacy commenced between him and his unconscious usurping young cousin.

What her secret designs of vengeance were, must be left to conjecture; for a strange coincidence of circumstances, not simply aided, but enabled her to pursue it unsuspected. Her son's every inclination having unlimited indulgence, and his impetuous passions being under no control, he had no concealments from his mother. She knew his preference of poor Madeline, and by vile insinuations encouraged his dishonourable intentions to effect her undoing;—this she devised, and was part of her ruthless revenge.

Mr. Trevor's indefinable capricious affection for him, facilitated the work of misery, which led to the fatal duel with his cousin. He immediately fled to the continent, where his mother, after the death of her victim, joined him, and then for the first time revealed to him the secret of his birth—his undoubted hereditary claims to Trevor Castle—his uncle's delinquency, and exultingly declared the unrelenting revenge with which she had pursued him and his family.

With all her son's love of pleasure and long indulged passions, one spark of the great original which had lain dormant in his bosom, amidst the tumult of immoral enjoyments, revived, and he shuddered as his mother spoke, and his heart recoiled from her cruel description of her own relentless desire of revenge.

He now recollected the fondness, the partial fondness of his dead uncle, who had loved him, without one suggestion of their consanguinity. He now recollected the pure, the chaste, yet fervid attachment of the beautiful—the deceived—the destroyed Madeline, who was in all her innocence and loveliness precipitated to an early grave by his unfeeling desertion; with deep remorse he recollected the faithful friendship of poor Henry,—he had loved him with distinguishing preference, and in return his hand had shed his blood, and hurried him out of life with all his unrepented follies on his head.

The milk of human kindness melted every angry thought in his bosom—a bosom which sorrow and deep regret wrung in every fibre: yet strong resentment, a feeling even more bitter, took possession of his heart towards his mother; it hardened at length into the resolution to avoid her presence for ever. He had lost the sunshine of a peaceful conscience; his position in society was changed: he felt as if proscribed, without friend and without relation; the ties of kindred were broken and his soul was desolate. To the disconsolate Agnes, the only survivor of his uncle's family, he relinquished all that the law allowed him to alienate; and he himself entered the army, as the only alternative to divert his mind from bitter corroding reflections.

His mother, maddened at his resentment and desertion, and torn with self-condemning torturing passions, which the softening balm of a holy religion was never allowed to ameliorate, soon died a furious maniac. Poor undone one! in thine arrogated power, in thy presumptuous proud defiance of Heaven's authority, thou didst forget that—

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."
The Dead Blossom.—Hendon Church.

Her son attained an elevated rank in the army, and was always distinguished for cool courage and calm bravery, yet he lived a gloomy and dissatisfied man; and if it could be said that he experienced a brief serenity, or any alleviation of the calamitous circumstances of his youth, it was when admitted to the society of his cousin Agnes. She had possessed an innocent gaiety of heart, which the misfortunes of her family had greatly subdued; but she possessed an innate piety, which enabled her to look beyond this perishable scene for perfect peace, and her well-disciplined mind and singleness of heart, with her unwearying delight in doing good, rendered her, if not happy, very far from being miserable.

She lived beloved and respected, and died regretted by all who knew her.

THE DEAD BLOSSOM.

I watch’d a tender flower bloom;
Soft dew-drop tears it laughing shed
O’er its pure petals, virgin white.
Next day I look’d, but it was dead,—
The dark green leaves were faded quite,
And strewn around its early tomb.

It made me sigh, for oft we find
The fairest forms—those that we love—
Burst like flowers before our eyes,
Then wing their flight to lands above,
Pierce the dark clouds, the bright blue skies,
And leave but wither’d buds behind.

_London, June 17, 1834._

E. G.

HENDON CHURCH.

This modest church, perhaps, has stood alone,
Long e’er Columbia’s happy clime was known;
The tasteful hands, that did—or do renew,
The various beauties present to the view,
May here in peace repose;—or still be laid,
In the sweet spot their active minds have made.

It is a spot—might soothe the soul to rest,
When care is heavy in the wanderer’s breast;
It is a spot, that heavenly thoughts awake,
Thoughts that the dreams of infidels might shake:
So calm—so still—in all its grassy pride,
And the bright landscape beaming far and wide.

The soft green carpet—pillowed o’er with graves,
The graceful lime that musically waves;
The simple couplet—(or the tale of woe),
That marks the poor inhabitant below;
The solemn yew that sighs at evening hour,
And looks the Ossian of this holy bower:
The distant hum of ever toiling man,
In the vast city—that no eye can span,
The wants, the wishes, of that stirring race,
Contrast—most strangely with this quiet place.

What awful tales that wondrous town can tell,
The words of angels, and the deeds of hell;
There riches—wretchedness—and want abound,
And every virtue—every vice are found:
A little time—and all will then be peace,
Their wants—their vanities and wishes cease.
How beautifully soft that landscape glows,
In the deep tint of twilight’s calm repose;
A thousand blossoms scent the soothing air,
And peace and happiness seem everywhere.
’Tis strange that man should leave the cultured soil,
To seek in deserts nature’s stubborn spoil;
But so it is—it was—and will be still,
While wealth and want this restless nation fill;
Where’er the flag of freedom is unfurled,
There Britons are;—the Arabs of the world.
Look to the Western clime,—that boundless space,
Observe the mighty millions of her race;
Behold her language, laws, and name extend,
Purged of the dross that time and usage blend;
And well it were—till o’er this earthly ball,
Her influential power envelope all.
Would but these men their glorious country know,
Or feel with me the proud fraternal glow,
Detested faction then might powerless be,
And Britain rise regenerate and free.

But this small spot:—I’ve seen in various ways,
The Grave; and walked and wept in Père-la-Chaise:
And oft have thought,—if fate ordain I die,
Far from my own dear land of liberty,
There’s not in any other spot would be
A grave so cherished or so meet for me.
’Tis very little known to passing fame,
And may contain the ashes of my name:
For aught I know my ancient parents here
(I know the origin was somewhere near);
For aught I know my British fathers sleep,
Beneath the silence of this mouldering heap:
And now perhaps I press the hallowed earth
Of those who gave this poor existence birth;
Who loved—as I here love—to sit in thought,
Whose thoughts, like mine, with wild romance were fraught:
Who little deemed their sons, in future doom,
Might come from distant lands to weep upon their tomb.

Tacet.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

My father, having a plentiful fortune,
took particular care of the education of
his children; he had only two sons, of
whom I was the youngest, and a daughter,
who died young. Finding I had a great
inclination to learning, he promoted it,
by providing me with the best masters,
till I was fit to go to the University. The
knowledge of languages being of great
use as well as ornament to young gen-
tlemen, he himself, by way of recrea-
tion, taught me that mixed language,
called Lingua Franca, so necessary in
eastern countries. It is made up of
Italian, Turkish, Persian, and Arabian;
or, rather, a jargon of all languages,
saying, ‘we might learn Latin from our
masters, and our mother tongue from
our playfellows.’ The same reason
induced him to send me to the famous
University of Paris, to learn French at
the same time with my other studies. I
lived in the college des Quatre Nations,
and maintained my thesis of universal
philosophy under the celebrated Monsieur
Du Hamel, who was one of the first in
the university who decried Aristotle’s
philosophy, and leaned towards the opi-
nions of Descartes.

I was entering into my nineteenth
The Life and Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

year, and had some thoughts of taking to the church, when my brother wrote me the melancholy account of my father's death, and the unfortunate occasion of it; which in short was, that having lost his richest ship, with all its effects, by pirates, and his chief factory at Smyrna having gone off, his other correspondents came upon him thick; and, not being in a condition to answer their calls, it threw him and my mother into a deep melancholy, which shortened their days, both dying within three weeks of one another. My brother told me he was not able to maintain me at the university as before, but acquainted me he had made shift to fit out a small vessel, wherein he had put his all, and invited me to join the small portion that fell to my share along with him, with which he said we could make a pretty good bottom, and would retrieve the shattered fortune of our family. Not to be too prolix, I followed his advice; he sold his house and gardens to pay his father's creditors, and put what was left, together with my little stock, into an unfortunate bottom, in which I was afterwards captured. We set sail from Ragusa the 3d of March, 16—, very inauspiciously for my dear brother, as will appear by the sequel. We touched at Smyrna, to see if we could hear any thing of my father's factor; and were told that he was turned Turk, and gone off, very magnificently dressed up in borrowed feathers, to settle at Constantinople. However, we picked up something of some honest Christian merchants, with whom he had lodged part of his effects. This encouraged us to proceed to Cyprus and Alexandria; but, as we were pursuing our voyage one morning in a prodigious fog, as if the sea was fatal to our family, we spied on a sudden two Algerine rovers bearing down upon us, one on each side. We had scarce time to clear our little vessel, when they fired upon us, and called to us to strike, or we were dead men. My brother and I, considering that our all was at stake, and that we had better die honourably than be made slaves by those unbelieving miscreants, called up our men, who were but twenty-three in all, of whom five were young gentlemen who had engaged to try their fortunes along with us. We were armed only with swords and pistols under our girdles. After a short consultation, it was agreed to fight it out to the last man; and we turned back to back to make head against both sides, my brother in the middle of one rank, and myself in the other. The enemy boarded us in great numbers, looking on us as madmen to pretend to make any resistance; but they were soon made to leap back, at least all that were able, for, being close up with them, and they crowded together, we fired our pistols so luckily, that scarcely one missed doing execution. Seeing them in this confusion, we made a push at them on each side, still keeping our ranks, and drove the remainder headlong off the deck. This we did twice before any of our men dropped. We were grappled so close, they had no use of their cannon or muskets, and scarce thought of firing their pistols at us, expecting we should have yielded immediately, or have borne us down with their weight. I am more particular in describing this petty fight, since there are but few examples where a handful of men made such a long resistance. The arch-pirate, who was a stout, well-built young man, raged like a lion, calling his men a thousand cowards so loud, that his voice was heard above all the soldiers. The edge of their fury was a little abated after the dropping of so many men, and they began to fire at some distance, which did us more harm than their most furious attacks. My brother, seeing his men begin to drop in their turn, ordered me to face the one ship, while he and his rank leaped in amongst the enemies in the other. He did it with such a noble intrepidity, that he made a gap among the thickest of them immediately. But their numbers closing together, their very weight drove him back in spite of all he could do; and he lost several of his men before he could recover his post. The enemy would neither board us, nor leave us, but firing at us continually, still killed some of our men. There were now only eleven of us left, and no hopes of victory or of quarter, after such obstinate resistance. They durst not come to a close engagement with us for all this; when my brother, to die as honourably as he could, once more leaped into the pirate's ship, and seeing their captain in the midst of them, made at him with all his might, calling on the few he had left to second him. He soon cut his way through; but, just as he was coming up to him, a cowardly Turk
clapped a pistol just below his two shoulder-blades, and, I believe, shot him quite through the heart, for he dropped down dead on the spot. The Turk that shot him was run through the body by one of our men, and he himself, with the others that were left, being quite overpowered, were all cut in pieces. I had yet four men left on my side against the smaller ship, and had till then kept off the enemy from boarding; but the pirates, giving a great shout at my brother’s fall, the captain of the ship I was engaged with, who was the arch-pirate’s brother, cried out to his crew, that it was a shame to stand all day firing at five men; and leaping on my deck, made at me like a man of honour, with his pistol steadily poised in his hand. I met him with equal resolution. He came boldly up within sword’s length, and fired his pistol directly at my face: he aimed his shot so well, that one of the balls went through my hair, and the other grazed the side of my neck, but, before he could second his shot, I gave him such a stroke with my broad sword between the temple and the left ear, that it cut through part of his skull, his cheek-bone, and going across his mouth, almost severed the lower part of his face from the upper. I had just the satisfaction to see him fall, when a musket-ball went through the brawny part of my right arm; and, at the same time, a Turk hit me in the nape of the neck with the butt-end of his musket, and I fell down flat on my face, on the body of my slain enemy. My companions, all but one, who died of his wounds soon after, fell honourably by my side. The Turks poured in from both ships like wolves upon their prey. After their barbarous shouts and yelling for the victory, they fell to stripping the dead bodies, and threw them into the sea without further ceremony. All our crew, beside myself, were slain or gasping with threescore and fifteen of the enemy. The reason why we fought so desperately was, that we knew very well, having killed so many at the first attacks, we were to expect no quarter, so we resolved to sell our lives as dear as we could. When they came to strip me like the rest, I was just come to myself, being only stunned by the stroke of the musket. They found by my clothes that I was one of the most considerable persons of the crew. I had got upon my knees, endeavouring to rise, and reaching for my sword to defend myself to the last gasp. I found I could not hold it in my hand, by reason of the wound in my arm, though if I could, it had been needless; for three of them fell down upon me and pressed me to the deck, while others brought cords and tied my hands, to carry me to the captain. He was dressing a slight wound he had in his leg with a pistol-shot; and four women in Persian habits were standing by, three of whom seemed to be attendants to the fourth, who was a person of the largest size, about five or six and twenty, a most exquisite beauty, except that she had an Amazonian kind of fierceness in her looks. When I was brought thus bound to the captain, they assured him I was the man that had slain his brother, and done the most harm of any. Upon which starting up in the greatest fury a barbarian was capable of, and calling for a new scimitar he had in his cabin, he said, “Let me cleave, if I can, the head of this Christian dog, as he did my poor brother’s; and then do you chop him in a thousand pieces.” With that he drew the scimitar, and was going to strike, when, to the astonishment of the very barbarians, the strange lady cried out, “O, save the brave young man!” and, immediately falling down upon her knees by me, she caught me in her arms, and, clasping me close to her, covered my body with hefs, and cried out, “Strike, cruel man, but strike through me, for otherwise, a hair of his head shall not be hurt.” The barbarians that stood round us were struck dumb with amazement; and the pirate himself, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, said, with a groan enough to break his heart, “How, cruel woman! shall this stranger in a moment obtain more than I can with all my sighs and tears? Is this your paramour that robs me of what I have sought for with the danger of my life? No; this Christian dog shall no longer be my rival,” and, lifting up his hand, was again going to strike, when covering me more closely with her delicate body, she again cried out. “Hold, Hamet! this is no rival; I never saw the young man before, nor ever will again, if you will but spare his life; grant me this, and you shall obtain more from me than all your services could ever do.” Then he began to pause a little. For my part, I was as
much in amaze as he was. After a little pause, "Cruel woman," said he, "what is the meaning of this?" "There is something in this young man," said she, (for I was but turned of nineteen,) "that he must not die. But if you will engage and swear, by the most holy Alcoran, that you will do him no harm, I not only promise to be your wife, but to take off all umbrage of jealousy, I give you leave to sell him to some honest person for a slave, and will never see him more." Nor would she part with me till she had sworn in that solemn manner, never to do me any hurt, directly or indirectly; and for greater security, she ordered one of her own servants to attend me constantly. So I was unbound; and the lady, without so much as looking at me, or staying to receive my thanks, retired with her women into her cabin. The pirate, who had something very noble in his looks for a Turk, confirmed again to me, in the hearing of her officer, that I should receive no harm, and then ordered me to be carried under deck to the other end of the ship; commanding his men to steer back for Alexandria, in order, as I supposed, to dispose of me the first opportunity, that he might be rid, as he thought, of so formidable a rival.

While I was under deck in confinement with the pirates, several of them were tolerably civil to me, knowing the ascendant the lady had over their captain, and being witnesses how she had saved my life. But yet she would not consent to marry him, till she was assured I was safe out of his hands. The arch-pirate never came to see me himself, not being willing to trust his passion; or else to watch all favourable opportunities of waiting on his mistress. One day, being indisposed, I begged to be carried on deck to breathe a little fresh air; when I came up I saw the lady, with her women, standing at the other end of the ship, on the same account. I made her a very respectful bow at a distance; but, as soon as she cast her eyes on me, she went down in the cabin, I suppose to keep her promise with the captain, and not to administer any cause of a jealousy. I desired to be carried down again, not to hinder my benefactress from taking her diversions. I cannot say I found in myself the least inclination or emotion of love, only a sense of gratitude for so great a benefit, not without some admiration of the oddness of the adventure. When I was below, I asked the most sensible and civilised of the pirates who their captain was, and who was my fair deliverer—how long and by what means she came to be among them, because she seemed to be a person of much higher rank. He told me his captain's name was Hamet, son to the Dey of Algiers, who had forsaken his father's house on account of his young mother-in-law's falling in love with him: for which reason his father had contrived to have him assassinated, believing him to be in fault. But his younger brother discovered the design. So gathering together a band of stout young men like themselves, they seized two of their father's best ships, and resolved to follow the profession they were now of, till they heard of their father's death. That, as for the lady that had saved my life, she was the late wife of a petty prince of the Curdi,* tributary to the King of Persia, whose husband had lately been killed by treachery, or in an ambuscade with the wild Arabs. That, as far as he had been informed, the prince, her husband, had been sent by the king his master to Alexandria; and apprehending an insurrection among his subjects, had ordered him to treat with some troops of Arabian horse. That he went there with a very handsome equipage, and took his beautiful wife with him. Our captain, continued he, happened to be there at the same time to sell his prizes, and had not only sold several things of great value to the Curdish lord and lady, but had contracted a particular friendship with him, though, as we found since, it was more on account of his fair wife than anything else. Nothing in the world could be more obsequious than our captain. He attended them, and offered his service on all occasions. He is a very handsome man, you see, and daring by his profession. We could not imagine, for a long time, why he made such a long stay at that town, contrary to his custom, living at a very high rate, as men of our calling generally do. At

* The Curdi, or people of Kurdistan, are a warlike nation, paying a small tribute to the Persians, and sometimes to the Turks; their very women are martial, and handle the sword and pike. The country runs from the Albiduli, a mountainous people, made tributary to the Turks by Selim I., father of Soliman the Magnificent, and reaches as far as Armenia.
length the Curdish lord, having executed his commission, was upon the return, when we perceived our captain grow extremely dull and melancholy, but could not tell what was the cause of it. He called his brother, who lost his life by your hand, and me to him, and told us in private, he had observed some of the Arabian strangers muttering together, as if they were hatching some plot or other, whether against him or the Curdi he could not tell; but bid us be sure to attend him well armed wherever he went. The event proved he had reasons for his suspicions; for one evening as the Curd and his wife was taking the air, with our captain, who was always one of the party, passing through a little grove, about a league out of town, six Arabian horsemen, exceedingly well-mounted, came up full gallop to us, and, without saying a word, two of them fired their pistols directly at the Curd lord, who was the foremost, but, by good fortune, missed us all. The Curd, as all that nation are naturally brave, drew his scimitar, and, rushing amongst them, cut off the foremost man's head as clean as if it had been a poppy; but advancing too far, unarmed as he was, one of them turned short and shot him in the side, so that he dropped down dead immediately. Our captain, seeing him fall, rushed in like lightning, his brother and myself falling upon them at the same time; but the assassins, as if they wanted nothing but the death of the Curd, or saw by our countenance their staying would cost them dear, immediately turned their horses, and fled so swiftly on their jennets, that they were out of sight in an instant. We conducted the poor disconsolate lady and her dead husband back to the town, where those people made no more of it (being accustomed to such things) than if it had been a common accident. When her grief was a little abated, our captain told the lady that it was not safe for her to return home the same way she came; that, in all probability, those who killed her husband, were in confederacy with the disaffected party, and would waylay her, either for his papers or her goods, that he had two ships well manned at her service, and would conduct her safe by sea to some part of the Persian empire, whence she might get into her own country. She consented at last, having seen how gallantly my master had behaved in her defence. So she came on board with her attendants and her effects, in order to be transported into her own country. Our captain was in no haste to carry her home, having fallen most desperately in love with her. So that, instead of carrying her to any of the Persian dominions, he directed his course for Algiers, hearing his father was dead; but meeting with you, has made him alter his measures for the present. He has tried all ways to gain her love, but she would not give him the least encouragement, till this late accident, by which she saved your life.

When he had ended his relation, I reflected on it a good while, and considering the nature of those pirates, I thought I saw a piece of treachery in the affair, much blacker than he described, and could not forbear compassionating the poor lady, both for her disaster and the company she had fallen into. However, I kept my thoughts to myself. Not long after we arrived in Alexandria, where the pirate sold all our effects, that is, the merchandise he had taken on board our ship, except some particular things that belonged to my brother and myself, as books, papers, maps, and sea-charts, pictures, and the like; and he determined to carry me to Grand Cairo, the first opportunity, to sell me, or even give me away to a strange merchant he was acquainted with, where I should never be heard of any more.

Nothing remarkable happened during our stay at Alexandria: they told me the captain had been in an extraordinary good humour, ever since the lady's promise to marry him. But she, to be sure he should not deceive her by doing me any injury when I was out of the ship, ordered her officer to attend me wherever I was carried, till I was put in safe hands, and entirely out of the pirate's power. When we were arrived at Grand Cairo, I was carried to the place where the merchants meet to exchange their commodities; there were persons of almost all the Eastern and Indian nations. The lady's officer, according to his mistress's order, never stirred an inch from me to witness the performance of articles. At length the pirate and a strange merchant

* Grand Cairo is the place of residence of the Great Bassa of Egypt, higher up the country, on the river Nile.
spied one another almost at the instant, and, advancing the same way, saluted each other in the Turkish language, which I understood tolerably well. After some mutual compliments, the pirate told him he had met with such a person he had promised to procure for him two years before, meaning myself. The merchant soon put me out of all fear, for turning to me, he said, in very good Lingua Franca, “Young man, if I buy you, I shall soon convince you you need not apprehend any ill usage from me.”

He eyed me from top to toe, with the most penetrating look I ever saw in my life; yet seemed pleased at the same time. He was very richly clad, attended with two young men in the same kind of dress, though not so rich, who seemed rather sons than servants. His age did not appear to me to be above forty, yet he had the most serene and almost venerable look imaginable. His complexion was rather browner than that of the Egyptians; but it seemed more the effect of travelling than natural. In short, he had an air so uncommon, that I was amazed, and began to have as great an opinion of him, as he seemed to have of me. He asked the pirate what he must give for me? He told him I had cost him very dear, and with that he recounted to him all the circumstances of the fight wherein I was taken; and, to give him his due, represented it no ways to my disadvantage. However, these were not the qualifications the merchant desired; what he wanted was a person who was a scholar, and could give him an account of the arts and sciences, laws, customs, &c. This the pirate assured him I could do; that I was a European Christian, and a scholar, as he guessed by my books and writings; that I understood navigation, geography, astronomy, and several other sciences. I was out of countenance to hear him talk so; for though I had so much knowledge of those sciences as could be expected from one of my years, yet my age would not permit me to be master of them, but only to have the first principles, by which I might improve myself afterwards.

The pirate told him I had some skill in music and painting, having seen some instruments and books of those arts among my effects, and asked me if it was not so. I told him all young gentlemen of liberal education in my country learned those arts, and that I had a competent knowledge and genius that way. This determined the merchant to purchase me. When they came to the price, the pirate demanded forty ounces of native gold, and three of those silk carpets he saw there with him, to make a present to the Grand Seignior. The merchant agreed with him at the first word; only demanded all my books, globes, mathematical instruments, and, in fine, whatever remained of my effects in the bargain. The pirate agreed to this as readily as the merchant did to the price; so, upon performances of articles on both sides, I was delivered to him. As soon as I was put into his power, he embraced me with a great deal of tenderness, saying, “I should not repent my change of life.” His attendants came up to me and embraced me in the same manner, calling me brother, and expressing a great deal of joy for having me of their company. The merchant bade them take me down to the caravansary, or inn, that I might refresh myself, and change my habit to the same as they wore. I was very much surprised at such unexpected civilities from strangers. But before I went, I turned to the pirate, and said to him, with an air that made the merchant put on a very thoughtful look, “that I thanked him for keeping his promise in saving my life; but added that, though the fortune of war had put it in his power to sell me like a beast in the market, it might be in mine some time or other to render the same kindness: then turning to the lady’s officer, who had been my guardian so faithfully, and embracing him with all imaginable tenderness, I begged him to pay my best respects to my fair deliverer, and assure her that I should esteem it the greatest happiness to be one day able to make a return for so unparalleled a favour, though it were at the expense of that life she had so generously saved. So we parted: the pirate grumbling a little within himself, and I in amazing suspense to know what was likely to become of me, as they were conducting me to the caravansary where they lodged. I was full of sorrowful reflections that I was still a slave, though I had changed my master; but my companions, who were some of the handsomest young men I ever saw in my life,
The Life and Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

comforted me with the most endearing words, telling me that I need fear nothing; that I should esteem myself one of the happiest men in the world, when they were arrived safe in their own country, which they hoped would be before long; that I should then be as free as they were, and follow what employment of life my inclination led me to, without any restraint whatever; in fine, their discourse filled me with fresh amazement, and gave me, at the same time, an eager longing to see the event. I perceived they did not keep any strict guard on me; that I verily believed I could easily have given them the slip, and might have gotten some Armenian-Christian to conceal me, till I should find an opportunity of returning into my own country. But having lost all my effects, I could scarce be in a worse condition, and was resolved to run all hazards. When I came to the house, I was struck with amazement at the magnificence and richness of the furniture. It was one of the best in all Grand Cairo, though built low, according to the custom of the country. It seems they always stayed a year before they returned into their own country, and spared no costs to make their banishment, as they called it, as easy as they could. I was entertained with all the rarities of Egypt; the most delicious fruits, and the richest Greek and Asiatic wines that could be tasted; by which I saw they were not Mahometans. Not knowing what to make of them, I asked them who they were; of what country; what sect and profession, and the like. They smiled at my questions, and told me they were children of the Sun, and were called Mezaranians; which was as unintelligible to me as all the rest. But their country, they told me, I should see in a few months, and bid me ask no further questions. Presently my master came in, and embracing me, once more bid me welcome with such an engaging affability as removed almost all my fears. But what followed filled me with the utmost surprise. “Young man,” said he, “by the laws of this country you are mine; I have bought you at a very high price, and would give twice as much more for you if it were to be done again: but (continued he, with a more serious air,) I know no just laws in the universe that can make a free-born man become a slave to one of his own species. If you will voluntarily go along with us, you shall enjoy as much freedom as I do myself; you shall be exempt from all the barbarous laws of these inhuman countries, whose brutal customs are a reproach to the dignity of a rational creature, and with whom we have no commerce, but to inquire after arts and sciences, which may contribute to the common benefit of our people. We are blest with the most opulent country in the world; we leave it to your choice to go along with us or not: if the latter, I here give you your liberty, and restore to you all that remains of your effects, with what assistance you want to carry you back again into your own country. Only this I must tell you, if you go along with us, it is likely you will never return again, or perhaps desire it.” Here he stopped, and observed my countenance with a great deal of attention. I was struck with such admiration of his generosity, together with the sentiments of joy for my unexpected liberty, and gratitude to my benefactor, coming into my mind all at once, that I had as much difficulty to believe what I heard, as my readers may have at the relation of it, till the sequel informs them of the reasons for such unheard-of proceedings. On the one hand, the natural desire of liberty prompted me to accept my freedom; on the other, I considered my shattered fortune; that I was left in a strange country so far from home, among Turks and infidels; the ardour of youth urged me to push my fortune; the account of so glorious but unknown country, stirred up my curiosity: I saw gold was the least part of the riches of these people, who appeared to me the most civilised I ever saw in my life; but above all, the sense of what I owed to so noble a benefactor, who I saw desired it, and had me as much in his power now as he could have afterwards. These considerations almost determined me to go along with him. I had continued longer thus irresolute, and fluctuating between so many different thoughts, if he had not brought me to myself, by saying, “What say you, young man, to my proposal?” I started out of my reveries, as if I had waked out of a real dream; and, making a most profound reverence, “My lord,” said I, “or rather my father and deliverer, I am yours by all the ties of gratitude a
human heart is capable of; I resign myself to your conduct, and will follow you to the end of the world." This I said with such emotion of spirit, that I believe he saw into my very soul; for, embracing me once more with a most inexpressible tenderness, "I adopt you," said he, "for my son; and there are your brothers, pointing to his two young companions; all I require of you is, that you live as such."

Here I must confess one of the greatest faults I ever did in my life: I never considered whether these men were Christians or Heathens, I engaged myself with a people where I could never indulge in the exercise of my religion, although I always preserved it in my heart. But what could be expected from a daring young man, just in the heat of his youth, who had lost all his fortune, and had such a glorious prospect offered him for retrieving it?

Soon after this he gave orders to his attendants to retire, as if he intended to say something to me in private; they obeyed him immediately, with a filial respect, as if they had indeed been his sons; but they were not. I only mention it to show the nature of the people I was engaged with: then taking me by the hand, he made me sit down by him, and asked me if it were really true, as the pirate informed him, that I was an European Christian? "Though," added he, "be what you will, I do not repent my buying you." I told him I was, and in that belief would live and die. "So you may," said he (seeming pleased at my answer). "But I have not yet met with any of that part of the world who seem to have the disposition of mind I think I see in you," looking at the lineaments of my face with a great deal of earnestness. "I have been informed," continued he, "that your laws are not like the barbarous Turks, whose government is made up of tyranny and brutality, governing all by fear and force, and making all slaves who fall under their power. Whereas the European Christians, as I am told, are governed by a divine law, that teaches them to do good to all, injury to none; particularly not to kill and destroy their own species, nor to steal, cheat, overreach, or defraud any one of their just due, but to do in all things just as they would be done by; looking upon all men as common brothers of the same stock, and behaving with justice and equity in all their actions, public and private, as if they were to give an account to the universal Lord and Father of all." I told him our law did really teach and command us to do so, but that very few lived up to this law; that we were obliged to have recourse to very severe laws and penalties, to enforce what we acknowledge otherwise to be a duty; that, if it were not for the fear of such punishments, the greatest part of them would be worse than the very Turks he mentioned. He seemed strangely surprised at this. "What," said he, "can any one do in private, what his own reason and solemn profession condemn?" Then addressing himself to me in a more particular manner, "Do you profess this just and holy law you mentioned?" I told him I did. "Then," says he, "do but live up to your own law, and we require no more of you!"Here he made a little noise with his staff, at which two of his attendants came in. He asked them if my effects were come from the pirate? Being answered they were, he ordered them to be brought in, and examined them very nicely. There were among them some pictures of my own drawing, a repeating watch, two compass boxes, one of them very curiously wrought in ivory and gold, which had been my great-grandfather's, given him by Venetio; a set of mathematical instruments, draughts of statuary and architecture, by the best masters; with all which he seemed extremely pleased. After he had examined them with a great deal of admiration, he ordered one of his attendants to reach him a cabinet full of gold; he opened it to me and said, "Young man, I not only restore all your effects here present, having no right to any thing that belongs to another man, but once more offer you your liberty, and as much of this gold as you think sufficient to carry you home, and make you live easy all your life." I was a little out of countenance, imagining what I said of the ill morals of the Christians, had made him afraid to take me along with him. I told him I valued nothing now so much as his company, and begged him not only to let me go along with him, but that he would be pleased to accept whatever he saw of mine there before him;
Hollington Church, Sussex.

There is a stillness reigns around
This little spot of sacred ground,
Where the grey tower rears its head,
To watch the pillows of the dead;

Which gently steals thro' every mind,
'Till all this world is left behind;
Each pleasure, pain, each gaudy scene,
Banish'd, as tho' it ne'er had been.

It seems as if some magic spell,
Hovered o'er the lonely dell,
To strip the soul of earth's vain dress,
And clothe it new in sinlessness.

Oft have I stray'd along the flood,
Which ripples thro' the dusky wood,
'Till in my spirit I have felt,
As if my harden'd heart would melt.

When last I stood on that sweet spot,
O never will it be forgot:
Another sigh'd the perfum'd breath,
Which lingers o'er that home of death.

One, whom I lov'd, yes, better far,
Than Evening loves her fav'rite star;
Than sun-beams, in the wave to dip,
Or fond smiles love a woman's lip.

We read the mossy tombstones o'er,
Of those who wrapt in glory soar:
We talk'd of heaven—all its joy,
Of pleasures there without alloy.

'Till we unto each other's eyes,
Seemed like beings of the skies;
But oh!—those hours have wing'd away,—
We cannot in that churchyard stray.

Wild waves are rolling dark and free,
Between that lovely girl and me;
Yet those who have but one fond heart,
Will meet in heaven ne'er to part.

E. G.
THE WORLD IN JUNE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Now is the time for those who love the country to ramble forth, in expectation of enjoyment which never fails on the senses, and which may be found in all its efficacy, either in the scenes held dear to us from habit, or those we seek for novelty. Where is the lover of nature, whose heart has not thrilled with delight on beholding the hedge rose-tree covered again with those flowers which charmed him in infancy; or who has not thought that the same nightingale breathed the very soul of melody into his ear, which first enchanted him with sweet sounds and dear associations? All the sights, sounds, and even odours, of the glowing season, various as they are, recur as dear, old friends returned to us, after a painful absence, met again in the paradise where we first welcomed them:—pleasant, yet mournful, is the meeting,—for although they seem the same pure and lovely creatures, decked in the hues of Heaven, or hymning its praises, how changed are we! at least, if we have passed the June of our existence.

Such, however, is the influence of fashion, that few now go forth in this lovely month to ramble in rural groves and "babble of green fields; and the London world finds the produce of the gay parterre and the costly conservatory transplanted to the ball-rooms, where bloom, in all the pride of beauty and the elegance of culture, the human face divine." The Duchess of Abrantes gives us a very animated picture of the belles of Napoleon's court, and probably a just one; but we will venture to assert, that at this very time the court of the Queen of England, and the saloons of our nobility, the operahouse, morning concerts, &c. are constantly exhibiting more personal grace and beauty, more splendid and elegant habiliments, more fascinating yet modest and unassuming manners, than any other country ever justly boasted. How many of our matrons have the dignity of Juno,—how frequently are their daughters lovely as Hebe, and accomplished as the Graces?

Society, in all its walks of amusement, emulates the glories of nature and its varieties at this season. The Opera offers the most splendid spectacle; but the larger theatres are also redolent of show; and the lesser, like beds of anemones or jonquils, maintain a due gradation in the great garden. The various exhibitions of paintings, more especially come within the limits of this comparison; for if Nature hath not touched them with her own cunning hand, Art, which is her handmaid, "has made them wholly," and they call around them a creation far beyond their own. We have frequently heard it remarked, "that ladies never look so well as at exhibitions;" and from observation, we fully concur in the opinion.

As in the country, there are lesser objects of attraction commingled with the greater; every hedge not being of roses and eglandine, nor every bird a philomela; yet all are, to a certain point, lovely and interesting. Thus, the town offers also panoramas, solar microscopes, learned fleas, models, and glass works. We cannot class the fine sculpture of Lough and Wyatt amongst lesser objects; and must recognise the Zoological Gardens and the Fancy Fairs as very great attractions. Nor ought we to omit naming the new Bazaar, in Oxford-street, since it realises our dreams of Oriental magnificence and European convenience:—a more luxurious lounge, and a more tempting mart for every species of light traffic, was never reared by the hand of enlightened industry, or trod by the foot of patronage and fashion.

There is also a distinct and higher source of pleasure in this prolific month, for it is singularly rich in the literary productions of ladies. Miss Mitford is bringing out the finest tragedy she has yet written (which all who know "Rienzi" will call a bold word); and Mrs. Hall producing a drama, founded on her admirable novel, the "Buccaneer." Both will be brought out at the Victoria, which may now be deemed an asylum for the legitimate drama; a small but safe sanctuary, in which poetry, good sense, and propriety find refuge, and achieve fame. The successful author of "The Last of the Burnings," which appeared first in our Magazine, has, we understand, another accepted piece, entitled "Conscience."

Nor is it in the theatre alone that these highly-gifted authors give us the flowers of June, for each has a new work in the press, which cannot fail to be a most
valuable boon to the public. The "Helen" of Miss Edgeworth,—the wise, the witty, the benevolent, the upright Miss Edgeworth, who, for half the usual span of life, has been at once instructing and delighting us—is on every table; the "Hamiltons," by Mrs. Gore, a very clever work; "Two Years at Sea," by Miss Jane Roberts, a pleasant narrative; and "Speculation," a lively story, by Miss Pardoe, on a worn-out subject, are all almost amongst us, to diversify a quiet hour, and prove that woman is not always a creature

of outward form,

Elaborate, of inward less exact:

especially as, in addition to the above-named productions by ladies, Miss Landon has, we understand, a work nearly ready for the press; Miss Emma Roberts, a novel, to be called the "Homeward-bound;" which her travels will enable her to render very effective; and Miss Agnes Strickland, one which we cannot doubt will exhibit that talent her poems entitle us to expect.

In looking at the "world in June," with all its profusion of beauties in the country, and pleasures in town; its many sources of information on the one hand, and gratification on the other; a writer who is wont to mingle the grave with the gay, and to recall this awful truth, "that in the midst of life we are in death," will be excused, if she adverts to yet one other exhibition† (if she may so term it.) This is the plan of the projected Cemetery at Norlands, Notting Hill, with its proposed erections, monuments, &c. now to be seen in Regent-street; and, so far as we can judge, admirably calculated to become an English Père-la-Chaise. The chapel resembles the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which is of unequalled beauty, in its own style, and must be peculiarly striking when surrounded by the fine trees of Norlands: a circumstance which we thought the more of, in consequence of having, the day previous, seen the tower of the new church at Hampton peering from the rich foliage of that beautiful neighbourhood. Trees, in their tall and stately growth, their renewal of foliage, their length of existence, their calm unchang-

* It is thirty-five years since her first work appeared, in conjunction with her father.
† The design is open to the inspection of the public, upon merely presenting their own cards at the house.—Edit.

ing character of beauty, seem, in their relation to ourselves, a link between time and eternity—between the death of geological and the life of animal existence. They are therefore the appropriate and indispensable ornaments of a place consecrated to the dead, and endeared to the living by all the most hallowed affections and holy aspirations of which humanity is capable. If it were, therefore, only for the sake of its trees, we should say—Norlands, for the purpose of a Cemetery, is invaluable: since, with the exception of the royal parks, which are most properly devoted to the living, no piece of ground equally near our immense metropolis is so well planted, or its vegetable wealth so well disposed. With the exception of the cemetery at Liverpool, which will ever remain an unrivalled Necropolis (save that in Arabia Petraea), we know no place so well calculated for this most important and interesting purpose, as the place in question. The road is level, the distance short: of course the expense easy, and the labour light.—circumstances of no small moment to those bereaved families where expense is an object, which is the case, no doubt, with the greater number.

To every human being, a calm, beautiful, and even distant burial-place, for those they have long loved, is most desirable; there is no heart so callous, as to be indifferent on the subject, since the very poorest and most uncultivated of our fellow-creatures are found fastidious on all that relates to that state which places them on a level with the highest; and it is certain, that whatever provides for the due exercise of our general sympathies, as well as our necessities, aids our virtues and increases our happiness. Justly has Young insisted on the powers of the "great preacher, Death;" and surely that man is a true patriot, and deserves well of his country, who renders the place where Death congregates his thousands, most effective for his awful though silent adjurations.

THE WILLOW.—There are but few persons acquainted with the profits arising from the culture of this tree. W. Allen, Esq., of Boreham, lately cut down twelve spires, which he planted about thirty years since, upon four rods of ground; some of the trees were eighty feet long, and the whole measured 396 feet; they were sold upon the spot, at two shillings and sixpence per foot, producing 49l. 10s., exclusive of the tops.—Essex Herald.
SUNSET.

BY G. R. CARTER.

"The heavens magnificently smile, and beam
With many a sailing cloud-isle sprinkled o'er,
In sumptuous array. Yes, land and air,
Whose winged fulness freshens tree and flower,
Ovon thee, thou shining monarch of the skies!"

Lo! the gorgeous west glows with a sunburst of fires,
As the monarch of day from the mountains retires;
And the clouds that surround him, like homes of the blest,
Are flush'd with the crimson which beams from his crest.

How the "hues that have words" on the calm skies are blended,
Now the present career of the victor is ended;
How the realms, through whose vistas we look into heaven,
In their richest array to the gazer are given.

Old Ocean exults, and his wavelets are dancing
Amid the pure light on their lone revels glancing;
And the tides, bath'd in gold, as they wander along,
To the god of the sunset address their glad song.

How holy the hush! from the woods on the steep,
To the corn-mantled hills, and the fathomless deep,
Some spirit as mute as a star is revealing.
The hour which is meet for devotional feeling.

The bird sings aloud ere it closes its eye,
The silver stream touches its harp to the sky,
Ev'n the breeze, as it wanders through forests of leaves,
A fairy-like cadence upon the air leaves.

Beatified hour! when our thoughts are in union,
And the mighty past fetters the heart in communion;
Thou teachest our bosoms the future to scan,
Which the blood of the Saviour has purchased for man.

KRASINSKI; OR, MODERN SCENES IN POLAND.

"We shall certainly be over!" exclaimed an English traveller, as a strange looking machine, laden with men, toiled heavily on the road between Olderslake and Hamburg, which has attained the bad eminence of being the worst in the north of Germany. In an instant his fears were verified. His fellow travellers, Germans, from Hamburg or Lubeck, had too often been in a similar predicament, to be greatly disturbed upon finding themselves once again in their old quarters, prostrate in the road, and in the deep ruts, one of which had caused their disaster. The postilion declared all would be soon right, and pointed to a farm-house about a hundred yards off, where they could get their clothes brushed, and schnapps for a repast, black bread and raw ham, the common fare of travellers in Germany. Felton preferred looking into the hof, where the baner madchen, with her broad face fully displayed by the straining back every morsel of hair under a black velvet skull-cap, embroidered in silver, petticoat of striped red and green serge, and great wooden "pantoffles" went chattering about, saying unhandsome things, in Platt Deutsch, to a large dog who was making free with a party of ducks, dabbling in the puddles of the ill-paved yard."

"Surely, that animal is Grantly's dog. Here Neptune! Nep!" and he called him.

The dog stopped, wagged his tail, and looked knowingly, but would not part
from the ducks. He then addressed the
damsel respecting its master; but, as the
girl spoke nothing but Plait, and he high
German, what she muttered he did not
comprehend, though "verwünschte
hund" was intelligible enough. Presently
a window was opened, and a well-known
voice called off the dog. Felton turned
hastily round, and the speaker's face met
his gaze.

"Grantly!" "Felton!" were uttered
with mutual pleasure; and Felton was
soon seated beside his oldest friend. A
messenger was then despatched to the
driver, to signify his intention of vacat-
ing his seat to any traveller who might
be induced to risk life and limb in the
venture.

"Having told you all my perils since
we parted," said Felton, "how have you
fared, whom all mourned as dead,—or
worse than dead,—in the clutches of the
autocrat? what have you to say, when a
line would have spared so much sorrow?"

"You would persuade me that I am
a very important personage," said Grantly,
smiling. "But I left Poland as soon
as its fate was decided, to fulfil a promise
given to one of its fallen heroes—Kra-
sinski."

"Krasinski! Is he gone?"

"He was amongst the first who fell. I
conveyed him, by his desire, to the
Koncki palace, and soothed his last mo-
ments by a promise of seeing his unfor-
tunate parents. My task done, I should
have been in England, had I not been
attacked with fever."

"In one of the few letters I received
while you were in Warsaw, you spoke of
some deadly private wrong sustained by
Krasinski at the hand of the imperial
savage who then governed Poland: if it
be no breach of confidence towards the
dead, I would ask for an explanation."

"The story is too well known," said
Grantly, "you may have it at length,"
pointing to a bundle of papers.

My parents were Poles, but, self-
exiled from their native land, my first
breath was drawn on a foreign soil; and
so much the more zealously did my father
labour to make me a true son of Poland.
Her name was the first my infant lips
were taught to utter.

I knew that my father kept up, incess-
antly, correspondence with his friends in
Poland, and I suspected that his frequent
continental journeys were closely con-
nected with it; but I was not my father's
confidant; my youth was his ostensible
motive for silence,—his real one, the
anxious tenderness of my mother not too
prematurely to hazard my safety in the
country of my ancestors.

Looking on my future destiny as indis-
solubly bound up with that of my father-
land, I shall not attempt to describe with
what feelings I heard my father deter-
mine to send me to Poland; nor those
which swelled my heart, when I passed
the Narew. In the middle of the night
I left Nieporent, the last stage to War-
saw, in an open sledge. There was a
heavy fall of snow. The wolves howled
terrifically in the neighbouring forests;
but my eyes were riveted on the heavy
masses of clouds hanging over the yet
invisible capital.

My sledge was suddenly stopped.
"We are on the banks of the Vistula,"
said the driver. At my feet lay the
river, like a broad snowy plain; directly
before me two masts with flags were
discoverable, and a sentinel was pacing
backwards and forwards at a short dis-
tance from the sledge. The sentinel
was marching briskly to keep himself
warm, without taking any notice of us,
though repeatedly hailed, for all was
darkness. The driver advised me to get
out and seek a house "somewhere" in
that direction, pointing his finger where
I should find the commandant, to whom
I must show my passport.

Encumbered with my heavy travelling
pelisse, I had some difficulty in making
my way over the snow-drifts to the paltry
building, whose situation was indicated
by a faint light, discernible now for the
first time, through the paper window-
panes.

Raising the door-latch, I entered a
dimly-lighted room. A heavy breathing
alone announced the presence of some
living creature; but I soon discerned
several figures lying about, some on
couches, others on the bare floor, wrapped
in their cloaks.

One on the couch, a young man in
uniform, turned himself reluctantly round
as the keen breeze from the open door
fell upon him, and demanded in no very
courteous tone what I wanted. I ex-
plained, and held out my passport; he
might have taken it had he been so in-
clined; but, as he did not condescend
to look at me or my paper, I thrust it into his hand.

To my astonishment, it was flung back again, accompanied by an order to "get out" as fast as I could. Instead of obeying, I demanded to see the commandant.

"I am the commandant," he replied, and repeated his order "to absent myself," more angrily than before. Still I hesitated, persuaded that I should not be permitted to enter Warsaw, and feeling very little inclination to bivouac on the banks of the Vistula. Thinking it doubtful whether the commandant had in reality understood a word I had addressed to him, I purposely overturned a heavy wooden chair that stood near the door. Half-a-dozen figures immediately leaped on their feet, amidst a storm of cursing in Polish and Russian; and the commandant sprang off his couch, repeating, in a voice of thunder, his command, "Out—out—march!" Satisfied that I had not made a mistake, and half suffocated by the fumes of onions and brandy, I retreated hastily towards my sledge.

Without any questions, the postilion whipped his horses, and the sentinel still jumping about as if under the influence of Oberon's horn, suffered us to pass without notice. I had done my duty, and drove joyfully over the smooth ice to the other side of the Vistula.

The road became gradually steeper; houses that seemed almost to touch the clouds, rose on each side of a narrow street. All was hushed in repose. The sledge glided noiselessly over the snow-covered ground, and thus enveloped in darkness and silence, I reached the goal of all my wishes—Warsaw. I had been directed upon my arrival to apply to a Jewish factor, a class in Poland by whom accommodations of every kind are provided. After a little delay, I selected one from amongst the many applicants desirous of having the pleasure of serving me! We speedily drove through a magnificent portal to one of the wings of a large, though half-demolished, palace, once the residence of the Potocki family.

The chamberlain presented himself, and conducted me into a suite of two rooms. One chair and one table comprised the whole stock of furniture. Whilst my factor went in search of firing, I amused myself in watching the motley groups that thronged the lordly dwelling. A caprice of Constantine's had recently summoned numbers to the capital, from the farthest parts of Volhynia and the Ukraine, and they had here taken up their residence. Sledges were unpacking in every corner of the court-yard; the domestics of some were splitting wood, others fetching water; some were making new acquaintances, and others greeting old ones: shouting, quarrelling, and kissing, were going on in all quarters of the caravansary.

The Jew, assiduous to satisfy every want, had brought a bottle of Hungarian wine and a juicy polingwizza, accompanied by an old Mazurin, in highly ornamented, but dingy, attire, carrying a bundle of straw, which, spread on the floor, was to serve me for the night, there being no other bed or bedding obtainable.

The talkative dame, finding I knew Polish, placed herself before me, lamp in hand, and, fixing her keen black eyes on mine, launched forth into a stream of gossip concerning the ancient splendours of the Potocki family in the time of the grand-dame, Countess Natalia Potocki, and her husband, Count Sigismund, both of whom she remembered. Her next tenderest recollection was of three hundred bears kept by the count, all of whom, upon one occasion, graced his entry into Warsaw as part of his suite, and in particular Choda—a bear of parts, who used to bring wood for the kitchen, and turn a giant spit, on which a whole elk was being roasted, and then walked gravely and discreetly, laden with fine porcelain, into the saloon, where the count and his guests were dining.

I listened till my eyes involuntarily closed, while yet the Mazurin continued her never-ending tale.

"How did you cross the Vistula?" was the first salutation of a friend who called next morning.

"I drove over from Prague last night," was my answer.

It is impossible to describe my friend's astonishment; he repeated my words, as if doubtful whether he had heard me right.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Come with me and you shall know," was the reply. We entered a dishekhe, and drove down to the banks of the river.

I stood aghast when I saw the danger
I had incurred. Instead of the mighty stream being imprisoned in ice, as I had naturally supposed, only a thin sheet stretched itself across like a bridge from Prague to the other side; and even this brittle passage was threatened with momentary destruction. My light sledge had glided over, with death yawning for its prey on every side. The commandant and the sentinel had been placed on the other side to hinder any such rash attempt on the part of travellers: how had they fulfilled their task!

Seeing the risk I had run, I could not help looking upon my successful hazard as a fortunate omen, and made a passing reflection on the negligence of the Russian officials. While speaking, a gentleman in Russian uniform passed: my friend pressed my arm; I thought he only intended me to make way for the stranger, and accordingly I stepped aside. The gentleman acknowledged the courtesy with a slight bow. I observed a lurking smile upon his lip.

"My dear Stanislaus," said my friend hastily, in a very low tone, "let me caution you, once for all, how you speak of any, even the lowest branch of the authorities—remember you are in Warsaw."

I was much surprised at the importance my friend attached to the few careless words that had escaped me. He hurried me through the beautiful suburb of Krakow; directed my attention to the oriental appearance of the splendid shops and warehouses, in which the industrious Armenian and vivacious Greek display the costliest productions of the East: thence passed the palace, like barracks, where the élite of the Polish military are lodged, and over the bridge where the statue of the immortal Sobieski stands, to Lazenka, the favourite retreat of our last native monarch. But I could not help observing in my friend evident symptoms of uneasiness, which gradually communicated themselves to me.

The next morning, while ruminating over the mysterious circumstance of the preceding night’s adventure, there was a knock at my door, which I immediately answered, and a person entered the room with an official authority. He walked up to the table at which I had been sitting, and, casting a sharp reconstituting glance over my papers, demanded my name, business in Warsaw, whence I had come, my passport, &c. I gave him replies, and handed him my passport.

"It is not signed by the proper officer," said he.

"If you mean the commandant at Prague," replied I, "the fault was not mine," and I briefly related my reception by that officer.

"You should in that case have presented yourself to Count ——," said my visitor, "and have reported the irregular manner in which you entered the city."

I pleaded ignorance of my duty in this respect, and expressed my readiness to go anywhere that might be desired, to repair my involuntary omission. My visitor, nevertheless, seemed dissatisfied: suddenly a readier way of atoning for my neglect occurred to me. I arose, and, putting a louis d’or into his hand, begged he would have the goodness to direct me how I ought to proceed. The business was arranged; in a moment my visitor was profuse in civility, declared the mistake of no moment, and took leave with a low obeisance, taking my passport with him, and he promised to procure the necessary signature to it.

He was scarcely gone ere a light tap announced another visit. A young and very lovely woman, dressed in black velvet, and wearing a long black veil thrown over her head, entered. With a hesitating step and downcast eyes, she approached me, and, presenting a small golden salver, asked aims in favour of some hospital.

Whoever has heard the Polish language from beautiful lips, and knows how touchingly the Poles can supplicate, can guess with what additional warmth my charity glowed on this occasion. The supplicant had one of those voices whose every tone reaches the heart; the manner of collecting was also new to me, and with a mingled feeling of confusion and surprise, I emptied my purse into the salver. The lady made a low and graceful inclination of the head, and held out with her left hand a crucifix for me to kiss.

As I accompanied her to the door, I observed that a gentleman in uniform was waiting for her in the corridor. This circumstance, together with the manners of the beautiful mendicant, convinced me she was a woman of rank; and I have since learned that women of the first distinction readily undertake such office.
This adventure made a vivid impression upon me. The voice of the fair stranger, her grace, her air, were continually ringing in my ears and present to my sight. In pacing my room to and fro, I found a handkerchief, which she must have dropped in her retreat. There was no family name, but the baptismal one of Natalia marked in the corner. I put it into my bosom, and, with a full determination of discovering the beauty to whom it belonged, I went in the evening to a masked-ball at the theatre.

The throng of visitors was expected to be very great, and this was my principal inducement in going. I had seen enough of masquerades, but the manner in which they are conducted by the fair Sarmatians offered some novelty; and a vague expectation that, where all the loveliness of Warsaw was assembled, she could not be wanting, urged me with a beating heart into the glittering crowd. Having always more pleasure as a spectator than performer, I insinuated myself into a group surrounding a party who were arranging themselves for the voluptuous national dance of the Mazurka.

A loud murmur of applause was heard as the first couple advanced. The gentleman wore the graceful costume of the Polish Lancers; the lady's face was turned from me, and I could only admire the exquisite symmetry of her form, displayed as it was in the picturesque national dress, and her rich hair clustering in shadowy gold beneath the folds of the crimson confederaka.

Her form seemed to float on the air like a bird in its flight; and it was not till the dance was over, and her large languishing gazelle-like eyes met mine, that I recognised in this enchantress my unknown and beautiful visiter of the morning. Fearing to lose sight of her, I pressed through the throng, following her as close as I could, till she vanished through a side door, probably to assume a disguise.

The disguises worn at Polish masquerades are altogether peculiar. The ladies envelop themselves, from head to foot, in shawls, leaving only the face free for a small mask, trimmed all round with broad black lace. In such a disguise it is impossible to distinguish proportion, age, or air. Safe in these impenetrable draperies, ladies of the first distinction mingle, without hesitation, in the motley throng of a public masquerade, and indulge in the keenest encounters of wit: taking, however, the precaution to be followed at only a short distance by some confidential friend, who is ready, at the slightest sign, to step in and save her from any embarrassment into which a love of teasing, pushed a little too far, may perchance have thrown her.

In a few minutes a figure issued from the door, towards which my eyes had been riveted. She was clothed from head to foot in Turkish shawls. I approached, and the silvery richness of the voice assured me that I saw Natalia. I ventured to address her in German. A negative shake of the head, and "Nie rozumy" was the only answer. I spoke French, and faltered out some broken expression of happiness at seeing her again. She answered me in the same language, that I must be mistaken in her person, as I was quite unknown to her. I reminded her of her visit of charity. She then recognised me, adding, that however disagreeable the duty of supplicating strangers might be, it was held too sacred to be declined by any individual on whom the lot might fall, and she excused herself for not recollecting me, saying she rarely looked at any one whom she so addressed.

Her name involuntarily escaped my lips.

"It was, then, in your apartment I dropped my handkerchief. I missed it in the Potocki palace," at the same time extending her hand to receive it.

I had drawn the handkerchief from my bosom, but urged by an irresistible impulse instantly replaced it, after pressing it to my lips.

Through the impenetrable shawls, I could not discover how she was affected by my presumption.—her silence struck a chill to my heart: I feared having offended, and stammered forth some broken entreaties for forgiveness, and for permission also to retain the precious token.

A gentle laugh betrayed some amusement at my boyish awkwardness; but we were interrupted by the gentleman, her partner, who, after courteously saluting me, informed Natalia that a friend of hers was coming to put an end to her masquerading. As he was speaking an old Stasiost advanced, whose old Polish costume, so long disused in Warsaw, announced a resident noble from the interior.

As soon as Natalia saw him, she tore the mask from her face, and flew to em-
brace him with an exclamation of passionate delight.

"It is her father, Count Horecki," whispered the gentleman.

"Count Horecki!" I repeated the name joyfully: "it was the very nobleman to whom my last remaining letter of introduction was addressed, whose friendship my father had been most anxious to bespeak for me. The count disengaged himself from his daughter's arms, and gazed at me attentively, while I searched my pocket-book for my father's letter.

The count looked at the signature, and then, with great kindness of manner, invited me to call on him early the following morning. My eyes, indeed, were fixed upon Natalia, now about to depart, who suffered her glance to rest a moment upon me.

As early as consistent, I went to the Korecki palace.

The count was seated on a divan, smoking through a stambulka, striped in red and gold.

Over the costly mouthpiece hung the Turkish bag of the richest stuff, and on his smoothly-shaven head he wore a cap of the same costly material.

His throat and breast were bare, and a long under-garment of dark brown satin hung as low as the yellow morocco boots, over which were drawn Turkish slippers.

In the retirement of their castles, the Polish nobles adopt the luxurious Turkish habits of life.

The whole figure of the count presented a picture of tranquil enjoyment, strangely contrasted with the demeanour of those who surrounded him. In one corner, before a crimson damask stool, knelt a Jewish factor, weighing a parcel of Dutch ducats, which a Russian officer, dressed in a cast-off coat of the Stacost's had just given him, in payment for stores supplied for the use of the army.

A little farther off stood Franzuzeek, a dwarf and dumb servant of the count's, uniting in his person the offices of valet and jester: he was engaged in fastening the golden spurs to the count's military boots, and enlivening his task by uttering the wild cries of a savage, and playing a thousand uncouth, savage, antics. Near him, on a silk cushion, lay a bear four weeks old, which had been taken from its mother, lest in caressing her still tender offspring, she should give him a mortal wound with her claws: a circumstance that not unfrequently happens. A stable-boy, conspicuously handsome, in spite of the filth in which he was begrimed, was busily feeding the shapeless little monster with bread steeped in milk.

This end of the apartment gave a view of the quiet employments of a Polish magnate's first morning in the capital, but the other end was the true seat of war.

The count had just taken a new contract for the army: the intelligence brought together crowds of Jews like crows hovering over a carrion, all eager to have a part in so lucrative an undertaking. While the Russian officials and the count's principal agent were sealing the bargain with schnapps, the Jews consulted with each other in an undertone, amidst a wild uproar of cries and curses, proceeding from the savage-look- ing Wolhynians, with bodies like trees for size and strength, and a little pale miserable looking Israelite, who had somehow incurred their displeasure.

The Wolhynians were dragging the wretched trembling creature by the beard, from which they had already torn some handsfull of red hair, as I entered. At the count's command, issued in a voice of thunder, the savages released the poor wretch, and thrust him rudely out at another door.

"Welcome, my young friend," said the count, withdrawing his limbs to make room for me on the divan, "you see how agreeably we are engaged when we are at Warsaw. We come to please our children, not ourselves." He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and drawing me towards him, kissed me on the cheek,—the usual friendly greeting among Poles if all ranks.

"We come to Warsaw," pursued the count, "to raise money, renew leases, and cancel old ones: as well as to worry ourselves with politics to no purpose, while our children snatch at all the amusement the time allows them. When our business is transacted, we return to our old knightly abodes to smoke, drink tea, and read old newspapers; and are the happiest of men, when a storm luckily compels some traveller to try our hospitality, and exchange his news for our Barez soup. In winter we are better off. I know no pleasure to be compared with our night wolf-hunts in sledge; and
the watching and rearing bears (with a
friendly glance at the cub) serves to wile
away many an hour that would otherwise
pass drearily enough.”

A death-like stillness pervaded
the apartment while the count was speaking;
every one, notwithstanding, pursuing his
occupation. When he paused, the agent
advanced and informed his lord that he
had not been able to agree with the fac-
tors respecting the terms of their bar-
gain, and that he must recall the Jew
who had been lately so contumeliously
dismissed. My astonishment at this
proposal was great; but it was afterwards
much greater, when, at the count’s nod,
the poor creature actually reappeared,
almost prostrating himself as he ap-
proached the divan. I did not then
know what these people had to suffer,
and certainly would not have guessed at
their powers of endurance.

In a few words the bargain was struck:
the Jew counted out a handful of ducats
as earnest, kissed his fingers, first touch-
ing the count’s robe with them, and next,
followed by his envious brethren, with-
drew, who in all probability meditated
bestowing on him, when he reached the
street, a similar benediction to that he
had received from the Volkhynians.

“The situation of the Jews in our
country is a strange one,” observed the
count; “they are an evil, but a necessary
evil. They are industrious, while our
peasants are idle; they facilitate business
in the interior, which without them would
not be transacted at all; they farm the
spirituous liquors, and have, consequently,
in their hands a powerful engine of ope-
ration on the lower classes of Poles; the
Jew, whom you saw so maltreated, is one of
the most consummate rogues of his
tribe, and that is saying much—he has
acted the part of spy both to the French
and the Russians at the same time. Twice
the muskets were levelled at his
breast to give him his deserts, and twice
he saved himself by betraying the secrets
intrusted to him. He has cheated me,
as well as the greater part of the nobles
of my province, in the most scandalous
manner; the punishment you thought so
severe was only too well deserved.”

“And yet you employ him,” said I.

“What can we do?” answered the
count, “the rogue’s offers exceed those
of his brethren nearly threefold; yet he
contrives to extract an enormous profit
from the contract; cheats both me and
the government; and what remedy have
we?”

The count then rose from his seat, and
proposed paying a visit to his daughter’s
apartment.

Natalia was sitting at the piano, ac-
companying herself in a passionate song,
in the Polish language. A group of gen-
tlemen, chiefly in uniform, surrounded
her in attitudes of the deepest attention.
The only female present, beside the
countess herself, was an old Bonne, who
was seated at a distant window, with an
embroidery frame before her.

Our entrance disturbed the assembly;
no entreaty could prevail on the countess
to resume her seat at the piano. She
insisted with playful forwardness that I
should speak, and talk to her of Ger-
many, as she called East Prussia. Her
inquiries were numerous, and, short as our
acquaintance had been, mingled with the
light raillery in which the Polish women
are so fond of indulging, softened how-
ever by the resistless magic of her voice
and manner. We were in the midst of
an animated discussion respecting my
right to be considered a Pole,—a claim
which, to my great annoyance, Natalia
half laughingly, half seriously, denied,—
when we received an addition to our
party, in the person of her brother, Count
Adrian Korecki.

He was a young man, slightly but ele-
gantly formed, with a careless levity of
manner, contradicted by the noble cast
of his features, and the deep expression
of a brilliant dark eye. When my name
was announced, he received me with great
cordiality, embracing me after the Polish
fashion.

When his sister’s circle dispersed, Count
Adrian offered me a seat in his cabriolet,
which was waiting. “I take possession
of you to-day,” said he laughingly, “if
you have any desire for a promenade in
the Kranzinski garden, to buy pretty
things of pretty women, at the pretty
Madame Chovot’s,—then in Wiesky
Kawa to drink coffee,—then to Las-
sel’s, in the Saxon palace, to swallow
sherbet,—then to the theatre, and to
finish by a frolic at the Turkish Jew’s ball,
in the Powonsky palace,—then put your-
self under my wing. If you prefer talking
of Poland’s welfare or ill fare, you had
better go with the most illustrious count
Korecki, the elder, and he will take you
to Hass Polski Rawa, where the heroic remains of Napoleon's army exhale their wrath and their cigars together; and if you do not find that to your taste, you may join my sister's evening circle, and be entertained with a new Mazurka on the pianoforte, or by hearing Dumzewsky's newest translation of a French comedy read aloud. Do not let her entice you to her faro bank though," added Count Adrian, laughing, "Natalia's high play will ruin you."

I took an embarrassed farewell of Natalia, who said, with a smile, "Come back to me if you get tired of my hair-brained brother; in spite of his fine promises, my soiree is not quite so pitiful an affair as he represents it. To-night at least I shall expect you."

My new friend kept his word, and whirled me from place to place, till I at least was heartily tired. Late in the evening we found ourselves in the suburb of Krakow; in some freak of his wild humour, Count Adrian proposed to me to thread some of the numerous dark alleys that run from the back of Bernardine cloister down to the Vistula. We were standing at the end of the Senator's street, from which the lights from the Kurecki palace were visible. I refused, pleading his sister's invitation.

"Oh, Dumzewsky, and the faro bank," said Count Adrian, gaily, "I thought they would be too powerful for you in the end. Well, I will not rob Natalia of her guest; adieu."

He embraced me as he spoke, and leaving him in his envious promenade, I entered the saloon of the Countess Natalia. It was past midnight, and the supper table had just been removed.

"I thought you were going to desert," said Natalia. "You have, however, arrived in time to establish a faro bank for me. My aunt, my Bonne, and myself are the players; but, as Adrian told you, I do not allow high play, we point only with silver."

The company was pretty numerous. Count Kurecki and three other gentlemen were playing at whist; some were looking on, and several gathered round the faro table to watch the ladies play.

"Fortune favours you, sir," said one of the lookers-on, a young man, decorated with several orders, after I had played some time successfully. "Will you allow me to try mine?"

I looked at the ladies, whose play was stopped by this proposal. They nodded assent. The officer drew the queen of hearts; I drew, and the queen lost. The ladies laughed, and rallied me on my continued luck; each had lost three ducats, and my bank was tripled.

"Va banque," cried the officer. Natalia again nodded in answer to my silent question; but I thought uneasiness crossed her laughing brow when the officer was again unsuccessful.

"Va banque, once more on the same card," said he, in a tone of suppressed irritation, as he threw nine ducats on the table. The third time he was a loser.

"The cards are not favourable to you to-night, Klatowsky," said one of the bystanders.

"At least when hearts are the suit," said a low voice at my elbow, "you had better give over the struggle." I turned my eyes in the direction of the speaker; he was a handsome man of middle age, in the Russian uniform. I thought I had seen him before, but could not recollect where. My attention was withdrawn by the reply of Platowsky.

"I am of your opinion," said he. "I shall not try my fortune any longer, at least against such an antagonist."

There was something in his tone and manner more offensive than his words. I felt that he meant to be rude, and was about to answer in a way more suitable to my own irritated feelings, than either place or company, when my eyes encountered the half-troubled, half-upbraiding glance of Natalia. Her look recalled me to myself. When the stakes began to exceed the usual limit, the ladies took up their money; and as Platowsky declined playing any longer, I was at liberty to withdraw from the table. Platowsky remained a few minutes leaning on the piano, at which the countess had seated herself, and then abruptly withdrew.

I was presently joined by the gentleman whom I had before noticed. It suddenly flashed on my mind on what occasion I had before met with him. He was the officer whose observation of us in the street, the morning after my arrival in Warsaw, had appeared to excite uneasiness in my friend. My first impression was, in consequence, far from agreeable, but it speedily wore off.

My new acquaintance was one of the few persons who possesses the happy art
of speaking of self, without tediousness or apparent egotism. Fate had thrown him at different times in very different scenes. He related to me some passages of his chequered life, and led me insensibly to speak of myself in return. The interest my new companion had rather insinuated by manner, than by words, increased visibly when he heard that I was the son of an exiled Pole. He announced himself as Captain Poskiewicz, and spoke of my father with emotion as of one of his earliest friends. "You have a letter for me, no doubt," said he with a smile, and with a manner that seemed to expect an affirmative. I had none. He appeared hurt, and was silent a few minutes; but speedily resuming the conversation in a cheerful tone, offered to introduce me to many persons of rank and influence in Warsaw. I accepted his offer with gratitude, and we were in the middle of an animated discussion on subjects of more general interest, when Count Korecki, who had been for some time more observant of us than his game, left the whist table, and joined our party. I could not help noticing, with some surprise, that the count's presence seemed to act as a restraint on Poskiewicz, whose demeanour, from warmth of friendship, chilled into politeness. He asked me in an indifferent tone what I thought of a song which had just been sung, but of which neither he nor I had heard a note.

"My daughter will have some right to complain of your want of gallantry, if you give so marked a preference to the conversation of Captain Poskiewicz over her music," said the count, with a smile: "at your age, it should be held as much a duty as a pleasure to offer homage to beauty—come," and with a sort of friendly peremptoriness he took my arm, and led me to the ladies.

"In Heaven's name with whom were you talking in so confidential a tone?" pursued Count Korecki, in a whisper, when we had so placed ourselves among the listening group that surrounded the countess, that observation from Poskiewicz was impossible. "If you value your own safety, avoid the insidious friendship of this man."

"He is, like yourself, an old friend of my father's," answered I, almost deprived of utterance when thus taken by surprise.

"A friend of your father's! Did your father tell you so?"

"No, but Captain Poskiewicz——"

"Captain Poskiewicz very likely," said the count drily; "you have fallen into dangerous hands," continued he in a kinder tone; "avoid all conversation with this person, but on the most indifferent subjects, and even then be careful, for you may rest assured that every word you have uttered this evening will be written down, and put into the hands of the grand duke the first thing tomorrow."

"How—what do you mean?" gasped I; "this man, a man of rank, whom I find in your own house, in your family circle?"

"Speak lower," said the count, "we are observed even now. Yes, in my own house, in the group surrounding my daughter at this moment, are several whom I know to be secret spies of the police. Poskiewicz is one of the principal, or rather he is a personal spy of the grand duke's, for he is in immediate communication with the prince himself. I must invite these pests of society, though I know myself to be an object of particular watchfulness by them; merely keeping aloof would endanger me. They are well enough known to residents of Warsaw, but strangers are always in danger, especially," added the count smiling, "strangers who have a talent for forming friendships. It would grieve me more than I can express, if you were to fall into their snares. But let us break off, we have spoken too long already; be very civil to Poskiewicz: I need hardly caution you against being on too familiar a footing with any person of his introduction. Farewell, the company is breaking up; and three o'clock in the morning is not too early an hour for a man of sixty, who has been long used to a country life."

The count embraced me, and taking a silent farewell of the rest of the company, withdrew. After his departure, the saloon thinned rapidly. Poskiewicz was one of the last; and I fancied that he fixed a searching glance on my countenance, as he pressed my hand at parting, and whispered, "You seem in extraordinary favour here, though Count Korecki is not in general very accessible to strangers."

(The continuation and conclusion will be published next month.)

Vol. V.—No. 1.
FAR AWAY.

I have roam'd through the valley, o'er mountain and hill,
I have sought the love grotto, by the grass-hidden rill,
And the grove which is filled by the throstle's sweet lay;
But where wanders my love—O, thou rock echo say?

Far away.

I have search'd every tower, each mansion and hall,
And have watch'd the lov'd seat, by the dripping well's fall;
But where! where is my love—has she wing'd her still way!
In yon skiff which is waking the soft sleeping bay?

Far away.

In the wild twining bower of jasmine and rose,
'Mid the young buds of beauty, does Mary repose;
Or beneath folding flowers, at close of the day,
Does she join in the dance, with the step of a fay?

Far away.

In the churchyard does she muse, by the slumb'ring dead,
Over dreams that have vanished and hopes that have fled;
Or sit 'neath the willows, when the last sunny ray,
Gilds their long hanging branches, which dip in the spray?

Far away.

Is she gazing alone, on the blue veil of night,
Spangled over with stars, pouring pure crystal light;
Or, with innocent girls, robb'd in nun's white array,
Does she kneel in the convent, for others to pray?

Far away.

Is she gathering shells, on the rough pebbly shore,
Where the billows are bursting in madness, and roar?
Does she, wann'd in sweet thoughts, through the old ruin stray,
Which the fond clinging ivy supports in decay?

Far away.

On the cliff is she standing, with wet streaming hair,
Upbraiding the pale moon-beams, in tones of despair?
Is she bounding along, where the blossoming May,
The honey bees kiss on each hedgerow so gay?

Far away.

Does she roam by the calm lake, surrounded by trees,
When no wave on its bosom is curl'd by the breeze?
Is she skipping in joy, 'mid the sweet scented hay,
Or watching the lambs in the green meadows play?

Far away.

Oh, I cannot now tell, for Atlantic's white crest,
She has cross'd to her home, in the land of the West,
Where the dark forest branches in mournfulness sway,
O'er Niagara's stream in its mantle of gray,*

Far away.

Where the Thousand-Isles, cloth'd in the blood of the skies,
From the breast of the river in loveliness rise;
And the Moccasin's print, marks the Indian's way,
Through the prairie stealing, in search of his prey,

Far away.

London, May, 1834.

E. G.

* There is always a kind of misty vapour hangs over the fall.
SALON OF PAINTINGS, 1834, PARIS.

The collection, this year, consists of 2,914 works in oil and water colours, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and lithography. The Salon exhibits, in each of these departments, productions of high merit. The sculptures amount to 189 pieces, many of them admirable; the landscapes boast of having many good ones among them; and the water-colour drawings, which are far more numerous than we remember at any preceding Salon, display the wonderful improvement of the French artists in this branch. Indeed, we may cite the productions of Achille Devéria, Roqueplan, L. V. Fouquet, A. Fouquet, Fleury, Loisel, Faure, Coignet, L. and M. David, Watelet, and Isabey Pérez, as far surpassing any thing of the kind seen before at Paris. There are some landscapes in pencil, which are far inferior to those of our native artists; but the portraits in this style are mostly good; amongst them, we remarked some by H. Masson, which, if not perfect, have at least fair pretensions: his children are the very prototypes of loveliness and nature.

"Jane Grey." P. Delaroche.—This is the first picture that arrests the attention, on entering the Salon. The moment chosen by the talented painter, is that immediately preceding her execution. The Lady Jane, who has been divested of some of her garments, is seen kneeling, with eyes bandaged and hands extended, groaning for, yet dreading to encounter, the fatal block. A venerable man, bending over her, is about to take her hand to place it upon the block. The figure of the Lady Jane is perfection itself; but some trifling objections have been made to the bandage, as taking from the expression of the countenance, although it must be admitted that it adds to the truth, as well as horror of the scene. What is seen of the face, expresses that angelic firmness and resignation with which the lovely and accomplished victim met her fate; but in the construction of the arms and hands, is most admirably depicted the terror which, despite of her resignation, she would have been more than human not to have evinced, at such an impending fate. The headsman stands on one side, leaning on his terrible axe: both his countenance and that of the aged friend of Lady Jane are inimitable.

One of her women, in the background, has fainted; the other, turning away in horror from the appalling scene, is supporting herself against the wall. In short, the picture is full of nature, and most vigorously handled. It is in every respect worthy of the superior talents of this highly-gifted artist.

The next picture that claimed our attention was "The Martyrdom of Saint Symphorian:" Ingres.—This picture may be ranked among the finest specimens of the modern school of painting. Nothing can be more expressive than the head of the Governor of Autun. The colouring is natural, and not exaggerated, and the grouping good. The heroic sentiment expressed in the pale but not livid features of the young martyr, we pronounce as excellent. The mother of Symphorian is seen looking over the walls of the town, exhorting her son to meet death with the firmness of a martyr to the great cause of Christianity. The conception of this picture is quite equal to its execution, and does infinite credit to M. Ingres.

"The Last Moments of the Grand Dauphiness, daughter-in-law of Louis XIV." J. Beaume.—A well-executed picture, although its beauties are in some measure counterbalanced by defects. We cannot help feeling touched at the expression of melancholy resignation depicted on the features of the dying princess, who with maternal tenderness is embracing the child which has cost her her life. We looked in vain for an expression of feeling in the countenance of Louis XIV. at this trying moment; but he seems totally unmoved:—this cannot be nature. Madame de Maintenon looks as stiff as whalebone and buckram can make her, and seems about as much moved as her cold and egotistical nature will permit. This is truth—for so it was with her. But the two young children at the foot of the bed—the Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou—remind us rather of two little dancing dogs, than royal princes, in so trying a situation. But we must not fasten upon the parent or children the defects of the artist—far different was, we believe, the real appearance of the youthful members of this downcast family.

"The Death of Poussin:" Granet.—This artist has displayed great talent, not
only in the choice but the execution of his subject. The effects of light are here most happily managed. It affords matter for deep and sad reflection, to witness the great master in his last moments, surrounded by all the horrors of want. The emaciated figure of the painter is stretched on a wretched pallet, whose scanty covering is scarcely sufficient to retain the vital heat; his miserably furnished chamber, in itself, speaks volumes to the disparagement of the fine arts among his countrymen, boasted lovers of it.

"Two Scenes from the Revolution of July, 1830."—It is sufficient to say, in praise of these two pictures, that one is by M. Vernot, the other by M. Scheffer.

—These names speak for themselves.

"Francis I. and Charles V."—A. Johannot.—An episode in the captivity of Francois I. The moment chosen, is when Francis, lying ill of a fever, receives the visit of Charles. The unfortunate prisoner, notwithstanding the affectionate remembrances of his sister, Marguerite de Valois, sits up in his bed, and turning scornfully towards Charles, asks him, whether he has come to see if death has yet disencumbered him of his prisoner? The figures are all but speaking: still it appears to us that M. Johannot has long considered that he has reached the highest point of perfection in his art; for he seems to stand still, without perceiving that more might yet be done.

"The Death of Duguesclin;" Tony Johannot.—We have not the same fault to find with this artist, as with his brother, for the improvement is visible between the death of this hero, so fatal to the French monarchy, and the "Entrance of Mademoiselle de Montpensier into Orleans, during the wars of the Fronde," exhibited at the Salon of 1833.

"The Departure for the City;" Des-touches.—A sweet little picture; full of truth and simplicity. A young girl is quitting the paternal roof, to seek a servitude in the city. Her aged father is in the act of invoking blessings on the head of his child, whilst her mother, brothers, and sisters, look on weeping.

"Children stealing Wood, discovered by a Garde-chassé;" Grenier.—A lovely little thing. The face of the boy is full of resolution; he seems to say, that he does not see the harm of stealing a few sticks to prevent his poor parents perishing with cold. The girl, a timid little creature, would gladly shrink away, to avoid the shame of being caught stealing. This picture makes an admirable "pendant" for that of "The Children surprised by a Wolf," exhibited by the same painter last year, and which created universal interest.

"Galilée" and "Saint Amelia"—both by M. Paul Delaroche—are the two gems of the exposition. The former especially, a picture of the smallest dimensions possible, is a chef d’œuvre.

"Isaac blessing Jacob;" Latil.—This subject, so often treated, does not appear to have inspired the artist with many happy ideas; a titter seems to pervade all the countenances in the picture at the mistake of the old man.

"Mackerel Fishing;" Garneray.—This is a production full of life and bustle; the sea is good, and the figures of the fishermen excellent.

"Philip II. dying in the Palace of the Escorial;" Jollivet.—An excellent picture; the head of the dying monarch is noble and just.

"The Interior of a Cabinet of Antiquities;" Isabey.—A clever as well as a curious production.

"The full-length Portrait of Marshal Vauban," by Larivière—and that of "Turenne," by Mauzaisse—are good; and well adapted for the new National Gallery at Versailles, for which they are intended.

We shall close our review of the Salon, by noticing a picture that has created universal admiration—we mean "Eberhard of Wirtemburg;" by Scheffer. It is an old man alone in his tent, weeping over the dead body of his son, who has just been slain in a battle won by his bravery. Outside the tent, all is merriment and rejoicing; the troops exulting in their victory. This forms a fine contrast to the scene within, where all is tears, and lamentation, and woe. So full of life and truth is the scene, that we felt when looking upon the picture as if we, too, could mingle our tears with those of the bereaved parent.

A HALF-FLORENCAN—As a poor man was recently turning over some rubbish dug from the mound of earth near the rampart at Boollam Bar, York, he found a half-floren, or noble of Edward III. This is one of the finest specimens discovered, being as beautiful and perfect as it was the day it was coined.
THE LATE HON. GEORGE LAMB.

The domestic affections, so dear to every delicate female heart and mind, are necessarily so little prominent in most men involved in the affairs of nations, that we would wish to record the recollection of one public man in whom they were remarkable. The individual, whose virtues and whose talents have been so recently lost to the world, was the late Hon. G. Lamb, Under Secretary of State for the Home Department; of whose character a striking feature must justify selection—that from his birth to his death, including a period of nearly half a century, he was never known to have given pain or offence to a single individual.

He was the youngest son of the late Lord Melbourne, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir R. Milbanke, Bart.; born on the 11th of July, 1784; educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he passed through his studies in a manner unexpected from his unpretending manners. He became Master of Arts in 1805. He was then entered of Lincoln’s Inn, called to the bar, and for a short time went the northern circuit. The law, however, had not any charms for his nature; literature was his chief occupation, in aid of which he enjoyed an excellent library, left by his deceased eldest brother, Peneston. From his retired habits little is known of the results of his studies, but a translation of Catullus has been highly appreciated by the best judges. He is known to have issued some minor poems through the press, and to have tried the drama by an operatical piece and a farce.

Before he was five-and-twenty (May 17, 1809,) he formed the most congenial of unions with Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules, a relation of the Duke of Devonshire; and little was known of him for some years, unless by those acts, in which the feelings of his inestimable wife entirely asserted with his own—to
do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

When a noble few determined on reviving the old theatre of Drury-lane from the ashes in which it had slumbered, Mr. Lamb was among them; and, with Lords Byron and Essex, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, &c., was placed on its committee of management, to the difficult task of which he carried with him all his literary tact and benevolence. He was amongst the earliest patrons of the unhappy genius of Kean, though thwarted by thoughtless colleagues in his endeavours to serve him; and thus sprang up a vitiated taste that averted itself from the legitimate drama. There is no doubt that he would have rendered the new edifice altogether worthy of the character of a national theatre. Every piece presented that had any thing of a peculiar character was referred to him, and examined with the kindest yet most acute criticism.* It would violate the tranquillity of our subject to speak of the close of the Drury-lane committee; we must leave it, and the late Peter Moore, to the dramatic reminiscences of the day.

After a space of time occupied in literature and benevolence, the friends of Mr. Lamb seem to have determined that his other qualities should be forced prominently forward for the benefit of society; and the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, in 1819, was chosen to oppose a radical succession in the representation.

* We cannot forbear giving the following testimony of the qualities which he exercised in this difficult office. Lord Byron had recommended a play, entitled, “Second Love; or, Tears and Smiles,” which had been prepared for the stage by Mr. Raymond. On it Mr. Lamb thus wrote to the manager:—

Whitehall-yard, June 27, 1816.

“Sir,—I have reluctantly come to an opinion contrary to the one which Lord Byron has annexed to the comedy which I return herewith. It is certainly very superior in plot and dialogue to most that I have lately perused; and my fear of its ill-success arises principally from the want of comic effect and bustle. The taste for sentimental comedy is at present extinct, or at least dormant; and I do not expect any comedy to obtain success worth writing for but by the means of comic incident, and a great, if not total, abstinence from seriousness and sentiment.

“Author, however, displays powers adequate to such a task; and my unfavourable opinion only extends so far as to deem the plan erroneous on which he has founded his present effort; but I would most carefully avoid throwing any discouragement in the way of his future exertions.

“I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

“A. Rae, Esq.”

“G. Lamb.”

What a contrast does this discriminate kindness offer to the various histories of the stage, in whatever form they may be generally viewed.
for Westminster. How dissonant from his nature was such a conflict in every way may be easily conceived; but he had to endure also the most brutal attacks of a mob, from which more than once he only escaped with life by the protection of his friends. It was no triumph to him that he succeeded by a majority over Mr., now Sir John Clam Hobhouse, of 604, while his other opponent, the celebrated Major Cartwright, obtained only thirty-eight votes. On the speedily ensuing general election of 1820, he availed himself not of his previous success by opposition, and his popular Whig opponent was elected. In parliament his speeches were marked by perspicuity rather than any effort towards the brilliance of facetious eloquence.

After another lapse, employed in cultivating his favourite pursuits and the domestic affections, he was, in 1826, induced, under the Duke of Devonshire’s interest, to become member for the Irish borough of Dungarvon (when he introduced the humane principle of allowing counsel to felons); and so he remained through four parliaments, till the time of his death. At the formation of Lord Grey’s ministry, he accepted the office of Under Secretary to his brother, Lord Melbourne, appointed chief of the Home Department.

In this office, than which there cannot be one more important in the state, there is reason to believe that, consistently with his nature, he contemplated many objects of a highly interesting nature to the community. Public testimonials remain of his courtesy: he was at once dignified and kind to all applicants. But he was cut short in his career: a complaint that had oppressed him from infancy, though borne with patience, seized on him at once mortally, and, notwithstanding the high skill of Sir Henry Halford and Mr. Brodie, he died, as he had lived, full of benevolent and noble sentiments, in the forty-ninth year of his age; and was buried, as he wished, without ostentation, beyond the affectionate attention of his relatives, at Hatfield, near the residence of his beloved sister, Countess Cowper, in Hertfordshire.

**Literature.**

*Caspar Hauser: An account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to the age of seventeen. Drawn up from legal documents.* By ANSELM VON FEUERBACH, President of the Bavarian Courts. Second Edition. *With a Memoir of the Author, and further details.* By G. F. DAUMER and S. VON LUBECK.

Such is the lengthy title-page of this curious production.

“Caspar Hauser” is one of the wonders of the day; the wonderment has travelled from Germany to England, and by the rapid manner in which two editions of the memoir of this youth have sold, the marvel seems disposed to thrive on our soil. There are few persons who have not read, in the *Morning Herald*, an account of how a lad of seventeen was found near the gates of Nuremberg, holding a letter, directed to one of the captains of a regiment of light-horse, stationed there; how this boy could speak but one phrase, which signified that “he would be a cavalry soldier, as his father was before him”; but as he appeared both imbecile in mind and body, the captain declined having anything to do with him, and consigned him to the city authorities. Like Peter the Wild Boy, Caspar gave no account of himself, because he could not; but a most marvellous superstructure has been built on the circumstances in which he was found, by the German imaginative-ness of the good people of Nuremberg, who, to be sure, if their heads are a little flighty, appear to have their hearts in the right places; for they appear to have acted like good, excellent, and hospitable Christians to the homeless foundling. These considerations ought to excuse them in the eyes of thinking people for being a little too fond of dreaming ominous dreams, giving themselves up to fits of somnambulism, indulging in animal magnetism, possessing natural antipathies, seeing in the dark, conjure dungeons and priests’ babies, with other phantasies with
which the book abounds. Our readers may ask whether we believe that Caspar Hauser is an impostor, and the book a tissue of deception?—Not altogether, truly! There is some deception, it is evident; but it is as evident that it is self-deception, without any criminal intention. It appears to us that Caspar was brought up and educated like other children, and perhaps, at the age of eleven or twelve, from a violent fever, had lost his senses and memory, and from that time forward had been kept in a cruel, close, and solitary confinement, as such persons often are, even in our own country; that, being a burden, and showing no signs of a capability of getting his living, in order to get rid of his maintenance, his relations inhumanly left him to shift for himself in a solitary part of the city of Nuremburg, where, to the honour of the German kindliness of heart, he appears to have been most humanely treated, even before any particular romance was supposed to be connected with his origin. In the course of a few weeks, some amiable but rather addleheaded professors, made out that Caspar was in a state of grown-up infancy; that from the hour of his birth he had been reared by himself in a dark dungeon, had never seen a human face, never been taught to walk till he was seventeen, and at that age was in as childish a state as at two years old. That he was not an idiot, but literally speaking, in the true sense of the word, a natural. To this was added a romantic supposition that he was the offspring of a Catholic priest, who had barbarously reared him in a dark dungeon, and turned him out to shift for himself. After this boy had learned to speak and read—we will not say write, because he could write well when he was found—his unnatural father stole into the house of Professor Daumer, his kind protector, and attempted to assassinate the poor foundling by giving him a gash horizontally across the forehead with some sharp instrument. After which he instantly disappears, as if by magic,—though we ought not to say disappears, for no one saw the assassin either going or coming.

From close examination of this narrative, which we believe written by honest, though highly imaginative people, we conclude that Caspar had by accidental disease, as typhus or brain fever, become for a time insane, after having learned to read and write; that he had lost his memory, and been barbarously neglected and confined, and finally deserted; that he had been confined in a sitting posture for a length of time is evident from the growth of his bones, but that after the pains taken with him by his kind protectors at Nuremberg, the temporary cloud on his faculties cleared off, and he learned with wonderful facility to re-speak, to rewrite, and to re-read; but that done, his wonderful memory went no further, and with all other attainments, we find he met with more than the usual difficulties experienced in the branches of education of which he had no former knowledge. Of all the previous incidents of his life, it is most evident that he had utterly lost the memory, and his reminiscences arose from the eager and romantic suppositions of those around him, joined to the cloudy recollection of some sort of den of confinement. We find that the manual operation of writing remained with him, and was retained when human speech and all things intellectual were for a time blank. Besides writing his name, he wrote copies such as children practice in attaining that art; and this seems a fragment of previous regular education. Many instances are on record of grown people, who were rendered for a time imbecile by brain fever, gradually re-learning to write, speak, and read, very quickly, but were forced, nevertheless, to proceed in a progressive and elementary manner. The curious reader will find an instance in Coombe's Phenology, and among others, that a grown young lady emerged from a state of second infancy by playing with a doll, and talking like a child of three years old: a similar case to Caspar's little horses, on which such stress is laid. Nor is this a solitary instance: it is fresh in the memory of the writer of this article, that a sister of a dear friend was seized with a malignant typhus fever at sixteen; she recovered from the fever for a time, but with utter loss of memory; her imbecile state gradually dawned into childishness, and she returned to playing with dolls, in which she took infinite delight; mean time she went into a rapid decline, was unable to stand, but grew to the height of nearly six feet. Had she been abandoned by her friends, she would have been in a similar state to Caspar,
and could have given as little account of herself; and had her health returned, she would most likely have gradually regained her former attainments by progressive degrees, though, perhaps like him, subject to occasional excitement of the brain, injured as it was by disease. Previous to this fever she had been a young person of promising intellect and considerable beauty.

Wounds are often self-inflicted by persons wavering between mania and idiocy. There is at present residing at a short distance from the residence of the writer of this review, a young woman of some fortune, who bears just such a scar on her forehead as is to be seen on the forehead of Caspar; it came from a wound given by herself with a pair of scissors. In every other act she was harmless, and was suffered to be domesticated with a young family. Nor is this the only instance of self-mischief attempted by unhappy persons who are harmless and humane as Caspar to their fellow-creatures. The portrait of Caspar has not a sane expression: it is soft and baby-like, has a painful look, but like a person who has water in the head.

There is nothing further worthy of remark in this memoir, excepting that Caspar was first adopted by the city of Nuremberg, and that this charge has since been undertaken by a nobleman of our own country, Lord Stanhope, to whom the book is dedicated. It is to be hoped that after withdrawing this innocent and unhappy being from the cherishing protection of the good citizens of Nuremberg, his lordship will continue his benevolent intentions, by providing, at least, a comfortable home for poor Caspar, who though, perhaps, not a human curiosity of so romantic a description as the German sages have opined, appears a forlorn orphan, destitute enough to excite the compassion of a wealthy nobleman willing to do an act of praiseworthy charity.

We have heard a report that this unhappy boy has finally been made away with by a second more effectual mysterious assassination; but we still remain incredulous, that any hand has attacked him but his own during a moment of unhappy mental aberration. We own that the punishment of the unnatural person who cruelly abandoned him would be a desirable thing; but there seems such an over-excited spirit of the wildest romance busy in the brains of his protectors, that they are more likely to convict some innocent individual of the crime of murder, by means of vague circumstantial evidence, than to detect the selfish wretch who originally disencumbered himself of a helpless burden by throwing his child upon the public.

The Rival Sisters; with other Poems.

Smith and Elder.

The principal poem in this volume is of a species seldom seen in the present day, being a domestic story in the heroic ten syllabic verse, the same metre in which Crabbe gained a fame so lasting and well deserved. The story of the Rival Sisters is nearly revealed by the title. The lover of Laura transfers his fickle affections to her sister Julia, and marries her; the agony endured by the forsaken, casts a blight on her existence, and produces mania. Though containing little incident, the verse of the poem is in general harmonious, and in some instances the description of intense mental sufferings is worked up with truth and nature.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Was Julia happier then? I would not weep
The tears which that night chased away her sleep;
I would not be condemned one night to bear
The harpy passions that her bosom tear;
The pangs that o'er her outraged conscience crept:
No! sooner would I weep as Laura wept!
And now that lovely mourner sought her room,
Alone to ponder on her altered doom.
How changed her fate! but three short hours before,
Filled to the brim, her cup of bliss ran o'er;
With tears of blood, the bowl must henceforth drip,
While her own sister holds it to her lip.
She paced the lone apartment to and fro—
Now with a hurried step, and now a slow.
Grief never rests—as if it hoped to find
In ceaseless changes some relief of mind.
She found it not—for each recurring thought
Still further drove the calmness which she sought.

As thus with restless step the room she paced,
She marked her gestures in the mirror traced;
Oh! what a change in one short fatal night,—
She stopped and turned, and shuddered at the sight:
The restless turns that scare away repose,—
The eye that slumbers not, although it close?
Such feelings hast thou witnessed? then
Draw near,
And heave for her the sigh, and shed the
Tear.
Such feelings hast thou felt? then close the
Page!—
'Twere harsh to pain, when powerless to
Assuage.
At length subsides each low and heaving
Sigh,
And sleep has settled on that suffering eye.
Ah! surely now she finds a short relief,
And soft oblivion lulls the sense of grief:
No! even in sleep shall misery pursue,
And dreams the sad reality renew.
As throng the mingling phantoms to her
Brain,
The touch of fancy turns them all to pain.
Hark! the low muttering sentence—deeply
Drawn sigh,—
The start,—the shiver, and the half-closed
Eye. 
Reveal the unresting anguish of a soul,
That drinks in vain of dark oblivion’s bowl;
There read the mind’s convulsions in the
Face,
And, if thou dar’st, its hidden tortures trace;
The thousand fearful phantoms there com-
Bined—
The dreams of horror not to be defined—
’Till every aching sense and wilder
Thought,
E’en to the verge of near delirium wrought,
And stretched each nerve upon the rack of
Pain—
She shrieks—she starts—and wakes to weep
Again!

Our author ought to study judicious
Condensation; seven cantos are too much
to devote to a story, which, if all the
Excellencies alone had been retained,
might have been infinitely benefited by
Compression into one quarter of the space. We think the poetic talent of
This writer lies only in domestic scenes,
And these rather as simple sketches of
Character and feeling, than dilated into
Ample epics. Crabbe and Bloomfield,
Who are the only writers in verse of
English domestic story, knew better what
They were about than to lengthen their
Sketches into cantos; and a peculiar
Charm in these popular writers is, that
They use no high-flown pompous similes,
to Illustrate domestic scenes. The reader
Will notice, even in the favourable speci-
Men now presented, how much taste is
Jarred by the line
“With tears of blood the bowl must hence-
Forth drip.”

Ever and anon some flimsy metaphor
of the kind injures the illusion of the poem, and drags it down into the lowest
grade of common-place. There is a
great improbability in the circumstance,
that, after the scene of the bridal, the
parents of Laura should suffer her to
accompany her sister and husband on their
bridal tour: these are some of the effects
of canto-spinning. We would advise our
author, if inclined to pursue the occupation
of a poet, to look into real life,
which is ever producing scenes of won-
derful power and variety, and write
sketches minutely delineating domestic
feelings and incidents, taking for models
(next to nature) the manner in which
Crabbe and Bloomfield treat such sub-
jects; and this in preference to pursuing
further a tale which, though too long
already, is evidently meant to be con-
tinued.

We have dwelt long on a part of the
volume in which both merit of versifi-
cation and poetic feeling are discernible.
We can only give commendation in one
instance to the minor pieces; all har-
monious measurement instantly leaves
the author, the moment the ten syllabic
verse is quitted. Nor do the subjects
alone for the prosaic verse: abstract sub-
jects, such as "Odes to Wealth," "to
Beauty," ought to be suffered quietly
to repose among the dust of the last cen-
tury, entombed among Elegant Extracts
and Dodsley's Collection, which teem
with heaps of rapid lifeless personification.

"The Likeness of Love" is an ex-
ception to this censure; the verse is easy
and elegant. We think the author of
the Rival Sisters might accidentally, as
affirmed, have produced the resemblance
of incident, without being subject to the
imputation of plagiarism.

The Anti-Spelling Book; a new System
of teaching Children to Read without

The author of the Anti-Spelling Book
has excellent ideas, but is far too viv-
acious, too fond of drawing similes from
politics, and skipping off in playful diges-
sions from his subject, to produce a really
practical book. His address and intro-
duction would have made a pleasant essay
in a periodical, though it is incongruous
where it is; for it is by no means desir-
able that children should read satirical
comments on different modes of teach-
ing, although it is very desirable that the
best and easiest methods should be
adopted by those who govern them.
There are many expressions in our author's
sprightly address to mothers and govern-
esses, which it would not be advisable to
submit to the ken of those children and
pupils who, may be, are a little older
than the child to whom the elementary
instruction is being conveyed.

Words of advice as to the manner of
instruction should never be subjected to
the criticisms of children themselves.
Nothing can be more subversive of obe-
dience. For this reason, we think the
author wrong in devoting so large a space
of his little book to sarcastic discussion
of the present mode of tuition. We
acknowledge that there is much truth
contained in it, but it ought to have been
made the subject of a separate treatise.
Let the reader judge from the following
extracts whether such flippancy ought to
be interwoven in a practical book:—

"When you begin to teach a child to read,
you make him spell every word, that is to
say, name every letter in each word. But
why? "We do it," you say, "because a
child would never learn any thing if not
taught in that way."

"You think, then, that if a child meets
with the words hat, cat, but, urns, lad, he is
sure to discover the real sound of each,
provided he previously says oath a tee, see
a tee, bee u tee, u or u ess, ell a dee. You
think that the simple syllable or sound hat,
is the faithful echo of the three syllables
aitch a tee; that see a tee conveys to your
ear the sound cat; that bee u tee, ell a dee,
very naturally mean but, lad; and that you are
en ess is but a shorter and plainer way
of saying urn.

"Very well. But, if I grant you that a
child could not say or remember the sounds
hat, cat, but, but, urns, had he not previ-
ously uttered the sounds aitch a tee, see a tee,
but, lad, you awareless, I must blame
you very much for your negligence and
inconsistency towards your children, when
they first begin to talk. How culpable
must you be in speaking to, or conversing
with them, without spelling! If a child
seven years old cannot say or remember
get, though he sees the word with his own
eyes, unless he has previously said jee a tee,
how can you expect that a child two years
old, not having the word before its eyes,
will be able to say or remember it?

"I hope, ladies, you will, in future, dis-
charge your duty more carefully; that you
will never speak, nor allow a child to speak,
without previously spelling every word;
and that you will converse in the following
manner:—
"The Mother:—en wy my, dea ear, dear, see aitch i ell deh child, dre o, do, en o tee not, double u double eh pee weep.

"The Child:—see aitch ee the, en a you jee aitch naugh, tre wy ty, naughty, see tee cat, aitch a ess has (haz), ess see ar a tee see aitch ee deh scratched, en wy my, en o ess ee (noze).

"Now, ladies, how do you like this expeditious method of teaching children to speak? It is the very same you follow in teaching them to read.

"Were I to tell you that there is a mother who, anxious to see more harmony in the venerable institutions left us by our wise forefathers, makes use of your spelling system to teach her child to speak, would you believe me? No, indeed. You would tell me, that nature never produced such a sample of folly; and that the most stupid of mothers would be sensible that by training, in this way, a child eighteen months or two years old, she would soon stultify and make him almost an idiot."

"Suppose you saw a father pointing out a cat to his son, and making the child repeat after him—

"'A little, nimble, domestic animal, half a foot high, with four legs, two ears, a fine tail, when not cut off, mustachios longer than those of any royal duke; killing, when not too well fed, rats and mice; quarrelling with dogs, as Whigs do with Tories: sometimes playful and innocent as a country girl; at others, grave as a parson and consequential as a stock-exchange politician; always candid as a lawyer; and honest and upright as a member of a select vestry—cat.'"

"You would approach such a man, and say to him:—'My good sir, leave off your prosing; it tends only to confound your child. Pronounce at once the word cat; for his ear having been successively struck with the sounds Tory, Whig, parson, lawyer, stock-exchange politician, and member of a select vestry, it would not be extraordinary, if, on your again asking him the name of the little animal, he were to answer, a Whig, a lawyer, or any other term you might have uttered; a blunder he would certainly not have committed, had he heard only the word cat.'"

From these extracts may be pretty well gathered the author's meaning of depriving letters of their mere names, and reducing them to their natural sounds, as a means of removing the difficulties attendant on spelling. One of the stumbling-blocks of our language is the vicious pronunciation of e and ee. This is owing to possessing a name, and no sound; while if, in teaching the alphabet, it had its natural sound, we, it would no more be confounded with e than with f, which in its most natural sound, fe, is a modification of the same articulation.

Our author's practical plan is a good and natural one, calculated to effect great reform in the most difficult science known to man, viz. learning to read.

That it is a natural one, cannot be denied by the writer of the present review, who well remembers the case of a sister who, having a fine ear, and being idle withal, chose always to say her spelling-lesson by ear instead of memory, and electrified a new governess by spelling monkey me-t-eh mun ke-e ky; and the difficulty of preventing her from spelling every word that was out of tune, by sounds, instead of names, occasioned the child great mental trouble, which she would have been spared if the system of the "Anti-Spelling Book" had been adopted a few years ago.

There is a sentence in one of the Arabian tales, adopted as reading lessons, which, if our author had known much of the disposition of children, he would not have suffered to remain.

This is, "every day he cursed the rats and the mice, which made sad havoc among his stores." Out of ten lively children that read this passage, nine would run about the house, repeating "curse the rats and the mice;" and supposing the mother remonstrated, the ready answer would be, "Why, mamma, I was taught it by the nice story I read to you to-day." And what could the mother do, but wish that so thoughtless an author had not selected stories for infants. Our author must curb his vivacity with judgment before he enters on so responsible an office, whatever his talents may be. The human mind in childhood is like a hotbed, in which weeds root themselves with the most wonderful celerity; and woe to that erring hand that drops the seed of a vile poisonous root where it meant to plant a flower or good herb; let such abstain from culture altogether. If children hear execrations, attended as they are in general with loud tones, angry looks, and all the hideous accompaniments of wrath, they may easily be taught to avoid such practices, as sinful; but introduce expressions of that sort into familiar colloquy, and the cure is tenfold more difficult of accomplishment.
West India Sketch Book. 2 vols.

This is of a superior class of those agreeable novelties that prevail in the reading of the present day. It occupies, in a variously interesting manner, a new scene, and exhibits on it in vivid colours, many portions of men, things, science, and, above all, nature. Where lively, interesting extracts might be made, we prefer this quiet specimen of style—"The tender Nautilus, ' the ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,' was seen floating its light, fragile form on the peaceful surface, opening its gossamer sails to the passing zephyrs, luxuriating in the lifetime of a day—vitality centered in an atom, an atom holding a rank, and having an unity or connexion of purpose, in the interminable scale of the creation, and capable of exalting the conceptions of man of its mysterious, boundless, and ever-varying beauties. It seemed as if the genius of repose had placed it as a beauty spot on the face of the slumbering ocean, that its diminutive and delicate form might give assurance of continued peace."

History of the Regency and Reign of George IV. By W. Cobbett.

This is a descant on his own times, by one of the most extraordinary writers that ever existed: diligence in collecting facts, and endeavours to digest them, are manifest; but an arrangement, by which the author breaks into the narrative to introduce his own opinions, is more novel than agreeable. The work, altogether, is a curiosity in literature.

History of France to 1834. By Mrs. Jamieson.

This talented lady, already well known as a useful and agreeable writer, has furnished a volume which will extend beyond the sphere for which it was modestly designed—the use of schools. More facts, brought down to the present time, and comprised in smaller space than can be obtained elsewhere, in a neat and vivid style, and an amiable sympathy with fallen greatness, are among its striking recommendations.

History of Egyptian Mummies, &c.

Mr. Pettigrew, who has recently distinguished himself in the disinvolvement of these singular remains of the haut ton of Egypt, and deciphering the hieroglyphics that accompany them, has in this volume collected numerous facts on the custom of embalming human forms, sacred animals, &c., and the various modes of disposing of the dead in other times. The Persians, Arabs, Jews, Ethiopians, and many Christians, practised similar modes of preserving the deceased, either in honour or from affection. Burning the remains became common in many nations, and in some the bones were pulverised: northern nations froze them for preservation; they also buried them in water. Others enclosed them in plaster, which they painted in a kind of fresco to represent the deceased, and then placed the remains for a time in a transparent coffin. Honey and wax were used in preservation. Sepulture in the earth, however, has pretty generally prevailed over all other customs; and the modes by which affection or respect were so demonstrated, have been well superseded by sepulchral monuments, and the infinite variety of memorials, particularly in the modern melancholy luxury of ornamented grounds.

Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales. By Dr. Laing.

This is the most perfect view of our principal receptacle for emigrants. Dr. Laing is senior minister of the Scottish Church, and Principal of the Australian College, circumstances in themselves remarkable. The title is appropriately modest, for it is rather an historical essay than a history; for though he amply describes the governors and principles of their governments, he descants upon every thing that relates to the colony—as a penal settlement, a point of emigration, a colony—of its adaptation to all which purposes he has favourable opinions, and his talents would, we think, promote the whole with great advantage. Whoever wants a comprehensive view of the subject can no where else obtain it; and the author's philosophy is accompanied with great good humour.

Moore's Letters and Journals from the Swan River. Edited by Martin Doyle.

This is the most sensible of the several accounts we have seen of this new settlement, unpretending, and yielding simple
facts with just inferences. We learn from it that there is good reason to hope well, if the population be appropriately recruited. It is what we should expect from the "Farmer’s Letters," and other highly useful works of the editor, who has chosen to serve the public under a fictitious name in another, almost unknown, land, by some called "Ireland."

The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands. By Robert Mudie.

This is a delightful work of a delightful writer, who has, in a manner peculiarly his own, laid himself out to win every one—not only to nature, but science. His present subject, always attractive, is consequently produced with new charms. He who has been variously employed, and always to the advantage of the public, now seems to have devoted his whole life and soul to nature’s aviary, and to communicate the tranquil experience of the one, and the exalted passions of the other, to every human being not wholly immersed in artificial convention. The department of natural history to which the subject belongs is to be studied in woods and vales, thus mingling its minute details with all the sublime of creation, and gathering, like Shakspere’s Jaques, "good in every thing." In speaking of the conventional occupations of mankind in his preface, Mr. Mudie justly observes—"Nothing can be lost, but much gained, by a cultivation of the laws of nature; her appeal to all men is open, equal, and beneficent, like that of the prophet—‘ come all ye that thirst, come to the living waters,’ &c.;” and he admirably illustrates it by a personal allusion, saying, "the sunshine of the soul was to be found in them, when clouds gathered and darkened over his daily path.” The book is cheap, with coloured cuts, by Baxter, in a novel and beautiful mode.


Outline of a System of National Education.

Miss Austin is too well known to require our praise; and in favouring the public with this translation, she is contributing to the general stock of intelligence on the most interesting of subjects. But the Prussian and English communities are widely different; and hence the systems of education cannot assimilate. Of the "outline" of our own countryman it will be, perhaps, sufficient to say, that he proposes education to become altogether national for those who can pay and those who cannot; and that he adds to education food, clothing, and lodging: towards the national expense he desires to appropriate the endowments of the great public schools, and the contributions for those of a private nature.

Stenographical Accident. By R. Roffe, pupil to Mr. Molineux. Wightman.

Moot’s Stenographic Standard. Tegg.

The first of these publications seeks to claim attention by the extreme brevity of its rules; the second, by the assertion that the author has invented a system whereby a speech or sentence may be noted down with a third less marks than by any method yet practised. In proof of this assertion, the Lord’s Prayer is noted down according to the new system, with a notice of those used by the former professors.

If writing is to be transcribed immediately after the occasion when written, the greater the brevity the better, as long as the signs are tolerably free from confusion; if to be for private notes—it requires judgment and practice to decide which is at once the quickest and the most easily intelligible.

Fine Arts.

St. James’s Gallery of Paintings, consisting chiefly of choice selections from the great Spanish and Italian Masters. Pall Mall.

London, the capital of genius and of taste, is, at this time, particularly distinguished for numerous and splendid exhibitions of art, alike honourable to the great masters by whom they have been produced, and the industry of those by whom they have been collected. Nothing indeed bespeaks the last polish of civilised society more than an attention to collect whatever is curious in any department of human skill. It proves that rational amusements are superseding
Drama, &c.

the frivolties of life. To the gentle female, ever desirous of advancing her country's honour, and witnessing her country's happiness, this decided proof of the estimation of merit by the public, generally, must be extremely gratifying. Hence we consider the great advantage which all classes derive from the National Gallery of Painting, as it enables a young lady but moderately acquainted with the works of celebrated painters to form a correct taste. By viewing their exquisite abilities, repeatedly, the mind is insensibly cultivated, and, gradually acquiring an inclination for rare exhibitions of merit, is induced to follow up the pursuit. Among the various collections which appear likely to gratify this laudable inclination, we recommend as particularly deserving of our fair reader's notice "the St. James's Gallery of Paintings, 58, Pall-mall." It consists chiefly of choice selections from the great Spanish and Italian masters. The catalogue contains every necessary information, and renders much description on our part unnecessary—but we consider that we should not be doing our fair readers justice, if we did not solicit their attention to a few of the principal beauties of this collection.

The first that attracted our notice is a portrait of Milton, when, unknown to fortune and to fame, he probably little dreamed of that immortality which his genius procured for him. It is not the Milton of age, but of youth: of youth such as young genius loves—his age twenty—extremely valuable as a correct portrait. As to the execution, the picture speaks for itself; but the crin and waistcoat will not fail to be admired.

No. 5. Portrait of the Duke d'Urbino.

No. 8. A dead Christ.

No. 13. The portrait of a cardinal—lace round the cuff—the velvet round the chair—the attitude—the book.

No. 25. The head of a monk reflected in a mirror—the head next the mirror.

No. 28. Venus and Adonis—the dogs.

No. 33. Portrait of a Florentine nobleman—generally considered that of Cesar Borgio.

No. 34. Duchess of Richmond.

No. 43. Lucretia.

No. 44. The Crucifixion—an exquisite ivory carving, especially the thorns round the head.

No. 51. Portrait of Don John of Austria—the scarf.

Drama, &c.

King's Theatre.—This past month has produced an opera, by Rossini, new to this country as a whole, but several of the solos were known some years since, "Maometto Secondo," which was so poor and incomplete, that it was speedily withdrawn. Several pieces, and among them the beautiful and effective composition, sung by Tamburini, commencing "Sorgite," were at that time published. This opera has undergone revision by Rossini, who has added an additional act, in consequence of the flattering reception it met with during the last season in Paris. The title, "The Siege of Corinth," is a high-sounding one, and leads the mind to anticipate some brilliant and thrilling scenes; but the piece dwindles into a mere love story, without even novelty to recommend it. Mahomet the Second (Tamburini) having besieged Corinth, made himself master of nearly the whole city; and amongst the prisoners who have fallen into his hands is the Governor. The captive reproaches his conqueror with bitterness. The Turk orders him to immediate execution. At this moment Pamira (Grisi), the daughter of Cleomenes, hastens to plead the cause of her parent, and beholds in Mahomet the man who, when she was at Athens, had, under the name of Almavir, courted and won her affections. Cleomenes, who had already awarded the hand of Pamira to Neocles (Rubini), a gallant young Greek, is filled with despair when he finds that the unwillingness of his child to return the love of Neocles is caused by her previous attachment to the infidel invader; and the anguish of Pamira is no less poignant when, in the man whom she adores, she beholds the destroyer of her country. Cleomenes, who doubts the patriotic spirit of his daughter, repels all her advances with indignation, and is led to prison. Pamira, now in the power of Mahomet, refuses his most splendid offers, and determines to perish with her country. She escapes, and amongst the tombs of Corinth encounters her father and Neocles. She consents to receive the hand of the latter; but, in the midst of the betrothal, so gratifying to the father and to the lover, the clang of arms is heard. The few remnants of the Greek force have been defeated, the Mussulmans are victorious, and Mahomet hastens to seize his lovely prize, when suddenly the front of the edifice in which they are assembled sinks, and in the distance Corinth is seen enveloped in flames—temple and tower.
falling to the ground, and thus ends this strange but not very eventful history. As a musical work, "the Siege of Corinth" is certainly not worthy of Rossini. We have not often been present when an opera has been got up with such force. Grisi and Tamburini almost surpassed themselves in the beautiful duet which occurs in the fifth scene of the second act, when Mahu's endeavours to force Pamira to the altar. Rarely have we witnessed a scene so touchingly impassioned. It was loudly applauded, and unanimously encored. The introduction of a distant chorus, faintly dying away amongst the tombs, adds greatly to the harmony of the scene.

VISIT OF THEIR MAJESTIES.—On Thursday, the 19th ult., the same performances and "La Sylphide." The royal party arrived a few minutes after eight, and were ushered in by the Lord Chamberlain, M. Laporte, and Mr. Seguin, who were in court dresses, in which he had been dressed for their reception. Three boxes on the ground tier were converted into one principal box, on either side of which one was arranged for the lords and ladies in waiting. The interior was decorated with white satin, and the panel was covered with a rich crimson velvet drapery, on which reposed the royal arms. The canopy was surmounted by the regal crown, and two large lustres, with oil burners, were let down to the level of the canopy, and shed an additional light upon the royal box. The reception of their Majesties was very enthusiastic; the usual cheering and demonstrations of fervent loyalty were resounding when they came forward to make their acknowledgments to the audience. Their Majesties were also accompanied by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the Queen's brother, who sat on her left. The King, who was, as usual, dressed in an admiral's uniform, looked in excellent health, and frequently applauded the singing of Mademoiselle Grisi. Her Majesty had on her court plume and diamonds, as for her drawing-room in the morning. The box which is usually occupied by the Princess Victoria and her royal mother, the Duchess of Kent, was required for the royal party, and therefore, took that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, in which, as soon as they arrived, being perceived by the audience, a burst of applause and clapping, as loud and heartfelt as ever we witnessed, was given in honour of them. This they both most graciously acknowledged, and showed by their manner that they were sincerely and really gratified by this unexpected tribute of respect and attachment, as hearty as it was deserving, and honourable to both parties. The pit was crowded to excess almost immediately after the opening of the doors, but the boxes were not so numerous or brilliantly occupied as might have been expected.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.—Both houses closed their season 1833-34 on Friday the 20th ult., but without the customary farewell oration.

HAYMARKET.—The theatrical summer commenced on the 9th ult. with the opening of the Haymarket. It bids fair to be a successful season. Nothing can be done now without novelty, and Mr. Morris promises a great deal. After Jerrold's admirable two-act comedy of "The Housekeeper," followed a new comic musical piece with the title of "Rural Felicity," which was rewarded with three distinct rounds at the fall of the curtain. Mrs. Nesbit took the part of Felicia, for the first time, and went through it so well, we found no reason to regret the absence of Miss Taylor. The new opera is by Buckstone, and is very loosely put together: the different parts, good in themselves, are disjointed; and there are some inconsistencies in the plot that might have been avoided or rendered less obvious. The music is by Bishop, and some of it, especially two airs and a duet, pretty enough, but all the rest might well be spared. From the first scene to the last not the slightest disapprobation was expressed; and when Mrs. Glover came forward with a sort of personal appeal, to ask if the piece might be repeated, the applause was universal. Her part is a sort of Mrs. Candour of the country, and she played it with great vivacity and humour. Buckstone was excessively droll. Vining was lively. Miss Turpin is improved since last season; and Miss E. Paton, who sings as well as formerly, was encored in a Scotch ballad. All the principal actors were cordially greeted by the house as they made their appearance. "Second Thoughts" concluded the entertainments of the night.

On the 14th, the farce of "Monsieur Tonson" was performed, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Beaumont as a manager, and the audience in the character of Monsieur Morbleu. His chief qualification seemed to be an accurate knowledge of the French language. He is also possessed of a certain ease of manner, which would argue that he has derived his knowledge of the stage more from France than England. His comic humour was not sufficiently marked for an English auditory, but we may expect improvement.

On the 16th, Shakspeare's tragedy of "Coriolanus" was revived at this theatre, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Vandenhoff in that character. His reception was most flattering.

A new piece, in two acts, was played here on Thursday, the 19th ult., called the "Sledge Driver," founded on an incident (supposed or real) in the life of the Grand Duke Alexander, and, though far-fetched, is tackled together with considerable ability. It was well acted, and announced for re-
Petition with applause. Mrs. Planche, we hear, is the writer or adapter of it.

The New English Opera-House.—We do not doubt but that the subjoined detail of the "New English Opera-house," will be read with satisfaction.

The new theatre will be an elegant object on the western side of the new street leading from Waterloo-bridge to Bow-street. Its façade will exhibit a handsome portico, supported by six massive fluted columns of stone, bearing richly-sculptured Corinthian capitals; and on each side of the building, which extends beyond the portico, are pilasters of corresponding design, sustaining a cornice, from the passage to a parapet or balustrade; the whole surmounted in the centre by a dome, through which the grand saloon will receive light.

Under the portico are three doors, leading through a commodious hall, where the company can await the arrival of their carriages, to a hall and gallery, on a level with the dress circle, from which two spacious flights of stone stairs, branching off to the right and left, ascend to the first tier of boxes and saloon. This arrangement, which in a great degree resembles the box entrance to Drury-lane Theatre, is a judicious one, it is truly an academical, instead of a public, system, as intended to operate at the rate of dressing the audience of the theatre from the refreshment rooms, which occupy the space above the entrance hall.

The auditorium consists only of a dress and upper tier of boxes, with a gallery, whose sides, as usual, are converted into slips, which are approached, by means of internal staircases, forming their own boxes of the upper circle. The dress-circle materially differs from that of any other theatre, its centre being made to project a foot or more in advance of the other circles, to constitute what is denominated a "balcony," whose front, in compliance with its having from Waterloo-bridge to Bow-street, is chiefly designed trellis-work, of cast iron, gilt. Behind the balcony, which is intended only to admit a double row of chairs—a substitute, we suppose, for the stalls of the other theatres—are a range of twelve compact family boxes, which command an uninterrupted view of the house and stage, and on either end of it, extending to the proscenium, are reserved three boxes for the reception of dress visitors.

There are besides three commodious private boxes on each side of the proscenium, one of which is appropriated to his Majesty, another to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and a third to the Marquis of Exeter, the ground landlord; there are also three orchesta private boxes at each side, and three private boxes at each end of the upper circle. In size it is somewhat less than the Haymarket.

The decorations, which are under the direction of Mr. Frederick Crane, are am-besque. The ceiling forms an entire circle, and is "damed," as best calculated for conveying sound. A splendid chandelier will be pendant from its centre. A rich scroll-work in gold, upon a cream-colour and grey ground, the pervading colour of the house, will ornament the front of the dress and proscenium boxes.

The pit will be capacious, and extend under the dress circle.

The free ingress and egress to all parts of the theatre are admirably contrived. The approach to the boxes is from the new street; to the pit, by the former entrance, through Exeter-court, from the Strand; and to the gallery, run their course.

The erection of so extensive an edifice, combining, as a theatre necessarily does, such variety of detail, in the incredibly short space of three months, whilst it satisfactorily proves what human art and industry well directed can achieve, confers honour on Mr. Beazley, the architect, who has so successfully planned and directed the whole.

The first performance is to be an opera founded on the "Sylphide;" the music entirely composed by Loder, of Bath: 168 new dresses have been ordered for it. It is intended to operate at the rate of dressing the public, instead of the old hour, to suit the convenience of the higher classes. The entertainment will usually consist of an opera and a farce, and terminate by eleven or a little after.

Adelphi.—Mathews has again come to the attack with his usual unbounded whim, humour, and eccentricity. His "Youthful Days" having run their course, he is fresh in the field with his popular volume, called "The Home Circuit, or London Gleanings," from which the public enjoyed many a hearty laugh a few years ago.

Victoria.—Mr. Egerton's Farewell.

On the 9th ult. Mr. Egerton's benefit was well attended, and in the course of the evening he took his leave of the stage and was heartily applauded.—Abbott re-opened the theatre under his own management on the 23d ult.

French Plays.—Since our last, the French company playing at the Odeon have received about the greatest addition Paris can produce, in the person of M. Perlet, whose talents will be remembered to have been the general theme of converse in this country some three, four, or five years back.

The Surrey.—The "course" of attraction, and of full houses, appears to be that in which our friend Yates and his wife, assisted by the "gentle" Reeve, are destined to steer their bark. At the Adelphi "bumpers" awaited the opening of its doors; and at the Surrey overflowing audiences attend their exertions. In addition to the regular conjoined companies. The two theatres, we find that Mr. T. P. Cooke, and several
of his nautical pieces, have furnished an almost unprecedented attraction.

VAUXHALL.—These gardens have been opened since the publication of our last number. The chief object of attraction this season is a splendid pictorial representation of the Arctic Regions, which has been painted under the immediate superintendence of Captain Ross, the intrepid navigator. Without seeing it, no language can describe the effect produced by this magnificent work of art, which occupies 60,000 square feet of canvas, and presents to the eye the most vivid portraits of all the principal events which occurred during the expedition. It was universally admired by all present. Amongst the vocal talents we have this season Mrs. H. R. Bishop, her first appearance, in addition to Miss Forde, Bedford, W. H. Williams, and Robinson. We need hardly say that the musical arrangements, under the direction of Bishop, are excellent. The chorus are on the same brilliant scale as last season, and Mr. Simpson is the same courteous, urbane, and attentive master of the ceremonies. What more can the most fastidious votary of pleasure demand? The proprietors have spared no expense in providing for the amusement of their visitors, and we trust they will experience that support to which they are justly entitled. We have attended several evenings, and are happy to say that the company has been numerous, as well as "noble," and highly respectable.

THE GRAND FESTIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

As we cannot give a perfect account of these grand and interesting ceremonies in our present number, we shall defer any statement, further than saying that the excellent internal arrangements have given the greatest satisfaction. The rehearsal of Friday was very superior, and promised a great treat for Saturday, the day on which our work is before the public. The performances ended on this day at half-past four o'clock.

CONCERTS.

MADAME DULCKEN'S.—This accomplished and finished pianiste gave her annual concert on the 7th ult., at the Great Room, in the King's Theatre. The selections formed on the whole a highly agreeable melange. Mr. Vruyt, from the King of the Netherlands' private company of singers, sang Beethoven's cantata "Adelaide" in a pleasing flowing style; and Signor Ivanoff (who is fast rising into general estimation) sang "Vivi tu," in a manner which gained him great applause. The instrumental part of the concert consisted of several concerts on the pianoforte by Madame Dulcken, and a fantasia on the flute, wonderfully executed, by M. Bucher. The concert concluded with a grand concertante for four instruments, by Cramer, Moschelies, Herz, and Madame Dulcken, and who, we think, proved herself all but an equal with the great masters with whom she was associated.

SOIвор de Bega's had his concert at the same rooms, on the 8th ult. De Begnis himself took part in some fine pieces, to the great entertainment of his auditory. He is the first of buffo singers, combining with most scientific musical skill broad natural comedy. To him, for the moment, it is a spontaneous fit, which, as it becomes true mirth, is irresistibly contagious. One or two of these performances were quite new, and the terzetto "Vedi quel uom! Lo vedo," by Ricci, was particularly fine of its kind. It was admirably sustained in the two subsidiary parts by Zuchelli and Giubilei. Grisi was so indisposed after her exertion in "The Siege of Corinth," that she could not appear; but Caradori, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanoff, and Zuchelli gave their powerful assistance. Rubini's old favourite, "Tu vedrai," was sung by him exquisitely, and was most rapturously applauded. Madame Dulcken and Herz performed a most brilliant concertante on the pianoforte. They admirably emulating all the bold and spirited execution of her companion; Bucher gave a delicious fantasia on the flute, on the subject of Paganini's song of the "Witches;" Masoni also executed a vigorous pot-pourri composition on the violin. The morning's entertainment went off to the full satisfaction of the company.

We omitted last month to make mention of Mr. Kellner's fine concert, since his return from Russia, to a fashionable and crowded audience, on the morning of the 24th of May, at Madame Cellini's residence, in Manchester-street, Manchester-square. Although the programme was unassuming, it was nevertheless sufficiently inviting, and afforded a great treat. Mr. Kellner performed in the course of the concert Herz' celebrated variations on the romance of "Joseph" with brilliant execution, as in his able accompaniment to the several performances (Mr. Bishop not having conducted, as announced in the bills,) he proved himself equally as good a pianiste as a singer. Mr. Kellner was most ably supported by the exertions of Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. Bishop, Madame Cellini, Signor de Bega's, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Bennet, &c. Mr. Braham, whose name was announced, did not appear; but in his absence, although evidently labouring under great disappointment, Mr. Kellner delighted the audience with a song of his own composition, "The fair Haidée," in which he displayed great compass of voice, and exquisite taste and judgment. The quartetto, "Cielo il mio labbro," was
a failure; but this might have been owing
to a change in the performers; those who
had been announced to sing having previ-
ously left, and others having come forward
most good-naturedly to supply their places.
Mr. Mori played a solo on the violin, and
Mr. Nicholson a fantasia on the flute, with
admirable taste.

PANTHEON.

NEW ELYSIAN PROMENADE OF FASHION—
PICTURE GALLERY—HALL OF SCULPTURE
—GRAND ITALIAN BAZAAR—MOORISH
CONSERVATORY, &c.

Never was there a finer offering at the
shrine of Fashion than that which has been
produced by the creative hand of Genius,
aided by the spirit of British tradesmen,
determined to evince their superiority in a
decorated substantial building to the artists
of all Europe. We think they have suc-
cceeded; and that, in doing so, they will be
amply repaid, not only in the present very
exalted effort, but by forming a new era in
the domestic edifices of the great.

We need not trouble our readers by the
early history of the building, called “The
Pantheon;” the original building seems to
have been contemplated, by its projector,
as worthy of gods, while it has long been
unworthy of men! Situated in the oldest,
prominent, and most extensive and airy pass
of London—Oxford-street, it became, for
some time, a positive nuisance, approaching
to ruin. It is from these comparative ashes
that has arisen the phœnix, which we shall
barely attempt to describe.

Nothing hearing of the intention—for all
parties seem to have determined on a burst
of surprise to the world—it was only by ac-
cident that we saw a new portico ennobling
the old Venetian front; and, on entering the
open doors, well attended, without payment,
found ourselves in a hall of sculpture of no
mean character, and of beautiful oaken floor-
ing; thence we ascended a massive Italian
staircase, also of oak, attracted by some pic-
tures on the first landing, and, as we ad-
vanced still further, temptations of art were
yet beyond.

The first we beheld was the “Marriage of
Canaan” of Paul Veronese, the “Cymon
and Iphigenia” of Barry (which filled us
with deep thoughts on it and the Society of
Arts), the “Samson and Dalilah” of Carra-
vaggio, which led our soul to his Italian inn
rather than his picture, while “Titian’s En-
tombment” and a “Guercino” mark the op-
oposite side. We were, however, quickly
diverted to a corridor on the left by Drum-
mond’s brilliant picture of “Kenilworth,”
with Queen Elizabeth in all her glory.
This corridor leads to the chief gallery, hav-
ing a “Nativity” of Westall on the left, in
which there is enough to occupy the lounge
of a day with amusement, interest, and ad-
oration. We say amusement, because Pid-
ding and others have some pictures to that
effect; interest, for when was the world of
fashion insensible to art? and admiration,
because there is much to admire, both ancient
and modern. Turning into another gallery,
with a circular aperture from below, sur-
rrounded by an elegant palisade: here, in
modest mahogany cases, are Raffaello and
Correggio, besides much of the Flemish and
Dutch schools. To particularise would be
tedious, if not invasions. We hasten there-
fore, to another corridor, supplied with fur-
ther efforts of art, particularly in copies from
the old masters by ladies. But here burst
upon us, like a glance of fairy-land, the
Bazaar, and, as we advanced, one of the
most superb edifices of ancient or modern
times.

We there beheld a portion of the Vati-
can, with superabundant glories; pictorial
ornaments on panelled ceilings, in lieu of
the frescoes of the south; while, spread
abroad, are the finest exhibitions of all,
of dress, ornament, of utility, in the best
specimens that can be furnished by the most
respectable houses—for their representatives
are here! While wrapt in delight on the
surrounding temptations, a glance below
shows new charms, for we are yet only in the
gallery of the Bazaar; and, after visiting the
semicircular variety to this, the descent is by
another oak staircase, so managed as that,
in passing down, new views are obtained of
the whole principal edifice, its richly-coloured
windows, its white reliefs of sacred sub-
stances, curved lights from above, and the
arabesque ornaments, still more scarce and
valuable, that render light the massive
strength of the pillars that support the whole.

We cannot stop to describe the lovely va-
riations of the standings below—the room
in form of a cross, which appears on the east
—for we must hasten to the sweetly-orna-
tmented temple on the south, where finely
lightened Corinthian pillars and coloured
glass of the most exquisite kind are a new
temptation, and whence the noblest vistas of
the whole building and the scagliola pillars
at the entrance of the gallery is obtained.
Mirrors of great magnitude appear every
where.

But from the right we perceived an avenue;
and this opened a new surprise—the Moor-
ish conservatory, than which we can venture
to say nothing was ever a closer imitation.
Here is Moorish architecture—a fountain,
an aviary, and plants in all the variety of the
season. Thence, descending through an
horticultural grove, we reached an elegant
Indian tent, in an alcove, formed as a con-
versatione for ladies awaiting their ear-
riages; and hence debouched through a ser-
vant’s hall into Great Marlborough-street.
Never was there before such an oblation at
the shrine of Fashion.
Miscellany.

The Leech-Fishery.—The country about La Brenne is, perhaps, the most
uninteresting in France. The people are
miserable-looking, the cattle wretched, the
fish just as bad; but the leeches are ad-
mirable.

If ever you pass through La Brenne, you
will see a man, pale and straight-
haired, with a woolen cap on his head, and
his legs and arms naked; he walks along
the borders of a marsh, among the spots
left dry by the surrounding waters, but
particularly wherever the vegetation seems
to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed:
this man is a leech-fisher. To see him
from a distance,—his woe-begone aspect,
his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular
gestures,—you would take him for a pa-
ten who had left his sick bed in a fit of
delirium. If you observe him every now
and then raising his legs, and examining
them one after the other, you might sup-
pose him a fool; but he is an intelligent
leech-fisher. The leeches attach them-
to his legs and feet as he moves
among their haunts; he feels their pres-
ence from their bite, and gathers them as
they cluster about the roots of the bull-
rushes and sea-weeds, or beneath the stones
covered with green and glaucy moss. Some
repose on the mud, while others swim
about, but so slowly, that they are easily
gathered with the hand. In a favourable
season it is possible, in the course of three
or four hours, to stow ten or twelve dozen
of them in the little bag which the gatherer
purses on his shoulder. Sometimes you
will see the leech-fisher armed with a kind
of spear or harpoon: with this he deposits
pieces of decayed animal matter in places
frequented by the leeches; they soon
gather round the prey; and are presently
themselves gathered into a little vessel
half full of water. Such is the leech-fish-
ery in spring.

In summer the leech retires into deeper
water; and the fishers have then to strip
themselves naked, and walk immersed up
to the chin. Some of them have little
rafts to go upon; these rafts are made of
twigs and rushes, and it is no easy matter
to propel them among the weeds and aqua-
tic plants. At this season, too, the supply
in the pools is scanty; the fisher can only
take the few that swim within his reach, or
those that get entangled in the structure of
his raft.

It is a horrid trade, in whatever way it
is carried on. The leech gatherer is con-
stantly more or less in the water; breathing
fog and mist and fetid odours from the
marsh, he is often attacked with ague,
catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge
in strong liquors, to keep off the noxious
influence, but they pay for it in the end by
disorders of other kinds. But, with all its
forbidding peculiarities, the leech-fishery
gives employment to many hands; if it be
pernicious, it is also lucrative. Besides
supplying all the neighbouring pharamcia,
great quantities are exported, and there are
regular traders engaged for the purpose.
Henri Chartier is one of those persons, and
an important personage he is when he comes
to Meobecq or its vicinity; his arrival makes
quite a fête—all are eager to greet him.

Among the interesting particulars which
I gathered in La Brenne relative to the
leech trade, I may mention the following:
—One of the traders—what with his own
fishing and that of his children, and what
with his acquisitions from the carriers, who
sell quantities second hand—was enabled
to hoard up 17,500 leeches in the course of
a few months; he kept them deposited in
a place where, in one night, they all became
frozen en masse. But the frost does not im-
nediately kill them, they may generally be
thawed into life again. They easily, in-
deed, bear very hard usage. I am told by
one of the carriers, that he can pack them
as closely as he pleases in the moist sack
which he ties behind his saddle; and some-
times he stows his cloak and boots at the
top of the sack. The trader buys his
leeches pêle mêle, big and little, green and
black—all the same; but he afterwards
sorts them for the market. Those are
generally accounted the best which are of
a green ground, with yellow stripes along
the body.—Medical Gazette.

Fly-Fishing, whether for trout, which
is the immediate object of our inquiry,
or other muscivorous fish, is of two kinds,
natural and artificial. In natural fly-fishing
we may, if we will, employ almost all the
winged insect creation, for there is scarcely
a class, order, species, or variety of Lin-
neus, but the trout upon occasion makes
free with. The very wasp, in spite of his
terrible sting, becomes a frequent prey,
and woefully to that poor giddy butterfly
that should venture too near the ambus-
cade of a hungry fish. The classes, how-
ever, chiefly used by the fisher are the
ephemera and the phryganea. The for-
mer may be known by carrying their wings
erect upon their backs, and by wearing
some two, some three tails, after the fa-
sion of the Turkish bashawas. The phry-
ganea, on the contrary, fold their wings
closely over their bodies, and are distin-
guished by long antennae. Fies may
easily be kept in considerable numbers to-
gether in a box or horn, taking care to
have the lid of the one or the bottom of
the other perforated with holes to admit a
plentiful supply of air. They will remain
fresh through the night in this confine-
ment, so that those caught in an evening
may be used by the fisherman on the fol-
lowing morning. In putting them upon
the hook, great care must be taken not to
wet their wings; and we need scarcely say,
that the less torture is used the better.
Two are generally employed at a time, and
baited thus, pass the hook through the
first just under the wings, where the body
is thickest, leaving it flitted across the
hook. Put on the other in the same man-
er, only taking care to leave the head in
an opposite direction to that of the first.
It is almost unnecessary to remark, that
neither the natural nor the artificial fly
can be employed in other than fine water,
or a stream moderately freshened. Fish can-
not see through a mill-stone more than
you or I, gentle reader, nor a mill-stream
either, unless the water be tolerably clear.
A slight wind will be rather favourable
than otherwise, and in this case a some-
what longer line may be employed, but a
too strong breeze or too long line will
be found equally inconvenient. Having
now provided ourselves with all necessa-
ries, and a few superfluities in the shape of
prog, we take our stand by the water-side.
A " southerly wind and a cloudy sky"
proclaim a fishing as well as a hunting
morning; sunshine is positive death to our
hopes. Whenever a good fish is seen to
rise—and here let me remark, that the ris-
ing of a fish is by no means necessarily
accompanied by a jump into the air and a
shock in the water, as some worthy souls
seem to imagine, but is commonly a quiet
sucking in of the fly at the surface of the
stream;—and scarcely perceptible—when-
ever, I say, a good fish is seen to rise, or it
is presumed one may be lying, let the flies
be dropped gently upon the water a few
feet from the spot.—*New Sporting Maga-
azine.*

**FEMALE** Constables.—Women
have occupied the office of overseers, ac-
cording to the Poor Law Commissioners.
"There are many small towns (Vide Capt.
Pringle's report from Carlisle, p. 313) where
an offender may actually be, and the con-
stable of the place not know of any thing
against him; and if even he was acquaint-
ed with the offence, the chances are very
great that he would not trouble himself in
the matter. He is accountable to no one.
If he be active, well and good; if not, no
person interferes with him: in fact, such
is the system of appointing parish con-
stables, that they are very often inefficient
old men; nor, even it sometimes happens
that the rural police-officer is represented
in the person of a female. The thieves are
quite aware of these defects before making
'a crack,' as they term committing a
robbery; certain places are selected which
are the residence of *pigs only* (country con-
stables); to one of these the thief resorts
after the robbery, and rusticates till the
affair is understood by his acquaintances
to be over!"

**The Coffin Trade in Paris.**—It
seems that the coffin-makers of Paris are a
privileged class, and that hitherto nobody
was allowed to be interred in any of the
public cemeteries whose furniture for its
last abode was not supplied by some one of
this *quasi-corporation.* The Prefect of the
Seine lately attempted to break up this
monopoly, but his interference has, it ap-
pears led to the most *grave* complaints, and
a petition is even presented to the Cham-
ber, by the plumbers and carpenters,
against this invasion of their vested rights.
It is certainly impossible to carry monopo-
ply farther.

**Fortune Teller.**—A German
prince in a dream seeing three rats, one fat, the
other lean, and the third blind, sent for a
celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded
an explanation. "The fat rat," says the
sorceress, "is your prime minister; the
lean rat, your people; and the blind rat,
yourself."

**The Chung-tsew, or festival of Middle
Autumn,** is a great festival among the Chi-
inese, and is observed partially throughout
the whole month, by sending presents of
cakes and fruit from one person to another;
but it is chiefly celebrated on the fifteenth
and sixteenth days: on the fifteenth ob-
lations are made to the moon, and on the
sixteenth the people and children amuse
themselves with what is called "pursuing
the moon." The legend respecting this pop-
ular festival is, that an Emperor of the
Tang dynasty being led one night to the
palace of the moon, saw there an assembly
of nymphs playing on instruments of music;
and, on his return, commanded persons to
dress and sing, in imitation of what he had
seen.—*Gutzlaff's Journal of a Residence in
Siam.*

**The Fall of Adam and Present Cur-
iosity.**—A gentleman riding along the
road, passed by a *knock* (a field of furze), in
which a man was stubbing; and for every
stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out in
a reproachful tone, "Oh! Adam!" The
gentleman stopped his horse, and, calling
the labourer to him, inquired the reason of
his saying "Oh! Adam!" "Why, please
your honour," said the man, "only for
Adam I would have no occasion to labour
at all; had he and Eve been less curious,
none of us need earn our bread by the sweat
of our brow." "Very good," said the gentle-
man; "call at my house to-morrow." The
man waited on him the next day, and the
gentleman took him into a splendid apart-
ment, adjoining a most beautiful garden,
and asked him would he wish to live there?
The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind, you are to enjoy all this on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate that lies upon the table." The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought that there was little fear of his forfeiting it by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate, even in the evening before going to bed, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know it; and, accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate—when, lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Begone to your hoeing," said the gentleman next day, "and cry oh! Adam! no more, since, like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."—From "Lays and Legends of various Nations."

LETTER READING.—I never read my letters in the evening before going to bed, or in the afternoon before dinner. Letters generally contain more bad news than good; and, in reading them, we call up subjects of inquietude, which disturb our repasts and our repose.—Huet.

MOULDING AND CASTING STATUES.—The oven in which Mr. Chantry dries his moulds is about fourteen feet long, twelve feet high, and twelve feet broad. When it is raised to its highest temperature, with the doors closed, the thermometer stands at 350 deg., and the iron floor is red hot. According to Sir D. Brewster, the workmen often enter the room, walking over the iron floor with wooden clogs, which are, of course, charred on the surface. The same authority tells us that, on one occasion, Mr. Chantry, accompanied by five or six of his friends, entered this furnace, and, after remaining a few minutes, they brought out a thermometer which stood at 320 deg. The mould being thoroughly dried, is, whether entire or composed of several pieces, hoisted, by means of a crane, into the casting pit, and, having been put together and properly placed, it is carefily surrounded with sand; if the subject be too big to allow of the mould being thus lifted, then all the preceding operations would have to be carried on in the pit. The mould being thus placed, and gutters made from the furnace to communicate with the different conduits leading to various parts of the statue, the metal is poured at once to flow into and fill the mould, which it does almost instantly. As it is difficult to obtain very large statues perfectly sound, especially towards the feet or the part lowest in the pit, they are sometimes cast in several pieces, which are afterwards united by pouring metal, in a state of fusion, along the joints. The work, whether cast at once or in sections, is finished by cutting off superfluous portions, and chiselling the different parts, as may be necessary for correctness and effect; after which the surface is sometimes rendered uniform by the aid of some composition, according to the taste of the artist."—From the "Cabinet Cyclopedia."

BELLS.—The largest bells in the world are, according to travel in China and Russia; at Nankin formerly hung four bells of such enormous size that, although not swung, but only struck with a wooden mallet, they brought down the tower, and have long lain neglected among its ruins. One of these bells is about twelve feet high, seven and a half in diameter, and twenty-three feet in circumference. It has a swelling in the middle, but does not expand much towards the rim, where it is seven inches thick: from the dimensions of this bell, its weight has been computed at 50,000 lbs., or more than double the weight of that at Erfurt, said by father Kircher to be the greatest bell in the world. In the churches of Russia there are numerous bells, and some of them very large; one of these, in the belfry of St. Ivan's church, at Moscow, weighs 127,836 lbs. This was the largest bell known until Boris Godunof gave to the cathedral of that city a bell weighing 268,000 lbs. This was again surpassed by the bell cast at the expense of the Empress Anne, and which weighs, at the lowest estimate, 432,000 lbs. This is the largest bell in the world: its height is upwards of 21 feet, circumference near the bottom more than 67 feet, greatest thickness 23 inches. This bell is likewise on the ground; the local tradition being that the beam upon which it was suspended in the tower was accidentally burnt in 1737; this statement, however, is denied by some travellers. By its fall the bell suffered a fracture towards the bottom sufficiently large to admit two persons abreast without stooping. In England the biggest bells are Christchurch college, Oxford, 17,000 lbs.; St. Paul's, London, 11,474; and Great Tom of Lincoln, 10,854 lbs.; the heaviest of these being considerably less than one-twentieth of the weight of the Russian bell.

PECULIARITY OF THE BIRD ORIOLE.—In describing this member of the feathered tribe, Mr. Nuttall, in a recent work, says—"No bird could become more tame, allowing himself to be handled with patient indifference, and sometimes with playfulness. The singular mechanical application of his bill was remarkable, and explains at once the ingenious art employed by the species in weavineg their nest. If the folded
hand was presented to our familiar oriole, he endeavoured to open it by inserting his pointed and straight bill betwixt the closed fingers, and then, by pressing open the bill with great muscular force, in the manner of an opening pair of compasses, he contrived, if the force was not great, to open the hand and examine its contents. If brought to the face he did the same with the mouth, and would try hard to open the closed teeth. In this way, by pressing open any yielding interstice, he could readily insert the threads of his nest, and pass them through an infinity of openings, so as to form the ingenious net-work or cradle of his suspensory and procreant cradle.

The velocity of the wind varies from nothing up to 100 miles in an hour; but the maximum is variously stated by different authors. According to Smeeant, a gentle breeze moves between four and five miles per hour; and 150 has been observed on a foot; a brisk pleasant gale moves from ten to fifteen miles, with a force of twelve ounces; a high wind, thirty to thirty-five miles, with a force of five or six pounds; a hurricane, bearing along trees, houses, &c., has a velocity of 100 miles, and a force of forty-nine pounds per square foot.

Murray's Encyclopaedia of Geography.

Longevity.—Two marked cases have lately been recorded. Died, in Maury county, Tennessee, January 10th, Mrs. Betsy Fran- tham, at the advanced age of 154 years. She was a native of Germany, and arrived at North Carolina in 1710. At 120 her eye-sight became almost extinct; but during the last 20 years of her life she recovered the power of vision as perfectly as when at the age of 20. Another lady, named Thierry, died lately at Chateauneuf, aged 104 years and 11 months, retaining her mental faculties to the last. Fifty years ago her constitution was considered very feeble; but the people who were with her conceived they were making a profitable speculation by purchasing her estate for a very considerable annuity for her life.

Extinction of Animals.—This extraordinary law of nature, with which geology first made us acquainted, is perhaps, through the agency of man, in more active operation at the present time, than it has been at any period since the creation of our planet. Of this we have a striking instance in the fur trade. The animals that supply furs are pursued with unceasing hostility. Immediately after South Georgia was explored by Captain Cook, in 1771, the Americans commenced carrying sealskins from thence to China, where they obtained the most exorbitant prices. One million two hundred thousand skins have been taken from that island alone since that period, and nearly an equal number from the Island of Desolation! The number of the fur seals killed in the South Shetland Islands (S. lat. 63 deg.) in 1821 and 1822 amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand! This valuable animal is now almost extinct in all those islands. From the most authentic statements, it appears certain that the fur trade must henceforward decline. The advanced state of geographical science shows that no new countries remain to be explored. In North America the animals are slowly decreasing, from the persevering efforts and the indiscriminate slaughter practised by the hunters.—American Journal of Science.

Stony Covering of the Skin.—Mr. Kitching, of Aldersgate-street, gives the particulars of a very extraordinary case:—"I have at present," he says, "under my care a man who is nearly encrusted with a stone-like skin, very closely resembling the barnacles of the native oyster, or what is called 'rough casting,' so frequently seen on the outside of labouring houses. He cannot sleep for any length of time, because the recumbent position causes in him the sensation of lying upon a board thickly studded with nails, or, as he expresses it, 'lying on a bag of sticks.' The first appearance of this covering occurred about six months ago, since when it has been rapidly increasing, and little doubt exists but that in a short time the man will become as thoroughly encased in a hard coat as the armadillo or the rhinoceros."

In sensibility.—Frederick Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him that his wife, who had been languishing some time, was very ill, and wished to speak with him. "I have only," said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then go to see her. A second messenger informed him that she was on the point of death. "I have not more than two words to finish," said Morel, "return to her; I shall be there soon, as you desire." A moment after, another messenger brought an account of her death. "I am very sorry," said he, "she was a very good woman;" and continued his translation.

Superstition.—A few days since the parents of two female children in Plymouth applied to the owner of a male ass for permission to cure them (the children) of the loopy cough, which on being granted, they passed the children nine successive times underneath the beast, causing the children each time to kiss the dark mark on its shoulder, whilst one of the parents bade the disease depart in the name of the Father, &c. The mothers of the children then began their part, by shaving off the hair that constitutes the dark mark on the ass before alluded to, which they put into two bags properly prepared, and which were immediately suspended from the necks of the dear innocents, as an amulet to prevent the return of the disorder."
Railways.—The works of the Greenwich railway are proceeding very rapidly at Rotherhithe; already fifty-nine piers have been built, and sixty of them will be ready for the formation of the arches on which the road is to be made. A meeting was lately held at Dover, for the purpose of taking the opinion of the inhabitants on the proposed continuation of the Greenwich railway, by Gravesend, Maidstone, and Aylesford to Dover, and it was then stated that the estimated expense of this great undertaking was about 1,500,000. The source of revenue might be estimated as follows:—Thirty-eight stages pass daily between London and Dover, conveying nearly 520,000 passengers annually; these at 2d. per mile each would produce 138,700l. The average number of persons travelling by post he would take at 30,000; that of visitors to races, fairs, and other public attractions, about 10,000; and casual passengers from one town to another, throughout the year, on the intended line of road might be estimated at 70,000. The number of passengers going by the steam-boats from the Thames last year was 400,000. Of these he would assume 50 or 60,000 might avail themselves of the projected conveyance, and make the annual receipts from passengers only, 230,700l.

Knighthood.—The order of knighthood in ancient times added a lustre to the highest decencies of nobility, and was esteemed by princes and kings themselves. The ceremony of creating a knight was generally performed in the royal palace, and robes of different colours were given to the intended objects of that royal mark of distinction. Among the Close Rolls is a writ from King Henry III. to the sheriff of Southampton, ordering him to allow Thomas Esturny, his Majesty's valet, a scarlet robe, with a cloak of fine linen, and another robe of green or brown, and a saddle, and a pair of reins, and a cloak for wet weather, and a couch and a pair of linen sheets, it being usual for the person thus knighted to watch all the previous night in the church, and the couch was given him to rest on.—Hardy's Description of the Close Rolls.

Making Coffee.—In making coffee much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavour of the berry; and, moreover, it is very erroneous and most expensive to sweeten it with moist or raw sugar. Many persons imagine that the moist sugar tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found that half the quantity in weight of refined sugar will add more sweetness, and the flavour of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where the use of coffee is more extensively practised by the lower classes, the sugar cannot be too refined, and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful white refined sugar with their coffee, while on such their custom and taste they pride themselves highly. It requires but little thought to acquire something of our custom, and when economy is blended with judgment, it is only necessary to call the attention of those whose means naturally excite them to seek for facts combining what is cheap and what is best. The first mention of coffee in the west of Europe is by Rems, a German traveller, who returned from Syria in 1573. It was first brought into England by Mr. Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan, who made it his common beverage, at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1641. Coffee trees were conveyed from Mocha to Holland in 1626, and carried to the West Indies in the year 1726; first cultivated at Surinam by the Dutch in 1718; its culture encouraged in the plantations, 1732.

New Method of Extinguishing Fire.—A German paper, the Morgenblatt, mentions a discovery, which, it says, has created (naturally enough, we think,) considerable sensation in Germany. This discovery is a simple method of extinguishing fire by means of chopped straw! The thing appears so paradoxical that it could not have been believed, had it not been for the experiments made, the principal of which is the following:—A few handfuls of chopped straw were thrown into a fire-place, and the fire was immediately extinguished. Several bundles of straw were lighted; and, covered with chopped straw: the bundles of straw were burnt, but the chopped straw remained uninjured. A bar of red-hot iron was plunged into a heap of chopped straw; it did not take fire, but, on the contrary, the bar soon got cold. Some very dry wood was lighted, and, when the fire was too hot, all was watched all the previous night in the church, and the church was given him to rest on.—Athenæum.

Fortification of Constantinople.—It is in contemplation to build a swing bridge, which will divide the harbour of Constantinople into two parts, so that the arsenal will be inaccessible on the sea-side, and the intercourse between Constantinople and Galata facilitated.

The Multiplying Power in some instances, animal as well as vegetable, is astonishing. An annual plant of two seeds produces, in twenty years, 1,048,576; and there are plants which bear more than 40,000. The roe of a codfish is said to contain a million of eggs; mites will multiply to a thousand in a day; and there are viviparous flies which produce 2,000 at once.
COAL DISCOVERED ON THE INDUS.—The discovery of a coal-mine at the head of the Indus, may prove of the utmost importance in these times, since the navigation of that river is open from the sea to the town of Atok, which is only forty miles from the deposits. A most excellent road intervenes, and Peshawar is a large city where labour is very cheap.—"On my arrival," says Lieutenant Burnes, in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, "in the plains of Peshawar in March, 1832, I made various inquiries from the Doorawi chiefs of the country about coal; and after a few months, I found that the stones near these pits were available as fuel. At my request he dispatched a messenger, and brought the specimen of coal which I now present to the society. It has been taken from the surface, and can give, therefore, no correct notion of the substrata further than proving that coal exists in the neighbourhood. The coal is slaty and of a greyish-brown colour, it readily ignites at the candle and emits a sulphurous smell." It is a singular circumstance that coal should have been discovered, both at the mouth and head of the Indus (in Cutch and Kohat) within a few years, and since steam has been used in India.

TRAVELLING IN NORWAY.—In speaking of the roads in Norway, Mr. Barrow, in his work entitled "Excursions in the North of Europe," just published, says, "The traveller is surrounded on all sides by rocks of exhalation he has no expectation of meeting anything but perpendicular from their base, while the sides of the mountains are covered with forests of dark green fir trees, which rear their lofty heads above each other, vying in height with the steep rocks among which they are blended. The precipices both above and below the narrow road are most frightful to look at: no precaution whatever is taken to prevent carriages from slipping off into the abyss below. In many places these precipices were perpendicular, and sometimes even inclined inwards, or overhung their base. The road too was so narrow as to be little more than barely sufficient to admit of the wheels of the carriages between the edge and the side of the mountain; had we happened indeed to meet any other travellers here, (which was, fortunately, not very probable,) we should have been under the necessity of taking the horses out, and of lifting the carriages over each other. The chances, however, are against such a meeting, for not a single human being had hitherto appeared to us on this route. Oftentimes the road before us seemed to terminate altogether at the very brink of a precipice, when, on reaching the spot, it was found to turn sharply round; and these sharp turns, with the yawning gulf beneath, incur almost inevitable destruction, should the animal become restive, or an overtum take place."

THE NORWEGIAN PEASANTRY.—The same author, when remarking on the inhabitants of that country, observes—"I was much struck with the difference we had thus far experienced between the face of the Norwegian and the Swedish peasantry. With the exception of a few unfrequented spots through which we had to travel, the superiority in the comforts of the former, scanty as they are, is conspicuous throughout the country. Their rye bread is generally better, being light, whereas that of the Swede is heavy, sour, and doughy, like a mass of paste; and though the corn-brandy of the Norwegians (to them the very essence of life) is far more pure than in Sweden. Fresh butter is an article scarcely ever seen amongst the Swedish peasantry, whilst in Norway no other is met with during the summer months; and I cannot call to mind having more than once, or twice at most, found it even indifferent; it was almost invariably excellent. The Norse cows are small, and not unlike, in shape and appearance, to the Alderney breed. Among them are many beautiful animals, and so active that they seem to jump from rock to rock as nimbly as the goats.

THE WHISTLING SWAN, though tamed and domesticated in Russia, has not the grace and elegance of the Mute species, as instead of the beautiful curve of the neck, it swims with it erect. Its vocal organs are remarkably assisted by the elaborate structure of the trachea, which, instead of passing direct to the lungs, as in the Mute Swan, forms two circumvolutions within the chest, like a real trumpet, before terminating in the respiratory organ, and it is thus enabled to utter a powerful and sonorous note. The common Tame Swan is unable to utter any louder noise than a hiss. This deficiency of voice is, however, amply made up by beauty of form and insinuating grace. Its pure, spotless, and splendid attire; its stately attitude; the ease and elegance with which, like a bark, it sits and moves majestically on the water, as if proud and conscious of its beauty; aiding its pompous progress by gently raising its snow white wings to catch the sportive breeze, wherein it waunts with luxuriant ease, queen of its native element.

PERSPIRATION.—Dr. Wood found a healthy hand and wrist perspire in an hour 2,833 grains of fluid. On this average the whole body yields, in twenty-four hours, nearly four pounds troy through its many millions of pores.
Straw Plat for Hats and Bonnets.—The cause of the decline in our own manufacture of hats and bonnets is said to be the importation from Italy. The straw hats and bonnets of Italy are the most ancient, and greatly superior in durability and beauty to those made in England. The plat made in England is splits, and the main circumstance is, that it is made of the straw of ripened grass; while the Italian plat is made of the straw of grain, or grass, cut green. Now the straw of ripened grain or grass is brittle, or, rather, rotten. It dies while standing; and, in point of toughness, the difference between it and straw from plats cut green is much about the same as the difference between a stick that has died and one that has been cut from the tree. But, besides the difference in point of toughness, strength, and durability, there is the difference in beauty.

The colour of the Italian plat is better, and brighter; and the Italian straws are small whole straws, instead of small straws made by the splitting of large ones; there is a roundness in them, that gives light and shade to the plat, which cannot be given by our flat bits of straw. The grass most generally used is the smooth-stalked meadow grass.

Chinese Adulteration of Tea.—A short time ago it was discovered that the teas were frequently mixed by the Chinese with iron dust, or an earthy detritus, which was pregnant with iron, which made the article weigh heavier, but, of course, was no improvement to the contents of the teapot. The test contrived for the detection of this has been a powerful magnet, which, being stirred about among the leaves, comes out incrusted with the detritus in question.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

NEWS FROM PARIS.
Paris, June, 1834.

I answer your toute charmante letter in all haste, my dear friend, that you may have time to order your dresses for the approaching festival;* but I am sadly at a loss, for you omitted saying which you wished for—morning or evening costumes. Here we should decidedly adopt the latter, with a coiffure en fleurs, and barbes (lappets) of point d'Alençon, or point d'Angleterre, or a veil thrown over the back of the head. The only way in which I can make up for your etoilerie, is to give you a description of several of our newest and most distingué "ensembles de toilette," for both morning and evening. Ainsi, ma belle, you may make your own selection; and I have no doubt, whatever your costume may be, that you will be à la mode.

GRAND FESTIVAL DRESSES.—MORNING CONCERT DRESSES.

Ensemble de Grande Toilette, No. 1. A robe Dubarry of gros grains. This is a most splendid material, in imitation of the rich ribbons worn as ceintures, and broché in beautiful patterns of natural flowers. A small delicate branching flower runs all over it in diamonds, and in the centre of each diamond is a single flower or bouquet; in one suppose a tulip, in another a rose, in a third a marguerite, and so on; in every square a different flower, or else a different bouquet. These robes Dubarry are a new invention; the material is made the entire breadth of the dress, so it is without any seam whatever. The part that is intended for the front is left white, en tablier; and down each side of the tablier is a black lace. This is really a chef d'œuvre of workmanship; for although the tablier in front is white, the remainder of the dress may be black, blue, rose, green, or any color ground you please. The flowers on them are exquisite: nothing can be more elegant than a dress of this, made à l'Antique, and trimmed with black lace, if the color is light; or white blonde, if it be dark. A rich turban, with a bird of Paradise, or marabou, which are becoming very fashionable, is the most appropriate head-dress, unless you prefer to make the costume complete, and adopt the pretty little hat à la Dubarry.

No. 2. A dress of mousseline de soie, or batiste de soie, écru, pearl grey, apricot, pale rose, or hâne/on brown, richly embroidered in floss silks, couleur sur couleur, or flowers in their natural colours: the pattern detached bouquets, small near the waist, and gradually increasing in size as they go down; corsage plain, with very full draperies put on; long sleeves, full to the wrist, and finished with a bracelet, not more than an inch in depth, of cameos, or mosaics: a mantelet, trimmed with rich black lace, may be worn with this dress; it must either be of the same, or of whatever colour contrasts best with the dress; hat of paille de riz, with white crystal ribbons and marabou.

No. 3. Dress of soie broché, pale rose, blue, lilac, or green; or of gros de Naples grosais (plaid), brown, yellow, and blue, or two or three shades of greens or lilacs: a mantelet...
of point d’Alençon, Leghorn hat, with white feathers.

No. 4. Dress of India muslin, the front breast embroidered en echelle (wreaths running across), and increasing in size as they go down; a pelerine of the same, round at back, with long ends coming beneath the ceinture in front, embroidered and trimmed with deep lace; a large square falling collar to match. The pelerine may be lined with a single silk—rose, blue, or any light pretty colour; the ceinture, ribbon tied round the neck and round the wrists, instead of bracelets, must match the lining of the pelerine. Hat or capote of crêpe, the same colour, ornamented with a full-blown moss rose, and two small bouquets of moss rosebuds, the latter placed at each side underneath the front of the hat. The above is a favourite and pretty costume, much adopted at our fêtes de matin.

No. 5. A peignoir of organdi (book muslin), embroidered in English worsteds—pattern, a guirlande of natural flowers, goes round the bottom of the dress, and up each side of the front; a round pelerine to match, trimmed with deep lace; bracelets, ceinture, and pompadour of coloured ribbon. You know the pompadour consists of about a yard and half or two yards of very wide ribbon, put on at the back of the neck, crossed (without being knotted) on the bosom, and brought down under the arms, from which it hangs down, with or without tassels, fall as low as the knees. Hair dressed with natural flowers; a veil put on at the back of the head, and falling over the shoulders, completes this very elegant costume.

No. 6. A peignoir of organdi, embroidered in worsteds—pattern, peas, two greens, two lilacs, rose and brown, apricot and brown, or blue and brown; the peas are worked in diamonds all over the dress. You are, of course, aware that what we call "peas" are round spots, about the size of a pea. The ribbon for the ceinture, pompadour, and bracelets, must be a mixture of whatever two colours are in the dress. A drawn capote of black blonde, trimmed with gauze ribbons to match the dress, is a new and very distingué coiffure; it may be ornamented with flowers or fruit.

No. 7. A peignoir, or redingotype, of thin muslin, with a large pelerine to match; the dress trimmed at the top of the hem, and the pelerine trimmed all round, with a quilting of sarsenet ribbon—blue, rose, or any colour: the ceinture and bracelets to match. Capote of crêpe, or poux de soie. This dress does not require a pompadour, as the quilting of ribbon on the pelerine goes round the neck and front.

No. 8. Redingotto of thin muslin; down each side of the front, en tablier, are two deep hems, (narrow at the waist, and growing gradually wider as they go down,) with coloured ribbon inserted: a double pelerine, with ribbon inserted into the hems. Hat of poux de soie, ornamented with flowers or feathers; and a short veil of point d’Angleterre, completes the costume.

No. 9. Redingotto of embroidered muslin, worn over a dress of coloured poux de soie, rose or blue, glacé de blanc (shot with white), the redingotto fastened down the front with bows of ribbons: a pelerine or mantelet, lined and trimmed with lace; and a hat of paille de riz, trimmed with ribbons and feathers or flowers, to match the dress, forms a most recherché costume.

No. 10. Redingotto of poux de soie, han-neton brown, pearl grey, or poussière; the skirt made to open at the side, where it is fastened with bows of ribbon—blue, a colour that contrasts well with the colour of the dress; the pelerine is edged with a small liseré of the same colour. Hat of poux de soie, en suite.

Now, my dear Clarinon, I think you may make a pretty selection for your three days out of this long list of dresses. I shall now make a few general remarks on fashions.

The skirts of the dresses are worn excessively full, and the fullness goes across the front, without leaving a little bit plain: the petticoats are long, and a little longer at back than at front; the hem at the bottom of the dress never exceeds half a quarter, a French measure, in depth. The sleeves are immense, and all of the new dresses are à l’imbecille, full all the way down. Some are merely taken in to the smallest waistband possible; others have one taking in just above the elbow, and another at the wrist; while others are gathered into four little bands, placed at short distances from each other, between the elbow and wrist: these last are in the style of the sleeves that were worn some years ago. The pelerines are worn larger than ever this year, they reach quite to the waist at the back: some are round, and others have long ends, that are brought beneath the ceinture. The pelerines, of coloured muslin to match the dresses, are trimmed round with a narrow Valenciennes, Mechlin, or any fine thread lace, such as is put in pocket handkerchiefs. White plain or striped muslin, thin muslin, organdi, and India muslin dresses, are exceedingly fashionable this year: those made en peignoir, are more worn than any others. This make not only looks cool and fresh in summer, but is so. You know they are cut all in one, merely sloped out at the neck, gathered in at the shoulders, and the only taking in at the waist is a coulisse (a running string in a casing); where the ceinture is put on, the front is drawn to its place. A broad hem is down each side of the front, but the dress looks better fastened up than flying open. Ruffles are coming in fast; they are simply a little strip of em-
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.
N° 14.

Grand festival Dress.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Follet, Boulevar P. Martin, N° 61.

Coiffe avec des grappes de fleurs - Robe en dentelle avec dessous de moire blanche.

Published J. Papo, 124 Fetter lane, London.

1814.
Paris Chat, &c.

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broidery, done on clear cambric, and about two inches in depth; a narrow lace is sowed with a slight degree of fulness on each side; they are always worn en néglié, and with coloured muslins, but, with white dresses, they are replaced by the pretty ribbon bracelets I have already mentioned: these latter are tied in a small bow on the top of the wrist, they are placed exactly on the wrist-band of the gown, so that no white should appear between the ribbon and the hand. The ribbon for the bracelets that for the pompadour, and that for the ceinture, must match in colour, quality, and pattern; the only difference is, that for the bracelets it must be narrow, and for the pompadour as wide as possible: a rich sars-net ribbon flowered; or a plait sarsnet, answered best. You have no idea what an improvement these ribbons are to a white dress: in toilette de promenade, the colour or trimmings of the hat should match. The lined pelerines are also extremely pretty. The hats and capotes continue the same form as when I wrote last; the crowns are high, and rather pointed; the fronts très évasées, far back off the face, but very long at the sides, for they nearly meet at the chin. Drawn capotes are excessively fashionable; and all, whether capotes or hats, have a short veil of plain blonde, tulle illusion, or fine English net, sewed at the edge of the front: flowers, fruits, ostrich feathers, or marabou, are to be seen in every hat; and beneath the fronts are small bouquets, or wreaths of minute flowers, as small roses, daisies, heath, &c. On the paille de riz, the ribbons are what are called crystal ribbons, a smooth shining gauze ribbon. On capes or poux de soie hats, the ribbons are white gauze ribbons; and in Leghorn hats they are sarsnet ribbons. For promenade de matin, the most distinguished capote is a drawn one, glazed or thin muslin, lined with blue or rose. Bronze shoes of English kid, or brodequins of satin, or gros de Naples, or of the same material of the dress, if it be silk, and to match in colour as nearly as possible, are adopted by our elegantes. For promenade, yellow kid gloves; and for the house, black silk mittens, with a small bouquet embroidered in floss silks on the back of the hand, are generally worn. For evening dress black or white mittens or gloves, à la perouse; handkerchiefs embroidered in English coloured worsted, a Persian, Cashmere, or Greek pattern, are much worn. The large tufts of frizzed curls are rapidly declining; the front hair in néglié is worn either in bands, or in one or two (at most) thick ringlets, at each side, en toilette; the ringlets increase in number: the back hair is still worn in braid en couronne, or in a bow on the top of the head; but the latter is seldom seen, unless the hair is dressed with flowers.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS.—Roses of every description are worn. Accacia white and rose, field flowers, as poppies, daisies, buttercups, harebells, with wheat, oats, and barley, hydranças, wall-flowers, stock, gillyflower, pinks, China pinks, heliotropes, privet, the laurier rose, peach, apple, cherry, and pomegranate blossoms; nuts, currants, grapes, and a branch of the blackberry bush, with fruit and flowers, are amongst the most fashionable.

The prevailing colours are rose, blue, paille, lilac, and apple green, all shot with white; lapis, willow green, emerald green, and dark green; apricot, gold colour, lemon, écru, grey, pearl grey, poussière, hortensia, henneton, marron, and mauve, a reddish lilac.

En voilà assez, ma chère, de jolies toilettes pour faire bien des conquêtes: tu sais que je ne m'épargne pas quand il s'agit de plaire à tes beaux yeux!

Thanks for your kind inquiries. M. de F—— continues très souffrant, pauvre cher homme! cela me rend bien malheureuse.—Adieu, crois toujours à la tendresse de ton amie.

L. DE F——

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

No. 13.—TOILETTE DE PROMENADE.—Dress made en redingotte of organdi, embroidered down each side of the front en tablier, and round the bottom of the skirt above the hem (see plate); sleeves à l'imbécile; the pelerine, round at back, and reaching to the waist in front, with a large square collar, is trimmed with lace, and embroidered to match the dress. Hat of paille d'Italie (Leghorn), ornamented with sarsnet ribbons and feathers. Parasol of poux de soie, white silk gloves, open work stockings, and shoes of satin royal.

No. 14.—GRAND FESTIVAL DRESS.—Coifure, ornamented with a diadem of blue and gold flowers (see plate), surmounting the bow of hair, and coming down at each side of the head, as far as the ear. Barbes or lappets of point d’Alençon are fastened at each side under the bow, and fall gracefully over the neck and shoulders (see plate). Robe of point d’Alençon, exquisitely embroidered à colonnes, with a deep flounce; corsage drapé, sleeves à l'imbécile, and mantile, deep on the shoulders, and narrow at the centre of the front and back. This magnificent dress is worn over another of blue moire (see plate); bows of blue gauze ribbon, retaining gold sprigs, are placed at distances at the top of the flounce; ceinture and bracelets of blue ribbon; blue and gold bouquet, white gloves, embroidered silk stockings, blue satin shoes, gold necklace, ear-rings, and brooch.

The dress of the sitting figure is mouseline de soie, pale straw colour.
BIRTHS.
June 5, in Great Cumberland-street, the lady of Sir E. C. Disbrowe, G.C.H., of Walton Hall, Derbyshire, of whom, on May 29, the Hon. Mrs. O'Grady, of a daughter.—June 9, Lady Henry Thynne, of a daughter.—June 10, in Wimpole-street, the lady of Sir Philip Grey Egerton, of Oulton Park, Cheshire, of a daughter.—June 10, in Berkeley-square, the Countess of Darney, of a son.—June 11, Mrs. Alsager, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, of a son.—June 8, in Woburn-square, Mrs. Lewis Robert Bellamy, of a son.—June 11, Viscountess Forwich, of a son.—June 9, at Blatherwyke Park, Northamptonshire, Mrs. Augustus Fitzroy, of a son.—June 9, at Blythe, in Lancashire, the lady of the Hon. R. B. Wilbraham, of a daughter.—June 12, in Upper Gloucester-place, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Jan. 7th, of the lady of H. C. V. Graham, Esq., of a son.—June 13, at Bryanston, the lady Emma Portman, of a daughter.—June 16, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, of a daughter.—June 14, in Greyfriars-street, the lady of J. L. Wyman, of a son and heir.—June 15, in Piccadilly, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, of a son.—June 14, the lady of R. B. Walker, Esq., of Curzon-street, May-fair, of a son.—The Lady Albert Conyngham, of a son.—June 9, the lady of Lord Levee, Esq., of a daughter.—June 20, the Countess of Sheffield, of a son.—The Lady Louisa Pole, of a daughter.—In Connaught-place, June 19, the lady of Capt. Vivian, of a son.

MARRIED.
June 6, at Waltham Church, Bath, John Christian Boode, Esq., only son of A. C. Boode, Esq., of Lucknam, Wilts, to Clementina Elizabeth Mary Bury, only daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry William Baynham, K.C.B.—June 10, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Frederick A. S. Fane, second son of John Fane, Esq., of Wormley, Oxon, to Joanna, youngest daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart.—June 10, at St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Charles Maitland Long, to Harriet Mary, eldest daughter of the late William Ellien, Esq.—June 5, at Edin- burgh, W. P. Grant, Esq., younger of Rothes- murchus, to Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Henry Siddons, Esq.—January 24, at the Mauritius, C. C. Brownrigg, Esq., Capt., 9th Regiment, to Rosa Matilda, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. G. J. Colette, Esq., of the Commanding Royal Engineer in that island. Also on the same day, the Rev. Langrishe Banks, second Colonial Chaplain, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Eyers.—June 11, at St. Mary's Church, Marion Colette, second daughter of the late John Addison, Judge in Bengal, to Major-General Robert Barton, late of the 21 Life Guards.—June 10, at Christ Church, James Rogers, of the Middle Temple, Esq., to Emma, the fifth daughter of Albany Bond, of Gloucester-place, Esq.—June 11, M. Cohen, of the Dover-road, to Eliza, only daughter of M. Nathan, Esq., of Dover-place, Old Kent-road.—June 17, at St. George's Church, Han- over-square, William Leveson Gower, Esq., jun., of Fitzroy-place, in the county of Surrey, to Emily, second daughter of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart.—June 17, at Ufford, Suffolk, Geo. Larkin, Esq., solicitor, Somerton, Somersetshire, to Sophia, relict of Richard Cragg, Esq., of Montagu-square.—May 31, at Edmonton Church, John Gerrard, Esq., of the 45th regiment Native Infantry, Madras Establishment, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Wilson, Esq., of Sneaton Castle, Whitby, and Cane Grove, St. Vincent's.—May 31, at St. George's Hanover-square, Captain Ricketts, R.N., eldest son of Sir Robert T. Ricketts, Bart., D.C.L., of the Elms House, Highgate, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Col. Tempest, of Tong Hall, Yorkshire.—May 31, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, the Rev. Frederick T. W. C. Fitzroy, A.M., Rector of Grants Regis, Northamptonshire, youngest son of Lieut.-Col., the Honourable William Fitzroy, to Emilia L'Estrange, eldest daughter of the late Henry Stileman, Esq., of Snettisham, Norfolk.—June 5, at Marylebone New Church, the Rev. Geo. Grenado Graham Foster Pigott, to Miss Dixon, of Edward-street, Portman-square.

DIED.
June 3, at Marine-parade, Brighton, Ann Brumwell, widow of Captain Brumwell, Esq., late of his Majesty's Treasure, aged 42.—June 5, at Fromer Lodge, Herts, of a rapid consumption, Isabel Georgina, eldest daughter of Sir David and Lady Ogilby, aged 16.—June 8, at her house in Privy-gardens, in the 85th year of her age, the Hon. Catherine Gertrude Robinson, widow of the late Hon. Frederic Robinson, and aunt to the Earl of Malmsbury, Morley, De Grey, and Nison.—June 5, at his seat, Uddens House, Dorsetshire, of Mr. James John Fraser, Bart., in the 46th year of his age.—June 7, in Wilton-crescent, Mrs. Pigot, wife of General Pigot.—June 9, in Great Cumberland-place, after a protracted illness, borne with most Christian resignation, Mrs. Tunno, of Taplow Lodge, Bucks, to the inexpressible grief of her afflicted family and friends.—February 22, on board his Majesty's ship Isis, off the coast of Africa, James Hare Edmonstone, midshipman, aged 14 years and eight months, youngest son of N. B. Edmonstone, Esq., of Portland-place.—June 6, in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. James Delaway, rector of Binfield, Sussex, and vicar of Leatherhead, Surrey.—June 11, Fyris and at his house in Great Ormond-street, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Stonor.—June 10, Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph Egg, Piccadilly.—June 5, at St. Germain-en-Laye, aged 68, the Marquis de Thuyse. He had, in the beginning of the French Revolution, fled over to England with his numerous family; during a long residence of thirty-three years at Richmond, in the county of Surrey, he had enjoyed the benefit of British protection, and till the moment of the Restoration, he, in common with so many of his countrymen, received all pecu- liary assistance from the well-known generosity of the British Government.—May 29, the Rt. Hon. Lord Wodehouse, aged 93 years.
Duchesse d'Estampes.

Born 1559.  Died 1597.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum.  Vol. V.

Published by J. Rivington, Fleet Street. London.
THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM
OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

AUGUST, 1834.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS D'ESTAMPES.
BORN 1509—DIED 1577.

(Illustrated by a beautiful whole length coloured Portrait.)

"I would view nearer
That face which has so long usurped my right,
To find the ineritable charms that catch
Mankind so sure—that ruined my dear lord."

"Oh, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart."

"Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife!"

Dryden.

The Duchesse d'Estampes was a very young woman when she first engaged in the turbulent intrigues of the French. Notwithstanding her tender years, she steered her way in the stormy sea of clashing interests and passions with skill and cunning, almost unexampled in the history of womankind. Her sway began when she was not eighteen, and lasted for two-and-twenty years. The reason of this singular success appears to have been, that she had but one feeling and one object, and that was the most thorough selfishness. Unfortunately for her royal lover, Francis the First, he set no value on female excellence of character or personal beauty. The vile arts of a courtesan were all the qualities he required in the woman who happened to possess his affections, and these he found in perfection in the Duchesse d'Estampes, who, being the worst of all his favourites, retained her sway the longest. This lady's name, before marriage, was Anne de Heilli, daughter of the Sieur de Pissilue. She was born in 1509, and at sixteen was appointed one of the maids of honour to the king's mother, Louise of Savoy. It is said that the king was captivated with her beauty on her first introduction at his court, and that, directly he saw her, he deserted the Countess de Chateaubriand for this new charmer; yet, if we can judge from his own letters that are still in existence, the countess was the first object of his thoughts after the battle of Pavia, and during the early period of his captivity. The time when he first noticed Mademoiselle de Heilli was, when she accompanied his beloved sister, Marguerite, as her maid of honour and companion, when she undertook her perilous journey to Madrid, for the purpose of visiting Francis in prison, who was very ill, and impatient of his captivity.
This journey took place in 1526, when Mademoiselle de Heilli was but seventeen. Her beauty, and the relief her company afforded the monarch, when he was restless and prison-sick, took such hold on his affections, that she instantly superseded the Countess de Chateaubriand in his heart, and she retained her sway to the last hour of his life. Marguerite de Valois* was forced to make a hasty retreat from Spain, owing to some plans she had laid for her brother's escape. Mademoiselle de Heilli was the companion of her flight, and, from the moment she left Madrid, Francis became so impatient of his detention, that he agreed to any terms, and signed the most humiliating treaties, for the purpose of getting away. Not that he kept those conditions; and this first breach of his knightly honour may perhaps be traced to the influence of his peridious mistress, who, we shall presently show, was ready enough to advise him to put into play the most treacherous measures.

The marriage of Mademoiselle de Heilli took place soon after the return of Francis to his dominions. She had, after her return from Madrid, captivated John de Brosse, the son of a nobleman, who was a partisan of the Duc de Bourbon. The father had been killed fighting against the king at the battle of Pavia. The king restored to John de Brosse the confiscated estates of his family, and created him Duc d'Estampes, in order to give rank to his wife; he likewise gave him the order of St. Michael, and made him governor of Bretagne.

This marriage created no jealousy in the mind of the king; for, by some moral perversity peculiar to the French court, it was consistent with etiquette that the lady favourite of a king of France should be a married woman! It does not appear, however, that John de Brosse was by any means pleased with these dishonourable honours, or at all aware of the disgraceful course his bride intended to pursue. To do the French nobility justice, in that chivalrous age both fathers and husbands regarded such royal favours in their true and infamous light; and in most instances the reader of history will find they considered such connexions as fearful stains on their blazons.

* See the portrait of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of this monarch, and her memoir, in the Lady's Magazine and Museum for Oct. 1831.

Two years afterwards, Francis espoused the sister of Charles the Fifth, Elenora of Austria;* this marriage made not the slightest difference to the Duchesse d'Estampes, who had all the rights of a wife, and thence the influence even of a beloved one who loves her husband, because, as Francis was an object of utter indifference to her, she could calmly take advantage of his passion, and artfully turn all its fitful inquietudes to her own interest. Although Queen Elenora was a beautiful young woman, the Duchesse d'Estampes retained her power over Francis uninterruptedly, and usurped the place of the royal consort still more completely than the Countess de Chateaubriand had supplanted Queen Claude.†

In the year 1538, during a few months' cessation of war, Charles the Fifth, in a fit of chivalrous confidence, thought proper to put himself in his enemy's power, by paying him a friendly visit, and applied to Francis for a safe conduct to enter his dominions. This romantic trust put in his honour was very captivating to Francis the First, and was truly a proceeding after his own heart. When Charles was in France, the Duchesse d'Estampes suggested to her royal lover the base expedient of seizing the emperor's person, and keeping him in confinement till he had given up the claims that the treaty gave him which Francis had signed during his captivity in Spain. Francis, though he was weak enough to indulge his mistress in every merely feminine caprice and extravagance that her changing fancy suggested, was too much shocked by the baseness of this proposition to give it even a second thought, and rejected it in such a manner as convinced his mistress that there would be some danger if she mentioned the matter again.

The emperor was shortly afterwards at a court entertainment, when Francis introduced him to the Duchesse d'Estampes, and with that gay frankness which always distinguished him, said,

"This fair lady advises me, brother, not to let you quit Paris till you have cancelled the treaty of Madrid."*

† See her portrait and memoir in Lady's Magazine for November, 1833.

* See her memoir and portrait in the Lady's Magazine for October, 1833.
Charles paused a moment, and replied gravely,
"A lady's advice should always be taken—provided it is consistent with honour."

The conversation was then turned to some other subject, but Charles had heard enough to give him cause for alarm; or at least to show him the danger of the position in which he had placed himself, and with his usual sagacity he reflected that the notion the Duchesse d'Estampes had put into the mind of Francis might be rendered familiar to his fancy by her reiterated persuasions, if she were not bribed into a different mode of representation. On the following day, as he was about to take his place at table, water was brought him to wash his hands, and the Duchesse d'Estampes presented him with a napkin, a courtesy which was then customary. Charles, while wiping his hands, drew from his finger a ruby of inestimable value, and purposely dropped it at her feet. She took it up and restored it to the emperor, who begged her to accept it for his sake. From this moment the Duchesse d'Estampes and Charles the Fifth understood each other; and this ruby was the commencement of a series of bribes that the treacherous courtesan took from the enemy of her lover and her country; and she was induced to betray every measure of state policy with which the culpable weakness of the king intrusted her.

Nothing could be more odious than the conduct of this woman, who governed Francis more completely than any of his former favourites, without having one redeeming good quality: her rapacity, insolence, and treachery, were apparent to every one but the king himself, who in vain made great exertions to repair the ruinous expenses his wars had occasioned, by the most sedulous attention to economy and good government: all that he planned and executed was marred by the bosom fiend he had intrusted with his councils. But it was the great misfortune of Francis's life, and the stain of his glory, to lavish his affections on women of corrupt inclinations, and he reaped the bitter fruit that men always do, who neglect the ties of virtuous love, to bestow on improper persons tenderness and confidence.

Mezara informs us that there were two parties at court, that of the Duchesse d'Estampes, and Diana de Poictiers, mistress to the Dauphin Henry. The favourite son of Francis the First was not this prince who succeeded him, but his younger brother Charles, Duke of Orleans. The Duchesse d'Estampes, out of pique to Diana, raised a party at court in favour of the duke. She prevailed on the emperor to offer to settle on the younger son of Francis the long-contested territories of Milan, hoping to obtain a retreat for herself, after the death of Francis, whose infirmities she saw were increasing daily. The Emperor Charles was at this time invading Champagne, at the head of a powerful army, his forces suffering much from want of provisions. The Duchesse d'Estampes corresponded with him, by the means of Count de Bosu, a lover of hers; and in her first letter informed him that the dauphin had got a great store of provisions for the French army in the town of Epernay, and that this town was very weak; but the French imagined the emperor would not endeavour to surprise it, because the river Maine lay between it and his army, and orders had been given to break down the only bridge, which orders she would delay if the emperor would make a sudden attack. Charles the Fifth followed this advice instantly, and the consequence was, he got possession of the whole supplies of the French army, by which they were reduced to the same state of want that the enemy had previously been in. Another letter informed him, that there was at Chateau Thierry a considerable magazine of ammunition, and if he were quick in seizing it, the campaign of the dauphin would be at an end. Charles was equally successful in capturing that town. The whole of France was filled with terror at the rapid progress of the emperor; the dauphin struggled with his difficulties with great skill and valour, but he made no movement without informing his father of his intentions, and as these were revealed to the treacherous spy in the cabinet of Francis, all was betrayed by her to the emperor. Paris was in a state of the greatest consternation: the citizens fled with their effects, and were murdered and plundered on the high roads. Henry the Eighth had got possession of the cities on the coast of Picardy; and France would have been ruined to serve the private interests of a wicked woman, if jealousies had not
broken out between Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth. Notwithstanding the daily intelligence that the vile woman who ruled France sent to the invaders, the dauphin, by the prompt and vigorous command which he now took on his own responsibility, contrived to regain his advantages, and put the emperor in so dangerous a situation that he was glad to make peace. The dauphin, afterwards Henry the Second, deserves the more credit for assenting to this, as he harassed the emperor by long delays, and gained by his prudence a bloodless but complete victory. All the time, however, Francis the First had been urging the young prince to fight, which course Henry knew would be utter ruin, since all his plans were betrayed by his father’s mistress; for the Duchesse d’Estampes even sent the emperor a key of all the ciphers in which the prince’s despatches were written from the army to his father.

Soon after this war terminated, all the plans of the Duchesse d’Estampes were overthrown, by the death of the young Prince Charles, Duke of Orleans, who died of the plague in 1546, and the whole treaty of Cerepy, concluded in the preceding year, according to the views of Madame d’Estampes, was disarranged. The next year, Francis sunk under his own infirmities, greatly increased by his grief for the loss of his favourite son.

This vile woman did not meet with the punishment she deserved: at first Henry the Second was resolved that she should be prosecuted for her crimes. Her trial commenced, and the king himself appeared against her, and condescended to be examined as a witness in open court, to bear testimony to her treachery in betraying state secrets, when the nation was in such imminent danger. But Henry was too generous to visit an unprotected woman with the weight of his regal power. After this extraordinary scene, in which her pernicious conduct was revealed to the country, he closed all proceedings against her, saying, that he did not mean to punish one who, worthless as she was, had been so dear to his father. He ordered her to retire to her estates in the country, suffering her to retain the vast wealth she had accumulated. During the latter part of the reign of Francis, the Duchesse d’Estampes entertained the Lord of Jarnac as her lover. Another nobleman, the Count Vivonne la Chataignerie, one of the handsomest and most accomplished cavaliers at the court of France, after the death of the king, was challenged by Jarnac, for having cast imputations on the character of the Duchesse d’Estampes. This gave rise to one of the most extraordinary duels, between these noblemen, on record. They publicly fought in the lists, with all the forms of chivalry, at St. Germain en Laye, in the presence of the king, Henry the Second, and his whole court.

La Chataignerie was expert in the practice of arms. Vain of his skill, and the favour of Henry, he despised his antagonist. A fever had diminished Jarnac’s usual strength and activity, and every one imagined the day would be lost by him, but the presumptuous negligence of La Chataignerie decided the combat in favour of Jarnac. By a skilful thrust, Jarnac wounded and threw his antagonist to the ground. The king, anxious to save his favourite, flung down his baton, in order to put an end to the engagement. Jarnac, as the law of chivalry required, desisted from pursuing his advantage; but his competitor, stung with disappointment, and enraged by the thought that he should be considered through life as a vile calumniator, would not survive his disgrace; he tore open the wounds that the king had ordered to be dressed, and when any one approached, put himself into such transports of rage, to stop the effusion of blood, that he died before night. Henry the Second was so much shocked by the fatal termination of this duel, that he made a solemn vow not to permit another judicial appeal to arms during his reign.

It is probable the success of her champion was the cause why the Duchesse d’Estampes was permitted to retire unmolested, in possession of all the riches heaped upon her, through the blind and doating fondness of Francis the First. When in banishment from Paris, she professed the protestant religion, and was very zealous to make converts; but as the nation was divided then into two nearly equal parties, ready to break out into civil war, it may be supposed that her profession had more of turbulence and party spirit, which sought revenge on the court, than any degree of religious conviction. Some years after, her husband, the
Duke d'Estampes, who was very anxious
that she should not escape without a due
reward for her ill-spent life, laid an in-
formation against her for rebellion and
heresies; but the king not choosing that
the memory of his father should be in-
sulted by bringing her to justice, suffered
her to escape further persecution. After
this she sunk into great obscurity. In
1575, thirty years after the death of Fran-
cis the First, she did homage according
to the tenure of one of her estates, and
died in 1577.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF
THE DUCHESS D'ESTAMPES.

The cap is of fluted gold gauze and
white satin, with two raised rows of gold
and jewels; it is still of the Bretonne
species; behind, depends a black velvet
capa or hood. A white gauze ruff, edged
with gold, meets the cap under the chin;
beneath, round the throat, is a rich collar
of jewels, set in massive gold. The
bosom is covered with a lace chemisette.
The robe is black silk, embroidered
round in the same colour. The corsage
very tight to the figure; the robe open
before, in the skirt, to show a pearl
coloured damask petticoat. The sleeves
are very peculiar in form, standing high
on the shoulders, and tight half way down
the arm, figured with ornaments of blue
ribbon, and studs of jewels; the half-
sleeves are full puffs of white lawn,
clasped at the wrists, with jewelled brace-
lets like the collar, and finished with
gold edged ruffles. The cordeliere is a
heavy gold chain, tied round the waist,
with one end depending to the feet, where
it finishes with gold star and fleur-de-lis.

THE WEDDING RING.

FOUNDED ON A GERMAN TRADITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ZEL AND EXPERIENCE."

The landgravine on her death-bed lay,
And fast flowed the landgrave's tears;
Their infants—who called from their childish play
Kneel round, and lifted their hands to pray,—
She viewed with awakening fears.

She turned on her consort her glazing eye,
His hand as she faintly pressed,
And murmured, "you weep to behold me die,
But time those fast-flowing tears will dry,
And my image will fade from your breast.

"Some maiden more beautiful than you will wed,
And ah! by a stepdame controlled,
Those innocent fruits of our nuptial bed
Unnoticed will weep for a mother dead,
A father's affection grown cold."

"Oh Gertrude, mistrust not my passionate love!"
The landgrave in agony cried:
"Of sorrows if I must the cruellest prove,
If fate from my bosom my consort remove,
My anguish can never subside!

"With no second passion that bosom can glow,
No beauty again touch my heart;
For Gertrude my tears shall unceasingly flow;
Our infants' caresses alone to my woe
Shall a glimm'ring of solace impart."

A gratified look on her lord she cast,
And said, "If indeed I be dear,
Oh grant my request—of requests my last,
For life even now I feel ebbing fast—
The wife and the mother to cheer!
The Wedding Ring.

"Thus constant that love and regret shall endure
Till death, in your bosom, oh swear!
That no rival your faith from my mem'ry shall lure,
No stepdame those infants so joyous and pure
Ever blight with untimely despair.

"This ring, precious bond that proclaimed me your bride,"
She gave it him gemmed with a tear,
"That death, only death from my hand could divide,
Oh swear it on yours shall for ever abide,
The pledge of a promise so dear!"

She ceased, and, subdued by the fond request,
He swore as his Gertrude required;
His hand to her bosom she feebly pressed,
Her children in accents inaudible blessed,
Relaxed her soft grasp, and expired.

A year passed away, and the deepest gloom
Still hung o'er the widower's court;
The landgrave daily wept over the tomb
Of the wife he had lost in her beauty's bloom—
Wept over his infants' sport.

Another, and still those fair children alone
Could chase the dark cloud from his brow;
The ring, on his finger immovable, shone,
And sighing o'er joys that for ever were flown
He daily repeated his vow.

Now blooming and beautiful, witty and gay,
At his court a fair stranger was seen;
She sang, every ear was bewitched by her lay:
She danced, with young Zephyr seemed Flora to play:
She walked,—'twas the port of a queen.

The landgrave advanced with indifferent air
This idolised stranger to view;
He looked, and he said, though the lady were fair,
She might not with her, the lamented, compare;
And sighing, his glance he withdrew.

She blushed at the slight, but with female address,
Whilst tears glistened bright in her eye,
She stooped the fair infants intent to caress;
Then said, she admired more than words could express
A passion so constant and high.

She echoed his sighs, and but smiled when he smiled,
She wept o'er the pangs he had known,
And invited his praises of Gertrude the mild;
Till her words and her witch'ries his griefs had beguil'd,
Till each thought of his heart was her own.

Forgotten was Gertrude: like visions of night
His oath from his mind passed away;
His children but trouble this new-born delight—
He exists not, save in the stranger's sight,
His heart, soul, and mind own her sway.

And now for the lover's best treasure,—her hand,
The landgrave impetuous steps;
She blushes to hear the unlooked-for demand,
And trembles, and shrinks from so solemn a band,
Yet cannot his wishes refuse.

All splendour, all pomp, for the nuptial morn
The lover provides to excess;
Discarded of mourning the weeds forlorn,
Rich trappings the halls of the palace adorn,
And the church that his union must bless.
Catherine de Medicis, or the Rival Faiths.

Dark rises the sun that the perjured desires
The landgrave now fosters should crown;
Black ominous tempests reprove his fires;
But the bride's blushing smile frantic passion inspires,
And the landgrave defies Heaven's frown.

The prelate, who vainly persuaded delay,
Now stands at the altar, though loath;
The landgrave, enamoured, exulting, and gay,
Leads forward the bride in her gorgeous array,
Unheedful of children or oath.

His rapturous love had bewildered his head,
His soul on wild surges was lost;
His thoughts upon dreams of the future had fed;
And when with a ring he the lady should wed,
The ring was forgotten or lost.

All gazed in confusion, till thus spoke the bride;
"Though lost be the ring you designed,
Behold on your finger, by Fortune supplied,
Another, by which the blessed knot may be tied,
That our lives shall to happiness bind."

She said: from his finger with amorous haste
The landgrave impatiently tore
That ring, once the pledge of a love fond as chaste;
And on his new bride's taper finger he played
The jewel his Gertrude erst wore.

The bond of dead Gertrude's conubial love,
More true than her consort was found;
His fickle attachment it would not approve,
And, eager from fingers so false to remove,
It crumbled and dropped on the ground.

The bride the fall'n jewel in wonder surveyed,
Whilst over the bridegroom there came
Her image, last seen in her grave-clothes arrayed,
The vows he had uttered of love undecayed,
His children—the loathings of shame!

He wept, as he gathered and placed in his breast
The jewel in fragments that lay;
Of his vow the renewal he bade all attest,
His motherless babes to his bosom he pressed,
And turned from the syren away.

Then vainly she languished, she smiled, and she sighed
The enchantment she could not renew;
Enraged she departed, no longer a bride,
And he evermore, till the hour that he died,
To Gertrude's remembrance was true.

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Catherine de Medicis, or the Rival Faiths. Smith and Elder.

Many high literary qualifications are possessed by the writer of this volume. Among these may be reckoned an elegant and easy style, pure and delicate taste, and deep research into the very well-springs of history, by varied and extensive reading. Nor is the information of the author confined to the mere knowledge of historical events: it embraces a sagacious digest of the manners and peculiarities of the times in which the story is laid, of the characters that were figuring on the stage of the world at that eventful era, and the motives that influenced their conduct; there is, besides, an acute knowledge of the human heart now and then apparent. Perhaps the belief of a wicked person was never more naturally described, than by these few words put in the mouth of Catherine de Me-
dicis. "Oh Antony, I have no faith in angels, whilst I fear devils!"

With all these excellencies, if our readers ask whether so accomplished a writer has not produced a very perfect work? we must answer, no; for the author has mistaken the proper bent of those talents, which would lead to historical biography or historical dissertation; there is not sufficient vividness of imagination in the fictitious part of the tale, to produce that captivation of dramatic interest, which marks a writer of real genius in this department. The supposititious lovers, fortune-tellers, and villains of the story, have not the least originality, and they do not blend with the historic characters; they seem faded and phantom-like, and, were it not for the elegance and refinement of the style, would be as vapid and tiresome as the five hundred common romances that are made up of black knights, lost sons, and convent heroines. Too many historical characters are brought on the scene for the purposes of romance, which requires a concentrated interest; for instance, the reader is no sooner charmed with a scene, in which the situation and behaviour of Mary Queen of Scots, as widow of Francis II., is described with no little skill, than the lovely queen is withdrawn from view, and other portraits are made to glide onward in their place, that are well and faithfully painted, but which our author has not sufficient richness of genius to animate into life and action. As our pages were so lately embellished by a portrait of Mary*, in the splendid array of queen of France, we extract this sketch of her widowhood:—

"On the floor of her chamber, in the splendid palace of the Guise, refusing all consolation, lay Mary Stuart, the widowed queen of France. Her head rested on her clasped hands, and her rich dark hair fell in wild disorder over her neck. Her grief for the time knew no bounds, for she and Francis had loved each other with a deep affection, and she felt that his death had suddenly deprived her of all she most valued upon earth. Young, beautiful, and enthusiastic, she had but tasted of happiness, when it fled from her for ever. With the death of Francis, Mary's varied and severe trials commenced. This she quickly experienced; for soon after his interment, she was hurried to the gloomy monastery of St. Peter's, at Rheims, of which René of Lorraine, her mother's sister, was the lady abbess, and there she spent in dull solitude (her lively imagination could but ill support) the last year of her sojourn in her mother's native land, which she loved with the ardour of a young and grateful mind, who had experienced its generosity, shared its seducing pleasures, and felt the richness of its natural beauties. The fear of offending the Guises, who were too powerful not to be dreaded, although no longer supported by the crown, alone withheld Catherine from urging Mary's immediate return to Scotland. Concealing her real feelings, she conciliated the Duke of Guise, by her affected regard of the young queen-dowager, who courteously received all Catherine's hollow attentions, but was too clear-sighted to be deceived by them, and too prudent not to conceal her disgust. But no artifice on the part of Mary could blind Catherine to induce a meeting between the young King Charles, who was a boy of much talent and spirit, and the beautiful widow of his brother. There was nothing Mary more ardently wished, than to become as dear to Charles as she had been to Francis; and with this hope she continually endeavoured to delay her return to Scotland."

As far as description and narrative go, there is great excellence, but the dialogue and action are dry and destitute of vigour.

The character of Charles the Ninth has been, we think, better appreciated than by any other attempt, and we entirely agree in the author's view of it. All historians—that is, all epitomisers of general histories of France—sum up the character of this unfortunate prince, as one of hideous and hardened wickedness: yet they finish by declaring that he died of grief and remorse, for the horrors of St. Bartholomew's massacre.

That he was not a monster of atrocity, the Duke de Sully bears witness in his memoirs, for he mentions some redeeming traits in his conduct; and our author, with great delicacy of discrimination, has represented him rather as a misled and erroneous person, than as a depraved wretch. History, and the records of criminal justice, furnish few instances of remorse and grief of heart, felt by really cruel and wicked persons, for the consequences of their conduct: those who are systematically wicked, seldom or ever feel regret for the past; while those who err through weakness or sudden starts of passion, which are succeeded by better feelings, are alone the victims of remorse.
Thus far we have digressed; lest those readers who have never thought of Charles the Ninth, may blame the author for throwing an entirely new light on a character so generally vilified by history.

The systematic depravity and hardened vileness of Catherine de Medicis is very skilfully portrayed, and we think our author would have been better employed in writing the woman's biography than in weaving a romance. The concluding scene, being the death-bed of Charles, we quote, as a fair specimen of the best portion of the work.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

Catherine de Medicis' thirst for power, nothing on earth could satisfy. When Charles in the flower of his age, lay stretched upon his death-bed, the unnatural parent felt no compassion for his sufferings, but was only anxious to secure to herself the regency, until her darling son Henry should return from Poland, to take his brother's crown. The king, disgusted with the hardness and pride of her heart, long obstinately refused to sign the necessary document which would empower her to act on his demise before Henry's arrival in France. Charles, who had dragged on two years of sorrow and suffering, since the fatal event of St. Bartholomew, now felt that his end was fast approaching. He had often long interviews with his cousin, Henry of Navarre, and was entirely waited on by his protestant nurse, Fulda. The anniversary of the dreadful day drew near, and the king, who could never forget its horrors, grew weaker in body, and more distressed in mind, as it approached: but the impatient queen, fearing that he would die before he had signed what she had desired, approached his bed to solicit him, on the very eve of St. Bartholomew. Charles remembered the day, and turned from his mother with dread.

"Do you come to witness my heavy grief to-night?" he asked. "Come, then, just before the moon goes down, when my pangs are deepest."

"Have you seen Fulda of late?" asked the queen, anxious to change the subject of his thoughts.

"Aye, I have, and she tells me, that in vain is he tempted to commit evil who fears his God. Mother! was my tempter?"

"The devil," replied Catherine angrily, turning from Charles's fixed look.

"Ah! then he is here; see! see! the lights burn blue."

Catherine started, and threw a hurried glance around the almost dark apartment, and Charles, in a low solemn tone of voice, again asked, "Mother, who was my tempter to evil?"

"Why ask me?" cried the queen; "you knew what was right; blame your own soul if you did not will it; if sin sits heavy on you, bear its curse, nor like a coward shrink! Your hours are numbered; once more I ask you to sign this paper; it is the least favour you can grant to me."

"Madame, my people have endured much of evil from my hands: I will not leave them a curse as a legacy: let them do as they will till Henry returns; and you, hoary-headed woman! think no more of dominion and power: repent, repent of your sins!"

"Does repentance bring peace?—are you happy?" asked Catherine, with a bitter smile. "Talk not to me of repentance: sign this paper, and weep till you die. Shall I now learn to fear death? No; I have seen too much to heed its blackness."

"Can ye not then feel for my living pangs, and leave me to sigh alone."

"Know ye not," replied Catherine, turning pale as she spoke, "that I have long been past feeling?" She arose and walked in silence to the door.

"Stay!" gasped Charles, "O my mother! bid me farewell."

She turned her head, and with an unmoved eye witnessed his strong emotion; to his outstretched arms and entreaty look, she bent her head, and smiling bitterly, said, "Farewell!"

"Oh give me the paper,—I will sign it," cried Charles, half rising in his bed. She brought it to him, and for the last time he signed his name. Long he looked at the feebly traced characters, and sinking back upon his pillow, whispered as he gave back the paper, "Now, mother, do not give to me a cup like that ye gave to my brother Francis."

* * *

"Aye, I pray, if penitential sighs be prayers. Oh Fulda, great is my horror! The scene of the last slaughter haunts me. Sleeping or waking, I behold their agony, and hear their cries."

"Yours is a sorrowful, a broken spirit; therefore I would have ye hope in the love of Christ. He breathed not the terrors of the law to the poor broken-hearted penitent who fell at his feet, and bathed them with her tears of anguish; but to her rent soul he gave reviving cordial, saying, 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

"O! Fulda, but I have wasted the church of Christ: how can I look up to him—how can I hope for mercy?"

"He, in dying, forgave his murderers," whispered Fulda, as she hung over the expiring monarch, and wiped the large drops of mental anguish from his pale brow. The weariness of life, the faintness of death, stole over him, and clasping the cross, with an expiring penitential sigh the ill-fated Charles closed his eyes upon the world.
THE INCENDIARY.

The narrative contained in the following pages was discovered amongst the papers of an eminent German professor after his decease. His motive for never having given it publicity during his life has not been ascertained.

Having been one day sent to the prison of Heidelberg, in Hungary, for the purpose of administering the last rites of religion to a young woman, doomed to expiate at the stake a dreadful crime for which she had been tried and condemned, and experiencing all that horror inspired by the commission of an atrocity unparalleled perhaps in the annals of crime, I at least expected to find, stamped on the features of the prisoner, an expression of ferocity, something in accordance with the blackness of her soul; but my surprise may be imagined, when, instead of that which I had anticipated, I beheld a young creature, scarcely more than twenty years of age, with a countenance of perfect calmness and serenity! She could not be termed beautiful; still, the perfect regularity of her features, the whiteness of her teeth, the mild expression of her clear, calm azure eye, together with her youthful and innocent appearance, all wrought so powerfully upon me, that, notwithstanding my abhorrence of her guilt, I felt interested for her in a degree that was perfectly accountable to myself. She received me with that courtesy of manner that at once characterises the gentlewoman, and invited me, in a low soft voice, to be seated. Then it was that I remarked, for the first time, the singular formation of her head; and having always been a warm advocate in phrenology, I felt strongly tempted to put a few questions to her; but recollecting the object of my mission, and unwilling to inflict unnecessary pain on an unfortunate fellow-creature, placed in so awful a position, I desisted. Entering then at once upon the duties of my sacred office, I exhorted her to sincere repentance, as her only means of salvation, and to look upon her death with firmness, for it was the only atonement she could make; offering her at the same time whatever religious consolation lay in my power. Though she appeared fully sensible of her awful situation, and evinced a good deal of emotion, she was perfectly free from dread, and she seemed much pleased with the consolatory language in which I addressed her, answering me on all points with the utmost candour and simplicity. Her conduct and appearance altogether wound my curiosity to so high a pitch, that at last I ventured to request her to relate some of the particulars of her life, provided the recital would not affect her too strongly. She readily acquiesced, observing with a calm smile, “I shall relate to you a series of facts, of which the last is the completion. I am at peace with myself; I loved not evil for its own sake, but I have been forced to yield to the irresistible attraction of a propensity that exerted over my mind and faculties an uncontrollable sway.” Having pronounced these words with firmness, for some moments she remained silent, and deeply abstracted in thought, no doubt seeking to recall her dreadful recollections. She then began, and related with the utmost naïveté all I desired to hear. These circumstances I shall now relate, as briefly as possible; sometimes, however, interrupting my narrative, by giving the words of the poor unfortunate,—words that will long remain indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Charlotte Jansin was the daughter of a farmer, in the service of the Count Ourmanslaaten, in Hungary, and the youngest of several children. From her earliest infancy, the young Charlotte evinced a most extraordinary gratification at the sight of fire; and would sit for hours together, especially on one of those soft tranquil nights, unruffled by the breeze, contemplating in rapture the glorious arch of heaven, studded with myriads of bright orbs. Strange also to say, the storm, accompanied by the blue forked lightning, had even at that early age still greater attractions for her.

“I was playing,” she said, “one evening, with a number of children before my father’s cottage door, when a man ran up in the greatest haste, to say the château was on fire. At this intelligence we hastened to a little eminence, and the blazing edifice presented itself to our view. The castle, situate on a rock, was wrapped in one vast mantle of smoke, whence the flames issued in bright and spiry wreaths. I cannot express what I felt; I pointed to the flames that were rising majestically towards heaven, calling them ‘flying stars,’ shouting and screa-
The Incendiary.

The events of that disastrous night made a deep and lasting impression on Charlotte. Two years after, she set fire to her father’s cottage, when she experienced the same emotions of pleasure. She escaped detection—for how could suspicion possibly have attached itself to a child of five years old?

Her unhappy family, who lost everything, were for some time in the utmost distress. A lady in the neighbourhood, finding Charlotte endowed with rare qualities for her age, took her, and with the utmost care, superintended her education. Madame Friedlinberg became fondly attached to her young protégée, who on her part was equally partial to her kind benefactress. After some time, however, the fire propensities of Charlotte again began to manifest themselves—the two conflagrations she had witnessed were for ever present to her imagination. In vain she struggled—in vain she combated with herself: the passion was too powerful for resistance. She set off for Vienna with her benefactress. At night they stopped at a small inn. Charlotte, a prey to the most violent agitation, retired to rest in the same chamber with the femme de chambre of Madame Friedlinberg. The night was cold and stormy, and a bright fire sparkled in the hearth. Shortly afterwards the storm increased, and the flashes of lightning kept the room continually in a blaze. After an hour or two the thunder ceased, the sky became serene, the stars shone brightly, and the fire in the hearth also seemed to burn more briskly. A dreadful delirium seized Charlotte—she must see masses of fire and flame; in short—a conflagration.

"I arose softly," she said, "and approaching the window looked out, and perceived the moon, but shining with so cold, so faint a light, that she seemed to ask me for fire. I seized a stocking belonging to my companion, as being the most inflammable object within my reach: I held it to the fire, and, when ignited, I threw it upon the bed-curtains. In an instant the bed was in a blaze, the room was filled with smoke: then—the flames burst forth in all their glory, curling, and wreathing, and winding along the ceiling,—now extending themselves into graceful pyramids, now meeting joyfully like friends after a long absence, and then again darting asunder. Teresa awoke, and rushed from the room shrieking. I was also glad to make my escape. We hastened to the door of the room occupied by Madame Friedlinberg: alarmed by the smell of fire, and the noise, she was up; but having, according to her usual custom, removed the key from the door of her room, her agitation was so great, that she had forgotten where she had laid it, and it was not to be found. We entreated her to throw herself from the window, which was not high; but, alas! that means of escape was denied her; the window was defended with strong iron bars. Shortly the flames burst open the door, and swept through the room like a hurricane, destroying all before them. Madame Friedlinberg tried to escape—she was enveloped in flames, her screams were heartrending, and were answered by our cries: in vain she struggled—in vain she invoked the Divine mercy! We saw her seize, in her horrible despair, upon the now red hot bars, and, unable to retain them, she fell with a terrific shriek. Soon, all that remained of her was a blackened and mutilated corpse. I fell to the earth in a state of insensibility: remedies were quickly applied that soon restored me. I was praised for the sensibility I had evinced, and extolled for my affection for my benefactress. I sat down and wept bitterly: the dreadful fate of her to whom I owed every thing, agonised me to the very soul. Still, horrible as it may appear to you, sir, I must at this moment confess, that when I recollected that her members had all been consumed by the destroying element, I felt as if I was inhaling long and refreshing draughts of some delicious nectar.

"I was obliged to allow, even to myself, that at the moment when the shrieks of the unfortunate Madame Friedlinberg were heard mingling with the crackling of the flames, the ecstasy I experienced was a thousand times the more intense.

"After this catastrophe," she still continued, "I remained for a length of time in a state of listless dejection. The Count Drivalstein, brother of Madame
Friedlinberg, received me into his family, and took me to Vienna, where he resided. Several years passed without any manifestations of this horrible propensity. At length I became restless and uneasy; I felt agitated at the least crackling of fire, and arose frequently at night to gaze upon the starry firmament. Anxious to combat the increasing danger, I subjected myself to a rigid abstinence, ate no meat, and took violent exercise in the hope of procuring some repose; I would also frequently close my eyes to shut out the lightning or the brilliant glare of lamps. But all was useless—I could find no rest. About this time the family removed to the country for the summer, where they were joined by a medical friend of the count’s. Doctor Concetti, an enthusiast for the system of phrenology, was much struck by the appearance of my head, which, upon an accurate examination, he pronounced to be an absolute phenomenon. He questioned me closely as to my propensities, thoughts, and feelings; but receiving unsatisfactory answers, he was obliged to content himself with observing me narrowly, hoping by that means to solve the mystery. He had watched me closely for the space of ten days without success, when one night, during a thunderstorm, it was discovered that one wing of the mansion had been struck by lightning, and was already in flames. The family and household were soon assembled, when, unable entirely to conceal my satisfaction, I attracted the attention of the doctor, who followed me closely, watching both my movements and my countenance.”

In continuation, she thus described that eventful night.

“The presence of the doctor, and the dread I had of betraying to him my fatal secret, which I saw he suspected, enabled me at first to conceal, in great measure, my feelings; but when I saw the bright and gorgeous flames burst forth like liberated prisoners, and rising in the air, illumine the scene for miles around—when I heard the tower beneath their fury crumble in one vast blazing pile,—when I saw the livid streaks of living fire shoot upwards and dance in the air, and fall, and re-kindle and shoot again—oh! then—then I was no longer mistress of myself: I shouted—I applauded with transport—uttering cries of joy, till, in my delirium, I rolled upon the earth in ecstasy, rending the air with shouts of joy, and wild and frequent bursts of laughter.

“The doctor, no doubt, informed his friend of the result of his observations; for the next morning the count, under pretext of some new family arrangements, told me that he could no longer retain me in his family. He, at the same time, gave me a proof of his friendship, in procuring for me the situation of governess in the family of the Baron Carinz. I was immediately installed at the château de Lustras, an old gloomy mansion. The daughters of the baron, sighing after the pleasures of a metropolis, often complained to me of the dull monotony of the life they led. ‘I wish,’ said the youngest, one day laughing, ‘that some body would set fire to this old heap of ruins, and then we should go to live at Vienna.’ This unfortunate word kindled the flame smothered in my heart, but not extinguished:—the idea presented itself continually to me, pursuing me night and day. Eight days after, the castle was observed to be on fire: in consequence of a plentiful supply of water, the flames were extinguished. Some circumstances, however, occurred to cast a suspicion on the governess, and I was again dismissed.

“I then returned to my family, resumed my native costume, and assisted my mother in the duties of the household and farm; and by my obliging, intelligent, and affectionate disposition, I succeeded in making myself universally beloved.

“A young schoolmaster in the neighbourhood having demanded my hand in marriage, we were united. About a twelvemonth afterwards, in order to escape from the noise of my husband’s pupils, I returned to my mother’s farm to be confined.

“Some days after my confinement, my mother finding me sufficiently recovered, assisted me to rise, and placed me in an easy chair near the fire; she herself, with my infant on her knee, came and sat opposite to me. I never felt so happy as when I looked upon those two beings, dearer to me than all the world beside; I could not refrain from shedding tears. The infant was already asleep, and my mother, overcome with the fatigue of continual watchings, had just dropped into a deep and heavy slumber. I watched them both for some time, and was just sinking into a dose myself, when sud-
New Guide to Chess.—Encyclopædia of Gardening.—Cabinet Cyclopædia. 77

“Enough! enough!” I cried, “in mercy spare me such horrid details——”

* * *

“Charlotte had been taken in the fact; her mother, her infant, the farm, all—all had perished in the flames——”

L. V. F.


Before the publication of this little treatise, if any person had asked us to recommend a good elementary work on chess, it would have been a difficult matter to have pointed one out, by which the game was explained (from first placing the men) with simplicity and perspicuity, so that an attentive learner could acquire the first principles without other instruction. This is well effected by the present little work. The marches and movements of the several pieces are clearly explained by engraved diagrams, and the laws that govern them and the game properly defined. Among other sensible observations, there is one that gives us great satisfaction; it is an exordium against the silly affectation of saying “check” to the queen,—a dandyism, doubtless invented by some modern Ferdinand and Miranda, who sat down to flirt, instead of playing “in the rigour of the game.” We hope ladies will, for the future, on the authority of Mr. Wood and their Magazine, forbid any such inglorious concessions to be yielded to them, but sit down and study the present clever little treatise, and then, when opportunity serves, beat their cavaliers without either giving or taking favour.

A plate, illustrative of the game of chess, and an historical account of it, are in the Lady’s Magazine and Museum for October, 1832, which may be had at our publisher’s.


The volume at present before us is from the hand of the learned conductor of the “Cabinet Cyclopædia.” It certainly forms one of the most valuable portions of the collection, for it may be considered as a fair reasoning treatise on the science of numbers.

It is wonderfully well adapted to assist those adults whose arithmetical education has been neglected. The first chapter gives curious and interesting information on the methods of numbering practised by most of the known nations of the world, ancient and modern; and the treatise is, moreover, extremely entertaining to the general reader.


The history of gardening is concluded in the seventh number of this work. It has afforded much curious information, and is enriched with a great profusion of illustrative wood-cuts. Part the second is commenced in this number, and contains instructions of great utility to the student of the vegetable kingdom. More is done in the way of rendering intelligible the difficulties of the system of Jussieu in a very few pages, than in two thick volumes that were lately sent for our perusal. The author shall be nameless; but he did indeed render confusion worse confused, and laid a load on the memory too hard to be borne. Not so does Mr. Loudon: he begins by explaining the necessity for a definite natural system, to go hand in hand with that of Linnaeus, as descriptive of the figure and structure of a plant, in a few syllables. He then patiently explains in English, the words Vascular, Cotyledonec, Dicotyledonec, and Cryptogamia; and then, by means of wood-cuts, shows us, first, dissections of each division, and then groups of each in a state of growth. It is not possible for any lady who will take the trouble of fixing her mind for an hour to the perusal and study of these pages, not to obtain a tolerably good notion of the natural system of botany, in its grand divisions of mossy, herbaceous, and woody plants. The Linnaean system leaves us in doubt whether a plant is a lowly vetch or a lofty acacia; but a
third word, properly applied from the natural system, presents the student with a notion of the structure of the plant through all the gradations of seed, stem, and leaves. Such is the use of the system of Jussieu, which, when perfected and united to the system of Linnaeus, and that of Tournefort, will make a student wise in any unseen plant that is duly classed.

Our fair readers must not suppose that these learned men explode or supersede each other. Very far from it: Linnaeus has invented a system, which, in a few syllables, precisely informs the student of the number and position of the anthers and pointals of a plant; Tournefort, of the shape of the blossom; and Jussieu, of the structure of the seed, bark, and leaves. Yet each of these great men have left to the botanists of the present age the task of uniting their labours to form an applicable whole. It is and has been a favourite object with this Magazine, to guide the female mind to those works which will afford enlightened information without pedantry; and we do not scruple to affirm, that Mr. Loudon's publications are eminently qualified to effect this object.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

In the summer of 1831, the Marquis Angelo Foscarini was induced, by ill-health and an unquenchable desire for change of scene, to visit Dieppe. He was a noble of Genoa, and the name he bore was long honoured in the annals of that proud city, ere she had fallen from "her high and palmy state." The marquis was accompanied by the Senora Olympia, the only remaining child of several marriages.

This lady possessed exquisite—brilliant—dazzling beauty. Her complexion was that clear olive through which her blush of maiden loveliness exhibited itself in a soft and delicate bloom. Her eyes were dark, full, and flashing, yet tempered into meekness by the softness which at times beamed from them. Her dark hair well accorded with her clime and beauty: its silken tresses fell upon a neck of exquisite roundness, and separated so as to show the surpassing beauty of a forehead, high and formed as that which a sculptor who loved his art and caught the spirit of antique times, would give to a bust of Minerva. Delicately pencilled was the dark, thin outline of her eyebrows; and the profile of her face recalled to fancy that in its Grecian contour the eye beheld the features of some Athenian maiden of that early time when the women of Greece might seem true models for the forms of grace with which her sculptors delighted that period and bewildered this. Then the lips—so beautifully separated, yet trembling ever and anon with the impulse-words which sprung to their portals, and—so sensitive was her maiden diffidence—too often died away unuttered. When she spoke, how beautifully fell the music of her voice upon the listener's ear,—like the far-off strain which floats upon the waters, and hushes the air to silence, that such sweet melody may be heard. So with the beautiful Olympia: in the rudest crowd, amid the noisy din of society, her gentle accents came, refreshingly, upon the senses, and were scarcely breathed ere they commanded that quick and hushed silence which is the sweetest tribute of respectful attention woman can receive. Nor was this all: her form was moulded in the loveliest grace that beauty ever possessed—as it were, a visible atmosphere around her. Her features were surpassingly lovely, as those described in the thrilling words of poetry, or dreamed of in the vision of high imagination. But, besides this, her mind, naturally strong, intelligent, and vigilant, had been cultivated with extraordinary care. She had all the accomplishments—music, painting, dancing—which the warm south delights in, with others of more solid worth which she cherished in the north. With the page of poetry—whether of her own or other countries—she was familiar: history unveiled its marvels to her view, and not in vain. In a word (for there is no occasion to catalogue her accomplishments), Olympia Foscarini was an extraordinary woman. Rare as was her beauty, still more rare was the height of cultivation by which her intellect had been elevated.

Italy could scarcely boast a fairer flower. Yet, great as was her father's pride in the exquisite beauty and yet more surpassing
accomplishments of his daughter, she was to him the cause of endless and bitter vexation. The marquis, if the truth must be told, prided himself on his high descent, and cherished deep and unavailing regret, because, from want of a male heir to perpetuate it, in his person would expire a title which, originally won by the sword in a hard-fought field of fame, had been transmitted through long centuries in a right line, acquiring fresh laurels from many who bore it. He would have given all his fortune, immense as it was,—he would have fed upon water and a crust,—he would even have laid down his own life, or sacrificed that of his daughter, much as was his fitful and wayward love for her,—to have a son, by whom the proud name of Foscarini might be saved from extinction. To perpetuate that name was with him a passion: the failure of that engrossing wish almost drove him to despair—almost perilled the safety of his faculties.

The Marquis Angelo Foscarini had been born to extensive possessions: these he had much increased by fortunate marriages. Before he had attained the age of sixty years, he was the widower of two noble Roman dames, and had also followed to the grave a daughter of the imperial house of Austria. Of all his children only one had survived—and he cursed his fate and gnashed his teeth, in his splendid solitude, as he thought that the sole survivor was only a daughter. Years rolled on,—the excitements of public life had lost their spur,—the snows of age had blanched his hair,—the touch of time had robbed his cheek of its bloom, and his heart of its freshness of feeling; he felt that, with swift steps, death was rapidly approaching; and he had a fever-dread of thinking on the final hour which was to hurry him from time into eternity. So, to diminish cares,—to dissipate the ever-present dread of death—the last of the Foscarini plunged headlong into the vortex of society, and strove to conquer care by mirth.

The whirl of pleasure delighted for a season, but soon cloved. He next had recourse to the excitement of play. He staked wealth upon the cast of the die, and usually lost. At first he played to divert his thoughts; soon, to win back (oh, fruitless pursuit!) the treasure he had lost. If at times the thought of his daughter flashed across his mind, he would still the involuntary remembrance with a "Tush!—a girl—a woman—there will be enough for her. What could a child of eighteen do with all my palaces—my jewels—my pictures—my gold? I collected wealth, long ago, to be enjoyed by my heir. Now, I have none: let it go how it may. Come on—come on, it is vain to think of it; perhaps I may die to-morrow; there will be enough left for a girl."

Olympia was aware of her father's reckless mode of life. Indeed, he took no pains to conceal it from her. Too regardless of how he wounded her sensitive feelings, he incessantly complained, in her very presence, of his disappointment in not having a son, and cursed her mother—herself—sometimes he cast imprecations even on his own head. Olympia was all gentleness and love to him,—for she felt that he was still her father,—but these made little impression on a heart which hourly seemed to become more ossified. To her the false pride which debased his spirit was too familiarly exhibited. Yet sometimes this love and gentleness would subdue even his heart of pride. When he saw her weeping bitterly,—her hands clasped in most unfeigned sorrow,—when he heard her implore him to bestow kind words upon her, and entreat pardon for the involuntary crime of being a woman, he would cease his reproaches, and looking with tenderness and admiration on the graceful form bent in humble entreaty before him, would forget his wrath, press a father's kiss upon her brow, and abruptly leave the apartment.

In fact, he did love Olympia. Not, indeed, with pure, paternal love—for all the father was lost in the son whose youthful remains, long since, he had committed to the grave—but he loved her because she was a being of whose beauty, grace, and attractions he felt very proud. On that account he obliged her to accompany him wherever he went,—on that account he had refused the richest offers which the admiring nobles of Austria and Italy had made. With him pride was the first and the last: that passion made him exhibit the daughter who, but for that, might have wasted her bloom in the solitude of a convent. While she was with him—the object of universal admiration—his pride was gratified, for she was his. "Remain with me yet a little longer,"
he would say to her, "it will be time enough for you to wed when I am gone."

At Dieppe he plunged yet deeper than ever into excesses, alike unsuited to his years and his declining health. To the wine-cup and the fatal attractions of the gaming-table he devoted the night: in the morning it was his wont to bathe in the sea, and thus recruit his strength for the renewed carousals of the evening. It chanced one morning, when the sea was more boisterous, and his frame more enervated than usual, being overpowered by a monstrous wave, he was dashed, fainting and breathless, on the beach. The next rush of the tide would have borne him out into the midst of the eddying current, without the power of existence, if a young man, who happened to be bathing near the spot, had not dashed forward and rescued him. Foscarini, on his recovery, recognised his preserver as a young officer in the Austrian service whom he had known at Vienna, and whose attentions to Olympia had caused him serious uneasiness. Yet he owed his life to this gentleman now; so, when the young German asked permission to wait upon the marquis at the hotel, to inquire after his health, common courtesy dictated an assent, however cold, to the request.

The young German was in love with Olympia more than ever; but he was now too expert in the ways of the world to betray that love, as he once before had done. He met and accosted Olympia without trepidation, and she received him without much embarrassment; he had paid her the usual compliments of society with every politeness, and she returned them in the same unsuspicious manner. From all this Foscarini did not doubt that although the young man once entertained a passion for his daughter, its very hopelessness had caused its cure long since. Accordingly, the coldness with which he received him was soon dissipated; and, in less than a month, who such friends as the Marquis Angelo Foscarini and Stephen Uterclio! By degrees, the marquis had formed an attachment for the young man,—made him his confidant,—revealed to him the secret cause of his reckless mode of life, and laid open to him all that bitterness of heart which he vainly attempted to hide from the world beneath the mask of gaiety. In a word, Stephen soon knew all his past and present life. His baffled hopes—his secret sorrows—his undying regrets—his deep remorse at times—talent and wealth thrown away—all were unhidden from this young man.

To him, also, Olympia revealed all that she knew. Long since,—when they first met at Vienna,—she had given her heart to Stephen Uterclio. Its chief wish now was to draw her father from the debasing pursuits which confirmed his ill health, and were hourly wrecking his fortunes. With this hope she eagerly proposed a plan, by which the marquis might be detached from his vicious habits: it was a most innocent conspiracy of the two lovers against the marquis,—a plot to seduce him back to the paths of honour and virtue.

Stephen had become so necessary to the marquis, that he spent every evening in his company. He humour'd his eagerness for play, and, in consequence, became one of the most adventurous gamblers in Dieppe. The end was that in one month he had lost to Foscarini whatever money he could command. He told this to Olympia, who was well pleased to find that her father, at least while he was winning Stephen's money, could not lose his own. She supplied her lover with money, which, with his usual bad luck, he lost. The more he lost, the better was the marquis pleased with him;—for Foscarini,—once the rival of princes and the pride of courts,—could now be excited only by the heated flush of wine,—could find happiness only in winning that gold, which had once been the slave of his will, and now was the ruler of his heart. But at last the fickle goddess, Fortune, deserted her recent favourite.

There is a continental game called brelan, of which the marquis was passionately fond. He apprised Stephen of his predilection, and the German lost no time in discovering that it was the most interesting game in the world. Up to this time he had lost above ten thousand louis, when, one evening, he came to Foscarini with his mind fixed on his course of action. He brought fifty louis with him,—all that he could procure. This money came from Olympia,—it was the whole which she could give. Her allowance from her father was splendid, and it had been the lovers' plot to keep the marquis at play with Stephen alone. They expected that at last Stephen
would have an equal share of luck. But they were too sanguine in their hopes. Instead of alternate good fortune, which while it amused the marquis would really not diminish his wealth, Stephen had a constant run of ill luck. When he had taken the last fifty louis from Olympia, his words were, "Fortune has foil'd our good intentions. One trial—one more trial: if I lose this, I shall play no more. I shall demand you in marriage; and should Foscarini refuse his assent, you see me no more in this life." Olympia tenderly embraced him. She shed many tears at his departure, for she dreaded that her father would reject the suit of her lover, and she knew Stephen well enough to dread that he would keep his resolution of never again seeing her.

The evening glided on, and, at last, cards came in. They sat down to play. Stephen and Foscarini were opponents, as usual. At the same table with them were two planters from the Havana, the captain of an English merchantman, and a Parisian banker. Stephen commenced with ten louis—stake followed stake, and in a very short time he had only ten louis remaining. He was full of agitation. Foscarini, never dreaming of the near approach of his young friend to utter poverty, rallied him upon the lowness of his stakes. With a trembling hand he placed the remainder of his money upon the table. Fortune favoured him with a pair-royal of kings, and he won a hundred louis from the Parisian banker. Luck continued, and by five the next morning he had gained 200,000 piastres: the banker had won 80,000; the Englishman, 20,000; and each of the planters 5,000. Foscarini had lost the whole! The party separated, after agreeing to resume the game at night.

Night came—the morning's play was child's play in comparison to that which now came on. It would be tedious to trace the gradual losses of the marquis. He lost all that he possessed. First went his ancestral palace at Genoa—then his Florentine casino—his country-house by the banks of the Brenta—his Roman villas—his jewels—all, all were lost irrecoverably. Yet he played on, until day dawned and awoke him to a sense of all that he had lost—of the utter ruin he had made. The pale beams of the morning struck in through the crevices and played upon the wall, in striking contrast with the dim light of the expiring tapers. Of the six players who had borne part in the deep play of the night, four resembled marble statues rather than human living beings. The gold was piled up as mountains,—bonds and contracts lay there in confusion, and they sat amidst them, still and statue-like, the unaccustomed excitement of play having actually rendered them mute and motionless with astonishment at the fortunes there lost and won.

Stephen and the marquis alone retained the power of spirit, action, utterance. Most fearfully appalling was the expression of the old man's countenance, when, at last, he found himself stripped of every thing. Fixing his blood-shot eyes upon Stephen, who had won nearly four-fifths of all that had been lost, he said, in a tone which sounded like the menacing mutterings of a thunder-storm, "Sir, all that I have is yours. I trust you will be a most gentle creditor. These gentlemen have won a very trifle; but you—houses, lands, jewels, gold—all, even to the very chairs we sit on, are passed from me.—At this moment, you, without moving from your seat, may say, perhaps will say, 'Old man, depart from my presence—from my house!'"

"But allow me—"

"Allow me, sir, to speak. I have lost my wealth—all; but my years and these grey hairs may yet entitle me to be heard. Perhaps you wish for my absence! You may wish to count over your new wealth. You may—"

"Indeed, sir, —"

"Again, I say, let me speak. I think we met at Vienna? I think, young man, that on one occasion I gave you to understand that your attentions to my daughter were not acceptable to me?"

"My good sir, —"

"You loved my daughter then. Deny it not. I heard you swear, on your knees, to love her always. I had the power then to say, and I did say, 'Love her not.' But you did love her. Did you not?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Do you love her still? Speak with your lips what your cheeks changing hues already tell me. Young man, do you love my daughter still?"

"As I love my life."

"It is well. I have one stake left. I will play you for my daughter!"
At this strange proposal all the rest of the party started on their feet in utter astonishment, and it was pretty evident, from their looks, that they did not wish Stephen to play. The young man's face lighted up with a most jovous expression; he attempted to throw himself into the arms of the marquis, but nothing could surpass the _honteux_ with which he was repulsed. Still, not perceiving that his success had changed him into a most bitter enemy, Stephen Utercicio drew himself up to his full height, with equal pride, and in an earnest tone replied to Foscarini,—“Sir, if you will have me for a son-in-law, here, at this moment, I humbly say, in the presence of these gentlemen, take back all that chance has robbed you of. I fear, however, that I entreat in vain.”

“Indeed you do,” answered the marquis, passionately.

There was a pause for some minutes.

“Well, then,” said Stephen with calmness, “I accept your proposal. I will stake any sum you think proper to fix.”

The bystanders uttered a murmur of horror. Foscarini glanced at them with stern contempt; he looked at the cards before him, and replied to Stephen,—“Whatever you please.”

Again there was an awful pause. “I will stake against your daughter all that I have here won from you—all that I possess besides in the world, even to the expectancy of the heritage which my father may bequeath to me.”

“It is well,” said the marquis.

They sat down. The marquis threw his hand of cards: it was a pair-royal of aces. Stephen displayed the same. The cards were dealt again. The marquis showed a pair-royal of tens: in Stephen's hand were the four kings. “The game is yours!” was involuntarily exclaimed by the bystanders. “The game is yours!” echoed the marquis in a calm tone: it was the calmness of despair.

Fearful that some dreadful scene might ensue, the bystanders prepared to depart. But, at the moment of taking leave of the marquis, they paused—for the father, who had just lost his child on the turn of a card, was subdued to tears—the rich man was on a level with the beggar.

Stephen drew near him, and said, with all his wonted kindness, “My dear marquis, consider all that has passed as but a dream. You are neither a loser, nor I a winner.”

“I not a loser! Ask these gentlemen who, laden with gold, are about departing, whether I have lost nothing! Look at your own spoils heaped before you, and ask if I have lost nothing! Think that I have sold my daughter as a gambler's last stake—that I have forfeited my honour—that I have wrecked my own self-esteem, and say whether I have lost nothing. Not a word! Think not that I mean to excite your compassion. Thank God, a Foscarini need not yet stoop so low as that. No, if my manner—if my tears say so, then my manner and my tears belie me.” With these words he quitted the apartment.

Stephen was left alone. It was eleven in the forenoon. He collected all the contracts which the marquis had drawn out, threw them on the hearth, and burned them to ashes. He then wrote a note to Olympia, informing her of what had occurred, and how he had thus released the marquis from all his obligations. His cheek was feverish, and he strolled out towards the beach, in hopes that the fresh air from the sea might cool it.

Scarcey had he advanced fifty paces, when he found himself in the midst of a dense crowd. Some labourers were carrying on a litter a man who had just been rescued from the waves by the fishermen. It was Foscarini, who, maddened by his losses, had cast himself in the sea.

A few weeks after this, Stephen Utercicio was entering his hotel, on his return from a fashionable _soirée_, when the portier informed him that two persons were in his apartments, and (it now being midnight) had been waiting for him there for some time. He ascended the stairs, and saw—the marquis and his daughter.

“Doubtless, my presence here at so unseasonable an hour surprises you, sir,” said Foscarini deliberately. “However, this interview must have taken place sooner or later. Gambling bets, you know,” added he, with a bitter smile, “must be paid. Sir, you have won my daughter. She is here—I bring her to you. I have used no force to conduct her hither. She followed me of her own free will. Did you not, Olympia?”

He spoke with a cold sneer upon his lip. His daughter could not answer for her tears.

After a little pause, he resumed—“I
nave now no longer a daughter: but you, mark me—you have not yet a wife. I will never acknowledge you as my son-in-law. You are not of noble blood—at least not of such blood as might mate with a Foscarini. Your Olympia can only be yours at my death: for my sake, she will not be so before—for her own, she will never be your mistress. However, she is yours. You will perceive, fair sir, that there is something to play for yet.

Having thus spoken, he arose from his seat, and deliberately locked the door of the apartment. This being done, he threw the key through the window into the street. "Now for revenge!" he exclaimed, in a terrible tone, and with the fiery glance of the maniac. He produced a pair of pistols. "Mark me!—both of these weapons are unloaded. They are alike. I will load one: we will confound them both together—we will each take one, and draw the trigger at the same moment. There—the pistol is loaded now. If I slay you, my daughter returns to me: if you kill me, Olympia may wed her father's murderer, if she will."

Stephen attempted to speak, and rose to call for assistance. "Advance but one step—utter but one word," shrieked the infuriated old man, "and I fire this pistol into my daughter's heart."

He made Stephen take a seat immediately opposite to him—so close that their faces almost touched. Olympia lay on the ground in a swoon. Each took a pistol—at a given word the loaded weapon was discharged ———

R. S. M.

[The circumstance on which the above story is founded, is related in French, by M. A. Luchot, as having actually occurred.]

Stello, ou Le Docteur Noir. By Count Alfred de Vigny.

This celebrated French work was reviewed in our Magazine more than eighteen months back, when its plan was described; subsequently, it has been reviewed by "Blackwood," and some extracts were translated, illustrative of the French revolution.

We are induced to give the following extract, which has not been before the English public, as it is descriptive of the fashions of the last century—a style of dress that is gaining ground rapidly in the present day:

"Mademoiselle de Coulanges was reclining one day, at Trianon, after dinner, on a couch of tapestry, her head towards the chimney and her feet towards the window. The king (Louis the Fifteenth) was reposing on another sofa, in a situation precisely the reverse—his feet towards the chimney and head towards the window. Both these distinguished personages were full-dressed—he in red heels and silk stockings; she in slippers, with three heels inch high, and gold-crowned stockings. Further, he was habited in a sky-blue velvet suit; she, adorned with court lappets and rose-coloured damask robe: he powdered and frizzled, she frizzled and powdered—he holding a book in his hand and asleep, she holding a book in her hand and yawning."

(Here Stello felt ashamed of remaining recumbent under his canopy, and sat upright.)

"The sun entered the room in full splendour, for it was not three hours past noon; its rays were blue, for they passed through grand curtains of that colour. There were four very high windows, and four very long blue rays, each of which formed a sort of Jacob's ladder, in which moved incessantly myriads of golden atoms, like spirits ascending and descending; there the beautiful Mademoiselle de Coulanges was indolently watching.

"She was at once the prettiest, the weakest, the tenderest, and the least known of all the favourites of Louis the Fifteenth. A most lovely person that Mademoiselle de Coulanges. I will not undertake to say that she had a soul, because I never heard her say any thing that could confirm such an assertion, and that was the very reason why her master loved her so well. And what in the world was a soul wanted for at Trianon? Not to meditate on honour, remorse, principles, education, self-sacrifices, family regrets, fears for the future, and contempt for one's self. All these litanies of a virtuous education at St. Cyr, were exploded in the corrupting atmosphere of a court."

Here is one of the most intellectual dialogues the fair butterfly was ever known to hold:

"'Ah! sire; do you think that God will ever pardon me?'

"'Why not, ma belle? He is so very good."

"'But do you think I can ever pardon myself?'"

The contents of the fourth number of this excellent work comprises an epitomised account of the English counties and their capitals, illustrated by woodcuts of the cathedrals and principal buildings. The third chapter is devoted to Scotland, its particular geography and geology, and a description of the counties therein. The fourth chapter leads us in like manner through Ireland. The fifth is commenced with the geography and map of France. The geology of this work alone renders it superior to all former publications of the kind; it has, likewise, many other attractions. The maps are small; but that defect is obviated by the names being referred by numbers to a printed list. Thus the inconvenience of folded sheets is obviated; and each map being a wood-cut, is incorporated with the printing of the work. This is a great advantage for young people who, taking their geographical lesson from large atlases, will be glad to study from the volume which will not be liable to the defacement of folded maps.

* A peeress who possessed the right of tabouret, was permitted to sit on a stool in the presence of the Queen of France.
EARLY SCENES REVISITED.

BY G. R. CARTER.

How beautiful is Memory, when she bids
The spirits of the spectral past assume
Their wonted light and loveliness!—To me
Her images convey a voiceless charm,
Which, like the spring that gushed from Horeb's rock,
Breathes life upon the heart.

Upon the deep—I gaze upon the deep—
Where England's oak leviathans are moor'd;
Within whose walls the fatal thunders sleep,
That won submission from the tyrant's sword.
The sunlit hills and corn-fields are restored
In all their rich profusion to mine eye;
And, as the streams a gurgling sound afford,
The echoes of the ancient woods reply,
And, mellow'd by the winds, in distance softly die.

How sweet to muse upon the vale beneath!
The breeze of Evening wantons with the flow'rs,
And heaven ne'er wafted more delightful breath,
Dispensing coolness o'er these gentle hours.
The gifts of Nature are the noblest dow'rs
For sage or poet—lo! the giant trees
Exult like Titans, conscious of their pow'rs,
And calmly sleep the blue expansive seas.

How vain the toil of art to picture scenes like these!

When Poesy attunes the thoughtful heart
To feelings beauteous as some holy dream,
At her command what kindred phantoms start
To life and memory in the poet's theme;
And those who quaff from her Pierian stream
The draughts that immortality confer,
Should keep with proper reverence and esteem
The sacred gifts assigned to them by her,
And at her shrine alone remain a worshipper.

What peaceful harmony pervades the scene
On which mine eye dilates:—the distant sound
Of lofty woods, that crown the hills with green,
Is scarcely broken by the winds around;
From bank to bank the joyful waters bound,
Tinged with the hue which summer skies infuse:
Oh! surely on this quiet spot of ground,
The meditative spirit of the Muse
A fitting haunt for her imaginings might choose.

And here the heart may dedicate its song
To subjects worthy of its hallowed strings,
And raise the soul above the sensual throng,
Who dim the light of Virtue's seraph-wings.
The purest impulse of devotion springs
Amid the fervour of the votive strain;
How beautiful is genius! when it brings
The forms which Death has bound in icy chain,
Before our eyes in all their loveliness again.

KRASINSKI; OR, MODERN SCENES IN POLAND.

(Concluded from page 33.)

From this night forward I almost lived
at the Korecki palace: for if a single
day passed that I did not present myself,
a visit from Count Adrian, or a billet
full of playful reproaches from Natalia,
ever failed to give me the most flattering proof that my absence was felt.
Count Korecki's deportment was that of a
father towards a beloved son—an appellation he often bestowed upon me; and
sometimes I thought he used the term with a deeper emphasis than belonged
merely to friendship. At those moments my heart beat with a stronger pulsation,
a glow came upon my cheek, and a dimness to my eyes—for he spoke in the
presence of Natalia!

The often expressed wish of my father,
that I should marry a Polish woman,
which had hitherto appeared to me but
as words of course, I now fondly cherished,
as a bliss greater than I had hitherto
dared to indulge. In the day dreams of
my boyish fancy, I had never very clearly
understood my father's object in sending
me to Poland: “I was to be devoted to
my country,” but how or when I knew
not. A vague notion that I was to enter
the army sometimes crossed my mind;
and in a conversation with Poskewicz,
whom, in compliance with Count Ko-
recki's advice, I treated with a semblance
of friendliness, while I avoided a greater
intimacy, I had, however, unwarily let
fall some hints of such a design. He
called up my words, spoke to me repeated-
ly on the subject, and more than once
expressed some surprise, that, after several
weeks' residence in Warsaw, I had not
taken the necessary measures for my pur-
pose. One morning I met Poskewicz at
the corner of the street, in which the
Hass Polski Kawa was situate, the coffee-
house frequented by every true Pole;
Count Korrecki had introduced me there,
as Adrian had jestingly informed me he
would. Poskewicz spoke to me for some
time on indifferent subjects, probably to
throw me off my guard, and then sud-
denly inquired if I did not mean to an-
counce my intention in the “proper
quarter,” as the grand duke was about
to leave Warsaw in a few days.

I was embarrassed, hesitated, and said
something about waiting further direc-
tions from my father. He smiled sig-
nificantly, as I thought, and said no more.
I relieved myself as soon as I could
from his importunate inquiries, and
hastened home, where I found Adrian
waiting for me, to whom I related what
had passed between Poskewicz and my-
self. Adrian listened with a flash of
that eye whose latent fires for ever con-
tricted the levity on his lips; then he
made, as was his wont, some careless
reply, and hurried me off to fulfil an
engagement with a party of young men
with whom we were acquainted. Before
the morning was spent, and contrary to
his usual custom, he left us, merely
reminding me that I was to sup with
Natalia.

When I entered the saloon, in which
the stacoast and Natalia sat with Adrian,
a strange feeling of heaviness, almost in-
deed of dejection, came over me. I had
just quitted a scene of tumultuous gaiety,
an unwilling partaker of the mirth around
me, and now all was sombre and still.
The large saloon, occupied by only three
figures, and dimly lighted, looked gloom-
ily; and the air of the two counts was
more serious than usual: Natalia was
pale, seemed agitated, and, contrary to her
usual custom, she scarcely spoke a word.
The servants brought the supper, and
removed it again untouched. Some-
thing seemed to weigh heavily on every
bosom, and there was a deep silence.
The count himself had been the first to
speak, he had been walking about the
saloon for some time; at length he came
up to me, and touched my shoulder.

“Krasinski,” said he—I started.
“Adrian tells me,” continued the count,
“That it is your intention to enter the
Russian army,”

“The Russian army!” said I, “assu-
redly not, but the Polish.”

“The Polish army!“ repeated the
count, with a bitter smile, “where is it,
when it owns a Russian master?”

“The difference is but nominal, I ad-
mise,” replied I; “but be that as it may,
I can scarcely say it is my intention to
enter either. In fact, I have no inten-
tions; or they abide my father’s will.”

“Your father sent you to Poland, that
you might be devoted to the service of
your fatherland. Some would tell you,
this end would be accomplished by en-
rolling yourself among the guards of the
so called sovereign of Poland. But I
tell you never;—your young arm must be
raised in a more righteous cause—that
is the will of your father. Come nearer,
Stanislaus,” said the stacoast, in a voice
lowered almost to a whisper, but with
deeper energy of manner: “here, in this
city, prostrate as it appears, some lovers
of their country may yet be found, who
have sworn never to taste repose till
Poland is freed from the curse of a foreign
yoke. In defiance of the jealous watch-
fulness of the government, in defiance of
the number and vigilance of its spies,
this sacred band has established and will
maintain itself, till its purpose be accomplished. Will you be one of us? What your sentiments are, I know already; and for your father’s, look here——"

Count Korecki drew from his bosom the letter I had brought with me from Prussia, and desired me to hold it to a candle. I did so, and in the margin I saw these words written in secret ink, in very small characters, which I recognised immediately as my father’s,—"Consider Count Korecki as my representative, and as such obey him; we are in all things agreed."

"From your childhood you have been destined to this holiest of causes," pursued the count. "Your youth alone prevented greater frankness on the part of your father." The count was silent for some moments; I grasped his hand in emotion too great for utterance: at length I articulated, "Admit me of your brotherhood; I, too, am a Pole."

"You have yet more to hear," added the count, in a voice tremulous with feeling: "your father and I have been friends from our birth—we would fain draw the bands yet closer. If the hand of a lovely and virtuous girl, sprung from a noble race, can reward the sacrifice demanded of you, Natalia is yours, when happier times allow you to claim my promise."

What my feelings at that moment were I cannot explain. I recollect that I threw myself, chocked and speechless, on the bosom of my second father, where Natalia hung weeping with emotion scarcely less than my own, and that in the wild transport of the moment I dared to press my lips to hers. Would that I had died at that happy moment.

The instant arose from his seat. He held the hand of Natalia clasped in mine: once more he united us in his paternal embrace, and solemnly blessed his children.

"Now leave us, Stanislaus," said he; "remember how deep a responsibility rests on your discretion: in a few days you will accompany Adrian to France, on an important mission. Your bride remains with me."

I remained on the morning following that memorable night secluded in my apartment, stretched upon a sofa, endeavouring in vain by corporeal inaction to procure something like rest to my spirit. My brain still whirled with the tumult of conflicting thoughts and feelings. In spite of my promised happiness, a feeling of painful anxiety was predominant in my mind, when I thought of the crisis that was approaching. My heart alternately swelled with the proud consciousness of my destiny;—a sharer in the glorious work of Poland’s freedom,—the husband of Natalia! And yet when I thought of my own unworthiness, my youth, my incapacity, my inexperience, my spirits failed me. Could Count Korecki really deem me worthy to be associated with himself, and all that was most noble and brave in my country? Natalia mine—mine,—the boy, the stranger, the unknown to fame! She, my superior in all things—in the full pride and glory of her unequalled beauty, could she subdue her loftiness to me—did she really love, or was she but a willing sacrifice on the altar of her country? At the thought of this, a pang like that of death shot through my bosom,—it was but momentary. I brought neither weight nor influence to the cause. A simple individual, without rank or experience, I was not worth purchasing at so costly a price. Natalia love me, unworthy as I was? It was to her preference alone I owed the promise of that precious hand! I yielded up my whole soul to the intoxication of that belief, and it was all the happiness I was fated to enjoy.

About a week after this event, as I sat alone, my mind still wrapt in delicious dreams, the door opened, and Poskevicz presented his unwelcome features. I had not seen him since we had met in the street, and disturbed as I was, to be intruded on at such a moment, I scarcely sought to conceal how disagreeable I felt the interruption.

He did not, or would not perceive my coldness, but accosted me with his usual show of friendship. Almost the first words on his lips were a congratulation on my engagement to the Countess Natalia Korecki. He took care also to inform me, that he was acquainted with my visits to the national coffee-house. "You are in the way to occupy a position in society, as elevated as your merit deserves," said he; "fortune woos you with open arms; seize on the auspicious moment, and you may command your own destiny."

He paused a moment, to allow time to weigh his words, and then continued,
with an air of friendly caution—"But you are young—very young: at your age it is hardly to be expected that you should elude or even suspect every snare that may be laid for you. There are temptations almost irresistible to youth: there are some people who would think no sacrifice too great to gain a proposed end."

"There are some such," said I, forgetting my caution, in the unconquerable disgust this man’s glossing excited.

"There are some, who would sacrifice honour, truth, prostitute the name of friendship, to attain an end so shameful in this instance, as the means were infamous."

The command of countenance Poskewicz possessed was really wonderful; perhaps he despised my boyish indiscretion too much to take any notice of it, and went on as if he had received no interruption.

"I know there are people who speak of me in terms I might well blush to deserve; you must have met with many to whom I am so indebted.

By this time, having recollected myself, I made a sign of dissent.

"Pardon me, my young friend," he said, "if I doubt even your veracity on this point. I know perfectly well what is said of me, and despise it. All I ask of you is, to give yourself the trouble of observing what passes around you."

This I readily promised.

"Well, then," rejoined my visitor, with a smile of peculiar meaning, "you must have observed on what footing I stand with your dearest friend—if I dared make so presumptuous an assertion, I should say I am not the worst received by your lovely bride."

This was too much: I could with difficulty refrain from bestowing on him the chasteiment he merited.

"If I were really the person I am represented," pursued Poskewicz, "you could hardly please your friends better than by confiding in me. Only open your eyes, and you cannot fail to trace the connexion of all this. I am not going to play the traitor, but compassion for the son of my friend induces me to say thus much. I know positively that many of these ardent seeming patriots are playing a double game. Many who talk the loudest in private, are in close connexion with the ruling party. They hold out the hand of fellowship to men such as you, and in the next moment are in communication with the secret agents, who may be found," added the serpent with a half smile, "even in the national coffee-house. If their schemes are threatened with failure, they will be the first traitors. I know my countrymen better than you do; the Poles are false and artful. Such men as yourself are made to be their prey,—young, fiery, unsuspicuous, and in love! Oh, credit me, the Poles are a treacherous race!"

His last words raised my disgust to the highest pitch. "I believe, sir, you are a Pole," said I, looking fixedly at him.

"I feel how keen a reproof your words imply," said he, without showing any embarrassment; "but I can readily forgive you. Suspend your judgment; observe closely, you will find I am the truest friend you have in Warsaw. To banish the suspicions which it is scarcely possible you should not have imbibed, remember that I am a nobleman,—an advantage shared, I confess, in Poland with almost all who are not born slaves,—but my nobility has other claims to respect: I inherit it from one who rushed on certain death in defence of his sovereign."

"You are in the right to esteem your rank more highly on that account, doubtless," said I, coldly; "but allow me to observe, it has little to do with what we were talking of—unhappily we have in our day seen noblemen descending to very unworthy actions."

"We have, indeed," said Poskewicz, with an air of virtuous indignation. "We have seen a nobleman descend to the baseness of seducing a young man from his duty by the bribe of his daughter’s hand—heher heart was of no consequence."

"What is it you mean, Captain Poskewicz?" asked I, sternly; "this is a subject on which I do not bear jesting."

"I was not jesting—an idle remark only, think no further of it. Klatowsky, indeed,—I was not the only person who felt surprise when your engagement was announced. However, you allow me no pretence for interference with your affairs, otherwise—and with these half sentences and mysterious hints Poskewicz left me, satisfied that he had left a thorn ranking in my breast. In his attempts to shake my faith in the stacost’s integrity he had utterly failed; but he had
awakened suspicion on a point where all
was blissful certainty before—my posses-
sion of Natalia's heart. On my first in-
troduction at the Korecki palace, I had
not failed to notice that Klatowsky alone,
of all the count's friends, treated me
with cold politeness, and visibly shrank
from the intimacy which the similarity of
our ages and position naturally invited.
Latterly he had withdrawn himself from
the circle altogether, and I rarely saw
him. The first time I saw Adrian, after
the visit of Poskiewicz, I questioned him
closely. At first he treated the matter
with levity, and rallied me on my jealous
temper: when he found I would not be
trifled with, he admitted that Klatowsky
was generally thought to be attached to
his sister, and that to him personally no
objection could be made; "but," added
Adrian, "his father has committed the
inexpiable error, in the eyes of all true
Poles, of accepting employment at the
Russian court; and I think, Stanislaus,
you know my father well enough to be-
lieve that he would rather follow Natalia
to her grave, than see her the wife of
Klatowsky." I did believe it religiously;
but Natalia herself—what to her wo-
man's heart was the prejudice of her
father, unjust in itself, opposed to the
merits and manly graces of Klatowsky?
I said no more to Adrian: but the shadow
had passed over—Natalia was not des-
tined to be mine! A thousand trifles,
unheeded before, came thronging to my
recollection, and torturing me with the
suspicion that Klatowsky was no object
of indifference to her—that to her fa-
ther's will, or to an overstrained feeling
of duty, I should owe the possession of
her hand. I resolved to observe her
narrowly, and if convinced it were in-
deed so, my fate was decided. Hence-
forth I belonged to my country alone.
To renounce all claim upon Natalia, was
a sacrifice loudly demanded by every
manly and honourable feeling: but how
to do it without wounding at once the
pride and friendship of her father?
After a night of doubt and agony, I
finally determined to await the issue of
those plans for our political regeneration,
on whose accomplishment the count's
promise depended. My personal con-
nection with him was of so recent a date,
that I could scarcely consider myself en-
titled to feel resentment, if a hasty re-
jection of the proffered reward should

The rooms on this occasion were always decorated with a
profusion of flowers, and filled from morn-
ing to night with the noblest and fairest
of Warsaw, whose awakened sensibilities
never failed to profit the hospital largely.
I had frequently heard Natalia mention
it, and intended as a matter of course to
accompany her on the public day; pos-
ibly she took it for granted also, and
thought it therefore unnecessary to invite
me. Be that as it might, she did not
invite my attendance; and this omission,
trifling as it was, helped to confirm my
worst fears. I went, however, more with
the intent of observing than of speaking
to Natalia. The street in which the hos-
pital stood was thronged with carriages
and pedestrians in their gayest attire,
among whom was Count Adrian. I heard
him rallying me on Natalia's desertion
with a smile on my lips and a vulture's
gnawing at my heart! The corridors
were lined with men, to whom the most
attractive part of the spectacle was the
sight of their beautiful countrywomen as
they passed in review before them. My
impatience rose to the highest point when
Adrian took up his position among these
idlers, still holding me by the arm. The
jesting conversation around me irritated
my then mood beyond endurance. I
broke from them and entered the apart-
calls alone. Some of the company
were grouped around the beds of the
patients, testifying, by words and gifts,
their sympathy in their sufferings. Among
these was Natalia, accompanied by a lady,
the sister of Klatowsky, and escorted by
the detestable Poskiewicz! He smiled
with a kind of scornful triumph, and gave
way to me by Natalia's side with an air
that had more in it of insult than of
deference to my right. The countess
scarcely exchanged a word with me or her
friend, occupying herself during our stay
wholly with the sufferers. When we
descended to the court-yard, where the
carriages waited, Adrian (who in a spirit
of boyish levity which, in the amusement
of the moment, frequently appeared to

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forget every other consideration,) asked his sister if she meant to dismiss Poskewicz so cavalierly, as soon as another knight devoted to her service appeared. Natalia looked at me half inquiringly, half timidly, and Poskewicz laughed aloud. Another moment, and my self-command would have deserted me. Probably Poskewicz himself did not wish to pursue his triumph farther at that time and in that place, for he bade us adieu, giving, at the same time, a signal for the coachman to drive on. Adrian threw himself back on his seat, and burst into a fit of laughter. "Bravo!" cried he: "you have a handsome seasoning of jealousy in your composition, Stanislaus. Cultivate it, and you will make a splendid figure among those lovers who would rebuke the sun for his presumption in shining on their mistresses without their leave! Spare your anger, however, on this occasion. Poskewicz is a very harmless insect by such flowers as Natalia," patting his sister's cheek.

"You mistake me altogether, Adrian, or you willfully misrepresent my feelings on this point. With all that we have at stake, and knowing this man's character as you do, the intimacy to which you admit him is inconceivable to me."

"Why, then, my esteemed brother, your perceptions must be very much duller than I had supposed. It is precisely the game we are playing which renders it dangerous, nay, madness, to affront this respectable person."

"That to affront him may be dangerous, I can readily believe; but to allow him to be openly the companion of your sister—"

"Oh, as to my sister," replied Adrian, "I have nothing to say; I answer for no offences but my own. Let Natalia defend herself as well as she can."

"There is nothing in Natalia's conduct that calls for defence," said the countess, somewhat haughtily. "Captain Poskewicz joined us unexpectedly. I could not refuse his arm when it was offered."

"But Stanislaus," resumed her brother more seriously, "you do not sufficiently consider the difficulties of our position. To what purpose should we, by shunning one spy, when we are surrounded by hundreds, convert that one, from an enemy of Poles in general, to an enemy of our house in particular?"

"And do you think then to blind this man, being such as you describe him, by such means? Do you think that he is misled for a moment by your apparent confidence or carelessness? Oh, trust me, it is a vain, a dangerous self-deception; he already knows more than enough to endanger us."

Natalia turned on me an alarmed and inquiring glance. Adrian roused himself from his negligent posture. "How, Stanislaus, what do you mean, what does he know?" asked he eagerly.

I related the conversation I had held with Poskewicz a few days previously.

"Is that all?" said Adrian. "I will answer for it, he knows nothing whatever of our affairs. The same set of hints and phrases would answer for one plot as well as another, real or imaginary, and were made use of solely with the view of extracting something more positive from you."

"Adrian," said I, almost suffocated with emotion, "is it possible you can suspect me for a moment of betraying, directly or indirectly, a confidence so sacred?"

"Directly, no, or you had never been trusted, but indirectly, yes—stop, hear me out, Stanislaus—not by words, but by the involuntary betrayal of eye and gesture. You are some years my junior, and I am not very old; you have not lived where to speak, or look, or dream of country or freedom is a crime; you have not learned to act a part—I have; my teacher was stern necessity; and so well has she instructed me, that I have had the satisfaction of hearing the illustrious Poskewicz himself speak in the most contemptuous terms of my talents and pursuits. "You may be right," said I; "but the continual presence of this fellow is intolerable to me, if not dangerous."

"Granted; and will you point out to me what relation to our Russian masters is not degrading? Poskewicz is hateful and contemptible, yet not a whit more hateful and contemptible than his masters; and while I must bow to the tyrant, I do not think it worth while to wreak a paltry vengeance on his wretched tool. The time may come, when both, being alike important, may be alike despised." While Adrian was still speaking, the carriage stopt at the Ko-recki palace, where I was engaged to join a large dinner party. The company
Krasinski; or Modern Scenes in Poland.

consisted chiefly of men whom I had met at the national coffee-house. They were already informed of the relation in which I stood to the noble host, and flocked round me with congratulations. For a moment a feeling of exultation swelled my bosom, when my eyes rested on the matchless loveliness that was called mine. It was but a moment—Klatowsky was among them. He stood a few paces from Natalia; the passionate sadness of his gaze intently fixed upon that cheek, whose soft kindling beneath the jet fringes of her downcast eyes, spoke only too eloquently the emotion his presence inspired. It was but a confirmation of what I more than suspected; yet the certainty that an insurmountable barrier lay between me and Natalia fell like an ice-bolt on my heart. The conviction that the workings of my soul were visible on my countenance, and the evident surprise called forth in the bystanders, compelled me to assume outward complacency. But I felt like a man walking in his sleep. I went mechanically through the forms imposed by my situation, but my spirit was absent. It was as if body and soul had been disjoined, and each performed its functions separately, and without cognisance of the others. Nor have I the least recollection of anything I said or did, or that was said or done by others, till I was roused from my stupor by the voice of Adrian, who sat near me, seconding the proposal of one of the guests, that I should, according to the old Polish custom, fill the slipper of my betrothed bride with the costliest wine, and drink it off to the health of the assembled guests. It was fortunate for me that the natural vivacity of the Pole, which had by this time gained the ascendancy, caused them to enter readily into the frolic of the moment, and in their own ardour to overlook my unaccountable want of it.

All the younger part of the company crowded round me to possess themselves in turn of the fairy slipper, and quaff its contents to our mutual happiness. I heard them with an empty smile upon my face, and the weight of a mountain on my heart.

In the midst of the noisy festivity Natalia withdrew; her last glance rested on Klatowsky! who, pale and abstracted, stood apart from the group,—the only one, myself excepted, in whose breast their joy found no echo. The departure of the countess was a relief to me; for the conversation that had been diverted from its course by the playful observance I have mentioned, now flowed back again into its former channel, and freed me from the torment of affecting a transport, whose greatness, had it been real, would but have increased the bitterness of the mockery. We discoursed of our hopes and Poland's triumph, and I lent a listening ear to the sanguine prophecies of my neighbour, an old stacost, bearing in his scarred and weather-beaten features and cumbrous frame, an appearance of iron strength that justified the hope he expressed of yet living to witness in his old age his country's restoration, as he had in his youth beheld her fall. Warmed by the rare enjoyment of friendly society, the old man's heart overflowed in confidence to one whom he looked on as a son of Korecki's.

"Listen to me, young man," said he, laying his hand heavily on my shoulder, "I am a Lithuanian, and have my abode in an old castle, buried deep in a primeval forest, more than a hundred wersits in circumference. My only neighbours are wolves, elk, and bears. Well, in this old savage dwelling, that would freeze your young blood to look on, I keep a treasure, richer than that guarded by the dragon of old." He paused, as if in expectation of a reply.

"Its nature is beyond my guessing," said I; "our Russian masters have left us little treasure to guard."

"Mine has escaped their rapine, however," said the old stacost, his stern eye sparkling with animation; "in the home of my forefathers, which no foreign footstep has ever profaned, in the vault where rest the mouldering relics of my ancestors, the long lost ancient regalia of Poland lies hidden from every mortal eye,—the sword of the valiant Boleslaus, surnamed the Bold, the golden circlet that shall adorn the temples of a Piast alone. Let the goldsmith's craft furnish the Muscovite with the symbol of his usurpation! Should the existence ever be betrayed of these relics, so sacred in every Polish eye, so dear to every Polish heart; and should the iron fingers of power seek to clutch them, one common fate awaits the robber, the guardian, and the treasure—their ashes shall go forth on the four winds of heaven."
The harmless vanity of the old man called forth an involuntary smile. Count Adrian perceived it, and, touching my arm, whispered, "Perhaps you do not know that part of our national faith is to believe that, so long as these revered symbols are preserved from spoliation, the dominion of the stranger shall not prevail, and Poland shall re-assert herself. To you it is but a superstition,—to him it is a hoarded consolation, of which it would be worse than Russian barbarity to deprive him. Faith is a good to all, but a necessity to some." My reply, disclaiming all intention of disturbing the veteran in his belief, was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of an officer in the Polish army, who had been one of the guests expected, but who had failed in his engagement. His disordered appearance and hurried step drew on him the general observation.

"What now, Demetrius?" asked the count, advancing to meet the new-comer.

"What have we now to lament?"

"Nothing," replied the young man fiercely; "nothing to lament, much to avenge. B. and G. are arrested."

"Arrested! where—how—by whose order?" cried a dozen voices at once.

"On the Parade, by order of the grand duke, who tore off their swords with his own hands, loading our countrymen with insult and abuse."

The guests looked at one another in silent consternation. The prisoners were among the most ardent and trusted of our band.

"Did you hear what crime was alleged against them?" asked Count Korecki, after a long pause.

"No," was the reply. "I was present, but could elicit nothing from the mad fury of Constantine, but threats of sending their infamous companions to share their fate, or something to that effect."

"We must, then, be a little quicker than we had proposed," said the count in a cheerful voice. "Come, friends and countrymen, look not so aghast; it would be strange, indeed, if our course ran quite smooth; our path may be obstructed, but the goal must be reached at last."

"But, in the mean time, our two friends," said some of the elder of the party, drawing near, and speaking further with the count, but in so low a tone that I could not hear what they said. Korecki's reply alone was audible.

"Not a whit!—not a whit! Their rank is too high for them to be touched without the direct sanction of the emperor. Even Constantine dare not do it."

By degrees the confident bearing of the count restored something like cheerfulness to the assembly; but we were no longer in the mood for convivial enjoyment. The company broke up into little groups to discuss the occurrence of the morning, in low and earnest tones, and then gradually and almost silently disappeared. The count paced the saloon for some time in silent anxiety legible in every feature.

"Adrian," said he, "you and Stanislaus must set out for France immediately. Much yet remains to be done; but we must risk any thing rather than delay under the present circumstances."

The necessary preparations were then agreed on; we received our instructions, and the following night was fixed for our departure. We then separated to make our brief arrangements. The succeeding day was passed in a hurry of thought and action that precluded the possibility of ascertaining, from personal observation, how far our views were likely to be affected by this ill-omened arrest. Now that the irrevocable step had been taken, that I was actively engaged in the enterprise whose issue had appeared so doubtful to me in the distance, all misgiving faded from my mind. The excitement of my new position prevented me from considering the obstacles to our success. Flushed with hope, and sanguine for my country's prospects, if no longer exulting in my own, I sat down late in the evening to address my father, intending to conceal the letter about my person till we had passed the frontier. I was interrupted by a note from Natalia, written in evident haste—"I enclose an invitation for you to the ball given to-night, by Prince M——; as I am to accompany Adrian, it would give me great pleasure, dearest friend, to meet you there also."

"Yours, NATALIA."}

Adrian had written underneath in pencil,—"You will be surprised that we choose such a mode of passing our last evening in Warsaw; but my father and I have resolved, after due deliberation, that it will be the safest pro-
ceeding, as Prince M—— is a favourite at court, and the ball is given in honour of the birthday of a member of the imperial family. We heard accidentally that one I need not name has received a list of the company invited, so he means to notice omissions, and it would be dangerous for you to be noted in the black list just now."

Though I agreed with my friends in the prudence of the measure, it was with extreme reluctance I found myself necessitated to part with Natalia for an indefinite period, at such a place and in the midst of a crowd. Seeing it unavoidable, I wrote an unwilling assent, only requesting to see Natalia alone a few minutes before we went. Even this a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances prevented. Prince M—— was an Asiatic sovereign, tributary to Russia. He held the rank of major of Cossacks in the Russian service. Report said that his dominions in the Tartarian wilds exceeded Poland in size, as the wandering tribes that peopled them outnumbered her population. It is not uncommon to meet such sovereigns in the Russian service, but without the insignia of their princely rank, and neither demanding nor receiving any distinction beyond that attached to their military rank.

When the time approached, I drove to the Korecki palace, where I was informed by the porter that the countess was already gone, attended by Count Adrian and Poskewicz. A cold shudder ran through me at that detested name; the next moment my blood seemed to boil in my veins at the insolence of this man, in presuming thus to force his hated company on my affianced bride, as if in defiance of me. I re-entered my carriage, urging the coachman to speed, in the hope of overtaking them. The throng of equipages, and the guards of the grand duke, filled the narrow street in the old town where the prince resided from one end to the other. It was nearly an hour before I could obtain entrance. My first greeting of Natalia was an involuntary reproach for going without me, and with such attendance.

"Do not let one thought of him trouble the last moments we shall pass together for some time," was her reply. "Forgive me, Stanislaus; indeed I could not help it. Captain Poskewicz is a relation of Madame Bulow (the lady who accompanied her); he presented himself quite unexpectedly, and it was at her request I gave him a seat in my carriage. As I could not refuse without offending her, I thought, Adrian thought, it better that you should come alone. Do you understand me?" asked Natalia, turning her full dark beautiful eyes on mine with a smile, before whose enchantment no angry feeling could abide. Mine yielded to its influence; and once more by her side, her soft hand on my arm, her sweet voice melting in my ear, I forgot every thing but herself, lost every other sensation, in the pride and rapture of the moment. The courtesies of society did not allow me to engross her hand; repeated solicitations drew her from my side: one after another claimed a temporary right to occupy her attention; but when, among others, Poskewicz advanced a similar pretension, disgust completely overpowered me. Natalia seemed for a moment embarrassed how to act; yet she gave him her hand. An expression, for which I could not then account, gleamed in the eyes of Poskewicz, and my blood curdled within me. Why did I not obey the impulse of an honest indignation, and tear my betrothed wife from his polluted grasp? My God! Is it in mockery of our weakness that the weak or woe of a life—of many lives—should hang upon the turning of a hair! Another moment and I had rescued her—another moment had saved us both! A group of women interposed between me and Poskewicz: before I could make my way through them, he had led Natalia away: they mingled with the dancers—I saw them no more.

"I know not how long I had remained alone in a corner of the room, struggling with the strange sickness that crept over my frame, when Adrian's voice aroused me: he noticed my singular appearance; I answered vaguely—the name of Poskewicz escaped me." "Are you mad, Stanislaus?" said he; "what has Poskewicz to do with your present gloom?—come, rouse yourself, and shake it off."

"I cannot; his presence haunts me like an evil omen—it is an evil omen that I enter on my career with a bosom corroded by the evil passions this man excites."

"Omens!—folly, and you have no room for evil passions; love and glory should fill every nook in your breast. Think
no more of him, but help me to seek Natalia—it is late."

We sought her through the room—she was not there, neither was she visible in either of those adjoining. I looked eagerly around in search of Poskewicz—he, too, had disappeared. Breathless with nameless terror, I inquired of Madame Bulow if she had not seen Natalia. We learnt from her that the countess had been invited with some others to accompany the most exalted person in company to an upper room to examine some views of the Prince M——'s hereditary dominions. Some of the party had returned—Madame Bulow expressed her surprise that Natalia was not with them. I was hurrying away—Adrian caught my arm. "You do not know the house," said he; "you will only lose time—stay here till I bring her down to you."

He forced himself from me, and sprang hastily up the stairs. Adrian had not been absent five minutes, when a frightful tumult, like the violent overthrow of heavy bodies, mixed with the shrieks of women and the clashing of swords, broke on us from above. Females rushed into the saloon wild with terror, and sprang on the chairs and tables to save themselves from the crowd of enraged men who followed, striving fiercely with hand and weapon against each other. The greater part being in uniform were armed; those who were not, seized any thing in their way. The windows were dashed through, and many in their fury grappled with a weaker antagonist, and hurled him without remorse on the pavement below. In the midst of the wild uproar I distinguished Adrian, before whom all even in their maddest contention gave way. He carried in his arms a senseless female, and laid her on a sofa, while some young Poles by threats and entreaties forced the combatants to make way for the ladies to approach. I know not how I gained a pass, when I recognised Natalia! her face ghastly—her clothes dabbled in blood! My brain was on fire. What further passed is a blank. I have only a dim recollection of having sought the monster, from whose deadly insult my Natalia could find no refuge but death by her own hand, of spurning with my foot his thrice accursed tool Poskewicz, and of being finally surrounded and overpowered by Cossacks.

When my consciousness returned I was in prison; I had been wounded, and was hardly able to move from weakness. When I could stand I was brought before some kind of court, and the articles of accusation read to me. I was charged with having entered Warsaw with a forged passport; of having given a bribe to a Russian functionary to secure his silence; of having been heard to utter insulting expressions towards the government in the public streets; My accuser was Poskewicz. He was brought forward and placed near me. The miserable reptile quailed and trembled when my eye fell on him: his fears were needless—he was too low for my revenge. But my arch enemy appeared: he was muffled, and in a crowd—I knew him immediately. Then my frenzy returned: I burst from my guards like an enraged tiger on his prey—I would have torn him in pieces, but a hundred arms were raised between us; I was again overpowered and taken back to my prison. Then came the wild fever of delirium, when reason deserted her throne—then the unutterable anguish of the moment when awakening sense, struggling with the vague consciousness of something terrible, but unknowing what, leaps into sudden life, and with a flash the whole fearful past is arrayed before us! I knew that I was sentenced to die, and rejoiced in the thought: my only sorrow was that death was so long delayed; every sound I heard in my prison I welcomed as the approach of those who were to relieve me from an intolerable burden. One morning I heard the trampling of many feet, a stir above and around me, a sound of many voices, and the clash of arms. The keys were next applied to my prison-door by an unskilled and impatient hand; the moment after they were dashed upon the ground; a crashing sound succeeded, the barrier was forced, and Adrian Korecki stood before me. "The moment is come," he said, "follow me, and revenge your own and your country's wrongs!" He put a sword into my hand, and I followed him to the attack on the Belvidere palace. The guards and personal staff of Constantine resisted till they knew their master had fled, and then they threw down their arms and submitted to the conquerors. It was a task of difficulty to convey the survivors unharmed from the awakened populace, but each of influence among us exerted himself,
Prose by a Poet.

A celebrated writer of the last century, in a moment of philosophical sourness, has observed, that the recollections of the past, instead of being fraught with the clouds and sunshine that beautify the dawn of life, appeared to him so wholly enveloped in gloom, that he sedulously turned from the contemplation of them with feelings of painful regret. How sincere this avowal might have been, we suspect that few persons of the present day will feel inclined to adopt it. For the heart must be cold and callous indeed that can dilate on the innocent events of its childhood, without feeling them return in all the freshness of spring-tide delight:

"Indulgent memory wakes—and, lo! they live,
Clothed in far brighter hues than light can give."

How lovely are the forms that the magic glass of Memory discloses to us—her sybil voice invokes them from the dim recesses of the tomb, and they glide around us in our lonely hours, like beings commissioned from a land unknown!

The spirit will always delight to muse on the glowing panorama of its early existence, and will fondly cling to its remembrance, as the dark ivy clings to the monarch of the woods. However bitter may have been the contents of that fatal cup which is the irrevocable gift to the race of Adam, who has not felt the impulse of rapture on visiting the haunts endeared to him by some pleasing reminiscences; and who has not regarded the spot of his childhood with the same bright and animated eye, as wanderers upon the brow of some distant hill, survey the quiet vale which expands beneath them!

It is related of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by Robertson, his historian, that having resigned the throne of his ancestors to his son, and announced his intention of retiring to a monastery, in his way thither he stopped a few days at Ghent, to recall, amid the scenes of his youth, those pleasant recollections which the dreams of ambition had not obliterated, and to visit those friends with whom he had been familiar in early life.

The pages of history are fraught with such incidents as this—its records contribute the most unequivocal testimony to the simple fact which we here attempt to maintain; and it is to be hoped that these triumphs of the pure and gentle emotions of the heart, will survive the long series of battles and conquests which the mighty hand of Time will eventually destroy.

How beautiful is the noontide of our childhood! With what unspeakable rapture have we welcomed the hour which released us from the gloom and monotony of the school-room, to take a nobler lesson from the book of Nature—with what buoyancy have we bounded over the fields, in quest of the star-like butterfly, or the solitary home of some woodland bird—or, led by a sincere love for the things of this earthly Paradise, how have our merry voices kept tune to the laughing waters of the stream, which glided like a serpent through the silent woods. The season of "beauty in the grass, and glory in the flower"—the fervour and flush of the morning of life, ere the tears of sorrow had mingled in its fountain—constitute the most valuable gift that Memory can bequeath to us; and amid the cares of age, or the vicissitudes of fortune, impart a charm which the world taketh not away!
Cowper and Rogers have exquisitely portrayed the endearing recollections to which we allude. We shall select the graphic description of the latter poet,—it being more congenial with the spirit of our remarks:—

"The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherish'd here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!"

B. B.

SEA-SHORE SCENERY.

Is that a vessel?—yes—nobly she sustains her majestic port on the billows, battling like a leviathan with the genii of the deep, and leaving them prostrate beneath her triumphant prow. Hark! how the winds waft the echo of a hundred voices from her deck—the shrill pipe of the boatswain is heard amid the shrouds—and now, as she presents her stately form to the harbour on the lee, we hear the mingled strain of exultation—crying, "heave, a-hoy!"

It is sunset—the hour most congenial to the spirit that delights in tempest and shipwreck. What would Titian say to the scene before us?—Here is an horizon blackened with masses of clouds,

"Playful and wild, the children of the storm;"

but in the far chambers of the west, the brilliant hues of orange and crimson are blended with the sapphire of the sky, and a golden outline is traced upon the clouds that float beside the sun in that sea of glory. Then we have the hills bounding the extreme verge of the landscape, either fringed with masses of pine, or partially concealing their purple summits in the mist that surrounds them; while far away to the east, unbroken except by a solitary bark or seamew, expands a waste of waters impassive to the hand of Time. But change the scene; and let calmer hours invite thee to muse upon the shore, when the winds are mellowed into music. There, take thy seat upon this lonely mound—the spot most fit for the meditations of a wanderer—just beneath the crumbling portal of this old grey castle, whose walls afford protection to the climbing ivy, and whose stories of the olden time are written on its haughty brow.

The sky overhead would have formed a prominent auxiliary in a landscape by Claude—not displaying to the eye one unbroken tract of blue, but occasionally interspersed with clouds, (and who would paint a sky without them?) that reflect the sunshine on their silvery bosoms, as they sail across the fields of heaven. The hand of Nature has thrown her verdant robe of summer on the plains around, and beautified them with innumerable flowers,—those earthly visitants of her creative industry, that woo us to their homes, like the stars of heaven.

If you are a sketcher—and what a pleasing picture the present scene will furnish—do not omit the ancient chapel, disclosing its mossy porch amid the avenue of trees, on which the scattered gleams of a fading sunset so silently repose; and do not forget to include in your sketch this village maiden, as she returns from the well with her salutary draught of water, procured from springs that are inexhaustible. Lo! she glides like a spirit down the vallé of her childhood—regardless of her yellow tresses,

"That flutter in light dalliance with the breeze."

while she pursues the wonted path which leads to her cottage-home.

There is a peculiar charm in watching the last rays of a departing sunset, which none but refined or gifted minds can properly appreciate. The ocean, beneath its influence, presents the unbroken surface of a crystal mirror—the streams, rejoicing in the woods, seem changed to molten silver—and the woods themselves, in the midst of their solemn and gloomy aspect, assume a gorgeous appearance from its latest smiles!

B. B.
The Birth-Day Gift. By MARY ANN BROWNE. London and Liverpool.

We have here another small, elegant volume, in many particulars resembling the "Coronal," which we reviewed last summer, full of the same rich flow of poetry, gushing like the song of the nightingale in its fulness of imagery and glow of sensibility,—and although not confined to sacred subjects, yet in its general tone breathing holy aspirations, and expressing the hallowed feelings of a mind attracted by whatever is dear to religion and virtue.

As an admirer of nature, our fair author is singularly endowed with the power to describe well that which she feels acutely; but when to this she adds the peculiar invention of the poet, we consider her more particularly delightful, and therefore offer the reader the following beautiful effusion:—

AURORA.

How wouldst thou paint Aurora? Thus I said To a young painter, who with drooping head, Pillowed upon his hand, was sitting near, With half-closed eyelids gathering o'er the tear, That else would fall, for sorrow at the lot That doometh genius oft to be forgot. He raised his head—a flash of sudden joy Lit up the features of the pensive boy, As if a magic touch had oped the spring, That late lay frozen in his sorrowing heart; And all his soul rushed forth on rapid wing, Rich, in the sudden presence of his art, Like an imprisoned angel bright and strong, Soaring the stars of Fauny's heaven among!

"How would I paint her, the Lady of Light? In the pride of her beauty, her glory, her might!"

Oh, I have seen her in many a form— In the chill of the North, on the wings of the storm; I have seen the fresh light from her sudden smile fall, On the mouldering arch and the ivy-clad wall; I have stood by the side of the mist-clouded rills, And seen her gush up, from the heart of the hills; I have felt her cool breeze on my feverish brow, And c'en in my visions I gaze on her now.

"How would I paint her? Oh, fairer by far, Than you image, the queen of the young evening star. Her form should be lovely as any of earth, Yet bright as a creature of heavenly birth; She should perch on a cloud, with a mountain below, And her veil with that cloud intermingled should flow; And with one fairy hand lightly shading her eyes, She should look to the East, where the day-god must rise, As if watching his coming with love's anxious fear, Yet ready to fly if he seemed to come near; Too ethereal for day, and too radiant for night. Thus would I paint her, the Lady of Light."

We have only made this selection on account of its more appropriate length for our pages. Miss Mary Ann Browne may look, we augur, with confident satisfaction, that her work will meet with, as it deserves, extensive circulation.


The superior ability and effective industry displayed in these works, which are published monthly, induce us to call the attention of our fair readers to them in the most decided manner. Every country has its nursery stories, its popular ballads, and short romances; all of which will be found, in many strong points, to resemble each other, yet will not fail also to be characteristic of the country from which we receive them. They belong at once to the great family of mankind, and to every brother of the race. Antediluvian mothers have told these stories of giants and ogres to their astonished children; the daughters of Japhet recited them in the ark, and their European descendants, according to the measure of their invention and taste, have handed them from the infancy to the age of the earth, gathering, as they rolled onward from each country, those aids which rocks and caverns, catacacts and forests, or palaces and pleasure-grounds, might furnish. We will, however, leave the excellent preface of Mr. Thoms to convince all who peruse them of their utility, and observe only, that the Irish and German legends appear to us the most fertile in imagination; and
Anatomy of the Bones and Muscles.

The first part of this title would imply a rude subject of introduction to fair readers; but the second relieves us: for what lady is not a patron of the fine arts? and what fair admirer of them has not had to complain of defects in painting and in sculpture, unaccountable otherwise than in a neglect of the principles here treated of?

The author’s attention has long been peculiarly directed to the subject, for the instruction of artists. He has, moreover, surpassed the Italians in their famous art of modelling “the human form divine,” in wax and in papier mache,* so as to exhibit it anatomically; and he has executed models in other substances, for instructing East Indians in anatomy, without violating Hindoo prejudices by the use of the knife.

His present work has the excellence

* This substance is now found to be capable of very extensive application: it is to be seen beautifully applied, for the first time, by Mr. Biclefild, in the cornice and figures above the arches of the new Pantheon.
of divesting science of its abstruse technicalities, and exhibiting the muscular action in all the grace and loveliness of which it is capable. Whoever would be correct in describing the various attitudes of the human figure, would do well to consult it; and we are sure it will not be so consulted in vain.

The Life of Mrs. Siddons.

A history of her who will long be identified with the British drama, and whose talent and character rendered her an ornament to British society—drawn from her own memoranda, and by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope"—promises a literary luxury, in which our readers will not be disappointed.

It appears that after intimate reception of the poet into the bosom of her family, Mrs. Siddons suggested to him the idea of his becoming her biographer. He had thus the best opportunity of collecting all those delightful traits that form the charm of biography, while her own notes of events and correspondence fixed important facts with an authenticity not otherwise to be obtained.

Bold, indeed, would be the man who, without these, should portray this wonderful woman, such as we remember her, in the bloom of youth and vigour of age, delighting and informing the public by affording intellectual pleasure to royalty, and, at the same time, fulfilling all the duties of domestic life in the tenderest as well as most exemplary manner; and, what is still more, while her physical powers and form were the subject of universal admiration, labouring under a delicate and precarious state of health, that required her to subdue her voice in private conversation.

Extracts might be made of every variety of excellence and interest, both from the accurate pen of Mrs. Siddons and the disquisitions of Mr. Campbell. The style of both are so superior to what is ordinarily met with, in these florid days of the extremity and contremets of literature, that we hail it with high estimation.

Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal: Letters written during a Residence, &c. By William Beckford. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is at once a delightful and curious book: it is the production of a person eminently distinguished for wealth and taste; who, half a century since, was prominently known from travelling en prince over Europe; who subsequently astonished his countrymen by his splendid edifice at Fonthill; and, in a green old age, is still ornamenting a residence near Bath, with a prospective regard for his amiable daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton.

Why Flanders and Holland should have been omitted in the title we cannot conceive.

On Italy, notwithstanding all that has been subsequently written, there is in this work a freshness of vivid description that renders it like one of yesterday; while the reader is constantly impressed with the finest transitions from the familiar to the sublime. The writer, after perhaps passing through highly fashionable scenes pour l'amour, starts at once on the charming melancholy of the picturesque—inspiration known only to such as feel it. Every where the same agreeable surprise is excited, and new ideas created on scenes that have been written about for ages.

Spain is treated as a sketch, but it is a sketch of Mr. Beckford's.

Portugal is more particularly defined; for it was a peculiar scene of the writer's splendour, in a tolerably permanent residence, where he had better opportunities of judging of the character of the court and higher orders of the nation than any ambassador or other visitor could possibly obtain. There he built the beautiful English house called Montserrat, at Cintra; and re-edified a pavilion, also in the English taste, in the neighbourhood of the court at Lisbon, where, we are enabled to say, he is still holden in respectful remembrance.

Of his character and condition in Portugal, the following facts on record there will suffice:—Like the ancient crusaders, Mr. Beckford seems to have approached the Tagus by chance; and he entered the river in two vessels, which are said to have outrivelled the poetical description of Cleopatra, when—

"Her galley up the silver Cydnus row'd."

An officer of state reported to Queen
Sketches of Natural History.—Advice to a Nobleman, &c.

Mary I. that an English fidalgo had arrived in great splendour, &c. &c., and waited her commands. "Go," said she, "directly, and invite him to court. I wish a hundred such would enter the Tagus every year!" Mr. Beckford received the officer en prince; the services of plate seen on board astonished every beholder. From the moment of his arrival in the capital, the charm of Mr. Beckford's manners was such that he had access to the highest and most secret places—his houses, in town and country, were constantly filled with the fashionable world. No court lady would be married without the Beckford to give her away; there was no fete of grandeur, religious or civil, of which he was not deemed the ornament, with a peculiar entrée; and when with general regret he quitted the country, the amiable Princess Beneditta granted him her favourite élève, the young and talented Chevalier Franchi, to aid and superintend his collections in every department of virtù. It is but just to the general beneficence of Mr. Beckford to add, that he protected the young élève so confided to him to a good old age, granting him finally an annuity of two hundred pounds a-year, with one of equal amount to Madame Franchi, his highly respectable widow, still living in Lisbon.

It is hence evident how much on Portugal such a man as Mr. Beckford can write as matter of history; and he has not failed. His admirable characteristics of all the distinguished Portuguese of the time are perfectly unique. His playful touches on the grotesque manners and unimproved state of town and country, form good contrast with the general elegance of style, displayed wherever it is applicable. Altogether he has produced the most extraordinary book of the present age.

Sketches of Natural History. By Mary Howitt.

The verse of Mrs. Howitt is well known; but in the present application of it she has surpassed all the previous poets for children. Hers is, indeed, the plan "to teach the young idea how to shoot." Among the many pleasing illustrations of natural history, there is an English version of the old Scotch song of The broom of Coeddenknowes, infinitely superior in ideas, as well as verse, to the original, and without any undue use of the delightful song of Burns, formerly quoted in "The Lady's Magazine."

Advice to a Nobleman on Playing the Piano; with occasional Remarks on Singing. 4th edition. Longman and Co.

As far as relates to practical instruction, this little book deserves great attention. We never met with any work in which the difficulties of fingering were equally well defined, and the manner of overcoming them so admirably explained. The silent exercise the author prescribes for strengthening the touch of the third and little finger, is well worthy of adoption by governnesses, as a little task for children from four to seven years old. At that early age ten or fifteen minutes' exercise on the table would prevent much wear and tear of their own and other people's ears by practising fingering lessons on the instrument; and if they began thus early, it would prevent, it is to be hoped, the necessity for the aching of joints which the author thinks necessary. Here is the passage:

"As the action of each finger is assisted by a separate tendon, except the third and fourth finger, which have only one tendon that branches into each, these two fingers are naturally so much more feeble and awkward than the others, that the grand difficulty to be conquered is, by constant exercise, to bring them to such an equal degree of power and agility, that no perceptible difference can be discovered between them in the progress of execution. The usual manner is, of course, to begin with exercises expressly for this purpose; but if the learner would only habituate himself to hold down the other fingers and thumb, and at the same time keep alternately playing on these two (of course very slowly at first), he would much more easily accomplish these exercises; and, instead of leaving off when the fingers ache, that is the very time when he should continue the practice, as they are then beginning to divide and break from their stiffness; though he should then play slower, in order to avoid the worst of faults, the ruin of many players, that of not taking the one finger up when the other is put down on the key. This manner of exercise should be continued at intervals for half an hour at a time, as it is no great impediment to conversation, reflection, or even reading, therefore may soon become an involuntary motion,
Advice to a Nobleman on Playing the Piano.

while some entertaining pursuit may, at the same time, be followed with very little interruption. Another good exercise for each hand is, to hold down the first fingers and thumb, and keep playing the fourth and second fingers together (staccato), till you can acquire the power of doing it with rapidity; if a finger is suffered to remain down while executing a passage, it has just the same effect on a delicate ear as if one of the dampers did not act, and keeps the note singing a part perhaps most discordant to others of the passage, and, therefore, produces a defect in the mechanism, of which, if the instrument were guilty, the performer would have some post to date for the tuner. Notwithstanding this, how many amateurs do we see flourishing away with the third and fourth finger sticking to each other like gingerbread nuts that have been in the damp? and how many masters there are who overlook this great fault, as long as their scholars will only play the right notes. But let it ever be remembered, that the time when you are to take the fingers off is of as much importance, and therefore requires as much attention, as when and where you are to put them on the keys. To facilitate the correction of this, as well as to avoid the not-unusual accompaniment of dancing hands, hold both hands on the keys, and, while maintaining carefully the correct positions, keep constantly striking one note, while all the others are held down. Continue till your fingers ache, and then, as I said before, play slower, in order to be always playing clear and distinct, and having the actiung finger well raised and firmly struck, while the others remain entirely free from any kind of motion whatever. Whichever two fingers you may find most grown to each other, are the ones to be exercised, and generally the third finger is that which is most in need of it. This may be easily practised on a table as well as on an instrument, and is the most rapid method of breaking in the fingers, provided the pupil will persevere after they begin to ache, instead of leaving off at that time. One of the greatest impediments to clean playing, in even common practice, and much more, of course, before company, is, that all beginners are naturally inclined to hurry; and the more soul they have for music, the more this is increased. If you start determined not to hurry, and feel the music, you will most likely, and particularly if nervous, get on a little too fast, in spite of all your resolutions. To avoid this, try at first to play progressively slower, and, by attempting to keep the time back, you will become just about right with the metronome. When you meet a passage that you are not sure of, rather play it ralentando, than scramble through it. The generality of your hearers may perhaps fancy it is done by authority, and those of talent by mere error in judgment. But if you beggle and shuffle, the fourth part of them (which is generally about the average number that are not thinking of something else all the time) will discover your mistake, and probably, if performers themselves, and of a jealous disposition, or fond of criticizing, be much better pleased that you had merit to ridicule than applause. Remember always to let the weight of the hand rather incline on the thumb and first finger than on the third and fourth, which have enough to do to perform their own duty; while the others, having an advantage in strength, ought to bear the burden, if any is required.

The advice regarding reading music deserves the notice of all mothers and governesses, and good liberal taste is shown in the hints on accent. After all this praise, we must condemn the affectation in which the work is written. The author will be astonished at such a charge: yet we persist it is no mistake. Affectation of rudeness, blunttness, and vulgarity, is some few degrees more disgusting than the affectation of mincing, foppish refinement. Our author prides himself on his own genius; yet we can assure him that his book would have been far better, more creditable to himself, and fitter for the wide extension its professional merits entitle it to, if it had not been deformed by such expressions as these:—

“This I compare to a vulgar buck, who, being at a loss to express himself, brings out a good round oath.”

“Like a ratcatcher, who, being paid by the rat, takes care to keep up a good stock of vermin.”

“Fingers sticking together like damp gingerbread nuts.”

“A snarling professor, like a mad dog.”

“Barren soil-headed pedants.”

It is strange that a man with a fine natural taste for his art, should not have been annoyed by these passages in his own writing. We can imagine that he is a person full of vigorous practical talent, indignant at the effeminate follies that pervade the manners and writings of the fashionable professors of science, and anxious to adopt a downright, low, John Bull way of combating finical absurdities. Perhaps he is not aware that the two extremes of affectation meet—that its offensiveness consists in an assumption of something extraneous in style or manner; and whether the quality of that
assumption is coarseness or finicalness, the reader or listener is almost equally disgusted. A style that rejects these extremes, and tells what is to be avoided with intelligible simplicity, is the style that alone ought to be used in works devoted to professional advice or tuition.

Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad, with Tales and Miscellanies, &c. By Mrs. Jameson.

Mrs. Jameson might extend these volumes as much as she pleased; for while she flings such charms over all she does, the world can never be tired. As in Mr. Beckett's work, old and familiar places assume an air of novelty from his peculiar tact, so do they here, from the feminine beauties which unadorned adorn the present eloquent narrative.

It is also based on recent visits to Germany; where, as at Cologne, Heidelberg, Frankfort, &c., her sweet gleanings are superior to much history. She also furnishes, in a few pages, a complete and highly interesting biography of Danna-char, the eminent and self-taught sculptor. But it were impossible to particularise, in a confined space: the work itself must be referred to, which may be usefully and pleasingly taken up and put down at will.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Our fair readers are aware that in our last number we promised a more detailed account of this great national celebration. We therefore hasten to redeem our pledge, and to lay before them as succinct an account as the nature of each day's performance will admit of. Before entering into details, some effects differing perhaps from the expectations previously formed, are well worthy of remark. The volume of sound, even when the power of the orchestra was exerted to the utmost, was far less than was anticipated,—the large space, the number of the audience, and the materials of which the upper gallery is composed, carrying it off and absorbing it, so that it reached the ear seemingly with a force not greater than that of an ordinary concert of the first class.

It had been all along understood that his Majesty, to whom we are indebted solely for this great national celebration, had promised, with the Queen and all the members of his family, to honour with his presence each of the four principal performances; the first of which took place on Tuesday, the 24th June. He arrived at the Abbey accordingly exactly at a quarterpast twelve, in full state, with the Queen, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria. We did not see the Duke of Cumberland, nor the Duke of Sussex, who was, we believe, prevented from going out by the continuance of his indisposition. There was a numerous attendance of the leading nobility, nearly all of whom had entered their names as Presidents of the festival. The Archbishop of York and the Archbishop of Canterbury were both present, and about six of the Bishops; we did not see the Bishop of London among them, and believe he was not there; but the situation we occupied, which was in the choir gallery, prevented our having a good view of this part of the company.

As soon as their Majesties and suite entered the Royal box, the orchestra, which had been in readiness for a few minutes, awaiting their arrival, commenced its magnificent display. These few minutes formed a pause of extreme interest. Every musician was at his desk, his eye fixed on the conductor, watching for his first signal. The audience, from every part of the Abbey which could command a view of the Royal box, had turned in that direction, presenting a multitude of eager and expectant faces to those who sat in the gallery above. All this time the most perfect silence was maintained; the reception of their Majesties was attended therefore with none of the noisy demonstrations usual on such occasions, which were not permitted, indeed, by the sanctity of the place in which they had assembled, but it was not less genuine in all the outward marks of respect compatible with such silence. Every seat was then resumed, and the performance began.

The introductory piece was Handel's Coronation Anthem, composed to the following words:—

"Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king; and all the people rejoiced and said, 'God save the king, long live the king, may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.'"

Nothing could have been better chosen in all respects for the opening of such a grand series of performances. It was at once a tribute of respect to the King, with whom they have originated, and, by combining some very rare instrumental as well as vocal effects, was the means of exhibiting at
the outset the varied powers of the orchestra to the utmost advantage. When the chorus began, the whole of the company stood up, and remained standing till the conclusion of the piece. When it came to the passage, "God save the king, may the king live for ever," the most lively emotion was perceptible among the audience, particularly in the more sensitive part of it, and many ladies were with difficulty kept from fainting. Others burst into tears, from the pleasure, not the pain, of the novel sensations excited. This result seemed not to be produced by the power so much as by the number and complexity of the orchestra. In mere force of sound it did not exceed materially the orchestras of our great concerts and oratorios, being counteracted by the great size of the building in which it took place; but there were impressions nevertheless produced by it which all must confess to be of a peculiar kind, and quite new to those who have never been present at similar performances.

The Coronation Anthem was followed by Haydn’s sacred oratorio of the Creation, given entire; and well does this masterly composition deserve such a mark of distinction. The introduction or overture to it is for instruments only, and is meant for the "Representation of Chaos." In every part of the Haydn’s narrative the power stands predominant; and as the world was formed from the rude elements, so he gradually works out the discords and disorder with which he commences into order and harmony. The instrumentation is all fine; but some passages for the clarinet, which William executed with admirable precision, stand out with peculiar beauty.

The recitative, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," was sung by Mr. Bellamy chastely and effectively. Immediately after which followed the chorus, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," which was sung with the greatest power and beauty of execution.

The chorus, "Let there be light," was given to perfection. All were in strict time, and the swell, as it should be, gradually carried to the highest pitch.

Miss Stephens, with the short yet brilliant air of the "Marvellous work beholds amazèd," introduced the pleasing chorus—

"Again the ethereal vaults resound The praise of God and of the second day!"

Our old favourite evinced that she was still in good voice, and gave theupper notes with great force and clearness; the chorus, which is, however, of very simple structure, was well and correctly done.

To Mr. H. Phillips was assigned the recitative, "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together," and the air of "Rolling with foaming billows," in which the separation of "sea and land" is described.

Madame Caradori sang "With verdure clad," and the recitative which precedes it, in the plain unpretending manner which Haydn himself would have desired and been pleased with. Not a note of her voice was lost, though scarcely the slightest apparent exertion was used, in the wide area over which it had to travel, and the audience listened with hushed attention. In fact—and it added great interest to the day’s entire performance—a silence truly exemplary was preserved during the whole of it.

One of the most splendid pieces in the whole oratorio is the recitative describing the creation of the "lights in the firmament of heaven," descending into the chorus of "The heavens are telling the glory of God." In the accompaniment of the first the orchestra was not so perfect as in some of the previous pieces. In the swell which precedes the rising of the sun, the full pitch of force of which such a band seems to be capable was hardly attained; and in the succeeding softer harmonies which guides in "the lesser light," some intrusive notes of the organ were heard, on which Sir George Smart would have done well, in his office of conductor, to have imposed silence. What would Haydn have said to this? There is not a note for the organ in the whole score. Of Brahms’s sacrifice of this grand simple subject to a vicious taste for ornament and display, when no man knows better than himself what is due to such music, we can hardly speak in terms of adequate reprobation; more especially, as in the latter part of the day he gave the noble recitative from Samson, "Oh, loss of sight," with perfect plainness and purity.

Mr. E. Seguin, a pupil, we believe, of the Royal Academy, had the important song intrusted to him, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," and the recitative which precedes it, describing the creation of "the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth," which is another instance of Haydn’s daring use of the imaginative power in music. The roaring of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the hum of insects, and the creeping, "with sinuous trace," of the worm, are all attempted in description in a way that lays but a light tax on the imagination. In the air were some splendid effects from Harper’s trumpet, and some deep notes from the bassoon of the veteran Mackintosh, a worthy prototype of the "tread of the elephant."

The chorus "Achieved is the glorious work," with the trio introduced into it, "On thee each living soul awaits," was sung admirably by Miss Clara Novello, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. W. Robinson. The solo for the bass voice which occurs in it—

"But when thy face, O Lord, is hid, With sudden terror they are struck; Thou takest their breath away, They vanish into dust;"

is inimitably fine. Mr. W. Robinson seemed..."
Royal Musical Festival.

to partake somewhat of the terror he was describing, but due allowance must be made for a man, evidently of merit, on a first appearance before so formidable a tribunal.

Mr. Hobbs opened the third part of the Creation by the recitative, "In rosy mantle appears," with a simplicity and correctness calculated to put to shame some of his seniors and men of "higher note."

In the two first parts of this day's performance the band was led by Mr. Spagnuolletti, and the second violins by Mr. J. Loder, of Bath. Mr. V. Novello was at the organ.

Selections from Handel's Oratorio of Samson formed the third part of the performance, of which, however, a more brief notice will be required. We never heard Braham, in his best days, do anything more finely than the recitative—

"O, loss of sight! of thee I most complain; O, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!—My very soul in real darkness dwells!"

It had almost a moral dignity in it, which would have suited Milton, complaining of his blindness, from its simplicity and touching truth of expression. The air which follows—

"Total eclipse! no sun, no moon! All dark amidst the blaze of noon! O glorious light! no cheering ray To glad my eyes with welcome day! Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree? Sun, moon, and stars, are dark to me!"

was almost equally fine. The chorus of "O, first created beam," was a worthy sequel to two such admirable productions. It is remarkable that this chorus contains a musical imitation of the creation of light, and thus gave the occasion to compare the notions of two of the greatest of all composers of sacred music on the same subject; and it is difficult to say which is the finest.

Miss Stephens gave the song in which she has been so long and so justly celebrated, "Let the bright seraphim," accompanied on the trumpet by Mr. Harper, whose command over that instrument is unrivalled in the present day. In many of the passages of this song it has all the softness and smoothness of another voice in duet with the first. This led into the chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," which concluded the first day's performance of the Royal festival.

In the third part of this day's performance the orchestra was led by Mr. T. Cooke, and the organ was played by Mr. Atwood.

Of the instrumental performers we have already spoken generally, and have mentioned some of them with especial praise, besides which, we desire to pay a tribute they most justly deserve to Mr. Lindley, M. Dragonetti, the violoncello and double bass; to Mr. Platt, French horn; Mr. Card, flute; and Mr. Chipp, tower drums, for the assistance they gave to the general effect. Such an adjunct as the last-named professor and instrument, is really inestimable to such an orchestra. In the "Dead March" they resembled the distant discharge of a piece of ordnance.

The entire performance of the first day closed a few minutes before four o'clock.

There was then a general move into the centre of the gallery from those parts which did not command a view of the Royal box, and as their Majesties did not retire for some minutes, there was abundant time to gratify every spectator with a view of the Royal party. All of them seemed in the best health and spirits, and in the highest degree gratified by the silent homage of which they were the objects, as well as by the whole of the splendid scene and musical performance with which the morning had been occupied. They retired in the same order with which they had arrived at the Abbey, and were well received by the multitudes collected to view the procession out of doors, which formed scarcely a less splendid scene than that within the Abbey.

As a mere picture, independently of other associations, the latter is probably that which will long dwell in the recollection of those who were present at it. The Royal box in front, the floor filled with well-dressed and beautiful women, the galleries the same, and the majestic orchestra filling up the distance, like a mountain hiding its head in the clouds; the constant shifting of the light as the sun shone in turn through each of the Gothic windows, or became obscured by a passing cloud; and all this united with the ceremony itself—the beautiful music, the solemn and respectful silence with which all was listened to, made up a scene of deep impression, worthy of being held in lasting remembrance.

The second performance took place on Thursday, June 26th, and commenced as soon as their Majesties had taken their seats.

The first piece was the Coronation Anthem, by Handel, beginning "The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord," of which a chorus was made, commencing with the grandeur which forms the great characteristic of this composer, and developing, therefore, at the outset, the full power of the orchestra. It is a short movement only, and leads into the semi-chorus "Exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation," which is of a more subdued strain, and is followed by the full chorus "Thou hast prevented him with the blessings of goodness," which was led off by the violins with a precision which made it seem as if the whole were but one instrument. In the midst of the swell in the latter part, when every instrument appeared forced to its utmost loudness, one of those pauses, so frequent in Handel's music, occurred, and the whole stopped as if by magic. A short silence prevailed, and the concluding "Hallelujah," poured in by the multitude of voices, wound up the whole
Royal Musical Festival.

with the full effect required. The anthem was admirably performed throughout both by the instruments and the voices.

Signor Rubini then sang his aria, “Davide Penitente,” by Mozart, its first performance in this country. It consists of two movements, the first of which is slow and of a pathetic, supplicating character, highly beautiful, and with a very artful construction of the instrumental parts, which display Mozart’s early knowledge (for we take this not to be one of his later compositions) of the resources of a modern orchestra. The mode in which one passage, imitative of sighing, “pieta cece! Signor!” was echoed by the flutes and oboes, was peculiarly beautiful. The last movement of the song, which is an allegro, is less happy, abounding too much with those long roulades, the prevailing vice of the age of vocal music which preceded that of Mozart. It is also of too joyous a character for the subject, but contains beautiful melodic passages. For his performance of it Signor Rubini deserves unqualified praise. He sacrificed his usual florid style, so tempting to an artist to whom nothing is difficult, at the shrine of good taste.

Miss Stephens gave the recitative (from Thamos), “O weep a new day, indeed,” and the song which belongs to it—

“Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care:
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white”—

with a most delicate and just perception of their beauties, which stand in a very high rank among the productions of Handel. The audience honoured the composer and the singer alike, by the most perfect silence and hushed attention during the performance. In the accompaniments a fault before noticed prevailed, in carrying the “piano” too far, so as almost to deprive the voice of its necessary support. The recitative was particularly happy; it was done with perfect fidelity to the text, and uttered in the tone of voice constituting an earnest and pathetic appeal.

Next in order in the programme of the day came the “Kyrie eleison” of Haydn’s second service, which more resembles a Scotch jig than an earnest supplication for mercy. Haydn is a florid writer, but he had no soul: he is immeasurably inferior to Handel. The solo parts were well sustained by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, Signor Rubini, and Signor Zuchelli. A solo by the last-named singer was then given as a part of the same service, but which does not in fact belong to it, and which is another of those instances of mutilation with which the noble directors in a faithful report of their proceedings must stand chargeable.

Mr. H. Phillips opened the Thanksgiving Service, by a recitative, admirably enunciated, and, in the air which succeeds it, was accompanied on the bassoon by Mr. Mackintosh very effectively; the tone of the instrument being so subdued and well regulated, that at a distance it had the effect of a duet for equal voices.

“Luther’s Hymn”—“Great God, what do I see and hear?” and sung by Braham, with chorus, was magnificently done. The only instruments which join in it are the organ, played by Mr. H. K. Bishop, and the trumpet, by Mr. Harper. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this hymn, but it demands a voice of great power and full tone to do it justice, for which however Braham manifested all the energy that was requisite.

Mademoiselle Grisi next gave the air “Quoniam tu solus sanctus,” from Haydn’s fifth service. She sang it well, because it is impossible for her to do otherwise; but we cannot but repeat our regret that a composition so unsuited to her should have been selected; but her interesting presence, and that simplicity of manner which always accompanies great genius, made her an object of general admiration.

Israel in Egypt, which occupied the whole remaining part of this day’s performance, was opened by Mr. F. Robinson with the recitative, “Now there arose a new king over Egypt,” with great self-possession, and more energy than he displayed in the first day’s performance.

Miss Masson sung, with much elegance and correctness, the recitative, “This the magicians did,” with the air, “Their land brought forth frogs;” and Miss Romer followed in the song “All human power now falling,” in which she acquitted herself with much credit.

In the “hailstone” chorus, the descent of the storm comes on in light touches, but increases with such rapid violence, that at length the earth seems to shake with its fury. The thunder of the drum was thrown in at this passage with stupendous effect.

We were particularly struck, as the oratorio proceeded, with the rich harmony which opens the chorus, “The depths have covered them;” to which, and to the succeeding chorus, “And in the greatness of thine excellency,” the band did the most ample justice. The semi-chorus, “And with the blast of thy nostrils,” was much more perfect than at the rehearsal: the introductory symphony and the coming on of the full chorus had a most beautiful effect.

Few passages in these performances have produced a finer effect than the majestic introductory symphony to the chorus of “The Lord shall reign for ever and ever,” or indeed than the whole of that chorus. The well-known solos with which it is interspersed, requiring the greatest nerve and firmness in the singers, were allotted to Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens. The magnificent double chorus—
"I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," closed, with a grand climax of effect, one of the finest musical performances that has ever been listened to probably since the art had existence.

The leader for this day was Mr. Weichsel, and the principal second violin was played by Mr. Watts. The organ in the first part was by Mr. H. R. Bishop, and in the whole of *Israel in Egypt* by Mr. Turle.

At four o'clock, the performances being concluded, their Majesties retired, having received and acknowledged the respectful homage of the assembly, as on the preceding occasion.

**Saturday, June 28.**—The third performance, like the preceding ones, opened with a tribute of respect and loyalty to the King. It was an adaptation from the celebrated hymn by Haydn, "Heaven preserve our Emperor Francis," and by a repetition of that very beautiful subject, three quartets for voices, each concluding with a chorus, have been constructed, the whole having the accompaniment of the whole orchestra.

The selection from *Judas Maccabeus* commenced with the chorus, "O Father, whose almighty power," a beautiful specimen of rich and sound harmony, in admirable keeping with the subject, which is a supplication to the supreme Power by the "sons of Judah," to inspire union into their councils, and to "Grant a leader bold and brave, If not to conquer, born to save."

Mr. Bennett's recitative, which followed, "To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel," was very well and steadily sung, as was the song, "O Liberty! thou choicest treasure," which belongs to it. In the latter, the whole accompaniment was that of Mr. Lindley on the violoncello; and this gifted performer was certainly never heard before to so much advantage.

The spirited trio with double choir, "Disdainful of danger we rush on the foe," succeeded, and was well sung, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Bellamy taking the first, and Messrs. Goulden, Bennett, and Sale the second set of responses.

Braham's recitative, "My arms!—against this Gorgias will I go," and the air, "Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound," were delivered with the spirit and strength of a great martial leader. The rush of trumpets which followed, in obedience as it were to the order, was magnificent, as was the chorus—

"We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call: And follow thee to conquer;—it to fall—
For law, religion, liberty, we fall;"

which form the answer of the people to the appeal of Judas. The change in the character of the movement, after the word "conquest," was made with peculiar success, the choir passing at once from its greatest strength to its most subdued softness.

Mrs. H. R. Bishop's recitative, "O let eternal honours crown his name," and song, "From mighty kings," was one of the most successful solo performances at the festival: she was in excellent voice, and sang at once with firmness and energy, with good expression and the most perfect intonation. The cadence was very fine, and, what is not often the case, of a character agreeing perfectly with that of the composition.

Mozart's motet, "Ne pulvis et cinis," a most finished composition, began the second part. Signor Tamburini, in the bass solo with which it leads off, was most successful. Some passages in it bear a strong resemblance, without being servilely identical, to those in the last finale of *Don Giovannni*, where the "statue" makes his appearance. The other vocal parts were well sustained by Miss Clara Novello, Miss Wagstaff, and Mr. Bennett. The chorus was peculiarly grand, more florid and approaching to the dramatic style than accords with our English notions of sacred music, but full of astonishingly rich combinations. In his employment of the wind instruments, the clarinets especially, Mozart displays his great knowledge of the resources of the modern orchestra.

An air by Mademoiselle Grisi, "Laudate Dominum," from another motet of Mozart's composition, was beautifully sung, and was much better suited to her voice than that given on the second day of the festival. It has a fine accompaniment for the organ, which was played by Dr. Crotch with his usual judgment and command of that instrument.

A Gloria in excelsis," from Pergolesi, was then given; and the solos in it were executed with great correctness and good taste by two boys, Master Howe, of the Westminster Abbey choir, and Master Smith, whose proficiency at that early age is creditable both to their instructors and to the state of the art in this country. It seemed above all others to delight and interest Mademoiselle Grisi, and we shall not soon forget the kind smiles and patronising looks with which she honoured the juvenile artists.

Braham's recitative from Handel's *Sephtha*, "Deeper and deeper still," was the next piece. On such a composition, and such a performance of it, alike masterly and at the same time so well known, it would be difficult to say anything, were it not, in fact, from that very perfection, sure in every repetition to strike the hearer with new beauties. Its true character is that of a tragic soliloquy, which Braham maintained with extreme care; and it is no hyperbole to say, that it is finer than any soliloquy delivered on the
stage by our best actors, by all that effect which the voice has when thus judiciously employed, in regard to eloquence and pathos, over common speech. The repetition of “Horrid thought,” occurring after the grand burst of emotion—

“Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness,”

was inimitably fine; as was the tone in which he uttered the words, “My only daughter,” which follow that passage of the recitative. Many a fair eye, at the conclusion, attested the deep feeling produced by this performance.

Miss Stephens’s recitative, “Ye sacred priests,” and song of “Farewell, ye limpid streams,” which are almost of the same order of excellence with the preceding, were deficient in true conception of the subject; and the last movement—

“Brighter scenes I seek above
In the realms of peace and love,”

was almost spoiled by taking the time too slow. The resignation of Jephtha’s daughter is complete, and this passage should be delivered in a tone of religious fervour and exaltation.

Signor Ivanoff would have been perfectly successful in the air “Panis omnipotentia verbi caro factus,” but for one passage in which he overstrained his voice. His general purity of tone and good taste gave, however, a great charm to the composition, which belongs to another litany by Mozart. The instrumental introduction and the whole of the orchestral combinations are remarkably fine.

In the selections from Beethoven’s sacred oratorio of the Mount of Olives, the directors have done to this great composer the justice which, at first, seemed to be withheld from him. His admirers were presented with extracts, judiciously chosen, from one of the best of his compositions, correctly and efficiently performed. Madame Caradori’s introductory recitative of the Seraph, “Oh tremble mortals,” and the song, “Praise the Redeemer’s mercy,” will stand a comparison with the best executed vocal pieces of the festival.

The Hallelujah chorus, which finished the selections from Beethoven, formed another masterly display of the resources of modern art.

Mrs. W. Knyvett had the recitative “Bless’d be the Lord,” from Handel’s Solomon, and the song—

“What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew?
Did I not own Jehovah’s power,
How vain were all I knew!”

which was correctly sung, and with just expression, but suffered in its general effect from the extreme slowness with which the time was taken.

A grand episode, as it may be termed, in the musical arrangements of the day followed, in the selection from that part of Handel’s Joshua, which describes, in strains of a character truly epic, the fall of Jericho. It commenced by the recitative, sung by Brahman, “Tis well, six times the Lord has been obeyed,” followed by a march with instruments only, in bold martial style, and concluding with the air and chorus—

“Glory to God! the strong cemented walls,
The tottering towers, the ponderous rain falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heaven thunders, tempests roar, and groans the ground.”

It is nearly sufficient to say that Handel’s music presented a picture corresponding with these words, but his expression of the “nations tremble,” and the pouring in by the chorus of “Glory to God!” after Brahman’s solo, deserve special mention as the prominent features of the grand tableau. The horn and trumpet solos which occur in the course of it were of great difficulty, and done in a masterly manner by Messrs. Platt and Harper.

The chorus from Handel’s Solomon—

“From the censer curling rise,”

closed this day’s performance with a grandeur of effect wholly worthy of the festival.

The leader on this occasion was Mr. Mori, and Mr. C. Reeve for the second violins. The organ was played in the first and second part by Dr. Crotch, and in the third by Mr. Adams.

The concluding performance of this splendid musical festival took place on Tuesday, July 1st. As a whole, we should say that the performance of the Messiah was the most perfect and complete of the festival.

After the overture to the Messiah, which is a fine piece of harmony, and, though a little too slow, was most correctly and effectively played by the orchestra, Mr. Brahman led the vocal part of the composition in the recitative “Comfort ye, my people,” in which, though some deficiency of his usual vigour was apparent at the commencement, he presented, as he grew warm with the subject, one of his best efforts. From the passage, “The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,” to the conclusion of the recitative, he left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Machin was very successful in the recitative accompanied, “Thus said the Lord of hosts.” His execution of the running passages only wanted a little more smoothness and evenness to render them perfect. The air, “But who may abide the day of his coming?” wanted emphasis and a certain appropriateness of expression, but was otherwise peculiarly well sung, and his shake at the conclusion manifested a great command of voice.

Mrs. W. Knyvett sang the recitatives,
"And, lo! the Angel of the Lord," and "Suddenly there was with the Angel," in a plain unaffected manner suited to the subject; and the chorus, "Glory to God," followed—a short but grand and strikingly effective movement in the execution.

Madame Caraderti's air, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," was sung quicker than usual, as if to give greater display to the natural brilliancy of the singer's voice; but, though it had that result, the composition suffered by it. It was, in other respects, justly expressed and delightfully sung.

Miss Masson's "He shall feed his flock," was a most admirable performance, both in the style which properly belongs to this mode and in just intonation; and in the second part of the same movement, "Come unto Him all ye that labour," Madame Stockhausen evinced nearly the same felicity. The contrast of the alto and soprano voices of the two ladies had a most charming effect.

The chorus, "His yoke is easy and his burden is light," in grand but severe style, closed the first part of the oratorio with splendid effect.

The second part commenced with the rich and beautiful harmonies of the chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," followed by the air given to Miss Masson, "He was despised and rejected of men," which was well sung, though not in a style so perfect as her preceding air.

Miss Shirreff, her only performance at this festival, gave the recitative, "He was cut out of the land of the living," and the air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," with great steadiness and good effect, though the style of this music is in some measure new to this accomplished young singer, who ought to have been allotted a more conspicuous part in these performances.

Miss Clara Novello sung, in an unornamented expressive style suited to the subject, "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good tidings;" and the quartett followed, "Their sound is gone out," in which Master Howe sustained the first part with great steadiness.

Mr. E. Seguin's air, "If God be for us," was correctly sung, and without pretension; and the magnificent chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," closed the day's performance.

Thus terminated the Royal Festival, which, though some clouds appeared to lower upon its commencement, succeeded altogether far beyond the most sanguine expectation, and afforded the highest gratification to some thousands of His Majesty's loyal subjects.

In the details of the management there was much to praise in every department of the festival. The stewards were uniformly attentive to their duty; and, though the number collected on eight successive days was not much less than 3,000 on each day, there occurred no instance, in any one day, of the least disorder or confusion.

We cannot but acknowledge ourselves greatly aided in this report by the published accounts in The Times journal, as far as we ourselves were enabled to form a correct opinion of its accuracy.

The rehearsals were almost perfect performances, and very few pieces or passages had to be repeated; this is a surprising circumstance, considering how many performers had for almost the first time met together. The rehearsals were in fact almost equal to the so-named "grand performances." They took place on the 24th, 26th, and 28th of June and 1st of July. During the period of the performances the weather continued particularly fine.

Tea.—There is reason to believe that tea is not of very ancient use as a beverage in China. The ancient classical books make no allusion to it. Silk, flax, and hemp are classical plants, but cotton, tobacco, and tea are not. Père Trigault, the Jesuit, says, the use of tea is not of great antiquity, but he adds they have in jargon to represent it, which is not true. The popular belief is, that tea was first introduced into Honan to cure the bad quality and taste of the water. The earliest account we have of it is in the relation of two Mahomedan travellers, who visited China in the ninth century. These, after having used as their usual drink a kind of wine, made of rice, mention "a certain herb, which they drink with hot water, called sah," (tcha, tea,) adding, "that this drink cures all manner of diseases." It was, therefore, at that time not a common beverage. Be that, however, as it may, we are inclined to think it is a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are inveterately attached to the use of tea. That which is made for home consumption is of a very inferior description, made up sometimes in round balls, having all the appearance of a ball of tarred twine; sometimes in flat cakes, cemented together with a glutinous substance; and sometimes used in loose leaves, that have been dried without any preparation. They have, besides, the essence in small cakes, as bitter as wormwood. The leaves of the Camellia Sasanqua are also used as tea; and we learn from the Abbé Grozier, that in Shantung and the northern provinces, tea is prepared from a kind of moss; and he asks, if adulterated tea is common in China, how can we flatter ourselves that we are not drinking the infusion of moss, from the rocks of Mang-niuhien?—Quarterly Review, for July.
THE GITANA.

A TALE OF CATALONIA.

"Tout est changé pour moi; loin du pays natal,
Le temps même, le temps, n'a plus qu'un vol égal,
Les jours froids d'hiver prolongent leur durée,
L'été n'a que de longues nuits.

L'exil est le plus grand des maux!"

—M. DUFRESNOY ALICE.

There is not in the whole world so beautiful a country as Catalonia! Catalonia, where the Pyrenees raise their snowy summits above the clouds, and whose steep sides are deeply seam'd with precipices. Catalonia, on whose shores foam and dash the blue waves of the Mediterranean! Her plains are covered with corn-fields—her marshes teem with rice—her hills are overspread with vines, olives, and orange-trees—her mines are rich in iron and marble. Ask the adventurous diver how rich the coral which lies concealed beneath the wave that bathes the coast of Catalonia!—Oh, breathe not for a day, not even for a single day, its soft and balmy air! Let not your eyes wander towards the deep blue of its enchanting sky! Stretched along in a light bark, floating gently down some tranquil stream, dare not to raise your eyes to either shore, where groups of lovely girls are seen with their dark eyes, their graceful forms, and the slight and scanty dress which scarce conceals the slightest movement. Listen not to their songs, and turn, oh turn away your eyes when they circle in the voluptuous dance. Oh, listen to me, and believe henceforward the skies of your own country will appear dark and cloudy; from this moment a remembrance fraught with regret, a pain, sad and enduring as the mal du pays, will rend your heart, and fill your eyes with tears! And yet I am far—far away from my own Catalonia!—from the mountains where I was born, where my father died, where my daughter—my daughter—but I revenged her! For three days and nights, stretched on a rock alone, my eye bent on the distance, and my hand on the lock of my rifle, I waited for her assassin. He came at last, he fell and bit the dust, his hands vainly grasping the sand, and the blood spouting from his breast. For an hour, while his agony lasted, I remained immovable over him, contemplating my revenge! At length I was compelled to fly—to fly!—like a miserable assassin, like a wretched spoiler of wayfarers, for their laws—their justice, as they call it—set a price on the head of a father who avenged his daughter, as they would have done to a common robber. If they had known of how great a treasure the execrable cunning of this miserable Andalusian has robbed me,—if they knew all the woes which weigh heavy upon the old Gitano, instead of looking with idle curiosity upon my torn garments, and my swarthy lineaments, instead of pointing the finger at me, and exclaiming upon the refugee,—the assassin!—they, perhaps, would stretch out the hand of friendship towards me, and say, "Son of the Gitana, our hearts are moved with pity!" It is true, I am to be pitied,—and yet I once was so happy. In the evening, after having loosened the white veil which she wore around her head, my daughter, my Pepita, was wont to let her dark hair flow upon her neck; then kneeling at my feet, she used to place her two hands within mine, and gaze upon me fixedly with her large black eyes. Then smiling at my serious words, on a sudden she would dart from me to climb some precipitous rock. From the threshold of my cabin I called to her, agitated by an unknown, yet pleasurable fear. I was happy in witnessing the lightness and grace with which she followed this perilous sport, yet I trembled at the same time, lest it should prove fatal to her. But the sweet child, without listening to me, laughed, clapped her hands, and bounded from rock to rock, singing some of our gipsy melodies,—those songs known only to our solitary race, and so expressively adapted to a light and fantastic dance. As she danced she seemed to move in an atmosphere of light! It was the reflection of the moonlight which glittered on the large silver rings which she wore round her ankles and on her bare arms, after the manner of the Gitian. While I gazed upon her, in a transport of mingled joy and apprehension, on a sudden she would disappear; and...
scarcely had I time to dread lest her foot should slip in prising herself on the point of a rock, or that her weight should snap the slight branch which sustained her as she swung through the air, when I felt my daughter pressed to my bosom, offering her rosy and healthful cheeks to my fond lips. Such had been her amusement one fine evening in autumn, when she entered my cabin and seated herself at my side. "Do you know that Don Ferdinand de Gemellas, the affianced husband of Dona Bianca, has arrived today at the castle of Melposo? — He comes from Seville. It is a fine thing to see his carriages, his horses, his mules, and his numerous servants. They are not like our Catalanians, clothed in a simple striped vest and short breeches, with their bare limbs, and sandals of the alpazata. A silken net contains their hair, and it is much prettier than the coarse red woollen cap of the peasants of our mountains. Their rich velvet doublets are covered with gold lace; they wear splendid belts of different colours, handsome gaiters, and fine wide mantles. But, oh, my father, if you had but seen the majestic countenance of their master! He saluted his affianced bride with a sad and thoughtful air. Ah, I understand the reason of his being sad. He had never before seen her whom he was to marry. It is a marriage arranged by their relations; can a man be happy in marrying a woman he has never seen, were she ever so fine a lady, and mistress of ten castles as fine as Melposo; and more beautiful than Dona Bianca, who indeed has little to boast of?" Throughout the evening she spoke to me of Don Fernando; in the morning she set off early to go to the castle. She was sure of being well received there, for every one loved the little Gitana, she was so pretty and so gay. "Adieu," said she to me, "I am anxious to see the fine equipage of Don Fernando again." I smiled at her childish eagerness. Happy period of life! thought I,—when the sight only of a little splendour causes such lively and innocent pleasure! Unhappy girl!—why, why did I not shut her up in my hut, and defend the entrance with my rifle on my shoulder? This valet of Don Fernando,—this wretched Pedrillo, had not then clasped her in his detested embrace, nor had dared to say to her, "Become the mistress of a menial." Poor weak child,—what could she do against the sturdy miscreant, but utter plaintive cries? And I, alas! far from the spot, lay carelessly in my hut, wrapped in a deep sleep. Another assumed her father's office of protector. This was Don Fernando. He advanced at his horse's utmost speed. At the sudden sight of Pedrillo, who abruptly fled, the horse of Don Fernando reared and dismounted his rider, who fell, and struck his head against the sharp point of a rock. When his servants came up to the spot, Pepita had already bandaged the deep wound of the young nobleman, whose head rested languidly upon her knees. She had torn her veil to staunch the blood, and had tied it across the forehead of Fernando. When he recovered his senses, he gently pressed the hand of Pepita, to express his thanks; and his servants bore him home to his castle. The next day Pedrillo appeared at the door of my cabin. I seized my rifle to stretch him dead. Would to God that Pepita had not turned aside my aim;—the ball went whizzing past him, and buried itself deep in the trunk of an orange-tree;—my Pepita would then have been alive, and I should not be thus alone in the world without a being to love me! Pedrillo came, by the command of his master, to implore the pardon of her whom he had so basely dared to assault. She received him with disdain, and he retired. A fortnight passed away, during which a remarkable change took place in the character of the young girl. From having been smiling and joyous, she became pensive and sad. I often surprised her with tears in her eyes; and she who had formerly been all my joy, seemed now to dread my presence. From signs such as these, I could not be mistaken that Pepita was in love. Seldom does a young maiden confide the secret of her love to her father, even when she reveres him, as Pepita revered me. I resolved to watch her secretly, and by this method to discover who was the object of her affections, and whether he were worthy of my daughter. If he prove not worthy, thought I, we will quit our peaceful dwelling; and if necessity compels us, we will resume the wandering habits of the Gitani, even should I be obliged, like so many of my tribe, to seek for subsistence in the wretched resource of clipping mules! But no; I am
not yet reduced to that. I have buried in my hut the sum of six thousand ducats; and with this, and the price of my habitation, I have enough for our wants for ten years to come. God will provide the rest. We will travel for some time together, then we will go and establish ourselves in some remote part of Catalonia. My Pepita will once more become peaceful and happy; for at fifteen years of age there is no love that resists the power of absence and variety. My surprise was equal to my despair, when I discovered that Pepita had frequent interviews with Pedrillo. My blood boiled with indignation. Could a proud Gitana fall in love with an Andalusian valet,—with a wretch who had only courage to assail a poor weak girl? I hid myself furtively behind a clump of trees, and listened to their conversation. Pedrillo spoke in a respectful tone, and it was not of himself that he spoke. "Don Fernando cannot yet see you," said he; "he is still unwell, and to leave his chambers would be to betray your secret. As to receiving you at the castle, that is still more impossible. Dona Bianca has already but too much suspicion that her affianced husband is unfaithful. Here is your letter, senora; it will plead much better for my master than a poor valet-de-chambre; it will inform you, moreover, of the steps he has taken to enable him to call you his own for ever." At these words he threw a letter at her feet and disappeared. A slight noise was heard; Pepita hastily caught up the letter, hid it in her bosom, and I saw her hasten back with hurried steps to the cabin. When I returned home it was late, and she was fast asleep. I had not the courage to awake her; and I put off till the morrow the task of informing her how fatal the love of a great lord must necessarily prove to a young girl, and how requisite it was to dispel those illusions of youth. Let her be once more happy for a night, thought I, and let despair and tears begin only to-mor-
row. The night was already far advanced when I sunk to sleep. On a sudden I awoke. Oppressed by a painful presentiment, I rushed to my daughter's bed; she had disappeared. A letter, which she left behind, implored me to forgive her flight. "Don Fernando," she wrote, "will marry me in secret this very night, and will take me immediately into Andalusia; there, my father, when the anger of his powerful family is appeased, thou wilt come and rejoin thy Pepita, and once more become her solace and delight." I went forth instantly, and directed my steps towards the castle, with the intention of tearing her, if it were yet possible, from the arms of her seducer. For would a proud Andalusian noble intend to espouse a poor Bohemian? He could only mean to seduce her. Scarcely had I proceeded half-way, before I imagined I heard the voice of my daughter. I turned towards the spot whence the cries proceeded: by the light of the moon I saw Pepita: she was half-naked, her hair dishevelled, her cheeks blanched, and her eyes wandering. She did not recognise me, but fell, moaning and unconscious, into the arms of her father. Her incoherent language, her unconnected words, at last informed me of the dreadful secret of which she was the victim. The letters of Don Fernando were fictitious; Pedrillo had forged them. She deemed she was bestowing her embraces upon Don Fernando: it was upon the wretched Pedrillo, who had deceived her. She lingered two days, a prey to delirium and a burning fever; and she died without having recovered her senses even for a moment,—without having addressed a single word to her father, who wept beside her. I cut off her black tresses, and hid them in my bosom; then with my own hands I consigned her to the tomb, after the fashion of the Gitani. When all was over, I seized my rifle:—you know the rest. This is the reason why I have quitted Catalonia, the loveliest country upon earth.

The Library of the Arsenal, Paris.—La Revue Littéraire says, that this library, which was founded by the Marquis de Paulmy, was purchased in 1761 by the Count d'Artois, who incorporated with it nearly all the library of the Duke de la Vallière. It is composed of above 175,000 volumes, besides about 6,000 manuscripts. It includes the most complete collection in the world of romances, since their origin in modern literature; of dramatic works since the epoch of moralities and mysteries; and of French poetry since the commencement of the 16th century. In the other departments of literature it is less rich, but even in these it contains some important works; there are, for instance, historical works, which are nowhere else to be found.
MY SUMMER DREAM OF ELLEN.

Come, bind your brow with scented flowers,
Stolen fresh from Love's shady bowers,
For Summer's fleecy clouds through the sky are sailing;
Twine baby buds in your glossy hair,
Let them droop to kiss a skin so fair,
Their boughs Sol's bright beams from your lily neck vailing.

List, laughing maiden, the distant fall
Murmurs in mirth for the moonlight ball,
When the elfs awaking shall leave their moss pillow;
Look—raking* masts, enveloped in snow,
Bask fast asleep in the sun's hot glow,
For no wind curls the sky, or breath moves the billow.

The thoughtless bees, humming 'long the dell,
Stop but to court the blue heather bell,
And robs its blossoms, laden with honey and dew;
The skylark mourns no more in its nest,
But bears the light on its downy breast,
As it fluttering sings, 'till it's lost from the view.

Then, dear, pluck the ripe grape from the vine,
And weave a wreath of the sweet egliantine,
Its faint petals refresh, where the hanging† rocks drip,
And bring low music, and love, and joy,
With beauty's birth in your blushes coy,
And off, off, to the dingle and grove we'll skip.

At night by the brook we'll pitch our camp,
Your hazel eyes for our only lamp,
And in the cool green leaves we'll wrap ourselves round,
Like dozing moths, in their silken home;
We'll rest awhile 'neath the mushroom dome,
Where man's voice is not heard, or the slightest soft sound.

Then see Eve's rose† ope her tear-wet lid,
And bare her face, now in slumber hid,
Till she smiles at the mirror-drops hung o'er her bed;
Or watch the couch of a lady love,
And grant good gifts from the land above,
Which shall happier rays round her throbbing heart shed.

Where the tall grass marks the fairy ring,
We'll trip with a light and airy spring,
O! the little gods shall call you their virgin queen;
They will make of cowslips pale a crown,
And knit together a cobweb gown,
For the child of the mist, and the pride of the green.

Fond one, we'll sport where the spearmint grows,
Where Oberon's rill through the glen flows,
And gaily we'll bathe our limbs in the purling stream;
Or merrily dance 'till the faintest streak
Fits its fair form o'er the mountain's peak,
And then awake and away from our Summer Dream.

Hastings, July 19, 1834.  E. G.

* Masts are said "to rake," when they lean back towards the stern; consequently, when all sails are set, raising the bows and enabling the vessel to glide more easily and drier over the water.
† The dripping wells, so romantic and cool, in many parts of the country.
‡ The evening primrose.
PROPOSED HOLBORN VIADUCT.

BY FRANCIS WISHAW, M.I.C.E.

Notwithstanding the giant stride of improvement in this metropolis, Holborn-hill, a land London Bridge, in its wear and tear and destructiveness of the limbs and life of animals, has yet escaped attention, though great is the catalogue of accidents constantly occurring there; and no fewer, it is calculated than 4,000 foot passengers are daily at great hazard passing in the line of road.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals most nobly hired horses (as they now purpose for Pentonville-hill), during part of last year, to assist the omnibuses and wagons in ascending; but, owing to the expense, the plan was abandoned.

Skinner-street, though not quite so steep as Holborn-hill, is also very dangerous, and by far too much inclined for so great a thoroughfare.

Mr. Francis Wishaw having for many years considered the subject, and lately made a careful survey of the whole district, has planned a new very well-executed modelled design, so as to avoid both these hills; but no plan appeared to him effectual without a slight deviation from the straight line, which, however, amounts to only thirty yards. He commences at the north end of Fetter-lane to the end of Plough-court, thence to the top of the Old Bailey, in the direction of Newgate-street.

The viaduct would be chiefly of brickwork; the respective arches over Shoe-lane, Farringdon-market, Farringdon-street, and Seacoal-lane, of cast-iron, and their abutments and piers faced with stone.

Such viaducts to foot passengers are very safe and agreeable thoroughfares. Shoe-lane is 18 feet, Farringdon-market 28 feet, Farringdon-street 38 feet, and Seacoal-lane 22 feet below the centre surface line of the proposed new roadway, which, from Holborn to the eastern side of Farringdon-street, would be quite level, and thence to the Old Bailey but a slight inclination, viz. 1 foot in 73 feet.

The improvement, by the increased traffic in Farringdon-market, now a market without customers, will, no doubt, attract the city chamber of finance to listen to Mr. Wishaw.

The ways and means for this improvement are to be provided by raising the whole building another story, whereby there would be, as at Edinburgh, an upper and a lower market, with convenient access.

We think we have set forth sufficient to show that Mr. Wishaw’s project possesses merit, and deserves support.

THE WORLD’S A STAGE, AND ALL MEN ARE PLAYERS.

Scene—The House of Lords. Question—The Irish Coercion Bill and the recent Change in the Cabinet; Evening, July 17, 1834.

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham continued—Did the noble lord (Brougham) opposite suppose that a short speech, or one debate on the subject, could settle the question? He was very much mistaken if he did.—(Hear.) The noble lord might fancy that he buried the noble earl (Grey) lately at the head of the Government in his political sepulchre, but he was also mistaken on that point.—(Hear, and a laugh.) The noble earl’s spirit would arise and scare some of the present dignified occupants from their arm-chairs—(laughter)—would disturb the noble viscount in his slumbers—(a laugh), and interrupt the festivities of noble peers, when the noble and learned lord attempted to amuse himself with pottle-deep potations, to the health and prosperity of the new administration.—(Cheers and prolonged laughter.)

THE Marquis of Lansdowne was about to speak, but—

The Lord Chancellor rose and said, “Pray stop a little moment.” The noble duke who has just addressed the house must be conversant with the dialect adopted in some alehouse which he (the Lord Chancellor) was not acquainted with.—(Hear, order, and laughter.) He was in the habit of meeting the noble duke elsewhere, but never had the honour of seeing him there, at the alehouse, where the noble duke must have been so often—(laughter)—in the cabaret where the noble duke seemed to have picked up the terms of his slang dictionary.—(Order, hear.)

The Earl of Wicklow rose to order.

The Duke of Buckingham—Let the noble and learned lord go on; do not interrupt him. I shall take any thing that may fall, from him with perfect coolness.

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P
The Earl of Mansfield rose to order.

The Lord Chancellor—O, then, I shan’t trouble your lordships with anything more on the subject; noble lords need not rise to order; as I am interrupted, I have done.

The Earl of Mansfield said that he spoke to order from the plain and sincere wish that the dignity and decorum of their lordships’ house should be maintained. This was his motive in rising to address himself to their lordships. He put it to them whether, for the sake of their dignity, it was not much better that there should be no explanation from the noble and learned lord on the woolsack, and no reply or counter-explanation from the noble duke.—(Hear, hear.) He appealed to the good sense of the house and of the noble lords themselves, and asked them whether this would not be the better course.

The Lord Chancellor again rose, but before he resumed his address,

The Marquis of Clarinard rose to order.

The Lord Chancellor said, that if the noble earl behind him had taken him at his word, when he said he would not trouble the house with anything more on the subject, it would have been quite as well. He meant to say nothing more. Don’t you—

The Marquis of Londonderry—“I rise to order.”—(Hear, hear.)

The Lord Chancellor—This is not the way to preserve order.—(Hear, hear.)

The Marquis of Londonderry again rose to order.

The Lord Chancellor—If the noble marquis had attended to the progress of the discussion, he would have seen that the question was, whether the Lord Chancellor was to be allowed to explain in reference to the noble duke’s observations on what had fallen from him in the course of the debate. This was the first time he had ever heard that it was at all fair, especially in a court of justice—and their lordships’ house was a court of justice, may, the highest in the realm—to listen to the attack upon a noble peer; but the instant an explanation or defence was offered, to stifle it in the birth with speeches to order, or other equally unfair interruptions.—(Hear, hear.) When interrupted, he was speaking in explanation, in reference to the noble duke’s extraordinary attack upon him. If the noble duke’s speech was intended as a joke, he was ready to receive it in good humour—(hear, hear)—quite as ready as any of their lordships; but if it was really meant as an attack, then he should not hesitate to say of it that it was as gross and unwarrantable, as utterly and completely devoid of foundation, as any the most untrue assertion or insinuation that had been made by any individual whatsoever. He entirely believed, however, that the noble duke’s remark was meant jocularly and quite in good humour, and accordingly he was willing to take it so.—(Hear, hear.)

The Duke of Buckingham said that it was unnecessary to say the allusion was from Hamlet, and he intended it in perfect good humour.

The Lord Chancellor nodded, and expressed himself ready to take the matter in that way: and the scene, which was one of considerable excitement, terminated.—This is thus reported in the Times, July 18, 1834.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

(Continued from page 22.)

As soon as the young men and myself had finished our walk, we returned to the house. I observed all the actions of those new people with the greatest attention, of which, from my age, I was capable. They seemed not only to have a horror of the barbarous manners and vices of the Turks, but even a contempt of all the pleasures and diversions of the country. Their whole business was to inform themselves of what they thought might be an improvement in their own country, particularly in arts and trades, and whatever curiosities were brought from foreign parts, setting down their observations of every thing of moment. They had masters of the country at set hours to teach them the Turkish and Persian languages, in which I endeavoured to perfect myself along with them.

Though they seemed to be the most moral men in the world, I could observe no signs of religion in them, till a certain occasion that happened to us in our voyage, of which I shall have occasion to speak at a future time. This was the only point on which they were shy. They gave me the reasons for it afterwards. Their behaviour was, however, the most candid and sincere in other matters that can be imagined. We lived thus in the most perfect union all the time we stayed at Grand Cairo; and I enjoyed the same liberty that I could have had in Italy. All that I remarked in them was an uneasiness they expressed to be so long out of their own country, but they comforted
themselves with the thought it would not be long.

Some time after this I found by their diligence in settling their affairs, and the cheerfulness of their countenances, that they expected to leave Egypt very soon; they seemed to wait for nothing but orders from their governor. In the mean time there happened an accident to me, scarce worth relating, nor should I have thought of it had it not been interwoven with some of the chief occurrences of my life in the latter part of it. Our governor, whom they called pophar, which, in their language, signifies father of his people, and by which name I shall always call him hereafter, looking at his ephemeris, which he did very frequently, found, by computation, that he had still some time left to stay in the country, and resolved to go down once more to Alexandria, to see if he could meet with any more European curiosities brought by the merchant ships that are perpetually coming at that season into the port. He took only two of the young men and myself along with him, to show me, as he said, that I was entirely at liberty, since I might easily find some ship or other to carry me into my own country. I, on the other hand, to convince him of the sincerity of my intentions towards him, kept generally in his company. The affair I am going to speak of, soon gave him full proofs of the sincerity of my veneration for him. While we were walking in the public places to view the several goods and curiosities that were brought from different parts of the world, it happened that the bassa of Grand Cairo, with all his family, was come to Alexandria on the same account, and also to buy some young female slaves. His wife and daughter were then both with him; the wife was one of the grand seignior's sisters, seemingly about thirty, a wonderfully fine woman. The daughter was about sixteen, of such exquisite beauty and lovely features, as were sufficient to charm the greatest prince in the world.* When he perceived them, the pophar, who naturally abhorred the Turks, kept

* The bassa of Grand Cairo is one of the greatest officers in the Turkish empire, and the most independent of any subject in Turkey. It is customary for the sultana to give their daughters in marriage to such persons; but they are often disliked by their husbands, on account of their imperious behaviour.

off, as if he were treating privately with some merchant. But I, being young and inconsiderate, stood gazing, though at a respectful distance, at the bassa’s beautiful daughter, from no other motive than mere curiosity. She had her eyes fixed on my companions and myself at the same time, and, as I supposed, on the same account. Her dress was so magnificent, and her person so charming, that I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. If I could have foreseen the troubles which that short interview was to cost both the pophar and myself, I should have chosen rather to have looked on the most hideous monster. I observed that the young lady, with a particular sort of emotion, whispered something to an elderly woman that attended her, and that the latter did the same to a page, who immediately went to two natives of the place, whom the pophar used to hire to carry his luggage: her intent was to inquire of them who we were. They, as appeared by the event, told them that I was a young slave, lately bought by the pophar. After awhile, the bassa with his train went away, and I, for my part, thought no more of the matter. The next day, as the pophar and ourselves were walking in one of the public gardens, a little elderly man, with a most beautiful youth along with him, having dogged us to a private part of the walks, came up to us, and, addressing themselves to the pophar, asked him what he would take for his young slave, pointing to me, because the bassa desired to buy him? The pophar seemed to be more surprised at this unexpected question than I ever observed him at any thing before, which confirmed me more and more in the opinion of the kindness he had for me.

But, soon coming to himself, as he was a man of great presence of mind, he said very calmly that I was no slave, nor a person to be sold at any price, since I was as free as himself. Taking this for a pretext to enhance the price, they produced some oriental pearls, with other jewels of immense value, and bid him name what he would have, and it should be paid immediately; adding, that I was to be the companion of the bassa’s son, where I might make my fortune for ever, if I would go along with them. The pophar persisted in his first answer, and said he had no power over me; they
alleged I had been bought as a slave, but a little before, in the grand seignior's dominions, and they would have me. Then I interposed, and answered briskly, that, although I had been taken prisoner by the chance of war, I was no slave, nor would I part with my liberty but at the price of my life. The bassa's son, for so he now declared himself to be, instead of being angry at my resolute answer, replied, with a most agreeable smile, that I should be as free as he was; making at the same time the most solemn protestation, by his holy Aleorah, that our lives and deaths should be inseparable.

Though there was something in his words the most persuasive I ever felt, yet considering the obligations I had to the pophar, I was resolved not to go; but answered with a most respectful bow, that though I was free by nature, I had indispensable obligations not to go with him, and hoped he would take it for a determinate answer.

I pronounced this with such a resolute air, as made him see there were no hopes. Whether his desire was more inflamed by my denial, or whether they took us for persons of greater note than we appeared to be, I cannot tell; but I observed he put on a very languishing air, with tears stealing down his cheeks, which moved me to a degree I cannot express. I was scarce capable of speaking, but cast down my eyes, and stood as immovable as a statue. This seemed to revive hope; and recovering himself a little, with a trembling voice he replied—suppose it be the bassa's daughter you saw yesterday that desires to have you for her attendant, what will you say then? I started at this, and casting my eyes on him more attentively, I saw him suffused with tears, commingled with a tenderness enough to pierce the hardest heart. I looked at the pophar, who I saw was trembling for me, and feared it was the daughter herself that asked me the question. I was soon put out of doubt, for she, finding she had gone too far to recall, discovered herself, and said I must go along with her, or one of us must die. The perplexity I was in cannot be imagined: I considered she was a Turk, and I a Christian; that my death must certainly be the consequence of such a rash affair, were I to engage in it; that whether she concealed me in her father's court, or attempted to go off with me, it was ten thousand to one we should both be sacrificed; neither could the violence of such a sudden passion be concealed from the bassa's spies. In a word, I was resolved not to go: but how to get off was the difficulty. I saw the most beautiful creature in the world all in tears before me, after a declaration of love that exceeded the most romantic tales: youth, love, and beauty, and even an inclination on my side, pleaded her cause. But at length the considerations of the endless miseries I was likely to draw on the young lady, should I comply with what she desired, prevailed above every other consideration. I was resolved to refuse, for her sake more than my own; and was just going to tell her so upon my knees, with all the arguments my reason could suggest to appease her, when an attendant came running in haste to the other person, who was also a woman, and told her the bassa was coming that way. At this announcement she was roused out of her lethargy: the other women immediately snatch'd her away, as the pophar did me; and she had only time to call out with a threat, think better of it or die. I was no sooner out of her sight but I found a thousand reasons for what I did, more than I could think of before, while the one enchanting object was before my eyes. I saw the madness of that passion which forced the most charming person of the Ottoman empire, capable by her beauty to conquer the grand seignior himself, to make a declaration of love so contrary to the nature and modesty of her sex, as well as her quality and dignity; and ready to sacrifice her reputation, the duty she owed her parents, her liberty, perhaps her life, for an known person, who had been but a slave but some time before. I saw, on the other hand, that had I complied with the fair charmer's proposal, I must have run the risk of being obliged to change my religion, my life, or perhaps both, with a dreadful chain of hidden misfortunes likely to accompany such a rash adventure. While I was taken up with these thoughts, the wise pophar, after reflecting a little upon what had happened, told me this unfortunate affair would not end so, but that it might cost us both our lives, and something else that was more dear to aim. He feared so violent a passion would draw to something fatal, especially con-
The Life and Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

sidering the wickedness of the people, and the brutal tyranny of their government: however, he was resolved not to give me up but with his life, if I myself were but agreeable to it, adding, that we must make off as fast as possible, and, having so many spies upon us, use cunning as well as expedition. Accordingly he went down directly to the port, and hired a ship in the most public manner to start for Cyprus, paid the whole freight on the spot, and told them they must necessarily sail that evening. We should actually have done so, had not our companions and effects obliged us to return to Grand Cairo; but instead of embarking for Cyprus, he called away the master of the vessel, who was an acquaintance of his, and for a good round sum privately agreed with him to sail out of the port, as if we were really on board, while the pophar hired a boat for us at the other end of the town, in which we that night went directly to Grand Cairo. As soon as we were arrived there, we inquired how long it would be before the bassa returned to that city. They told us it would be about a fortnight at soonest: this gave the pophar time to pay off his house, pack up his effects, and get all things ready for his great voyage; but he still had greater apprehensions in his looks than I ever remarked in him. However, he told us, he hoped the affair would end well. In five days' time all things were in readiness for our departure. We set out a little before sunset, as is customary in those countries, and marched but a slow pace whilst we were near the town, to avoid every suspicion of flight. After we had travelled about a league up by the side of the river Nile, the pophar leading the van, and the rest following in a pretty long string after him, we met five or six men coming down the river-side on horseback, whose fine turbans and habits showed they were pages or attendants of some great person. The pophar turned off from the river, as if it were to give them way; and they passed on very civilly, without seeming to take any further notice of us. I was the hindmost but one of our train, having stayed to give our dromedaries some water. Soon after these came two ladies, riding on little Arabian jennets, with prodigiously rich furniture, by which I guessed them to be persons of quality, and the others gone before to be their attendants. They were not quite over against where I was, when the jennet of the younger of the two ladies began to snort and start at our dromedaries, and became so unruly that I apprehended she could scarce sit him. At that instant one of the led dromedaries coming pretty near, that circumstance, and the rustling of its loading, so frightened the jennet, that he gave a bound all on a sudden, and being on the inside of us, towards the river, he ran full speed towards the edge of the bank, and not being able to stop his career, he flew directly off the precipice into the river, with the lady still sitting on his back, till the violence of the leap threw her off, two or three yards into the water. It happened very luckily that there was a little island just near where she fell, and her clothes keeping her up for some minutes, the stream carried her against some stakes that stood just above the water, which entangled her clothes, and fixed her there. The shrieks of the other lady brought the highest attendants up to us; but those fearful wretches durst not venture into the river to her assistance.

I jumped off my dromedary, and, throwing off my loose garment and sandals, swam to her, and, with much difficulty, getting hold of her hand and loosing her garments from the stakes, I made shift to draw her across the stream till I brought her to the land. She was quite senseless for some time; I held down her head, which I had not yet looked at, to make her disgorge the water she had swallowed; but I was struck with a double surprise, when I looked at her face, to find it was the bassa's daughter, and to see her in that place, whom I thought I had left at Alexandria. After some time she came to herself, and, looking fixedly on me a good while, her senses not being entirely recovered; at last she cried out, "Oh! Mahomet, must I owe my life to this man?" and fainted away. The other lady, who was her confidant, after a great effort, brought her to herself again. We raised her up, and endeavoured to comfort her as well as we could. "No," says she, "throw me into the river once more! let me not be obliged to a barbarian, for whom I have done too much already." I told her, in the most respectful terms I could conjure up, that Providence had ordered it so, that I might make some recompense for the undeserved obligations
she had laid upon me; that I had too
great a value for her merit ever to make
her miserable by loving a slave such as
I was—a stranger, a Christian, and one
who had indispensable obligations to act
as I did. She started a little at what I
said; but, after a short recollection, an-
swered—"Whether you are a slave, an
infidel, or whatever you please, you are
one of the most generous men in the
world. I suppose your obligations are
on account of some more happy woman
than myself; but, since I owe my life
to you, I am resolved not to make you
unhappy, any more than you try to pain
me; I not only pardon you, but am
convinced my pretensions are both un-
just and against my own honour. She
said this with an air becoming her quali-
ity. She was much more at ease when
I assured her I was engaged to no woman
in the world, but that her memory should
be ever dear to me, and imprinted in my
heart till my latest breath.

Here ten or a dozen armed Turks
came upon us full speed from the town,
and, seeing the pophar and his com-
panions, they cried out, "Stop, villains;
we arrest you in the name of the bassa."
At this we started up to see what was
the matter, when the lady, who knew
them, bid me not be afraid—that she had
ordered these men to pursue me when
she left Alexandria—that, hearing we had
fled off by sea, she pretended sickness,
and asked leave of her father to return
to Cairo, there to bemoan her misfor-
tunes with her confidant; and that she
was indulging in those melancholy sen-
timents when the late accident happened
to her. She supposed these men had
discovered the trick we had played them
in not going by sea, and, on better infor-
mation, had pursued us this way. I
was all this while in one of the greatest
agonies that can be expressed, both for
fear of my own resolutions and hers; so
I begged her to retire, lest her wet clothes
should endanger her health. I could not
have had the resolution to have said this,
had not the pophar cast a look at me
which pierced me through, and made me
dread increased danger in delay.

Her resolutions seemed to be stronger
than mine: she pulled from off her finger
a jewel, and just said, with tears trick-
ling down her beautiful cheeks, "Take
this—adieu!" She then pulled her com-
panion away, nor again cast a glance at
me. I stood amazed, almost without life
or motion; and cannot tell how long I
might have continued so, had not the
pophar congratulated me on my deliver-
ance. I told him I did not know what
he meant by deliverance, for I did not
know whether I was alive or dead, and
that I was afraid he would repent his
purchasing me, if I was the cause of any
more such adventures. "If we meet with
no worse than these," said he, "it is well
enough; no victory can be gained with-
out some loss." So he awakened me out
of my lethargy, and commanded us to
make the best of our way.

Though the pophar was uneasy to be
out of the reach of the fair lady and her
faithless Turks, yet he was not in reality
in any great haste, the time for his great
voyage not having yet arrived. There ap-
peared a gaiety in his manner that seemed
to promise a prosperous journey. For
my own part, though I was glad I had
escaped my dangerous enchantress, my
spirits were heavy, although I could not
account for the cause. The thoughts of
such an unknown voyage, and the variety
of places we visited, by little and little dis-
sipated my uneasiness. Our party con-
isted of eleven persons, five elderly men
and five younger, myself being a super-
numerary. We were all mounted upon
dromedaries; they are something like
camels,* and much swifter, and live a great
while without water, which was the rea-
son they make use of them for the bar-
ren sands they have to pass over (though
they have the finest horses that can be
seen in their own country). They
had five spare ones to carry provisions,
or to change, in case any of their own
should become tired by the way; it was
upon one of these I rode. We went up
the Nile, leaving it on our left hand all
the way, steering our course directly for
Upper Egypt. We visited all the towns
on that famous river, under pretence of
merchandising, but, in reality, because
the pophar's critical time for his great
voyage was not yet come. He looked at
his ephemeris and notes almost every
hour, the rest of them attending his nod
in the most minute circumstances. As

* This explanatory description is something
like a note appended to Gibbon's far more re-
cent "Roman History," relative to the Came-
leonardus, "a sort of fabulous animal."—We
might thence suppose that no camel had then
been seen in this country.
we approached the upper parts of Egypt, as nigh as I could guess, over against the deserts of Barca, they began to buy provisions proper for their purpose, but particularly rice, dried fruits, and a sort of dried paste, that served us for bread. They bought their provisions at different places, to avoid suspicion; and I observed they also laid up a considerable quantity for their dromedaries, by which I found we had a long journey to make. When we came over against the middle coast of the vast desert of Barca, we met with a delicate and clear rivulet, breaking out of a rising part of the sands, and making towards the Nile; there we alighted, took drink ourselves, and gave our dromedaries as much drink as they desired; then we filled all our vessels, made on purpose for carriage, and took in a greater proportion of water than we had previously. At several places they dismounted, and kissed the ground with a very superstitious devotion, and scraped some of the dust, which they put into the golden urns which they had brought on purpose with them, letting me all the while do what I pleased. This sort of devotion I afterwards found was the chief occasion of their going into that country, though carried on under the pretence of merchandising; and, when all were ready, the pophar, looking on his papers and needle, cried, "gauolo beneam," which I was informed was as much as to say, "now children, for our lives;" and immediately, as he had steered south all along before, he turned about on his right hand due west across the vast desert of Barca, as fast as his dromedary could well go. We had nothing but sands and sky before us, and in a few hours were almost out of danger from any one attempting to follow us.

Being thus embarked, if I may say so, on this vast ocean of sand, a thousand perplexing thoughts came into my mind, which I did not reflect on before. Behold me in the deserts of Africa, where whole armies had often perished. The further we advanced the more our danger increased. I was with men who were not only strangers to me, but to all the world besides, ten against one; but this was not all—I was now persuaded they were heathens and idolaters; for beside their superstitious kissing the earth in several places, I observed they looked up towards the sun, and seemed to address their orisons to that planet and a creature. Nevertheless, when I reflected on what the pophar said when he bought me, that I was not likely to return, 'tis possible, thought I, I am destined for a human sacrifice to some heathen god in the midst of this vast desert. But not seeing they had any arms, either offensive or defensive, except their short goads to prick their dromedaries onward, I was a little easy; I had privately provided myself with two pocket pistols, and was resolved to defend myself till the last gasp. But when I considered what unparalleled justice and humanity I had experienced in their treatment to me, I was a little comforted. As for the difficulty of passing the deserts, I reflected that their own lives were as much in danger as mine—that they must have some unknown ways of passing over them, otherwise they would never expose themselves to such evident danger.

I should have said that we set out a little before sunset to avoid the heats, June 9th to June 16th. The moon was about the first quarter, and carried on the light till near dawn of day. The glittering of the sands, or rather pebbly gravel, in which there were abundance of shining stones like jewels or crystal, increased the light, so that we could see to steer our course by the needle very well. We went on at a vast rate, the dromedaries being very swift creatures; their pace is more running than galloping, much like that of a mule; that I verily believe, from six o'clock in the evening until ten the next day, we ran almost a hundred and twenty Italian miles. We had neither stop nor hindrance, but steered our course in a direct line, like a ship under sail. The heats were not near so insufferable as I expected; for though we saw nothing we could call a mountain, in those immense bares, yet the sands, or at least the way we steered, was very high ground; that as soon as we were out of the breath of the habitable countries, we had a perpetual breeze blowing full in our faces, yet so uniform that it scarcely raised any dust: partly from an imperceptible dew, which, though not so thick as a fog, moistened the surface of the ground pretty much. A little after nine next morning we came to some clumps of shrubby trees, with a little moss on the ground instead of grass: here the wind fell, and the heat became very insufferable, and the pophar ordered us to alight and pitch our tents, to gain shelter both for ourselves and dromedaries.
Their tents were made of the finest sort of oiled cloth I ever saw, very light and portable, yet capable of keeping out both rain and sun. Here we refreshed ourselves and beasts till a little after six, when we set out again, steering still directly west, as high as I could guess. We went on thus for three days and nights, without any considerable accident, only I observed the ground began to rise considerably higher, and the breezes were not only stronger, but the air itself was much cooler. About ten the third day we saw some more clumps of trees on our right hand, which looked greener than the former, as if they were the beginning of some habitable vale, as was in fact the case. The pophars ordered us to turn that way, which was the only turning out of our course we had yet made. By the cheerful countenances of our men, I thought this might be the beginning of their country; but I was very much mistaken, we had a far longer and more dangerous way to go than that we had hitherto passed. However, this was a very remarkable station of our voyage: as we advanced, we found it to open and descend gradually, till at length we saw a most beautiful vale, full of palms, dates, oranges, and other fruit trees, entirely unknown in these parts, with such a refreshing smell from the odoriferous shrubs as filled the whole air with perfumes. We rode into the thickest of it as fast as we could, to enjoy the inviting shade. We eased our dromedaries, and first took care of them, for on them all our safety depended. After we had refreshed ourselves, the pophars ordered every one to go to sleep as soon as we could, since we were likely to have but little opportunity during the three following days.

*(To be continued in our next Number.*)

**LINES,**

*Suggested by the View of Fountain's Abbey, in the Diorama.*

**BY G. R. CARTER.**

The moonlight fell upon those crumbling arches,
Like beauty smiling on the wrecks of age.
How lovely is the hour! when naught is seen
Stealing across the azure vault of heaven,
Which arches o'er the earth, without a cloud
"To turn its silver lining on the night."
These walls possess a spirit to inspire
The heart with dreams of glory; for whilome
They echoed to the hymn, which fervid lips
Commingled, as an offering unto God,
Responsive to the breeze of eventide.

But time has changed the scene! No more, when evening
Illumes the golden chambers of the west,
This ruin, like a sunburst in the storm,
Arrests the pilgrim's eye; no more the strains,
Which kindled aspirations in the heart
Of penitence, or brought the tearful stream
Spontaneous from Ambition's stony rock,
Bequeath their cadence to the cloistered aisles,
Congenial to the ear of solitude.
Those roofless walls, in which the tapered rite
Diffused its splendour o'er the brow of care,
Are open to the sunny eye of day,
Or starless gloom of night; the ivy crawls,
A lonely parasite, upon the pile
Where Desolation's fatal stamp is seen.

Thus learning, fame, and glory, bow submissive
To their primeval origin—the dust!
Thus, the deceptive idols of mankind
Resign their empire to the sway of time,
And pass away unheeded;—but the hand
Of piety, which hallowed all that quaff
From Truth's immortal fountain, still imparts
A holy charm to this sequestered place,
Which glory cannot give!
THE INCENDIARY.

[We cannot refrain from here giving a powerful illustration of the tale of "The Incendiary," at page 74 in our present number, which was printed before we obtained the following report. The present is a case tried at Salisbury, before Lord Chief Justice Denman, on the 18th of July, in which conviction clearly took place, the whole furnishing most extraordinary facts on the philosophy of the human mind;—]

Charles Kimmer was indicted for setting fire to the premises of the Rev. Maurice Hillier, of Oare, in the parish of Wilcot. Mr. Rogers conducted the prosecution.

The following are the most striking facts produced in evidence:—

The Rev. M. H. Goodman said helived at Oare. A fire took place on his premises on the 21st of April, ten minutes before one, and the burn taking place was from 150 to 200 yards distant. All the roofs of two barns, a cart-shed, and stable had fallen in, and three horses and twenty-four pigs were burnt.

By the Court—The prisoner was not in his service, but his father has ever since the 15th of April been lying sick.

Stephen Jenkins—Was disturbed about half-past twelve o'clock that night; next day found the horses with their heads and legs burnt off—the bodies remained; then went to his own house; it caught fire several times. The prisoner lives about 400 yards from the barn, but himself down to me and said, "It was a bad job that happened to-night." beggled him to give me up a bucket of water; gave him the bucket to get some more, but he took it away with him; did not see him again till the fire was over; he was sitting close to the stable that had been burnt down.

The examination of the prisoner was then read, in which he stated that he took some tinder and struck a light, and set the straw on fire, and that he was the only person concerned.

Henry Goddard said, he was a Bow-street officer. On taking the prisoner to Salisbury gaol, he asked him where he had been on the afternoon of the fire? He said he had been at Pewsey, and on coming back it came into his head all at once to set fire to Mr. Goodman's premises. He asked him how he had spent his time previously? He said he went home at half-past eleven o'clock, went back to him, and cried, "Isolated work," he said to me and said, "It was a bad job that happened to-night." beggled him to give me up a bucket of water; gave him the bucket to get some more, but he took it away with him; did not see him again till the fire was over; he was sitting close to the stable that had been burnt down.

The prisoner, on being called upon, said, he went home at half-past eleven, and then asked him how he had spent his time previously? He said he went home and took some tinder out of the tinder-box, some matches, and flint and steel, and put them into his pocket, and then went to Mr. Goodman's premises, struck a light, and set it all on fire. Witness asked him if he heard the horses cry? and he said he did, and that he was truly unhappy. He added, he was going to set fire to Mr. Edmond's premises. Witness said, what on the same night? the prisoner said, yes; but the reason he did not do it was, because he was afraid his own sister's house would be burnt, and it might have burnt her child. He said he hoped the governor would not keep him by himself, or he should repeat the same he had done in Marlborough gaol. I asked him what that was? and he said, that he attempted to hang himself."

The jury immediately found the prisoner guilty. Lord Denman then put on the black cap, and addressed the prisoner:—

"You have been convicted on evidence, which leaves no manner of doubt of the fact, of one of the greatest crimes that it is possible for a man to be guilty of. You have set fire to the premises of a person who was doing benefit to your family, without the smallest motive that can be assigned, and without any thing like provocation which could give an appearance of an excuse. The destruction of his property is in itself a most wicked act; but this case is accompanied by other circumstances, which give it a still more diabolical character, for those poor things in the stable and stables were sure to be sacrificed to your cruelty; and besides that, there were three boys in the stable which was fired, whose lives were almost sure to have been sacrificed, and it is a great mercy that their lives were spared—that the alarm was soon enough to enable them to escape; and it must be some consolation to you, even in your present situation, and in almost the last moment of your life, that you have not added the guilt of the murder of those boys to the fact of destroying your benefactor's premises; but this is not all, because there is too much reason to believe that Jenkins and other inhabitants of the village might have had their property and lives destroyed; so that it is really impossible to conceive any case in which a greater rarity of moral evil and fatal consequences were almost sure to have followed this act, and they were only prevented by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances. Supposing you had only committed the act of arson, under circumstances so likely to have endangered the lives of others, it would have been my duty to carry the law into execution; and there is no one consideration that can induce me to pause in respect of what I must now do. It is my painful

* It must be noted in the preceding, that the prisoner appeared to feel remorse, though surely only in appearance, fearful of the personal consequences to himself; for he would have set fire to other places, but from fear of destroying his sister and her child: not so in the foreign tale. But our readers will peruse with attention the opinion of the judge.
DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 15.)—Costume de Soirée.—Dress of organdie, embroidered in coloured worsteds; the pattern rose-buds and foliage. The corsage is perfectly plain, and tight to the bust; the sleeves à l’imbécile, full all the way down. The embroidery is continued in a light wreath round the bottom of the skirt, to mark where the hem should come. (See plate.) The cap is of blonde, a plain crown, and excessively full border—(see plate)—which is very deep in front, and diminishes gradually towards the sides; the border is made to stand back from the face: a small wreath of “roses pompones” is placed over the curls at the right side; a ribbon brought across fills up the front: the bows and ribbons are of gauze. Pompadour and ceinture of urban taffetas—(see plate); the pompadour, which has long ends brought beneath the ceinture, is fastened in front by an emerald brooch. White gloves, white silk stockings, and black satin shoes.

(No. 16.)—Toilette de Château.—Coiffure à l’antique, ornamented with a cameo and an arrow. The front hair is brought to each side in smooth bands; where, just over the ear, it is turned into a large smooth ring—(see plate); the back hair is partly à la Grecque; part forms a thick coque or bow, and part a second braided coque; while the remainder forms a coil, that goes round the head, and, crossing in front, retains a cameo. (See plate.) An antique arrow passes between the two coques at the back of the head. Dress of white muslin; corsage à l’enfant, with entre-deux (insertion) let in round the neck and on the shoulders. Sleeves à l’antique, with elbow-pieces and ruffles à la Louis XV. (See plate.) The sleeves at top are immensely full, and are gathered into an elbow-piece, which is plain, and cut on the bias. A large piece, in shape a long mitre, is edged with entre-deux, and put into the top of the sleeve. (See plate.) Ceinture with long ends fastened in front of urban fleuri, a rich flowered ribbon. Long black gloves, à jours; white silk stockings, and black satin shoes. Chain and ear-rings of enamel. Jardinière, or flower-stand, of brown dyed wood.

Drama, &c.

Haymarket.—A new play in three acts, Beau Nash, or the King of Bath, was produced on the 16th ult. The title almost explains the dramatic turn of this piece, as developing the history and peculiarities of this once all-regulator of absurd fashion. Mr. Farren, Mr. Buckstone, and Mrs. Nesbitt made the most of their respective parts, and the piece was very favourably received. The Haymarket is generally fortunate in good houses and good company.

The English Opera-House actually opened on the 14th ult. The appearance of the house was extremely striking and elegant. Mr. Serle delivered an appropriate address. The Yeoman’s Daughter and Call Again To-morrow, well-known pieces, were selected for the honour of first representation. The promise of closing earlier, one of the prominent benefits put forth under this management, was on the first night as little attended to, as regular hours at the other theatres are now expected. Why cannot managers see the dissatisfaction the public has in being so long detained, making a pleasure not merely at the time a toil, but a great interruption, from the lateness of the hour at night, to business in the morning; it is almost as intolerable a nuisance as double newspapers. The plan of the set-apart private boxes may be a public benefit, since we learn that there will be no exclusion, but parties or payers of one shilling extra will, if they are not at the time engaged, be permitted to go into them. As may be expected, from the shortness of the time in fitting up the building, some of the minor arrangements of the building are not yet quite complete; but this is only visible to those who, in technical language, “get a peep behind the scenes.”

Miscellany.

Two fine Elephants for the Surrey Zoological Gardens were landed on the 15th ult., from on board the Malcolm, via Calcutta. Great admiration was excited by the tractability of the animals, while leaving the ship and passing through the streets, following their keeper. They are what is termed in India high caste elephants, their pedigree being transmitted with them, as with race-horses in this country. The male, Radjeepoor, on being liberated, and meeting the female, Hadjeepoor, on the wharf, expressed the most extravagant symptoms of delight, both of them sending forth cries of joy, and breathing through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind; the latter flapping her ears with astonishing velocity, passing the extremity of her trunk over the whole body of the male with the utmost tenderness, and inserting her trunk into his ear, and then into her own mouth.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

Mode.

Published by J. Fryer, 112 Fetter Lane London.
1834.
Prevention of Hydrophobia.—We take the following from the Times journal, rejoiced at having it in our power to promulgate what is very simple, and, it seems, very efficacious treatment. Each medical man should make known the result of his practice to the benevolent writer. It is a letter addressed to the editor:—“About three years ago I directed, through the channel of your widely circulated journal, the attention of my professional brethren to a method for the prevention of hydrophobia. In my communication to you I stated the result of more than 200 cases, some of which I had myself witnessed in Germany, in which this method has been tried with complete success. Since that time the same plan has been resorted to in some of the hospitals of the metropolis. I have myself tried it in several cases in the General Dispensary, and in my private practice I have not met with or heard of a single case in this country in which it has failed. A shocking and fatal case of hydrophobia related in your journal of this day, leads me to fear that the method is still not universally known, and to beg that you will again allow me to mention it. It consists simply in cutting out the wounded parts, and keeping them open, adopting means (which will suggest themselves to every professional man) to keep up a discharge from the wound for five or six weeks.”

No. 2, Frederick’s-place, Old Jewry, July 17.”

Mr. Coulson’s letter produced the following communication, through the same journal, signed J. L., Chiswell-street, July 19, 1834, and we crave attention to both on the part of our fair readers, to whom such knowledge as is shown by this affecting narrative may be of great importance:—“Not many years ago a young lady, residing in Devonshire-place, saw a furious dog taking the direction in which a poor child was standing. With great presence of mind, she left the spot where she stood, and, seizing the child, was hastily removing it, when the animal bit the generously-minded young lady; if we remember rightly, it was on her finger—however, she herself immediately went to a butcher’s close at hand, and had her finger chopped off, for there was no shadow of doubt that the animal was mad. By the immediate application of strong aquafortis, if such be the remedy, there might have been some hope for this severe remedy, when, as in London and great towns, a chemist’s shop is generally so near at hand. We have only to add, that an immediate application is always of the utmost importance.

There are two kinds of wounds made by the bite of the dog—the punctured and the lacerated. In the first, the inoculating matter is supposed to be left upon the surface of the skin above the wound, and if the skin be cut out, the whole of the matter is removed, and thus is prevention supposed to be effected. But it is very possible that some of the matter may be carried to the bottom of the wound so made, or, in other words, deposited below the parts that have been excised. To meet this evil, I have applied strong nitric acid (aquaforatis), and in this way is security made doubly secure, and I have ever found it successful. In the latter kind of wound excision is generally impracticable, as well from its extent as from its depth, inasmuch as the operation would destroy the integrity of the limb (the limbs being generally the parts that suffer), if not the life of the individual. I have in such cases trusted entirely to the application of acid, and have invariably met with success. So that, if a person be bitten by a rabid animal, and be beyond the power of immediate surgical assistance, let that person obtain from the chemist’s some strong aquafortis, and apply it to the wounded part with a feather: by so doing, his case would be made tolerably safe, and in the mean time not a moment should be lost in procuring proper medical assistance. The above practice has been adopted by me for some years, and I say again I have never found it unsuccessful.”

“As many country readers,” says another correspondent, “cannot have immediate access to London practice, after cutting out the wounded parts, a discharge for five or six weeks is most simply effected by the insertion of a pea into the wound, and occasional applications of red precipitate or powdered cantharides.”

Improvement of the Nile.—A great work is about to be commenced, for securing the waters of the Nile, so as to render them serviceable at will for the irrigation of the lands: a toll is to be levied for the purpose, and 40,000 men will be employed in the undertaking. Enfantin, considered as the free ally, will, after the example of the ancient knights, provide the tents, the arms, and the provisions, or, in other words, the implements necessary for the workmen. Duguet and Petit have been making recruits among the plan-drawers and the modellers. Hoard and Bruneau took their departure about a month since, with a small number of recruits; they are at present remaining at Lyons, but will shortly take their departure by sea.—Cabinet de Lecture, translated in The Times.

Cure for the Rheumatism.—A strip of gum elastic applied to any joint affected with rheumatism, has been found in all cases an infallible remedy, says the Lebanon Republican. The prescription is simple enough to warrant an experiment.—Philadelphia Gazette.

Ancestry.—The man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—Sir T. Overbury.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.
July 4, at Blackheath-park, the wife of Captain Henry Thompson, of twins, son and daughter.
July 8, at Barnes, the lady of Henry Alexander, Esq., a daughter.
July 9, at Hampstead, the lady of James G. Murdoch, Esq., a daughter.
July 9, in Twickenham-square, Mrs. John Rew, a daughter.
July 9, in the Wandsworth-road, Mrs. Edward Biddle, a daughter.
July 14, Mrs. Smither, Clapham-rise, a daughter.
July 15, at Compton-terrace, Islington, Mrs. J. Anderson, a son, still-born.
July 13, in Grosvenor-place, the lady of Captain Kemmis, a son.
July 10, at 11, Walker-street, Edinburgh, the lady of S. C. Bruce, Esq., a son.
July 13, at Rochester, the lady of F. J. S. Savage, Esq., a son.
July 14, the lady of Colonel Hull, of Wimborne-common, a son.
July 12, Mrs. J. M. Heathcote, a son.
June 29, the lady of H. M. Warre, Esq., a son.
June 28, in York-street, Portman-square, the lady of D. Hunter, Esq., a son.
June 29, the lady of J. T. Justice, Esq., of Parliament-street, a daughter.
June 28, at Forest-place, the lady of H. T. Danvers, Esq., a daughter, still-born.
June 28, at the P. C. Moon Esq., a daughter.
July 17, at St. Marylebone Church, by her Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, William Henry, second son of the late W. H. Hearse, Esq., and grandson to Sir Gerard Noel Noel, Bart., to Araminta Anne, third daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John J. Hamilton, Bart., of Woodbrook, Tyne.

Deaths.
June 7, in Rutland-street, Cannon-street-road, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. H. Ebbs, aged 69.
June 8, in his 85th year, William Hammond, Esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, a son.
June 7, at Wooden-bridge-terrace, Edward Russel, Esq., of the Inner Temple, a son.
July 7, at Margate, aged 29, and deeply regretted, the wife of Mr. F. Spier, of Trinity-square, Tower-hill, and daughter of Mr. W. J. Roberts, Royal Hotel, Calais.
July 10, at her house in Burton-crescent, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Anthony Stokes, Esq., bencher of the Inner Temple.
July 14, at his residence, York-street, Lambeth, Mr. George Smart, civil engineer, aged 75.
July 14, at Yeovil, after a few days' illness, R. Hastie, Esq., late of Calcutta.
July 14, at his sister's house, Denmark-hill, M. Holmes, Esq., of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, aged 51.
July 14, after a long illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude, Mary, the wife of Mr. W. Dawson, 74, Cannon-street, city.
July 14, at his residence, Clapham-rise, A. Dickie, Esq., aged 80.
July 3, at Brighton, Mrs. Mary Guy, of Loomaey, Lewisham, Kent.
July 13, in Sussex-place, at the residence of her son-in-law, Captain E. C. Fletcher, the Right Hon. Lady Teignmouth, relict of the late Lord Teignmouth.
July 13, in Harley-street, aged 13, the Hon. Lionel Sydney Smythe, second son of Viscount Strangford.
July 11, at Ham-house, Lady Laura Tollemache, only surviving daughter of the Countess of Dysart and the late J. Manners, Esq.
June 25, at Leamington, Amelia, daughter of Sir C. E. Carrington, of Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, aged 15.
June 28, in Melcombe-place, Dorset-square, Charlotte, relict of W. Weston, Esq., late of Leamington Priors, Warwickshire.
June 29, Mr. W. H. Angell, younger son of Mr. W. S. Angell, of Cornwall, aged 32.
June 29, at West-square, Lambeth, Mrs. Tippin, aged 70.
February 12, at Bangalore, T. Kebley, Esq., of Madras.
June 23, Mary, the beloved wife of Mr. W. Leedham, Esq., of Kennington-common, aged 64.
July 16, at the Moat House, Stockwell, after a long illness, Rose Mary, second daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, aged 24.
ELIZABETH OF FRANCE.
Third wife of Philip 2nd King of Spain.
Died 1568

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Lady's Magazine and Museum
W 13 of the series of ancient portraits

Published by J. Page, 122 Fleet Lane, London

1834
MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF SPAIN, THIRD WIFE OF PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN.

Illustrated by an authentic coloured Portrait.

"A sad wedding
Must that sweet new-blown rose find such a winter
Before her spring he past?"

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Elizabeth of France was the eldest daughter of Henry the Second and Catherine de Medicis. The baptismal name of Elizabeth does not often occur in the annals of France, but it was given her by Henry the Eighth of England, who stood godfather to this princess, and bestowed on her the name of his mother, Elizabeth of York. She was generally called by her own countrymen, Isabella. This lady was betrothed to the unfortunate Don Carlos, at that time the only son of the gloomy Philip of Spain. They were suffered to correspond with each other, and an exchange of portraits took place: when, on a sudden, King Philip took it into his head to espouse the young princess himself. This marriage was made the pledge of the peace that followed the battles of St. Quentin and Gravelines; in which peace Philip made most advantageous terms for himself, preferring the interest of his kingdom to pushing his conquests any farther. In the year 1559, the stern Duke of Alba, accompanied by the handsome Count Egmont, arrived at Paris, and Elizabeth was forced to resign the thoughts of a prince suitable to herself in age, to marry his sour, cruel father. The Duke of Alba, a fit representative of the grim bridegroom, espoused the young princess, in the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, on the 29th of June, 1559.

To celebrate this ill-fated marriage, Henry the Second, the father of the bride, gave a magnificent tournament, in the street St. Antoiné, near his royal fortress of the Bastile. After the king had engaged several knights, he wished to break a lance with Gabriel, Count de Montgomery, the lieutenant of his Scottish guard, one of the finest men in France, and considered also to be the most accomplished knight. Count de Montgomery was extremely averse to encounter the king, and almost in tears implored to be excused. The cause of his reluctance is supposed to have been, that his father, James de Montgomery, Count de Lorges, and captain of the Scottish guard, had, in a rude game of play, nearly killed Francis the First, with a blow of a firebrand, and had given such a severe
wound over the king’s face and mouth, that Francis always wore his beard long to hide the scar. Francis was too gallant a prince to resent rough play when he had courted it, and both the Montgomerries, father and son, were continued in the favour of himself and successor. Count Gabriel seems to have had a fatal pre- sentiment regarding his encounter with Henry, and only consented, when he found the king was about to take dire offence at his refusal. In the course, his lance broke in the king’s visor, and wounded him in the eye. Henry died on the eleventh day after receiving this injury. He gave orders, on his death-bed, that Montgomery should not suffer the least diminution in the favour and esteem of the court, nor be harassed or persecuted for this unhappy accident.*

Thus was France plunged into mourning at the bridal of the princess, and the country fell under the unshalled sway of Catherine de Medicis, who became queen-regent during the minorities of two kings, her sons, Francis the Second and Charles the Ninth: she likewise ruled affairs during her lifetime, in the disastrous reign of her youngest son, Henry the Third. It may be observed, that a long series of civil and religious wars, and of national miseries, were the consequence of Henry the Second’s freak of encountering Montgomery, after the tournament was ended.

Elizabeth’s was a very wretched destiny in Spain. Instead of the gaieties of her own magnificent court, she was surrounded with gloomy etiquette, varied by no gallant or sprightly diversions. Instead of balls and masques, she had to preside at solemn religious processions, and dreadful autos de fe: which last horrible exhibition, taking place some weeks before her second confinement, is supposed by some to have occasioned much alarm and terror, as to have caused her death. She had a husband, too, who was morose and ill-tempered to an insufferable degree, and so easily to be offended withal, that he once forcibly drove out a lady of rank from his presence, because she laughed accidentally while he was blowing his nose. This amiable personage was older than the father of his queen; and for his atrocious conduct, had obtained even then the cognomen of the “Demon of the South,” although the measure of his crimes was by no means full at the time when he espoused the hapless Elizabeth.

Philip either saw, or fancied that he saw, that his queen would have been much better pleased if she had been con- signed to her original husband, his son, Don Carlos; and he, in consequence, became furiously jealous of him. Historians are by no means agreed as to the character of this prince; some represent him as a most accomplished hero, and others declare that he was of an obstinate and ferocious disposition. It is possible that both were right, according to the variations of the dreadful family malady of hereditary insanity under which Don Carlos certainly laboured. The great grandmother of Don Carlos, Juanna, Queen of Spain, and heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella, it is well known, was confined as a maniac during her long reign.* Symptoms of the same affliction manifested themselves at the latter part of the life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the grandfather of Don Carlos. It is possible that some fits of confirmed insanity had occasioned Philip the Second to alter his intention of uniting him to his betrothed bride, Elizabeth of France, preferring wedding her himself, in hopes of having another son to sway the mighty

* Montgomery threw up his command in the Scottish guards, and retired to his estate in Normandy, after the king’s death. There was no prosecution instituted by Catherine de Medicis, yet he did not think himself in safety, but travelled for some time in Italy and Germany. When the civil wars commenced in France, he returned to that country, and became one of the most noted Protestant commanders. After a series of the most extraordinary adventures, he was taken in arms at Delfont, brought to trial for rebellion, and beheaded at the Grave, not undeservedly; for he ought not to have appeared in arms against a sovereign in his minority, whom he himself had rendered fatherless. He was executed June 26, 1574, nearly fifteen years after the fatal accident that caused Henry the Second’s death, but that mis- fortune was not in any way pleaded against him on his trial.

* She was confined in the castle of Toledo, had nothing but straw to sleep on, and often wanted enough of that. Her favourite amuse- ments were fighting with cats or setting them to fight, and climbing up to the ceiling by means of the ragged tapestry of her prison walls. More than once the Cortes, in spite of Charles the Fifth, took her from her misery, and placed her on the throne; but though she regained her intellects for a few days, she fell back speedily into her wretched state. Nevertheless, the mighty Charles only reigned in Spain as her deputy, he was her eldest son.
sceptre, which the infirmity of Carlos would not permit him to hold.

The appropriation of his betrothed by his father, from whatever motive it was done, appears to have exasperated the unhappy Don Carlos, by such paroxysms of rage and perversity, that he was imprisoned by his father's mandate. Sully declares that Philip put him to death out of jealousy, suspecting that there was more affection between him and his mother-in-law than ought to have existed. His death, or rather disappearance, was about two months before the death of Elizabeth, who, most historians affirm, was poisoned by her husband; while some historians give the reason already set forth. But the imputations of being the murderer of his wife and son, were not confined to the mere whispers of historians and biographers, after the death of Philip, for William Prince of Orange made all Europe ring with these awful accusations, which he publicly asserted in an extraordinary manifesto, which he published at the time he took up arms to deliver the Netherlands from the tyrannical yoke of Philip the Second.

The Duke de Sully in his famous memoirs, and Voltaire in his history, mention this tremendous manifesto; and the latter justly remarks, that it is a singular fact, that the charge of these murders was never contradicted by Philip, nor did one of the hireling pens that were at his command undertake the task of refutation. The accusation was made by no mean political scribbler, whose character was beneath the notice of a great prince, but it was solemnly put forth by a sovereign ruler, a patriot, and a warrior throughout Europe, who bore, besides, the highest name for moral worth and integrity in word and deed. Philip only answered the Prince of Orange's declaration by the stab of the assassin; for the fanatic who murdered William was an emissary from Spain. The other accuser of Philip, the Duke de Sully, is a favourite and beloved character by the readers of history. Both Sully and Prince William were likely to know more of the private history of the court of Philip than any subsequent writers.

Elizabeth was beautiful and good; she bore not the least resemblance to her wicked mother, Catherine de Medicis, either in person or disposition, but rather assimilated to the generous character of the Valois princesses, of which her great aunt, Marguerite of Valois, Queen of Navarre, and her own sister, Marguerite of Valois, afterwards wife to Henry the Great, are noted instances. Elizabeth was sister to three reigning kings of France, and to a queen-consort; she was the third wife of Philip the Second: her predecessors in that unenviable distinction, were Mary, Princess of Portugal, mother to Don Carlos, and Mary, Queen of England. It is not the least extraordinary circumstance in the supposed murders of Don Carlos and Queen Elizabeth, that the prince was Philip's only son, and that his queen was in the family way. Thus was Philip's line entirely cut off, with the exception of the infant princesses, daughters of Philip and Elizabeth of France. His successor, Philip the Third, was born of a fourth marriage with the Archduchess Anne of Austria. It is singular enough that she had likewise been contracted to Don Carlos, after his father had seized on his other destined bride, Elizabeth de Valois, before her death.

Romance writers and dramatic authors have not failed to illustrate the histories of the unfortunate Elizabeth of France and Don Carlos. The most celebrated work on this subject, is Schiller's tragedy of "Don Carlos;" some extracts from which, as suited to throw a more lively interest on this biography, are subjoined.

The first scene is from that period of the play, where Philip's suspicions have been awakened, owing to a stolen interview that Don Carlos had obtained of Elizabeth after a long banishment from court.

Scene—the King's Cabinet. He is discovered with the Infanta Clara by his side.

King Philip (after a long pause).—No, she is my daughter. How can nature have given her by accident my full blue eye? In every feature I behold myself reflected. Yes, darling of my heart—I clasp thee in my arms. Thou art of my blood. (Starts.) My blood! What can I dread more? My features! Are they not also his? (Takes up the miniature, and looks alternately at it and in the mirror; at length he dashes it on the floor, pushes the Infanta from him, and starts up.)

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Her majesty has just entered the anti-chamber, and requests an audience.

King Philip. I cannot see her.

Ler. She herself approaches.

Enter Queen (the Infanta runs to her).

Queen. (Falls at the King's feet.)—My
lond and husband, I am under the necessity of appealing to you for justice.

King Philip.—Justice!

Queen.—I am treated with indignity at your court. My cabinet has been opened by force, and several articles of the greatest importance to me are gone.

King Philip.—Of the greatest importance to you!

Queen.—On account of the misconstruction which malicious persons, not acquainted with the circumstances—

King Philip.—Misanstruction—malicious persons—But, rise.

Queen.—Not till you have given me your royal promise to discover and punish the offender, or a permission to retire from a court which harbours a villain and a thief.

King Philip.—Rise, I say—in this attitude—

Queen (rising).—That he must be of rank, I am certain; for in the same cabinet were pearls and diamonds worth a million—but he was satisfied with letters—

King Philip.—What letters?

Queen.—They were from different persons—among the rest, some from the Infant, and with them was a miniature of him.

King Philip.—From—

Queen.—The Infant, your son.

King Philip.—From the Infant! and that you say to me!

Queen.—Why not, my lord?

King Philip.—With this compose?

Queen.—What thus surprises you? Surely you recollect the letters which, by permission of both monarchs, were sent by Don Carlos to me at St. Germain. Whether the miniature which accompanied them was included in this permission, or whether he of his own accord ventured on the step, I take not upon me to determine; but if the latter were the case, surely his conduct was not culpable, for then he little knew he sent it to one who would never be his mother.

King Philip (turns aside).—The viper! I knew this would be her excuse.

Queen (takes his hand).—What agitates you thus?

Infanta Clara (who has mean time found the miniature, brings it to the Queen).—Look, dear mother! What a pretty picture of your dear friends! (Queen recognises it, and stands in speechless astonishment, then looks full at the King).—I must own, my lord, this mode of conduct is most noble—most royal. But one more question I beg to ask—

King Philip.—It is my place to ask questions, madam.

Queen.—Was this theft committed by your order?

King Philip.—It was.

Queen.—Then I have no longer any one to pity or accuse, but yourself. The conduct of your wife will never justify you in acting thus.

King Philip.—I am accustomed to this language, madam; but be assured that I am not imposed on by it, as I was at Aranjuez. I am now better acquainted with the pure, the innocent lady, who could defend her conduct with so much dignified majesty—who only sent away her attendants that she might amuse herself with her child.

Queen.—How am I to understand this?

King Philip.—In short, madam, is it true or false, that you there conversed with some one?

Queen.—True. I conversed with the Infant.

King Philip.—The Infant! It is evident then! You confess it! Had you no more regard for my honour?

Queen.—Honour, my lord! Before I was King Philip's wife, I was Henry's daughter. If any honour were concerned, a greater was at stake than Castle bestowed upon me.

King Philip.—Elizabeth, you have seen me in my hours of weakness, and this collection makes you bold. The mirror before which we stand makes you bold. You rely on the powers by which you have so often subdued my firmness. But dread me more on that account. What hitherto made me weak, may now drive me to madness.

Queen.—What have I done to offend you?

King Philip.—If I be thus wronged, blood shall atone—

Queen.—Heavens! Is it come to this?

King Philip.—All Christendom shall tremble at my vengeance. I will no longer pay regard to the laws of nations nor to the voice of nature.

Queen.—How much I pity your majesty.

King Philip.—Pity! The compassion of a harlot!

Infanta (clings affrighted to her mother).

—The king is angry—and you are crying, dear mother.

King Philip (pushes the child with violence from the Queen).—Go, and make your complaint to your mother.

Queen (with dignified composure, but a tremulous accent).—This child I must at all events protect from injury. Come with me, my daughter. (Takes the Infanta in her arms.) If the king will no longer recognise you, I must send for friends from beyond the Pyrenees, who will defend you.

King Philip.—Elizabeth!

Queen.—I can no more—this is too much. (Attempts to reach the door, with the child, but falls.)

King Philip (hastens to her, alarmed).

—Heavens, Elizabeth!

Infanta.—My mother bleeds. (Runs out)

Queen.—Will no one come to help me from this room?

King Philip.—What a dreadful accident! Blood! rise, compose yourself—rise—I hear footsteps.—Is it your wish that the whole court should be spectators of this scene?
Must I even use supplications? (She raises herself, supported by the King.)

The next extract is from a rash interview which Don Carlos procures with Elizabeth, by passing the sentinels in the disguise of the spirit of his grandfather, Charles the Fifth, who was supposed to haunt the palace, in the dress of the monks of the order, among whom he died at Estremadura, after his abdication. This scene is subsequently interrupted by King Philip, and Carlos is hurried to his fate.

Don Carlos.—I must, I will speak. My agony is soothed by this avowal of my feelings. You were mine. You were betrothed to me by two great monarchs, in the sight of the world. You were affianced to me by Heaven and nature—and Philip—Philip robbed me of you.

Queen.—He is your father.

Don Carlos.—And your husband.

Queen.—From him you will inherit the most extensive monarchy on earth.

Don Carlos.—And you for a mother.

Queen.—Merciful heavens! You rave.

Don Carlos.—And does he know how rich he is? Has he a heart which can feel the value of the treasure he possesses? I would not complain if that were the case. No, eternal Providence, I would forgive thee—I would forget how happy, oh! how beyond description happy! I could have been with her, had he been so. But he is not—he despises thy best gift: he is not happy—he never can be happy. It is this which tortures me. Thou hast robbed me of the sweetest flower that ever bloomed, and have ordained that it should wither in the icy bosom of King Philip.

Queen.—Execrable thought!

Don Carlos.—Oh! I know full well who was the promoter of this union. I know the love that Philip feels, and what was the foundation of your marriage. Almighty nature! Such a being as thou hast not been able to produce during ten centuries, bartered for a treaty that will soon be broken—made the purchase of a peace—sent into Spain by the decision of assembled privy-counsellors and prelates—sold like a bale of merchandise, and then delivered to the purchaser!

Queen.—What has induced you to be thus presumptuous? Who told you that the wife of King Philip was an object of compassion?

Don Carlos.—My heart, which feels and boldly tells you, that were you the wife of Carlos you would be an object of envy.

At Bayonne, in 1568, Catherine de Medici proposed to meet Philip the Second, in order to contrive the extirpation of the protestants. Philip excused himself, on account of his age and infirmities, but sent his young queen, under the escort of the Duke of Alba, to meet her mother, and her brother Charles the Ninth. The balls and tournaments exceeded in magnificence all that ever had been heard of; but after the joyous amusements of the day, Catherine and the cruel Alba held secret conferences in the apartments of the young queen; and in the presence of the unconscious Elizabeth, the prelude to the diabolical massacre of St. Bartholomew was concocted.

Don Carlos died on the 24th of July, 1568, and Elizabeth the 3d of October of the same year. This unhappy lady was surnamed Elizabeth de la Paix, because her miserable marriage formed the bond of pacification between Spain and her country. Catherine de Medici believed that her daughter was poisoned by her husband. There is a letter of hers yet extant, wherein she threatens Philip with the vengeance of France.

Elizabeth left two daughters, the eldest was the celebrated Infanta Clara Eugenia, the favourite child of Philip; the youngest, Catherine, wife to Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy.

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

Elizabeth is here depicted in her wedding dress, as she appeared on the day of her own bridal and her father’s death. There is a striking resemblance to her grandfather, Francis the First, in features and complexion. Her forehead is open and noble, and expresses dignity and talent; her features are regular and eyes fine; the costume is rather a masculine fashion, and looks like a habit or riding dress; her hair is compactly arranged, knotted up with jewels, and drawn off from her temples. The corsage of Elizabeth’s dress bears a strong resemblance to the close doublets worn by cavaliers of that era: it is of crimson velvet, with a standing collar high to the throat, and surmounted by a small ruff; slashed with white satin, and studded with clusters of pearls. The shoulders, waist, and hanging sleeves are finished with tabs, bordered with white satin. These tabs are like vandyke trimming, only cut square instead of pointed. The sleeves are very curious, being two pair, the larger open from the shoulder, and clasped with pearl studs at the wrist; the left wristband is fastened, the right sleeve hangs loose. The outer sleeves are cut in slashes behind, and
near the wrists trimmed with white bows and tags, which hang like tassels; these sleeves are made of crimson velvet, lined with white satin, which folds back. The inner sleeves are shaped close to the arm: they are of white satin, barred with waved gold gimp. The skirt is likewise of crimson velvet, embroidered up the front and round the bottom. The graceful and feminine fashion of the open robe was not, we presume, the mode at Elizabeth’s wedding; for in place of the cordelier, the usual accompaniment to the open robe, the dress is tied down the front with numerous white bows, each bow being finished with a pair of gold tags. Her jewels are rich, but heavy; being a massively set collar and cross fleuret of emeralds, and a belt of the same jewels round the waist. The dress is edged at the bottom with white satin; her shoes are white, barred with gold; her gloves brown, with a cuff of tabs.

The Duchesse d’Abrantes mentions another portrait of Elizabeth, contained in a large historical piece that she saw in one of the royal palaces in Spain. It represents the entrance of Elizabeth, King Philip, and Don Carlos into Madrid, after her arrival as a bride in Spain. The royal party are on horseback. Don Carlos rides on one side of the queen, and the king on the other. Although on horseback, Elizabeth is attired in a farthingale of the most enormous dimensions. It is to be supposed that the strict etiquette of Philip’s court required his queen to ride on horseback in a hoop petticoat. The costume of the present picture is certainly more suitable for equestrian exercises.

That various artists should represent Elizabeth in various styles of dress is not surprising, since a clever historian informs us that she never wore the same gown twice; this was told him by her majesty’s own tailor, who “from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew.”

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We can recommend the perusal of Mr. Curtis’s essay to every mother whose offspring is afflicted with privation in these senses, on which the intelligence of the soul chiefly depends. The deaf and dumb are indeed, as Mr. Curtis very sensibly proves, greater objects of commiseration than the blind.

He effectually convinces the reader, that in many cases relief may be obtained if it is administered in early childhood. Besides the three children whose portraits are engraved in the frontispiece, he quotes many cases of little ones who have received the restoration of these invaluable faculties of hearing and speech, through his mode of treatment. Among others, we quote a case which every mother ought to read, as it affords another instance of the dangerous effects of fear on children:

“Miss P——, aged five years, being left to the care of a servant of a thoughtless disposition, during the absence of her mother, in consequence of her fretting, the servant carried her into the cellar, by way of frightening her. This had instantly such an effect, that she became entirely deaf and dumb, in which state she was brought to me. After an inquiry into the cause of these defects, I considered it as a case of nervous deafness, and treated it as such. She has considerably recovered her hearing and speech, but still the influence of the fright has not left her; but I trust, however, from the present advantages gained, that in the end the cure will be complete.

“I insert this case with a view of deterring any one from alarming children, as it is an evil whose consequences remains a long time, sometimes till death: it not unfrequently produces epilepsy, and a long train of diseases.

“The essential connexion that exists between hearing and speech has been very much overlooked by parents, as well as by those under whose care the sufferers are placed; and thus many individuals who might have been relieved, have been allowed to remain in this most deplorable condition. It is to be hoped that the earliest attention will in future be paid to such cases, by parents and those that have the charge of children.

“A defect in the faculty of hearing is frequently the cause of backwardness of speech in young children. Parents, who find their children do not speak at the period when speech usually is developed, should not neglect to have the organ of hearing carefully and properly inspected. This want of hearing does not often arise from any organic or permanent defect, as I have stated in a former work. If the ears are completely syringed, and other means employed which have been fully described, a sensible change will take place, and the children will very soon acquire their speech.”
EVENING AFTER A STORM.

The wind is still—the storm is o'er,—
The billows idly seek the shore;
The sun is set—the moon appears—
The bending grass is tipped with tears.

The breeze that faintly curls the deep,
Has sung the leafy trees to sleep;
Pale Venus in the golden sky,
Her silver lamp has hung on high.

The hush of holy night is come,
Serenely dies the village hum;
The last expiring taper fades,
And not a sound the air pervades.

Save only from the distant dell
The softened notes of Philomel:
And Echo from her sacred ground,
Come startling—like the ghost of Sound.

I sit me down in thoughtful plight,
To muse on time's eternal flight;
To watch above the glittering orbs,
Till solemn awe my soul absorbs.

The memory of departed years,
Before my inward soul appears;
Like passing winds, that melting sigh,
That kiss Eolian strings and die.

From past, I turn to future times,
From earthly things to heavenly climes;
And while my thoughts in rapture roll,
Divine ambition heaves my soul.


Mr. Loudon has in this most useful publication, announced his intention of rendering architectural subjects interesting and intelligible to ladies; whereby adding one to their present formidable list of accomplishments, of a more useful cast than some of them: for instance, it might be an eligible thing for a lady to know how to choose a good substantial dry house, before she proceeds to exercise her taste in expensive or ornamental furniture.

We think if the idea had struck Lord Byron, he would forthwith have added architecture to the somewhat brief and splenetic list of employments which he allows to the ladies. Here is the extract from one of his letters—"They ought to mind home, and be well fed and clothed, (kind! to allow those indulgences; wonderful that he did not add, to be well beaten, now and then, when they deserved it!) not mix in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music, drawing, dancing; also a little gardening and ploughing now and then." This last being liberally construed, we suppose may signify some knowledge of agriculture. Mr. Loudon would add a little architecture—and of course would not disapprove of the gardening—and how, gentle, should you approve of a spouse after this pattern.

But to leave badinage and return to business. The articles by Mr. Kent, the architect, are very valuable on "the Choice of a House." The papers on "Genius in Architecture," by the Conductor, are well worthy of perusal by any one who has a taste for the fine arts.
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-
GRANDFATHER.

[Continued from page 120.]

I was the first who awoke after our refreshment; my thoughts and fears, though much calmer than they had been, would not suffer me to be so sedate as the rest. Finding the hour for departing was not yet come, I got up, and walked in that delicious grove, which was so much the more delightful, as the deserts we had passed were dreadful and horrid.

I passed on, descending towards the centre of the vale, not doubting but, by the greenness and fragrancy of the place, I should find a spring of water.

I had not gone far, before I saw a most delicate rill, bubbling out from under a rock, forming a little natural basin, from whence it ran gliding down the centre of the vale, increasing as it went, till in all appearance it might form a considerable rivulet, unless it were swallowed up again in the sands. At that place the vale ran upon a pretty deep descent, so that I could see over the trees and shrubs below me, almost as far as my eyes could reach, increasing or decreasing in breadth as the hills of sand—for now they appeared to be hills—would give it leave. Here I had the most delightful prospect that the most lively imagination can form to itself; the sun-burnt hills of sand on both sides made the green look still more charming; but the singing of innumerable birds, with the different fruits and perfumes exhaling from the aromatic shrubs, rendered the place delicious beyond expression. After I had drank my fill, and delighted myself with those native rarities, I saw a large lion come out of the grove, about two hundred paces below me, going very quietly to the spring to drink. When he had drank, he whisked his tail two or three times, and began to tumble on the green grass. I took the opportunity to slip away back to my companions, very glad I had escaped so; they were all awake when I came up, and had been in great concern for my absence. The pophar seemed more displeased that I had left them, than ever I had seen him; he mildly chid me for exposing myself to be devoured by wild beasts; but when I told them of the water and the lion, they were in greater surprise, looking at one another with a sort of fear in their looks, which I interpreted to be for the danger I had escaped; but it was on another account. After some words in their own language, the pophar spoke aloud in Lingua Franca—"I think," said he, "we may let this young man see all our ceremonies, especially as he will soon be out of danger of discovering them, if he should have a mind to do it." At this they pulled out of their stores some of their choicest fruits, a cruise of rich wine, some bread, a burning glass, athurible,* perfumes, and other instruments commonly used in the heathen sacrifices. I looked aghast at this strange sight, which was such as I had never observed in them before, and began to apprehend that I was now really designed for a human sacrifice to some infernal god or other; but when I compared the pophar's late words with what I saw, I scarce doubted of it, and was contriving in myself to sell my life as dear as I could. The pophar ordered us to bring the dro- medaries and every thing along with us, for fear, as he said, they should be devoured by wild beasts. We descended towards the centre of the vale, where I saw the fountain: they went down on a great way lower into the vale, till it began to be very steep; but we found a narrow way made by art, and not seeming to have been very long unfrequented, which was more surprising, because I took the place to be uninhabited, and even inaccessible to all but these people. We were forced to descend one by one, leading our dro- medaries in our hands. I took particular care to be the hindmost, keeping at a little distance from the rest, for fear of a surprise. They marched down in a mournful kind of procession, observing a most profound silence all the while. At length we came into the finest natural amphitheatre that it is possible to describe.

There was nothing but odoriferous greens and sky to be seen, except downwards, right before us, where we had a most delicious prospect over that glorious vale, windings a little to the right, till it was intercepted by the collateral hills. At the upper part of the amphitheatre, where the break of the hill made that

* An instrument to hold incense.
agreeable esplanade, there stood an ancient pyramid, just after the manner of those in Egypt, but not near so large as the least of them. In the front of it that faced the vale, the steps were cut out in the form of an altar, on which was erected a statue of a venerable old man, done to the life, of the finest polished marble, or rather some unknown stone of infinite more value. There I had not the least doubt but that I was to be sacrificed to this idol. The pophar seeing me at a distance, called to me to come and see their ceremonies. Then I thought it was time to speak, or never. "Father," said I, "since you give me leave to call you so, I am willing to perform all your commands, where the honour of the Supreme God is not called in question; but I am ready to die a thousand deaths rather than give his honour to another. I am a Christian, and believe in one only God, the supreme being of all beings, and lord of the universe; for which reason I cannot join with you in your idolatrous worship. If you are resolved to put me to death on that account, I here offer myself freely! If I am to be made a part of your sacrifice, I'll defend myself to the last drop of my blood, before I will submit to it." He answered me with a smile, rather than with any indignation, and told me, when I came to be better acquainted with them, I should find that they were not so inhuman as to put people to death, because they were of a different opinion from their own—that this was only a religious ceremony they performed to their deceased ancestors, and if I had not a mind to assist at it, I might sit down at what distance I pleased.

When the pophar had said this, he and the rest of them fell down upon their faces and kissed the earth; then with the burning glass they kindled some odoriferous woods, put the coals in the thurible with the incense, and incensed the idol or statue: that done, they poured the wine upon the altar, set bread on the one side, and fruit on the other. Having lighted two little pyramids of most delicious perfumes at each end of the great pyramid, they sat them down round the fountain. There they refreshed themselves, and gathered the fruits that hung round us in the grove, eating of them very heartily, and inviting me to do the same. I made some difficulty at first, fearing it might be part of the sacrifice; but they assuring me all was but a civil ceremony, I joined them, and did as they did. The pophar turned to me and said—"My son, we worship one most high God, as you do. What we did just now was not that we believe any deity in that statue, or adored it as a god, but only respect it as a memorial, and in remembrance of our great ancestor, who heretofore conducted our forefathers to this place, and was buried in this pyramid. The rest of our forefathers, who died before they were forced to leave this valley, are buried all around us. That is the reason we kissed the ground, not thinking it lawful to stir the bones of the dead. We did the same in Egypt, because we were originally of that land. Our particular ancestors lived in that part which was afterwards called Thebes.* The time will not permit me to acquaint you at present how we were driven out of our native country to this place, and afterwards from this place to the land we are now going to; but you shall know all hereafter. The bread, fruits, and wine we laid on the altar, as they are the chief support of our being: so we leave them there as a testimony that the venerable old man, whose statue you saw, was, under God, the author and father of our nation."

This said, he told us it was time to make the best of our way; so they all got up, and having kissed the ground once more, the five elderly men scraped a little of the earth, and put it in fine golden vessels, with a great deal of care and respect. After refreshing ourselves again, we made our provision of fruit and water, and leading our dromedaries up the way we came down, mounted and set out for the remainder of our journey.

We were now past the tropic of Cancer,† as I found by our shadows going southward; and went on thus bending a little towards the west again, almost parallel to the tropic, the breezes increasing rather stronger than before, so that about midnight it was really cold. We gave our dromedaries water about sunrise, and refreshed ourselves a little; then set out with new vigour at a prodigious rate; still the breezes fell between

* Thebes, once the most famous city of Egypt, having a hundred gates.
† When persons are beyond that tropic, at mid-day the shadows of things are towards the south, because the sun is then north of us.
nine and ten: however, we made shift to go on, because they came again about noon. Between three and four was the hottest time of all. Besides going parallel to the tropic, we travelled on the hot sands, a very little descending, whereas, when we pointed southwards towards the line, we found the ground to be insensibly rising upon us; but as we went on these almost flats, if it had not been that we were almost on the ridge of Africa, which made it cooler than one can well believe, it had been impossible to bear the heats. When we rested, we not only pitched our tents for ourselves and dromedaries, but the sands were so hot, that we were forced to lay things under our feet to keep them from burning. Thus we travelled through those dismal deserts for four days, without sight of any living creature but ourselves: sands and sky were all that presented itself to our view. The fatigue was the greatest I ever underwent in my life. The fourth day, about eight in the morning, by good fortune for us, or else by the prudent forecast of the pophar, who knew all his stations, we saw another vale towards the right hand, with some straggling trees here and there, but not seeming near so pleasant as the first: we made it with all our speed, and had much ado to bear the heats till we came to it. We alighted immediately, and led our dromedaries down the gentle descent till we could find a thicker part of it. The first trees were thin and old, as if they had just moisture enough to keep them alive: the ground was but just covered over with a little sun-burnt moss, without any sign of water; but our stock was not yet gone. At length, as we descended, the grove increased every way: the trees were large, with some dates here and there, but not so good as in the other. We rested a little, and then continued to descend for some time, till we came into a very cool and thick shade. There the pophar told us we must stay two or three days, perhaps longer, till he saw his usual signs for proceeding on his journey; and bid us be sparing of our water, for fear of accidents. We settled our dromedaries as before; for ourselves we could scarce take any thing, we were so fatigued, wanting rest more than meat or drink. The pophar ordered us some cordial wines they had along with them for that purpose, and told us we might sleep as long as we would, only bid us to be sure to cover ourselves well; for the nights were long, and cold about midnight: we were all soon asleep, and did not wake till four the next morning. The pophar, solicitous for all our safeties as well as his own (for this was the critical time of our journey), was awake the first of us. When we were up and had refreshed ourselves, which we did with a very good appetite, he told us we must go up on the sands again to observe the signs. We took our dromedaries along with us for fear of wild beasts, though we saw none, walking gently up the sands till we came to a very high ground. We had but a dreary prospect, as far as our eyes could carry us, of sun-burnt plains, without grass, stick, or shrubs, except when we turned our backs to look at the vale where we had lain all night, which we saw spread and extended itself a long way. He assured us the notes left for rules by his ancestors, mentioned a spring in that vale below us, which running lower became a rivulet; but that either by an earthquake or some flood of sand it was quite choked up, running under ground, without any one's knowing whether it broke out again, or was entirely swallowed up. He said, also, that by the most ancient accounts of his forefathers, the sands were not in their times so dangerous to pass as they are now, or of such vast extent, but had fruitful vales much nearer one another than at present. He added, that he wished earnestly to see the signs he wanted, for proceeding on our way, since there was no stirring till they appeared; and that, according to his ephemeris and notes, they should appear about this time, unless something very extraordinary happened.

This was about eight in the morning, the ninth day after we set out for the deserts. He was every now and then looking southward or south-west, with great solicitude in his looks, as if he wondered he saw nothing.

At length he cried out, with great emotion of joy, it is coming! Look yonder, says he, towards the south-west, as far as your eyes can carry you, and see what you can discover. We told him we saw nothing, but some clouds of sands, carried round here and there like whirlwinds. That is the sign I want, continued he; but mark well which way it drives. We said it drove directly
eastward, as nigh as we could guess. It
does, said he; then turning his face
westward, with a little point to the south,
all those vast deserts, said he, are now in
such a commotion of storms and whirl-
wind, that man and beast will soon be
overwhelmed in the rolling waves of
sands. He had scarce said this, but we
saw, at a vast distance, ten thousand little
whirlspouts of sand, rising and falling
with a prodigious tumult and velocity
eastward, with vast thick clouds of sand
and dust following them. Come, said
he, let us return to our resting-place, for
there we must stay until we see further
how matters go. As this appeared
newer to me than any of the rest, and
being possessed with a great idea of the
knowledge of the man, I made bold to
ask him what was the cause of this
sudden phenomenon? He told me, that
about that full moon there always fell
prodigious rains, coming from the western
part of Africa, on this side the equator,
and driving a little south-west, for some
time at first, but afterwards turning al-
most south, and crossing the line till they
came to the source of the Nile, in which
parts they fell for three weeks or a
month together, which was the occasion
of the overflowing of that river; but that,
on this side the equator, it only rained
about fifteen days, preceded by those
whirlwinds and clouds of sand which ren-
dered all that track impassable, till the
rains had laid them again.

By this time we were come down to
our resting-place, and though we did not
want sleep or refreshment, yet we took
both, to have the cool of the evening to
recreate ourselves after so much fatigue,
not being likely to move till the next
evening at soonest.

At five in the evening, the pophar
called us up to go with him once more
to the highest part of the desert, saying
he wanted one sign yet, which he hoped
to have that evening, or else it would go
hard with us for want of water, our pro-
vision of it being almost spent; and there
were no springs in the deserts that we
were to pass over, till we came to a long
day's journey of the end of our voyage.
However, he scarcely doubted but we
should see the certain sign he wanted this
evening, on which account there did not
appear such a solicitude in his counte-
ance as before; for though he was our
governor, or captain, and had the respect-
ful deference paid to him, yet he go-
Aed us in all respects as if we were
his children, with all the tenderness of a
father, as his name imparted, though
none of the company were his real chil-
dren. If there were any signs of partial-
ity, it was in my favour; always express-
ing the most endearing tenderness for
me, which the other young men, instead of
taking any dislike at, were really
pleased with. No brothers in the world
could be more loving to one another than
we were: the elderly men took delight in
seeing our youthful gambols with one an-
other. It is true, their nature is, of the two,
a little more inclined to gravity than that
of the Italians, who are no light nation—
yet their gravity is accompanied with all
the serenity and cheerfulness imaginable;
and I thought then, at our first ac-
quaintance, that I had never seen such
an air of a free-born people in my life—
as if they knew no other subjection but
what was merely filial.

When we came to the high ground,
we could see the hurricanes play still;
but what was most wonderful, very few
effects of that aerial tumult came our
way, but drove on almost parallel to the
equator. The air looked like a brown
dirty fog, towards the east and south-
east—all the whirlwinds tending towards
those parts. It began, after some time,
to look a little more lightsome towards
the west; but so as if it were occasioned
by a more strong and settled wind. At
length we perceived, at the farthest hori-
son, the edge of a prodigious black cloud,
extending itself to the south-west and
western points, rising with a discernible
motion, though not very fast. We saw
plain enough, by the blackness and thick-
ness of it, that it prognosticated a great
deal of rain. Here they all fell pro-
strate on the earth; then raising up their
hands and eyes towards the sun, they
seemed to pay their adorations to that
great luminary. The pophar, with an
audible voice, pronounced some unknown
words, as if he were returning thanks to
the planet for what he saw. At this I
stepped back, and kept myself at a dis-
tance; not so much for fear of my life,
as before, as not to join with them in
their idolatrous worship: for I could
not be ignorant now that they had a
wrong notion of God, and if they acknow-
ledged any, it was the sun; which in effect is the least irrational idolatry people can be guilty of.

When they had done their orisons, the popolar turned to me, and said, "I see you won't join with us in any of our religious ceremonies, but I must tell you," continued he, "that cloud is the saving of all our lives: and as that great sun, pointing to the luminary, is the instrument that draws it up, as indeed he is the preserver of all our beings, we think ourselves obliged to return our thanks to him." Here he stopped, as if he had a mind to hear what I could say for myself. I was not willing to enter into disputes, well knowing that religious quarrels are the most provoking of any; yet I thought myself obliged to make profession of my belief in the supreme God, now I was called upon to the professed worship of a false deity. I answered with the most modest respect I was capable of, that that glorious planet was one of the physical causes of the preservation of our beings, and of the production of all things; but that he was produced himself by the most high God, the first cause and author of all things in heaven and earth, the sun only moving by his orders, as an inanimate being, incapable of hearing our prayers, and only operating by his directions. However, I offered to join with him in returning my best thanks to the most high God for creating the sun, capable by his heat to raise that cloud for the saving of our lives. Thus I adapted my answer as nigh to his discourse as I could, yet not so as to deny my faith; for I could not entirely tell what to make of them as yet, since I observed they were more mysterious in their religious ceremonies than in any thing else, or rather this was the only thing they were reserved in. He pondered a good while on what I had said, but at length he added, "you are not much out of the way; you and I will talk this matter over another time." So turned off the discourse. I supposed it to be because of the young men standing by us, who had not a mind should receive any other notions of religion but what they had been taught. It was sunset by the time we came down to the grove. We had some small flights of sands, caused by an odd commotion in the air, attended with little whirlwinds, which put us in apprehensions of a sand shower; but he bid us take courage, since he could not find in all his accounts that the hurricanes or rains ever came in any great quantity as far as we were, the nature of them being to drive more parallel to the equator; but he was sure we should have some, and ordered us to pitch our tents as firm as we could, and draw out all our water vessels to catch the rain against all accidents. When this was done, and we had eat our supper, we recreated ourselves in the grove, wandering about here and there, and discoursing of the nature of these phenomena.

We did not care to go to rest so soon, having reposed ourselves so well that day, and having all the following night and the next day to stay in that place. The grove grew much pleasanter as we advanced into it. There were a great many dates and other fruits, the natural produce of Africa; but not quite so rich as in the first grove. I made bold to ask the popolar how far that grove extended, or whether there were any inhabitants. He told me he could not tell anything of either: that it was possible the grove enlarged itself different ways among the winding hills, since his accounts told him there had been a rivulet of water, though now swallowed up; but he believed there were no inhabitants, since there was no mention made of them in any of his papers. Nor did he believe any other people in the world besides themselves knew the way, or would venture so far into those horrid inhospitable deserts. Having a mind to learn whether he had any certain knowledge of the longitude which creates such difficulties to the Europeans, I asked how he was sure that was the place, or by what rule he could know how far he had come, or where he was to turn to right or left? He stopped a little at my questions, then, without any apparent hesitation, "Why," said he, "we know by the needle how far we vary from the north or south point, at least till we come to the tropic; if not, we can take the meridian and height of the sun, and knowing the time of the year, we can tell how near we approach to or are off the equator."—"Yes," said I; "but as there are different meridians every step you take, how can you tell how far you go east or west, when you run either way in
parallel lines to the tropic or the equator?" There he stopped again, and either
could not make any certain discovery, or had not a mind to let me into the secret:
the first was most likely. However, he answered readily enough, and said, "you
please me with your curious questions, since I find you are sensible of the difficulty.
Why," continued he, "all the method we have is to observe exactly how
far our dromedaries go in an hour, or any
other space of time. You see we go
much about the same pace; we have no
stops in our way but what we know of to
refresh ourselves or so, for which we
 dirname general allow so much time. When we
set out from Egypt we went due west;
our beasts gain so many miles an hour.
We know by that how far we are more
west than we were. If we decline to the
north or south, we know likewise how
many miles we have advanced in so many
hours, and compute how much the de-
clination takes off from our going due
west; and though we cannot tell to a de-
monstrative exactness, we can tell pretty
nigh." This was all I could get out of
him at that time, which did not satisfy
the difficulty. I afterwards asked him
how they came to find out this way, or to
venture to seek out a habitation unknown
to all the world besides. He answered,—
"for liberty, and the preservation of our
laws."
I was afraid of asking any further,
seeing he gave such general answers. By
this time it was very dark, though full
moon. We had some sudden gusts of
wind that startled us a little; and it
lightened at such a rate as I never saw in
my life before. And although it was to-
towards the horizon, and drove sideways
of us, yet it was really terrible to see. The
flashes were so thick, that the sky was
almost in a light fire. We made up to
our tents as fast as we could; and though
we had only the skirts of the clouds over
us, it rained so very hard that we soon had
our vessels supplied with water, and got
safe into our shelter. The thunder was
at a vast distance, but just audible, and
for our comfort drove still towards the
east. I don't know in what disposition
the elderly men might be, being accus-
tomed to the nature of it; but I am sure
I was in some apprehension, fully per-
suaded, if it had come directly over us,
nothing could withstand its impetuosity.
I had very little inclination to rest, what-
ever my companions had; but pondering
with myself, both the nature of the thing
and the skill these men must have in the
laws of the universe, I stayed with im-
patience waiting the event.
I was musing with myself on what I
had heard and seen, not being able to
guess with any satisfaction what these
people were, when an unexpected ac-
cident was the cause of a discovery,
which made me see they were not
greater strangers to me than I was to
myself. The weather was stifling hot,
so that we had thrown off our garments
to our shirts, and bare our breasts for
cooling sake; when there came a pro-
digious flash, or rather blaze, of light-
ning, which struck full against the breast
of one of the young men opposite to me,
and discovered a bright gold medal hang-
ing down from his neck, with the figure
of the sun engraved on it, surrounded
with unknown characters—the very same,
in all appearance, I had seen my de-
ceased mother always wear about her
neck, and which, since her death, I car-
ried about me for her sake. I asked the
meaning of that medal, since I had one
about me, as it appeared, of the very
same make. If the pophar had been
struck with lightning, he could not have
been in a greater surprise than he was at
these words—"You, one of those me-
dals!" said he. "How, in the name of
wonder, did you come by it?" I told
him my mother wore it about her neck
from a little child; and, with that, pulled
it out of my pocket. He took it out
of my hand with eagerness, and held it
against the lightning perpetually flashing
upon us. As soon as he saw it was the
same as the others, he cried out, "Great
sun, what can this mean?" Then he
asked me again where I had it? how my
mother came by it? who my mother
was? what age she was of when she died?
As soon as the violence of his ecstasy
would give me leave, I told him my
mother had it ever since she was a
little child; that she was the adopted
daughter of a noble merchant in Cor-
sica, who had given her all his effects
when my father married her; that she
was married at thirteen; and I, being
nineteen and the second son, I guessed
she was towards forty when she died.
"It must be Isiphera," cried he with the
utmost ecstasy; "it must be she." Then
he caught me in his arms, and said,
You are now really one of us, being the son of my father's daughter—my dear sister, Isiphenas: the remembrance of whom made the tears run down the old man's cheeks very plentifully. "She was lost at Grand Cairo about the time you mention, together with a twin sister, who, I fear, is never to be heard of."

Then I reflected I had heard my mother say she had been informed the gentleman who adopted her for his daughter had bought her, when she was a little girl, of a Turkish woman of that place; that, being charmed with the early signs of beauty in her, and having no children, he adopted her for his own. "Yes," said the pophar, "it must be she; but what has become of the other sister?"

"For," said he, "my sister brought two at one unfortunate birth, which cost her her life." I told him I never heard any thing of the other. Then he acquainted me that his sister's husband was the person who conducted the rest to visit the tombs of their ancestors, as he did now; that the last voyage he took his wife with him, who, out of her great fondness, had teased him and importuned him so much to go along with him, that, though it was contrary to their laws, he contrived to carry her disguised along with him; that, staying at Grand Cairo till the next season for his return, to his unspeakable grief, she died there in childbed with twins; that, when they carried her up to Thebes to be interred with her ancestors, of which I should have a more exact information by-and-by, they were obliged to leave the children with a nurse of the country, with some Egyptian servants to take care of the house and effects; but, before they came back, the nurse, with her accomplices, ran away with the children, and, as was supposed, murdered them, rifled the house of all the jewels and other valuable things, and were never heard of afterwards; but, it seems, they thought it more to their advantage to sell the children, as we find they did by your mother; but what part of the world the other sister is in, or whether she be at all, is known only to the great author of our being. "However," continued he, "we rejoice in finding these hopeful remains of your dear mother, whose resemblance you carry along with you. It was that gave me such a kindness for your person the first time I saw you, methought perceiving something I had never observed in any other race of people. But," said he, "I deprive my companions and children here of the happiness of embracing their own flesh and blood, since we are all sprung from one common father, the author of our nation, with whom you are going to be incorporated once more."

Here we embraced one another with a joy that is inexpressible. Now all my former fears were entirely vanished; though I had lost the country where I was born, I found another, of which I could noways be ashamed, where the people were the most humane and civilised I ever saw, and the soil the finest, as I had reason to hope, in the world: the only check to my happiness was, that they were infidels. However, I was resolved not to let any consideration blot out of my mind that I was a Christian. On which account, when the pophar would have tied the medal about my neck, as a badge of my race, I had some difficulty in that point, for fear it should be an emblem of idolatry, seeing them to be extremely superstitious; so I asked him what was the meaning of the figure of the sun with those unknown characters round about it? He told me, the characters were to be pronounced Onabim, i.e. The sun is the author of our being; or, more literally, The sun is our father: om, or on, signifies the sun; ab signifies father; im, or mim, us.

This made me remember they had told me in Egypt that they were the children of the sun, and gave me some uneasiness at their idolatrous notions. I therefore told him I would keep it as a cognisance of my country, but could not acknowledge any but God to be the supreme author of my being. "As to the Supreme Author," said he, "your opinion is little different from ours.* But let us leave these religious matters till another time; we'll close this happy day with thanksgivings to the Supreme Being for this discovery: to-morrow morning, since you are now really one of us, I will acquaint you with your origin, and how we came to hide ourselves in these inhospitable deserts."

* These people are something like the Chinese, who worship the material heaven, or sky, which some missionaries would think compatible with Christianity.
THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Tell whence art fled? thou soft flowing river,
Fring’d with flowers of odour sweet;
Art gone ’midst the hills where the aspens quiver,
As they hang o’er the dark retreat?

Hoarse storms may have rent thy silvery breast,
And ruff’d thy peace with their breath;
But the Mountain Maid’s song hath hush’d thee to rest,
As still as the silence of death.

Perhaps the avalanche broke thy repose,
As it swept o’er the village vale;
Or may be the fall of chill Alpine snows,
Hath nipped thee deep in the dale.

For oh! thou wert born—proud weed-mantl’d child—
’Mid you rocks, which kiss the cold sky;
The cliff was thy bed—torn, rugged, and wild,
Which echoes the eagle’s shrill cry.

Thou left thy far home, like a wand’ring goat,
Bounding free, in joy, o’er each crag,
And rush’d through the lake where the long leaves float,
Round buds of the pure yellow flag.*

And o’er thy waters the Ranz-des-vaches call,
Has linger’d awhile on its flight;
When the day’s last smile, as the red rays fall,
Points the path for the coming night.

Bright stars have lighted thy bosom’s blue deep,
When the chamois have laid by thy side;
And beautiful eyes, been lull’d into sleep,
By the sound of thy murmuring tide.

And fair girls have pour’d the “succouring hymn,”†
On thy banks have utter’d a prayer;
’Till their hearts have been freed from each foul sin,
And not even a stain been there.

The blue gentians have blown o’er thy stream,
Thou hast crept ’neath the cavern’d earth;‡
Which hid from thy revels the sun’s merry beam,
’Till thou burst the tomb in thy birth.

Thou hast heard praise ascending to heaven,
The sigh from the lips of the young;
Thou hast seen tokens of fond love given,
And tears steal, which anguish has wrung.

Yet rolling river, thou, like all of earth grown,
Must glide to thy dark ocean grave,
And there be forgotten, and e’en unknown,
From the crest of each hoary wave.

Hastings, Aug. 4, 1834. E. G.

* The iris, fleur de lys, or yellow flag.
† The hymn to our Lady of Succour.
‡ The Alpine streams often flow under the rocks.
A translation of Sismondi's "Fall of the Roman Empire" forms a portion of the nistoric department of Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia," and we cannot but commend the taste that led to the selection of this classic author.

The first volume is at present published. The style of the original is well preserved in the translation, and the language is therefore attractive and pleasing. Sismondi goes over the same ground as Gibbon, but his narrative is unstained with impurity,—a great recommendation to those who have to direct the attention of youth to historical records; the reflections are, when unbiased by a peculiar prejudice, very excellent. Yet notwithstanding the high character for correctness that Sismondi bears, there are passages where his prejudice against church government leads him to blacken particular characters, by the suppression of facts that might extenuate their seeming crimes, and turn guilt into misfortune; witness the allegations he brings against Constantine:—

"He reduced the legions from 6,000 men to 1,000 or 1,500, through jealousy of those to whom he must have given the command of these formidable bodies. Lastly, he poured out the best and noblest blood in torrents, more especially of those nearly connected with himself.

"The most illustrious victim of his tyranny was Crispus, his son by his first wife, whom he had made the partner of his empire, and the commander of his armies. Crispus was at the head of the administration of Gaul, where he gained the hearts of the people by his virtue. In the war against Licinius, he had displayed singular talents, and had secured victory to the arms of Constantine. From that moment a shameful and unnatural jealousy stiffened every paternal feeling in the bosom of the monarch. The acclamations of the people sounded in his ears like the triumphs of a rival, and not the success of a son. He detained Crispus within the palace—he surrounded him with spies and informers. At length, in the month of July, 326, he ordered him to be arrested in the midst of a grand festival—to be carried off to Pota, in Istria, and there to be put to death. A cousin of Crispus, the son of Licinius and of Constantine's favourite sister, was at the same time sent—without trial—without even accusation—to the block. His mother implored his life in vain, and died of grief. Fausta, the daughter of Maximian, the wife of Constantine, and the mother of the three princes who succeeded him, was shortly after stifled in the bath by order of her husband.

"In a palace which he had made a desert, the murderer of his father-in-law, his brothers-in-law, his sister, his wife, his son, and his nephew, must have felt the stings of remorse, if hypocritical priests and courtier bishops had not lulled his conscience to rest. We still possess the panegyric in which they represent him as a favourite of Heaven—a saint worthy of our highest veneration. We have also several laws, by which Constantine atoned for all his crimes, in the eyes of the priests, by heaping boundless favours on the church. The gifts he bestowed on it—the immunities he granted to persons, and to property connected with it, soon directed ambition entirely to ecclesiastical dignities. The men who had so lately been candidates for the honours of martyrdom, now found themselves depositaries of the greatest wealth and the highest power. How was it possible that their characters should not undergo a total change? Nevertheless, Constantine himself was hardly a Christian. Up to the age of forty (A.D. 314) he had continued to make public professions of paganism, although he had long favoured the Christians. His devotion was divided between Apollo and Jesus; and he adorned the temples of the ancient gods, and the altars of the new faith, with equal offerings. Cardinal Baronius severely censures the edict, by which (A.D. 321) he commanded that the haruspices should be consulted. But as he advanced in age, Constantine's confidence in the Christians increased; he gave up to them the undivided direction of his conscience, and the education of his children. When he felt the attacks of the disease which terminated his life, at the age of sixty-three, he was formally received into the bosom of the church as a catechumen, and a few days afterwards was baptized, immediately before his death. He expired at Nicomedia, May 22, 337, after a reign of thirty-one years from the death of his father, and of fourteen from the conquest of the East."

What shall we say to the first of these accusations? Is it, then, a very notorious crime to reduce a standing army in time of peace? And as to the family misfortunes of Constantine, ought not a candid historian to have related, that Fausta, the young and beautiful wife of Constantine, falsely accused her step-son, Crispus, of a criminal attachment to her; and, aided by the testimony of Constantine's nephew, occasioned the execution of Crispus, the emperor's eldest son and heir? On discovery that his son had
been the victim of murderous falsehood, Constantine punished the wicked ones very justly with death. It was the rehearsal of the antique tragedy of Phaedra and Hippolitus. Yet who blames Theseus in the old sad tale of crime and sorrow? Nor ought Constantine to suffer more reprobation. We find, from Sismondi's own narrative, that Constantine was not spiritually a Christian till the latter part of his life, and it is possible that he was driven to a purer worship by the examples of sin and sorrow that his own family afforded. Is it, then, right to blame Christianity, because one, led astray by error and corruption, seeks refuge in her mild and pure faith; and that, seeing falsehood and murder reign triumphant round his own hearth, he should wish his younger children reared in a different religion from that in which their abandoned mother was brought up? Candour required that Sismondi should have mentioned the motives that induced Constantine to deluge his own palace with kindred blood. All other historians mention these facts; therefore, if Sismondi disbelieved them, he ought to have proved them false, before he attributed those executions to a diabolical ambition. But we doubt that it is the establishment of Christianity that was the crime in the eyes of Gibbon and Sismondi; and an aversion to Christianity appears in both the motive of the praises they lavish on the impostor Mahomet, whose creed, flattering as it is to the worst passions of human nature, has perverted millions whose natural sense of right and wrong, if left to mere conscience, would have directed them better. Sismondi may be an elegant writer, but no person linked to a party can be a faithful historian. No, rather give us the plain annalist, detailing in a brief and homely manner facts reign by reign, and leaving the reader to form his opinion from them, than the elegant philosophical essayist on history, who suppresses or dilates on events according to his own private views of religion or politics, after many centuries have intervened.

There is a female portrait or two to be found in this work, that may be interesting to our readers—such is that of Zenobia: the description of whose person and character is fine, notwithstanding an odd little blunder in the concluding sentence but one:

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hail with joy the land in which they were at length to find a resting-place and a home. "The life of Honorius was of longer duration—he lived till the 15th of August, 423; but he also left his empire to a child, Valentinian III., who was his nephew. This young prince was under the guidance of his mother: she was the same Placidia, the sister to Honorius and Arcadius, who had married Adulf, king of the Visigoths. Her second husband was Constantius, one of the best generals of the western empire, who obtained the title of Caesar. He was the father of Valentinian III., and died before Honorius. Never could the helm of the state have passed into the feeble hands of woman and of children under more unfavourable circumstances. The great revolution, which was slowly taking place throughout the west, was hastened by the minority of the two emperors; yet the government of Placidia, though weak, was honourable: she had the talent of selecting and attracting to her court some great men, though she had not the power to restrain their passions, nor to make them act consistently for the public good. After her death, the world learned to estimate her loss by the vice and cowardice of her son (A.D. 450-455)." "Adulf, who had led the Visigoths into Aquitaine and into Spain—who had contracted an alliance with the Romans, and had married Placidia, was assassinated at Barcelona, in the month of August, 415, by one of his own domestics. His successor Siegeric put to death six children of Adulf by a former wife, reduced Placidia to the wretched state of a captive, and made her walk before his horse twelve miles through miry ways, with the rest of the Roman women. He was killed in his turn, after a few days. Wailia, his successor, made a new alliance with the Romans, restored Placidia to her brother, and declared war upon the other barbarians who had invaded Spain."

In the historian there is some irregularity in the detail of these adventures, the events of the reign of Placidia being related after her death is mentioned; and her misfortunes, whilst she was the widow of Adulf, are likewise told after the date of her death. The desultory and essatical style of Sismondi often occasions these errors in arrangement. A reader ought to have some knowledge of historical facts, before he can derive advantage from an historian of this species.

The National Debt.—The charge of the national debt, which in 1818 was 33,472,210/, was, at the commencement of the present year, 28,561,885/. The principal of the debt has been reduced within the same period 78,188,057/.
BRAUNSBERG, THE CHARCOAL-MAN.

A FANTASTIC GERMAN TALE.

It is now just ten years since I visited Spa, with some fellow-students from the University of Gottingen. We made parties to see the beauties of the place, while there was anything new to be seen. The baths of Tonnelet, the springs of Ponhon and Sauvenière, the cascade of Coo, and the old chateau of Franchemont, had been each duly admired till the days of our term of vacation, and our slender student purses began to wane and wax low.

"You have not yet seen the greatest curiosity we possess," said a young gentleman, who seemed a constant fixture at the faro-table. "I am sure, M. Vilshofen, you have never seen anything like him. He is a learned man, but yet a maniac, who spends his existence in burning sacks of charcoal. What he does it for, no one knows. If this had been the sixteenth instead of the nineteenth century, he would have been considered an alchemist, busy on some great work. You must see our madman, M. Vilshofen—he is called Braunsberg, the Charcoal-man. The ragged vagabondurchins in the street have so named him, because it has been proved that he burns more charcoal than the people at the hot-baths. He belonged once to the University of Gottingen.—Gottingen in Germany. Do you know Gottingen? Stay! there is the man himself—there is Braunsberg now passing by, with a mob of boys hooting after him, and a man following him carrying a sack of charcoal."

I saw in the street an unhappy looking young man, with a fawn-coloured complexion, red hair in a pitiable state of disarrangement, and his dress vilfully neglected; his eyes were yellow and haggard, but his expression was neither stupid nor insane. Desperately ugly he was for certain; yet his features bespoke pride and genius. The sight of such misery and degradation gave me pain: my heart bled for him. I snatched my hat, and rushed out into the street, without taking leave of my companion, who stood staring and laughing at the poor man.

"A fellow-student!" I said to myself—"an old comrade of the University of Gottingen: shame to see him thus!" Mechanically I followed the steps of Braunsberg. He stopped at a grocer's, and got a bunch of radishes and a pot of butter on credit. He then mounted a little winding staircase close by, without casting a glance at the idle crowd of street imps accompanying him to his domicile with a thousand taunting shouts. I followed Braunsberg closely, and entered almost at the same instant with himself into a sort of loft which was his abiding place. All the furniture of this desolate chamber consisted of furnaces and bellows, and some curved glasses of various sizes. Charcoal was strewed about the room, or piled up in little pyramids against the walls. A mattress in a corner served him for a bed, but neither table nor chair seemed among his worldly possessions. I had scarcely taken this survey when Braunsberg perceived my intrusion. He knelt his brows, and I must say that the grimace he made was frightful enough to have scared away a man less stimulated than myself by curiosity. However, I stood my ground, and frankly told him that I was a student from Gottingen, and hearing that he belonged to the same university, I had called on him in a friendly way, to know whether I could render him any assistance. The poor man burst into tears, called me his kind countryman, took my hands, and said it was long since he had heard the voice of friendship or commiseration. He told me that he had been labouring at some of the finest discoveries in chemistry that ever had entered into the brain of man, and that he wanted a little to bring them to perfection. He spoke of his vigil, his deprivations, his labours, and his sufferings, till the tears sprung to my eyes. This Braunsberg had an eloquence of his own,—his faith in his art was so true, his devotedness so entire, and his poverty so deplorable, that I was deeply affected by the conversation we held. I had but twenty ducats remaining, and I offered the half to my destitute fellow-student, who wept with joy as he received them. He obliged me to leave with him my name and address, and assured me that these ten ducats should one day be
Braunsberg, the Charcoal-Man.

repaid me with an interest that I little calculated. I never reckoned on seeing them again; and the next day I left Spa with my party. We took the road back to the University of Gottingen.

Eight months passed and I heard nothing of Braunsberg; and when I thought of him, I supposed that he had died in some madhouse. Soon after I had an opportunity of visiting England, which I eagerly embraced, being anxious to see London, and all the marvels of that huge metropolis. One evening as I was returning to the London Coffee-house, after a tour of sight-seeing, I heard a footman in a magnificent livery say to one of the waiters, “Be sure to deliver this card to M. Ulric Vilshofen.”

“Surely this man is mistaken, I thought to myself: who in this enormous wilderness of bricks and mortar should know me, a poor creature of a German advocate?”

I took the card. On it was written the name and address of M. le Baron de Renschild.

At first I read the name Rothschild, and I marvelled not a little what the man of monies could have to do with me. Next morning I found out my mistake, as I took my way to Piccadilly. Several carriages with morning visitors drove up to the door of a splendid mansion, as I approached it. They successively received the intimation, “not at home,” and rolled away. Of course, I expected a similar answer; but no such thing. The moment I mentioned my name to the porter, a valet out of livery came forward, assured me that the baron was anxiously waiting for me, and expecting my visit had caused himself that morning to be denied to every one else. He then ushered me through a magnificent suite of drawing-rooms, till in a small but beautiful morning room, I saw a little man extended on a sofa. He was coughing violently, and seemed to suffer seriously with an attack on the chest. I stood speechless with astonishment, when I recognised, in M. le Baron de Renschild, my poor madman of Spa—Braunsberg, the Charcoal-man.

For some minutes the baron enjoyed my surprise, as he turned towards me his fawn-coloured eyes, watching all the emotions of my soul. Presently he was seized with another violent paroxysm of coughing; then he moaned mournfully, and cast a woful regard on an almanac that hung by the fire-place. When his cough ceased, he said to me,—

“Sit down, M. Vilshofen; a great change has taken place in me since we met. Time is counted to me, and I do not want to waste it in words and idle compliments. You deserve my confidence. Listen to me.

“The fullest success has repaid my labours. I am rich. I am the master of millions; but you see I have lost my health—my life will soon follow. I have wasted mine in night-watches over my stifling furnaces. I cannot live, yet it is hard to die without tasting pleasure. I have consulted all the physicians in London and Paris. They have all given me over, M. Vilshofen! A consumption has attacked me, and there is no remedy for this fatal disease. I know beforehand the number of months I may last, and the conditions of their duration. If I live freely, and enter into scenes of gaiety and enjoyment, I shall not live twelve months. If I submit to all sorts of regimen of physic and diet, and miserable personal cares, I may, perhaps, spin out my wretched existence to two or three years. I prefer the shortest term; for what is the use of dragging on a few additional days, at the expense of every thing that makes life worth having; but then I would crowd into this brief year all the delightful sensations that can be experienced in a century of existence. I would take from the night to add to the day. Do you see this almanac; it tells me that one month of my year is gone. Eleven months only remain for me: that is a short time, is it not? Every motion of the hand on the face of this watch is the stroke of a poignard slowly entering into my heart. I wish I could suppress all time-pieces; but then the sun. O, I would give millions for one day of true happiness, exempt from inquietudes and torments. I would be a mechanic—a lackey; I would return to my desolate loft at Spa, and be called again Braunsberg, the Charcoal-man, only for the faculty of forming a hope! You think me mad, I dare say. Yet it is you only who can comprehend my wretchedness. To know the day and hour of one’s death! verily, it is to die daily and hourly.”

The baron leant his head on his hands for some minutes, exhausted by
the violence of his emotions. He looked again at his watch. "Six o'clock," he said, and rang the bell. "Let dinner be served."

Presently folding doors opened, and we entered a magnificent dining-room, where a numerous and brilliant company joined us. There were beautiful women and men of the first rank, artists of the highest talent, and authors of the most intellectual cast. The repast was splendid. A concert of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven succeeded the dessert. Now and then I saw the heavy eyes of the baron turn on the hands of the time-piece. At eleven the company departed.

"Already eleven!" cried the baron. "I have been too much amused: my time has fled too quickly. My horses, my carriage. M. Vilshofen, you will accompany me to D—— House?"

A few turns of the wheels of the carriage brought us to the palace of the most opulent of the English nobles. The baron presented me to his Grace the Duke of D——. My conductor thought fit to endeavour to smile on this occasion. Good Heaven, what a grimace did he make in this effort for graciousness! I expected that the whole brilliant assembly would have fled in horror at his supernatural ugliness. Far from it; the baron was, on the contrary, an object of the most ardent attention on the part of the English ladies. The fairest, and I should have thought the proudest, all courted the attention, with fascinating smiles, of this livid evil-looking stranger, who returned their bright glances with a contorted grin, that made him look like a death's-head.

The baron lost some hundred sovereigns at ecarté, and thus passed away the time till day broke in upon us. I then saw him gnash his teeth, and prepare to depart, with the look of a criminal who perceives his executioner. The duke attended his guest to the door of the anti-room; and the ladies strove, by their most winning looks, to gain his parting regards. So much for the homage that boundless wealth gains in England; let the wretch that owns it be an adventurer, or a hideous mannikin, like Braunsberg, the Charcoal-man.

We had scarcely stepped out of the carriage, when the baron said to his people—

"In a quarter of an hour let my travelling equipage be at the door. I am going to Paris: M. Vilshofen, you will accompany me. We can sleep in the carriage."

In front of the post-chariot, a large box was fastened by three locks and a steel chain. The baron himself watched the packing of this box with the most scrupulous attention. In the second carriage, which was for the use of the servants, I saw him, with his own hands, carefully deposit a bag of charcoal. I dared not question him on the subject of this odd proceeding, for he was one of those persons that one can never feel inclined to question; but it recalled forcibly to my memory my madman of Spa, and I thought that this mannikin of a baron, if not entirely mad, was decidedly subject to monomania. I dreamed of this bag of charcoal all the way to Dover.

The day after we were at Paris, and the same scenes were played as at London. Magnificent fêtes, enormous sums scattered on all sides, made me wonder from what source the supply came to meet this prodigality. Sometimes the nursery tales of magic arose to my mind, my belief in demonology returned, and I asked myself whether I was companion to a sorcerer?

For eight days we were engaged in the most tumultuous pleasures; the scenes we passed through were so new to me, that in the intoxicating delirium of the atmosphere of Paris, I almost forgot the baron, till he found himself in want of a confidant—for a love-affair. Truly, the baron—that wretched little mannikin with a fawn-coloured complexion, yellow eyes, and hair of the hue of a fox—was in love with a beautiful girl, whom he had met in the Bois de Boulogne, leaning on the arm of a handsome young officer, to whom she was to be married the next day. I remember the baron pointed her out to me by saying, "that is a woman worthy of me." I could not help laughing, for the young lady's attention was so wholly occupied with her future spouse, that she had no eyes for anything but looking up to her intended husband's face as she leant on his arm; she did not even remark the supernatural ugliness of the dwarfish baron, who kept as near as he could to her elbow.

The day after I saw my baron unfasten
the black box bound with the steel chain and secured with the three locks, that had powerfully excited my curiosity on the journey. Out of this he took a small vermilion casket; when that was opened, heavens, what riches of unset diamonds did it display! The sight of these treasures gave me a species of vertigo. The baron remarked my agitation, and hastily removed himself and his jewels out of my reach. I felt ashamed of myself and could not help smiling at his alarm. Soon after Fossin, the jeweller, made his appearance, and received orders to set a quantity of brilliants in a necklace of two rows. I began then to guess for what purpose the diamonds were intended, and I trembled for the constancy of the young bride; for I felt, at this sight, some of the worst passions of avarice and cupidity begin to gnaw at my own heart.

When the necklace was completed, it was brilliant and splendid beyond imagination. If Eve was tempted with an apple, what would she have been with this?

Guisepppe, the Italian valet of the baron, waited on the new-married lady, under the pretence of being a jeweller, who had some curious foreign trinkets to show her; and, when she was perfectly dazzled with the sight of this necklace, he informed her of the terms on which it might be hers: these were, to find an excuse to bestow three private visits on the Baron de Renschild at his hotel. The young lady was shocked at the insult; she wept, and declared she would acquaint her husband with the baron’s insolence. I was delighted with the result of this unprincipled proposal, and I edified the baron with a long dissertation on the subject of disinterested love and the fidelity of women.

Next day the baron had again recourse to his strong box, from which he selected jewels sufficient for a third row to the diamond necklace. There was another consultation with Fossin, who, before he took the order, offered twenty thousand pounds for the third row. The stones were of amazing lustre—not a flaw sullied their transparency. Guisepppe was despatched with the improved necklace. The lady was denied to him. The cunning Italian had provided against this risk, and, by means of a bribe to the lady’s maid, got her to place the jewel-box on the bride’s toilette. Madame scolded her maid, and valued the necklace at forty thousand pounds. Guisepppe was summoned into madame’s boudoir. He demanded an answer. She spoke much of the beauty and value of the jewels, but besought Guisepppe and his master to leave her in peace. This time she did not talk of telling her husband, yet, like a dutiful wife, she certainly consulted him on the subject. The next day came an invitation to a party from the husband. The baron continued very intimate at the house for some weeks. How they finally arranged their affairs I know not, but the lady had the necklace. A month after her husband bought an estate, worth five hundred thousand francs, in the country: the report went that he had made an immense fortune at the bourse, playing at la hauze. Four of his friends continued playing at la hauze, and ruined themselves.

This adventure disgusted me with Paris, the world, and my species. Every where we weighed the human heart against gold, and found it wanting. I began to conceive for riches the respect I had formerly felt for religion and moral principle, and I inscribed in my album this maxim—“Wealth is virtue.” Oh! Archimedes, from thy paradise, if, indeed, there is a paradise for virtuous heathens, thou mayest behold wherein thy lever might have been fixed which could subvert the world!

Whenever the tumult of pleasures in which we were immersed gave me time for a few moments of reflection, I meditated on the subject of the baron’s boundless wealth. Whenever the ready money was exhausted, the baron had recourse to the little vermilion box, whence he drew handfuls of magnificent diamonds; those he exchanged with rich capitalists and jewelers for money. Yet whence came the treasures that this vermilion box enclosed? Was it a talismanic receptacle? And did this strange man really converse with supernatural intelligences and the powers of hell? I felt ashamed at the folly of the supposition; nevertheless, an overwhelming desire to pry into this secret began to be the leading desire of my life.

Six months had now rolled away since our departure from London, and I can declare that, in that period, I had lived more than ten years in experience and knowledge of the world. If the reckon-
ing of the London physicians was right, the baron had not more than five months to live. However, as the demon that owned him had a mind to deceive the doctors, his health, instead of growing worse, visibly improved: at a distance from the sea-coal vapours of a London atmosphere the harrowing cough left him; he grew fat, and his haggard hideousness was a little alleviated, and he was not, by many degrees, so ugly as when I first beheld him. Nevertheless, with health of body content of mind did not return; he was more gloomy and melancholy than ever. He had exhausted all pleasure, all hope—nothing except satiety and ennui remained to devour his life. One day, in an excess of spleen, he said to me—"I would give a million sterling only to have a desire to form."

For a long time he had not cast his eyes on the almanac; at last he happened to take it up.

"Five months to live still," he said; "how shall I get through it?" and he fell into a sombre reverie.

Meantime the spleen of the baron augmented every day; I dreaded lest his fretfulness should bring the consumptive symptoms on him again—that he should fulfil the predictions of the physicians, and die before I had found out the great chemical secret by which he supplied himself with his wealth. I had watched by him when he dozed on the sofa, and heard him mutter in his sleep something relating to this occult and powerful secret. I urged him to travel, as he became heartily tired of Paris. Restless and eager for change of place, he complied with the proposal, and we commenced the tour of Italy.

One afternoon we were descending the Tyrolean Alps, on the Italian frontier, the weather was sultry, and heavy black clouds announced an approaching thunder-storm. The baron was peculiarly restless and uneasy, as persons of delicate health and irritable temperament often are in similar states of the atmosphere. Before we could reach our place of destination for the night, the storm burst with such a vengeance that we were glad to seek the shelter of a little mountain auberge, and the rain continuing in torrents, we were forced to remain there for the night. This place had no very splendid accommodations for sleeping. We had two chambers, it is true, but they were parted with rough boards full of crevices; however, they were better furnished than the loft at Spa, and the baron took possession of his share of the room without a murmur. He had the great black iron-bound box, as usual, deposited by his bedside, and went to bed. I did the same, and retired behind my partition into a sort of separate sleeping berth. I could not sleep; a lamp burned by the baron's bedside, and, through the chinks of the boarding, I commanded a full view of all that was going on in the larger apartment. The box stood full in sight; I gazed upon it with eagerness, as if I could ascertain the secret hid beneath its lid. I longed to open it, and laid feverishly meditating all manner of schemes to get a peep into that box, some of which were neither honest nor humane. I sat upright in the bed at last, with the determination to search for the key, and take it by force from the little consumptive weakling who was its owner, if I could not manage it by stealth.

The voice of the baron interrupted my intentions, and I cowered down in my bed like a guilty wretch that I was. He muttered some unintelligible sentences, and presently I perceived him gliding about his chamber, in his dressing-gown, looking like a very ill-favoured phantom. I saw that his eyes were half concealed by the eyelids, and that they were dull and fixed, like those of a corpse. I felt afraid—a shiver ran through my body, and my hair stood at end on my head. I saw that he was under the influence of a profound fit of somnambulism. He went to the box, and, by means of a small master-key, unfastened all the locks. First he drew forth some pieces of charcoal that were cut in various angles very carefully; then he took out a machine, extremely complicated in its form, and, as he put it into motion, it struck out, at intervals, sparks of vivid fire. I remembered, at that instant, some of the professor's chemical lectures at Göttingen, where it was proved that the diamond was only a morsel of charcoal crystallised by some natural process in the bowels of the earth; and that, if the genius of man could ever discover the means of making a fusion of power equal to the fire of a volcano, lumps of charcoal could be converted into real diamonds. And Braunsberg was the man that had done it.
Braunsberg, the Charcoal-Man.

Braunsberg, the poor madman of Spa! Braunsberg, who knew not where to look for a morsel of bread—who was hooted after by ragged urchins in the street, as if he had been an idiot! With this secret Braunsberg might have conquered the world? He could have bought, if he had pleased, provinces, castles, towns, kingdoms. I have often wondered why Braunsberg never bought a kingdom. He had vanquished the human soul with his talisman—had triumphed over virtue, modesty, honour, and conscience.

Frightful wealth, source of all the grosser pleasures felt by man, and source of the most refined sufferings that assail his purer essence! While I gazed upon the power of making it, I felt the fire of hell assail both my body and soul; and I thought that, to possess that power, murder would be but baby’s play. meantime the wretched sonnambulist began his work; crouched in an angle of the apartment, he prepared his apparatus. I dared scarcely breathe while I watched his proceedings. Presently a column of electric fire ascended from the machine, and played on the charcoal that Braunsberg presented to it. This light was unlike any that I had ever seen before; it was white, ardent, and intense. In a few minutes the column suddenly sunk, and left the room to the sole illumination of the dull lamp. For some moments all appeared in a black eclipse; at last the powers of vision became accustomed to it, and I saw him take from a sort of retort ten fine diamonds. He placed them on the hearth, and proceeded to shut up the machine: as he moved about the room in the dilatory distracted manner of a man whose senses are bound in the chain of slumber, he trod on these diamonds, and, his foot slipping, he fell on the hearth-stone with some violence and with no little noise. His fall effectually wakened him. I saw, when he rose, that he gazed around him on the whole apparatus with suspicious eyes: yet, conscious of his own infirmity, he sighed heavily, and, gathering together hastily the implements he had been unconsciously using, he replaced them in the box, and, having secured them, I thought he was once more retiring to his bed; but, no—the remembrance seemed suddenly to strike him of my vicinity, and he became paler than ever, with the deadly supposition that I had been a waking and observant witness of his nocturnal employment. I saw the deadly gleam in his yellow eyes, as he armed himself with a poignard, which was among the accursed apparatus of that infernal box, and rush to my couch, in order to ascertain whether I was in a state to have discovered his secret. I know not what feeling it was that made me feign a profound slumber: undressed and unarmed as I was, I could certainly have mastered the desperate little wretch; and, whatever evil thoughts had been indefinitely passing through my brain while I witnessed this strange scene, still I had committed no crime in witnessing it—had been guilty of no breach of trust. Why did I not boldly own what I had seen, and reproach him with his wickedness in arming his puny hand against the bosom of a sleeping friend, from whose hands he had received nought but unmasked sympathy and kindness, who had been the means of perfecting his wonderful invention, and gaining this strange influx of wealth? I know not, except that the morose and sullen temper of Braunsberg prevented all remonstrance, sympathy, or confidence from his fellow-creatures. Rather than enter into any altercation with him, I feigned sleep, while he held the dagger to my heart, and flashed the lamp before my eyes. Satisfied with this proof, he deemed my sleep natural, and concluded that the noise he had made in falling had not awakened me. He then crept to his couch, and waited patiently for day-break. I feigned the regular breathing of one profoundly slumbering; and thus we remained till dawn, each willing to deceive the other, though neither of us closed an eye in sleep.

We travelled several days after this. I noted well that the baron, if the weather was ever so unfavourable, would never tarry for the night in any auberge where he was not secure in a perfectly isolated sleeping apartment.

One evening, after he had maintained a sullen silence during the whole day, he suddenly said to me—

"M. Vilshofen, we have travelled together a long while. Does it not occur to you that the time draws nigh when we shall have to part?"

These words surprised me in the midst of my meditations, on the means of imitating or possessing the secret of cou-
structing a machine capable of acting like the one of which I had a dreaming view on that strange night of adventure. I was confounded, surprised, and stupefied at this intimation. To part before I had had the opportunity of once more seeing it, and perhaps proving its effects with my own hands, was indeed an unexpected blow. I assented only by an inclination of my head. The baron might interpret this sign as he liked, for at the same instant the postilions drew up at the foot of a wild looking crag, on which the auberge was situate that was to lodge us for the night.

It had been a small hill fortalice in times of old, and the baron was ushered into a chamber solid enough to stand a siege, and without chink or cranny to aid any prying eye in noting his nocturnal doings. The strong box was deposited by his bedside; and as he declined supper or refreshment, and announced his intention of retiring early to rest, I was forced to leave him. As I withdrew from his apartment, he called me back: it was to bid me adieu, with some appearance of affection, and he pressed my hand tenderly. These indications of regard he had never shown since our second acquaintance.

I retired that night with aching heart to my dormitory; a room that was situated just above the stone den in which the baron had chosen to establish himself. When there, I, for the first time, began to question myself on what were the indefinite hopes raised by my strange alliance with this unaccountable being. I had reckoned that, as he had not the slightest tie with any other of his fellow-creatures, at the end of his fragile term of existence I might expect to be enriched by him. Now this prospect was defeated—his health was restored; he had coolly intimated his intention of dismissing me; and I myself, enervated by a life of pleasure, had to look forward to earn a subsistence by the exercise of a profession for which I had been educated. These mortifying thoughts kept me from my rest. I thought I heard the baron talk to himself, and walk up and down the apartment beneath, and I smelt the strong odour of charcoal pervaded the whole house. All of a sudden every thing was quiet below, and I supposed the baron had gone to sleep, brooding on the new treasures he had caused to start into existence. The thought of these treasures roused the demon of cupidity in my bosom, and I remained awake sighing over my own dependence and poverty. The day broke, the baron was always stirring with the dawn. I listened at his door, but heard no sound. I knocked, and called him by name—no answer; his valet knocked and called in his turn—always the same silence; and thus a good part of the morning passed away. At length we forced the door. There lay the baron on the bed, his throat open and bleeding, a razor grasped in his hand. Fragments of wood and metal were scattered about the room.

To my infinite chagrin I discovered they were the wreck of the wonderful electric diamond-making machine, that I had seen cast forth sparks and columns of intense light. I saw a letter bearing my address on the table; I eagerly opened it. It contained these words—

"Dear Vilshofen,—I told you that we should soon part. It is impossible to support an existence, when one has neither a hope to form nor a desire to gratify. If the calculation of my doctors is right, I have three months longer to live; but I cannot wait patiently for the end of this term. The secret of my life and my power shall expire with me. You were the only being that ever showed me the least disinterested kindness, and I will not leave you such an inheritance of woe as it has proved to me; nevertheless, I leave you all the personal wealth you will find in my possession, which is quite enough to turn a cooler head than yours. Strive to win the affections of some virtuous girl, if such can be found, and make natural hopes and fears to yourself by the cares and affections of a husband and father. My heart withered with ceaseless expectation over my furnaces and wild projects. I forgot that man has other prospects than to spend the last years of his life as a money-making animal. I then tried whether vicious pleasures could be bought with gold, and verily I had my reward, in adding remorse to the melancholy attending wasted health and spirits. The only real pleasure I ever enjoyed was in the moment when you generously divided your purse with me, from no other motive than that of relieving a destitute student of your mother university. I ought to have bought myself many such pleasures—the pleasures
of doing good—but I came forth from my studio at Spa a misanthrope. Farewell: be warned by my misery. I go first to break and destroy the wonderful machine my hand has formed, and after to break into the still more complicated structure of human life, formed by a far superior hand.

"Your wretched friend,
"Braunsberg."

I was strangely affected and agitated by this letter, and I wished the poor misguided writer had been of a disposition that would have admitted the soothing voice of friendship, instead of possessing the splenetic aggravating temper that he was. The wealth he left me was indeed immense; yet after the boundless ideas the sight of the diamond-making machine had given me, I felt my means limited and circumscribed. Will it be believed, that after seeing the last rites paid to the remains of the unhappy Braunsberg, I set to work, with the intention of restoring the fractured apparatus to its original state? Actually I spent four years in this fruitless labour, till I began, by means of incessant expectation, and weary watchful study, to be as haggard, heart-sick and splenetic as Braunsberg was himself. Fortunately, before I irretrievably merged into a state of monomania, I fell in love. I remembered the advice of my friend, and followed it; and found in the affections of my wife and family that happiness which boundless wealth could not give Braunsberg, the Charcoal-man.

TRUE LOVE CONTRASTED.

BY CORNELIUS NEALE.

There is a love that lasts awhile,
A one day’s flower—no more;
Ope’s in the sunshine of a smile,
And shuts when clouds come o’er.

There is a love that ever lasts,
A plant that’s always green;
It flowers ’mid the bitter blasts,
And decks a wintry scene.

A cheek, an eye, a well-turned foot,
May give the first its birth;
The floweret has but little root,
And asks but little earth!

No scanty soil true love must find,
Its vigour to control;
It roots itself upon the mind,
And strikes into the soul.

THE TURKISH LADIES.—Turkish ladies never learn to write, and they are, therefore, wooed by signs. A clove stuck into an embroidered handkerchief is the commencement of courtship. When married, the Turkish ladies deem themselves much honoured by being permitted to wait upon their husbands. One brings rose-water to perfume his beard; another bears a looking-glass with a mother-of-pearl handle; another carries an embroidered napkin; and all stand before him as he eats; and when he has done they begin, and show their good breeding and high finish by only eating with the finger and thumb.—Then comes sweetmeats and bottles of Rugghio, of which the Turkish ladies will take four glasses in ten minutes. Then, when they have drunk enough, they hand their master’s coffee, and shampoo his feet for hours together. Then they take their spinners and play, or show their new silk gowns. Scandal, that so sweetens English tea, does the same kind office to Turkish coffee in the harems. Who was seen showing her face in the street? who worked a purse for a stranger? who was thrown into the Bosphorus on the preceding night? whether to-morrow they will ride in their coach drawn by asses, or row in their gay caiques? This is the discourse that sweetens life in Turkey.
THE CONTRABAND CAPTAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—See May, 1834.

The solitary looked from the rocky precipice. A sail appeared in sight; it neared the land, and came to anchor. The ship’s boat was lowered, and the crew pulled towards the shore. The solitary handed the glass to Harry Coil, and asked what she was. Harry looked through the glass, and immediately declared her to be a revenue-cutter, on the look-out for smugglers. The solitary turned pale, his frame shook, he appeared to gasp for breath. “All then is lost,” he muttered.

“Lost!” ejaculated Harry Coil; “there’s no danger to be apprehended from a British cruiser, except by those who have transgressed the laws.”

The solitary looked steadfastly in Harry’s face. “Can I trust you?” said he.

“Trust me!” echoed Harry; “what sort of a swab do you take me for? Didn’t you save my life, when our ship went down, and carried the rest of the crew with it to Davy Jones’s locker? And then there’s the little boy that you saved at the risk of your own life: I’m sure, to hear what the grateful lad says of you, proves you to be too brave a man to fear meeting a revenue or any other British vessel.”

The solitary motioned to him to be silent. “They are landing,” said he—“seek not to know my reasons; but it is necessary that my residence here should be concealed.”

“Concealed!” rejoined Harry.

“Yes, even so,” replied the solitary; “and mark me, Harry Coil, my safety, nay, perhaps my life, depends on your secrecy!”

The solitary rushed down the precipice, and entered his cave. The crew landed from the boat.—Harry Coil was at a loss how to act. The more he reflected, the more he was puzzled. He could not conceive why the solitary wished to avoid being seen by the crew. “Can he be a smuggler?” thought Harry—“this would place him in a very awkward situation; because it would be his duty, as a British seaman, to cause his capture, were it the case. Yet there was a doubt; he might suspect, but suspicion was not proof. And it would be a breach of good fellowship, as well as gratitude, to betray the man who saved him from a watery grave.” Harry, therefore, thought the fairest method he could pursue, would be to plead ignorance of the solitary altogether; and to save any cross-questioning, he might as well keep himself out of sight of the boat’s-crew, till they should quit the island. But in this last resolve, Harry was disappointed; for one of the crew caught a glimpse of him from the beach, and hailed him—therefore, finding it was no use to skulk, he met him as he ascended.

“What cheer? what cheer?” cried a voice, which Harry Coil recognised as that of an old acquaintance. “It was indeed no other than Tim Taffrail, who had been on board with Harry Coil, when quite a boy; and Harry had taught him all the duties of a seaman.

Harry Coil was twenty years older than Tim Taffrail; he was a steady old seaman. Tim was a brisk, active young fellow, full of life and spirits, but still possessing a good heart. The two old acquaintances met with a hearty shake of the hand.

“Why, Tim,” exclaimed Harry, “what foul wind blew you into this latitude?”

“I may, by the same token, ask, what brought you into this port?” replied Tim.

“But delay all cross-questioning, and I’ll tell you. We are on the look-out for smugglers: we ran down a vessel about four months since, but all hands gave us the slip, and left the cargo behind them. We have got information that one of them, whom we suppose to be the captain, has cast anchor on this little island; and a queer bit of a place it is for a man to live on, sure enough; but I suppose it was Hobson’s choice—this or none. So, d’ye see, we’re come to search after him; and if he is here, we’ll be sure to capture him.” Harry felt uneasy, and replied, that he had seen no smuggler on the island to his knowledge.

“Why,” said Tim, “you don’t mean to say as how you are the only living being on this here place? Indeed, I can’t make out how you came here at all for my part;—I hope you haven’t turned smuggler.” The colour rose in Harry’s cheek, as he replied.

“No, no,—you need not be afraid of that.”

“Then how came you here?” asked Tim.
“Come this way,” whispered Harry; 
“it’s a long yarn—so step aside, behind 
this cliff, and I’ll give you all the history 
of this island, as far as I know of it.”

Harry led the way; Tim followed si- 
ently. The solitary had just emerged 
from his cave, and Tim catching a glimpse 
of him, called out,—“Look out there, 
a strange sail a-head,—ship ahoy!” and 
cocked the pistol, which he had drawn 
from his belt; but Harry checked him, 
and drawing him to a lonely spot, thus 
addressed him—

“It was a dismal night, and blew great 
guns: we were running at the rate of ten 
knots an hour, when the man on the look 
out called breakers a-head. We put the 
helm about, and got on another tack: the 
wind was right on the land, and we had 
much ado to keep clear of the rocks, 
which we could now see plain enough. 
What the d—d, was you about to lose 
your reckoning in this manner (said the 
master, addressing the mate). ‘I kept her 
to the southward, as you ordered,’ replied 
the helmsman. ‘Get me the chart, said 
the master, as he pulled on his coat, for 
he had been called up out of his ham- 
mock. The chart was brought, he glanced 
over it. ‘Keep her away—keep her away. 
—Heave out the lead there,’ called the 
master. The lead was hove,—deep nine 
was called. ‘All well,’ said the master; 
‘try it again.’—Mark seven was called. 
The master looked out, and seemed easy 
again. The lead was hove again,— 
Quarterless five. The master looked 
anxious.—The lead was hove—Three— 
‘Shoal water,’ called a voice in dismay. 
The captain seized the helm, ‘Down 
with your topsails,’ cried he; ‘let go the 
anchor—let’s see if she will ride: but ere 
this could be done, she struck, with a 
horrid crash. She heaved most fearfully. 
We went to work, and cut away every- 
tHING to ease the vessel. We got her clear, and 
dropped our anchor; but all would not 
do.—A sea struck us right stern, and 
carried away almost every thing from the 
deck; and a woful havoc it made among 
the crew. We fired signals of distress, 
but saw no help at hand. At length a 
glimmering light appeared on a rocky 
promontory, scarcely a mile distant from 
us; and shortly after three lights were 
distinctly visible. One of our boats had 
been washed away—but our long-boat was 
still safe: yet it would have been madness 
to have attempted to have rowed ashore 
till day-break, as nothing appeared near 
us, but a long ridge of high-shelving 
rocks, against which the sea dashed with 
such fury, that no boat would have lived 
in such a surf. The thunder rolled 
mournfully over our heads; and a success- 
vion of vivid flashes of lightning served 
to show us the dangers of our situation. 
Our anchor still held on: hope was still 
avive, and we waited patiently, yet anxio- 
ously, for day-break. We had a good 
cable, and its strength was now our only 
hope. The wind had lulled, and we got 
a can of rum served out to us, to keep us 
from getting numbed with the cold (for 
we had now been completely drenched 
for six hours). It was my turn to watch 
—I found the vessel rode uneasy; I told 
the master, and we eased the anchor. 
The wind began to rise again; a light 
came on, which gradually increased to a 
hurricane. Our cable snapped. We drove 
towards the rocky shore; all exertions to 
save our damaged vessel proved useless. 
She was half full of water. Again she 
struck—the shock upset every man of us. 
Another crash—I remember nothing 
more than a stunning fall, which laid me 
senseless. * * * *

“When I recovered, I found myself lay- 
ing on a mat of rushes, with a bandage 
round my head, and another round my 
nee. I attempted to rise, but found my- 
self too weak. Presently I saw a man 
of most gigantic frame enter, with ex- 
treme caution; he had a pair of pistols 
and a cutlass in his belt. His grisly 
beard and furred cap, together with his 
remarkable dress, led me to suppose he 
was some marauder, come to rob, and 
perhaps murder, me. Ah! thought I, if 
plunder is your aim, you’ll make but a 
bad cruise in this here latitude—for I 
haven’t a shot in the locker. He put 
down the light, and approached me 
cautiously. I felt him lay his hand on my 
left side. ‘He lives!’ ejaculated the 
stranger—’he lives! Thank God!—thank 
God!’ He retired a little, and procured 
a jug of water, into which I observed him 
pour some liquor from a keg. He 
approached me again, lifted me up in a 
sitting posture, and gave me some brandy 
and water: it revived me extremely. 
How was my opinion altered with regard 
to the being who stood before me: he, 
who but a few minutes before I took for 
an assassin, now appeared as my guardian 
angel. By his aid I was restored to
health, and soon put into good sailing trim; and, but that I am bound never to quit this island without his consent, or ask any questions respecting his reasons for remaining here, I feel no restraint.

“Now you must be aware, friend Tim, it would be an act of mutiny were I to cut my cable and hoist the enemy’s flag against such a commander as he.”

Tim, who had listened attentively to Harry’s narrative, drew out his tobacco-box, and handing it to Harry Coil, said—

“You say true, messmate; and although the law of the land ordains that we should capture a smuggler, yet the laws of honour and humanity will not sanction the betrayal of a benefactor.”

At this moment the boatswain’s whistle was heard. Tim rose up, and followed by Harry, they regained the rocky eminence, where they were presently joined by the lieutenant and the rest of the boat’s crew. The lieutenant stated, that he had every reason to suspect that the captain of the smugglers was secreted on the island. Tim related the particulars of Harry Coil’s narrative; and the lieutenant felt fully assured that the solitary must be the smuggler of whom they were in search. He resolved therefore to divide the crew into two separate parties, and endeavour to discover the haunts of Ben Barfield, the Contraband Captain. They were about to separate, when Tim called out—“Strange sail a-head there,—look out!”

All eyes were turned towards the direction Tim had pointed, when, to their surprise, they beheld the solitary standing out to sea, in a smart sailing little pinnace, and running right before the wind, with a little boy at the boat’s head, helping to hoist the sail. They rushed down to the boat, and rowed to the cutter; but before they could get under weigh, the solitary and his little pinnace were lost in the distance.

Six months had now passed since the Fly, a smart little vessel in the contraband trade, put into the bay of ———. She had been watched by a revenue-cutter, who seemed to make sure of her; but she was too wary, and taking advantage of a stiff breeze, cut her cable, and was out to sea before her pursuer could expect such a manoeuvre. The cutter pursued her; but she would have escaped, had she not been intercepted by the Neptune, another revenue-cutter. Thus situated, with no chance of eluding her pursuers, she fired two guns to keep them at bay, while the crew took to the boat and got ashore, leaving the Fly to its fate. High rewards were offered for the apprehension of the daring Ben Barfield, the Contraband Captain, in consequence of having stolen, and afterwards murdered, the infant heir to the estates of the late Lord D——; for all their efforts to capture any of the smugglers had hitherto proved unsuccessful.

It was a severe wintry night when the ship Neptune brought up at Yarmouth, after a three years’ cruise; and leave of absence was granted in rotation to the seamen. Harry Coil and his messmate, Tim Taffrail, were amongst those who went ashore on the first day. They had their prize tickets, as well as the certificate of their wages due: therefore they lost no time in going up to London, to the Pay-office, where they received altogether about fifty pounds each for service and prize money.

Tim was so elated and full of glee, that he would have turned into every public-house in the town, had he been able. But Harry Coil was an old sealer on that station, and knew the tricks of London better than his shipmate.

“Now look ye, friend Tim,” said he, “it’s of no use for you to be bringing up at every grog station you come alongside of, because if you do, you’ll get on some foul weather tack, and mayhap may carry too much sail aloft, and then you’ll be laid on your beam-ends, and be grappled by pirates, (who fight under all colours in this here London,) and they’ll not part company till they have cleared out your pockets.”

“If that’s the case,” said Tim, “you shall take the helm, and steer us clear of the shoals and quicksands of London.”

They had not proceeded far, when their attention was arrested by observing a crowd of people assembled at the door of a house. Harry and Tim observed a poor woman who was supplicating an officer not to take away her goods. Two little children were also clinging to their mother, and crying most piteously. Tim inquired what was the matter; when the poor woman informed him that her husband had incurred a small debt, for which he had been arrested, and taken to a
prison. And a broker was then seizing all their furniture, and taking it out of the house.

"I'll be d——d if they shall though," exclaimed Tim; and rushed up the staircase, followed by Harry Coil.

"Belay there, you land-sharks," vociferated Tim; "do you want to rob the ship of its cargo?—Capsize me if you shall though, while Tim has got a stick standing."

"You had better begone about your business," (said a little old gentleman, in a powdered wig and a pair of silver spectacles,) "or else I shall give you into the custody of a constable."

"Come, old barnacles, let's have none of your outlandish lingo," reiterated Tim: "you lubber yonder, put down that mattrass, or by the honour of a sailor I'll shiver your topmast."

The porter resisted, when Tim gave him such a blow that brought him to the ground.

"Avas! heaving," cried Harry Coil, seizing Tim by the wrist, "let's take an observation, and overhaul this piratical crew, before we clear for action: let's see your sailing orders, old Grampus," at the same time giving the old gentleman in the powdered wig such a hearty slap on the shoulder, that caused his spectacles to fall off his nose. The old fellow staggered back a few paces, and handed the warrant to Tim, saying it was a seizure for taxes due to the king.

"The king!" exclaimed Tim,—"you lie, you old shark; the king is too just—too good, to descend to such an act; he would never go to take away the very hammock from a poor woman and her children, and leave 'em nothing but the bare plank to lie on." He handed the paper to Harry Coil, who read—

"Windows £1. Inhabited House 18s. 9d. What the devil does this mean?" exclaimed Harry, "do they charge for looking out of windows!—Ah, Tim, we are lucky fellows to have a good ship to live in, where we can look out of every port-hole without paying a tax for it. But I see it is all according to law."

"Law be d——d!" cried Tim, "they sha'nt move a stick."

"I demand the sum of one pound thirteen shillings and ninepence, due for one half year; and I charge you, in the king's name, to abstain from obstructing the authorities in the execution of their duty."

"Oh, the king's name! that alters the case; Tim's too good a sailor to refuse obeying orders from the commodore."

"Now," said the old fellow in the spectacles, "clear away everything."

"No they shan't," exclaimed Tim.

"Eh! not take them?" said the old broker; "suppose I prosecute you—what then, Mr. Tar Jacket?"

"And suppose I choose to pay the money, old Porpoise—what then?" replied Tim. "Come, don't spin me a long yarn, but give me a receipt, and take your shot."

The money was paid, the receipt given, which Tim handed to the poor woman, and then turning to the old fellow, exclaimed—"Now, clear the decks you lubberly crew."

"And who's to pay me for my eye being closed up?" said the porter, whom Tim had knocked down.

"It's paid already," replied Tim; "I've paid for window lights, and your day lights may be reckoned into the bargain.—So make sail, or we'll pour such a broadside into your upper works, as shall put you out of sailing trim for a month to come."

The old broker and his porters hurried out of the house, and left the poor woman in quiet possession of her property. She shed tears of joy, and pressed the hand of Tim, while the children clung to Harry Coil, whose eyes began to glisten with a rising tear.

"Belay—belay there," cried the veteran; "shiver me but these small craft have set my eye-pumps going. Here you young ones, take this rhino, and go and lay in a cargo of gingerbread."

Harry gave them a few pence, and the children soon scrambled out to make their purchase. The sailors inquired into the events which had driven her to this distress; and she informed them that her husband had formerly been a mate on board a merchantman, but had met with an accident which disabled him from going to sea for several months: and the expense and loss occasioned by this visitation, had so embarrassed their affairs, that they became in debt, and a merciless creditor had on the preceding day taken her husband in execution for five pounds.

Harry Coil felt the money burning a
hole in his pocket. "By the honour of a sailor," exclaimed the weather-beaten tar, "he shan’t remain there two hours longer. Tell me where he lays at anchor, mistress, and I’ll get him under weigh in the cracking of a biscuit. And, d’ye hear, Tim; you remain on this station, and lay in a cargo of provisions, and get the lockers well stored against we return." With these words Harry descended the stairs, and bent his way towards the prison, where, on his arrival, he was immediately introduced to the prisoner. The poor man thought he was in a dream; when Harry called the turnkey, and clapping down a handful of gold on the table, took him by the hand, and said, "Messmate, I am come to relieve you from this station. What’s the shot, old Grampus?"

This last sentence was addressed to the turnkey. The debt was immediately paid by Harry, who, after taking a drop to drink better luck to his new companion, departed from the prison. They soon reached home, where the liberated prisoner was gladly received by his wife and children, who clung about him, and shed tears of joy. Tim had not been idle mean time, for he had laid in a good store of provisions. They sat down, and partook of the good cheer that had been provided; and at parting, Tim and Harry dropped a five-pound note each, which they freely gave the object of their generosity, to help him to begin the world afresh. And after drinking success to the British navy in bumpers, they took their departure in high glee, with hearts bounding with such feelings, as can only be imparted by the consciousness of having performed a noble action.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolby, the sailors’ new acquaintances, began to reflect on the best means they could pursue to get into some kind of business, before their money should be exhausted. One of the turnkeys at the prison had lent Dolby a newspaper to pass his time during his confinement, and he recollected having seen an advertisement, stating that a guard was wanted at a new coach-office. It was resolved he should go and apply for the place. No time was lost; he bought a few articles to enable him to make a good appearance, and went to the coach-office, and applied for the vacant place. He received so good a character from the owner of the ship to which he formerly belonged, that he was immediately engaged. He gave so much satisfaction in his new situation, that he was shortly enabled to establish his wife in a little shop near the coach-office, which, being frequented by the other guards and passengers, promised to place them in comfortable circumstances. Dolby often expressed a wish to meet with his friends, the sailors, in order that he might return them some of the money they had paid for him. And it was not long before he had an opportunity; as one morning, on his arrival from Yarmouth, he received the following note:

"Friend Dolby,—Secure us two berths on board your coach, which I understand sets sail to-morrow at 9 A.M. We have very little cargo to put on board, as per margin.—Two hammocks, a couple of sea-chests, and a keg of rum. We don’t want to be stowed in the cabin, but will go abaft the binacle alongside of you. Be sure to have a good steersman at the helm, and mind that your horses are in good sailing trim, and all your tackle well overhauled.

"Yours,

"Harry Coil."

Harry and Tim were true to their time, and were rejoiced to find that Dolby had been successful in his new situation; but they would not take any money from him, nor would they allow him to treat on the road. They arrived safely at Yarmouth, and got on board with what a sailor seldom possesses after a cruise on shore—money in both pockets. Next morning a favourable breeze sprung up, and Harry Coil and Tim Taffrail once more bade adieu to the shores of Old England.

Gerard Harcourt was the nephew of Lord D——, and (provided there was no issue) he would inherit the vast property of that nobleman. Gerard was always on the alert to break off any alliance that might appear likely to take place, and he succeeded in many instances. Business, however, of a pressing nature called Lord D—— to the continent, and during his sojourn there he gained the affections of a lady, to whom he was shortly after united.

This was a source of extreme disappointment to Gerard, and when the lady arrived in England, and was introduced to him, he could hardly conceal the
The Contraband Captain.

Hatred which her presence had excited in his breast; and, in order to conceal it more effectually, he absented himself from the mansion of Lord D—— for several months, which in some degree appeased his anger. But his hopes were utterly destroyed, when on his return he found that Lady D—— had given birth to an heir, and he inwardly cursed his evil stars that had failed in preventing the alliance.

Lady D—— had an ardent desire to visit her parents on the continent, and as she had now been absent from them above five years, Lord D—— did not hesitate a moment in acceding to her request.

The child (young Edwin) was considered too young to travel a long journey, and it was deemed prudent to leave him in the care of Gerard until their return.

Lord and Lady D—— departed in the Brilliant, the very ship which was wrecked on the desolate island, from which Harry Coyle was the only person saved. The solitary discovered in him such a benevolent heart and honourable disposition, that he had related to him the whole of his history, and concealed none of the transactions of his life from him, except his name and present pursuits. Harry Coyle was proud of the confidence reposed in him, and was determined to be faithful to his promise of secrecy, but yet the solitary never took him with him on any of his excursions from the island.

Gerard soon received the news of the loss of the Brilliant, with every soul on board, and he was vexed that the child had not been with its parents to share their fate. He was now the guardian to the young heir, who was only six years old; yet he looked upon it as the only bar between him and the rich estates.

"If that bar could be removed" (muttered he), "my wishes might then be realised!"

Occupied by these conflicting thoughts, he walked forth from the mansion, and without considering the path he had chosen, crossed the lawn, and found himself close to the sea-shore. He gazed on the swelling wave, and inwardly wished the infant Edwin was entombed beneath them.

At this moment the sound of several gruff voices met his ear; he ascended a small projecting rock, and observed several men rolling tubs ashore from a boat. It required but little reflection to decide that they were smugglers.

"Curse him" (uttered an ill-looking fellow), "if he or any other excise man dare to cross our path until we've run this cargo, I'll make a target of his carcass."

"That would be dangerous work" (replied his companion): "we don't want to commit murder; and although we deal in choice spirits, and tea, and tobacco, and all those fair trades, yet we have no occasion to deal in blood: remember, too, our captain forbids it, except in cases of absolute necessity."

"Hold thy peace, chicken-heart" (returned the other). "To hear you talk, one would suppose you had not the courage to rob a hen-roost, or fire a brace of bullets at a revenue-officer, even though it might save a cargo. But I don't stand upon such trifles, I'll do anything for money; I've tried to be humane, and honest, and generous, and all that kind of thing for the last month, but never gained anything by it; so now I'll alter my plan, and if any fellow attempts to pry into my private affairs, let him look out for squalls, that's all."

Gerard, who had listened to this discourse, shuddered at the thoughts which it had engendered in his mind.

The smuggler's words, "I'll do anything for money," still wrung in his ears, and led to a train of dreary reflections which preyed upon his guilty heart. He turned to leave the rock, when, to his terror and surprise, one of the crew looked up and discovered him.

"Ha! a spy! perish!" (exclaimed he) —four pistols were instantly fired, Gerard fell, wounded. * * *

When he recovered, he found himself lying in a cavern, attended by a man of gigantic stature and ferocious aspect. A cutlass and three huge pistols were in his girdle, while a fourth was grasped in his brawny hand.

"So" (exclaimed the stranger), "you have been watching our manoeuvres; but don't suppose you are going to send the Excise sharks after us. No, no,—you and I don't part till all our cargo is safely stowed, and we are out at sea again. You may thank your stars that you are still alive; I only arrived just in time to save you from the dirk of Bob the Grimmer."

Gerard eyed the terrific form which stood before him distrustfully.
"And who are you that thus dare to dictate terms to me?" (inquired Gerard.)

"Oh! as to that matter" (replied the stranger), "I don't fear declaring myself—my name is Ben Barfield; or, as the country people have it, the Contraband Captain: every body knows my name, take care you don't become too well acquainted with it."

Gerard paused—"I have heard the name" (replied he); "yes, I have heard it coupled with every dreadful act which could disgrace human nature."

"Aye, that may be your opinion; but I am the best judge of my own actions, and rely on it that my character will bear quite as much scrutiny as yours."

"No matter" (rejoined Gerard), "I heard one of your crew declare he would do any thing for money, and——"

"Well, what then?" (growled Ben.)

"Listen!" (said Gerard in a low voice.)

"There is an urchin who stands between me and fortune—could he be removed, a sum which would doubly cover your present venture shall be forthcoming."

"I understand" (replied Ben), "the child stands in your way, and you would like to send him to sea in order to get rid of him."

"Exactly so" (rejoined Gerard); "and then you know it is possible that on some dark stormy night the boy may fall overboard and——"

"I understand" (said Ben), "and be drowned."

"What a scoundrel!" (muttered he)—"and so you wish me to take the boy off your hands, and for so doing you will pay me down——"

"Exactly so" (rejoined Gerard).

"Well?" (replied Ben), "have the boy ready on this spot to-night an hour before high water, and ere daylight he shall be far beyond the reach of friends or enemies!—But, mark me, none must accompany him but yourself! I'll have no spies, no private signals, no deception or treachery—for if that is attempted, you may make up your mind that instant is your last: I shall be on the alert, for I am determined not to be betrayed by any such scoundrel as yourself."

"Ha! scoundrel!" (exclaimed Gerard.)

"Yes, scoundrel!" (repeated Ben.)

"Dare you then!" (exclaimed Gerard.)

"Dare! oh! ho! ho! ho!" (retorted Ben)—"dare! much daring there is in it. Go, go your ways; bring the boy and the money, and we'll take care he troubles you no more."

Gerard looked abashed—he felt the degradation, but he had no means of resenting the insult.

As the shades of evening fell around, Gerard led the boy from the mansion to the sea-shore. Ben was waiting; he received the boy from Gerard, together with the money, and ere the morning dawned, they were far out at sea.

It was not long after this event that Ben's lugger, the Fly, visited the French coast, and returning with a full cargo of contraband articles, was chased by the revenue-cutter Neptune (as before narrated). The vessel being abandoned by the crew, Ben got safely on shore with the boy Edwin; but not feeling secure, he purchased a pinnace with part of the money he had received from Gerard, and setting sail under cover of night, he returned to the island where Harry Coil, as well as the parents of the boy, had been shipwrecked a few months before; Harry was glad to see them, for he was completely tired of remaining on the island without any living soul to bear him company.

Gerard, having left the young Edwin in the hands of Ben, returned to the mansion, and with pretended agitation called the servants together, and showing his wound (which he had torn open afresh to aid his deceit), declared he had been beset by the Black Reefer and his crew, who had forced the boy from him, and he had received the wound in his endeavours to rescue him.

Rewards were offered for the apprehension of the smugglers; search was made at every port, but without success. Gerard's only fear was that the boy might be found in the possession of the smuggler, and occasion a discovery. But he was soon relieved from this dilemma; for one evening a letter was brought to him by a seafaring man. Gerard hastily broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"The boy is no more.—One stormy night he was on deck with me (for he feared to remain below by himself), and while the young urchin was leaning over
the bulwarks, I suddenly seized him and pitched him overboard.

"Yours,
"Ben, the Contraband Captain."

Gerard spread the news rapidly, that the boy had been murdered by the Black Reeler, and added from his own purse to the reward already offered by government; consequently the revenue-cutters kept a sharp look out; and it was in consequence of some private information which the captain of the Neptune obtained after the capture of the Fly, that induced him to steer among the scattered islands of the north, and led him to the asylum of the solitary; and judging by the appearance of part of the wreck of a vessel, he suspected that Ben Barfield might be secreted therabouts; but his efforts were baffled by the escape of the solitary at the moment he had made sure of seizing him. When the solitary quitted the island, he ran right before the wind; his little pinnacle shot like lightning through the briny wave, and in three days he had gained the British shore.

In an obscure fishing village he lay unmolested, and disguised as a fisherman, eluded all suspicion.

The market town to which he went twice every week displayed large posting bills, offering high rewards for the apprehension of the daring Ben Barfield; and a week seldom passed but what some of the country people were heard relating the daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes of the bold Contraband Captain.

One evening the mail-coach was passing through, and (as was the custom) stopped a few minutes to refresh the passengers. The guard (which was no other than Dolly) was asked what news was stirring? He replied, that it was reported Mr. Gerard was about to succeed to the title and estates of the late Lord D——: he further stated, that Gerard had doubled the reward offered by government for the apprehension of Ben Barfield, and was using every exertion to cause his capture, in order that he might be brought to the scaffold.

Ben (who happened to be present) was staggered with the intelligence. And although his opinion of Gerard was unfavourable, he did not expect he would be such a monster as to wish to betray him. It was, however, now placed beyond a doubt; and he was determined to be revenged on the perfidious Gerard ere he was invested with the promised earldom.

He passed out of the inn, and crossing near the back of the coach, a sleepy sailor who had dropped his hat hailed him with "Fisher a hoy! hand me my hat, will you?" Ben knew the voice was Harry Coil. He gave him his hat: Harry, as a return, handed him his tobacco-box. Ben accepted it, and helped himself; and as the guard had now returned to the coach with his usual signal of "all ready," Ben returned the tobacco-box to Harry, and the coach drove off.

Ben Barfield knew not a moment was to be lost in forwarding his project, and rejoiced that he had met with Harry Coil at such a juncture: he had taken his measures with such prudence, that success appeared certain. Having therefore arranged all his plans to his satisfaction, the bold smuggler resolved on the daring expedient of going direct to the mansion of Gerard regardless of discovery, and in despite of all the rewards offered for his apprehension as a murderer.

The coach by which Harry Coil travelled, stopped at the next stage to give the passengers an opportunity of taking their supper; and Harry Coil feeling inclined to take a pipe in the chimney corner, drew out his tobacco-box, and on opening it, he observed a slip of paper. Ah! thought Harry, this will just do for a pipe-light. But as he was about to tear it, he observed his own name on it, he unfolded it, and, to his surprise, read as follows:

"Harry Coil,—I still rely on your secrecy. Call at the Rover inn to-night, where you will find a treasure which I intrust to your care; be watchful of your charge. You will know more hereafter."

"The Solitary."

Harry, struck with the signature, felt assured that this must be some matter of consequence, and therefore lost not a moment in repairing to the appointed place.

The most magnificent preparations were made at the mansion, in order to celebrate Gerard's advancement to the
The Contraband Captain.

The noble guests arrived in splendid array, and were received in the great hall by Gerard with a smile of satisfaction. The servants announced that the banquet waited, and the company descended to the chamber prepared for their reception. Gerard was about to follow, when his attention was aroused by a dispute between the hall porter and a stranger, and these words struck upon his ear—

"I tell you, you cannot see my master!"

"But I say I will see your master!"

"But he is engaged."

"No matter" (replied the stranger): "all other engagements must be laid aside when I claim an interview."

Gerard motioned to one of the servants, and passed on.

The servant advanced to the stranger—"What is your business with him, fellow?" (inquired he perily.)

"What’s that to thee, jackanapes" (replied the stranger).

Several of the servants now advanced with an intention of forcibly ejecting him, but the stranger laughed ironically.

"Stand aside, or I will make crow’s-meat of some of you!" (exclaimed he, as he grasped a stout cudgel in his hand.)

His bold demeanour and powerful athletic figure gave such an earnest that he would be as good as his word, that the porter and servants shrunk back trembling for their safety. He made his way to the room where the company had assembled.

Gerard was about to be seated, when he found the chair taken from his hand, and to his surprise and dismay, beheld the gigantic figure of a stranger seating himself with the greatest nonchalance. His uncouth dress, and dirty fisherman’s boots, together with his unshaved chin and red worsted night-cap, formed such a contrast to the elegant dresses of the brilliant assembly, that Gerard was completely at a loss to account for the intrusion.

"Good morrow, friend Gerard" (said the stranger).

Gerard stared at him with surprise.

"What—don’t you recollect me?—Oh! I perceive my long absence has caused you to forget an old acquaintance. But I dare say I can put you in mind of a circumstance which will sharpen your memory. Have you forgot Ben, the Contraband Captain?"

Gerard shuddered—"You here?" (he exclaimed.)

"Aye! I am here—you wished me to be here, did you not?" (replied Ben.)

"Heaven forbid" (ejaculated Gerard.)

"Heaven!" (replied Ben)—"what have you to do with heaven? Murderers never go there.—You remember the boy."

"Hush!" (exclaimed Gerard)—"speak low—what brought you here?"

"The hopes of a great reward" (replied Ben).

"Reward!" (echoed Gerard.)

"Aye, reward!" (rejoined Ben)—"the reward for discovering the murderer of the heir of this estate."

"And you were he?" (added Gerard in triumph).

"Well, and suppose that to be the case; I had an accomplice. I suppose I need not tell you who he was."

"Peace! peace!" (said Gerard)—"but quickly say what has occasioned this untimely visit."

"Compunction of conscience" (replied Ben); "I want to deliver myself up to justice, and save you the trouble of betraying me. But I disturb your company; I hope they will excuse me for coming in this trim; I am sure they will, when they know I am such an old and valuable acquaintance. I don’t understand politeness, I am only a simple seafaring man; and if I am personally unknown in the fashionable circles, I’ll be bound my name is no stranger among them—every body knows Ben Barfield, the Contraband Captain."

The company started up, exclaiming—

"Ben Barfield the murderer!"

"Aye, so people say," (rejoined Ben).

"Fool! madman!" (exclaimed Gerard)—"you will bring destruction on your own head."

"Never mind, you’ll have to go me halves" (rejoined Ben).

"Have you no fear?"

"Fear!—Ben Barfield fear!" (replied the stranger.) "What should I fear?—Whom should I fear? Not you, I hope. See, there’s not one of your company would soil their fingers by attempting to lay hands on me."

Ben had thrown open his coat and displayed his girdle well lined with pistols, which had the effect of keeping the com-
pany at a respectful distance. A noise was heard at this moment in the great hall.

"Hark!" (exclaimed Gerard)—"the officers of justice approach. They ascend the stairs—fly, while it is yet in your power."

"I'll not budge an inch" (replied Ben). "Let them come, I am prepared."

At this moment the great door was thrown open, and an armed force, guided by Harry Coil and Tim Taffrail, entered the chamber.

"Where is the murderer Barfield?" (inquired the officer.)

"Here!" (exclaimed Ben.) "Here stands Ben, the Contraband Captain as they call me, that never yet feared to own his name."

"Secure the ruffian" (exclaimed Gerard).

"I am secure enough" (replied Ben); "answer me but one question, and I am satisfied. What is the occasion of this grand festival?"

"It is given in honour of Mr. Gerard’s succeeding to the title and estates of the late Lord D——" (replied some one of the company).

"That he never shall" (retorted Ben).

"How!" (exclaimed Gerard)—"am I not his rightful heir."

"Ha! ha! ha!" (laughed Ben.)—"How the devil came you to be his heir? Are you not aware that the late Lord D—— left a son?"

"Fool!" (replied Gerard)—"he is dead."

"I am not such a fool as to believe that" (retorted Ben).

"What mean you?" (whispered Gerard).

"That the child lives" (said Ben).

"How!" (exclaimed Gerard)—"did not your letter inform me——"

"I know all that." (rejoined Ben): "but that letter lied. The child lives, and that’s enough."

"Liar! where is the proof?" (said Gerard.)

"I have the best in the world" (replied Ben). "Where is Harry Coil?"

"Here!" (said Harry, stepping forward.)

"Your tobacco-box!"

"All’s right" (said Harry).

"Did you receive the treasure I intrusted to your charge?" (inquired Ben.)

"I did" (replied Harry), "and I have it here in safety."

"Produce it then" (rejoined Ben).

The sailors divided, and little Edwin, the son and heir of the late Lord D——, was brought forward by Tim, as he said, "There he is safe and sound, and as tight a little fellow as ever walked the deck."

The child was frightened at the sight of so many strangers, but the moment he perceived Ben he ran to him and embraced him affectionately.

Gerard’s frame was palsied; horror and dismay were imprinted on his countenance, he gazed wildly around, his eye met the steadfast gaze of Ben—he darted from the chamber; a few minutes elapsed—a loud report of a pistol sounded through the building. The guilty Gerard had shot himself through the head. On the table before him lay a paper, on which was hastily written—

"I alone am guilty of compassing the child’s death.—Barfield is innocent."

"Gerard."

Harry Coil bore testimony to the noble conduct of Ben Barfield, through whose humanity the infant Edwin was saved. Ben received a free pardon from government for his contraband practices, which were now obliterated by his gallant behaviour. And as the young Lord D—— could never bear him to be absent, he was retained in the mansion. Years rolled on, and the young lord approached to manhood: still he could not forget that Ben had saved his life; he therefore increased his allowance, and carefully attended to his wants.

Old age gave notice that Ben must soon be laid under hatches: he felt his hour approach without fear; and as his feebleness increased, the bold smuggler laid him down, not unconscious of divine mercy even at the eleventh hour, and yielded his last breath with the same courage and resignation which had ever marked his career.

Harry Coil and Tim Taffrail were among those who followed him to his last home, and Harry’s epitaph was placed over his grave. He was no great scholar, but the tear of regret rolled down his weather-beaten cheek as he traced the words, and in a seaman’s phrase they spoke a seaman’s sorrow——

Here lies the hulk of the bold Contraband Captain.
EMANCIPATION.

I hear a voice proclaiming from the sea,
"Thy chains are broken—Africa be free."
I hear a mourner raise his plaintive voice,
And to his God—the God of heaven rejoice.
"I thank thee Father that the slave is free,
And pour forth praise in gratitude to thee."
No more shall children for their parents mourn,
No more the husband from the wife be torn;
All! all are free, and slavery no more
Shall raise her throne on any British shore.*

Wiseton, August 1, 1834. J. C. H.


The records of a good man's life, whatever be the sect or division of Christianity of which he was a member, must always be a welcome study to the virtuous and pure of heart, especially when written, as in the present instance, in a clear and pleasing style, free from all bitterness of party or spiritual pride. We think this little volume will rank highly among religious biographies, and have in consequence an extended sphere of usefulness. Among the remains of Richard Hatch we find some superior poetry, of which we give the following extracts as specimens:

THE GRAVE.
'Tis the home of the brave! his conquest is o'er,
The warrior wields the sword no more;
His nerveless arm and his sightless eye,
His ear that lists not the battle cry,
All tell he has met with a stronger foe,
That has conquered the victor and laid him low.

'Tis the home of the fair! from beauty's brow
The blushing rose has fallen now;
The sparkling eye no longer beams,
Nor the lovely smile on the soft cheek gleams;
And the heart that once throbbed, in the grave is still;
E'en beauty must bow to the tyrant's will.

'Tis the home of the rich! his glittering hoard
To the miser no longer can joy afford;
The purple robe and the royal crown
Are in the dust of each laid down;
Nor the rich man's gold, nor the monarch's power,
Could retain the repose of one short hour.

'Tis the home of the poor! corroding care,
Nor pain, nor grief, find entrance there:
No longer the chain of oppression galls,
The cruel fetter that bound him falls;

There the slave and his master alike repose,
For merciless death no distinction knows.
'Tis the last "long home" of the human race,
Where all have a common resting-place;
There the siren pleasures no more can charm,
Nor the fiercest trials have power to harm;
The wicked no longer can trouble the breast,
The afflicted find peace, and the weary rest.

ADDRESS TO A PRIMROSE IN A GARDEN.
Though lovely little flower,
Sure this is not thy place;
Those brighter hues that circle thee,
Eclipse thy modest face.
'Tis not the gay parterre,
Which thou art wont to love;
Thy home is in the peaceful vale,
Or 'neath the shadowy grove.
There when the day declines,
And the night bird begins to sing,
Thy sweet perfume thou scatterest
On the passing zephyr's wing.
And when the ebon veil
Of night is rent away,
The incense sweet thou offerest up
To the God who gave the day.
Thou enviest not the charms
That blush upon the rose;
Nor wouldst thou change thy humble state
With the fairest plant that grows.
When wintry storms depart,
Of Flora's numerous train,
Thou art among the first that come
To welcome spring again.
If we were not so proud,
Well might we learn from thee,
Grateful contentment with our lot,
And fair humility.

Though eastern sun may smile,
On brighter, gayer flowers;
Yet better I love the primrose pale,
That adorns our woodland bowers.

* Under the domain of England.
At a distance from Paris of about seventeen miles, immediately before entering the town of Pontoise, are the ruins of the once celebrated and richly-endowed abbey of Maubuisson; founded, in the year 1236, by Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, otherwise known as Louis the Ninth.

The changes which have there taken place within the last forty years, are greater than during five centuries preceding. The revolution—that violator of all that was sacred—had wrought even in this peaceful sanctuary, with savage rage, those ravages which were elsewhere the general concomitants of its progress. The monastery was reduced to a heap of ruins—its parks and gardens were all laid desolate—its inmates had either fallen victims to the popular fury, or were dispersed over the world in which they held no fellowship. Moreover, the remains of its pious and royal foundress were dug up, and her ashes scattered before the winds of heaven. To the peaceful stillness of the cloister, has now-a-days succeeded the din and bustle of active life; cottages have been built, and the park, with its sad and gloomy avenues, has become a smiling orchard. On one side, on the ground floor, were situate the once private apartments of the abess; on the other, the vaults, wherein were deposited the mortal remains of the poor nuns, who had passed but from the gloomy chambers of a death-like seclusion, to the little less appalling silence of the grave: and hard by stands an ivy covered arch, with its lofty summit, together with a few mouldering pillars that mark the spot where the chapel once stood. During the autumn of 18—, I first visited Maubuisson, and took up my abode at a neat cottage, delightfully situate, where dwelt a gardener and his family. One morning, whilst finishing a frugal repast, my attention was arrested by an exclamation of my hostess—

"The 13th of September, when we shall see the lady of the Louis d’or!"

Every circumstance of mystery always possessed charms for my romantic turn of mind; I therefore eagerly inquired who was meant by the lady of the Louis d’or.

"Oh! sir," replied the gardener’s wife, "we do not know her name; but every year since we have inhabited this cottage, she has come on the 13th of September, and at her departure has given us a Louis d’or."

"And," inquired I, "for what purpose does she come?"

The dame replied, "We know not, sir; but my husband thinks she was formerly a nun, belonging to this place. After walking some time amidst the ruins of the old convent, she asks for a lantern and goes to the correctional, where she remains for a long time. When she comes up, her eyes are red and swollen, as if she had been weeping. Still, poor lady! it would not surprise me if she did not come to-day, for last year she was so weak and ill, that her servant called my husband to give assistance in leading her to the ruins, and ere she came up from the correctional she fainted."

To make this narration more explicit and interesting, we should explain that the correctional is a kind of cell, or rather dungeon, about three feet square, and from seven to eight feet in depth, and more than ten feet below the surface of the earth, wholly excluded from light and air. The entrance was by a trap-door, succeeded by a narrow flight of stone steps, leading from the sleeping apartment of the abess. There scarcely remain any vestiges of these steps, but a new entrance has been made to it from the garden, though for what purpose is wholly inexplicable. At that spot, however, it was that unfortunate nuns, subject to the all-powerful authority of the haughty and bigoted abess, were sent to expiate such serious offences as not having swept their cells, or having spoken in the refectory during meal-times—irremissible crimes in the sight of their God and St. Bernard, whom they served.

Having ascertained the time at which I should be likely to meet this stranger, I departed for awhile on my morning’s ramble; and was much pleased on my
return at seeing in the court-yard a calèche, handsomely decorated with armorial bearings. I quickly entered the garden. On the steps leading from the correctional, I observed the lady in deep mourning. In figure she was tall and majestic. I remarked on her pale features, which still bore the remains of considerable beauty, all the traces of recent grief. Observing her steps falter at the entrance, I ran forward, and offered my arm, and in a moment she fainted. I succeeded, with difficulty, in removing her to the cottage. Seeing her in such a state of debility, I so strongly urged her, upon her recovering a little, to remain at Maubuisson until the day following, that she yielded to my persuasions.

The next morning, I conducted her, at her own request, to the orchard. Thanking me more than the service I had rendered merited, she inquired if there was any thing in which she could oblige me.

"Were I not, madam, fearful of being thought guilty of great presumption, I would——." I paused a moment, anxious to see in what light my application was likely to be viewed.

"Presumption, sir!" she exclaimed, gently smiling, "the motive interests you that brings me hither! The tale I have to tell," she continued, "is full of sorrow, and unknown to all but my own children. I can scarcely venture to relate it—but still, you have been so kind—so very kind to me—an old woman, and a stranger too—that I ought not to refuse your request—then listen to me."

Having seated ourselves in a well-sheltered spot, she thus began:—

"I was born at Beauvais, in 1770. My mother died in giving birth. My father, a man of high family and independent property, did not remain long a widower. My step-mother at first treated me with much apparent kindness, but it was remarked that, as year after year, as the number of her own family increased, her affection for me suffered a very visible diminution.

"I was little more than eight years old, when my father was summoned to attend the dying bed of his only brother. On my father's return home, he brought with him his nephew, to whom he had been appointed guardian, he having in the course of a very few months lost both his parents.

"The similitude of our tastes, and a sort of melancholy that seemed characteristic to us both, soon attached us to each other, with all that pure and ardent affection of which youth is capable. Each moment of our leisure we passed together, excepting only those devoted to the duties of an education, much neglected and very imperfect. This growing and mutual attachment seemed totally unobserved by my father, even at that period when it might have been expected to have led to sentiments of a more tender nature. It had, however, been arranged by my parents that we were shortly to be separated, and for ever.

"My cousin had scarcely entered his eighteenth year, when my father one day put a paper into his hand, which proved to be an order to join the —— regiment as volunteer, then about immediately to embark for India. He instantly sought me, to impart this fatal and unexpected intelligence. It was then, and only then, that we became aware of the real nature of our sentiments. Suffice it to say, that before we parted, on the day following, we had mutually bound ourselves to each other by the most solemn vows and promises. I was not long left to brood in melancholy quietude over the loss of his absence. One day, a few months after my cousin's departure, my step-mother entered my chamber, and after a long dissertation, by which she endeavoured to prove that my welfare and happiness were matters of the deepest import to her, she announced that as my father had a numerous family—six children, it would be impossible for him to settle upon me such a fortune as would ensure an alliance worthy of my birth; and that, in such a case, the only resource left to a young lady of noble family was the profession of a nun, and that she had had communications on the subject with her friend the abbess of Maubuisson, who would do me the honour to receive me into her community. When she saw me about to speak, she said that tears and expostulations would be useless, for that such were my father's commands, and which must be obeyed. This argument was conclusive for me; and eight days afterwards I was an inmate of Maubuisson.

"At that time, it was the custom in all the French convents, on the entrance
of a young person who was to take the 
veil, to attach to her during the period of 
her novitiate one of the nuns belonging to 
the establishment. It was a friend—a 
companion, whose duty it was to paint in 
glowing colours the delights of a life of 
seclusion, free from the pomp and vani-
ties of the world, but who was carefully 
to conceal from view all the privations and 
gloomy austerities of such a life. The 
young person appointed during my 
novitiate to this duty, was called 'Sister 
Rose, of the order of Mercy,' than whom 
none was more capable for the office. 
She belonged to a poor, but illustrious 
family, and had been devoted to the 
cloister for the purpose of enriching an 
elder sister; but she had entered at five 
years old, and consequently had taken 
the veil at the age of seventeen, more 
through choice than by compulsion. To 
her the rules and practices of the convent 
were almost natural, so easily, so will-
ingly did she fulfil its duties. And here 
the lady could not restrain the warmth of 
her feelings. — Dear, amiable, char-
ming Rose,' she exclaimed with ardour, 
'words are inadequate to do thee justice.' 
Her mild and affectionate disposi-
tion—her angelic countenance—her 
gentle, quiet, unassuming manners—her 
innocent, though subdued gaiety, all, she 
continued, even the sound of her voice 
partook of the pure and ingenuous nature 
of her soul.

"She soon possessed not only my 
warmest affection, but also my unlimited 
confidence, and she loved me like a 
sister. We became inseparable. Still my 
cousin was not forgotten—what had be-
come of him?—where was he?—should 
we ever meet again? These were ques-
tions that time alone could solve. But, 
then, had not my father placed an 
impenetrable barrier between us? I 
shuddered as I thought of it. And still 
more so when I thought of my vows— 
those vows which, binding for ever, I was 
to pronounce in the short space of three 
weeks. One night, in the beginning of 
June, on entering my cell, I found a 
letter on my bed; I hesitated whether I 
should not carry it instantly to the 
abbess; but, on taking it up, and glan-
cing my eye on the address, I hesitated 
no longer—the writing was my cousin's. 
I eagerly opened the letter,—it informed 
me that he had returned to France, to 
take possession of some property that 
had been left him by a distant relation 
of his mother's; that on his arrival at 
Beauvais he had learned the fate that 
awaited me, and was in deep despair. 
He at the same time reminded me of 
my plighted vows, and entreated me 
ot to abandon him. He had, he said, 
brinded a menial belonging to the estab-
lishment to convey his letter, that he had 
every thing prepared, and that if I would 
in the evening of the following Thurs-
day only speak to him from that turret, 
(which, said she, pointing to it, you see 
yonder,) he would undertake the rest. 
He ended by saying, that if I did not 
meet him, he would blow out his brains. 

"This letter threw me into an agony 
of mind little short of frenzy. I passed 
a dreadful night, imprecating, in the 
bitterness of my heart, both the cloister 
and my father's cruelty.

"The next morning I showed the letter 
to sister Rose, who tore it into pieces, 
that no ill chance should arise out of it. 
She then combated to the best of her 
power its ill effects, opposing to the 
dangers and wickedness of the world, the 
peace and happiness of a life of seclusion. 
She spoke of my father's grief, and the 
wrath of Heaven, which would be certain 
to pursue me all the days of my life. To 
these arguments I replied, 'that I was 
determined not to take the veil, that 
they wanted to sacrifice me, that I loved 
my cousin, that I knew he would kill 
himself, and that I should then either go 
mad, or die of grief.' The poor girl 
burst into tears, and entreated me to pray 
fervently for the divine guidance in this 
my dilemma. In this manner two days 
were passed. On the third Rose came 
again to me.

"'My poor friend!' said she, 'I see 
that it has not pleased Heaven to give 
you a vocation, I shall, therefore, tell 
madame that you are ill, and want exer-
cise. She will give us the key of the 
park, as she does to any of the sisters 
that are ailing; and on the day that you 
are to see your cousin, we shall go into 
the little turret, the door of which is al-
ways open: you can speak to him through 
the grated window, and tell him that you 
have not pronounced your vows, and that 
if he procures your father's consent, that 
you will not pronounce them, but that 
you will be married to him.'

"Embracing me, and smiling through 
her tears, she added—You will then
be happy; for though you quit me for ever, it will be without disobeying the Almighty, and that will be my consolation.” This was the plan imagined by the wisdom of seventeen, and the one we adopted. That same evening we procured the keys of the park, and walked in it for more than two hours.

“At length came the much wished for, but still much dreaded, Thursday. I was for my part more than half dead with fright; but Rose’s courage had not abandoned her. We entered the park, and went directly to the turret. Contrary to our expectation the door was locked; but a high ladder was placed against the wall at one side of it. What to do we knew not. At this juncture my cousin appeared on the top of the wall; he was about to descend, when throwing ourselves upon our knees, we entreated him to remain where he was. He consented, on condition that I would instantly mount the ladder on our side to speak to him. Trembling I obeyed; and was scarcely arrived at the top when he seized me by the arm, and at the same instant his servant, who also appeared on the top, assisted him in lifting me over. I was struck dumb with terror. A chaise was in waiting; and three days after we arrived in Holland, where we were married.

“My marriage was one of most perfect felicity. Still there was a drawback. ‘What!’ I asked myself continually, ‘had been the fate of my affectionate and devoted Rose?’—and had it been discovered that she was an accomplice of my flight! I trembled to think of her situation, for I knew enough of the character of the inmates of Maubuisson to make me dread the consequences to my friend. A letter in an unknown hand at length reached me. Judge of my happiness on opening it, to find that it was from my dear Rose. Read it aloud, (she added); for although I know its contents by heart, I love to hear it again.”

She then gave me the letter. My mind, warmed by the interest of its contents, readily aided me in receiving a correct impression of its substance. It was as follows:—

“From the Royal Abbey of Maubuisson, December 20, 1790.

“To my dear sister in Christ, Louise Bénédictine.—You will certainly be much surprised at receiving a letter from me; and when or wherever you read it, I pray God that it may find you faithful and obedient to his holy commands, and abounding in grace.

“I have many things to tell you, but as I think that your greatest uneasiness must be to know all that happened to me, after it pleased the Lord to remove you from us, I shall there commence my description.

“When I saw your cousin lift you over the wall, I was terribly frightened at the peril of your situation. I called to you many times, but you did not answer. At last I heard the sound of a carriage, and it was then—oh! then it was I knew you were lost to me for ever! I sat me down, and relieved my bursting heart by the tears of anguish the most bitter I had ever shed. At first I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing, still the thought of removing the ladder entered my mind; and although it was ten times heavier than myself, I succeeded in drawing it down among the shrubs near the pond. This was to prevent their discovering how you got away, and by following bring you back. By this time it was getting late, so I returned to the convent, and entered by St. Benoit’s gate, just as the bell finished tolling for the Ave Maria.

“I am persuaded that the sisters of the infirmary thought you had returned to the cloister, and those of the cloister that you had remained at the infirmary; for during that night you were not missed: which circumstance, I am thankful to say, afforded me comfort. But I could not sleep; for if the slightest noise reached my cell, I fancied you had been forcibly brought back.

“The next morning the abbess ordered all the sisterhood to assemble in the great hall next the refectory. She then entered, attended by the prioress and two superiors. I commended my soul to God and his holy saints, persuaded that my last hour was come.

“Madame appeared as calm and as tranquil as usual. She first gave out the prayer, Veni, sancte Spiritus. When it was concluded, and we had risen from our knees, ‘My sisters,’ said she, addressing us, ‘I recommend to your prayers and intercessions Mademoiselle Louise Bénédictine. It did not please the Lord to give her the vocation. She has
Sister Rose; or the Thirteenth of September.

quitted us. Let us pray for her! As soon as we had knelt down again, she gave out the orison Pro peccatoribus. As you may suppose, my prayers were not the least fervent; but all the sisterhood prayed from their hearts, for each loved and regretted you; and indeed you might have been happy if you had tarried among us, but it has pleased God, for his own good and wise purposes, to dispose of you otherwise. His holy will be done.—Amen.

"Nothing new occurred for the following eight days. The ninth was a Saturday; that day is as fresh in my memory as if its events were yesterday. The abbess sent for me. As I had always been rather a favourite of hers, and as she had frequently done so before, I hoped that it was not respecting you; but the moment I saw her again, I thought all was over with me. She was seated in her great chair, and when she turned upon me her dark and piercing eyes, which had so much terrified you, and which you said 'looked as if she wished they could have stabbed whomever she gazed intently'—(may our blessed Lady and the saints forgive you, my dear sister, and may you have repeated the ten ave's and credo's that I recommended as a penance for those wicked words)—I trembled like a leaf, and turned as white as this sheet of paper. She then said to me,—

"'Ah! you tremble, mademoiselle!' "At the word 'mademoiselle,' I trembled still more.

"'Yes! mademoiselle,' she said; 'for you cannot expect that I should call an atheist like you my sister!' Sister Rose still continued—'I repeat this dreadful word for my humiliation, and as a penance for my sins: may our Lady be merciful to me. I cannot tell you how horrible it sounded in my ears. Still, he who readeth the secrets of all hearts is my witness, that I did not deserve it. Thou knowest, O my God, that I serve thee with my spirit, and adore thee in thy works, and in the manifold merits of thy blessed Son, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to his will.—Amen. I was scarcely able to stand; and to support myself, I placed my hand upon her prayer-desk.

"'Do not touch my prayer-desk!' she cried in a voice of thunder. 'Pray did you tremble so when you assisted Mademoiselle Louise Bénédictine in her flight from the convent?'

"'When she found I did not reply, she cried in a still more angry tone—

"'Answer! why do you not answer?'

"'I was nearly fainting, and when she saw that, she spoke more kindly.

"'Listen to me,' she said, 'and answer truly what I am going to ask you.—Have you spoken of this circumstance to anybody?'

"'I assured her I had not, which was the truth.

"'Well,' said she, 'I forbid you ever to mention it, I would not on any account that such a scandalous affair were publicly known. Recollect, then, that the slightest indiscretion on your part will draw down on you my deepest—my everlasting anger; and not only mine, but the anger of the whole church, and the wrath of Heaven, which will pursue you, as it did Cain, to the ends of the earth.'

"As madame ceased speaking, I thought her anger had had full vent, and having made my obeisance, I was about to retire, when she called me back.

"'Kneel!' said she.

"'I obeyed.

"'I repeat to you,' she continued, 'that I do not think proper to have this circumstance known, and cannot therefore punish you openly as your crime deserves; but think not, however, altogether to escape punishment.'

"I replied, 'that I was ready to undergo any penance she thought proper to inflict.'

"'Well,' said she, 'so that I may punish you openly for your crime done in secret, I desire that every Saturday during your life or mine, you commit a fault against the rules of the convent. Your penance shall be, to go to the correctional, where you must remain on your knees, from the conclusion of matins to the commencement of high mass, which you must hear kneeling under the lamp. Now you may retire.'

"'You see, my dear sister Louise Bénédictine, that the abbess has been very kind and lenient to punish me herself; for she might have written to our holy father, the pope, who would of a surety have had me put to death; instead of which, I only go to the correctional once a week, though to be sure I remain there
four long hours at a time. I will not conceal from you, that the first time they put me into that horrible prison I was dreadfully frightened, and cried a great deal. But now, I have become accustomed to it, and mind it less; besides, affliction and suffering are the lot of all; and if you are happy, I glory in my sufferings for your sake; for did not St. Paul glory in his afflictions? I do not write this to give you pain; or, as that blessed apostle said to the Corinthians—"that you should be grieved, but that you might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you." I do not say, that I suffer wrong—still I am not quite clear that the sin I committed is of so very heinous a nature as the abbess seems to think; for it is clear, my sister, that the "vocation" was not given to you as it was to us. You love the world because you walk in darkness—we love it not, neither the things that are in it. I pray daily for you, recommending you to the grace of God and His saints. And as I said before, if you are happy with your cousin, who no doubt is your husband, I do not regret suffering a little for your sake. How much did our blessed Lord suffer for us!

"In going to the correctional, however, I feel more real sorrow in being obliged to commit the fault every Saturday. I am always at a loss to know what to do. At first I pretended to fall asleep during matins, but the sisters remarked among themselves that I slept the Saturday, and no other day. Now I speak or laugh during the morning repast, or neglect sweeping my cell. Once I looked off my book during mass, but I dare not do that again for fear of offending the Almighty. Oh! I did not imagine it was so difficult to do evil! How I pity the wicked who are always committing sin! About two months ago, I forgot that it was Saturday, and omitted the fault. Madame sent for me, she was very angry, and put me in the correctional all the same, and then ordered me to go back there again after high mass, and remain until the Magnificat, which I heard under the lamp; but as I fainted after that, having remained so long kneeling, she permitted me to hear vespers in my place, and it was certainly very kind of her to have had compassion on me.

"I see that I have filled my sheet of paper talking of myself, and I shall never be able to procure another. I had a great deal more to tell you about our sisterhood, and the habits of the convent. Oh! you would not know it again if you returned, it would appear so dull to what it was in your time. Our excellent confessor, Father Boulanger, whom you recollect as being beloved by everybody, has been removed. Father Chonieville remains—but I will not speak ill of him. Scarcely any of our old boarders remain. Mademoiselle Maria de Sanlieiu, another boarder, leaves us to-morrow. As soon as I discovered that she was distantly related to you, I attached myself to her; and she has promised to conceal and forward this letter to you. But there is one thing that will, I am persuaded, pain you, as it has done me—it is to know how much less rigid they are in their duties than formerly. You will scarcely believe me, when I tell you that the abbess-priores, and one or two of the superiors, go to Paris every day. They say it is in consequence of a report that has been spread of the suppression of convents. But I cannot think that men are so wicked; for there must be always convents, or how could we worship God? Besides, the king would never consent to the abolition of ours, which was founded by the mother of his pious ancestor—peace be to her memory! As to myself, I cannot bear to think that I shall not end my days here. It is a boon that I ask of my guardian angel night and morning; and I have a conviction that my prayer will yet be granted. What I think is, that, as they say we are too rich, they may send us some other sisters of our order. As many as please may come, but none will ever be to me as dear as my beloved sister, Louise Bénédictine. Farewell! my paper is full. Continue steadfast in the faith, and receive the benedictions and fervent prayers for your worldly and eternal happiness of her, who looks forward to the blessed hope of meeting you in a glorious eternity.

"Your devoted friend,

"and loving sister,

"Rose, of the order of Mercy.

"N.B. Above all, neither write to me nor try to see me, for I should be undone."

When I had ended the letter, the lady continued—

"This letter," said she, "a touching
mixture of piety, resignation, and friendship, is a perfect mirror of the guileless heart of my poor Rose. She tells me of some of the troubles I had brought upon her; but she glosses them over, not to afflict me, concealing the most poignant. Ah! it is not in that odious dungeon that she suffered the most, but in the cloister, in her walks, at meals, during the hours of recreation; in short, every moment of the day. You, sir, cannot be aware of the malignity of the slanderous, idle, mischief-making nuns, who have but a narrow circle on which to exercise their malevolence; but I know what it must have been—I know of the disdain and the scoffs and sneers with which she must have been treated, and I know how these injurious suspicions must have wounded that noble and generous heart."

Pursuing her own narration, the lady said—"Meantime the revolution was advancing with rapid strides. France was once more open to those who, either from political or religious motives, had been banished. My husband was detained at the Hague by business of importance, and he did not return till the autumn of 1791.

"Early in the month of September we arrived at Valenciennes. I read a few days after in the public papers, a decree from the assembly, ordering the immediate suppression of several monasteries. The abbey of Maubuisson was amongst the number; and so anxious was I to see my beloved Rose once more, and to offer her the asylum her friendship had so dearly purchased, that I set off instantly for Paris; and on the 13th, the day after my reaching Paris, I repaired to Maubuisson. It would be difficult for me to make fully known to you my feelings on beholding once more those gates, that had been closed for centuries, thrown open to the world—the church devastated and despoiled of its ornaments—the graves torn open, and their contents profaned—but, alas! alas! a still more cruel spectacle awaited me!

"I inquired eagerly of every person I met what had become of the nuns, and was told that the porteress alone could inform me, who then occupied the apartment of the abbess, and thither I instantly proceeded.

"On seeing the woman, who recollected me perfectly,—

"'What!' I exclaimed, 'has become of sister Rose, of the order of Mercy?'

"'At the name she trembled, and turned pale; and, without answering, she proceeded to light a candle.

"'In the name of Heaven! I reiterated, 'answer me—where is Rose?—Does she live?'

"'Oh! madam! madam!—come, let us lose no time—she was forgotten!'

"'Forgotten! good heavens!' speak woman, 'how—where was she forgotten?'

"'She was put into the correctional on Saturday, just before the arrival of the commissaries of the district.'

"'Saturday! and this is Friday!' shrieked I.

"To raise the trap-door, descend the narrow flight of steps and open the door, was but the work of an instant. But, oh! sir, how shall I describe the horrible sight that presented itself to my eyes—and how could I have been able to survive the spectacle?

"'My angelic Rose had died of hunger, and her situation and appearance told how dreadful—how excruciating must have been her sufferings. Her veil and her woollen garments were torn to shreds, her crucifix was broken, and she lay extended in its fragments.

"I lifted her from the ground. Her right hand had torn her face and bosom; and her teeth were deeply indented into the flesh of her left arm, which she had bitten in several places. At the same time her eyes, which were widely distended and starting from their sockets, glared upon me in all the horrid ghastliness of death. Terrific aspect! I could no longer endure its fixed glassy gaze, but pressing her form convulsively to my bosom, I fell fainting on the floor. They were obliged to employ force to separate us. The next day, when I recovered my reason, I found my husband sitting by my bedside, and by him I was immediately removed to Paris.

"This, sir, is the deplorable event that brings me here every year on the 13th of September. I come not to ask the pardon of my admirable Rose for the death I gave her. Oh—no! I am certain that amidst all her sufferings, horrible as they were, neither her heart nor lips pronounced the slightest malediction upon me—but I come to supplicate the Disposer of all events to unite us in that
blessed eternity, that she herself had appointed for our meeting.

"I come to see these gardens—these avenues—this cloister where we had formed an everlasting friendship, and where we had promised each other that our sorrows should be lessened, and our pleasures heightened by participation. Unequal partition! The lot of the guilty—if guilty I could be called—was happiness; while that of the innocent and ill-fated Rose, was a long—a dreadful punishment, and a horrible death!"

As the lady finished these words her carriage was announced. I handed her into it, and she addressed me once more—

"I need not, I am persuaded," said she, "recommend silence to you on this melancholy circumstance during my life. At my death, which cannot be far distant, you are at liberty to make what use you please of it." *

This Madame Louise Bénédicte de Saint Simon, I have just heard, died a few months ago.

L. V. F.

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**SUR LA MORT DE LAFAYETTE.**

**Par J. B. Chretien.**

[We have given this morceau, because it is all that we have seen from the hands of his countrymen (ordinarily prodigal in elogia of their distinguished persons) on the most extraordinary man of the age. We give it as it was handed to us in London, without any responsibility for the sentiments expressed. Lafayette was, doubtless, a brave soldier and a good man; yet was he always deceived in the application of his talents and his virtues; and consequently, like many other good people, unwittingly the cause of much mischief. His aim was a perfection in politics, incompatible with anything human; and thus he was ever dissatisfied. As he directed, so his remains were laid in an obscure grave, marked only by the dates of his birth, marriage, and death. Unlike some others, he left no moral poison on his tomb.]

Lafayette n'est plus,  
Son âme désolée,  
Enfin s'est enlevée  
Au séjour de vertu.

En vain son médecin,  
Lui parle de remède,  
L'âme du héros cède,  
A son cruel destin.

"Hélas! j'ai trop vécu,"  
S'est exclamé a brave,  
"J'ai vu France esclave  
D'un Bourbon sans vertu;"

"J'ai vu, pardonnez moi,  
"Français mes camarades,  

"Le roi des barricades,  

"Violer charte et loi:"

"Laissez moi donc sortir  
"De cet affreux dédale,  

"J'ai honte du scandale,  

"Et n'ai plus qu'à mourir."

Le héros, épuisé  
De remords et de peine,  
Pres des bords de la Seine,  
Est mort d'un cœur brisé.

On dit qu'en son clan,  
Vers la voûte azurée,  
Son âme couronnée,  
Disait encore, "Tyrans!"

O soleil de Juillet!  
Est cela ta victoire?  
France où donc est ta gloire?  
La Liberté se tait.  

Lafayette n'est plus, &c.

Lafayette's no more!  
His desolate soul,  
Of virtue's abode,  
Has flown to the goal.

In vain the physician  
Of remedy speaks;  
The soul of the hero  
Its destiny seeks.

"Alas! too long lived,"  
Did the hero exclaim;  
"I have seen France enslaved  
"By a Bourbon, sans shame."

"I have seen—O pray pardon,  
"French comrades—I saw  

"The barricade king  

"Check charter and law!"

"Then let me depart,  
"From so frightful a maze;  

"Midst its scandal no more—  

"But to close my sad days."

The hero, thus bent  
By remorse and by pain,  
Broken-hearted he died,  
Near the borders of Seine.  

'Tis said, on his rush  
To the azuré sway,  
His crown’d soul still exclaimed,  
"Ah! tyrants, away!"

O sun of July!  
Does this victory suit?  
Where, France is thy glory?  
Liberty mute!  

Lafayette's no more, &c.
This volume is the production of a Quaker day-labourer, whose talents and excellent character obtained the notice of Lord Morpeth. There is an anecdote related in the preface to this volume, which as it does honour to human nature, by placing the philanthropic noble and his protegee in an estimable light, it gives us great pleasure to repeat.

Lord Morpeth commiserating the case of one gifted with poetic feeling, and condemned to gain his bread by coarse and servile offices, was anxious to put him in a way of life more suitable to his mental pursuits, and appointed Thomas Lister, not to gauge beer barrels like Robert Burns, but to the more kindly situation of postmaster to the flourishing town of Barnsley. The quiet and respectable office of a "man of letters" must have appeared a real paradise to the poet ploughman; but, unfortunately, there was at that time an oath to be taken before Lister could be qualified for holding it, and his principles as a sincere member of the Society of Friends was an insuperable bar to his doing this.

Lord Morpeth, as we see by his correspondence, endeavoured to have this oath dispensed with, but, as the laws then existed, it was impracticable; and poor Lister was forced to relinquish his hopes, and return to his team—with the consolation that "temptation had tried him, but he was the stronger."

Subsequently his unpresuming volume has been brought out; and nearly twelve hundred subscribers, it is hoped, will somewhat atone to him for his self-inflicted sacrifice to conscientious principle.

In regard to the poetical ability of the work, it ought, we think, to receive judgment, without the slightest bias of prejudice in favour of the interesting circumstances we have mentioned. Often have we asserted, and we are strengthened in the same opinion, that a publication ought to rest entirely on its independent excellence, without any extenuating circumstances being considered of the youth, sex, or station of the author, when it is placed at the bar of critical taste. It is original cast of thought that can alone render the poems of those reared in the humblest walks of society worthy a lasting fame, or can render authorship a profitable and independent pursuit to them. If a Burns, a Crabbe, or a Bloomfield had, instead of copying from the wide-spread book of nature, copied from all and every book of poems that had preceded them, the ploughman or the cowboy might have been wondered at for his little day, as possessing extraordinary imitative qualities, and no more would have been heard of them. But they described scenes and feelings that had always existed, and yet no man had ever done the like before. There is a germ of this species of originality in Thomas Lister's poem of the "Yorkshire Hirings," and we wish for his sake that the book had been illustrative of the dialect and customs of Yorkshire, in the same manner that Bloomfield illustrated those of Suffolk; and we recommend him to follow the example of Bloomfield, thinking that his poetical abilities are far the most conspicuous in this specimen.

We could have wished that the provincial dialect had been continued through the whole of the dialogue of this sketch, while the descriptive narrative might well remain in the easy versification in which the author has invested it. There is a want of congruity in making his rustic lovers talk in such a different tongue from their neighbours—a difference greater than exists between English and Latin. But this is the result of inexperience, and rather the want of arrangement than talent. We recommend to Thomas Lister's attention the characters, customs, manners, tradition, and dialect of his native province, as the best means of building for himself a peculiar and lasting fame. He can write polished stanzas as well as many of higher degree; but polished stanzas are at present a drug on the market, and, in the present age of universal versifying, will not serve to distinguish him from the crowd of imitative songsters that are twittering in every direction, and wearying the ear with monotonous mimicry. His poem of the "Rustic Reasoners" is of a very different class from the one we have commended—it shows good feeling manifested in truisms and generalities; but there is good Flemish painting and individual character to be found in the "Yorkshire Hirings." He ought to avoid the style of the former, and improve upon the latter.
Having thus treated the "Friend" as a friend, by bestowing on him a store of good advice, we proceed to select from his volume part of a descriptive poem, which we think will give some pleasure to our readers, and afford a good specimen of his powers.

Harkfall, within thy wondrous bound,
Rude Nature's throne! I musting tread,
I pace thy winding paths around,
With darkly woven boughs o'erspread;
Where streams from o'er their stoney bed,
Or here, in gentler currents creep;
These waterfalls, by gladness led,
Steal brightly down the mossy steep.

With arduous step the hill I climb,
And resting by those rugged walls,
Which frown like towers of elder time,
The eye on scenes of grandeur falls;
While joy in sounds unnumbered calls,
The mountain pathway I descend:—
Beneath, the gushing streamlet brawls,
Above me, fearful crags impend.

In the lone glen, embosomed deep,
Fair domes and cooling grotoes lie,
Against the rocks with furious sweep,
The rapid Ure is rolling by:
Again the upward course I try;—
This last exploring effort made,
From Mowbray's point exalted high,
Too well are all my toils repaid.

How can their joy be truly told,
Who earn before they share the prize?
Such joy is mine, as I behold
The prospect which around me lies;
Woods, tinged with summer's deepest dyes,
Hang darkly o'er the sloping height,
Huge frowning rocks tremendous rise,
Exulting in unshaken might.

Low in the wild sequestered dell,
The Ure's glad waters sparkling play,
While dashing falls the concert swell,
And songsters chaunting on the spray—
I turn, and wider tracts survey—
Towers, cots, and smiling cultured ground,
Till scenes in distance fade away,
Where blue-ridged hills the landscape bound.

Delightful haunts! the thought how dear,
With you in studious peace to dwell,
Far from the crowded maddening sphere,
Where passions rose and discord fell;
E'en now my heart in holy spell,
Subjected bows to Nature's King:
Whose voice did heaven's fair orbs propel,
And made this earth in beauty spring.

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Histories from Scripture.—Exemplified by Domestic Tales. By Miss Graham. Dean and Munday.

The plan of this juvenile work is a valuable one. It consists of various little stories, in which children are admonished for evil conduct, or encouraged in good, by the application of Scripture narratives; told in simple and easy language, and adapted to the capacities of children from four to eight or nine years.

Each story is illustrated by a pretty engraving—twelve in all. Altogether it is very nicely got up.


This inviting title directs attention to a course of moral conduct calculated to produce its end, and it is conveyed in so benevolent a spirit as to ensure consideration.

Concise Statement of the Principal Objections which exist against the present System of Medical Practice, and particularly in the mode of remunerating the Profession. By Dr. James Robertson.

This is a subject that most seriously applies to every family, unless in the very highest circles of society; and even that sphere is not without severe strictures on the apothecary's hill. It is not to our purpose to enter on the remarks of this writer, any more than those of Dr. Morrison, on the connexion between the physician and apothecary—the separation of pharmacy from medical attendance, &c., although we are sure something is desirable, both for these parties and the public.

On the plan here offered there is one great stumbling-block—a comparison of physicians' fees with those of the judges! However, Dr. Robertson would "enter individuals for a moderate premium as annual patients, entitled both to attendance (of course skill) and medicine;" as he speaks of "accidents." He must also include surgery.

We fear the tone of this work will not obtain its object. We fear there are those who will affix the term quackery to it, though we do not. It is, however, a subject highly worthy of consideration.
CONSOLATION.
(From the French.)

The great philosopher, Citophilus, said one day to a lady oppressed by grief for a heavy misfortune, "Madam, the Queen of England, daughter of Henry the Great, was as unfortunate as yourself; she was chased from her kingdom—she nearly perished in a storm at sea—and she saw her royal husband expire on a scaffold." "I am sorry for her," said the lady, who continued to shed tears over her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citophilus, "recollect Mary Stuart; she loved—but in all honour—a very handsome musician; her husband slew him before her eyes; and afterwards her good friend and relation, Queen Elizabeth, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold, hung with black, after having kept her in prison for eighteen years." "That was very cruel," answered the lady, relapsing into melancholy.

"You have, perhaps, heard," said the comforter, "of the beautiful Joanna of Naples, who was taken and strangled." "I have a confused recollection of it," answered the mourner.

"I must relate to you," rejoined he, "the adventures of a sovereign who was dethroned in my time, after supper, and who died in a desert island." "I know the whole story," replied the lady.

"Well, then, let me tell you what happened to another great princess, to whom I have taught philosophy. She speaks of nothing but her misfortunes." "Why do you wish, then, that I should not think of mine," said the lady. "Because," answered the philosopher, "you ought not to reflect on them. When so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it does not become you to despair. Think of Hecuba—think of Niobe."

"Ah," replied the lady, "if I had lived in their time, or in that of the beautiful princesses, and if to console them you had related my misfortunes, do you think they would have listened to you?"

The next day the philosopher lost his only son—he was ready to expire with grief. The lady made out a list of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher: he read it, found it perfectly correct; but he did not weep the less. Three months after they met again, and were mutually astonished at each other's cheerfulness; they caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription—"To him who consoles."

To time alone must be left, after all, the remedy of poignant sorrow. The younger Pliny has a beautiful and sensible ejaculation on the death of Corelius Rufus—"I have lost, oh, my friend! I have lost the witness, the guide, and the governor of my life! Speak comfort to me, therefore, I entreat you; not by telling me that he was old, that he was infirm—all this I know; but by supplying me with some reflections that are uncommon and resistless, that neither the commerce of the world nor the precepts of the philosophers can teach me. For all that I have heard, and all that I have read, occur to me of themselves; but all those are by far too weak to support me under so severe an affliction."

Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced the Reformation. By Gabrielle Rossetti, Professor at King's College. Translated from the Italian, by Miss Caroline Ward. In 2 vols.

When we consider how intimately the literature of England and Italy were once connected, and how general an attainment some knowledge of the sweetest language of the south is among the accomplishments of our modern fair, it is strange that the valuable literature of that most interesting country should remain almost a blank in the present times. The truth is, the English use the Italian language merely as a fashionable me-
Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced the Reformation. 177

first, reading for amusement and information, and then a skilful selection of the best and most useful works. We have two exceptions to this general rule—Thomas Roscoe, and this accomplished young lady, who by her admirable translation of Professor Rossetti's celebrated work, has given a key to the true meaning of the great Italian writers. Those who have read Dante, with the perplexity that every one feels who is unacquainted with the curious historical secrets unveiled by Signor Rossetti, will be greatly pleased by a second perusal of that poem, after carefully reading this translation, which casts a powerful light on all the great Florentine's obscurities.

Miss Caroline Ward has most judiciously rendered her translation a purely English work, difficult as the task has been. All the quotations from the ancient Italian and provincial writers are clearly and elegantly translated in our language, so that as the work is full of information for the readers of history who do not understand Italian.

Wherever quotations from the great work of Dante have been made, passages have been adopted from the translation of Cary, who has sanctioned the use of them by his approbation, and to whom the translation is dedicated. We find by the introductory address to Mr. Cary, that Professor Rossetti has supplied many new authorities for the work, and enriched it by a considerable portion of new matter, whereby it is rendered proportionably more valuable than the continental editions, which have so deeply engaged the attention of literati of France, and whose publication has been prohibited in Spain and Italy, where Rossetti's book is now a forgotten one.

But it is time to give our readers some account of Rossetti's antipapal spirit.

It informs those conversant with Italian poetry, that the works of most of the writers of the fourteenth century, especially those of Dante, possess a mystical meaning, by which they encouraged and held communion with a numerous and widely-spread sect, linked together for the destruction of the temporal tyranny of the Romish church. That with this sect was linked together, in a species of freemasonry, all the learned men of that age of genius, especially those of Italy and England. To the English reader, acquainted with the antipapal spirit that openly pervades the writings of Chaucer and his disciple Gower, the existence of this literary union is most evident; and under the patronage of the protestant Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, and the queen of Richard the Second, Chaucer and Gower spoke aloud those denunciations against the corruptions of the church, that their friends Petrarch and Boccaccio only dared hint at under the allegorical veil of love-verses and personification. That from these secret societies our reformation sprung, Rossetti has proved without a doubt; and we think that Southey would have gladly availed himself of the information contained in these pages, could he have seen them before the publication of his celebrated book of the church, for they throw a strong light on the history of our reformation.

"Whosoever examines with attention the writings of that period, will find in them many traces of the secret school. Why were the templars, who were members of the most illustrious families in Europe, sacrificed by hundreds in different countries? Why were the Patarini burned alive in almost every city? History tells us—they belonged to secret societies, and professed doctrines inimical to Rome. What those doctrines were is well known, as far as regards the Patarini; but nothing has been conclusively ascertained respecting the secret opinions of the templars, although so much has been hazarded.

"The principal sects of those times may be reduced to three; viz. the Templars, the Albigenes, and the Ghibellines, who with one consent, although with different ends in view, conspired together against the pope. The fact of entering one of those sects was expressed by a symbolic pilgrimage; for instance, to go to the temple of St. John's, in Jerusalem, or to that of St. James, in Galicia, or to St. Peter's, at Rome, signified to become a proselyte either of the society of the Templars, or of the Albigenes, or of the Ghibellines. The first were called Palmers, the second Pilgrims, and the last Romei. Dante's principles were those of the last sect; but he made use of many of the symbols and doctrines of the others in his poem, because, being decidedly antipapal, they rendered great services both to his party and its chief. Hence he wrote in the Vita Nuova—"those who are in the service of the Most High are called by three names—Palmers, because they go beyond seas to the country of Palms; Pilgrims, because they go to the house of Galicia; and Romei, because they go to Rome; and those whom I call pilgrims go there not to receive that blessed image which Christ left us,
as a copy of his own figure, which is seen by
the glorious lady of my mind.

That many understand the conventional
jargon, is sufficiently obvious from the num-
ber of writers who make use of it. Dante,
Fosco, Baratto, Chiaramonti, Barro-
solo, Fazio degli Uberti, Frezzi, and Pulin-
genius, were the chiefs who marshalled on
a long train of admiring imitators. After
all that we have shown with regard to them,
it seems a work of supererogation even to
agitute such a question. For can there be
a doubt, that if so many wrote in this mystic
style, a still greater number must have been
able to understand it? What is the language
in which readers do not out-number writers?
Supposing it otherwise, what ridiculous folly,
what a loss of time and trouble would it
have been, to make use of so much deep
artifice, with the certainty of never being
understood, except by a few brother authors.
The uniformity of the same style in the
different authors, shows that one and the
same school instructed them all; and a
knowledge of the doctrines of that school
will prove, that they are conformable with
the opinions of all who used the jargon.
Long and methodical treatises, in this secret
science, have been composed, as we said
before, in every language; and their abun-
dance, not their scarcity, embarrasses us in
our choice. Where are they, then? Before
our eyes, side by side with the poems we
have been examining, seen and read by all,
understood by a very few.

We read in history that secret societies
of various denominations spread themselves
in those times. We well know that the
punishment of the stake awaited the disciples
of those societies, in the event of a discovery;
and surely we remember how the templars
suffered imprisonment, torture, and the
flames even, rather than reveal the mysteries
and rites they had sworn always to guard.
The silence, fortitude, and constancy with
which they endured the most cruel torments
and death, all these are recorded by Boccac-
io in terms of unqualified praise; and our
army (as he always calls them) are held
up by him as models for the imitation of
others.

We have not chosen specimens from
the critical department of the work, be-
cause it is not possible in our limits to de-
attach an extract that will do justice to the
learned acumen of the original.

Former reviews of Italian literature
will have proved to our fair readers that
we are not speaking the language of mere
ignorant panegyric; when we say that we
think the attainments of Miss Caroline
Ward an honour to her sex; and that
the ladies have a right to be proud, that
one among them has given to the Eng-
lish public a work which is alike indis-
ispensable to the student of Italian litera-
ture, the reader of secular and religious
history, and one that seems destined to
be the precursor of reformation in the
south of Europe.

COLERIDGE THE POET AND THE ARMY.

Coleridge, long estimated among the
first poets of our age, is dead, and has
been privately buried at Highgate new
chapel, where an epitaph, written by him-
self, (of a devotional character,) a few days
before his death, will be raised to his
memory. An odd incident has made
some stir since his death—that of his hav-
ing in his youth served some time as a pri-
vate soldier; as if it was any thing re-
markable for men of respectable birth,
talent, or genius, to have been placed in
such a situation. The annals of our army
can prove the contrary; and among the
novelties of literature, a biographical se-
lection of this nature would be far from
uninteresting. This question, however,
produced the following letter from the
Rev. W. Lisle Bowles to the Times news-
paper, which, at a period when popular
error has on one hand described officers
as only brutal oligarchs, and on the other
privates as only the scum of the country,
cannot fail to be acceptable:—

"Upon this singular fact, or what might
be called in the metaphysician's own lan-
guage "psychological curiosity," I trespass
for a minute on your time and paper, as
I am, perhaps, the only person now living
who can explain all the circumstances
from Coleridge's own mouth, with whom
I became acquainted after a sonnet ad-
dressed to me in his poems; moreover,
being intimate from our school days, and
at Oxford, with that very officer in his
regiment who alone procured his dis-
charge, from whom also I heard the facts
after Coleridge became known as a poet.

"The regiment was the 15th Elliot's
Light Dragoons; the officer was Na-
thaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton
Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and brother
of the late Mrs. Sheridan; he was a
scholar, and leaving Merton College, he
entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards,—I believe he was then captain of Coleridge’s troop,—going into the stables, at Reading, he remarked written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence, in Latin:—

“Ehеu! quam infortunii miserrimum estuisse felicem!”

“Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. “Please your honour, to Comberback,” answered the dragoon. “Comberback!” said his captain, “send him to me.” Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, “Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?” “Please your honour,” answered the soldier, “I wrote it.” “Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend.” The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill. Comberback* was examined, and it was found out that having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged,—not from his democratical feelings; for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.”

The writer of this letter, himself an eminent and more versatile poet than Coleridge, we are happy to say, still lives in a green old age; and his verses on the late Abbey Musical Festival in the Gentleman’s Magazine for July, having reference to his enjoyment of that of half a century before, as well as to still better things, are perhaps more vigorous than those which he wrote when fresh from his college. His little poems called sonnets have been rarely equalled, and will not easily be surpassed.

Paris Chit-chat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

Paris, August 26, 1834.

Je t’aime trop ma chère belle, to be otherwise than disappointed at the contents of your letter, do you really must, you say, defer your journey to our gay metropolis for a few months! Ah! c’est bien cruelle de ta part de priver ainsi tes amis du bonheur de t’embrasser, I had made up my mind that we should pass the autumn together; still the motives you give are like yourself, so very sensible, that I cannot find fault with you. Remember that ce qui est dû n’est pas perdu, so we may look forward to the happiness of meeting later. You must not expect me to give you any thing very new in fashions, for all our elegantes have abandoned Paris for the present; and you are aware that at this season we dress as simply as possible. The most elegant as well as the most distinguée toilette, consists of a peignoir of India or mull muslin, richly embroidered down the front, and round the bottom, either in large sprigs or bouquets detached, or in a guirlande, and edged with narrow Valenciennes or Malines. A double pelerine to match; the sleeves immensely wide. A pompadour, and bracelets of coloured ribbon, and ceinture en suite. This dress may be worn over a coloured lining, or ribbon may be inserted in the hems. For the morning, peignoirs of corded, striped, or cross-barred muslin. White bien entendu are more adopted than any other dress; they have large round pelerines, trimmed with lace. Coloured muslins are also much worn. I have had letters from some friends at Dieppe, Spa, the waters of Aix, &c., and I am told that the fashionable dresses at those places are white peignoirs; some sim-

* When he enlisted he was asked his name. He hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop door near Westminster Bridge, and instantly said his name was “Comberback.”

† It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, neo judicio, “Religious Musings,” was written, non inter syxos academi, but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie.
ply trimmed with lace, others richly embroidered with pelerines to match. All the dresses are made en peignoir, (I described this make in some of my last letters,) and such a thing worn as silk dress to be seen at present. The dresses are worn very full, very long, and the sleeves immense. The hats for the sea-side are pailee de riz, or Leghorn; the crowns high and pointed at top, and the fronts rather large: the trimming consists of a simple ribbon, brought round the crown, a plain piece of embroidery, about half a finger in depth, and trimmed at each side with narrow lace put on with an easy fulness. There are others for negligé, consisting merely of a fine cambric cuff, the corners rounded, and two rows of stitching at each side. These do not require lace.

ACCESSOIRES DE TOILETTE.—Under this head we may class ruffles in the first place; they are becoming very general, and are an improvement to a jolie toilette. The prettiest sort is a plain piece of embroidery, about half a finger in depth, and trimmed at each side with narrow lace put on with an easy fulness. There are others for negligé, consisting merely of a fine cambric cuff, the corners rounded, and two rows of stitching at each side. These do not require lace.

POMPADOURS, CEINTURES, AND RIBBON BRACELETS continue fashionable: the pompadours are fastened at the neck by a hand-some brooch. Hair: the back hair is worn in a high braid en couronne, far back on the top of the head; and the front hair either in bandeau lisses, rounded at the hair, and turned up again, or in ringlets à l’Anglais. The first of these styles of coiffure is the most prevalent at the sea-side.

COLOURS.—The prevailing colours are white, blue, pink, apricot, paille, and apple green.

FETES OF JULY.—I wish, my dear Clo- rinde, that you had been here to witness the fêtes on the anniversary of the three days. I went with some friends from the provinces who were staying with us at the time, et nous-nous sommes bien amusés je t’assure. There was nothing very remarkable to be seen the first day; it was dedicated to funeral masses for those who had fallen in the revolution. Sixteen couples were married; the young women were the daughters of persons who had fallen either in the revolution or in some of the insurrections since. Each received a dowry of three thousand francs from Government.

The 28th was the day of the grand review, and a most splendid sight it was. There were about a hundred thousand men under arms. The troops lined the Boulevards on each side, from the Place de la Bastille to the new church of the Madeleine, a distance of about three miles. The infantry of the line were stationed on one side, the garde nationale on the other. The space from the Madeleine to the Barrière de l’Etoile, was occupied by the artillery, hussars, lancers, cuirassiers, carabineers, light and heavy horse, and the dragons. The King, attended by his three sons, the Dukes of Orleans and de Nemours, and the Prince de Joinville, the marshals, and his état-major, proceeded along the line on one side and returned at the other. As soon as his Majesty had passed the troops began to disperse, and I really never saw a more beautiful sight. Along all the adjacent streets tables were laid with refreshments for the troops. No carriages were permitted in the neighbourhood of the Boulevards. The review lasted from eight o’clock in the morning until half-past six in the afternoon.

On the third day, the 29th, we walked to the Champs Elysées. Oh! what a busy sight it was! Theatres were erected, in which were represented some of the events of the revolution of 1830, the siege of Antwerp, &c. &c. There were besides puppet-shows, polichinelles, wild beasts, magic lanterns, cosmosanas, panoramas, sleight-of-hand, climbing poles, forty feet high, well soaped. At the top of one was a silver watch—on another a silver tankard—on another an hundred francs in money. At one moment the candidate was all but at the top, ready to stretch forward his hand to seize the prize; at the next he was sliding down with almost fearful velocity, amidst the roars of laughter of the bystanders. Three balloons were sent up; they rose majestically in the air, and after some time were lost to sight. Pavilions were erected for dancing: an excellent band of music stationed in each. But what pleased us as much as any part of it, was a group of washing-girls, all dressed alike; in white dresses, black silk aprons, and the pretty lace caps of their country (Picardy). I assure you that, pour le moment at least, they stole away the hearts of the gentlemen in our party completely. One of them, the Count de G., a
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.
Lady's Magazine.

No 47.

Modes.

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

Chapeau en corse cini d'une rose unique - MM. Bourquet Me. de Modes.

Mantelet de Mouseline des indes avec dentelle - Robe en gros de Paplès.

Published by J. Page at Fetter lane London.
1834.
cousin of mine, lately returned from Algiers, was only prevented soliciting the
honour of dancing with the whole dozen of them, by his galanterie to us ladies; and I
do believe he heartily wished us at Algiers, for the annoyance our presence gave him at
the moment. In the evening, the public buildings were illuminated; a concert took
place in the gardens of the Tuileries, and the fêtes closed by a magnificent display of
fireworks. The bouquet particularly excited our admiration.
A shocking catastrophe took place a few
days since in Paris. A young man who in
the morning had been forced into a mar-
riage with his cousin, shot himself the same
evening. Good God! how dreadful must
her feelings be. Who was the cause of so
deplorable an event! Can she ever see a
happy moment again?
The weather here has been insupportably
hot until this last week. We had such a
degree of rain a few events since, that not
only the cellars but several shops were
undainted. The ruisseaux in the streets be-
came impassable, and hackney-coaches plied
across at the rate of four sous each pas-
senger!

Adieu! Chère et aimable Amie, je t’embrasse bien tendrement. Aime Core Amie.
L. de F——

(Wo. 17.)—Walking Dress.—Hat of
crape, the crown high, and nearly pointed at
top; the front très-évaseé, and descending low
at the sides, where it is rounded off. The trim-
ing consists of two bands of wide guaze
ribbons, encircling the crown, and finishing
by a large bow in front; a rose unique is
placed high at the front of the calotte. The
bavolet is deep and very full, and set on in
gathers. A wreath of small roses is placed
beneath the front of the hat immediately over
the brow. The hair is in bandeaux *lisses
(see plate). Dress of gros de Naples, with
two flounces; corsage tight to the bust. The
sleeves à l’imbible, are excessively full all
the way down, and gathered a little above
the wrist to fit the arm. The plate gives
the pattern of a very elegant mantele, made in
India muslin, with a large falling collar,
trimmed all round with lace, and fastened
down the front with bows of ribbon to match
the dress. Cravatte of gaze Dona Maria,
fastened with a brooch. Brodequinus of satin
royal. White gloves. The sitting figure
gives the back of the dress.

(No. 18.)—Dress of India Muslin.—Cor-
sage à l’entand, sleeves à double sabot.
The dress is ornamented with a rich lace mantille,
and two splendid lace flounces, set on in fes-
toons, with bows of foulard ribbon (see plate).
The mantille is finished in a bow of the
same ribbon, which descends in front be-
neath the ceinture like the ends of a scarf.
The ribbon, as may be seen by the plate, is
of an immense width; the ground black, with
a running pattern of roses, pink, lilac, and
yellow. The coiffure is entirely a new style;
the division of the hair going round the head,
as in the plate; the long hair is formed into
two coques or bows, with a large bunch of
curls at the left side. The front mixed with
the lower part of the back hair forms a large
twist, which is turned into a ring just above
the ear, and which encircles a bouquet of
mixed flowers on each temple. A band of
pearls crosses the brow. The necklace con-
ists of three rows of pearls. Long white kid
gloves, silk stockings, and black satin shoes.

Music.

King’s Theatre.—Like joys most relished
when they have passed away, now that the
Italian Opera has closed, we begin to reflect
on the pleasures it has afforded us, notwith-
standing the disappointment we recorded on
Rossini’s last effort.
It is a melancholy consideration, that this
leading school of music, in all the capitals of
Europe, should with us have ever been, in
its management, a scene of disquiet as to
remuneration of all concerned in it. It is
ture, that abroad it is very much a concern of
the governments; but then prices of ad-
mision are lower, even after calculating the
different value of money. However, the
season which closed since our last is, we be-
lieve, acknowledged to have been remuner-
ative, and so we hope may be the next.
It is true there was little novelty; but the
company was not disjointed as on other oc-
casions, and the chorus has been well sus-
tained. The introduction of “Grisi” alone
would cover a multitude of sins in Laporte,
(who, after all, we fear, is more sinned
against than sinning),—so powerful, and yet
so gentle, and then so kind-hearted is Grist!
Her Ninette and Rosina charmed our souls.
In all she did there was something to elevate
the mind. “Ivanoff” is another introduc-
tion worthy of the favour of the British pub-
lic; and what we delight to honour is, that
both we have named are sure to increase
favour.

Vauxhall.—The “Royal Gardens” and
their Simpson have continued the attractions
with which they commenced, or rather in-
creased, them. An endeavour has been made
to elevate the style of music, which we fear
could hardly repay the proprietors. All their
usual fêtes have been given with their
wonted éclat, down to the celebration of the
King’s birth-day, on Friday, 22d, when, as
the placard stated, “all the world was ex-
pected to be present.” The fireworks on
that evening, by Southby, were surpassingly brilliant, and included a clever representation of storming a castle. The illuminations reached the highest effort of art.

BEOULAH SPA.—We take shame to ourselves for deficiency, in not having paid due attention to the delightful "Fêtes Champêtres" of this lovely and imposing scene. We shall do better in future.

Treatise on Singing. By J. WILLIAMS.

A person though but possessed of limited natural power, may, with a correct ear and some taste, obtain a command of voice and execute difficult passages in music with its assistance. It contains also much anecdote.

Sing Hey! for the Bottle, that unsurpassed Gem! Song by Mr. ROBINSON: Poetry by EDWARD LANCAS TER, Esq.: Music by W. KIRBY.

Mr. Lancaster seems to have imbibed the true inspiration of Anacreon on his subject; and Mr. Kirby to have caught an ample portion of it for his music: of all which Mr. Robinson well knows how to avail himself in "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

"Who shall awake the Spartan sife, And call in solemn sounds to life The youths, whose locks divinely spreading Like rernal hyacinths!"

was sung of old in relation to other circumstances—on looking over this effusion and the music, we should be induced to answer, these gentlemen. Since ladies are no longer excluded from witnessing the soirées, now often directed to the most beneficient of purposes, we may claim their full pardon for joining in what we are sure will be the general commendation of all who hear this song.


The words present a seaman's song, adapted with great taste.

Drama, &c.

We have been lately looking over the various histories of the English stage for a century and a half, and have marvelled much at the facts which it presents, so similar to some that are prominent in the accounts of the Grecian drama, and others in the earlier history of our own. We have smiled at the labours of honest Chetwood, the prompter, in recording, day by day, the performances of his time, as we did when we saw the prices obtained for files of playbills at the sales of a defunct bibliomanic—yet the things have their value; and if we are to take the players, according to Shakspere, as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," and their end to be—"to hold as 'ware the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," we ought certainly, as he directs, to "let them be well used;" but then it should be, provided they attend to the directions which the immortal bard has laid down for them.

We are not disposed to visit either actors or authors with the severity of some dramatic critics of our day: we have a full impression of the antithesis of Johnson—"The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give, And those who live to please must please to live."

Yet it were unjust to real talent to enhance the value of what is unworthy; we will, therefore, content ourselves with continuing to furnish brief notices of what is passing before us—catching a moral where we can from writers, and a ray of histronic genius wherever it shall burst forth.

Having said thus much, we must be unkind indeed if we did not pay our tribute of respect on the departure for the United States of America of one, whose late success, both as author and actor, had just enabled his country to appreciate his genius, talent, and industry. It need hardly be said this is SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

To those who contemplate—

How hard it is to climb The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;

How many a soul sublime Hath felt the influence of malignant star;

Checked by the scoff of pride, by fortune's frown;

And poverty's unconquerable bar

Hath swung with Fortune an eternal war,

Then dropped into the grave unpitied and unknown!

It will be easy to conceive the state of this highly-gifted man, with a large family around him, struggling even for bread during long years; and when at last, through an exertion of the polished, the talented, and though successful yet unassuming, Macready, he had attained, and it might be said almost revelled in public notice, finding even a double exertion necessary—and still in vain, further than to enable him to expatriate himself and family, to do better for them in another sphere!

This is not complimentary to the state of the British drama,—yet we would hope it may produce a good result both for it and for Knowles. As a poet he has already made himself immortal! His farewell benefit at the Victoria theatre (why not in London?) was profitable; he made a hasty speech to his benefactors of the night. He was well received and treated at Liverpool. He has sailed.

HAYMARKET.—We were glad, though
surprised, to see our old favourite theatre distinguish itself on the 11th of August by the production of Mr. Vandenhoff in 'Macbeth.' This performer is evidently making his way, though slowly, surely; and it is no small feather in his cap to say that this is about his best character. He evinces the skill required in this "fitful" part; and though a difficult thing to say, we think his declamation new to the stage, as well as correct. His pauses have been subject of complaint; yet they are pauses of eloquence. He will doubtless occupy an important place in the national drama. If we might venture to throw out a hint, it should be, not to attempt generalising his talent—at least for a considerable time. He, however, knows best his own forte, and it is hard to circumscribe genius. Poor dear Mrs. Glover, as Mrs. Inchbald would say, was the Lady Macbeth, and not only went through the character respectfully, but made some very fine points; yet we could not help thinking there was too much of the certain mannerism of her Emilia, for the dignity of her who managed the thane in all his moods. Mrs. Cheadle is not well for her to compel us to recollect the Siddons. Perhaps by the time Mr. Vandenhoff may repeat this character at the winter theatre, for which we understand he is engaged, Ellen Faucet may have completed her novitiate in the provinces; and then, perhaps, we shall have a new series of dramatis personae.

On the 20th was produced, first time, a comedy, entitled "Married Life." It is from the fertile pen of Mr. Buckstone; and its plan is directed to the laudable object of neutralising those little variations in the feelings of marriage staged by the uninitiated are often so mistaken as to call quarrels!

Hence we are first introduced to the breakfast table of Mr. Lionel Lynx (Vining) and his lady (Mrs. Faucet); the latter, having no little of that very natural concomitant of love called jealousy, has secretly written a proposition for an assignation of gallantry to her husband, and he unsuspectingly accepted it, from which she has determined to settle the question of his gallantry. To them enter at the moment their neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Doddle (Forren and Mrs. Glover); the former a chill phlegmatic being, constantly inveighing against air-draughts and open windows; the latter delighting in refreshing breezes and currents of air. To rally her husband, Mrs. Coddle whispers to Mr. Lynx; but instead of the intended effect, arouses the jealous spirit of Mrs. Lynx, who necessarily dismisses her the house sans ceremonie. This excitement has scarcely taken place, when a Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband arrive (Bridal and Mrs. Humby), to communicate information of a Mrs. Dove's inquiries for Lynx to obtain payment of an account for the board of a young lady, named Harriet Seymour, whom he had formerly placed with her. This extraordinary addition to her suspicions determines Mrs. Lynx upon inviting all parties to dinner, for the purpose of éclaircissement, and coming to such an understanding with her husband as he appears to merit. Mrs. Dove, a retired schoolmistress (Mrs. W. Clifford), having just married her footman (Buckstone), he is also of the party; and his ultra-English forms the agreeable diversity of the constant school correction of his lady. Another couple are added, Mr. and Mrs. George Dismal (Strickland and Mrs. Tayleure), who incidentally mention having seen Mr. Lynx the same morning in earnest conversation with an elderly lady in black: "All seems yellow to the jaundiced eye," and thus Mrs. Lynx is worked up into the height of that exquisite sensation known only to ladies who "love, not wisely, but too well." The very Coddles receive an apology and invitation. Thus are these various characters all brought before the audience to exhibit each other's matrimonial varieties, and a general determination on disunion: Mrs. Coddle on a suspicion of bigamy in her husband, flies him, and he determines on drowning himself if the water be not too cold; Mrs. Lynx and her husband quit their homes; the Younghusbands divide on the question of gleeck of a silver thimble—he contending for the aunt, and she for the uncle, as donor; the very Dismals break, one going to, and the other from, home; and Mr. Dove, impatient of grammatical correction, takes an opposite route to that of his superior lady. The last act displays Coddle in a garret by moonlight, having determined never more to see the day. At this moment auspiciously correct information is brought out, by which all parties become assured of the folly of their conduct, and are reconciled. Why the offensive fact of Mrs. Lynx being in the hands of a seducer on Mr. Lynx's return should have been introduced, we cannot tell. There are also some points in the piece not purely original; but, on the whole, it is evident that there is ample amusements to be derived from it, particularly in the hands of such actors; and so thought the audience, when its annunciation to be performed even evening until further notice was received with great applause, and the author called for, in the vulgar abuse of a French custom towards their distinguished dramatists. Buckstone had the good sense not to answer the call.

Coddle has a valedictory tag on the duties of married life; if it produce mutual forbearance in any quarter where it does not exist, the author will not have written in vain.

**English Opera.**—We ought, perhaps,
to include this mention under the head of music; but that Mr. Arnold has chosen to mingle sense with his sound.

We have already described the beautiful new theatre, and gave a hasty notice in our last of the opening. We must now take a brief view of some of the performances.

"Nourjahad" stands first on our list, from some recollections of its author, the proprietor of this theatre, having successfully produced it as an acting drama at Drurylane theatre, somewhere about the time when he rendered great services to that establishment. It is now brought forward as an opera, as we cannot help thinking was the author's original intention. Whether or not, he has now had the advantage, as he has, we believe, before had, of introducing to the public a new and highly-talented aspirant to public favour. This is Mr. E. J. Loder, of Bath, the representative of a family of musical talent; one excellent member of which, if we are not mistaken, has long been a baroness in a foreign country. With this, however, neither the public nor ourselves have any thing to do; it is sufficient to say that we have been unable to make music to this new opera; and of this the chief fault seems to be with some, that it is too scientific. This is certainly an odd fault to find with a young musician, when we know how easy it is to acquire the sweet intonations of melody, such as it has become in our days. We will hazard our faith with the ladies, that this music will bear both their critical examination and pleasing practice.

The "Dead Guest" seems as if it was determined that we should have odd recollections to present themselves next to our notice. It is from one of the mad German stories, of which we give a specimen in our present number. The Foreign Quarterly Review has, we believe, made known the origin in an author named Zschokke; a Mr. Becker put it in the form of a dramatic interlude; and Mr. Peake has made it into what it is, turning wisely the grave into gay—which is what we want just now. A. Lee has given music which remedies the fault, if so it be, of Mr. Loder; and Miss Novello of herself is sufficient to save a much worse piece. The plot is told in a few words, as well as its travestie. Once in a century a gentleman in black visits a German town, on a certain day, and beguiles the affections of three brides, who are all found dead on the next morning, with their necks twisted round! On the anniversary, a gentleman (Rheeve) arrives to marry a lady to whom he is betrothed, and happening to wear dark clothes, is represented by a rival to be the identical visitor, and is consequently shunned with horror. Hence arises fun and equivoke which keep the audience in good humour, and with the former piece keeps possession of the stage. The music is more than pretty, and two chorusses particularly good. Miss Novello, also of a good musical school, sings with her usual taste and timidity; which latter does not make her less charming, though it may sometimes mar her finer efforts.

Mr. John Barnett has determined to justify English music by a new opera, entitled "The Mountain Sylph," on which much expense has been bestowed by the management. Miss Victoria.—Of "Two Wives," a laughable trifle from the French, for the translation of which two adapters contend, we shall only say it is unfit for the English stage. "The Heiroes of Bruges," a melodrama from Grattan’s novel, has one good hit at a certain order of duellists, who encourage others to fight while they never fight themselves! But it was coarsely performed.

"Caught Courting," an adaptation of Baucis and Philemon, is a sort of vaudeville, to old music, by Mr. A. Becket; an extensive author in the minor way, not lacking talent. It is kept alive by witty political allusions, much relished.

But this theatre has now returned to its old management of Mr. Gossip, who promises a rival opera. We would advise this gentleman to bear in mind Naples, Milan, Lisbon, Cadiz, &c., and, above all, would entreat of him not to attempt the retrogradation of the charming De Meric in his arrangements. His views, it seems, are exalted and extensive. We shall see.

**Miscellany.**

**Canadian and American Cookery.**—Soup is unknown in these parts. The gridiron, if to be found at all, is only an ornamental, not a useful implement of an American kitchen: its place is usurped by the frying-pan, and every thing is deluged with grease and butter. I saw, some days ago, in the New York Spectator, a clever announcement of a work about to be published, by a fair spinster from somewhere down east, (as she herself, being a New Englander, would say,) on American cookery. The lady is brenuempt Miss Prudence Smith; and it appears that in America the mysteries of cookery, like those of the Druids of old, have been preserved by oral tradition, which this young lady is now about to collect, arrange, and classify in a code of transatlantic culinary economies, and thus will become the Justinian and Napoleon of her national gastronomy—the Meg Dodds and Hannah Glasiee of the New World. I have no acquaintance with Prudence, yet I sincerely wish her success in her patriotic un-
dertaking; meantime, I shall, to give the reader a kind of notion of what may be expected, present him with a few receipts, as I saw them practised in the kitchen of a not the London Tavern.

To dress a Beefsteak.—Cut the steak about a quarter of an inch thick, wash it well in a tub of water, wringing it from time to time: put a pound of fresh butter in a frying-pan (hog's-lard will do, but butter is more esteemed), and when it boils put in the steak, turning and peppering it for about a quarter of an hour; then put it into a deep dish, and pour the oiled butter over it till it flows over it some years ago.

To boil Green Peas.—Put them in a large pot of cold water, boil them till they burst. Pour off the water, but leaving as much as will cover them, then add half a pound of butter, and stir the whole round with a handful of black pepper. Serve in a wash hand basin.

To pickle Cucumbers.—Select for this purpose cucumbers the size of a man's foot; if beginning to grow yellow, so much the better; split them in four, and put them in an earthen vessel, then cover them with whiskey. The juices of the cucumber mixing with the alcohol will run with the acetic fermentation, so every month and pickles at once; and the pickles will have that bilious, Calcutta complexion, and slimy consistence, much admired by the gourmands of this country.

To make Buttered Toast.—Soak the toasted bread in warm milk and water; get ready a quantity of oil'd butter, and dip the toast in it. Then place the slices stratum super stratum in a deep dish, and pour the remainder of the butter upon them.

How poultry is dressed to deprive it of all flavour, and give it the appearance of an Egyptian mummy, I am not sufficiently skilled in transatlantic cookery to determine, unless it be by first boiling it for an hour and then drying it in an oven. But I shall say no more on the subject, as it would be ungallant to anticipate Miss Prue.—Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada.

Musical Fever of Rossini.—About seventeen years ago, in the early days of the spring of 1817, glorious with the success of "Cenerentola," Rossini returned to Milan, where he was the idol, and which he had quitted two years before to give Naples Elizabeth and Rome his immortal "Barbieria;" and the great composer was not without inquietude at the reception. Would the Milanese receive him after his departure, notwithstanding their en-

treaties to display upon another stage new productions of his genius?

This preference was a mortal offence to the dignity and taste of the city; and the Italians seldom pardon. To obtain forgiveness and expiate his fault, he composed a chef-d'œuvre,—he wrote the "Guzza." The work was accomplished—the parts given out—the affiche published, and Rossini was ready to go to the theatre, when he saw one of his friends enter in a state of agitation. "Eh! mon Dieu!—what has happened?" exclaimed the maestro. "Ah, mon ami! it is dreadful! the poor composer of such a work!" "What are you talking about?" "Was ever any thing so unfortunate? an opera so beautiful to be hissed!" "How hissed?" "Oui, mon ami, you must know a party is formed against you, because you quitted the city to play elsewhere your two last works; they have resolved to be avenged this night, and to hiss your piece." "Hum!" said Rossini, with a great sigh. The play had commenced but a few minutes when he entered the orchestra, and took his usual place at the piano. The instant he appeared, an ominous murmur circulated through the pit: the unfortunate composer cast around him a look of inquietude; malevolence was in every countenance, and every mouth appeared to him ready to produce that abominable sound that man has borrowed from the serpent for the desolation of dramatic authors. However, he commenced: his fingers touched the keys, and began the overture. The orchestra executed in a triumphant manner the fine march in the first part. Silence in the pit—the allegro followed. Rossini in palpitation, with his ear applied to every movement, scarcely dared to respir; his imagination, disturbed, fancied at every instant he heard the dreaded hiss! The introduction of the octave flute increased his apprehension: the instant the overture was finished, the introductory chorus was sung, and yet the storm did not break out. Ninetta descended the hill; Rossini then with suppliant look implored all the assistance of her talent. She sang; and the bene, molto bene, bravo, ah! bravo! began to be heard in the pit among the hostile figures. In short, after the trio between Ninetta, Fernando, and Podesta, the expressions of enthusiasm escaped from the audience—"Bravo, maestro!" was heard from all parts—"Viva, Rossini!" It is the custom in Italy for an author to rise every time and salute the spectators. Rossini rose and saluted. The applause which followed, proved that the piece was concluded, and all forgotten. They continued the piece: the succeeding music excited the same transports—"Viva, viva, Rossini!" and the composer was obliged to salute the public every time his morceaux claimed applause. The first act ended, and Rossini began to fear that the enthusiasm of the public would not suffer him to keep a
straight back. It was worse in the second act. All the morecaux excited a sort of frenzy: the duet in the prison-scene with the Podesta, and march to execution, were encored; and at every instant Rossini, suffering under fatigue, was compelled to rise and bow. He waited with patience the end of his triumph. It came at last—the curtain fell; and it was time, for Rossini's fever was dangerous—he kept his bed eight days.

_Pacifactor._—We have often in a whimsical reverie expected, among the inventions for helping thought, creating artificial memory, &c. &c., that some application of steam-engine principle would be found to enable us to breathe our thoughts on paper, without the tedious use even of the running pen: we think the time must be now approaching, since we find a project is completed, with the approbation of all the sages of utility, for preserving the peace of the world by means of a novel and portable formation of gas! It is tolerably known that political quarrels are the bitterest of all quarrels, and that those of states are greatly facilitated by that _ultimatum regem_—powerful armies. Now nothing can be more evident than that instead of the slow progress of opposing army to army, two men could be made by means of a small machine to destroy two hundred thousand, our enemies would be much less eager in quarrelling with us on the strength of their military forces than they have been for the last age. An admirer has already stated that Napoleon, with all his European auxiliaries, might so have been annihilated on the march to Russia! Even if the secret should ever reach our enemies (which, of course, it ought not), wars would be closed in no time by a _pas de deux_: the chief contention being between the dué to the "shower." Naval armies would equally be superseded; broadsides and boarding would give way to a shower from the bows, and a man-of-war be more pacific than a merchantman. Even duellists might readily evade the law, from the absence of pistols, by a dozen subscribing for a _pacifactor_; and, in fact, the peace of families as well as nations be preserved, by the certain annihilation to both parties, supposing the good old rule of firing (or showering) together be preserved. Thus is the appellation of "pacifactor" well conceived by the inventor, Mr. Charles Toplis. Its description is, as far as we can collect, as follows:—a long tube, like the barrel of a rifle, is mounted on a swivel; the breach of the barrel communicates with a chamber in which gas is rapidly evolved by the combustion of gunpowder, so prepared that it burns without exploding; the gas rushes through the barrel, and propels a constant stream of bullets into the barrel, through a funnel, from a reservoir placed above it; and thus are poured out for _any length of time a continuous stream of bullets_, directed to any point with the same facility as the stream of water from a fire-engine, and with perfect precision. The whole apparatus requiring only two men to carry and work, the simplicity of the process is as admirable as the end; and thus our soldiers and sailors may go turn their swords into ploughshares and reaping-hooks as soon as they like! By the way, we have not for a long time heard of the invention of Captain Johnson, R.N., capable of proceeding in a vessel unobserved below water, and affixing torpedoes to an enemy's ship in harbor, by which they are at once destroyed. Follow, Tatham, Colliger, &c. all vanish before the Pacifactor; but this remains untouched.

What has become of it?

_Gold Streams in Russia._—At the source of the little river Kandoustouli, in the government of Tomsk, the sand during the last year has been examined and found to contain a considerable portion of gold. In that period 137 lbs. was washed from it; but on penetrating a little below the surface, the richness of the soil decreased to so much as not to pay the costs of labour at that depth. The work has been resumed at the distance of a few hundred yards with every appearance of success. It appears that in Siberia the gold is not found in regular veins, but is met with in certain spots more or less rich. These deposits are generally from eight to twenty inches deep, but they are usually explored to a greater extent, to ascertain the termination of the metal._—_Journal des Mines._

_OF BENEFITS IN GENERAL._—It is perhaps one of the most pernicious errors of a rash and inconsiderate life, the common ignorance of the world in the matter of exchanging benefits. And this arises from a mistake partly in the person that we would oblige, and partly in the thing itself. To begin with the latter: "a benefit is a good office, done with intention and judgment;" that is to say, with a due regard to all circumstances of what, how, why, when, where, to whom, how much, and the like; or otherwise, "it is a voluntary action that delights the giver in the comforts it brings to the receiver." It will be hard to draw from this subject either into method or compass; the one because of the infinite variety and complication of cases, the other by reason of the large extent of it, for the whole business (almost) of mankind in society falls under this head; the duties of kings and subjects, husbands and wives, masters and servants, natives and strangers, high and low, rich and poor, strong and weak, friends and enemies. The very meditation of it breeds good blood and generous thoughts, and instructs us in all the parts of honour, humanity, friendship, piety, gratitude, prudence, and in short, the art and skill of conferring benefits is, of all human duties, the most absolutely necessary to the well-being both of reasonable nature.
and of every individual; as the very cement of all communities, and the blessing of particulars. He that does good to another man does good also to himself; —not only in the consequences, but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward. Of benefits in general there are several sorts—as necessary, profitable, and delightful: some things there are, without which we cannot live; others, without which we ought not to live; and some again, without which we will not live. In the first rank are those which deliver us from capital dangers, or apprehensions of death, and favour is rated according to the hazard; for the greater the extremity the greater seems the obligation. The next is a case wherein we may indeed live, but we had better die; as in the question of liberty, modesty, and a good conscience. In the third place follow those which custom, use, affinity, and acquaintance have made dear to us, as butter, friends, &c., which an honest man will preserve at his utmost peril. Of things profitable there is a large field; as money, honour, &c.: to which might be added, matters of superfluity and pleasure.—Seneca on Morals.

The Fall of Stradella Tower in Providence.—Almost before breakfast, some persons assembled outside the church, previous to going to mass, observed a quantity of mortar and stone-work which had fallen from the tower. In the course of a few minutes a considerable portion of plastering fell down, and shortly after the whole congregation were seen rushing from the building shrieking, and with terror depicted on their countenances. In a few seconds the earth shook, and the tower suddenly came to the ground, crushing in its fall the half of a house adjoining, and also half of the church. Three children were killed in the houses, and thirteen persons were buried under the ruins of the church. In the first moments of alarm the inhabitants were afraid of approaching the scene of destruction; but after a short interval several persons were extricated from the ruins, and by prompt assistance was saved from death, amongst whom a little girl was taken out alive. She had fortunately placed herself in a chimney, and had remained there eight hours before she was rescued from her perilous situation.—French Paper.

Eastern Superstition.—At Secundermalle, in the Carnatic, there is a mountain which is held sacred by all the castes, as it is supposed to contain the tomb of Alexander the Great, in a temple at the summit. The superstitious natives affirm that the tomb is frequented by royal tigers, for the purpose of regularly sweeping it clean with their tails.

Women of Hindostan.—Hindoos females were not secluded before the Mooslemans' conquest: the practice was acquired from those jealous strangers, who, closely immuring their own women, treated those who were allowed greater freedom with indignity. In the Mahatta states, however, they still enjoy perfect liberty; and throughout the central provinces have numerous privileges which give them great importance in the state.—Oriental Scenes by Miss Emma Roberts.

Prayer of an Irish Emigrant in Canada, 1784.—Lord have compassion on me, a poor unfortunate sinner, three thousand miles from my own country, and seventy-five from any where else!

Dialogue between an Officer and His Man, John.—Captain: Well, John, what kind of a night have we had?—John: Wily, your honour, it snew a little in the fore-part of the night, but towards morning it frizzorr.

Houses in the Reign of Henry VIII.—Many of the houses built during the reign of Henry VIII. had the form of the letter H for a ground plan, in compliment, it is supposed, to that king; and the plan of Montacute-house shows that the same compliment was paid to Elizabeth. This mansion was erected in Somersetshire, “between the years of 1580 and 1601, by Sir Edward Philips, seargent-at-arms to Queen Elizaabeth:” the cost of erection is said to have amounted to nearly 20,000l. The form of the plan is that of the letter E, intended, perhaps, by Sir Edward as a mark of respect to his royal mistress. The house is built of stone, found on the estate, of a rich brown colour, ornamented with gables, a balustrade, pinnacles, and enriched cornices. Between each window of the second story are niches occupied by figures in ancient costume. The chimney shafts present columns of the Doric order; on the central compartment are the arms of the family, and over the entrance is the following inscription: “Through this wide opening gate, none come too early, none return too late.” The building, which is 92 feet high, is divided into many spacious apartments, among which is a banquet gallery, 189 feet long and 21 feet wide.

Force of Imagination.—With reference to one of the cases quoted in our review of Mr. Curtis’s work, may be mentioned the experiment of a French physician on condemned criminals of the worst kind. He was a man of great strength, and consented to be privately bled to death instead of suffering on the scaffold. His eyes were bound, and he was extended on a table, near which were contrived small fountains that should trickle into basins of water, so soon as the principal veins of his arms and legs should be slightly pricked by the point of a pen—of course, without any puncture. Satisfied that it was blood that trickled, the man grew faint, and then weak and weaker by degrees. The medical men affected to
make remarks on the quality and appearance of the blood, by which the delusion was kept up till the vital powers sank under it entirely, and he died without having lost a single drop of blood! Many facts equally surprising might be collected in ordinary life. A case occurred a short time since, of leucatosis querendi, that struck us very forcibly; it was the case of a young lady who, after an accomplished education and introduction to the best society, at fifteen years of age, had been placed by her parents in a house of reception for lunatics: the evidence, as reported, stated her to have become rather violent after four years' seclusion; still the gravamen of her conduct seemed to be sitting silently immovably in her chair, and when spoken to, answering any indiscriminately only, "Dear, sweet love!" When brought to the inquiry, after many more years' confinement, she answered the commissioners and jurors with a smile of the same terms. We could not help thinking that the force of imagination, on being abstracted from some sudden attachment, had produced infatuation that at last led her lunacy.

"God save the King!"—It is singular to what doubts the origin of our national anthem has been subjected, for a long period. George Saville Carey, a popular lyric of the last century, had long the credit of the words, while others traced them back to as early a period as James I. It is now contended that they are derived from the noble nuns of St. Cyr, who, when Louis XIV. entered the chapel, sung in choir as follows, words by Madame Brionon, to an air by Sieur d'Sully:

"Grand Dieu sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu ve negligence roi!
Vive le roi!
Que, toujours glorieux,
Louis, victorieux,
Voyez ses ennemis,
Tojours soumis!
Grand Dieu, &c."

These lines evidently carry in their expression a certain probability of claim to the origin, more particularly when we recollect "Queen Mary's Lamentation," mentioned in our "Correspondence for July," as well as other of our suppository old verses, derived from the French. We must not, however, venture out of our depth in conjectural criticism, particularly as we think that learned Theban, Sylvanus Urban, has already been occupied with the question, and is as fresh as he was a century ago on such subjects.

"Ten measures of garritaly," says the Talmud, "went down upon earth, and the women took nine." What a scandal upon the sex! Has not garritaly from time immemorial been claimed as a peculiar privilege of women, and menace, is the plain of ladies talking too much, we would say, as George Ill. did of Dr. Johnson's writings, "we should think so, too, if they did not talk so well."

The following is extracted from the "Canton Register:"—"The Undaunted frigate, which sailed from this five weeks ago, to bring Lord William Bentinck here, returned yesterday, owing to the cholera having broken out on board and nine cases proving fatal: 102 of the crew had been attacked; and as long as the ship was before the wind, the disease increased upon them, until the surgeon recommended the captain to change his course and haul the wind. This he did, when, strange to say, an improvement was perceptible almost immediately, and the frigate is now quite free from the complaint."

Louis XVI.—The 21st of the month was singularly ominous to the fate of Louis XVI. On the 21st of April, 1770, he was married; on the 21st of June, 1770, the fete took place on arms of his marriage, when about 15,000 persons lost their lives, being trampled to death; on the 21st of January, 1782, the grand fiere on account of the birth of the Dauphin took place; on the 21st of June, 1791, his flight to Varennes; on the 21st of September, 1792, the abolition of royalty was decreed; and on the 21st of January, 1793, his execution.—Mrs. Jameson's History of France.

Coins and Medals.—The collection of these invaluable historical records in our National Museum has become so extensive of late, by the magnificent donations of his late Majesty, and of Mr. Payne Knight, amounting together to an increase of more than 20,000, it would seem expedient to provide some further assistance in this department, that the whole might be arranged and catalogued. In the collection of coins at Paris, besides the director and sub-director, are three or four assistants, usually appointed "when very young," and gradually trained up in the study of this science, which is so extensive, that to acquire a theoretical and practical knowledge of it requires an entire life. In the department of "Arts and Antiquities" at the British Museum there are but three persons, and one of these is the keeper of the prints and drawings. The lives of the other two, who have the superintendence of the Townley, Elgin, and Phigalian marbles, &c., must be patriarchal indeed to allow them to make much progress in the arrangement of the immense and daily-accumulating collection of coins and medals, which is so large enough to form a separate department.

German Parochial History.—In Germany there exists in every village a huge volume, either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the Schultheiss, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance, is carefully observed, and open alike to inhabitants and strangers.
Steam Navigation to India.—The Parliamentary Committee have reported it to be expedient that measures be immediately taken for the regular establishment of steam communication with India by the Red Sea, and that it be left to his Majesty's Government, in conjunction with the East India Company, to consider whether the communication should be in the first instance from Bombay or from Calcutta, or according to the combined plan suggested by the Bengal Steam Committee. The net charge of the establishment to be divided equally between his Majesty's Government and the East India Company, including in that charge the expense of the land conveyance from the Euphrates on the one hand, and the Red Sea on the other, to the Mediterranean. The Committee further decided that the steam navigation of the Persian Gulf has not been brought to the test of experiment; but that the extension of the line of the Persian Gulf, by steam navigation on the river Euphrates, has not been brought to the test of experiment; but that from the Persian Gulf to the town of Bijar, which is nearer to the Mediterranean port of Scandroon than Suez is to Alexandria, there would be no physical obstacles to the steam navigation of that river during at least eight months of the year; November, December, January, and February being not absolutely excepted, but reserved for the results of further experience. That difficulties now exist on the line of the Euphrates from the present state of the countries on that river, but particularly from the wandering Arab tribes, capable, however, of being surmounted by negotiations with the Porte, Mehemet Ali, and the chief of the principal fixed tribes; and that this route, besides having the prospect of being less expensive, presents so many advantages, physical, commercial, and political, that it is eminently desirable that it should be brought to the test of a decisive experiment. The physical difficulties on the line of the Red Sea appear to be confined to the months of June, July, August, and September; and those of the river Euphrates to the months of November, December, January, and February. The effective trial of both lines would open a certain communication with the Mediterranean in every month of the year, changing the line of the steam vessels on both sides according to the seasons. That the expense of experiment by the Euphrates has been, by an estimate which the Committee has subjected to the examination of competent persons, stated at 20,000l., which includes a liberal allowance for contingencies; and the Committee recommend a grant of 20,000l. to the Government for trying that experiment with the least possible delay.

The Library of Sainte-Geneviève, Paris.—The date of the foundation of this library is as far back as 1624. The Cardinal de La Rochefoucauld, who reformed the Abbey of St. Geneviève, presented it with 600 volumes. In 1087 the abbey boasted of 20,000 printed volumes and 400 manuscripts. In 1710, Letellier, the Archbishop of Paris, bequeathed all his books to this library; and at the period of the Revolution it contained 90,000 volumes and 3,000 manuscripts. It is now composed of 160,000 volumes and 3,300 manuscripts. This library is especially rich in academic works, and possesses one of the most complete collections of the Alphine typograph; in historical works it likewise ranks high. The most remarkable manuscripts it contains are Greek and Oriental.—In general its typographic specimens of the 15th century are valuable, from their number and condition.

The Lucky Day.—Henry the Seventh had the harmless superstition of fancying Saturday a lucky day. He ordered that after his death ten thousand masses should be said for him in London and Westminster, and places adjoining, within a month after his death, that is, one every four minutes, day and night, for 28 days. They were to be divided thus: 1,500 in honour of the Trinity; 2,500 in honour of the five wounds of Christ; 2,500 in honour of the five joys of the Virgin; 450 in honour of the nine orders of angels; 150 in honour of the Patriarchs; 600 in honour of the Apostles; and 2,300 in honour of All Saints.

Scientific Discovery.—At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences, a letter was read from M. Gannal, stating the result of his inquiries into the action of phosphorus when brought into contact with carburet of pure sulphur. Having occasion to prepare a large quantity of carburet of sulphur, M. Gannal conceived the idea of endeavouring to separate the sulphur of this product, in order to procure a pure carbon. Phosphorus was the material which he employed, and he found that, by the phosphorus entering into combination with the sulphur, the carbon was set at liberty in the shape of small crystals, possessing all the properties of the diamond, especially that of scratching the hardest bodies.—Vide our German Tule.

Chinese Jests, Translated by Stanislas Julien.—A man of letters, who spent a great part of the night in study, kept a kettle on the fire to make tea, as a stimulus when he should be wearied. One night, hearing a thief breaking in through the wall, he took post by it with the kettle in his hand; and when the thief had thrust both his legs through the aperture, the student seized them, and poured the boiling water upon them. The robber roared for mercy. "Wait," replied the other coolly, "until I empty the kettle."
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Births.
On the 12th August, at Cheltenham, the lady of Major Chalmers, of a daughter. Aug. 12, at Brighton, the lady of W. W. Hewett, Esq., of a son. Aug. 19, at Putney Heath, at the Marquis of Bristol's, the Lady Augusta Seymour, of a daughter. Aug. 20, at Islington, Mrs. R. Older, of a daughter. Aug. 16, at Moore Abbey, County Kildare, Lady H. Moore, of a daughter. Aug. 13, the lady Caroline Pecheil, of a son. Aug. 12, the lady of John Butt, of College-street, Westminster, of a son. Aug. 9, at Chiswick, Berks, the lady of John Wheeler, Esq., of a daughter.

Marriages.

Deaths.
On the 7th Aug., in his 46th year, Lord Glentworth, the eldest son of the Earl of Limerick. Lady G. and eight children survives him. He was a nobleman of very considerable talent and amiable disposition. The Hon. Mr. Perry's eldest son is now heir to the earldom and estates of Limerick. On the 8th Aug., at a very advanced age, at his house, Somerset-square, Portman-square, General Sir John Doyle, Bart., G.C.B., K.C., &c, Foun-der, and bitherto only Colonel of the 87th Regt. of Foot or R. Irish Fusiliers. He had served in all parts of Europe with distinction, and the love of the army, from his bravery and amiable conduct towards his inferiors in which he emulated his excellent compeer in arms, the late Earl of Moira. He was also distinguished in Egypt, but, perhaps, his greatest distinction was as Governor of Guernsey, where, tom martis quam Minerva, he ruled the people with such paternal sway, as to produce a most perfect filial gratitude from every class, which will not soon lose the affectionate attachment by a beloved intellectual niece, having no family of his own, though, indeed, he included all his relations in that character. — He will be long and generally lamented. On the 1st Aug., at Lambeth, Surrey, after only twelve hours' illness, Capt. Alexander Sutherland, aged 68; he was a man of considerable intellectual powers, and, notwithstanding long absence, warmly attached to the interests of his birth-place, the highlands of Sutherland. Aug. 18, at 42, York-terrace, Regent's-park, R. Powell, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Aug. 19, of malignant cholera, after twelve hours' illness, at his house in Sloane-street, Mary, the beloved wife of W. Willis, Esq., solicitor, of Sloane-square, Chelsea. Aug. 18, at Islington, Mrs. Ann Greenough, formerly of Cambewell, aged 81. Aug. 19, at West Hatch, Mrs. Cozens, in her 100th year, leaving 11 children, 61 grandchil- dren, and 77 great-grandchildren behind her. Aug. 18, in Stamford-square, Mr. J. Thomas, of Crane-court, Fleet-square, solicitor, in his 71st year. June 26, at Epsom Estate, St. George's, Jamaica, universally respected, P. Jacquei, Esq., in his 62d year of his age, and the 47th of his residence in that island. Aug. 8, at the residence of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., St. James's-place, Barbara Joanna, aged nine months; and on Sunday, the 17th inst., Mary Eleanor, aged two years and nine months, the children of J. B. Trevanion, Esq. Aug. 13, at Maidstone, H. Chitty, Esq., of the Middle Temple, and Southampton-buildings, second son of Joseph Chitty, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.
The birth of Diane de Poictiers was high, her father was allied to the house of Bourbon, and by his friendship for his kinsman, the unfortunate Constable Duke de Bourbon drew on himself the vengeance of Francis the First, in the only instance wherein that chivalric monarch revenged an offence in an unmerciful manner. Jean de Poictiers, Count de St. Vallier, was the friend and confidant of Bourbon, and had deeply felt all the indignities that the king, at the instigation of his mother, Louisia of Savoy, had heaped on that prince; nevertheless, he had persuaded the duke to forbear retaliation, and extorted a promise from him not to revenge his private wrongs on his country, by deserting to the enemies of France. Bourbon, unfortunately for himself and his friend, broke this promise; and St. Vallier, who knew not of the flight of the Duke de Bourbon till after it had happened, was arrested, put to the torture, degraded, and sentenced to death. The chronicles of that time declare, that his beautiful daughter, Diane de Poictiers, a young maiden of sixteen, threw herself at the feet of the king, begging the life of her father, and that the king, charmed by her loveness, granted her request on the vile condition, that her father's pardon was to be bartered for her honour. This story, although Victor Hugo has interwoven it in his late drama of Le Roi s'amuse is evidently untrue. For Diane had at that time been ten years the wife of the grand seneschal of Normandy, one of the most loyal of the French nobles; through whose intercession St. Vallier was finally pardoned when on the scaffold. The pardon of the unfortunate St. Vallier is still extant, and in the formula it is affirmed, that the pardon is granted through the intercession of the king's very dear and loyal cousin, counsellor, and chamberlain, the Count de Maulerrier, Louis de Brezé, grand
seneschal of Normandy. There is another tradition that affirms St. Vallier to have gone suddenly mad on hearing his pardon unexpectedly pronounced, and that he soon after died insane. The ill-treatment he met with was sufficient to subvert any person’s reason; and this report appears to have more reasonable foundation than the other. The last scene of his degradation from the order of St. Michael, previous to his appearance on the scaffold, has been described in a popular French romance called “Deux Fous,” with some attention to historic costume; and as it has not been before the English public, it seems acceptable in this place.

“Meantime, Messire Charles de Luxembourg being deputed by the king to see the sentence of degradation from knighthood executed on Count St. Vallier, who had been condemned to death in a ‘bed of justice,’ held that day by Francis the First, went to the square court of the Conciergerie, accompanied by the president Leviste, six counsellors, and the clerk of the criminal court, Nicolas Malon. He was then conducted to the dungeon of the prisoner.

“St. Vallier was stretched on the humid straw, shivering with fever; the visit of his daughter had filled his heart with fresh anguish. The idea that the honour of Diane was at the mercy of Francis, absorbed all other painful thoughts; even his own condemnation seemed forgotten, in dread lest his daughter should add to the number of the royal mistresses. His mind, weakened by moral and physical sufferings, was wholly desolated by this anticipation.

“After they had sung the De profundis, and said the service for the dead, he was seized with a sudden access of fury, during which he dashed himself violently against the walls, till exhausted with his efforts, he sunk on the litter that served him for a bed. When he heard the opening door of his cell grate on its hinges to admit the royal deputation, he exclaimed, without turning his head towards it—

“‘By my seven towers of Pisançon, here comes the medicine for all my earthly ills! Quick, executioner, do thy office, before my dear daughter pays a shameful price for this worthless life of mine!’

“The president and gentlemen of parliament, all dressed in their habits of ceremony, entered according to their rank, one by one; they were duly announced in a loud voice by their usher, they ranged themselves round the prisoner in inmoveable silence. The clerk of the criminal court, Malon, then seating himself upon a rickety stool, which was the sole piece of furniture in the cell, prepared to rehearse the procès verbal.

“Before he commenced, however, the president Leviste, required the condemned Jean de Poictiers to repeat his names, honours, and titles.

“There was no replying to this demand; St. Vallier remained motionless and silent, as if already stiff in his coffin.

“‘Maitre Malon,’ continued the president, ‘note down that we came to the square tower, where we found the said Jean de Poictiers sick on his bed.’

“‘Monsieur de St. Vallier,’ added Charles de Luxembourg, ‘I come by the command of the king, our lord, to deprive you of the order of St. Michael. Clerk, read the ordinance for the same.’

“The clerk of the criminal court hummed, hawed, and scraped, as all clerks have done from time immemorial; then, in a dry technical tone, proceeded to decipher the following sentence:—

“‘I, Francis, by the grace of God, king of France, do make known to our loving and loyal lieges of the court and parliament of Paris, that our dear cousin, Charles of Luxembourg, knight of our order, and count of Roussy and de Ligny, is charged by us to resume our order of St. Michael; by depriving of it the condemned traitor, Jean, of Poictiers, who, by his conviction this day, has forfeited all his honours, dignities, prerogatives, and immunities, given at Paris, the 16th day of January, 1524, of our reign the tenth. Signed by the king and his bed of justice. Robertet.’

“The announcement of this document had a sudden vivifying effect on the unhappy patient, who started up, red with indignation—‘Now, by my blazon without spot, the king cannot tear from me the collar of blessed St. Michael, without a chapter of the knights being convened for the purpose!’

“‘Maitre Malon,’ observed the president, ‘please to note down that reply.’

“‘Oh!’ cried St. Vallier, ‘notable wrong and injustice is done to me—I am innocent: which I have avowed, despite
of torture; nor is there any witness that
gainsays my assertion!"

"Monsieur," replied Charles of Lux-
embourgh, "I am charged by the king
with the execution of your sentence, and
it must be done. Now tell me where is
the collar of your order, since it is not
about your neck?"

"No, it is not: think you that it would
be seemly to wear my order about a neck
destined to be made shorter at the Place
de Grève? I have it not here."

"In that case, monsieur, I must lend
you mine, for the king’s command must
be complied with.

"You can do what you please as to
your own collar, Monsieur de Luxem-
bourg, I do not consider it as the badge
of my knighthood. As for mine, it will
not be returned to the king till after I
cease to live, unless it be demanded by
a solemn assembly of my order."

"We must perform the king’s behest,
touching the revocation of this order,
and therefore must assist Messire de
Luxembourgh in the execution of the
same, even if it is done by force,” said
the president. Luxembourg then ap-
proached St. Vallier, and after putting
his own collar round the neck of the
condemned, took it off, while the clerk
read aloud the sentence of degradation;
meantime, the unfortunate St. Vallier
wept and smote his breast. When his
ceremonial was ended, he cried—

"It is here I have received the stroke
of death; for what can be worse than
such a sentence to a true gentleman."

"Now sign the procès verbal," said
the president, presenting the pen and
parchment.

"Messieurs," said M. de Luxembourg
to the counsellors who were retiring, “I
will now go to inform his majesty of what
has passed."

"A word before you go," added St.
Vallier, flaming away the pen and parch-
ment that had been put into his hands,
without signing; and speaking mysteri-
ously, ‘tell the king, that having de-
prived the father of his honour, it is but
just that he spares that of the daughter.’

‘Having pronounced these words in
the most sorrowful tone, he finished by

bursting into a loud fit of insane laughter.
He ran round the prison on all fours, sung
a Dauphinois Noël,† and striking his
forehead violently against a sharp angle
of the wall, wounded it, so that the blood
sprung over M. de Luxembourg.

"‘See!’ shouted St. Vallier; ‘see this
bright scarlet will serve to dye the robe
of the counsellor of parliament, so that
he will become a president anon.’

"M. de St. Vallier had gone mad."

Francis sent a pardon to the unfortu-
tunate count when he was on the scaff-
fold: it would have been more merciful
if he had suffered the headsman to give
him at once the coup de grâce, for he
died a little while afterwards in the most
furious paroxysms of mania.

The sentence to which the doom of
death had been modified, was imprison-
ment during life. Some historians assert
that the grand seneschal of Normandy,
St. Vallier’s son-in-law, was his accuser.†
If so, the sufferings of Diane de Poitiers
must have been extremely acute, since
all testimony agree in affirming that she
tenderly loved her father; yet by what-
ever means his pardon was procured, it
is certain that she was a wife and a mo-
ther at the time of his condemnation.

Diane was the eldest daughter of this
unfortunate nobleman, born Sept. 3, 1499,
in Dauphiny. At the age of thirteen
she espoused Louis de Bresé, the above-
mentioned grand seneschal of Normandy,
a grandson of Charles VII. and the
beautiful Agnes Sorrel. She became a
widow when she was in her thirty-second
year; nor was it till she was near forty
that she captivated the heart of Henry,
the second son of Francis the First, then
a youth of seventeen. This prince be-
came dauphin on the death of the Daup-
phin Francis, his eldest brother, in 1536.
Although Henry was married to a woman
of beauty and talent, somewhat younger
than himself, he treated her with little
consideration, and wholly attached him-
self to Diane, to whom he remained
faithful to the last hour of his life. To

* A Christmas carol used in the province of
Dauphiny.
† He was informed of the plot through a
priest who had received the confession of two
Norman gentlemen concerning it—the name of
St. Vallier was implicated by them; and the
husband of Diane receiving this state secret
in his official capacity of grand seneschal of
Normandy, was forced by his duty to commu-
nicate it to the king.
be sure, the wife he neglected was no other than the infamous Catherine de
Medicis, but it is not altogether certain that she deserved ill-treatment from him,
as she was at that time very young, gentle, and submissive; and we know not
what ill qualities were illicitied in her
disposition while she was the neglected
wife of Henry the Second: yet it is said
that she committed no fault till after she
assumed the regentship for her sons.

The passion that Henry cherished for
Diane de Poictiers will appear less ex-
traordinary, when it is considered that
her’s was a beauty that survived time,
and made her appear at forty with all
the charms of a woman of two-and-
twenty. Her features were small and re-
gular; her skin was exquisitely clear and
white; and her throat, neck and arms
the most lovely of any woman in Europe.
She had a great profusion of shining hair
of a bright chestnut colour. She never
had a fit of illness in her life. Every
day, let the temperature of the air be
what it might, she plunged in a bath of
cold spring water; and to this cause was
attributed the clearness of her com-
plexion, and her fine state of health.
She was one of the most accomplished
women of her age; wrote verses with
great elegance and playfulness; had wit
at will; was cheerful, sweet tempered, and
generous. She was a fine judge of the
arts; and when she swayed the sceptre of
France, through the doating affection of
the young king, Henry, she was a munici-
ficent patron of learned men, painters,
sculptors, and architects. She was the
patroness of Primaticcio, who has painted
her picture. She was on terms of literary
 correspondence with Clemens Marot, the
favourite poet of Francis the First. This
Clemens was one of the best poets not
only of his age, but of his country. He
was a soldier and gallant gentleman, as
well as a poet; and, as he could not
see so many charms of mind, person, and
manners, without being sensibly touched
with them, he fell desperately in love
with the fair Diane. She could not
make him comprehend the difference be-
tween a literary correspondence and a
love affair; and when he became down-
right outrageous, she was obliged to com-
plain to her lover, Prince Henry; and
through his influence, Clemens was ac-
cused of eating bacon in Lent, and un-
derwent a four years’ imprisonment in
the Grand Chatelet. This was a severe
punishment, either for being in love or
eating bacon; but it is supposed that
Francis the First detained his favourite
poet in this long confinement to save his
life: for Marot got reckless with the pain
of his unfortunate passion, rushed into
all the intrigues of the Huguenots; and
as a violent persecution was then carried
on against the protestant faith, Francis
shut up Clemens Marot to keep him out
of mischief.

There is in existence an elegant little
poem of her’s, which is now for the first
time presented to an English reader,
being but lately published in France, after
having reposéd for centuries among the
royal MSS. in the French king’s library.
In these verses, she means to imply that
she had declined all the seductions of
passion in the spring-time of her days,
but when Love presented her with a
branch of laurel, by which she figures
her royal lover Henry the Second, she
accepted it to be a queen, or rather to
exercise kingly power, which she cer-
tainly did. These verses are addressed to
Henry the Second, and assuredly imply
that the fair writer thought more of am-
bition than love.

A’ Henri IIe,
Voici vraiment, qu’Amour un beau matin,
Sen m’offrir fleurette tres gentille,
" L’a se prit il, adorons votre teint,"
Et vistement viollette et jonquille.
Me rejetao, a tant que ma mantile
En etoit pleine, et mon coeur se panoit;
(Car voyez vous, fleurette si gentille,
Etait garcon frais, dispons et jeunet:)
Ains tremblottante et detournant les yeux,
" Nenni, disois je, ah ne serez d&egrave;
Repris Amour; et soudain on ma vue
Va presentant un laurier merveilleux
Mieux vaut, lui dis je, être sage guerreine!
Ains me sentis si tremblant et trembler,
Diane faillit et comprendrez sans peine
Duquel matin je pr&egrave;sendis repartir.

Literal Translation.
One beautiful morning, Love appeared to me,
He came to offer me the loveliest flowers of
spring,
"There, take them," he said, "they will aug-
ment your charms;"
Then quickly showers of violets and jonquils
He flung at me, till my lap and bosom were
full;
And oh, how my heart fluttered and panted!
(For, look you, there was not among all these
blossoms,
One brighter than this fair boy himself:)
But trembling and turning away my eyes.
"I will have none of them," I said. "Ah, do
not deceive yourself;"
Replied Love. Then suddenly before my sight
He presented a glorious branch of laurel.
"Better, far better," I cried, "to be wise, and be a queen!"

But still his presence made me faint and shiver.

"Diana," said he, "will soon comprehend me better,

Some morning I will talk to her again."

After Prince Henry became dauphin, the court of his father was divided into two factions: one of them was the party of the Duchesse de Estampes, the mistress of Francis the First, and the other of Diane de Poitiers, who ruled his son. These ladies often had sharp quarrels, and were publicly at open enmity.

The principal cause of dispute was the age of Diane; whom the Duchesse de Estampes publicly affirmed was old enough to be her mother, for that Diane was married the very year of her birth. Besides this accusation, she declared that the extraordinary duration of the beauty of Diane was caused by magical incantations—that she bewitched young Henry by means of certain enchanted rings that she wore, and that every morning she ate for breakfast a pottage, made of portable gold, and some herbs of singular efficacy for the complexion, the names of which were alone known to Diane. It must have been an amusing thing to have heard court quarrels in that imaginative age, when apparitions, dreams, and magic, were by turns familiarly discussed, with all the earnestness of good faith.

At the death of Francis the First, the star of Diane took the ascendant,—she had the magnanimity to forbear using her influence to oppress her injurious enemy. Never was a woman more completely sovereign than this lady; Henry and his kingdom were completely governed by her. Although Henry was not entirely faithful to her, since he had another mistress who brought him a natural daughter, yet he gave an odd proof of his attachment to Diane, by naming that daughter after her, when he kept her in entire ignorance of the birth of the child. He made Diane Duchesse de Valentinois; before, she was always called La Grande Senechal. He wore her colours in public; these were black and white, in allusion to her widowhood; and he had his cypher entwined with hers, and her device put on all the public buildings completed in his reign; this device was a crescent and bow and arrows, in allusion to the Goddess Diana, after whom she was named. They are still to be seen in some of the architectural buildings of that age, as well as on the tapestry and mouldings of the magnificent castle of Anet, which Henry built for his beloved near Dreux, in the Isle of France. To this monument of his passion, Voltaire alludes in describing the flight of Love to the plains of Ivry, when he says, that Cupid saw

"The walls of Anet rising by the waters of Euro."

Diane, not content with the influence she held over the heart of Henry, was a complete mistress of the difficult, but necessary art of conciliation. The Constable Montmorency, who was prime minister, rough and rude as he was to every one else, was all softness and compliance towards her; and requested the hand of her grand-daughter, Antoinette de la Marck, for his son Henri. Her eldest daughter she married into the proud house of Guise; this lady espoused the Duke d'Aumale. Diane always lived at peace with Henry's wife, Catherine de Medicis; and happy it was for her that she had the moderation to refrain from drawing on her head the hatred of this vindictive woman, who was, during the reign of Henry the Second, too much taken up with her passion for Cardinal de Lorraine, to care for her husband's love for Diane.

Whatever were the charms of Diane as a woman and a belle esprit, her government was not a prosperous one for France, since the extreme profusion of her royal lover plunged the finances of the country into ruin; and France was most truly in a bankrupt state till the wise and honest administration of Sully restored order and competence, which had never been known under the reigns of Henry the Second and his three sons. But it is a doubt whether the personal extravagance of a king ever can make his dominions bankrupt; and it is most probable, that the poverty of France was the effect of the life-long wars of Francis the First, the re-action of long foreign wars being always felt in a country for at least twenty or thirty years afterwards; while civil wars, although they occasion tremendous personal sufferings and deprivations, do not impoverish a state in the like manner, but are usually followed by a turn of national prosperity.

During the sway of Diane de Poitiers, the wife of the king, Catherine de Medicis, was only remarked for the quiet
and passive demeanour with which she saw all her rights given to a woman, old enough to be her mother. When Henry the Second was mortally wounded in a tournament with the Count de Montgomery,* Catherine began to manifest a very different spirit, and she sent to Diane an order not to approach the king's chamber, and to confine herself to her own house; at the same time, a haughty demand to restore the crown jewels, which assuredly ought not to have been in her keeping. "Is the king dead?" asked Diane. "No, madame," replied the messenger, "but he will not survive the day!"

"Till then I have not a master," said Diane; and the nobleman departed without the jewels.

This was not the language of a woman that was losing a friend dear to her heart, by a blow calamitous as it was sudden, but the sentiment of one who felt nothing but the vain desire of boundless sway. Seldom it is, indeed, that illicit ties are productive of any real affection, or faithful tenderness: the woman who is unprincipled enough to engage in them, generally revenges her degradation by harpy-like plunder, while, amidst her artful blandishments, scornful indifference is shrouded in the recesses of her heart. Diane, though not so abandoned as some, it is evident cared only for the monarch, and nothing for the man; or what would have been the worth of the possession of these baubles a few hours more or less, when he who adored her more than crown or life, was dying in torture of the most agonising description?

Diane never saw her royal lover after he received the fatal blow: at the time he was wounded he wore her colours of black and white. He never spoke but one sentence, which was to request that Count de Montgomery, with whom he ran the fatal tilt, might not be persecuted for his death.

He laid for eleven days between life and death, unable to recognise any one, or to provide against the disasters which, after his sudden removal, overwhelmed his kingdom.

The moment Henry breathed his last, Diane was forsaken by the courtiers who had exalted her above the Queen of France: among these, one was found base enough to say to Catherine de Medicis, that he would cut off Diane's nose if the queen would commission him to do so. Catherine rejected the proposal with horror. The Cardinal Lorraine would have been one of Diane's bitterest persecutors, if his brother, the Duke d'Aumale, who had married her daughter, had not begged him to refrain from injuring his mother-in-law. The Constable de Montmorency, who continued in power, remained her firm friend; and it was soon understood that the queen meant to suffer her rival to retain all the gifts of her royal lover, excepting the crown jewels, which she was forced to relinquish at last. Diane expressed her gratitude to the queen, by a present of her superb palace of Chaumont sur Loire, which was situated in the midst of the lands that Catherine had received for her dowry. The queen granted her, in return, the castle of Chenonceaux, in Touraine.

Diane retired to her castle of Anet, where she lived in great splendour the remainder of her days: once only she left her seclusion, at the earnest request of Catherine de Medicis, to mediate between her old friend the Constable de Montmorency and the house of Guise, both families being connected with her by marriage. Diane accomplished the pacification with her usual tact and address; and after assisting at the coronation of Charles IX., she again withdrew to Anet. She survived this revisit to court five years, and died in the sixty-seventh year of her age, April 26, 1566. Her body reposes under a noble marble mausoleum, which she had herself seen constructed, in the middle of the choir of the great chapel of Anet.

Diane retained her beauty till the last few days of her life, we have the testimony of an eye-witness to this fact. Brantome says, "I saw this lady only six months before she died, and at that time she was so lovely, that the most insensible person could not have looked upon her without emotion. She was then on her recovery from a severe accident, being the fracture of her leg, which she had broken by a fall from her horse in riding through the streets of Orleans. Yet neither the accident, nor the intense pain she had undergone, had diminished her charms.

* See an account of this misfortune in the Memoir of Henry's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Spain.
Address to a Lady.—Letters from Napoleon to Josephine.

Her possessions at Anet went to her daughter, the Duchesse d’Aumale. The Duke de Sully, in his memoirs, tells us, that this branch of the house of Guise was impoverished with a law-suit, but does not mention from what cause. He gives a curious account of a night he passed there by invitation of the Duchesse d’Aumale, when he was almost starved with cold and hunger; and he draws a contrast between the princely magnificence of the chambers shining with gold and marble, and the comfortless bed with short silk curtains and damp sheets that was furnished to him. (See Note on Primaticcio’s Portrait hereafter).

ADDRESS TO A LADY, WHO WEPT UPON GIVING HER LITTLE GIRL HER FIRST CORRECTION.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

A mother’s tears! do they not falling prove,
Richer than India’s treasures, when they are shed,
Midst the strong feelings of maternal love,
In drooping fondness o’er her infant’s head?

Marking the early passions as they spring,
Uncheck’d by reason in its blest control,
And trembling lest extended years should bring
The mingling tears amidst the beauteous whole.

Weep not, fond mother! thro’ succeeding years,
Piercing the sky-woven veil of infancy,
All that can best repay a mother’s tears,
I see, amidst parental ecstasy.

The charm of grace—the better charm of mind,
With all the strength of cultured virtues fraught,
Sweetness and sense in happiest union join’d;
In practice shading all by precept taught.

O! may I prove no faithless prophet here,
Midst the warm hopes to love maternal given;
And thou, fond mother, find earth’s trembling tear
Transform’d to pearls of richest price in heaven.

LETTERS FROM NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE.

Published by Hortensia Beauharnois.

This is the form in which we prefer to notice a work which in all probability will acquire great éclat elsewhere. Indeed, from the numerous fictitious memoirs that have of late years issued from the French press, we should have hardly touched upon this publication at all, had we not been assured by a literary friend that it is authentic, and that from its nature we see no reason to doubt its authenticity.

Moreover, we have here no call to consider the career of the writer, the grandeur which for some years he maintained in Europe, or the giddy ambition which more speedily produced his downfall; nor need we look upon Josephine as the ephemeral empress, which, unhappy lady, we believe she always considered herself; nor her daughter by her first husband, M. Beauharnois, as the equally ephemeral queen of Holland.

Who has not been delighted by the con- nubial correspondence that has variously been brought to light (not to mention the ancients) from that of Sir Richard Steele transmitting sixpence to his lady from some haunt to which he had retired to avoid bailiffs, down to that of George Washington, afterwards president of immense States, conveying to his wife the will of great property from the field of action? These letters from the imperial soldier to her whose family influence
originated his fortunes, partake of the interest previously excited, as well as of a certain charm that always accompanies fallen greatness.

We shall make but very few extracts, which at least have the merit of exhibiting, as we believe, Napoleon Bonaparte, on whom so much has been written in a new character. The following is from Mantua, of date

"July 18, 1796.

"I am very uneasy to know how you are—what you are doing. I have been in the village of Virgil,—on the shores of his lake, by a silvery moonshine,—and not a moment without thinking of Josephine."

On the following day he added—

"A thousand kisses as burning as my heart—as pure as you. I sent for the courier, who told me he had seen you, and that you said you had no commands for him. O fie! naughty, ugly, cruel, tyrannical, pretty, little monster! You laugh at my threats—at my folly. Ah, you know that if I could put you into my heart, you should remain imprisoned there!"

To this follow letters which evince all the jealousy of an ardent lover, and also some symptoms of gaiety having been too prominent on the part of Madame.

The next extract shall be the following, which after some badinage, thus continues:

"Mantua, Sept. 1796.

"It is shocking to deceive a poor husband—a tender lover! Must he lose his rights because he is absent, overwhelmed with business, fatigue, and trouble? Without his Josephine—without the certainty of her love, what remains for him on earth? How could he live in this world? We had yesterday a very sanguinary affair, the enemy suffered considerably, and was completely beaten. We have taken the faubourg of Mantua. Adieu, my adorable Josephine! One of these nights I shall force open your doors as if I were jealous, and shall be then quickly in your arms."

A chasm occurs in the collection here, which enables us more easily to pass to the period of the short peace of Amiens, during which all the world flocked to Paris, to visit the coterie of the first consul Bonaparte and his wife.

Defect of health, and very possibly other causes, having abstracted Josephine from Paris, a domestic note, written from the old country-house, which seems to have endeared itself from domestic enjoyment, to the now old married couple, contains these passages:

"Malmaison, 27th June, 1803.

"Your letter, good little woman, tells me that you are out of order. Corvisart* says, however, that it is a good sign—that the baths have the desired effect, and will soon restore you. Nevertheless, it is really painful to my heart to know that you are suffering.

"I went yesterday to see the manufactories of Sévres and St. Cloud.

"Say a thousand kind things to all about you. Yours for life, Bonaparte."

Previous to our next extract war had recommenced, and a wonderful change occurred. He who, from early studies, had aimed at assimilating France to Ancient Rome in its pursuit of universal empire, emulating the successful generals of antiquity, had obtained in his person the acclamation of emperor! With what prophetic feelings his wife contemplated this exaltation, and consequently her own, will be seen in the brief notices that remain to be inserted in this page.

From Berlin—the capital of the country he had conquered—the proud Prussia—he writes thus:

"1st Nov. 1806.

"Talleyrand is just arrived, and tells me, my love, that you do nothing but weep! What can be the matter? You have your daughter, your grandchildren, and good news. That surely is enough to make you happy. The weather is magnificent—not one drop of rain has fallen during the whole campaign. I am very well, and everything goes right. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from M. Napoleon,+ but I suppose it was not written by him, but his mother. A thousand kind things to every body."

"N."

It is due to the writer to observe, that notwithstanding the significant imperial "N." that is here, for the first time, subscribed, there is no lack of fondness; and, before this time, its subject had become a grandmother! How soon he took the field, and with what success, the world too well knows. Yet his pursuit would seem to have had no charm for Josephine!

It is just possible to conceive that she might have been affected by the on-dits of the Parisian coteries, on his personal admiration of the Queen of Prussia; yet the anecdote quickly followed of her Majesty having, in right of her charms, solicited him to spare a certain fortress.

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* First physician of the court.

† Her grandchild.
The Setting Sun.—The Cartel.

We had marked some letters from Eylau, the hardly-contested affairs of which embarrassed him greatly, and produced reports unfavourable to him at home. They are, however, unessential to our brief notice, unless as to one extract from a letter of 10th of March—

"The unfavourable reports that used to circulate in your drawing-room at Mentz are renewed in Paris. Silence those people. I shall be very much displeased if you do not stop this."

Here ends our notice of this publication for the present: the "Adieu, Malmaison," and all that followed, is sufficiently known. It would seem that Madame Hortensia has thought it essential to her mother's fame to publish the letters from which we have taken up a few various points, among many that are far from unworthy of attention, and, if it be to her a filial gratification, we are too strong advocates for filial duty to object to it.

THE SETTING SUN.
FROM AN OPEN WINDOW LOOKING UPON WISETON LAWN.

Is there one did not feel as he gazed on yon sun,
Whose short course ere an hour shall pass by will be run?

Is there one who beheld its first rising at dawn,
When dew-drops bespangled yon beautiful lawn,
And hath seen it go sweetly down that western hill,
And cast its faint shade o'er each woodland and rill?

Has not thought, that so man, like yon once brilliant sun,
Shines forth a brief space, and then finds his course run.

Wiseton, Sept. 1, 1834.

J. C. H.

THE CARTEL.
A Tale of the Ocean.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

"Jack Marlin, ahoy!" shouted Captain Pennant as he observed a sailor rolling along the High-street, Portsmouth, a few paces before him. "Ho, what cheer! what cheer!" answered Jack, as he hove to. "Don't you know me?" said the captain. "Know you!" replied Jack, "aye, bless your honour, I'd know you between lights amongst a dozen of our new ones.—I've good reason to know your honour, look at this scar on my forehead, I received it in boarding the R——, and more than a dozen hands were held up to repeat the blow, when your honour rushed aboard and saved Vol. V.—No. 4.

Jack Marlin's life. Not know you, indeed! If ever I forget you, I'll be——; but d——n all swearing, it only disgraces the navy. What can I do for your honour? only give the word of command, and Jack will never lay astern if he can serve you." "What ship do you sail in now?" said the captain. "None at all, your honour," replied Jack; "I am quite adrift at present, without rudder, compass, or rhino aboard." "Indeed!" said the captain. "If that's the case, how would you like to sail with me, Jack?" "How would I like it!" answered Jack; "why need your honour ask that ques-
tion. There isn't an officer in the service I'd sooner sail with. Put me to any station, from the cabin-boy to captain of the foretop, and if Jack neglects his duty, why then start him with a round dozen before breakfast, and send him adrift as a disgrace to the service.” “Listen to me,” said the captain. Captain Pennant then informed him that he had a little love affair in view, and he should require the assistance of an active courageous fellow on whom he could depend, adding, “I know I can depend on you.”

“'Aye, your honour, you'll find me as true as the compass,” said Jack, turning the quid in his mouth: “I'm ready, your honour, so steer away, and I'll follow in the wake,” “Not so fast, Jack,” replied the captain; “the lady in question is in Spain, and we are bound thither—but more of this hereafter. Here's money, go and get new rigging, and be sure to meet me at the Hard by eight o'clock tomorrow—and d'ye hear, Jack, keep clear of the grog.” “Aye, aye, your honour, never fear,” replied Jack, as he rolled away, full of joy. Captain Pennant waved his hand to him, and turned towards the sally-port to give orders respecting the boat.

A few months since, the captain had been to the coast of Spain, with a cartel to exchange prisoners; and although he had always defied the threats of the enemies of his country, and disdained to surrender to superior force, yet he was not invulnerable to a pair of dark blue eyes and the lively countenance of a sweet girl, whose father was the commandant of the citadel of Cadiz. He was a rich and a proud man; even in adversity his pride did not forsake him. He had been left a widower when his daughter Louise was sixteen years of age. She possessed a most amiable disposition, and abounded in acts of humanity; indeed, all the good qualities of her mother had descended to her, than whom a more exemplary woman never existed. She loved her father with the most sincere affection, and when the horrors of war broke out in Spain, he wished to send her to a convent for safety, but she pleaded so hard to remain with him, that he could no longer refuse, and she consequently resided with him in the citadel. It was about six months after the death of Louise's mother, that Captain Pennant arrived with a flag of truce respecting an exchange of prisoners. Pennant had gradually rose by merit from a midshipman to a captain; and his name was well known among the French and Spanish officers as a brave and meritorious seaman. All those who had been taken prisoner by him in former engagements, spoke in terms of the highest praise of his humane and generous conduct to them.

It is, therefore, no matter of surprise, that Captain Pennant was received with every mark of honourable distinction by the officers of the hostile army and navy. The commandant invited him to his residence, and there it was that he first met Louise. Her modest demeanour, her gallant carriage, and her perfect form and posture, riveted the Englishman's attention. The first meeting passed without any act beyond common civility; but when she heard so many voices speaking in praise of the captain's bravery, and still more of his humanity, a singular feeling stole over her heart, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She felt pleasure in his presence, and pain in his absence; anxiety if any danger threatened, and an inexplicable kind of envy if he paid much attention to other females. On this evening the conversation turned on the event of a gallant action which had been fought by a French frigate against the English ship Dreadnought, when Pennant was only a midshipman in the service, and which was the occasion of his first promotion.

"'It was a hazy morning,” said the captain, “when we descried a strange sail to the southward,—she was within gun-shot of us, and we gave her a blank gun to bring her to. She gave us no answer, but wore and showed us a good set of teeth. We were not to be trifled with, and gave her another gun, but still no answer.” “Then,” said our captain, “give her a shot, and that will speak plainer, and then we shall see what lingo she replies in.” The shot was fired, and she sent us an answer which struck our gib-shirt, and up went the French colours. "Aye," says the captain, "she's a good one, and will be no shillycock. Get your tumpions out there; get the cat-fall overhauled down there; square your yards and man your capstan-bars; keep her near, master, she's coming to pay us a visit, and we must receive her with proper respect. Steady boys;
are all your guns well shotted?" "Aye, aye, sir!" cried the men, "all ready, sir!" "Fore-top ahoy!" called the captain; "overhaul your tackle there!" "Aye, aye, sir!" was the reply. "Steady, then steady." The breeze sprung up,—we raced each other; she wanted to get us athwart ships, but we wouldn't have it so; then she tried to get to windward, but we knew a trick worth two of that. Our captain watched the heave of the sea: "Now, my boys, give it her!" Fire! was the word. We gave her such a broadside as made her quite groggy; but she was a kind, generous creature, and wouldn't be beholden to us, for she returned the compliment in good style. We wore, and gave her the other broadside; and in less than five minutes after, we observed she was on fire. "Slack your fire," cried our captain, "she strikes!—hoist out your boats—I need not say why—our enemy's ship is on fire,—that's enough; you know the rest of your duty" —every man was on the alert. The boats were soon afloat; and a set of bold hearts as ever lived pulled towards the burning ship. Many a brave enemy had jumped overboard, sooner than overload their boats. I was in the gig,—all the ship's stern appeared in a blaze; but what was my astonishment to behold, close alongside the gibe-boom, a female, holding in her hand a beautiful little girl. I hailed her, and told her to be of good cheer: we soon got close under the vessel's bow. One brave fellow seized a rope, and was alongside of her in a moment; I followed, but she would not part with the girl even while we lowered her into the boat (for to attempt to lower both at once would have been hazardous), so we were obliged to separate them by force. The mother was placed safely on board the boat, while I clasped the little girl in my arms (it was the first time I ever turned nurse, and I have no doubt I proved but an awkward one). I was on the point of slinging myself into the boat, when down came the topsail-yard blazing between us and the ship's side. What was to be done? All retreat was cut off,—no hope of escape presented itself; but Providence helped me at the pinch. My mind was instantly made up,—I pulled off my neckcloth and bound the girl to my neck, and with her plunged into the sea. The boats' crew heard the splash, and they were round the ship's head in a trice: the mother shrieked, all was lost! She was deceived,—a moment more and her child, her darling child, was clasped to her panting breast unharmed. Soon after we reached our ship, and on counting numbers, we found that we had saved no less than two hundred fellow-creatures. The vessel blew up with a tremendous explosion; and in a moment more, there remained not a vestige of as fine a frigate as ever stemmed the wave.

The commandant had listened with attention; but, as the captain proceeded, his anxiety increased, till at the conclusion he gasped for breath. "Tell me," said he, "how long since did this occur?" "'Tis now full twelve years since: I was then but fifteen, and was rated only as a midshipman; but our captain represented my conduct so favourably to the Admiralty, that I was put upon the list for promotion; and as soon as my age allowed it, I was rated as lieutenant." "And what became of the lady?" inquired the governor. "Oh, we found she was the wife of a Spanish noble, and therefore we put her ashore at Bilboa; and at parting she gave me this locket, and desired me to accept it as a token of respect." "Generous Briton!" exclaimed the commandant, as he gazed on the miniature; "know, to your surprise, that the lady whom you saved was my wife, and this her dear, her only daughter." Pennant was astounded. Was he so fortunate as to have rescued the being whom he now appeared to love above all others? Yes, it was confessedly so. He felt a soft hand encircling his own. "My preserver!" uttered a voice in tender accents—"Benefactor!" echoed another; he looked up, and found himself between the commandant and his daughter, each clasping his hands.

Mutual congratulations ensued, and Pennant felt assured that should he propose an alliance with this fair lady, there would be no objection on the part of the commandant. At once, therefore, he avowed his intentions. The commandant paused: he had not anticipated such a request—he required time to consider. He stammered out that he was unprepared, but in a few days he would decide. This acted like a damper on Pennant's fond hopes; he felt a kind of presentiment of evil which he could not account for,
He almost conceived in his own mind that he had an uncontrolled right to her. "Would she not have perished had I not rescued her?" thought he. "And is this my reward?" He sunk into a reverie: Louise observed his altered looks; she felt the difficulty of offering him consolation without tending to heighten an esteem which was quickly ripening into love, but which she feared would never be encouraged by her father. Wrapped in these thoughts the two lovers were silent during the remainder of the evening; and at ten o'clock the captain took his departure, with all the appearance of cold formality; but those who could read the language of the eyes would have formed very different conclusions.

The exchange of prisoners had commenced, and Pennant expected to sail for the shores of Britain in the course of three days at latest.

He visited the commandant once more, but Louise was not there: he feared to inquire, and yet his anxiety was such, that he could not resist. He remarked her absence to the commandant, who coolly replied that she was gone to spend a few days with her aunt.

Pennant felt grieved, but he concealed his disappointment. He then informed the commandant that he was under orders to sail on the second day. At this moment the bell was rung furiously, and in an instant a messenger rushed into the room, and informed the commandant that the house of Madame M—— had been beset by masked ruffians, and Louise had been carried off, no one knew whither.

The commandant turned pale. Pennant was astonished. Instant orders were given for an immediate pursuit. Pennant resolved to trace the villains to their haunts, and left the castle hastily. The governor prepared to depart, when a servant entered the chamber, and presented a letter, saying that a stranger delivered it at the gate, and departed instantly. The commandant hastily broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Governor, be not deceived; your daughter was not carried off by ruffians, but by paid agents. Look round your circle of visitors. There may be false friends. Remember there is an Englishman among them; he sails for Britain on the second day. Draw your own conclusions."

"A SECRET FRIEND."

The governor was thunderstruck. Could it be? Was it possible that the same being who restored to him his child could aim at her dishonour? He reflected a moment—a horrid thought flashed across his mind. It occurred to him that the captain had determined to possess his daughter, and fearing his refusal to sanction their union, had taken these measures to ensure success.

Deceived by this treachery, he dispatched orders to every station to seize the English captain, should he present himself at either of the gates, and then left the castle that he might aid in the pursuit of the betrayers.

When Pennant left the governor he descended to the beach, and gave the signal for the boat to come ashore; it soon arrived: he took two men with him to assist his search, and left the others in charge of the boat. They placed their pistols in their belts, and proceeded in silence towards the high road. In a short time the noise of a carriage was distinctly heard; and as it approached, a faint scream floated through the air. Pennant called to them to stop; while Gaunt, his gunner's mate, seized the horses' heads. A scuffle ensued. Six masked braves attacked our heroes. Casey, the Irish coxswain, felled two of them with his long bony fist. One wretch attempted to stab Pennant in the back; but Gaunt, observing him, snapped his pistol at him, which missing fire, he gave him such a severe blow on the head with the butt-end of it, that he fell senseless to the ground. In doing this Gaunt let go the horse's reins, and the postilion, taking advantage of it, gave the whip to the horses, and galloped off at a swift rate, and was out of sight ere the captain or his companions could be aware of it. Three had scrambled up behind the carriage, and those who were on horseback set off full gallop, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuit.

Pennant and his companions were now left alone with the wounded man, and the corpse of another.

"What shall we do with this fellow?" said Pennant, "Hang him upon the first tree," replied Gaunt. "Blow his brains out!" cried the Irishman. "Hold! hold!" exclaimed the bravo. Pennant interposed, and told him to confess all he knew. "You are surrounded by
enemies—fly, while it is yet in your power." The bravo fainted: a paper dropped from his girdle. The captain hastily took it up—it was an order to detain the captain, if he attempted to pass the gates. A distant drum was now distinctly heard from the castle, and various other indications of an attack. A signal gun was heard from Pennant's ship, and a low whistle from the boat's crew gave Pennant notice that treachery was on foot. They lifted the wounded man from the ground, and conveyed him towards the boat; but as they reached the beach, a volley was discharged against them from an ambush: happily every shot missed, except one, which went through the crown of the Irishman's glazed hat, who shouted—"Bad luck to ye, ye ugly spalpeens; is that the way you spoil a gentleman's clothes?"

The vessel now began to open a fire, in order to cover their embarkation, which checked the advance of the numerous pursuers who were rushing from the citadel. The Englishman, however, succeeded in getting on board the boat, and reaching the ship in safety: she weighed anchor, and a stiff breeze springing up, wafted her in safety to the English shore.

It was some time after this adventure that Pennant met with Jack Marlin, whom he knew had often been ashore on the Spanish coast, and who, he was well aware, would be of infinite service to him in his endeavours to recover Louise.

The wounded prisoner was sufficiently recovered on the second day to walk the deck. Pennant tried to extract information from him as to the cause of the commandant's hostility, but without success. From fair means Pennant was obliged to resort to threats. He told the bravo that by the English law an attempt at murder was punished by death; and if his own crew were to know that he had attempted his life, he would not answer for the consequences. Partly by threats and partly by promises, the captain succeeded in obtaining the following information from him.

During the visits of Captain Pennant at the governor's residence, a young officer had been one of the guests: he had formed an attachment for Louise, but being a person of a cautious and dissimulating disposition, he had kept it a profound secret. He was rich, and descended from a powerful family, whose rank in the state was such that a proposal from him would have been readily accepted by the governor. Yet he could perceive that Louise was not inclined to encourage his advances, neither was he perfectly willing to encumber himself with the shackles of matrimony, if it could have been avoided. His acuteness of observation soon led him to conclude that an affection had sprung up between Louise and Pennant. He saw at once that he was likely to be deprived of his prize, and he therefore resolved to possess her in spite of all obstacles. He felt extreme pleasure when he received intelligence that her father intended to send her to her aunt's residence, because he knew the difficulties which would present themselves in opposition to his plans would be but few, compared with those which he should have had to encounter had she remained in the castle. He hired six fellows, who, for the sake of gold, would not hesitate at the committal of any crime. He knew that Louise's aunt was of a most charitable disposition, and he therefore hit upon a plan which appeared to promise the most successful issue. One of his men was disguised in beggar's weeds, and on a wet dreary evening he knocked at the wicket and solicited alms, stating that he was travelling towards Corunna, but from the darkness of the evening had missed his road. The old lady seemed touched with his situation, and as he gave her a long history of his hairbreadth escapes and misfortunes (which were only a tissure of falsehoods), he worked upon her feelings to such a degree, as to induce her to offer him a shelter till morning. This was all he wanted: he was comfortably lodged for the night. He waited until all the family were locked in the arms of sleep, and then opening the outer door, admitted his companions. They cautiously entered the chamber of the young lady: she had not retired to rest, as they had supposed, but was looking on a miniature, which proved to be a likeness of an English naval officer. A cloak was suddenly thrown over her face to prevent her from alarming the house by her cries: a carriage was at the door, in which she was quickly placed; but at this moment the cloak falling from her, gave her an opportunity of shrieking for help. The
inmates of the house were alarmed, but ere they could divine the cause, the carriage had proceeded some distance from the mansion.

Don Gomez (the young officer) was well aware that strict search would be made by the officers of the commandant, and he therefore penned that letter, which succeeded in causing him to suspect the captain as the guilty person, and free the real offender from all suspicion. It was at this juncture that Pennant stopped the carriage in its progress; and the events which followed that occurrence had caused the captain to sail for England a day sooner than he intended.

Captain Pennant was much chagrined on learning these particulars; for had he been aware of the real circumstances of the case, he would not have left Spain without obtaining a satisfactory explanation from the governor, as well as resenting the insult offered to him.

Pennant’s impression was that a plan of a treacherous nature had been concocted in order to capture his vessel and crew, for the safety of which he was held answerable to his government. He therefore had no alternative than that of sailing out of the reach of his enemies, and landing the liberated prisoners in safety on their native shore.

Pennant’s daring spirit, however, could not rest until he had taken ample revenge on the villainous Gomez, and likewise cleared himself in the eyes of the commandant. He therefore volunteered on an expedition to cut out two of the enemy’s privateers which hoivered about the Bay of Biscay to look out for merchants, and then in high favour at the Admiralty in consequence of his various successes, he succeeded in obtaining a roving commission; and having manned his vessel with all the daring spirits he could muster, he prepared to set sail with the first fair wind.

Having a feeling of gratitude towards his prisoner, who had given him all the information he required, he offered to take him with him, and land him in safety on the Spanish coast, provided he would truly direct him to the most likely spot where he might meet the villain Gomez. This offer was backed by a well-filled purse, which at length succeeded in allaying the scruples of Diego, the captive bravo, and he eventually agreed to become the captain’s guide.

The carriage in which Louise travelled made but few delays on the road. Gomez had laid his plans with such ingenuity that relays of horses were provided already harnessed; therefore, in the course of twelve hours they reached the gates of an old dismantled mansion, the chief part of which had been suffered to decay; but there were some apartments which Gomez had fitted up for his present purpose.

Here, then, was the fair Louise concealed from the scrutinizing search of her friends. Here the dastard Gomez advanced his infamous proposals, which were rejected with the disdain they merited by the virtuous maiden. Day after day he repeated his attempts to subdue her, but without success. He determined at length to have recourse to forcible measures; but in this he was foiled. One of his agents arrived with intelligence that his regiment was ordered to Badajos on immediate service, and that his instant presence was required at head-quarters.

He was therefore obliged to depart instantly, fearing that his absence might create suspicion; and leaving Louise in the charge of Roderigo, an old and trusty emissary, he hastily departed, without even seeing her again.

Two months had now passed since Pennant had left the Spanish coast, and he was in the midst of preparation, when Jack Marlin came in one morning with a rueful countenance, which indicated that some mishap had occurred, and on the captain inquiring the cause of his apparent chagrin, Jack replied, “Why, your honour, I’ve been run aboard by a shark, who has taken my companion in tow, and sailed away with her on a strange tack.” “Explain yourself,” said Pennant. “Why, captain,” replied Jack, “when your honour gave me the money some time since, the first thing I did with it was to go and get new rigged, and after that, I thought I couldn’t do less than buy my Dorothy some new rigging as well. So I took her to a shop, and decked her out from stem to stern (and a trim built vessel she looked with all her sails set); but some how or other the grog got aboard, and a squall came on, which increased to a hurricane, and she parted company. Well, the storm was, as usual, succeeded by a calm, and I expected Dorothy would have in sight again; but, no, I’ve never caught a glimpse of her
since. So, your honour, I’ve drawn out a bit of an advertisement for the newspapers, and as I’m not much of a scholar, I hope your honour will just read it over, to see if the lingo is all fair and above board. Jack handed the billet to the captain, who read as follows:—

"One Sovereign Reward.

Broke from her moorings during a squall, my ship Dorothy. Supposed to have been grappled by a pirate sailing under false colours. Dorothy is a smart sailer in smooth weather, but heaves most unceredly in a gale, and is apt to miss stays when she gets her grog aboard, or carries too much sail in her royals. She wears two large pockets by way of caulk-fenders, and when last seen had a red pennant flying from her masthead. Any marman who may get sight of her, and bring her to anchor alongside of me, with all her rigging complete, shall receive a sovereign reward, and a pound of good bacon into the bargain.

N.B.—Supposed to have a heavy cargo of spirits on board when she cut her cable.”

Pennant could hardly forbear laughing as he read this curious composition; but he consoled Jack by declaring he did not think such a faithless partner worth looking after. Besides, he added, there would be no time to lose, as he should probably sail on the following day. That was enough for Jack; when duty called he would never lay astern, so he went aboard without delay; and all the arrangements being completed, Pennant set sail from England with as brave a crew as ever went before the wind. After a quick passage, they reached the coast of Spain, and came to anchor in a small bay pointed out by Diego. The shades of evening were fast falling around when Pennant, followed by twelve staunch Britons, jumped into the ship’s boat. Diego accompanied them. They soon reached the shore unobserved.

Jack Marlin was the first who landed; Casey, the Irishman, second; and Diego third. “Now, look ye, my hearty (said Jack to the Spaniard), if you are steady at the helm, and steer us safely into port, why the captain will give you the promised reward, and keep his word in every respect; but if you attempt to run us on the quicksands of danger, or get us on a foul weather tack, hang goes a brace of bullets through your head, and that’s English for you.”

“And if you don’t mind and keep us on the right tack, my jewel (added Casey), by the powers I’ll give you such a starting with this rope’s-end, as shall make you dance to the tune of Moll Kelly’s Delight. Now that’s Irish for you; so you may translate it into Spanish, and then you’ll be sure to understand it.”

Diego perceived it would be ridiculous to attempt to deceive them, and therefore made up his mind to execute his task faithfully. He had been well treated on board, and had become accustomed in some degree to the rough sayings and manners of the crew, and he began to think that he had experienced more kindness and humanity from Captain Pennant than he had generally received from his own countrymen. These considerations, together with a liberal reward and the promise of freedom, completely decided him as to the conduct he ought to pursue. He therefore led the way in silence, Jack Marlin and Casey walking on either side of him. The captain followed close behind with four others. They had proceeded about a mile, when Diego turned into a by-path, which shortly brought them opposite the old mansion in which Louise was detained.

The crew now held a consultation as to the best means of gaining an entrance. Casey was for taking the place by force, but the captain would not consent to this, fearing it might place the lady’s life in jeopardy. It was, therefore, conceived advisable to use artifice to gain an entrance, and accordingly Pat Casey and Diego advanced towards the portal, while Jack Marlin went to explore the other parts of the building. Casey knocked loudly, all were ready to dart in the instant the door was opened, but they were foiled in their intentions; for the wary Roderigo, who kept the keys, looked from a lattice above, and inquired who was there. “’Tis I, Diego,” replied the prisoner; “come down and open the door.” “Diego!” replied the surly Roderigo; “and what do you want here? Where have you been to for the last two months?” “I have been a prisoner in the hands of the English,” replied Diego. “That may be,” replied Roderigo; “but my master ordered me to admit no person until his return, which will be to-morrow. So, good night;” and shutting the window, disappeared.—

Casey had during this dialogue been looking around him, and thought he dis-
covered a part of the wall sufficiently rugged to enable him to reach one of the windows; he mounted, and carefully ascended; meanwhile, Pennant seized the bell and rang violently. Roderigo appeared at the window above with a blunderbuss,—"Who's there?" inquired he. "A man!" replied the captain. "Man, woman, or child," replied Roderigo, "if you don't begone instantly, I'll give you the contents of this blunderbuss to carry away with you." "Devil a bit of that!" exclaimed Casey; who seized him by the back of the neck with one hand, while with the other he gripped the blunderbuss. Roderigo was astounded, he could not divine by what means the sailor could have entered the mansion; but Casey had contrived to squeeze through a narrow casement, and had just arrived in time to prevent mischief. Casey let go his neck, and clapping a pistol to the Spaniard's head, swore that he would blow his brains out if he did not surrender; finding all efforts needless, he resigned the blunderbuss. Casey's next demand was the key, which, on receiving, he threw it out of window to his companions, who unlocked the door and immediately entered. Casey gave Roderigo a fling, and told him to get out of his sight. The captain and his party rushed up the stairs, and proceeded to search the house for Louise, leaving Casey to keep the keys of the outer gate. Roderigo roused his companions, and they hastened towards the chamber of the lady, in order to make a last effort to stop the career of the intruders. Jack Marlin had been to take a survey of the building, and finding a heap of ruins, which (by the manner of its having fallen) almost formed a set of steps, he mounted at once; but all the casements and loopholes were too narrow for Jack to squeeze through, and in the bitterness of disappointment he exclaimed, "I wonder what swab built these here cabin windows! No one, except such a skeleton as our long Irishman, could squeeze through them." Jack was, however, resolved to proceed, and by dint of perseverance reached the roof; he pulled up some of the tiles, and descended to some rafters which appeared to be above the plaster work of the ceiling of a room underneath. Here Jack came to a pause; he could hear voices beneath him, but no inlet offered itself. He stood on two beams, and was well aware that if he stepped on the space between them, he would most surely fall through. Jack therefore began to consider what was best to be done, and his cogitations were of that complex nature, that he lulled himself into a gentle dose.

Roderigo, closely followed by the Englishmen, rushed into the Lady Louise's chamber; he had fastened the door, but Pennant and Casey, by their united strength, wrenched it from its hinges. Roderigo and his associates had surrounded Louise, and vowed that if any of Pennant's party advanced, he would bury his dagger in her heart. "Monster!" exclaimed Pennant, cocking his pistol and advancing. Roderigo raised his arm, exclaiming, "Since you defy me, behold, she dies by this hand!"

At this instant part of the ceiling gave way, and down tumbled Jack Marlin, head foremost, with a shower of mortar about his ears. "No, she isn't though, old down in the mouth," said he, jumping up and seizing him by the throat: "you're a pretty land-shark to be trusted with the care of a female woman, aren't you? Shiver me, but I wish you had my Dorothy in tow for a day or two when she'd got a cargo of grog aboard; if she wouldn't unship your topmast, I'll be—; but no, d——n all swearing, it's only a disgrace to the navy." Pennant now caught Louise in his embrace, while his crew secured the bravo, and quickly quitting the dismantled mansion, departed in triumph.

They had not proceeded far before the tramp of horses was heard. They retired for a few moments, and observed Gomez and two or three of his attendants galloping at a quick rate towards the old mansion. Pennant darted into the road, and presenting a brace of pistols, called on him to stop: Gomez, in astonishment, was obliged to obey; he was quickly dragged off his horse. The captain gave him his choice of meeting him hand to hand and settling their quarrel by force of arms, or being dragged before the commandant like a common criminal. The villain had not the courage to meet the man he had wronged; but darting a look of malice at Pennant, exclaimed, "Reptile! miscreant! forbear to lay thy menial hands on me: know'st thou not that noble blood circles through
these veins?"  "Yes," rejoined Casey, "and I'll let some of it out at your nose, if you don't behave yourself."  Gomez burned with rage.  "Now, by the blood of my ancestors!" he exclaimed.  "Who the devil cares for your aunt's sisters!" cried Jack; "I've only this here to tell you, if you don't mind how you behave towards an officer of the British navy, we'll clap you into the bilboes, and be d——; no, d——n it, I won't swear, because it only disgraces the navy."  Pennant attended to Louise himself, and mounting her on the horse which Gomez had been riding, they proceeded towards the citadel.  Pennant demanded to see the commandant—he was immediately admitted.  The commandant (with a severe frown) thus haughtily addressed him, "Sir, as an officer of the British navy, I extended the courtesy which one brave man bears towards another.  How then can I sufficiently express the indignation I feel, on beholding him who has dared to rob me of my only child."

"Vent not your reproaches on me, sir," replied Pennant, "but rather let it fall where it is due.  Here is one, sir, who possibly may claim a better right than myself—within there!"  The door was opened, and Gomez was brought in: the commandant gazed in astonishment, exclaiming—"What means this?  explain."  "Tis easily explained," rejoined Gomez; "that Briton and his crew have possession of your daughter, and in my endeavours to rescue her"—"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Pennant; "I cannot tamely listen to this string of falsehoods—I have one witness at hand, whom you little expect to meet."  He waved his hand, and Roderigo was brought in.  Gomez turned pale,—he feared all was discovered.  The commandant still felt at a loss what to comprehend; he looked at them steadfastly, and inquired for Louise.  Gomez and Roderigo eyed each other with fearful emotion, while Roderigo muttered, "I fear we are discovered."  The commandant took from his pocket a letter,—it was the same which had caused him to suspect the captain of depriving him of Louise.  "Can you explain this letter?"  said the commandant, advancing to the captain.  "No," answered Pennant; "but here is a gentleman who can—and as he spoke he pointed towards Gomez; but the villain pretended to know no

thing.  "He denies all knowledge of it, I perceive," remarked the captain; "but I can perhaps bring forward that which will sharpen his memory."  He pushed open the door, and admitted Diego.—"Diego," said the captain, "will write this letter?"  Diego spoke not, but pointed at Gomez.  "Liar!" exclaimed he,—"Avastheaving!" cried Jack; "let's have none of your palaver here, young whiskers.—Liar, indeed!  Repeat that word, and if I don't rake you fore and aft, and leave not a stick standing, I'll be —— but no, d——n all swearing, it only disgraces the navy."

"I perceive it at once," exclaimed the commandant; "sir, I have wronged you—I feel it—most grievously have I wronged you.  And my daughter—"  "Is safe," replied the captain—"safe within your arms, sir."  At this moment Casey rushed in with her, and in an instant she was clasped in her father's embrace.  Gomez darted a look of fury towards Pennant.  Louise beheld him and exclaimed—"Oh! take me from the presence of that fawning villain."  The commandant signed to the men to take him hence; he hesitated.  At length Pat Casey gave him a hearty tap on the shoulder, saying,—"Get out of that, honey!  come out of this!"  "Don't you know," added Jack Marlin, "that it's bad manners to remain in the cabin when you are ordered below,—why don't you obey orders?  You a gentleman!  You be ——; no, d——n it, I won't swear, because it disgraces the navy.  Come along my hearty."  So saying, Jack and the rest of the crew removed Gomez and the bravoes.  Louise then informed the commandant of the treacherous conduct of Gomez, and the praiseworthy exertions made by Pennant to effect her release.  "He is indeed again my preserver!" exclaimed she.  "You speak truly, my Louise," replied the commandant; "his noble conduct demands my gratitude.  Captain Pennant, I confess myself your debtor, far beyond my means of ever repaying you entirely; I give you my bond—take it."  (and he passed Louise into Pennant's arms as he added), "may the seal which Heaven places on your union never be broken, until the cold hand of Death shall cancel it for ever."  The lovers embraced.

A loud huzza from the room beneath now broke upon their ears.—Jack Marlin, feeling assured that the lovers
would soon be married, had broached a keg of rum; and in a glass of stiff punch the crew were drinking long life and happiness to the captain and his lady, with nine cheers—a toast which was very soon verified; for, in a few days, Captain Pennant was united to that being for whom he had incurred the most imminent dangers, and whom he was still ordained to protect and cherish.

The commandant consented to Louise accompanying Pennant to England; and he felt his heart overflow with gratitude whenever he recollected the brave captain of the Cartel.


The work of this celebrated person, which we noticed in our number for August, has produced such astounding sensations in this extraordinary age of literature, as to induce a re-publication of two former volumes—one the celebrated tale of "Vathek" and the present. It possesses, as closely as possible, the very peculiar spirit of his travels; we need say no more. Curiosity is alive now to see some new work from his hand, but we doubt much that it will be gratified. It was indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Scenes and Hymns of Life, &c. By Felicia Hemans.

Mrs. Hemans has been so long and delightfully known as one of the highest order of poets, that we are always certain of receiving from her hand what is in poesy and principle unexceptionable.

In the present instance, however, she has soared above her ordinary course, with the purpose of increasing the influence of the religious spirit, in all the duties and circumstances of human life.

It has long been matter of regret, that religious poetry should not in our time have reached the excellence displayed in every other class. Many attempts have been made to remedy this defect; we cannot forget the Rev. Mr. Musgrave's new translation of the Psalms of David into blank verse, not to speak of many minor efforts.

That the present volume promises the supply of all defects, will be evident from the matter and manner of the following address to the Deity:

"O, Father, Lord!
The All-beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
Her minster cells—dark glen and forest bower,
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,
Amidst the low religious whisperings
And shivery leaf—sounds of the solitude,
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us, from city throes and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee! back to free childhood's heart,
Fresh with the dews of tenderness! Thou bidd'st
The lilies of the field with placid smile
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse
Through his worn soul a more unworlhy life,
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left
His purer nature, with its fine desires,
Uncared for in this universe of thine!"

We will confess that we have some pride, even in this rude and hasty notice, from its being the work of a lady: she will doubtless receive much higher praise, but certainly none more honest, nor with more earnest desire to attract to her general excellence still further, the attention of our readers, and of the world.

* This extract, it will be seen, is very distinct from Thomson's Hymn. It brings home to the bosom with divine fervour, the influence of worship to be derived from the simplest of objects. We cannot refrain from noticing here a few lines excited in the mind of an unhappy poet of note, who crossing the Bay of Biscay on a Sabbath, thus described his conceptions as he leant before the binnacle:

"The spirit on the waters deep,
The mighty harp of old has sung,
O let me then a matin keep,
Though silent be my feeble tongue:
For where can fitter altar be,
Than that which rests 'twixt sky and sea?
"The simple helmsman is behind,
And nothing human 's in my sight;
Boast your grand basiliques mankind,
Which of them equals in delight
The simple orders, sky and sea;
To God can fitter altar be!"
MATRIMONY.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCES.

Matrimony is like a game of whist, which men are generally playing at every day of their lives, some with variable luck; but in the main, of the many who consume their time in this way, the great proportion end where they commence; that is, they are neither better nor worse at the end of the year. Some skill is necessary in playing the game of matrimony, as it is of whist, to make bad cards turn to good account; but Chance is, after all, the great governor of our destinies, for no man knoweth the moment he may take up all trumps. Some, however, to whom Fortune owes a spite, only get a little one, and if they be of cold phlegmatic constitutions, they are content to take the matter philosophically. With others, cards run highly and advantageously—then all is prosperity and good luck; whilst others have only an ace or a king of trumps—and this is like Love, that is all fervour and ecstasy at the first going off—but having no good cards to back it, the game ends in disappointment and loss. Now, by an odd vagary of Fortune, who is undoubtedly a lady from her fickleness, there being some hands in which not a single trump is taken up, and men who never get married, whose long suits remind one of old bachelorism, the skill of the player is shown by the way in which he keeps them up; as if trumps are played out, which is ordinary matrimony, then long suits come in and make tricks; but if, on the contrary, these are held back, and are only used to take his good cards, these may be compared to the fidgetty old man, who makes several nibbles at matrimony; but although he finesses deeply, it will not do, as all his endeavours end in trumps, the ladies cutting him out, and spoiling his deep-laid plans of success. Let no man say the best players are always the greatest winners; for a youth often sits down to play the game of whist or matrimony, having nothing to recommend him but his ingenuous inexperience, and little expects to come off a winner. Contrary to his expectations, the golden sun of fortune shines upon him with brilliance when least he looked for it; and the morning of life, which set in obscurity, brightens up towards the eve, to unlooked for success and prosperity.

Every writer deems it necessary to present himself to his reader by a prosy introduction of some sort; one class tell the motives which induced them to write, and delicacy of health has been so often quoted that it is worn completely threadbare—"To relieve the tedium of some solitary hours—the kindness of friends—the unexpected patronage of the public to the author's last previous work"—have so often fretted their brief hour, that it would be but servile imitation in me to repeat them. Beside, I am even now in the enjoyment of rude, vulgar health, and unromantic plumpness of body. My time passes so trippingly, that I often wish my weeks were months, and no sympathising friends have ever been known to express themselves in flattering terms about me. Thus circumstanced, I could not come before my gentle reader with a lie. I can only say, I have selected the comparison of whist and matrimony, to prove by my own example the doctrine of chances, how mysteriously it worketh, yet how great is its influence, both proximate and remote, upon all our actions. It is like a watch, the secrets of which are unknown to the many: it serveth as a correct index of time, and pointeth out its flight with truth and accuracy. Yet all we can say is that we know the effect, but we are not entitled to sit in judgment upon the causes which produce that effect.

I had been rambling some few miles from town, and had returned towards the close of a summer's evening, having enjoyed the exhilarating influence of a walk away from the smut which imper- tinently intrudes itself upon a man's nose as he goes through the streets of London. I had quietly seated myself in one of the easy chairs of my club, giving way to those castles in the air, those visions which find an existence more or less in every man—thought of my family and my home, whence I had been absent nearly four years—and the current of my ideas having flown back to the recollections of the scenes of my childhood, I contrasted their peaceful tran-
quility with the activity and bustle of professional pursuit, in which I had been engaged since I left the retirement of my early days. Anon, fresh forms were conjured up to my imagination. I contemplated my future success: the friends I had secured—the progress I had made towards fame and celebrity, which, however tardy at the outset, with each advancing step acquires new force and vigour, and if unchecked by misfortune or accident, promises to realise that independence, and earn the first, perhaps the fondest, wish which can inspire an Englishman—to persevere steadily and unwearily in the line he has laid down for himself. I felt that I was happy and contented, and a man in this state is little likely to be out of temper with himself, or those around him, for I was one of those of whom people say whatever he touches is sure to turn to account. Such, Chance, call it which you will, or a penchant on the part of Dame Fortune towards an unworthy admirer, had made me so far a proselyte to the system of such as carry their doctrines almost to superstitious reverence, that I began to doubt if she had not more to do with our actions than we generally give her credit for. At all events, man is content with superficial reasoning in favour of any system, and readily brings his doctrines to coincide with the reality as he would wish it to exist; and thus may be understood the risks and hazards which the speculator will encounter, in placing his all on the chance of the elements, because in all former similar attempts of less importance, Fortune has given him the benefit of a good-natured grin; but he takes no heed of the fact, that she has looked with less favouring countenance upon others who had equal claims to her good will.

I might have indulged myself some half hour ruminating over the past, and trying to look into the future, and perhaps was gradually composing myself for a nap. The outlines of the castles in the air were no longer so broad and distinct; they had already begun to be obscure, if not to vanish; the soul, like Mahomet’s coffin, was midway poised between the state of sleep and that of waking, and wanted but the preponderance of a swan’s down to destroy the equilibrium: all nature seemed wrapped up in a cloak, when just in the momentary opening of the eyes which takes place—when one wants not to go to sleep, yet is as somnambulent as a man awake can be, my eyes rested upon the form of a young female, who leant upon the arm of an elderly gentleman. One glance of the moment was sufficient to tell me that figure was one such as I had never gazed upon before. My eyes, just before in uncertainty between wholly closed and winking, seemed to acquire new powers of vision, as they followed the unconscious pair who were receding from my view. The impulse of the moment urged me to almost bound from my easy chair, and as I seized my hat to rush out and obtain a nearer view of her whom one glance was sufficient to set me in a flame, brilliant as that produced by the combustion of the united oxygen and hydrogen, sundry of the old members looked at me in astonishment; and well they might, as I was seized with a fit of sudden enthusiasm, which contrasted forcibly with the stillness which reigned in the room. Had they observed me more closely, they might have seen my whole countenance present one mass of almost mad excitement, the concealment of which I was indebted to for the obscurity of the evening, which was now fast approaching. As it was, the sudden movement made some of them look up with wonder; and if their words did not express it, their hard features relaxed into a look which, had I stayed to examine it, could have only meant—“Surely the young man has lost his senses.” As the porter opened the door, with one fling I dashed down the flight of steps which led to the street, and I had scarce discretion left me to check my steps, as I felt them in eager desire to set off in full speed after her. Tempering my impatience, I walked on, looked around, but saw them not. They were gone! lost—irrevocably lost!—vanished I knew not how—but gone they were. I rubbed my eyes, to be sure no film was upon them; but the only effect that resulted was to strike fire from my eye-balls. I still followed in the direction in which I had seen them going, but it was useless. The disappearance was both singular and unaccountable.

To pursue was now hopeless; yet I wandered about with furious impetuosity, passed before the house where, a short time before, I had been so tranquilly
Matrimony.

musing, at least a dozen times—met sundry of my acquaintances, whom I disdained to notice. I was positively spoken to by the footman of a lady, a neighbour of mine, who had had directions to call at my residence to request I would make a rubber for an old Indian friend, as they were one short. Not having found me at home he was returning, when he accidentally encountered me. Play whist—sit down to a sober game—endure to be scolded by a cross, sour-grained, liverless, parchment-visaged old bachelor, as peppery as his curry! The thought had almost driven me into a fresh fury. I know not how I escaped; but certain it is I played no whist that evening.

It was fortunate I had not done so, for chancing to saunter in the vicinity of St. James’s Park, I espied, standing at the postern of one of the mansions overlooking it, the identical footman of the morning, plainly betokening, by the easy nonchalance of his lounging posture, that although not the proprietor, he was the next best thing to it—the proprietor’s footman. "Upon that hint I spake," or rather inwardly meditated: the result of which was, a certain resolve to pass no fewer hours of the day in the vicinity in which I then found myself.

What a change had so brief an interval effected in my whole constitution; for what could be more strongly and strangely contrasted than the excitement with which I had gone to and fro, and the sober contemplative mood in which I had meditated but in a few previous moments. It was nothing short of a complete revulsion of my nature, in which my former comparatively inenergetic disposition was obliterated, and in its place arose one of stormy passion and fiery excitation.

Heretofore I was considered by my acquaintance as one of the most consummate of flirts. This was a truth which, like the metaphysical verities of the logicians, was incontrovertible. An abundant supply of that badinage which consists in saying pretty nothings, and no small affectation of sentimental sincerity, had, on more than one occasion, caused me to be an object of love by sundry young ladies, whose notions of the passion consist in their giving their hearts, for the time, to the best waltzer, and the most agreeable propounder of agreeable nothings of their coterie. It was also notorious, that at Brighton I was enabled to obtain passing fair partners, when the rest of the blue coats (a phrase now to be abandoned by our modern Brummels) were enduring a species of Coventry, owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever among the fair sex, occasioned by the too close approximation of a gallant dragoon regiment to the scene of their retirement. This important fact had secured me many advantages, yet I managed to pass unscathed; and oft as I had thrown the gauntlet of flirtation, I had still remained free from victimisation of the saucy god.

But now was this a bright vision sent to mock me, and elude my grasp almost as I seized it—a dream, painted in the most vivid and radiant colours which fancy could select, or was it reality? The time—the place—the fatigue, both mental and bodily, consequent upon this sudden excitement, were too palpable, too much things of this mortal life, to admit of its being mistaken for "fancy's sketch." Yet the sudden disappearance, the vanishing of the whole party, was so improbable, so unaccountable, as if the earth had opened to swallow them, or rather that the ethereal and sylph-like form had fled to the heavens, there to dwell with the other constellations of brightness. In short, there was no rational way of explaining it, though my brain had almost burnt in its convulsive efforts to unfathom the mystery.

Here was I, in the shortest particle of time which imagination can conceive, driven almost to madness by this bright star of a moment, evanescent at its appearance, whose light could be scarce said to twinkle, much less to shine steadily beyond a mere second. A spirit of romance, the appearance of which had I revealed to my friends, I had been set down as a madman; and the hint once set a-going, would soon be told as a fact, which was beyond the power of disputation. The more I reflected, the more was I firmly convinced that I was regularly and irrevocably gone. It was lucky for me, that still no one was really conscious of my new state, else had I been subjected to that perpetual banter which young ladies and gentlemen conceive it to be a duty to inflict on any unfortunate wight upon whom they can pounce. What a contrast is there between the
demeanour of both sexes when they love. A man is about the most awkward animal in the creation; he is in a perpetual fidget, and a nuisance to all his acquaintance. "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" was the exclamation of the olden time; I say, "Oh that my enemy might fall in love, and I know it!" He is such a fool under the influence of the tender passion, he displays all the grosser particles; whilst the ethereal sentiment—the refined romance—the inexplicable delicacy which a woman alone understands, are all so many gorgons, which he avoids as if this were the death, instead of the life—the quintessential essence of all that is pure and hallowed in love! The reason of this phenomenon can scarce be otherwise accounted for, than from the naturally uncouth dispositions which nature has engrafted upon the more stern and vigorous half of the human race.

Happy indeed was it for me that I had no prying friends to obtrude upon my solitude of thought, or to disturb those fairy fancies, Paphian bowers, and rosy little gods which were conjured up in hundreds to my perturbed imagination. It was bad enough to be in love; but to be pestered by every coquetish damsels, who having found that her charms could not accomplish the conquest, takes her measure of revenge in ridicule, was more than tender soul like mine could endure.

Of course I went to bed—a hero or a heroine in love are always sure to commune with their pillow, and if their career be rough and uncomfortable, as a matter of course they are, according to novel writers, sure to moisten them with their tears. Though I shed no tears, I lay tossing and tumbling about like a hero; for to sleep under such circumstances would be profligation. Morning came, twilight burst into a sunny morning; the little birds began, some to chirrup, and some to join in tuneful harmony, sounded upon my ear: all I further knew was, that I believed I was wandering for hours in the same vicinity where I had gained a sight of the already beloved object, yet I saw her not. I was fatigued and almost worn out—hope was beginning to fade; memory, however, still continued as strong; but despair was fast gaining the mastery over me, when my heart began to throb with fresh impulse—my breast to heave with renewed efforts—my breath was hurried from my chest in short convulsive sobs.—I looked around, I beheld her as she drew up the window blind of the identical house near St. James's Park, which I had already settled in my own mind was her residence. I tried to advance to be closer to her, but my legs failed me, and I trembled most violently with agitation. Unable to go nearer, I was worked up into an agony of excitement,—yet she seemed to see me, and to be conscious that I would address her. I struggled to give utterance, and my tongue cleaved to my palate; every fresh effort for a time seemed to end in disappointment: at last I conquered my agitation, and freed myself from the trammels which held me back: I bounded forward—the window opened—she came upon the balcony—I now struggled to suppress my emotion, and made almost convulsive efforts to be calm: she looked, —oh! such a look it was,—that which angel would give to suppliant mortal, so full was it of beneficence. I saw that she was about to speak—I almost hung upon her expected words, my whole soul was wrapped up in the ecstasy of the moment,—I was all-absorbed attention as she stood full before me and said,—O Heaven, what a terrible contrast!— "Here, sir, is your warm water, it is just two o'clock!"

There was an ending to all my bright vision, there a climax for the fancied happiness with which I was surrounded.

The fact was simply that I had not fallen asleep until morning, and my servant, surprised at my unusual lateness, had entered my room to awake me; and had, I suppose, drawn the curtain of the bed at the moment I fancied my incognita had appeared at her window. As I awoke, the perspiration stood upon my brow, and my whole frame was in excitement and fever. Here was I, a second time within a day, mocked by Fortune, and made the victim of her caprice. But then it might have been a bright beacon, lighted up to imprint her likeness more lastingly upon the tablets of my memory, and to urge me on, as dreams they say are phantasmagoric; the pictures of which, thought they are impalpable, and can be passed through by the finger, are nevertheless reflections of real ones concealed from general view.

A single glance at a person is often
sufficient to judge by their demeanour of the dignity, ease, and elegance which entitle him or her to consideration. My incognita was evidently mild and contemplative, intelligence beamed in her dark blue eye, clear as the atmosphere which perpetually reigns triumphant in Italia’s clime. Her eyelash was pencilled, as the glowing fervour of a young and enthusiastic artist would paint the object of his highly-wrought fancy. Her carriage was noble and commanding. It had something of the exalted feature of aristocracy, blended with the mild and placid virtue of humility; and as she leant upon the arm of her elderly friend, (as it was not until afterwards I knew that it was her father, one who had bravely and manfully fought for his country, and made one of the many, alike distinguished for their daring courage and the soundness of their judgment in the moment of need,) there was something of confounding sweetness—something of maiden loveliness, infinitely more captivating than the bold and determined mien and aspect which too often gives a masculineaness of tone that ill harmonizes with the natural retiring nature of the sex. A single look of the moment was sufficient to point all these circumstances with all the vigour of impressions perpetually repeated, and I asked but that one look to feel myself perpetually, irrevocably in love. I was, of course, determined to learn her name and rank; and with this resolution, no sooner was I dressed in reality, than as if like the pulsations of the heart, which are involuntary, and we cannot control them, I was attracted to the square where I had both seen her and been disappointed the previous evening.

Howell and James’ “ruination shop,” as Lady Morgan calls it, was in my way. How or why I know not, the thought occurred to me, that by bare possibility there was a chance she might be there; at all events, it was worth while to try! Amongst the number of footmen collected at the door of the emporium of fashion, stood the identical one of the long cane, who had followed her: a carriage was drawn up, and the livery of the coachman blue, with scarlet and gold facings—it was identically the same. There was, of course, no doubt of my seeing her; and none but a lover, mad as I was, can tell how my heart throbbed with delight at the prospect. Necessity, they say, sharpens wit, else confused, bewildered as I was, it had never occurred to me to look at the crest, arms, and motto, emblazoned upon the panel of the carriage. The last audaciter et fortiter I resolved to take as an omen; as to my mind, its obvious meaning was, faint heart never won fair lady. The hand in dagger rising from an earl’s coronet were carefully noted in my pocket-book, to be referred to in that very valuable work, the “Heraldic Dictionary.” It is hardly possible to say how long I may have remained in expectation; but at length my patience was rewarded, and I did see her. Oh, ye gods! as she stepped into her carriage. “Home,” cried Joseph of the long cane. The aristocratic horses, proud of the lovely burden they carried, bounded forward; and as she passed, I thought—it was but a thought of the moment, dispelled like a dew-drop—that she looked upon me as I, fascinated, on the spot gazed as firmly as serpent ever gazed upon his intended victim. To follow was useless, as the wheels twirled with more velocity than did my brain, as I followed with my eye the carriage down Waterloo-place. “She is going a round home,” thought I, as I saw them take a wrong turn, for they passed the nearest street that led to their house, and went towards Charing-cross, instead of St. James’s-street.

The “Court Guide” was speedily referred to, to discover the name of the owner of the house in —— square, when, horror inexpressible! that of John Gubbins, Esq., stared me full in the face—John Gubbins, and she, of course, a Miss Gubbins. Then all the little Gubbinses came to my mind to fill up the picture with their interminable faces, as it was one of those names the owners of which are sure to be anti-Malthusians, both in doctrine and practice. The thought was squeamish—it was positively sickening; and at the first blush of the thing, in a fit of desperation, I had fully made up my mind to get to the top of the headless monument in Carlton-place, and fling myself down, a devoted victim to the name of Gubbins. Why I did not put my theory in practice, I know not. Despair pulled one tail of my coat, and I suppose Hope tugged more lustily at the other, and drove me into Reflection, which whispered, or rather buzzed, into my ear—“Was a Gubbins ever known to

The two last numbers of this superior work are replete with entertaining information. They conduct the reader through France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The wood-cuts are numerous and well chosen. Some of them illustrate subjects not often depicted; as those of the Alhambra, Buda, and the gothic buildings of Germany. The information conveyed in the following extract from

have a crest rising from an earl's coronet? What Gubbins was ever so passing fair as your inamorata? This, at all events, was consoling, and I thanked reflection for her kind consideration—it was a soother to the torture inflicted upon a too sensitive mind—a consolation in the hour of distress, which made me rejoice that I had not immolated myself, and gave time for discretion to chime in with a piece of advice. No man should ever do more than go mad for a girl. Beside, it is more effective from its longer duration than killing yourself, when you may so soon be forgotten. The "Heraldic Dictionary" confirmed reflection's judgment: it showed no Gubbins with an earl's coronet; it traced with accuracy the Gubbinses, from Gubs—originally Cub—changed by time to Gub; and the bins added to distinguish them from another Gubbins, who showed their pedigree to be derived from Grub, since extinct. There was an ancestor who fought at Agincourt, and killed an opponent with his own hand, the present representative of the family—"John Gubbins, Esq., aged 52, unmarried."

This intelligence restored me: I was convinced all along that one so fair—so aristocratic—so loveable, could never have had so detested a patronymic; but then, lover-like at the moment, I gave way to all those fears as doubts, which constitute one of the soul-inducing tortures with which love is ever entangled.

I must, however, check these details. Three months of a lover's life, before matters are arranged, is at best so much purgatory; with me it was a grade lower, for I almost daily said—"My Georgiana!" for such, at length, I ascertained her name to be, without the power of addressing her. She passed before me, and my heart longed to commune with her, to pour out the fervent expression of unalterable love—but I dared not. That she saw me was undoubted—that she knew me was equally certain—that she checked me with a reproving glance, when my eyes were continually fixed upon her, was also a fact; yet was it done so gently, so timidly, that it left the meaning doubtful, whether she felt more anger or pity. I managed so that we met regularly at church. There I beheld her in the attitude of meek and humble piety, her soul absorbed with due reverence of the scene—her whole manner breathing the pure and hallowed charm of religion—a charm which knows no counterfeit; and able as is the most consummate hypocrite, it is in the expression of a benign and peaceful countenance that he is really wanting. Hypocrisy in the body without the soul of religion—the filthy worm which constitutes its nature is mean, grovelling, and loathing; and he does well to society who tramples upon and crushes the noxious and venomous reptile. To Georgiana's influence do I first attribute that sense of religion which, until induced by her example to lift up my voice in thanks, was comparatively unknown to me. I ever had a cold, haughty respect for the sacred things of another and a better world; but to her am I indebted for that feeling, than which I conceive nothing is more exalted and noble in man, or a more true or beautiful type of the heart of the softer sex. It is as the refreshing stream of pure and crystal water, which meanders through the valley, fertilising and enriching the soil, filling the pores of the earth with the sap which nourishes the vegetable and, indirectly, the animal kingdom, and causing all things to assume the joyous aspect of prospering nature. The waters of true religion are equally nourishing, and equally productive of abundant crops of good works, as the stream is beneficial to the circumjacent soil.

(To be continued.)
the "Botany of Switzerland," we think ought to attract the attention of those who make plantations of forest trees:—

"At this high elevation, the only plant cultivated is the rumic alpinus, a species of sorrel much grown in these mountains and districts, for fattening swine in winter. The roots are prepared by twisting them till the cellular tissue is detached; then they are put, with a small quantity of salt, into a trench, lined and covered with planks, over which stones are placed. About 300 feet lower, the Siberian pine and larch present a healthy and vigorous appearance; the seed of the former ripening early in October. This tree, the Siberian pine, is one of the most useful in Switzerland, though its growth is so slow that one of them, about nineteen inches in diameter, presented when cut down 500 years ago. Its usual increment is six inches in height, and 15 inches in girth. The timber of this tree has a most agreeable perfume, and is much employed for domestic purposes, as well as for wainscoting rooms. When our author visited the chateau of Tarapac, he was struck in almost every apartment with the scent of this wood; and he remarks, it is as natural and sublime a circumstance, that it should thus have exhaled its fragrance for some centuries in undiminished strength, and without the wood itself having suffered any decrease of weight. This timber possesses the additional recommendation that its perfume is an effectual preservative against bugs or moths. The seed of the Siberian pine are esteemed a delicacy, and eaten in great quantities during the winter festivals: yet this use of them is considered pernicious to health; and the writer rather recommends applying them to the same purpose as in Siberia, where, according to Patras, a valuable oil is extracted from them, which is eaten at tables, and might be employed in manufacturing soap. This species of pine is unfortunately becoming very scarce, and its cultivation is therefore strongly recommended. In order to secure

and expedite its growth, and thus remove the principal objection to its culture, it would be desirable that the seeds were deposited in a compost made of earth, and the chippings and leaves of the pinnate or larch, or that this compost be laid round the roots of the young plants."

There is some information respecting the city of Leipsic, and the birth-places of the Queen and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, that cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

"Leipsic claims distinguished notice, as the grand centre of commerce, not only for Saxony but for all Germany: the scene which it presents of bustle and business, though familiar to an English eye, has no parallel on the continent; such mountains of woolpacks, such firmaments of mirrors, such processions of porters and carriers are to the German a new world! in its structure it presents a mixture of old and new style of building, which is singular, but not unpleasing. The whole wears an air of comfort and substantiality, which accords with the character of the place; the surrounding soil is fertile and well cultivated, but flat and monotonous; it has, however, been the scene of some of the most signal events in European military history. Here Gustavus Adolphus gained the signal victory, which turned the tide of fortune in the great protestant war; and at Zizen, not far distant, he fell, crowned with victory. A number of unhewn stones, standing horizontally, mark the spot; on one of which is rudely carved, 'Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, fell here, for liberty and conscience.' This stone of the Swede, as it is called, though in a field by the road, has remained untouched. Round and in Leipsic, too, was fought that mighty battle which liberated Germany, and drove Napoleon beyond the Rhine. The inhabitants who call this 'the battle of the people,' have carefully preserved the traces of the cannon and musket balls, with which many of the buildings were struck or perforated."

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**SONG.**

_By R. Shelton Mackenzie._

The last sunburst of glory
Is fleetless away,
And the nightingale warbles
Her knell for the day;
Earth is gleaming with lustre,
As heaven with delight,
For the moon is arising—
Fair queen of the night.

But she glows in soft lustre,—
One star by her side,—
From her throne in the heavens,
Earth's beautiful bride.
Shine on, thou fair planet!
Unclouded and free,
Shed thy beauty around all
Of land and of sea:
Bright eyes now look on thee,
For she whom I love,
With me gazes on thee
In thy high home above.

Vol. V.—No. 4.
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

[Continued from page 149.]

The next morning the poplar, calling me to him, "Son," said he, "to fulfill my promise which I made last night, and that you may not be like the rest of the ignorant world, who know not who their forefathers and ancestors were: whether they sprung from brutes or barbarians, is all alike to them, provided they can but grovel on the earth as they do. You must know, therefore, as I suppose you remember what I told you at our first station, that we came originally from Egypt. When you asked me how we came to venture through these inhospitable deserts, I told you it was for liberty and the preservation of our laws; but as you are now found to be one of us, I design to give you a more particular account of your origin. Our ancestors did originally come from Egypt, once the happiest place in the world. Though this name of Egypt, and Egyptians, has been given to that country long since we came out of it, the original name of it was Mezzoram, from the first man that peopled it, the father of our nation, and we call ourselves Mezzoramians from him. We have a tradition delivered down to us from our first ancestors, that when the earth first rose out of the waters, six persons, three men and three women, rose along with it; either sent by the Supreme Deity to inhabit it, or produced by the sun. That Mezzoram, our first founder, was one of those six, who, increasing in number, made choice of the country now called Egypt for the place of his habitation, where he settled with sixty of his children and grandchildren, all of whom he brought along with him, governing them as a real father, and instructing them to live with one another as brothers of one and the same family. He was a peaceable man, abhorring the shedding of blood, which he said would be punished by the Supreme Ruler of the world. Extremely given to the search of sciences and contemplation of the heavens, it was he who was the first inventor of all our arts; and whatever is useful for the government of life, sprung from him, though his grandson Tha-oth rather excelled him, particularly in the more sublime sciences.

"Thus our ancestors lived four hundred years increasing and spreading over all the land of Egypt, and abounding with the blessings of peace and knowledge; without guile or deceit, neither doing or fearing harm from any, till the wicked descendants of the other man, called the Hicksoes, envying their happiness, and the richness of their country, broke in upon them like a torrent, destroying all before them, and taking possession of that happy place which our ancestors had rendered so flourishing. The poor innocent Mezzoramians abhorring, as I said, the shedding of blood, and ignorant of all violence, were slain like sheep all over the country, and their wives and daughters destroyed before their eyes: those their merciless enemy spared were made slaves, to work and till the ground for their new lords.

"But what was most intolerable was, that these impious Hicksoes forced them to adore men and beasts, and even insects, for gods; nay, and some to see their children offered in sacrifice to those inhuman deities. This dreadful inundation fell at first only on the lower parts of Egypt, which was then the most flourishing. As many of the distressed inhabitants as could escape their cruel hands, fled to the upper parts of the country, in hopes to find there some little respite from their misfortunes; but, alas! what could they do? They knew no use of arms; neither would their laws allow them to destroy their own species; so that they expected every hour to be devoured by their cruel enemies. The heads of the families in such distress were divided in their councils, or rather they had no counsel to follow; some of them fled into the neighbouring deserts, which you have seen are very dismal. On both sides, the upper part of that kingdom, they were dispersed like a flock of sheep scattered by the ravenous wolves. The consternation was so great, that they were resolved to fly to the farthest parts of the earth, rather than fall into the hands of those inhuman mon-
The Life and Adventures of My Great-Great-Grandfather.

sters. The greatest part of them agreed to build ships and try their fortunes by sea.

Our great father Mezzoraim had taught them the art of making boats, to cross the branches of the great river [Nile], which some said he had learned by being preserved in such a thing, from a terrible flood that overflowed all the land, which instrument of their preservation they so improved afterwards, that they could cross the smaller sea without any difficulty. This being resolved on, they could not agree where to go; some being resolved to go by one sea, some by the other. However, they set all hands to work, so that in a year's time they had built a great number of vessels; trying them backwards and forwards along the coasts, amending what was deficient, and improving what they imagined might be for their greater security. They thought now, or at least their eagerness to avoid their enemies made them think, they could go with safety all over the main sea. As our ancestors had chiefly given themselves to the study of arts and sciences, and the knowledge of nature, they were the most capable of such enterprises of any people in the world; but the apprehension of all that was miserable being just fresh before their eyes, quickened their industry to such a degree, as none can have a just idea of but men in the like circumstances.

Most of these men were those who had fled in crowds from lower Egypt. The natural inhabitants of the upper parts, though they were in very great consternation, and built ships as fast as they could, yet their fears were not so immediate, especially from seeing the Hicksoes remained yet quiet in their new possession. But news being brought them that the Hicksoes began to stir again, more swarms of their cruel brood still flocking into that rich country, they resolved soon to delay no longer, but to commit themselves, wives, and children, with all that was most dear and precious, to the mercy of that inconstant element, rather than trust to the barbarity of their own species. Those that came out of the lower Egypt were resolved to cross the great sea, and with immense labour were forced to carry their materials partly by land, till they came to the outermost branch of the Nile; since their enemies coming over the Isthmus, though they hindered them from going out of their country by land, unless by the deserts, yet had not taken possession of that part of the country. It is needless to recount their cries and lamentations at their leaving their dear country; I shall only tell you, that they ventured into the great sea, which they crossed, and never stopped until they came to another sea, on the sides of which they fixed their habitation, that they might go off again in case they were pursued. This we learnt from the account of our ancestors, who met with some of them that came to visit the tombs of their deceased parents, as we do; but it is an immense time since, and we never heard any more of them. The other part, who were much the greater number, went down the smaller sea, having built their ships on that sea; they never stopped or touched on either side, until they came to a narrow part of it, which led them into the vast ocean, there they turned off to the left into the eastern sea, but whether they were swallowed up in the merciless abyss, or carried into some unknown regions, we cannot tell, for they were never heard of more. Only of late years we have heard talk at Grand Cairo, of a very numerous and civilised nation in the eastern parts of the world, whose laws and customs have some resemblance to ours; but who and what they are we know not, since we have never met with any of them.

The father of our nation, since we separated ourselves from the rest of the world, was priest of the sun, at No-on, called afterwards by those miscreants No-Ammon, (because of the temple of Hammon,) was not asleep in this general consternation; but did not as yet think they would come up so high into the land. However, he thought proper to look out for a place to secure himself and family in case of need. He was the descendant of Tha-oth, and was perfectly versed in all the learned sciences of his ancestors. He guessed there must certainly be some habitable country beyond those dreadful sands that surrounded him, if he could but find a way to it, where he might secure himself and family, at least till those troubles were over, for he did not at that time think of leaving his native country for good and all. But, like

* No-on, or No-om, signifies in the old Mezzoranian language, the house of the sun.
a true father of his people, which the name of pophar implies, he was resolved to venture his own life, rather than expose his whole family to be lost in those dismal deserts. He had five sons and five daughters, married to as many sons and daughters of his deceased brother. His two eldest sons had even grandchildren, but his two youngest sons had no children. He left the government and care of all to his eldest son, in case he himself should die; and took his two youngest sons, who might best be spared, along with him. Having provided themselves with water for ten days, with bread and dried fruit just enough to subsist on, he was resolved to try five days' journey endways through these sands, and if he saw no hopes of making a discovery that time, to return again before his provisions were spent; and then try the same method towards another quarter. In short, he set out with all secrecy, and pointing his course directly westward the better to guide himself, he came to the first grove that we arrived at, in a little more time than we took up in coming thither.

"Having now time enough before him, and seeing there was water and fruits in abundance, he examined the extent of that delicious vale; he found it was large enough to subsist a great many thousands in case they should increase, and be forced to stay there some generations, as in effect they did. After this they laid in provisions as they did before, with dates and fruits of the natural produce of the earth, finer than ever were seen in Egypt, to encourage them in their transmigration, and so set out again for his native country. The time fixed for his return was elapsed, by his stay in viewing the country; so that his people had entirely given him for lost. But the joy for his unexpected return, with the promising hopes of such a safe and happy retreat, made them unanimously resolve to follow him. Wherefore, on the first news of the Hicksoes being in motion again, they packed up all their effects and provisions as privately as they could; but particularly all the monuments of arts and sciences left by their ancestors, with notes and observations of every part of their dear country which they were going to leave, but hoped to see again when the storm was over. They arrived without any considerable disaster, and resolved only to live in tents till they could return to their homes. As they increased in number they descended further into the vale, which there began to spread itself different ways, and supplied them with all the necessaries and conveniences of life; so that they lived in the happiest banishment they could wish, never stirring out of the vale for several years, for fear of being discovered.

"The pophar finding himself grow old, (having attained almost two hundred years of age,) though he was hale and strong for his years, resolved to visit his native country once more before he died, and get what intelligence he could for the common interest; accordingly, he and two more disguised themselves, and re-passed the deserts again. They just ventured at first into the borders of the country; but, alas! when he came there, he found it all overrun by the barbarous Hicksoes. All the poor remains of the Mezoramians were made slaves; and those barbarians had begun to build habitations, and establish themselves, as if they designed never more to leave the country.

"They had made No-om one of their chief towns, where they erected a temple to their Ram-god, calling it No-Hammon, with such inhuman laws and cruelties, as drew a flood of tears from his aged eyes. However, being a man of great prudence and foresight, he easily imagined, by their tyrannical way of living, they could not continue long in that state without some new revolution. After making what observations he could, and visiting the tombs of his forefathers, he returned to the vale, and died in that place, where you saw the pyramid built to his memory.

"Not many generations after, according as he had foreseen, the natives, made desperate by the tyrannical oppressions of the Hicksoes, were forced to break in upon their primitive laws, which forbade them to shed blood; made a general insurrection, and calling in their neighbours around them, fell upon the Hicksoes when they least expected it, and drove them out of the country. They were headed by a brave man, of a mixed race, his mother being a beautiful Mezoramian, and his father a Sabian. After this young conqueror had driven out the Hicksoes, he established a new form of government, making himself king over
The Life and Adventures of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

his brethren (but not after the tyrannical manner of the Hicksoes), and grew very powerful. Our ancestors sent persons from time to time to inform themselves how matters went. They found the kingdom in a flourishing condition, under the conquering Soss, for so he was called. He and his successor made it one of the most powerful kingdoms of the earth; but the laws were different from what they had been in the time of our ancestors, or even from those the great Soss had established. Some of his successors began to be very tyrannical; they made slaves of their brothers, and invented a new religion, some adoring the sun—some the gods of the Hicksoes: so that our ancestors, as they could not think of altering their laws, though they might have returned again, chose rather to continue still unknown in that vale, under their patriarchal government. Nevertheless, in process of time they increased so much, that the country was not capable of maintaining them; so that they had been obliged to return, had not another revolution in Egypt forced them to seek out a new habituation. This change was made by a race of people called Coranim, as wicked and barbarous in effect, but more politic, than the Hicksoes, though some said they were originally the same people; who, being driven out of their own country by others more powerful than themselves, came pouring in, not only over all the lands of Mezzoraim, but all along the coast of both seas, destroying all before them, with greater abominations than the Hicksoes had ever been guilty of. Our ancestors were in the most dreadful consternation imaginable. There was now no prospect of ever returning into their ancient country. They were surrounded with deserts on all sides. The place they were in began to be too narrow for so many thousands, as they were increased; nay, they did not know but the wicked Coranim, who were at the same time the boldest and most enterprising nation under the sun, might find them out some time or other. Being in this distress, they resolved to seek out a new habituation; and to that end, compared all the notes and observations on the heavens, the course of the sun, the seasons and nature of the climate, and whatever else might direct them what course to steer. They did not doubt but that there might be some habitable coun-
tries in the midst of those vast deserts, perhaps as well adapted as the vale they lived in, if they could but reach them. Several persons were sent out to make discoveries, but without success. The sands were too vast to travel over without water, and they could not find springs or rivers. At length the most sagacious of them began to reflect, that the annual overflowing of the great river Nile, whose head could never be found out, must proceed from great rains, which fell somewhere southward of them about that time of the year; which rains, if they could but luckily time and meet with, might not only supply them with water, but also render the country fertile where they fell. Accordingly the pophar, assisted by some of the wisest men, generously resolved to run all hazards to save his people. They computed the precise time when the Nile overflowed, and allowed for the time the waters must take in descending so far as Egypt. They thought therefore, if they could but carry water enough to supply them till they met with these rains, they would help them to go on further. At length five of them set out with ten dromedaries, carrying as much water and provisions as might serve them for fifteen, to bring them back again in case there was no hopes. They steered their course as we did, though not quite so exact the first time, till they came to the place where we now are; finding here a little rivulet, which has since been swallowed up by the sands, they filled their vessels, and went up to take an observation; but seeing the signs of the great hurricanes which were our greatest encouragement, it had like to have driven them into despair; for the pophar, knowing the danger of being overwhelmed in the sands, thought of nothing but flying back as fast as they could, fearing to be swallowed up in those stilling whirlpools. This apprehension made him lay aside all thoughts of succeeding towards that climate; and now his chief care was to get back again with safety for himself and his people. But finding all continue tolerably secure where they were, they made a halt, in order to make some further observations. In the mean time, they reflected that those hurricanes must be forerunners of tempests and rain.

"Then they recollected that no rain, or what was very inconsiderable, ever fell in
Egypt, or for a great way south of it, till they came within the tropics; and thence concluded that the rains must run parallel with the equator, both under it and for some breadth on both sides, till they met the rise of the river Nile, and there caused those vast inundations, so hard to be accounted for by other people; that, in fine, those rains must last a considerable while, and probably, though beginning with tempests, might continue in settled rain, capable of being passed through. Then he at first resolved to venture back again to the first vale; but being a man of great prudence, he considered that as he could not proceed on his way without rains, so he could not come back again but by the same help, which coming only at one season, must take up a whole year before he could return. However, he was resolved to venture on, not doubting but if he could find a habitable country, he should also find fruits enough to subsist on till the next season. Therefore he ordered two of his companions to return the same way they came, to tell his people not to expect him till the next season, if Providence should bring him back at all; but if he did not return by the time of the overflowings of the Nilé, or thereabouts, they might give him over for lost, and must never attempt that way again. They took their leaves of one another, as if it were their last adieu, and set out at the same time: two of them for their homes in the first vale, and the other three for those unknown regions, being destitute of all other helps but those of a courageous mind. The three came back to this place, where it thundered and lightened as it does now; but the poplar observed it still tended sideways, and guessed when the first violence was over, the rains might be more settled. The next day it fell out as he foresaw: whereupon, recommending himself to the great Author of our being, he launched boldly out into that vast ocean of sands and rain, steering his course south-west, rather inclining towards the south. They went as far as the heavy sands and rains would let them, till their dromedaries could hardly go any further. Then they pitched their tents, and refreshed themselves just enough to undergo new labour, well knowing all their lives depended on their expedition. They observed the sands to be of a different kind from what they had seen hitherto; so fine, that any gust of wind must overwhelm man and beast, only the rains had clogged and laid them.

"Not to prolong your expectation too much, they went on thus for ten days, till the rains began to abate; then they saw their lives or deaths would soon be determined. On the 11th day the ground began to grow harder in patches, with here and there a little moss on the surface, and now and then a small withered shrub. This revived their hopes that they should find good land in a short time, and in effect the soil changed for the better every step they took; and now they began to see hills covered with grass, and the valleys sink down as if there might be brooks and rivers. The twelfth and thirteenth days cleared all their doubts, and brought them into a country, which though not very fertile, had both water and fruits, with a hopeful prospect further on of hills and dales, all habitable and flourishing. Here they fell prostrate on the earth, adoring the Creator of all things, who had conducted them safe through so many dangers, and kissing the ground, which was to be the common nurse for them, and, as they hoped, for all their posterity. When they had reposèd themselves for some days, they proceeded further into the country, which they found to mend upon the more they advanced into it. Not intending to return till next year, they sought the properest place for their habitation; and setting up marks at very moderate distances, not to lose their way back again, they made for the highest hills they could see, from whence they perceived an immense and delicious country every way, but, to their greatest satisfaction, no inhabitants. They wandered thus at pleasure through those natural gardens, where there was a perpetual spring in some kinds of the produce of the earth, and the ripeness of autumn, with the most exquisite fruits, in others.

"They kept the most exact observations possible, whichever way they went. There were not only springs and fountains in abundance, but, as they guessed, the heads of great rivers and lakes; some of which they could perceive, so that they were satisfied there was room enough for whole nations, without any danger, as they could find, of being disturbed. By their observations of the sun, they were nigher the equator than they had ima-
The Bishoprick Garland.

The Bishoprick Garland; or, a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. belonging to the County of Durham.

In the present publication, additions that are extremely interesting and valuable, have been made to former collections of oral poesies and traditions appertaining to the county of Durham. It would have been pity that the songs and original tunes of a district, containing such a varied population as this northern county, should have lacked a gathering place in the present age, when all ancient institutions and customs are fast fading away from usage, and even from memory. Right well has the author, a learned and gentle antiquary, performed his task. His name we are not permitted to reveal, but he is well-known in the northern counties as a man of high literary attainments, and as the friend of Sir Walter Scott. In the present volume is preserved an extract from some verses Sir Walter wrote to this gentleman after he had been to Sunderland, on occasion of the Duke of Wellington's visit in 1827; it is to be regretted the whole were not given to the public; but the circumstance of the suppressed stanzas being highly complimentary to the editor of the present work, prevented him from publishing the precious relic entire, from motives of delicacy, which, though we regret, must be respected.

Among other curious traditions, that
of the "worm of Lambton" is remarkably well told; and the fact that the prediction attending this legend has been finally fulfilled in Lord Durham's family in the present age, is an extraordinary coincidence. It appears that the heir of Lambton was forewarned that, after he had killed this worm or dragon, which devastated his father's estates, if he refrained from killing the first living thing that came forth from the castle to meet him on his return, for nine generations the lords of Lambton should not die in their beds. It happened that, after the slaughter of the "worm," the father of the victorious knight, although he knew of the prophecy, imprudently came forth to welcome his son; and, as the knight could not kill his father, the prophecy held good to the present age. We will, however, have recourse to the words of our author, who says—

"Popular tradition, though in general true in the main, is seldom correct in details, and the precise time when the event happened that gave birth to the legend must be dated much earlier than the period assigned. Be this as it may, nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, of Lambton, Esq., M.P. (elder brother to the late General Lambton), would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes; and the popular tradition holds, that none of the lords of Lambton, during the period of the curse, ever died in their beds. Sir William Lambton, who was colonel of a regiment of foot, in the service of Charles the First, was slain at the bloody battle of Marston Moor; and his son William (his eldest son by his second wife), inheriting the loyalty and gallantry of his father, received his death wound at Wakefield at the head of a troop of dragoons, in 1643. The fulfilment of the curse was inherent in the ninth of descent, as above stated; and great anxiety prevailed during his lifetime amongst the hereditary depositaries of the traditions of the county, to know if the curse would hold good to the end. He died in his chariot, crossing the New Bridge; thus giving the last connecting link to the chain of circumstantial tradition connected with the worm of Lambton."

The proverbial poetical sayings pertaining to certain ancient families of Durham are well worthy of notice, such as that of Brackenbury, in allusion to their crest—

"The black lion under the oaken tree
Made the Saxons fight, and the Normans flee."

The crest of the ancient family of Brackenbury, of Sellaby, (of which Sir Robert Brackenbury, of the Tower, in the time of Richard III., was a junior member,) is a tree vert, under which is a lion couchant sable.

The gallant Collingwoods have likewise their traditionary rhyme which runs thus—

"The Collingwoods have borne the name,
Since in the bush the buck was ta'en;
But when the bush shall hold the buck,
Then welcome faith, and farewell luck."

The allusion is obscure, and at present difficult to unriddle; perhaps it was made in anticipation of some expected martyrdom for Wickliffite or Lollard tenets.

A Grace.

Lady D'Acre, who was the second wife of Sir William Bowes, of Biddie, and widow of Godfrey Foljambe, of Walton, Derby, Esq., on whose estates she had a large jointure, married, thirdly, Lord D'Acre of Ashton. She was a puritan, and entertained many godly ministers. The next in the entail—who thought she had lived long enough,

"The jointured widow long survives," went to see her, and was invited to dinner, when she desired him to say grace; and with the attitude of a starched puritan, after the usual pause, he expressed his wishes thus graciously:—

"Good Lord of my mercy,
Take my good Lady Darcy
Unto her heavenly throne;
That I, little Frank,
May sit in my rank,
And keep a good house of my own."

The engravings illustrative of the antiquities described, are very neat and well executed; and the music, which preserves the national tunes, is a perfect pattern in its way of musical engraving. All we regret is, that a very few favoured persons can be permitted to peruse this volume, as only a hundred and fifty copies are printed; but what with the traditions and songs of the men of the mine, the men of the sword, and the men of the sea, we know no district in England, whose local peculiarities deserve a wider circulation than those of Durham; the work is, besides, enriched with an original ballad, written by Mr. Surtees, the antiquary. This poem is called "Sir John le Spring;" it is founded on an antique Durham tradition. Its style gives us a very high idea of the poetical genius of this gentleman, and it is an appropriate ornament to the book.
THE SETTLER'S WIFE.

Numerous as have been the volumes composed by philosophers on human nature, the human heart ever remains ignorant of itself. Its energies, its passions, and powers, lie dormant and unknown, until brought into action by some sudden emergency, or confluence of circumstances: to which it is truly remarked, "mankind is a passive slave;" sometimes it ought rather to be said, an active agent. The man who thrice crossed a single blazing rafter, upwards of a hundred feet in height, to bear three beloved sisters in safety from the flames, afterwards confessed, that had he contemplated the attempt, he should have deemed it madness; and had he been informed that such had been achieved by any one else, he should have turned an incredulous ear. A still more remarkable instance is related of a traveller, who, having in darkness crossed a bridge so narrow and so dilapidated as to be held impassable, fell dead with terror the next morning on the scene of his danger being pointed out.

Women are in general more ignorant even than men of their mental and physical powers, their natural sphere being the domestic circle; whilst man, from moving daily in accident and excitement, and "buffeting the ills which flesh is heir to," gains a gradual perception of what it is in his power to achieve. Many a gentle girl, whose world is the domestic hearth, has the soul of a Lucretia, and yet reads with wondering admiration of the stern virtue and heroism which has handed the Roman matron's name to posterity. She will contemplate with horror, deeds that stain her sex, and in after life be guilty of the same—may, the crime she deprecated may in her be virtue; and though her comments upon it might be accompanied by a declaration that no motives of malice or revenge should ever urge her so far to outstep the prescribed rules of feminine conduct, she may afterwards glory in recounting some instance of firmness, closely assimilating to the deed, and think herself raised above, rather than carried beyond the tenor of female conduct. We now speak from experience, and will adduce a circumstance which fell beneath our own immediate observation.

Being in Kentucky, we formed an acquaintance with a young settler there, named Pope, who held large possessions in that province. He had all the eccentric and enterprising qualities which distinguish the Kentuckians, together with a heart capable of appreciating the more refined ordinances of civilized society; in token of this, he confided the power over his happiness to a young lady of great beauty, whom he married, and brought every object of his ambition to bear on the one point of conjugal felicity. She was, indeed, a creature worthy of every sacrifice for her sake; lovely, without vanity,—dignified, without pride,—accomplished, without display,—virtuous, without assumption,—affectionate, without encroachment,—and free in manners, without blemish: to the slaves in particular she was benevolence itself, and did all in her power to ameliorate their condition, so that, in a short time, her husband had his interests more faithfully attended to than any landholder in Kentucky. The negroes seemed to take a delight in toiling on his grounds; and, when guilty of a fault, dreaded more an angry look from their mistress, than the severest infliction of the lash, which, under her management, shortly fell into entire disuse. Amongst these children of bondage, was one who had been remarkable for his stubbornness and want of industry, so that, at first, he fell more often than the rest under his lady's displeasure, and, consequently, was frequently summoned to her presence, to hear what was rather a mild expostulation than a reproof. Under the influence of her gentle course of conduct, the heart of Isaac (which was his name) gradually softened, he now became less moody—thoughtless of freedom—became reconciled, and even charmed with his situation; and, finally, was so diligent and useful, that the labour of his fellows was left under his superintendence and control.

Our friend Pope now deemed himself a lucky man; the management of his estate was almost entirely attended to by his judicious wife, with the assistance of Isaac; he, therefore, found himself at liberty to enter into more extensive speculations for the increase of his fortune, and felt no hesitation in frequently
taking a few days' journey from home, in order, by his presence, to promote their completion.

On one of these occasions, Mrs. Pope was seated in a room which overlooked the grounds, reading the memoirs of Charlotte Corday. It was late in the afternoon, and the negroes were retiring from their labours, at a distance, like a multitude of ants. No one was in the house besides herself, except a slave who was piling logs in a contiguous shed for firing, and when he had completed his task and retired, she was quite alone—a circumstance not uncommon in a place where the dance on the green and other festivities close the toils of the day.

Closing her book, she now approached the window; wondering that a woman could nerve herself to such a deed as that perpetrated on the tyrant Marat, inwardly expressing her belief that, if the liberties of worlds were contingent on the effort, she could not have struck the blow. "I now," to quote her own energetic words, when relating the tale, "sought relief from the emotions I experienced in a contemplation of the heavens, and never remembered a more enchanting evening. Perhaps, thought I, such a one as this preceded the dark but heroic enterprise of which I have just been reading. Perhaps, such a one closed on the fall of mankind, when first the spirit of evil gained access to earth. At this moment I turned my head, and, as if in connexion with my thoughts, beheld the sable form of an African standing close by my side." This was Isaac, the slave.

He was evidently in a state of powerful excitement, a look of peculiar wildness gleamed from his dark eyes, and his frame shook with agitation. His mistress was much surprised at his appearance, and, after waiting some seconds in expectation of hearing him speak, she inquired the cause of his unusual emotion. "What has happened, Isaac," said she, "that you thus glare so strangely—are you ill?"

"No, misses," returned the slave, "nothing. Nothing has happened, only you behave so kind to Isaac?"

"And shall not now relax, good Isaac, if you need my services; who has offended you?"

"Nobody," answered Isaac, moodily, struggling with some secret passion. "Then I'm sure you are ill or unhappy," she rejoined.

"Yes, yes, yes—that it—I am not happy—never can be happy."

"That's not my fault, Isaac; I'm sure I do all I can to make my servants happy, and you especially have been favoured; if I use any distinction at all, it is on your account."

"Yes, misses, you very kind to Isaac, I know, but so much the worse; I wish you hadn't been so."

"What! would you prefer ill-treatment at my hands?"

"Great deal; for then you no make me love you."

"Nay, Isaac, but that is my constant aim; it is my wish to earn the love of all my dependants."

Isaac gave a convulsive start at these words, and his frame, which was unusually gigantic, seemed for a moment to dilate with joy; but, as struck by a sudden conviction, he instinctly lowered his head, and exclaimed, "Me know you wish all to love you, but not as Isaac loves you; he loves you the same as massa, your husband, loves you; your goodness has put the devil in my heart! I no sleep a nights—I'm all a fire—I burn for you—I'm mad for you!"

Endeavouring to conceal the fears these words excited, she now rose with all the dignity and presence of mind she could command, and said, in a firm tone, "Isaac, you forget yourself; quit my presence instantly, or I shall be angry—extremely angry with you."

"No, no, no anger—that not do for me, you must love me," said the slave; and in his excitement compressed the arm of his mistress with a grasp of iron. In a state of terror, she darted suddenly towards the door and made an effort to escape, but he closed it violently, turned the key, and forced her to her seat. The horrors of her situation now flashed upon her—she perceived that the novelty of her kindness had awakened feelings stronger than gratitude in the dark precincts of the negro's bosom, which, like waters that had burst their bounds, now spread beyond the influence of control. Hoping, however, that they would expend themselves if not opposed, she repressed her rising indignation, and calmly
entreated him to retire, until he was better able to command himself. He answered not, save by drawing still nearer, and fixing his eyes, which seemed bursting from their sockets, like balls of fire upon her face. "Isaac, in God's name, what do you mean?—open the door this instant, or I will alarm the servants, and have you punished."

Isaac's breath scorched her cheek as he muttered, in a smothered tone, "they not hear you—they long way off—nobody near, but me! You must consent to my desire—Isaac kill you, if you no love him as you do massa." Her alarm was now dreadful—every sense reeled under the influence of terror—she sunk upon her knees—still he relinquished not his hold—in vain she had recourse to tears, entreaties, promises of pardon, bribes—the negro was inflexible, and, with the look of a demon, proceeded to employ force to effect his designs. Worked up to a frenzy of fear, his victim in a moment regained her feet and dashed him from her, then flew to the window, with the intent of screaming for assistance; but how was she shocked to find that not a living soul was within sight, and that the savage monster, with open arms, again approached her. At this appalling crisis, one of those sudden returns of self-possession took place, which so often occurs to a well-formed, virtuous mind in times of peril, and, with all a woman's quickness of thought, she conceived the idea of dissimulating to gain time. Upon this she voluntarily advanced to meet the villainous African, and, smiling, faltered that she would comply, placing her hand in his, as if to authenticate her words, whilst her innate rectitude suffused her neck and brow with blushes at the mockery. The negro pressed her hand with eager passion to his lips, and whispered, "to your chamber, lady." He had observed her anxious glances towards the window, and divined the motives of her conduct, and the hopes she entertained of succour, through being observed by some passing straggler. This, however, was what she wished and expected, for she directly said, "of course. But see, Isaac, the wet earth clings to your naked feet, and, should your steps be traced, you will be discovered; fetch water and wash them, I will remain here in the mean time."

Although not entirely deceived by her manner, Isaac saw the reasonableness of what she said, and, first with wily care securing the window, left the room to obey. Scarcely had he passed the threshold when she rushed to the door, and endeavoured to lock it, but he instantaneously burst it open, and, withdrawing the key, turned it on the outside.

How often it occurs, when all human aid seems distant, that such aid is near; how trifling an accident may render its proximity abortive: while the scene we have endeavoured to describe was acting, the unconscious husband of our heroine was leisurely approaching the back part of his house, full of pleasing anticipations of the tranquillity he expected there to find, and, as near as possible, at the moment Isaac quitted the room in front, he was within fifty yards of the house behind. Another minute would have carried him to the rescue of his wife, when an acquaintance hailed him from a short distance, and detained him in conversation: thus unknowingly wasting the precious moments which might have been successfully employed in preventing the horrid circumstance that ensued.

Having procured the water, Isaac returned to the room in which his mistress had passed the intermediate time in a state of the most hopeless anxiety; in vain she racked her invention for the means of escaping the fate that threatened her, and at length had recourse to an appeal to her Maker. Bending her knees with lowly reverence, she ejaculated one short fervent prayer, and was raising her eyes in confidence at its conclusion, when they lit upon a closet in which she remembered her husband kept his implements of hunting; amongst these was an axe used for clearing away underwood, when she flew to secure it; this she fortunately succeeded in effecting, and had scarcely time to conceal it under the pillow of a couch before the negro entered. He contemplated her with ferocious exultation on finding her quiet and secure; and seating himself beside her, placed one of his feet in the basin and stooped to bathe it—the moment was too favourable to be lost—the lovely girl, over whose head twenty summers had not yet passed, was inspired with all the heroism of a Roman maid, and seizing the axe, threw every particle of strength which she possessed into one action, and with a des-
perate effort, clove the skull of the sable wretch in twain—he fell dead at her feet!

Little more remains to be said, covered with blood, and instinctively brandishing the fatal weapon, she rushed from the house, and fainted in the arms of her husband, who at that moment had attained the door. His agony at the sight may be easily conceived; but, when she related to him the horrible situation she had been placed in, he was so shocked at the recital, as to become delirious for several days.

The motive and necessity of the terrible act she had performed, prevented its magnitude from permanently weighing upon the spirits of our heroine—her husband never again left her without being attended by those in whom he could confide to watch over her safety; whilst the ladies of Kentucky expressed their sense of her courage and fortitude—and, let us add, her chastity—by a splendid present, with an address of congratulation on her truly providential escape.

L. & O.

Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a corner of Italy.

These two volumes of a lady possess not the vivid delineations which have long marked our tourists, yet they present qualities which would have been highly appreciated some time back, and are very worthy of consideration now, notwithstanding the ground of which they treat has been so frequently and so variously trodden. As we think they form a peculiar work, we shall state our objections, and close with an extract which we can praise.

We object always to travellers fixing their attention, particularly, if not solely, on the coarser portions of a picture, the worst views of a people, be the country and inhabitants what they may. Why should we travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'tis all barren? There is no inhabited spot on the earth whence something of good may not be derived; as agriculturists worthily say, he who produces a blade of grass where none grew before, is a creator. Before we accompany our fair tourist and her companions abroad, we must hint our surprise at a home subject. Where, among other country girls, did she derive her picture of "the wretched long-backed, or no-backed spencer, the dragging flounce and deplorable bonnets, decorated with flowers no longer artificed, but honestly showing their wire and paper poverty?" In the refuse of our manufacturing towns, indeed, something of this sort may be seen; but not so in our native fields. Has the fair writer never glanced at the rural pictures of our best painters, down to Westall's,—never seen the sketches of Inskip, now prominent in our print-shops, drawn from the humblest of the creation? If not, we are sure she will thank us for directing her attention to them.

Her disembarkation at Genoa is another of our objections. Genoa, like every fine part of Italy, and of the world generally, has defects. Why say, "we unpacked ourselves, grumblingly, in the middle of a lane, as full of mire and oranges as Lower Thames-street; and after dabbling through one or two passages of most forbidding aspect, reached the hotel!" The simile of our worthy metropolitan street is ill-used; the picture of the hotel, after all a good one, is stained: and then on varieties of light and shade, poor Lisbon tortured so often into disrepute, is brought forward, and that on the score of dimness during an earthquake, which was accompanied by severe conflicts of the elements in every way!—"the unnatural light of Poussin's deluge," we leave to others.

Having said thus much, we now gladly turn to matters of praise, of which we could find many, did our space admit them. We must, however, confine ourselves to one extract, which may have interest for our readers, as well as show powerfully what the authoress can do in regard of style. This is the story of a chief magistrate (Avoyer) of Switzerland, who being on a visit, and returning home with his daughters in winter, was unaccountably lost, as was not unjustly supposed, in one of the windings of a beautiful river. Clara Wendal, the amazonian leader of a band of robbers (of whose beauty, also, wonders were told), being surrounded in the woods, was made captive:—

"When lodged in the prison of Zurich, Clara suddenly avowed herself deeply con-
cerned in the murder of the Avoyer, for he had been murdered she said,—and boldly declared that taking advantage of the darkness of the night and the tumult of the storm, she, with the help of her brothers, who added their testimony to hers, had pushed him into the river, having been hired to do so by two inhabitants of Lucerne, both gentlemen of unblemished reputation.

"At first all was astonishment and disbelief; but the wretches persisted in their story with such perverse consistency, that at length the least credulous were startled. Clara, who was then in full possession of that beauty to which her wild life and lawless profession had probably given more than its due celebrity, went into the most minute details described the bench under which she had concealed herself while she listened for the expected footsteps; the mode in which her brothers and herself had seized the Avoyer, and pushed him off the bank; and more, the room, even to its most inoffensive features, in which the salary of murder was paid down to her, and that a room in the house of one of the accused, into which it seemed impossible that she could have introduced herself slyly.

"In short, the accusation was so dexterously dressed and so boldly persisted in, that the axe seemed to tremble over the heads of the arraigned: when the woman fiend stopped short, and declaring that all to which she had sworn was false, denounced three other inhabitants of Lucerne as having bribed her to the perjury of which she had been guilty; averring most solemnly that she knew nothing whatever of the Avoyer's death, but believed it to have been accidental; and that gold and promises of protection had induced her to accuse the innocent. As it was obvious that the testimony of such a wretch could not be admitted, the proceedings were immediately quashed; and Clara, with her atrocious family (a mother included), were consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the Maison de Force. They say she has lost her demoniacal beauty; but as she is rigorously confined, it is next to impossible to see her. When she was in the river tower at Zurich, it was said that strangers offered ten and even twenty guineas for a peep. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, though the addition of the bidder being English gives it a colouring. Other people commit follies, but none pay for them so dearly as we do."

Such atrocities as these of Clara, as relates to the false evidence, have unhappily occurred nearer home. With all its faults, this is one of those works that start upon us, even on old subjects, with an air of novelty.

Ladies' Botany; a Familiar Introduction to the Natural System, &c.
By Professor Lindley.

We hail with great satisfaction, on the part of the ladies, this very acceptable offering, for the purpose of facilitating the utility and pleasure of a study growing daily more and more into fashion. Without entering upon the question, that has long been raised between the advocates of the Linnaean and the natural systems, it is evident that the introduction of the fair student to the science, by acquainting her with the nature, structure, habits, &c., must be infinitely more agreeable, as well as useful, than to load her with complex names and unnecessary definitions. This Professor Lindley has boldly attempted to do, and we think with success. He has, indeed, shown indubitably a more extended usefulness in cases of visits to countries with which we are unacquainted. Though he does not assume for his work a higher character than that of a popular introduction, he is familiar without neglecting the graces of style, and scientific without obscurity. He will not escape objections from many botanists; yet we do not hesitate to deliver our opinion that he deserves more than we have said of him.

Heating Hot-Houses.—The application of steam to the heating of hot-houses appears first to have been attempted by Wakefield, of Liverpool, in 1786, and afterwards effectually applied in the vault of a cucumber-house at Knowle, in that neighbourhood, by Butler, gardener to the Earl of Derby, in 1792. It made little progress till about 1816, since which it has extended rapidly; and wherever an extensive range of hot-houses are to be heated, it will be found a saving of fuel and labour, attended with less risk of over-heating or contamination by bad air. The application of hot water to the heating of hot-houses was first made by Bonnemain to the hot-houses in the Jardin des Plantes, about the time of the first French revolution; and in Britain by Count Chabannes, at Mr. Scott's, at Bromley, in 1816. It has been subsequently applied by Bacon and Atkinson at Eaton and other places; but the first application of hot water, for heating dwelling and hot-houses in Britain, was made by the Count Chabannes.—Encyclopedia of Gardening.
A VISIT TO ROKEBY AND BRIGNALL WOODS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Well might Sir Walter Scott choose Rokeby as the scene in which to pourtray a tale of days gone by, rife with violence, chivalric courage, and winning beauty; for I apprehend not one spot in the island of Great Britain, includes within the same compass such materials for the bard and the novelist. Mountain streams, ruined castles and abbeys, bold rocks, deep caverns, magnificent woods, are not to be found on every estate; and certainly the wits who prophesied, 'that after Rokeby the gentlemen's seats were to be done all the way to London,' were all in the wrong; as people often are, who happen to be ignorant of the subject on which they write. It is neither the extent of a park, nor the splendour of a mansion—the smiling verdure without, nor the luxuries within, that could awake the 'thick-coming fancies' of one, whose very soul was combined with passion for mountain characteristics, and romantic legends, attached to the mouldering walls of our magnificent ruins—and far and wide might the minstrel have wandered, ere he found either in the Highlands of Scotland or the glens of Wales, anything that could boast the beauties on the combination of Rokeby."

Such were the observations of a dear friend, whom I lately visited at Barnard Castle, and through whose influence I became one in that most delightful of all parties on a long fine summer's day,—a gipsy party.

"Would that Miss Mitford held the pen, and told the procession of gigs and ponies, walkers and riders, that met at the bottom of the long High-street, which constitutes nearly the ancient town of Barnard Castle (and is moreover a wider and handsomer street than many towns can boast), for she only could do our fair young friends of both sexes justice, or duly pourtray the energy, care, and kindness of that good lady, who was the provident and liberal entertainer of the day. For my own part, I made up my mind to give myself to the delusions of the poet, if that were possible, and "believe his tale devoutly true," in order that I might, by association, enhance the charm of that fine scenery which every where abounds in this delightful neighbourhood—a neighbourhood apparently very little known in comparison with its merits.

At the bottom of the town (which lies in Durham) runs the river Tees, as wild and capricious a mountain stream as ever poured its water through a vale, and much more noisy than any I had been previously acquainted with. It here half circles the base of bold and beautifully tinted rock, on which stand the extensive ruins of Barnard Castle, formerly the largest fortress in England, and still showing, in a magnificent round tower, a second, called Brackenbury's Tower, and considerable masses of walls and windows, a capability of containing every inhabitant of the town in case of siege. On this proud relic I looked long, and recalled the fateful fever of guilty Oswald, the entrances of the terrific Bertram, and the gentle Wilfrid's high soul and luckless fate, ere I bade adieu to the banks of the Tees, and permitted my driver to pursue his way.

This was a gentle ascent for about four miles, when quitting our vehicles, we plunged at once into the woods of Brignall, and by a rapid descent through narrow intricate paths, passed only by the feet of men who work in the slate quarries, we found ourselves upon the banks of the Greta. This river is much narrower, and of less body than the Tees, towards which it is hastening, but is still more wild and beautiful than that celebrated stream,—now spreading a wide glassy surface—now contracted into the compass of a few feet in a deep channel, from whence it leaps from one rocky bed to another, sparkling in the sun, or gurgling under the deep shadow of o'er-bending trees. On either hand, the banks rise high and steep, with rock succeeding rock, of the most magnificent height and picturesque form; in numerous fissures of which, trees of every description are growing; wild flowers intermingle their blossoms with the green verdure, and the woodbine, campanula, digitalis, and blue hair bell, give a beautiful variety to the colouring, which is further enriched by various lichens and the little geranium herb—the herb which is every where in profusion.
A Visit to Rokeby and Brignall Woods.

In this unequalled glen, we were joined by a gentleman well acquainted with all its beauties, and through whose interest we had permission to proceed to Rokeby Park; the owner of which, J. B. Morritt, Esq., having been justly offended at some visitants during the summer, had naturally forbidden egress there, without leave granted personally. This gentleman immediately pointed out, high in the rock above us, a yew and an elm tree, as being proof that we had reached Guy Denziil’s cave; and taking my hand, led me down a little descent into a hole beneath the cliff, which we entered through a narrow passage, but soon came to a space capable of containing fifty persons, and which branched out into various caverns of the same kind. As we proceeded, many similar excavations are seen; these being the places where the rock is slit into slates for houses. One of these I was persuaded to enter, and shall not easily forget the strong contrast it offered with the beautiful country without—all was of course in perfect darkness, save from the lamps and candles used by the workmen, who were uniformly covered by thick dust, seated in a posture which bent them double, and in plying their miserable labour, made a perpetually recurring sound, like the clanking of chains, that conveyed altogether a sense of suffering in a place of torment. They were, notwithstanding, remarkably athletic, fine-looking men; and when I saw them out of their “prison-house,” appeared to have great delight in hearing me praise the scenery. “Eh! mistresse, you’re just right, for I’m quite sure it’s the prettiest place in the world,” said one as he passed me; adding, with an arch glance, “but it’s rather a dry place for all it’s so bonny.” Who could refuse a draught to so much good taste? not I, certainly.

All mountaineers I have ever met with, love their hills and valleys, rocks and glens, as a part of themselves; they are close observers of elemental effects, every cloud that throws a shadow over the heights, every sunbeam that penetrates the dell, inspires a sense of fear or beauty in their rude bosom—the painter’s eye, and the poet’s conception, animate their minds: hence arise an attachment to their homes that is never broken.—But we must hasten onwards towards Rokeby; we are in the way to that path where Willfrid walked with Bertram.

A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e’er the path of minstrel trod.
Broad shadows o’er their passage fell,
Deeper and deeper grew the dell,
It seemed some mountain rent or riven,
A channel for the stream had given;
So high the cliffs of limestone grey,
Hung beetling o’er the torrent’s way.

More accurate description was indeed never written, than that of the scenery in this enchanting dell, which is certainly as sublime, and even terrible in its features, as it is lovely; but I saw it under all the advantages of a fine day in August, with the auxiliaries of intelligent, warm-hearted companions,—the young and gay, willing to be pleased with everything—the equally lively, though more advanced, capable of distinguishing all most worthy of note; and chief, our late acquisition, who, with flute or song, called on the echoes of many a little dingle, as he led us towards the spot fixed on for our dining place.

Here, on a grassy mound, was spread our cloth—over our heads the huge projecting boughs of trees seeking the water hung as a canopy, and close beside us trickled from the rock a natural fountain of water purer than crystal: some of our party found seats in the rocky bed of the Greta itself, for they were then within reach, and standing on a stone, round which its little waves played musically.

Our good host carved the fowls, which his lady rapidly distributed. There is no dinner half so good as a repast like this; the deficiencies of knives or spoons atoned for by the ready jest, the good-natured contrivance, the self-denial of each—the appetite awakened by air and exercise, which gives a zest to every viand—the wine which can be so conveniently cooled—the basket of pastry which had nearly been forgotten—the fruit carried by the careful little girl, or the maiden aunt of the party, are each by turns found to be the best ever eaten; until all start up refreshed, and eager for new sights and new enjoyments.

We now proceeded to Rokeby Park, close to the entrance of which is a Roman encampment, much better defined, as one of the settlements of those masters of the world, than any it has been my lot to see; but I was eager to return to the ever-changing banks of the Greta, which runs through this demesne at first with a calmer character and more expansive
bosom, but for nearly a mile before it falls into the Tees (so beautifully described in the poem), again passes over a channel and through a passage of rifted rocks, with banks fringed with tall trees of every description.

Here, in due time, we reached the place, where—

—'twixt rock and river grew,
A dismal grove of sable yew.

From whence we reached the river, in all its pride of stupendous back-ground and dashing fierceness, rushing from point to point, over its marbly bed; and having crossed it over a small bridge, pursued our way up the steep banks to Martham’s tomb, a most beautiful specimen of ancient sculpture, placed between “two mighty elms,” and standing in such a situation, that a figure like that described of Martham, in the poem, might soon be hidden in the deep woods and rocky glens which we had left behind.

I understood that some tradition of one of the ancient family of Martham being buried there, had induced Mr. Morritt to remove this curious tomb from the neighbouring abbey of Eglinton, where it had sheltered the lover of an abbot of that family, and place it here. From Martham’s tomb we proceeded to Martham’s castle, which Sir Walter has described as scarcely a bow-shot thence, with his usual accuracy.

This ancient dwelling is usually called Martham’s Tower, that being indeed its most remarkable feature, for it is singularly light and beautiful. It is now a large farm-house, with a neat spruce garden half surrounding it; and though, as of yore,

No porter in the low-brow’d gate,
Took in the wonded niche his seat,

there was a garden chair in front, of the gothic fashion. On entering (for my friend, the doctor, was every where welcome), I found we were in a singularly long, narrow room, lighted by two large casement windows, but apparently used only as a passage. I was shown where it had been divided, to render the part taken off a dairy; when altogether, it was the baronial hall of the Marthams, behind which lay the “keeping room” of the ladies of the mansion. From hence, by a narrow circular staircase, we ascended the tower, from the leads of which a fine view is obtained of the surrounding country, including Wycliffe, “dark Oswald’s” patrimony, and the birth-place of the celebrated reformer, afterwards called Wickliffe.

At this place I most thankfully re-entered the carriage, and repassing the bridge over the Greta* (near its confluence with the Tees), soon reached a very fine bridge over the Tees, built also by Mr. Morritt, and which Sir Walter considers to afford the most beautiful view of that picturesque river. It was for the purpose of looking from it that we now visited it; and much as we had seen of rock and dale, and gurgling stream, it lost nothing of originality and grandeur in our eyes, lighted as it was towards the town by a declining sun, which shed its full rays upon the rivers of Eglinton Priory, towards which we now turned our horses’ heads.

On mounting the bank on which the ruins stand, I was surprised to see a considerable range of buildings inhabited. This was the monastery, literally—for the church, which must have been a fine one, is in complete dilapidation; but the cells of the brethren and the habitation of the abbot, are the dwellings of numerous families; and the voices of children are heard on every side, reckless of what may deem the shades which it must be supposed haunt the region of celibacy. Within a rood of the mine we passed a little wooden bridge over the wandering stream of Thargill, which here falls into the Tees, and looking up the lonely glen through which it wanders, beheld in idea the fair Matilda, seated on the ground, in consultation with her two admirers; while the crafty murderer lurked listening to their conversation. Indeed every rill and thicket, as well as the bolder features of the matchless country over which we had rambled, was imbued by that master spirit, who told the tale of Rokeby with a charm that gave reality to it in every particular. With our own eyes we had seen the faithfulness of his description when nature was his theme; and therefore we could not forbear to give him credit, when he sang of man in his day of pride and power—of man in his suffering and virtue—and woman in her loveliness and goodness. Nor had we ceased to hope that misfortune from civil broils might never more wrap Rokeby Hall in flames, or injure its be-

* Greta Bridge, where the mail stops, is about a mile higher.
nevolent owner; when Barnard Castle rose again frowning to our sight, suggesting the memory of despotic power, and dungeon glooms and Balliol's tower, in all their original terrors.

But tea and music, fair faces and pleasant voices, dispersed all painful thoughts; and left only that sense of calm pleasure and gratified curiosity the works of nature never fail to excite, more especially when immediately linked with the embellishments of genius. Ah! how much do we all owe to him who, either as a poet or novelist, has shed on many a lonely glade and humble shieling, not less than on the fair and majestic, traits of our beloved country; and his own charm, at once irresistible and beneficial, opening to us new sources of a pure and sinless enjoyment, which may the better enable us to bear the evils of this life, and fit us to enter on a better.

Whoever makes the tour of the Cumberland and Westmorland lakes, ought by all means to see Rokeby: which may be done by stopping for a day at Greta Bridge, or going to Barnard Castle from Bowes, which is the more desirable, as not only the castle of that place, but its surrounding scenery, is extremely picturesque. Perhaps I may be allowed to conclude my little tour through these scenes, by a sonnet composed amongst them.

"Oh! Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen."—Rokeby.

Yes! they would grace the summer's gayest queen,
Nor less the empress of autumnal bowers;
For in these groves her splendid tints I ween,
Rival the proudest rose of June's own flowers:
Yet the rocks cry, from mid their mighty screen,
This pleasant land with all its charms is ours.
From our deep springs the gushing river flows,
Our rifted fissures nourish every tree;
E'en the wild blue bell waving as it grows,
On each stern brow—is the rock's child—as free,
As it is fair—where is the garden rose
That boasts such bed, or breathes such heavenly air?
Then, stranger, honour thou the source whence flows,
Thy heartfelt raptures in a scene so fair."

The Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe.

This work is published and illustrated in the same manner as the duodecimo edition of Lord Byron's life and poems. Each volume is ornamented by a seasidc or pastoral view of Suffolk scenery, referring to some admired passage in the compositions of this justly celebrated poet. The life of Crabbe, by his son, is a beautiful piece of biography, written with talent and candour. The son of the poet, although a gentleman of polished manners and highly cultivated mind, dwells on the lowly origin of his father and his relatives with a minuteness that shows if he has pride, it is of that noble kind that is based on conscious worth and virtue, and not on the sordid insolence of hereditary wealth and station. On these last, indeed, is founded the only ancestral pride known in East Suffolk; and of this provincial trait no one could be better aware than the poet Crabbe.

The minute and beautiful descriptions of the sea in all its moods and changes, were drawn by Crabbe from his recollections of early life. They are home scenes, that will be easily recognised by those who are familiar with the healthy and pleasant coast of Aldborough and Southwold, the places where part of his family still resided. A collection of these passages will be appreciated by our readers, at a time when so many families are passing the autumn by the sea-side.

"They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead;
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum."
Then through the broomy bound with ease
they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walks' slender
grass;
Where daphne flowers among the gorse are
spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed.
Then cross the bounding brook they make
their way,
O'er its rough bridge,—and there behold the
bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun—
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run—
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they
be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea.
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingle roll'd;
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which
spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below,
With all those bright red pebbles, that the
sun
Through the small waves so softly shines
upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye,
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by:
Pearl shells, and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire—
Tokens of bliss!"—The Borough.

The original of this charming picture of
a rural walk, ending with a sea-side
ramble, must be looked for at Southwold;
whose beautiful common, and richly
wooded vicinity, besides its elevated sit-
uation over the German Ocean, and its
own fine bay, gives it many advantages
over Aldborough. The next is a Dutch
picture of wonderful truth and nature;
the original of which is to be found at
the port of Aldborough, at the mouth of the
river Alde. Both these eastern ports
have this great advantage, that the haven
and shipping business are transacted at
a considerable distance from the towns,
whereby all the squalor, noise, disease,
and vice, that are the usual accompani-
ments of a mercantile port, are entirely
out of the ken of the visitors. The quay
of Aldborough being at Slaughden, and
of Southwold at Blackshore and Wal-
berswick. This was accidental, but ben-
eficial arrangement; for the consequence
is, that these ports and their neighbour-
hood have ever been entirely free from
the cholera, and other imported infe-
ctions. Having thus bestowed a few words
on the locality where Crabbe's early
youth was passed, we proceed to quote
his description of the mouth of the river
Alde; it is the picture of most tide rivers
that disembogue into the sea.

"Thus, by himself, compelled to live each
day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
At the same time, the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh bank, and the blighted
tree.
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half covered and half dry;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bankside stakes in their uneven ranks,
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.
When tides were neap and, in the sultry day,
Through the tall towering mud-banks made
their way;
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow,
Their anchoring, Peter chose from man to
hide,
There hung his head, and viewed the lazy tide,
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels, that left the deeper
way,
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;
Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and
trace,
How sidelong crabs had scrawled their
crooked race.
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry,
Of fishing gull or clanging golden eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would
come,
And the loud bittern, from the bulrush
home,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing
boom.
He nursed the feelings these dull scenes
produce,
And loved to stop before the opening sluice;
Where the small stream confined in narrow
bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, saddening sound;
Where all presented to the eye or ear,
Oppressed the soul with misery, grief, and
fear."—The Borough.

No one but a botanist could have
drawn so minute a picture of the nature
of the coast between Walberswick and
Aldborough, as is contained in the fol-
lowing lines from "The Village," a
poem that stamped his rising fame:

"Lo! where the heath, with withering brake
grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neigh-
bouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand
appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered
ears;
CROWNS.

A Sketch; Historical, Classical, &c.

BY A MODERN ANTIQUE.

"CROWNS!" methinks I hear a cynic exclaim, "What can you have to say on a subject so trite? Surely we know all that relates to it, constantly reiterated as it is, in our political and even domestic relations:—we know the crown to be the rallying point of our safety against our enemies, and even against ourselves. We rejoiced when our king was crowned, and in a grand ceremonial, before the highest persons of the kingdom, vowed to devote himself to our happiness; as we did, through our representatives, to contribute all in our power to make his reign happy." "Just," I answer; "but why was that ceremony of external crowning used? and how is it that all the virtues exercised by our gracious monarch should be symbolically denominated by the crown? Why is the symbol itself represented, on all that relates to our national affairs? And why are diminutives of that symbol, coronets, used to particularize grades of dignity arising from a particular virtue, or virtues?" "That," replies the utilitarian, "is mere heraldry, an ancient matter little understood unless by the College of Arms, and its expensive disquisitions on armorial bearings." "True," I rejoin, "and, therefore, I would tell you something about them all if you please. But are there not other 'crowns' that have attracted your attention—(that have caused the term to be identified with our language), as the crown of victory, the civic crown, the crown of roses, the myrtle wreath, and all the other various beautiful devices of the classics? Have you forgotten the angel in human form, whose rich diadem or tiara, or simple wreath, attracted you in the sale or at the opera; the hymeneal attendants, partially crowned with pure white ribands, and the attendant Epithalamium, or hymeneal song? your poet Laureat must be in remembrance from having earned immortality; your finest pictorial representations, your classical architecture, every where remind you of these symbols in various forms; it is of all these I desire to speak, as long as you please, and no longer.

Petrarch, whose Laura, with something of this decoration, has been lately duly honoured in this work, was, four centuries back, indignant at the neglect of these symbols, as expressed in Italian verse, which may be thus translated:—

"The herd whom nought but sordid gain

The use of glory's attributes inquires;

What yield your crowns of laurel? what

The wreath that lovers twine in myrtle groves?

O thou whom Heav'n hath given a soul

Its ardours ne'er for such as these resign!"

Petrarch, it is true, wrote as an enthusiast in the very dawn of the revival of letters; a period when even a monarch (Robert of Naples) declared, that rather than be deprived of them he would resign his crown! We live, it is true, in a vastly different, a much more reasoning age; yet, amidst the profusion of literary luxury—while it is every where prodigal in allusion to these emblems, little is known concerning their origin, to speak familiarly, even their meaning; the very antiquaries, whose researches delight the world on most subjects confine themselves to the crowns and coronations of power. Excellent accounts of these are to be found in all antiquarian productions,
from Sandford downwards to the communications of the erudite Mr. Kempe, and others in the Gentleman’s Magazine.

The present effort will therefore be directed to the more romantic divisions of the subject, for which of course it must be indebted to the ancients, who thought them of sufficient importance for serious and minute treatment, as well as constant recurrence in verse of all kinds: the only merit here claimed, being the collection of their ideas, with such illustrations as may be obviously necessary.

Dismissing, consequently, the Hebrew korn and the Greek diadema, originally a simple fillet for the head, till riches added ornaments of gold and jewels; religion the Pontificial cap, and empire the various splendid additions that support the globe and cross of power; I pass briefly to those attributed to the Ethnic worship, more as auxiliary to art, in the drawings of fair readers than anything else, that I may quickly proceed to my purpose.

According to authorities, and to medals, the crown of Jupiter was of laurel, and sometimes of variegated flowers; Juno’s was of the vine; that of Bacchus grapes with vine leaves, or branches of ivy with flowers and berries; those of Castor and Pollux, and the river gods, of bulrushes; that of Apollo, of laurel, sometimes rushes; of Saturn, young figs; of Hercules, poplar; and of Pan, pine and elder: to Lucina was devoted dittany; the Horae, “fair Venus’ train,” had assigned fruits of each successive season; Minerva and the Graces, olive branches; Venus and Hymen, always roses; Ceres, of corn, intermingled with the qualities necessary to its production; the Latres, myrtle and rosemary, with such other pleasing trophies as befitted household comfort.

* In the Athenæum of Aug. 23d, is a highly interesting original paper, entitled “A Byronian Ramble,” in which, among several notices from an album furnished to the parish clerk of Hucknall (the place of Byron’s sepulture), by Dr. Bowring, eight years ago, contains some good verses under the initials J. B., in which are the following lines:

“O’er laurel wreath—the poet’s crown—
Is here by hand unworthy thrown:

The tear hath dried, the wreath shall fade;
The hand that tossed it soon be laid
In cold obstruction—but the fame
Of him who tears and wreaths shall claim
From most remote posterity,
While Britain lives, can never die!”

CROWNS OF PLEASURE.

Crowns of leaves are more ancient than those of flowers; it was the fertile imagination of the painter Pausias, of Sicily, and of the fair florist Glyceria, that gave to the latter an elegance which occasioned them to be sought after through all Greece. They became an attribute inseparable from the pleasures of the table; “Kings,” says a poet, “gods in pleasure, received with enthusiasm this crown, as a zest to enjoyment when freed from duty.”

The crown of ivy is of the highest antiquity, it was that of Bacchus; from being a symbol of the joy of banquets, it became that of tenderness, and passed from bacchanalians to lovers; “perhaps,” says poetical authority, “it was from embracing trees that it obtained that honour, or in remembrance of the triumphs which Venus obtained over Bacchus.” But the favourite crown of lovers was of roses: “The rose,” says Anacreon, “is the flower dear to love; when he sports with the graces his ringlets are sprinkled with rose-buds.” Lovers sent crowns of roses to their mistresses; if repulsed, they desired them with the tenderest tears, and hung them up at their doors. Poets also availed themselves of ivy; in the perpetual verdure of this plant, they discovered a symbol of immortality. The exiled Ovid exclaimed, “That the ivy belonged only to happy poets, and that it was no longer fitting for him!” The greatest of the ancients respected crowns of pleasure. It is said that Hercules, pompously received by Admetus, reproached himself for having appeared crowned with a friend in affliction. Emblems of joy were wont to be destroyed in mourning.

Crowns of pleasure were conspicuous at all ancient festivals: the Greeks appeared crowned at their Panathenæa; their children at the summer recreation, Anthesteria; the Romans especially in their Floralia. All occasions for rejoicing had their crowns. The most interesting, however, was certainly that of Virginy, ultimately, and we think judiciously, intermingled with the nuptial crown. It was the signal of an approaching wedding. “I bring you my Iphigenia crowned,” said Clytemnestra to the impatient Achilles; “your wishes shall soon be obtained.” Accursed be the cynical doubt attributed to an amiable critic,
The Recess.

who inquired, “Is it the sign of a triumph, or the ornament of a victim?”
The original crown of Virginity was of olive, a tree consecrated to the goddess of Wisdom—pine, fennel, and poplar were appropriated to less happy females.
To crown the married, they used asparagus—the shoots of plants of which several species present thorns intermixed with the fruit; the Syssymbrium, as agreeable to Venus; and vervain, the plant of sacrifices. To embellish these crowns, were often gracefully added many plants of brighter colours.

(Crowns of Talent in our next.)

The Recess; or Autumnal Relaxation in the Highlands and Lowlands.
By Frederick Fag, Esq., of Westminster.

This tourist being inspired with an irreligious spirit of civility and contradiction, set forth from the land of Cockaigne determined to sneer at every thing, either in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. In this disposition of mind he has made a circuit in the Highlands and Lowlands, which regions received him outward-bound per Leith steamer, and relinquished him by way of Gretna and Carlisle; from thence he wended back to Westminster by the lakes, Liverpool, Cheltenham, and the Midland Counties. Our traveller’s incursions during this journey, are communicable to the reader in a slightly metaphorical style, the effects of which are endeavoured to be heightened by many words being printed in capital letters and italics; those meretricious methods of extorting attention are as seldom resorted to by a good writer, as youthful beauty uses rouge. But a defective and inflated style is not the worst fault of Mr. F. Fag; we can forgive his depreciation of every waterfall, pass, or mountain, that does not reach the standard of his over-expectant imagination, because his mental cultivation has evidently been drawn from historical romances, and not from facts; yet it is inexcusable that a person whose information is of the shallowest description, should attack religion on every occasion with a sceptical sneer of this kind. We consider the sentence expressive of the surprise that the ancient Caesars would experience, could they awake from the sleep of death, and behold “on the very summit of the capitol an altar was raised, and incense smoked to the GOD whom their lieutenant, PILATE, had condemned to death in Judea as a MAN.” Again, in a criticism on the poem of Staffa, a bad spirit peeps forth; the tourist says—

“In this poem I may remark another idea, perhaps more poetical than philosophical; namely, that Fingal’s cave, and the basaltic columns of which it is composed, were not the chance-medley result of some great operation of nature, but constructed by the express design of the Almighty.”

“And what though vainly man’s presumptuous sight
Would pierce the gloom of unrecording night—
Trace the deep steps of earthquake, and of flame,
And ask the voiceless stone from whence it came?
It was not chance—it was not fortune blind,
Which reared the pile, and you proud arch designed.”

These elegant lines appear to us as philosophically true as any thing that ever was recorded in prose, but they do not square with the system of belief patronised by Mr. F. F., who proceeds to observe:

“Now all I have to say is this; that it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that the arch of Fingal’s cave was made by the waves which wore away the loosened columns beneath it; and the only apparent object of this design was to form a cover for cormorants in a storm—a treat for tourists in the Hebrides—and the subject for a prize poem at Oxford. In respect to the formation of the basaltic columns themselves, if they were expressly designed for a causeway between Antrim and Argyleshire, the speculation has turned out to be almost as abortive as the Thames Tunnel.”

As if somewhat alarmed at his own strain of flippancy, in a most egotistical note, in which he compliments the author of Staffa on the extended diffusion of his effusions through the notice now taken of it, he further declares—

“I acknowledge design, and evidence of the Almighty mind in the construction of a snail’s shell—but not in the formation of basaltic columns at Staffa, or the excavation of Fingal’s hall. The basaltic columns were formed by the same laws of inanimate matter that cause salts to crystallise into regular forms, &c.”
So, Mr. F. F. believes that the Almighty can make snail shells, but does not reign supreme over the laws of inanimate nature, which works chance medley as it pleases! But when his information is a little further extended, and he finds out that a snail's shell is formed from a liquid that oozes from the animal's body, and hardens over it in the form familiar to the eye, we suppose that his presumption will still further limit the creative powers of the Almighty, by declaring that the snail shell only obeyed the laws of animate nature, which is the fact. Yet the great First Cause who fixed these laws, and set animate and inanimate nature alike to work, finds the basaltic column as plastic to his command and fixed ordinance as the snail's shell. If these remarks had stood alone in the volume, we should have excused the writer, with the supposition that his mania for paradoxes, and passion for contradiction, had hurried him into unsuitable and flippant remarks on a sacred subject. But in many passages we gather, that if he allows the existence of a God, he has little faith in his providence or revelation. We hope that this work is put forth merely in the untamed and exuberant presumption of youth; and trust that its author will, with advancing years, obtain deeper information and more chastened ideas. There is no want of natural talent which manifests itself now and then, despite of the affected and inflated diction wherein some original observations are clothed; of this kind is the chapter on memory. The following is a just remark—

"Attention is the parent of memory—and one half of our complaints respecting weak memory originates in inattention. We neglect to observe, and then we say we forget. Want of laudable curiosity is a great source of weak impressions—and consequently of bad memory. The first time I ever approached the 'Eternal City,' I got up on the diddy, in order to have a better view of each object. There my ears were dinned by a long story about a favourite horse, which my fellow traveller had left in England! After passing over the Milvian bridge, I asked this gentleman if he knew the name of the river we had just passed. 'River!' said he, 'I have seen no river.' I pointed out a yellow stream behind us, and then he acknowledged that he had passed the Tiber unobserved! Now, any particulars that escaped this gentleman's observation, would infallibly be put down to the account of a treacherous memory afterwards."

An accident in the Highlands is droolly enough described, under the title of a hanging bridge.

"This was an object very little anticipated in the Highlands; but it differed considerably from that over the Menai. On coming to the top of a little eminence, we were startled at the sight of a couple of horses hanging on the outside of a single-arched bridge in the valley beneath, dangling in the air, at the end of a broken pole, and suspended by their traces over a roaring torrent! The coach itself seemed not to have quite made up its mind, whether or not it would follow the horses; but it was evidently inclined to that side of the question, as in duty bound; so not the passengers, who appeared to have been suddenly stricken with that dreadful disease hydrophobia, and were jumping down and tumbling out, in the utmost precipitation, horror-struck at the idea of changing their mode of travelling from land to water carriage. Meantime, the guard, the coachman, and two or three volunteers, wisely came to the conclusion, that the time had passed away, even in the Highlands, for executing refractory animals in this summary way, before trial by jury, or the sentence of a judge. They, therefore, proceeded to cut the traces of the suspended parties, and with more success than on a noted occasion in the grass-market of Edinburgh; for, on dropping from the gibbet, the Highland horses plunged into the torrent (an element nearly as congenial to them as the atmosphere), disappeared under the bridge, scrambled up the steep bank of the river, and, in half an hour, were yoked to a broken pole, and a lightened load of live lumber; the majority of the passengers preferring a pedestrian excursion to the next inn, to the risk of another 'whamble' over the range wall of a bridge!"

"The Inverness mail requires reform. The proprietors think John Bull cannot have too much variety; and, therefore, they give him a new coachman every ten miles, at the trifling expense of a decimal demand on his purse! Fortunately we had a Humete among us, who calculated to an azimuth what we had to pay the coachman at each stage. The result was—fourepsche—a dividend which called forth every hour and a half such a jargon of unintelligible language (God save the mark!), as never was heard at the Tower of Babel, or in any other place, except the road from Killcrankie to Inverness! Tempora mutantur. The peal of laughter which arose from the top of the mail-coach, at Sawney's rage and disappointment, only heightened the paroxysm of fury, by reminding the aggrieved party of the change of times, since the days of Rob Roy, or Donald Bean Lean, when the surly Sassenach would have suffered severely for their refusal to pay 'black
mail’ for safe passport through the Highlands and mountains."

Among our author’s other paradoxes in his passage through Liverpool, he sneers at the modern improvements of ornamental cemeteries, by declaring that they will leave but little room for the living; and urges Cicero’s objection, that the Campagna of Rome was so taken up in his time with tombs, that there was no longer space for the construction of villas. It is scarcely worth while to answer so inveterate a carper at all improvement; but as some persons may be influenced by this misapplied question, it will be necessary to remind the public, that the Roman tombs were in the classic ages not generally placed in burying grounds, but rather erected on each side of the highways, and therefore extended far and wide into the Campagna—forming a mournful avenue that must have been gloomy and distasteful enough to heathen philosophers, who had no well-founded hope of existence in a future state. In the present day, with catacombs excavated in the ex-urbane cemeteries, and the further resource of superstructures, there is no great fear lest these cemetery paradies should encroach unduly on the limits of the living. However, Mr. F. F. need not alarm himself at their rapid increase, for London has, as yet, done nothing to rescue her metropolitan dignity from the national reproach of horrible and unclean places of sepulture; while the legislature has permitted the matter entirely to remain in the hands of unassisted private individuals; although health, decorum, and public opinion alike demand some fitting regulation, as a measure imperative for the well-being of the living, not for the personal comfort of the unconscious dead, for which our man of paradoxes, Mr. F. Fag, seems to suppose ornamental cemeteries especially intended.

PORTRAIT OF DIANE DE POI CIERS.

(This Notice should have succeeded the description, p. 199, but was received too late.)

Primaticcio’s celebrated picture of Diane de Poictiers, would by no means give our readers the same satisfaction that the present does. Whether in our engraving she will be considered as a beauty or otherwise, is a matter of taste to be settled according to the fancy of our readers: all we can say is, that so Diane de Poictiers dressed and looked in her day, when she appeared at court, at tournament, and at high festival. In Primaticcio’s picture, she has entirely laid aside the costume of the times, indeed she has very little costume of any kind, excepting the bandeau that marks her rank as duchess: this coronet is surmounted by her device of three crescents, with a globular pearl in each; her hair is very beautiful, it waves on each side of her face and throat in careless curls, and is folded in braids on the back of her head. The face and head of this picture is beautifully finished and depicted; the rest of the figure is very badly drawn. Like the goddess Diana, she is alone in a forest, leaning against a tree, as if fatigued by the chase. There is very little drapery on her bosom and arms; and the representation of a forest nymph has been wholly effected by the painter, by which means the value of the portrait, as an historical relic, is nearly lost. Notwithstanding this assumption of mythological character, there appertains to Primaticcio’s portrait of Diane de Poictiers one very curious trait of the times in which it was painted, on a tablet suspended against a tree in the back ground is inscribed, from the 42d Psalm, these words:—"Comme le cerf bruit aprés les decours des eaux, ainsi bruit mon aine aprés toi." The application of Scripture texts, and the language of religion to earthly love, or even guilty passion, was a peculiar feature in the manners and customs of the sixteenth century.

QUEEN ANNE’S FARTHING.—An absurd idea very generally prevails as to the value of a Queen Anne’s farthing; it is thought by the ignorant to be worth many hundred pounds, and, in consequence, the offices of the British Museum are deluged with letters and applications on the subject. These supposed treasures generally prove to be mere counters; but granting they were genuine—and there are several varieties—the highest sum that has been given for one in very fine condition is about 5l. They are generally of much less value.
Rural Felicity.—An Operatic Comedy; in Two Acts. By J. B. Buckstone. Strange-

Where—in what department of literature can we place our present national theatre? It appears to occupy about the same rank as Italian comedy, only that is very properly eked out with harlequin on the stage and punchinello in the piazza. Really, our national oral comedy of Punch, with all the variations improvised by street performers, is quite as worthy of publication and criticism as the manufactures of our modern farceurs. Unaccompanied by the mops and mows of the mimics that give life and spirit to the scene, what senseless strings of words are the dialogues of our modern comedy! Comedy!—ought they to be suffered to profane the word? Far more appropriate would be this sort of title-page: "Stage directions and hints for certain tricks and gramesas, to be exhibited by Messrs. Liston, Reeve, &c."

Among the bad, Mr. Buckstone's productions are assuredly the best; he is the support of our present national comedy. Bickerstaff would have been a great man if he had lived in these days, with his respectable assortment of original characters, as Colonel Oldboy, Lady Mary, Diana, and Jessamy; his Madges, and Hodges, and Ralphs. He was thought little of in his own day, when England had at command Goldsmith's, Colman's, Sheridan's, and Garrick's master-pieces, to say nothing of Murphy's and Cumberland's productions; yet Bickerstaff is a giant, both in comic thought and lyric verse, compared to those who do for the theatre in the nineteenth century.

The following is the most comical scene we can find in "Rural Felicity":—

Unit.—Layton, a strange fancy has just possessed me. As I contemplated the ducks in that farm-yard, I wondered how many I could hit at one shot.

Lay.—You wish to try your skill?

Unit.—'Tis so long since I have touched a trigger, that I don't think I can resist the inclination.—(Pointing his gun over the gate.)

—Enter Simon Sly through the gate at the same moment.—

Simon.—Hallo! hallo! what are you going to do? You mustn't shoot any thing here.

Unit.—(To Layton)—The owner of the farm—one of the sons of nature—one of those simple, yet noble minds that we shall soon much admire. My respected friend—(to Simon).

Simon.—Eh?

Unit.—A word with you. (To Layton)—

Observe the guileless expression of his face—no art is there—all is innocence in its pleasantest aspect. My friend, allow me to shoot at those ducks.

Simon.—What will you give me?

Unit.—I leave the bargain entirely to you. I have so much faith in the honesty of your countenance, that I know you will not take advantage of me.

Simon.—What d'ye say to a crown? I don't think that dear, considering the chances.

Unit.—Do you hear, Layton? he scorns to take advantage of me. What would a Londoner do under such circumstances? there are seven shillings for your fair dealings, friend.

Simon.—Thank you, sir!—(Taking the money.)—Unit presents the gun and fires.)

Unit.—How many have I shot?

Simon.—Eh? ah! two, three, four, five—dead, as I'm alive.

Unit.—Ha! ha! I thought I hadn't forgot my old passion; what do you think of your bargain, my friend?

Simon.—O! very good; the ducks are none of mine.

Unit.—What, you villain!—(Twaddel heard without.)

Twaddel.—Hallo! hello! who's that?

Unit.—Run, Layton, run for your life,—(Unit and Layton run off.)

Simon.—Ha! ha! two London chaps, I swear; what flats! Here comes Mr. Twaddel; I'd better run for it.—(Simon runs off.)

Twaddel.—Hallo! who's that? who's that? who has been firing at my poultry? five of my ducks killed, and twenty of my glasses in my greenhouse shattered. (Calling) —William, Giles, Harry! run for the constabulary force.

Re-enter Unit.

Unit.—I beg you ten thousand pardons, sir; you, then, are the owner of that farm-yard!

Twaddel.—I am, sir; and I wish to know by what right—

Unit.—Pray, sir, moderate your anger.

Twaddel.—Your card, sir,—your card; you shall hear from my lawyer.

Unit.—A moment if you please, sir; I have been led into an error, I am sorry to say. I have been imposed upon. I really was not aware that I was shooting without permission; I am but just arrived from London with a friend, to forget some unpleasant circumstances in the quiet of a country life; I will make no apology.

Twaddel.—Enough, sir, enough; I am willing to consider that you have not intentionally offended.

Yet here we must enter a protest on the score of probabilities—nay, of possibilities; an audience will endure much
Lardner's Cyclopædia.

violation of both in a farce—yet how they could sit patiently to imagine that a cockney could actually kill five ducks at a shot, and ducks that he fired at withal, we can scarcely credit. How came Mr. Singleton Unit by his skill? at what did he practice? and where could he have learned to kill ducks, that he intended to kill, in so masterly a manner? Did he practice on the dingy sparrows that haunt the squares of Russell, Bedford, or Brunswick, or on the cats that perambulate therein? Mr. Buckstone ought to be made to explain the same; and till he does, he must rest under the stigma of having endowed his cockney gentleman with qualifications that pass belief, and soar too high into the regions of romance for regular comedy. True it is, that a shooting party from London, this very season, killed their dogs, and wounded an odd little farmer, who was conducting them over an estate where a lady had permitted them to shoot; but these said cockneys did not fire at farmer and dogs, but at fifteen partridges. Oh! Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Buckstone! your Londoner could not have gained his skill in duck-shooting without knowing something more of the country than you are pleased to represent in your operatic comedy—indeed, we somewhat suspect that you know little more of it than your hero, or how could you describe a country gentleman as receiving outrages on his ducks and windows with the superlative pliability that your Mr. Twaddel does!—is this nature in the country? Let Mr. Buckstone take fairly to the country with his gun, and kill as many ducks, and break as many windows, as he can at a shot, and see whether the injured owner will conduct himself, or herself, with the philosophic bearing of his Mr. Twaddel.


The third volume of the Naval History of England has been anxiously looked for by those who were impressed with the admiration that the first and second generally excited. It is the most delightful of all; and this will be easily supposed by those conversant with the rich materials at Mr. Southey’s command, from which he has furnished the lives of the Earl of Cumberland, the two Hawkins, Drake, Grenville, and Cavendish. As in the preceding volumes, the biographer has not contented himself with the incidents afforded by English chronicles, but has searched the pages of Spanish and Portuguese annals. He has shown us how entertaining a volume an antiquarian, a linguist, and a man of genius can produce. The memoirs of George Clifford will be entirely new to the reader in general, for the acquaintance of even the most learned is limited enough in the literature of the peninsula; and the following extract will make manifest to what inestimable advantage Southey has turned his fine taste and indefatigable reading. There never was a more heart-rending tale than the narrative he has worked up from the records of both the English and Portuguese than the destruction of the unfortunate Cinco Chagas:

“*The name of this carrack was the Cinco Chagas, or Five Wounds, in reverential honour of which it had, with the usual Romish ceremonies on such occasions, been named. The Capitan Mor Francisco de Mello embarked in her from Cochín, according to the customary and fatal improvidence of the Portuguese, deeply overloaded. After vainly endeavouring to make the Cape, the Chagas, with much difficulty, put back to Mozambique, and wintered there. Thither also the Nazareth put back, arriving in such a state, that it was found impossible to repair her. She had been built of ill-seasoned timber, and had suffered so much in bad weather, that her reaching the island was considered miraculous; and there also arrived one hundred and seventeen Portuguese, and sixty-five slaves; being the remainder of the crew of the ship St. Alberto: that ship had been wrecked upon the Peneda das Fontes; and Nuno Velho, formerly commandant at Sofala, taking command of the people, directed their course so well, that by an inland journey of three hundred leagues, he brought them in three mouths to the island of Inhaca, and from thence found means of embarking them to Mozambique. Of all the other Portuguese ships, many as there were, which had been wrecked upon that fatal coast, the people had always*
perished. Many of these people deemed it better to return to India, than pursue a voyage which had so miserably begun; for others who persevered, room was made in the Chagas; and the ship, taking on board the jewels of the other two vessels, and the whole lading of the Nazareth, sailed once more for Europe; her crew consisting of about one thousand four hundred persons, of whom two hundred and seventy were slaves. Before she left, the vessel passed the Cape, it encountered long and frequent storms, which compelled it to throw overboard much of its cargo, and some of its provisions also. All on board expected that they should have made for St. Helena, when the captain produced his instructions, whereby, upon a report that the English would be there, they were forbidden to touch at that place; and ordered, in case his food or water ran low, to put into St. Paulo de Zouanda. These orders, though against his own judgment, he thought it his duty to obey. To Zouanda, therefore, he went; remained there a few days, took many slaves on board, and meeting soon afterwards the usual calms in that pestilent region, the fatal disease, known by the name of Mal de Zouanda, carried off about half the crew, and left the survivors in a state of miserable weakness. His farther instructions were to make for the Isle of Corvo, where there would be a fleet to protect them; but his soul learnt the destructions of the Santa Cruz, and the capture of the Madre de Dios; it was resolved that they should avoid those islands altogether. Before, however, three days had elapsed, a mutinous representation against this determination was got up among the soldiers; and upon inquiring into the state of the stores, the report was, that it was absolutely necessary to touch at the Islands, and there take in provisions and water. Accordingly they steered for Corvo. A little while fortune favoured them. They came in sight of Corvo, but the wind prevented them from coming in anchorage for there; they stood therefore for Fayal, and off that island fell in with the Earl of Cumberland's squadron.

"The Mayflower first got up to her, and received an unwelcome salutation. In the night the Samson came in, and continued the fight, and at last the admiral. They agreed that the admiral should lay the carrack aboard on the prow, the vice-admiral, laying her aboard at the leof, recoiled astern; the vice-admiral being so near that she was fain to run with her bowsprit between the two quarters, which forced the vice-admiral to lay her aboard on the bow. The Portuguese had pledged themselves to each other, that they would defend the ship to the last, and rather perish with her in the sea, or in the flames, than surrender so rich a prize to the heretics. One of the most distinguished persons, Don Rodrigo de Cordoba, had both his legs shattered; and as he was carried down in a dying state, he exclaimed, 'Sirs, I have got this in the discharge of my duty. Be of good heart; let no one forsake his post; and let us be consumed rather than taken.' According to the Portuguese, the privateers twice boarded the carrack, and were twice driven out; a third time they boarded, one of them bearing a white flag, as expecting the Portuguese would gladly accept the proposal of surrendering; in fact, they had begun to waver; but the Englishman who carried the flag was the first of that party who was killed; and when a second pilot hoisted another flag at the poop, Nuno Velho threw it overboard, and would have killed the man, if he had not escaped by speedy flight. The English, indeed, suffered considerable loss; they had one-and-twenty slain. Antony, their vice-admiral was killed; Dowton, the rear-admiral, crippled for life; and Love, who commanded the Earl's ship, mortally wounded by a shot through both his legs. But the privateers, in the heat of action, seemed to have forgotten that booty was their object, and instead of endeavouring to take possession of the carrack, aimed at destroying her."

The sufferings of the Portuguese in this piratical warfare were the more lamentable, when we consider that they were most unwilling subjects or allies of the Spaniards, and were not only tyrannised over on shore by the usurper of their crown, Philip II., but were unsparingly identified in his quarrel by his enemies at sea.

Southey justly condemns the rapacity and cruelty of the piratical commanders that England sent forth, to plunder and destroy the infant colonies that Philip had planted on the coast of that beautiful new world his subjects had discovered. Yet we think, that while he gives Clif ford and Cavendish their just share of reprobation, he is rather inclined to be a partisan and apologist for the ruffian Drake. May not the fact, that Sir Francis Drake was the pride and boast of the "west country," have had its effect on Southey's western prejudices; for, surely the death of Doughty is as vile a murder as ever was perpetrated; and the charge against Drake is supported by the most indisputable evidence. A searcher into chronicles like Southey, ought not to say that the case of Doughty was left in darkness, although he has suppressed most important testimony on the subject; for how could he have read Camden, and remain unacquainted with it? That the west country hero was never brought to trial for this precious exploit, was owing
to the rich sop that he brought home for his acquisitive mistress, Queen Elizabeth, is very well known; but if the bold villain had not met with brilliant success, he would have had to have reckoned in another sort of manner for Edward Doughty's death. Southey has no mercy on Cavendish—who, with his man Pretty (both men of Suffolk), went pirating with worse success than Drake; but certainly, though cruel enough to his adversaries, Cavendish had not his hands stained with the blood of friends and countrymen: such is the difference of being born in the west or in the east of England. Yet the very warmth of feeling which makes Southey now and then a partisan, makes him likewise a glorious biographer. His excellent taste in selecting picturesque and interesting passages from the old writings, deserves the highest praise. Of this kind is Cavendish's last letter."

"Nothing remained for Cavendish, then, but to make for England; but his heart was broken. Assured by his own unerring feelings that death was at hand, he wrote a letter to Sir Tristram Gorges, giving a brief account of this unhappy voyage, and complaining of the conduct of his officers and men. Having vented his complaints, he proceeded thus: 'and now to tell you of my greatest grief, which was the sickness of my dear kinsman, John Locke, who by this time was grown in great weakness, by reason whereof he desired rather quietness and contentedness in our course, than such continual disquietness, which never ceased, but now seemed to be my grief for him, and the continual trouble I endured among such hell-hounds, my spirits were clean spent, wishing myself upon any desert place in the world, and there to die, rather than thus basely to return home again; which course I had put in execution, had I found an island, which the cards made to be eight degrees to the southward of the line. I swear to you I sought for it with all diligence, meaning, if I had found it, to have there ended my unhappy life. But God suffered not such happiness to light upon me, for I could by no means find it; so as I was forced to go towards England, and having gotten eight degrees by north the line, I lost my most dearest cousin."

"And now consider whether a heart made of flesh be able to endure so many misfortunes, all falling upon me without intermission! I thank God that, in ending me, he has pleased to rid me of all further trouble and mishap. And now I must return to our private matters: I have made my will, wherein I have given special charge that all goods (whatever belong to me) be delivered into your hands. For God's sake, do not refuse this last request for me. I owe little that I know of, and therefore it will be the less trouble; but if there be any debt that, of truth, is owing by me, for God's sake see it paid. To use compliments of love, now at my last breath, were frivolous; but I know that I left none in England whom I loved half so well as yourself; which you in such sort deserved at my hands, as I can by no means requite. I have left all (that little remaining) unto you, not to be accountable for any thing. That which you will, if you find any overplus (yourself especially being satisfied to your own desire) give unto my sister Anne Cavendish. I have written to no man living but yourself, leaving all friends and kinsmen, only repeating you as dearest. Command me to both your brethren, being glad that your brother Edward escaped so unfortunate a voyage. I pray give this copy of my unhappy proceedings to none but only to Sir George Carey, and tell him that if I had thought the letter of a dead man acceptable, I would have written to him. I have taken order with the master of my ship to see his pieces of ordnance delivered unto him, for he knoweth them; and if the Roebuck be not returned, then I have appointed him two brass pieces out of this ship, which I pray you see performed. I have now no more to say; and take this last farewell, that you have lost the lovingest friend that ever was lost by any. Command me to your wife. No more! But, as you love God, do not refuse to undertake this last request of mine. I pray forget not Master Carey of Cokington; gratify him with something, for he used me kindly at my departure. Bear with this scribbling, for I protest I am scarce able to hold my pen in my hand."

"Cavendish's history cannot be concluded better than by these dying words; they are most touching in themselves, and leave us with an opinion of him far more favourable than could be recorded from any thing of his life."

The honour of Cavendish and his private character, after all, were not tainted; his chief error seems to have been in the supposition, that to burn Catholic churches and towns, and to torture Spaniards, was the duty of a good Protestant Christian and loyal subject of Queen Elizabeth; yet he appears to have been a faithful and grateful friend, and a good master; and that is more than can be said for the author's favourite,—the audacious and fortunate profligate, Drake.

Eighteen pages of this volume are taken up with the index to Mr. Stebbing's History of the Church, which we humbly opine is out of place, under the covers of a History of the Sea.—"Oh, publishers, these be your tricks!"
The winter theatres are opening upon us (announced for 1st and 2d October), but how, it is yet difficult to tell. The lessee of both has, it appears, arranged with the Dramatic Authors' Society to have a monopoly of such pieces as he purchases within a circle of twenty-one miles round the metropolis, malgré the Act of Parliament. He has been, it seems, studiously culling all the excellencies of the Parisian drama behind the scenes; but with all our high estimation of French plays in their proper places, we have no desire to see our own stage transformed à l’étranger.

Mr. Bunn has evinced some anxiety to transact hence a new grand opera, entitled "La Tempête;" the basis of which is our "Tempest." For the sake of all that is delightful in our recollections—say our prejudices if you will—we would implore Mr. Bunn to desist. Give us our Shakespeare in the utmost purity. Add what suitable music you will; but let us have no transformations and re-transformations. Depend upon it, sir, as Oldbuck would say, it won't do.

Haymarket.—On the 10th appeared a new drama, "The Queen's Champion," by Mrs. Gore. The reputation of this lady warranted full expectation that as much would be made of the few materials afforded as possible. They arise out of the occasional sallies of a monomania, Salvoisy (Mr. Vining), assuming the character which forms the title of the piece, on the eve of the French Revolution. On all other points he is remarkable for good sense and generous sentiments. On proceeding to the palace to assume his new character, he is repulsed, from his extravagance of manner.

At the end of five years (supposed to pass between the acts), the scene is changed: Marat (Mr. Nesbit), who is a fugitive with her son, is received in the house of Salvoisy, and when in great danger, escapes by his means. While his enthusiasm is construed into an ardent passion for the Queen, it is made evident that he is the disinterested lover of an orphan girl, named Louisa (Mrs. Humby), and his disease only a portion of that chivalry of which Burke so strikingly lamented the fall.

We must not talk of the dramatic unities now-a-days; and it will be seen that the contrasted circumstances of the Queen in her palace and in her flight, afford opportunities for dialogue appropriate to the ancien régime of the French, and the ultra-liberal conceptions which succeeded to it. The piece was well acted and well received; what is more has continued in high favour.

To variate the performances, Rubini was introduced for some nights at this theatre and sang with much brilliancy and sweetness some of the best Italian music.

Adelphi.—With its extended stage and French spectacle, and all its wondrous talent, must remain unnoticed. A sentimental piece is spoken of with estimation.

English Opera.—The "Mountain Sylph," the promise of which we announced in our last, would seem to have fulfilled all expectations; for we have met with no unkind critic, and more than one who has landed it to the skies. We are, we confess, inclined to be moderato, though nothing desirous of impeaching either writing or music: the former is more correct than usual, and with most of the latter we were delighted; but we must acknowledge that Mr. Phillips had a large share in producing our delight. His "Farewell to the Mountain," was alone sufficient to establish any piece in the public favour. Mr. Barnett, whose merit in truly English music is generally acknowledged, must certainly deem himself fortunate to have it so sung. As to plot there is none—nothing of the Bickerstaff! and there are those who think it not the happiest of all human conceptions to transform a mere ballet, celebrated only for Taglioni's sylph-like wonders on the springboards of the King's Italian Theatre, into a first-rate piece of the English Opera. Two odd incidents have occurred during its performance, which is constant, and always with approbation.

The "Last of the Dibdins," sons of the famous Charles, in whom all once delighted for his ballad music, appears to have laid claim to the writing of the songs. (for which Mr. Thackeray, the avowed author of the piece, has been highly praised,) and to complain of want of remuneration; and two actress-singers simultaneously laid under an indisposition, one from singing, the other from acting; so that report says, one sung, and the other acted, for each other! Nevertheless the house fills, and that is the best test for the proprietor, who has employed both taste and capital.

A new operetta, the music by Lee, is announced.

Victoria Theatre.—We have yet little more to tell of the Glossop management, than that a fine looking-glass curtain, realising the old stage motto of Veluti in Spectulum, has been put in a fine gilt frame, which does credit to the artists employed, and weighs five tons! and that there is much promise for the future drama, which, while we do not desire it to be so heavy as the glass curtain, will, we hope, have the weight.

Sadler's Wells.—We have been remiss with regard to this our olden scene of visit with a worthy city friend, who never failed to be present at its opening; because, as he said, "you know it's our own." Many is the pleasant burletta that has delighted us there. It has marched with the march of
Music.

Music.

Theatres in all ways, and under the management of the proprietor, Mr. G. Almar, bids fair to outrival many moderns. It has had good pieces, and has always a distinguished feature in exhibiting aquatic spectacles with real water.

SURREY.—We suppose the appellation of Royal Circus must be resumed, since Mr. Davidge, a respectable actor, having become proprietor, has determined on having the aid of horsemanship!

VAUXHALL.—This ancient remnant of our subliries has kept up its spirit highly this season, and seems disinclined to resign the warm precinct of the cheerful day. On the 8th, the anniversary of the Coronation, was produced, in the Rotunda, les Ombres Chinoises, with real persons, and the best effect. Since the town has been thinned of the higher order of visitors, the people generally have had the opportunity of enjoying the Royal Gardens, as the Pope's friend, Mr. Simpson, would say, at the olden price of one shilling; and worthy of it have the people seemed, as the purser of the proprietors will feel. We had an opportunity of witnessing, in a plebeian range, more decorum than we have witnessed on a gala night. The gardens closed on the 26th, with an address by Mr. W. H. Williams, which announced the prosperity of the concern, and also, that "even new novelties are in view for next season!" Mr. Simpson did not fail to grace the close of his labours "on the light fantastic toe," and gave promise of rejuvenescence by his next appearance.

BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR.—Among the occurrences of the last month, a very prominent feature is that of the ancient Mistre, thus named. The scene of it, Smithfield, for ages remarkable as the open space of the capital where kings met tumultuous subjects, tournaments of knights were performed, and where executions, including Protestant martydoms, took place, now only remarkable as a tortuous market for cattle. The period of the fair is no less remarkable as the eve of St. Bartholomew, (the firstly vile and afterwards holy saint of England,) chosen for the dreadful sacrifice of the early French Protestants. The ground was consecrated by an immense monastery, with various religious dependencies. Henry II. granted to the Priory the privilege of a fair of three days at Bartholomew-tide, for the transaction of business between the clothiers of all England and the drapers of London,—their booths and standings being for safety, erected within the churchyard; also a court of equity for all transactions there. Part of its ancient site still retains the name of Cloth-fair, and on it is proclaimed the present exhibitions, first by the officers of the lord or lady of the manor at midnight, and by the Lord Mayor at noon next day. At an early period ancient sports, and among them dramatic spectacles, took place.

Late in the last century persons of rank and fashion mingled in the frolics of this scene, and actually performers, afterwards celebrated, had their noviciate there. Shutter and Weston, of the olden time, were among them; it were invidious to mention others. The following is an old description of the duties of actors there, not uncommon elsewhere:—"I will, as we say, take you behind the scenes: first, there a valuable actor must sleep in the booth, and wake early to sweep the stage. He must teach the dull ones to act, rout up the idlers from the straw, and redeem those that get into the watch-house. When the fair begins, he should walk about the outer stage and show his dress—sometimes dance with his fellows—sometimes blow the trumpet and thump the Chinese gong—and sometimes he should laugh and joke with the crowd, and give them a kind of a touch-and-go speech, which keeps them merry and makes them walk up. Then he should sometimes cover his state-robe with a great coat, go among the crowd and shout opposite his own booth, like a stranger who is struck with its magnificence; then steal away, mount, strut, act, &c." All this was deemed worthy of description by Ben Jonson and others. All that belongs to this page, however, is to show that the present vulgar exhibition at Smithfield, is the sole remaining memorial in the capital of times when the creation of "lords of misrule" and other vagaries were delights of our ancestors, ever regardful of the happiness of their inferiors. Though more refined, their descendants will never, we are sure, be more reckless of dependent comfort.

Music.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.—We have been anxious to ascertain what was the progress of the endeavour to extend the Abbey Festival, but this is all that we could obtain. The entire band and chorus contribute their assistance gratuitously. The principal vocal performers are engaged on the usual terms. The hall is taken for twelve nights, at 20l. per night. The orchestra and appendages are to be erected, and minor attendants employed. It is confined to sacred music, including the entire performance of "The Messiah." The performance in the evening; price of tickets moderate. It is for the benefit of the Westminster and Charing-cross Hospitals; and is
the doctor passed on to the next; this was a young man, with sparkling eyes and daring expression of countenance. "This gentleman," said Gall, a little disconcerted, "must excel in gymnastic exercises—must be a great runner, and partial to all manly sports." "That will do, my dear doctor," interrupted the King; "I perceive that I have not been deceived with regard to your abilities, and I shall not fail to make known that I have myself been the witness of them. The general nearest to you is an assassin, condemned and sentenced to be kept under close arrest; your other friend is the first pickpocket in Prussia." Having said this, the King struck three blows on the table, at which signal guards entered from several doors of the apartment; "take these gentlemen back to their cells," said the King; and then, turning to the stupid tutor, "you have dined with some of the greatest felons of my kingdom; look to your pockets." Gall obeyed, and discovered that the guests had taken his handkerchief, his purse, and snuff-box. On the following day these articles were, however, returned to him, with a hand-long, richly set in diamonds, and of great value, as a present from the King.—Le Comencillon.

Several Sorts of Benefits.—We shall divide benefits into absolute and vulgar; the one appertaining to good life, the other is only a matter of commerce. The former are more excellent, because they can never be made void of value by time; and this especially is the case with benefits bestowed backwards and forwards, and chance their master. There are some offices that look like benefits, but are only desirable conveniences, as wealth, &c.; and these a wicked man may receive from a good, or a good man from an evil. Others, again, that are to the advantage of the diseased, are only benefits ill-taken; as cutting, lancing, burning under the hand of a surgeon. The greatest benefits of all, are those of good education, which we receive from our parents, either in the state of ignorance or perverseness; as their care and tenderness in our infancy, their discipline in our childhood, to keep us to our duties by fear, and, if fair means will not do, their proceeding afterwards to severity and punishment, without which we should never have come to good. There are matters of great value, many times, that are but of small price; as instructions from an honest physician, &c. And there are small matters again, which are of great consideration to us—if the gift be small and the consequences great; as a cup of cold water in the time of need may save a man's life. Some things are of great moment to the giver, others to the receiver; one man gives me an house, another snatches me out when it is falling upon my head; one gives me an estate, another takes me out of the fire, or casts me out a rope when I am sinking. Some good offices we do to friends, others to strangers. But those are the noblest, that we do without precept. There is an obligation of bounty and an obligation of charity; this, in case of necessity, and that, in point of convenience. Some benefits are common, others are personal; as, if a prince (out of pure grace) grant a privilege to the city, the obligation lies upon the community, and only upon every individual as a part of the whole; but if it be done particularly for my sake, then am I singly the debtor for it. The cherishing of those sites and your other friend is the first pickpocket in Prussia." Having said this, the King struck three blows on the table, at which signal guards entered from several doors of the apartment; "take these gentlemen back to their cells," said the King; and then, turning to the stupid tutor, "you have dined with some of the greatest felons of my kingdom; look to your pockets." Gall obeyed, and discovered that the guests had taken his handkerchief, his purse, and snuff-box. On the following day these articles were, however, returned to him, with a hand-long, richly set in diamonds, and of great value, as a present from the King.—Le Comencillon.

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the mystery by declaring, that Spray grew so insolent, during his argument, that at last he was obliged to throw him out of the window; which, considering the corpulency of the doctor, and the limited strength of Sir John, made his boasting of the achievement doubly ludicrous.

Interview of an Author with George III. and Queen Charlotte.—“It was settled,” says Mr. Heriot, “that I should have the honour of presenting my volume to his Majesty on the first levee-day; but by some mistake the intimation of this arrangement was not instantly given, and I could not appear at the levee. Mortified at this mistake, I resolved to go next morning to Kew, at which place their Majesties, with the elder princesses, were then residing. I took a post-chaise, and reached the palace at Kew soon after eight o’clock. I was received into the admittance of the corps of marines (to which corps I had belonged), and was ushered into a room, where I found the page in waiting. I communicated to him my business, and he immediately went up a hall, at the upper end of which he opened a door upon the left. In half a minute he came out again, and I saw the King following him close behind, peeping first over one shoulder of the page, then over the other. The page beckoned me to approach, which I immediately did, in the most respectful manner; and his Majesty’s reception of me was most gracious, condescending, and encouraging. I felt at first, as probably every man feels, it was not perfectly easy, and a little agitation of mind upon being so near, and alone with, a personage filling the first situation on the face of the earth—for such I hold the throne of England to be; but the King’s manner soon dissipated every unpleasant sensation, and inspired me with confidence. He took the book from my hand, and walked up the hall, but in such a way, speaking graciously to me all the while, that I found myself, without knowing it, walking up by his side. He stopped at a window at the top of the hall, looking into Kew-gardens, and on one side of which was the breakfast-room door. He there stood with me at his elbow, sometimes talking of Gibraltar, and sometimes adverted to other topics. Of the print which my volume was intended to illustrate, he observed, ‘It is too black, it is too black.’ He asked me, naturally enough—for as I have stated, I was in the uniform of the marines—where I had served? and when I told him that I had been wounded in his Majesty’s service, he directed towards me a look of peculiar kindness and complacency. His Majesty spoke much, and with great rapidity. His ideas seemed to flow far faster than I could follow them, and I stood all the time so close to him, that his elbow sometimes nearly touched my breast. He invited this near approach by pointing to something in the book. I was very much struck by the softness and beauty of the King’s features. At a distance they seemed strongly marked; and that is the impression which a stranger would receive from viewing his head upon a coin, or seeing him across a theatre; but when close to him, every feature is softened into the most pleasing species of beauty of which perhaps a man’s face is susceptible; and this I conceive to arise very much from the cheerful and unclouded serenity of his virtuous mind. In his youth I think the King must have been singularly handsome. After a twenty minutes conversation in the manner I have described, his Majesty made me a most graceful inclination with his head, and went into the breakfast-room. He was dressed in a plain purple coat (there being then a court mourning), which was single-breasted, and buttoned up to his chin; and but for the colour of his coat and the star upon his breast, was as plainly dressed as any private gentleman. As I had a volume to present to the Queen likewise, I waited in the hall until she should come down stairs, which she did in about five minutes. I approached her, held out my book, which, immediately stopping, she received graciously. We were about the middle of the hall. She asked me if I was married? if I lived in London? and if I had any children? While thus conversing, the three eldest princesses came down stairs; they came up the hall to go to the breakfast-room; and as they passed the Queen, in a captivating manner, said ‘Mr. Heriot, that is the Princess Augusta (who came down first), that is the Princess Elizabeth, and that is the Princess Royal (who was the last of the three). They each curtsied as they passed, and to each, of course, I made a very profound bow. The Queen graciously smiling upon me, curtsied, and followed the princesses to the breakfast-room. It is impossible to describe the pleasurable emotions which filled my heart from all that had passed. I stood gazing, in the most respectful attitude, upon the breakfast-room door till it closed upon her Majesty; and then, raised many degrees in my own estimation, from the condescension of which I had been the object, walking slowly down the hall, re-entered the waiting-room, where the page congratulated me on my very gracious reception, which he at a distance had witnessed.”—Memoirs of J. Heriot, Esq.—

Annual Obituary.

Extraordinary Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—This, which is at present in progress, would seem to have surpassed all eruptions since that which, eighteen centuries back, involved a whole city, Herculanum, and the naturalist Pliny, in destruction. The philosopher, as his nephew tells us in his interesting epistle, was so eager in his investigations into nature, as to lose all

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sense of his danger. On the present occasion, it is said, an English lady, who was sketching the incipient flow of lava, had nearly met the same fate. It is said that whole villages, palaces, and monasteries have been already overflown, by six simultaneous floods of lava. We must, however, wait some time for an accurate account of the evil, which must be great indeed, if the report be true that one stream of liquid fire extended six miles! What a picture of human nature does this scene present: but a few weeks back, visitors saw flocks cropping the herbage, and people busied, and drank wine grown on its surface! Antiquaries were also busied in exploring the excavated ruins of the ancient devastation, and collecting the beautiful utensils of a people so long ingulphed, little expecting a similar occurrence. Let us hope, however, that the exaggerations common to the first accounts of such calamities may be found in the present: at any rate, it will afford matter of much and melancholy interest to our numerous residents at Naples.

African Freedom.—It will be a great affliction to the benighted hearts of all who have so long panted for the abolition of negro slavery, that the desired day of its accomplishment should not have passed as was promised, after all sacrifices by the West Indies. Many symptoms have for some time appeared in Jamaica, and other large islands, to excite great apprehension. Positive accounts have now arrived from Trinidad and Antigua of the negroes having refused to work, and assembled in bodies. In the former island, the governor, Sir George Hill, had been insulted: the latter was under martial law!

English Liberty of the Press compared with Foreign Countries.—A Danish ambassador having complained to our William H. of the liberties which the English Lord Molesworth had taken with his kind on his then recently published "Account of Denmark," said, that if the same thing had been done by a Dane towards the King of England, his Danish Majesty would, on complaint, have taken off the author's head. "That I can't do," replied the King; "but if you please, I'll tell him what you say, and he shall put it into his book."

Physiological Discovery of the Soul!—What has created much irreverent disquisition has been attempted to be set at rest by M. Courbe. On an equal quantity of phosphorus in the brain, calculated at two to one in the human and according to M. Courbe, depends the state of the human mind, which, he says, "spiritualists call the soul!"

An English Alchymist.—At the Middlesex quarter-sessions, Monday, August 25, Henry Kirkman, about thirty years of age, of a pale, sallow complexion, with large bushy whiskers, was a second time indicted for nuisance in College-street, Catchetown, by loud and alarming sounds, and most noxious vapours, produced always during the night, from premises solely occupied by him there, by melting metals of every description; and producing the most extraordinary sensation in the neighbourhood, by always possessing a profusion of gold, apparently derived only from the purchase of refuse articles in the manner of a poor dealer in old iron, &c. On his first commitment to prison, he carried with him a bag, which, on being intrusted to safe custody, was found to contain 380 sovereigns; on the second occasion he had also a bag, which seemed to contain more. He had excellent legal advice, but he resisted at the time, as to removing the nuisance which was the subject of complaint. Is he a disciple of our Braunenburg, or one of Macheth's people, who, in the poetry of Gay, says—

"Let chemists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns our lead to gold?"

It remains to be seen.

Dangers of Terror on the Nervous System.—An additional fact, in illustration of the cases referred to in the notice of Mr. Curtis's book in our last, has occurred in Scotland. It is on the hand of the author, of The Scotsman.—"On Wednesday a child met its fate at Camelton, under rather uncommon circumstances, which ought powerfully to caution persons from suddenly frightening children who may be of nervous temperament. It was holding a little dog in its hands, which it was innocently causing to bark at the cat in a neighbour's house; when the woman came in, and gave a sudden and loud cry to the child to desist from tormenting her cat. The effect was instantaneous and fatal, for the poor child fell upon the floor, and, though every assistance was immediately rendered, life was found to be extinct!"

An inquest was holden on the 4th ult., in London, on a child aged two years, who, on hearing shutters fall at a short distance, burst into tears, and when taken home went into convulsions, and died in four hours. Verdict—"Died from fright."

Miss Chalmers, whose death is recorded, is perhaps another instance.

Aerostation.—Turning over a file of the Morning Advertiser for another purpose (for which see correspondence), we find in an article thus entitled, the following paragraph:—"Many have suggested the possibility of exploring the interior of Africa by an aerostatic expedition. The persons who might thus endeavour to solve the great geographical problem, would have nothing to fear from the pernicious qualities of soil and climate. The ferocity of the inhabitants which led to the destruction of Parke and Lander, would not be felt by aeronauts. The
subject is worthy of the discussion of the scientific." In the same article is quoted the work of a French officer, employed by Napoleon in this way to explore the enemy's positions, which, however, apparently safe, was often a service of danger from the natural apprehension of a compulsory descent in the midst of the enemy. Now, although with certain management short discoveries might be made in Africa, surely a similar apprehension would exclude the power of any exploration worthy of notice. We were promised, indeed, the treat of an aerial passage-boat from Paris to London; and far be it from us, who would delight in the transit, to be satisfied by its failure; but it makes it evident that much remains to be done to render aerial navigation to utilitarian.

**Singular Numismatical Discovery.**

From the same source we take the following notice:—A boy named Bradley, during the absence of the grave-digger in Greenwich church-yard, jumped into a newly-made grave, and breaking off the cover of an old coffin that projected from the adjacent ground, a small crimson velvet bag dropped out, which was found to contain 174 pieces of ancient silver coin. Several of the pieces seen by a gentleman were of the reign of Edward I. or II. One in his possession is about the size of a sixpence: on the obverse, appears the king, full-faced, and crowned with an apple crown of the fleurs-de-lis, with two lesser flowers not raised so high, the inscription "Edw. Rex. Ang. Dux. Hyr." On the reverse, a cross, composed of a single line, tolerably broad, and continued to the outer rim, three pellets in each quarter, circumscribed with the place of coinage, "civitas Dublinae." A piece coined in Ireland has the king's head in a triangle, and same inscription, except, "civitas Dublinae," the letters are Saxon. Another piece had the face in profile, and a wand or sceptre in front, supposed to be William I. or II.

**Power of Prejudice against Conviction—The Mother of Rajah Rammohun Roy.**—The effects of early prejudice can be no more strikingly illustrated than in the death of this Hindoo lady, who, though convinced of the errors of idolatry, devoted her latter days to sweeping the courts of the temple of the odious Juggernaut. Her celebrated son thus describes her:—In his early days his mother was a woman of fine understanding; but through the influence of supertitious bigotry, she had been among his most bitter opponents. He however, manifested a warm and affectionate attachment towards her; and it was with a glistering eye, that he told his friends she had "repented" of her conduct towards him: though convinced that his doctrines were true, she could not throw off the shackles of idolatrous custom. "Rammohun," she said to him, before she set out for her last pilgrimage to Juggernaut, where she died, "you are right; but I am a weak woman, and am grown too old to give up those observances, which are a comfort to me." She maintained them with the most self-denying devotion. She would not allow a female servant to accompany her; or any other provisions to be made for her comfort, or even support on her journey; and when at Juggernaut, she engaged in sweeping the temple of the idol. There she spent the remainder of her life—nearly a year, if not more—and there she died. Every member of his own family opposed him, and he experienced even the bitter alienations of his mother, through the influence of the interested persons around her. He recently stated, however, that before her death, she expressed her great sorrow for what had passed, and declared her conviction in the unity of God, and the futility of Hindoo superstition.

**Knighthood.**—The order of knighthood in ancient times added a lustre to the highest degree of nobility, and was esteemed even by princes and kings themselves. The ceremony of creating a knight was generally performed in the royal palace, and robes of different colours were given to the intended objects of that royal mark of distinction. Among the close rolls is a writ from King Henry III. to the sheriff of Southampton, ordering him to allow Thomas Estourny, his Majesty's valet, a scarlet robe, with a cloak of blue linen, and another robe of green or brown, and a saddle, and a pair of reins, and a cloak for wet weather, and a couple, and a pair of linen sheets, it being usual for the person who was to be knighted to watch all the previous night in the church, and the couch was given him to rest on.—Hardy's Description of the Close Rolls. [When our correspondent on "Crowne" shall arrive at the orders of nobility, we shall, we suppose, have more on this subject.]

**Milk Carried in Sacks in Canada.**—During the severity of the season, milk may be carried to market in sacks. And in some parts the French population, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, break the ice and catch astonishing quantities of small fish, called Tommy Cods, which freeze the moment they are taken out of the water, and in this state are occasionally given as food to cattle. It may appear strange, that after being in this frozen state for some time, on being put into cold water and thawed, they revive.

**Patent Pedometers.**—Among the useful and pleasing curiosities of the day, we cannot but consider Mr. Payne's invention as deserving of peculiar attention. Carried as a watch in the waistcoat pocket, or suspended as a locket from a lady's neck, it exactly measures the distance the wearer has walked, and must be therefore of importance to the invalid, as well as entertaining to pedestrians.
THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.—Cornelius Voltmetad, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, had an intrepid philanthropy which impelled him to risk, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose in a great degree he effected in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm near Table Bay, and not far from the South River fort. Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel, and the cries of the crew, strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man, with his spirited horse, approached the ship's side, near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out to them; by this method, and their grasping the horse's tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey fourteen persons on shore.—[Of the end of this admirable man one desires to know.]

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Sept. 27, 1854.

I have been obliged to delay writing until this moment, ma chère amie, car j'ai eu des affaires par dessus la tête. Only imagine, we have had a Rosière crowned in our village, and I have been passing a month at my château, where I have had tout Paris, pour ainsi dire, staying with me. It would take a week to give you details of all we did; but as I do not wish to tire your patience, I shall confine my description to an account of the ceremonies of crowning the Rosière. The little village church was fitted up with temporary galleries, otherwise it could not have contained half the congregation assembled on the occasion, and adorned with tapestry, bouquets, and lighted tapers. All the village girls dressed in white, with blue ribbons, were seated by themselves in one gallery; their parents and friends occupied the other. In front sat the candidates, four in number. We had seats between, and the centre aisle was filled by the electors, the mayor, &c. &c. The ceremonies commenced by the celebration of high mass, which being concluded, the election of the Rosière took place by ballot, and the unanimous choice (as was expected) fell upon the jolie Lizette, my gardener's grand-daughter: the poor old man burst into tears on hearing his child proclaimed the most virtuous maiden of the village. Monsieur de F., on the result of the election being pronounced, rose from his seat, and approaching Lizette, placed the crown of roses on her head. She was then led in procession to the altar of the Vierge, where the Abbé de B., our chaplain, bestowed the benediction on her; she then returned to her seat, and the abbé delivered an excellent discourse to the Rosière and her companions, praising the former for her good conduct, and entreating her to persevere in it; and calling on the latter to emulate the good example before them. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Monsieur de F. presented his filleule (for you know Lizette is his god-daughter) with four thousand francs, as a marriage portion. On quitting the church, after having received our congratulations, the Rosière was led in procession through the village to her grandfather's. She was conducted by M. de F., the mayor; the village youths opening the procession with bands of music, and the young girls following. The day terminated by a bal champêtre.

Eh! bien ma chère à la fin, our gay season approaches; I may then promise you that my letters on the subject of "Modes" will be a little more interesting than at present. Vraiment, I cannot give you anything new. You ask me for cloaks—I can tell you nothing about them; there is not, as yet, a cloak to be seen in any atelier in Paris: to say the truth, it would surprise me if there was, for the thermometer continues at eighty-six and eighty-eight!

Dresses.—Redingottes and peignoirs are the dresses most worn; the former of silk, the latter of muslin, and such light materials. The redingottes are trimmed down the fronts with passementerie (gimp) buttons, or bows of ribbon. The corsages are made quite tight to the bust: they are sometimes ornamented with folds of the same material, coming from the shoulder to the waist in front. This gives a pretty finish to the corsage. I do not know if your femme de chambre is aware that, in making a tight corsage, the fronts must be cut on the straightway of the material (and not on the cross way), otherwise they can never sit properly to the bust. The sleeves are as large as ever: the dresses are worn long, and rather longer at back than at front: the waists are also worn a little longer than they have been. Dinner or evening dresses are made with corsages à la Niobe, or à la Grecque, tight, or à la Sevigne; the sleeves à double sabot, and a mantille of white blonde or black lace is worn with the cor- sage. The plaits or garters sitting on the dress to the waistband go all round; there
Modes

On s'abonne à la Direction du Follet, Boulevar St. Martin No. 61.

Coiffes ou de Cheveux, par M. L'aspre, Rue Vivienne, 29


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1834.
is no space left plain in front. The couturiers say decidedly that flowers will be again in vogue this winter.

**HATS AND CAPOTTES.**—No decided change has as yet taken place in the form of the hats. The fronts are worn to sit back off the face, and are rounded at the sides; and the crowns are high and pointed, or nearly so, at top; and the silk or satin put on in folds, and mixed with the ribbon. Flowers, although still worn, are on the decline, except beneath the fronts of the hats; for this purpose a small wreath crossing the brow, or two little bouquets of very minute flowers, are preferred to all others. Short veils are still fashionable; they are put on in curls or rings, and trimmed at the front of the hat. Drawn capettes are in high favour at present; they are made of poux de soie glacé, or of crape, and are ornamented with gauze, or rich satin ribbons, and a veil for full dress. Hats of paille de riz, trimmed with satin ribbons, are preferred; feathers are forbidden to be worn. I have just met your friend, Madame le H――, at a soirée lately; she wore a hat of paille de riz, ornamented with black satin ribbons, imprimés in all the colours of the rainbow, and a splendid bouquet of—guess what, my dear—of peacock’s feathers! c’était un succès!

**FLOWERS.**—Flowers, as I before observed, are on the decline; but those that continue most in favour are Easter daisies of mille couleurs, carnations, roses, scabious, and woodbine. For wearing in the hair, a wreath of very small mixed flowers; as wild roses, sprigs of heath, jasmine, myrtle, forget-me-not, daisies, &c. &c., is very pretty.

**LINGERNIE.**—In this department of the toilette, our belles wear as much embroidery as possible; the pelerines, collars, and handkerchiefs are really exquisite. Ruffles, as I told you in my last, are becoming very prevalent, and are likely to remain in fashion until winter. They are worn rather narrow, and are trimmed with lace at one or both ends.

**POMPADOIRS,** both long and short, continue in high favour. Some of them, as I have already told you, consist of two annes of wide satin ribbon; they are fastened at the neck by a brooch, and the ends descend beneath the ceinture: others pass the ceinture but a little way, whilst others again, either fasten beneath it, or do not reach quite so far. The Pompadours are one of the prettiest accessoires de toilette that have been in fashion since the sentimentis of Mad. de Sévigné, and which you know also consisted of a ribbon worn round the neck. The pompadour and ceinture should match.

**SHOES.**—Black polished or glazed shoes are becoming very fashionable, especially in walking or carriage costume. Bronze kid, or peau Anglaise, are also worn. In dinner dress, black satin are those generally adopted, and in grande toilette, white.

**MITTENS AND GLOVES.**—Long and short, black and white silk mittens are still prevalent, and likely to continue so. In walking dress, orange, pale yellow, and cream-coloured kid gloves are adopted.

**COLOURS.**—The prevailing colours are violette de parme, caliban (a very dark brown), chocolate pink, gris de soufia (a kind of silver grey), and vert fromme.

Address your next letter to me at Dieppe, as Dupuytrens has ordered Pauline de Léocadie to the sea-side; I should have preferred remaining quiet, mais il faut se sacrifier quelquefois pour ses enfans. Adieu, ma belle et bonne Clarinde, ton amie sincère,

L. de F.

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**DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.**

(No. 19.) — **TOILETTE D’INTERIEUR.**—Home costume, a lady in her studio.—Dress of white muslin; the corsage made low, and fitting tight to the bust. The sleeves excessively full. Apron of brown pous de soie, made with a corsage à la Sévigné; the back plain, and fastened on the shoulders with bows of ribbon.—(See plate.) The pockets are on the inside, and the pocket-holes are ornamented with silk buttons: the ceinture, consisting of a broad satin ribbon, ties in front; the ends are long; the apron is cut in small dents de looup, or mitres all round. The hair is simply parted on the brow in bandeaux lisses, the back hair in two flat coupes or bows. The santoir round the neck and the half sleeves are of green gros de Naples. The latter, as may be seen by the plate, are edged all round with a double gauze or piping, and are laced up the front of the arm. They are finished top and bottom by bows of satin ribbon. A small summer shawl of monsseline de laine hangs on the back of the Gothic chair.

(No. 20.) — **COSTUME DE BAL OU DE SOIREE.**—Dress of organdi (book muslin), embroidered in coloured worsteds, a light guirlande goes round the top of the hem, and up the front breadth of the dress.—(See plate.) The corsage is à l’Enfant, gathered top and bottom. It is finished at the neck by an entrecouche (in which coloured ribbons are inserted), and a narrow lace. The sleeves are short, and excessively full; a double epauplette of lace falls over them. The hair is very much parted on the brow, and brought low to the sides, where it is finished by two full tufts of curl intermixed with flowers; the back hair is in three high bows; a high sprig of woodbine is placed at each side of the coupes or bows. Scarf of gaze Dona Maria. Ceinture of plaid ribbon gros grains satiné. Gold necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves. Silk stockings, embroidered on the insteps. White satin shoes.
BIRTHS.

On the 10th September, at Over Norton, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Dawkins, of a daughter.
—Sept. 17, in Harley-street, the lady of R. P. Laurie, Esq., of a daughter, still-born.—Sept. 16, the lady of R. Trevor, Esq., of Gloucester-place, of a daughter.—Sept. 14, the Hon. Mrs. S. Bathurst, of a daughter.—Sept. 13, at Tichborne-house, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Arundel, of a son.—At Drumcondra Castle, Dublin, the child, born to her father, the lady of D. Barrington, Esq., of Leinster, of twins, a son and daughter.—At his lordship's house, Fitz-william-square, Dublin, the lady of E. Chichester, of a son.—At Sengar-house, the lady of the Archdeacon of Dromore, of a daughter.—At Novgoergevitsk, district of Alexandria, Russia, a woman was lately delivered of four children, three boys and a girl, all of them are likely to live.—Sept. 24, at Walthamstow, the lady of J. Remington Mills, Esq., of Tavistock-square, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

September 11, at St. Mary's, Marylebone, M. Thackeray, Esq., Vice-Provost of King's College, Cambridge, to the youngest daughter of the late J. Yenn, Esq., of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.—Sept. 17, at Cofrus, Dr. Cunil, Rifle Brigade, to Vera, third daughter of the late Lieut.-General the Hon. V. Poulet.—Sept. 10, at Sutton, Rev. R. Wright, Esq., of Thrapston, Northamptonshire, youngest son of Com.-General Wright, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of G. Alder, Esq., of Sutton Grange.—Sept. 11, at Thrapston, Sir Thomas Baker, M.A., Thomas Lee, Esq., of Padnall's Manor and Farm, to Elizabeth Leptrot, eldest daughter of John Leptrot Findley, Esq., of Padnall Hall, of the same county.

DEATHS.

On the 25th September, in Queen-street-place, of cholera, aged 27 years, Mr. Thomas Earle, third son of Wm. Earle, Esq., of Mount Parade, York.—Sept. 5, at his native place, Lassendrum, Aberdeenshire, the Rev. Wm. Bisset, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland, aged 76; he was one of the few that remain of the ancient stock of the Bissets, remarkable even in their dispersion in England and Ireland; being on record in Wiltshire and Wiltshire in the former, and Antrim in the latter; at which places even Queen Elizabeth was induced to treat with, rather than subdue them. His lordship, whose learning and virtues induced the respect and love of all who knew him, owed his promotion to the see to that elegant scholar the Marquis of Wellesley, 1822. Though he delighted in his palace of Raphoe Castle, he preferred, by a late visit to his nephew, to die where he was born.—Sept. 7, at Liverpool, Dr. Renwick, aged 76, during a professional career of nearly half a century, his time and talents were constantly devoted to the poor, many of whose sufferings his heart and comforts created by his means. Such a character could not fail to exhibit many interesting traits to society; but his amiable and unassuming manners suffered them not to extend beyond the bosoms of his lamenting friends.—At Edinburgh, Sir John Leach, Master of the Rolls, after having suffered much from surgical operations, which he bore with great heroism and patience. A man of sound learning, elegant taste, and retired habits, he was the most unfit to be dragged into a political arena; which, nevertheless, was the case for a time. Since then he has tranquilly confined his public life to the duties of his Court, which always had his unremittent attention.—Sept. 16, Mr. W. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, who has shone so conspicuously in the literature of the last age, and powerfully illustrated Dr. Johnson's opinion, that 'a substantial bookseller is the best friend a nation has.'—Sept. 19, at Beaumont-row, Chelsea, Mrs. Elizabeth Stark, in the 37th year of her age.—Sept. 15, in Russell-square, Sir C. Flower, Bart., in his 72d year.—Aug. 31, at Leeds, Colonel Sir M. M'Craith, C.B., 80, Field-Officer of the Northern Recruiting District, in his 49th year.—Sept. 14, in Wilton-crescent, G. W. Wentworth, Esq., in his 52d year.—Sept. 14, at Bath, Mr. E. Hathway, of Poland-street, Oxford-street, newsvendor, &c. in his 49th year, whose decease was occasioned by being thrown from a chaise, leaving a widow with three helpless children to lament his untimely fate.—Sept. 13, at the Royal Mint, in his 53d year, H. W. Atkinscoun, Esq., President of the Corporation of Moneymen of his Majesty's Mint, who for nearly sixty-five years most conscientiously performed the arduous duties of his very responsible situation.—Sept. 12, in Gold ford-street, Russell-square, Cornelle, the wife of Mr. Serjeant Andrews.—Sept. 13, at Boulogne sur Mer, E. H. Lee, Esq., in his 27th year, only son of the late Rev. Francis Lee, and nephew to Mr. Ball Hughes, a victim to smallpox.—Sept. 17, in Montagu-street, Russell-square, in his 55th year, Major J. Lovell, late of the 76th regiment.

—Lately, Catherine Anew, a native of Jamaica, a free black female, aged 148; although she lost her sight for a time, she could work with the needle without the aid of glasses, and was as upright in stature as when young.—At Chelsea, Miss Chalmers, aged 83, who, having been in an omnibus which was overturned, and on passing the same spot in another, was seized with convulsions, taken out, and died. She was related to the late Geo. Chalmers, Esq., author of some eminent statistical works.—At Washington, America, Thomas Law, Esq., brother of the late Lord Ellenborough, aged 78. He was one of the most extraordinary men of the age, although long in private life. He had distinguished himself by great talent and amiable qualities while employed in India, and with the opportunity of acquiring immense riches had retired to America, from admiration of General Washington and the new country; there he gratified himself by building in the new capital named after his friend, and passed his time happily in literature and hospitality, rarely visiting his native land. — At Alverstoke Parsonage, Hants, of a broken heart, Maria Francesca, daughter of John VI. of Portugal, and consort of Don Carlos of Spain. She was temporarily interred with great splendour in the crypt of the Roman Catholic chapel at Gosport, intending her remains to repose finally in the monastery built by herself at Oziuela, in Spain. There is strong reason to believe that her brother, Dom Miguel, attended his beloved sister's funeral.
LOUISE DE LORRAINE, QUEEN OF FRANCE, WIFE TO HENRY THE THIRD.

(Illustrated by an authentic whole-length Portrait splendidly coloured.)

The marriage of the young Princess of Lorraine Vaudemont with Henry the Third of France, occasioned great surprise to his own court, and to the whole of Europe. Henry had just succeeded to the crown of France, after the death of his brother Charles the Ninth; he was considered the handsomest prince in Europe. At the battles of Yarnac and Moncontour he had gained great military renown; and he had just relinquished the elective crown of Poland, to claim his hereditary right to that of France. His former name and title was Edward, Duke of Anjou; but his mother, Catherine de Medicis, persuaded him to relinquish the anti-national name of Edward, and take that of Henry, whom he succeeded to the throne of France. This prince was exceedingly impetuous and violent in all his attachments, which were sudden, but by no means lasting; yet, during the reign of passion, its tyranny was so strong, as to lead him to sacrifice every consideration of policy or interest for the sake of the beloved object. La Belle Châteauneuf was his first love: she was deserted for the Princess de Condé; and, as his absence from France during the time he wore the crown of Poland occasioned him transports of anguish, he used to write the princess long letters on his knees, using his own blood instead of ink; and this romantic proceeding he considered somewhat alleviated his restless trouble of mind. While this fiery lover was travelling to Rheims, in order to be crowned king of France, he lodged in his progress at the residence of De Vaudemont, a prince of the younger branch of the house of Lorraine Guise; who, though sharing the royal blood of Valois, was by no means in circumstances to expect the alliance of the king of France, being the younger son of a younger brother. However, the impetuous Henry no sooner saw the Princess Louise de Vaudemont, than his fickle heart was at once transferred to her; and he determined to make her the partner of his throne at the approaching coronation, without considering for a moment the disadvantages of the alliance. At the time that she was raised to the throne, Louise was eighteen: she never was handsome, her eyes being dull and spiritless, but she had a very pretty little figure, and a splendid taste in dress. She was virtuous and sweet-tempered, and extremely pious: she was
a zealous catholic, but it does not appear that her zeal led her to any acts of cruelty or intolerance; on the contrary, most of the French chronicles speak of her as humble, sweet-tempered, and benevolent to all around her. It is said by others, she influenced the king, her husband, to the observances of all the superstitions that deform the catholic faith, and by that means altered his character from a daring and licentious warrior, to that of a weak, priest-ridden bigot. But Henry the Third, though a prince of considerable abilities, wanted the stay of a steady judgment and firm principles: he was every thing by turns, and nothing long. He ascended the throne of France in frightful times, when the reins ought to have been held in a vigorous hand; and the partner he had chosen was a gentle feminine creature, who was not possessed of the rare endowments of an energetic mind and correct judgment, joined to woman’s winning softness and loveliness; and she exerted her influence over her husband to induce him to save his soul, rather than to aid him by wise councils to settle his distracted kingdom. Meantime, the vacillating mind of Henry vibrated between rash projects and superstitious penances; between gorgeous revels and religious processions. He caused the kinsmen of his queen, the great Duke of Guise and the powerful Cardinal of Lorraine, to be assassinated, because he could not any other way punish them for their insolence; and then gave himself up to horror of conscience, and tried to atone by penance for their deaths. At last, being engaged in a double civil war, both with his catholic and protestant subjects, he was assassinated by James Clement, a monk of the Jacobin order, in 1589, while he was in conjunction with Henry of Navarre, holding Paris besieged. He left no children, and was succeeded by his kinsman and brother-in-law, the celebrated Henry the Fourth.

The queen was absent at Fontainebleau; and the rage of the civil war most likely prevented her attendance on her husband. She afterwards lived in great retirement, chiefly observing a conventual course of life, and died in 1601.

This princess is scarcely mentioned in history as having taken any part in public events, excepting the marriage of her sister, Marguerite, to the Duke de Joyeuse, the king’s favourite, and a prince of her own warlike line of Lorraine. The festivals given at this marriage were of the most splendid description.* Louise likewise married her niece, Christina, to Ferdinand de Medicis. She had very warm affections; and the historian Matthieu speaks in high terms of her virtuous tenderness to her husband and family.

One anecdote is recorded of Louise, which gives us a high opinion of her private character. When her niece, Christina, was setting out for Florence, where she was to be married to Ferdinand de Medicis, the queen tenderly embraced her with these words, which are assuredly full of feminine wisdom—“Be prepared, my dear girl, to find yourself at first looked upon as a stranger; but if it pleases God that you should afterwards become a mother, these beloved ties will endear Florence to you, and you to your adopted country.”

DESCRIPTION OF PORTRAIT.

Louise of Lorraine is the first historical portrait seen with the standing ruff. This is of small dimensions, compared to those which flourished at the latter part of Elizabeth’s reign, and through that of James the First. There is certainly no little analogy between the dresses of the court of George the First and Second, and those of the courts of Henry the Third and Fourth of France, not only between the farthingale and hoop petticoat, but in the stiff and unnatural arrangement of the hair. Queen Louise has her hair turned back over a cushion—whick cushion is surmounted by a gold cord, and points set with diamonds. The hair cushion is shaped something like a Marie Stuart cap. The inner robe is white satin, open in a square form at the bosom, bordered with gold and trimmed with vandykes of point lace; set at the back of the neck is a high standing ruff, the shape of a spread fan. The upper robe, of rich crimson velvet, has short tight sleeves, which are very low on the shoulders, and scarcely reach the bend of the elbow, where they are finished by falling cuffs of white fur, that bear little likeness to the long ruffles of the last century. The tight white satin sleeves of the under robe appear from beneath the fur slashed, and very richly ornamented with

* See Lady’s Mag. for May.
The Home of the Gifted.

BY G. R. CARTER.

A home for the gifted—oh! say, shall it be,
On the desolate shores of the far-rolling sea;
Where the seamen cross the horizon are roaming,
And the white-crested billows like snow-wreaths are foaming?
No—let not a spirit so gentle as his,
Portray the dark scenes of a desert like this.

A home for the gifted—in front of his hall,
Shall the purple festoons of the sunny vine fall;
And the streamlet rejoice, with a shout and a sound,
As it springs from its source in the mountains around?
In such a sweet spot, so remote from the throng,
He shall pour from his heart the rich numbers of song.

The wind, as it tells of the violet's birth,
Shall welcome his form with its echo of mirth;
And the flow'rs which assume the deep hues of the skies,
Like fairy creations around him shall rise;
And when cares o'er his spirit are casting their blight,
The smiles of his household shall turn them to light!

He shall have round his hearth the pure guardians of truth,
To him most devoted in age as in youth;
The hearts whose affection ne'er wavers or changes,
And the bosoms whose love from their idol ne'er ranges,
But lend consolation when sorrow is nigh,
Like the rainbow diffusing a calm o'er the sky.

The home of the gifted—oh! there shall be quaff'd,
From the fountain of song, immortality's draught;
There Science shall nurse the productions of art,
And Painting its charms to the canvass impart;
And Religion, the sister of beauty and love,
Shall hallow the spot, and descend from above!

King's College, London.

* See the portraits Queen Claude, Elenora of Austria, and La Belle Paule, in October, November, and December, 1833.
DIANA OF POICTIONS* AND PRIMATICCIO THE PAINTER.

"Vray Dieu, madame! are you hurt? By the beauty of women, I hope not!" said a reasonably well-featured and handsome man, somewhat advanced in years, as he raised from the ground a lady who had been accidentally dismounted by the curvetting of the milk-white palfrey on which she rode.

The exertion of the lady, and the assistance of the speaker whose morning reveries, it being yet scarcely two hours after day-break, had been interrupted by the event, soon replaced her into the saddle. "Grace a Dieu! no," said the lady, hastily adjusting her veil—"grace a Dieu! no; and many thanks to you, sir, for your timely courtesy, which did I know whom I address, I would find a fitter opportunity of expressing."

"Madame," said the stranger, "my name is Primaticcio, an indifferently well-known artist, attracted to this neighbourhood, by a desire of beholding the magnificence of the château d'Anet, of which fame speaks so loudly; and I have taken up my residence in the village of Dreux, till chance shall throw me in the way of some one with power and inclination to gratify my curiosity. But, madame, would you confer an obligation upon me, by informing me whom I have the honour and happiness to meet thus betimes?"

"'Tis a small boon for so great a courtesy," replied the lady, "and shall be as you wish, but not at present. Suffice it to say, I am called La Grande Sénéchale, and am in high favour with the Duchess of Valentinois: where shall I send to you, should an opportunity present itself of showing you the beauties of the château?"

"My present residence," replied Primaticcio, "is the Poitiers' Arms, where I shall most anxiously await your commands."

"Adieu, then, Signor Primaticcio, my servants will be here anon, and there will be little good in making them acquainted with the affair, adieu!" Thus speaking, she laid her finger on her lip in token of silence, and gracefully bowing her head, in return for the doffed bonnet of the artist, the fair equestrian pursued her course.

This event, which occupied less time in action than in the recital, plunged the artist into profound thought for the remainder of his walk; and his mind was busily engaged in meditating upon the change of his condition since the day, when, as the favourite painter of Francis the First, his praise was sounded by all, and his society courted by the whole throng of nobles who formed the brilliant court, which boasted for its head the "king of gentlemen," as that monarch was fondly called by his dependants; and in considering whether he had done justice to himself in instantly withdrawing from the court on the death of his beloved patron, and thereby not acceding to his successor a similar opportunity of befriending him, should he have been so disposed.

Occupied by these reflections, and heedless of the direction in which he was wandering, he unconsciously bent his steps towards the little auberge, where he had slept the previous night. The appearance of breakfast speedily banished thought; and after having finished his repast, the artist determined not to leave the auberge, lest in his absence a communication should arrive from his fair friend at the château, requiring his immediate presence there: seeking, therefore, amusement in the exercise of his pencil, and in the beautiful scenery which surrounded his present picturesque abode, he contrived to while away the day so pleasantly and so rapidly, that he was surprised when the gray tints of evening, darkening into night, warned him to retire to his welcome, though humble bed.

At the first dawn Primaticcio arose, and though he himself scarcely knew the motives which influenced him, he walked towards the spot which had been the scene of the previous morning's adventure. On his arrival there, he leaned his back against a tree, and mentally reviewed the whole of that extraordinary occurrence: he, however, had not long been thus engaged, before he was aroused,

* As the public attention has lately been drawn to Primaticcio, by our engraving and memoir of the celebrated Diane de Poitiers, we print this tale relating to them from a beautiful volume of the Bijou, which we regret to see no longer published.
by the approach of La Grande Sénechale, attended by two servants, wearing the colours assumed by the Lady Diana—black and white.

Primaticcio recovered from his surprise in time to salute her as she passed; while the lady, waving her riding rod in return for the salutation with which he greeted her, contrived at the same time, unobserved by her attendants, to let a neatly folded billet fall at the feet of the astonished painter; and it was with great difficulty he could restrain his anxiety to become acquainted with the contents of her epistle, until the lady and her attendants were out of sight. The moment he could do so with safety, he snatched the billet from the ground, and read as follows:

"La Grande Sénechale, mindful of her promise to Signor Primaticcio, has made arrangements which will enable him to view the château d'Angers this day; as, owing to the presence of the king, who objects to its inspection by strangers, it is a task of some difficulty, she was not enabled as she wished to accomplish it yesterday. If Signor Primaticcio will, at noon, be in waiting near the five oaks on the left hand of the great gate of the park, le joli Henri will join him there, and conduct him through the apartments. The mention of La Grande Sénechale will enable the signor to pass the porter's lodge, and silence all inquiries which may be addressed to him."

"A very agreeable and lady-like communication, and courtesy is yet something more than a name in La belle France," ejaculated the artist, as he placed the letter in his bosom, and prepared to retrace his steps to the Poictiers' Arms.

The interval between breakfast and mid-day appeared an age to Primaticcio, who was at the spot at the appointed time. "The lady has shown exquisite taste in her choice of a waiting place," thought he; "but surely that is the great clock of the château striking twelve, and le joli Henri"—"Is here, Signor Primaticcio," said a voice behind; and on turning round, the artist discovered a young man clad in the habit of a page, the colours of his dress being the same as those of the attendants who followed the lady in the morning.

"Allons, monsieur, we have no time to lose," said the page; and hastily crossing a small open space between the clump of oaks and a little wood, which apparently led to the house, showed no disposition for further conversation till they turned off through a small gate, of which he had the key, into what appeared to be the private garden of the château. Meanwhile Primaticcio,Le, at first sight thought he recognised in the face of his conductor features which had long been familiar to him, shrugged his shoulders, when the likeness which his companion bore to the late king suggested the possibility of his being the offspring of one of those amours in which Francis so notoriously indulged.

They had now arrived at the château, and the page having warned the artist that they must make as little noise as possible, and be careful lest the king should meet them in any of the apartments, led the way by a private staircase to the armoury, and from thence through the splendid suite of rooms which the royal lover had built and furnished for his beautiful and accomplished mistress.

Primaticcio, who was delighted with the taste and judgment shown in all the arrangements, expressed himself in terms of the warmest admiration; but his praises were little heeded by the page, who greatly annoyed him by the disrespectful terms in which he spoke of the monarch, and the fair partner of his abode. At last Primaticcio could bear it no longer—"Young man," said he, "you have spoken repeatedly of him who is both your master and my sovereign in language which it becomes not you to utter, nor me to hear; and of a lady, whom before you reached my knee"—here the page bit his lip—"I knew for the possessor of many of the most amiable qualities which adorn the sex. Prithiee, no more; such conduct is both uncharitable and ungrateful."

From this time both were silent, till they arrived at the private door of the library. "The king is here," said the page, gently turning the lock, and motioning the artist that he might enter, and view the apartment from behind the arras.

Scarceley had he done so, attracted by the voice of some one reading aloud, when the page suddenly closed and locked the door. The artist knew not what to do, for should he be discovered
by the king, his ruin would be inevitable. But the danger of his situation prompted him to peep through the arras, and reconnoitre who might be in the apartment. He did so, and beheld the celebrated Diane of Poictiers negligently reclining on a sofa, and playing with a fan of peacock feathers, while the poet Ronsard recited to her his last production. In a few minutes an opposite door opened, and the king, magnificently attired, entered the room; on his arrival the poet discontinued his reading, and at a signal from his majesty, prepared to leave the library by the door near which Primaticcio was concealed. As he lifted the arras, the king's voice inquiring who had dared to intrude so unceremoniously into his presence, proclaimed to the artful painter that his endeavours at concealment had been fruitless. Cursing the treachery of the page, and dreading lest the resentment of the monarch should fall upon the lady who had been the innocent means of placing him in his present predicament, he almost sunk with fear. He was, however, soon relieved from his embarrassment, by hearing the voice of La Grande Sénéchale exclaim—"Come forward, Signor Primaticcio, you have nothing to fear, but the resentment of the page whom you so properly took to task."

Here was an éclaircissement—his unknown friend proving to be the beautiful Diane of Poictiers, and le joli Henri no less a person than the king himself!

This event proved a fortunate one for Primaticcio; at the command of the king he painted a picture, and the monarch was so pleased with the work, that the artist became as great a favourite of his as he had been of his father's; and often when he was in a sportive mood, would Henry relate to his courtiers the adventure of Diane of Poictiers and Primaticcio the painter.

FAREWELL TO

(WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM).

They tell me, lady, we must part, that other shores are thine;
That other bosoms beat for thee, far, far more dear than mine;
And God forbid that I should break the fond, the tender spell,
I will but pray to Heav'n for thee—sweet lady, fare thee well!

There came a joy across my path, a soft and holy light,
That beam'd with bright intensity, and shone through sorrow's night;
I looked again—the gleam was gone—the darkness best can tell,
How much I loved the light it gave—sweet lady, fare thee well!

But there are friends will think of me across the briny main,
And hope still whispers to my heart that we shall meet again;
That there are eyes will sometimes o'er my feeble numbers dwell,
And lips will echo back the prayer—the blessing—fare thee well!

J. S. C.

PORTRAIT OF DIANE DE POICTIERS.

Two celebrated paintings of Diane de Poictiers, by Primaticcio, are still in existence in France: one, well known by engravings in England, was described in our last number, page 239; the other, likewise ascribed to Primaticcio, from which our whole-length coloured portrait was taken, ornaments the royal gallery at Versailles. This has hitherto been unknown in England; it is far more valuable, as an historical illustration, than the former, which is in allegorical drapery and character: while our portrait, depicted as it is in the gorgeous attire of her epoch, gives the true idea of the Diane who played so prominent a part in the annals of France. By accident, the description of the historical costume was omitted in the usual place, at the end of the memoir; which deficiency is now supplied.

Description of the whole length coloured portrait of Diane de Poictiers, published in the October number of the Lady's Magazine, with memoir (page 198):—
The Birth-day Gift.—Matrimony.

The head dress consists of a species of the Bretonne cap, with small plaited borders coming near the face; it is ornamented with a raised row of pearls: a black velvet drapery, called the chapsa, hangs pendant from the back of the head as low as the shoulders. The hair is simply parted on the brow, and is folded on each side of the face. The robe, of geranium coloured velvet, is cut square at the bosom, and bordered all round with gold; it is open from the waist, and shows a white satin petticoat richly worked at the bottom with gold. The sleeves at the upper part are in two full puffs, much in the style of those worn at the present day; the lower parts of the sleeves are slashed in the Spanish fashion, and edged with gold; the under sleeves of white satin appearing through the slashes, they are finished at the wrist by lace ruffles. The rebras sleeves, which are of ermine, are attached to the back of the shoulders, and give much grace to the figure; they are cut away in front, so as to show the fashion of the sleeves beneath. A girdle of white taffetas, knotted at distances, is round the waist. A splendid cordelère, composed of pearls intermixed with rubies, reaches to the bottom of the dress: it is finished by a magnificent ornament of rubies and a pearl tassel. The necklace is of small pearls, studded on a narrow velvet ribbon: a rich brooch of rubies and pearls is on the breast. A simple black string supports a picture concealed in her bosom.


We have another of Miss Browne’s beautiful “coronals,” meet for becoming a fairy gift in their smallness and beauty, worthy of being the gift of a sovereign to the child of her prayers.

They consist of a variety of miscellaneous poems, not as before on subjects expressly religious, but they are all imbued with the fine tone of a religious as well as poetical mind, and are full of deep feeling and excellent sentiments. They are not all equally polished, some being of superior beauty to any this gifted author has hitherto produced. The “Lays of a Mother” are, for the most part, beautiful: so is a very true and affecting description of “Man’s Love” and “Woman’s Love”; but we offer our readers a poem which names the book, and must be readily sympathized with by every one:—

Birth-days! who hath never felt
Your deep power to touch and melt?
Whose the heart that some grave thought
From your influence hath not caught!

Feeling as ye still appear,
As if they met a friend long known;
Feeling too throughout the year,
One brief day is most their own.
Ye are springs upon whose brink,
Some in hope may sit and drink;
Altars by some other’s way,
Where the weep-worn heart may pray;
For some ye have a watchman’s cry,
Warning of the passing hour;
For others spring’s own melody,
Ushering in her every flower.
Stepping-stones ye seem to be,
Unto great eternity:
Whether to its borders wending,
Or the hill of life ascending;
The hill, which rising bright to view,
Shuts out the far waves’ restless motion,
But from whose top we catch the view,
Of that sublime and boundless ocean.
Thron’d upon the year ye are,
Every one a natal star;
Some with red and baleful light,
Some in mercy’s radiance bright;
Oh! ye torches whose strong beam
Deep shall pierce into the heart,
And let your searching radiance stream
Into every hidden part.

MATRIMONY.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCES.

(Continued from page 216.)

A new scene broke upon me, the divinity had been stirred within me; I was now fated to experience a scene of terrestrial enchantment: it was at the Opera. Pasta had sung with wondrous success, her deep and mellow tones had flown to the ear with honeyed sweetness and richness of expression; Tagioni had bounded into mid-air, and, like the gossamer, had almost floated along the ethereal fluid. The Opera had been crowded by as brilliant and dazzling a galaxy of beauty, as had ever graced its walls. It was one of those exquisite nights, when neither singer was troubled with the rheum—the only malady to which they are subject, and the artistes de la danse had escaped sprains of the ankle—when every countenance was lit up with satisfaction; and even the fops of the pit, who constitute
themselves the judges, in accents audible in the third tier of boxes gave token of their assent. I, too, was happy—yet I listened not to Pasta; and the plaudits, as they swelled into one almost unanimous expression of delight at the heavenly grace of the Taglioni, had nearly been unheard by me: for she—the sole object of my adoration in this instance—was there!—it was the first time I had seen her by the lamps’ reflective rays. I had loved—had seen her countenance rivaling the glorious beams of day; but, somehow or other, never felt that she was so beautiful—never felt that she was so truly the being upon whom my heart had fixed its first, its only affection. Perhaps it was that our eyes had met more than once, and methought there was an expression of more than usual indulgence. The ballet had now nearly concluded: the tale of the Sylphide had almost been told,—it had come to that scene where the lovely being of the air is bereft of her mortal love, which Taglioni describes with such touching pathos the anguish that consumes her, when Georgiana’s eyes and mine again met. The glance was but momentary. The eyelash was lowered almost at the hair’s-breadth of time that it was raised; yet short as it was, and imperceptible as it would have been to aught but lover, it told a tale of love, returned more glowing than imagination can conceive—more expressive than the faint pen of man can describe. Who that has once felt the influence of this one look—and it comes but once in the era of man’s life—cannot understand it? Who that has not known it would comprehend it by description? It is the communion of souls that are formed for each other; the hallowed moment of bliss, when all things else sink into insignificance—when man partakes of joy almost beyond terrestrial—when distinction of rank, wealth, and station are dissipated, and fade from the memory during these seconds of enchantment. Too sweet is it—too pure for repetition, it fades at its birth; and like the aloe-tree, that in our clime is said to take a century to blossom but once in its existence, it no sooner appears than it vanishes.

I was now in a whirlpool of delight—she had seen me, had so far at least known me: then there was hope the lovely Georgiana might still be mine. I know not how the curtain dropped—I know not how I got through the crowded entrance of the pit, as it was pouring out its shoals of well-dressed people, who had been regularly steamed for the last six hours: I must have pushed with lusty struggles, as sun-dry sounds reached me, which might have afforded at another time much of the new amusement and phraseology of the day. But I needed them not. I rushed on, regardless of the insults that were offered me, and arrived towards the exterior just in time to hear the announcement of the carriage re-echoed from mouth to mouth, until, with radical nonchalance, he at the entrance roars out the patronymic, but sinks the title, mingling all ranks in chaotic confusion; and paying as much respect to the family of six, who get a bookseller’s box on the fourth tier for the night, as to the lovely beings who look more like the angels sent to listen to the strains of harmony, than beings of this habitable earth.

She was the last of the party to enter the carriage; her delicate little foot encased in a white satin shoe, and her taper ankle just displayed beneath the hem of her garment, had but rested upon the first step, while the other was still in the mid air, when a sudden movement caused by the coachman of the carriage next in succession, having violently struck his horses, frightened the spirited and noble animals belonging to her. The sound of the whip made them bound forward as if in the act of moving on. Pardon these incidents; which of them are not dear to love? It was little beyond a mere startle, instantly checked by the firmness of the coachman; but the sudden jerk given to restrain their advance, caused them to back: she was still upon the step, when in the effort to steady herself she slipped. The footman was on the wrong side for supporting her, he being nearest to the horses. In the struggle to recover her balance, she must have fallen upon the curb-stone, and coming upon the back of her head, the consequences must have been fatal, had not I, who saw the danger, quick as lightning, made a rush to the spot; in doing which I knocked down an old dowager who stood in my way, and caught my propitiating angel in my arms at the very moment her fate seemed inevitable! A second later, and nothing could have saved her. The unexpected shock had almost unnerved her; in a moment the colour fled
Matrimony.

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all my flattering hopes, and to dispel the
bright visions of happiness which floated
across my imagination. When I pictured
her to my wife—my beloved wife, and my
happiness in so calling her—the fairy
delusion was still damped by the recol-
lection of how is the first step to that end
to be taken. I had long since con-
vinced my opinion, that she was not a
Miss Gubbins; that the proprietor of
the house where I had seen her enter
the first evening was a rich old bachelor,
with whom her father had been on inti-
mate terms since their school-boy days.
I also soon found their real residence;
but still with every advantage, which
even now I might be said to possess
towards winning her if I had the oppor-
tunity, I was just where I had started,
as far as knowing her according to the
established rules of society. There was
this perpetual thorn to perplex me, and
dash the cup of bliss from the lips of the
weary traveller, through the meandrous
ways of unextinguishable love. Plans
were invented, which were only concocted
to prove their inutility: every scheme
that I thought of, when considered, I
laid aside as impracticable. To dare to
speak to her, even now, after so many
expressions, beyond words, without this
sanction, would seem impertinence; and
even could I suppose she sanctioned my
addresses, I myself would feel that the
angel had fallen to the mere woman.
Then again, to write—yes, that might do
—to be energetic, yet respectful—to plead
my cause with all the force which pure
and unchangeable love would prompt,
might be admirable. But how to con-
voy it—there was the difficulty: through
her maid—impossible to make a vulgar-
minded chattering soubrette the ad-
ministering Mercury between us—the
thought had almost banished the idea of
writing from my mind. To fling it into
her carriage as she passed—and then per-
chance to see it thrown out with dis-
plesure. On every side there were in-
surmountable impediments; and like the
criminal who sees that there is not the
slightest chance, by ordinary means, of
escaping the doom that awaits him, I had
strung up my mind to that degree of re-
solution, that unless some unaccountable
piece of good fortune should turn up, I
must after all content myself with con-
tinuing desperately in love, without the
glimpse of a hope of success, beyond that

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of knowing that if ever opportunity did occur, I might reckon upon being rewarded for my patience and constancy. Lingering as time is when gloom oppresses one, it nevertheless passes on. The tortoise must eventually come to the end of his journey. A country summer, a London winter fled—the rural autumn was fast approaching—Newman's post-horses were daily, hourly, passing from town, drawing after them sundry chariots, family carriages, rumble, and all the cases, band-boxes, trunks, which our modern Noah's arks contain. The fashionable departures took up a goodly column of the Morning Post, whilst the "arrivals" were buried in an obscure corner of the paper, as if the printers were ashamed of those whom they classed under the names of fashionables—plain misters staying at some doubtful West-end hotel—not a lord to be had for love or money. Just that season, when the Smiths, and Thompsons, and Johnsons, and all those people who remain in town all the year, begin to figure in the aristocratic columns—when window shutters are closed in all well-regulated establishments, and when every body professing to be somebody is anxious to rid himself of the fumes of a London season. Such was just the time when in a fit of ennui, having at least twice read over the police reports, and got all the scandal off by heart, my eyes involuntarily glanced among the depatures under the names of "The Hon. Mrs. and Miss Georgiana Eldemont for Dover." Upon the instant, accoutred as I was, I determined to follow; and, as little preparation was necessary, the next morning found me safely landed at Wright's hotel, per mail. Of all places in the world, a watering-place is the dullest, where you are unwilling to enter into the spirit of all the little nonsensical amusements, which fill up the measure of time of those who go to forget care and the anxieties of life. Bathing becomes wearisome—the newspapers are insipid—there is nothing to do of an evening; and bad as town is, there are always so many resources there, that a lover, the current of whose affection runneth unsmothelly, had better eschew even romantic dells and mountain scenery for the retreat of London. To add to the number of my misfortunes, a gale of wind, such as Aeolus must have taken at least six weeks to concoct, continued for three days, with only occasional intermissions; and then torrents of rain descended, "unequalled in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant." In vain I went twice to church on Sunday—in vain I twice saw my Georgiana upon the Marine Parade; and had nearly been blown into the ocean for my temerity, as a blast of wind came right bolt against me. It would not do, the power of man could no longer endure this state of things. I hastened back to town with as much speed as I had evaporated, cursed the storm, and made a vow never to quit London again. In the first moment of passion, I firmly resolved to turn recluse, or monk of La Trappe, where I might never open my lips again; and was only saved by recollecting that if I had gone, she would never have known what had become of me.

Fate had now been plaguing me for fully a year, and as a person of a sulky temperament has an occasional day of sunshine, so it would seem that fate had got out of its dumps, and was determined to show me a little favour and kindness. I was pacing steadily along one of the fashionable streets, thinking as usual, but engaged in the duties of my profession, with the cold spirit of one who participates not in the excitement consequent upon interest. "How do you?—how do you?" exclaimed a female voice as I passed on to get before her: "do you thus cut all your old acquaintance?" I turned round and saw a lady, of whom I had neither heard nor seen during the last four years. I really felt happy, as if by instinct, little knowing the consequences that would ensue from this recognition. Indeed, I had always been a favourite with her. The first congratulations over, I was introduced to her husband, Captain Arneville.

"Now, it is so long since we have met, you must just come and spend the remainder of the day with us. Give me your arm. No refusal. I wish to hear all that you have been doing since we separated in Paris." I pleaded an excuse for the day, on the ground of professional occupation; "and as to dinner——" "True," said Mrs. Arneville; "but when I last saw you, that did not often interfere: however, as we get on in the world, I suppose," said she smiling, "we become more grave and steady; at
all events we shall meet at six." I had it on the tip of my tongue to plead a previous engagement, which I feared I could not avoid; but I forgot the deception in the anticipated pleasure of seeing an old friend.

I went,—we chatted and talked, as old friends always do who had been so long separated: she told me I was altered, that I had become less volatile in my spirits—less laughter-loving than when we used to meet; that, in short, I was an altered man. "As for me," said she, "I have been married these two years to Captain Arnevile: we have been leading a wandering life ever since our marriage; for immediately after he quitted the **d Hussars, and——"

"The **d Hussars!" exclaimed I, "impossible! surely Captain Arnevile was not in the **d Hussars? I must have seen his name in the army-list; and I have too often looked at the officers of this regiment, not to know who belonged to it." "Why," she added, "why this sudden agitation, there is something more here than meets the eye; however, I shall not press, for secrets that you may be unwilling to disclose." The conversation turned to other topics, but my mind was solely engrossed upon the one.

"Have you had a second cup of tea," asked my kind friend, Mrs. Arnevile.

"The **d!" exclaimed I, "unconscious of any thing but the one subject—had just perception enough to observe a look and a suppressed smile exchanged between the couple.—At length I summoned courage to ask the captain, was he acquainted with Colonel Eldermont. There was, I suppose, an air of consciousness about me, which must have betrayed me. I thought I should not be agitated, and I almost wished I had not commenced to ask the question before it was half spoken. "I know him intimately," said he; "he was my first and earliest friend—we have fought beside one another many times."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnevile, "he is married to my old school-fellow. They only came to town yesterday. Horatio, that reminds me that we must call there to-morrow."

I took care to be with Mrs. Arnevile a good hour before she left home—I told her every thing—made her my confidant, entreated her to manage matters, and to arrange for my introduction, if it were possible.

"Then you are altered," said she; "but the fault shall not be mine if I do not make you happy."

She was in part as good as her word.—It will be needless to dwell upon the ecstasy I felt at the moment of introduction—the encouraging smile I received from Georgiana on the occasion, when she felt for my embarrassment: all that have been in love understand this matter much better than I can explain it; and those who have never loved need not inquire, as they cannot appreciate the feeling. What followed would have the tedium of a thrice-told tale.

Three years and a half have elapsed since the period of my introduction. A child, which every one says is lovely, is now clambering upon my knee, and her mother, seated beside me, has more than once wondered what makes me defer so long our promised walk in the garden,—Cannot the gentle reader fill up the picture? She has been my wife these three years, and the girl is the image of her—she has been to me every thing that a fond and dutiful husband can desire; the single glance that kindled the spark of love, has sufficed to support the pure and lambent flame of affection—and long may it continue so. I am fast ascending, I may say, towards the summit of my profession, health and prosperity shine around us, and uninterrupted bliss is our portion. Mr. Gubbins has been an excellent friend, and I have long since forgotten the horror with which his name inspired me. Such is the extraordinary extent of his kindness, that he has even promised to make the young Georgiana the heiress of his fortune, whilst I must provide for one that is shortly expected to make its appearance in this world; and now farewell, gentle reader, and with my valedictory benediction, let me ask what but the propitious smile of Fortune (call it by a better name if you please) could have given me such stores of happiness, or rewarded me for the patient endurance with which I bore the rebuffs which the fickle goddess so long inflicted upon me?
The historical introduction that precedes the romance, is well worthy of the attention of even those who affect to be superior to the charms of fiction. It gives a luminous, but brief detail of Polish history during the dynasties of the Piasts and Jagellons. Few readers of history are acquainted with the annals of Poland previous to the ascension of the heroic Sobieski, this epitome is therefore a valuable addition to our modern literature; it contains the events of the most glorious days of Poland, when she stood as the advanced guard of Europe, the protectress of Christendom against the invasion of those ferocious Turks, the preserver of those nations who have since enslaved her. Europe owes her present state of intellectual power to Poland; for Turkish domination and Turkish management may fitly be termed the march of ignorance. Well has Europe requited the chivalrous nobility of Poland, for having saved them from the yoke of Tartar masters for a few centuries! Contemptible as the Turks are now, if the vast midland of Germany had been for ages in the state that Greece has just emerged from, human happiness and civilisation would be at present at a low ebb, indeed, in Europe.

The historical prelude to the "Court of Sigismund Augustus" is prefixed by a touching motto, a single Latin word "Fatum" (We were). Here is an epitaph on a nation contained in one word, capable of raising in the reflective mind a thousand mournful associations of thought.

The romance is founded on a point of Polish history, whose obscurity gives it the attraction of novelty to most readers. This is the marriage of Sigismund Augustus, the last of the great Jagellon line, with Barbara Radziwill, the widow of a Lithuanian palatine. The beauty and virtues of this lady not only succeeded in captivating one of the most gallant and accomplished monarchs in Europe, but retained her conquest after marriage over a heart that was considered more than usually fickle, and given to roaming. It seems that by the constitution of Poland, their monarch was not permitted to marry without the consent of the republic; and Sigismund being too
high-spirited a prince to suffer his hand to be disposed of without his heart, gave both, without asking any one’s leave, to the beautiful Barbara; and after seeing the following description of the lady of his love, the reader will allow that he was in the right:—

“My fair readers will not perhaps be displeased to have a description of the form and dress of the beautiful Lithuanian, taken from a portrait in the gallery of the late king of Poland. Barbara Radziwill was rather above the middle size, her oval face was more delicate and lovely than handsome. The pallor of her cheeks, sometimes animated by a transient blush, gave brilliancy to her dark hazel eyes, which were large, mild, and beaming with intelligence; though her mouth was not so small as the severe rules of the sculpture requires, its expression was a lovely deep thoughtfulness, which at times gave place to that smile, indeed almost scornful, look, which constituted her resemblance to her husband: a resemblance that existed not only in feature, but also in character. Her brown hair, braided on her fair high forehead, fell over her shoulders, and reached to her knees. Her faultless form was clothed in a dress of cinnamon-coloured velvet, with wide hanging sleeves, which, as well as the front of the body, adorned with chains of gold and enamel, which were attached to ornaments formed of large pearls in place of buttons, reaching from the folded ruff to the girdle, and from the shoulders to the embroidered gloves. Under the short velvet robe was another of white silver tissue, sufficiently short in front to show the sandals, and ending behind in a moderate train.

“She leaned on the arm of her brother, Prince Nicolaus Radziwill, and advanced in some confusion to the middle of the hall; the hum of the assembly was hushed at her approach, and all eyes were directed to this lovely being. But not all the looks which were fixed on Barbara expressed feelings of benevolence or pleasure: much of hatred and ill-will lurked under the profound obeisances by which the nobility, following the example of their sovereign, saluted the unwelcome guest. Sigismund gazed on her for some moments with all the rapture and pride of love which feels the beloved object sufficient to justify his passion; but when he perceived that his consort grew pale and began to tremble, he advanced to her hastily, and seizing her hand, turned to the assembly, and said in a most impressive voice, ‘Most reverend and high-born lords, who hope you will join us in welcoming Lady Barbara, daughter of the high-born George Prince Radziwill, palatine of Wilna, whom Heaven’s decree has elevated to be our consort, and in whom you behold the lady of this castle.’”

At the time of this scene, Barbara is only owned as grand duchess of Lithuania, the hereditary dominions of Sigismund. Poland is fiercely contesting in the diet the claims of the beautiful intruder to be considered as the queen consort of their elective king. Indeed, some of the best passages in the work are those illustrative of the jealousies existing between the Lithuanians, who doated on their sovereign with the perfect adoration of loyalty, and the nobles of the crown, as they called the Polish magnates, who were for ever shouting in his ears the watchword of the republic, that he was but “Primius inter pares” (first among his peers).

Helena Odrowoz, the last descendant of the former dynasty of the Piasts, is the ostensible heroine of the work, and a very respectable portion of interest goes along with her and her lover, Hippolyte Boratynski; yet, wherever Sigismund Augustus is on the scene, the reader’s attention is the most powerfully attracted. The scene in the diet where he offers to resign the crown of Poland, and retire to Lithuania with his lovely wife, if the Poles persist in disowning her for their queen, is powerfully drawn, and gives a fine picture of turbulent, but lofty-minded, Polish nobility. Sigismund is a grand historical portrait, and possesses a strong degree of reality. Here is his description—

“They were interrupted by the noise of footsteps in the ante-chamber. The noblemen in waiting opened the folding-door with a profound obeisance, and a young man, upwards of twenty years of age, entered the room. He was of a middle size, and of a slender but well-proportioned form. His dress consisted of a long doublet of brown velvet, and a Lithuanian cloak thrown over it. A bouquet of the same colour, with three heron’s feathers, adorned his head, which was covered with brown curled hair, overshadowing his pale and somewhat wan cheeks. An expression of melancholy clouded his lofty brow and his dark sparkling eyes; whilst his aquiline nose and fine mouth bore an expression of irony. He hastily accosted Tarnowski, who received him with great respect; and when the stranger stretched out his hand and unfolded his cloak, Lacki observed on his breast the order of the Golden Fleece, suspended by a diamond collar.”

The true-hearted firmness with which Sigismund adheres to the object of his honourable love, and resists every effort
of his factional subjects and wicked mother to separate him from her, the scorn with which he rejects all insinuated suspicions against her, must render this gallant prince a great favourite with all lady readers. After obtaining the last fulfilment of his wishes, after the lovely Barbara has been crowned queen of Poland, she falls a victim to the evil machinations of his Italian mother, Queen Bona Sporza, who causes Barbara to be poisoned at a feast, soon after her coronation.

One of the most charming characters in the work is Stanislaw, Queen Barbara's page, who is murdered by one of the queen-mother's emissaries. The death of this youth is told with great dramatic effect—

"In a remote corner of the house was a cold, dark chamber, which had a very gloomy appearance from its naked walls and its narrow window, which scarcely admitted any light; but the use to which it was destined that day gave it considerable importance. It had a communication with the ice-cellar, and consequently it was filled with buckets full of ice, to keep cool the wines and other liquors. A corridor led from this chamber to a round hall in the interior of the castle whence the sideboards were placed, and which communicated by a door with the dining-hall. In the above-mentioned round hall, which was adorned with splendid carpets and filled with gold and silver plate, were assembled the pages and other attendants of a higher rank, whose duty it was to help their respective masters and to dress when they drank; they were now waiting till the sound of the trumpets should give the signal for dinner, examining the cups committed to their care, and receiving the necessary directions from the chief butler. Amongst them was Stanislaw Lacki, whose attention was entirely absorbed by a little cup, beautifully wrought in gold, which seemed to be destined for the small hands and delicate lips of a lady. Beside it he guarded a little flask filled with pure water, and another, still smaller, with sweet canary, both of which he had himself filled, though the contents were scarcely sufficient to have quenched the thirst of a very moderate drinker.

"The bravery of the page was mentioned in the most honourable manner; and the king, as well as the young queen, frequently expressed to him by flattering allusions, that it was for the last time he now performed his present office, and that he should be immediately transferred to a less rank, as a reward of the repeated proofs of his fidelity. Meanwhile, the banquet drew nearly to a close, the dessert was placed on the table, and the moment arrived when the solemn toast was to be given. Kmita arose from his seat in order himself to present the great cup to the monarch; the seneschal lifted his staff, the trumpeters prepared themselves for the mighty blast which was to be sounded when the king should approach the cup to his lips, and the pages kept themselves in readiness to fulfil the orders of the ladies. Barbara turned to Lacki, and said, 'Sir Lacki, may it please you to take this trouble once more; it is the last time you will have to serve us in this capacity.'

"The pages hastily passed into the room where the sideboards were placed, in order to fill the goblets destined for the use of the ladies. Stanislaw Lacki was going to pour the contents of the flasks he had guarded with so much care into the little cup which we have described, after having first carefully wiped it with a fine clean linen. The golden drops were already sparkling on the glittering metal, when on a sudden he felt himself so violently pushed, that a part of the costly liquor contained in the cup he held in his hand was split on the ground. He looked angrily around, and saw before him the very man whom Barbara had been on the point of treating in so unceremonious a manner; he appeared quite unconcerned, and instead of making the slightest excuse to the page for his awkwardness, he stared on him with an air of stupid insolence. Lacki was going to scold him for his impertinent behaviour, when he addressed him in the following manner: 'Aye, my pretty lordling, you make but a sorry cupbearer; every one may see by the awkward manner in which you perform the service that you were not born to it; you high-born lordlings may understand how to drink, but to manage the cup handsomely is quite different.' The irritated page was going to answer this speech by a hard blow, and his comrades, attracted by the noise, were ready to give a good thrashing to Wacław Siewrak, who seemed to be purposely created for that kind of amusement, when the first blast of the bugles resounded in the great hall, and all the pages hastened to their duty.

"Wacław Siewrak's assurance increased when he saw himself left almost alone with Lacki, who, holding fast his flask and cup, threatened him with words, and he exclaimed in a most insolent tone of voice, 'Strike, only strike! it is nothing extraordinary that two servants are fighting with each other, and you wear a livery as well as I do.' 'Down, cur!' cried Lacki, 'or thou shalt repent it.' 'What shall I repent?' retorted Siewrak, with a stammering voice, and drawing close to the page, 'for a fight with fists I am a match for every one, but your little sword is to-day out of the question; for this is a royal place, and I suppose you have no wish to lose your little white
hand.' The youth's anger now got the better of him; he set down the flask and the cup which he held in his trembling hands, and accosting his boorish antagonist in a menacing attitude, said, 'Beware, low-born knave, that I forget not that it is beneath a nobleman to hand blows with such a mean scoundrel as thou art, and that I do not give you a chance to sport that red scar which is on thy ugly face, and one that will not be cured 'till thou art hanged.' 'I have told you once, high-born sir page, that cuts are out of the question,' replied the other; 'we are not now amongst bushes, where a worthy lord's servant may catch any thing of that sort, in a manner he himself knows not how. Only do your duty, and if you do not understand it, let me teach it you;' and saying these last words, he stretched his hand towards the flask. His scar, and his mention of the bushes, brought back to Stanislaw's memory the affair in the gardens of Lobzow, and a sudden idea crossed his mind that he might be the same man whom he had then cut over the face. He pushed back the impertinent fellow with all his strength, and laid his hand on his little sword, but before he was able to draw it, Siewrak overturned his flask, so that all its contents were spilt on the ground, and laughing aloud, he left the hall reeling, and quickening his steps as soon as he had passed the door. Lacki was so carried away by the desire of inflicting an exemplary punishment on the mean fellow who had taunted him, that he forgot his duty for a moment, and ran after him with his drawn sword; but the object of his wrath soon disappeared in the maze of the winding corridors.

"It was with much trouble that the young Lacki found his way through the winding corridors back to the room he had left; and when he re-entered it, all the attendants had disappeared, and the goblet of his royal master was gone. You see, he thought most by so untoward an event, and puzzled what to do, he approached the door of the banqueting-hall, supposing that one of his fellow pages was performing his neglected duty; but he saw that all the company, with goblets in their hands, were waiting for his queen, who stood without having a cup; and visibly surprised at his absence. How could he excuse his neglect of a duty, which, as the queen had graciously signified to him, he was now performing for the last time? An idea flashed across his mind, that all this rash behaviour of the apparently drunken fellow, was nothing but an arranged trick to get possession of the cup intrusted to his care; he therefore returned once more to pursue the thief, in order to bring him back with the cup, as the best means of excusing his negligence. He was now, however, no more fortunate than he had been before, and met with nobody in the intricate corridors through which he passed. The blast of the bugles, which resounded from the banqueting-hall, bewildered him entirely by the idea that they were waiting for him, he completely lost his way, and ran like a madman through the corridors and staircases, till he found himself in a gallery with a door at each end of it. He chose one of them at random, and was going to open it in hope of finding somebody who would be able to set him right, when he heard two voices conversing in a foreign language. He stopped for a moment, and heard some very strange words uttered in Italian; 'make haste,' said one of the voices, sounding hollow as if out of a vault, and trembling as if the jaws of the speaker were chattering from cold—'make haste, I say; it is as cold here below as on the top of Etna; make haste, in the name of the devil, that I may return to the daylight.' 'Directly, directly,' replied the other, who, judging by the sound, seemed to be nearer, and who till now was muttering something to himself, 'have a little patience, if you wish me to count the drops. Seven—eight—not a single drop more or less: this time it hath succeeded well, and the old woman has provided the right thing, which she does not always do; but hasten to finish it, for who knows but this cursed page may come; your servant is a doll who does things only by halves, and it is cold here as in the grave.' 'Eight—nine—ten,' continued the other. 'Do you not hear something rustling, Assano? It sounds as if the sands on the pavement were pressed by some light footsteps.' 'Eleven.' It sounded again. 'Now it is ready; take it.' At this moment Stanislaw peeped into the dark room, and saw a withered trembling arm stretched from the cellar below, as if to receive something. 'Your hand shakes so that you will spill it,' said Assano, who was standing outside; 'hasten, hasten, ere the page gets loose. Do you hear the blast of the trumpets?' 'Saying that, he turned, and Lacki saw the cup of Barbara glittering in his hand. With one spring the page stood in the middle of the room close to the opening of the cellar, and the arm which had been stretched out from it immediately disappeared. He accosted the old man in a bold manner, who stared on him with a look glaring with fury, and said, 'What are you doing, ye rakeshell?' 'What doest thou seek here?' retorted Assano. 'My queen's goblet!' exclaimed the youth; 'that is it; give it me directly, or fear my sword!' 'Fear the boy!' answered Assano with rage and scorn, and having placed the goblet on the ground with his right hand, seized the page with his left, and pressed him with a gigantic force. Stanislaw sought in vain to make use of his weapon: in vain he struggled to force himself from the iron grasp of the hoary villain; he could only utter some words of complaint and threatening from his suffocating breast. A double,
edged knife glittered in the Neapolitan's hand, and it was instantly plunged up to the haft in the bosom of the young Lacki, whose complaints died away in a low murmur, and the flush of anger, which coloured his cheeks, turned into a deadly paleness; still he whispered, in a scarcely audible voice, 'This is the second time. Farewell, Hippolyte! Barbara, farewell!' The eyes of the faithful Stanislaw closed in death; his tender limbs hung powerless in the clutch of the assassin, who seized the still warm corpse by its flowing hair, dragged it to the door of the cellar, and threw it into the ice-pit.

Our readers will, from these specimens, be convinced that the work is written with a bold cast of originality; and the costume of the country and the age is finely preserved. Perhaps, indeed, our patriotic author had better have dispensed with the strict rules of the Sarmatian language, and given us the Polish names rather as they are pronounced than spelt; for those formidable clusters of consonants—those awful combinations of *zsecz*'s and *streiw*'s in fearful array, without the mercy of a guiding vowel in the middle of a long word, must be viewed with alarm by English ladies. To be sure there is a receipt for pronouncing Polish names, which was made use of two years ago, when every heart was overflowing with enthusiasm for heroes whose names they could not utter—this was "to sneeze twice and say sky." But as these Sarmatian patriots have very sonorous and heroic-sounding appellations, if English ladies did but know how to syllable them aright, we could have hoped to have had some better rule than the foregoing one, from the work of the accomplished Pole who writes so well in English. It is singular, that in the whole of these volumes the idiom of our language is so wonderfully well preserved, that but one little sentence betrays that the work is penned by a foreigner; and this is, that Stanislaw wiped the queen's cup with "a fine white linen," instead of a fine white cloth.

We have devoted a considerable space to this most interesting publication, because we think it an important addition to our literature, by affording minute information of the domestic manners and individual history of a glorious nation, whose sufferings and worth have endeared it to every feeling heart. The public has but a general knowledge of Polish history—that more valuable information which paints the internal life and manners of the people, is not often to be found in our libraries.

The "Court of Sigismund Augustus" is published by subscription, but we hope that its merits will procure for it a proper circulation "in the trade." If our fair friends wish to prove their sympathy for unhappy Poland, they will support by their aid the talents of one of her illustrious exiles; at least, they will not rest satisfied with the present analysis of a work that well deserves to be further known, both as a curiosity in English literature, and on the surer basis of individual excellence. Puffs and mere epithets of praise may be had in plenty from the venal part of the press, but extracts speak for themselves, and establish a private tribunal of criticism in the breast of every reader. We are certain that our fair subscribers will be delighted with a further introduction to the splendid "Court of Sigismund Augustus."

THE ORPHAN'S GRAVE.

And whose is this hillock—this fresh covered clod?
What's engraved on the stone near yon green mossy sod?
Mark well the inscription, "The Poor Orphan's Grave,"
And o'er it the willow so mournfully wave.
Once beauteous, gay, and cheerful as morn,
"And blue as the violets the path-way adorn,"
Were the eyes of the maiden who there ceased to weep,
Unfriended the orphan there fallen asleep.
Undisturbed in soft slumber she there shall repose,
Adorned in her grave with the lily and rose;
And o'er it the willow doth mournfully wave,
While each branch seems to weep o'er "The Poor Orphan's Grave."

Wixeton, Oct. 4, 1834. J. C. H.
A STRANGE STORY.

“Do you really believe in supernatural appearances?” demanded Julia, with a half smile, as if she did not feel quite assured on that point herself.

“I can scarcely say,” replied the student. “We have so very many well-authenticated cases on record, that belief or disbelief seem equally difficult.”

“Many such cases there are,” observed Sir Julian Tressilian; “but I half suspect that most, if not all, of them may be traced to a disordered state of the mind or body. As dreams present us with our waking thoughts, seen through the kaleidoscope of fancy in the time of sleep, so may what we mistake for supernatural appearances be, in truth, but the reflection of our hopes or fears, magnified by imagination into something like the vivid truth of reality.”

“You would scarcely hold to that opinion,” remarked the student, gravely, “if you had seen what I—”

He abruptly paused; but his manner awakened curiosity.

“You scarcely treat us well,” said Lady Morton, “to lead our expectations thus far, and abandon it at the vestibule. A ghost story, told as such, by a true believer, is worth a world of common-place romances. It is a romance in itself.”

“I have little of a ghost story to relate,” said the student, “beyond what may be deemed the fantasy of imagination. And yet, if ever heaven held converse with earth—but this is idle. If you wish for it, I shall read you a curious story, the main fact of which I have better reason for knowing to be true.”

“The story, by all means!” exclaimed several. “I would premise,” said the student, “that the tale is written in a style suited to the mildness of the principal incident. Indeed, why need I conceal it? I am the hero of my own tale, as far as that incident goes—although I disclaim the vanity of identifying myself with the mental endowments of the hero, or the assumption of even dreaming of the attainment of a tithe of the fame which I have given as the issue of his mind’s action.”

“This is delightful!” whispered Lady Tressilian to her husband. “We shall be able to ascertain the bent of this young man’s genius—perhaps to help it.”

“True, my love,” said Sir Julian, with one of those quiet smiles which so much became him. “And the interest I feel in this youth is increased by the recollection that, about the same age, it was my own fortune to be just such as he is—eager, enthusiastic, imaginative.”

By this time, the student had produced his manuscript. The company prepared to listen to him, but ere he commenced he again spoke—

“What I here have written—I should say, the supernatural part of my story is not only ‘founded on fact,’ but is a faithful narrative of facts. They occurred to myself many years ago, and haunted me, day after day, until I found myself compelled to give a voice to my feelings; and this idol of fancy, which I shall now exhibit to you, contains the vivid impressions which spell-bound my mind for such a long time. By degrees, the more violent impress abated, and now, all seems little more than a dream—were it not that sequent circumstances keep up the immortal memory; for a prediction fulfilled, in the most awful manner, can never be forgotten.”

He then read the following tale:

“Do I dream, or am I again holding converse with the world of men, from whose haunts I have been so long estranged—with whose impulses I, for years, have had nought in common? I never breathed my sorrow to the sighing wind that so long had swept its balmy freshness across my prison-solitude, yet now I dread not to utter its history to these, with whom I have but this brief acquaintance; it is as if a spell has cast its compelling might upon me. I have been shut out from the communion of my kind, and now—like the plant nursed in darkness, which languishes for light to give it health and vitality, turning to its slenderest gleam, even as the magnet turns to the distant pole—my spirit pierces for the companionship of man, and would fain win his sympathy now.”

“I tread, once more, amid the haunts of men; once more I bathe my brow in the free gushing of the blessed air of heaven; once more I look upon the earth, dreads though it be, and worship the might, the majesty, the magnificence of nature. For this, I aspired through the weary days, and more weary nights, which
heavily passed over me—as though they would never pass—in my dreary dungeon-thrall. For this I languished—with a faded cheek and fevered brow, and withered heart and baffled hopes—until it was scarcely a marvel if I deemed that my nature was changed, and my heart ossified, or stony as the rock to which they had changed my limbs. Aye! thus rose my fervent aspirations, through the darkness of what I feared would be an endless, and felt to be an oppressive imprisonment,—for there dawned no ray of promise within me, or around me, to lighten the gloom which was cast upon my night of mind and my noon of youth. I prayed for freedom from that maniac’s cell, even after to pray seemed but a very mockery of Heaven. I nourished hopes—high and holy—within my heart, as the old Prometheus fed the Caucasian vulture, until I horribly felt them die, for want of their living and dreadful aliment. I had nerves my spirit to endure perpetual enthrallment—I had striven to wind up the remnant of my energies to a semi-forgetfulness of the living glory, the breathing beauty, and the gorgeous splendour of the world I had lost;—and now, whatever I panted for, in my memory-nurst imagination, comes, all unsought for, to my wonder, my enjoyment. Wealth, beyond the lavishment that Extravagance could exercise,—rank, highest among the magnates of the land,—youth, fitted, if I would, to plunge into the meridian of pleasure, power, and possession;—all that can administer to Luxury, that can tempt Ambition, that can throw a loveliness of aspect over the laidly features of Vice, or cast spring-odours from the flowers of happiness upon the path of Virtue;—a mind (now bursting into its former might through the clouds that, for a time, eclipsed it), to tower above and among my fellow-men. Knowledge, whether won in childhood’s years from books (those revered chroniclers of men and things—those deceiving friends sent down by hoar antiquity), or gleaned in sunny youth, from the experience of that world of action and passion in which and of which we are, or gained (how bitterly!) through long years of captivity and endurance, when nought was left to a disturbed and distracted brain, but the memory of what I had read, written, seen, felt, and heard, to link me with the past, and console for the present, and furnish hope for the future. These, varied in their aspects, multiform in their powers, unconquerable in their union—these still are mine. I have wished for them in the sweet dawn of childhood, the bright morning of youth, the noontide radiance of manhood; yet now, when they have come, I sadly feel that they are not what I sought. They cannot cling freshness into this withered heart, nor arrest the whisper of that still, small voice, which has grown and grows immortal in that mind which lives more upon memory than hope;—they cannot bring back the all-perfect form, the beautiful features, the trusting love which, in other days and happier hours, solely and perfectly shed joy around me; they cannot erase the memories that Sorrow† has inscribed on the red-leaved tablets of my heart; they can bring me neither happiness or oblivion; and I can but bitterly smile as I think how my spirit could once imagine that these possessions, these butterfly things of wealth and knowledge, would be all in all sufficient to secure me the happiness I quested. Oh! there is no monitor like Experience; and the heart throbs not less wildly because of the splendid misery with which its possessor may be encircled!

"Through unnoted time, through wandering vicissitudes of wretched hours, I have had no heart to throb with the passion-tide of love to my wildly-beating heart, which hath panted,—aye! even when death seemed nigh, for that holy companionship. The sweet low voices I loved to listen to, in the solemn silence of the still night,—the aerial forms of half angelic loveliness which floated around my couch, while my mind was far away wandering in the mighty world of delightful dreams—the sighs that, like the incense-wafted breath of Arabia’s skies, brought aromatic sweets around me—the embodiment of all the day-dreams which, for years, I cherished in the fond ideality of ardent hope,—all these have flown away, the spells are broken, the witcheries are no more, the coldness of reality has rushed on with the might of a giant from his slumbers, and, long ago, long ago, my loftiest anguries

* Della Memoria vio che della Speranza.
† "Joy’s recollection is no longer joy.
But Sorrow’s memory is a sorrow still."

Byron.
† Hartley.
of imagination have fallen to the dust,—
like the priceless vase which falls from
the hands of a careless child,—shattered
beyond the power of restoration.

"If I can no more hold converse with
her,—the fairest and the best, the beauti-
fully true and the devotedly affectionate,
whose name, amid the dreary waste of
tearful years, I have uttered but to the
voiceful zephyr which glided by me,
fraught, I have fondly fancied, with
some remembered tone of hers,—nor
with those, the faithful and the fond, the
friends who were mine on earth, as they
yet may be in the starry glory-beds of
heaven,—nor with those, the deceiving and
the heartless, the summer-birds who fli-
ted around me in the prosperous hour of
happiness and fame, and fled when the
wintry blast was heard rushing on, like a
torrent's might,—nor with those who have
felt and feel the bitterness of the injured
man's curse, and mine hath been
forgiveness,—nor with those, in the sure,
yet dreaded repose of the cold grave, who
have bared their patriot-hearts to the
storm of Freedom's battle for our com-
mon soil; if, with none of those can I
hold converse, yet I can unbosom myself,
to calm the disquietings of a stricken
spirit, to ye whose kindly nature hath
borne, since we met, with the wayward-
ness of a hopeless man.

"The mother who bore me could not
recognise her son, in the wasted being
who sits here to tell one memory of his
heart: my lineaments are changed; my
eyes have lost their fire; my cheeks their
flush; less white and smooth, than it
should be for my years, is the brow on
which they used to say that Thought—
the crowned monarch whose throne is
in the human mind—had set his seal in
my sunny youth; premature wrinkles,
ploughed by moments, tortured by inten-
sity of suffering into ages, have made me
seem old in years; and my heart—but
let that pass, I must back to my humanity,
for I talk with men.

"I am the youngest of many children,
and—for surely I may say it now, when
for me Fame has left its spur—was first
among them in the gifts of understand-
ing—I was early acknowledged as the most
distinguished among my brethren. The
mighty masters of the mind,—the glorious
writers of the antique times, who poured
melody, wisdom, and mirth (for to be
nappy is to be wise), like pure streams,
in a full gush from the deep and inex-
haustible fountains of their own hearts,—
the all whose names are hallowed by
Time, which could not destroy, but has
mellowed, sanctified, and enshrined their
lofty inspirations, hymning to heaven
their perpetual memories to the present
and the future, to the days that will be,
through the days that have been—these
were familiar to me, almost from the time
when Reason first bathed my inquiring
soul in the rich dew of its unfading vi-
idity. With little of effort did my mind
acquire and my memory retain the trea-
sures of imagination and knowledge,
which these chroniclers of other times
and olden inspirations scattered, with
lavish outpourings of spirit, over their
venerable and venerated pages. Pleasant
was it for my soul to bask in the glorious
sunshine of theirz. Delightful was it
for my younger and tenderer thought to
borrow strength and vigour from the calm
and matured serenity of theirs.

"Nor were the magicians of later time
—of my own country, of other climes—un-
known to me, or unprized in their worth.
As my knowledge of them increased, so
increased my thirst for knowledge. Thus,
the past and the present became stored
in the recesses of my aspiring heart; for
these, through whom the past yet lived,
and from whom the present might hope
for memorials as permanent and bright,
were the chosen companions, even of my
hours of holiday; and I knew of no play-
mates so untiring and ever-friendly as
these—my books.

"Boyhood thus passed away, and I
shot up into the stature of manhood. A
proud heart was mine, which brooked not
the efforts of the haughty to look me
down. To such, a stern glance and cold
contemptuous eye was my sole and suffi-
cient answer.

"Yet, though I sought not the fellow-
ship of man, it pursued me—like a
shadow in the sunny day, or a thought in
the starry night—even into the recesses
of retirement: and, though I strove to
shun it, it still followed me,—until I was
won by the admiration I involuntarily
had awakened, which, despite of my cold-
ness, still sued for my presence, and I
no more spurned what I felt was meant
to honour me. So, I mingled in the joy—
an all-sought and ever-welcomed guest—
and the pleasant tale and the mirthful
song fell freely from my lips, as I scat-
tered happiness around me in the festive hour—a very atmosphere of intoxicating delight—so that men marvelled at the power of that hitherto unknown witchery with which one so young had the art to render enjoyment of double worth: for all tongues said, what all hearts felt, that even to Mirth himself I had lent richer smiles, — binding the temples of that joy-voiced, laughing child with flowery wreaths, snatched by me from the lap of bright-eyed Pleasure!

"Thus, I shone as a star among them—the distinguished of a circle. Many a tongue was eloquent in the praise of the young and half-haughty student, whose smile was, as a guerdon, treasured up by the tender heart through hours of solitude or mirth. Many a cheek grew rosace at my approach. Many a dark eye, passion-lighted, flashed out its hitherto latent fires, and more than eloquent expression, as it met my gaze. Many a maiden trembled with the fever of sudden, but not undelightful emotion, as the touch of my fingers came thrillingly upon her delicate hand, in the wildering movements and mazes of the passion-nursing dance. Many a heart—proud as ever beat within a bosom, which, more than sculpturally fair, was white as the moultlings of the bird of heaven*—panted in sickening anxiety for my appearance, and then—not through what the idle deem the fickleness of a woman's wish, but through an infinite excess of deepest feeling—shrunk back within its shrine, with the consciousness of my presence. Many an ear was attentive to listen to and hang on the slightest words which my lips let fall—for there were who thought few musics more sweetly tender, more passionately soft, than the accents which, striking to their soul's inmost depths, were to them as the key to deep and powerful feeling, striking the chords from which the melodies of the charmer, Hope, would rush. The watchful eye and listening ear of Beauty—innocent Beauty—were vigilant to see and hear each actioned impulse, and each uttered thought of mine; and when I presented a rose! aye or even the lowliest meadow-flower, to any of the breathing stars who formed that overwhelming galaxy of loveliness, it was often secretly worn and fondly cherished next her throbbing heart—even after its beauty had departed, and its odour fled—as a memorial, slight but tender, of him whose touch had sanctified its very worthlessness, and whose love-thoughts might have been, if but for a fleeting moment, with the trivial gift.

"Ye may well conceive that a nature like mine could not be insensible to the feelings I thus excited; but, flatteringly as this consciousness came upon my soul, I feared not the incense it wafted there. I felt that within me whispering like the 'still, small voice' which fell upon the prophet's ear, that I was born for much more than the profitless admiration of the few. The aspirations of a not vain ambition fed my spirit with bright auguries of hope; and though I grieved to part from the kind hearts which had made themselves the intimates of my heart, yet I served myself to part from them; and, with a desire to win fame—which desire, more or less, is in the heart of every man who is other than a mere vegetable of human growth—I left the scenes of mirth and sinless revelry, the scenes of my youth, of my triumph; and there went with and after me prayers for success from the tongues of the aged; and unuttered thoughts of affection, and proud anticipations of my renown, from the secret argosy of love, which lay in the haven of woman's doting heart.

"So, thus I went into the busy world of men, but yet did not leave the world of my own hoarded contemplations. I mixed and mingled with the many. I visited many scenes, and observed all things. I grew familiar with that riddle—the human heart. I learned the hidden arena of philosophy and art. I read the page of nature (for hitherto my study had been among books)—the skies, so glorious and so fair in their serene moments, when the light-winged, heaven-tinted clouds fleet on,—like the beautiful images of a happy dream; or, in their more brilliant epochs, when the quivering lightnings flash their terrific beauty over the thunder-shaken earth. And then, I surrounded myself, in the silent and the stilly night, with my old companions—books, and drank in the stirring words of heroic history; and, again, spirit led, trod the starry realms of immortal poetry, until, at length, I knew by the struggles of my heart that the hour had come for me, and I called up—as with a magician's

* The
A Strange Story.

wand—the spells of imagination and the talisman of knowledge, until, blending them together, I poured forth, on the mute page, all the melody of poetry and the gush of burning thoughts, which, from my youth upwards, had been musing in my mind; but, until now, were vague, and erratic, and aimless. And, as I wrote, the full tide of passion, of pathos, and of power rushed from my pen—like the rising waters of the Egyptian river—scattering worth and the wealth of eloquence as it flowed along. I coined my very heart into expression, until the riches of reality gemmed the pages wherein the most bright images of fiction were embodied.

"I sent my pages to the world of men, and a few felt and many said they felt the magic witchery of my strain. So, I became a marvel and a wonder. Poets, as they hailed my advent to the sacred fount of Helicon, and saw what riches of thought I was profusely scattering at the Muses' shrine, with a lavish hand, feared and felt that I had won at one bound what they had spent weary lives in quest of. Philosophers pored, in mute eloquence of silence—for Silence hath an eloquence of her own, which speaketh to the heart—and rapt abstractedness of wonder, upon the page wherein was intermingled the stern intensity of truth, with the airy fictions of fancy. The Scholar—as, with throbbing brow and silently sickening heart, he studied by his midnight lamp, or upon some sunny bank, beside a gurgling stream in his own native vale, whether he had come to die—forsook the lore of antiquity, to ponder, with an elevated spirit, on that which I had produced, and still glistened with admiration, while, with delighted impatience, he hurried over my page. Beauty—as she sat in the leafy solitude of her rose-wreathed bower, waiting (how anxiously!) for the one who was all the world to her—felt a fever-flush mantle her cheek, and strange spirit-strivings throng through her heart, as she sighed or joyed over the tale of love I had sung. The widowed Matron—as her children read to her, with half-understood emotion, the pathos of my strains—wept, not in sorrow, over the awakened remembrances of her youthful love, which, from the cells where they long had slept, my burning verse invoked. The stern Patriot—who had almost thrown aside the hope of rendering the land of his birth, the land also of his pride—felt, as he drank in the tales my spirit had framed, that from the abyss of dark despair the sun of Liberty might yet arise. The Painter was not ashamed to own that from my revelations he took his brightest and most beautiful picturings of heroism, love, and sorrow. The Melodist—whom they besought to wed my verse to music—flung his lyre away, exclaiming, that music, which was needed to assist the sweetness of other strains, was an useless adjunct to my songs, which had in themselves more tuneful symphonies than his art could frame. The Lover—whom deep passion had rendered incapable of using the strength of his own oratory—borrowed the persuasive eloquence of my verse, and thus won, the all that blushing beauty had denied before. Childhood lisped, with an unuttering tongue, in half-formed words, the lays my spirit had created; and even pallid Envy was silent, for once; for if she did not echo the praise which fell to me from the multitudinous lips of admiration, she, at least, did not deny that it was deserved. Thus, all places were full of all persons familiar with my songs. Many a wounded heart blessed him, whose verse had beguiled it into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. The aged and the young, the enthusiast and the cold, the proud and the lowly, all united in lauding him who had, they said, laid open the heart of man in its affections, passions, griefs, and joys—who had shown what undreamed-of treasures lay in its secret places—who, they declared, had thrown a spell over truth, fancy, and wisdom, and binding them in the silken toils of melodious verse, had won favour from the genii of the mind, which many, through the long eternity of by-gone time, had vainly sought; which few, before me, had ever found. So thus was my name elevated upon a pedestal the highest and the proudest, and thus did I reap the richest harvest a poet could ever look for—that of fame.

"But I soon found that fame, to be perfect, must not be unshared; and even amid the concourse and the festivals of the mightiest of the land—for the mightiest were not ashamed to woo to their palaces him, who, they believed, had thrown honour on his country's name—even there I sighed for some congenial one to cheer my solitude at home,—to
guide my spirit to other and loftier achievements of renown,—to adventure
with me on some hitherto unfathomed oceans of thought,—to cast forth (even
as comes from the steel and silex) by such
collision, sparks of new and delightful
inspiration: and this hope, alike nursed
in crowds and loneliness—my thought
by day and my dream by night—this,
too, did not remain unfulfilled.

"I had one day wandered from the
noise and the bustle of the crowded city,
to win from the balmy quietude of the
pleasant country—from its fresh and in-
vigorating winds,—its soft and gentle
breath,—some cooling for the fever of
my cheek and brow: for the continued
exercise of thought and the birth of
poetry are painful and oppressive. I
lay, in that sweet sunshine in which I
had ever loved to bask, wearied with my
lengthened walk—for the city had un-
nerved my endurance of fatigue, and my
step was less springy in the noon-tide
than it had wont to be in the morning of
my youth. A clear streamlet ran ripp-
ling at my feet, its sound was music to
my ear; around me was the magnificence
of nature: the clear sky was far, far
above me; and the winged chorists of
the grove warbled their thrilling songs,
as if glad at heart that they possessed
enjoyment. At length the evening shades
began to fall; the sun sank, like a con-
queroor, far away beyond the western
horizon; the minstrel-birds ceased their
songs. I was musing on the fame I had
won—won, too, as it seemed, with scarcely
an effort; and, thinking how easy it
would be to exceed what I had already
done, by throwing the concentrated
powers of my increased and still-increasing
knowledge, and the whole sensibilities
of my heart, into expression and
language. But the chain of my reveries,
and the sleep-like silence of that lovely
evening, were alike broken by the silvery
sweetness of a woman's voice. I started
at the sound—for there is that in the
melody of such accents, which falls on
the heart refreshingly as the shower on
the aridity of a sultry summer—or as a
fall of water upon the ear of a solitary,
—or as the distant dying echo of sweet-
souled music heard afar off, amid the
rocks and trees. My heart beat with a
joy-throb as I heard that sweet voice
warble a song—one of my songs,—lend-
ing a rich and powerful feeling to the
passion of the verse, and throwing upon
the words a halo of beauty never before
dreamed of as an attribute of the strain.
She and her sister came towards where,
half-concealed, I lay. At last, although
she saw me not, the glory of her unri-
valled beauty met my gaze. I heard her
words, as, with maiden confidence, the
sisters talked: my name was on her
lips, linked with the desire to see and
know him whose songs had brought
wonder and admiration to her heart.
Little did she think that even then he
heard her. They passed on. From
that moment a new feeling was created
in my soul. I had seen the hall of ma-
jestic loveliness; my heart had imagined
in its most voluptuous day dreams of
immortal creations, all that its most ar-
dent imagination had ever fancied of fe-
male beauty. I recognised her as the
perfect admixture of every element of
form, feature, and divine thought—for
the mind may be read in the features—
which I had sighed for woman to possess,
but, until then, had vainly sighed for.
To her belonged that intellectual and
visible beauty which my verse loved to
describe, even when it scarcely hoped
that such could be linked to breathing
dust. No more! no more! It is in
vain to torture memory with the recol-
lection of how fair she was in person and
in mind, but on the adamantine tablet of
this heart is still the record kept—there
rest undying thoughts of her—like flowers
of amaranth brought to this cold earth,
from the eternal spheres of heaven's
glory-beds—ever bright and beautiful.

"I soon became known to her, through
a service happily rendered, which pre-
served her life, and, for a time, endan-
ergery own. As with a sister's care
she tended me during my sickness. I
discovered that our sires had been friends
in youth, and thus, orphaned as she was,
she had an hereditary claim to my pro-
tection, to my love. But, ere she knew
me as myself—the scion of a time-
honoured race, the poet of the land—
she loved me for myself. We read, and
mused, and walked together. Sweet was
our interchange of thought. Proud was
my heart when hers acknowledged that,
of all the flowers of song, mine was most
watered by her tears, most prized by her
judgment; and when, at length I told
her—for until then she had only known
me as a stranger—that I was the poet.
whose passionate earnestness she had so loved, she cast her noble spirit on mine, with a trusting tenderness—an offering upon the altar of my heart.

She loved me with that deep rapture, that fervent sensibility, that devoted passion, which woman alone gives birth to—that only accompanies her first and fondest love. A leaf, a book, a flower touched by my hand, became sanctified for her. She fondly hung upon the applauses that were showered on me—for love had awakened all the poet in my heart—frequent as blossoms by the strewing wind. They told her how safely she had ventured the treasures of an affection—strong as the wintry wave and fervid as the summer’s sun within a barque where hope was the pilot to guide it on—as with an eagle’s swift and arrowy flight—into the haven of hearted happiness.

"Still, she doubted,—for though love be strong as death, yet is it also fearful as helpless infancy—she doubted, not the worthiness of him to whom she had yielded her heart, but the assurance of reciprocity. Soon was this doubt dispelled. I sat by her side, one summer’s eve—it was the haunt where I first had seen her—and I there poured out, with the concentrated eloquence of love, the passion-thoughts that disturbed but gladdened my soul. Her reply was given—not with a spoken word, but in her low and happy sigh. I saw, in her tear-gemmmed eyes, her blushing cheek, her heaving breast, the assurance that I did not sue in vain. It was a happy moment for both of us: I was proud to win the treasure of a heart like hers, and she—oh! happy was she in the deep love I bore her.

"Once—and once only—did a cloud seem to float across our confidings. She was singing for me, and into the air, which of itself was mournful, she had thrown such a flood of overwhelming pathos, that my soul was carried away to the thoughts of other years, for Music holds the silver key of memory, to the buried and the blest. The strain ceased, and, as my wonted tribute of thanks did not reward its merits, she feared that they delighted me no more. Tears filled her eyes, and she was laying aside her harp when she breathed this fear. I could not speak cold words of explanation to her—and at such a mo-

ment. Seizing the instrument, and striking the chords, as in accompaniment, I flung into rapid and voluntary song the feelings which overpowered me. My words were these—

Still, still, fair minstrel! pour along Thy wildering passion-tide of song; For oh! the ear that once hath heard Must treasure up thy every word. And if no instant burst of praise Reward the pathos of thy lays, How sweet—how exquisite must be That voiceless eloquence to thee:

For Flattery’s honeyed words will throng To welcome every breath of song— The tuneful or the tuneless strain, Alike his heartless praise can gain; While Admiration—heart and ear, Will, anxious, hold her breath to hear; Inhale each silvery tone, until, Even when ’tis past, she hears thee still!

And thus, proud beauty! pour along Thy wildering passion-tide of song: Who once hath heard, for aye would hear Such soft, sweet music soothe his ear!

Poor as the tribute was, unsuited to do honour or justice to her powers, it was received with joy, for it came from me: the very rudeness of its language, she said, gave it merit in her eyes—because, unpolished by the rules of poetic art, it was a faithful transcript of my thoughts. And thus passed away the only shadow that dimmed—but for a moment—the sunshine of our love.

"Why do I vainly dwell on the memories of these fleeting, happy hours? Even now, as they arise before me, my temples are throbbing with the irrepressible current of strong emotion. I thought my heart was tamed down to this narration—I must hurry to conclude it. We were betrothed: a day, not distant,—for my love scarce brooked the shadow of delay,—was named for our espousal; when an event took place, which changed—alas! how sadly—the colour of my fate.

"I had sped, light in heart, to my paternal roof—unvisited from my triumphs—to devote to my father and my brethren the few remaining days of my celibacy. The hours passed on, on slow and leaden wings, as I thought; but my kindred and my friends deplored the rapidity with which they flew. I meted time by the anxiety of a lover absent from his shrine of beauty: they, by the regret of parting from him who had never forfeited affection, and had thrown the splendours of
immortal fame upon a name not unhonoured, in the olden time, by our ancestral line.

"The land in which I lived was in a tyrant's thrall. Men knew not friend from foe; the spy might be among the most trusted. Oppression ruled, and the iron yoke of power was exalted. Ye, who have read the history of man, must know that such things cannot endure for aye. There comes a night to dim this noon of tyranny. There speedeth on an hour in which this star of bitterness must be quenched. It needs but the linked union of heart to heart to cast down the dagon from the shrine where it is pedestaled; and, it may be that a word—but one word—will act as the unpredemitted signal for revolt.

"The dungeons were filled with the high-hearted, suspected or feared by the tyrant; but he could not chain the free exercise of thought, nor curb the race of minded indignation. There needed but some rallying point where to commence, some leader to array them. Both came. A satellite of that haughty court dared to violate the sacredness of a poor man's hut, and drag hence a maiden—that poor man's sole wealth, his only child. I saw, and resisted the outrage. My arm at once rescued the maiden, and levelled the loose minion to the dust. One universal cry arose throughout the land, when the slaves of power were sent for my arrest. The rescue was speedy. The torpor of thraldom was no more; men arose, as from a dreamless sleep, to buckle on the brand. Me did they choose to lead them. With but one regret, I took the post of honourable danger; for, although love be happy, liberty is not less holy: the one, without the sun-tints of the other, would be a midnight gloom, indeed.

"Throngs thousands marshalled beneath my banner. Time passed on—months passed on in warfare with the foe. At last, strong in the justice of our cause, I met the tyrant face to face, sword to sword. The hopes of a nation gave strength to my arm: the Oppressor fell. His warriors fled—thank Heaven! they were not our countrymen—his death was the death of his cause.

"The nation was itself once more. I proclaimed equal laws, and rights, and liberties; and then—when the nation's voice hailed their deliverer as lord, I pushed aside the thorny coronet of power, to retire to the station I had left—to peaceful life.

"In the war for liberty, all my kindred were slain. This, with the weariness of soul as well as body in aid of our protracted warfare, exhausted me; and when the excitement of success was over, I had a fever of mind and body. If aught could alleviate the pain of sickness, it was the earnest devotion of my disenthralled countrymen; and soon, through their kindness and the skill of the leech, whom, at a great price, they had brought from afar, to me, I approached to convalescence.

"One night—I have dwelt too minutely, it may be, upon the narration of all I have yet told, but it was in avoidance of this part of my story, and now I must relate it: for, though my heart swells with emotion, bleeding afresh as these memories of departed and buried years rise up before it, yet it must nerve itself to the endurance of recording them; for there is an impulse that prompts me to tell my tale even to its bitterest doom, though I mar your mirth by the recital. One night, I lay on my couch in a state between repose and thought; the dim fantasies of thought were momentarily fading, but their oblivion had not yet been sealed by sleep. As the clock began to strike the midnight hour, I heard, or thought I heard, the door of my chamber slowly opened, although I had fastened it within, and a foot, a woman's foot it seemed by its light tread, pace stealthily along. It came near—yet nearer—it reached my bed, and paused. A sudden light dimly appeared through the curtains, as if some hand cautiously held a lamp, half veiling its light to avoid dazzling me. The curtains slowly opened, and—and by Heaven! for it was not a dream—I saw a woman's face, pale, melancholy, and indistinct, gazing on mine with a most mournful look; of the lineaments of that face, which yet seemed not quite unknown to me, I could gather little precisely; for, as I have said, it was indistinct. But the eyes,—so lustrous, yet so sorrowful,—these were distinctly seen; they were such as I remembered, but knew not how, where, or what was my knowledge of them. I started from my stillness—spoke, to satisfy myself that I was not in sleep,—looked around, to see whether the light shining over me.
might not be that of the moon peering in through the lattice, but it was a dark and starless night. I turned to the vision—for so it was—but as I prepared myself to address it, it slowly vanished. I followed it—in vain. As it retired, the light with which it was mantled grew less and less; but the unearthly lustre of those bright and brilliant eyes remained the latest in my view. As it had just faded off, the clock peeled out its last stroke, and that clear and melancholy sound fell on my ear like the knell for a departed soul. A shriek, too, more piercingly shrill and wildly horrible than human ear ever heard, or human voice ever uttered, accompanied the departure of this shadowy thing. All this, from first to last, passed as in the compass of a minute.

"We (Augusta and myself) had once, for lack of other converse, spoken of the world beyond the grave, of which man knows so little, of which he fears so much. "I believe," she said, "that disembodied spirits may hover over the path of those whom they loved on earth; and," added she, with more solemnity than I thought the occasion warranted, "should it be allowed when I quit this world for that to which these airy beings belong, I shall use my privilege, watch over your path, and—if it be permitted—even be a visitor visible to you." I had laughed at the promise thus given half in sport; alas! I knew not that truth often mingleth with the smiles of mirth.

"A few words will suffice to complete my story—a few words must suffice. When the morning came, the memory of that vision throbbing through my brain, I flung myself upon a courser and hurried on to where my love resided—far, far distant. Hour after hour the noble steed flew onward; at the decline of day, the city was in view. The horse strained his utmost speed, and sank down, as we reached her home, weared with his exceeding toils. He never rose again. In after days, I often fancied there flashed reproach in his dark, full eye, ere it was glazed by death.

"I hastened within the hall. All there was still and voiceless. I passed on, her chamber was open; there was a whisper of low, sad voices. I could not help but enter: my eyes were dazzled with the unaccustomed glare of many tapers—but I heard the mourners wail—

I saw the funeral equipage—I felt that cold mortality was there. I rushed forward;—Augusta lay, beautiful and passionless, upon the couch which should have been our bridal bed,—her long hair bound with the death-fillet,—flowers in her hands and scattered on her breast,—her cheek pale as the white sculpture of a tomb. She was of the dead. On the very night, and at the very hour, as the twelfth chime of the noon of night struck, she died—died suddenly. It was—can you doubt it?—her departing spirit, which, as it hovered between dust and immortality, thus gave its latest remembrance to him whom it had loved in life,—testifying, by that last farewell, even in the hour of death, the truth of that affection, to which the grave itself could put no seal.

"I have no memory of what followed this fatal sight. They have told me that, since I left Augusta, she drooped like a flower: alas! she had all the sweetness of the violet, and was as fragile too. They said that, day after day, her form became attenuated more and more,—her eye more humid and less bright,—her cheek worn and hectic-flushed. She knew that she was dying. Decay was busy within her form, and withered up her heart, and fevered her very brain. She forbade them to acquaint me with her sad condition—lest my love, my fears might cause me to relinquish the glorious station, in that strife for liberty, in which my country's voice had installed me. Oh! if I had but even seen her die—to watch the fleeting spirit of the fairest and the best.

"I know not how the hours sped on, as I sat by the death-couch of her I loved. They shrouded—coffined her. They buried her in the vault where lay the ancestors of my name. By this time reason had left my mind, and,—all unconscious of what they did,—I knew not that they had robbed her in the garments, and given her to the cold embraces of the grave. But, in my maniac mood, the thought flashed through my clouded mind. I escaped from those who watched me: I hurried to the mausoleum: the ornaments of a new coffin glittered, in the bright moonlight, through the darkness of the vault. I wrenched the bars, and stood by the departed. I raised the massy coffin-lid:—what saw I there?—
apalling decomposition on the lips that I had kissed so often. There she lay, and there worms feasted.

"I have no further consciousness: a dim memory of prisoned madness is all that clings to me. A strange and perpetual companionship, in my solitude, with unearthly forms, which sat, like grinning fiends, to tempt me—a feeling as of a breathing heart, that would not all break; of a clouded mind, not all destroyed; of a return, after years of this great suffering, to the misery of thought. Oh! what an agony was this return: the body's fever and the mind's fever, —calentures of the brain and careenings of the pulse,—horrors in the wild solitude of my cell at night, and terrors of the fiery-eyed maniacs who mingled before me in the day:—the fear of being left alone to muse on what I was, on what I had lost, lest then indeed I again should lose my late recovered reason; and then—enough to make me mad by dint of habit — wild laughter unfathomed by reason—sharp cries—shrieking groans from the hurt mandrake: these, with the wounded heart within, were horrible. But, ere these had made me mad again, there came a release:—the world, and the world's honours, were mine again: a changed countenance, a saddened spirit, I bore with me from my cell,—and thus was the termination of the gay, parhelion hopes of my youth.

"Since that sad hour, when face to face, I held strange communion with the dead, I have had an eternity of suffering. Toil, travel, sorrow have changed my features; my spirit is not as it has been; the name through which I wooed remembrance clings to me no more. I could not—I would not retain that name which she had hoped to share; which, had she shared, her virtues would have made doubly honoured. I wander, in a pilgrimage of pain, over the world, an alien from my kind. My once familiar friends know not whether he who was their pride, their boast, yet breathes the troubled air of human existence. Many bright forms—many lovely dames—many high minds have, even since then, not disdained to link their sympathy with the unknown and sorrowing stranger. But my heart heeded them not; its hopes rested on one fair flower,—the storm has crushed and strewn its beauties in the dust; but, at least, no meaner blossom shall bloom in the spot where that grew and withered."

The student concluded his narrative, and wrapped up in fiction though the leading incidents had been, they made a deep impression upon his auditors. There was a pause of silence, after which Sir Julian Tressilian said—

"There certainly is something wonderful in the story, independent of the manner of its relation; but do you yet believe that such an event did really occur?"

"Would to Heaven," said the student, with a melancholy smile, "that all were as imaginary as is the hero of the tale. If," added he, with solemnity, "the dead ever held converse with the living, then did Augusta—my own, my unforgotten—hold it with me, even as I have described."

"I am answered," replied Sir Julian. And here the conversation dropped.

R. S. M.

Switzerland. By William Beattie, M.D.

We have been much pleased at the sight of the first number of a work which purports to be the "Tourists' Guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons," published by G. Virtue, Iylane. If the public could only be satisfied that the work would proceed in the same degree of perfection and accuracy that it has commenced, we think that few admirers of the art would be without a copy. It certainly is got up in the first style, and ought to be encouraged. The present views are a cottage near the Thun, with the Bernese Alps, Zurich, Castle of Spiez, Lake of Thun, the Val d'Ossola, and the Simplon. Attached to each view is a pleasing and concise description. The price is only 2s.; and, certainly, any two of the views are worth the money paid for the whole. These were taken expressly for this work by W. H. Bartlett, Esq.
THE VETERAN AND HIS PROTEGÉES.

A Tale of the Ocean.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

In the village of Hensham resided an industrious farmer named Stephen Fairfield, who had reared a son and daughter in habits of industry, and they lived happy and contented in their pleasant rural village.

He was the tenant of a rich farmer named Granger, who was proud, austere, and ambitious. He had imbibed a passion for Marian, the daughter of Stephen, and conceived they would gladly receive him as a suitor; but he had neglected to take into account that the daughter’s feelings were also to be considered. Marian had always looked up to her father with the fondest affection; nor would she ever attempt to thwart him in his wishes. Similar feelings swayed the heart of Stephen; and thus a bond of mutual confidence was cemented between the father and daughter. Marian had long encouraged the attentions of a young peasant named Harry Stedfast, whose character throughout the village was that of an industrious, steady, good-tempered lad.

Marian’s parents had discovered the growing attachment, but sought rather to encourage than disapprove of it.

The only person who looked with envy on the affianced pair, was the malevolent Granger, whose proferred hand had been refused, in consequence of the preference given to Harry Stedfast. Marian’s brother Richard had also testified a remarkable friendship for Harry Stedfast, and made him the depository of his secrets: from which circumstance Harry easily discovered that his friend Richard Fairfield had a kind of tender feeling towards one Phoebe Grace, who resided with her widowed mother but a short half mile from Stephen’s cottage. If Phoebe was gleaning in the field, Richard was sure to be at her elbow; and, in like manner, when Marian returned from milking the cows, Harry would carry the pails for her. Each were contented with their lot, and it was supposed that neither of the youths would have glanced a thought beyond that of being industrious husbandmen. But fate decreed it otherwise; and our two heroes of the plough and reaping-hook were destined to plough the fathomless deep, and reap glories of a more hazardous description.

It was about this time that several of the seamen who had fought with the immortal Nelson at the Nile had received their prize money, and those who had been disabled had been appointed a suitable pension for life. Among the latter was an old veteran named Joe Tackle, who had fought by the side of Nelson ever since he first had the command of a ship. At the battle of Copenhagen he had lost his starboard leg; and his character for regularity and exemplary courage had been such, that he was instantly admitted to Greenwich Hospital, with an additional provision granted him by his captain. Old Joe had no sooner got his wound healed, and his leg well timbered (according to his own version), than he felt a great inclination to visit his native village; therefore, having got leave of absence, and stowed his pockets with what money he could afford, he started from Greenwich, determined to get aboard the first land craft (coach) that hove in sight. He had not journeyed far, before he brought up at a public-house, and looking up at the sign, observed it was the Lord Nelson. Joe paused—"Avast heaving!" said he, "I can’t pass the admiral without giving him a salute. So Nelson ahyo!" (shouted he)—"Bear a hand, and serve out a can of grog—d’ye hear?" "Aye, aye!" said the landlord. "Sit down my jolly sailor, and you shall have it." The grog was brought. Joe passed it to the landlord, and bid him drink. He was about to do so—"Belay!" cried Joe, "his health with three." Then taking off his three-cornered hat with some degree of solemnity, and drawing the quid from his mouth, exclaimed—"Here’s to the health of England’s glory, the brave Lord Nelson!—ah! bless his one eye, I wish he had two, because then I’d have another glass." At this moment the horn of a coach was heard, Joe started up,—"What coach is that, old Grog Blossom; will it take me in tow and land me safe at Hensham?" "Aye, that it will," replied the landlord; "you’re at your journey’s end in six hours." "Say you so!" said Joe;
The Veteran and his Protagonists.

"then here goes to bring him too." The coach now turned the angle of the road, and was within a few paces of Joe, when he lustily called out, "Coach aloft! any room on deck?" "Aye, aye!" said the coachman; "jump up behind, old tar." Joe clambered up, and was soon at his journey's end.

Joe had not been in the village above four or five days, before he accidentally met with Harry Stedfast. It was a hot summer's day, and the old veteran had strolled rather further than usual from the village; feeling fatigued, he sat down on a large stone by the road-side to rest himself, and was turning over his mind which would be the best method he could pursue to get back to the village; for, as he justly remarked, "a wooden leg was but a timbersome companion for a long walk."

He had not remained in this situation long, before he heard the rumbling of cart-wheels, and as the sound approached, he soon beheld the good-natured countenance of Harry Stedfast, who was driving one of the empty hay-carts at an easy pace towards home. Harry bent a look of congratulation on the hardy veteran as he slowly approached, and seeing he had but one leg, was debating in his mind to ask him which way he was going, in order that he might offer to help him on his road.

"Hallo, my hearty! whither are you bound?" shouted Joe. "Towards the village," was the reply. "Why, then," said Joe, "if your heart is as free and open as your countenance, you might give an old weather-beaten tar a bit of a lift in your craft, as far as Widow Winifred's; seeing that I am laid up in ordinary, and not in fit sailing order." "What, my old veteran, are you going to our village? Then you shan't walk a step further, for here's plenty of room for both of us; and here's a couple of empty corn-sacks that will make a good seat for you." So saying, Harry jumped out of the cart, and soon seated old Joe comfortably by his side: another hour brought them to the village.

Harry had been later than usual in returning home, and therefore his friends at the cottage were on the look-out for him, and were not a little surprised on beholding the new acquaintance he had brought with him. Joe had not been silent during the journey, but had filled up the time by relating some of the hair-breadth escapes incidental to a sea-fight, to which Harry had listened with attention and surprise. As soon as Joe descended from the cart, he grasped Harry by the hand—"Thank ye, thank ye, my lad!" he exclaimed, "you have the heart of an emperor; and if I was a king, I would make you an admiral!" Joe was about to take his leave, when old Stephen Fairfield pressed forward and insisted he should not depart until he had tasted their home-brewed. In this request both Harry and Richard joined; and with many a hearty shake of the hand, entreated he would remain, and relate the history of some of the battles in which he had been engaged. A jug of ale was brought, and old Joe found it too good to be wasted. "Thank ye, my lad," said he, "here's a good health to all of you, and the memory of our brave admiral into the bargain."

"Come into the house," said Richard, "I know you are welcome—father has but homely fare, but such as it is——"

"Say no more, my hearty!" exclaimed Joe Tackle, "I'm too old a sailor to refuse laying up in snug moorings." The door was thrown open, and all entered the cottage, except Richard and Harry, who went to put up the horse and cart; and when they returned, they found the old veteran comfortably seated in the large arm-chair. On his left sat old Stephen, and on his right was the gentle Marian, whose attentions seemed to anticipate the desires of old Joe Tackle. The old dame was busy preparing supper, and by the time Richard and Harry were seated, all was ready. The ale was plentifully supplied, and Joe felt his spirits rapidly mounting.

An old almanac hung over the chimney-piece, and as Richard looked at it and said, "To-morrow is the 2nd of April, that is market-day." Old Joe put down the jug which he had raised to his lips. "The 2nd of April!" echoed he; "ah! I remember that day well, it was a hard-fought battle. In the year 1802, we lay off Cronstadt, and Nelson was despatched with part of the fleet to reconnoitre and take soundings. We got so close in shore, that some how or other we could not help going up the river. The admiral's signal was flying for us to return to our station, but our commodore Nelson, was blind of his larboard eye, and could not see so far. The truth was, the Danish fleet, which lay so snug in
harbour, looked so tempting, that Nelson could not help sailing in at once. The evening was closing in, and the Danes gave us a warm reception; but what cared we for that, we returned the compliment with interest, and in a short time our little fleet was ranged with their broadsides towards the town. I was on board a bomb- vessel, and we got ashore under one of their batteries, and the Danes did not forget to let us feel the weight of their shot. They poured such volleys into us, that our little bark reeled again—they seemed determined to blow us out of the water; but we had a furnace on board, and we served a few bombs and red-hot shot, and as luck would have it, one of them fell upon their powder magazine and blew it up. This caused them to slacken their fire: our vessel floated, and, with three hearty cheers, we got clear of the battery. Nelson had not been idle, for he had carried the day; and when we sailed out of harbour, we brought the Danish ships along with us. It was in the moment of victory that I lost my larboard leg. Nelson’s ship was in sight, and I stood on the spanker-boom to give a hearty cheer, and drink his health in a can of “grog,” when an envious shot from one of the batteries, bent on mischief, carried away my leg. Yes, my good lads, I lost my leg, but saved my grog. Soon afterwards, those who were disabled were allowed to return to old England with the captured fleet; I came ashore at Portsmouth, and was shortly after snugly moored in Greenwich Hospital.

Richard was highly gratified with the old tar’s description of the engagement; but it raised Harry to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, his whole thoughts appeared engrossed by it, and he conversed on no other subject.

“Dang it,” said Richard, “I never saw a ship in full sail, with all her guns mounted, in all my life. I should dearly like to see one.” “And so should I,” rejoined Harry.

“Well,” said old Joe, “if so you be agreeable, I return to Greenwich to-morrow, and if you like to go with me, there’s to be a grand launch of a 120 gun-ship at Woolwich on the following day, and then my lads, you’ll see plenty of them.”

Joe’s proposal was irresistible; and Farmer Fairfield finding his son Richard was fully bent on going there, threw no obstacle in his way.

All was soon arranged—the small covered cart was to convey them to town, and Humphrey was to bring it back again, and Joe was to sleep at the farm, in order that he might be sure to rise early in the morning. The ale went merrily round, and as it was the last night they would spend together for a week, the old dame crowned the feast by introducing a bottle of good brandy. This was soon despatched, and by the time they were prepared for bed, the fumes of the ale and brandy had made a visible alteration in Joe’s countenance, whose nose appeared as red and fiery as the lighted beacon on a foggy night.

It was arranged that Joe should sleep in a double-bedded room with Richard; but the old tar had, by some mistake, gone into the wrong room, and tumbling into the bed dressed as he was, pulled the counterpane over him, leaving his wooden leg partially uncovered.

Dame Fairfield, not dreaming of the mistake Joe had made, came into the room shortly after, for it was her own, and on viewing the bed in disorder, with the wooden leg protruding thence, exclaimed, “Oh that careless girl of mine! She has been here to warm the bed, and has left the warming-pan in it!” The mistake was soon explained, and a hearty laugh was occasioned at the old dame’s expense.

Morning came, breakfast was prepared, and each partook heartily; nor did the party think of rising until Humphrey appeared at the door with the covered cart. Harry took an affectionate leave of his dear Marian, while Richard bid farewell to his affectionate Phoebe: and although their separation was expected to be of such short duration, yet there were no dry eyes at parting. The party soon entered the covered cart; Joe sat in front with his pipe and grog bottle, and giving a hearty cheer, they drove off, and soon left the peaceful village of Hensham in the distance.

Marian grieved but little at the absence of Harry, because she felt assured of his faith and truth: but Phoebe felt differently; she feared that Richard had not sufficient command over himself to prevent him from falling into the snare which were laid for the unwary in London. The cart soon reached town, and a boat receiving Joe and his companions, soon landed them safely at Greenwich.
Joe took them to the Hospital, and great was their surprise to behold the number of wounded and weather-beaten tars who inhabited the noble edifice. They started for Woolwich; the tide was flowing, and in one hour more it would be high water. The vessel was ready to be launched, the town was full of visitors, and Joe looked out for snug quarters, where himself and companions might get a good view of the launch. The signals were given, and the last stock being knocked away, the stupendous vessel dropped into the watery element amidst the shouts of the assembled thousands.

Harry and Richard beheld the scene with enthusiasm, and longed for an opportunity of again witnessing such a sight.

After the launch was over, Joe met with an old officer with whom he had served, and to whom he introduced his two protegées. The old Captain Barnet had been at sea near thirty years; he was pleased with the appearance of the two young farmers, Richard and Harry, and took them aboard to show them his ship, and was highly amused with the vacant look of surprise with which they viewed everything on board. The boatswain was ordered to show them the lower gun-decks, and to give them an allowance of grog. Harry drank moderately; but Richard was so charmed with the taste, that he drank so plentifully that his head became dizzy, and he was obliged to lay down and sleep off the potent effects of his libations. At length the stentorian voice of old Joe gave notice that it was time to get on shore. “Landsmen ahoy!” shouted the old veteran; “rouse up, you lubbers! you’ve spliced the main brace, so now make sail—d’ye hear? and get on shore.”

Richard and Harry were soon on deck, and having taken farewell of the crew, quitted the ship.

Joe got them a snug berth at the Blue Anchor, and sat down over a parting glass. “Well, my lads, how d’ye like a ship?” was the first question. “Oh, bravely,” replied Harry and Richard in a breath. “Ah!” sighed Harry, “a seaman’s life is a happy one. I wish I was a sailor.”

“Why, as to that matter,” remarked Joe, “it has its pleasures and its crosses, and there are many things to learn before you can become a sailor.”

“I should soon learn,” said Harry.

“Aye!” rejoined Joe, “to splice the main brace, I suppose.” “Main brace!” exclaimed Richard, “what part of a ship be that?” “Why its the best and the worst part of a ship: it is a can of grog.” “Oh, oh!” echoed Richard, “if that be the case, I’ve learned to splice the main brace already.” “I know it,” said Joe; “but it is a dangerous rope to handle, and will sometimes lay you under the lash of the cat.” “I don’t care for that,” replied Richard: “if any one would have me, I’d go and be a sailor this moment.” “And so would I,” rejoined Harry.

“That’s well said!” exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who was seated at the further end of the room, and had particularly noticed our two young heroes. “That’s well said, my lads; I want a few active young men to go a voyage to India, and by that means you may bring home gold enough to set you up for life.”

Joe got up, doffed his hat, and saluted the old gentleman, whom he knew to be Captain Speedwell, of the East India Service, but could say nothing. The captain ordered more grog, and while their hearts were elated by the effects of the liquor, they both agreed to join the crew of the Indiaman.

Next morning Harry and Richard were put on board, and the following day they dropped down to Gravesend. Here they addressed a letter to their friends to apprise them of the steps they had taken. Two days after they got to sea, run down channel, and in another week the cliffs of old England were no longer visible.

The day after their departure from Hensham, a degree of gloom spread itself over the families of our two young heroes. Marian counted the days of their absence; the sixth day arrived—their return was expected, but with the seventh day Richard’s letter arrived, announcing their departure for India. Phoebe was at Stephen’s cottage when the news arrived, and its effect on her was that of severe disappointment. Her heart foreboded an eternal separation from her beloved Richard, and she returned to her mother’s cheerless and almost broken-hearted.

When Granger heard the intelligence, he recommenced his suit to Marian; but she, true to her beloved Harry, declined to receive his proposals. Granger in
anger vowed to be revenged, and it was not long before an opportunity offered. He found that Stephen Fairfield’s farm had failed in its produce for the last two years, and that he had lost several of his cattle, which, united with other untoward circumstances, had reduced his income so considerably as to embarrass his affairs. Granger had let the rent accumulate for the last twelvemonths, and he determined to distraint, unless Marian accepted his proposal.

The vessel which sailed with Richard and Harry safely arrived at Bombay; and was on her return, when one evening a strange sail appeared in sight. It was soon found to be a French privateer, bearing down right before the wind. Captain Speedwell was no coward, and was one of those who would not surrender without an effort. Besides, he had a valuable cargo on board, and was determined, if he was to lose it, the enemy should pay dearly for their bargain. Every preparation was made—the deck was cleared—guns all loaded. “Now, my lads,” said he, “if it is our fate to be beaten, let us die like men, and fight to the last for the honour of England. Get your capstan-bars well manned—catfall overhauled down there—square all your yards—steady—now, boys, we’ll give her a broadside as she comes up, and let her know what we are made of—fire!” Every shot told—indescribable confusion was visible on board the privateer. “Bout ship, there!” cried Speedwell: “helm a lee—we’ll run the Frenchman down!” The sails of the Indianman filled, and would have succeeded in sinking the Frenchman, but he kept so close on the wind, that he tacked and got alongside the Indianman. The guns of the privateer were well served, and the crew boarded the Indianman. But their triumph was of short duration, for Captain Speedwell and his men were assembled in a body on the quarter-deck, and the moment his opportunity served, they made a sudden rush forward: here they met hand to hand; each party fought bravely—swords, muskets, even handspikes and rope’s-ends were put in requisition. Our two young farmers behaved well; a Frenchman had endeavoured to tear down the colours, but Richard aimed a blow at his head with a handspike, and knocked him overboard. The captain of the privateer and Captain Speedwell were opposed to each other; but Speedwell prevailed, and overthrew the Frenchman. At this moment one of the privateer’s men levelled his musket at Speedwell, while another from behind had raised the butt-end of his piece to strike him over the back of the head; but Harry, observing the captain’s danger, rushed forward and shot the Frenchman through the head, then seizing the musket presented by the other, wrenched it from him, and brought him to the ground. The Frenchmen, finding such a brave resistance, and many of their men having been killed, scampered away, and got on board their own vessel and sheered off, not without receiving a farewell gun at parting from the Indianman.

When Harry and Richard arrived in London, the captain did not forget to report their noble conduct to the India Board; and the consequence was, that they both received a handsome reward, in addition to their wages.

They were now both in the great capital with their pockets well stored: Harry’s first thought was of home and friends, he looked with satisfaction on his treasure, and was impatient to pour it into the lap of his dear Marian. Richard also thought of his parents and Phoebe; but being of a more volatile, thoughtless disposition than his friend, Harry, and having unfortunately become rather addicted to drinking, he became tempted by the gaieties and bustle of London, and he was determined to have a carousal before he returned home. He associated with some dissolute companions, and then fell into the hands of some of those harpies who infest the metropolis to entrap the unwary, who robbed him of every shilling he possessed, and turned him into the street.

Harry, who had refused to accompany him on any of his wild rambles, was, notwithstanding, anxious for his safety, and having missed him from their lodgings for two successive nights, he felt uneasy, and set out in search of him; he had spent the whole day without success, and was on his return home, when he observed a crowd collected round some persons in angry dispute—he approached, and to his extreme joy he heard the voice of Richard exclaim, “That’s the fellow that stole my watch!” The usual recrimination of the streets followed.
“Let the man go!” exclaimed several voices—“you’re drunk and senseless, and don’t know what you’re talking about—let the man go, you never had any watch to lose!” “Liar!” exclaimed Richard, and immediately felled him to the ground. Several of the crowd rushed forward, voicing vengeance on Richard, when Harry suddenly darted amongst them, and placing himself by the side of Richard, threatened to destroy any who dared to approach. The tall and athletic figure of Harry, and the undaunted courage which his countenance bespoke, had its due effect on the idle throng; each drew back, and gradually slunk away, till they left Harry and Richard in undisputed possession of the ground.

“Richard!” (exclaimed Harry with a look of reproach) “this is just what I told you would happen. You would not be advised, but would resolve to plunge headlong into ruin and dissipation.”

“Belay—delay!” exclaimed Richard; “it’s no use shutting the stable-door after the steed is stolen. I have not a single shilling left; the pirates—the landsharks, have deprived me of all.”

“Never mind,” rejoined Harry; “it can’t be helped now, and you must e’en submit to the loss. I have been more careful; and as I have my money all safe, we’ll share it equally between us; but there is one thing to which you must consent, and that is, to come back with me to Hensham.”

Harry’s words penetrated the very heart of Richard; he felt the full force of his argument, and found it impossible to refuse compliance. A short time sufficed to prepare for their departure; and ere the shades of evening fell, they were within hail of the farm-house.

Marian was sitting at the cottage-door knitting, and near her sat the pensive, care-worn Phœbe. A distant voice struck on their ears, both started up and listened—the voices were heard nearer. “On board the Marian ahoi!” floated on the breeze. A few minutes intervened—the wicket-gate flew open—a moment more, and Marian and Phœbe were clasped in the arms of Harry Stedfast and Richard Fairfield:—mutual congratulations followed. Old Stephen and the dame were soon informed of their arrival; and their joy was unutterable, when they beheld their Richard safely returned; and their reception of Harry, their intended son-in-law, was such as his conduct fully deserved. Harry pressed Marian to name the day on which she would become his bride—she paused, and appeared irresolute. “Nay, my dear Marian, do not hesitate; fortune has been favourable to me, and the sum which I have received will enable me to rest at home, without thinking of going to sea any more.” Marian resolved no longer to defer the happy day, and the marriage was settled to take place without further delay. Richard seized Harry by the hand,—

“I wish you joy, Harry, with all my heart.” “I wish you the same, Richard,” responded Harry. Richard heaved a sigh, and turned ruefully aside: he gradually withdrew from the party, and turning into a recess newly concealed by foliage, fell into a train of gloomy reflections. Phœbe had observed the altered demeanour of Richard, and therefore followed him at a distance: she beheld him in this lonesome spot—his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hand pressed on his burning forehead. “Richard!” (gently exclaimed Phœbe)—he hastily bent his eyes towards her. “Richard” (continued she), “why do you avoid me? Harry and Marian are going to be married, their wedding-day is fixed; but you have never thought of ours.” “Why, no, my girl, I have not—and yet as a body may say, I have; but then you see Harry has been careful, but I—” “Ah!” exclaimed Phœbe, “I see it at once, some happier being has won your heart, and you no longer love me.” “My dear Phœbe, it is not so; don’t suppose that I would be steering the course of dishonour: but you must know that I have been run ashore on the quicksands of folly, and had nearly been lost, had not Harry stretched forth his hand to save me. But what signifies overhauling the book of misfortune; the case is this, I have lost all I gained at sea, and have returned home, so that I can’t for shame bear to look my parents in the face, and own my disgrace. Oh! cursed London, I wish I had never seen it. I have nothing now left but to go to sea again, and try my luck once more; and you know, Phœbe, it would be madness to marry, before I have the means of supporting a family.” Phœbe felt the force of his argument; and although she was bitterly chagrined at the improvident conduct of Richard, yet in his present mood she forbore to reproach him. They were
at length aroused by the voice of Dame Fairfield, who having missed them from the cottage-door, had gone in search of them. Richard and Phoebe endeavoured to conceal their grief, and following the dame, joined the happy party at the cottage.

Every person throughout the village hastened to congratulate the affianced lovers. But Granger heard the intelligence with feelings of hatred, and vowed to have the most ample revenge: he had been foiled in his intentions of seizing old Fairfield's property, by the money being paid before his broker entered the premises; but his prolific brain had laid a plan which bid fair to blight the prospects of the young lovers for some time. The wedding-day arrived, and the happy pair went to church, attended by a numerous train of friends and neighbours—all was joy and hilarity, and a rustic feast was to close the sports of the day. The tables were spread outside the cottage, and the merry dance had just begun, when suddenly the wicket-gate was rudely dashed open, and an officer, and several ill-looking fellows, dressed in the garb of seafaring men, darted in—the rustics drew back in dismay, and some voices ejaculated—"The press-gang—the press-gang!"

So it turned out; for the leader of the gang advancing towards Harry, with a rude grasp of the hand, exclaimed—"We want you, my fine fellow!" All was struck with consternation. The old dame interfered, and said, "it was, indeed, a hard case to press poor Harry on his wedding-day." Richard started forward, and vowed they should not take him—"Avast! ye ill-looking crew, you can't have this young man, dy'e see, because having just tied the marriage-knot, it would be hard to cut it asunder: if you are determined to press a man, you shan't be disappointed. Harry and I entered together, and sailed to India in the same ship; we fought together side by side, so hark'ye, old ugly mug, let him go free, and take me in his stead."

"No, no," said the press-master, "we know our man, he has been pointed out to us, and we'll have him; and, as you seem so very eager to serve in the navy, I dare say we shall be able to find room for you, therefore we'll take you both—so away with them," continued the press-master. The gang quickly obeyed; and, in a few minutes, Harry and Richard were taken from the cottage, and on the following day were received on board the Tender, which lay off the Tower. Here Marian and Phoebe came to take a parting leave: and old Joe Tackle having, by some strange accident, heard of the occurrence, went on board the Tender to see his old friends. He endeavoured to console the poor girls for the loss of their sweethearts, but told them to be of good cheer. "Who knows (said old Joe) but what they may be promoted in the service. I know they are made of the right stuff for the navy, and such a thing is possible. Hold up your head, Miss Marian, who knows but what your husband may return a post-captain." Harry smiled at old Joe's prophecy, but said, "that, as long as he was in the King's service, he would do his duty." As he concluded the sentence, the captain of the Tender came down the gangway, and rejoined, "that's well said, young man, and it will be to your own benefit if you pursue that maxim; there's many a man that has been pressed and sent to sea against his will, that has proved himself a good sailor."

"Captain," said old Joe, "I was the cause of these two lads going to sea, and I know they can and will do their duty—take the word of old Joe Tackle for it; and when you take them on board the ship they are drafted into, just speak a good word to the captain for them." "It shall be done, my old veteran, I like the looks of the lads myself," said the captain; "and I, having the recommendation of an old mariner to back my opinion, shall feel justified in doing so." Old Joe shook hands with our two young heroes, in a state more easily conceived than described; and having promised to convey Marian and Phoebe in safety to their home, took his own manner of leave, and conducted them on shore.

Shortly after the press-gang had left the village, it was discovered that they had been urged to seize Harry by Granger, who had even made a present to the master to insure his capture. This Granger was scorned by every one, and was pointed at by children as he passed along the road: he became at last so obnoxious to the inhabitants of the village, that they did not hesitate in insulting him at the market-cross, and at last he was compelled to quit the place altogether. His property was sold for less
than half its value: so utterly was he detested, that few purchasers would bid for it, fearing that they would get no tenants. He retired to London, and opened a lodging-house; where happening one night to receive some foreigners, they entered into a dispute, in which he interfered, and received a stab in the back from the knife of one of the disputants, which closed his miserable life.

Seven long years rolled on, and nothing had been heard concerning either Richard or Harry. Old Joe had been again at the village, and promised on his return he would endeavour to gain some tidings of them. It so occurred that the Dreadnought ship of war had just arrived at Portsmouth, and a court-martial was ordered to be held on a sailor for drunkenness and breach of discipline: when, to his astonishment, old Joe received a summons to attend as a witness to speak in the prisoner’s favour, as to his former good character. That prisoner was Richard Fairfield!

Joe set off for Portsmouth, and arrived there the day before the trial commenced. He walked through the town, and took a survey of all the places which he had recollected visiting in his youth. Returning towards the point, he observed a boat approaching, an officer was seated in it, and as he leaped on shore his eye fell on old Joe’s bald pate, as he rose his hat to salute him. A moment’s pause intervened, when how was old Joe surprised at hearing a voice, to which he was not an entire stranger, exclaim—“Joe! my old friend, Joe!” Joe stared at him, and, clapping his spectacles on his nose to have a clearer view, discovered that the officer was no other than one of his dear boys, Harry Stedfast. All distinction vanished—old Joe was in raptures—he cut as many capers with his timbered leg as an operadancer. “It is him! It is him!” bawled Joe. “My dear boy, Harry Stedfast—I beg pardon, Captain Stedfast—ah! sir, didn’t I prophesy as much; but, lack-a-day, what has come to your old companion, Richard?”

Harry’s countenance changed. “I grieve to say,” replied he, “that Richard’s unfortunate propensity for drink has led him into such frequent breaches of duty, that he has been looked upon as a disgrace to the navy; and, I am sorry to add, has made matters worse by deserting from his ship.” “A deserter!” exclaimed Joe; “my Richard desert from his ship!—why, the rascal ought to be tried by a court-martial, and strung up to the yard-arm as an example.” “Aye!” rejoined Harry, “but you would not like to see it come to that pass.” “Yes, I would though—I would no more mind witnessing it than I would piping all hands to grog.” “Do not be too hasty; such an occurrence is not impossible,” replied Harry; “and it would lay heavy at your heart, if your prophecy should come true.” “True, true, captain; I wish I hadn’t said it. Heaven forbid it should ever come to that.” Old Joe touched the corner of his hat, turned the quid in his mouth, and moved on toward the sign of the Anchor, where he purposed drowning his melancholy thoughts in a can of grog.

He was within a few paces of the door, when a faint voice piteously cried, “Help, help, or I perish!” “Perish!” exclaimed Joe; “no, no; if I suffer a helpless female to perish while I’ve a shot in the locker, I’m not—!” Joe’s apostrophe was lost by the female exclaiming, “Bless you,—Heaven bless you!” Joe thought he knew the voice, he drew her near one of the lamps, the light shone full on her face—it was Phoebe Grace! Joe’s heart melted at once,—“Here’s a girl,—shiver my timber leg if she isn’t true blue all over! And how got you here, my good girl?” inquired Joe. Phoebe, in a few words, informed him, that hearing that Richard was in Portsmouth, she left home and reached London two evenings past, where she had been robbed of what little money she had possessed, and had walked to Portsmouth without having the means of procuring any food to sustain her on her journey. Joe recollected that in the short conversation which he had held with the officer before named, it appeared his wife, Phoebe’s old companion, was expected to arrive at Portsmouth that evening to meet her husband. Joe hastened to the inn, and arrived at the moment that the former, Marian Fairfield, alighted from the chaise. Her reception of poor Phoebe, when brought to her, was most affectionate; and Joe, having left her in good quarters, bent his way to his quarters at the Anchor.

Next morning, the officers assembled on board the Dreadnought; and old Joe went on board, in obedience to a notice
served on him. He observed Harry Stedfast among the officers assembled. Joe felt a strange sensation at his heart. The order was given to bring forth the accused. A tall, athletic figure was escorted into the cabin, but care and dissipation were indelibly marked on his countenance; his hollow and faltering eye scanned the circle in which he stood. But how were poor old Joe's feelings harrowed, when he beheld in the drunken, disorderly prisoner, his favourite boy, Richard Fairfield. His heart sunk within him; the unguarded expression he had uttered the previous night flashed keenly on his memory—he raised his hand to his eyes—he felt that hand moistened—yes, old Joe, the hardy veteran, had shed a tear of sorrow for the misfortune of his fellow-man. Joe was not the only one who felt for the prisoner's situation. Harry Stedfast was possessed of as brave a heart as ever graced the British navy, but when he saw his old companion, his relative, his beloved wife's brother, standing before him and part of his crew in the disgraceful situation of a deserter from the navy, he felt himself overpowered, and, staggering, would have fallen, had not a brother officer supported him.

The charge was gone into; and from the evidence, it appeared that Richard, having been on shore with the boat's crew, had given loose to his old failing. He flew to the public-house. Brandy! brandy!—aye, while he had a shilling, he called for brandy; and it was supplied. His pockets were exhausted; he called for more, but could not pay. Words arose: Richard's violent temper was uncontrollable; he insisted on having more, though unable to pay. A soldier present endeavoured to persuade him to quit the house; but this only exasperated the intoxicated Richard, who exclaimed, "Dye think I am going to be dictated to by a rascally soldier!" "Rascally soldier!" exclaimed the other; "let me tell you, that a soldier who fights for his country is quite as good, if not better, than a drunken disgrace to the navy." This was too much to be borne. Richard instantly seized the soldier, and a scuffle ensued. One of the bystanders ran down to the boat, and gave information of what was passing. The lieutenant immediately proceeded to the spot, and ordered Richard to return to the boat; but he was beyond all control, and refused to obey. The lieutenant had no other resource but to use force; the crew advanced to seize him, but, ere they could reach him, he made a sudden dart at the lieutenant, and struck him to the ground. He was taken on board; and for this offence he was ordered into confinement. His trial was about to take place. The cat—the disgraceful cat—would have been his fate. But Richard could not brook the thoughts of such a degradation; he watched his opportunity, and, while the sentinel was not paying particular attention to him, he dashed overboard and made his escape. Twelve months had passed before any tidings were heard of him, till he happened to be recognised by Granger in some of his perambulations, who gave information of the place of his retreat a few days previous to his own death, in consequence of which Richard was seized and brought on board; and it was now for the double crime of desertion and striking his officer that he was to be tried. The case was brought home to him beyond the shadow of a doubt. Poor old Joe was called upon to give him a character.

"Please your honours," stammered old Joe, "I know'd this lad ever since he was a boy; it was I that first brought him on board a ship, and a brave lad he was—not a better sailor in the service; he'd point a gun, reef a topsail, or splice a rope with any man—but the drink, the drink, that got too much a-head of him, and he has never been able to make lee-way ever since." The presiding officer waved his hand; Joe was silent—the officers consulted, every countenance seemed buried in anxiety—a deadly gloom spread over Joe's breast. "My prophesy may perhaps be true," muttered he—"Heaven forbid!" Richard was ordered to stand forth and hear his sentence—a low murmur ensued. Joe, unable to listen longer, had walked away, and as he reached the more distant part of the vessel, the words, "Yard-arm—until he be dead," appeared to vibrate on his ear. Joe clasped his hands in agony—"It is all over!" exclaimed he, "poor Richard is sentenced to die." At this instant a cry of fire! fire! was heard on deck; in an instant all was a scene of dreadful confusion. The smoke arose from the hold—the hatches were broken up, and, to the terror of all on board, a flame burst forth from a spot not many yards from a cask of gunpowder. None
PERIODICAL SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.


The two last numbers of the Encyclopedia of Geography are occupied with the countries of the north of Europe and with Asia, as far east as the Indo-Chinese districts: the eighth number concludes with the commencement of China. This important portion is executed with the ability that distinguished the earlier numbers. In the part devoted to the Burman empire and the Indo-Chinese countries, the work is enriched with many important novelties, advantage being taken of the latest discoveries in those hitherto obscure regions. The marginal wood-cuts, illustrating costume, topography, botany, and zoology, are peculiarly valuable in this work. Likewise the style of writing is attractive in a high degree, forming a strong contrast to the dry details of elementary works of this species in general.

Some of the customs of the Afghans are very curious, and will be interesting to the ladies.

"The Afghans, who form the main body of the population, present, in their aspect and
character, a very striking contrast to the Hindus, on whom they immediately border. Their high and even harsh features, their sunburnt countenances, their long beards, loose garments, and shaggy mantles of skin, give the idea of much horror and more unpolished people; the arts of life are less advanced, and many of the luxuries of Hindostan unknown; there is nothing like the same organising police and regular course of justice. Under this rough exterior, however, are seen disclosed estimable qualities, which advantageously contrast with the timid servility, produced by usual subjection, in the Indian. The martial and lofty spirit, their bold and simple manner, their sobriety and contempt of pleasure, their unbounded hospitality, and the general energy and independence of their character, render them on the whole a superior race. In India, every movement originates with the government or its agents, and the people are accounted as nothing more than slaves; but in some instances little under control, and follow undisturbed their own inclinations. Although Asiatic dissimulation prevails, especially at court, yet their intercourse is by no means marked with that profound and systematic deceit which characterises the subjects of the great empires. They show also an active curiosity with regard to the products of European art and skill, with an eager disposition to inquire into the processes employed; while in India all these things are regarded with a mere polite indifference. Matrimonial contracts are not, as usual in Mahometan countries, negotiated entirely by the friends of the parties; but, in the country districts especially, the parties themselves have often the opportunity of meeting and forming attachments. These cannot be fulfilled, indeed, until the youth has earned the purchase-money of his mistress; but though this be in itself far from a romantic description, it gives rise to delays and difficulties, which often impart a character of interest and adventure to the connexion. It has thus become the subject of love tales, somewhat similar to those which are popular in Europe. This pecuniary value of the female sex, and difficulty of purchase, has led to a very odd species of penal infliction. The offender, on being convicted, is sentenced to pay to the injured person, or his friends, a number of young women, proportioned to the enormity of the offence. Twelve ladies form the fine for murder; in minor offences the amount is of course diminished."

The "Encyclopedia of Gardening" is in the last numbers entirely devoted to the practical part of the art, they are replete with useful information; and some of the remarks on keeping and storing fruit, and on the various insects and birds destructive to gardens, appear to us entirely new.

"The Architectural Magazine" contains several papers replete with interest to all sorts and conditions of readers; that on the "Domestic Offices of a House" is full of good counsel; that on "Architectural Fountains," with the woodcut embellishments, is well worth attention; altogether, the two last numbers, we consider, are more generally valuable than even the former ones.

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**THE BIRTH-DAY.**

**ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.—BY MRS. COCKLE.**

Though threescore years and ten have shed
Their changes round thy honour’d head;
Though Time has gently touch’d thy brow,
And given thy locks their hue of snow,
Yet has he not, with all his art,
Destroy’d one beauty of the heart;
But left that with its earliest charm,
With every better feeling warm—
Friendship, that still unaltered stays,
In darkest, as in cloudless days,
And only gives a richer hue
To hours when first that friendship grew;
As evening’s mild, retiring beam,
Throws all around a brighter gleam;
And Hospitality’s kind store,
That never closed the opening door,
But bade its portals wider stand,
For Charity’s extended hand;
Such as thou wert, I see thee now,
Unchanged by seventy winters’ snow;
The heart, no winter yet discloses,
But summer smiles with all its roses.
CLEMENCE;
A TRUE STORY.

"A qui sait bien aimer, il n’est rien d’impossible."—T. CORNEILLE.
"I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the heart."—YOUNG.

In the year 17—, there lived at Toulouse a Monsieur de la Faille, a gentleman of rank and fortune, highly respected by everyone for his impartial justice in his conspicuous office of magistrate. Early in life he had been left a widower with an only daughter, the pride and joy of his declining years.

Clemence possessed many rare personal and mental advantages, and a perfect symmetry of form, which gained for her universal admiration. No expense had been spared in her education, and her days had been passed in uninterrupted tranquillity. A Monsieur de Garran, belonging to a regiment of artillery quartered in their town, became acquainted with them. This officer's engaging manners and deportment led, in the course of a few months, to a warm friendship between the parties; and it was whispered that the worthy magistrate intended bestowing on him the hand of his lovely daughter. The two young persons were in every respect equals. Clemence, however, had only reached her fifteenth year, but Eugene was twenty-five. He made his proposals to Monsieur de la Faille, who, anxious to secure the happiness of his child, accepted them. De Garran was constant in his attentions; he accompanied Clemence and her father in all their walks, and scarce ever quitted them, except when called away by the duties of his profession.

It was a beautiful and solemn sight to see them thus in heart united. The girl just launching into womanhood, leaning with affectionate confidence under the eye of her parent, on the arm of him who was to be her future protector; it was a picture which upraised human nature, and their marriage was looked to as the happy consummation of hope.

Sure of the consent of Monsieur de la Faille, Eugene was on the eve of setting off for his mother's residence at Paris, in order to obtain her acquiescence, when a fatal order from the Minister of War, for the immediate departure of the regiment for India, blighted the fondest hopes, and destroyed the day-dreams of their most perfect felicity.

One morning, in a state of mind bordering on despair, Eugene announced this fatal intelligence. Clemence was overwhelmed with sorrow, and even the strongly-nerved Monsieur de la Faille was astounded by so unexpected a blow. The first paroxysms of grief a little subsided, they began to reflect what course to pursue. Eugene would have hastened the marriage, and employed all his eloquence in entreaty and permission to take Clemence to India with him; but Monsieur de la Faille could not make up his mind to part with his daughter so suddenly, and send her, young as she was, thousands of leagues from her native land, to a climate, accounted at that period a certain grave for Europeans; where, even if her own life was spared, she would in all probability be left without protection, by the death of her husband. Eugene next proposed sending in his resignation; this was treated as the effect of despair; and Monsieur de la Faille, declaring that he held himself responsible to the family of Monsieur de Garran, would not listen to such a resolution. Unwilling to leave any plan untried, the unfortunate young man next desired to have the hand of Clemence, and for her to remain at home until his return in two years' time. But Monsieur de la Faille was inexorable; no power could shake his once-formed resolution. As soon as the young lovers were able to listen to reason, he represented to them that as they were both so young, the two years' delay was desirable; and such an absence would but increase a sincere and well-founded attachment. Eugene yielded at length to his hard destiny; whilst Clemence in her grief found consolation that she struggled with misfortune, and that obedience so dearly purchased must render her affection still more prized, at a future day, by her intended husband. Monsieur de la Faille felt as he acted: with the best, nay kindest, intentions, he was wholly ignorant of the finer workings of the human heart. At this period of unspeakable grief, not a private moment was allowed them to give vent to their feelings of regret and anguish; and
speechless they stood, side by side, on
the brink of a long—perhaps an eternal
farewell. At such a moment of sepa-
ration from a beloved object, the soul
would naturally overflow with tender-
ness, but the emotions of the heart are chain-
bound by a stranger's presence. Its
mystic workings are outwardly pour-
trayed in the fond pressure of the hand,
the softened yet piercing gaze of the eye,
and its empire completed in the plighted
vow, and, perchance, a first and only
kiss; and the ardent lovers mutually,
though fondly, ask—"will thou forget
me?" or else, more certain of the link
which binds them, and the chain which
fetters them, with bold assurance will
declare that the beloved will cease to
remember them when absent hence.
Such passion as this is holy—pure; but
cannot be well judged of, no, nor wit-
nessed by others than those concerned,
else cold and lost will oftentimes appear
the female heart, which was all tender-
ness, devotion, and love.

Eugene felt this restraint, and, about
to leave the room, said in a low and hur-
rried voice to the unhappy Clemence,
"To-night, at twelve, in the garden."
She looked at him, and seeing him pale
and wretched, gave her assent. Any
other than M. de la Faille might have
supposed, by the reserve with which they
had separated, that they expected to
meet again; but he had not the slightest
suspicion of such a circumstance.

At the appointed hour Clemence de-
scended into the garden. She saw in it
no other crime than disobedience. Eugene,
on the contrary, knowing the dangers of
such an enterprise, entered the garden
with mixed feelings: trembling they
met. After a lengthened silence, they
dilated upon the cruelty of their separa-
tion—they agreed upon the hours of the
day and of the night at which they were
to think of each other, both forgetting
that the days of the one climate are the
nights of the other. Thus time gained
upon them insensibly. The pale moon
shone softly, and the air was perfumed
with delicious fragrance. "Clemence,"
cried he, in a moment of anguish, "dost
thou love me?"

"The God who at this moment sees
into our hearts," she answered earnestly,
"is my witness, that I love thee more
than my life."

Eugene, forcibly moved by this im-
passioned appeal, hastened to bid her
farewell. "What! already," cried Cle-
mente, sadly.

"It must be," cried Eugene; "adieu!"
So saying, he clasped her in his arms,
and imprinted upon her lips a first and
only kiss. Clemence had hitherto been
a stranger to the wild emotions which
worked upon the heart of her lover.
She was calm, but not cold; and she
knew not, until that instant, the passion
that inspired him. With a singular pre-
diction she uttered these extraordinary
words,—"Eugene, if I were dead, one of
thy kisses would restore me to life!". An
increased pressure of the beautiful girl
was the only reply of the young man,
and releasing his hold, he darted down the
path, and was out of sight in a moment.

Four years had elapsed since the pre-
vious event, when Captain de Garran
returned to France. He took the pre-
cauution of writing to some friends to
prepare his mother for his arrival, as
she had long lamented him as dead, hav-
ing been wounded and taken prisoner in
India; the letters he had written never
reached their destination. After the
first transports, Madame de Garran re-
marked a melancholy in the countenance
of her son, and when interrogated he
tried to avoid giving answers. His
mother, however, entreated most earnestly
to be made acquainted with the
cause of his uneasiness. He endeavoured
to assure her it was nothing; she was,
however, about again to urge him, when
he declared the cause:—"I imagined,
then, my dear mother, that as I passed
the church of Saint Germain-des-Prés,
in my way hither, I observed the porch
hung with black, and ornamented as if
for some rich interment; it is assuredly
a common sight, and would not have
awakened the attention of a child, still,
although I am not superstitious, it caused
in my mind a certain fatal presentiment
for which I could not account, and it ap-
ppears as if the forerunner of some dread-
ful calamity. I see you smile at my
simplicity, but three years of captivity
and horrible suffering have rendered
grief familiar to me."

"As to the funeral," his mother re-
plied, "it must be that of the beautiful
Madame de Servins, the wife of the
president of the Chamber of Subsidies.
She died yesterday, after an illness of
only three days."
"The beautiful Madame de Servins!" cried Eugene, after a momentary pause: "she must have been beautiful to be so designated."

"So, indeed, she was," replied Madame de Garran: "she was always called the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Faille."

This simple but abrupt announcement did not awaken any particular emotion in the mind of Eugene. He looked with surprise rather than consternation, and then begged her to repeat her words. Madame de Garran, suddenly recollecting that her son had for some time been quartered at Toulouse, imagined that he might perhaps have known Mademoiselle de la Faille, and therefore answered with greater caution, yet she no sooner repeated the name than Eugene fell senseless on the floor: a livid paleness overspread his features, and his deep groans evidenced the bitterness of his sufferings. The first transports ended, it was only by making mention of Clemence that her son derived any consolation, and the seeming perfidy of his betrothed engrossed even more of his attention than her early death. Intelligence of his captivity and reported death were spoken of as having reached France, which might have influenced the conduct of Mademoiselle de la Faille; and then she told him how the unhappy girl, after unavailing tears and resistance, had been forced into a marriage by her father; and that to the miseries attendant upon a forced marriage, Madame de Servins, young and beautiful as she was, had no doubt fallen an early victim, and thus by degrees she softened the rigour of the stroke.

Having listened to his mother, and wept long and bitterly, Eugene again relapsed into sullen silence; yet he seemed intent upon some hidden project. Madame de Garran anxiously watched her son's countenance, and marked the state of his feelings, dreading lest he meditated committing suicide.

She observed, late in the evening, that her son took more than sufficient money to purchase arms, yet she feared to question him respecting his movements. At night-fall Eugene quitted the Hôtel de Garran, directing his steps towards the church of Saint Germain-des-Prés, and learned from the beadle the place of Madame de Servins' interment. He next proceeded to the cemetery, and aroused the guardian. The man was much surprised at seeing one whose appearance announced him as belonging to the higher class, proposing to him a sacrilegious crime, in causing Madame de Servins' grave to be opened. Nay, more, he required to be permitted to open the coffin. Intent in his own mind that he might once more behold the features of one whom he had loved with the most devoted affection.

There was a long and wrangling discussion between them; for the gold tendered in quantities by Eugene could not overcome the timid grave-digger's scruples. It was a period of agonizing despair for the unfortunate young man, disappointed in successfully overcoming those hirering feelings upon which he had so much counted for the accomplishment of his sad and solemn purpose. All parleying vain; he threw himself at length at the feet of the grave-digger, bathed him with tears, and in horrible convulsions threw himself on the earth, imploring him to grant him one single look at the corpse of her, without whom life had become an insupportable burden. Finding the old man still inexorable he used menaces, and then again entreated him, until at length he saw a tear glistening in the old man's eye; his weakness gained for him an acquiescence, which he could not have purchased at any price.

They proceeded together to the grave; the old man with a spade and pickaxe, and Eugene carrying a lantern.

The moon shone with a bright and resplendent lustre on the peaceful mansions of the dead, shedding her softened light on the doers of this painful tragedy. Not a word was pronounced by either, until the coffin was lifted from its clay-cold bed, and deposited in safety at the side of the grave.

Eugene shuddered as the first stroke of the hammer fell upon the lid of the coffin, in order to rend it asunder. The sleeping watch-dogs at a distance awakened, and barked aloud at the noise. Eugene, in trembling accents, entreated the grave-digger to desist, and perform his task more silently. In a few moments more the corpse of Clemence lay upon the grass, enveloped in its shroud.

Eugene stood as if petrified; his eyes were fixed on the inanimate body, whilst
the grave-digger, seated on the edge of the grave, his legs hanging into the pit, remained an equally silent spectator. At length, seeing his companion continue thus immovable, he ventured to say, in a low voice—"There she is! there!"

But Eugene was still rooted to the spot. He seemed to forget altogether why he was present. The grave-digger having spoken several times without receiving an answer, and overcome by superstitious fears, in order to draw his companion out of his stupor ventured to remove the covering from the head of Madame de Servins. A talisman could not have worked a greater effect. At the sight of that adored face, beautiful even in death, the heart of the unhappy young man seemed rent asunder with conflicting emotions. He fell upon his knees beside the corpse, and, amidst tears and lamentations, spoke to the inanimate clay of days of by-gone happiness—of blasted hopes: then he called upon his adored Clemence by every endearing name affection could suggest; telling her of his unchangeable, his everlasting love, accusing himself as the cause of her death, and entreating her forgiveness. He had placed the body in a sitting posture, supporting it with one knee, then speaking to it, and contemplating it amidst feelings of the most poignant anguish. This delirium seemed likely to be without end, when suddenly a thought, quick as lightning, darted into his brain. Amidst this storm of passionate grief, and the last words he had heard pronounced by those loved lips, now even in her death were audibly re-echoed in his wild imagining! His cry pierced the air, and in the mad transport of a hope to all seeming still more mad, he clasped the unconscious Clemence to his bosom, and imprinted upon her lips that kiss, which she once said would restore her to life. To that kiss succeeded a shriek that issued from the bottom of his soul—then a convulsive trembling in each limb—next a maniacal laugh: then, with a movement rapid as lightning, he arose, still holding the corpse closely to his heart, and casting one fearful glance around, he darted from the spot across the tombs, regardless of every impediment, rending the air with frantic yells of joy and despair. By a supernatural strength, he soon rendered pursuit useless; and the grave-digger gazed on his flight, which was like that of a tiger carrying off his prey.

The grave-digger's first care was to efface every trace of this sacrilege. Having replaced the broken coffin in the grave, and again covered it with earth, he returned to his chamber, terrified for his crime, and waiting with anxiety the dawn of day.

Five whole years had passed away since that fatal night, before any occurrence took place to make the guardian of the cemetery suppose that the disappearance of the body of Madame de Servins would be attended with any consequences disagreeable to him.

On the fifth anniversary of the death of Clemence, Monsieur de Servins was seen kneeling beside the tomb of his lamented wife, and near him an unobserved spectator, the guardian of the cemetery, whose conscience stung him bitterly for deceiving a husband's virtuous grief, by permitting him to weep over—a tenantless tomb! He was about to confess his crime, when both were startled by a slight bustle which caused them to turn their heads; when a young female presented herself to their view. One glance was sufficient to tell them, that she who stood before them was none other than Clemence—Madame de Servins—the lamented wife—the very corpse once interred in that spot!

Monsieur de Servins rose, uttering a cry of surprise—the unfortunate grave-digger fell fainting on the earth; but the lady had no sooner beheld Monsieur de Servins, than, with a wild and piercing shriek, she fled like a maniac from the spot. Monsieur de Servins in vain pursued her; he only arrived at the gates of the cemetery in time to see her enter into a carriage, and drive away with the utmost speed of which two beautiful horses were capable.

An hour after this strange meeting, Monsieur de Servins was still in the room of the wretched grave-digger, who expired in horrible agonies, without having been able to reply to any of the questions addressed to him, or throw light on this mysterious affair.

The lieutenant-general of police immediately informed the local magistracy, that from the discoveries made, it was certain the carriage and liversies described by Monsieur de Servins belonged to none other than Colonel de Garran. At the
earnest request of Monsieur de Servins, the grave of Clemence was, on the following day, opened, and it was found to contain only an empty and broken coffin. In the mean time, Madame Julie de Garran, a young and lovely woman, whom Eugene had brought from India, where he had married her, entered her home in a state of the utmost agitation: she immediately proceeded to the apartment of her husband, and after having a long conference with him, appeared again quite calm and collected. No change whatever took place in the habits of Monsieur and Madame de Garran; and more than a fortnight elapsed after the above extraordinary event had occurred, without a word of it having seemed to transpire; but during that time, Monsieur de Servins had surrounded them with spies. This gentleman learned at the office of the Minister of War, the date of the first arrival of Captain de Garran from India, and also of his subsequent return there. He next discovered the postilions who drove him to Brest, accompanied by a lady closely veiled. He learned that Captain de Garran and the same lady had embarked at Brest for India, in a certain vessel; and armed with these terrible proofs, he commenced an action against Colonel de Garran, in order to break the illegal marriage he had contracted with his wife. The novelty of the suit attracted universal attention. Pamphlets were written by some of the faculty, to prove that a lethargy had been mistaken for death: those who sustained that side of the question were treated by even their own fraternity as being grossly ignorant of the art. The hours during which Madame de Servins must have lived in that state were counted, and there was not a single instance upon record of a lethargy having lasted so long. Colonel de Garran, himself, appeared to feel the greatest commiseration for Monsieur de Servins; and when he affirmed that the extraordinary resemblance between his wife and the late Mademoiselle de la Faille had shocked him also, though not to a degree to make him lose his senses, his manner bore so strong an appearance of truth, that Monsieur de Servins was considered by all as having lost his reason; or else that the whole accusation was a scandalous plot, brought against the parties for some vile and secret purpose. The affair was, however, brought before the tribunals; and Madame de Garran was ordered to appear, and reply to the interrogatories put to her. She was confronted with Monsieur de Servins, and appeared greatly astonished at what he alleged. Monsieur de la Faille, who had been summoned from Toulouse, could not refrain from tears, at seeing a woman, who appeared in every respect his daughter, nevertheless deny with the greatest calmness having ever seen him before. The astonished judges looked at each other, bewildered how to decide. Madame de Garran was then called upon to relate the events of her life:— She was an orphan, and had always inhabited India, and legal proofs were produced; attesting that Julia Merval, born at Pondicherry, had been married there to Captain de Garran.

The day on which judgment was to be pronounced arrived. All the pleadings had some time terminated, and the members of the court of parliament who composed the tribunal, seemed disposed to relieve Colonel de Garran from the singular proceedings instituted against him and his lady, when Monsieur de Servins entered the court, leading a child by the hand. Madame de Garran was seated next to Monsieur de Moizas, her counsel. The concourse was immense: her head was down, and she leant upon her hand in order to conceal her face from the eager gaze of the crowded assembly; she was, therefore, ignorant of the entrance of Monsieur de Servins. Suddenly a little hand was placed in her own, and she heard an infantile voice say to her, “Mamma, kiss me.”

Madame de Garran raised her head, looked at the child before her, and, without speaking, snatched it to her bosom, and covered it with tears and kisses. Nature! all-powerful, was not to be opposed—the wife and the daughter had resisted—the mother betrayed herself! From this moment the proceedings took a different turn. The counsel of Colonel de Garran prayed for the dissolution of a marriage that death had dissolved. “Ask not,” he demanded, in his passionate pleadings—“ask not the grave to restore that which you have given it; leave this individual to him who restored her to life—she belongs to him; and you have right only to a corpse!”

His efforts were vain. Clemence then
entreated to be allowed to retire to a convent, but her prayer was not granted; and a solemn decree condemned her to return to her first husband.

Some time after this judgment was pronounced, Clemence entered the drawing-room of Monsieur de Servins, who, surrounded by his whole family, was in readiness to receive her. She was dressed entirely in white, and was deadly pale with fixed despair. She approached her husband, and addressing him, said, "I restore to you all that you lost." She fell heavily on the floor. All present rushed to her assistance. She was dead!

Clemence had taken poison. Colonel de Garrau only lived until the following day.

L. V. F.

[Such events, it is to be hoped, possess their own antidote. Striking as are the facts, who would emulate Mad. or M. Garran?]

C R O W N S.

A Sketch; Classical, Historical, &c.

BY A MODERN ANTIQUE.

(Continued from p. 237.)

Since this article was commenced, its principle has obtained no mean support from the beautiful classic romance of Mr. E. L. Bulwer, just published—"The Last Days of Pompeii," in which that portion of the crowns of pleasure pertaining to banquets falls within the narrative, in that admirable writer's best manner. It was with no less agreeable surprise that I saw in the last Paris Letter of the Lady's Magazine (p. 252), an account of the recent coronation of a Rosière, the origin of which will shortly appear in the present article, under the head of "Crowns of Virtue."

To conclude on Crowns of Pleasure: Horace, in the Seventh Ode of his Second Book, aptly describes their application in the joy of banquets, in the severe indulgence of which the coarseness of their composition afforded relief. Certain charms to the same effect were afterwards intermingled in the form of precious stones, &c. The poet also speaks of—"parsley twined on myrtle boughs—to grace our mirth and shade our brows."

They became objects of female fashion and taste in delightful ornament. Thus Sappho—

"O Dorica, those ringlets should be crown'd; How sweet to bind with wreaths the flowing hair; Graceful in weaving wreaths fair hands are found, Than thine what fingers, Dorica, more fair? O greatly pleasing to the enraptured sight, Crown'd offerings ever yield the gods delight."

And Horace again, as our Milton translates him—

"What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,

Court's thee on roses in some pleasant cave,

Pyrhna? For whom bind'st thou

In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness?"

Fashion, afterwards naturally directed the progress of fictitious ornament, in the formation of these crowns. So, in humbler circles, have descended through succeeding ages the pleasurable use of the crowns of Greece and Rome, in various forms that constantly, though often unconsciously, meet our eye. This was greatly produced by the necessity found on the introduction of Christianity, of avoiding abrupton in the dissolution of ethnic festivals; whence they were converted into "holy-days," comporting with the spirit of the new religion. The term remains, with a significat assimilated to the original festivals, recreations, &c.

It would extend this paper too much to detail the various periods and objects—the British sports and pastimes—in which the ancient ceremonials of crowns are included. "Harvest-home" remains as a truly British modification well known; not so the close of the hop-gathering, which may be termed the British vintage, and which Dr. Willis, too little known for his genius, thus describes:—

"When labour thins the flow'ry crops,
And but one pole remains;
Then home they bear the well-pick'd hops,
And pleasure crowns their pains.

For fractive garlands now they wear,
And joy fills every soul;
The pole-pulter adored appears,
And bears the flow'ry pole."
The cases in which, as Shakspeare has it, are "crowned the nonpareil of beauty," I leave to the adornments of the Lady's Magazine; proceed we to other purposes.

**CROWNS OF TALENT.**

These were devoted to honour exercises of the mind and body. Antiquity accorded the most brilliant rewards to the learned, to orators, to poets, and to artists. Pythagoras, Demosthenes, Pindar, and Phidias, received crowns. Pythagoras is quoted, because too few examples have been found of crowns decreed to Science: she has been too much surpassed by eloquence, and poetry, in splendour and distinction.

At Rome, the emperors reserved to themselves the right of crowning orators and poets. Tiberius adjudged the prize of eloquence to Germanicus; but, instead of a crown, bestowed on him a shield. Was this a hint to talkers, that they should rather be doing? We find *ladies only* crowning Pericles for his oration over his deceased companions,—a striking mark of their beneficence. There is an exquisite allegory which represents the goddess of persuasion conferring the crown of eloquence on Venus (*Veneri Suaniloque*). What produces a more eloquent effect than the expressions of beauty? Yet the best authorities have shown evils in soft eloquence.

The crown of talent was ordinarily decreed, only after a contest, to him who had evinced superiority to his rival on a public occasion, and such occasions were variously offered. Horace exults in "green ivy crowns," as raising his name, exalting him among the gods. At the obsequies of Ajax, king of Thessaly, the prize of epic poetry was disputed by Homer and Hesiod, when, however incredible, Hesiod was the victor; but a king, long since forgotten, was their judge; and "the judgment of Panis (or Panides)," became a Thessalian proverb, to characterize that of ignorance and prepossession.* Pindar

* When the fortunes of the competitors are compared, it cannot be deemed degradation, since the world in all after ages crowned Homer with reverence. He wanted not the symbol, whose rapt reciters—they who collected and sung his poems, termed Rhapsodoi—were permitted to bear boughs of laurel in their hands: a tribute of which, at the same time, they showed themselves eminently worthy, both as regarded the poet and their own influence on the public taste; for they obtained for his verses, even detached, such a credit was vanquished before the eyes of all Greece, but it was by the exquisite Corinna. At Tanagra, according to Pausanias, there is still to be seen the portrait of the illustrious Theban, in which he appears crowned with a simple riband.*

But the most interesting of Capitoline contests were those festivals of Jupiter, in which poets employed all their efforts in his honour, and obtained the crown of laurel. So glorious was this prize esteemed, that it has descended through all ages to our times; and is personally represented by the appointment of poet-laureate to the king of Great Britain.†

It was, indeed, a respectable crown that Artemisia proposed to that poet who should celebrate, with most dignity, the virtues of Mausoleus, whose edifice, in honour of her husband, originated the term Mausoleum; the building of which alone beguiled her grief during the short period that she survived her husband.

The tragic poets contended at the Dionysiacs, or feasts of Bacchus, in honour of the Egyptian Nysus, educated above the more polished strains of the day, as to be enabled to adopt, notwithstanding the vulgar prejudice against the origin of the name (a blind stroller), the appellation of Homerists (*Omeriotes*). Those most successful received crowns. They recited the Iliad in red dresses, the Odyssey in blue. These, by the way, seem, as well as the Hilarodi, with their white dresses and crowns of gold, to have been the first actors. Let modern authors, then, not complain, if players receive more distinction than themselves. The calling of one or the other to appear on the stage to receive applause, after a successful piece, in our day, is a poor remnant of the ceremony of conferring a crown. The fact may also be added here, that, under Tiberius, pantomime and even rope-dancing had so far superseded the drama, that the senate prohibited magistrates from attending them; and Terence, in his time, had not only to complain of the low comic humour of Plautus being preferred, but of a preference to his own elegant style being evinced in favour of the rope-dancers (*funambuli*).

* Virgil beautifully alludes to the snow-band, as the mark of "Phobus's favourites, and of all such whose deserts deserve remembrance."

† The distinguished genius who at present bears that honour (Dr. Southey), seems to have fully recognised the dignity here ascribed to it; since on receiving it, he stipulated that it should be as the reward of his pre-eminent talent, and not a retaining fee for a dull reiteration of uncontested occasional odes that had long been a disgrace to the Muse. He has thus recovered for the appointment the honours of antiquity.
by the nympha; also at the Panathenea, dedicated to Minerva, for the union of Attica. It was at the games of Athens, to be spoken of hereafter, that Xenocrates, an obscure author, carried the prize against Euripides. Menander had the same advantage; but Menander was afterwards vanquished by Philemon. How powerfully may these simple traits strike us in our modern drama!

To return to other facts. Alexander, notwithstanding his general character, held gymnastic games in small consideration, while he accorded his highest favour to literary contests. Surrounded by honours, on his return from Egypt, at a festival of gratitude for his victories, he ordered a contest between the tragic poets, at which he presided himself. The comic poets had also their contests and crowns.

Olympia long sustained combats of the mind, where orators, historians, and poets contended in their various capacities; the victors receiving not only the crown, but other honours. Herodotus there read his history with so much success, that the names of the Muses were given to his nine books, and all Greece hailed their illustrious historian. All the sophists and rhetoricians followed him to Olympia in search of repute. Among them were Rhapsodists, sent by Dionysius, just mentioned, to declaim his verse, who were received only with laughter and contempt, notwithstanding his subsequent success even at Athens. There are modern cities who may very innocently compare this circumstance with some events of modern times.

To the commencement of those times it is now necessary to advance, leaving all the period of what has been called barbarism out of the question; and hence, after a Roman emperor had denounced the trials of literary skill as contrary to Christianity, we are at once directed to the age of Petrarch, not yet without its difficulties on that score. Here we find Rome and Paris disputing the glory of crowning that delightful poet who had revived the Muses and the Graces; and here we find Italy partially again in a state to recognise and to judge literary talent. For, notwithstanding the reputation which had been every where accorded him, history tells that Petrarch would not accept the honour awarded him without proving, in an exercise of his talent and a public examination, that it was merited. On this occasion presided Robert, king of Naples.

After three days of proofs and triumphs, the lover of Laura was crowned by the Count of Anguillara, and pompously conducted to Rome, where his crown of laurel was suspended in the stately dome of St. Peter. He was the first of modern poets-laureat, and was granted a patent. His diploma is remarkable:—"We, Count and Senator, declare Francis Petrarca poet and historian; and as a special mark of his quality of poet, we have with our own hands placed on his head a crown of laurel, giving to him by the tenor of these presents, and from the authority of King Robert, senate and people, the free and entire power to read, dispute, interpret old books, and make new ones, and to compose poems, which (God assisting) may go down to posterity."

All this it appears was necessary to protect him from the thunders of the Inquisition, which already, under a Dominican friar of Solipodio, was the terror of all who composed verses. Many attempts were also made to criminate Petrarch, as tainted with necromancy, because he read and understood Virgil. From these the laurel and the royal diploma relieved him.

Poor Rienzi, during his brief, absurd, and fatal attempt to restore the republic, received from those who joined in his delusion all sorts of crowns.

There is every reason to believe that Dante was crowned. It is certain that he was interred with the attributes and marks of poetic distinction, Tasso was crowned by Pope Clement VIII. Ariosto, whose very chair and insktand received the reverence of art, could not fail to be so distinguished.

The use of these crowns passed from Italy into Germany, when a pope having crowned Frederic III. king of the Romans, Frederic, as French critics wickedly say, gave in his turn the poetic crown to another pope; he was, however, Æneas Sylvis, an appellative better known than that of Pius II. The oath of John Crusius, crowned at Strasbourg in the seventeenth century, was no less remarkable than the patent of Petrarch. He vowed to "renovate by his verse the glory of the empire—not to abuse his talents in injury nor slander—"
and always to conduct himself truly, loyally, and Germanically, as imperial poet."

Apostolo Zeno was at no great distance of time official poet and historiographer to the emperor, with a pension. To him succeeded Metastatio, deemed admirable in his age.

The German nation, in its adoption of the poetic crown, be it remembered, preserved a strict propriety; to that of the Caesars was confined the pure laurel, while the laurel of poets was intermingled with ivy; and to avoid the characteristic judgment of Panis, the emperor, though he presided in the contest, decreed the crowns through the medium of a chancellor of literature.

In Spain there is evidence of the poetic crown being conferred at Seville, not so of her peninsular sister, Portugal, so constantly, even to our day, confounded with herself not only in literature but general history. Nevertheless, Coimbra, which has rivalled the best European institutions as a university, will be shown as not behind hand in these distinctions, whenever the promised history of that unhappy, but most interesting, kingdom shall be produced.

As to France, the adoption of all that related to Greece and Rome is too prominent in history to permit details of all the forms of its continuance. The honours of poetry were, it is believed, coeval with university decrees, and caused among other institutions of a more romantic nature, that of the Floral Games. To that country it must be allowed that we owe the preservation of many classical ceremonies lost, or but dimly preserved in our own.

Yet England was not very long behind her in attaching to her regal crown that of poesy; and we have the boast, already mentioned in a note, of our existing poet-laureat having restored its ancient dignity.

As early as 1190, Richard I. was complimented on his crusade by Gulielmus, to whom Mr. Warton attributes an official character. In 1251, under Henry III., a hundred and forty shillings was the salary appropriated to the king's versificator. In 1304, we find Robert Baston, "poet-laureat and public orator of Oxford," attending Edward I. into Scotland to celebrate his victories. It would seem that, being taken prisoner by the Scots, he was compelled to become the poet of the conqueror, and sing the successes of Robert Bruce.*

The honour of Baston brings us to the celebrated crown of laurel of which Petrarch was so enamoured, and would seem to contend for priority with him. A poetical degree, which was of the same nature, was certainly granted by the English universities soon after their establishment; it was, indeed, called a degree in grammar, but meant nothing less than a degree in general literature; since grammaticus implied a person learned in many arts, who excelled in philology—a man of letters; thus retrieving the character, as became the reserve of Britain, from the guaro saber (gay science) of the Tholosans. Philoponus, of the time of Justinian, celebrated for his various knowledge, was surnamed Grammaticus; so was Saxo, the Danish historian, and Thomas d'Aversa, of Naples. So was the title considered by Suetonius and C. Nepos. In the Scottish universities, laureation is the term used for taking a degree.

That laureation was common in England in the fourteenth century, would appear from the general manner in which Pits, on illustrous English, speaks of Ralph Strode as "a laureated poet of this island." John Watson was graduated and laureated at Oxford in 1470, on condition of composing an hundred Latin verses in praise of the university, and a Latin comedy. To another candidate it was prescribed to affix a hundred hexameters on the gates of St. Mary's chapel, for the judgment of the university. Maurice Burchensaw received the laurel on the same terms. The care of religion and virtue was then evinced by precluding his auditory from the study of the Elegies of Pamphilus, and Ovid's Art of Love. John Bulman obtained the crown for having explained a portion of Tully

* This, there is little doubt, was done with courtesy, since Bruce's subsequent patronage of his poetic countryman, John Barbour, evinces a consideration for the muse. Nor was that patronage disgraced, when Barbour's style was more English than that of Chaucer, as a bare example shows, from the commencement of the rhymes in which he sung the exploits of his royal master:—

"This was in midst of month of May, When birds sing on ilk spray, Meland (mingling) their notes with seemly sound, For softness of the sweet seasons."
“satisfactorily and gratuitously.” He was publicly crowned by the chancellor.
The poet Skelton was crowned at Oxford, and in 1493 was permitted to wear his crown at Cambridge, learning being not yet divided into political parties. Robert Whittington, eminent for his grammatical treatises and facility in Latin versification, on the same terms obtained the laurel in 1512. What laureations may have taken place at Cambridge, the learned historian of his art (Warton) has not recorded. In the life of the ingenious and unhappy Christopher Smart, it is said (perhaps only figuratively) that, as a competitor for the Seatonian prize, he received the laurel.

The complimentary poems of the king’s versificator, were long composed in the Latin tongue: yet Chaucer, who evidently bore that character, whether with or without the title, wrote his Hymeneal and other verses in English, as became the father of English poetry. His contemporary, “the moral Gower,” also, when meeting Richard II. in his barge on the Thames, he was commanded to “boke some newe thinge,” wrote his Confessione Anonitis (possibly the precursor of the Canterbury Tales) in English.

That Chaucer was included in the service of the royal household is certain, from his title in an ancient record—Valettus Hospiti. To him was granted by Richard II. in 1374, a pitcher or gallon of wine every day, amounting to a tun per annum. Gower is said to have been Chaucer’s successor in the laurel: however this may be, his statue, crowned with icy and roses, and reposing on his works, is still to be seen in the ancient church of St. Mary Overy (St. Saviour’s). He complimented Henry IV. on his accession to the throne.

During the troublesome period of the five succeeding reigns, comprising something less than a century, no exact account occurs, till we find Andrew Bernard, a monk of Thoulouse, uniting the offices of poet-laureat and historiographer with that of preceptor to Prince Arthur. Several of his pieces remain in Latin.

Henry VIII. entered fully into the celebrations of antiquity, incited by the numerous translations from the classics in his time, as well as the numerous examples of France. He made the place of king’s antiquary for Leland, the poet; and had masques provided, in which he bore a part. The nobility followed the example, and appointed chaplains to prepare poetical interludes to be performed by their families.

It is not very clear that the delightful Spenser had precisely the character of royal poet to Queen Elizabeth; but Daniel, who succeeded him in literary labours (1598), evidently bore the title and received the income. After him (1617), Ben Jonson received his fierce of wine avowedly as poet-laureat, to the marked envy of all his contemporaries; while Michael Drayton, who had been laureated at a university, took the name and assumed a rivalry. The importance thus drawn to the office was powerfully increased, when Davenant, the successor of Jonson, in 1637, excluding from it May, the translator of Lucan, fomented one of the bitterest enmities against Charles I. May becoming afterwards a strong advocate and devoted historiographer of the rebel parliament.

To Sir William Davenant (1688) succeeded Dryden, the father of polished English verse, who, as if extremes were intended to be displayed, was superseded on account of his religion, and perhaps connexions, on the accession of William III., by Shadwell! It, however, afforded opportunity for a splendid exertion of patronage in the minister, Lord Dorset (the remarkable patron of Prior), who, although he could not continue the emblem of the laurel, supplied from his own purse the amount of the pecuniary appendage. Dryden was also historiographer. Shadwell continued in his office only from 1688 to 1692. Tate, although not a bad versifier, as may be perceived from the Psalms which he translated, now in use in the church, little affected in any way the fame of the laurel. At the accession of George I., Rowe not unworthily received the dignity of poet-laureat.—“I am afraid,” says Johnson, “by the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who died in the Mint, whither he had been forced to seek shelter from extreme poverty.” Rowe was succeeded in 1718 by Eusden, who had written an epitalamium on the marriage of the Duke of Newcastle; and Eusden by Colley Cibber, both renowned in the Dunciad. Savage was the opponent of Cibber, and afterwards received
English Scenes and English Civilization.

The author of English Scenes has good ideas, and considerable information; but has not cleverly employed fiction, in the present work, as a means of illustrating very excellent and benevolent intentions. Being wholly destitute of dramatic power, the dialogues which compose the principal portion of three large volumes hang heavily on hand, while an innumerable nomenclature and the want of a concentrated interest are wearying defects. If the form of a novel is taken as a palatable mode of communicating truth, that novel ought to be a good one; but nothing is more unmanageable to an author than the introduction of a great number of names in a book, where the persons named have no peculiar characteristic. Like great painters, a good author will have all his characters in keeping with the principal group, and will introduce none that do not tend to make a beautiful and satisfactory whole. The style is at times involved and difficult; and there is too copious a use of italics, by way of pointing wit that cannot be elicited. Some words are either invented or adapted from very obscure sources, such as "selfisms:" this is expressive enough; but what does the author mean by "Melisent batted her eyes?" We should have taken the verb baited for a misprint, if it had not been used more than once in the sense of lowering or winking the eyes: yet verbal faults are mere specks on the surface of a work, and are easily rectified. It is a matter of regret that an author, replete with benevolent and philanthropic intentions, should be little skilled in the best way of enforcing admirable precepts; but the grand error is, that the precepts are laid down in dull dialogue, in the place of being implied by the conduct of the characters, rather than their preachments, when two or three gather together. We think that our author sacrifices ability to a system; for wherever that system is for an instant forgotten, or more practically entered into by example, the page becomes interesting, and the style even eloquent. The analysis of the feelings of Sybella, is delicate and beautiful; where she refuses a gentleman who had been so long making up his mind that she was the mistress of his affections, that he has in the mean time utterly lost hers.

"Let no consideration but those of honest preference, honest affections, influence you for a moment; not even those of pity, or of a future good that might never come. No: let your decision be the consequence of esteem, and of that decided preference which may, at least, [or rather] must become affection. A woman owes this to the man she marries, as much as to herself.

"'True, true, mamma, that alone is decisive!' said the agitated Sybella. 'Mr. Osborne's present conduct, I will own, affects me, and has brought to my mind many of my early recollections, when he had never caused me any sorrow—when he was every thing that was good and right. But I am glad he is gone! His looks, his tones, his misery, makes my mind again meek! Yet I hope I should have been strong enough to have done what is right to have acted, as I am sure I shall always afterwards rejoice to have acted. I am, indeed, glad he did not stay!'
This is very like lingering affection, my dear Sybella," said her mother. 'Take care, my dear child, that no wrong motive, no false pride, no lingering resentment of the past, which ought now to be pardoned, lead you to mistake or smother your natural feelings, and to throw away your own happiness, with that of poor Mr. Orberry!' "Not poor Mr. Orberry, but rich Lord Orberry,' said Sybella, smiling; as if glad to find some compensation for him in his unhappiness, and some natural self-approbation, possibly, for her own disinterestedness, even while obliged to afflict him. Perhaps I am fastidious—perhaps I am what he would call romantic on these subjects; but it is not pride, mamma, nor even lingering resentment of the past. But I cannot ever feel towards him as I once did. He is now associated in my mind with very painful, very miserable feelings! Men may not regard such associations in the minds of women they would marry! but that surely is not wise! There was no selfishness, no littleness in my feeling towards him! Had he become poor and penniless, my mind would have remained to him the same; but he treated me with caprice and unkindness, and I forbade me, as far as he could, to the cruelest mortification, the effects of which continued long. It is now over, mamma, and I will no longer hide from you, that he has made me suffer too much ever again to regard him as I did—ever at all to regard him more than with pity; with esteem for his many other virtues, and always to do him justice, to desire his welfare. But he blighted all my young feelings of felicity, and for a time destroyed all my perfect confidence in good. No; I can never be his! the chain of such an union broken will not link again! The harp-string snapped asunder no longer will respond! The rosebud torn to pieces will not again be the rose! and tears trickled through the fingers of the hand on which she leaned. 'He is not what I thought him; he could not now see things as I do, nor enter into my thoughts, notions, or feelings! He may be wiser, better, more valuable in the world than I am; but far rather would I now be the wife of any valuable man than his. But I do not wish to marry! Why should I marry? Yet if I must, if you, too, wish it, I must marry some one with whom I should have nothing to regret, some one who never caused me my of those miserable feelings, some one for whom I could find unhesitating, unqualified esteem.'"

An author capable of thus entering into the heart of woman, and developing its best and truest feelings, might make a valuable novel writer, if properly impressed with the truth that a system of improving the present state of social intercourse, though a most noble end, must lie less apparently on the surface to render a work attractive, and to procure it general readers. Fiction ought to illustrate a moral system; and a skilful author will rather imply his principal object, than perpetually and openly enforce it by dint of many words.

Notwithstanding these strictures, it will give us great pleasure to meet this author again in the field of literature, armed, we hope, with more professional skill. There are some aspirants to literary fame to whom we are obliged to say, "Write no more, the soil is barren, and will never pay for the culture:"—here, on the contrary, we think the materiel rich, abundant, and valuable; but rugged, wanting arrangement, and unskilfully applied.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

(Continued from page 223.)

The poplar ordered us to refresh ourselves, and prepare all things for our departure, though the storm of thunder and lightning did not cease till towards the morning. At length all things being ready for our moving, we marched on slowly till we came into the course of the rains. It was the most settled and downright rain I ever saw; every thing seemed to be as calm, as the tempest was violent before. Being accustomed to it, they had provided open vessels on each side of the dromedaries, to catch enough for their use as it fell; and they covered themselves and their beasts with that fine oiled cloth I mentioned before. All the sands were laid, and even beaten hard by the rains, though heavy and cloggy at the same time; we made as much way as possible for five days, just resting and refreshing ourselves when absolutely necessary. I must own, nothing could be more dismal than those dreary solitary deserts, where we could neither see sun nor moon, but had only a gloomy light, just sufficient to take our observations. On the sixth day, we thought we saw something move sideways of us, on our right hand, but seemingly passing by us; when one of the young men cried,
"there they are," and immediately crossed down to them. Then we perceived them to be travellers like ourselves, crossing in the same manner up to us; I was extremely surprised to find that those deserts were known to any but ourselves. But the pophar soon put me out of pain, by telling me they were some of their own people, taking the same season to go to Egypt, and on the same account. By this time we were come up to one another. The leader of the other caravan, with all his company, immediately got off their dromedaries, and fell prostrate on the earth before the pophar; at which he stepped back, and cried, *alas!* is our father dead? They told him yes; and that he, being the first of the second line, was to be regent of the kingdom, till the young pophar, who was born when his father was an old man, should come to the age of fifty. Then our people got off, and prostrated themselves before him,* all but myself. They took no notice of my neglect, seeing me a supernumerary person, and by consequence a stranger; but, as soon as the ceremonies were over, came and embraced me, and welcomed me into their brotherhood with the most sincere cordiality, as if known to be one of their nation. The pophar soon told what I was, which made them repeat their caresses with new ecstasies of joy peculiar to these people. After reiterated inquiries concerning their friends, and the assurance that all was well, except what they had just told him, the pophar asked them how they came to direct their course so much on the left hand, expecting to have met them the day before; and they seeming to point as if they were going out of their way. They told us they were now sensible of it, and were now making up for the true road as fast as they could; but that the day before they had like to have lost themselves by the darkness of the weather, and their too great security; for, bearing too much on the left hand, one of their dromedaries floundered as if he were got into a quicksand. The rider, thinking it had been nothing but some looser part of the sand, thought to go on, but fell deeper the further he went, till the commander ordered him to get off immediately, which he did with so much haste, that not minding his dromedary,

* The eastern manner of showing respect,
ever my eyes beheld. I was sensibly convinced of it by the perfumes of the spicy shrubs and flowers, which struck our senses with such a reviving fragrance, as made us almost forget our former fatigue and misery; neither do I believe all the odours of the happy Arabia could ever come up to it. I was just as if I had risen out of the most delicious repose. Here the pophar ordered us to stop for refreshment, and added, that we must stay there till next day. We pitched our tents on the last descent of those immense banes by the side of a little rill that issued out of the small break of the downs, expecting further orders.

The cause of our stay here, where we were out of danger, was not only for our companions left behind, but on a ceremonious account, as they were all to change their habits, that they might appear in the colours of their respective tribes or names, which were five, according to the number of the sons of the first pophar, who brought them out of Egypt, whose statue we saw at the pyramid. By their laws, all their tribes are to be distinguished by their colours, that whenever they go they may know what name they belong to; with particular marks of their posts and dignities, as I shall describe to you afterwards. The grand pophar's colour, who was descended from the eldest son of the ancient pophar, was a flame colour, or approaching near the rays of the sun, because he was chief-priest of the sun. Our new regent's colour was green, spangled with suns of gold, and the green representing the spring, which is the chief season with them. The third colour is a fiery red, for the summer. The fourth is yellow, for autumn; and the fifth is purple, representing the gloominess of winter: for these people acknowledge the sun for the immediate governor of the universe, and mimic the nature of his influence as near as they can. The women observe the colours of their respective tribes, but have moons of silver intermixed with the suns.

When they are sent out into foreign countries, they take what habit or colour they please, and generally go all alike to be known to each other; but they must not appear in their own country but in their proper colours, it being criminal to do otherwise. They carry marks also of their families, that in case any misdemeanour should be committed, they may know where to trace it out: for which reason, now they drew near their own country, they were to appear in the colours of their respective names; all but myself, who had the same garment I wore at Grand Cairo, to show I was a stranger, though I wore the pophar's colour afterwards, as being his relation, and incorporated in his family. When they were all arrayed in their silken colours, spangled with suns of gold, with white fillets round their temples, studded with precious stones, they made a very delightful show.\*

The sun had now broke through the clouds, and discovered to us the prospect of the country, but such a one as I am not able to describe; it looked rather like an immense garden than a country. In the distance I could see nothing but trees and groves; whether I looked towards the hills or vales, all seemed to be one continued wood. I asked the pophar if they lived all in woods, or whether the country was only one continued immense forest. He smiled and said, when we go thither you shall see something else besides woods; and then bid me look back, and compare the dreary sands we had lately passed with that glorious prospect we saw before us. I did so, and found the dismal barrenness of the past enhanced the beautiful delight of the other. The reason, said he, why it looks like a wood is, that besides an innumerable kind of fruits, all our towns, squares, and streets are planted with trees, both for delight and conveniency; though you will find spare ground enough for the produce of all things sufficient to make the life of man easy and happy. The glittering of gold through the tops of the trees, are golden suns on the tops of the temples and buildings. We build our houses flat and low on account of hurricanes, with gardens of perfumed ever-greens on the top of them, which is the reason you see nothing but groves.

We descended gradually from off the desert through the scattered shrubs, and were saluted every now and then with a gale of perfumes quite different from what are brought to the Europeans from foreign parts. The fresh air of the morning, together with their being exhaled from the living stocks, gave them such a fragrancy as cannot be expressed. At

\* See Sketch on Crowns in present Number, p. 299.
length we came to a spacious plain, a little shelving, and covered with a greenish coat, between moss and grass, which was the utmost border of the desert; and behind it a small river, collected from the hills, as it were weeping out of the sands in different places, which river was the boundary of the kingdom that way. Halt ing here, we discovered a small company of ten persons, the same number, including me, with ours, advancing gravely towards us; they were in the proper colours of the names, with such spangled suns of gold, as my companions wore, only the tops of their heads was sprinkled with dust, in token of mourning. As soon as they came at a due distance, they fell flat on their faces before the pophar, without saying a word, and received the golden urns with the earth which we brought along with us. These were the deputies of the five names sent to meet the urns. We advanced in this silent manner, without saying one word, till we came to the river, over which was a stately bridge, with a triumphal arch on the top of it, beautified with suns of gold, most magnificent to behold. Beyond the bridge, we immediately passed through a kind of circular grove, which led us into a most delightful plain, like an amphitheatre, with five avenues of trees leading to it. At the entrance of each avenue stood an innumerable multitude of people, representing the five names, or governments, of those immense kingdoms, all in their different colours, spangled with suns of gold, which made the most glorious show in the world. As soon as we entered the amphitheatre, our silence was broken with shouts of joy that rended the very skies. Then the whole multitude falling flat on their faces, adoring the urns, and thrice repeating their shouts and admirations, there advanced ten triumphant chariots, according to the colours of the names, with suns as before; nine of the chariots were drawn with six horses each, and the tenth with eight for the pophar regent. The five deputies who were the chief of each name, with the urns and companions, mounted five of the chariots: the other five were for us, two in a chariot; only, being a supernumerary, I was placed backwards in the pophar's chariot, which he told me was the only mark of humiliation and inequality I would receive. We were conducted with five squadrons of horse, of fifty men each, in their proper colours, with streamers of the same, having the sun in the centre, through the opposite avenue, till we came to where we saw an infinite number of tents of silk of the colour of the names, all of them spangled with golden suns; here we were to stop and rest ourselves. The pophar's tent was in the centre of his own colours, which was green, the second name in dignity, in whose dominions and government we now were.

I have been longer in this description, because it was more a religious ceremony than any thing else; these people being extremely mysterious in all they do. I shall explain the meaning as briefly as I can.

The stopping before we came to the bridge on the borders of those inhospitable deserts, and walking in that mournful silent manner, not only expressed their mourning for their deceased ancestors, but also signified the various calamities and labours incident to man in this life, whence he is not only looked upon to be, but really is, in a state of banishment and mourning; wandering in sun-burnt deserts, and tossed with storms of innumerable lawless desires, still sighing after a better country. The passage over the bridge they would have to be, token man's entrance into rest by death: their shouts of joy, when the sacred urns arrived in that glorious country, not only signified the happiness of the next life, but also that their ancestors, whose burial dust they brought along with them, were now in a place of everlasting rest.

Every ceremony of these people has some mystery or other included in it; but there appeared no harm in any of them, except their falling prostrate before the dust, which looked like rank idolatry; but they said still they meant no more than what was merely civil, to signify their respect for their deceased ancestors.

After having taken a most magnificent repast, consisting of all the heart of man can conceive delicious, both of fruits and wines, while we stayed in these refreshing tabernacles, we passed on by an easy evening's journey to one of their towns, always conducted and lodged in the same manner, till we came to the head of that name, which I told you was the green name belonging to the pophar re-
gent, second in dignity of the whole empire. Here the urn of dust belonging to that name was deposited, in a kind of golden tabernacle set with precious stones of immense value, in the centre of a spacious temple, which I shall describe afterwards. After a week's feasting and rejoicing, both for the reception of the dust and the safe return of the pophar and his companions, together with his exaltation to the regency, we set out in the same manner for the other names, to reposite all the urns in their respective temples. There are five, as I informed you before. The country is something mountainous, particularly under the line, and not very uniform, though every thing else is; containing valleys, or rather whole regions running out between the deserts, besides vast ridges of mountains in the heart of the country, which enclose immense riches. The chief collateral canals are to divert and let out the water, if need be. The middle stream forms the grand canal, which runs through the town, till it comes to the grand place; then there is another lock and sluice, which dividing it into two semicircles or wings, and carrying it round the grand place, forms an island, with the temple of the sun in the centre, and meeting again opposite to where it divided, so goes on in a canal again. There are also bridges over the straight canals, at proper distances. Before the river enters the town, it is divided by the first great lock into two prodigious semicircles, encompassing the whole town. All the canals are planted with double rows of cedars and walks, the most delightful that can be imagined. The grand place is in the centre of the town, a large round or immense theatre, encompassed with the branches of the canal, and in the centre of that the temple of the sun. This temple consists of three hundred and sixty-five double marble pillars, according to the number of days in the year, repeated with three stories, one above another. The town is situated as nigh as possible in the middle of the name, and about the centre of the country, bating those irregularities I mentioned. The four inferior names were like the four corners, with the flame coloured name, where the grand pophar, or regent pro tempore, resided, in the centre of the square; their method was to go to the four inferior names first, and reposite the urns, and then to complete all at the chief town of the first name. These names were each about eight days' very easy journey over. Thus we went the round of all, which I think, as I then remarked, was a kind of political visitation at the same time. At length we came to the great town of Phor, or No-om, there to reposite the last urn, and for all the people to pay their respects to the grand pophar, if in being, or else to the regent. By that time, what with those who accompanied the procession of the urns, and the immense town, more people were gathered together than one would have almost thought had been in the whole world; but such order and decency is distinguished in their ranks, tribes, and colours, as is not easy to be described. The glittering tents spread themselves over the face of the earth.

I shall here give a description of the town, because all other great towns of the names are built after that model.

The town of Phor, that is the glory, or No-om, which signifies the house of the sun, is built circular, in imitation of the sun and its rays. It is situated in the largest plain of all the kingdom, and upon the largest river, which is about as big as our Po, rising from a ridge of mountains under the line, and running towards the north, where it forms a great lake, almost like a sea, whose waters are exhaled by the heat of the sun, having no outlet, or sink under ground, in the sands of the vast deserts encompassing it. This river is cut into a most magnificent canal, running directly through the middle of the town. Before it enters the town, to prevent inundations, and for other conveniences, there are prodigious basins, and locks, and sluices; and on the top a cupola open to the sky, for the sun to be seen through. The pillars are all of the Corinthian order, of a marble as white as snow, and fluted: the edges of the flutes, with the capitals cornished, are all gilt. The inner roofs of the vast galleries on these pillars, are painted with the sun, moon, and stars, expressing their different motions; with hieroglyphics, known only to some few of the chief elders or rulers. The outsides of all are doubly gilt; as is the dome, or grand concave, on the top, open in the middle to the sky. In the middle of this concave is a golden sun, hanging in the void, and supported by golden lines or rods
from the edges of the dome. The artificial sun looks down, as if it were shining on a globe of earth, erected on a pedestal altarwise, opposite to the sun, according to the situation of their climate to that glorious planet: in which globe, or earth, are enclosed the urns of their deceased ancestors. On the inside of the pillars are the seats of the grandees, or elders, to hold their councils, which are all public. Opposite to the twelve great streets are so many entrances into the temple, with as many magnificent staircases between the entrances, to go into the galleries or places where they keep the registers of their laws, &c., with gilt balustrades looking down into the temple. On the pedestals of all the pillars were engraven hieroglyphics and characters, known to none but the five chief pophars; and communicated under the greatest secrecy to the successor of any one of them, in case of death, loss of senses, and the like. The most improper decorations of the temple, in my opinion, are the fluting of the pillars, which look too finical for the august and majestic simplicity affected by them in other respects.

The fronts of the houses round the grand place are all concave, or segments of circles, except where the streets meet, which are twelve in number, according to the twelve signs of the zodiac; pointing to the temple in strait lines, like rays to the centre. This vast round is set with double rows, and circles of stately cedars before the houses, at an exact distance, as are all the streets on each side, like so many beautiful avenues; which produce a most delightful effect to the eye, as well as conveniency of shade. They build always circular ways till the circle is complete; then another, and so on: all the streets are planted with double rows of cedars. The middle of the areas between the cuttings of the streets are left for gardens and other conveniences, enlarging themselves as they proceed from the centre or grand place. In effect, the whole town is like a prodigious garden, distinguished with temples, pavilions, avenues, and circles of greens. The twelve streets open themselves as they lengthen like the radii of a wheel, so that at the first coming into the town, you have the prospect of the temple and grand place directly before you; and from the temple a direct view of one of the finest avenues and countries in the world.

Their principal towns are all built after this form. After they have taken a plan of the place, they first build the temple; then leave a great area, or circular marketplace, round which they build a circle of houses, and add others as they increase, according to the foregoing description. In all spaces or cuttings of the streets, there are either public fountains brought by pipes from a mountain at a considerable distance from the town, or statues of great men holding something in their hands to declare their merit; which, having no wars, is taken either from the invention of arts and sciences, or some memorable action done by them for the improvement and good of their country. These they look upon as more laudable motives, and greater spurs to glory, than all the trophies erected by other nations to the destroyers of their own species. Their houses are built low on account of storms and hurricanes, to which the country is subject: they are all exactly of a height, flat-roofed, with artificial gardens on the top of each, full of flowers and aromatic shrubs, in pots; so that when you look from any eminence down into the streets, you see all the circles and avenues, like another world, under you; and, if on the level, along the tops of the houses, you are charmed with the prospect of ten thousand different gardens meeting your eyes whenever you turn; insomuch, that I think the whole world besides cannot afford such a prospect. There are a great many other beauties, according to the genius of the people, which, were I to mention, would make up a whole volume. I only say, that the riches of the country are immense, which in some measure are all in common. The people are the most ingenious and industrious in the world; the governors aiming at nothing but the grandeur and good of the public, having all the affluence the heart of man can desire, in a place where there has been no war for near three thousand years; there being indeed no enemies but the inhospitable sands around them, and they all consider themselves as brethren of the same stock, living under one common father: so that it is not so much to be wondered at, if they are arrived to such grandeur and magnificence, as persons in our world can scarce believe or conceive.

(To be continued in our next.)
Drama, &c.

The two great theatres have opened, and consequently what is called the play-going world are alive—all anxiety to watch their progress; not, alas! as in the days of Garrick, Siddons, or the Kembles, but in the production of wonders that may excite their senses rather than understandings, and furnish some one or some thing to talk about, rather than discuss the true merit of the stage.

Since the two houses have merged into one management, of course the spirit of rivalry is lost; and we cannot help thinking that this is a loss to the public. This is not compensated by the power of occasionally associating “all the talents” in either house. It at the same time deprives the ordinary visitors of a great impulse formerly felt in the dispensation of local favour.

However, let us see what has been done for the drama: and this duty we must pay to the reader with justice. Drury Lane commenced with the month, and with the “Hypocrite” and “Masaniello;” the former, to present the most talented performer in his cast of the day in a new character out of it. The play itself, though a standard one, and a powerful satiric upon an absurd morality, is more adapted for the precise period at which it was written than the present. Mr. Farren, who does everything cleverly, did not fail in Dr. Cantwell; but he was nothing in comparison with Dowton, who might be said to be only perfect in it. Charlotte was equally ill-suited to Mrs. Cramer, who made her first appearance in London with considerable promise.

The first real novelty produced was Mr. Denvil, in whom, from some expectations raised in a quarter worthy of respect, we fear they became inordinate in many, and were thus disappointed. He dashed at once into Shakespeare, and, above all Shakespeare’s characters, Skylock, where he had nothing to help him! That he escaped out of it at all, even with very ordinary approbation, on the first occasion, is sufficient proof that he is no common actor. He repeated it with better effect, but by no means to a degree to lessen our regret that he should seem to make it point d’appui.

So he seems to have thought himself. And here we think he was right, for he dashed on Richard, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties he had to encounter from comparison with all the numerous Richards of the modern stage—a custom, this, of comparison, that not only annihilates all just criticism—all true feeling of the play itself, but must go far to destroy the early essays even of the greatest actor in the world. How was the glorious Siddons served at first, and what her feelings were upon it, the public has lately read, from her

own graphic description. He succeeded better, notwithstanding the general outcry of the critics, who, by the way, seem to have been no two of the same opinion. This second essay, and its results, reminds us of Hume, the first volume of whose history “fell dead-born from the press;” the second moved a little; but on the publication of the third, he says, he “soon found, by Dr. Warburton’s railing, that the book was beginning to be esteemed in good company.” There is comfort in this for actors as well as authors.

Why was not Mr. Denvil’s third character continued in Shakespeare, who had moods for all men? We ask this not in censure, but in sorrow—an unaccountable sorrow, perhaps, for a stranger, of whom we know nothing.

Strange to say, on the 21st of October the tragic play of “Bertram” was revived, for the purpose of introducing two new actors: Miss Clifton, in the characters of Bertram and Imogene. What the manager promised himself from this effort we cannot conceive.

“Bertram” was the beautiful extravaganza of an unhappy man of genius, because inconsiderate, and was produced by a sudden and momentary impulse. It reached circuitously Lord Byron, then a prominent member of the Sub-Committee of Drury-lane, along with a comedy, “Second Love,” handed to him only by Raymond, an actor of small eminence but great judgment, and others, in all varieties, with high recommendations. Byron, we believe, selected the two alone for representation; the one the production of a poor Dublin curate, named Maturin; the other of a writer unknown to the stage, named Scott. The general opinion of such as examined both was, that the first would blaze for a little time, the other be lasting. At the period, however, Keavan was to the “London boards;” and a young female aspirant, Miss Somerville (since Mrs. Bunn), was sought to be especially brought out by the late Hon. Douglas Kinnaird. This was chosen as the opportunity for particularizing both performers, and it succeeded so well, that “Bertram” filled the house, not only for a time, but for the whole remainder of the season, to the exclusion of “Second Love,” which, though often afterwards prepared for performance, has, by a succession of theatrical accidents, never appeared. The whole matter, as related to “Bertram,” seems to have partake of a romantic character of the piece; for Mr. Murray, the pre-eminent bookseller, previous, it is believed, to performance, gave 800l. for its copyright, charging the copies higher than a play had ever been charged before; and Rae, the manager, with exultation, paid to the author 700l., as his profit from the per-
formance. It is a painful anecdote that all this money little availed the fortunate author. Even fame forsook him, and "Bertram" suddenly fell to something below the level of "stock-pieces," for it had no weight beyond a little flashy poetry, and much melodramatic skill, to support it; all of which was heavily pulled down by a very bad manager.

We have said thus much to enliven by anecdote the expression of our wonder at the revival of this piece, previously to stating our still greater surprise at its strange misappropriation to the introduction of Mr. Denvil and Miss Clifton—or, rather, as we must confess, Miss Clifton; since, as well might be, she was superior to the uncultivated and spoiled talent of Miss Somerville, and is a performer of much promise. As to Mr. Denvil, we can only say, as we did of Farren, in Cantwell, that he cannot fail in any thing; but certes this was no mean of increasing his fame!

We wait anxiously to see what next. As to Miss Clifton, we need not say that she possesses talent and all the jeu de theatre, for she will succeed as an American wonder.

Of Mr. Planché's "Regent," a translation from the French, neither appropriate to France or England, it is sufficient to say here that it was successful; since we must speak of him by wholesale hereafter, as the veritable Sir Walter Scott and Sir John Britton of theatres great and small.

Covent Garden opened on the 2nd, with the "Coriolanus" of Mr. Vandenhoff, who has too-sufficiently obtained possession of the London stage to require our compliment, as a respectable actor, only second in the city to the established favourite Macready. A new farce was the novelty; and our space only enables us to say it answered the manager's—"we beg pardon, the lessee's—purpose.

On the 14th, "Cinderella" produced the wandering Woods again in all their excellences; it also presented Signor Giubelit, with all his taste and good English; and Madame Proche Giubelit, full of chasteness and grace.

On the 21st, Mr. Vandenhoff essayed Hamlet. He was correct, but coldly correct—as usual, better in logical category than feeling. He also clipped Shakspere a little, as if

**Forbid to mention graves to ears polite.**

Our favourite grave-diggers and their lecture in the fine humour of Shakspere were lost. Age alone must have drawn Farley from pantomime. Mrs. Faucit performed the Queen with wonted grace; and we think Miss Taylor's Ophelia more characteristic than Miss Kelly's, which is saying much. We are glad to find Ellen Faucit kept back; she must not be an erratic, but a fixed star!

**Adrear.**—Now that we have lost the Haymarket season, we must look to this theatre and its enlarged stage for the next legitimate performances. This is however in expectancy. If crowded audiences speak excellence, it is certainly here.

**Olympic.**—We think we must date this next, from both theatres rejoicing in the possession of Greek epithets, and forming a contrast. The first, "the brothers," having adopted what has been called a "Mudre-orama, the March of Crime," while the latter furnishes us appropriately and successfully only with pleasing games. It opened on the 20th with three new pieces, two of them by Mr. Planché; they have been successfully followed by others, and finally one of a more striking character, called a "Murder-orsam, the March of Crime." It is evidently written for Madame Vestris and Mr. Liston (who a severe critic chose to characterize as "Beauty and the Beast"). The character of Idanaes Hawk is drawn with considerable effect, as a critical reformer of all things, all inventions, and all persons. He condescends, as a lover to the pretty Madame he would win, to reform, to appear as a broum-girl dancing in serenade to a barrel-organ. All this is good in its way, but where the moral?**

**English Opera.**—"Too soon to fade," this theatre is determined to fix itself in our affections. It was on the 21st graced, as we would wish often to see it, by one of those little pieces that gratify the best feelings of our nature, and seem to us, when compared with much that is produced, like sprinklings of gold on the bank of a turbid stream. We are aware that the general taste is not with us, but we are sure there are many that will participate in our feelings, and also in our pleasure, at hearing, for the first time, a male performer capable of the true expression of ancient Scottish melody.

The plot of "Cramond Brig" (Bridge) requires no development; it is one of the numerous adventures of James V. of Scotland, the last of the monarchs who, to ascertain the condition of their subjects, went among them in disguise. As Laird of Bal- lengeath, he visited John Howson on the lands of Cramond, and, according to custom, was received hospitably by him and his guid wife Tibbie (Isabel). The monarch in disguise determined to better their fortunes, and promised to introduce them at court to obtain a redress of some grievance from the king. From these slender circumstances arise much natural humour, and the opportunities for producing some of the most favourite Scottish songs of the olden time.

To Mr. Wilson, as King James, we are firstly indebted for the treat we have received. He gave the pathos and simplicity of "The Flowers of the Forest," "Saw ye my wee thing," &c., in a manner unprecedented on the London stage. Indeed, Scottish pieces are always sadly spoiled there. Since a performer of the same name, ajoute
half a century ago, we have not had a natural specimen of the tongue. What has been now produced in Mr. Wilson, was indeed thought of some thirty years’ since in the person of Shaw, of Aberdeen; but he could not be produced to the trial. His “Craigieburn Wood” and “Groves o’ Green Brecch,” &c, we shall now expect, ere long, to hear from Mr. Wilson.

The good example prevailed through the few characters. Mr. Williams was excellent as the guid man o’ Cramond; and Mr. Miller, with similar characteristic specimens of the public, considerable enough for his remuneration. We say this more readily, because they would not interfere with his important arrangements.

A new opera is in rehearsal by Mr. Macfarren; first a pupil, and now professor, of the Academy of Music. Mr. John Thomson’s “Hermann” is brought out too late for remark.

Victoria.—We regret to see none of the promised excellence of the new management yet produced. The glass curtain itself seems now only as a deceptio visus to Ramo Samee’s juggles. A young Irish Roscius has been introduced with as much success as such an employment of precocity deserves. Mr. Marshall has furnished an excellent panoramic view of the fire at Westminster Palace. We are sorry for the announcement of a musical piece by a young lady named Byron, set forth as related to the poet. Surely common feeling should direct managers, particularly so valued a name to their theatre, to some recollection, at least, of—

“Add, sole daughter of my house and heart.”

Mr. Bunn’s taste was bad enough in his speculation with regard to Mrs. Marldin, innocent as we really believe her; this is much worse.

Surrey Theatre.—We are glad to find Mr. Davidge has not adopted his friend Ducrow’s horses, but given us legitimate men and women.

Kensington Theatre.—We were just about to write of the excellence of this beautiful little house, which experienced the kind patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, when we learned that the county magistrates had refused to license it, as seems to us from the name in which the license was sought, having been mixed up in some gaming transactions. We shall be glad to find it “a mistake.”

Fitzroy Theatre.—We confess we cannot agree with the licensing magistrates in thinking it better that this establishment should relinquish its old title of “Academy of Ancient Music,” for we must confess we always feel a pleasing association of ideas from a recollection of the excellence formerly evinced in that character, when it had the honour of delighting George the Third within its walls with music, partly furnished by the father of the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington.

However, excellence of another kind is now to be expected from it; and we see no reason, from the tact and talent of those now concerned, that expectation should be disappointed. It stands alone in an extensive circle, with no competition nearer than the winter theatres. Its building is handsome and of good capacity; and we are not without hope of seeing some new line of performance struck out that may meet the wishes of a neighbourhood, a large portion of which requires something really good.

We have yet no means of saying more, but shall take the earliest opportunity of seeking them. Meantime we perceive they have fallen in with the taste of the times, so far as to provide a novelty in the shape of an exhibition of gladiators.

Music.

We have so much that deserves mention under this head altogether at present, that we could not do it justice this month, and must therefore content ourselves with a brief notice.

The Amateur Festival at Exeter Hall has been announced for the 29th and 31st Oct. and 4th Nov., on a very grand scale; and to enable the public generally to witness it, open rehearsals are to take place on the preceding evenings, to which the admission tickets are only five shillings. We trust the excellent institutions (Westminster and Charing-cross Hospitals) will obtain the desired benefit.

Egyptian Hall, Mansion-House. The Lady Mayoress has benevolently permitted a concert there for the benefit of the Ear and Eye Infirmary, Soho-square, which was well attended and well performed. A young
débutante evinced considerable powers of voice.

BIRMINGHAM.—We shall collect the wonders exhibited here hereafter. Critics are greatly divided; and the Birmingham folks while they pocketed much money, eschew Neukomm's David and the whole! It must nevertheless have been a fine performance.

Music has lost one of its finest artists in a neighbouring country, which owed to him greatly the perfection that has been attained in French musical science.

Boieldieu, born at Rouen on the 16th of December, 1774, at nine years of age improvised on the organ in a remarkable manner. At Paris, in 1795, he produced some fine Romances. In 1797, his La Famille Suisse was performed at the Opera Comique with success. To this succeeded Zoraïne et Zulmér, Les Respries Espagnoles, Montreuil, la Maternelle, and La Dot de Suzette. In 1800 were performed Beniowski, La Calife de Bagdad, and Ma Tante Aurore, still favourites. In 1803, he became Maitre de Chapelle, by patronage of the Emperor Alexander, at St. Petersburg, where he composed for the Hermitage Theatre, Aline, Reine de Golconde, Abderkan, Les Voitures Verzées, La Jeune Femme Colère; choruses to Athalie and Telemaque, in three acts, then considered a chef d'œuvre. In 1811, returned to Paris, he represented Les Deux Paravens, Reine de Trop, Jean de Paris, Le Nouveau Seigneur, Le Fête du Village Voisin, Le Petit Chaperon Rouge, Le Dame Blanche, and Les Deux Nuits. Besides these for the public, he produced, in 1815, Bayard à Mezieres, Charles de France, and Angéla. In 1821, Blanche de Provence, for the baptism of the Duc de Bordeaux. In 1823, Vendôme en Espagne; and for the coronation of Charles X., Plébiscit. Part of La Marquise de Brinvilliers was also attributed to him.

Boieldieu is no more. We trust that the report of the choral honours assigned him being prohibited in a church, from his connexion with a theatre, is premature. A fine service was performed there in Paris, and also at his native place; and a French minister has presented his bust crowned to the Institute.

Paris Chit-chat, &c.

NEWS FROM PARIS.


Me voilà, ma chère amie de retour! The cold weather has driven me from Dieppe, where you know I went for the sake of the sea-bathing for my children. C'est vraiment étonnant, how much good the baths did them. Since our return we spent three days at the palace at Fontainebleau. Tout le beau monde y était! All the foreign ambassadors and ministers, with their ladies, and in short all the French and foreign nobility in or about Paris. It was a splendid beyond description, tout ce qui manquait c'était toi ma bonne amie, car sans toi—ta Léonie enjoys nothing. But let us talk of cloaks, ma belle, for this is just the time that one feels inclined to wrap themselves up confortablemente. The most fashionable materials for cloaks are—

Satin de laine; a material of the texture of Cachemire, broché with satin flowers, lilac and green, orange and black, blue and black, green and black, &c.; or all one colour.

Satins Ecossais, satin Quentin Durward, satins Marie Stuart, and plaides des Montagnards. All the above are imitations of the Scotch plaids, made in Cachemire wool and silk.

Satin Damas; also Cachemere wool and silk: the pattern an exact imitation of the ancient damask.

Satin, Cashemere, and merinos, are also coming in for Cloaks, either plain or embroidered in floss silks.

Nearly all the cloaks are made at present with large Venetian sleeves, some open from the shoulder, and others closed half way down the arm; the end that hangs down, instead of being rounded, is generally left in a point, and finished by a tassel. This sleeve is cut out of a piece of the form of a half handkerchief, and is gathered up at the shoulder, or half way down the arm, where it is ornamented with a second tassel; a small arm-hole is cut in the side of the sleeve through which the hand passes at pleasure, as the long sleeves are suffered to fall gracefully at each side: the arm-hole is trimmed with swan's-down. The caps of the cloaks are variously made: some perfectly plain, put on in full gathers, and in depth exactly half the length of the cloak; others have the cape cut out at the edge in deep dents de loup, and at the point of each mitre a tassel. These caps are of the material of the cloak; but some prefer them in velvet. These latter are cut out very nearly in the form of a mantlet or palatine (a long fur tipped), they are rounded at half, and the ends in front reach to the bottom of the cloak sometimes, and at others below the knees: in the latter case they are cut to a point, and finished with a tassel. Independent of the cape, the cloaks have a large
round velvet collar, that sits perfectly flat: they are fastened at the neck with a silk cordelière. The cloaks are wadded and lined with Florence (sarsnet), or any other light silk.

HATS AND CAPOTTES.—The materials for winter hats are velvet, colours Épinglé, and figured satins. The crowns are still worn high, and the fronts rather larger than they have been, especially deeper. Mètrec of ribbon are very prevalent round the fronts of the hats. The trimming is of satin ribbon, and a bouquet of hedge-roses and lavender made in velvet. Tulle fichus are also becoming fashionable. The fronts of the bonnets are ornamented underneath with bows of pink and blue ribbon, or a small wreath at each side of velvet roses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON TOILETTES.
—Plain corsages, high and low, fitting the bust as tightly as possible, are more generally adopted than any others. In dress, the sleeves à double sabot, and for morning wear the sleeves à l’imbécile, are still worn. It is probable that the long sleeves will diminish a little in width with the elbow down, where they are not so agreeable in winter as in summer. The waists are lengthening a little, and the dresses are worn very long. The Controisières font leur possible, to bring in flounces. I doubt, however, that they become generally worn: selon moi, if the ladies study the becoming, they will not adopt them, unless a blonde flounce on a satin dress. They do very well for persons who are so very tall as you and I: mais pour les petites femmes—they are affreux! They talk of short trains becoming fashionable this winter. The costume à l’antique will undoubtedly be adopted again this season by our merveilleuses. Las flounces à la Clotilde, sont toujours de mode, the bandeaux lisses (smooth bands) are much worn at present; the hair is brought down low at the sides of the face, and turned up. This style of coiffure is pretty for young persons, with a pearl band round the head and crossing the brow.

In LINGERIE, the newest and prettiest article I have seen, is the collar called “Col à la Louis XIV.;” a large collar embroidered all over in rich flowers, on a running pattern, and trimmed with lace.

NEW MATERIALS.—For grandes toilettes d’hiver, the newest materials are the satin Métis, a rich satin stamped with velvet flowers, and broché in gold.

The satin Isabelle, the same material, only broché in silver.

The satin Scarron—a striped satin, broché in a large antique pattern of flowers; a perfect imitation of the satins of the time of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon.

Satin Française de Foix—the same material, without being striped.

Satin Diana de Poitiers—a satin striped à Colonne, with cut velvet.

Satin Montespan.—a rich satin, the ground in general white, with a delicate and very beautiful running pattern of natural flowers all over; the stems and leaves in gold. This is one of the most beautiful of our new materials.

COLOURS.—The prevailing colours are, grenet, raisin de Corinth, mahogany, browns of various shades, violet, pink, cherry colour, and green.

Adieu, ma belle et bonne amie, mon Mari l’embrasse ainsi qu’à toi pour la vie,
L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(NO. 21)—TOILETTE DE BAL.—Dress of white crepe, the corsage plain and fitting tight to the bust, with draperies à la Sévigné, put on in full folds, and finished in the centre of the front of the corsage with a small bow of satin ribbon edged with narrow blonde, from whence springs a very small bouquet. The sleeves à double sabot, are immensely full at top, and reach below the elbow, where they are finished by a deep ruffe à la Louis XV. The front breadth of the dress is ornamented with a rich satin trimming en tablier, called “garniture à Épines en satin,” for the form of which we refer our readers to the plate itself. It is cut at the edge in inverted scallops, edged with a small piping, and trimmed with very narrow blonde; small bouquets are placed at distances—(see plate), and it is finished at the bottom with three large bows of satin ribbon and bouquets. On each sleeve is a long epaulette of satin cut out at the edge to match, and ornamented with bows and bouquets; the cœurage is also edged with blonde, and finished by silk tassels. The back hair is in six high, but very light, coques or bows on the summit of the head; the front hair is à la Mancini, very much parted on the forehead, and brought in thick clusters of ringlets to the sides of the head: a round flat bow of hair with a jewel in the centre is immediately over the brow.—(See plate.) A wreath of small mixed flowers crosses the back of the head, and mingles with the curls at the sides. Necklace and earrings, à l’antique, of pearls and gold: white kid gloves, silk stockings à jour, black satin shoes. The sitting figure shows the reverse of the dress, with this difference, that the corsage is ornamented with a mantile of point lace, and a puffing of satin ribbon on the shoulders, which gives the dress a novel and elegant effect.

(NO. 22)—GRAND COSTUME DE GALA À L’ANTIQUE.—The picture, for so we may term this very beautiful plate, gives the idea of a modern saloon fitted up à l’antique. The costume of the principal figure, as may
Miscellany.

be remarked, is adapted to the most elevated class of society—even to Royalty itself; whilst those of the lesser figures, being composed of lighter and less costly materials, is better fitted to more juvenile beauties, who love to "paint it on the light fantastic toe."—First or principal figure: An open robe of green velvet; the corsage made à l’antique, and fitting as tightly as possible to the bust: large sleeves à la Venitiennne, open from the shoulder, lined with rich white satin, and trimmed with point lace. These open sleeves are worn over others of white satin, which are made exceedingly full and are very short.—(See plate.) The skirt of the dress, which is excessively full, and without any trimming whatever, is open from the waist, leaving the point of the corsage to be seen in the centre. The under dress is of splendid white satin, lamé or brochê énor: round the neck is a row of very narrow point lace. Coiffure à la Berthe. This singular coiffure of the tenth century, which is becoming prevalent in the higher circles at Paris, is composed of lama gauze. The calotte or crown is round, rather flat at the back, fitting the head as nearly as possible: a thick bourrelet or immense roll of gauze forms the leaf (see plate); it is lower in the centre of the front and higher at the temples: two other immense rolls of gauze depend from it, descending low at each side of the face, in the style of the braids à la Clotilde. The hair with this coiffure is worn in plain bands, but descending very low at the sides.

Necklace, two rows of pear pearls à l’antique. The front of the corsage is ornamented with jewels; the annulets, which are magnificent, are emeralds set à l’antique. White kid gloves, white satin shoes and silk stockings.

The second figure (with the fan) gives the reverse of the above costume; but is composed of lighter materials. The dress is of blue satin; and the coiffure, à la Berthe, is of blue gauze Donna Maria.

The third figure, seated at the pianoforte, is in modern ball costume. The dress is of white crape or gauze, corsage un (plain), sleeves short and full; the corsage ornamented round the neck with a deep fall of blonde. The back hair is in high coques or bows, the front in plain smooth bands, brought very low at the sides of the face, and turned up again.

Fourth figure—looking from the adjoining apartment. The hair at the back is in two high coques, encircled by a braid; the front hair, which is much parted on the forehead, is in light curls on the temples.

We recommend this plate to our fair readers as a beautiful illustration for the "scrap-book." The curious and richly-carved mantel-piece, the antique oak-chair with its rich damask covering and gold fringes, the window drapery, the old-fashioned picture-frame with the family arms carved at top, cannot fail to render it a curious specimen of the "olden time," now about to be revived in the courtly circles at Paris.

Miscellany.

PHONOMENCE.—La Voletur tells us of something which surpasses all that has ever been done before—an instrument which closely imitates the human voice! so closely as not to be distinguished from a fine chorus of male voices, even by one of the dilettante of Vienna, in an adjoining room. We wait to hear more about it.

BONAPARTE AT SCHOOL.—The following is given in a French paper as from notices of his family in the last Revue Retrospective, and forming the report of M. Renalis, inspector of military schools in 1784, on this pupil. "M. de Bonaparte, born the 15th of August, 1769; height four feet ten inches, ten times past fourth class, good constitution, excellent health, character quiet, with many virtues and docile, conduct very regular; has been always distinguished for application to the mathematics; very fairly acquainted with history and geography; not far advanced in higher literature; in Latin only attained to the fourth class; would make an excellent governor of prisoners: he deserves to be sent to the military school at Paris." Yet under all these simple characteristics of the good inspector, lay latent the fires that burst at Toulon, shone at Lodi, blazed in the first consul and emperor, and were only quenched in the ambition to conquer Asia, perhaps the world!

MILITARY GLORY.—What lady, besides the interest which the sex must ever feel in the heroism which they so much inspire, is not in some relation or other connected with the army or navy. Correspondently painful must it be, therefore, to observe the vague calumnies with which it is now attempted to tarnish the laurels on which British officers for a time rest—to hold them up as acquiring from a sanguinary code a disposition only to exercise cruelty over their subordinate companions in arms. We are hence glad to learn that this attempt will quickly be defeated, by a publication which will show that the military code is one of pure beneficence; that those who act under it, as they are bound to do, are inspired by it only with lessons of military virtue, and are desirous of availing themselves in every way to prove their advancement with the age. This is to be done by a veteran now
Lady's Magazine

Coiffe à la Névale en gare par Maurice Beauvais, Rue Richelieu. 193.
Robe en velours plain et satin lâme des Mmes de M. Gagelin

Published by J. Pige, 122 Fetter Lane, London
independent of the service, who has already written more works for the British army than has been done by the aid of Government departments in foreign countries whose improvements are boasted. Among them are an adaptation of the Military Law in England, the Excellence of the Code compared with those of Foreign Nations, translation of the Strategematon of Frontinus, Military History of Peninsular Campaigns, Proofs on the Standing Army and Visionary Nature of "Constitutional Armies," Plan of Lectures on the Military Jurisprudence and the Military State, etc. We trust the promised production will set the question at rest.

Ancient Palace of Westminster.—The destruction of a large portion of the remains of this ancient house of our kings by fire is an event much to be deplored; but it is to be hoped that its place will be as far as possible restored by a competition of the best art in the country, more particularly as some interesting objects remain, exceeding in beauty the ruins which we seek at a distance, as well as the largest hall in Europe. In this palace the monarch resided, his council met, his family and court resided, and his courtiers, and in which he collected the wisdom of the country for its government; others in which he sat with the judges of the land to administer justice; a hall in which to receive and consider the personal requests and petitions of his subjects; and the large one remaining, in which he at one time banqueted his nobles, and at another fed the poor; besides an oratory and a chapel for private prayer and public religious service. These circumstances increase regret for the accident; but it is greatly relieved by the hope above expressed. That it will be realized we cannot doubt, from the beautiful results which have been obtained on a small scale, which are already manifest in the Lady Chapel of St. Mary Overy's, and Crosby-hall.

The Mute Duck of New Holland.—A specimen was lately presented to the Zoological Society, by Lieut. Breton, who stated that these birds are so extremely rare, that he saw only three of them during his various excursions, which extended over twelve hundred miles of country. He has never heard of any instance in which more than two were seen together. They are met with only on the rivers, and in pools left in the otherwise dry beds of streams. It is extremely difficult to shoot them, on account of the readiness with which they dive; the instant the trigger is drawn, the bird is under water.

Reproof.—Choose a fit time for that reproof which effective benevolence demands. If a failure have taken place on the part of any individual toward you avoid mentioning it at the moment, for nothing you can say will cause that not to have happened which has happened. The tendency of your observation will naturally and necessarily be to produce suffering on his part, and that ill humour towards you which is the result of his suffering. If a similar occasion is likely to occur, then and then only, just before the occasion, if you see a prospect that your interposition will be of use, is the time for recalling to his mind the former failure. The effect will thus be influential at the moment when it is wanted, and all the intermediate suffering will be spared. But remember, that of useless reproof pure evil is the consequence,—evil certain and considerable, in the humiliation of the person reproved,—evil contingent, in the loss of his amity, and the exposure to his enmity.

Hint for a "Cavalier Seul."—In certain cities of the south, where gentlemen having felt the icy chill of isolation will be as much engaged, declares herself engaged, a form is used which prevents any such disappointment. At the door of the Salon à Dancer is a corbeille of artificial flowers, from which each visitor selects one and presents it to the lady of his choice. She wears the ornament in her ceinture until she has danced her two sets, and then returns it to her partner. Thus, a lady who wears no bouquet is disengaged, and the offer of the flower saves the trouble of a speech and the pain of refusal.—Le Camélion.—[This is but one of numerous facts in the language of flowers, cherished in ancient and modern times. In the nations of the south, a single gentleman (cavalier seul) would more variously understand the language of flowers!]

Making Coffee.—In making coffee, much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavour of the beans; and, moreover, it is very erroneous and most expensive to sweeten it with raw or moist sugar. Many persons imagine that the moist sugar tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found that half the quantity in weight of refined sugar will add more sweetness, and the flavour of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where coffee is the universal beverage of the lower classes, the sugar cannot be too refined; and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful white refined sugar with their coffee, while on such a hot and taste, they pride themselves highly. It requires but little thought to acquiesce in this departure from our custom; and when economy is blended with such judgment, it is only necessary to call the attention of those whose means naturally excite them to seek for facts, combining what is cheap and what is best.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

May 31, at Bombay, the lady of Captain J. Holland, Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Army, of a son.—Oct. 2, at Oxford, Lady Frances Egerton, of a son.—Oct. 7, in Euston-square, the lady of W. Clarkson, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of a son.—Oct. 8, at Paris, the lady of K. H. Digby, Esq., of a son.—Oct. 9, at Dover, the wife of the venerable Archdeacon King, of a daughter.—Sept. 8, at Kirkby Rectory, Nottinghamshire, the Hon. Mrs. J. Vernon, of a son.—Oct. 2, in Grosvenor-place, the lady of the Right Hon. Sir J. Graham, M.P., of a daughter.—At Frankfort-sur-Maine, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir C. Dance, of a son.—Aug. 1, at St. Vincent, West Indies, the lady of J. Crosby, Esq., of a daughter.—Oct. 11, at Remptone, the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a daughter.—At Guildford Hall, Lancashire, the lady of H. H. Esq., of a daughter.—Aug. 29, at Chesterfield, the lady of G. Turner, Esq., of a son.—Oct. 21, at Stellenbrey, Toonbridge Wells, the lady of Col. C. Hodgson, of a daughter.—The lady of W. R. Nedham, Esq., Royal Artillery, of a son.—Mrs. H. H. R., daughter of the late Rev. A. H. Brooke, of a daughter.—Lady Jane Lawrence Peel, of a daughter, which survived its birth only a few hours.—At Kensington Palace, the lady of G. Barron, Esq., of a son.—Oct. 21, lady Crosten, of a son and heir.—At Dublin, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Arbuthnot, of a daughter.—At Brighton, the lady of Captain Blunt, of a son.—The lady of W. L. Laurence, Esq., of Sandywell Park, Gloucestershire, of a son and heir.—At Brussels, the lady of the Rev. E. Jenkins, of a son.—At Upot, Essex, Mrs. J. Fry, of a daughter.

Married.


Deaths.

Oct. 8, at Tunbridge Wells, Mrs. Lascelles Ironmonger, relit of the late Rev. Lascelles Ironmonger, Prebendary of Winchester, and sister of the late Right Hon. Lord Gambier, Admiral of the Fleet.—At Clifton, the Humphries of an elderly lady, Dr. Gray, Ld. Bp. of Bristol.—On the 24th ult., at Quduz, near Lisbon, Don Pedro d'Alcantara, Duke of Braganza, ex-Emperor of Brazil, aged 36.—October 6th, at Aylesbury, P. J. Lagard, Esq., of H. M. Ceylon Civil Service, long resident at Florence.—April 26, at Bombay, of a rapid decline, J. Seton, Esq., Civil Service, fourth son of Sir Adam Seton, Bart.—At Brentford Butts, Miss Harris, pensioner of the late Sir John, aged 34.—At Kew, aged 60, Elizabeth Henrietta, relit of the late Thomas Porteus, Esq., of Parkbury Lodge, Herts.—At Sissingburne, aged 33, Sarah Rebecca, wife of Lieut. W. C. Burridge, R.N.—Marcella, youngest daughter of A. H. Brookings, Esq., of Cadegean-place.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Wardle, K.C.B.—At Amsterdam, aged 70, the celebrated Dutch poet, Grinicus Loots, Knight of the Lion, Member of the Institute, &c.—At Hoboken, America, Mr. Sands, the last remaining of the body that originated the separation of that country from Great Britain.—In Staple's-inn-buildings, London, on the 16th, suddenly, Edward Pidgeon, an author, compiler, and translator, from ailments of nosy nature. He had been the boon companion of the eccentric Colton, author of "Lacou." A friend (Mr. Williams) calling on him with some relief found him dead.—At Kensington, on the 20th, aged 77, R. Sketchley, Esq., a valuable Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex.—At Sloane-terrace, Chelsea, aged 100, Watson, Esq.—In Sloane-street, Mrs. Bowden, lady of E. Bowden, Esq., aged only 28, on the 30th, the Rev. R. Moore, D.D., formerly Vicar of Thurleigh.—On the 20th, at Knowsley-park, aged 82, the Earl of Derby, second Earl of the kingdom, and one of the most distinguished sportsmen. He is succeeded by Lord Stanley, which title now devolves to the late Secretary for the Colonies.—At Sierra Leone, Lieut. F. W. Nichols, Royal African Corps.—On the 25th, in Harley-street, Miss Plants, daughter of J. Plants, Esq., British Museum.—In Duke-street, Sophia, lady of Baron Behmiedern.—In Dublin, J. Fitzgerald, Esq., aged 78.—At Hull, aged 57, Rev. J. Scott.—At Ipswich, Rev. E. Davis.—At his estate, Chateau de la Nouya, in France, C. G. Truettet, Esq., of Soho-square, aged 48.—At Kingston, C. Luxmoore, Esq., aged 80.—At Brighton, Sir G. Powell, Provost-Marshal of Leeved Islands, aged 79.—In his 39th year, W. F. Stirling, Esq., Lincolns-inn, son of the late Vice-Admiral Stirling.—At Ranby Hall, on the 18th, aged 72, her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Newcastle.
LA BELLE FÉRONNIÈRE.
Reign of François 1st

Born 1501.

Died 1555.

An authentic portrait engraved exclusively for the Sack's Magazine and Museum.

VOL. V. OF THE SERIES OF ANCIENT PORTRAITS.

1854.
THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

AND

MUSEUM

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

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

DECEMBER, 1834.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

LA BELLE FÉRONNIÈRE.

FROM A WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAIT, BY TITIAN.

Little is known concerning this woman, excepting her great beauty, which has been perpetuated by means of the elegant pencil of Titian. It is not clearly ascertained whether she was the wife or daughter of a blacksmith. Some say that she was a smith's daughter, but that she married an advocate. She shared the favour of Francis the First with the Duchesse d'Estampes. Her name is lost in the appellation of La Belle Féronnière, which was given her by the courtiers, to mark her lowly origin, being the feminine of féron, a horse-shoe maker, or worker in iron. She died some years before her royal lover, and never appears to have had any influence in his councils. The year of her birth and death is not known.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

La Belle Féronnière is not here represented with the bandeau crossing her brow, which has been called lately after her name. It is odd that an appellation drawn from the smithy should in modern times be given to a circlet, that, however simple it might be, was anciently a badge of sovereignty, or, at least, of independent nobility. When we reflect how very severe the sumptuary laws were in the era in which flourished La Belle Féronnière, we should much doubt whether she ever dared cross her fair brow with this unauthorised bandeau: it is rather to be supposed that modern fashionists have mistaken the portrait of a noble lady, La Belle Paule,* who wears this badge of her rank, for that of the lovely Féronnière. Both are masterpieces of Titian's pencil; and the authenticity of this portrait is proved by the simplicity of the attire, which is that of the citoyennes of Paris in 1536. The head-dress is such as was worn by the Italian peasants, only the material is rich black satin; the chapa or chaperon depends behind; the hair is smoothly banded on each side of the face. The robe of crimson velvet is not open in front, but cut with a graceful full train; the sleeves are of the revées kind, turned up with violet velvet; the under sleeves are dark green satin, slashed, to show the linen, and clasped with gold studs; the corsage is square, and round the bosom is a plaited cambric edging. The necklace, a plain string of pearls of great size; the cordeière of brocaded gold ribbon, terminated with a rich gold star and gold tassel. There is great richness in the materials of the dress, and much taste in the arrangement; but a

* This was given in the December number, 1833.
marked difference is seen in the style, between that and the attire of ladies of baronial rank. La Belle Féronnière holds in her hand a screen fan, that would furnish an elegant pattern for such ornaments in the present day. It is a mirror, set in a gold wreath, and surrounded by coloured feathers; it is set on a handle just like the modern firescreens.

The portrait of La Belle Féronnière forms one among the celebrated collection of paintings, called the Beauties of Odieuvre.

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THE BROKEN HEART.

"God bless you!" formed the last endearing word
The lips could utter—nothing else was heard.
"Her heart beat quicker than her eyes ran o'er,
The trembling breath refused to whisper more."
God bless you! vibrates on my ear at night,
Oft as I rove by Cynthia's silv'ry light—
Oft as I trace each well-known spot—the dell
Where last we met—to murmur "fare thee well."
She is not there—no friendly tear will start
To soothe my grief—"the arrow's in my heart."
Sometimes a transient sunbeam round me plays,
And Hope will sometimes lend her cheering rays—
But for a moment; then dissolve in tears,
Like rainbow's shine, but fade away in tears.
Why linger on, 'mid sorrow and despair—
Why trace that dell—Amelia is not there.
Soon shall this heart its latest sorrow brave,
Bereft of her, it pants but for the grave.

Wiseton, Nov. 1, 1834.

J. C. H.

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VAIN SURMISES.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"You are settled in a beautiful country, and within a ride of all that is most attractive in the northern counties in the way of scenery; you are, moreover, scarcely a dozen miles from Durham, which as the seat of episcopacy in its most sovereign form, and the early cradle of learning, has necessarily great interest with clerical men, whose society may be there enjoyed in perfection."

Such were the words addressed to the young rector of Highecliffe after the speaker had induced him to his new living, and to which he added, as he glanced around the church, "it is evidently very old, but kept in good order, and there seems room for a tolerably large country congregation. I hope it will not be long before you find a wife in it to partake your pleasures and cares."

"I hope it will," said Mr. Thornilac, with great seriousness.

The visitor almost started with surprise, and, in a low voice, apologised for having touched upon a subject which had awakened some painful recollection he feared.

"By no means," returned the other, cheerfully. "I am, I trust, a sound protestant, but I yet think with the old church, that a man who undertakes the most awful of all duties, should abstract himself as much as possible from the common cares of life; and it is among the agreeables of my situation here, to find that I am not likely to be seduced from my purpose, which is that of being in fact married to my people, to whose well-being I have devoted myself. As they are entirely agricultural, I am not likely to meet with anything so fascinating as to enthrall my senses, nor so rich as to tempt my avarice,—ambition is not likely to mislead me here."

"I am not sure of that. Pray, clerk, whose large curtained pew is that joining the reading-desk?"

"Why, sir, it belongs to the ladies of the family—they that live at the hall, where they were bred and born; you
Vain Surmises.

may go many a mile, sur, afore ye see three such nice ladies again, I guess."
"You are a lost man, Thornilac, or I should say a found one, for in my own opinion a country parson's wife is often the best part of the minister. She sees more, feels more, knows more, of his people than he can possibly do—has an influence he cannot have, and sets an example to her own sex he cannot give, but which will be important through every part of his parish. The monks have had their day in these woodlands, pray let us not aid their resurrection."

Thornilac shook his head with a quiet smile that said, "he was not to be easily rallied or reasoned out of an opinion; and after the clergyman had departed, he recapitulated all the arguments in favour of celibacy which he had mustered at college, where he had resided as a fellow. In doing so, he could not fail to see that what seemed very tenable in the combination-room, or which had solemnly affected him in his hours of retirement, at times lost its effect in his present retired situation, in which he was struck at once by its beauties, its solitude, and its deficiencies, in such a manner that he felt "it was not good to be alone."

After wondering what the clerk meant by the word "nice", as applied to the ladies at the hall, and canvassing so far as he was able the northern vocabulary, to ascertain how far the term applied to persons, mind, or conduct, and thinking it would be infra dig. to apply to his new servants, the young rector began to imagine and depict accordingly in his own mind. "The three ladies are doubtless three lovely young women, highly accomplished, of ancient family, probably large fortune, and at this moment engaged to gentlemen of suitable pretensions, gay habits, and worldly views; what have I to do with such people, but make my bow at a distance, and run the race appointed me? A fine lady, in the common acceptation of the term, would be a more dangerous but equally undesirable companion for me, with the cherry-cheeked daughter of a farmer, born for making curds, but spoiled by learning to play 'God save the king' on a jarring pianoforte."

The arrival of the new rector was not less the subject of surmise to the ladies, than the ladies had been to him; for no inquiries had enabled them to learn which of the two gentlemen seen in progress and egress about the church, was to be their future pastor. All they could discover was, "the Thornilacs was a very old family, and probably, like their own, a good deal reduced in the world, but, nevertheless, highly respectable"—so respectable, indeed, that the eldest Miss Pigot thought, "had he come to the living a few years sooner, or should he even now be of a proper age, and not become a positive old bachelor, who knew what might happen?" The second conjectured, "nothing could be more probable than that something would happen, for it would not be the first time an union took place between Highcliffe hall and Highcliffe rectory, since it was certain her own great aunt married thither, and it was known her grandmother had a penchant for the last incumbent." The youngest sister went farther in the matter, she determined "that something should happen;" she did not pretend to say with whom, but it was evident that even if the rector turned out to be the elder of the two gentlemen, seeing that he was tall and good-looking, he could not be too old to be a suitable husband to one of them."

"But, dear Barbara, should he prove to be the youngest?"

"Why, in that case, I apprehend, sister," said Barbara, blushing, "he may still find one of us a suitable match."

The Misses Pigots were all handsome women, and in that state of high preservation, which pure air, constant exercise, benevolent pursuits, and good temper bestows; and Barbara looked so pretty when she blushed, that Miss Pigot said to herself, "why, yes, I think you might suit him," and she began to run over in her mind many instances of women in the neighbourhood who had married husbands younger than themselves; but her recollections did not furnish her with parallel cases. "There was my friend Margaret Debran caught young Saunders, but then he was a poor invalid and wanted a nurse—there was Belle Lyons bought a young ensign with her fortune, but she only ensured misery—and Betsy Hammond passed herself off for a girl on silly young Sansom, who never forgave her. Now see must speak truth, and see cannot play tricks, and our pretty competence is not wealth, as the
world goes; besides, not one of us would
so marry as to injure the dear child."

"Certainly not!" was echoed both by
Blanche and Barbara, and surmises on
matrimony and the rector were dropped
for a time, as the dear niece, who was
now visiting at York, again took her
woeful place in the hearts of her aec-
fionate aunts. She was the only child of
their only brother, who had sent her,
on the death of her mother, to their care,
and had scarcely learnt the news of her
safety, when he became a victim to the
fatigues attendant on the Birmese expedi-
tion, therefore the orphan niece had
now no other parents or protectors, and
she was beloved by them all with a
fervour proportioned to her own neces-
sities. Indeed "the child," the "dear
lamb," our "precious little girl," our
own "sweet Rose," for by such terms
was she constantly recognised, generally
formed the subject of conversation and
conjecture with them all, and would have
continued to do so, but for the inter-
fERENCE of a circumstance which had not
taken place before during the lives of any
of the sisters.

Sunday came, and the parties saw
each other, and to a certain point were
pleased with each other, for the new
comer saw nothing to fear, and the ladies
found much to admire, so much, indeed,
that Blanche and Barbara spoke of no-
thing else; but their eldest sister being
convinced that there was nothing to hope
for herself or them, reverted to that
topic which had long been her dearest
theme, and when the new rector was
introduced, began eagerly to speak of the
virtues and talents of that "dear
little girl," whose society was so invaluable
to them, and might be hereafter to him-
self.

"Dear sister, you forget Rose is but
a child," said Miss Blanche.

"She will profit the more from Mr.
Thornilac's instructions."

"But he may not like children," said
Barbara.

The rector protested that he liked
quiet children exceedingly, on which the
youngest sister confessed, "that, dear
Rose, though the sweetest tempered
creature in the world, was any thing but
quiet—either she was singing, or playing,
or reading to them. Now she was help-
ing the gardener; now running with a
medicine to a sick villager; sometimes
teaching the children at her little school;
sometimes exploring the ruins of the
abbey; she was always busy and gay."

The visitant tried several other sub-
jects, but all soon reverted to Rose, for
the ladies had so long lived out of the
world, that they had little interest in it
beyond what attached to their own vil-
lage, and their literary knowledge was
confined to that furnished by their own
library. So far as these sources of in-
formation went, they were indeed well
taught. They were acquainted with
every family for many miles around, rich
and poor—with its income, wants, wishes,
faults, and virtues; were well read in the
history and poetry given to the world in
the time of their parents; had much
knowledge of plants and flowers, some
of heraldry and a little of geology, and
were so well instructed in divinity, as to
surprise one who had rarely met with a
lady competent to give an opinion on
any thing beyond Blair's sermons. It
was no wonder the invitation freely given
by women, at once so useful and pleasant
to a person so situated, should be ac-
cepted with frankness, and that the tea-
table at the hall should be enlivened
almost every evening by one who was
nevertheless a person of considerable at-
traction to the neighbouring gentry.

It was yet certain that the flaxen
ringlets of Miss Barbara, and the more
matronly, and, in fact, more becoming
coffure of Miss Blanche, were unseen
or unnoticed by the visitant, although he
admired them both as fine women and
kind neighbours. He had got (he scarce
knew how) into the habit of seating
himself by Miss Pigot, asking her ad-
vice on the subject of instructing the
ignorance of the young, conquering the
obstinacy of the old, and, in turn, listen-
ing to the letters of poor Rose, whom
he pronounced to be "a most surprising
girl." More than once he had caught
himself declaring, "that such a young
creature was worth waiting for with the
patience of Job;" and he began to ex-
perience the same anxiety for her re-
turn, which was evinced by her eldest
aunt, when from time to time she put it
off as being urged to stay by her mother's
relations.

One day he found all three sisters
evidently so engaged, both with eye and
heart, by a letter from "the dear child,"
that even his presence was unwelcome.
"How very strange a thing!" burst from one; "the man must be mad to think of such a thing!" from another; "poor lamb!" said the eldest, "we will have her home directly; no doubt her young aunt will bring her, and she will soon be again happy when she is with us,—her happiness is everything!"

From these disjointed sentences Mr. Thornilac was almost led to think that an offer of marriage had been made to the "little girl," who might perhaps be tall of her age, seeing that two of her aunts were so, and they had frequently spoken of the height and noble carriage of her father. As, however, they had been less confiding on the subject of this letter than they had long been wont, he did not call again till the following Monday, when they would in all probability have got over their apparent vexation.

He was right; every one was now in a state of happy equanimity, but it was fated to be soon disturbed, for scarcely was the first cup poured out, when the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and in another moment a lovely young woman entered, and without seeing the stranger, albeit,

"Not his the form, nor his the eye, That youthful maiden vont to try," rushed up to the sofa, and displacing all the patchwork circles, cried, "dear, dear aunt, mercy here I am!"

Kisses and welcomes without number from every aunt told Thornilac this tall, elegant, female could be no other than "little Rose," though he had in the first moment concluded it might be her companion: at length this person was inquired for, and it was found that she had departed the preceding stage.

"And had my darling courage to come alone?"

"Yes, surely! Do you forget, my dear ma'am, that I was of age in September?"

"Aye, my dear, but that's no rule—you are still very young."

"Very young, indeed!" cried both the other sisters.

But in a short time all three became sensible that their esteemed clergyman did not think Rose too young, even for the state which another less kindly looked upon had offered. Barbara said, "it was strange such a steady and superior man should attach himself to a mere girl;" but she consoled herself for this error in him, by recollecting that all which he seemed most to admire and improve in Rose had been taught by herself, and was therefore willing to receive homage by proxy. In a short time new cares occupied the mind of each sister; if Rose married, she must be portioned, for it would not be right to wait the slow returns of wealth from India due to her father; each at the suggestion of the eldest presented her with a thousand pounds, and placed her bridal paraphernalia on such a footing as to induce her to cry, "hold, enough!" often before she was attended to. It now indeed seemed to strike even Barbara herself that a wedding in the family, to break the monotony of their existence, was all she had ever desired, and that it would certainly be far better effected by "the child who, to be sure, it must be said, was no longer a child," than by herself. She fully agreed with her eldest sister, that unequal marriages, as to age, were bad things, although she maintained (and very justly) that the difference between Rose and her husband was greater than it would have been between him and herself, but she always added, "I grant it is on the right side as it is."

"Dear Barbara, you behave so well on this trying occasion," said Miss Pigot, "that I feel quite certain you will never again indulge in any 'false surmises,' but quietly step into the path evidently appointed for Blanche and me."

"I certainly shall, sister. After these bridal days are over, I will wear caps, and consent to become a lady of a certain age."

This promise was fulfilled, but not in the way expected, for an uncle of Mr. Thornilac's, who attended at the wedding, was so struck with her good countenance and kind manners, that in a few months he transplanted her to a more lively, though it could scarcely be called a more happy, home; and the cares of maternal love towards the offspring of their dear niece, devolved on the two excellent women,

"Who'er have changed, nor wished to change their place."
Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By W. Roberts, Esq.

It was sacrilegious to the last age and all belonging to it, not to treat the present volumes with profound respect, however their demerits; but more particularly as regards one who contributed not a little to the instruction of her own forthcoming age, and left behind her what is worthy of instructing any generation.

That Mrs. More, in her own day, was estimated much more highly than she would have been in the present, is most certain; and we could have wished, for her own fame, that much which we find in the collection before us had been omitted. However, there is still a very prevalent taste for the anecdote of that period, and this may account for the preservation of much of the correspondence; and as but a few more cases of mortality will, in all probability, close its sources, the editor of this specimen is more readily to be pardoned.

We thus, notwithstanding the brilliant circle of female talent that now surrounds us, should consider ourselves unpardonable if we did not record in these pages somewhat of the memorials of this venerable lady, so remarkable through all her time, and even in death.

Here is a greater paucity of biographical information than could have been expected; and what is furnished would have been quite as well, if less ostentatious. We shall take it cum grano salis. Her parents were sensible as well as respectable people, residing in Gloucestershire, who in no very favourable fortunes educated a family of five daughters, so as to enable them to become capable of educating others, and thus establish themselves in the world. Her father is described as capable of instructing her in the Latin tongue and in mathematics; and her mother, though less learned, as encouraging her progress after he considered it too great! In infancy it would appear, and as we believe through the instrumentality of the Rev. Sir J. Stonehouse, she accompanied her sisters to Bristol; and before she was sixteen, may be said to have commenced that ardent thirst for acquaintance with persons distinguished in literature and art, which so strongly manifested itself afterwards, and has produced the present correspondence. To this end she was fortunate in making her self known by some verses addressed to the father of our celebrated Sheridan, then lecturing on elocution. She appears, indeed, to have “lisped in numbers,” and at seventeen wrote the first of her dramas, the Search after Happiness. It appears that she was disappointed in marriage, and determined on celibacy; not, however, without deriving a pecuniary benefit that raised her in condition above her sisters, and enabled her to pursue her wishes, and extend her introductions to the capital. Those amiable sisters, instead of envying, were delighted by her success. The date of her birth was, we believe, 1744; the locality Stapleton, near Bristol, well known formerly for its gushing wells and as a depot for prisoners of war.

Her correspondence from the capital very early exhibited her as a critic, and rather a bold one for so young a person. She “dams with faint praise” the “not very much liked” Rivals of the younger Sheridan, as “an author of three-and-twenty, whose genius is likely to be his principal inheritance”; and she talks of the Journey to the Hebrides as “an agreeable work,” its author as making “the most entertaining and useful reflections.” How would her admired Monthly reviewer have stared to read this, after his own just and eloquent praise!

The kind-hearted niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds introduced her and her sister to Garrick and Burke, Mrs. Montague and Dr. Percy, and carried them to visit Dr. Johnson at his own house, making also an evening meeting for them with him at Sir Joshua’s; on both of which occasions, Johnson evinced all the best feelings of his nature. The account of those interviews is from the pen of her sister, who candidly confesses having told him their history, with as much ease as she could have done it to Doctor, afterwards Sir James, Stonehouse, who, be it remembered, was their early and fondest patron in the boarding-school at Bristol.

Garrick, to whom we believe this patron introduced her, really appears, also in the case of Hannah More, to have been “no actor,” but the kindest of patrons; for we are told that he read a review of her poor poem of Sir Eldred in a manner to suffuse his wife’s eyes with tears, as well as those of the authoress, “albeit
not unused to the melting mood," in regard to her own works. He, moreover, wrote a prologue and epilogue for her now forgotten tragedy of Percy, and enabled her to visit the theatres when she pleased, and to see all singular sights of the capital. Perhaps such attentions might spoil women of even stronger minds. One cannot, however, but remark, that her early ambition for criticism seems to have grown with her growth, when, on attending the Duchess of Kingston's trial, she promptly censures peers, commoners, and counsel, as thus:—"Dunning's manner is unsufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree."

"Lords spoke nothing more than proposals on common things — among these were Lyttleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden." She enjoyed a fine collection of all sorts of meats and wines with tea, &c.; a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle. "I fancy," she adds, "the peers would have been glad of our places," &c. "Foote says, that the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, and Mrs. Rudd, are the three most extraordinary women in Europe; but the duchess disdained, and I think unjustly, excludes Mrs. Rudd," &c. Again, the peers adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous.

Even the classic triumph of the poetic laurel, it seems, awaited her return from weeping at her extraordinarily successful Percy, provided at "Glanvilia," by Mrs. Boscauen, a patroness of the Della Crusca school of Mr. Merry and Co. of that day, which lady died lately in a very advanced age, we believe, at St. James's Palace.

Miss More ventured to differ from every body else in respect to the charming Miss Linley, who, after the roughest course of true love, became Mrs. Sheridan. This lady, with Garrick, Sheridan, &c., and herself, she describes as sitting together till midnight, talking nonsense. The death of Garrick, however, awakens her from these weaknesses to a higher purpose; and her description of his funeral, with her reflections, would be well worthy of transcription, if it had not been so often and so well described before. Though Garrick was gone, she continued a frequent inmate of his sprightly widow at Hampton.

Her tragedy of Fatal Falsehood, also forgotten, appeared with little success; yet she tells a tale of a maid-servant who wept at it till her eyes were red, and apologised for it by saying, "a great many respectable people cried too."

She continued to extend her familiar acquaintance with the learned and the great. Among these, Horace Walpole must of necessity occur; but so much better has been told of himself and by others than what is told here, that we have no temptation to extract, and shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing that he calls her saint Hannah, and affects to treat her as a learned woman.

The Sacred Dramas were published in 1782, with much more success than her acting plays; the reason may easily be seen in their being readable, and more within the scope of her talent; they formed also a variety in an age of much mediocrity in England, which at the time seemed to derive its only literature from Scotland and France. She addressed verses on Sensibility, addressed to Mrs. Boscauen, the lady of Glanvilia, already mentioned, which contained about as much sense and perception, as hundreds of similar rhymed phrases of the same period.

It may easily be conceived, that from her association with distinguished persons in the capital and its vicinity, and the adulation which was poured forth profusely from every quarter, she became a very extraordinary person at the residence of her sisters in Bristol. There she affected patronage; and among the first objects of it was Ann Yearsley, a milkwoman, who having read verses of the Miss More and others, began to string rhymes for herself. Of these unmeaning things, her patroness formed a tolerably-sized quarto volume, and adding a biographical preface, obtained the means of publishing it handsomely by subscription, so as to produce an overplus for the benefit of the poetess of the milk-pail, poetically dignified by the name of Lac-tilla. This overplus, not answering the high expectation which had been raised in the newly-created muse, she turned

*The dissolute and extravagant female, whose evidence sacrificed at the gibbet the two brothers Perreau, of a most amiable character, with the exception of the crime of forgery, committed at her instance.
her disappointment into an attack upon her patroness, in which was involved something very like a charge of misappropriation. It caused a controversy, out of which, of course, Miss More came pure, and her élève with the stigma of ingratitude. The volume was published in 1785. Of the same period is some correspondence relative to Dr. Johnson. The following is characteristic of him and of herself:

"In Dr. Johnson some contrarieties very harmoniously meet; if he has too little charity for the opinion of others, and too little patience with their faults, he has the greatest tenderness for their persons. He told me the other day he hated to hear people whine about metaphysical distresses, when there was so much want and hunger in the world. I told him I supposed that he never wept at any tragedy but Jane Shore, who had died for want of a loaf. He called me a saucy girl, but did not deny the inference."

"Alas! poor Johnson; half of whose life was wasted in penury, and the other half tortured by affected persons desiring to be thought learned by association with him; or in his noon of fame, as Boswell has it, to "partake the gale." He had, indeed, no patience for the siby sentimentalities so prevalent at that period; his heart beat for the realities of life, and it is a proof of great kindness of nature that he did not often check impertinence.

The following is sprightly and interesting; but is wonderfully in contrast with all other accounts of Dr. Johnson's early experience of college:

"Who do you think is my principal Cicero? Only Dr. Johnson! and we do so gallant it about! You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own college (Pembroke), and how rejoiced Henderson looked to make one in the party. Dr. Adams, the master of Pembroke, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. We spent the day and evening at his house. After dinner, Johnson begged to conduct me to see the college; he would let no one show it me but himself. 'This was my room; this Shenstone's.' Then, after pointing out all the rooms of the poets who had been of his college—'in short,' said he, 'we were a nest of singing birds.' Here we walked, there we played at cricket. He ran over with pleasure the history of the juvenile days he passed there. When we came into the common room we spied a fine large print of Johnson framed, and hung up that very morning, with the motto—'

'And is not Johnson our's—himself a host; under which stared you in the face—' From Miss More's Sensibility.' This little incident amused us; but, alas! Johnson looks very ill, indeed—spiritless and wan. However, he made an effort to be cheerful, and I exerted myself much to make him so."

He had not then long to live; and the tale of his death has been told in so many forms, that we need not further violate his rest.

Her marital disappointment has already been mentioned; her sisters had rallied her about Dr. Johnson, in a manner that showed they had some thoughts of her union with him. About this time she was absolutely taken for Mrs. Fox, as she passed in a sedan-chair through Covent-garden, during the riots of the Westminster election of 1784!

At the Bishop of St. Asaph's she met the celebrated Erskine, and this is her criticism on him:

"He has amazing abilities; but to me he is rather brilliant than pleasant. His animation is vehemence; and he continues to make the conversation fall too much on himself—a sure way not to be agreeable in mixed conversation. He and I disagreed on the few subjects we started. The bar seems to be a little theatre for his talents than the drawing-room, where good breeding is still more necessary than wit."

Yet Erskine had been bred to domestic life by an accomplished woman—had been six years in the army, to say nothing of his service in the navy, far from destitute of elegant men even at that time, and had been only induced to go to the bar on the judgment of that accomplished mother in conjunction with his wife: whence arose those beautiful and all-powerful orations that so minutely detailed and exalted the blessings of the domestic fire-side.

More extended associations, however, occur in the Swinburnes, and the Turkish ambassador, and Sir Joseph Yorke, ambassador in Holland, Mrs. Damer, Lady Aylesbury, Lord Derby, Lord Abingdon, General Conway, &c. &c.; and we regret to say, also, more criticism, such as Gibbon, being, of all things in the world, unreadable; and of Mrs. Siddons only being, in person, a fine woman; and the Ducal theatre at Richmond-house, a degradation of the old nobility; and of Hastings' trial, and the vices of Fox and Sheridan; of the patriot John Wilkes, and the French Extraordinaire d'Eon, &c. &c.
Having tried some poems with attractive titles, with various success, she fortunately turned to prose, and communicated the results of her associations in 1788, in "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society"; and the following year, an "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which obtained very respectful attention. She also aided in the plan of cheap popular "Tales for the Common People." Retiring to Mendip, she laudably occupied herself in establishing schools and spreading religion.

The French Revolution early attracted her attention, and excited the greatest horrors in her mind. On this subject she evinced the extremes of great intellect and much weakness. In 1793 she published "Remarks on the Speech of M. du Pont in the National Convention, on Religion and Education." They were very good, yet we could not help thinking that she had her eye on the feuillet--"Requetes des Femmes pour leur admission aux Etats Generaux, a Messieurs composans l'Assemblees des Notables."

However, we at length arrive at her grand work, in 1799, the "Structures on the Modern System of Female Education," from which she has decided claims to universal remembrance. We say this with the book before us, and what is more, and which we would have been glad not to see an abridgment, with some apparently cynical notes that force them-selves upon us, as a sort of jeu de theatre, or rather more a management which we shall not describe. One thing we nevertheless must say, that there is a very striking resemblance in this work to that of a lady of the most opposite character, published a little before, and which we are also now looking at. This is the volume numbered 1, (it never reached further,) entitled "The Rights of Woman, by Mary Wolstonecraft." Both assert the dignity of, and declaim against the singular injustice exercised towards, women. Now, Heaven is our witness, that nothing is more dear to us than the true dignity of woman; and there are no terms in our vocabulary capable of sufficiently depreciating any who would practice injustice towards the sex; but--

— We return to Miss More; one great result of the work referred to, was a general expectancy that Miss More would be raised to, in our opinion, the highest dignity under the crown—that of being preceptress, apparently, of the future queen. That she was not would appear to have been her own fault; perhaps it was the fault that had before excited the poet Gay. On an incipient stage of this business, however, Miss More thus writes:—

"I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion at Hampton-court with the Duchess of Gloucester; and yesterday passed the morning with the little Princess Charlotte at Carlton-house. She is the prettiest, most sensible, and gentlest little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton-house and gardens, in company with the pretty princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c., to show me; my visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here.

"For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments; the first consisted in repeating 'The Little Busy Bee;' the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward, that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise after all to say that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil."

This we know to be correct; and many are the tales we could tell of the infantine course of the dear little princess who, in after time, unconscious left a whole country in tears.

Some years after (1805), Miss More published "Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess." She was doubtless urged to it by her numerous friends among the great. Four years had elapsed when she produced "Coelbs in Search of a Wife:" a sort of novel, whose name describes its nature, and which for a time engaged general attention; ten editions of it were sold in a year. This was her last great work; and it is singular enough that, previously to its publication, a report was current, that she had married a dissenting minister.

That she was not neglectful of the needful, appears from the letter about to be quoted, as also does the estimation at which her works had arrived:—

"Cadell and Davis have sent me my account. The expenses of printing papers, &c., are exorbitantly increased, and I had
near 5,000l. to pay for expenses, besides all the booksellers' profits. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, you will be glad to hear that I cleared within the year 2,000l. That Walter Scott's two guinea poem should produce 2,000l. is not strange; but that a trumpery twelve shilling one, so cavilled at and abused, too, should produce the same sum so soon, was what I had no reason to expect. The copyright is still in my hands.

She was now fast advancing towards senility, yet she continued to write, but her succeeding works were all of a graver character. In 1818, her sister Martha died, and left her a life interest in a pretty considerable sum of money. She had before rendered her residence at Cowslip-green distinguished; she had determined to become a proprietress, and fix upon a place which should be of her own creation. Barley-wood, near Wrinton, in Somersetshire, where she formed a cottage ornée, and grounds, after the manner of Shenstone's "Leasowes," &c. Here she received many remarkable persons, and amongst the rest Rowland Hill, who surprised her by his good breeding and good works, in having with his own hands vaccinated eight thousand children. At length, when she could no longer enjoy her villa she determined on its sale, and removed to Clifton, where she died of natural and progressive decay, in the 88th year of her age, leaving a fortune rarely to be obtained from literature, and which she entirely devoted to religious and charitable institutions. She was buried at Wrinton, not far from the remains of Locke.

We know not that these facts are closely correct, but they are mainly so, and we have no longer space to inquire. For the same reason we shall leave the estimate of her talents and character to the judgment of the reader on what has been said and quoted of her correspondence, only praying that every female who shall instruct her sex and the world, may at least share the fortunes of Hannah More.

TO MISS

When weary time shall cease to be,  
And from this urn the spirit's free;  
I leave this true edict behind,  
That thou hast been to me—unkind.

My pen, not prone to malice, bent,  
My tortur'd, troubled soul to vent,  
Thus slowly calms the injur'd mind,  
Though doom'd to mark, thou art—unkind.

A victim tossed to and fro,  
Bewilder'd where for rest to go,  
Shook by the stern tempestuous wind,  
Now whispers—Oh! thou wert—unkind.

While diamonds glitter on thy head,  
Paternal riches round thee spread;  
The cruel steel he left behind,  
To favour thee's—unkjust—unkind.

But yet, to all a low'd farewell;  
The conscious theme thy bosom tell,  
That to my need thou wert blind;  
How couldst thou prove thyself—unkind?

But yes, alas! in word and deed,  
Thou deign'st to make my bosom bleed;  
Spurn'd as a criminal I pin'd:  
Now sister, take reward—unkind.

My soul's now sear'd by slight from thee,  
Who scorn'd to heed my hapless plea;  
Ah me! nor show'd thy heart inclin'd  
To love: to hate me was—unkind.

To others need thou fault'st flee,  
Reflect on how thou shunnest me!  
And bid me to hard fate resign'd  
Bestow my parting breath—unkind.

Like ebbing dunes on myrtle tree,  
We ought to fondle, merrily—  
And like a wreath young Love has twinn'd,  
But thou, alas! art still—unkind.

Ye fair ones, learn from simple truth,  
And mercy show to age and youth;  
Nor charge the sad o'erburthen'd mind,  
Oh! never—never be—unkind.

THE OUTCAST FAIR.

SHE DIED FOR LOVE.—The master of the infant school at Taunton, who is a widower, had a pretty servant-maid, named Mary Palmer. A pure attachment grew between them, and marriage was contemplated. This was forbidden by some patrons of the school; and to preserve his occupation, the master was obliged to dissolve the connexion. Poor Mary understood not this power of reason; she endeavoured to alter his resolution by writing and by interviews. He was not unkind, but resolute. She took strong poison, and struggled in agony to the threshold of his door, where she died! The prevalence of suicide is a matter for philosophy. We beg the Utilitarians to look to it. We should like to hear their female organ, Miss Harriet Martinau.
I met with a striking instance of the terrible empire which conscience can assume over the reason, some years ago, when, in company with a country gentleman, I paid a visit to Boston in Lincolnshire. It was on a sultry July morning that we were threading a winding avenue of tall chestnut-trees, through which the pedestrian takes a short cut to the town, when on turning a projecting curve we witnessed an object that powerfully attracted and arrested our attention. It was a man, seated upon a bank about ten paces before us, and on whose uncovered head the rays of the sun fell hotly. His appearance was singular, and exhibited a strange mixture of apparent poverty and real affluence: his apparel, formed of the most costly materials, was shaped in the extreme of fashion, but soiled and torn. Glittering rings girted his unwashed fingers, and a diamond brooch ginned the bosom of his snow white shirt; part of his face was closely shaven, whilst the rest was covered with patches of briskly hair. By his side was a small heap of gold, which at one moment he scattered amid the grass, and then carefully piled it up again in a conical form.

"There!" we heard him mutter, unconscious of our vicinity, as he rolled the money to a distance. "There!—go your ways, ye little rolling, fickle rulers, of the rabble. Aha! even the inanimate blades of grass, in all the glory of their emerald attire, bow beneath your influence, light as ye are. Why, then, should it excite marvel that man—groveling, gold-pursuing man—worships you for his idol?—But stay!—Come back, all of ye," and he drew the scattered coin together. "I see a daisy, with its halo of crimson, shrinking beneath the shade of a gaudy daffodil. So have I seen fair innocence, whose cheek boasted of a like modest tinge, retire from the view of man, and seemingly invite his attention to the nearest flimsily drest beauty; anon, I have seen gold showered thick upon her, and that virtue, which formed her boast, sunk beneath its weight, and made way for frailty:—her once pure lip, whose pressure before spoke peace to the heart, bestowed the hot kiss of passion; and money—pleasure purchasing riches—was the only desire of that heart which once formed a tenement where happiness and contentment took up their abode, to the exclusion of an ambitious or a guilty thought!"

"This is some madman, probably escaped from confinement," whispered Lawrence.

"Apparently it is, but let us watch his movements," I returned. As I spoke the stranger rose, and advanced towards the daisy, which had caught his notice. "Now for the trial," continued he, selecting a coin from the glittering heap; and securing it betwixt his finger and thumb, appeared to measure with his wild gleaming eye the distance between himself and the flower; then suddenly raising his hand, he flung the piece with eager aim towards it, but without effect, as it flew some distance aside. "Humph!" ejaculated he; "we must try another. 'Tis too much to expect a fort to capitulate at the first shot." Then taking another piece, he threw it with greater precision, as it glanced against the slender white strips which encircled the yellow heart of the daisy, and slightly ruffled them. "Oh, ho!" cried he, "she is already touched, is she? Why, then, we had better practise Jove's device at once." So saying, he grasped a handful of gold, and threw the whole with so sure an aim, that the flower sunk crushed and disfigured beneath the sparkling shower.

"I thought so," continued the stranger in a sarcastic tone; "and have now placed the matter beyond a doubt. Oh, woman! that little gem of the field which poets have selected, and you received as the type of innocence, has betrayed you, and whispered that your dearest attribute may be overpowered by a little vile dross! And why not?—Have not I sold my immortal soul for it?—I, the once good, the once amiable, the once benevolent George Stanton!—How then can woman
be expected to withstand the powerful temptation? "Twere unreasonable to suppose it." As he muttered the last few words, the stranger picked up the money, and advanced to where we stood. On perceiving us he started, and hurriedly said, "I crave pardon, sirs: I fear me I have interrupted your walk, and that ye have been witnesses to my strange vagaries. Be not surprised, I am frequently haunted by odd fits, which make me commit a thousand fooleries. My name is Stanton; and if you ask my character of the Boston townsfolk, they will give me a very eccentric one, though I beg to assure you that my follies are unallied to any particular vices. In short," he continued in a still more rapid tone, as if to prevent interruption, "I am a queer dog, who, living as it were alone in the world, frequently amuse myself by satirising, and bestowing upon it a little wholesome pungency from my pepper-caster—a queer conceit, isn't it?"

"Oh no, sir, not at all," replied Lawrence, scarcely knowing whether he spoke to a sane or insane person. "All are liable to their foibles, and if, as you say, yours are unaccompanied by any decided vices, why——"

"No, no, no!" hastily interrupted the stranger, "not any—although, mark me, young sir.—I have done that injury to Anna which will weigh my soul to the depths of hell!"

Startled at these words, I instinctively raised my eyes to read the speaker's countenance. It was one not easily to be forgotten. His large grey eyes were overshadowed by red and bushy eyebrows, which rising nearly into a point, instead of rounding into the usual semicircular form, imparted such a peculiar expression of blended ferocity and scorn to the upper features, that it excited an involuntary shudder as I traced their lineaments. His cheeks were large and hollow, and on the curl of his lip rested so many malign passions, that I shrank from the scrutiny as from one who would murder an infant while it smiled in his face.

Perceiving the attention with which we viewed him, the stranger (or, as I shall in future call him, Mr. Stanton,) took an arm of each, and laughingly said, "I see you do not know what to make of me, but we shall be rare fast friends by-and-bye. I presume you are going to Boston—so am I—we will walk together."

It was with no very pleasant sensations we heard him express this determination; however, being unwilling to offend him by a refusal, we walked on, in hopes by silence to tire him of our society. But we were disappointed. For some time he walked moodily along; then, suddenly pausing, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and drew forth a quantity of gold, which he jingled with seeming delight, occasionally flinging the pieces in the air, and catching them in their descent.

"Excuse me, sir," said Lawrence; "but I would advise you to be careful lest you lose your money."

"And what then, sir?" returned Stanton; "I have plenty, gained too with very little trouble. I inherited, sir, my cousin William's fortune. He had no heir but me, for he had not yet married when he fell from the coach—a convenient fall that—eh?"

"For you it might be," said I, with disgust.

"Might? It was!—The next day would have seen him wedded to Anna. Poor soul—I have done her that injury which will weigh me to hell!"

"The repetition of this horrible sentence strengthened the disgust which I felt against the man's society, and I was meditating a speedy retreat," when he calmly observed, "Money, sir, is my sole delight. I spread it upon my pillow—I wear it next my heart—I gaze hour after hour upon the glittering treasure, and would if possible devour it."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Lawrence, shaking him from his arm, with a look of anger and scorn, "I consider you in no other light than that of a selfish, sordid scoundrel!"

"Pshaw! nonsense!" retorted the stranger. "Are not all men the same? Would the lawyer do you justice?—the physician restore you to health?—or the clergyman waste his breath but for reward? No; the serpent brood would see you wronged, dead, and—without it!"

"Of course," said I, "a man must live, and the professions you mention are selected for the express purpose of attaining the means for so doing, and distributing relief to the needy. Beyond these objects a good Christian has but little necessity for money."
“A good Christian!” repeated this extraordinary man, with the bitterest sneer of contempt I ever saw depicted on the human countenance: “I see you have not yet felt the wizard power of gold.—I will undertake to buy you a man, body and soul, for a few hundreds. I will reveal the secret. The whole art may be likened to firework-making. The touch paper consists of honied words—attach this to a magazine of gold, and apply the spark of self-interest. Slowly will it work its way, till reaching the wheel it expands in appearance—bewilders—amazes—dazzles—and delights for an instant. During the short delirium all your ends are gained, and you leave the simple beholder to discover in how short a time the brilliant thing becomes lost for ever.”

“And you think that all are to be thus deceived?” I asked.

“Experientia docet,” replied Stanton, with bitter scorn; “I have seen, I have felt the truth of my assertion. Money, sir, is the god of mankind; and is an alchemy of so powerful a nature, that it makes the sternest mind as ductile as the metal with which it is formed; except, if you please, fools and madmen; who, being deprived of a just perception between right and wrong, cannot of course do wrong or right, being, as it were, mere cyphers among the millions of the creation.”

With these, and other caustic remarks upon the world, our companion amused himself during the walk until we reached Boston; where, stopping at the first inn, he insisted upon our entering and taking some refreshment with him. In hopes of discovering the truth of our suspicions, we acceded.

Whilst waiting for it, a traveller entered the room, and seating himself, called for a glass of ale.

“Oh! you must go to the tap, then, for I can’t have my best room soiled by such customers,” growled the landlord, holding the door open and eyeing him suspiciously. “Any place will do,” said the man, quietly rising, and leaving the room.

“There, sirs!” exclaimed Stanton, exultingly; “you have now witnessed a complete exemplification of my thesis. Were that poor man a highwayman, he would be suffered to remain, provided he could produce a well-filled purse.”

“It is somewhat illiberal, I think, to found our opinions of mankind upon the conduct of a mercenary innkeeper,” said I.

“Not at all. An inn-house is the world in miniature. It has its parties, its politics, its higher room, its room for the commoners, and may be safely contemplated as a picture of the broad earth at large. Here the honest labouring man, the poor farmer, and the humble artisan, are crowded in the tap; whilst the well-dressed swindler, gripping steward, or purse-proud overseer, are ushered into the best apartment.”

“You teach a humiliating lesson,” observed Lawrence.

“It is a terrible lesson, sir. The same respect is everywhere paid to opulence. Look through the world—where points scorn her finger?—at ermined guilt? No—at houseless beggary! Such was the saying of an observer of mankind; and that one observation proves him to have been well fitted for the task. Again—by what rules are the different grades of society formed?—Is a man estimated by his morality, his virtue, his sound sense, his religion, or any other sterling quality, as to whether he be fit to enter the highest circles? No. It is either his wealth which acts as his passport, or his birth, or his elegant manners or accomplishments, or some equally frivolous and valueless article, the exterior of which may be very fine, but within all is rottenness and canker. Or are honours and titles conferred as rewards for intrinsic merit?” “Poh!” continued he, without waiting for a reply, “you cannot answer me. And moreover the refreshments await us, so we will suspend our argument for the present.”

Glad to be relieved from his bitter remarks, we drew near the table, and partook of our repast, uninterrupted by any attempt at conversation from the singular man with whom accident had thrown us into companionship. At the conclusion of the meal he called for wine, and filling a glass, said, “I will give ye a toast, gentlemen, Here’s to Lincolnshire’s pride—the lovely Anna, whom I have so deeply injured, that my soul is doomed—ha! ha! ha! Never mind boys, fill, and let us drink deep!”

The horror I felt at the reiteration of this remark, would not permit me to remain any longer in the company of one, who, by his own confession, was “so bound down by the chain of sin.”
therefore rose abruptly to depart, when my eye was attracted by two female figures passing the window attired in deep mourning. Stanton perceived them at the same moment, and starting fiercely upon his feet, exclaimed in the discordant tone of a maniac, "Furies! 'Tis she herself—she comes to blast me with her withering glance—she comes to show me her pale cheek—to upraid me with her blanched lip, and tell me it is my work. Demon of drunkenness, deliver me from her presence—deliver me from myself!" He then filled, and drank glass after glass with frightful rapidity, until he sunk exhausted and overpowered into his seat. In the mean time Lawrence and myself made a precipitate retreat, shocked and appalled by the scene we had witnessed.

Being obliged to make some further stay in the town, we took occasion to inquire into the circumstances which had led to so unhappy an effect upon the mind of Stanton. Our curiosity was amply gratified by a gentleman with whom we became acquainted, and to whose kindness I am indebted for the following facts:

The story of poor Anna's woes is short (said he): she is the daughter of our late pastor, the Rev. Canute Robertson, who, dying nearly three years since, left her an orphan at the age of sixteen. A female relation residing in Boston immediately took the almost broken-hearted girl to her own home, and by every affectionate attention in her power strove to mitigate her grief. The youthful mind is not formed to receive lasting impressions either of joy or sorrow; and Anna, after living a year with this lady, found room in her heart to think of love. William Heathfield was one of the richest landowners in the county: he had been Anna's companion from infancy, had shared her sports, been the confidant of her infantine secrets, and ever stood forth her champion when any urchin playmate dared to oppress her. Regularly every Sabbath was little Willy seen bounding across the lawn which fronted the parsonage to escort his little sweetheart to church, and, in a few minutes after, the interesting pair proceeded hand in hand to the sacred edifice; from whence they returned in the same manner when service was concluded. Years rolled on until Mr. Robertson's demise, about which period William attained the age of twenty-one, and he was under the necessity of proceeding immediately to London, in order to receive the deeds relating to his father's property, who, dying before his son was five years old, had by will vested them in the hands of trustees, until young Heathfield should arrive at manhood. That wished-for time had now come, and William, with strong feelings of gratification, received the trust from his parent's executors, who accompanied the delivery with advice, that he should hasten back with all speed to Boston, lest he became corrupted by the contaminating vices of the metropolis.

In him, as in most headstrong young men, this produced the very opposite effect to that intended. "Egad!" thought he, "I shall do no such thing. A pretty piece of business, indeed, to go back to Lincolnshire, without being able to give any account of the most renowned city in the world! No, indeed, I shall spend the whole winter here, in spite of those old wiseacres."

He did stay; and, unhappily, became initiated into the follies of a town life. Heathfield's was a mind not naturally addicted to riotous pleasures, but it was one which might be easily swayed; and example had more force with him than the best precepts. When, therefore, he first visited the haunts of folly and vice, it was merely because the young men with whom he associated did so, until he acquired a sort of artificial fondness for dissipation, and pursued the too well-known career of his own accord.

Amongst his companions was his cousin, George Stanton, who was seven years his senior. This young man held a situation as clerk in one of the large London banking-houses, the emoluments of which amounted to about 100L per annum, and formed his sole income. Yet out of this small stipend he contrived to spare sufficient to relieve the distressed, and was at any time willing to deprive himself of an intended indulgence to alleviate the misery of others. In consequence of his estimable character, it is to be supposed that he enjoyed the confidence of his employers, and the respect of all who knew him.

There are some men who appear possessed of almost every virtue under heaven, and yet nourish in their hearts, unknown
even to themselves, the dormant seeds of some particular vices which have never been called into action, merely because a fitting opportunity has never offered for their display. Such was George Stanton. Rearred and educated amid a select class, who merely boasted of sufficient influence to live respectfully, he had no opportunity of mingling in those pleasures which riches purchase; being consequently unknown to him they were unwished for. But when he saw the round of gaiety which fortune enabled his cousin to pursue, his envy was excited, and his eyes were opened, though not sufficiently so; being too much dazzled with the novelty to perceive the cares attendant upon it. So the youthful sportsman first looks upon the chase, and thinks all life, animation, and pleasure, without reflecting upon the pains endured by the goaded steeds—the hurts and fatigue of the riders, and the hounds they follow, or the comparative worthlessness of the poor hare they have been pursuing—when it is at last caught. Stanton insensibly became infected with the lust of gold, and intoxicated with the love of dissipation. He borrowed large sums of his cousin, and expended them in the abodes of profligacy. Every day increased his craving after money, and his ear became deafened, his heart steeld against the cry of want. That hand which had ever opened to bestow its mite upon the distressed, now closed with aversive grip upon the sums he acquired, and which he now only regarded as the means of enabling him to pursue his debauched pleasures; and that bosom which formerly cherished the warmest emotions of benevolence, was now imbued with the most sordid selfishness. Such are the degrading, brutalising effects of profligacy—such was the danger of yielding to the first attacks of sin—such are the demoralising effects of bad example.

As Heathfield had no male relation in London besides Stanton, the latter contrived greatly to ingratiate himself into his favour. ‘Tintcurted as George now was with the poison of dissipation, he spared no pains to lead his no less willing and generous cousin into all kinds of folly, to encourage every propensity for luxury, and incite him to greater excesses than he would probably have otherwise committed. At first, perhaps charity will allow us to attribute no worse causes to his conduct than dissolute inclinations; but as the seeds of avarice daily gained ground in his heart, and gradually ripened into a noxious plant there, even those motives, unworthy as they were, gave way to far more wicked ones.

In default of male issue, the property of William Heathfield was to revert to Stanton. Of this he was fully aware; and, relying upon the superior strength and stamina of his own constitution, he considered, that if he encouraged, by his example, the latent inclinations for drinking and other injurious habits which he perceived in his cousin, the sooner would the delicate frame of William sink beneath their baneful influence, and the sooner would he find himself master of a large fortune. Heathfield had been about a twelve-month in London, when his agent wrote him word that his presence in Boston was absolutely necessary to the prosperity of his affairs. Being nearly surfeited with the life he had led, William made no hesitation in preparing to depart. It was settled that Stanton should accompany him, as he had thrown up his situation, and was now a dependant upon the bounty of his cousin: and a week after the decision had been made, found the two young men in William’s native town.

The first care of Heathfield was to fly to Anna; and it was with no small delight that he traced the improvement which twelve short months had made in her. Those eyes which he had left dimmed with tears were now bright as sunbeams, and the ruddy hue of health now sat upon the cheek which he had left pale and bloodless. William gazed with rapture, and, as he thought of the delightful hours they had passed together, every childish feeling of affection rushed back to his heart with additional force, and ripened into the most ardent love. Nor could Anna look upon the animated features of her former playmate, without reflecting that her most joyous days had been spent in his society. He had left her still a girl, now she stood before him as the budding woman. They had parted with more regret than schoolmates feel when about to separate for a time, and now, as if by a mutual impulse and by mutual consent, they met as lovers. Every inclination for dissipation at once forsook Heathfield. His sole delight was in wandering by Anna’s side, amid
those scenes which had witnessed their sports in by-gone times, and in twining his arm round her slender waist as he whispered the tale of his affection. To Stanton, this was a source of much uneasiness; and the fabric of future prosperity that he had raised seemed about to fall. During all his plans, the thought of their being counteracted by his cousin marrying, and the consequent probability of heirs, had never entered his brain; and the prospect of such an event therefore came with more startling suddenness upon him. He, however, made a speedy determination of preventing a union so detrimental to his interests.

It has been remarked that when a bold deed has been once resolved upon, there never yet lacked the means of putting it into execution. The saying was verified in this instance. George recollected that amongst those to whom he had been introduced by his cousin, when in London, was a Sir John Landon, who, having married an elder sister of Anna’s, occasionally invited the young men to his table, although he entertained rather an unfavourable opinion of William, on account of his attachment to intemperate drinking. To this gentleman Stanton addressed an anonymous letter, informing him of the attachment subsisting between his sister-in-law and William Heathfield, and setting the character of the latter in the blackest possible light. The design proved effectual; and in a fortnight afterwards Anna received an invitation from her sister, Lady Landon, to spend the ensuing winter at her mansion in Park-lane. Not suspecting any ulterior motive, the innocent girl accepted it with pleasure, not unmixed, however, with secret regret on parting with her lover; and promising soon to return, set off for London.

Winter passed away. Spring appeared and vanished. Summer came laughing on, perfumed the air with her varied flowers, filled the fields with golden grain, and hung the trees with blushing fruit, then faded like one of her own roses, and gave place to Autumn. Last in the train came Winter, with his snowy head and icy beard—still was Anna absent, and William felt a void in his heart. He grew tired of pacing alone those spots which whilom had been consecrated by the foot of his beloved one. Nor was the monotony of rural retirement in any way congenial to the newly-acquired habits of John Stanton, who panted to enjoy once more the gay delight of London. At the same time he used every art to restrain William from revisiting the metropolis, through the fear of his meeting with Miss Robertson; but, growing at last completely tired of his secluded life, he became equally solicitous to return, trusting to his own genius and power of invention for preventing the consummation he dreaded. Once more then did they bend their steps towards the capital.

Hurried on by Stanton, Heathfield proceeded at once to revisit his old associates and old haunts. In a few weeks, therefore, love, in common with every other feeling, save that of a dissipated kind, took flight from his heart; he became once again involved in the whirlpool of pleasure, and his cousin had once more the satisfaction of seeing him on the high road to a speedy death. So true it is, that easier is the task of avoiding an evil than extricating oneself after falling into it.

One evening this misguided young man was invited to an entertainment given by the Honourable Mr. E——, on the occasion of his becoming of age. Rank, beauty, and fashion were there, and Heathfield was the gayest amongst the throng. He roved from room to room, partook of every enjoyment, and at length was induced to sit down to the card-table, where he lost considerable sums. To allay his aggravated feelings, he drank large quantities of wine till his brain became inflamed with its intoxicating qualities. At this moment his entertainer approached.

"Come, Mr. Heathfield," said he, "the dances are forming. Will you not join us?"

"Not this evening; I do not feel disposed for exercise," replied William.

"Nonsense. There is a sweet creature above, whom I think you have not yet seen; positively I must introduce you."

"Nay, there is no resisting the attraction of such a magnet, so have with you," said Heathfield; and he followed his host with unsteady steps to the ball-room.

"Where is she?" he asked, on entering. Mr. E—— directed his attention to the spot, and he beheld—Miss Robertson!

"Gracious powers!—Anna!" he ex-
claimed, and rushed forward, forgetful of decorum; but the arm of Sir John Landon prevented his approach.

"Forbear, sir!" said the baronet, in a whisper. "It is not consistent with the usages of society to address a young lady by her Christian name in a public assembly; and as you do not appear sufficiently calm to restrain the emotion you may feel on seeing Miss Robertson, I beg you will refrain from speaking to her at present."

"It is you who must forbear, sir!" exclaimed Heathfield, intemperately. "Let me pass—she is my own—own Anna, and no power shall hider me from speaking to her!"

A crowd of ladies now came fluttering up. Anna was in extreme agitation, and would have spoken to her lover, but was prevented by Lady Landon. A hundred tongues inquired the cause of the disturbance—Heathfield raved—Sir John entreated for peace, and amidst the confusion William was violently ejected from the room.

With a beating heart and throbbing temples, on the following morning, arose the rotatory of irregularity. His eye glazed, his cheek pale, and his mind a chaos of confused recollections. "I have lost her," said he, pacing the floor hurriedly. "They keep her from me, and I shall never see her more—the dear companion of boyhood, and the beloved one of later years, is lost to me for ever: but it shall not be—I will go—I will ask if she yet loves me; and should she abstain, neither baronet nor devil shall separate us." With precipitate haste, he immediately prepared for this visit. As he was dressing, his cousin entered the room.

"Hey-day! up so early—whither away at this time of the morning?"

William briefly recapitulated the events of the preceding night, which Stanton heard with feelings of triumph. He endeavoured to wean his cousin from his purpose, but to no avail, and all he could obtain was leave to accompany him.

On arriving at the door, Heathfield knocked, and the moment it was opened, followed by Stanton, he rushed past the porter, and into the breakfast-room, where was seated Anna, with Sir John and Lady Landon, at the morning meal.

"William! dear William!" screamed the former, the moment he appeared, and flying towards him, was caught to his heart.

"How is this?" cried the baronet, rising angrily; "is my house broken into?"

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted Heathfield, "if I request a few moments' silence, whilst I speak to this dear girl." Sir John bowed haughtily, and was silent; whilst Heathfield, raising Anna from his bosom, said to her, "Look up, my love: I would ask you one, only one question. You have been absent from me a long, long year. My eyes mourned for the fair object they had been accustomed to dwell upon, and I followed you to London. On arriving, by what fatality I know not, instead of flying to your presence, I suffered myself to be lured to other objects—I abandoned myself to guilty pleasures—I visited scenes, in which he who approaches you should shudder to mingle. I arraign myself of being an ingrate—of preferring the wine-cup to your lip—of plucking thistles when I might have gathered a rose, and yet I come to tell you that I still love you are the nucleus of my affections in spite of all, and I am here to ask, if, on a solemn promise to retrieve my errors, you can return that love as you were wont."

The beautiful girl he addressed looked at him for a moment—the light of her blue eye fell with steady gaze upon his face, a blush mantled on her cheek, and her lip trembled.

"William," she said, "he who is sensible of his errors can never be past amendment. Act worthy of yourself, and my heart shall never be given to another;" and as she spoke, with a look and manner all her own, she laid her taper hand in his.

"Incomparable girl—I knew the heart I had to deal with. Lady Landon, I crave your pardon," continued Heathfield, taking her ladyship's hand, "I need not ask you to congratulate me, as I know you do from that smile of yours. And now, Sir John, I am ready to attend you."

"Oh! pray do not quarrel," cried the ladies, in a tone of entreaty.

"Fear nothing," said the baronet, as he led the way to his study, followed by Heathfield.

After requesting him to be seated, Sir John thus addressed William—"It is best, sir, to be explicit at once, I per-
ceive that you love my sister-in-law, and (pardon my bluntleness) am sorry also to see that that affection is returned."

"How, Sir John! sorry?" interrupted Heathfield rather angrily.

"Even so, Mr. Heathfield; and your own follies, to use the mildest term, are the cause. On the death of the Rev. Mr. Robertson, I would have immediately sent for Anna, had not Lady Landon, whom you may remember visited her sister only a month after, expressed the strongest belief that you were about to marry her; and, consequently, she had better remain under the care of her aunt. To my astonishment, however, after taking possession of your property, you remained in London and became a dissipated sporting character. I, therefore, on your return to Boston, sent for Miss Robertson; you follow, and when I again meet you, it is in inebriety. Can you be worthy of becoming Anna's husband?"

"I confess every thing, sir," said William; "yet I hope by my future conduct to redeem all that is past."

"Well, sir, do so, and I will not be an hindrance to your suit, for I plainly perceive that Anna's happiness is in your keeping; yet I tremble to think of the consequences."

"But, Sir John, have I not promised reformation? which promise I solemnly reiterate."

"True; but you will find it hard to conquer your propensities. Yet that must be done ere you approach Miss Robertson; for I am morally certain that the habitual drunkard can never be a radically good man, as the bottle engrosses every other thought, and leaves no room for attention to those subjects which should occupy the mind of a domestic character. However, Mr. Heathfield, let me see you act with becoming fortitude, and eradicate your dissipated inclinations, and my doors shall be thrown open to you as the suitor of Miss Robertson."

"May Heaven punish me with death in six hours afterwards if ever again I become intoxicated!" exclaimed Heathfield, energetically.

"I am happy to hear you so decided," returned Sir John. "Do not permit your actions to contradict your words, and I am content. Come, sir, we will return to the ladies."

The relation of what had past excited widely different feelings in the minds of those who heard it. Anna was all joy; Lady Landon, who was really partial to Heathfield, felt pleasure with a mixture of anxiety and fear; whilst Stanton received the intelligence with feelings of bitter malignity, and racked his brain for some feasible scheme to prevent the intended marriage from taking place.

Both the young men were invited to spend the remainder of the day with Sir John; and the worthy baronet remarked with secret pleasure the cheerful manners and conversation of Heathfield, which were unrestrained by any tie save that of perfect good breeding. Perceiving him to be sensible in his conversation, elegant in his language, and affable in his manner, Sir John became gradually less restrained, freely conversing with him on various topics; and he owned to Lady Landon, that he had never before met with one so entirely divested of that ennui which prevails over the inapid small talk of those to whom it seems an exertion to say yes or no. Stanton, on the contrary, who generally was the liveliest of a party, appeared dull and thoughtful, and brooded on the means of again causing William to err.

After dinner, George used every endeavour to induce Heathfield to drink: he restrained himself, however, and to a very moderate quantum. Sir John Landon smiled, but was silent. "You are abstemious to-day," said Stanton, biting his lips.

"I intend practising temperance during the remainder of my life," was Heathfield's reply.

This reply seemed greatly to please Sir John, and the evening wore cheerfully away, until it was time to depart: Heathfield receiving an invitation from Sir John to continue his visits, in which, however, Stanton was in a marked manner excluded.

Months wore away. Heathfield entirely forsook his profligate courses, in opposition to the repeated persuasions of his cousin to the contrary, and declined associating any more with his old companions. Stanton, however, possessed too many fascinating accomplishments, and had gained too great an ascendancy over his mind, to be entirely dispensed with. He was therefore permitted to remain his chosen companion, much to the dissatisfaction of Sir John Landon.
At length the day was fixed for the nuptials of William and Anna, but business suddenly requiring Heathfield's attention, he was absolutely compelled to pay another visit to Boston before the ceremony could be performed. Promising to return by the following Saturday, which was to be the wedding-day, he, as the readiest means, mounted a coach to depart.

"Recollect your promise, my young friend," said Sir John, grasping his hand as he bade him adieu. "Remember you are no longer under the eye of those who love you, and it now behoves you to prove that you can be trusted to walk without the aid of leading-strings."

"Fear me not, sir, temperance has now become habitual, and I have nought to fear," cried Heathfield.

"Besides," added Stanton, "who sat by his side, "I am with him, and shall prove a severe guardian, rely upon it." The last words were nearly inaudible, as the coach at that moment started.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the next five days, and on the following one (which was Thursday), Lady Landon, with her sister, were sitting alone at dinner, business having called Sir John from home, and were indulging in pleasing anticipations of the future, when a domestic entered, and silently placed a letter into the hands of the former. Her ladyship opened it, and found scrawled in a nearly illegible hand, the following words:

"Say not a word to living soul, but meet me below in the library instantly.---

GEORGE STANTON."

With a confused presentiment of something portentous, her ladyship directly quitted the room.

On entering the library, she saw Stanton sitting across a chair with his hands folded upon its back—his countenance was flushed and bewildered, his eyes gleamed, and his pointed brows were raised to their utmost elevation.

"Lady Landon, I have news for you," said he, abruptly—"George Stanton is dead!"

"Then, I presume I am addressing his ghost," said her ladyship, attempting by cheerfulness to allay the fears she felt rising in her breast.

"No! no! I mistake—George Stanton inherits the property—it is William Heathfield who is no more!"

"Almighty powers! — Heathfield dead! surely—surely you do but jest!" exclaimed Lady Landon, sinking into the chair with emotion.

"Why, truly death is but a jest after all," cried Stanton: "a rare joke—nevertheless a bitter one: and my cousin has gone to discover the sting of the jest."

"Tell me at once how this calamity occurred," interrupted her ladyship, almost choked.

"Oh! easily enough—he fell from the coach—his head struck a stone, and so he died—but I knew something would happen."

"You did! and how?" faltered Lady Landon.

"I saw it in the sky. Evening was closing, and the sun lingered upon the bosom of the earth, when it suddenly assumed a deep red hue—its beams fell upon my hand, and seemed to bathe it in blood. An hour afterwards Heathfield fell—nay, shrink not back—I did not do it, for I instantly leaped down, and there I saw him lying insensible. His head crushed—his face white, and looking like my lady's handkerchief, speckled with wine. His body, where he had fallen upon the flints, was covered with wounds, and each gap looked like a laughing mouth, from which the thick purple blood played so merrily, that it appeared as if imitating the pranks of those little red worms, whose food he will shortly become. In other places it oozed slowly at first, then convolved a thousand different ways. On looking at his throat I saw——"

"Horror! horror!" screamed Lady Landon; "forbear this dreadful recital."

"Nay, but it must all out!" exclaimed Stanton, wildly; "and why not?—what is he now the worse for having broken his neck, instead of dying in bed? Will the earth rest less lightly upon his grave, or the flowers smell less sweetly that shade it? All the difference will be, that you must weep over his tomb, instead of feasting at his wedding dinner, and I be the wealthy man instead of he."

"Mr. Stanton, you are raving," said Lady Landon; "surely something must rest heavy upon your conscience that you talk thus."

Had a serpent coiled around the throat of Stanton he could not have started more than he did at these few words. Fear, amazement, and guilt, seemed blended in the bewildered gaze.
with which he regarded the fair speaker.
His brows were furrowed—his bloodshot
eyes rolled unceasingly—his nostrils di-
lated—and his dry burning lips were
parted. But suddenly—and in the lapse
of an instant—his countenance expanded,
and with the utmost serenity, though in
discordant tone, he said, “I deny that,
your ladyship. I have done nought to
stain my yet white conscience red; and
as for murder—out upon the word—I
shall be cleared of that at the coroner’s
inquest, which I must depart instantly to
attend; so prepare for a journey to Bos-
ton, if you wish to see Heathfield’s re-
 mains before they are interred. Fare-
well: present my most respectful com-
pliments to Sir John, and also to Miss
Robertson. Tell her—tell Anna”—and
Stanton’s eye darkened as he spoke—
“that I have done her that injury which
will weigh my soul to hell!” With these
words he rushed from the house, leaving
Lady Landon transfixed with astonish-
ment and apprehension. On recovering
in some measure, she resolved immedi-
ately to return to Anna, lest any alar-
ing intelligence should have reached her.

“Dearest Eleanor,” said Anna, as her
sister entered, “how long you have been.
Who were you speaking to? I really
could have vowed that I heard Mr. Stan-
ton’s voice.”

“How could you imagine so, my love,
when you know I very much dislike that
man?” said Eleanor, with much embar-
rasement.

“Ah! then I am disappointed,” said
Miss Robertson, not perceiving her
sister’s agitation, “for I imagined that
William had returned with him. But
why do you dislike Stanton?”

“I can scarcely define; yet I might
ask why you appear to like him. There
is something so cold, so iron-hearted
about him.”

“True,” said Anna, “but he is the
chosen companion of William; and you
know, Eleanor, when iron comes in col-
lision with the leadstone, it acquires a
portion of its magnetic qualities. Lady
Landon only answered with a sigh, and,
pleading headache, retired to her cham-
ber, where she awaited Sir John’s return.

That excellent man heard the sad rela-
tion at once with suspicion, surprise,
and grief; and on her asking his advice
concerning the best method of breaking
the intelligence to Anna, he frankly con-
fessed that he had not sufficient fortitude
to attempt it, and must leave it to her
discretion.

The following morning Anna appeared
full of gaiety, and, little surmising the
heavy misfortune which had befallen her,
was picturing in vivid colours scenes of
future delight, and anticipating the so-
lemnities which were to make her the
bride of Heathfield. The feelings of
Sir John became too powerful for the
forced restraint he had imposed upon
them, and he abruptly quitted the room.
Nor could Lady Landon longer com-
mand her emotions. The tears coursed
her cheeks, and she in vain attempted
to conceal her agitation. Dreadfully
alarmed, Anna started from her seat,
and catching the hand of her sister,
exclaimed, “Something horrible has
happened—I know there has—I have
had a dismal foreboding since yesterday,
which I in vain attempted to shake off
by assumed gaiety! Oh! now I feel sure
that it was Stanton who was with you
yesterday, and that he brought some
shocking intelligence. I know he did,
else why that bloodless lip and tearful
eye—sister, dear, dear sister,” continued
she, throwing herself upon her knees,
and raising her clasped hands in agony,
“for the love of God, tell me what has
happened to William.”

Concealment now became not only
useless, but impossible; and in broken
accents Lady Landon acquainted the
unhappy Anna with her sad bereave-
ment.

Anna uttered no shriek—shed no tear
—not an outward demonstration of the
indescribable intensity of her feelings
was visible, save the corse-like hue which
spread itself over her lovely features, and
the fixed and glassy expression of her
soft blue eye; but any attempt to de-
scribe the agony of soul, approaching to
insanity, which she afterwards endured,
would be futile, and could convey no
adequate idea of the sufferings of one
bereaved of all her heart held dear.

In some persons the physical powers
gain new strength in proportion as the
mental ones are depressed and over-
powered by misfortune, whilst in others
they are borne down or elevated in sym-
pathy with whatever may be the prevail-
ing condition of the mind. Anna was of
the former stamp. At the same time
that the terrible convulsions of her soul
nearly shook reason from her seat, her corporeal faculties acquired a kind of artificial capability, and no persuasions could induce her to forego the fixed resolution of proceeding post to Boston. Finding arguments and representations totally unavailing, Sir John and Lady Landon prepared to accompany her.

Pass we by the journey until their arrival at Boston, where they were set down at the very moment that a funeral procession was slowly winding through the churchyard, followed by George Stanton as chief mourner.

"Ha! I am too late, then?" shrieked Anna, wildly rushing towards the spot.

"No, no! I must see him once again—I must gaze on his features once more, though pale and cold in death—William, William, command them to stop, that I may speak with you—nay, do not bear him away yet; on my knees I implore you for one last gaze—pray do not force me away—I will be gentle—I will be silent—not a groan or tear shall escape me, if you will be but men, and grant my request. Nay," said she, relapsing into partial idiocy, as Sir John Landon, though almost overpowered by his own feelings, endeavoured, with gentle force, to remove her; "nay, do not be cruel to me, for I am deserted now—tush, I only want a lock of his chestnut hair—don't separate us now—but, alas! he is dead, and cannot even look at me, or speak to me as he was wont—well, well, I will do as you bid me."

"Hold, Anna, this must not be!" cried Stanton, in a frenzied tone, "you cut my very heart-strings: I have riches, and will purchase you happiness. But, hark! the bell summons us to the sepulchre—I will return to you, whilst he will stay there to dream of former prosperity."

"Murderer!" screamed Anna, again raving wildly, "it is you who have hurried him to that sepulchre: I feel it—I know it. Stanton, you are a murderer!"

The scene now became dreadfully appalling. Stanton raved like a maniac—Anna was borne shrieking from the ground, and the whole was rendered more awful by the solemn tolling of the death knell. Anna, on coming to herself, insisted upon assisting in the funeral rites. Opposition was useless; accordingly—in that very pew where she had so often, in the days of her childhood and happiness, poured forth her adoration to the Deity in unison with her fondly loved William—the ill-fated girl heard the most beautiful and impressive service in our Liturgy performed over his last mortal remains.

It is needless to detain my readers longer than to explain the circumstances attending the death of Heathfield. It appeared that when the coach arrived within a stage of Boston, Stanton complained of illness, and was suffered by the coachman to enter an inn for the purpose of procuring some brandy. Heathfield accompanied him, and in utter disregard of his resolution, was persuaded by George to drink a larger quantity of ardent spirit than his recent abstinence rendered prudent; consequently his reason was overmastered by its intoxicating effects. They remounted the coach, from which, ere long, Heathfield was thrown by an unseen hand, and, alighting upon his head, was killed upon the spot. Strong suspicions were entertained that Stanton was the perpetrator of this deed, but as no one had seen him do it, and as he was also inebriated at the time (or, at least, was imagined to be so), the coroner's jury felt compelled to return a verdict of accidental death.

The lesson taught in the above plain narrative of facts is too forcible to need comment; I shall therefore at once conclude, after observing that, at the end of a life of mental torture, George Stanton acknowledged his soul to be charged with the blood of his weak-minded and unfortunate cousin.


A general history of the empire of the west has been greatly wanted in our literature, Mr. Dunham has well supplied that hiatus, and has produced the first volume of this long required work. The chronological department has been arranged with the most patient care, and this labour alone gives the reader more informa-
tion than can be found in any of our English libraries. It is curious enough that there is no popular general history of the empire entirely completed even in Germany; they have vast and copious tomes on particular eras, but none that brings the general stream of history down to the present emperor. The reader will not be much charmed with the detail that the historian is forced to unfold; in fact, the annals of elective sovereignties are usually a tissue of strife, rage, and hideous selfishness; it is scarcely possible for the most accomplished pen to render the detail attractive. We have few illustrations of life and manners; the following is one of the most prominent in the volume:—

"Another anecdote illustrative of the social state of Germany must conclude the present subject. There was, we are told, a Count of Holland, Florence by name, who, about the middle of the thirteenth century, obtained great celebrity by his deeds of arms. His fame reached the Countess of Claremont, who at length longed to see him. Whether her motives were of the purest description—her husband was advanced in years—may be doubted; but, perhaps, she herself was unconscious that her heart, or, more correctly, her imagination, was engaged. Whether for good or evil, a lady will find some means of gratifying her curiosity. She persuaded her husband the count to proclaim a tournament, well knowing that Florence would be there to dispute the palm of victory with the veteran knights of Germany and France. Her expectations were verified, the count was present, and his feats of arms corresponded with his fame. During the tourney, the lady and her husband surveyed the scene from the summit of a tower, and she eagerly demanded which of the combatants was Count Florence. The manner in which the question was put roused the jealousy of her husband, who surveying her with a frown, replied in a surly tone,—"Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Behold, thy beloved prince is he whose banner is a red lion; but before evening thou shalt see him a corpse." Knowing the revengeful disposition of her husband, she caused Count Florence to be secretly warned of his danger. But her caution was vain. Hastily putting on his armour, the Count of Claremont assembled a few knights and men-at-arms, and led them out as if to join in the martial sports. In an unguarded moment they fell on him, and dealt him a mortal blow. In revenge the Count of Cleves, an intimate friend of Count Florence, despatched the Count of Claremont. The death of her husband had little effect on the lady; but that of Count Florence affected her so much, that had she not been prevented, she would have thrown herself from the top of the tower; and in a few days she died of grief."

'BELLA'S GRAVE:

A DIRGE.

Beneath yon walnut tree we'll dig her grave,
Whose pendant boughs in seeming sorrow wave:
Yes, there shall be her resting place—that tree
Her favourite once—a fitting canopy.
And what shall mark the spot? spring's earliest flowers,
Shall weep their tears of dew at vespers hours:
Those sisters three, with angel hands be set,
The cowslip, primrose, and the violet;
And there shall ever bloom that little flower,
Which comforts sadness in her loneliest hour,
The star of hope, of constancy the pride,
And meekly eloquent does falseness chide.
Dear little flower! whose tearful eye of blue,
At morn and eve shall weep its votive dew,
Thou too with seraph form shall mark the spot,
And say for "Bella," "Oh! forget me not!"
Like some fond parent o'er the lost child weeping,
The drooping willow, aye, thy memory keeping,
Its graceful boughs shall ever o'er thee wave,
To tell the passer-by, "Here's 'Bella's grave."
But who shall sing thy requiem's plaintive wail
In April's eve?—the lovelorn nightingale!

G. R. L.
QUEEN HORTENSE AND MADAME DE BROC.

On a lovely morning in the month of June, in the year 1813, a party of ladies descended into the delightful valley of Grijay,\* bending their steps towards the mill. Their countenances were radiant with beauty, and the vermilion hue upon their youthful cheeks betokened that they were in the spring time of enjoyment, and that they had quitted the idle gaieties of worldly scenes, for the more noble contemplation of nature in her simplest and most beautiful garb. Hortense, the lovely queen of Holland, and her ladies of honour, had indeed voluntarily for awhile abandoned the splendours of a palace, and fixed their temporary residence at the small town of Aix, in Savoy.

Ever and anon, as they pursued their morning’s ramble, the queen stopped to gather the mountain flowers which sprung around in wild profusion; at length, plucking a rose, she called out in playful ecstasy to her attendants,—“Behold, ladies, this beauteous Alpine flower, which we have been so long seeking. A la plus belle,” she added, at the same time approaching Madame de Broc, “come hither, Laura,” she continued, “and let me tear from your bonnet that haughty plume, which reminds me of that world which I here seek to forget, I will replace it by this rose, a fitter emblem of your own loveliness.”

The queen noticing a silent sorrow upon the cheek of her friend, again addressed her—

“Young friend, you are grave, wherefore are you sad? Does the thought of this world’s delights banish your smiles? By your countenance, one would think we were about to follow in the train of mournful woe.”

“And,” replied Madame de Broc, with a melancholy smile, “who knows but—”

“Laura—Laura!” continued the queen, beating her foot with petulance upon the ground, “I believe you have resolved to vex me to-day, but I will not yield to ill-humour,” and lowering her voice she added, “I know that you have this morning been visiting some poor cottagers, and perhaps you have beheld a scene of wretchedness;” then addressing her tenderly, she exclaimed—“I shall be but too happy, my dear, to share your good actions, dispel your gloomy thoughts and once more smile.”

The party soon afterwards found themselves at the edge of the cascade. At this magnificent sight, the astonishment of the queen knew no bounds.

“See!” she said, “that water bounding from rock to rock, and sparkling with myriads of diamonds, how playful it seems, how calmly it glides through the furthest meadow, and yet, in reality, so treacherous! Oh! St. Cloud, magnificent as thou art, what wouldst thou say to see thy noble cascade thus eclipsed by the rolling waters of this peaceful valley? Yet, I thought thee lovely, when my parents—But why these thoughts?”

As she endeavoured to conceal her emotion—“Here comes the miller in his holiday garb to announce breakfast!”

With a light step, as if willing to forget every painful impression, she gave her hand to the miller whilst she was crossing the plank which served in lieu of a bridge.

In tremulous accents, the queen inquired of her conductor if the passage across were safe.

“Yes, madam!” was the miller’s reply.

“Are you aware, my brave fellow, that I tremble with fear?”

“Lean on me, madam, and fear nothing; now we are safe.”

Delighted at having crossed in safety, the queen turned round to advise her companions to avail themselves also of the miller’s assistance, when to her horror she beheld Madame de Broc crossing the frail bridge alone.

“Merciful Heaven!” she cried, “how imprudent! Laura—Laura, look not thus at the chasm, thou wilt surely fall.—Look at me—ah! she trembles—her steps totter! Why leanest thou so much on one side?”

The queen covered her face with her hands, in order to shut out the horrid sight which had just passed before her eyes; the fate of her friend was sealed for ever. Madame de Broc, by an indescribable impulse, had indeed gazed upon the fast rolling and impetuous torrent. She had measured the distance and the very thought, how dreadful would be her fall, had been her destruction; suddenly her brain grew dizzy, every ob-

\* Grijay is situate by Aix, near Geneva.
ject seemed to move, her steps faltered, she vainly stretched out her hand to gain support, but alas! there was no guide to help her, and falling in the expected succour, her sight still more confused, she closed her eyes in despair, and ere long was whirled into the bubbling waters, and dashed with fury on the points of the rocks.

The poor Miller, pale with horror, rushed through the underwood to the foot of the cascade, where the waters had deposited the mangled body of the unfortunate Laura. He seized her by the hair, and drawing her towards him, succeeded at length in raising her in his arms.

"Poor little thing!" he exclaimed, as he passed onwards to the cottage, "so young—so lovely—oh! how dreadful is thy fate!"

The companions of Madame de Broc sought in the interim a path by which to join the Miller, in the hope of assisting their unhappy friend. Entering the cottage, he placed his insensible charge on a bed. In smothered accents of despair, "Wife!" he cried, "come hither, you may indeed have greater hopes than I have."

The Miller's wife approached the bed, and in silence wiped away the blood with which the body was covered. A slight gleam of hope broke in upon the sorrowing friends of the unfortunate Madame de Broc, and they were about to give utterance to their expectations.

"Be silent!" exclaimed the woman; "she opens her eyes."

Madame de Broc indeed looked around, a deep sigh escaped from her lips; and with a violent effort she pronounced but one only word—the name of the queen. A moment after, she breathed heavily; her eyes assumed a glassy appearance; convulsions agitated her frame; and in a few seconds, none other sound was heard save that of lamentation within, and the distant roar from the falling waters of the fearful cascade. Her spirit had quitted its earthly tenement!

The Miller's wife then arose from her task; and taking a crucifix from the head of the bed, pressed it to the lips of the corpse: and wiping away a tear from her eyes, she covered the face of the deceased with a sheet.

Cries of despair were heard from all present. The Miller's wife then turned round, and in a milder tone—"Alas! ladies," she said, "tears now avail not: let us pray for her." She knelt down, and the ladies followed her praiseworthy example; and in that humble dwelling more than one proud heart turned submissive and repentant towards that God, who was so often perhaps neglected in more costly edifices.

Hortense, trembling and in despair, quitted the cottage: she seemed to flee from the dreadful scene she had just witnessed, and exhausted by fatigue, fainting she fell on the turf. On recovering her senses, she found a little girl kneeling beside her, who was endeavouring to create warmth in her hands by chafing them.

"Unhappy queen!" said the child, at seeing Hortense open her eyes, "how great must be your sufferings! But do not gaze upon me thus wildly, you terrify me—weep with me rather, for we have lost a friend, who was good and charitable! This morning my mother desired me to pray for her, and I was on my way to the image of the Holy Virgin, who resembles her, in order to pray with more fervency. Now that your friend has joined the angels, I will ask her blessing as that of a saint. Yes! she was a saint! Console yourself, therefore, you will meet in Paradise!"

Hortense wept, and her bursting heart was relieved by the tears caused by this simple and touching eulogy on the friend of her childhood, who had shared all her joys and sorrows.

"Dear child," she said, "thou hast understood my grief, and thou alone perhaps will be sincere in thy consolations. I will remember thee all my life; and be sure that this recollection, coupled as it is with so dreadful an event, will not be an idle word.—Ah! Laura! Laura! what will be my lot!"

So saying she arose, and with the child, pursued in deep sorrow that path which but a few hours before she had traversed smiling and happy.

L. V. F.

[A critical notice of the imperial correspondence, furnished by the chief subject of this paper, appeared in this work a month ago.]
THE ANNUALS.

1. The Forget-me-Not, for 1835. Edited by F. SHOEBRL. Ackermann and Co.
2. The Comic Offering, or Ladies’ Melange of Literary Mirth, for 1835. Edited by LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN. Smith, Elder, and Co.
3. Friendship’s Offerings, for 1835. Smith, Elder, and Co.

October brought, as usual, its offering to the Magazines of the earliest of these literary flowers, which come in season with the last of the dahlias, and the first of the autumn chrysantheums. Our old friend, the “Forget-me-Not,” never fails to greet us thus pleasantly, adding itself with its younger sisters and brethren most seasonably to the newly-gathered evening circle round the cheerful winter fire.

The “Forget-me-Not,” notwithstanding the loss of its late spirited and excellent proprietor, Rudolph Ackermann, has suffered no diminution in its charms and attractions; nay, we think that we perceive some improvements, in the guise of a rich substantial binding of embossed claret-coloured leather; so that this year’s “Forget-me-Not” is not contented with internal superiority, but rivals its companions in outward array.

We are not a little surprised at the unaccountable modesty which has concealed the name of the artist, or artists, that have executed the most exquisite presentation plate that ever adorned even this elegant annual. Do, dear ladies, turn to it instantly, and consider its practicabilities of being copied as a coloured drawing for the title-page of a pet album. It represents a star, irradiating a wreath of flowers, formed with botanical accuracy, and with fairy lightness. The interior of the star is devoted to the name of the lady to whom the “Forget-me-Not” is offered as a present. The engraving is very delicate, and altogether it is beautiful.

There is much of poetry in the frontispiece, which represents Diana just stepping out of her moonlight halo, to visit Endymion: the foreground, with the dogs, are finely engraved, though the general effect of the print is made spotty, by the blackness of the goat; let that figure be covered, and the tone is wonderfully improved.

The next print, “A Scene in Madeira,” from the pencil of the veteran academician Westall, is worthy of his highest fame. It is a little gem, perfect in tone and drawing. It is engraved by Goodall, and does him great credit.

A portrait called “Aunt Lucy,” in the costume of the last century, is elaborately engraved by Mr. Charles Rolls. The figure is fine. The face, however, is injured by a false smearing shade between the nose and eyes. The original was, if we remember aright, exhibited this season, and is certainly improved in delicacy under the hands of the engraver. As a painting, it was coarsely and gaudily coloured.

“Mabel Grey,” a water-mill scene, is delicately engraved, but a little out of perspective. The figures are the best of it.

“Milan Cathedral,” an interior, from Prout, has been more than once before the public. Carter has touched this miniature copy with great spirit.

One of Richter’s beautiful faces will be considered by most persons as the gem picture of the book; it is so pretty, that we regret that Richter’s beauties are all twin sisters. The design is pretty, being three impish loves reaching after a love-letter the damsel has just received.

“No, Not Never” is a conversation piece, of small merit.

“Eulogia” is admirably engraved by Agar, although the design is by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The head is one of the odddest-looking savages, with the features and chevelure of a water dog, that ever was meant for a fair lady. We should like to know the history of this strange, animal-looking person, and who Sir Thomas intended it for. There is too much reality and animation about it for a fancy portrait. Such information would often prove more acceptable to readers, than the laudatory lines usually appended to portraits in annuals; not that we would wish to disparage the pretty sonnet of our own worthy contributor, R. S. Mackenzie, for it is at least equal to the best poetry in the volume.

“The Village Tomb-cutter,” by Chisholme, is a little out of tone and perspective.

“The Trysting Hour” is spoilt by the ugliness of the ladies’ faces. Mr. C. Rolls has bestowed no superabundance of care on this plate.

The literature of the “Forget-me-Not,”
as far as regards the prose tales, is good, lively, and varied. Shoberl is editor.

"The Bear of Carniola," by T. K. Harvey, ranks him at once as a good prose writer. The tale is hurried up into a pantomimic finale, but the opening scene is truly dramatic.

The "Merchant of Cadiz," by Inglis, although of Arabic origin, appears new, being well told.

"Mabel Grey," by Miss Agnes Strickland, is full of true and touching interest, and well develops the state of feeling among the peasantry of the present day.

"The Pilot and the Princess" is written by Croly, or is written in close mimicry of that writer's worst style.

"The Protestant Burial-ground at Rome" is, indeed, a beautiful paper, from a masterly hand; we give it as our specimen of the book, and wish that foreign scenes could often be described in similar taste.

"There is something extremely picturesque in the pyramid of Caius Cestus, the best preserved monument at Rome, and the most splendid piece of ancient sepulchral building there. It is to the ostentation of one individual that we owe this magnificent relic of antiquity. 'A stranger among strangers it stood there, until the language around it has changed.' The idea of eternity is attached to the form of a pyramid; and although the wild plants have taken root, and flourished among the enormous stones of that of Caius Cestus, it does not appear that its beauty has yet suffered any injury. It has a character of impressive grandeur that is very striking. Built of marble—it is more than one hundred feet high—and though time has changed its colour to grey, yet as that grey outline is marked against the blue sky, and gay coloured flowers hang in festoons from its crevices, it is a thousand times more beautiful to the painter and the poet than it ever could have been in its former state of magnificence. This ruin adjoins the walls of Rome. The Emperor Aurelian, fearful that the pyramid might serve as a fortress for attacking the city, caused it to be enclosed in the ancient walls, which still exist as the walls of modern Rome. At the base of the pyramid stand two marble columns, which were found under ground, and have been set up together by one of the popes. And before the pyramid lay the Prati del Popolo Romana: now meadows covered with verdure and wild flowers, and having here and there a large tree growing up in unrestrained beauty.

"It was on a beautiful summer's evening, about sixteen years ago, that I went to see this monument of Caius Cestus. I lingered long about the ruined walls of the city. The verdure of the surrounding meadows, and of the fine large trees, formed a contrast in colour with the sombre ruins, as the long shadows of evening fell, and the soft blue sky was streaked with the vivid tints of an Italian sunset. A flock of sheep were grazing under the stately trees, and the shepherd and his large dog, at his feet, sat peacefully seated near. A look of tranquility and repose, not to be described, hung over every object around. I inquired the meaning of some huge stones that were rudely placed near where the sheep were grazing; and was answered, 'there the protestants that die at Rome are interred.' On examining them I found some tombstones for Prussians and Germans, and a few for my own country people, who had died at Rome, having probably, during the war, come to Italy in search of that health which their own climate denied them. The names rudely inscribed on the stones were half effaced, and the whole had an air of studied neglect, so as to render them as little conspicuous as possible; for Europe had not long been at peace at that time, and protestant and heathen were then synonymous terms. There was something in these neglected graves, in these rudely-carved stones, in these half-effaced inscriptions, in the tranquil look of the scenery, that forcibly brought to my mind those beautiful lines of Pope's—perhaps the most beautiful he ever wrote:

'No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd;
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.'

"I sat down on the broken, ruined walls, and mused on various matters connected with our latter end and the scene before me; the hum of insects and the peaceful tinkling of the sheep-bell were the only sounds that broke in upon the profound seclusion and retirement of the spot. I had been lately in Switzerland; and that spot in the island of St. Pierre where Rousseau had found repose for his excited mind, and where Lord Camelford had expressed a wish to be interred (a wish and will which, by the-bye, that have not been regarded), had laid hold of my imagination—a spot where the sun shines brightly, and where no sounds are, save those of the birds singing in the woods, and the rippling of the gentle waters of the lake; and then I thought of England, and of those horrible vaults in which our mortal remains are consigned to oblivion.

"From these reflections I was roused by the bells of the churches of Rome, which, as evening fell suddenly, as it does in a southern climate, burst forth at Ave Maria, and the sound of the bells in the distance
seem to pity and bewail the day that is lost
and past." The result of my musings was,
a strong wish to be interred under the trees
near the pyramid of Caius Cestus, if I should
die abroad—a wish I never ceased referring
to in illness or in health.

"Being at Rome, in the summer of 1832,
I again visited the spot that had so power-
fully laid hold of my imaginations in my
younger years. I found it totally altered.
The English had become a colony at Rome;
and out of the crowds who had come thither,
some in pursuit of health, some of pleasure,
some of forgetfulness, many had found a
grave under her ancient walls. Pope Pius
VII., and his minister Cardinal Gonsalvi,
being both partial to the English nation,
and full of gratitude to their king and go-
vermnent, had granted permission for two
closures to be made, so as to form a pro-
per Christian burial-ground for protestants.
These walls had in some degree spoiled the
picturesque beauty of the place, which was
now divided into a higher and lower burial-
place: the lower ground being the spot where
the first tombs were situated in front of the
pyramid of Caius Cestus; the upper, on a
sloping hill, near and immediately under
the massy walls of ancient Rome. Both are
exceedingly interesting, independently of
their picturesque beauty.

"To begin with the lower burial-ground.—
It is on a flat space before the pyramid, and
close under the trees. Cypresses and stone-
piques have been planted there, and they are
now of great size and beauty, while the aloe
and the rose grow close round the graves.
Some of the tombs are highly interesting:
the largest monument is to the memory of
the lady of the late Sir Grenville Temple;
neat it is the tomb of Keats, the poet, with
this inscription:—

This grave contains
all that was mortal
of a
young English poet,
who,
on his death-bed,
in the bitterness of his heart,
at the malicious powers of his enemies,
desired these
words to be engraved on his tombstone:—
'Here lies one
whose name was writ in water,'
February 21, 1821.

Very near the spot a child of Shelley's is
buried; and these were Shelley's verses written
on the death of his favourite boy at
Rome, in June, 1819:—

'My lost William; though in whom
Some bright spirit lived and did
That deceiving robe consume,
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb;
And beneath this pyramid
Thou art not. If a thing divine,
Like thee, can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among the tombs and ruins wild;
Let me think that through lone scenes
Of the sweet flower and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion.'

"The higher burial-ground is in a sloping
direction from the ruined walls of ancient
Rome—walls now decorated for the stranger's remainings with roses, the leaves of which
fell in luxuriant showers and strewed the
tombs. Entering the large iron gates of the
enclosure, gates wide enough to admit a
funeral procession, a walk rises gradually to
these walls; the walk is between rows of
aloes and rose-trees and rosemary-hedges.
The tombs at present occupy only the
highest part of the enclosure; and several
of the graves are dressed out with little
edges of violets and low growing flowers, or
white roses; and some are entirely neglected,
undecked, and unheeded. Many of the
graves evince the care of friends, in the way
the flowers are placed and cultivated. From
the high ground is a lovely view of Rome,
with the dome of St. Peter's, and the cy-
presses of the Villa Millini in the horizon.
Between this rich outline of distance and the
burial-ground lie verdant meadows, and
the large trees which I had viewed with ad-
miration many years before."

Besides the pieces we have mentioned,
there is a very prettily written paper by
Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Gore's "Now or Never" is a
pleasing story. As for "Uncle Zim," we
want more information as to the expres-
sion "half-shaved" before we can com-
prehend the American jest. We must be
brief on the subject of poetry; there is
little to be sure, and the less in these times
the better, when poets and the public are
equally perverse. The public do not
choose to encourage good poets, and good
poets bottle up their best wares out of real
disdain, and refuse to endeavour to please
the public, and very right too. The mon-
ody on the death of Rudolph Ackermann,
is full of truth and good feeling, and as
such may be considered the best in the
volume.

Now to the second on the list. The
literature of the "Comic Offering" is
pleasant and sparkling, and has far higher
claims in some of its papers than the usual
store of puns, equivocues, quips, quirks,
and jeu de mots, that are the common gar-
niture of the comic annuals. With such
bales of ware this "Wag-on of Fun" is
duly loaded; as, indeed, is needful, to
suit the taste of most of the customers for
The Annuals.

which it carries goods. We consider that
an excellent example of both jeu d'esprit
and jeu de mots is to be found in the
clever address of the fair editress to that
worthy sea-lion, Captain Ross; but which
Captain Ross—oh, most brilliant Louise!
is it that has inspired the muse that per-
tained to the house of Sheridan? That is
a question on which we happen to be
somewhat curious; and as there is nothing
in print to gain our supposition, and
there is, withal, a fair young bride men-
tioned in the stanzas, we opine that said
ode belongeth by right to the younger of
the Polar heroes; and we and our fair
readers mean so to consider the same, till
formally and officially contradicted by one
or other of the parties concerned. Here
followeth the ode:—

SONG ON CAPTAIN ROSS,
(Of the North Pole post station.)
Sent to him immediately on his return.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

“Rise, gentle muse, and sing the man of Ross.”

Oh! Captain Ross, we mourned your loss; —
Who lost your way to find a way!
But since you’ve come the sea across,
It seems you were but kept at Bay!
Your warmest friends now make a rule,
Their kind reception must be cool!
For sooner than have greeting warms,
You’d have us take you quite by storm!!
All hail long rain to Captain Ross.

Oh! Captain Ross, where’er you dine,
Off treated silver take cold meat.—
(Le’d pants you’ve seen!) select good wines,
With cold-drawn oil your chilli eat!
And bring (in case the room be full)!
An Irish sofa; great coat so cool;
Then if your feelings soften still,
Walk six times up and down Snow Hill!
Dance but at snow-balls, Captain Ross.

Oh! Captain Ross, it would be fair,
A Captain’s mate by you were chosen,
To whom you’d melodiously declare
Munchausen-love, for four years frozen!
I have a friend, who’s named Miss Snow!
(An ice-ing lass, à L’Equinoxe!)
She has of ice and mossa bowler,
Where ice-plants and chilli snow-drops bowers!
A fair young bride for Captain Ross.

In song comes my congratulation,
And some New Passage in’t you’ll find;
You’ll compass every variation,
As being of the Pole ish kind!
Oh! regaling “Leo” of the day,
Laughing Virgo, come to say,
Thou art a constellation rare,
But not at all a Polar Bear!
A northern light is Captain Ross.

We writers fond of slippery tricks,
Choose you to be our head control;
The election well on one was fix’d,
Who’s four years kept the head o’ the Pole!
A tribute to your well-earned praise,
A monument we ought to raise,
Composed of Snowdon granite rare,
Bedecked with frieze-work every where;
And fix your “ sooth” there, Captain Ross!

There is, besides, more than one clever
tale by the fair Sheridan; for instance,
the “Ball-room Chapter” is full of ge-
nuine comic satire. We wish we could
see more of these sketches of society, which
hold the comic mirror up “to folly as she
flies,” in this and in other annuals.
The comic poetry by Sylvanus Swan-
quil (we wish him a more sensible name)
is very much to our taste.

“Then Fisher Ode” is worthy of Hood;
and the “Town and Country Mouse,”
although it was rather a bold matter to
venture on the same road with Horace and
Swift, is a very pretty lively story, written
with all the naïveté of La Fontaine; in
the other fables he adheres too closely to
the beaten track of the originals.

“The Mysterious Lodger” is one of the
true comic sketch; and as it turns on a
droll incident connected with the late
commissions to inquire into the abuses of
corporations, our fair readers will be
amused with an extract. “The Mysterious
Lodger” has excited the suspicions of the
body corporate of a very sapient little
borough. At the time of these visitations,
these good folk all set out in pursuit of
him, in the belief that he is the veritable
Captain Swing, who has just set their
neighbour Rickman’s stacks on fire—here
we join in with the story:—

“'Tis my opinion that this person ought
to be pursued in all directions, without loss
of time,” said Mr. Hawk.

“And so thought the mayor, and every
member of the corporation who was pos-
sessed of a horse, or could afford to hire one,
or knew how to play the equestrian; and
within half an hour all the cavalry of
Scratchby was in motion, with Mr. Loftus
at their head; for Mr. Worshipful, though
a mayor, was a very poor manager of a
horse, and preferred bringing up the rear
in his comfortable stanhope.

“Although there were several bowery green
lanes in which a fugitive might have found
temporary shelter from the formidable pur-
suit of the civil authorities, they declined to
divert from the straight line of the tor-
pick-road, and had not proceeded more
than three miles when they overtook the ob-
ject of their suspicion; nay, more, detected
him in the very act of striding across the
pales of Sir Mowbray Mortimer’s park!

“Mr. Loftus being a resolute man in-
stantly leaped from his saddle, and with the
town-ward, the recorder, the constable, and one or two of the most courageous members of the corporation, succeeded in surrounding and taking into custody the suspected incendiary, whom, though an elegant and fashionable-dressed man, they loaded with every vituperative epithet which their indignation at his evil deeds could suggest.

"The mysterious loder protested against the violence and illegality of their very extraordinary proceedings, in terms which indicated his familiarity with the technicalities of the bar, to the infinite astonishment of his arch enemies,—the town clerk and the recorder,—who were not prepared to find a professional brother in a villainous incendiary.

"The mayor now came up, insisted (as he had passed the bounds of his own jurisdiction) on taking the object of their suspicion before Sir Mowbray Mortimer, who being a very active man, and, moreover, a strict magician! was not very likely to look favourably on the trespas and character of the mysterious loder.

"Sir Mowbray Mortimer hastened to give audience to these bustling civilians and solicitors, secretly wondering for which of his sins he was punished with the infliction of a visit from such a set of intolerable bores! However, as the aristocracy are the 'politest' people in the world, he received the Scratchby consequentials with all the courtesy of a 'person of consequence,' and instead of asking their business waited for them to unfold it.

"Sir Mowbray Mortimer, sir,' commenced the mayor, 'I dare say you are surprised to see me here so far from home; but, sir, as a brother magistrate, I beg to state that I and my corporation left Scratchby this afternoon in pursuit of the celebrated incendiary, Swing, whom we happily caught upon your premises. Sir Mowbray Mortimer, in the illegal and felonious act of striding over your park pales!'

"'Indeed, sir!' said Sir Mowbray, whose curiosity now began to be excited; 'and where is he?'

"'Sir, he is waiting handcuffed in the hall, under charge of Dick the constable.'

"Sir Mowbray having signified his wish to see the object of suspicion, Dick the constable was desired to bring his prisoner forward; the latter advanced with greater acclivity than could be expected from a person under such circumstances,—but what was the surprise of his captors when they heard Sir Mowbray greet him with, 'Why, my dear Littleton, what riots have you been engaged in since you were last here, to entitle you to these bracelets?' laughing and pointing to the handcuffs.

"'So far from engaging in riots, my dear fellow,' responded the prisoner, 'that as I heard what bellicose people the men of Scratchby were, I eschewed their society altogether, till the arrival of my fellow-commissioner, Mr. Borrough Brusheall, might enable me to inquire into the abuses of this corporation with sufficient effect. But in the mean time, Mr. Mayor and the rest of them, having determined to be beforehand with me, I suppose, accuse me of being no less a person, Mortimer, than that notorious Will-o'-the-wisp, Mr. Swing!'

"'On what grounds, may I ask, have this worshipful assemblage brought this accusation against my friend here, who is the Honourable Blackstone Littleton, of the Inner Temple, one of the commissioners employed by ministers to inquire into the abuses of corporate bodies?' asked Sir Mowbray, as soon as he could conquer his risibility.

"'Will Mr. Littleton be pleased to account for his absence from the Mermaid between six in the evening and four in the morning, on the night of the conflagration on Farmer Rickman's premises,' said Mr. Hawk, the only one who was not struck speechless by the ominous name and business of the mysterious loder.

"'Mr. Littleton did me the honour of dining with me at seven that evening, and kindly remained here till nearly the hour you mentioned,' said Sir Mowbray.

"'But, sir, the purchase of the box of lucifers still remains to be explained,' said the abashed, yet pertinacious, town-clerk.

"'Sir,' replied Mr. Littleton, 'I always use lucifers to ignite my cigars, for which purpose I purchased a box of these articles on the day of which you speak. I happen to have it about me, gentlemen, and beg to produce it for your satisfaction, still unopened; and now, gentlemen, I hope, when I, in conjunction with my colleague, Mr. Brusheall, whom I expect tomorrow, proceed to inquire into the corporation abuses, you will be able to return as satisfactory answers to our queries as I have done yours.'"

The illustrations of the "Comic Offering" are partly lithographed, in a style so nearly resembling wood-cutting, that it is only the eye of the connoisseur that can detect the difference. These lithographs are far superior to ordinary wood-cuts, yet they are at the same time far beneath the best specimens of wood engravings. Some of the best designs that have been seen in these sort of annuals ornament the "Comic Offering" this year. The caricature of Madame Vestris on the Acton stage, is a very clever cut. "The Plaster Cast" is witty in word and deed; so is "Pitching the Key for a serenade," "Organic Remains," "Counter-action," "Love-birds," "Eyes Right,"
and "Boothia Felix." Above all, we are in love with the frontispiece, designed by Miss Sheridan herself; and the droll imps, in the guise of carvers of small dimensions, are very pretty arch little wags, preferable in our estimation to all sorts and conditions of Cupids—indeed, who would not prefer wild imps to tame Cupids? These delightful sprites are busied loading the Wag-on of Fun, that sets off annually from Messrs. Smith and Elder's Office, in Cornhill. We sincerely wish it a safe journey, and a prosperous delivery of its loading; and so we bid it heartily farewell, till it again receives goods to dissipate the glooms and dules of another November.

The plates of "Friendship's Offering," for 1835, are of a very decided cast of superiority. We doubted last year that the pictorial character of this annual was on the decline, and therefore congratulate the proprietors on the great improvement we find at present.

The frontispiece represents a very lovely face and form, from the pencil of Parris, engraved by Ryall in the stipled style, with so much care, that we regret the defect of a leering cast in the eyes; perhaps it is a mistake, on purpose to increase the arch expression of "My ain bonny lassie!" nevertheless, we like it not.

The " Intercepted Letter" is a beautiful print, from a very superior design, by Ward; his faces, which are often very ugly when he is careless, are in this instance fine and expressive. Bacon has done every justice to the plate; the tone and keeping are perfect.

"Saltzburg" rather deserves the title of Peperburg; yet the artist could not help the cruel-like grouping of a real scene: otherwise, the view is not taken with taste; there is monotony in the two round mountains, and the distant tints are muddy and confused.

"Childhood" is an odious picture. How childhood can contrive to be so hideous and sophisticated withal, passes our comprehension: it is a group of ugliness and affectation, very poorly engraved; and we cannot blame Mr. Ryall—what could he do with such a lot of pert changelings?

"The Sultan's Daughter" is coarse, lengthy, and out of proportion; the hands and arms are of the size and pattern of those of a leather doll.

The beauty of the next print fully atones for the defects of those preceding. "The Farmer's Family," designed by Wright, is a group of high merit. Finden has not bestowed any very elaborate work on the plate, yet what he has done has been done most happily.

"Lucy" is a misty-looking young lady, in an old gown with ruffles and lappets. These mere fancy pictures are all alike.

"A Scene in the Appenines," strongly in Claude's style, is worthy of being inspired by that great master. Barret and Richardson have between them produced a very perfect little print. The aerial distances are very fine.

"The Brazilian Bride," although possessing an expression of great sensibility, is no ornament in face or figure to the "Friendship's Offering." The engraving and drawing are bad.

"The two Kates" make a pretty picture. There are some symptoms of haste and carelessness in the finish, yet the whole is pleasing.

As a portrait of a Polish countess of an heroic family, the print of "The Devoted" is most interesting; nor is it devoid of pictorial merit, though the distances want softness and perspective.

We cannot speak highly of the literature of the "Friendship's Offering"; its character is wire-drawn heavyness. There are to be found among the contributors a few names of note, yet they vie with each other in the annual art of making a long story out of a short one. The only prose writer of a pleasing style that has lately irradiated the sombre hue of this annual is Sarah Stickney: although her subjects are usually of the sad cast, necessary for "Friendship's Offering," yet her style is attractive in a high degree. We miss her prose this year, but have her poetry, which is, indeed, very inferior to her prose sketches. Where are all the writers gone that made "Friendship's Offering" so truly delightful in the two first years of Mr. Pringle's editorship, and when Charles Knight and Harvey superintended it? These were volumes that did not wholly require pretty pictures to keep them alive. Alas! in the place of alternate sparkling poetry and prose, we have lays to this tune—

"You have four, and I have three—
Jane, and Rose, and Emily.
Jane, my eldest, is sedate,
Fit to be a Crusoe's mate.
Heads she draws, and landscapes too,
Better far than I can do,
Though no little sum was spent
To give me that accomplishment."
Or—

"Strew boughs, strew flowers,
Through all the hours,
On you young tomb,—
Unblown, unadorned,
Unloved, unknown,
Here Beauty sleepeth, beneath a stone."

"Fanny's Birthday" is more puerile
And preceptual than is usual in children's
Annuals. How came it here?

The only tales of literary merit, "The Client's Story," by Inglis, and "Hell's Hollow," are both of the most doleful
Description; even poor Miss Mitford is
Obliged to provide herself with a broken
Arm and a corpse, to suit the gloomy tone
Of this annual.

The only paper that has a shade of the
Lively literature to be expected in works
Of this class, is "The Old Bachelor and
His Sister," part of which we extract:

"There were no old bachelors or old
Maids in Noah's ark. Whether any existed
Before the flood is doubtful. I incline to
Think there were none; for if there had
Been, they would have been preserved as a
Curiosity, to say nothing of their innocence.
They are peculiarly interesting creatures,
Considered in themselves—the old maid by
Herself, and the old bachelor by himself.
But they are seldom seen to perfection, be-
Because they are so mixed up with the rest of
The world. The old bachelor is in his lodg-
ings and goes to his club, and hardly looks
Like an old bachelor. The old maid very
Often boards with a family, and so catches
The airs and manners of the establishment,
As almost to lose her individuality; her
Mouth gets out of shape by laughing and
talking, like the rest of the world; and her
taste in dress becomes vitiated, from her
Habit of going a shopping with married
Women, and yet going gratis. The only
Privilege of celibacy is when an old bachelor and an old
Maid, brother and sister, live together.

"There is a pair in the precincts of Pim-
lico, the most pure and primitive patterns of
Peculiarity that mortal ever set eyes upon.
They have lived together upwards of thirty
Years, and really if you were to see them,
And observe how orderly and placid every
Thing proceeds with them, you could almost
Persuade yourself to believe that they might
Live thus for three hundred years.
The brother is in one of the government offices,
Where he attends with such exactness and
Regularity, as to put his keys and time-
Pieces to the blush. He has never been absent
On any pretence whatever; and his
Punctuality is so remarkable, that the people
About the office say, that his coming to the
doors is a signal for the clocks to strike.
The clocks might, if they chose to take it into
Their heads, strike before he came, but it
Would be in vain, for nobody would believe
them. He wears a blue coat with yellow
Buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab kerseymere
Unmentionables with paste buckles at the
Knees, speckled silk stockings, and very
Broad silver shoe buckles. All the change
That has taken place in his appearance within
The memory of man is, that once he wore a
Pigtail, and now he wears none. The dis-
Appearance of this appendage to his head is
Truly characteristic of his quiet placidity of
Manner; for it went nobody knows how;
And of course nobody likes to ask him. The
general opinion is, that it vanished by de-
Gree, a hair at a time; and very likely after
It was all gone, people fancied that they still
Saw it, for they had been so long accustomed
to it. The dress of Miss Milligan, however,
From that of her brother, not that its style is
More modern, or more ancient, but that it is
Ininitely more various, seeing that she
Inherits three voluminous wardrobes, once
The property of so many maiden aunts.

The house in which our old bachelor and
His sister lives is altogether of a piece with
Themselves. Gentle reader, suppose you and
I go to dine with the old bachelor and his
Sister, by special invitation; you may go
Farther and fare worse; only I must tell you
Before hand, that if you expect a three
Course dinner, and silver forks, and all that
Sort of thing, you will be disappointed here.
This is the house with a little garden in
Front. You would think that the little brass
Knocker had been polished with kid gloves,
I have known it more than twenty years and
I am sure it is not more than half the
Size that it was when I first was acquainted
With it; it has been almost cleaned to death.
I think some of these days it will vanish,
As Mr. Milligan's pigtails did. There is a
Livery servant such as you don't see every
day—what a marvellously humble bow! He
Is out of the country, and has been for the
Last thirty years, during which time he has
Not been out of the house for more than half
An hour at any one time, except when at
Church. His master and mistress have such
Regard for his morals, that they have taken
Pains to prevent his forming any acquaintance
With any of the servants in the neigh-
bourhood. And in order to bribe him into
Good morals, for bribery is not always cor-
ruption, his master and mistress promised
Him when he first came to his place, that if
He would conduct himself steadily, and not
Get into bad company, they would make
him a handsome present towards house-
keeping when he should marry; the same
Promises they also made to their two female
Servants, who came into the establishment
At the same time. All the rest of the domestics
Live in hopes of the premium for good be-
avour, for they all avoid bad company,
even according to the rigid interpretation of
Miss Milligan, who thinks men very bad
Company for women, and women very bad
Company for men. I very much admire sim-
pleness of manners, especially in livery ser-
vants; and in this respect Peter is without his parallel in London, indeed I may say in the country either. Now we are in the drawing-room, and as soon as we have paid our respects to our host and hostess, we will take a mental inventory of the furniture. Such a curti- sey as that deserves a very low bow. Does not the whole aspect of the apartment, and the look and tone of our friends, make you almost imagine that they did come out of Noah’s-ark, or rather that they did not come out of it, but are in there still? Over the fire-place you see a map of England, worked with red worsted upon yellow silk; it was originally white silk, and I remember it a very little now. I hope you do not omit to notice the chimney-piece and its ornaments, by means of which you may learn what perfection the fine arts had reached in England thirty years ago. There’s a fine crockery gentleman in peagreen breeches blowing the flute; and there’s a pretty heretoford in a gold-edged blue jacket, and high-heeled shoes, looking as sentimental at a couple of French lap-dogs, as if they were veritable lambs. You think the carpet has shrunk and contracted from age; no such thing: when Mr. Milligan first furnished his house, it was, or rather had been, the fashion to have only the middle of the room covered with carpet; and he can tell you when Queen Charlotte lived at Buckingham-house, there was not one room entirely covered with carpet. Those six prints in Italian scenery in narrow black frames have had their day, but are in as high repute as ever in Mr. Milligan’s draw- ing-room. In the whole course of your life did you ever see such a spindle-shanked tea-table as that in the corner? it looks like a great large ebony spider. Black however as it looks, it is only mahogany. Miss Milligan recollects, as well as if it were only yesterday, that one of the last lamentations that her dear mother made concerning the alterations of times, and the abominable innovations marking the degeneracy of the age, had reference to the wicked practice of suffering mahogany to retain its natural colour. And surely you must admire the elaborate carving on the backs of these chairs—the ears of wheat, the heads of cherubs or of frogs. I could never exactly guess which of the two they were intended to represent. Look at the legs, or rather feet; they are something like feet; what fine muscular claws grasping a globe of wood! The chair covers and the window curtains were the work of Miss Milligan’s three maiden aunts. This was the only thing they ever did; and I rather think that they rather thought that their only business in this world was to work chair covers and curtains.

‘‘But dinner is announced. Now don’t imagine that I am going to dance a minuet with Miss Milligan, I only offer her the tip of my finger to hand her into the dining-room; for if I were to offer to tuck her under my arm as the fashion is now-a-days, I should frighten the worthy spinster out of her wits, and perhaps stand a chance of being sent away without my dinner.’’

When we come to the eating and wine-bibbing, we must beg leave to skip; however, there is a good little bit afterwards:—

“Never does an old maid appear to such advantage as she does at a tea-table; tea was certainly created for the special use of old maids. The fine delicate something-nothing flavour and substance of tea marks it as the spinster’s beverage; its warmth cherishes and keeps them alive, without which they would petrify. Whether the single glass of mountain which Miss Milligan drank after dinner has began to mount into her head, or whether a satisfactory sense of appropriateness at finding herself presiding at the tea-table has taken possession of her, I cannot tell, but she seems to be as gay as a lark—as brisk as a bee; she pronounces the word ‘brother,’ which occurs in almost every sentence she speaks, with a tight and buoyant tripancy of tongue. This is a great feature in the old maid’s character; she scarcely ever speaks of or to her brother. He goes every day from Pimlico to Westminster; therefore he sees the world, and knows every thing that is passing in it. He is her authority and oracle, the telescope through which she sees the distant world.”

The binding of “Friendship’s Offering” is of the usual richness and splendour. We hope next year to find the interior contents more in unison with the gay outward appearance, and that a sprightly tone of literature will be adopted by the editor. We may, it is true, find “sermons in stones,” yet we do not wish to meet them in annuals.

1. Nursery Offering, or Children’s Gift.—2. Excitement, or a Book to induce Young People to Read.

We have just received these two annuals from Edinburgh, devoted to the all-important subject of education, and excellently adapted for 1835. From our knowledge of the care taken in this respect throughout Scotland, we are sorry not to have more space than to say, that every exterior attraction is offered to readers in both ages, while the internal matter is endeavoured to be agreeably adapted to create an early sense of religion—the best foundation for a useful existence here, and for promise hereafter.
RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

BY G. R. CARTER.

This wreck of Time—this child of ancient days—
Claims from the harp its tributary praise.
How shall the strings, that have been mute so long,
Become instinct with triumph and with song?
Or bid the spirit Muse awhile and weep,
Around the dust where dreamless heroes sleep?
But deem not Memory’s cherish’d hope in vain,
Or coldly turn from this imperfect strain;
Sad are the thoughts which themes like this inspire,
And dimly glows the Muse’s latent fire.

How lone the scene!—the castle’s mouldering brow
Is darkly wreath’d with ivy festoons now;
Such mournful wreaths the hand of Time hath spread,
With filling grace, to beautify the dead;
Obscured by clouds, the feeble daylight falls
With melancholy lustre on its walls,
Where erst the eagle, bristling in the sun,
Survey’d a world which Roman arms had won;
Beneath—the river as it glides along,
Mingles its murmurs with the skylark’s song,
And silently the yellow corn-fields wave
O’er the green turf which wraps the hero’s grave.
Nature has made the plough succeed the sword,
And her primeval beauty has restored;
But still the spot retains a hallow’d name,
Conferr’d by kings and demigods of fame!
Oh! who shall raise the veil which Time has cast
Upon the gorgeous picture of the past!
When Rome, the beauteous bride of Constantine,
Saw mighty nations prostrate at her shrine;
When emperors swell’d the tributary tide
Which bore her Caesars through their halls of pride,
And the triumphant shout, the proud acclaim,
Welcomed the sunburst of her early fame!
But when eternal strife, and Faction’s storm,
Raged on the wrecks of her Titanic form;
When Alaric with his barbaric throng,
Like Tiber’s waves impetuous pour’d along,
She still retain’d, with undivided sway,
“Her pride of place,” and heeded not decay,
Nursed in her lap the glowing sons of Art,
With all the love which fills a mother’s heart;
Bade Sculpture from insensate marble spring,
And heaven-born Painting plume his starry wing;
Taught Genius to attune the mighty lyre,
Until his bosom felt a kindred fire;
And like Sesosiris, to her car sublime,
She yoked the kings of many a distant clime!

But Rome upon her Capitolian throne,
Like Niobé is doom’d to mourn alone,
She points to mouldering urn, and shatter’d bust,
And seems to rival Richb’rough in the dust!
The hand of Time a silent mantle flings
Upon the tombs of Caesars and of kings;
Alderman Jones.

The halls that rung with many a festal tone,
Have pass'd away, and left their site unknown;
And save the sculptured arch, or towery fane,
But few mementos of her pride remain.
At her command, Religion cross'd the wave,
And bade the Saxon look beyond the grave;
She also set those living waters free,
Within whose depths is immortality!
So, Rich'brough, as it rears its ivied brow
O'er the blue tide, which gently foams below,
The tale of that undying gift shall tell,
Which Rome bequeath'd to Britain ere she fell,
And teach the soul to build those hopes sublime,
Whose soothing influence mocks the power of Time!

ALDERMAN JONES.—A SKETCH.

At the private door of a large linen-
draper’s shop in Bishopsgate Within,
stood a heavy-built family coach, in which
sat an elderly lady wearing the deepest
weeds of woe. She was accompanied
by two young ladies, and a pale, interest-
ing looking young man, also in mourning.
The lady was the relict of Mr. Alderman Jones, lately deceased. Her
departed husband had been safely de-
posited in the vaults beneath their parish church, the earliest days of grief
were past, and she was now settling out
from the town-house, as the servants
called it, to spend the first months of
her bereavement at a villa on the banks
of the river near Chiswick, which had
been planned, built, and adorned with
the city taste of the time, by her late
worthy husband.

Morgan Jones, the alderman’s father-
in-law, and his predecessor in the aforesaid shop, was a native of a retired vil-
lege in North Wales; both his parents
had been servants in the family of Sir
W. Jenkins, and, after their marriage,
tenanted a small cottage on his estate.
Morgan, as soon as he grew big enough,
was occasionally employed in the baron-
et’s household; and on one occasion,
when the family made their annual
journey to London, he was allowed to
pass muster as a sort of general assistant.
During this metropolitan visit he
had the good fortune to interest a re-
tion of Sir William’s housekeeper, a
linen-draper in Cheapside, who think-
ing him a shrewd, clever boy, took him
as an apprentice. He remained with his
master some years after the term of his
apprenticeship had expired, and so kindly
was he treated by him, that twice during
the time he was allowed to visit his
friends in Wales; and at his death, the
old man left him a hundred pounds, as
a testimony of regard for his steadiness
and attention to business. Upon his
accession to this unexpected fortune, he
once more turned his steps homeward;
but, gratifying as was the meeting with his
family, the greeting was no sooner over
than he became quite abstracted,—their
efforts to amuse him were almost un-
heeded: he scarcely seemed to hear the
congratulations that were poured upon
him, so much was his mind engrossed by
one subject; and many were the restless
days and sleepless nights that were spent
by him in anxious thought as to the best
means of laying out his heaven-bestowed
wealth,—for so he considered it. Plan
after plan was formed, and rejected; but
at length he came to the determination
to return and try his fortune in London.

The day after this resolution was made,
Morgan paced his father’s garden round
and round; his hands in his pockets, his
head drooping, and his eyes fixed and
vacant: but his meditations did not seem
to be of a very cheering description, for
his brow lowered more and more, and
there was a sort of hardness in his
breathing quite unusual to it. He next
essayed the humble dwelling; but ease
was not within doors, any more than
without—at least, he could not find it
any where in his father’s little domain;
so, putting on his hat, he sauntered about
half a mile down the high road that
passed the door, till he arrived at a neat
cottage overhung with ivy. Now Mor-
gan’s thoughts for the last year or two
had not always been in his master's shop, but sometimes in the above-mentioned cottage, which was the peaceful abode of a pretty little specimen of womanhood that had long been the choice of his heart, and, what is still more, of his head also; the one told him that she would make a very pleasing wife, and the other assured him a good one too.

Wooing in North Wales, above half a century ago, in Morgan's station of life, was of such a Vandal-like description, that I will not risk shocking a refined reader by any detailed account of it: perhaps he might have addressed her something after this manner:—"Susan, should you like to be the wife of an honest tradesman?" To which inquiry, while the rose of health that bloomed on her cheek deepened a shade or two, she might probably answer simply, "Yes:"—be it as it may, she became Mrs. Morgan Jones. In the year 17,—a month after this event, Mr. and Mrs. Jones arrived in London. Morgan's projects were ever maturely deliberated upon, but promptly executed, and a small shop was immediately hired in Bishopsgate-street, in which this Cambrian adventurer commenced business as a haberdasher and linen-draper. At first his chief customers, except a few stragglers, who dropped in to make some little purchase in passing, were the servant girls in the neighbourhood, who are always attracted by a new shop. His articles were found to be so good in quality, and his manners, moreover, so civil and obliging, that his humble patrons mentioned him to their mistresses: he took care not to discredit their recommendation, and gave such general satisfaction, that in less than a twelvemonth he had a very pretty trade. Every year some improvement was made in his house; at first it had a very small window, a low projecting first floor, and a descent of two or three steps into the shop: from numerous alterations it was a sort of curiosity in architecture for a time, like many in that neighbourhood, something between ancient and modern; but ere very long, the front was pulled down and rebuilt, and a handsome linen-draper's shop replaced the old-fashioned domicile of this thriving tradesman.

Time rolled on, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones had one daughter, who when old enough was sent to a boarding-school. Morgan had kept up a constant correspondence with his family, and frequent proofs of good-will passed between him and his Welsh relatives. About this time he lost his only brother; he had been unfortunate, and at his death he left two children, a girl and boy, the one ten years of age, and the other a year younger, totally unprovided for (his wife had been dead long before). The little girl was placed with a distant relation, who was a mantua-maker in the village, and Morgan resolved to take the boy into his own charge; and accordingly little Richard Jones came up to town, under care of the guard of the coach. His uncle was too kind to consider the helpless stranger burdensome, but he had never been idle himself, he had elbowed on his own way in life, and he did not like to see any thing useless about him; his nephew was too young to be of service in his business, and besides he wanted education, so to some of his lady customers, who had noticed the child, he mentioned the subject, and they consulted their husbands: the result was, an unanimous endeavour to get him into an orphan asylum, which was successful. He remained there five years; at the end of which time the regulations of the institution required that he should be removed, and his uncle, who had by this time an extensive business, took him home to assist in the shop. Miss Jones, having also finished her education, left school. She was now fast approaching to womanhood; she was not to say handsome, neither was she ugly—she had certainly no pretensions to talent, neither was she a fool—she was just what is called passable; but Mr. and Mrs. Jones thought her perfect in every particular—her clear, healthy appearance was to them beauty; and the many and heavy school bills they had paid, proof positive that she was highly educated: they, of course, never attempted to sound the depths of her knowledge, and nobody was likely to point out its shallowness.

Some half-a-dozen summers and winters had passed over the heads of Mr. Jones's little comfortable household, when, one night, Miss Jones dreamt that Richard was elected lord mayor. Several times during the following day her dream crossed her mind: she had not much faith in dreams, and this was such an improbable one—but then, such odd things did sometimes happen. She was not
Alderman Jones.

superstitious (nobody is), but she had known the dreams of some of her schoolfellows come true; and as she laid her head on her pillow at night, she thought what a boast it would be to the family if they ever should have so great a man belonging to it—with this thought she fell asleep; and strange to say, again in her slumbers she beheld her humble cousin decked with the chain of office. It could not be her waking thoughts that, on the second night, influenced her sleeping ones; all the laws of romance forbid such an explanation.

The next morning, which was Sunday, Miss Jones related these dreams to her father and mother; and they both agreed that they were very singular. Breakfast being dispatched, Morgan (his chin having been submitted to the operations of the barber) exchanged his morning gown and slippers, for his best coat and a pair of high-polished square-toed shoes—his wig was taken out of the box in which it was once a week sent to the hairdresser’s to be dressed, and placed on his head—his three-cornered hat surmounted his wig—his hands rested on his goldheaded cane, and his chin upon his hands; and in this position he sat in a large arm-chair—his usual practice while the rest of his family prepared for church. This morning his cogitations were particularly profound; he rose mechanically when Mrs. and Miss Jones descended the stairs, and saluted forth with one hand laid across his back, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his thoughts pursuing their unbroken course; while his wife and daughter walked silently on either side, and his nephew and shopman brought up the rear, indulging themselves as they went along with good-humoured remarks on the passing throng, and the little party in the van.

Two or three paces from the door of the sacred edifice, Morgan reverently removed his hat, and roused himself from his meditations; and once within its walls, not a wandering thought interrupted the attention with which he listened to or joined in the service of the day. The sermon was a very eloquent one, taken from a part of the 7th verse of the 39th Psalm, “Man heareth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.”

Morgan continued unusually thoughtful and absent throughout the day; and frequently, but cautiously, his eye glanced from his daughter to his nephew, and his nephew to his daughter. He ate a slender dinner, and passed a sleepless night—two things very uncommon with him; and the next morning, after another hour spent in deep rumination, he rung the bell, and desired the servant-maid to tell Richard he wanted him up stairs. The summons was immediately obeyed.—“Shut the door, Richard,” said his uncle. Richard did so, and waited patiently to receive his commands.—“You are a good, honest, steady lad, Richard,” said he, after a pause. “Thank you, sir,” replied his nephew; for he judged that this preparatory address betokened some little indulgence. Another pause ensued, and Morgan began again—“You are a good, honest, steady lad, Richard.” “Thank you, sir,” was repeated yet more heartily; for Richard felt quite satisfied that so much circumlocution must lead to a holy day, perhaps an excursion to Greenwich by water. Morgan cleared his throat, and made another effort—“You have been a diligent, well-behaved lad ever since I sent you for you from Wales; besides, you are of my own flesh and blood. Many a time have your father and I trudged to school together, and played truant together, when he and I, and David Price, used to go fishing in Fairlawn Meadows—ah! poor James, he was not fortunate in life; but we are all in God’s hands.”—Here Morgan stopped, took off his spectacles, and rubbed them long and carefully with the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, for his early recollections had somewhat dimmed the glasses; and Richard passed the sleeve of his coat over his eyes, for his thoughts, like his uncle’s, were retrograding. Young as he was at the time, he had not forgotten his father’s misfortunes, or his uncle’s oft-repeated kindness towards him. After a silence of some minutes, Morgan replaced his spectacles, and went on—“I am getting an old man, and he that is prudent must calculate upon quitting this world, as well as living in it, and I should like to leave my honest gains in careful hands; they were not lightly gotten, and I hope they will not be lightly spent: my daughter Martha will have all of my earnings, which will make her not an unworthy match—not but what”—and all a father’s pride rose in his heart—
“my girl is a clever, industrious girl, well deserving any young man’s consideration if she had not a penny: she is a buxom lass, too, eh—Richard?” said he, affecting to look sly, while a tear rolled down his cheek; “what do you think, Richard—eh?” “I have never thought anything about her, sir,” said Richard, with the greatest simplicity; for on his pericranium the organ of straightforwardness was peculiarly prominent. “Certainly not—certainly not,” resumed his uncle, quickly; “it would have been very presumptuous in you so to do without my consent;” and Morgan went on with feigned composure, but real agitation, to disclose his views of bestowing his daughter and his wealth on this humble branch of his house, who heard them with a surprise that left him in doubt whether he was awake or not. After an hour thus spent, and another in advice and admonition, Richard was dismissed.—That day cotton was measured for muslin, and customers spoke two or three times ere they were attended to—a thing unprecedented in Morgan Jones’s shop. A year and a half subsequent to this conversation, a party set off in a neat glass-coach from Mr. Jones’s door, for the purpose of celebrating a wedding at St. Helen’s church; after which, a sumptuous dinner was served in the first floor, and in the evening arrangements were made for a dance.

It may seem strange that a sensible man—and Morgan Jones was one—should have been influenced in so important an affair as the disposal of his only child by a mere dream; for it cannot be denied that it was the remote cause of his nephew’s good fortune. Morgan was by nature of a pondering, calculating turn of mind, one who looks at every thing in perspective; and as he settled himself in his arm-chair, after listening to his daughter’s relation of it, he found it impossible to dismiss the subject altogether from his thoughts. It is possible, he considered within himself, to attain much by perseverance and honest industry; why, then, may not this indigent youth go as far beyond me, as I have gone beyond most of those with whom I started in the race of life? This question naturally led him to take a mental survey of his nephew’s character, in which there appeared to him so many good points; so much that was calculated to promote his own well-doing, and the happiness of those connected with him, that affection suggested a wish to intrust to him all that was dearest to his heart, and his judgment approved it.

Many years succeeded the marriage which we have mentioned, ere Morgan Jones received his final summons:—peacefully he went to rest, and was, as the numerous bystanders who watched the mournful cavalcade move towards his last home declared, very handsomely buried; and his wife, who had never doubted nor disputed the goodness of his example in any instance, soon followed it in this. Long and affectionately was their memory cherished by many; and by none more than the grateful orphan, whose childhood they had sheltered. Nor was his own the only debt of gratitude that swelled his heart; though too young at the time to appreciate all his uncle’s kindness towards his unhappy child, he remembered that to his love they owed the only gleams of sunshine that ever came athwart the gloom of their sorrowful home. Morgan was two or three years older than his brother, and in their childhood, while their parents were engaged in obtaining their daily subsistence, he had been his office to prepare their frugal meals, and nurse his infant brother; and in the long summer days he used to carry him (tottering beneath the burden that he was scarcely strong enough to bear) into the fields, and filling his tiny lap with flowers, exert all his ingenuity to hush his infant cries, or sit down when his efforts proved useless, and join in the walk till they both wept themselves to sleep; and as that child is generally dearer to us that gives us the most trouble, so Morgan regarded his little charge with almost more than a brother’s love. In after life they were long and widely parted; but his affection never abated, and when trouble overtook him, his hand was immediately held out to his aid. His brother’s character was far more feeble than his own, but no wounding comparison—no reproach—no taunting inference drawn from his own success ever embezzled his gifts. The impaired health and worn-out energies of this object of his solicitude, assured him, that the evils which pressed on him would never be overcome; but his assistance was not withheld: the bounty
first given in the hope of retrieving, was, when that hope was abandoned, continued for his support; and Morgan, even here, did not lose his reward—for the affection and generosity that cheered his brother’s death-bed, reflected back peace on his own.

Success attended Richard, as it had done his predecessor; he walked closely in his father-in-law’s steps: civility and industry were his mottoes, and liberality might be seen in all his dealings. Nothing that independence could obtain was wanting in this happy family; and any, if any there be, amongst the patriots of our land, who would deny to such a man the fullest enjoyment of his well-gotten wealth, cannot add to nobility of birth that of mind; for there is, as is recognised by all the truly great, as much vulgarity in the excess of aristocratic pride, as in purse-proud consequence.

Richard became Alderman Jones: passed every step that leads to the highest city honours; and the next election for lord mayor was expected to realise the proudest wishes of himself and his wife. A few months previous to this anxiously looked for event, their circle was enlivened by the arrival of a young stranger, who came over from the continent on a visit to the family. We must now carry the reader back to Richard Jones’s sister, who, at her father’s death, was placed with a dress-maker at C——, and assisted her in her business. Amy Jones grew up extremely pretty, and became the little belle of her native village. She remained with her protectress till she was almost eighteen; about which time her rustic beauty attracted the attention of a young officer, not many years her senior—a subaltern in a regiment quartered in an adjacent town. He had seen her in one of his rural excursions, and contrived to make her acquaintance; in the course of which the little sempstress won so much on his heart, that with all the precipitation of youth, he resolved to offer her his hand—which was, as might be expected, accepted. The consequence was, that his family, who were highly connected, banished him from their society, and affections; and his brother officers sent him, as the phrase is, to Coventry. Unable to bear up against the mortifications which he was daily exposed to, he exchanged to half-pay, and retired with his pretty wife to France, where they fixed their residence in a small hamlet, within a league of Dijon.

Henry Ansley was a living instance of the folly of making unequal marriages. His admiration of Amy’s beauty did not abate, time only served to satisfy him of her many valuable qualifications; and uncongenial as they were, it was impossible not to love her; yet were his days fretted away in hopeless regret, which he made frequent, but feeble, endeavours to overcome or conceal. Amy used her utmost exertions to soothe his irritability and discontent; their little château was adorned with all her ingenuity to cheer him, but when his eye glanced round it, it never failed to encounter some specimen of rustic taste—a large bouquet in an earthen jug, or some badly-executed prints pinned against the wall; and he would turn from them in disgust, to sigh for the elegant boudoir, decorated by the hand of elegance, that he had been accustomed to at home. His aristocratic feelings sickened at the annals of humble life, with which she innocently sought to amuse him; and he would whisper to himself—“Ah! what would I not give to spend one hour with the refined and intellectual companions of my youth.” And even poor Amy, after repeated and ineffectual efforts to please, could not suppress a wish, that it had been her fate to find a partner more suited to herself—one who could understand and enter into her simple enjoyments. But Mr. Ansley’s repinings were at length to cease; for dearer, a thousand times dearer than rank, wealth, or connexion, than aught that he had sacrificed or even possessed, was the beautiful little girl that was born to them three years after their marriage: every other thought was forgotten in promoting her amusement, or cultivating her infant mind; she was his constant companion—his little idol. His happiness, however, was not of long duration; the torments of a restless mind—the fever that consumes an alien’s heart—had undermined his constitution, and before she had reached her sixth year, Agnes Ansley had lost her doting parent. Mrs. Ansley had never seen her brother since that day, when the two little destitute orphans hung on each other’s necks and wept, as they were about to be parted to seek their future
associates in the homes of strangers; but the most affectionate correspondence had always been kept up between them, and she received from him the most pressing invitations to settle in England. Her husband, however, fearing that she might be tempted to return to Wales, had charged her on his deathbed to remove to some considerable town in France, and spare neither trouble nor expense in his daughter's education, desiring that they might remain there until she was nineteen; and nothing would have induced Mrs. Ansley to disregard his dying injunction. Agnes had now passed her twentieth birth-day, and a reluctant consent was obtained from her mother that she should spend the winter at her uncle's, whither Mrs. Ansley was to follow in the spring. The meeting was, as may naturally be expected, anxiously looked forward to by the relatives on both sides of the water. Agnes arrived, and in less than a month she was the pet and delight of the whole family; and it must be admitted that there could scarcely be a more attractive object. Her figure was slight and graceful, her complexion fair, and her large full eyes beamed with intelligence, animation, and feeling. Her constant gaiety and good humour were a cordial to her uncle's heart; and her aunt's panegyrics upon her amiability and elegance always ended with her conviction of the pride and pleasure her father's high-born relatives would experience, in acknowledging and introducing her to the world. In anticipation of such an event, Agnes' patience had almost daily to bear her out, while Mrs. Jones, in order to enable her to prove the respectability of her descent in the female line, went back to the days of Charles the First, to whom, she assured her, one of their ancestors was gentleman of the bed-chamber. How Mrs. Jones became possessed of so much information, no one could tell; but as she seems to have been the sole deposit of history in the family, it is probable that she might have looked to a more ancient date for her first grandfather, only it happened that her historical knowledge began somewhere thereabout. She had read at school of William the Conqueror—Romans, Danes, and Saxons—so she had of Jupiter, Juno, and Venus: but they were to her all a confused company.

From the gentleman of the bed-chamber, Mrs. Jones went on, through two or three generations, in a straight line from father to son—"all honourable men;" and then came a gap in their pedigree—the Jones's had branched out so largely, that, like the sand on the sea-shore, you could not number them; and after the days of good Queen Anne, she never talked of any times, except her own times, or at most those of her honoured father—as she delighted to call him.

Richard Jones's family consisted of two sons and one daughter. The second son, who had somehow or other been dignified by the name of Augustus, was two or three years older than Agnes; he had been articled to, and had lately become a partner in, an eminent professional house. He was a very fine young man, possessing a cultivated understanding, and a warm, generous disposition. Unlike his father and mother, he was passionately fond of reading, and having indulged much in works of imagination, his mind had become slightly tinctured with romance. In vain did the city belles try to please or attract, none suited his fastidious and difficult taste; but his affections did not long want an object, for he soon regarded his beautiful cousin with all the truth and constancy of first and early love—and he was not doomed to hope in vain. This attachment was made known to Mrs. Ansley, together with the approbation of all who were interested in it; and it was also proposed, and agreed to on her part, that on her arrival in England the marriage of the young people should take place.

At length dawned that day, so long anxiously looked for—the day which was to fulfil Mrs. Jones's prophetic dream. On the previous night Alderman Jones gave a splendid supper to a numerous and jovial party. The guests strove to outdo each other, in the warmth and earnestness of their congratulations—good wishes burst from every lip—toasts were given, and the bottle went freely round. He rose next morning after a disturbed night; on no occasion was he an intemperate man, yet his head seemed still dizzy with the conviviality of the preceding evening; even his usual composure had forsaken him—he appeared somewhat agitated, ate hastily, and, as it were, mechanically: piece after piece of game-pie disappeared—one cup of chocolate followed another; he swallowed all
that was placed before him, apparently absorbed, and scarcely conscious that he
did so.

Breakfast being finished, he retired to
his room; and almost immediately after,
a sound, as if of a heavy weight falling,
alarmed the party in the room below. On
going up stairs, he was found extended on
the floor—his face wore more than its
usual ruddy appearance—his eyes were
closed—his head sunk on his breast, and
he drew his breath as if in a deep sleep.
Assistance was immediately procured;
he was bled, and put to bed: slowly he
opened his eyes, but consciousness never
returned; and in half an hour his breath-
ing was hushed, and his heart had ceased
to beat.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Richard Jones had looked proudly to
the possession of temporal honours, as
the reward of his integrity and indefa-
tigable industry—but humbly, though
steadfastly, to richer gifts, as a boon be-
stowed for merits not his own; and his
family found consolation for his loss, in a
firm persuasion that the earthly magis-
trate had been raised to higher honours
in heaven.

HYMN.

Before the sun’s resplendent rays
Shall gild the dawning day,
Father of all, I’ll sing thy praise,
And early off’ring’s pay.

And when the new-created morn,
With perfect light shall shine,
My fervent thanks I will return
To thee, my King divine.

When noon her glories shall display
To glad each verdant field,
“Again I’ll adoration pay,
And laud to thee will yield.”

When gentle evening charms our eyes,
And balmy zephyrs blow,
To thee, O Sovereign of the skies,
My grateful praise shall flow.

When night around this earthy ball
Her sable veil has thrown,
On thee I’ll for protection call,
In thee I’ll trust alone.

Thro’ all my days with fervent love
My God I will adore,
And hope to sing his praise above,
When time shall be no more.

J. C. H.

The Channel Islands. By H. D. INGLIS. In 2 vols.

It is certain that much less is known
in this country respecting our fellow-sub-
jects in these neighbouring islands, than
of the inhabitants of our colonies at the
antipodes. So far as novelty goes, Mr.
Inglis’s work cannot fail to be an accept-
able one.

Mr. Inglis evidently prefers the na-
tional character of the inhabitants of
Guernsey to those of Jersey. Here is
an amusing bit, illustrative of some cu-
rious customs of the former island:—

“In Guernsey, the ‘lit de veille’ is a
broad bed frame, occupying one corner of
the common room, raised about a foot and
a half above the ground, and covered with
dry fern, or hay, or pea haulm. On these
‘lits de veille’ the young people in the
house where it is and of the neighbouring
houses, to the number of a dozen, perhaps,
or even considerably more, and of both
sexes, assemble during the long winter ev-
nings; sitting in a circle, feet to feet. There
the girls sow or knit, and the young men
talk or sing. One large lamp is suspended
over head; and some say—arguing, per-
haps, from the parsimonious character of
the natives—that the custom originated in
the advantage of saving fire and candle,
since one light suffices for the inhabitants
of many houses; and no fire is needed
where a score of persons are packed so close
together. One would imagine that such a
custom as this would be productive of idle
habits, and possibly even of worse; but,
judging both by the industrious habits of the
population, and by their general pure mo-
rality, I should infer that no such effects
are produced. The custom, however, like
many others, is on the wane in both islands.
In Jersey, I have seen the walls against
which the ‘lit de veille’ is placed, and the
roof above, festooned with flowers and shrubs,
laurel, myrtle, rose, and sunflowers; so that
the scene is sometimes equally pretty as it
is curious.

“The peculiar dress, too, of the inhabitants,
is, like their ancient customs, undergoing a
rapid change, particularly the head gear of
the women. I was surprised and somewhat
amused by this remnant of old things the first time I chanced to see it. To begin at the head,—the bonnet, the true ancient Guernsey bonnet, still seen occasionally amongst the older inhabitants, is equally complicated as it is curious—it is sui generis, and like the lily of Guernsey, peculiar to the isle. I can scarcely be expected to be graphic in my description of the make and fashioning of a bonnet; and conscious of my own deficiencies, I obtain the following from one more conversant with these matters.—The crown of the bonnet (which is of very large dimension) is formed of a long piece of silk gathered into three rows of plaits, of an oval shape, from the front to the back of the head; and is set off between the folds with lace, or crapé, according as the wearer is, or is not in mourning: a very large and very complex bow of narrow ribbon is plaited immediately in front. The top of the crown is either flat, or is plaited to correspond with the rest of the bonnet; and on the tip top another bow is perched. The front, of pastel colour, is covered with silk, and resembles the visor of a boy's cap, and is continued somewhat beyond the ears. Such is the Guernsey bonnet, which is accompanied by a close mob cap underneath, with a narrow muslin border; plain on the forehead and temples, but plaited from the ears to the chin. I must sketch the remainder of the dress. A petticoat of black stuff, thickly quilted, the gown of an old-fashioned chintz pattern, open in front, and tucked into the pocket-holes of the petticoat; the bodice open in front to the waist, with a coloured handkerchief in lieu of a habit-shirt; tight sleeves, terminating just below the elbow; blue worsted stockings, with black velvet shoes and buckles. This dress, picturesque bonnet and all, is repudiated by the rising generation, who have discovered that the charms of youth are not greatly set off by the quilted petticoat, and towering bonnet, and blue worsted stockings.

"I cannot greatly compliment the personal appearance of the Guernsey people. There are dark and sparkling eyes amongst the women; but their features remind me of persons of colour; from whom, by-the-bye, in their complexion, they do not greatly differ. The men are, with few exceptions, badly limbed; and among the women, too, the bust is better than the ankles."

His remarks on the language of these islands are worthy of notice, as he considers, with great appearance of probability, that the dialect spoken there is the ancient Norman French of our chronicles, and is nearly the same in which the Roman de Rou was written. This was composed by Wace, a famous Jersey poet, whose works were popular at the court of Henry the Second. Besides the principal islands of Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney, the reader is introduced to Sark, Herm, and Jethou. The natural bridge that connects the two Serks is an extraordinary feature in natural history.*

Thus far, a valuable female contributor, who has glanced at these volumes with the laudable view of not tiring our readers on a matter that does not immediately appear to be essential to their interests; but we cannot forbear from adding a word or two from one who has revelled in the spring-tide of youth and innocent joy in these islands of the mouth of our channel; and who remembers their green allies, flowery hedges, stone-dikes defending seignories of a single acre—the lord of this grand domain, with his cocked hat and coat of ancestral pride—the loveliest of peasant girls obscuring their charms by improved Normandy caps and all-covering capotes—the boast of a good year for cider, and ten thousand other things, with delight, in a calamitous old age.

Why we do this is, because we believe his opinion to be just, that there is no summer tour of equal interest and pleasure that could be presented to a party of intellectual ladies and gentlemen, so near, so cheap, so abounding, in miniature, with all the delightful and terrible of nature, whether on the surface or in the bosom of the earth—we had almost said, of the sea.

Not only the language, but the customs, are doubtless those of ancient Normandy. They both pervade the government of the States, the courts of justice, the settlement of wrongs, the punishment of crimes. The beautiful simplicity of the plea of Clamour de "Ha-Ro, a mon aide"—Ah, Rollo (the good Duke of Normandy), come to my aid!—But we must stay ourselves, at least at present, and conclude, by observing that with all this there is a native cultivated society equal to any in the world!

* That from St. Heliers to Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, formed of rock, covered by the tide when in, is also remarkable. Another to the coast of France is constantly wearing away.
THE WIDOW'S VENGEANCE:
A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH CHRONICLES:

"Justice is a measure which God hath ordained amongst men upon earth, to defend the feeble from the mighty, truth from falsehood, and to root out the wicked from among the good."—Aeneas.

During the turbulent reign of that high-spirited prince, James the Fifth of Scotland, the responsible office of warden of the west marches was vested in the person of Sir John Ch—s, of A—d Castle, of which the ruins, deeply embosomed amid venerable woods and gently rising hills, are still to be seen in the parish of Tinwald. In discharging the duties of his important trust, it appears that Sir John had, on more than one occasion, justly incurred the charge of gross inattention to the duties of his station, by refusing to listen to the complaints, and neglecting, when he had the power, to redress the grievances, of those who suffered from the frequent predatory incursions to which the inhabitants of that part of the Scottish border over which he had control, were in those days accustomed. Haughty and ambitious, he was at the same time insolent to his inferiors and dependants, and infinitely more attached to the pleasures and luxuries of the table, than to the life of bustle and activity which was requisite to discharge efficiently the duties of the important trust which had been confided to his care. Consequently, the petitions of the injured and oppressed were too frequently either entirely neglected or treated with contempt; and, whatever might be the importance of the occasion which demanded his interference or assistance, he was seldom known to sacrifice the most trifling enjoyment to the proper and faithful discharge of his office.

However, under the paternal sway of such a prince as the Fifth James, so eminently distinguished for his sincere and ardent love of his subjects, and for his readiness to punish with the utmost severity private oppression and individual wrong, it was not surprising that Sir John's abuse of power should speedily come to the knowledge of the king, or that he who had so often swerved from the path of honour and of rectitude, should soon have occasion to know and to regret that he had incurred the displeasure of his sovereign.

At the period here alluded to, the youthful monarch held his court at the castle of Stirling; and as he was at all times ready to listen in person to the grievances of his subjects, however lowly their station or humble their birth, he was here visited by an aged widow of Annandale, to whom tradition has given the name of Kate Carmichael. This woman had been deprived of her only son, and her two cows, which constituted her sole means of support, by a party of ravagers from the English border; and Sir John, although instantly apprised of the event, and urged to send out a party to retake the property, as the reavers still continued their depredations at a short distance, had not only refused to listen to the distracted widow's prayer, but dismissed her with his wonted rudeness and contempt. This treatment induced her to set out for the court, confident that, if she could succeed in gaining admission to the royal presence, her case would be graciously heard, and the redress she sought willingly afforded, as far as it was now practicable. Nor was she mistaken. An audience was instantly granted, and having related her artless tale, she was dismissed with an assurance that she should speedily obtain ample satisfaction for her wrongs.

A few weeks after this interview, the king, as was frequently his wont, set out on a progress to the southern parts of his dominions, with a view to suppress insurrections, and, if possible, to put a stop to the predatory incursions of the English, which were daily becoming more frequent and alarming. Notwithstanding the jealousy with which the conduct of James was viewed by his nobles, whose arbitrary and frequently oppressive power he was constantly endeavouring to curb and diminish, he was attended, on this occasion, by a retinue of more than two thousand knights and barons, each with a numerous band of retainers; and thus the gay and splendid cavalcade assumed more of the appearance of a vast army than of a royal train. Travelling by slow
and easy stages, they at length reached Nithsdale, where the king, in order to conciliate the powerful Douglas, remained for a few days at the princely castle of Drumlanrig. But in the midst of the wassailry and revelry which marked his stay here, he was not unmindful of his promise to Kate Carmichael.

The sun had already bent his course far to the west, when a loud and long-continued knocking was heard at the gate of Sir John’s castle. The summons was somewhat tardily obeyed by an aged warder, who, on opening the portal, did not affect to conceal his surprise at finding only a single horseman, and he too of mean appearance, waiting for admittance.

“An’ wha may ye be, frien’, that knocks sae bailldy and sae loudly at the castle yets?” inquired the warder, whilst he scrutinised the sorry appearance of the stranger, who had now dismounted, and stood, covered with dust, by the side of his jaded and apparently exhausted steed.—“I’ll warrant ye are o’ the wild borderers,” he continued, “wi’ your plaints an’ your grievances again, for ye seem to ha’e ridden in haste. But your errand, frien’? Ha’e the Englishers set Annandale on fire, an’ sae mony gude Scots to guard the border? Troth, I can mind the day when there would ha’e been clashing o’ braidswords and dashing an’ breaking o’ spears afore they had crossed the marches; but now, a southern has only to show his face on the debateable altoun, and aff ye maun a’ rin here, helter-skelter, to cry for the warden’s help. If ye ha’ but the spirit o’ the borderers in my young days, ye wad be seldom seen here, and then we might chance to ha’e fewer sour looks, an’ angry words, an’ hard clouts, within the wa’s o’ the castle here, than we ha’e had for this sax year at least—for aye sin’ Sir John’s been made warden, he’s been neither to haud nor to bin’, what wi’ ane an’ another o’ your reavings.”

“A truce to your speech,” said the stranger, who saw no appearance of the loquacious warder speedily exhausting his eloquence, unless he was thus interrupted—“A truce to your speech; my business is with the warden, and not with his warder.”

“Wi’ the warden, quoth thee,” said the aged domestic, “but the question is whether something less maunnar ser’ ye, it’s no sic as you, frien’, that the warden admits to his presence; an’ as for your business, it’s mair than likely ye’ve come on a sleeveless errand.”

“The tidings I bring,” continued the stranger, “are of the utmost importance. But,” he added, after a momentary pause, “it matters little how they reach the warden, so that they do reach him. So yourself may be the bearer, good master warder, and tell Sir John that an express has just arrived with intelligence that the English are, even now, ravaging and laying waste the whole country-side from Graitna to bonnie Lochmaben, and that it is both fitting and needful that a strong force should instantly be dispatched to arrest their further progress.”

There was something in the authoritative tone and manner exhibited by the stranger, as he thus spoke, which, notwithstanding his unprepossessing exterior, betokened that he belonged to a rank superior to that which his appearance and dress indicated. But this had little effect upon the warder, who, accustomed to such announcements as he now heard, imagined that the stranger’s style of speech was merely an assumption of importance to give weight to his message.

“That tale’s been owre often tauld to sound weel now, and ye’ll e’en get but little satisfaction,” coolly replied the warder.

“I must judge of that,” rejoined the stranger somewhat impatiently, “and the sooner you give me an opportunity the better. Will you deliver my message without further parley? For, as I have already said, it brooks not delay.”

“Ye mustna be in sic a hurry, frien’,” replied the warder, with provoking coolness; “ye maun tak’ patience a wee; Sir John’s just sat down tu’s dinner, and to carry him sic a message, at sic a time, would be maist as unchancie as to encounter a troop o’ reavers when there’s nae succour at han’. Come ye frae the border, an’ kens na that? I thought Sir John had gien ye a’ gude warning lang ere now.”

“So, then, the warden’s ear is not at all times open to the tidings that are brought him,” said the stranger: “he must, however, hearken to mine, though he should be disturbed in the midst of his sensual pleasures. So speed thee, good warder, and do my bidding.”
As he spoke, he put a piece of silver into the menial’s hand,—a talisman, which seemed to have a more instantaneous effect than any language he could have uttered.

“Wewel, as ye are in sic a hurry,” said the warder, as he slowly moved from the gate, “I suppose I maun e’en try what I can do for you; so bide ye there, till I return, an’ we’ll see what’s to be dune in this affair.”

His absence was scarcely noticed by the stranger, who, meditating upon what he had heard, was revolving in his mind how far Sir John’s alleged injustice might be attributed to the indifference or neglect of his domestics, whose disinclination to make known to their master the complaints of the injured had just been so strikingly evinced in his own presence. He was aroused from his reverie by the warder’s tremulous voice, announcing that he had executed his commission, and that Sir John had sworn most manfully that he would not then be disturbed “for a’ the border loons in King Jamie’s kingdom.”

“And were these truly his words?” said the stranger abruptly—“But no matter: bide thee back to thy master, and tell him that the general safety depends on his instantly firing the beacons and alarming the country.”

“Na, na, frien’,” replied the warder, “ye wotna wha ye speak o’, or ye wad as sune bid me gae looup in the deepest an’ darkest pool o’ black Loch, as again speak to Sir John on that subject in his present mood.”

“It must be, good warder. Again must you seek your master’s presence, and, despite of his frowns or his rage, again must you speak to him, else on your head will be the blood of those who may be slain by this delay,” said the stranger, thrusting into his hand two pieces of silver.

The warder looked alternately at the bribe and at the donor, as if irresolute how to act. After a momentary pause, however, he said, “Wewel, wewel, though the danger is great, it shall never be said that I wilfully caused the shedding o’ human blood, when I might ha’ prevented it.” And he once more, though evidently with great reluctance, quitted the gate.

Sir John was at this moment busily engaged in discussing the merits of a fine haunch of venison which smoked on the table before him,—an employment much more congenial to his disposition than listening to the complaints of those whom he was bound to protect. The aged warder entered the apartment with fear and trembling, and in a faltering voice delivered the second message with which he had been charged.

“Base menial!” exclaimed Sir John, hastily rising from the table, and darting a look of furious rage upon the warder, “how darest thou thus a second time intrude upon my privacy; that hoary head of thine alone saves thee from the consequences of thy presumption. Get thee hence, caiff, and tell the ragged reaver who sent thee, that if he speeds not hastily away, he shall swing on the highest tree on Jericho. Begone, dotard, and do my bidding quickly, or thou shalt keep him company.”

The warder knew too well the danger he incurred by protracting his stay, to require a second bidding, or to attempt to utter a word in his own defence. He therefore hastened to the stranger, who still remained at the gate, and acquainted him with what had passed.

“Fool—madman that he is!” ejaculated the stranger in a half-suppressed tone. Then pausing a moment, he added, “But I must try him still further. Here, warder, take this piece of gold, return once more to thy master, and tell him”—

“That I am tired o’ my life,” interrupted the warder: “but let me tell you, frien’, that auld as I am, and few as now maun be the days o’ my pilgrimage here, I am willing to bide my time, and no to rush madly on death, for the sake o’ a’ the yellow gowd in Christendom. But here comes Sir John’s favourite page and kinsman, young Elsheibrae: I’ll speak him fair, and warrant me but he’ll do your errand, and that wi’ less risk than ane wha has already done mair than he ought.”

Whilst he spoke, a comely youth, daily attired according to the fashion of the period, crossed the court-yard, and was accosted by the warder. Having apprised him of the stranger’s object, the youth consented to deliver his message to Sir John, and demanded its purport.

“Only to inform the warden of the west marches,” said the stranger in a tone of feigned humility, “that the Gude-
The Widow’s Vengeance.

man o’ Ballangeigh has waited half an hour at his gate for an audience or an answer, but in vain.”

“ The Guddeman o’ Ballangeigh!” exclaimed the warden, who well knew who was wont to be concealed beneath this humble sobriquet—"I cry your grace’s mercy for"—

“ Tush, tush, man!” said the stranger interrupting him, “whatever either of grace or mercy I may possess, will be wanted for greater crimes than thine.” Then, turning to the page, he added, “Hie thee to Sir John, and see if he will now attend our summons.”

Young Elshiebrae, who was ignorant of the meaning conveyed in his message, had by this time reached the presence of Sir John; and the talismanic effect produced by it upon the astonished warden, was not more remarkable than the sudden change in Sir John’s conduct, as the words of his kinsman fell upon his ear.

“Who—How—What?” he exclaimed, as, starting from his seat, stood for a moment as if rivetted to the spot, whilst his limbs trembled, and the ruby colour which had erst mantled his features now fast faded from his cheeks. Then staring wildly around, as if to convince himself that he was not labouring under some horrid phantasy of an overheated brain, his eyes met the inquiring glance of his kinsman, and darting from the apartment, scarcely conscious of what he did, he reached the gate of the castle.

The reader has no doubt already recognised the king in the person of the stranger. He had left the main body of his attendants at Drumlanrig Castle, and with a few chosen followers, advanced secretly to the romantic and secluded village of Duncow, where he assumed the disguise in which he appeared at Sir John’s gate, in order that he might thus satisfy himself as to the truth of the charges preferred against his warden. Being now convinced, by what had just passed, that Sir John was not unjustly accused, he threw off the humble dress which concealed his kingly attire, and sounding a silver bugle which hung from his breast, his followers instantly emerged from the woods surrounding the castle, where they had been ordered to await the appointed signal. As they advanced along the noble avenue which led to the castle, they found the king seated on the grassy turf, beneath the umbrageous shade of a venerable elm which then graced its entrance, and immediately afterwards Sir John issued from the gate, pale and speechless, and threw himself at the feet of his sovereign.

“So ho, sir knight, you are come at last!” said the king, in a tone which denoted his displeasure. “Methinks, sir warden,” he continued, “we might have met with a more courteous reception on this our visit to A——d, instead of tarrying so long at your castle gate. That we should have need to disturb your pleasures is to us deep cause of regret, but our business, as we apprised you, was most urgent, and could not brook delay. It seems our tidings did not suit your courtly ear, else doubtless we should have been more graciously received, nor would our third message have been necessary to ensure our present audience. The highest tree on Jericho!” said ye, sir knight? A rare prospect and a pleasant we should there have had, I trow, seeing we could thence have witnessed, from Solway to Quhytwoolen, how the peace of our western marches was preserved, and how faithfully our trusty warden had discharged the duty we had confided to his care; but methinks your own goodly person would more fitly grace the elevated station you were pleased to assign for our especial gratification. We thank our knightly warden for his courtesy, and are bound in gratitude to repay it with interest. Arise, sir knight, arise; it becomes not the warden of the west marches thus to prostrate himself before a ‘ragged reaver.’ So arise, sir knight, and aid us with your counsel in this our urgent cause.”

In this strain of cutting irony did the king continue to address Sir John, who, however, continued prostrate, only venturing, in the most humble tone, to supplicate the royal clemency, and attributing his conduct on the present occasion to his ignorance of the distinguished honour his majesty had conferred upon him, by visiting his castle. But the king’s resentment was not to be thus appeased; and Sir John’s plea seemed rather to aggravate than diminish the enormity of his offence.

“We doubt not your ignorance, sir knight,” he continued, “else we should sooner have been honoured with your presence in this our rural court. But heard you not that the English were
ravaging our Scottish border, slaying our faithful and loving subjects, and laying waste their possessions? Heard you not this, sir knight? And, moreover, heard you not that the general safety depended on your instantly firing the beacons and alarming the country? And threatened you not the life of the bearer of these woful tidings, instead of hastening to do as became our right trusty warden? What say you, sir knight—is there truth in all this, or is there not?—Surely such news might have been deemed worthy your attention, without its being necessary to announce that the Gudeman o’ Ballangieich was the bearer."

The fate of others, who had been either put to death, or banished by the king, for offences of a much lighter nature than that of which Sir John now stood self-convicted, was too well known to the warden to permit him to hope that any thing he might venture to urge in palliation of his conduct would have any influence on the decision of James. He therefore wisely refrained from attempting to vindicate himself, and, still prostrate before the king, continued to implore for mercy.

"Such mercy," said the king, "as was shown to this poor widow when she laid before our warden her tale of sorrow. Know you this woman, sir knight," he demanded, pointing to Kate Carmichael, who had been secretly ordered to meet her sovereign here, and now stood in the midst of his attendants: "Know you aught of this injured widow? Heard you not her petition, and granted you not her prayer? Such mercy as you doled unto her—such pity as was, even now, in our presence, shown for the lives and possessions of hundreds of our well-beloved and oppressed people,—even such mercy, sir knight, ought you to receive at our hands. But we remember the bravery of your race in the hard-fought battlefields of our ancestors: their faithful attachment and devoted zeal, which aided in securing the independence of fair Scotland, now plead in behalf of you, their unworthy and degenerate representative. Our object is justice, and that first obtained, we may then decide what need of mercy ought to be awarded to the betrayer of a sacred trust. Imprimis, then, we consent to spare your life, upon condition that you instantly pay to this bereaved widow five hundred merks, as some satisfaction for the injury she has sustained at your hands, and that within six days you restore to her in safety the child she has lost, and thrice the number of cattle she was deprived of by the English. This is our will, sir knight; and if it is not duly obeyed, remember the goodly prospect which the highest tree on Jericho will afford." What says our warden? Is he content to abide by our decision?"

Sir John felt too strongly the danger he had escaped to hesitate; and, as a proof of his compliance, he immediately paid over to Kate Carmichael the sum fixed by the king, ordered that the required number of his finest cattle should be sent to her abode, and caused messengers to be forthwith dispatched to the English border, to discover her son and effect his ransom, whatever might be the cost.

A beam of hope and joy illuminated the hitherto sorrowful countenance of Kate Carmichael, as, bending before the king, she exclaimed, "My blessing—a widow’s blessing—it is all I can bestow—be upon your royal head, my sovereign liege, for this your grace to your humble subject! Your deeds of justice and mercy, your protection of the injured and oppressed, will surely prove pleasing in the sight of Him who is the fountain of mercy, and may He grant you that reward hereafter which is the portion of all those who love his truth, and walk in his ways." She would have continued to pour out the overflowing of her grateful heart, had not the king, raising her from her bending posture, desired her to reserve the expression of her gratitude for the King of kings, whose humble instrument he only was; and cheering her with an earnest assurance that she would ere long embrace her lost child, he recommended her to repair to her home without further delay.

"Twere hard and long to describe the graphic picture presented by Kate Carmichael, as she wended slowly on her way.

"And now, sir knight," said the king, seeing that we have thus decreed justice in this case, we shall adjourn our court from this sylvan shade to the interior of your castle; and, as a proof that justice alone is our object, we and our goodly train of knights and barons will be content here to fix our abode during our in-
tended stay in Annandale. We know that our warden's hospitality is neither limited in extent, nor restrained by parsimony, and therefore we hope not to lack it during our residence here."

Sir John was one of the most wealthy knights in the south of Scotland: his domains were extensive, and his resources almost unlimited; but the severe punishment which, under the guise of an honourable distinction, he now saw it was the king's determination to inflict upon him, almost caused him to regret that he had escaped the fate he had in the first instance anticipated. The maintenance of the royal train, consisting, as has already been stated, of more than two thousand knights and barons, with their retainers, was, it is true, unattended with the disgrace which would have been entailed upon his memory by an ignominious death; but the burthen he was thus compelled to bear must, he clearly foresaw, produce his irretrievable ruin. His wealth, his power, his grandeur, his widespread possessions, well stored with flocks and herds, were already vanishing from his sight; and in the bitterness of despair did he regret the offences which had thus called forth his sovereign's resentment.

On the fifth day after the king's arrival the messengers who had been dispatched to the English border returned with intelligence that they had succeeded, with great difficulty, in procuring the ransom of the widow's son, who was now restored to her, safe and injured. The king, though a silent, had not been an inattentive observer of the effects which his residence at A—d were producing. Three days had sufficed to clear the surrounding parks and enclosures of the numerous well-fed beaves which grazed them on his arrival. Here and there a solitary animal was now only to be seen, whilst the steeds of the knights and barons occupied the places of those which had disappeared. Sir John was then compelled to drain the surrounding country of all the cattle and corn that could be procured, in order that he might not again incur the king's displeasure by neglecting to provide for his hospitable entertainment. Thus his wealth was rapidly exhausting and his only resource was to mortgage his property to the utmost extent, in order to meet the demands of those who furnished him with supplies. He had indulged a faint hope that the return of the messengers with the restoration of the widow's son would have been the signal for the king's departure; but it was not until three days afterwards that James commanded his favourite, Oliver St. Clair, to apprise the warden that the royal cortège would leave the castle on the following morning.

"Your majesty has resolved wisely," said St. Clair, "since, had you chosen to remain here longer, it is probable that we, your subjects, would have been compelled to forage for ourselves. Such a retinue as yours, my liege, is not easily maintained for ten days; and I venture to say that the tidings I carry will not prove unpleasing to our host, who, if I mistake not, would gladly be rid of his royal guest."

"I doubt not but thou hast guessed truly," replied the king, who well knew the sacrifices Sir John had been compelled to make; "but he will remember it so much the longer."

Early on the tenth morning Sir John was summoned into the royal presence, when James informed him that as he was now convinced that he would henceforth righteously discharge the duties of his station, it was his royal pleasure that he should continue to hold the office of warden. "But, sir knight," added the king, "let not our present grace be abused, for, should another well-founded complaint reach our ears, you will have just reason to dread the 'highest tree on Jericho!'

The king and his retinue then departed for the border, but Sir John did not long survive the event. Stripped of so much of the means of sustaining the "pomp and circumstance" of his former grandeur, he speedily sunk beneath the burden which had been imposed upon him, and at his death he bequeathed to his posterity nought save a deeply-encumbered inheritance. A large portion of his estates were seized by those whose claims upon them were of the greatest magnitude; and of the vast possessions which then belonged to his family, only a very small portion has descended to his present esteemed and worthy representative. In the latter, is included the scene of the events here narrated: and when, in admiring the natural beauties of the situation, the pleasing solitude of the rich shady groves
which still remain, and the venerable appearance of the hoary and ivy-mantled towers of the castle, rapidly falling into ruins,—the spectator looks back to the days of other years, and broods over the change that has taken place, his breast must be devoid of sympathy, if it heaves not one sigh of regret for the fate of those upon whom the imprudence of one individual entailed so large a portion of the penalty incurred by his offence.

RUBEC.

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**EPISTHON A DOG.**

Here lies a dog, whose bones may claim
Some honour,—Theron was his name.
Useful, intelligent, and, moreover,
Faithful he was, as ever lover
Who breathed in lady’s listening ear
Words interwove with sighs sincere.
With ready feet, obedient eye,
In heat or cold, through wet or dry,
He bore his master company.
Nor ceased his service with the light:
Through the long watches of the night,
When men their peaceful pillows press,
Wrapt in a deep forgetfulness,
An honest guardian, good and sure,
He made his master’s rest secure.

Why lengthen out this funeral verse
His many merits to rehearse?
Full old he yielded up his breath,
Honoured in life, and mourned in death,
No dog in worth shall him transcend—
Companion! servant! guardian! friend!

Ely, 1832.

E. DARBY, JUN.

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**TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.**

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.*

No. III.—THE PRISONER OF STATE.

"The pale and purple rose
That wrought so many direful wars
When England’s barons fought a prize."

*Old Song in Purcell’s "Orpheus Britannica."

The battle of Northampton had been fought and won by Richard Plantagenet, duke of York; and the success of that day promised, at no distant period, to elevate him to that throne to which he had by the treaty of St. Alban’s, seven years before, been declared the legitimate heir, to the prejudice of Henry the Sixth’s only son, Edward, prince of Wales. The subsequent infract of that treaty by Margaret of Anjou, the mother of the excluded prince, had provoked the Duke of York to take up arms once more; and the result had been the dispersion or slaughter of most of the adherents of the cause of Lancaster at Northampton, the capture of the king, and the flight of Queen Margaret, with the young Prince of Wales, into Scotland.

The victorious duke immediately took possession of the reins of government in the name of his royal prisoner, with whom he made his public entry into London, and appeared at St. Paul’s to

* A romance by this lady, in three volumes, entitled "The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or Tales of the Middle Ages," to be published by Saunders and Otley, is now in the press. A specimen from the proofs of this work will appear in a number or two of this Magazine.
return thanks for the success that had attended his arms. His next step was to call a parliament devoted to his interest, which proceeded to issue summonses for the return of the powerful adherents of Lancaster, who were employed in Scotland and France in raising forces for the service of Queen Margaret, and to pass attainers on such as refused to yield instant obedience to this authority.

King Henry, absorbed in his studies and devotional exercises, and perfectly satisfied with the shadow of royalty he was permitted to retain, allowed his ambitious kinsman to act in all things as it listed him to do, till the Duke of York required his signature to a mandate of recall addressed to Queen Margaret, charging her, under the penalty of being instantly attainted of high treason, to return to London with the young prince, her son.

"Nay, marry, my fair cousin of York," said the king, laying down the pen, "I am willing to pleasure you in all reasonable things touching the government of the realm, for the maintenance of peace and good order, but as for essaying any interposition of either regal or conjugal authority in the way of control to our well-beloved queen and consort, we value our royal peace at bed and board too dearly to think of such an emprise."

"Are not you her husband and liege sovereign, my royal lord?" said the duke.

"Aye! my good cousin," returned the king, "by the token that she is both our wife and liege lady; but, woe betide us, if we ever venture to reason with her on any point, much less attempt to exercise unadvised control in any matter wherein she hath fixed her mind."

"But, my royal cousin," interposed the duke, impatiently, "we have certain information that Queen Margaret is mischievously employed in Scotland with those false traitors, the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, endeavouring to raise means of disturbing the public tranquillity once more; and as their proceedings are contrary to your royal pleasure and better judgment, I humbly venture to say, that it behoves you to sign this instrument, recalling these evil-disposed persons to your court at Westminster."

"Good lack, my lord duke," said the king, "we are, let us assure you, best

Vol. V.—No. 6. pleased with their absence; and we do beseech you to let us quietly enjoy the present blessed season of peace and quiet, which we have been graciously permitted to taste in the interim. Moreover, cousin York, we cannot but marvel at your earnest desire of our loving queen’s return to London, seeing that she hath small liking for you, and would never brook your overweening ways in the council and parliament, to say nothing of the rule and mastery you presume to exercise over our royal will and pleasure in private. What think you she would say an she caught you in our privy closet, thrusting papers into our kingly hand with the intimation that we are to sign the same nolens volens!"

"The good of your kingdom, the maintenance of the public peace, and, above all, your royal dignity, require that it should be so," replied the duke, with a frown.

"Ah, cousin York! cousin York!" responded the king, with a deep sigh, "thou carest much about these matters, so as thine own naughty pleasure be complied with! I ween rightly did my loving cousin of Somerset say of thee, that learning to play the sovereign, whilst thou wert regent of France, gave thee a traitorous longing after the crown of England."

"Which your grace is aware, that you are only permitted to retain by my courteous sufferance," retorted the duke, "since both by right of descent and conquest it is mine."

"Nay, marry, cousin York; I am in no case to contend the point with thee at present," said the king; "all I will say is, that if thou hadst ever felt the sharpness of the thorns wherewith that glittering bauble is encircled, thou wouldest not be so eager to imperil soul and body for its possession. I would these brows of mine had never felt its weary weight."

"Savest thou so, my lord," replied York, with kindling eyes, "then, wherefore, not resign it to one who is both ready and willing to relieve thee of its burden."

"Because, my Lord of York, that burden was appointed me by a higher power than thine, or mine," said the king. "In the name of the Lord, and as his viceregent, was I anointed King of France and England at nine months old, in the church of Notre Dame; and the authority
which was then conferred upon me, I do not consider myself free to resign to any other person."

But it is in my power, as well you know, Henry of Lancaster, to deprive you of both crown and life the next moment, if it so lists me," retorted the Duke of York.

"Aye! in your power, but not in your heart, Richard of York: albeit, the enemy of your soul is ever and anon tempting you to do this great wickedness," said the king, fixing his mild eyes steadfastly on the face of his victorious rival, till, like Hazael, he felt ashamed, and lowered his fierce glance beneath the scrutiny of his meek captive; and turning away to hide his confusion, he pointed to the instrument enjoining the queen’s return with this brief sentence—

"See that it be signed, my lord, within the hour;" and left the royal presence.

"Now what on earth makes my cousin York so perversely set on enforcing Margaret’s return?" exclaimed the perplexed monarch, as soon as the duke had withdrawn.

"My royal lord, you overweening traitor speaks your grace fair, but he hath more devilry under that smooth tongue of his than you are willing to suppose," said the young Duke of Suffolk, Henry’s lord chamberlain, who had been listening in a private nook of the royal apartment to the conference between his master and the victorious York; and as soon as the latter had withdrawn, put aside the tapestry and issued from his ambush, "Know you not, my liege," continued he, "that our gracious queen is right loyally employed in the north in raising a valiant army for your deliverance from this disgraceful thralldom, where, though you are served on the knee, and flattering traitors cry, ‘All hail!’ the while, you are nought but Richard of York’s prisoner, whom, by the mass! he would not use so daintily, did not the wily fox see the expediency of working in your name the destruction of yourself and all that are dearest to you."

"Nay, patience, gentle Suffolk," returned the king, "we see no warranty in aught that our cousin York hath done for such an assertion."

"No!" returned Suffolk warmly, "what calls your grace then this traitorously devised paper on the table, wherein your royal signature is required for the ruin of your own cause, in recalling our gracious queen, your fair young son, Lord Edward, prince of Wales, and your loving and trusty peers, the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, to a court which is in possession of the deadliest foe of your house? That false traitor, Richard of York, who, having seized upon your royal person and usurped your royal authority, only spares to take your life, because he knows it would be a useless crime, so long as Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Exeter, live to uphold the claims of Lancaster."

"Thinkest thou, then, John de la Pole," said the king, with a look of surprise, "that Richard of York hath devised mischief in his heart against my wife and son, and my cousins of Exeter and Somerset?"

"By all that’s crafty and villainous he doth, my dear lord," replied Suffolk, earnestly; "and if you put your hand to that paper, you will sign not only their death-warrant, but your own!"

"Nay, marry, my faithful Suffolk, but you judge too hardly of the noble duke," said the king. "He hath, as well as you, treated me with princely courtesy, mishandled not in aught from my table, nor the number of my attendants; neither hath he abstracted a single crown from the daily alms which are bestowed on my poor headsmen—nor doth he ever presume to enter my presence bonneted—nor yet without offering me the homage of his knee, as a liege subject is bound to do; and had he been minded to take my life, what hindered him this very morning, when we chode together touching this same paper?"

"The consciousness that your grace, although his prisoner, had faithful friends at hand, who would not permit one hair of your sacred head to fall to the ground unavenged," returned the fiery youth, half unsheathing his rapier as he spoke: "I vow by the Archangel Michael, the patron of our house, that my blood boiled in my veins when I heard the traitor threaten your grace, and prate of his petti-coat-derived title to the throne as better than the knightly royal rights of kingly Lancaster; and it was with pain that I refrained myself from rushing forth and finishing the argument by dint of sharp steel."

"Gramercy, young duke," returned
the king, "thou art of an o'er fiery temper-
and, or thou hast seen my cousin York offer to raise hand against my life, thine interposition would have been justified; but surely ye have been much to blame to shed blood on account of a few boastful words on his part, which I regarded no more than I would the angry bubbling and foaming of a boiling pot; and ye might have noted how soon my soft answer turned aside the current of his wrath."

"I did, my liege; and also that he left the royal closet with a command upon his saucy lips, that you, his sover-
egean lord, forsooth I were to sign you audacious injunction to the queen within the hour."

"And so, perchance, it were my best wisdom to do," responded King Henry, thoughtfully, "ere he return, whereby I shall escape the indignity of being compelled to set my hand to it under peril of some injurious alternative."

"Were I a crowned king," said the young duke, "I would suffer my right hand to be severed from my wrist, ere I would use it to guide a craven pen at the bidding of one of mine own rebel peers, I trow; but I am a soldier, and no clerk, I thank my halidam!"

"Thou art grateful for a small mercy, Suffolk," returned the king, with a smile: "I wis thine ignorance is some excuse for thy forgetfulness of the reverence which we trust we merit from our subjects. Between friend and foe, we are courteously entreated, methinks!"

"Forgive me, my gracious lord," said the youthful peer, putting his knee to the ground; "forgive the ardour of my zeal for your service, if it have carried me too far; but, in sooth, my lord, the queen will never forgive you, if you play the game into your foeman's tables."

"I am sorely bestead among ye all," said the king: "how do ye think I am to please Queen Margaret and my cousin York both; and being prisoner to my sometime liegeman York, what power have I to resist his will?"

"I would," replied Suffolk, "even to the death, were I the doughty duke's captive—yea, though his fetter locks were on my wrists, and my body in his deepest dungeon, wight!"

"The boast is not always made good by the proof," said the king; "I have known many a haughtier crest than that of De la Pole lowered beneath the first storm of adversity. Dungeons and fetter-
locks are light upon the tongue, but heavy of cheer is he who bideth their restraint, unless he be of more heavenly-minded patience than I ween my young Lord of Suffolk hath been taught to ex-
ercise. But to return to this paper. I see no remedy against working the pleas-
ure of my cousin York in signing it, which, after all is said, will amount to nothing. As for Queen Margaret render-
ing obedience to the summons, albeit it be issued in our own royal name, I know her too well to suspect her of such an exercise of submission, if it in any wise clash with her own inclination."

"Nay, but your cunning foes will pro-
ceed your grace, to use your own royal name, to attain our sovereign lady and her trusty friends of high treason, if she refuse the obedience to your mandate," returned the duke, "and the commons will then fear to stir at her bidding, and the hopes of Lancaster will be for ever crushed."

"I am in a sore strait," said the king; "but had I now a friend who would ad-
venture to flee into the north to our lov-
ing queen, and advertise her of the snare that is set for us both, methinks I would plead with my cousin of York for two or three days' delay in setting my hand and seal to this troublesome paper."

"I am your peer errant for the sur-
prise!" exclaimed the young duke, impetuously. "Within the hour, my gra-
cious liege, I will be in the saddle, and northward bound. I shall stop neither for stump nor stone, rest nor refreshment, by the way; and in less than a week, I trust to bear your loving greetings to our brave queen, whom God guard from all false traitors' plots!"

"Amen, my trusty chamberlains; and speed thee well upon thy venturous er-
rand!" said the king. "See that thou imperil not thyself unnecessarily in the business—but the fiery youth was gone. Within the time that Suffolk had named at random, he had entered the church of Berwick, where Queen Mar-
garet, and the queen-regent, and the court of Scotland, were attending the cele-
boration of high mass.

The sacring bell was ringing as Suf-
folk entered the church; but even at that solemn moment the eagle eye of his royal mistress recognised his light, grace-
ful form, as he endeavoured to make his way towards her through the dense throng of plaided worshippers, who had thrown themselves upon their knees in obedience to that signal. Every other head was bowed, and almost every other face shrouded, for the pix was in the bishop’s hands; but Margaret, regardless of time or place, had started from her devotional attitude, and, touching the arm of the Duke of Exeter, who was at her side, silently directed his attention to the unexpected appearance of the lord chamberlain, whose travel-soiled dress and portentous countenance were, she plainly saw, indicative of something amiss.

The elevation of the host, with all its pompously imposing ceremonial, scarcely compelled a momentary act of cold mechanical homage from the anxious queen and her trusty partisan, so eager was she to hear and bid him declare his tidings.

The triumphant notes of the Kyrie Eleison were still resounding through the vaulted nave, when Suffolk made his way to the side of his royal mistress, and kneeling on the pavement at her feet, whispered the intelligence that had brought him thither. Her large majestic eyes flashed with fiery brightness as she listened to his communication, which he had scarcely concluded, ere she once more started to her feet, and with a single gesture of her hand, silenced the full-voiced choir in the midst of their chant. Then turning to the English portion of the congregation, she thus addressed them—

“Right valiant and trusty peers, gentlemen and commons, it hath just been made known to us by our royal husband’s chamberlain, John, duke of Suffolk, that the audacious traitor, Richard of York, (who, woe the while! holdest the person of Henry, our sovereign lord, in his thrall,) hath dared to issue a manifesto, in the name of our well-beloved king and husband, commanding the instant return to London of ourself, our son, the Prince of Wales, and these our trusty friends and kinsmen, the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, in the hope the while, that we shall refuse obedience to a mandate which we must be well avized was signed and set forth by our sovereign lord King Henry on compulsion only; but by the mass he is mistaken, for we have been absent from our good city of London and court of Westminster too long: therefore, if Richard of York desire to see us there, he shall have his wish, my masters, and that sooner than he thinketh, for, yes, and with more company withal than he is belike prepared to welcome. How say ye, brave friends; shall we strike up our march this very day, to give meet answer to this audacious summons in person?”

There was a general murmur of applause among the English nobles at these words, which communicating to the crowd without the church, was followed by a tumultuous shout of “Margaret for Lancaster! for London, ho!”

“Your grace hath not yet appointed meet wages for the Scottish troops, whom the Lady Mary of Gueldres, who calleth herself our regent, hath raised for your royal service in this emprise,” said Douglas, earl of Angus, in the hope of repressing the ardour of the Scottish chivalry to engage in the doubtful course of their new ally.

“Fret not thyself on that account, my Lord of Douglas,” returned Queen Margaret, “my northern friends shall be free to win their own guerdon for the service they render us in the rescue of our sovereign and his dominions.”

“Yea, all the plunder on the south of the Tweed shall belong to our victorious master!” cried the Duke of Somerset.

“By all that’s fatal to the cause of Lancaster, thou hast spoken rashly, Somerset,” said the Duke of Exeter; “that one word of thine will turn the scale against us throughout the midland counties, one would think thou wast mad, or traitorous, to put such a saying in the heads of our foes against us.”

“Go to, my Lord of Exeter! dost thou presume to school as good a man as thyself,” retorted Somerset; “and talkest thou of traitors withal, thou, whose grandfather did suffer the extreme penalty of the law for high-treason?”

“And whose misrule and shameless license was it, that first provoked Richard of York to take up arms against his liege lord, but thy brothers?” rejoined Exeter, turning pale with anger.

“Are not ye ashamed, my lords,” interposed Queen Margaret, turning hastily about—“ye, whom I account the pillars of my cause, that thus ye indulge in the spirit of malice against each other, instead of turning your wrath against the public foe. Well may the white rose be exalted, when the red is thus torn by
the feuds of those who ought to forget all private grudges for the public good. How think ye we shall be able to contend with the enemy, unless our friends be united? Nay, I do insist that ye take each other's hands, and for my sake, if not for your own, demean yourselves like Christians and brethren.

The two dukes yielded a sullen obedience to the mandate of their royal mistress, who then turning to Suffolk, asked if she might request his assistance in conveying the news of her approach to King Henry, and also in communicating her private instructions to her secret adherents in and about London.

"The commission is perilous," replied Suffolk, "but I shall feel honoured in its being confided to me; whom in life and death, royal Margaret, you shall find a faithful champion of the red rose."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Warleigh; or the Fatal Oak: a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray, Author of Fitz of Fitzford, &c. &c. 3 vols.

This production of a pen that has delighted and instructed the world infinitely beyond the work modestly quoted in the title, has reached us since our last, but, like the productions of other female authors, too late for a complete review this month. We cannot, however, although the work is in hands that will not fail to do it justice, suffer a year to close without a general notice of it, from re-collection of the various progressive efforts of the author, all marked with genius and taste.

One of the excellencies of Sterne, and he had excellencies, was his "pity of the man who could travel from Dan to Beer-sheba, and say that all was barren?" and his figure of wooing the loveliest tree in the desert, if placed there. Mrs. Bray would certainly not fall within the first idea of Sterne; and as certainly, if she found herself in a desert, she would, like the exiled duke in the beautiful alliteration of Shakspeare,

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

In this respect her genius has found great scope in the marvels of this pre-eminent of our western counties, and we doubt not will find more. But she has not here confined her attention to the genus logandi, she has also selected a portion of our history (with the whole of which she is well acquainted) to illustrate the scene, and which she has chosen from the last reigning year of Charles I.

Having said thus much, we leave the details respectfully to the hands in which they can be considered at more leisure.

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The Comic Almanack, for 1835. C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

Few people would credit how many persons used formerly seriously to look forward to and consult "Moore's" annual production of nonsense; the present publication is a most humorous and amusing burlesque to that work, illustrated with twelve "right merrie" cuts, emblematical of the months, by George Cruikshank, with some well-written squibs upon passing events—-even the poor ex-chancellor is not allowed to pass unnoticed. There is much amusement contained in this little work, independent of the information usually contained in an almanack.

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Seraphine Songs. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Mr. Green, of Soho-square, has just published four very pleasing pieces of sacred music for the voice, composed expressly for his Royal Seraphine, though equally well adapted for the organ or piano-forte; they are all well written, but the one that pleased us most was the last, "God is present every where."

We have read a small book, entitled "A Companion to the Panorama of Rome," published by Leigh and Co., Strand; as we have not seen the Panorama itself, which we imagine is on a roller, can say nothing of its merits; it is a fine field, if properly executed.
Drama, &c.

King's Theatre.—Italian Opera.—We could wish that this pre-eminently estimated establishment had really some support from the State, as on the Continent, to prevent what ought to be the harmonious head of a University for Musical Science, from being the constant object of discordant litigation. Even poor Portugal has her "Theatro San-Carlos," so sustained,—the probationary school for all Europe. There "a certain" Catalani first attained her diploma of taste; and many others, male and female, down to our De Meric, found perfect estimation.

So abandoned was our King's Theatre to chance, as regards the approaching season, that the directors of the French Opera came over to treat for it; and even they, after long suspense, have shrunk from it with little less than disgust!—we need not name other projectors on whom we counted little. Our favorite De Bégnis is now announced to be "the fortunate holder;" if so, we trust he has a certain exertion beyond his own fortune, or at least better chance of arranging his exchequer than has been for a very long time experienced.

We throw out these hints in good part to any concerned; for who would be without an opera?

Drury-Lane.—We are most happy under this head to record the just and unqualified approbation, which we have now had reason to feel, with regard to Mr. Vandenhoff. His Dutch name plagues us, although we remember, among our visits to foreign countries, having felt considerable delight in Dutch acting, aye! and in Dutch music too; beyond what any who have not heard the language, as expressed in both at Amsterdam, could conceive. However, the gentleman of whom we speak (Mr. Vandenhoff) has taken precisely the course for which we have to praise his rival, and which falls in with our idea of last month, as regarded that performer: he has adopted the line of characters that suited him, and in consequence, not to speak of minor things, his Cato has stamped him as a valuable acquisition to the stage. We have to congratulate the public now on two actors likely to last long, from whom, if they keep their lines, there cannot be a doubt of seeing legitimate characters well acted.

A "grand" operatic drama, entitled "The Red Ask," or, Council of Three" (a melodrama in title, in our opinion, much fitter for Minor Theatres), has been manufactured from Cooper's novel of the "Bravo of Venice." and produced, we think with all its grandeur, without merit in our minds. We were something to dwell upon with satisfaction, that our mental tabula rasa may, on departure, find some impression newly worthy of it—that our souls may be raised or tranquillised by somewhat of true harmony. On this occasion we suspect the audience thought with us. Worse than all, was the attempted novelty of evincing poetical justice by the paraphernalia of an execution! We need say no more.

Covent-Garden.—On Wednesday, October 23, was produced an adaptation of the non-descript poem of Lord Byron, called "Manfred," for the purpose of introducing Mr. Denvil in the chief character. We know not who dramatised it, as the phrase is; but this we know, that the execution of a task at once so delicate and difficult deserves great praise. Great praise must also be accorded to the lessee for such an introduction of Mr. Denvil, though we are very angry with both for not making it his very first character, since we have no hesitation in saying it has stamped his fame. Perhaps it was a jeu de théâtre, that this gentleman should first try his strength against the force of comparison, and then surprise by an effort in which he had all to himself. Be this as it may, the performer has justified the opinion stated in our last, and by the genius evinced in personifying Manfred, shown himself a real acquisition to the stage. So would Byron unhesitatingly, though in wonder, have said, had he lived to have seen such an exhibition drawn from materials which he conceived he had "rendered quite impossible for the stage, for which his intercourse with Drury-lane had given him the greatest contempt." It was a fine mark of delicacy in Mr. Bunn to have it performed at Covent-garden, and for this one trait we forgive him for having both houses. In this, as in other poems of the noble author, we find his own spirit pervading the scene, in contemplation of his domestic sorrows, as he alludes to them in the celebrated "Ah, Perdona!" stanzas—

"Torn from every tender tie,
Scath'd in heart, and lone and blighted!"

"Manfred" was written immediately after his last unavailing struggle for reconciliation with the tender tie from which he had been torn; and his disgust at Drury-lane was quite natural, from the share which that theatre, however innocently, had in his sorrows. We know, personally, that such disgust was very powerful, even at the time when he recommended "Bertram" and "Second Love" to that theatre; to the latter of which, in April, 1816, he attached the following note, which we have seen:

"The annexed comedy, handed to me by Mr. Raymond, is (as far as my judgment goes) a good acting play, and as such I recommend it to the gentlemen of the S. Committee. —Byron."

He soon after went to Switzerland, and there is the scene of "Manfred," laid, with all the mystification in which he found himself involved—

"On differing themes the veering song was mixed,
And now it courted love, now raving called on hate."
There is certainly no plot, nothing dramatic, though much of the sublime and beautiful, about the poem. Manfred is a wandering wizard of the Alps, tormented by an unaccountable remorse, invoking spirits of all the elements, none of whom can soothe him; and finally seeking "the evil principle" itself, for the mean of invoking the spirit of Astarte, who had been on earth the object of his love and injury, to know if he is forgiven. She satisfies him not, and he dies! thus fulfilling the last line of the stanzas just quoted—

"More than this I scarce can die!"

The kindness of the adapter has added a vision of forgiveness.

Never could there be a finer combination of all the powers of the theatre than was here presented, to "make much" of this effusion of the unhappy bard, and rivet the public attention. Music, painting, and machinery vied with the persons of the drama. We have already said it has stamped Mr. Denvil's fame. It would take our number to say all we think. On him rests the whole; but all his adjuncts, with however little to do, aided with all their force. Miss Clifton, as the exorcised spirit of Astarte, made the most of it, in a chaste and yet spiritual manner. There was to us, perhaps from the association in our minds, something electrifying in her "cruel word Farewell." Mr. Cooper, as a chamois-hunter, saving the wildering wanderer Manfred from a precipice, was infinitely superior to any thing of the present day. Spirits and witches, in acting and in song, were all excellent.

The following lines please us to close with, in the temper in which we end our remarks. Mr. Denvil's enunciation of them was truly Byronic:

"Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her and destroyed her—
Not with my hand but heart, which broke her heart.
—It gazed on mine, and withered!"

After this, we lament to find that Mr. Bunn has committed the abomination of which we spoke before, on our Shakspearian "Tempest."

The departed English Opera gave us some notes like those of the dying swan. Both Mr. Thomson and Mr. Macfarren furnished them with credit to themselves. Of the writing, being ourselves too often in haste, we will say nothing. Mr. Arnold has been feasted by this company; and Mr. Peake, treasurer and dramatist, received a vase. During the recess, the French company of comedians will perform.

Adelphi Theatre.—We have already said enough, and the public seem by its patronage to know enough of this theatre, until we shall have something to speak of in our own way, as just before stated. Perhaps it is our own fault that we do not think Mr. Buckstone's comedie larmoyante, from the French, called "Agnes de Vere," very good, since a large portion of the public seem to think otherwise; we cannot help it. Let our readers judge for themselves.

Olympic Theatre may be dismissed in the following notice: unless, as we think, the old door of the Queen of Bohemia is not yet quite destroyed—pro satum est.

Strand Theatre.—This unfortunate concern is, if we may believe the Observer, to be attempted by Mrs. Waylett, the popular favourite—we suppose as a sort of rivalship towards Madame Vestris, who, with Liston, is carrying every thing before her at a few yards distance. It is said to be with some assistance from Mr. Glossop, we should rather suppose from Mr. Bunn. The very idea of rival sprightly widows may succeed, where poor Mr. Rayner struggled in vain. At either, amusement, rather than moral, must be the order of the day. Since this was written the performances have commenced.

Surrey.—A piece entitled the "Seven Clerks, or Three Thieves, and the Denouncer," from a French foundation, has in it matter of considerable interest. Claude d'Arnaud, a usurious miser (Mr. Davidge), arraigns and punishes seven clerks, who serve him in succession, for robbery; the number of the victims naturally create suspicion of the truth of his allegations, notwithstanding their proofs. Victorine, his daughter (Miss Watson), causes a lover, Adolph (Mr. C. Hill), to engage incog. as his clerk, to show, as we suppose, by his freedom from accusation, the guilt of the others. On the second day he also is accused, and handed to justice; but previously to arraignment, a fact is discovered that relieves him. The miser turns out insensibly to have robbed himself in his sleep. When this appears, the thoughts of those he has destroyed, destroy him. Three thieves, Italian, English, and Dutch, form an amusing underplot, by Messrs. Asbury, Mortimer, and Dillon; and Mr. W. Smith, as the starved servant, evince much humour. All were good.

Victoria Theatre.—We are glad to acknowledge the notice which we have received of something being at length proposed in fulfilment of the powerful promise of the renovated lessee, Mr. Glossop. A new opera, the words by one daughter, and the music by another, all of which has been much praised, to be sustained by Braham, Phillips, &c., is indeed an advancement for this theatre, which we could not have expected, more particularly, when we find in this notice no mention of one to whom we alluded, on Mr. Glossop's opening, but from whom we have great hopes, at least of the music. If such aid, as we can hardly doubt, has been afforded, gladly indeed shall we hail this grand effort, and wish
Ramo Samee all delight in his *rus in urbe*, Lincoln's-inn-Fields.

Sadler's Wells.—Mr. G. Almar is progressing in the public favour, and very deservedly, for he can use his pen well, and with the stage tact, so difficult to acquire. His spectacle of the "Demon of the Ganges" is got up with splendour, and sufficient accordance with Asiatic circumstances. An action between Europeans and Indians, by the catacata of the Jumna, formed of real water, on a scale hardly to be conceived, is exceedingly effective. The scenery, too—landscape, architecture—all the variations of cloud and light, is very creditable to the painter, Mr. Bengough. By way of showing, we suppose, that he had not forgotten moral, in an underplot, is a satire upon one of the disputed topics of the day, which well relieves attention to the gorgeousness of the piece, and does harm to nobody. The performances are all good in their way, but Mr. W. H. Williams seems a favourite. The "Man and the Marquis," X., in which he shines, follows with éclat. This was written on its opening, and will do now, for it continues, if we are informed rightly, to deserve well of the public within its locality.

Fitzroy Theatre.—We lament exceedingly that we have not been enabled to ascertain what is doing in this place, which we should deem of much promise. We have been led to understand that there is every provision to please, but as we possess not ubiquity, we are unenabled to speak of our views, and are obliged to say we are uninformed.

City of London Theatre.—This minor successfully opened its new season with a piece called "Paul Pry Junior," in Milton-street, the locality of the theatre. We think that if Paul had been old enough (which in the present case he might easily be), to tell of the literary adventures of the former inhabitants, while it yet bore the venerable name of Grub-street, the interest might have been increased. As it is, it creates laughter, which is something in these days.

Royal Pavilion Theatre.—This house, in its present phrase, is handsomely decorated, with a remarkably fine promenade.

Music.

It has, moreover, aspired to the elder dramatists, and produced "The Unnatural Combat" of Massinger, with some success. Melodrama and burletta, however, hold their full place. There can, we think, be little doubt that Mr. J. Farrell will ultimately find this a good medium for credit and fortune. This eastern district of the metropolis is so much improved of late years, that we cannot help thinking the manager may, quoting the old drama, safely say, "eastward ho!"

Garrick Theatre.—Garrick's greatness having been evinced at Drury-lane, surely if they could not imitate the scene of his debut in Goodness-fields, they ought not to have chosen Drury-lane instead of Covent-garden for their prototype. As it is, however, Garrick and his friends would not have disdain'd to sit in it. It is elegant, and the seats of the pit are covered with the same colour with those of the boxes. The drama commenced with a *horrid* from the Emerald Isle, a ludicrous interlude, and Scottish melodrama. The old precincts of the Tower should encourage this theatre now that there is no "Royalty."

Theatre of Mechanism, late New Queen's Theatre, in Windmill-street, has powerfully attracted our attention; but as the Lady's Magazine does not affect to criticise things which no member of its departments has seen, so this notice must suffice for the present.

Having thus endeavoured to perform as well as we can our duty to all theatres, we have only to express our hope for the legitimate welfare of the whole, and that the forthcoming year may offer new claims both on their parts and our own, to true public approbation.

In speaking of "The Minors," we cannot help thinking of our musty old books, which talk of the numerous playhouses in Shakespeare's days; what might not be said now? We wish to speak of the numerous new playhouses, but must defeat our own character.

A treaty between the lessee and Mr. C. Kemble (as, like "George Colman the younger," he is still called), has been on and off for some time.

The Woods are wandering again, they not liking Drury-lane; and the lessee not liking a fifty guineas a night debit, for per contra diminished receipts from the public.

Music.

The new musical "Town-hall" of Birmingham has produced an admirable emulation in the metropolis—strange that the capital should have to be so stimulated by a province, or rather a manufacturing town! but never mind that, so we have a hall acoustically fitted (why should we not make a word as well as the rest?) to do justice to our national powers of musical science, with the full benefit of accessions from abroad. We once sent forth to Italy a Miss Davies, who, though her appellation was the diminutive Inghilena, astonished the Italians; and why should we not do so again? We rejoice to find that the nobility and gentry have evinced a powerful determination in favour of a musical hall in London, which promises everything. We, and we sincerely trust it will not be neglected.

As to the great music meetings, mentioned
in our last, we have such a mass of technical criticism before us, that we have determined on considering them all as 
_tweedle-dum_ v. _tweedle-dee_: and once for all, to say that we found much to satisfy us in all we heard; only adding—what we are sorry to say—
Exeter-hall is certainly not fitted for music, and should be preserved for such purposes as are included in the singular Greek appel-
licative on its front.

In even this brief notice of music, while there is much that should have reached us, but by some accident has not, and some has arrived that must be treated technically, we cannot pass for a moment the following op-
positely striking pieces:

1. “_Just at Twilight—There, Love, there, I’ll meet thee._” We think we feel all that poet and musician felt when, we have no doubt, they exercised their powers together. We find, with a pretty lithograph,

which we heed not, on the title, that the words are by Edward Lancaster, Esq., to whom the music is inscribed by “his friend
the composer, W. Kirby.” Indeed it is a beautiful little piece, that may be safely rec-
commended to any piano-foré—the music blending so sweetly as to deserve great
praise.

2. “_Weep not for Me!_” sung by Miss Bruce, and very celebrated performers, as it well might be; written and composed by
W. Kirby, and dedicated to his daughter. This is certainly a _chef-d’œuvre_ of the artist; effective in every way, and conveying feel-
ings such as bring heart and soul to combine in its recommendation. We had intended to quote the words of both pieces, but that we are straitened for room.

Fanny Woodham is, we learn, proceeding to Italy to study, on the bounty of the queen and some of the nobility.

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**Paris Chit-chat, &c.**

**NEWS FROM PARIS.**

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Nov. 25, 1834.

It was with the sincerest pleasure that I received your toute aimable, toute charmante
lettre, ma bonne amie; but I must scold you for saying you thought it was too long, and
would cause me de l’ennui. Tu sais que je ne m’en suis jamais—que je ne suis pas
une femme sujette aux vapeurs: nor to the
English malady, “le spleen,” which be-
comes daily more fashionable, chez nous;
and were it not for occasionally une petite, “attaque de nerfs,” lorsque mon mari me
faîche, je me porterais toujours à merville.

Besides the pleasure of hearing from you,
there was another circumstance that made
your letter doubly acceptable—I received it
on the 2d of November, “le jour des morts
—ce triste jour des morts!” On my return
from my annual visit to the cemetery of
“Père la Chaise,” you must be aware that,
in Paris, the 2d of November is consecrated
to the memory of the dead. Masses and
requiem for the dead are performed in all
the churches; and the friends and relatives
of those who are no more, pay to their me-
memories the tribute of a visit to their graves
—renew the flowers that adorn them—
leave a sigh, and perchance drop a tear to
the memory of departed friendship. There
is something beautiful—something holy in
the idea suggested by this custom. The
setting apart one day in the year, wherein
we hold “fellowship,” as it were, with those
we once loved, and whose memories can
never cease to be dear to us, preserves alive
in our hearts a sentiment of affection and
regret that should never die. Though time
soothes the bitterness of our affliction, and

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the poignancy of violent grief subsides, yet
is it a reason that friends—those who were
once our all on earth, should be no more
lamented, no more remembered? Are their
memories to wither in our hearts, because
their forms pass away from our sight? Are
they to fade from our minds like the flower
of the field?—“as soon as the wind goeth
over it, it is gone; and the place thereof
shall know it no more.” Great are the pre-
parations at Père la Chaise, for the _jour des
morts_. The fallen leaves—those presages
of mortality—are swept away; the withered
branches are removed, and the weeds
that have sprung up upon the graves are
carefully extirpated; the flowers are watered,
the walks are gravelled, the marble slabs
washed, and the crosses repaired; so that
on the day of this “fiête of the dead,” the place
presents an appearance of the most perfect
order and neatness. After having attended
mass on the morning of the _jour des morts_,
the Parisians turn their steps towards the
various cemeteries about Paris. But, alas!
for the honour of human nature, it is me-
lancholy to think by what different feelings
they are actuated. It is true, that there are
some amongst the multitude, and many let
us hope, who not only resume for the day
the outward “garb of woe,” but whose sor-
row, although chastened by time, is still
deep and sincere; but many, oh! how many,
are actuated by no holier feeling than “fa-
shion;” for even this custom has its fashion in
our fashionable metropolis. And how many
are led there by a still more unworthy mo-
tive; for, alas! many tombs would be overrun
with noxious weeds, were it not for the fear,
the shame, of showing to the living how they
had neglected the dead! Some visit Père la Chaise on this day from habit: a day was, when Grief was their conductress; but though that day has been long past, habit is to them like second nature, they continue to go, because they once began—though, in the hope of it: they give, a few sous for a garland, place it mechanically on the grave, for they have lost the "memory of the heart," and then saunter through the grounds, reading the epitaphs, and seeking out the new tombs that have been erected since their last visit. I know a lady, who, though married a second time, never failed in her annual visit to her first husband! She decorated it with flowers, and wept as if she had ever cared for him who lay beneath the stone on which she knelt; she is for the second time a widow, but now, indeed, I believe her tears to be "tears of woe." Some there are of the gay, heart-broken throng, generally speaking, those who have inherited large or unexpected properties: they, too, pay their annual tribute—but how? By driving to the gates, and sending their servants to replace by fresh garlands those that have been long left to wither on the neglected graves of those who have not been thus fortunate. Still, I have heard it said, that notwithstanding these instances, if you visit Père la Chaise on the jour des morts, you will see many over whose grief and real affliction "time" seems to have had no power, to have shed no healing influence. The bereaved and sorrowing mother, for instance, may be seen placing such a toy on the little spot that once was a nest, and could have made his little heart beat, and his eyes sparkle with delight had he been spared. Another, whose streaming eyes denote her, too, to be a mother, may be seen fixing with trembling hands over the grave of a beloved daughter that emblem of her purity—a crown, breastplate, and garland. Then has been a father conducting five or six little girls, all dressed in white, their heads covered with long clear muslin veils, and each bearing some tribute—a crown, a garland, a bouquet, a knot of black or white ribbons, to the grave of a mother or a sister. I have seen the young widow, over whose heart the cold hand of death has passed, her, who may be said to have seen death for the first time, since it deprived her of what she loved—"On apprend la mort pour la première fois, lorsqu'elle tombe sur ce que l'on aime"—I have seen her, her arms folded upon her bosom, her head bent downwards, and her lips moving as though she had communion with the departed. Another I have seen kneel piously, and after offering up a prayer, and pressing her lips repeatedly to the cold marble, rise and seating herself at the foot of the grave, proceed to read over a parcel of letters, dictated by the heart that once beat for her—but whose beatings were now for ever stilled! This is the solemn, the beautiful, the holy dedication of the jour des morts; but the picture has a reverse, a frightful contrast! It is likewise the fête of the cochers de Corbillard—des fossoyeurs—des croque-morts, the feast of the hearse-drivers, of the grave-diggers, of all those employed about funerals; and, for custom has ordained that their annual dinner should take place on this day, they have a banquet, which commences at twelve o'clock in the day and only ends at midnight, where delicacies in abundance are served to them, where wines sparkle, and punch sends up its fumes—where they sing, dance, shout, drink to the "increase of mortality," and other toast no horrible to mention. Towards midnight these wretches, about two hundred in number, all dressed in black, and for the most part in a disgusting state of intoxication, commence breaking the bottles and glasses; they remove the tables, and singing, or rather shouting, in full chorus, they join hands and form a ring, dancing round and round in imitation of the famous "rond du sabbat," like a band of infernal spirits celebrating their midnight orgies! and thus ends the scene, together with the jour des morts. Maintenant chère amie parlons modes! mais je te dirai que le mois de Novembre n’a pas été fertile en nouveautés—I have seen nothing worthy of notice. In walking and carriage costume we all "induire moustaches." You see I have profited by the "Last Days of Pompeii," et je suis fâche de ce nouveau mot! The cloaks are certainly very handsome this year; I have seen some beautiful, of black, and richly brocaded, and other toast no over; of green, lilac, blue, or orange; a plain simple cape, reaching half way the length of the cloak, and a velvet collar, I think the most distingué; the cloak well wadded and lined with satin, the colour of the flowers. Others that I have seen are of fine Cachemire, lined with satin and satin, sometimes batiste round the bottom, and round the cape in a palm pattern, done in small silk braids of different colours, called "lacet à la Reine;" and some of them have, besides the velvet collar, a deep velvet cape, which is very elegant. A few, not a great many, are tied in at the waist, and, never unless the cloak has sleeves, they are fastened at the neck with a silk cordelière. Large woolen shawls, called "tartans" here, are very much worn; they are a sort of plaid, and first came from England, but they are made here now: the English ones are, however, softer and warmer, ils sont très confortable, mais très laids; ours has been as yet very little worn this winter, and I do not think it will become fashionable. Cygnet swan's-down is coming into favour with our belles.

* Croque-mort—this word has no English translation. It is not "undertaker," for there are no undertakers in France. One person contracts with government for all the burials.
Hats.—The hats are, if any thing, increasing in size, especially the fronts, which descend low at the sides, where they are either left square or rounded off; the one I think as fashionable as the other: the fronts also set closer to the head than they have done for some time; the crowns are rather high, but not quite so pointed as they were; and all the hats round the fronts and round the crowns at top are finished with a "border!" this is a technical phrase that you may not understand, but your marchande de modes will know perfectly what it means. The hats are made of silk, muslin, or satin ribbons; the bows are large and full, put in rather à l'échelle, slanting from the top of the centre of the front of the hat to the side. The cap worn under the bonnet should have a double quilting of blonde, with small bows of ribbon on each side just below the temples. The pins are horseshoe, or the tufs of hair, or small leaves or rather ends of satin ribbon cut round and placed alternately above and beneath the blonde border. If the hat be green, these ends of ribbon look pretty in two shades of green, light and dark. If it be chocolate or marron, which are the two colours that font four pro at present in Paris, the ends of ribbon may be blue; for you know that neither chocolate nor marron are becoming to the complexion. The little flowers that were so fashionable under the bonnets have been adopted by the cuisinières! so, to them we leave them. A bouquet of mixed flowers made in velvet, such as hedge roses, red pomegranates, and the ruffles à la Sévigné; and for young ladies, the sleeves à double bout are on the decline; a short full sleeve, finished by a rather narrow blonde, is certainly more advantageous to the display of a beautiful arm, so the demoiselles have decided on leaving the double sets or the sleeves à la Louis XV. to us mamans. The waists are very long; the petticoats long and excessively full. In the dresses à l'antique, the corsages can scarcely be called à pointe, the point being hardly perceptible. These dresses have open skirts, and are worn over a rich satin petticoat, the front breadth of which has frequently one or two deep flounces of blonde; the skirts of the open dresses are held back at distances, with jewels or bouquets. The light ball-dresses of gauze, &c. are also ornamented with bouquets and bows of satin ribbon. In small soiréees, dresses of organdi, embroidered in coloured worsteds with ribbons to match, are a favourite costume, and they look very simple and pretty.

Materials.—I gave you in my last a list of new materials, which I need not repeat. Rich brocaded satins of all descriptions are worn in dresses à l'antique; velvet dresses, made à l'antique, are also très à la mode. Rich figured silks, and figured, striped, and plain satins, are worn; and Cachemires, mousselines de laine and de soie, figured, plain, and striped gauzes, crapes and organdis.

Turhans are becoming very fashionable—ornamented with diamonds, feathers, or oiseaux de Paradis.

Hair.—The hair is worn in so many different styles, that it is impossible to say which is decidedly the most fashionable. Some wear bandeaux lisses, descending low at the sides of the face, and the back hair in a braid en couronne on the top of the head. Others add to the bandeau the nattis or braids à la Cotidie; but these braids do not become every face—et pourquoi se déguisier pour la mode? Some have their back hair as I have described, or in coques (or bows), and the front à la Man- cini: for this the front hair must be turned back from the roots, as far on each side as the temples, where it is curled in enormous tufts of short curls, that stand out from the head, or in thick ringlets that completely cover the ears. The style of coiffure worn by the celebrated Ninon de l'Éclos is also coming in, en effet. I believe we shall soon see at our balls every costume that has been worn since the commencement de la Monarchie Française.

Accessoires de Toilette.—The pompadours are still in fashion, but instead of being long, as I described them to you in the summer, they are worn quite short, never reaching below the ceinture, if so far: some consist of merely a ribbon round the neck, fastened in front by a handsome brooch, the ends left about a finger and half long, no bows; others are finished in front by a bow and ends. A few that descend nearly as low as the waist, and they are very pretty and quite new, consist of a wide and rich satin ribbon, edged on each side with a narrow white blonde, the ends are finished by a few rows of netting done in frills—say two or three rows of each colour that is in the ribbon; the ends of the last row are left very long, and sometimes knotted at distances. We make these ourselves: je te conseille de l'en faire aussi.

Long and short, black and white, silk mittens are again worn this year, but not so completely to the exclusion of kid gloves as last winter.

Black and coloured gauze scarfs, richly
embroidered in coloured floss silks, are very fashionable in dinner costume; the black are the most distingué.

Satin aprons, embroidered also in floss silks, or made of rich brocaded satin, are adopted by all our elegantes. The ceintures are de petite pointe, the pockets invariably on the inside; and on the pocket holes, and all round the apron, is a quilting of satin ribbon.

Large flat collars brodé à la Louis XIV., such as I described in my last, and trimmed with deep Valenciennes or Mechlin lace, are in high estimation.

In toilette de matin chez soi, white pel erines are much worn with the winter dresses; they are made of cambric or India muslin, embroidered and trimmed with narrow lace, or of plain jaconet or striped or cross-barred muslin, the hem very deep, and a narrow lace all round. The form of these pelerines is round; they reach to the waist at front and back, but do not descend below it.

Colours. — The prevailing colours are, chocolate, maron, grenat, and dark green. Pink and nut brown are also worn.

En voilà assez, j'espère, de bavardage pour une fois! Adieu, chère et bonne amie. Je n'ai que la place de te dire combien je t'aime! L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(NO. 23) — COSTUME DE BAL. — Dress of white personae, embroidered à Colonnes, the dessert grapes and vine-leaves. The corsage fits tight to the bust, and the sleeves are short, plain, and full (see plate), finished by a double fall of narrow blonde. The corsage is ornamented with pink satin ribbons; a piece something in style of a reverer, or pelerine decolléée (see plate), falling low on the shoulders, where it is finished at the point by a bow of ribbon, with long ends, covers the top of the corsage, it is cut deep on the shoulders, and gradually diminishes towards the centre of the back and front; two very long ends of ribbon depend from the centre of the front. The hair is in braids, on the summit of the head is a couronne, and at the sides are the nattes à la Cloitide. Another thick braid of hair is brought along each side of the brow. This coiffure is ornamented with clusters of grapes and vine-leaves. Necklace, cameos and pear pearls; long white kid gloves, embroidered handkerchief, white silk stockings and satin shoes.

(NO. 24) — TOILETTE DE VILLE. — Hat of avanturine satin, ornamented with two ostrich feathers. Cloak of velours d’Armenie, lined with satin and wadded. The cape is about half the length of the cloak, and is put on at the neck to an oval piece (see plate) that reaches as low as the top of the shoulders, and is edged with a narrow liseré or piping. The cape is cut open at each side of the front (see plate), and shows the sleeves, which are immense, all the way down; the two fronts of the cape, which form a sort of patte, are brought beneath the ceinture. The collar and cuffs of black velvet, ruche of blonde round the neck, brodequins of satin royal.

CHILD’S DRESS. — Cloak of pink satin, made with large sleeves, and pelerine instead of cape, and trimmed with swans-down; the cloak is fastened round the waist by a ceinture; boa of swans-down brought beneath the waistband (see plate). Frock and trousers of gros de Naples, brodequins to match, and trimmed at the tops with swans-down. Satin hat, with a plain ribbon crossed in front, and descending at the sides to form the brides.

Miscellany.

What a singular fatality awaits the memory of that extraordinary genius, Lord Byron! After all that has been written about him, falsely as well as truly, by some who obtained access to him, he is now, it appears, personally dramatised in France, in a piece called “Lord Byron at Venice!” All we shall remark on this piece, of which we know nothing, is, that the French critics wonder that he is represented as fond of his lady, and suffering in his travels from that attachment. We know that he was so, and well might he be. All whose opinions are worth regarding, who ever knew him, his lady, and her affectionate mother to both, can fully justify us in this declaration. While we regret, on the same ground as we stated in our last notice of the Victoria, that the extraordinary poet should not be let alone, we must think, that from our knowledge, the French author has so far described him well. We trust, however, we may now say, with hope—peace be to his manes!

Noble Calculation on the Value of Art. — We have heard many things of this sort on literature, and even all the liberal professions, which made us, perhaps more readily, catch the little anecdote, where we know not. A foreign nobleman having ordered a bust, on its being sent home, and the price mentioned, exclaimed—“How! fifty requins for what has cost you only the labour of ten days?!” “Ah, signor, but it cost me thirty years before I could learn how to make it!” was the reply.
Le Follet Courrier des Salons.

Boulevard St. Martin N° 51.

Coiffure exécutée par M. Darragon fils, N. Vivenne, 1833.

Robe en percale bordée des ateliers de M. Hucher, Lon. Rue 5° Anne. 1833.


1833.
Le Tétot Courrier des Salons.

Boulogne, 5, Martin, No. 61.


Lady’s Magazine. Published by J. Pagé. 117, Fetter Lane, London.

1834.
in a basket of clothes, patiently awaiting
the little chirps breaking their shells!

Another elderly lady, we know ourselves,
who conceives that every thing in heaven or
on earth is changed to deterioration—except herself! The skies, the days, the
nights, the earth, houses, rooms, man,
woman, and child, fire and water, food,
animal or vegetable; beverage of all kinds,
are "all changed." This is her only cry,
and why not let her enjoy it?

A young gentleman in France has selected
the stealing of clergymen's caps from their
heads, with intention of returning them,
successfully.

**The Iscendary.**—It will be remem-
bered that we inserted a paper under this
title last July, and gave a forensic illustra-
tion of it. It is astonishing what a number
of facts have since reached us illustrative
of this subject; we shall mention only two:
the one is a girl in adolescence, who had
an unconquerable predilection for burning
every thing that came in her way; the latter,three girls, now in confinement, for endeav-
ouring to set that admirable institution
the Bridewell House of Industry on fire "for
fun!" Surely there must be monomania in
this. Dr. Watts, in one of his hymns for
children, says—

"Surely some but a fool would throw about
fire,

And say it was nothing but sport."

**Copyhold Consolation.**—Miss Mellon
(now Duchess of St. Alban's), performed the
character of Cicely Copsley in the play of
"The Will," with considerable effect. I little
thought at that time that I was to become
the vassal of this handsome young Cicely
Copsley. The Duchess of St. Alban's is
now my lady of the manor, for under her I
hold a small copyhold estate near Chelms-
ford, in Essex; and by an old arbitrary feudal
law which, though obsolete, is still
unrepealed, she might compel me, gout and
all, to attend, serve and dance, at the next
Highgate public breakfast, in armour.—

Fred. Reynolds's Life.

**Festival at Wentworth Park.**—Party
Extinguished.—Lord Milton, coming of
age on the 30th Oct., his Whig lordship and
young Conservative bride determined on
assembling all the noble families within
their reach, whatever their political opinions,
for its celebration. Thus doth love con-
ciliate the lion and lamb. Provision was
made for more than a thousand visitors.
Of the preparations in temporary coach-
houses and stabling, a press of cooks, Weip-
pert's full band, ornamental artificers, &c.
&c., from London: and an infinite variety
of auxiliaries from every where else, the
country resounded for several weeks! Some
splendid poetical displays were limited;
and the hearts of the poor were to be made
singing for joy. We wish all joy of the occa-
sion.

**Miscellany.**

Scribe, the French dramatist, is said to
have realised 50,000l. as the profits of his
writings—happy Scribe! But another
matter is added to this report, which ex-
cites our wonder at the authors of our
dramatic reform bill, since they are all well
acquainted with France, as we know, and
must have been nodding when the bill was
prepared; it is this fact, of French authors
receiving for life a share of every night's
performance at every theatre. And what
could be more fair? If the piece be worth-
less, the author receives nothing: this very
fact would make the public generous, where
there should happen to be a germ of
genius.

Poetical Compliments to Napoleon.
Perhaps nothing in the whole scope of
poetry is more hostile to the muse than regal
compliments. Waller has well shown this
in his congratulation, &c. of Cromwell and
address to Charles II. Swift, too, in writing
on a lady who admired him, provoked an-
other to say that the Dean could write as well
on a broomstick; cum nullius, &c. We
were led to this consideration by an article
in our contemporaries the "New Monthly,"
speaking of the four odes addressed to Na-
poleon by Byron, Goethe, de la Martine,
and Manzoni, which, with the exception of
Goethe, have distinct and certain merits.
Goethe, we suppose, like Pindar and Milton,
propitiated the conqueror on his entrance
into Weimar. But what are these four
compared with the thousands of poetical
tributes offered to him? We lately had
before us a thick 8vo. volume of tributes,
with the best portrait we have seen of
Napoleon, crowned with laurel, of date
above twenty years, which is but a choice
collection of these things. It is entitled
Couronne Poétique de Napoleon, &c., and
to it is prefixed a letter from François de
Neufchatel, in which he wisely urges the
editor to accurate selection, lest the intended
consumers should be a crown of thorns.
Little, we dare say, did he think at the time
that the crowns of Napoleon would all
prove of thorns!

The Thames on Fire!—"He'll never
set," &c. is an ordinary allusion to a fool.
Recently this English proverb appeared to
be defeated by incendiary knaves, who ac-
tually produced a fire in the tunnel under
the Thames. Unfortunate tunnel! why was
thou not formed deeper on all accounts?
It is but recently, we believe, that the go-

government granted aid to its completion.

Monomania.—An old lady in Suffolk has
furnished herself a hen, and that she could
by setting hatch chickens! Being rich, we
think her friends have been advised to let
her indulge in the propensity, and news-
papers say, she is in consequence now sitting
on Suffolk cheeses—as Bloomsfield calls—

"Three times skinned sly blue;"
BIRTHS.
At Brettenham-park, the lady of Major Dickson, of a daughter.—At Paisley-hall, the lady of the Rev. H. Wilder, of a son.—In Torrington-square, the lady of Sir H. Nicholas, K.C., M.G., of a son.—At Becket, Viscountess Barrington, of a daughter.—At Ackworth-park, the lady of J. Gully, Esq., M.P., of a son.—In Lansdowne-place, Mrs. H. Wakefield, of a daughter.—On the 12th inst., in spring-gardens, the lady of C. Witt, Esq., of a son.—In Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, Mrs. John Fearn, of a daughter.
—At the Chancery, Lincoln, the lady of G. K. Jarvis, Esq., of Dodington-hall, of a daughter.
—At Wiltshire, Demure, Mrs. Maria, daughter of a daughter.—At Graham-town’s, Cape of Good Hope, the lady of Capt. Halifax, 75th regiment, of a daughter.—At Clifton-hall, Staffordshire, the lady of H. J. Pye, Esq., of a son.—The lady of the Rev. H. Monro, of a daughter.—The lady of J. Parry, of a son.—On the 17th, at Clifton, the wife of C. Forster, Esq., of a daughter.
—On the 16th, in Millman-street, Bedford-row, Mrs. P. Dufaur, of a daughter.—On the 16th, in Nottingham-college, the lady of W. Clay, Esq., M.P., of a daughter.—On the 19th, at the Rectory, Shawell, the lady of the Rev. W. M. Blencowe, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

DEATHS.
On Tuesday, Nov. 4., at Chelsea, suddenly, Theodosia, wife of Robert Scot, Esq., an unaffected woman of very pure literary taste, powerful intellect, and great sensibility of all the domestic virtues, aged 39. A post mortem examination showed, as far as possible, that death ensued from an overcharge of blood on the lungs.—At Como, in Italy, in her 25th year, Maria, wife of J. F. Clark, M.D., physician to the forces.—At Worthing, suddenly, of gout in the stomach, Lieut.-Col. L. Booth, of Notting-hill-square, Kensington.—In Paris, the Hon. W. R. Spencer, son of the late Lord Spencer, and cousin of the Duke of Marlborough.—At Westhampstead-bridge, discussing the death of the Rev. J. B. B. D. B. Bollard, of a daughter.—At Grizedale, aged 75, Dr. Ainslie of Dover-street.—At Brussels, M. M. Herbert, of the island of Nevis, Esq.—In Ireland, — Fitzgerald, Esq., M.P. for Louth; also the Hon. R. Plunket, only brother of Lord Dunsany.—M. Jonas Halberg, the Swedish historiographer and antiquary, in the 86th year of his age.—At Belgrave, India, in her 31st year, Theodora, wife of A. E. A. Angelo, Esq., Madras Civil Service.—On his passage from West India, Capt. C. H. H. M. Ship Lane, Capt. G. Nichols, aged 50.
—At Bromley, Henrietta, widow of the late R. Wharton, Esq., formerly M.P. for Durham, and joint secretary of the Treasury.—In India, Lt. G. Byron.—At Barnes, Walter, Baron Noval.—At Edmonton, Baron de Bourbourg.—Lady Miles, aged 62.—On the 14th, while preparing to walk out with her children, Mrs. Lydia Willis, aged 26. On a post mortem examination, the cause was found to be an agenesis of the septum of the ventricles of the heart.—James Heath, Esq., R.A., the early associate and friend of Stothard.
—At Zurich, M. Jean Gaspard Horner, who sailed round the world, as astronomer, with Kruenert, in 1803, 5, 6.—Madame Forbin Janson, aged 71, the celebrated friend of Marie Antoinette, whose place she offered to take in prison.

Death has, during the present month,aped his shafts with a rapidity which we do not remember to have found recorded in all a proper sense of the instability of human life. When we see the gay and the grave, the rich and the poor, the young as well as the old, passing away as if it were a shadow, surely it behoves all to think, if they never thought before. While we say this, we would invoke no gloomy temperment. Why should there be gloom in contemplating immortality!
# Index to the Fifth Volume of the Lady's Magazine and Museum. Improved Series Enlarged.

It is particularly recommended that the Magazine be not bound for at least two months, in order that the ink may become thoroughly dry, otherwise it may set off, that is, cause the opposite pages to imprint each other. Any of the former numbers, either of the Improved Series Enlarged, or of the Improved Series, which may be wanting to complete sets, can be had at the office, as well as whole sets.

The binder will place the monthly pages of contents in succession, at the end of the Volume.

The pink work, Le Follet, is to precede it, and the whole to form a connected series. Such of the ancient portraits as have been published uncoloured, can be had at the office, coloured in the same beautiful manner as those recently published.

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* The articles marked thus (*) are poetry; those marked thus (†) are reviews.

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